



De Witsell & Thomson

MRS. C. KEMBLE,
AS JULIO.

THE
NEW ENGLISH DRAMA

VITH

PREFATORY REMARKS,

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES, AND NOTES,

Critical and Explanatory;

*Being the only Edition existing which is faithfully marked with
the*

STAGE BUSINESS, AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,

As Performed

At the Theatres Royal.

BY W. OXBERRY, COMEDIAN.

VOLUME SIXTH.

CONTAINING

DEAF AND DUMB.—BUSY BODY.—ROMEO AND JULIET.
BELLE'S STRATAGEM.—AND RECRUITING OFFICER.

London.

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS, BY W. SIMPKIN AND
• MARSHALL, STATIONERS' COURT, LUDGATE-STREET; AND
C. CHAPPEL, 66, PALL-MALL.

1819

From the Press of W. Oxberry & Co.
8, White-hart Yard.

Oxberry's Edition.

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Remarks.

DEAF AND DUMB.

The story of *Deaf and Dumb* is one of the most affecting and romantic on the stage. The idea of the poor orphan boy who is the subject of it, thrown out helpless and unpitied on the world, torn by the cruelty of a relation from his place in society, and deprived by niggard nature of the means of appealing to the humanity of strangers, and yet returning at last, after his forlorn wanderings and desolate hopes, under the guidance of his kind instructor, to his birth-place, his early friends and the home of his forefathers, excites the purest and deepest interest. *Deaf and Dumb* is a sort of sentimental pantomime, exquisitely happy in the construction of the fable and tender in the sympathy it inspires; and may be considered as a practical test how far situation and feeling alone will go to the production of the most powerful and even refined dramatic effect, without the help of poetry or impassioned dialogue. For *Julio*, the injured heir of Harancour, we certainly feel the true touches of pity. If the lips are dumb, the heart speaks out; and looks are breathing eloquence. The description of him lost on the Pont-neuf, at Paris, his re-appearance before the Palace of Harancour at Toulouse, and the mute and rapturous joy which he expresses, stir what is human in the breast. The tear starts from the moistened eye, the sigh heaves from the labouring bosom. We feel a greater interest and a greater respect for human nature, from witnessing its hidden resources, its capacities for pleasure or pain in this its obtruncated and half finished state, and learn the value of human life from its privations. This play is a truly moral drama, and purifies the affections by terror and pity. That it is founded on fact, does not lessen the interest, nor, as it ends happily,

embitter the pleasure. The effect is greatest on the stage, but it is not confined to it. In the reading, it has all the effect of the most romantic novel. When it was first brought out in this country, it had the singular advantages of having Mr. Kemble for the representative of the accomplished and humane *Abbè de l'Épee*, and Miss De Camp as the representative of the speechless *Julio*. This lady's acting of the part was one of the most finished exhibitions of the art. Perhaps no one ever expressed sense or feeling so well by gesticulation and manner alone. There was a vivacity and tenderness equally delightful. In the most trying scenes, her heart seemed at her mouth, though the tongue denied its office. Her face was radiant with meaning; and in the words of an old poet,

“Her pure and eloquent blood distinctly wrought,

“That you might almost say her body thought.”

The original play is in French, by Mr. Bouilly; and Mr. HOLCROFT has done a service to the English Stage, by his excellent adaptation of it.

THOMAS HOLCROFT, was born in Orange Court, Leicester Fields, December 22, 1744. His father was a shoemaker; a calling for which his son always retained a peculiar respect. When Mr. Holcroft was in his teens, he was a servant to the Hon. Mr. Vernon; his chief employment was to ride his master's race-horses, which were in training to run at Newmarket, and he was afterwards much devoted to the art of horsemanship. He was also considerably attached to the study of music; and some time after applied much of his attention to connoisseurship in painting. Mr. Holcroft had an active mind, and was no sooner aware of any path that led to improvement and excellence, than he was anxious to enter that path. Notwithstanding this, he persevered to the age of twenty-five years, with some little interruption, in his father's trade of a shoemaker.

About the period of life above alluded to, Mr. Holcroft conceived a passion for the stage, and offered his services at the same time to Mr. Charles Macklin and Mr. Samuel Foote. Foote encouraged him, but Macklin talked to him in so specious a style, and held out to him so many temptations and prospects, which were never realized that he was induced to decide for Macklin and Ireland; a decision which he continued long to repent.

In the profession of a player Mr. Holcroft continued, not with the most flattering success, till after the production of his play of *Duplicity*, in 1781. Immediately on the exhibition of this comedy, he withdrew from the stage as an actor, and for several years devoted his attention principally to dramatic composition. He died on Thursday March 23, 1809, at the age of 63. His Dramatic works are as follows.

“The Crisis,” C.O. 1778.—N P. “Duplicity,” C. 8vo. 1781.—
 “Noble Peasant,” C.O. 8vo. 1784.—“Follies of a Day,” C. 8vo. 1784.—“The Choleric Fathers,” C.O. 8vo. 1785.—“Death of Adam,” S.D. 8vo. 1786.—“Hagar in the Wilderness,” S.D. 8vo. 1786.—“Joseph made known to his Brethren,” S.D. 8vo. 1786.—“Return of Tobias,” S.D. 8vo. 1786.—“Ruth and Naomi,” S.D. 8vo. 1786.—“Sacrifice of Isaac,” S.D. 8vo. 1786.—“Widow of Serepta,” S.D. 8vo. 1786.—“Seduction,” C. 8vo. 1787.—“Louis in the Elysian Fields,” D. 8vo. 1789.—“The School of the World,” Com. trans. 8vo. 1789.—“Tantalus at Law,” Com. trans. 1789.—“School for Arrogance,” C. 8vo. 1792.—“Road to Ruin,” C. 8vo. 1792.—“Love’s frailties,” C. 8vo. 1794.—“Rival Queens,” Prel. 1794.—N.P. “Deserted Daughter,” C. 8vo. 1795.—“Man of Ten Thousand,” C. 8vo. 1796.—“Force of Redicule,” C. 1796.—N P. “Knave or Not,” C. 8vo. 1798.—“Deaf and Dumb,” H.D. 8vo. 1801.—(Under the name of HERBERT HILL.) “Tale of Mystery,” Mel. Dr. 8vo. 1802.—“Hear both Sides,” C. 8vo. 1803.—“The Two Friends,” Dr. Prov. 4to. 1801.—“The Play is over,” D. Prov. 4to. 1804.—“Lady of the Rock,” Mel. Dr. 8vo. 1805.—“Vindictive Man,” C. 8vo. 1806.—“The following have likewise been ascribed to his pen ; —“The German Hotel,” C. 8vo. 1790.—(Under the name of MARSHALL.) “The Inquisitor,” P. 8vo. 1798.—“He’s much to blame,” C. 8vo. 1798.

PROLOGUE.

Written By Charles Moore, Esq.

SPOKEN BY MR. POWELL.

Just is the censure of the vent'rous wight
Who wings for novelty a lawless flight ;
Whose Muse, from rational restriction free,
Paints, what " nor was, nor is, nor e'er shall be."
Who thinks the probable too duly true,
And keep the dubious possible in view.
Though vainly he to fair applause pretends,
Whose art commences just where Nature ends ;
Yet in the Drama's right, I must here claim
All natures offspring as our lawful game ;
Ours the free privilege to copy here,
Each varied form Humanity can wear,
To win the smile, or wake the moral tear.

Our Author aims at novelty, 'tis true ;
But is the picture false, because 'tis new ?
Consents our age to imitate alone,
And build on no foundations of its own,
Tho' Nature still from her exhaustless, store,
Pour forth new treasures, and still teem with more ?
Think not, we mean, in decency's neglect,
To sport with frailty, and to mock defect ;
To bid mean souls with selfish triumph see
Two wants, at least, from which themselves are free.

The sage yet lives whose toils immortal shew,
What human powers without these aids can do.
Taught by commanding genius to restrain
Their causeless pride—who hear and speak in vain.
To prove that pertness wisely had resign'd
Her fluent utterance for a fluent mind ;
And chang'd for ears, with folly's jargon fraught,
The keener sense of uncorrupted thought.

EPILOGUE.

Written by George Colman, Esq.

SPOKEN BY MISS DE CAMP.

Here's Dumby come to speak—'twas ten to one
That I had talk'd before the play was done.
Of all our authors, he is far most cunning
Who can ensure a woman's tongue from running.
Speech is our nature ;—if I err, convict me—
What *Bachelor* so rude to contradict me ?
Talking's our charter ;—more than life we prize it ;
I'm sure no *married gentleman* denies it,
Speech is our birth-right—ask the ladies whether :—
They'll all maintain it—and all take together.

The woman who cried pippins on the ice
Fell in, and cut her head off in a trice ;
Her head slid on, still jealous of its power,
And bawl'd out “ Pip, pip, pip, for half an hour.

Our charter prov'd, in my own right I come
To ask you how you like the *Deaf and Dumb* ?
Be not too noisy, gentlemen ! Why need you ?
Our charter ! Women's voices supersede you.
Pray, ladies, tell them what they ought to say !
You smile !—I thank you.—And so speed our play—
One *dumby* in our piece 'twas bold to try—
Strike not the talkers, all, as dumb as I !

If here to-night our efforts be rejected,
For the first time, an *Orphan's unprotected*.
If to the summit of our wish we reach,
Then, unlike women, gratitude wants speech,

Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation is two hours and twenty-seven minutes. The first act occupies the space of thirty-two minutes.—The second, twenty-two—the third, thirty-one—the fourth, seventeen—and the fifth, forty-five minutes. The half price commences, generally, at a quarter before nine o'clock

Stage Directions.

By R.H.....	is meant.....	Right Hand.
L.H.	Left Hand.
S.E.	Second Entrance.
U.E.	Upper Entrance.
M.D.	Middle Door.
D.F.	Door in Flat.
R.H.D.	Right Hand Door.
L.H.D.	Left Hand Door.

Persons Represented.

As originally acted, 1802.

<i>Julio</i>	Miss De Camp.
<i>Darlemont</i>	Mr. Wroughton.
<i>St. Alme</i>	Mr. C. Kemble.
<i>Franval</i>	Mr. Barrymore.
<i>De l'Epee</i>	Mr. Kemble.
<i>Dupre</i>	Mr. Bannister, Jun.
<i>Dominique</i>	Mr. Suett.
<i>Pierre</i>	Mr. Palmer.
<i>Philippe</i>	Mr. Trueman.
<i>Etienne</i>	Mr. Chippendale.
<i>Charles</i>	Mr. Maddocks.
<i>Madame Franval</i>	Miss Pope.
<i>Marianne</i>	Mrs. Mountaiu.
<i>Claudine</i>	Mrs. Sparks.

1812.

Drury Lane.

<i>Julio</i>	Mrs. Bartley,
<i>Darlemont</i>	Mr. Bengough.
<i>St. Alme</i>	Mr. Stanley.
<i>Franval</i>	Mr. Barnard.
<i>De l'Epee</i>	Mr. Holland.
<i>Dupre</i>	Mr. Powell.
<i>Dominique</i>	Mr. Oxberry.
<i>Pierre</i>	Mr. Kent.
<i>Philippe</i>	Mr. Coveney.
<i>Etienne</i>	Mr. Ebsworth.
<i>Charles</i>	Mr. Evans.
<i>Madame Franval</i>	Mrs. Sparks.
<i>Marianne</i>	Mrs. Robinson.
<i>Claudine</i>	Miss Tidswell.

Servants, &c.

Costume.

JULIO

Slate coloured coat and pantaloons, half boots, and white hat.

DE L'EPEE.

Suit of black cloth, slate coloured great coat, black velvet collar and cuffs.

ST. ALME.

French grey regimental, faced with black, white waistcoat and breeches, white sash, military hat with white feather.

DARLEMONT.

Embroidered court suit of brown velvet. Blue silk morning gown.

FRANVAL.

A suit of black, counsellors gown, band &c.

DOMINIQUE.

Old fashioned brown suit, and little cocked hat.

DUPRE.

An old gentlemans suit of brown cloth.

PIERRE.

A superb livery.

MADAME FRANVAL.

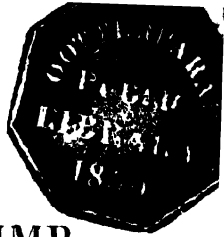
Green satin open dress, trimmed with gold, white crape petticoat trimmed with gold.

MARIANNE.

White leno dress trimmed with white satin ribbon and flowers.

CLAUDINE.

Black silk open gown, blue stuff petticoat, white apron and black hood.



DEAF AND DUMB ;
OR, THE
ORPHAN PROTECTED.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace of Harancour.*
*A whole length portrait of a Boy hangs in the
centre of the Room.*

Enter DUPRE and PIERRE, R.H.

Dup. Don't you be so inquisitive.

Pie. Don't you be so surly.

Dup. I won't be tormented.

Pie. Come, come, Dupre—fellow-servants should be communicative, and tell one another every thing that passes in the family.

Dup. And if they did—woe betide some families.

Pie. Dupre—What is the meaning of all this mystery ?

Dup. Why do you nail your eyes on me thus ? I won't be worm'd and sifted. What is it you want to pick out of me ?

Pie. I want to know the meaning of your private interviews with my master's father ;—admitted to his closet—doors lock'd—cautionings—whisperings.—Take care, take care—I have my suspicions.

Dup. Suspicions !—Of what ?

DEAF AND DUMB.

Pie. Of no good, I promise you.

Dup. Why, what do you suspect ?

Pie. To be plain with you, that you are aiding and abetting your old master, to make his son, my young master, miserable : in short, you are making a match for him with the First President's daughter, against his will.

Dup. Oh ! is that all you know ?

Pie. All ! And isn't that enough ?

Dup. Yes—no—I could almost wish the whole world knew—Ah ! *(Looking at the portrait.)*

Pie. Knew what ? How you fix your eyes on that—

Dup. Do I ?

Pie. Yes ;—You never pass through the room without pausing on that portrait.

Dup. Not half an hour ago, I saw him start from his frame, and stand before me.

Pie. What do you mean ? Are you crazy ?

Dup. I believe, it was only a dream.—Perhaps he lives. *(Crosses to L.H.)*

Pie. Lives !—What lives ?—Why, look man, 'tis but a picture.

Enter DARLEMONT, L.H. in a morning dress.

Dar. How now ?—What are you doing ?

Pie. Only looking at this picture, sir.

Dar. That picture !—and why are you looking at it ?

Pie. By Dupre's account, it ought to be a miracle ; he says, he saw it start from its frame, and stand before him.

Dar. Fellow ?

Pie. Why, didn't you say so, Dupre ?

Dar. Begone ! *[Exit Pierre, L.H.]* Are you mad Dupre ?

Dup. Almost, I am.

Dar. How dare you hint at what must be eternally concealed ?

Dup. Dare ?—The sinner dreads no tyrant, but his own conscience.

Dar. Let that portrait be removed.

Dup. No, that it never shall be.

Dar. Ha!

Dup. Frown on : there it shall remain, and daily haunt us.

Dar. Again this insolence? Remember, villain, that you are my slave. *(Crosses to R.H.)*

Dup. I do, and I remember too that you are mine : accomplices in guilt are of necessity the slaves of each other.

Dar. I must contain myself. *(Aside.)* I see, I see Dupre, that neither my gifts, nor my promises, have satisfied you :—however, I have been thinking of you ; —Leave me.—You will soon find that you are not forgotten.

Dup. I wish I were—but you and I can never be forgotten ; even in the grave we shall be remember'd, only to be curs'd, despised, and hated.

[Exit Dupre, L.H.]

Dar. Must I hold wealth, reputation, nay, life itself, perhaps, at the disposal of this dotard !—His slave !—While he spoke it, audacious as the reptile toad, he dar'd to fix his brazen eyes upon me.—Let him accuse.—Am I not Darlemont, possessor of the fortune and the power of Harancour ?—Where is the man who will venture to support his accusation ? *(Crosses to L.H.)*

Re-enter PIERRE, L.H.

Besides, my son's marriage with the President's daughter, will, I hope—Why are you loitering there ?

Pie. Sir, I am only waiting till my master comes in.

Dar. What, is he abroad so early ?—Something disturbs him.

Pie. Yes, sir—indeed, something or other seems to disturb every soul in the house. *(Going.)*

Dar. What's that you say ?—Come hither, Pierre—you know the deference due to your master's father—be faithful, and you shall profit by it. I must have no prying—mark me—no babbling—talk not of me, nor

my affairs.—As for Dupre—at times, you see, he raves—he has lost his senses—he grows old—

Pie. In your service, sir.

Dar. And therefore what would be punished in another, I overlook in him.—Pay no regard to his wanderings—except, observe me, should you think them extraordinary, to inform me of them—me alone—no other—not even my son. (*Crosses to L.H.*) I have my reasons; which are not for you to inquire into.—Obey me, and depend on my bounty.

[*Exit Darlemont, L.H.*]

Pie. Your bounty?—Humph!—That may be well enough; but the devil take your pride. A few years ago, this grand signior was but a petty merchant; and now—

Enter ST. ALME, R.H.

St. A. Was not that my father?

Pie. Yes, sir—you seem as much ruffled as he was.

St. A. My soul is on the rack—yet I'm resolv'd—this hated marriage never can, never shall, take place.—No, never, never will I renounce thee, my lovely Marianne!—(*Crosses to L.H.*)

Pie. Then, sir, you must renounce your father's favour and fortune.

St. A. Unfeeling prejudice!—Is she not the daughter of a man, whose memory is honour'd and belov'd?—The sister of a man of virtue and of talents—of Franval?—the most renowned advocate of Toulouse?

Pie. True, sir—but his talents are the only dependence of her and her mother.

St. A. While my father was but a merchant, he would have thought himself honour'd by my marriage with the daughter of the Seneschal Franval; but, since he has inherited the estates of his nephew and ward, the unhappy Count of Harancour, his nature seems changed; and he now listens only to the dictates of his ambition.

(*Crosses to R.H.*)

Pie. Ah! the old servants of the family often talk

of the young Count of Harancour ;—they say, he had the misfortune to be deaf and dumb.

St. A. 'Tis true, he had.—Poor boy ! my father took him to Paris about eight years ago, in hopes that this affliction might be removed ; and, whether improper medicines were administer'd to him, or that his constitution sunk under the efforts for his cure, I know not ;—but there, in a short time, he died in the arms of Dupre, who accompanied my father on this journey.

Pie. That's the secret—now I no longer wonder ; that I so often catch Dupre gazing on that picture of the young count.

St. A. Do you ?—'Tis only natural in him ;—this youth was the last remaining branch of an illustrious family, which Dupre had long faithfully served.—My poor Julio !—He once saved my life—how bravely he expos'd himself for me !—Never, never will his image quit my heart.—I see him at the moment of his departure—dumb as he was, his form spoke moving eloquence ; every look was so affectionate, every action so expressive.—dear, dear, lamented Julio ! He crush'd me into his very heart, as if he had foreknown, and would have told me, that that embrace was to be our last.—Ah ! were he now alive, I should enjoy his tender and endearing friendship, and my father, less opulent, would not then oppose my union with Marianne.

Pie. But you say, sir, you have never yet told this lady that you love her—how then do you know what her thoughts of you may be ?

St. A. I can't mistake 'em—our mutual tremors when we meet—my faltering voice, her downcast eyes—and other thousand, thousand delicious proofs of sympathizing thoughts.—

Pie. You know best, sir ; but, for my part, I should wish for more substantial proofs—besides, her mother—

St. A. Born of a noble family, is, if possible, more haughty than my father ; but her son has a complete empire over her affections : he is my friend ; he cannot but have discovered that I love his sister ; and, as our

intimacy daily strengthens, I must presume that he approves my pretensions. (*Crosses to L.H.*)

(*Dominique Without, R.H.*)

Dom. I'll just deliver my message myself.

Pie. Hush!—here comes their gossiping footman, old Dominique—Now, sir, if you wish to know the lady's real sentiments, only let me set his tongue running, and he will tell you, in his own chuckling talkative way, all that he sees, and hears.

Enter DOMINIQUE, R.H.

Ha!—Good morning, friend Dominique. What brings you to our house?

Dom. Good day, good day, friend!—So, sir! (*To St. Alme.*) you're an early stirrer.—Ha! ha! ha! ha!—I saw you just now—I saw you—ha! ha! ha!—

St. A. Saw me?

Dom. Yes, I did—pacing backwards and forwards, under my young lady's window—Ha! ha! ha!

St. A. I was only taking the morning air, I do assure you, Dominique.

Dom. Ha! ha! ha!

Pie. Ha! ha! ha! What do you mean, Dominique?

Dom. Why, that I'd take the morning air myself, old as I am, if I hoped to see a young, blooming, lovely—ha! ha! ha!—But, no—fast as a church—she was up till two o'clock this morning practising the song, that somebody made on her recovery (*significantly.*)—Ha! ha! ha! and at last went to bed, I dare say, only to dream of the author—Ha! ha! ha!

St. A. Your frankness and good humour forbid dissimulation—yes, Dominique, I adore your charming mistress.

Pie. Ay, that he does—the more's his misfortune.

Dom. Misfortune!—and, pray, sir, why so?

Pie. Because I can see very well—and so do you too, Dominique—that your young lady doesn't care a straw for my master.

Dom. You can see it, can you?—Lord! what a clear sighted wiseacre thou art!—Ha! ha! ha!

St. A. Why, Dominique, do you believe she loves me?

Dom. No, I don't believe it; I know it.—Why, there was, in the first place—

St. A. Ay, Dominique—

Pie. Let him go on, sir.—Well, but let's hear what proofs—

Dom. Proofs—a thousand—Why, when she was recovering from her last illness, and I told her how you had called to inquire after her—“Did he come himself, Dominique?” says she—“and did he come often?”—“Every minute in the day, ma'am,”—says I. “And did he look concern'd?”—“Ma'am,” says I, “he looked charmingly: his eyes were as red as a ferret's; his cheeks as white as a sheet; he looked like a perfect ghost—a sweet lover-like figure, indeed, ma'am.”—“I think I'm better,” says she, “Dominique: I'm a great deal better—I'm sure I shall soon be well.”—Ha! ha! ha!—True love is your best doctor.

Pie. O, Lord! and is this all you know?

Dom. No, sir—it is not all I know; nor half I know.—She gave me such a scolding about you t'other day.

St. A. About me?

Dom. Yes.—She was painting away at her little desk, and took no notice of my coming in to put the room to rights; so I crept softly on tip-toe tow'rd her; and, peeping over her shoulder—(I love to detect the sly rogues)—what should I behold but the picture of a young gentleman.

St. A. What young gentleman?

Pie. Yes—what young gentleman?

Dom. What young gentleman?—“How like it is,”—says I, pop, at once, without thinking of it.—“Like,”—says she, starting up—“Like who?—Do you think it is like my brother?”—“Your brother!—Like a certain person, called captain St. Alme, to be sure”—“St. Alme?” says she, pouting and vex'd a little—“I desire Dominique,”—you know her way—“I desire you won't say any such thing—I beg and desire you won't.”

—And away she went, blushing as red as a rose, but all the while hiding somebody carefully in her bosom—Ha! ha! ha!—But, lord, I stand chattering here—

St. A. Thank you, thank you, Dominique— you have made me happy beyond measure!

Dom. I knew, I should.—Doesn't care a straw for my master!—Ha! ha! ha! I knew very well I should make you happy: I love to make people happy, and to be happy myself. But I must not forget my errands. (*Takes out a paper.*) What with my old mistress, and my young mistress, and my master—(*Going.*) O, lord! he sent me here to tell you that he wants to speak with you.—Now don't you blab one word of all this for your life—these girls have such freaks and vagaries!—'Tho' they're in love over head and ears, and can't conceal it a moment; yet they expect other folks to be blind, and see nothing at all of the matter. (*Going.*)

St. A. Pray, say, I'll wait on your master, Dominique.

Dom. To be sure! you'll wait on my master, because you expect to see my young mistress. Ha! ha! ha!—O, the turnings and twinings of your true lovers!—Yes, yes—she hid the picture in her fair bosom—I warrant as near as she could to her heart! Ha! ha! ha!

[*Exit Dominique, R.F.*]

St. A. Now, Pierre, is there any cause for doubt?

Pie. I think not, sir.

St. A. And would my father tear me from her?—Never! Run to the President's— inquire when I may have the honour of seeing him. (*Exit Pierre, R.H.*) I'll go to Franval's—avow to him my passion for his sister—and openly declare myself to her in her brother's presence. If I obtain their consents, I'll instantly wait on the President—acquaint him with my love for Marianne—make him refuse me his daughter—and thus, strike at once at the very root of my misfortunes.

[*Exit, R.H.*]

SCENE II.—*A Square in the City of Toulouse. On the side the Palace of Harancour, on the other the*
nse of Franval, Bridge, Church, &c.

Enter DE L'EPEE and THEODORE, over the bridge.

(Theodore precedes De l'Epee, and advancing in great agitation, expresses by signs that he recollects the spot they are in.)

De l'E. This warm emotion—this sudden change in all his features—convincing me that he recollects this place.—Hadst thou the use of speech !

(Theodore, looking round him, observes a church, and gives signs more expressive of his knowing the place.)

De l'E. It is—it must be so—and am I then at length arrived at the period of my long and painful search ?—

(Theodore now sees the Palace of Harancour, he starts—rivets his eyes to it—advances a step or two—points to the statues—utters a shriek—and drops breathless into the arms of De l'Epee.)

De l'E. Ah, my poor wronged boy—for such I'm sure you are—that sound goes to my very heart !—He scarcely breathes.—I never saw him so much agitated.—There, there—Come, come—Why was a voice denied to sensibility so eloquent !

(Theodore makes signs with the utmost rapidity, that he was born in that Palace—that he lived in it when a child—had seen the statues—come through the gate, &c. &c.)

De l'E. Yes—in that house was he born.—Words could not tell it more plainly.—The care of heaven still wakes upon the helpless.

(Theodore makes signs of gratitude to De l'Epee, and fervently kisses his hands.—De l'Epee explains that it is not to him, but to Heaven, that he ought to pay his thanks—Theodore instantly drops on his knee, and expresses a prayer for blessings on his benefactor.)

De l'E. *(Bare-headed—bows, and says.)* O, thou, who guidest at thy will the thoughts of men—thou, by whom I was inspired to this great undertaking—O, power omnipotent !—deign to accept the grateful adoration of thy servant, whom thou hast still protected, and of this speechless orphan to whom thou hast made me a second father !—If I have uprightly discharged my duty—if

all my love and labours for him may dare to ask a benediction—vouchsafe to shed its dews on this forlorn one, and let his good be all my great reward !—

(De l'Epee raises Theodore, and embraces him.)

We must proceed with caution :—and first, to learn who is the owner of this house.

(Theodore is running to knock at the gate-- De l'Epee stops him, &c.)

Enter PIERRE, L.H.

Pie. Well—that President is the best natured gentleman,—

De l'E. O, here comes one that may, perhaps, instruct me. *(Signs to Theodore to attend.)* Pray, sir, can you tell me the name of this square ?

Pie. *(Aside.)* Strangers, I perceive—It is called St. George's square, sir.—*(Looking at Theodore.)*

De l'E. Thank you, sir.—Another word—Do you know this superb mansion ?

Pie. *(Observing De l'Epee and Theodore more closely.)* Know it !—I think I ought ;—I've lived here these five years.

De l'E. That's fortunate. And you call it—

Pie. *(Aside.)* Plaguy inquisitive—A few years ago it was called the Palace of Harancour—

De l'E. Of Harancour ?

Pie. But at present it belongs to a gentleman of the name of Darlemont. *(Observing Theodore.)* 'Tis odd -- He seems to talk by signs :—Is he dumb ?--*(During the above dialogue, Theodore examines the gateway, pillars, arms, &c. of the Palace of Harancour ; and explains to De l'Epee, his recollection of the various objects, &c.)*

De l'E. And who is this gentleman of the name of Darlemont ?

(Theodore now turns his face fairly towards Pierre.)

Pie. 'Gad, how like it is !—sir ?—Who is he ?

De l'E. Yes ;—I mean, what is his rank, his profes-

ion ? *(Still looking at Theodore.)* Profession !—

He has no profession, sir ;—He's one of the richest men in Toulouse—(*Looking at Theodore.*)—One might almost swear to it.—Your servant, sir ;—I'm wanted—(*Aside.*) Very odd, all these questions.—(*Looking at Theodore.*)—The strongest likeness I ever saw in my life. [*Exit Pierre, into the Palace.*

De l'E. Ay, my friend ;—you little know the motive of my questions. There's not a moment to be lost.—This house that once belong'd to so distinguished a family—this Darlemont, the present possessor of it—every circumstance relating to it—must be publicly known in Toulouse. I'll instantly away—seek out some lodging, and then—But for fear it should escape me—(*Writes in a note-book.*)—Harancour--Darlemont. (*Theodore, as De l'Epee writes, runs to him with eager curiosity—De l'Epee presses him in his arms.*)

De l'E. Yes, my poor mute Theodore, if you belong to parents who can feel, no doubt, they still lament your loss—and will with transport hail your return ;—If, as I fear, you are the victim of unnatural foul-play, grant me, Providence, to unmask and confound it ! So men shall have another proof, that every fraud will soon or late be detected, and that no crime escapes eternal justice. [*Exit De l'Epee, over the bridge, leading Theodore, who looks back at the Palace of Harancour, &c.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Franval's library.—A library table, with books, parchments, &c. Vase with flowers, &c.*

FRANVAL, discovered reading.

Fran. I shall never be happy, till I have accomplish'd this task.—To reconcile mistaken friends, is an employ-

ment as useful to society, as it is honourable to my profession.

Enter MARIANNE, L.H. with a basket of flowers in her hand.

Mar. Good morning, brother.

Fran. (Rises.) Good morning, Marianne.

Mar. Late and early—always at your studies.

Fran. The causes which a lawyer is expected to undertake, are frequently so disguised, either by the passions, or the arts of men, that, if he is honest, he can't consider them, too attentively.

Mar. Ah ! your's must often be a painful employment.

Fran. 'Tis odious, indeed, to witness villany ;—but then, to justify the innocent, is the noblest and most gratifying duty of man.

Mar. True ; it is sweeter to the soul, than these flowers to the sense. (*She takes the flowers out of vases, and puts those which she has brought into their places.*)

Fran. Every morning fresh odorous flowers, and a kind kiss from my dear sister, (*He kisses her.*)—my thoughts must be clear and pure—Ha, Mariannæ, delightful as these gifts are to me, I have a young friend, to whom they would be still more precious.

Mar. What do you mean, brother ?

Fran. Nay,—I wouldn't make you blush. (*He leads her forward and looking stedfastly in her face says.*)

—Sister !

Mar. (With a downcast look.) Brother !

Fran. Your presents are sweet,--your affections sweeter—yet both want of their true value, while you deny me your confidence.

Mar. Nay !

Fran. Besides, Marianne, you may as well frankly own it ; for your heart is too innocent and simple, to wear disguise gracefully.

Mar. Pray, forbear !

Fran. And why this hesitation—Do not the noble qualities of St. Alme make him worthy any woman's love ?

Mar. I—I—believe they do.

Fran. I won't speak of his person,—

Mar. Which is elegance itself.

Fran. I won't speak of his countenance,—

Mar. Which is all comeliness and candour.

Fran. But, for his heart, and understanding,—

Mar. They are excellent and generous, indeed !

Fran. What woman but must be happy with such a husband ?

Mar. So I have often thought ! (*Sighing.*)

Fran. In a word, Marianne, he loves you.

Mar. Why do you think so ?

Fran. Every look declares it.

Mar. Ah ! I'm afraid to trust to looks.

Fran. Are you so ? At last, Marianne, you're caught—You own, then, that you love him in return ?

Mar. Oh ! (*Hides her face in his bosom.*)

Enter ST. ALME, L.H. (hastily.)

Fran. My friend, you come at a lucky moment.—You seem disturb'd—is any thing the matter ?

St. A. Never stood I so much in need of your friendship. (*Takes Franval's hand.*)

Mar. Heavens !

Fran. Explain yourself.

Mar. I'll leave you—(*Going.*)

St. A. (*Crosses to centre.*) No—stay a moment—I entreat you, stay—My father—Franval—my father !

Fran. What of him ?

St. A. His dreadful menaces still sound in my ears—and wherefore were they utter'd?—Because I cannot second his ambition—had he requir'd my blood, my life I would have given them willingly—but to renounce her I love, the tenderest and first affections of my soul !

Mar. Ah !

St. A. Cruel parents !—You cannot look with our eyes—You cannot feel with our hearts !—Are we your children,—only to become your victims ?

Fran. Be calm, and tell me what has pass'd.

St. A. My father has this morning informed me, that the marriage I have so much dreaded, must take place within these three days—"Three days?"—I exclaim'd,—“No, sir; never, never.”—This reply, which burst from the very bottom of my wounded heart, rous'd his displeasure into a rage too violent for all my excuses or prayers to pacify—he insisted on my instantly giving him a reason for my peremptory refusal—Hoping the name of her I adore might disarm his fury,—I at once declared, that my affections were irrevocably devoted to—

Fran. To whom? Speak out.

St. A. To your sister.

Mar. Me!

St. A. (*Throwing himself at her feet.*)—Forgive my rashness! Yes, to you—'tis you alone I love, and ever, ever shall;—and, might I hope—

Mar. (*Much agitated and raising him.*)—What said your father?

St. A. Embarrass'd at first, and overpower'd with confusion, he acknowledg'd your worth and beauty; but added, that he had disposed of me elsewhere, and enjoind me to forget you,—“Sooner forget to live.”—At this, his wrath redoubled: he reprobated my audacious disobedience,—threatened me with his malediction,—and forbid me ever again to enter his presence, but with repentance and submission.

Mar. Alas!

St. A. My whole frame shudder'd while he spoke;—yet I felt my heart revolt against this tyranny.—Banish'd the bosom of a father, I come to find a refuge in the arms of a friend.

Fran. (*Embracing him.*) Of a friend, my dear St. Alme, whose first advice to you is, to calm this over eager sensibility; and to remember, that a parent is to be respected; even under his mistakes.

St. A. Ah! were the heart of Marianne but mine,—

Fran. Of that you are secure.

Mar. O, brother!

St. A. Am I so bless'd?—Am I indeed?

Fran. And why dissemble what will alleviate his sufferings? *(To Marianne.)*

Mar. And why reveal what may increase our misery?

St. A. O, no;—since I am that bless'd; obstinate and stern as my father is, I shall subdue, I shall soften his inflexibility; and he will hereafter rejoice in the happiness of his children.—But I forget—I must away. *(Crosses to L.H.)*

Fran. Whither are you hurrying?

St. A. To the President's;—I cannot now tell you more. We shall have everything to hope, if I can prevail on him to countenance my project.—I shall,—I will!—Secure of thy heart, my lovely Marianne, what can I not perform? *[Exit, L.H.]*

Fran. *St. Alme!*—my friend!—Hear me one moment.

Mar. I tremble, lest his ardent temper should precipitate him into—

Enter DOMINIQUE, R.H. with books under his arm.

Dom. Sir, your mother desires to know whether you chuse to have breakfast in your study.

Fran. By all means,—as she pleases.

Mar. You have not been to pay her your respects this morning.

(Dominique lays the books on Franval's desk, and places a breakfast-table, chairs, &c.)

Fran. Come, let us wait on her—Cheer up, Marianne; all will go well yet.

Mar. You are very good, brother.—But, you shouldn't have told.

[Exeunt Franval and Marianne, R.H.]

Dom. I'm tired to death already.—I verily believe, I have walked five miles this morning. Let me see that I have done all my errands though, or Madame Franval will be telling me I begin to grow old, and good for nothing.—*(Looks over a paper.)*—“Cards of invitation

to the Prior, and the Countess of—"Both delivered—" Books from the library"—There they are—" Go to the lawyer, and desire him to stop proceedings against the poor officer, the money being ready to discharge the debt."—Paid by my good master to save an unfortunate family from prison—Ha! ha! ha!—O, stop!—Ah—" And as I return, to leave six crowns with"—sent by my young mistress, Marianne, to the widow of the late porter of the Palace of Harancour—That's because she's a favourite of Captain St. Alme's.—How the poor soul did bless and pray for her lovely benefactress!—Ha! ha! ha! I am tired; but it's a pleasure to go on such errands—Ha! ha! ha! They're coming. [Exit, L.H.]

Enter MADAME FRANVAL, R.H. leaning on FRANVAL'S arm—MARIANNE following.

[*Exit Dominique, L.H. who returns immediately with the breakfast, which he places on the table and Exit, L.H.*]

Mad. F. Yes, my son, there are few families in Toulouse, more ancient than ours; and, tho' but an advocate, I trust that you will shew yourself worthy of the name of Franval.

Fran. My employment, madam, is an honour to all who exercise it properly. (*They sit—Marianne prepares the Breakfast.*)

Mad. F. The office of Seneschal had been, I may say, for ages held by your ancestors—at the death of your father, I was obliged to sell it, and the degradation cuts me to the soul.

Fran. Yet, madam, this very circumstance has stimulated me to attain by my own talents that consideration in the world, for which I should otherwise, in all probability, have stood indebted merely to accident and prejudice.

Enter DOMINIQUE, L.H.

Dom. A letter for you, madam. (*Gives Madam*

Franval *a letter.*) The servant waits for an answer.

Mad. F. Have you been on those messages!

Dom. Yes, madam.

Mad. F. (*Reading.*) “*Darlemont!*” What occasion can Darlemont have to write to me?

Fran. (*With surprise, and looking at Marianne.*) Darlemont!

Mad. F. (*Reads.*) “*Madam, I take the freedom of addressing myself to you, in claim of the most sacred rights*”—(*To Dominique.*) You may leave us.

[*Exit Dominique, L.H.*

(Reads.) “*Sacred rights of a father.*” What does he mean? (*Reads.*) “*Rights of a father—my son loves your daughter.*” Indeed! (*Reads.*) *I met him this moment, and he assures me that his love is returned.*” (*They all rise. Marianne starts. Madame Franval casts a severe look at her.*)

Fran. (*Diverting her attention from Marianne.*) Go on, madam; I beseech you, go on.

Mad. F. (*Reads.*) “*Be assured their union never can take place.*” Ha! ha! ha!—No, sir; be assured their union never can take place.

Mar. What will become of me!

Mad. F. (*Reads.*) “*I therefore trust, you will forbid him your house; and no longer encourage him to contemn and brave the authority of a father. Darlemont.*” Encourage! I encourage! Insupportable insolence! (*Crosses to R.H.*)

Fran. Be calm, I beg you, madam.

Mad. F. Who told this petty trader, this gentleman of yesterday, that I should dream of an alliance with his mushroom family?—What, have his riches made him forget the disparity of our births?—Daughter, I cannot believe this of you. I hope, son Franval, after such an insult, you will no longer honour this St. Alme with your notice. As for the father, should he ever—Yes, he shall have an answer. (*Sits down to write.*)

Enter DOMINIQUE, L.H.

Dom. Sir, a stranger desires to speak with you.

Fran. A stranger?

Dom. Yes, sir; a very good looking gentleman desires to see you—I believe he's a clergyman.

Fran. Desire him to walk in. [*Exit Dom. L.H.*]

Mad. F. (*Reading the letter with vexation.*)
“*Their union never can take place.*” Ha! ha! ha!

Mar. My dreams of happiness are ended.

Fran. Madam, the gentleman comes: if you please, we'll consider the letter another time.

Mad. F. (*Hissing.*) No—I won't honour him with an answer at all.

*Enter the ABBE DE L'EPEE, introduced by
DOMINIQUE, L.H.*

Dom. Walk in, sir; pray walk in.

[*Exit Dominique, L.H.*]

De l'E. (*Salutes the Ladies; then Franval.*) I presume, sir, you are Monsieur Franval?

Fran. At your service.

De l'E. Could you favour me with a few moments conversation?

Fran. Very willingly. May I take the liberty of asking, who—

De l'E. I am from Paris,—My name is De l'Epee.

Fran. De l'Epee!—The instructor of the Deaf and Dumb?

De l'E. (*Bows.*)

Fran. Madam,—sister,—you see before you one who is an honour to human nature.

De l'E. Sir, (*Bows.*)—(*The Ladies salute De l'Epee with great respect.*)

Fran. How often have I admired you as the dispenser of the most valuable gifts of heaven!

De l'E. Then have I been fortunate indeed, in applying myself to you.

Fran. How can I serve you ?

De l'E. By aiding me to redress the injur'd.—Your high reputation, sir, has brought me hither, in order to communicate to you an affair of the utmost importance.

Mad. F. Daughter, we'll retire. (*Going.*)

De l'E. If you have time to listen, ladies, pray stay.—It is my earnest wish to interest every virtuous and feeling heart in the cause I have undertaken.

Mad. F. If we have your leave, sir,—

Fran. Be seated, pray, sir. (*They sit.*)

De l'E. Perhaps, you will think my story tedious; yet I must be particular.

Mar. How interesting an appearance !

Fran. Pray, proceed.

De l'E. (*Bowing to the Ladies.*) This, then, is my business. About eight years ago, a boy, deaf and dumb, found in the dead of night on the Pont Neuf, was brought to me by an officer of the Police. From the meanness of his dress, I supposed him of poor parents, and undertook to educate and provide for him.

Fran. As I know you have done for many others.

De l'E. I soon remarked an uncommon intelligence in his eyes; a well-manner'd ease and assurance in his behaviour; and, above all, a strange and sorrowful surprise in his looks, whenever he examined the coarseness of his cloathing.—In a word, the more I saw, the more I was convinced, that he had been purposely lost in the streets. I gave a public, full, minute description of the unhappy foundling; but in vain. Few will claim interest in the unfortunate.

Fran. Ah ! few indeed !

De l'E. Plac'd among my scholars, he profited so well by my lessons, that he was, at last, able to converse with me by signs, rapid almost as thought itself. One day, as we were passing the High Court of Justice, a Judge alighted from his carriage.—The sight gave Theodore—for so I call'd him—an emotion, violent and instant.—The tears ran down his cheeks in torrents, while he explain'd to me, that, when a child, a man, who often wore similar robes of purple and er-

mine, had been accustomed to caress, and take him in his arms. Observe—another time, a grand funeral pass'd us in the streets;—I watch'd the various changes in his colour, and learn'd that he had himself, long ago, follow'd the coffin of the very person, by whom he had been thus fondly caress'd.—I could not be mistaken.—I concluded, that he was probably the orphan heir of some chief magistrate, purposely turned adrift in a strange and populous city—defrauded, robb'd, and even fortunate to have escap'd with life.

Mar. Poor youth !

De l'E. These strong presumptions redoubled all my hope and zeal.—Theodore grew every day more and more interesting. He confirm'd to me many circumstances of his story.—Yet, how proceed in his behalf ? He had never heard his father's name, he neither knew his family, nor the place of his birth. Well, sir,---some months ago, as we went through the Barriere d' Enfer, observing a carriage stopp'd and examined, the recollection suddenly struck him, that this was the very gate through which he entered Paris, and that the chaise, in which he travelled with two persons, whom he well remembered, had, in this very spot, been thus visited. I see,—I see it in your eyes,—you anticipate my firm persuasion, that he came from some city in the south of France, of which, in all likelihood, his father had been the chief magistrate.

Fran. For heaven's sake, sir, go on.

De l'E. Finding all my researches ineffectual, I resolv'd at last to take my pupil with me, and traverse, in person, and on foot, the whole of the south of France. We embraced each other, invoked the protection of heaven, and set forward. After a journey—long—fatiguing—almost hopeless—we this morning—bless'd be the Divine Providence !—arrived at the gates of Toulouse.

Fran. Good Heavens !

De l'E. He knew the place, he seiz'd my hand, utter'd wild cries of joy, and led me quickly, here and there, thro' various quarters of the city. At length we

arrived at this square--he stopped--pointed to the mansion opposite your door--shrieked, and senseless dropp'd into my arms.

Fran. The palace of Harancour !

De l'E. Yes,—and from the inquires I have already made, I am convinced that my poor boy is the lawful heir of that family ; and that his inheritance has been seized by his guardian and maternal uncle.—Darlemont.

Mad F. I don't doubt it,—O, the wretch.

(*She rises.*)

De l'E. To you, sir, I have been directed—to your talents,—to your virtue.—And to you, in the names of justice and humanity, I now address myself for aid.—Earth, heaven, and all the blessings it can promise, will second my petition. O, let the voice of irresistible truth be rais'd in his behalf !—Let not a noble orphan, denied the precious bounties of nature, and quickened by these privations into ten-fold sensibility—let him not, I conjure you,—let him not fall the victim of the ambitious and the base.

Fran. Sir, could I have listened to a tale like this unmoved, I were unworthy the form and name of man. (*To Mad. F.*) If ever I were truly proud of my profession, Madam, it is at this moment, when I am call'd upon to assault the powerful, and defend the helpless. (*To De l'E.*) Sir, the faculties of life, body, and soul, while I possess them, shall be employed to serve him.

Mad. F. Thank heaven, I shall see him reduced to his original insignificance at last.

Mar. Ah ! Poor St. Alme !—Brother,—

Fran. I don't forget St. Alme.—Sir, I must now acquaint you, that this Darlemont is the father of my dearest friend.—Delicacy, duty, require me to try persuasion, gentleness, and every milder method—should these fail with him, I shall be driven to expose his guilt, and publicly compel him to restore the rights, which I have cause to fear, he has so unnaturally usurped. Where is your pupil ?

De l'E. I left him at our lodgings ; and his anxiety, no doubt, makes my absence seem long.

Fran. Dear sir, why didn't you bring him with you ?

Mar. How impatient I am to see him !

Fran. Let me beg that you will use us like old friends, and accept apartments here.

De l'E. I am afraid,—

Mad. F. Not, I hope to do us pleasure and an honour ?

De l'E. It is impossible to resist such goodness.--- Madam, I obey. (*De l'E and Fran. talk together.*)

Mad. F. Come, Marianne, we'll go and prepare for our young guest,—Yes, yes, you shall have an answer ; my son shall be your correspondent.—Come, Marianne.

[*Exit, R.H.*

Mar. Brother, remember your friend.—Your servant, sir. (*To De l'E.*)

[*Exit R.H.*

Fran. Yes, sir ; we shall have great difficulties to encounter in our way : the wealth and influence of Darlemont are formidable ; his temper, daring, haughty, and obstinate. Yet, in the First President, we have so upright and wise a judge to hear us, that, if truth and justice are on our side, our triumph is certain.

De l'E. I rely entirely on you. Let the result of our inquiry be what it may,—to have done my duty, will be my consolation,—and to have known you, sir, my recompence.

[*Exeunt, L.H.*

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE II.—*The same Room in the Palace of Harancour.*

Enter, DARLEMONT, followed by PHILIP and ETIENNE, to whom he gives his hat and cane, and they retire.

Dar. My life is one continued scene of terror and disappointment. This undutiful, this headstrong boy !

To refuse the match I had provided for him ! Thus to thwart my long labour'd plan for our security !—But let the rebel dread the consequence of his disobedience.

Enter PIERRE, L.H.

Now, sir, where is your master ?

Pie. I don't know, sir :—but, indeed, I am very much afraid—

Dar. Afraid !—Of what ?—Speak.

Pie. That he'll soon lose his senses, poor gentleman !

Dar. Blockhead !—

Pie. He had such a wild look, when you turn'd away from him in the street just now,—Do, good sir—pardon my boldness—do take this wedding into a little consideration.

Dar. Silence !—Who were they you were chattering with so busily in the square, about an hour ago ?

Pie. In the square ?—O !—they were strangers.

Dar. How came they to examine, and point at this house so often ?

Pie. I don't know, sir—but one of 'em ask'd me whose that fine house was, and I said it had been the Palace of Harancour.—

Dar. You said ?

Pie. Yes, sir---but that now it belong'd to---

Dar. Babbling dunce. (*Crosses to L.H.*)

Pie. I beg your pardon, sir ; if I had been a babbler, I should have staid with them ; but, no ; I got away as fast as I could, that they might ask me no questions about you, sir.

Dar. About me !---And why should you fear any questions being ask'd about me ?

Pie. I'm sure, I don't know, sir.

Dar. Don't know !---Tell me this moment, who put that thought into your head ?

Pie. Upon my life sir, you frighten me out of my wits !—Why, sir, it was—

Dar. Who, who was it?---

Pie. It was you yourself, sir---you ordered me not to talk of you, nor your affairs, to any body.

Dar. Well---And, pray, what pass'd between 'em?

Pie. They kept that to themselves.---They seemed to me to talk by signs.

Dar. By signs! Why talk by signs?

Pie. I can't tell, sir;---only I guess that the young gentleman was dumb.

Dar. Dumb?

Pie. He surely was---at least I thought so.

Dar. Dumb---'tis false.

Pie. No, indeed---you'll find it true, I believe, sir.

Dar. Impossible---Was it the youth, do you say, that was dumb.

Pie. Yes, sir, the boy, and I was the more sorry for him some how, because he is so very like---

Dar. Like whom?

Pie. So very like that picture of the young count. And so---

Dar. And so!---And what so?---Officious fool---isn't the boy dead?

Pie. So I have heard, sir.

Dar. Heard, reptile---Do you dare to doubt sir?

Pie. I sir? No.--Only this morning Dupre said that, perhaps, he was alive.

Dar. When did he say so?

Pie. While we were looking at the picture.

Dar. (*To himself.*) Flames devour the picture! (*Aside.*) Let that picture be removed into my apartment.

Pie. Yes, sir---So I thought, if it should happen to be him, it might turn out to be a lucky discovery---my master thinks I---

Dar. Go! Send them to remove that picture.

Pie. Yes, sir---It's very odd, all this.

[*Exit Pierre, L.H.*]

Dar. Here I am countermin'd again.---That picture I had painted at the moment of our departure, in order to impress an opinion of my affection for this boy, and so prevent suspicion. My very precautions work

towards my detection---Like the picture!---Dumb !
---No, no ; it can't be.---And yet---

Enter DUMBLE, L.H. abruptly, having a paper in his hand.

Now, sir---Who sent for you ? What want you here ?

Dup. I come to unburthen a loaded conscience.

Dar. I'm busy---and can't be troubled.

Dup. I come to--- (*Holding out a letter.*)

Dar. Did you hear me---I'm busy.

Dup. Sir, sir, you waste your anger on me : you have laid a crime on my soul, that annihilates the duties and distance of my calling : I cast off the servant, and assume the man.

Dar. What is it you mean by this insolence ?

Dup. First, sir, please to take back the annuity you have sent me.

Dar. (*Snatching the paper.*) Take back---Is it not yet sufficient ? I thought it beyond your hopes. Your conscience knows its price.

Dup. No, sir---you wrong me---'twas when I had no conscience, that I had a price.

Dar. Liar ! You come to practice on me.--- You, tattler!---Gossip of sworn secrets ! Perjurer---Go---point, and pretend to start at pictures---pernicious dotard ! Conscience ? 'Tis false---No ; 'tis to wring my purse, you act remorse, and feign this pity for a thing---who, say the best, was but an idiot, an automaton. (*Crosses to L.H.*)

Dup. Of me, sir, think what you will ; I have deserved it---but in behalf of that injur'd youth, I must retort the falsehood.

Dar. You !

Dup. I.---Though speech and hearing were denied him, yet nature recompens'd him with a mind that glow'd with intelligence, and a heart that ran over with benevolence. And you, sir---is your heart so deadened by the injuries you've done him, that you forget it was this idiot saved the life of that most excellent young man, your only son---did not Julio---regardless of danger to himself, and thoughtful only for St. Alme---when the fierce wolf had fastened on his throat, did he not

bravely rend asunder his bloody jaws, receiving in his own arm a wound, so deep and dangerous, that the scar could never be effaced?

Dar. Silence, I charge you!

D.c.p. When I call to mind his infancy—his pretty looks—his fond kisses, when I have borne him in my arms—and think how I yielded—weak and wicked as I was!—to your temptations, and abandon'd him to perish—poor helpless babe!—in a wide un pitying world—I could call for curses on my head, proclaim my guilt, and take delight in the abhorrence and punishment, which men enraged, and the just laws, would pursue me to destruction!

Dar. Hence, raving visionary!—The serpent that stung the friend that foster'd him, paid with his life the forfeit of his ingratitude.—

(Puts his hand on his sword.)

Coward, beware!----Shall my honour stand in danger from your treachery? *(Crosses to R.H.)*

Dup. Treachery has never enter'd my mind. Julio is gone---and the crime cannot be repaired---yet, the sincere repentance of a servant, might claim respect from that master, who after a blameless life of forty years, had seduc'd him to villiany.

Dar. Villiany!

Dup. My part was impious villiany---what your's was ---ask of the vexing thoughts, that nightly take watch on the pillow of the wicked.

Dar. Urge me no further.---Lectur'd by my slave! ---a worm that crawls at the mercy of my foot!---Because I have forborne, presum'st thou that I dare not strike?---Hence!---Here, take thy recompence---

(Offering him the paper.)

--Be thankful, and obedient---Guard thy lips, or---

Dup. No!---Vile as you think me, my silence is not to be bought---my sins shall not be pensioned. --Hitherto you are safe. Don't let your insult drive me to disclose you.

Dar. Here, here---and have done---*(Offering him the paper.)*

Dup. You are deceiv'd---I was brib'd, not by you,

gold, but by the wild vanity of sharing your confidence your familiarity—and becoming—instead of him you call your slave—your friend.

Dar. Such you might have been.

Dup. No—there can be no friendship in guilt—'tis my doom to live in dread of you, and of my own reflections—'tis yours, to know, that your honour and life are in the keeping of a man stung in conscience, distracted in mind, and by yourself render'd a wretch, infamous, and never more to be trusted.

[*Exit*, L.H.]

Dar. Indeed!—do you grow so fast on us? Prevention or treachery—His life or mine—and shall I hesitate? A single blow will give me peace. Whither am I going? Peace! No, no, 'tis false; peace dwells only with innocence; yet to be led—exposed—a public malefactor—help, heav'n—shield me from the phrenzy of these thoughts!

[*Exit*, R.H.]

SCENE III.—*Franval's Study, as before.*

Enter MARIANNE, R.H.

Mar. Where can Dominique loiter all this while? When I told him too, how anxiously I should wait for his return! My dear father valued his honest simplicity of heart—and he has liv'd among us so long, and so familiarly indulg'd, that he treats me with as little ceremony, as if he were guiding me in my leading strings again—Ah! poor fellow!—here he comes, quite out of breath! I beg his pardon—

Enter DOMINIQUE, L.H.

Well--my good, dear, Dominique—have you seen St. Alme?

Dom. I was coming to tell you, ma'am—No, ma'am, he has not been at home since.

Mar. Unlucky!—Never did I wish so earnestly to see him.

Dom. Lord, lord, what a pity! Where, is he? Where can he be? Ha! ha! ha!—If he did but know how you are fretting about him, he'd fly on the wings of lo—

Mar. (*Interrupting him.*) I had forgot—Did you go to the poor widow?

Dom. Yes, true, ma'am; and gave her your present. Ha! ha!—poor Claudine!—She kiss'd the crowns because they had touch'd your hand—and blest your sweet name a thousand and a thousand times.

Mar. Surely, you didn't tell her that it came from me?

Dom. Lord, ma'am, I couldn't help it.---To be sure, nobody, though I say it myself, can keep a secret better than I can: but then---Ha! ha! poor soul!---she begg'd, and pray'd, and laugh'd, and cried---Ha! ha! I reckon she'll be here in a minute to thank you.

Mar. I can't see her, Dominique---I'm too much disturb'd---I'm not---It was very wrong, indeed.

Dom. Well, then, she shan't come. And yet why should you be so asham'd of doing good? I'm sure, virtue should have somebody to show it a little countenance now-a-days. Ah, poor Claudine!---Times are sadly chang'd with her since her good man, Blaise, was porter at the palace of Harancour---She wanted for nothing then---Ah! when Count Julio died, his uncle, Darlemont, turn'd away all the old servants; and, but for the charity of his son, I believe, some of them might have starved, poor things! He has been very good to Claudine too, and would have done more, but for fear of his father.

Mar. Yes; the father is unlike the son.

Dom. Unlike? The one is as proud as the—and the other as mild as a May-morning. O, he'd make an admirable master for one, he would---an excellent head of a family---and, above, all, a most charming spouse---Don't you think so, ma'am?

Mar. Yes---I believe the woman of his choice,---

Dom. That's done. His choice is made.

Mar. I've heard he's to be married to the great heiress, the President's daughter.

Dom. So have I.

Mar. Have you?

Dom. Yes---Ha! ha! ha!---But he won't have her.

Mar. Dominique!

Dom. Lord, ma'am---you know very well, he loves somebody else.

Mar. (*Much agitated.*) Are the apartments ready for our two guests?

Dom. I can do that in a minute, ma'am.—Yes, yes, he—

Mar. Go, go--make haste; they are expected instantly—Go.

Dom. Well, well—I'm gone. (*Aside.*) No, never can make her own it. Ah! you cunning little hypocrite! Ha! ha!--A girl in love is for all the world like the moon in a cloudy night; now out, now in—This moment clear as the day; and the next you're all in the dark again. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Mar. One would think that this old man took a pleasure in tormenting me. If this scholar of De l'Épée's should prove to be Count Julio, and recover the possessions he has been depriv'd of, St. Alme would then be only the equal of my fortune, and his father no longer, perhaps, see any distance between us—Ah, flattering Hope, you are too forward.

SONG.

Written by M. G. Lewis, Esq.

*What tho' Fate forbids me offer
Golden gifts from Fortune's store;
All I have to Love I proffer,
Fortune cannot offer more.*

*What, tho' bright the jewell'd treasure,
Which Peruvian mines supply;
Brighter still the tear of pleasure,
Sparkling in Affection's eye,*

*Hymen, in his power for ever,
 Firm the God of Hearts would hold ;
 Binding oft—ah, vain endeavour !
 - Love with Interest's chains of gold.*

*Soon their weight his strength o'erpowers ;
 Soon they crush the petty elf ;
 Love can bear no chains but flowers,
 Light and blooming like himself.*

Mar. Ah, me! Why is St. Alme out of the way? He must be prepared for this discovery—and yet, my mother! Should Darlemont be softened, will she consent?

Enter MADAME FRANVAL and FRANVAL, R.H.

Mad. F. Don't tell me, son—don't tell me. This is my opinion—to hesitate to deliver up this usurper to the vengeance of the laws—to wink at such enormities—is to become an accomplice in 'em.

Fran. You will allow us first to prove them on him, madam! besides, can I forget, that he is the father of my friend? (*Madame Franval turns away in great displeasure.*) Has Dominique been to St. Alme? (*To Marianne.*)

Mar. Yes—But he hadn't been at home.

Mad. F. (*Comes down between them.*) And to tell you my opinion further, son—after this letter, I very much disapprove of that young man's visits here.

Fran. Ought we to make him responsible for his father's faults?

Mar. Which, he is so far from sharing, that he will devote his life to atone 'em. (*Madame Franval gives her a look of disapprobation.*) One need only look in his face, to be sure of it.

Mad. F. Oh! Had the Senechal been living now!

Fran. If only Darlemont were concerned, madam, I should, without regret, tear away his specious visor and expose him bare-faced—such, however, are the prejudices of the world, that I cannot publish the guilt of the parent, without reflecting the disgrace of his actions on his blameless son.

Mad. F. What, then, he is to escape after all?
(Crosses to L.H.)

Fran. Here's somebody coming. My dear madam—
(Crosses to L.H.)

Mar. Good mother—
(Crosses to L.H.)

Mad. F. Nay, nay,—
(Crosses to R.H.)

Enter DE L'ÉPÉE, L.H. introducing THEODORE.

De l'E. In obedience to your kind commands, I present to you my adopted child, my Theodore. This, sir, is the orphan, whose story you have heard, and whose wrongs you will redress. (*Theodore, having saluted them with great vivacity, fixes his eyes on Franval.*)

Mar. How intelligent, and animated a look!

Mad. F. The perfect image of his late father!

De l'E. (*Earnestly.*) Do you say so, madam?

Mad. F. I see his father in him, at his age, as if he stood before me.

(*Theodore (to whom De l'Epee is attentive,) points to Franval—lays the fore-finger of his right hand on his forehead, and assumes an expression of genius; then darts his arm forward with force, grandeur, &c.*)

De l'E. Ay! he tells me, that he reads in your countenance the certainty of triumphing, and confounding his oppressor.

Fran. Yes; I have given him my promise, and will perform it.

(*Theodore having touched his lips with a look of regret, seizes the hand of Franval—holds it to his heart; and, with his other hand, beats quickly and often on the bosom of Franval.*)

De l'E. Ah! that he could speak his gratitude! But, by the throbbings of his heart, he bids you learn, that your goodness to him will live there for ever. These are his true expressions.

Fran. Are you then so perfectly comprehensible to each other?

Mad. F. Are your signs so minutely accurate?

De l'E. As speech itself.

Mar. And does he understand every thing you desire to express?

De l'E. You shall have proof of it this moment.

*(De l'Epee taps Theodore on the shoulder, to make him observe, rubs his forehead, then points to Mari-
anne, and writes a line or two with his finger on the
palm of his left hand. Theodore nods to De l'Epee
—runs to Franval's table—sits down, snatches up a
pen, and shews that he is ready to write.)*

De l'E. Now, madam, make what inquiry you please of him, he will copy it down from my action, and immediately give you his reply.—He waits for you.

Mar. *(With timidity.)* I really don't know what to—

Fran. Any thing,—any thing.

Mad. F. Ay, ay, child; the first thing that comes into your head.

Mar. *(After a moment's reflection.)* In your opinion,—

De l'E. Speak slowly, and repeat the question, as if you were dictating to him yourself.

(Theodore expresses that he attends to De l'Epee's signs.)

Mar. In your opinion,—

De l'E. *(Makes a sign, Theodore writes.)*

Mar. Who is the greatest genius,—

De l'E. *(Makes a sign, Theodore writes.)*

Mar. That France has ever produced?

De l'E. *(Makes a sign, Theodore writes.)*

De l'E. *(Takes the paper from the table and shews it to Franval.)* You see he has written the question distinctly.

(De l'Epee returns the paper to Theodore, who for a moment sits motionless and meditating.)

Mar. He seems a little at a loss.

De l'E. I don't wonder at it,—it's a delicate question. (*Theodore starts from his reverie—looks affectionately at De l'Epee—wipes his eyes, and writes with the utmost rapidity.*)

Fran. Look, look, what fire sparkles in his eyes ! What animation in every turn ! I dare promise you, this will be the answer of a feeling heart, and an enlightened mind. (*Theodore starts up—presents the paper to Marianne—and desires her to read it to the company. Madame Franval and Franval look over Marianne as she reads ;—Theodore runs to De l'Epee, and looks at him with fond curiosity.*)

Mar. (*Reads.*) “ In your opinion, who is the greatest genius that France has ever produced ? ”

Mad. F. Ay—what does he say to that ?

Mar. (*Reads.*) “ Science would decide for *D'Alembert*, and Nature say, *Buffon* ; Wit and Taste present *Voltaire* ; and sentiment pleads for *Rosseau* ; but Genius and Humanity cry out for *De l'Epee* ; and him I call the best and greatest of human creatures.” (*Marianne drops the paper, and retires to a chair in tears. Theodore throws himself into De l'Epee's arms. M. Franval and Franval look at each other in astonishment.*)

De l'E. (*With an emotion which he strives to repress.*) You must excuse him ; 'tis a great mistake ; but a very, very pardonable one.

Fran. (*Takes up the paper, and examines it.*) I can hardly credit what I see.

Mad. F. What do you think of this Darlemont now ? (*Theodore and Madame Franval go to Marianne.*)

Fran. This decision discovers an extent of acquirements, and shews a purity of taste, that--(*To De l'Epee*) What study, what pains, must it have cost you to accomplish such effects !

De l'E. To tell you what it has cost me, were impossible—but the bare thought of prompting to the forgetfulness of nature—of calling forth the faculties of mind—this one persuasion gives strength, courage, and perseverance to accomplish miracles. If the labour-

ious husbandman, when he views rich harvest waving over the lands he has fertilized, experiences a pleasure proportioned to his toils—judge what are my sensations, when, surrounded by my pupils, I wateh. them gradually emerging from the night that overshadows them, and see them dazzled at the widening dawn of opening Dcity, 'till the full blaze of perfect intellect informs their souls to hope and adoration. This is to new-create our brethren. What transport to bring man acquainted with himself!—Enjoyments, I own, there may be, more splendid, more alluring ;—but I am sure, that, in the wide round of our capacities, none will be found more true.

Fran. They are the just reward of such benevolence—and if my efforts—

(*Claudine and Dominique, without.*)

Dom. Come back, come back ;—I tell you, Claudine, you can't see her.

Clau. I tell you I must and will see her, if I search the whole house after her.

(*Theodore, Madame Franval, and Marianne come forward.*)

Enter CLAUDINE, followed by DOMINIQUE, R.H.

Clau. (*To Madame Franval.*) I beg pardon for being so bold—

Dom. (*To Marianne.*) She slipp'd by, the back way, and got the start of me. (*Theodore on the entrance of Claudine, appears struck with recollection of her ; then falls in the most lively agitation ; and signifies to De l'Epee, that she was wife to the porter of the house he lived in, and had been his nurse. De l'Epee answers him in signs of surprize and joy.*)

Clau. (*To Franval.*) Sir, I beg pardon ; yet, when the heart is full—This dear young lady has been so good—(*Kisses Marianne's hand.*)

Mad F. What does all this mean Marianne ?

Mar. (*Hesitating.*) Madam—

Clau. Sweet saint!—She blushes to speak her own good deeds. Ah, madam, this angel of a girl, heard I was in distress, and has been of a long time my benefactress; I never knew what charitable hand was stretched to me, till this morning Dominique told me—

Dom. No, I didn't tell you; you coax'd it out of me. Come away, come away—you're a rare one to keep a secret! (*Signs to her to be gone.*)

De l'E. Good woman! good woman!

Clau. Me, sir? (*Curtseying.*)

De l'E. You lived formerly in the Palace of Harancour?

Clau. My husband was porter there nine and twenty years.

De l'E. Do you remember young count Julio, your late master's son?

Clau. Remember him?—I had him in my arms the very hour he was born. My lady died in child-bed; I was his nurse—his mother, begging your pardon, I may say—and a sweet babe he was. I shall never forget him. His death was a hard pinch to us all. (*Weeping.*)

(*Theodore gazes on Claudine, in great agitation.*)

De l'E. (*Takes Theodore by the hand,*) Did you ever see his face?

Clau. (*Starting.*) Merciful goodness! why sure—(*Theodore flings back the hair from his forehead, &c.*)

Clau. It is, it is he—it is young count Julio himself! (*Theodore, as she runs to him, and is falling at his feet, immediately prevents and kisses her.*)

Dom. Ha! ha!—and there I had like not to have let her in.

De l'E. Providential encounter!

Fran. This may lead to other proofs.—

Mad F. And confound the insolent Darlemont—
Now, son!

Clau. If my poor Blaise were but alive!—But where has he been—the dear boy!—where has he—

De l'E. Hush!—recollect yourself: are you so thoroughly convinced, that this is Julio of Harancour, that you dare solemnly attest it—

Clau. To the whole world—to men and angels—earth and heaven.

Fran. Can't you immediately, without letting 'em know what has pass'd, bring hither some others of the servants, who knew Count Julio in his infancy?

Clau. To be sure; there's the coachman's widow living still; and there's—

Dom. Ay, so there is; and there's Denys the groom besides, and his old wife—they don't live far off.

Mad. F. Fetch 'em this moment—fetch 'em all.

Dom. Come along, Claudine—come along. (*Going.*)

Fran. And—not a word, for your lives.

Dom. Oh!—I know better than to chatter about what doesn't concern me. Long live Count Julio!

Fran. Dominique—

Dom. Oh!—come along, Claudine.

[*Exeunt Dominique and Claudine, R.H.*]

Mad. F. There, there; make haste, make haste!

Mar. My dear madam, if they should discover—

Mad. F. Daughter, daughter, he must be punish'd for his ambition—his insolence must be humbled.—Son, we'll leave you together.—come, we'll shew the Count of Harancour his apartment.—(*Signs to Theodore to go with her—he takes her hand.*)

[*Exeunt, Madame Franval, R.H. very ceremoniously; Theodore nodding to De l'Epee; & Marianne, with an imploring look to Franval.*]

Fran. I have already told you, the friendship that binds me to St. Alme, imposes on me the duty of proceeding by the gentlest steps. I now propose, that we present ourselves at the Palace of Harancour—there, jointly, and in private, we may attack this Darlemont; you, with the energy so good a cause inspires; and I, with all the terror of the laws. He must be more hardened and audacious than I think him, if he can withstand us.

De l'E. I agree: and a thought this instant strikes me, which, if he is not quite a monster, must insure our success.

[*Exeunt, L.H.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Room in the Palace of Haraficour.
The Picture being removed.*

Enter DARLEMONT, and PIERRE, R.H.!

Dar. Go and inquire immediately. [*Exit Pierre, L.H.* Vain, groundless apprehensions, leave me!—what an absurd propensity there is in man to be his own tormentor—to conjure up the wildest visions—to fancy the most frightful accidents—and shake the more, the more preposterous the terrors are which his imagination creates !

Re-enter PIERRE, R.H.

Pie. Sir, my master is not come in yet.

Dar. I suppose, he's at Franval's then.

Pie. No, sir, he's not—they sent here just now to inquire for him.

Dar. (*Aside.*) My son opposing all my wishes—my servant ready to betray me—whom can I trust in?—my ambition is my curse—the moment I attain'd its object, my plagues began—where is Dupre?

Pie. Shut up in his own room.

Dar. (*Alarmed.*) Is any body with him?

Pie. No, sir, I saw him go in alone, and heard the door lock. (*Going.*)

Dar. Well!—Pierre,—Have you seen any thing more of these—

Pie. What, the strangers, sir?

Dar. So very like the—No, nothing.—You may go. (*Exit Pierre, L.H.*) Dumb !—Like the picture !

—Should he be still alive—should some infernal accident have return'd him hither—well, how will he prove his story?—his death is register'd: that testimony no evidence but Dupre's can now invalidate; and him, too, I might set at defiance, and be at rest for ever, could I but link my interest to the President's by this marriage with his daughter; that would place me beyond the result of danger.

Enter St. ALME, L.H. who stands at a distance as if not daring to approach his father.

I am on the rack, till it is accomplish'd.

St. A. Am I permitted, sir,—

Dar. (*Alarmed.*) Who's there?

St. A. I was told, sir, you wish'd to see me.

Dar. I do—and let me warn you, sir, that unless you come resolved to show a proper sense of duty to your father, you have heard that wish for the last time. Tell me, where have you been all this morning?

St. A. My father, it is not in my nature to dissembles with you—I come from the President's.

Dar. (*Startled*) Ha! What was your business there, and without me.

St. A. To lay open my whole soul before him—to acquaint him from my own lips with my engagements to Marianne. (*Darlemont starts.*) pardon me, sir—O, think how resistless must be the power that overmasters me, since it could hurry me to make this declaration, even at the risk of your displeasure.

Dar. (*Stifling his rage.*) Well, sir—what was his answer?

St. A. Noble, kind, and like himself. He gently told me, it would have been the pride of his heart, and the comfort of his declining years, to have seen me happy with his daughter; but that the choice I had made did me honour—

Dar. (*Gradually giving way to his fury.*) How?

St. A. And that the ties by which I was engaged to so worthy an object must be indissoluble.

Dar. (Bursting out.) Parricide? You have undone me. Vain empty schemes of human foresight!—I possess myself of my ne—of a vast inheritance,—I devote it to your advancement—employ it to ally you with the most powerful and wealthy family in Languedoc—and, when I have succeeded in removing every prejudice, every obstacle, you dare to make a mockery of my solicitudes, and audaciously reject power, rank, fortune, for the interested attractions of a beggar; the seductive arts of a—

St. A. O, no—that she has fix'd me her's, and her's alone, 'tis true; but, sir, 'twas without artifices, as it was without design; her enchanting loveliness, my father,—her innocence, if possible, still more lovely—these are the seductions, these the arts, this virtuous girl has practis'd on me.

Dar. (Bursting into tears.) Short-sighted, foolish parents! for thankless children, thus to plunge yourselves in guilt and danger.

St. A. O, sir!—(*Affectionately.*) Surely, you are in no danger?

Dar. (Resolutely.) No! I don't know what I am. Yet, should the world once suspect—

St. A. Who can live fairer in the opinion of the world?

Dar. He who lives fair in his own mind.

St. A. For heaven's sake, sir, what labours in your bosom?

Dar. O, misery! to think I have a son, and want a friend!

St. A. You rend my heart with these doubts. Honour me as a friend; shew me how I may serve my father—and let man and heaven renounce me, if I forget the duty of a son!

Dar. (Eagerly.) Do you speak this from your soul? May I depend on you?

St. A. Can it be a question, sir?

Dar. (Solemn and earnest.) Then return to the President—

St. A. Ha!

Dar. Retrieve the mischief—apologize, plead, obtain the daughter.

St. A. Sir !—

Dar. If you have the affection of a son,—if you value the safety, life, and honour of your father—go.

St. A. Your agitation terrifies me. Tell me, I conjure you, tell me the cause of it.

Dar. Impossible !—Think, 'tis no trivial cause that could induce me to plead by dark hints for a son's obedience.

St. A. Speak, sir—O, speak !

Dar. It is not to be told. Nothing but the support of rank, wealth, office, can secure me : the gulph of ruin gapes at my feet ; I call on my son,—him to whom I have given life—for whom I have risk'd life, infamy, and perdition—I once more call on him—save me, or never see me more. [*Exit*, R.H.

St. A. Such guilt ! Such danger ! Can this be real ?—Impossible !—'Tis but a cruel artifice to extort my consent to this hated marriage. Unkind father ! Thus with suborn'd emotions, to practice on the affections of a son, who would die for you.

Enter PIERRE, L.H.

Pie. Sir, the porter says, Dominique was here just now in a great hurry to ask for you.

St. A. I come.—Yes, Franval—my friend—my brother !—your advice and assistance are the only reliance left me. [*Exit*, L.H.

Pie. And now for a little chat with Dupre about this picture. [*Exit*, R.H.

SCENE II.—*Franval's Study as before.*

Enter MADAME FRANVAL, MARIANNE, DE L'ÉPÉE, and FRANVAL, R.H. with a paper in his hand.

Mad. F. Bless my soul !—Where can they be ? No news of these witnesses yet ?

De l'É. We must have patience, madam.

Mad. F. This Dominique is so slow !

Fran. (To *De l'Epee*.) How severe is the duty you have impos'd on me ! Must I present the accusation of the father of St. Alme ? My heart bleeds at the thought !

De l'E. Would he had been less criminal, and Theodore less injur'd !

Mad. F. No, no, his punishment cannot be too sudden, nor too public.

Fran. Think of his virtuous son.

Mur. (With the utmost tenderness.) Who, innocent of his crimes, would share in his disgrace.

De l'E. Besides, madam, we must remember that he still is my poor boy's uncle—his mother's brother.

Mad. F. How the Count of Harancour could stoop to marry into such a family—and then, to make this wretch his eventual heir !

De l'E. Integrity and honour, it may be, govern'd his life, till this temptation over-power'd him ; at least under that persuasion, madam, I would first try, whether he mayn't still be reclaimable by lenient means.

Fran. On that I am fix'd.

Mad. F. Remember, I tell you, he'll treat all your sentiments, and your lenient means, with contempt.

Enter ST. ALME, L.H. in the deepest dejection.

Fran. Then, madam—St. Alme ! I wish'd to see you. (He goes to St. Alme and they talk together.)

De l'E. Is this his son ? (To *Marianne*.)

Mar. Yes, sir.

Mad. F. Daughter ! [*Exit Madame Franval, R.H. looking disdainfully at St. Alme.*]

Mar. (To *De l'E.*) O, sir, speak with him—acquaint yourself with the virtues of his heart, then ask your own, whether ignominy be his desert ! [*Exit in tears, R.H.*]

Fran. (To *De l'E.*) My friend requests a moment's conversation.

De l'E. Honour and persuasion sit on his brow ; trust him at once—his father will never be able to resist him.

Fran. You judge him by yourself.

De l'E. Try every thing.—Theodore shall know that his cousin is here. [Exit, R.H.]

Fran. St. Alme, why are your looks so sad?

St. A. My distresses double every moment, and are inexplicable. The stern reserve, in which my father has so long wrapp'd himself, is suddenly chang'd to terrors that distract him.

Fran. (*Aside.*) Indeed !

St. A. The horror of his thoughts seem agonizing. To me he appeals for safety—yet mysteriously hides from me the cause of his alarm : by the sacred names of son and friend—with prayers, with tears, and solemn warnings. I am adjured to shield a father from perdition.

Fran. (*Aside.*) Surely he can't have heard—what are the means ? (*To St. Alme.*)

St. A. The means ? The sacrifice of friendship, happiness, and love. O, heaven, can this be just ?—And yet, he is my father.

Fran. Ay, would he were not !

St. A. Hold, hold, Franval—If you are my friend, no wish like that.

Fran. I am your friend—and have an office to discharge, that might better suit your bitterest enemy.

St. A. No word against my father ; or, here for ever—

Fran. Be calm, and hear me. You had a cousin, Julio Count of Harancour !

St. A. You know, I had.

Fran. St. Alme, I can't proceed ; I cannot tell you—yet you must know it, for all your sakes.

St. A. Speak out at once.

Fran. I want the courage to reveal it.

St. A. Speak—what of Julio ?

Fran. You lov'd him.

St. A. Dearly as my own life.

Fran. You would not see him wrong'd.

St. A. What mean you ?—Wrong'd !—Who wrongs him ?—'Tis eight years and more, since Julio died in Paris.

Fran. Ay, in the report of guilt.

St. A. Sir, in the report of Darlemont—Wrong'd!
He died in Paris.

Fran. No, no.

St. A. Whither would these dark insinuations tend?
Merciful heaven, add not to my miseries, that of hating
the brother of Marianne!—Julio—

Fran. Is still alive.

St. A. Franval—You are deceived—the attestation
of his death is in my father's hands; Dupre was present
in his last moments, and is a surviving witness
to it.

Fran. Indeed? Then let your own eyes judge be-
tween us. Look, who comes here. Darlemont de-
clares Count Julio dead—I, Franval, present him living.
There—

Enter DE L'EPÉE and THEODORE, R.H.

St. A. All gracious heaven! Do my eyes deceive
me? Risen from the dead! It is, it is— (*Theodore,*
after they have gazed a moment on each other, utters
a shriek of joy, and rushes into St. Alme's arms.)

De l'E. No, you are not deceived. He calls you
friend—he speaks to you in smiles and tears, the lan-
guage of the heart—his only language.

St. A. Can this be real? I know not yet—Speech-
less!—it must, it must be he—my long lost, dear, la-
mented Julio!—And yet, stand off awhile, and let me
gaze till I have satisfied my doubts. (*Theodore affec-*
ted at St. Alme's putting him away, hastily recollects
himself, bares his right arm and points to the scar
upon it.—St. Alme bursting into tears, runs to him,
and kisses the scar.)

St. A. That scar!

De l'E. O, nature, nature, how resistless is thy elo-
quence!

Fran. St. Alme, compose yourself, I shudder for
the final close of this discovery.

St. A. It is, it is my Julio. Friend! Companion! Preserver of my life! I'm lost in joy and wonder. To whom are we indebted for this strange blessing?

Fran. To him—to the benevolence of De l'Epee.

St. A. De l'Epee! Has Julio been an object of your generous pity? O, sir,—I can't thank you. (*Kisses De l'Epee's hand.*) Come, come, my dear Julio—(*To De l'Epee.*) my father's gratitude shall bless you—how will he rejoice at this event! Let us haste to him—he has been much altered since your loss; your presence shall dispel all gloom, and his heart dance with transport to behold you.

Fran. Hold hold, one moment.

(*Madame Franval and Dupre within.*)

Mad. F. (*Within, L.H.*) Come in, come in, Dupre—he is here—it's all true.

Fran, Dupre! (*Looking at St. Alme.*)

Dup. (*Within.*) Where is he? Let me see him, let me see him.

Enter MADAME FRANVAL and DUPRE, L.H.

Fran. How has he learned—

Dup. No—Pierre was not mistaken. O, Julio, Julio!
(*Throws himself at Theodore's feet.*)

Mad. F. We expect the other servants every moment.

(*St. A.* All overjoyed to hear of his return. (*Theodore instantly recollects Dupre, shrinks from him, and explains to De l'Epee who he is.*)

Dup. Now I have seen him once again, let me but ask forgiveness, and expire at his feet.

De l'E. (*To St. A.*) This man seems strangely agitated.

St. A. Forgiveness! What does he mean? He was his favourite servant, and attended Julio, when my father carried him to Paris.

Dup. (*Starting up.*) Yes, I am that ungrateful viper—that villain who became the accomplice of an act—
He lives, however, and I can now substantiate the truth.

Drag me away—I am ready—Deliver me and my seducer to the just punishment of our crimes.

De l'E. You went with him to Paris about eight years ago.

Dup. Yes, yes—with Darlemont, with Darlemont!

St. A. With Darlemont! What then?

Fran. St. Alme! St. Alme!

St. A. Rack me not thus, but speak.

Dup. I must—and may my true confession and remorse find acceptance there (*Pointing to heaven.*) towards the remission of my guilt!

De l'E. Be but sincere, it will.—Go on.

Dup. The very evening we reached Paris, your father pointing to a small trunk, sternly ordered me to dress his nephew in those clothes—it contained a beggar's wretched covering. (*St. Alme starts back, and turns away a moment, hiding his face.*)

Mad. F. The very rags they brought him to you in.

Dup. Muffled in these tatters, shrouded by midnight darkness, my master hurried him away—and, till this moment, I never saw him more.

St. A. Strike me with deafness, heaven!

Mad. F. Why didn't you immediately accuse him? He might have murdered the poor child for ought you knew.

Dup. At first, I fear'd it. Press'd and overpowered by my suspicions on his return alone, he own'd that he had put in execution the design which brought him to Paris, and under shelter of the night, had lost the disguised and helpless innocent beyond recovery, in the inextricable mazes of that wide city.

Mad. F. Thank heaven, he'll find himself disappointed and detected!

De l'E. Madam—well, sir—

Dup. In order to possess himself of the estates of the young count, it still was necessary that he should prove his death. Two witnesses were wanting: seduc'd by gold, one, since dead, was the poor wretch we lodg'd with.

Fran. The other—was yourself: and by this dark and perjured attestation—

St. A. His name annihilated, his rich inheritance purloined, his death a forgery, and my own father the perpetrator!—Saints of heaven, guard my soul from desperation!—Already the licentious rabble point at me as I pass,—I hear them cry, there goes the monster, the unnatural villain, who conspir'd to rob his noble kinsman, the friend of his youth, the saviour of his life, and turn'd him forth, naked and speechless on a desert and un pitying world!—

De l'E. Listen, sir, listen for a moment to a stranger, who views the dignity of your sorrow with reverence, and the severity of your fate with compassion; be just to yourself, you are not guilty.

St. A. Compassion? O heaven! Am I not his son? Not guilty? I'll hear of no compassion. Proclaim our crimes; clothe us in the same infamy; overwhelm us in one common ruin; raise monuments to perpetuate the villany of the house of Darlemont; let the name be recorded as pestilential to virtue, and the race exterminated from the world for ever! (*St. Alme throws himself in an agony on a chair. Theodore, to whom De l'Epee has explained Dupre's confession, endeavours by every means to console him.*)

Dup. Since that fatal deed, my horror and remorse have never given me one moment's peace. But heaven is just; it has preserv'd this noble youth, and sends me to unload my conscience at the tribunal of the laws.—Deliver me this moment to them.--I know the punishment that awaits me, and am resign'd to it; too blest at last, if in confessing and expiating the crimes to which I have been an accomplice, I can repair the evils they have caus'd.

St. A. (*Starting up, as if with a sudden thought, and rushing forward between De l'Epee and Frawal.*) Yes, yes—they must be repair'd. Follow me, wretched old man.

Fran. *St. Alme*, where are you going.

St. A. Where despair calls me.

De l'E. Look on your *Julio*.

St. A. The sight of him drives me to madness.

Fran. What is your design?

St. A. To avenge him, or die.—Come, villain.

[*Exit St. Alme, L.H. dragging Dupre away with him. Dupre looking back on Theodore.*

Fran. I must follow and detain him; or, in this madness of conflicting passions, he may publish his father's crimes, and defeat our very hope to save him from such dishonour. [*Exit, L.H.*

Mad. F. We follow you. Well, this St. Alme, is a very good young man, upon my word; and, though he is Darlemont's son, I can't help being concerned for him, I protest.

De l'E. Franval speaks highly of his virtues and his honour. Ah! thou poor reed, shaken so long by storms? How this eventful day may end for thee, heaven knows! But come my Theodore—should an unfeeling uncle persist in renouncing thee, should the laws reject thy appeal—thou shall still find a warm, though humble, asylum, in the affection of De l'Epee. [*Exeunt, R.H.*

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Room in the Palace of Harancour. The Picture having been removed.*

Enter PHILIPPE, PIERRE, CHARLES, and ETIENNE, R.H.

Pie. Nay, nay, don't be in such a hurry. Friends! fellow-servants! what have I done? what have I done?

Phil. Nay, nay: no hanging back:—you must come to my master.

Cha. Come along; come along.

Pie. Let me go, I say. I am coming along; but you have a mind to strangle me before I get there. Hands off, gentlemen! (*Disengages himself from*

them.) I won't be dragged in this manner, like a lamb to a slaughter-house. What's the meaning of this? what's the matter, I say?

Phil. O, poor innocent creature! you'll know what the matter is, sooner than you desire, I fancy. You must always act the great man; you must affect to be in all your young master's secrets!

Pie. I!—I wish I may be hanged if I know any of his secrets.

Eti. Ay, ay; so you say. You call us wretched plodders, you know. What do you think of us now? my master has been in a fine rage about you and Dupre: you must be tattling.

Pie. Tattling?

Eti. Ay; you have been telling Dupre something or other.

Pie. Me! upon my soul!

Phil. Well, well, it doesn't signify; whatever it was, it drove Dupre into the square, raving like a madman, and my master has been raving ever since. He has almost murdered the porter, I can tell you, for letting Dupre out,—against his express orders, it seems.

Pie. Letting him out! and why not? where is he gone?

Eti. I fancy, that's the very thing my master wishes to know.

Pie. Is it? I'm sure then he wishes to know more than I can tell him.

Phil. Ay, ay, that's your business: but he'll find a way to make you tell him, I believe.

Pie. Make me tell! None of your impertinence, if you please, sir,

Eti. Don't make a fool of yourself, but come quietly with us: we shall all be finely handled for staying so long.

Pie. Handled, indeed! Come, I like that too:—handled!

Phil. Don't be too flippant, friend Pierre; he's in a most unmerciful humour, I promise you. Come—

Pie. This is all about that confounded picture, I sup-

pose. My cursed curiosity will be the ruin of me at last.

Phil. Eti. Cha. Come away ! come away !

Pie. Well, well ; friends, fellow-servants, gentlemen !
[*Exeunt, L.H.*]

SCENE II.—*A Saloon in the Palace of Harancour, in which the Picture is now placed.*

Enter DARLEMONT, L.H.

Dar. Doubt ! horror ! and distraction ! Where now can I look for support ? my son estranged from me ! Dupre a fugitive ! All torments that disobedience, treachery, and self-condemnation can conjure up, beleaguer and confound me !

(*A noise without R.H.*)

Enter PHILIPPE, R.H.D.

Now, sir ?

Phil. We have brought him, sir: Pierre is at the door.

Dar. So ! he's in the plot too. Bring him in.—
[*Exit Philippe, R.H.D.*] Down, thronging apprehensions, down ! I shall betray myself.

Enter PIERRE, PHILIPPE, ETIENNE, and CHARLES, R.H.D.

Tell me sirrah ! whither is he fled ?

Pie. Fled, sir ! Who, sir ?

Dar. No prevarication, rascal !—the hypocritical comploter of your schemes,—Speak !—Dupre,—where is he ?

Pie. If you'll believe me, sir, I can't tell:

Dar. I'll not believe you, villain ! I'll have the truth, though I tear it out of your heart, I know you went to him into his room : deny that too.

Pie. Went to him in his—yes, yes, I did, I believe,—I did, sir.

Dar. (*Seizing him.*) What was your business with him, then?

Pie. (*Very much frightened.*) As I hope for mercy, sir, I only went, after you ordered me to take away the young count's picture, just to—

Dar. (*Perceiving the other Servants, he recovers himself.*) Go; I'll call you, when I have done with him. [*Exeunt Philippe, Etienne, and Charles, R.H.D. Darlemont pulls to the door very violently.*]

Pie. Sir, I see I have done something that alarms you,—

Dar. Alarms me!

Pie. That displeases you; I read it in your looks: but, what it is, I protest I know no more, than I do what is become of Dupre.

Dar. (*Having composed himself.*) I'm not displeas'd; you are mistaken. Come, tell me honestly what pass'd between you.

Pie. Why, nothing, sir:—only, at first, when I said something about your bidding me remove the picture, he shook his head, with a deep groan. So, to spirit him up a little, I told him,—as I told you, sir,—that I had seen a young gentleman in the morning, a stranger, who seem'd deaf and dumb too, as like that picture, as if he had sat for it.

Dar. (*Very eagerly.*) What did he say to that?

Pie. Not one single word, sir; but all the blood flew into his face in a moment, and he sunk on the table, weeping bitterly; then he wav'd his hand so,—and I left him.

Dar. (*Aside.*) Ha! he has revealed nothing yet.—You have seen nothing of him since, then?

Pie. No, sir.

Dar. Nor of the strangers?

Pie. Nothing, sir.

Dar. Leave me. (*In deep thought crosses to L.H.*)

Pie. (*Aside.*) And glad to be so cheaply quit too. What is the meaning of all this rout? I durst not own that I told Dupre the strangers were at Franval's.

(*Going R.H.*)

Dar. And—stay within call. [*Exit Pierre*, R.H.D.] I know not what to think, nor what course to take. Is this fellow's account true, or false? am I betray'd, or not? nor dare I tax him too closely; that would excite suspicion. Horrible uncertainty! O, let no man ever trust himself into the path of guilt! It is a labyrinth beset with dismay and remorse, and not to be retrod without a miracle! Yet I think,—for his own sake, I think, Dupre will not divulge me. No, no, this sudden start is but the restlessness of his sickly conscience.

Re-enter PIERRE, R.H.D.

Pie. Sir, the Advocate Franval begs the favour of a few moments private conversation with you.

Dar. Franval! With me, or with my son?

Pie. With you he said, sir.

Dar. Tell him, I beg his pardon, I'm particularly engaged. [*Exit Pierre*, R.H.D.] He comes to torture me on his side; to prattle to me of his sister, and the match they have so craftily settled with St. Alme: but I shall counterwork their project. My son is good and dutiful, and loves me; and, though he could withstand my commands, I know he can't long be proof to my intreaties; and the alliance I have provided, is the only imaginable means of securing me and himself against all turns of fortune.

Re-enter PIERRE, R.H.D.

Pie. I beg pardon, sir; the Advocate Franval has sent me back to inform you, that he has immediate business of the last importance, and that the Abbe De l'Epee, from Paris, is with him.

Dar. (*Starts.*) Who?

Pie. The Abbe De l'Epee.

Dar. What! the instructor of the deaf and dumb?

Pie. I don't know, sir; but I dare say it is; for it's the very gentleman that stopp'd me with the young stranger in the square this morning.

Dar. (*Having paced once or twice across the room in great agitation.*) Desire 'em to walk up.

[*Exit Pierre, R.H.D.*

He in Toulouse! accompanied by a youth,—speaking by signs,—pointing out this house,—and like the picture! I'll not believe it. What! after so many years? Yet, wherefore should this very man address himself to me? I must command myself; and by a firm and calm exterior baffle the keenest scrutiny of suspicion. I hear 'em. Be their errand what it may, my resolution's, fixed: Defiance is a champion whose vigour may be dreaded; but Fear, a recreant destin'd to fall by the very sword which he surrenders. They come; I must withdraw one moment.

[*Exit, L.H.*

Re-enter PIERRE, R.H.D. introducing FRANVAL, and DE L'EPÉE.—Pierre places chairs, and Exit, R.H.D.

Fran. Pray, sir, remember; not one word of Dupre. I know him well; to find his servant his accuser, would rouse his pride to fury, and render all our endeavours to serve him, and in him my friend, ineffectual. No hint of Dupre's evidence, unless he absolutely drives us to desperate measures, I beg.

De l'E. I shall observe.

Re-enter DARLEMONT, L.H.

(*Darlemont and De l'Epee eye each other stedfastly—Franval presents De l'Epee.*)

De l'E. Your servant, sir. (*Darlemont, bows to them, points to the chairs, and they all sit—Darlemont in the centre, evidently struggling with his alarm.*)

Dar. You desire, I am told, to speak with me in private. May I ask what motive—

De l'E. The deep interest we both take in the honour of the father of St. Alme, and the solemn obligation we are at the same time under to fulfil an act of justice, —these, sir, are the motives on which we judg'd it proper to request this interview in private.

Dar. (*Embarrassed.*) Does any man suppose my honour then in question ?

Fran. A moment's patience, sir.

De l'E. You are the uncle, and were left the guardian, of Julio count of Harancour.

Dar. (*Shocked.*) Well, sir !

De l'E. Of that unhappy youth, who was depriv'd by death of the watchful affection of his parents, and by nature left destitute of that distinctive prerogative of man, the power of appealing against injustice and oppression !

Dar. (*Haughtily.*) Oppression ? sir !

De l'E. Ha ! then you conceive my meaning ?

Dar. (*Checking himself.*) If you have business, state it plainly.

De l'E. Do you desire it ?

Dar. What means—

De l'E. Are you prepar'd for plain and honest speaking ?

Dar. I'm not prepar'd for rude interrogation.

(*Rises to go away.*)

Fran. (*Rises and stops him.*) Listen one instant, and perhaps, what he has spoken, will hardly be construed thus.

Dar. Damnation ! (*Aside.*) To the point at once.

De l'E. (*Rises.*) With all my soul. In one plain word then, learn, that chance, or rather that good Power that governs chance and the destiny of man, first placed your nephew Julio, in my hands. This defrauded orphan, whose misfortunes should have doubled the tenderness of his natural protector towards him ; this outcast, deaf and dumb, is still alive ; and by our mouths now demands of you the restitution of his name and fortune.

Dar. (*After a convulsion of his whole frame.*) Lives, do you say ? still lives ?—You will not wonder, if I am astonished, while I listen to fables such as these.

De l'E. No, sir : Struck as I see you are by this discovery, my only wonder is, that your emotions are not more terrible.

Dar. And who are you, who arrogantly presume to

interpret looks ? You, who attribute the crimes you first invent for sordid, selfish ends, and dare pronounce men guilty in the face of proof ?

Fran. Not so ; the proofs are ours.

Dar. Away ? my nephew died in Paris.

Fran. Are you sure of that ?

De l'E. Recollect, sir, that he is your nephew, and let your conscience answer. Were you present in his expiring moments ? dare you deliberately affirm you saw him dead ?

Dar. (*After another dreadful emotion, and a pause before he can recover himself.*) And do you know the man to whom you put these dishonourable and malignant questions ?

Fran. Far otherwise :—we come not with malignity, but with sincere solicitude to save the father of St. Alme, the uncle of Julio, from public ignominy, and inevitable impending ruin.

Dar. Begone ! And if you are vain enough to think your brawling eloquence has power to overthrow the credit and character of Darlemont, to annul a legal act, a formal register of death, exert that power : I hurl defiance at you.

Fran Rush not on your destruction ; confide in us ; and believe that, next to those just claims of which I am the assertor, nothing, no nothing can be more sacred to me, than the honour of the father of my friend.

Dar. My heart throws back the imputation. I dare your malice to produce one proof, that this suppositious foundling is the descendant of the house of Harancour.

De l'E. A thousand ! The time when he was found ; his transport on re-entering this the lov'd place of his nativity ; his emotion on first seeing this house ;—

Fran. His infirmity ; his striking likeness to the late President his father ; the declaration of poor Claudine ;—

De l'E. His own declarations.

Dar. His declarations !

De l'E. His.—Be not too obstinately incredulous.

Fran. Yes ; foster'd by his humanity, and guided by his lessons, Julio has found in De l'Epee a more

than father : genius has compensated the wrongs that nature did him, and made him, even in dumbness, eloquently intelligible.

Dar. Concerted fraud and artifice ! I know my holds of safety, and despise your menace. His death is register'd.

De l'E. Suppose that register a forgery.

Dar. (*Aside.*) So ; then the villain has betray'd me !

De l'E. It staggers him ; we triumph. (*Aside to Franval.*)—I see, your lips are ready to avow the secret of your heart. O, for your own sake listen to the charities of nature !

Fran. Free yourself at once from the torments that too long have burrowed in your bosom.

Dar. Why do I submit to the ascendancy these men assume over me ?

Fran. (*Taking his hand.*) Yield to our friendship.

De l'E. (*Taking his other hand.*) Yield to our prayers.

Dar. Leave me, I say—begone !—Never will I acknowledge this impostor ! (*Going.*)

Enter ST. ALME, R.H.D.

St. A. O, my father, have compassion on me ! on yourself ! my cousin Julio—

Dar. What, you conspire against me ! St. Alme ! St. Alme !

St. A. If I was ever dear to you—

Dar. Peace, fool ! Join to calumniate your father, and defraud yourself ! (*De l'Epee sends Franval out R.H.—he returns immediately.*)

St. A. Do not, do not aggravate our dishonour !—Relent ! relent ! Let me not hate myself by knowing that your affection for me led you into crimes, at which your soul revolts. Have I not witnessed the agonies of your despair—the horrors of your self-accusation ? O, sir, do not make it believed that you justify the deeds, which I know you abhor.

Dar. Hence ! For ever leave me !—I can maintain my rights, though I am deserted by an unnatural son.

St. A. Since you will drive me from you, sir, I go

—Enjoy your riches ; but enjoy them in cheerless solitude : no child, no friend to share them. Where I shall hide this dishonour'd head, I know not. But to haunt with savages, or dwell with lepers, will be paradise to that board, where a son and father must daily meet, blacken'd with mutual guilt, and consciously living under each other's contempt. (*Going* R.H.)

Dar. Stay, ruffian ! monster !—No, begone—league with the assassins of your father, and of your own hopes ; I shall find means to confront you all. (*Going* L.H.)

Enter Madame FRANVAL, THEODORE, and MARIANNE, R.H.D.:

St. A. Confront this witness too. (*Points to Theodore.*)

Dar. (*Turns round and sees Theodore.*) Horror ! madness !—Hide me from his sight !

St. A. Turn to him—take him to you : his looks speak blessings and forgiveness.

Dar. 'To be disgrac'd—never ! This is the very crisis of my fate, and I will stand the event. I do look on him. Is this your instrument ?—I know him not.—And you at once decide your choice—Him, or me, you must renounce this instant. (*To St. Alme.*)

St. A. Put me not to so severe a trial.

Dar. Enough—"Tis past—Farewell for ever.

(*Going.*)

St. A. (*Falls on his knees, and catches Darlemont.*) In the name of all that's sacred, my father !—You heed me not !—You fly me !—Look on me, father !—For all our sakes—relent—relent !

Dar. Never, never.

St. A. O ! sir ! sir—I must be heard. [*Exit Darlemont* L.H. *in the greatest agony, dragging St. Alme after him on his knees.—Theodore all this while in the greatest agitation.*]

De l'E. Obdurate man !—Be still, be still, poor boy, you shall have justice yet.

Mad F. Now, son ; can you any longer hesitate ?

Jan. No ; I should become criminal myself, if I

delayed the execution of the trust repos'd in me ; this dreadful memorial must instantly be preferr'd. (*Takes the accusation from his pocket.*)

Mar. Then we are lost for ever !

Enter DOMINIQUE and CLAUDINE, R.H.D.

Mad. F. Well, Dominique ; well, Claudine ! Hey-day ! where are your companions ?—What, have you brought none of the old servants with you ?

Dar. It isn't for want of searching for 'em, madam. First, we called at Denys, the groom's ;—he and his old wife went out early in the morning, nobody knows where.

Clau. Then we went to the coachman's widow's.

Dom. She was gone to pass the day at her cousin's in the country. However, we told all the neighbours to be sure to tell 'em they were wanted, the moment they came back.

Fran. You took care to conceal the motive of our sending for them ?

Dom. O, to be sure.—You'll never catch me blabbing, when I'm trusted with a secret.

Fran. 'Tis well ; wait without.

[*Exeunt Dominique and Claudine, R.H.D.*

The facts this paper contains, will, I doubt not, excite the immediate attention and zeal of the magistrates. We must be gone. If St. Alme returns in our absence, calm and console him, I beseech you !—You Marianne, particularly--you, my sister, tell him what I undergo.—But, come ; a single moment of delay may—

(*A noise within L.H.*)

Mar. Hark ! hark ! What noise !

De l'E. It is St. Alme.—Good heaven ! In what agitation ! in what alarm !

Enter ST. ALME, L.H.

St. A. O, sir !—My friend !—(*Falls on Franval.*)

Fran. St. Alme !—Speak—speak—

St. A. My father—

Fran. Heavens !

St. A. My father—

De l'E. Go on

St. A. Distracted by Julio's wrongs—I ran, I burst into the chamber with my father—Dupre follow'd, and at once own'd he had reveal'd all to you ; and was resolved (unless he did the young count, justice) by a public confession to make him the partner of his punishment.—My father shudder'd—adding and agoniz'd I drew my sword, and vow'd, if he persisted to refuse his acknowledgement of Julio, that moment to expire on its point before his eyes.—The dread of indelible disgrace—the cry of my despair—the horror of my death prevail'd—nature triumph'd—my father relented—and with a trembling hand—there, there—(*Gives De l'Epee's paper.*)

De l'E. (*reads.*) “ I do acknowledge Theodore, the pupil of De l'Epee, to be Julio, the lawful Count of Harancour ; and am prepared immediately to reinstate him in all his rights. DARLEMONT.” To thee, all-gracious heaven, be endless, praise and thanks ! (*Gives the paper to Theodore.*)

Fran. (*Tearing the accusation to pieces.*) From what a load is my heart relieved ! (*Theodore, having read the paper, throws himself at De l'Epee's feet and kisses them ; rises transported, and embraces Franval : then running towards St. Alme, pauses, as if struck by some sudden thought ; looks steadfastly at him, and runs to the table, where he writes something under Darlemont's declaration.*)

Fran. What would he do ? What is his design ?

De l'E. I know not.

Mrs. F. He seems extremely mov'd.

Mar. How the tears stream from his eyes ! (*Theodore returns to St. Alme, takes one of his hands and places it on his heart, then gives what he has been writing into his other hand, and makes signs to him to read it.*)

St. A. (Reads.) “ *Half of my fortune must be yours, St. Alme—if you refuse me, I here vow again to disappear, and never more be heard of—from our cradles we were accustomed to share every good, like brothers—and I can never be happy at the expense of my friend.*”—Still the same, noble Julio! (*Embraces Theodore.*)

De l'E. This single act overpays all I have done for him.

Mad. F. The very spirit of the old count.—He's his father's own son.

St. A. O, that I could efface the memory of thy wrongs! How shall I ever bear the weight of that recollection!

De l'E. (Looking at Marianne.) If this young lady would but kindly condescend to take a title to assist you, you might, perhaps—

Mad. F. Nay, nay; reflect, sir, that such a union would—

De l'E. Bless, for ever bless, two virtuous hearts, that heav'n formed for each other, and make the happiness of this fortunate day complete.

Mad. F. I protest, I can't—really I don't know—

Fran. I am sure, madam—

Mad. F. Upon my word, son, you seem to persuade me to any thing.—(*To St. Alme.*) You need not speak, sir.—(*To Marianne.*) No, nor you, Marianne. The matter has been settled among you, I see, and now you pretend to ask my approbation: though, after that letter, I assure you, if you had not found a friend to whose intercession nothing can be refused, I should not have been prevail'd with to give my consent. (*Theodore, after a sign from De l'Epee, kisses Marianne, and gives her hand to St. Alme.*)

St. A. O, joy unutterable!—

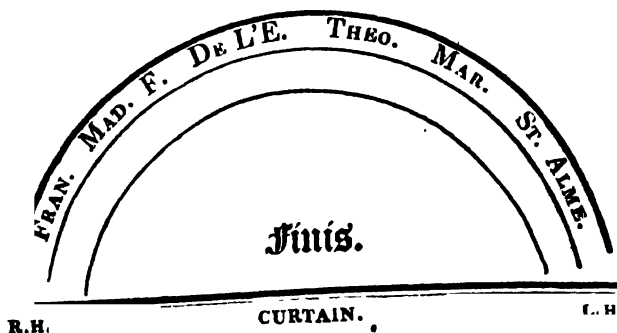
Mar. How are we all beholden to your goodness!—

De l'E. 'Tis to the prudence of your brother, and to the fortitude of St. Alme, we owe our final triumph. (*To St. Alme.*)—Consoled by love, by friendship, and a father's return to virtue, all cause of regret may well be

forgotten, sir—And let us hope, that the example of this protected orphan, may terrify the unjust man from the abuse of trust, and confirm the benevolent in the discharge of all the gentle duties of humanity.



Disposition of the Characters when the curtain falls





MR MUNDEN,
AS SIR FRANCIS GROPE.

Engraved by J. Skelton, Junr from an original drawing by Weyman.

Oxberry's Edition.

THE BUSY BODY,

A COMEDY;

By Mrs. Centlivre.

WITH PREFATORY REMARKS.

THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAITHFULLY MARKED WITH
THE STAGE BUSINESS, AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatres Royal.

BY W. OXBERRY, Comedian.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS, BY W. SIMPKIN AND
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1819.

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Remarks.

THE BUSY BODY.

The *Busy Body* is a comedy that has now held possession of the stage above a hundred years, (the best test of excellence :) and the merit that has enabled it to do so consists in the ingenuity of the contrivance, the liveliness of the plot, and the striking effect of the situations. Mrs. Centlivre, in this and her other plays, could do nothing without a stratagem; but she could do every thing with one. She delights in putting her *dramatis personæ* continually at their wit's end, and in helping them off with a new evasion; and the subtlety of her resources is in proportion to the criticalness of the situation and the shortness of the notice for resorting to an expedient. Twenty times in seeing or reading one of her plays your pulse beats quick, and you become restless and apprehensive for the event; but with a fine theatrical sleight of hand, she lets you off, undoes the knot of the difficulty, and you breathe freely again, and have a hearty laugh into the bargain. In short, with her knowledge of chambermaids' tricks, and insight into the intricate foldings of lovers' hearts, she plays with the events of comedy, as a juggler shuffles about a pack of cards, to serve his own purposes, and to the surprise of the spectator. This is one of the most delightful employments of the dramatic art. It costs nothing—but a voluntary tax on the inventive powers of the author; and it produces when successfully done, profit and praise to one party, and pleasure to all. To shew the extent and importance of theatrical amusements (which some grave persons would decry altogether, and which no one can extol too highly,) a friend of ours, whose name will be as well known to posterity as it is to his contemporaries, was not long ago mentioning that one of the earliest and most memorable impressions ever made on his mind was the seeing *Venice Preserved* acted in a country town when he was only nine years old. But he added that an elderly lady who took him to see it, lamented

notwithstanding the wonder and delight he experienced, that instead of *Venice Preserved* they had not gone to see the *Busy Body*, which had been acted the night before. This was fifty years ago, since which, and for fifty years before that, it has been acted a thousand times in town and country, giving delight to the old, the young, and middle-aged, passing the time carelessly, and affording matter for agreeable reflection afterwards, making us think ourselves and wish to be thought, the men equal to Sir George Airy in grace and spirit, the women to Miranda and Isabinda in love and beauty, and all of us superior to Marplot in wit. Among the scenes that might be mentioned in this Comedy as striking instances of happy stage effect, are Miranda's contrivance to escape from Sir George by making him turn his back upon her to hear her confession of love, and the ludicrous attitude in which he is left waiting for the rest of her speech after the lady has vanished; his offer of the hundred pounds to her guardian to make love to her in his presence, and when she receives him in dumb shew, his answering for both; his situation concealed behind the chimney screen, his supposed metamorphosis into a monkey, and his deliverance from thence, in that character, by the interference of Marplot; Mrs. Patch's sudden conversion of the mysterious love letter into a charm for the tooth-ache, and the whole of Marplot's meddling and blunders. The last character is taken from Dryden and the Duchess of Newcastle; and is indeed the only attempt at character in the play. It is amusing and superficial. We see little of the puzzled perplexity of his brain, but his actions are absurd enough. He whiffles about the stage with considerable volubility, and makes a very lively automaton. Sir George Airy sets out for a scene or two in a spirited manner, but afterwards the character evaporates in the name; and he becomes as common place as his friend Charles, who merely laments over his misfortunes or gets out of them by following the suggestions of his valet or his valet's mistress. Miranda is the heroine of the piece, and has a right to be so; for she is a beauty and an heiress. Her friend has less to recommend her; but who can refuse to fall in love with her name? What volumes of sighs, what a world of love, is breathed in the very sound alone—the letters that form the charming name of Isabinda!

PROLOGUE.

Though modern prophets were expos'd of late,
The author could not prophecy her fate ;
If with such scenes an audience had been fir'd,
The poet must have really been inspir'd.
But these, alas ! are melancholy days
For modern prophets and for modern plays :
Yet since prophetic lies please fools o'fashion,
And women are so fond of agitation,
To men of sense I'll prophecy anew ;
And tell you wondrous things that will prove true,
Undaunted col'nels will to camps repair,
Assur'd there'll be no skirmishes this year ;
On our own terms will flow the wish'd-for peace,
All wars, except 'twixt man and wife, will cease ;
The Grand Monarque may wish his son a throne,
But hardily will advance to lose his own.
This season most things bear a smiling face,
But play'rs in summer have a dismal case,
Since your appearance only is our act of grace.
Court ladies will to country seats be gone,
My lord can't all the year live great in town ;
Where, wanting op'ras, basset, and a play,
They'll sigh and stitch a gown to pass the time away :
Gay city wives at Tunbridge will appear,
Whose husbands long have labour'd for an heir,
Where many a courtier may their wants relieve,
But by the waters only they conceive :
The Fleet-street sempstress—toast of Temple sparks,
That runs spruce neckcloths for attorney's clerks.
At Cupid's gardens will her hours regale,
Sing " fair Dorinda," and drink bottled ale !
At all assemblies rakes are up and down,
And gamesters where they think they are not known.

PROLOGUE.

Should I denounce our author's fate to-day,
To cry down prophecies you'd damn the play :
Yet whims like these have sometimes made you laugh ;
'Tis tattling all, like Isaac Bickerstaff.

Since war and peace claim the bards that write,
Be kind, and bear a woman's treat to-night ;
Let your indulgence all her fears allay,
And none but women-haters damn this play.

Costume.

SIR GEORGE AIRY.

Superfine brown cloth dress coat trimmed with silver frogs, white waistcoat and breeches, arm hat, and blue great coat.

SIR FRANCIS GRIPE.

Spotted velvet coat and breeches, buff silk waistcoat, cock'd hat, gold loop, and gold headed cane.

CHARLES.

Blue dress coat, white waistcoat, black breeches. Second Dress Brown Spanish jacket, breeches and cloak of green silk, boots, gauntlets, hat, feathers, &c. Green silk stockings.

SIR JEALOUS TRAFFICK.

An old gentleman's suit of crimson, cock'd hat &c.

MARPLOT.

Green dress coat, gold buttons and frogs, white waistcoat and breeches, arm hat.

WHISPER.

Blue livery frock, one Epaulette, buff waistcoat and breeches, Hat and band.

WAITER.

Modern dress.

4 SERVANTS.

Gay liveries.

MIRANDA.

White satin spencer, muslin skirt, leno veil. Second Dress-Crimson velvet body, white petticoat trimmed with velvet.

ISABINDA.

White muslin dress trimmed with white satin ribbon.

PATCH.

Smart coloured gown white apron trimmed with ribbon.

SCENTWELL.

Coloured gown.

Persons Represented.

As originally acted, 1709.

<i>Sir George Airy</i>	Mr. Wilkes.
<i>Sir Francis Gripe</i>	Mr. Estcourt.
<i>Charles</i>	Mr. Mills.
<i>Sir Jealous Traffick</i>	Mr. Bullock.
<i>Marplot</i>	Mr. Pack.
<i>Whisper</i>	Mr. Bullock, jun.
<i>Miranda</i>	Mrs. Cross.
<i>Isabinda</i>	Mrs. Rogers.
<i>Patch</i>	Mrs. Saunders.
<i>Scentwell</i>	Mrs. Mills.

1812.

Drury Lane.

<i>Sir George Airy</i>	Mr. Penley.
<i>Sir Francis Gripe</i>	Mr. Downton.
<i>Charles</i>	Mr. Barnard.
<i>Sir Jealous Traffick</i>	Mr. Gattie.
<i>Marplot</i>	Mr. Harley.
<i>Whisper</i>	Mr. Kent.
<i>Miranda</i>	Mrs. Davison.
<i>Isabinda</i>	Mrs. Orger.
<i>Patch</i>	Mrs. Harlowe.
<i>Scentwell</i>	Miss Tidswell.

Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation is one hour and forty-seven minutes. The first act occupies the space of sixteen minutes.—The second, twenty-four—the third, twenty—the fourth, twenty-four—and the fifth, twenty-three. The half price commences, generally, at half-past eight o'clock.

Stage Directions.

By R.H.....	is meant.....	Right Hand.
L.H.	Left Hand.
S.E.	Second Entrance.
U.E.	Upper Entrance.
M.D.	Middle Door.
D.F.	Door in Flat.
R.H.D.	Right Hand Door.
L.H.D.	Left Hand Door.

THE BUSY BODY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Park.*

Enter SIR GEORGE AIRY, R.H. *meeting* CHARLES, L.H.

Charles. Ha ! sir George Airy a birding thus early ! What forbidden game rous'd you so soon ? for no lawful occasion could invite a person of your figure abroad at such unfashionable hours.

Sir G. There are some men, Charles, whom fortune has left free from inquietudes, who are diligently studious to find out ways and means to make themselves uneasy.

Charles. Is it possible that any thing in nature can ruffle the temper of a man whom the four seasons of the year compliment with as many thousand pounds ; nay, and a father at rest with his ancestors ?

Sir G. Why, there it is now ! a man that wants money thinks none can be unhappy that has it ; but my affairs are in such a whimsical posture, that it will require a calculation of my nativity to find if my gold will relieve me or not.

Charles. Ha, ha, ha ! never consult the stars about that ; gold has a power beyond them. Then what can thy business be that gold won't serve thee in ?

Sir G. Why I'm in love.

Charles. In love !—Ha, ha, ha, ha ! in love !—Ha, ha, ha, ha ! with what, pr'ythee ? a cherubin ?

Sir G. No ; with a woman.

Charles. A woman! good. Ha, ha, ha, ha! and gold not help thee?

Sir G. But suppose I'm in love with two—

Charles. Ay, if thou'rt in love with two hundred, gold will fetch 'em, I warrant thee, boy. But who are they? who are they? come.

Sir G. One is a lady whose face I never saw, but witty to a miracle; the other beautiful as Venus—

Charles. And a fool—

Sir G. For aught I know, for I never spoke to her; but you can inform me. I am charm'd by the wit of the one, and die for the beauty of the other.

Charles. And pray which are you in quest of now?

Sir G. I prefer the sensual pleasure; I'm for her I've seen, who is thy father's ward, Miranda.

Charles. Nay, then I pity you; for the Jew, my father, will no more part with her and thirty thousand pounds than he would with a guinea to keep me from starving.

Sir G. Now you see gold can't do every thing, Charles.

Charles. Yes; for 'tis her gold that bars my father's gate against you.

Sir G. Why, if he be this avaricious wretch, how can'st thou by such a liberal education?

Charles. Not a souse out of his pocket, I assure you: I had an uncle who defray'd that charge! but for some little wildness of youth, though he made me his heir, left dad my guardian till I came to years of discretion, which I presume the old gentleman will never think I am; and now he has got the estate into his clutches, it does me no more good than if it lay in Prester John's dominions.

Sir G. What, canst thou find no stratagem to redeem it?

Charles. I have made many essays to no purpose; though want, the mistress of invention, still tempts me on, yet still the old fox is too cunning for me.—I am upon my last project, which if it fails, then for my last refuge, a brown musket.

Sir G. What is't? can I assist thee?

Charles. Not yet; when you can, I have confidence enough in you to ask it.

Sir G. I am always ready. But what does he intend to do with Miranda? Is she to be sold in private, or will he put her up by way of auction, at who bids most? If so, 'egad I'm for him; my gold, as you say, shall be subservient to my pleasure.

Charles. To deal ingenuously with you, sir George, I know very little of her or home; for since my uncle's death, and my return from travel, I have never been well with my father; he thinks my expenses too great, and I his allowance too little; he never sees me but he quarrels, and to avoid that I shun his house as much as possible. The report is he intends to marry her himself.

Sir G. Can she consent to it?

Charles. Yes faith, so they say: but I tell you I am wholly ignorant of the matter. I fancy she plays the mother-in-law already, and sets the old gentleman on to do mischief.

Sir G. Then I have your free consent to get her?

Charles. Ay, and my helping hand, if occasion be.

Sir G. Poh! yonder's a fool coming this way; let's avoid him.

Charles. What, Marplot? No, no, he's my instrument; there's a thousand conveniences in him; he'll lend me his money, when he has any, run of my errands and be proud on it; in short he'll pimp for me, lie for me, drink for me, do any thing but fight for me; and that I trust to my own arm for.

Sir G. Nay, then he's to be endured; I never knew his qualifications before. (*Turns up the stage.*)

Enter MARPLOT, L.H. with a Patch across his Face.

Mar. Dear Charles, your's—Ha! sir George Afry! the man in the world I have an ambition to be known to! (*Aside.*) Give me thy hand dear boy. (*To Charles.*)

Charles. A good assurance! But harkye, how came your beautiful countenance clouded in the wrong place?

Mar. I must confess 'tis a little mal-a-propos; but no matter for that. A word with you, Charles. Pr'y-thee introduce me to sir George—he is a man of wit, and I'd give ten guineas to—

Charles. When you have 'em you mean.

Mar. Ay, when I have 'em; pugh, plague, you cut the thread of my discourse—I would give ten guineas, I say to be rank'd in his acquaintance. But, pr'ythee, introduce me.

Charles. Well, on condition you'll give us a true account how you came by that mourning nose, I will.

Mar. I'll do it.

Charles. Sir George, here's a gentleman has a passionate desire to kiss your hand.

Sir G. (Advancing.) Oh! I honour men of the sword! and I presume this gentleman is lately come from Spain or Portugal—by his scars.

Mar. (Crosses to centre.) No really, sir George, mine sprung from civil fury. Happening last night into the groom porter's—I had a strong inclination to go ten guineas with a sort of a, sort of a—kind of a milksop, as I thought. A plague of the dice! he flung out, and my pockets being empty, 'as Charles knows they often are, he proved a surly North Briton, and broke my face for my deficiency.

Sir G. Ha, ha! and did not you draw?

Mar. Draw, sir! why I did but lay my hand upon my sword to make a swift retreat, and he roared out, Now the deel a ma sal, sir, gin ye touch yer steel I se whip mine through yer wem. (*Crosses to L.H.*)

Sir G. Ha, ha, ha!

Charles. Ha, ha, ha, ha! Safe was the word. So you walk'd off, I suppose.

Mar. Yes, for I avoid fighting, purely to be serviceable to my friends, you know—

Sir G. Your friends are much obliged to you, sir; I hope you'll rank me in that number.

Mar. Sir George, a bow from the side-box, or to be in your chariot, binds me ever your's.

Trifles; you may command 'em when you

Charles. Provided he may command you.

Mar. Me ! why I live for no other purpose—
(*Crosses to centre.*)—Sir George, I have the honour to be caressed by most of the reigning toasts of the town : I'll tell 'em you are the finest gentleman—

Sir G. No, no, pr'ythee let me alone to tell the ladies—my parts—Can you convey a letter upon occasion, or deliver a message with an air of business, ha ?

Mar. With the assurance of a page and the gravity of a statesman.

Sir G. You know Miranda ?

Mar. What ! my sister ward ? why, her guardian is mine ; we are fellow sufferers. Ah, he is a covetous, cheating, sanctified curmudgeon : that sir Francis Gripe is a damn'd old—hypocritical—

Charles. Hold, hold ; I suppose, friend, you forget that he is my father.

Mar. I ask your pardon, Charles, but it is for your sake I hate him. Well, I say, the world is mistaken in him ; his outside piety makes him every man's executor, and his inside cunning makes him every heir's gaoler. 'Egad, Charles, I'm half persuaded that thou'rt some ward too, and never of his getting—for never were two things so unlike as you and your father ; he scrapes up every thing, and thou spend'st every thing ; every body is indebted to him, and thou art indebted to every body.

Charles. You are very free, Mr. Marplot.

Mar. Ay, I give and take, Charles—you may be as free with me, you know.

Sir G. A pleasant fellow.

Charles. The dog is diverting sometimes, or there would be no enduring his impertinence. He is pressing to be employed, and willing to execute ; but some ill fate generally attends all he undertakes, and he oftener spoils an intrigue than helps it.

Mar. I have always your good word, but if I miscarry 'tis none of my fault ; I follow my instructions.

Charles. Yes, witness the merchant's wife.

Mar. Pish, poh ! that was an accident.

Sir G. What was it, pr'ythee ?

Mar. Nay, Charles, now don't expose your friend.

Charles. Why, you must know I had lent a certain merchant my hunting horses, and was to have met his wife in his absence. Sending him along with my groom to make the compliment, and to deliver a letter to the lady at the same time, what does he do but gives the husband the letter and offers her the horses !

Mar. Why to be sure I did offer her the horses, and I remember you was even with me, for you denied the letter to be yours, and swore I had a design upon her, which my bones paid for.

Charles. (*Crosses to R.H.*) Come, sir George, let's walk round if you are not engaged, for I have sent my man upon a little earnest business, and I have ordered him to bring me the answer into the Park.

Mar. Business ! and I not know it ! 'Egad I'll watch him. (*Aside.*)

Sir G. I must beg your pardon, Charles, I am to meet your father.

Charles. My father !

Sir G. Ay, and about the oddest bargain perhaps you ever heard of ; but I'll not impart till I know the success.

Mar. What can his business be with sir Francis ? Now would I give all the world to know it. Why the devil should not one know every man's concerns !

(*Aside.*)

Charles. Prosperity to't, whate'er it be : I have private affairs too : over a bottle we'll compare notes.

Mar. Charles knows I love a glass as well as any man ; I'll make one ; shall it be to-night ? I long to know their secrets. (*Aside.*)

Enter WHISPER, R.H.

Whis. Sir, sir, Mrs. Patch says Isabinda's Spanish father has quite spoiled the plot, and she can't meet you in the Park, but he infallibly will go out this afternoon, says ; but I must step again to know the hour.

Mar. What did Whisper say now ? I shall go stark if I'm not let into the secret. (*Aside.*)

Charles. Curst misfortune !

Mar. Curst ! what's curst, Charles ?

Charles. Come along with me, my heart feels pleasure at her namè. Sir George, yours ; we'll meet at the old place, the usual hour.

Sir G. (*Crosses to L.H.*) Agreed, I think I see sir Francis yonder, [*Exit* L.H.

Charles. Marplot, you must excuse me ; I am engag'd. [*Exit* R.H.

Mar. Engag'd ! 'Egad, I'll engage my life I'll know what your engagement is. [*Exit*, R.H.

Enter MIRANDA, R.H.U.E.

Mir. Let the chair wait. My servant that dogg'd sir George said he was in the Park.

Enter PATCH, R.H.

Ha ! miss Patch alone ! did not you tell me you had contrived a way to bring Isabinda to the Park ?

Patch. Oh, madam, your ladyship can't imagine what a wretched disappointment we have met with ! Just as I had fetch'd a suit of my clothes for a disguise, comes my old master into his closet, which is right against her chamber door : this struck us into a terrible fright—at length I put on a grave face, and asked him if he was at leisure for his chocolate ? in hopes to draw him out of his hole ; but he snapp'd my nose off : “ No, I shall be busy here these two hours.” At which my poor mistress, seeing no way of escape, ordered me to wait on your ladyship with the sad relation.

Mir. Unhappy Isabinda ! was ever any thing so unaccountable as the humour of sir Jealous Traffick ?

Patch. Oh, madam, it's his living so long in Spain ; he vows he'll spend half his estate but he'll be a parliament man, on purpose to bring in a bill for women to wear veils, and other odious Spanish customs—He swears it is the height of impudence to have a woman seen barefaced even at church, and scarce believes there's a true begotten child in the city.

Mir. Ha, ha, ha ! how the old fool torments himself !

Suppose he could introduce his rigid rules—does he think we could not match them in contrivance? No, no; let the tyrant man make what laws he will, if there's a woman under the government, I warrant she finds a way to break 'em. Is his mind set upon the Spaniard for his son-in-law, still?

Patch. Ay, and he expects him by the next fleet, which drives his daughter to melancholy and despair. But madam, I find you retain the same gay, cheerful spirit you had when I waited on your ladyship—My lady is mighty good-humoured too, and I have found a way to make sir Jealous believe I am wholly in his interest, when my real design is to serve her: he makes me her gaoler, and I set her at liberty.

Mir. I knew thy prolific brain would be of singular service to her, or I had not parted with thee to her father.

Patch. But, madam, the report is that you are going to marry your guardian.

Mir. It is necessary such a report should be, Patch.

Patch. But is it true, madam?

Mir. That's not absolutely necessary.

Patch. I thought it was only the old strain, coaxing him still for your own, and railing at all the young fellows about town: in my mind now you are as ill plagu'd with your guardian, madam, as my lady is with her father.

Mir. No, I have liberty wench; that she wants: what would she give now to be in this dishabille in the open air, nay more, in pursuit of the young fellow she likes? for that's my case, I assure you.

Patch. As for that, madam, she's even with you; for though she can't come abroad, we have a way to bring him home in spite of old Argus.

Mir. Now, Patch, your opinion of my choice, for here he comes—Ha! my guardian with him! what can be the meaning of this? I'm sure sir Francis can't know me in this dress.—Let's observe 'em.

(*They withdraw.*)

Enter SIR FRANCIS GRIPE and SIR GEORGE AIRY, L.H.

Sir F. Verily, sir George, thou wilt repent throwing away thy money so, for I tell thee sincerely, Miranda, my charge, does not like a young fellow; they are all vicious, and seldom make good husbands: in sober sadness she cannot abide 'em.

Mir. (Peeping.) In sober sadness you are mistaken—What can this mean?

Sir G. Lookye, sir Francis, whether she can or cannot abide young fellows is not the business: will you take the fifty guineas?

Sir F. In good truth I will not—for I knew thy father, he was a hearty wary man, and I cannot consent that his son should squander away what he saved to no purpose.

Mir. (Peeping.) Now, in the name of wonder, what bargain can he be driving about me for fifty guineas?

Sir G. Well, sir Francis, since you are so conscientious for my father's sake, then permit me the favour gratis.

Sir F. No verily; if thou dost not buy thy experience thou wilt never be wise; therefore give me a hundred and try thy fortune.

Sir G. The scruples arose, I find, from the scanty sum—Let me see—a hundred guineas—(*Takes the Money out of a Purse and chinks it.*) Ha! they have a very pretty sound, and a very pleasing look—But then, Miranda—but if she should be cruel—

Sir F. Ay, do consider on't. He, he, he!

Sir G. No, I'll do't. Come, to the point; here's the gold; sum up the conditions.—

(*Sir Francis pulls out a Paper.*)

Mir. (Peeping.) Ay, for heaven's sake do, for my expectation is on the rack.

Sir F. Well, at your peril be it.

Sir G. Ay, ay, go on.

Sir F. Imprimis, you are to be admitted into my house in order to move your suit to Miranda, for the space of ten minutes, without let or molestation, provided I remain in the same room.

Sir G. But out of ear-shot.

Sir F. Well, well, I don't desire to hear what you say; ha, ha, ha! in consideration I am to have that purse and a hundred guineas.

Sir G. Take it. (*Gives him the Purse.*) And this agreement is to be performed to-day.

Sir F. Ay, ay; the sooner the better. Poor fool! how Miranda and I shall laugh at him! (*Aside.*)—well sir George, ha, ha, ha! take the last sound of your guineas, ha, ha, ha! [*Chinks them.—Exit, R.H.*]

Mir. (*Peeping.*) Sure he does not know I am Miranda.

Sir G. A very extraordinary bargain I have made, truly; if she should be really in love with this old cuff now—Pshaw! that's morally impossible.—But then, what hopes have I to succeed? I never spoke to her—

Mir. (*Peeping.*) Say you so? then I am safe.

Sir G. What though my tongue never spoke, my eyes said a thousand things, and my hopes flattered me her's answer'd 'em If I'm lucky—if not, it is but a hundred guineas thrown away.

(*Mir. comes forward, R.H.*)

Mir. Upon what, sir George?

Sir G. Ha! my incognita—upon a woman, madam.

Mir. They are the worst things you can deal in, and damage the soonest; your very breath destroys 'em, and I fear you'll never see your return, sir George, ha, ha!

Sir G. Were they more brittle than china, and dropped to pieces with a touch, every atom of her I have ventur'd at, if she is but mistress of thy wit, balances ten times the sum.—Pr'ythee, let me see thy face.

Mir. By no means; that may spoil your opinion of my sense—

Sir G. Rather confirm it, madam.

Patch. (*L.H.*) So rob the lady of your gallantry, sir.

Sir G. No child, a dish of chocolate in the morning never spoils my dinner: the other lady I design for a meal; so there's no danger.—

Mir. Matrimony! ha, ha, ha! what crimes have you

committed against the god of love, that he should revenge 'em so severely, as to stamp husband on your forehead?

Sir G. For my folly, in having so often met you here without pursuing the laws of nature and exercising her command; (*Patch crosses behind to R.H.*) but I resolve ere we part now to know who you are, where you live, what kind of flesh and blood your face is; therefore unmask, and don't put me to the trouble of doing it for you.

Mir. My face is the same flesh and blood with my hand, sir George; which if you'll be so rude to provoke—

Sir G. You'll apply it to my cheek—the ladies' favours are always welcome, but I must have that cloud withdrawn. (*Taking hold of her.*) Remember you are in the Park, child; and what a terrible thing would it be to lose this pretty white hand!

Mir. And how it will sound in a chocolate-house, that sir George Airy rudely pulled off a lady's mask, when he had given her his honour that he never would directly or indirectly, endeavour to know her till she gave him leave?

Sir G. But if that lady thinks fit to pursue and meet me at every turn, like some troubled spirit, shall I be blamed if I inquire into the reality? I would have nothing dissatisfied in a female shape.

Mir. What shall I do? (*Pauses.*)

Sir G. Ay, pr'ythee, consider, for thou shalt find me very much at thy service.

Patch. Suppose, sir, the lady should be in love with you.

Sir G. Oh! I'll return the obligation in a moment.

Patch. And marry her?

Sir G. Ha, ha, ha! that's not the way to love her, child.

Mir. If he discovers me I shall die—Which way shall I escape?—let me see. (*Pauses.*)

Sir G. Well, madam—

Mir. I have it—Sir George, 'tis fit you should allow

something; if you'll excuse my face, and turn your back (if you look upon me I shall sink, even masked as I am), I will confess why I have engaged you so often, who I am, and where I live.

Sir G. Well to show you I am a man of honour, I accept the conditions: let me but once know those, and the face wont, be long a secret to me.

Patch. What mean you, madam? (*Aside to Mir.*)

Mir. To get off. (*Aside to Patch.*)

Sir G. 'Tis something indecent to turn one's back upon a lady; but you command, and I obey. (*Turns his back*) Come, madam, begin—

Mir. First, then, it was my unhappy lot to see you at Paris (*Draws back a little way, and speaks,*) at a ball upon a birth-day; your shape and air charm'd my eyes, your wit and complaisance my soul, and from that fatal night I lov'd you. (*Drawing back.*)

And when you left the place, grief seiz'd me so,
Nor rest my heart nor sleep my eyes could know;
Last I resolv'd a hazardous point to try,
And quit the place in search of liberty.

[*Exit, R.H. followed by Patch.*]

Sir G. Excellent—I hope she's handsome—Well now, madam, to the two other things, your name, and where you live—I am a gentleman, and this confession will not be lost upon me—Nay, pr'ythee, don't weep, but go on, for I find my heart melts in thy behalf—Speak quickly, or I shall turn about—Not yet—Poor lady! she expects I should comfort her, and to do her justice, she has said enough to encourage me. (*Turns about.*) Ha! gone! the devil! jilted! Why, what a tale she has invented—of Paris, balls, and birth-days!—'Egad, I'd give ten guineas to know who the gipsy is—A curse of my folly—I deserve to lose her. What woman can forgive a man that turns his back!

**Be bold and resolute in love and war
conquer take the right and swiftest way:**

The boldest lover soonest gains the fair,
 As courage makes the rudest force obey :
 Take no denial, and the dames adore ye ;
 Closely pursue them, and they fall before ye. •
 [Exit, L.H.]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in SIR FRANCIS GRIPE'S House.*

Enter SIR FRANCIS GRIPE and MIRANDA, L.H.

Sir F. Ha, ha, ha!

Mir. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Oh! I shall die with laughing,—the most romantic adventure—Ha, ha, ha! what does the odious young fop mean? A hundred pieces to talk ten minutes with me! ha, ha, ha, ha!

Sir F. And I am to be by too, there's the jest; adad, if it had been in private I should not have car'd to trust the young dog.

Mir. Indeed and indeed but you might, Gardy—Now methinks there's nobody handsomer than you: so neat, so clean, so good-humoured, and so loving—

Sir F. Pretty rogue, pretty rogue! and so thou shalt find me, if thou dost prefer thy Gardy before these caperers of the age: thou shalt outshine the queen's box on an opera night; thou shalt be the envy of the ring (for I will carry thee to Hyde-park,) and thy equipage shall surpass the—what d'ye call 'em ambassador's.

Mir. Nay, I am sure the discreet part of my sex will envy me more for the inside furniture, when you are in it, than my outside equipage.

Sir F. A cunning baggage, i'faith thou art, and a wise one too! and to show thee that thou hast not chose

amiss, I'll this moment disinheret my son, and settle my whole estate upon thee.

Mir. There's an old rogue now. (*Aside.*) No Gardy, I would not have your name be so black in the world—You know my father's will runs that I am not to possess my estate, without your consent, till I am five-and-twenty; you shall only abate the odd seven years, and make me mistress of my estate to-day, and I'll make you master of my person to-morrow.

Sir F. Humph! that may not be safe—No, Chargy, I'll settle it upon thee for pin-money, and that will be every bit as well, thou know'st.

Mir. Unconscionable old wretch! bribe me with my own money!—Which way shall I get out of his hands? (*Aside.*)

Sir F. Well, what art thou thinking on, my girl, ha? how to banter sir George?

Mir. I must not pretend to banter; he knows my tongue too well. (*Aside.*) No, Gardy, I have thought of a way will confound him more than all I could say, if I could talk to him seven years.

Sir F. How's that? oh! I'm transported, I'm ravish'd, I'm mad—

Mir. It would make you mad if you knew all. (*Aside.*) I'll not answer him a word, but be dumb to all he says.

Sir F. Dumb! good; ha, ha, ha! Excellent! ha, ha, ha, ha! I think I have you now, sir George. Dumb! he'll go distracted—well, she's the wittiest rogue.—Ha, ha, dumb! I can't but laugh, ha, ha! to think how damn'd mad he'll be when he finds he has given his money away for a dumb show! ha, ha, ha!

Mir. Nay, Gardy, if he did but know my thoughts of him it would make him ten times madder; ha, ha, ha, ha!

Sir F. Ay, so it would, Chargy, to hold him in such derision, to scorn to answer him, to be dumb; ha, ha, ha!

Enter CHARLES, L.H.

Sir F. How now, sirrah! who let you in?

Charles. My necessities, sir.

Sir F. Your necessities are very impertinent, and ought to have sent before they enter'd.

Charles: Sir, I knew 'twas a word would gain admittance no where.

Sir F. Then, sirrah, how durst you rudely thrust that upon your father, which nobody else would admit?

Charles. Sure the name of a son is a sufficient plea! I ask this lady's pardon, if I have intruded.

Sir F. Ay, ay, ask her pardon and her blessing too, if you expect any thing from me.

Mir. I believe your's, sir Francis, and a purse of guineas, would be more material. Your son may have business with you; I'll retire.

Sir F. I guess his business, but I'll dispatch him; I expect the knight every minute: you'll be in readiness?

Mir. Certainly. My expectation is more upon the wing than yours, old gentleman. [*Aside, and Exit, R.H.*]

Sir F. Well, sir.

Charles. Nay, it is very ill, sir; my circumstances are, I'm sure.

Sir F. And what's that to me, sir? your management should have made 'em better.

Charles. If you please to intrust me with the management of my estate I shall endeavour it, sir.

Sir F. What, to set upon a card, and buy a lady's favour at the price of a thousand pieces, to rig out an equipage for a wench, or by your carelessness to enrich your steward to fine for sheriff, or put up for a parliament man?

Charles. I hope I should not spend it this way: however I ask only for what my uncle left me; yours you may dispose of as you please, sir.

Sir F. That I shall, out of your reach, I assure you, sir. Adad, these young fellows think old men get estates for nothing but them to squander away in dicing, wenching, drinking, dressing, and so forth.

Charles. I think I was born a gentleman, sir; I'm sure my uncle bred me like one.

Sir F. From which you would infer, sir, that gam-

ing and wenching are requisites for a gentleman:

Charles. Monstrous! when I would ask him only for a support he falls into these unmannerly reproaches. I must though against my will, employ invention, and by stratagem relieve myself. (*Aside.*)

Sir F. Sirrah, what is it you mutter, sirrah, ha? (*Holds up his Cane.*) I say you shan't have a groat out of my hands till I please--and may be I'll never please; and what's that to you?

Charles. Nay, to be robb'd or have one's throat cut is not much— (*Crosses to R.H.*)

Sir F. What's that, sirrah? would you rob me or cut my throat, you rogue?

Charles. Heaven forbid, sir!—I said no such thing.

Sir F. Mercy on me! what a plague it is to have a son of one-and-twenty, who wants to elbow one out of one's life to edge himself into the estate!

Enter MARPLOT, L.H.

Mar. 'Egad he's here—I was afraid I had lost him: his secret could not be with his father; his wants are public there.—Guardian, your servant—O Charles, are you there? I know by that sorrowful countenance of thine, the old man's fist is as close as his strong box—But I'll help thee. (*Aside.*)

Sir F. So! here's another extravagant coxcomb that will spend his fortune before he comes to't, but he shall pay swinging interest, and so let the fool go on.—Well, what does necessity bring you too, sir?

Mar. You have hit it, Guardian--(*Crosses to centre.*) I want a hundred pounds.

Sir F. For what?

Mar. Pugh! for a hundred things; I can't for my life tell you for what.

Charles. Sir, I suppose I have received all the answer I am like to have?

Mar. Oh, the devil! if he gets out before me I shall lose him again. (*Aside.*)

Sir F. Ay, sir, and you may be marching as soon as you please—I must see a change in your temper, ere you find one in mine.

Mar. Pray, sir, dispatch me ; the money, sir ; I'm in mighty haste.

Sir F. Fool, take this and go to the cashier. I shan't be long plagu'd with thee. (*Gives him a Note.*)

Mar. Devil take the cashier ! (*Crosses to R.H.*) I shall certainly have Charles gone before I come back.

[*Exit, R.H. running.*]

Charles. Well, sir, I take my leave—but remember you expose an only son to all the miseries of wretched poverty, which too often lays the plan for scenes of mischief.

Sir F. Stay, Charles ! I have a sudden thought come into my head which may prove to thy advantage.

Charles. Ha ! does he relent ?

Sir F. My lady Wrinkle, worth forty thousand pounds, sets up for a handsome young husband ; she prais'd thee t'other day ; though the match-makers can get twenty guineas for a sight of her, I can introduce thee for nothing.

Charles. My lady Wrinkle, sir ! why, she has but one eye.

Sir F. Then she'll see but half your extravagance, sir.

Charles. Condemn me to such a piece of deformity ! a toothless, dirty, wry-neck'd, hunch-back'd hag !

Sir F. Hunch-back'd ! so much the better ! then she has a rest for her misfortunes, for thou wilt load her swingingly. Now, I warrant, you think this is no offer of a father ; forty thousand pounds is nothing with you.

Charles. Yes, sir, I think it too much ; a young beautiful woman with half the money would be more agreeable.—I thank you, sir ; but you choose better for yourself, I find.

Sir F. Out of my doors, you dog ! you pretend to meddle with my marriage, sirrah !

Charles. Sir, I obey you, but—

Sir F. But me no buts—be gone, sir! dare to ask me for money again—refuse forty thousand pounds! Out of my doors, I say, without reply. (*Exit Charles, L.H.*)

Enter MARPLOT, R.H. running.

Mar. Ha! gone! is Charles gone, Gardy?

Sir F. Yes, and I desire your wise worship to walk after him.

Mar. Nay, 'egad I shall run, I tell you that. A plague of the cashier for detaining me so long! Where the devil shall I find him now? I shall certainly lose this secret, and I had rather by half lose my money—Where shall I find him now—D'ye know where Charles is gone, Gardy?

Sir F. Gone to the devil, and you may go after him.

Mar. Ay, that I will as fast as I can. (*Going, returns,*) Have you any commands there, Gardy?

[*Exit, L.H.*]

Sir F. What, is the fellow distracted?

Enter Servant, L.H.

Servant. Sir George Airy inquires for you, sir.

Sir F. Desire sir George to walk up.—[*Exit Servant, L.H.*] Now for a trial of skill that will make me happy and him a fool. Ha, ha, ha! In my mind he looks like an ass already.

Enter SIR GEORGE AIRY, L.H.

Well, sir George, do you hold in the same mind, or would you capitulate? ha, ha, ha! Look, here are the guineas; (*Chinks them.*) ha, ha, ha!

Sir G. Not if they were twice the sum, sir Francis; therefore be brief, call in the lady, and take your post.

Sir F. Agreed. Miranda! [*Exit, R.H.*]

Sir G. If she's a woman, and not seduc'd by witchcraft, to this old rogue, I'll make his heart ache; for if

she has but one grain of inclination about her, I'll vary a thousand shapes but find it.

Re-enter SIR FRANCIS GRIPE and MIRANDA, R.H..

Sir G. So from the eastern chambers breaks the sun,
Dispels the clouds, and gilds the vales below.

(*Salutes her.*)

Sir F. Hold, sir; kissing was not in our agreement.

Sir G. Oh! that's by way of prologue. Pr'ythee, old Mammon, to thy post.

Sir F. (*Takes out his watch.*) Well, young Timon, 'tis now four exactly; ten minutes, remember, is your utmost limit; not a minute more.

(*Retires to the Bottom of the Stage.*)

Sir G. Madam, whether you'll excuse or blame my love, the author of this rash proceeding depends upon your pleasure, as also the life of your admirer; your sparkling eyes speak a heart susceptible of love, your vivacity a soul too delicate to admit the embraces of decayed mortality. Shake off this tyrant guardian's yoke; assume yourself, and dash his bold, aspiring hopes. The deity of his desires is avarice, a heretic in love, and ought to be banished by the queen of beauty. (*Kneels.*) See, madam, a faithful servant kneels, and begs to be admitted in the number of your slaves.

(*Miranda gives him her Hand to raise him.*)

Sir F. (*Running up.*) Hold, hold, hold! no palming; that's contrary to articles—

Sir G. 'Sdeath, sir, keep your distance, or I'll write another article in your guts.

(*Lays his Hand to his Sword.*)

Sir F. (*Going back.*) A bloody minded fellow!

Sir G. Not answer me! perhaps she thinks my address too grave: I'll be more free. (*Aside.*) Can you be so unconscionable, madam, to let me say all these fine things to you without one single compliment in return?

Sir F. (*Running up with his Watch in his hand.*) There's five of the ten minutes gone, sir George

Adad, I don't like those close conferences—

Sir G. More interruptions—you will have it, sir!

(Lays his Hand to, his Sword.)

Sir F. (Going back.) No, no; you shan't have her neither. (Aside.)

Sir G. Dumb still—sure this old dog has enjoin'd her silence. I'll try another way. (Aside.) Madam these few minutes cost me an hundred pounds—and would you answer me, I could purchase the whole day so. However, madam, you must give me leave to make the best interpretation I can for my money, and take the indication of your silence for the secret liking of my person; therefore, madam, I will instruct you how to keep your word inviolate to sir Francis, and yet answer me to every question: as for example, when I ask any thing to which you would reply in the affirmative, gently nod your head thus, (Nods.) and when in the negative, thus, (Shakes his head.) and in the doubtful, a tender sigh thus. (Sighs.)

Mir. How every action charms me—but I'll fit him for signs, I warrant him. (Aside.)

Sir G. Was it by his desire that you are dumb, madam, to all I can say? (*Miranda nods.*) Very well, she's tractable, I find! (Aside.) And is it possible that you can love him? (*Miranda nods.*) Miraculous! Pardon the bluntness of my questions, for my time is short. May I not hope to supplant him in your esteem? (*Miranda sighs.*) Good! she answers me as I could wish. (Aside.) You'll not consent to marry him then? (*Miranda sighs.*) How! doubtful in that?—Undone again—humph! but that may proceed from his power to keep her out of her estate 'till twenty-five: I'll try that. (Aside.) Come, madam, I cannot think you hesitate in this affair out of any motive but your fortune—let him keep it till those few years are expired; make me happy with your person, let him enjoy your wealth. (*Miranda holds up her Hands.*) Why, what sign is that now? Nay, nay, madam, except you observe my lesson I can't understand your meaning.

Sir F. What a vengeance! are they talking by signs?

'Ad, I may be fool'd here. (*Aside.*) What do you mean, sir George?

Sir G. To cut your throat, if you dare mutter another syllable.

Sir F. 'Od, I wish he were fairly out of my house.

(*Aside.*)

Sir G. Pray, madam, will you answer me to the purpose? (*Miranda shakes her Head, and points to Sir Francis.*) What does she mean? She won't answer me to the purpose, or is she afraid you' old cuff should understand her signs?—ay, it must be that. (*Aside.*) I perceive, madam, you are too apprehensive of the promise you have made to follow my rules, therefore I'll suppose your mind, and answer for you.—First for myself, madam; “that I am in love with you is an infallible truth.” Now for you. (*Turns on her Side.*) “Indeed, sir! and may I believe it?”—“As certainly, madam, as that 'tis daylight, or that I die if you persist in silence.”—“Bless me with the music of your voice, and raise my spirits to their proper heaven. (*Kneels.*) Thus low let me entreat ere I'm obliged to quit this place; grant me some token of a favourable reception to keep my hopes alive.” (*Arises hastily, and turns on her Side.*) “Rise, sir, and since my guardian's presence will not allow me privilege of tongue, read that, and rest assur'd you are not indifferent to me.” (*Offers her a letter, she strikes it down.*) Ha, right woman! but no matter; I'll go on.

Sir F. Ha! what's that? a letter!—Ha, ha, ha! thou art balk'd.

Sir G. Ha! a letter! oh! let me kiss it with the same raptures that I would do the dear hand that touch'd it. (*Opens it.*) Now for a quick fancy, and a long extempore. (*Aside.*)

Sir F. (*Coming up hastily.*) The time is expired, sir, and you must take your leave. There, my girl, here's the hundred pounds which thou hast won. Go; I'll be with you presently; ha, ha, ha, ha!

[*Exit Miranda, R.H.*]

Sir G. Adsheart, madam, you won't leave me just in the nick, will you?

Sir F. Ha, ha, ha! she has nick'd you, sir George, I think! ha, ha, ha! Have you any more hundred pounds to throw away upon courtship? ha, ha, ha!

Sir G. He, he, he, he! A curse of your fleeing jests!—Yet, however ill I have succeeded, I'll venture the same wager she does not value thee a spoonful of snuff—nay more, though you enjoin'd her silence to me, you'll never make her speak to the purpose with your self.

Sir F. Ha, ha, ha! Did I not tell thee thou would'st repent thy money? Did I not say she hated young fellows? ha, ha, ha!

Sir G. And I'm positive she's not in love with age.

Sir F. Ha, ha, ha! no matter for that, ha, ha! She's not taken with your youth, nor your rhetoric to boot; ha, ha!

Sir G. Whate'er her reasons are for disliking of me, I am certain she can be taken with nothing about thee.

Sir F. Ha, ha, ha! how he swells with envy—Poor man! poor man! ha, ha, ha! I must beg your pardon, sir George; Miranda will be impatient to have her share of mirth. Verily we shall laugh at thee most egregiously; ha, ha, ha!

Sir G. With all my heart, faith—I shall laugh in my turn too—for if you dare marry her, old Belzebub, you will be cuckolded most egregiously: remember that, and tremble. [*Exeunt, Sir G. L.H. Sir F. R.H.*]

SCENE II.—*Sir Jealous Traffick's House.*

Enter SIR JEALOUS TRAFFICK, ISABINDA, and PATCH, L.H.

Sir J. What, in the balcony again, notwithstanding my positive commands to the contrary?—Why don't you write a bill on your forehead to show passengers there's something to be let?

Isa. What harm can there be in a little fresh air, sir?

Sir J. Is your constitution so hot, mistress, that it wants cooling, ha? Apply the virtuous Spanish rules; banish your taste and thoughts of flesh, feed upon roots, and quench your thirst with water.

Isa. That, and a close room, would certainly make me die of the vapours.

Sir J. No, mistress, 'tis your high-fed, lusty, rambling, rampant ladies—that are troubled with the vapours: 'tis your ratafia, persico, cinnamon, citron, and spirit of clara, cause such swimming in the brain, that carries many a guinea full tide to the doctor: but you are not to be bred this way: no galloping abroad, no receiving visits at home, for in our loose country the women are as dangerous as the men.

Patch. So I told her, sir, and that it was not decent to be seen in a balcony—but she threatened to slap my chops, and told me I was her servant, not her governess.

Sir J. Did she so? but I'll make her to know that you are her duenna. Oh, that incomparable custom of Spain! Why, here's no depending upon old women in my country—for they are as wanton at eighty as a girl of eighteen; and a man may as safely trust to Asgil's translation, as to his great grandmother's not marrying again.

Isa. Or to the Spanish ladies' veils and duennas for the safeguard of their honour.

Sir J. Dare to ridicule the cautious conduct of that wise nation, and I'll have you lock'd up this fortnight, without a peep-hole.

Isa. If we had but the ghostly helps in England which they have in Spain, I might deceive you if you did—Let me tell you, sir, confinement sharpens the invention, as want of sight strengthens the other senses, and is often more pernicious than the recreation that innocent liberty allows.

Sir J. Say you so, mistress! who the devil taught you the art of reasoning? I assure you they must have a greater faith than I pretend to, that can think any woman innocent who requires liberty; therefore, Patch, to your charge I give her; lock her up till I come back from 'Change. I shall have some sauntering coxcomb with nothing but a red coat and a feather, think by

leaping into her arms to leap into my estate—but I'll prevent them; she shall be only signior Babinetto's.

Patch. Really, sir, I wish you would employ any body else in this affair; I lead a life like a dog in obeying your commands. Come, madam, will you be locked up?

Isa. Ay, to enjoy more freedom than he is aware of.

[*Aside.—Exit with Patch, L.H.*]

Sir J. I believe this wench is very true to my interest: I am happy I met with her, if I can but keep my daughter from being blown upon till signior Babinetto arrives, who shall marry her as soon as he comes, and carry her to Spain as soon as he has married her. She has a pregnant wit, and I'd no more have her an English wife than the grand signior's mistress. [*Exit, R.H.*]

SCENE III.—*Outside of Sir Jealous Traffick's House.*

(*Sir J. comes from his house, looks about—then Exit, R.H.*)

Enter WHISPER, R.H.U.E.

Whis. So, there goes sir Jealous: where shall I find Mrs. Patch, now?

Enter PATCH, L.H.D.

Patch. Oh, Mr. Whisper! my lady saw you out of the window, and order'd me to bid you fly and let your master know she's now alone.

Whis. Hush! speak softly! I go, I go! But hark-ye, Mrs. Patch, shall not you and I have a little confabulation, when my master and your lady are engag'd?

Patch. Ay, ay; farewell. (*Goes in and shuts the Door. Whisper peeps after her through the Key-hole.*)

Re-enter SIR JEALOUS TRAFFICK, R.H. meeting WHISPER.

Sir J. Sure, whilst I was talking with Mr. Trade-

well, I heard my door clap. (*Seeing Whisper.*) Ha! a man lurking about my house! Who do you want there, sir?

Whis. Want—want—a plague! Sir Jealous! What must I say now? (*Aside.*)

Sir J. Ay, want! Have you a letter or message for any body there?—O' my conscience, this is some he bawd—

Whis. Letter or message, sir?

Sir J. Ay, letter or message, sir?

Whis. No, not I, sir.

Sir J. Sirrah, sirrah! I'll have you set in the stocks if you don't tell your business immediately.

Whis. Nay, sir, my business—is no great matter of business neither, and yet 'tis business of consequence too.

Sir J. Sirrah, don't trifle with me.

Whis. Trifle, sir! have you found him, sir?

Sir J. Found what, you rascal?

Whis. Why, Trifle is the very lapdog my lady lost, sir; I fancied I saw him run into this house. I'm glad you have him—Sir, my lady will be overjoy'd that I have found him.

Sir J. Who is your lady, friend?

Whis. My lady Lovepuppy, sir.

Sir J. My lady Lovepuppy, sir! then pr'ythee carry thyself to her, for I know of no other whelp that belongs to her; and let me catch you no more puppy-hunting about my doors, lest I have you press'd into the service, sirrah.

Whis. By no means, sir—Your humble servant.—I must watch whether he goes or no before I can tell my master. (*Aside.*) [*Exit, R.H.*]

Sir J. This fellow has the officious leer of a pimp, and I half suspect a design; but I'll be upon them before they think on me, I warrant 'em.

[*Exit into the House.*]

SCENE IV.—*Charles's Lodgings.*

Enter CHARLES and MARPLOT, R.H.

Charles. Honest Marplot, I thank thee for this supply. I expect my lawyer with a thousand pounds I have ordered him to take up, and then you shall be repaid.

Mar. Pho, pho ! no more of that. Here comes sir George Airy,

Enter SIR GEORGE AIRY, L.H.

cursedly out of humour at his disappointment. See how he looks ! ha, ha, ha !

Sir G. Ah, Charles ! I am so humbled in my pretensions to plots upon women, that I believe I shall never have courage enough to attempt a chambermaid again—I'll tell the—

Charles. Ha, ha ! I'll spare you the relation by telling you—Impatient to know your business with my father, when I saw you enter I slipp'd back into the next room, where I overheard every syllable.

Mar. Did you Charles ? I wish I had been with you.

Sir G. That I said—but I'll be hang'd if you heard her answer—But pr'ythee tell me, Charles, is she a fool ?

Charles. I never suspected her for one ; but Marplot can inform you better, if you'll allow him a judge.

Mar. A fool ! I'll justify she has more wit than all the rest of her sex put together. Why, she'll rally me till I han't a word to say for myself.

Charles. A mighty proof of her wit, truly—

Mar. There must be some trick in't, sir George ; 'egad, I'll find it out, if it cost me the sum you paid for't.

Sir G. Do, and command me—

Mar. Enough : let me alone to trace a secret—

Enter WHISPER, L.H. and speaks aside to his Master.

The devil ! he here again ! damn that fellow, he never speaks out. Is this the same, or a new secret ? (*Aside.*) You may speak out, here are none but friends.

Charles. Pardon me, Marplot, 'tis a secret.

Mar. A secret! ay, or ecod I would not give a farthing for it. Sir George, won't you ask Charles what news *Whisper* brings?

Sir G. Not I, sir; I suppose it does not relate to me.

Mar. Lord, lord! how little curiosity some people have! Now my chief pleasure is in knowing every body's business. [*Exit Whisper, R.H.*]

Sir G. I fancy, Charles, thou hast some engagement upon thy hands?

Mar. Have you, Charles?

Sir G. I have a little business too.

Mar. Have you, sir George?

Sir G. *Marplot*, if it falls in your way to bring me any intelligence from *Miranda*, you'll find me at the *Thatch'd-house* at six—

Mar. You do me much honour.

Charles. You guess right, sir George; wish me success.

Sir G. Better than attended me. Adieu. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Charles. *Marplot*, you must excuse me—

Mar. Nay, nay; what need of any excuse amongst friends? I'll go with you.

Charles. Indeed you must not.

Mar. No! then I suppose 'tis a duel; and I will go to secure you.

Charles. Well, but 'tis no duel, consequently no danger; therefore pr'ythee be answer'd.

Mar. What is't a mistress then?—*Mum*—you know I can be silent upon occasion.

Charles. I wish you could be civil too: I tell you, you neither must nor shall go with me. Farewell.

Mar. Why then—I must and will follow you. [*Exit, R.H.*]

[*Exit, R.H.*]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Street.*

Enter CHARLES, R.H.

Charles. Well, here's the house which holds the lovely prize, quiet and serene: here no noisy footmen throng to tell the world that beauty dwells within, no ceremonious visit makes the lover wait, no rival to give my heart a pang. Who would not scale the window at midnight without fear of the jealous father's pistol, rather than fill up the train of a coquette, where every minute he is jostled out of place? (*Knocks softly.*) Mrs. Patch! Mrs. Patch!

Enter PATCH, from the House.

Patch. Oh, are you come, sir? All's safe.

Charles. So in, in then. (*They go in.*)

Enter MARPLOT, R.H.

Mar. There he goes! Who the devil lives here? Except I find out that, I am as far from knowing his business as ever. 'Gad I'll watch; it may be a bawdy-house, and he may have his throat cut. If there should be any mischief, I can make oath he went in. Well, Charles, in spite of your endeavours to keep me out of the secret, I may save your life for aught I know. At that corner I'll plant myself; there I shall see whoever goes in or comes out. 'Gad, I love discoveries.

[*Exit, R.H.*]

SCENE II.—*A Chamber in the House of Sir Jealous Traffick.*

Enter CHARLES, ISABINDA, and PATCH, R.H.

Isa. Patch, look out sharp; have a care of dad.

Patch. I warrant you.

[*Exit, L.H.*]

Isa. Well, sir, if I may judge your love by your courage, I ought to believe you sincere; for you venture into the lion's den when you come to see me.

Charles. If you'll consent whilst the furious beast is abroad, I'd free you from the reach of his paws.

Isa. That would be but to avoid one danger by running into another, like poor wretches who fly the burning ship, and meet their fate in the water. Come, come, Charles, I fear, if I consult my reason, confinement and plenty is better than liberty and starving. I know you would make the frolic pleasing for a little time, by saying and doing a world of tender things; but when our small substance is exhausted, and a thousand requisites for life are wanting, love, who rarely dwells with poverty, would also fail us.

Charles. Faith, I fancy not; methinks my heart has laid up a stock will last for life, to back which I have taken a thousand pounds upon my uncles estate; that surely will support us till one of our father's relent.

Isa. There's no trusting to that, my friend: I doubt your father will carry his humour to the grave, and mine till he sees me settled in Spain.

Charles. And can you then cruelly resolve to stay till that curs'd Don arrives, and suffer that youth, beauty, fire, and wit to be sacrific'd to the arms of a dull Spaniard, to be immured, and forbid the sight of any thing that's human?

Isa. No; when it comes to that extremity, and no stratagem can relieve us, thou shalt list for a soldier, and I'll carry thy knapsack after thee.

Charles. Bravely resolv'd! the world cannot be more savage than our parents, and fortune generally assists the bold, therefore consent, now why should she put it to a future hazard? who knows when we shall have another opportunity?

Isa. Oh, you have your ladder of ropes I suppose and the closet window stands just where it did; and if you han't forgot to write in characters, Patch will find a way for our assignations. Thus much of the Spanish

contrivance my father's severity has taught me; I thank him: though I hate the nation, I admire their management in these affairs.

Enter PATCH, L.H.

Patch. Oh, madam! I see my master coming up the street.

Charles. Oh, the devil! 'would I had my ladder now! I thought you had not expected him till night. Why, why, why, why, what shall I do, madam?

Isa. Oh! for heavens sake don't go that way; you'll meet him full in the teeth. Oh, unlucky moment!

Charles. 'Adsheart! can you shut me into no cupboard, nor ram me into a chest, ha?

Patch. Impossible, sir; he searches every hole in the house.

Isa. Undone for ever! If he sees you I shall never see you more.

Patch. I have thought on it; run you to your chamber, madam; and, sir, come you along with me; I'm certain you may easily get down from the balcony.

Charles. My life! adieu—Lead on guide.

[Exeunt Patch and Charles, R.H.]

Isa. Heavens preserve him. *[Exit, L.H.]*

SCENE III.—*The Street.*

Enter SIR JEALOUS TRAFFICK, R.H. followed by MARPLOT.

Sir J. I don't know what's the matter, but I have a strong suspicion all is not right within; that fellow's sauntering about my door, and his tale of a puppy, had the face of a lie, methought. By St. Iago, if I should find a man in the house I'd make mince meat of him—

Mar. Mince-meat! Ah, poor Charles! how I sweat for thee! 'Egad, he's old—I fancy I might bully him, and make Charles have an opinion of my courage. 'Egad I'll pluck up, and have a touch with him.

Sir J. My own key shall let me in ; I'll give them no warning. *(Feeling for his Key.)*

Mar. What's that you say, sir ?
(Going up to sir Jealous.)

Sir J. What's that to you, sir ?
(Turns quick upon him.)

Mar. Yes, 'tis to me, sir ; for the gentleman you threaten is a very honest gentleman. Look to't ; for if he comes not as safe out of your house as he went in—

Sir J. What, is he in then ?

Mar. Yes, sir, he is in then ; and I say if he does not come out, I have half a dozen myrmidons hard by shall beat your house about your ears.

Sir J. Ah ! a combination to undo me—I'll myrmidon you, ye dog, you—Thieves ! thieves !
(Beats Marplot.)

Mar. Murder, murder ! I was not in your house, sir.

Enter SERVANT, L.H.

Serv. What's the matter, sir ?

Sir J. The matter, rascal ! you have let a man into my house ; but I'll flay him alive. Follow me ; I'll not leave a mouse-hole unsearch'd. If I find him, by St. Iago, I'll equip him for the opera.

Mar. A deuce of his cause ! there's no trusting to age—What shall I do to relieve Charles ? 'egad, I'll raise the neighbourhood.—Murder ! murder !—*(Charles drops down upon him from the Balcony.)* Charles ! faith, I'm glad to see thee safe out, with all my heart !

Charles. A plague of your bawling ! how the devil came you here ?

Mar. 'Egad, it's very well for you that I was here ; I have done you a piece of service : I told the old thunderbolt that the gentleman that was gone in was—

Charles. Was it you that told him, sir ? *(Laying hold of him.)* 'Sdeath ! I could crush thee into atoms.

[Exit, R.H.]

Mar. What ! will you choke me for my kindness ?—Will my inquiring soul never leave searching into other

people's affairs till it get's squeez'd out of my body? I dare not follow him now for my blood, he's in such a passion.—I'll go to Miranda; if I can discover aught that may oblige sir George, it may be a means to reconcile me again to Charles.

Sir J. (*Within.*) Look about! search, find him out!

Mar. Oh, the devil! there's old Crabstic again.

[*Exit, L.H.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Hall in the House of Sir Jealous Traffick.*

Enter SIR JEALOUS TRAFFICK and his SERVANTS, L.H.

Sir J. Are you sure you have search'd every where?

Serv. Yes, from the top of the house to the bottom.

Sir J. Under the beds and over the beds?

Serv. Yes, and in them too, but found nobody, sir.

Sir J. Why, what could this rogue mean?

Enter ISABELINDA and PATCH, R.H.

Patch. Take courage, madam; I saw him safe out.
(*Aside to Isabinda.*)

Isa. Bless me what's the matter, sir?

Sir J. You know best—Pray where's the man that was here just now?

Isa. What man, sir? I saw none.

Patch. Nor I, by the trust you repose in me. Do you think I would let a man come within these doors when you are absent?

Sir J. Ah, Patch! she may be too cunning for thy honesty; (*Crosses to Patch.*) the very scout that he had set to give warning discovered it to me—and threatened me with half a dozen myrmidons—but I think I maul'd the villain. These afflictions you draw upon me, mistress. (*To Isabinda.*)

Isa. Pardon me, sir, 'tis your own ridiculous humour draws you into these vexations, and gives every fool pretence to banter you.

Sir J. No, 'tis your idle conduct, your coquettish flirting into the balcony—Oh! with what joy shall I resign thee into the arms of don Diego Babinetto!

Isa. And with what industry shall I avoid him. •
(*Aside.*)

Sir J. Certainly that rogue had a message from somebody or other, but being balk'd by my coming popp'd that sham upon me. Come along, ye sots, let's see if we can find the dog again. Patch, lock her up, d'ye hear? [*Exeunt Sir Jealous and Servants, L.H.*]

Patch. Yes, sir—Ay, walk till your heels ache, you'll find nobody, I promise you.

Isa. Who could that scout be he talks of?

Patch. Nay, I can't imagine, without it was Whisper.

Isa. Well, dear Patch! let's employ all our thoughts how to escape this horrid don Diego; my very heart sinks at his terrible name.

Patch. Fear not, madam; don Carlo shall be the man, or I'll lose the reputation of contriving; and then what's a chambermaid good for? [*Exeunt, R.H.*]

SCENE V. • *Sir Francis Gripe's House.*

Enter SIR FRANCIS GRIPE, L.H. and MIRANDA, R.H.

Mir. Well, Gardy, how did I perform the dumb scene.

Sir F. To admiration—Thou dear little rogue! let me buss thee for it: nay, adad I will, Chargy, so muzzle, and tuzzle, and hug thee; I will, i'faith, I will.

(*Hugging and kissing her.*)

Mir. Nay, Gardy, don't be so lavish. Who would ride post when the journey lasts for life?

Sir F. Oh, I'm transported! When, when, my dear! wilt thou convince the world of the happy day? when shall we marry, ha?

Mir. There's nothing wanting but your consent, sir Francis.

Sir F. My consent! what does my charmer mean?

Mir. Nay, 'tis only a whim; but I'll have every thing according to form—therefore when you sign an authentic paper, drawn up by an able lawyer, that I have your leave to marry, the next day makes me yours, Gardy.

Sir F. Ha, ha, ha! a whim indeed! why is it not demonstration I give my leave when I marry thee?

Mir. Not for your reputation, Gardy; the malicious world will be apt to say you trick me into marriage, and so take the merit from my choice: now I will have the act my own, to let the idle fops see how much I prefer a man loaded with years and wisdom.

Sir F. Humph! Pr'ythee leave out years, Chargy; I'm not so old, as thou shalt find. Adad, I'm young: there's a caper for ye! *(Jumps.)*

Mir. Oh, never excuse it; why I like you the better for being old—but I shall suspect you don't love me if you refuse me this formality.

Sir F. Not love thee, Chargy! Adad, I do love thee better than, than, than, better than—what shall I say 'egad, better than money; i'faith I do—

Mir. That's false, I'm sure. *(Aside.)* To prove it do this then.

Sir F. Well, I will do it, Chargy, provided I bring a licence at the same time.

Mir. Ay, and a parson too, if you please. Ha, ha, ha! I can't help laughing to think how all the young eo-combs about town will be mortified when they hear of our marriage.

Sir F. So they will, so they will! ha, ha, ha!

Mir. Well, I fancy I shall be so happy with my Gardy—

Sir F. If wearing pearls and jewels, or eating gold, as the old saying is, can make thee happy, thou shalt be so, my sweetest, my lovely, my charming, my—verily I know not what to call thee.

Mir. You must know, Gardy, that I am so eager to have this business concluded, that I have employed my woman's brother, who is a lawyer in the Temple, to settle matters just to your liking; you are to give your consent to my marriage, which is to yourself you know:

but, mum, you must take no notice of that. So then I will, that is, with your leave, put my writings into his hands ; then to-morrow we come slap upon them with a wedding that nobody thought on, by which you seize me and my estate, and I suppose make a bonfire of your own act and deed.

Sir F. Nay but, Chargy, if—

Mir. Nay, Gardy, no ifs.—Have I refus'd three northern lords, two British peers, and half a score knights, to have put in your ifs ?

Sir F. So thou hast indeed, and I will trust to thy management. 'Od, I'm all of a fire.

Mir. 'Tis a wonder the dry stubble does not blaze.

(*Aside.*)

Enter MARPLOT, L.H.

Sir F. How now, who sent for you, sir ? What is the hundred pounds gone already ?

Mar. No, sir ; I don't want money now, Gardy.

Sir F. No, that's a miracle ! but there's one thing you want, I'm sure.

Mar. Ay, what's that ?

Sir F. Manners ! What, had I no servants without ?

Mar. None that could do my business, guardian, which is at present with this lady.

Mir. With me, Mr. Marplot ? what is it, I beseech you ?

Sir F. Ay, sir, what is it ? any thing that relates to her, may be delivered to me.

Mar. I deny that.

Mir. That's more than I do, sir. (*Crosses to Mar.*)

Mar. Indeed, madam ! Why then to proceed : Fame says, you know best whether she tells truth or not, that you and my most conscionable guardian here design'd, contriv'd, plotted, and agreed to chouse a very civil, honest, honourable gentleman out of a hundred pounds : guilty or not ?

Mir. That I contriv'd it !

Mar. Ay, you—you said never a word against it ; so far you are guilty.

Sir F. Pray tell that civil, honest, honourable gentleman, that if he has any more such sums to fool away, they shall be received like the last; ha, ha, ha! Chous'd, q'otha! (*Crosses to centre.*) But, harkye, let him know at the same time, that if he dare to report I trick'd him of it, I shall recommend a lawyer to him, who shall show him a trick for twice as much. D'ye hear? tell him that.

Mar. So, and this is the way you use a gentleman, and my friend!

Mir. Is the wretch thy friend?

Mar. The wretch! lookye, madam, don't call names; 'egad, I won't take it.

Mir. Why, you won't beat me, will you? Ha, ha!

Mar. I don't know whether I will or no.

Sir F. Sir, I shall make a servant show you out at the window if you are saucy.

Mar. I am your most humble servant, guardian; I design to go out the same way I came in. I would only ask this lady one question. Don't you think he's a fine gentleman?

Sir F. Who's a fine gentleman?

Mar. Not you, Gardy, not you! Don't you think, in your soul, that sir George Airy is a very fine gentleman?

Mir. He dresses well.

Sir F. Which is chiefly owing to his tailor and valet de chambre.

Mar. Well! and who is your dress owing to ha? There's a beau, ma'am—do but look at him!

Sir F. Sirrah!

Mir. And if being a beau be a proof of his being a fine gentleman, he may be so.

Mar. He may be so! Why, ma'am, the judicious part of the world allow him wit, courage, gallantry, ay, and economy too, though I think he forfeited that character when he flung away a hundred pounds upon your dumb ladyship.

Sir F. Does that gall him? Ha, ha, ha!

Mir. So, sir George, remaining in deep discontent,

has sent you his trusty squire, to utter his complaint.
Ha, ha, ha !

Mar. Yes, madam ! and you like a cruel hard-hearted Jew, value it no more—than I would your ladyship, were I sir George ; you, you, you—

Mir. Oh, don't call names : I know you love to be employed, and I'll oblige you, and you shall carry him a message from me.

Mar. According as I like it. What is it ?

Mir. Nay, a kind one, you may be sure—First, tell him I have chose this gentleman, to have and to hold, and so forth. *(Taking the hand of Sir F.)*

Mar. Much good may it do you !

Sir F. Oh the dear rogue ! how I dote on her !

(Aside.)

Mir. And advise his impertinence to trouble me no more, for I prefer sir Francis for a husband before all the universe.

Mar. Oh Lord, oh lord ! she's bewitched, that's certain. Here's a husband for eighteen—here's a tit-bit for a young lady—here's a shape, an air, and a grace—here's bones rattling in a leathern bag—*(Turning sir Francis about.)* here's buckram and canvass to scrub you to repentance.

Sir F. Sirrah, my cane shall teach you repentance presently.

Mar. No, faith, I have felt its twin brother from just such a wither'd hand too lately.

Mir. One thing more ; advise him to keep from the garden-gate on the left hand, for if he dare to saunter there, about the hour of eight, as he us'd to do, he shall be saluted with a pistol or a blunderbuss.

Sir F. Oh, monstrous ! Why, Chargy, did he use to come to the garden-gate ?

Mir. The gardener describ'd just such another man that always watch'd his coming out, and fain would have brib'd him for his entrance—Tell him he shall find a warm reception if he comes this night.

Mar. Pistols and blunderbusses ! 'Egad, a warm reception indeed ! I shall take care to inform him of your kindness, and advise him to keep further off.

Mir. I hope he will understand my meaning better than to follow your advice. *(Aside.)*

Sir F. Thou hast sign'd, seal'd, and ta'en possession of my heart for ever, Chargy, ha, ha, ha ! and for you, Mr. Saucebox, let me have no more of your messages, if ever you design to inherit your estate, gentleman.

Mar. Why, there 'tis now. Sure I shall be out of your clutches one day—Well, guardian, I say no more : but if you be not as arrant a cuckold as e'er drove bargain upon the Exchange, or paid attendance to a court, I am the son of a whetstone ; and so your humble servant.

Mir. Mr. Marplot, don't forget the message : ha, ha, ha, ha !

Mar. Nang, nang, nang ! *[Exit, L.H.]*

Sir F. I am so provok'd—'tis well he's gone.

Mir. Oh, mind him not, Gardy, but let's sign articles, and then—

Sir F. And then—Adad, I believe I am metamorphos'd, my pulse beats high, and my blood boils, methinks— *(Kissing and hugging her.)*

Mir. Oh, fie, Gardy ! be not so violent : consider the market lasts all the year.—Well, I'll in, and see if the lawyer be come : you'll follow. *[Exit, R.H.]*

Sir F. Ay, to the world's end, my dear ! Well, Frank, thou art a lucky fellow in thy old age to have such a delicate morsel, and thirty thousand pounds, in love with thee. I shall be the envy of bachelors, the glory of married men, and the wonder of the town. Some guardians would be glad to compound for part of the estate at dispatching an heiress, but I engross the whole O ! mihi præteritos referet si Jupiter annos. *[Exit, R.H.]*

SCENE VI.—*A Tavern.*

SIR GEORGE AIRY and CHARLES discovered, with Wine, Pens, Ink and Paper on the Table. WHISPER waiting.

G. Nay, pr'ythee, don't be grave, Charles : mis-

fortunes will happen. Ha, ha, ha ! 'tis some comfort to have a companion in our sufferings.

Charles. I am only apprehensive for Isabinda ; her father's humour is implacable ; and how far his jealousy may transport him to her undoing, shocks my soul to think.

Sir G. But since you escap'd undiscover'd by him, his rage will quickly lash into a calm, never fear it.

Charles. But who knows what that unlucky dog, Marplot, told him ; nor can I imagine what brought him thither ; that fellow is ever doing mischief ; and yet, to give him his due, he never designs it. This is some blundering adventure wherein he thought to show his friendship, as he calls it ! a curse on him !

Sir G. Then you must forgive him. What said he ?

Charles. Said ! nay, I had more mind to cut his throat, than to hear his excuses.

Sir G. Where is he ?

Whis. Sir, I saw him go into sir Francis Gripe's, just now.

Charles. Oh ! then he's upon your business, sir George, a thousand to one but he makes some mistake there too.

Sir G. Impossible, without he huffs the lady, and makes love to sir Francis.

Enter DRAWER, L.H.

Draw. Mr. Marplot is below, gentlemen, and desires to know if he may have leave to wait upon ye.

Charles. How civil the rogue is when he has done a fault !

Sir G. Ho ! desire him to walk up. [*Exit Drawer, L.H.*] Pry'thee Charles, throw off this chagrin, and be good company.

Charles. Nay, hang him, I'm not angry with him.

Enter MARPLOT, L.H.

Do but mark his sheepish look, sir George.

Mar. Dear Charles ! don't overwhelm a man already under insupportable affliction. I'm sure I always intend to serve my friends ; but if my malicious stars deny the happiness, is the fault mine ?

Sir G. Never mind him, Mr. Marplot ; he's eat up with spleen. But tell me what says Miranda ?

Mar. Says !—nay, we are all undone there too.

Charles. I told you so ; nothing prospers that he undertakes.

Mar. Why, can I help her having chose your father for better for worse ?

Charles. So ; there's another of fortune's strokes. I suppose I shall be edged out of my estate with twine every year, let who will get 'em.

Sir G. What ! is the woman really possess'd ?

Mar. Yes, with the spirit of contradiction : she railed at you most prodigiously.

Sir G. That's no ill sign.

Mar. You'd say it was no good sign if you knew all.

Sir G. Why, pr'ythee ?

Mar. Harkye, sir George, let me warn you ; pursue your old haunt no more ; it may be dangerous.

(*Charles sits down to write.*)

Sir G. My old haunt ! what do you mean ?

Mar. Why, in short then, since you will have it, Miranda vows if you dare approach the garden-gate at eight o'clock, as you us'd, you shall meet with a warm reception.

Sir G. A warm reception !

Mar. Ay, a very warm reception—you shall be saluted with a blunderbuss, sir. These were her very words : nay, she bid me tell you so too.

Sir G. Ha ! the garden-gate at eight, as I us'd to do ! There must be meaning in this. Is there such a gate, Charles ?

Mar. Is there such a gate, Charles ?

Charles. Yes, yes, it opens into the Park : I suppose her ladyship has made many a scamper through it.

Sir G. It must be an assignation then. Ha ! my heart springs for joy ; 'tis a propitious omen. My dear

Marplot ! let me embrace thee ; thou art my friend, my better angel.

Mar. What do you mean, sir George ?

Sir G. No matter what I mean. Here, take a bumper to the garden-gate, you dear rogue, you !

Mar. You have reason to be transported, sir George ; I have sav'd your life.

Sir G. My life ! thou hast sav'd my soul, man. Charles, if thou dost not pledge this health, may'st thou never taste the joys of love.

Charles. Whisper, be sure you take care how you deliver this. (*Gives him a Letter.*) Bring me the answer to my lodgings.

Whis. I warrant you, sir. (*To Charles.*)

Mar. Whither does that letter go ? Now dare I not ask for my blood--That fellow knows more secrets than I do.—(*Aside.—Following Whispher as he is going.*)—Whisper ! Whisper !

Whis. Sir. (*Aside to Mar.*)

Mar. Whisper, here's half a crown for you.

(*Aside to Whis.*)

Whis. Thank ye, sir. (*Aside to Mar.*)

Mar. Now where is that letter going ? (*Aside to Whis.*)

Whis. Into my pocket, sir. (*Aside to Mar.*) [*Exit, L.H.*]

Charles. Now I'm for you.

Sir G. To the garden-gate at the hour of eight, Charles : allons ; huzza !

Charles. I begin to conceive you.

Mar. That's more than I do, 'egad—To the garden-gate, huzza ! (*Drinks.*) But I hope you design to keep far enough off on't, sir George.

Sir G. Ay, ay, never fear that ; she shall see I despise her frowns ; let her use the blunderbuss against the next fool ; she shan't reach me with the smoke, I warrant her ; ha, ha, ha !

Mar. Ah, Charles ! if you could receive a disappointment thus en cavalier, one should have some comfort in being beat for you.

Charles. The fool comprehends nothing.

(*Aside to Sir G.*)

Sir G. Nor would I have him. Pr'ythee, take him along with thee. (*Aside to Charles.*)

Charles. Enough. (*Aside to Sir G.*)

Sir G. I kiss both your hands—And now for the garden-gate.

It's beauty gives the assignation there,
And love too powerful grows t'admit of fear.

Exit, L.H.

Charles. Come, you shall go home with me.

Mar. Shall I! and are we friends, Charles?—I am glad of it.

Charles. Come along. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Mar. 'Egad, Charles's asking me to go home with him gives me a shrewd suspicion there's more in the garden-gate than I comprehend. Faith, I'll give him the drop, and away to Gardy's and find it out. [*Exit, R.H.*]

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The outside of Sir Jealous Traffick's House ; Patch Peeping out of the Door.*

Enter WHISPER, L.H.

Whis. Ha! Mrs. Patch, this is a lucky minute, to find you so readily; my master dies with impatience.

Patch. My lady imagin'd so, and by her orders I have been scouting this hour in search of you to inform you that sir Jealous has invited some friends to supper with him to-night, which gives an opportunity to your master to make use of his ladder of ropes. The closet window shall be open, and Isabinda ready to receive him. Bid him come immediately.

Whis. Excellent! he'll not disappoint, I warrant him.—But hold, I have a letter here which I'm to carry an answer to. I cannot think what language the direction is.

Patch. Pho! 'tis no language, but a character which the lovers invented to avert discovery—Ha! I hear

my old master coming down stairs ; it is impossible you should have an answer : away, and bid him come himself for that. Be gone, we're ruin'd if you're seen, for he has doubled his care since the last accident.

Whis. I go, I go. [Exit, L.H.]

Patch. There, go thou into my pocket. (*Puts it aside, and it falls down.*) Now I'll up the back stairs lest I meet him—Well, a dextrous chambermaid is the ladies best utensil, I say. [Exit, L.H.]

Enter SIR JEALOUS TRAFFICK, with a letter in his Hand, R.H.

Sir J. So, this is some comfort ; this tells me that signior don Diego Babinetto is safely arrived. He shall marry my daughter the minute he comes—Ha, ha ! what's here ? (*Takes up the letter Patch dropped.*) A letter ! I don't know what to make of the superscription. I'll see what's withinside. (*Opens it.*)—Humph--'tis Hebrew, I think. What can this mean ?—There must be some trick in it. This was certainly design'd for my daughter ; but I don't know that she can speak any language but her mother tongue.—No matter for that ; this may be one of love's hieroglyphics ; and I fancy I saw Patch's tail sweep by : that wench may be a slut, and instead of guarding my honour betray it. I'll find it out, I'm resolv'd—Who's there ?

Enter SERVANT, L.H.

What answer did you bring the gentleman I sent you to invite ?

Serv. That they'd all wait on you, sir, as I told you before ; but I suppose you forgot, sir.

Sir J. Did I so, sir ? but I shan't forget to break your head if any of them come, sir.

Serv. Come, sir ! why, did not you send me to desire their company, sir ?

Sir J. But I send you now to desire their absence. Say I have something extraordinary fallen out, which

calls me abroad contrary to expectation, and ask their pardon ; and, d'ye hear, send the butler to me.

Serv. Yes, sir. [*Exit*, L.H.]

Enter BUTLER, L.H.

Sir J. If this paper has a meaning I'll find it—Lay the cloth in my daughter's chamber, and bid the cook send supper thither presently.

But. Yes, sir.—Hey-day ! what's the matter now ? [*Exit*, L.H.]

Sir J. He wants the eyes of Argus that has a young handsome daughter in this town ; but my comfort is I shall not be troubled long with her. He that pretends to rule a girl once in her teens had better be at sea in a storm, and would be in less danger. [*Exit*, L.H.]

SCENE II. *Isabinda's Chamber.*

Enter ISABINDA and PATCH, L.H.

Isa. Are you sure nobody saw you speak to Whisper ?

Patch. Yes, very sure, madam ; but I heard sir Jealous coming down stairs, so clapped his letter into my pocket. (*Feels for the Letter.*)

Isa. A letter ! give it me quickly.

Patch. Bless me ! what's become on't—I'm sure I put it— (*Searching still.*)

Isa. Is it possible thou could'st be so careless ?—Oh, I'm undone for ever if it be lost.

Patch. I must have dropp'd it upon the stairs. But why are you so much alarm'd ? if the worst happens nobody can read it, madam, nor find out whom it was design'd for.

Isa. If it falls into my father's hands the very figure of a letter will produce ill consequences. Run and look for it upon the stairs this moment.

Patch. Nay, I'm sure it can be no where else— (*Going.*)

Enter BUTLER, L.H.

How now, what do you want ?

But. My master ordered me to lay the cloth here for supper,

Isa. Ruin'd past redemption— *(Aside:)*

Patch. You mistake, sure. What shall we do ?

Isa. I thought he expected company to-night—Oh, poor Charles ? oh, unfortunate Isabinda ! *(Aside.)*

But. I thought so too, madam ; but I suppose he has altered his mind. *[Lays the Cloth, and exit, L.H.]*

Isa. The letter is the cause. This heedless action has undone me. Fly and fasten the closet window, which will give Charles notice to retire. Ha ! my father ! oh, confusion !

Enter SIR JEALOUS TRAFFICK, L.H.

Sir J. Hold, hold, Patch ; whither are you going ? I'll have nobody stir out of the room till after supper.

Patch. Sir, I was going to reach your easy chair—oh, wretched accident ! *(Aside.)*

Sir J. I'll have nobody stir out of the room. I don't want my easy chair.

Isa. What will be the event of this ? *(Aside.)*

Sir J. Harkye, daughter, do you know this hand ?

Isa. As I suspected *(Aside.)*—Hand, do you call it, sir ? 'tis some schoolboy's scrawl.

Patch. Oh, invention ! thou chambermaid's best friend, assist me ! *(Aside.)*

Sir J. Are you sure you don't understand it ?

(Patch feels in her Bosom, and shakes her Coats.)

Isa. Do you understand it, sir ?

Sir J. I wish I did.

Isa. Thank heav'n you do not *(Aside.)* Then I know no more of it than you do, indeed, sir !

Patch. O Lord, O, lord ! what have you done, sir ? why, the paper is mine ; I dropp'd it out of my bosom. *(Snatching it from him.)*

Sir J. Ha ! yours, mistress ?

Patch. Yes, sir, it is.

Sir J. What is it ? speak.

Patch. Yes, sir, it is a charm for the tooth-ache—I have worn it these seven years ; 'twas given me by an angel for aught I know, when I was raving with the pain, for nobody knew from whence he came nor whither he went. He charged me never to open it, lest some dire vengeance befall me, and heaven knows what will be the event. Oh, cruel misfortune ! that I should drop it and you should open it—

Sir J. Plague of your charms and whims for me ! if that be all 'tis well enough : there, there, burn it, and I warrant you no vengeance will follow.

Patch. So all's right again thus far. *(Aside.)*

Isa. I would not lose Patch for the world—I'll take courage a little. *(Aside.)* Is this usage for your daughter, sir ? must my virtue and conduct be suspected for every trifle ? You immure me like some dire offender here, and deny me all the recreations which my sex enjoy, and the custom of the country and modesty allow ; yet not content with that, you make my confinement more intolerable by your mistrusts and jealousies. Would I were dead, so I were free from this.

Sir J. To-morrow rids you of this tiresome load : don Diego Babinetto will be here, and then my care ends and his begins.

Isa. Is he come then ?—Oh, how shall I avoid this hated marriage ! *(Aside.)*

Enter SERVANTS, with Supper, L.H.

Sir J. Come, will you sit down ?

Isa. I can't eat, sir.

Patch. No, I dare swear he has given her supper enough. I wish I could get into the closet. *(Aside.)*

Sir J. Well, if you can't eat, then give me a song, whilst I do.

Isa. I have such a cold I can scarce speak, sir, much less sing.—How shall I prevent Charles's coming in ?
(Aside.)

Sir J. I hope you have the use of your fingers, madam. Play a tune upon your spinnet whilst your woman sings me a song.

Patch. I'm as much out of tune as my lady, if he knew all. (Aside.)

Isa. I shall make excellent music. (*Sits down to play.*)

Patch. Really, sir, I am so frighten'd about your opening this charm that I can't remember one thing.

Sir J. Pish! hang your charin! come, come, sing any thing.

Patch. Yes, I'm likely to sing, truly. (Aside.)
Humph, humph; bless me! I can't raise my voice, my heart pants so.

Sir J. Why, what does your heart pant so that you can't play neither? Pray what key are you in, ha?

Patch. Ah, would the key was turn'd on you once. (Aside.)

Sir J. Why don't you sing I say?

Patch. When madam has put her spinnet in tune, sir: humph, humph—

Isa. I cannot play, sir, whatever ails me. (*Rising.*)

Sir J. Zounds! sit down and play me a tune, or I'll break the spinnet about your ears.

Isa. What will become of me? (*Sits down and plays.*)

Sir J. Come mistress. (To *Patch.*)

Patch. Yes, sir. (*Sings, but horridly out of tune.*)

Sir J. Hey, hey! why, you are a-top of the house, and you are down in the cellar. What is the meaning of this? is it on purpose to cross me, ha?

Patch. Pray, madam, take it a little lower; I cannot reach that note—nor any note, I fear.

Isa. Well, begin--Oh, *Patch*, we shall be discovered. (Aside.)

Patch. I sink with apprehension, madam. (Aside)
Humph, humph. (*Sings.—Charles opens the Closet door, L.H.*)

Charles. Music and singing! Death! her father there! (*The Women shriek.*) Then I must fly—[*Exit into the Closet, R.H. Sir Jealous rises up hastily, seeing Charles slip back into the Closet.*]

Sir J. Hell and furies! a man in the closet.—

Patch. Ah! a ghost! a ghost!—He must not enter the closet. (*Isabinda throws herself down before the Closet-door as in a swoon.*)

Sir J. The devil ! I'll make a ghost of him, I warrant you. *(Strives to get by.)*

Patch. Oh, hold, sir, have a care ; you'll tread upon my lady—Who waits there ? bring some water. Oh, this comes, of your opening the charm. Oh, oh, oh, oh ! *(Weeps aloud.)*

Sir J. I'll charm you, housewife. Here lies the charm that conjur'd this fellow in, I'm sure on't. Come out, you rascal, do so. Zounds ! take her from the door or I'll spurn her from it, and break your neck down stairs. Where are you, sirrah ? Villain ! robber of my honour ! I'll pull you out of your nest. *(Goes into the Closet.)*

Patch. You'll be mistaken, old gentleman ; the bird is flown.

Isa. I'm glad I have 'scap'd so well ; I was almost dead in earnest with the fright.

Re-enter SIR JEALOUS out of the Closet, R.H.

Sir J. Whoever the dog were he has escap'd out of the window, for the sash is up : but though he is got out of my reach you are not. And first, Mrs. Pander, with your charms for the tooth-âche, get out of my house, go, troop ; yet hold, stay, I'll see you out of doors myself ; but I'll secure your charge ere I go.

Isa. What do you mean, sir ? was she not a creature of your own providing ?

Sir J. She was of the devil's providing, for aught I know.

Patch. What have I done, sir, to merit your displeasure ?

Sir J. I don't know which of you have done it, but you shall both suffer for it, till I can discover whose guilt it is. Go, get in there ; I'll move you from this side of the house. *(Pushes Isabinda in at the Door and locks it, puts the key in his Pocket.)* I'll keep the key myself ; I'll try what ghost will get into that room : and now forsooth I'll wait on you down stairs.

Patch. Ay, my poor lady !—Down stairs, sir ! but I won't go out, sir, till I have lock'd up my clothes, and that's flat.

Sir J. If thou wert as naked as thou wert born, thou shouldst not stay to put on a rag and that's flat.

[*Exeunt, L.H.D.*]

SCENE III.—*The Street.*

Sir J. (*Putting Patch out of the Door.*) There, go and come no more within sight of my habitation these three days, I charge you.

(*Slaps the Door after her.*)

Patch. Did ever any body see such an old monster !

Enter CHARLES, R.H.U.E.

Oh, Mr. Charles ! your affairs and mine are in an ill posture.

Charles. I am inur'd to the frowns of fortune ; but what has befall'n thee ?

Patch. Sir Jealous, whose suspicious nature is always on the watch, nay, even while one eye sleeps the other keeps sentinel, upon sight of you flew into such a violent passion, that I could find no stratagem to appease him, but in spite of all arguments he lock'd his daughter into his own apartment, and turn'd me out of doors.

Charles. Ha ! oh, Isabinda !

Patch. And swears she shall see neither sun nor moon till she is don Diego Babinetto's wife, who arrived last night, and is expected with impatience.

Charles. He dies ; yes, by all the wrongs of love he shall : here will I plant myself, and through my breast he shall make his passage, if he enters.

Patch. A most heroic resolution ! there might be ways found out more to your advantage : policy is often prefer'd to open force.

Charles. I apprehend you not.

Patch. What think you of personating this Spaniard, imposing upon the father, and marrying your mistress by his own consent ?

Charles. Say'st thou so, my angel ! Oh, could that be

done, my life to come would be too short to recompense thee : but how can I do that when I neither know what ship he came in, nor from what part of Spain ; who recommends him, or how attended.

Patch. I can solve all this. He is from Madrid, his father's name don Pedro Questo Portento Babinetto. Here's a letter of his to sir Jealous, which he dropp'd one day. You understand Spanish, and the hand may be counterfeited. You conceive me sir ?

Charles. My better genius ! thou hast reviv'd my drooping soul. I'll about it instantly. Come to my lodgings, and we'll concert matters. [*Exeunt, L.H.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Garden-gate open ; Scentwell waiting within.*

Enter SIR GEORGE AIRY, L.H.U.E.

Sir G. So, this is the gate, and most invitingly open. If there should be a blunderbuss here now, what a dreadful ditty would my fall make for fools, and what a jest for the wits ; how my name would be roar'd about the streets ! Well, I'll venture all.

Scent. Hist, hist ! sir George Airy (*Comes forward.*)

Sir G. A female voice ! thus far I'm safe—My dear.

Scent. No, I'm not your dear, but I'll conduct you to her. Give me your hand ; you must go through many a dark passage and dirty step before you arrive—

Sir G. I know I must before I arrive at Paradise ; therefore be quick, my charming guide.

Scent. For aught you know. Come, come, your hand, and away.

Sir G. Here, here, child ; you can't be half so swift as my desires. [*Exeunt Through the Gate, R.H.*]

SCENE V.—*The House.*

Enter MIRANDA,

Mir. Well, let me reason a little with my mad self.

Now, don't I transgress all rules to venture upon a man without the advice of the grave and wise ! But then a rigid, knavish guardian who would have marry'd me—to whom ? even to his nauseous self, or nobody. Sir George is what I have try'd in conversation, inquir'd into his character, and am satisfied in both. Then his love ! who would have given a hundred pounds only to have seen a woman he had not infinitely lov'd ? So I find my liking him has furnish'd me with arguments enough of his side : and now the only doubt remains whither he will come or no.

Enter SCENTWELL and SIR GEORGE AIRY, L.H.

Scent. That's resolv'd, madam, for here's the knight.

[Exit, L.H.]

Sir G. And do I once more behold that lovely object whose idea fills my mind, and forms my pleasing dreams ?

Mir. What, beginning again in heroics ?—Sir George, don't you remember how little fruit your last prodigal oration produc'd ? Not one bare, single word in answer.

Sir G. Ha ! the voice of my incognita ! Why did you take ten thousand ways to captivate a heart your eyes alone had vanquish'd ?

Mir. No more of these flights. Do you think we can agree on that same terrible bugbear, matrimony, without heartily repenting on both sides ?

Sir G. It has been my wish since first my longing eyes beheld you.

Mir. And your happy ears drank in the pleasing news I had thirty thousand pounds.

Sir G. Unkind ! Did I not offer you, in those purchas'd minutes, to run the risk of your fortune, so you would but secure that lovely person to my arms ?

Mir. Well, if you have such love and tenderness, since our wooing has been short, pray reserve it for our future days, to let the world see we are lovers after wedlock ; 'twill be a novelty.

Sir G. Haste then, and let us tie the knot, and prove the envied pair—

Mir. Hold, not so fast ; I have provided better than to venture on dangerous experiments headlong—My guardian, trusting to my dissembled love, has given up my fortune to my own disposal, but with this proviso, that he to-morrow morning weds me. He is now gone to Doctor's Commons for a licence.

Sir G. Ha ! a licence !

Mir. But I have planted emissaries that infallibly take him down to Epsom, under a pretence that a brother usurer of his is to make him his executor, the thing on earth he covets.

Sir G. 'Tis his known character.

Mir. Now my instruments confirm him this man is dying, and he sends me word he goes this minute. It must be to-morrow ere he can be undeceiv'd : that time is ours.

Sir G. Let us improve it then, and settle on our coming years, endless happiness.

Mir. I dare not stir till I hear he's on the road—then I and my writings, the most material point, are soon remov'd.

Sir G. I have one favour to ask ; if it lies in your power you would be a friend to poor Charles ; though the son of this tenacious man, he is as free from all his vices as nature and a good education can make him ; and, what now I have vanity enough to hope will induce you, he is the man on earth I love.

Mir. I never was his enemy, and only put it on as it help'd my designs on his father. If his uncle's estate ought to be in his possession, which I shrewdly suspect, I may do him a singular piece of service.

Sir G. You are all goodness.

Enter SCENTWELL, L.H.

Scent. Oh, madam ! my master and Mr. Marplot are just coming into the house.

Mir. Undone, undone ? if he finds you here in this ~~is~~ all my plots are unravell'd.

Sir G. What shall I do ? Can't I get back into the garden ?

Scent. Oh no ! he comes up those stairs.

Mir. Here, here, here ! Can you condescend to stand behind this chimney-board, sir George ?

Sir G. Any where, any where, dear madam ! without ceremony.

Scent. Come, come, sir, lie close.

(They put him behind the Chimney-board.)

Enter SIR FRANCIS GRIPE and MARPLOT, L.H.

SIR FRANCIS peeling an Orange.

Sir F. I could not go, though 'tis upon life and death, without taking leave of dear Chargy. Besides, this fellow buzz'd in my ears that thou might'st be so desperate, as to shoot that wild rake that haunts the garden-gate, and that would bring us into trouble, dear—

Mir. So Marplot brought you back then ?

Mar. Yes, I brought him back.

Mir. I'm oblig'd to him for that, I'm sure.

(Frowning at Marplot aside.)

Mar. By her looks she means she's not oblig'd to me. I have done some mischief now, but what I can't imagine. *(Aside.)*

Sir F. Well, Chargy, I have had three messengers to come to Epsom to my neighbour Squeezum's, who, for all his vast riches, is departing. *(Sighs.)*

Mar. Ay, see what all you usurers must come to.

Sir F. Peace, you young knave ! Some forty years hence I may think on't—But, Chargy, I'll be with thee to-morrow before those pretty eyes are open ; I will, I will, Chargy, I'll rouse you, i'faith.--Here Mrs. Scentwell, lift up your lady's chimney-board, that I may throw my peel in, and not litter her chamber.

Mir. Oh, my stars ! what will become of us now ?

(Aside.)

Scent. Oh, pray sir give it me ; I love it above all things in nature, indeed I do.

Sir G. No, no, hussy ; you have the green pip already ; I'll have no apothecary's bills.

(Goes towards the Chimney.)

Mir. Hold, hold, hold, dear Gardy ! I have a, a, a, a, a monkey shut up there ; and if you open it before the man comes that is to tame it, 'tis so wild 'twill break all my china or get away, and that would break my heart ; for I'm fond on't to distraction, next thee, dear Gardy ? *(In a flattering Tone.)*

Sir F. Well, well, Chargy, I won't open it ; she shall have her monkey, poor rogue ! Here, throw this peel out of the window. *[Exit Scentwell, L.H.]*

Mar. A monkey ! Dear madam let me see it ; I can tame a monkey as well as the best of them all. Oh, how I love the little miniatures of man !

Mir. Be quiet, mischief ; and stand further from the chimney—You shall not see my monkey—who sure—
(Striving with him.)

Mar. For heaven's sake, dear madam ! let me but peep, to see if it be as pretty as lady Fiddlefaddle's. Has it got a chain ?

Mir. Not yet, but I design it one shall last its lifetime. Nay, you shall not see it.—Look, Gardy, how he teazes me !

Sir F. *(Getting between him and the Chimney.)* Sirrah, sirrah, let my Chargy's monkey alone, or bamboo shall fly about your ears. What, is there no dealing with you ?

Mar. Pugh, plague of the monkey ! here's a rout ! I wish he may rival you.

Enter SERVANT, L.H.

Serv. Sir, they have put two more horses to the coach as you order'd, and 'tis ready at the door.

Sir F. Well, I am going to be executor ; better for thee, jewel. B'ye, Chargy ; one buss !—I'm glad thou hast got a monkey to divert thee a little.

Mir. Thank'ye, dear Gardy !—Nay, I'll see you to the coach.

Sir F. That's kind, adad.

Mir. Come along, impertinence. *(To Marplot.)*

Mar. (*Stepping back.*) 'Egad I will see the monkey now. (*Lifts up the board and discovers Sir George.*) O Lord ! O lord ! Thieves ! thieves ! murder !

Sir G. Damn ye, you unlucky dog ! 'tis I. Which way shall I get out ? Slow me instantly, or I'll cut your throat.

Mar. Undone, undone ! At that door there. But hold, hold ; break that china, and I'll bring you off.

(*He runs off at the Corner, and throws down some China.*)

Re-enter SIR FRANCIS GRIPE, MIRANDA, and SCENTWELL, L.H.

Sir F. Mercy on me ! what's the matter ?

Mir. O, you toad ! what have you done ?

Mar. No great harm ; I beg of you to forgive me. Longing to see this monkey, I did but just raise up the board, and it flew over my shoulders, scratch'd all my face, broke your china, and whisked out of the window.

Sir F. Where, where is it, sirrah ?

Mar. There, there, sir Francis, upon your neighbour Parmazan's pantiles.

Sir F. Was ever such an unlucky rogue ! Sirrah, I forbid you my house. Call the servants to get the monkey again. Pug, pug, pug ! I would stay myself to look for it, but you know my earnest business.

Scent. Oh, my lady will be best to lure it back : all them creatures love my lady extremely.

Mir. Go, go, dear Gardy ! I hope I shall recover it.

Sir F. B'ye, b'ye deeree ! Ah, mischief ! how you look now ! B'ye, b'ye. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Mir. Scentwell, see him in the coach, and bring me word.

Scent. Yes, madam. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Mir. So, sir, you have done your friend a signal piece of service, I suppose.

Mar. Why, look you, madam, if I have committed a fault, thank yourself ; no man is more serviceable when

I am let into a secret, and none more unlucky at finding it out. Who could divine your meaning; when you talk'd of a blunderbuss, who thought of a rendezvous? and when you talked of a monkey, who the devil dreamt of sir George?

Mir. A sign you converse but little with our sex, when you can't reconcile contradictions.

Re-enter SCENTWELL, L.H.

Scent. He's gone, madam, as fast as the coach and six can carry him—

Re-enter SIR GEORGE AIRY, R.H.U.E.

Sir G. Then I may appear.

Mar. Here's pug, ma'am—Dear sir George make my peace, on my soul I never took you for a monkey before.

Sir G. I dare swear thou didst not. Madam, I beg you to forgive him.

Mir. Well, sir George, if he can be secret.

Mar. 'Odsheart, madam! I'm secret as a priest when trusted.

Sir G. Why 'tis with a priest our business is at present.

Scent. Madam, here's Mrs. Isabinda's woman to wait on you.

Mir. Bring her up.

Enter PATCH, L.H.

How do ye, Mrs. Patch? What news from your lady?

Patch. That's for your private ear, madam. Sir George, there's a friend of yours has an urgent occasion for your assistance.

Sir G. His name.

Patch. Charles.

Mar. Ha! then there's something a-foot that I know nothing of. (*Aside.*) I'll wait on you, sir George.

Sir G. A third person may not be proper, perhaps. As soon as I have dispatched my own affairs I am at his service. I'll send my servant to tell him I'll wait on him in half an hour.

Mir. How came you employed in this message, Mrs. Patch ?

Patch. Want of business, madam ; I am discharg'd by my master, but hope to serve my lady still.

Mir. How ! discharg'd ! you must tell me the whole story within.

Patch. With all my heart, madam.

Mar. Tell it here, Mrs. Patch.—Pish ! plague ; I wish I were fairly out of the house. I find marriage is the end of this secret ; and now I'm half mad to know what Charles wants him for. *(Aside.)*

Sir G. Madam, I'm doubly press'd by love and friendship. This exigence admits of no delay. Shall we make Marplot of the party ?

Mir. If you'll run the hazard, sir George ; I believe he means well.

Mar. Nay, nay, for my part I desire to be let into nothing ; I'll be gone, therefore pray don't mistrust me. *(Going.)*

Sir G. So now he has a mind to be gone to Charles ; but not knowing what affairs he may have upon his hands at present, I'm resolv'd he shan't stir. *(Aside.)* No, Mr. Marplot, you must not leave us ; we want a third person. *(Takes hold of him.)*

Mar. I never had more mind to be gone in my life.

Mir. Come along then ; if we fail in the voyage, thank yourself for taking this ill-star'd gentleman on board.

Sir G. That vessel ne'er can unsuccessful prove,
Whose freight is beauty, and whose pilot's love.

[Exeunt Sir George and Miranda, L.H.]

Mar. Tyty ti, tyty ti. *(Steals off the other Way.)*

Re-enter SIR GEORGE, L.H.

Sir G. Marplot ! Marplot !

Mar. (*Entering.*) Here ! I was coming, sir George.
 [*Exeunt, L.H.*]

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Sir Francis Gripe's House.*

Enter MIRANDA, PATCH, and SCENTWELL, R.H.

Mir. Well, Patch, I have done a strange bold thing ; my fate is determined, and expectation is no more. Now to avoid the impertinence and roguery of an old man, I have thrown myself into the extravagance of a young one ; if he should despise, slight, or use me ill, there's no remedy from a husband but the grave, and that's a terrible sanctuary to one of my age and constitution.

Patch. Oh ! fear not, madam ; you'll find your account in sir George Airy ; it is impossible a man of sense should use a woman ill, endued with beauty, wit, and fortune. It must be the lady's fault if she does not wear the unfashionable name of wife easy, when nothing but complaisance and good humour is requisite on either side to make them happy.

Mir. I long till I am out of this house, lest any accident should bring my guardian back. Scentwell, put my best jewels into the little casket, slip them into thy pocket, and let us march off to sir Jealous.

Scent. It shall be done, madam. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Patch. Sir George will be impatient, madam. If their plot succeeds, we shall be well receiv'd ; if not, he will be able to protect us. Besides, I long to know how my young lady fares.

Mir. Farewell, old Mammon, and thy detested walls ! 'Twill be no more sweet sir Francis ! I shall be compell'd to the odious task of dissembling no longer to get

my own, and coax him with the wheedling names of my precious, my dear, dear Gardy ! O heavens !

Enter SIR FRANCIS GRIPE, behind, L.H.

Sir F. Ah, my sweet Chargy ! don't be frighted ;
(*She starts.*) but thy poor Gardy has been abus'd,
cheated, fool'd, betray'd ; but nobody knows by whom.

Mir. Undone, past redemption. (*Aside.*)

Sir F. What won't you speak to me, Chargy ?

Mir. I am so surpris'd with joy to see you I know
not what to say.

Sir F. Poor, dear girl ! But do you know that my
son, or some such rogue, to rob or murder me, or both,
contriv'd this journey ? for upon the road I met my
neighbour Squeezum well, and coming to town.

Mir. Good lack ! good lack ! what tricks are there
in this world !

*Re-enter SCENTWELL, R.H. with a diamond Necklace
in her Hand, not seeing sir Francis.*

Scent. Madam, be pleas'd to tie this necklace on, for
I can't get into the— (*Seeing sir Francis.*)

Mir. The wench is a fool, I think ! Could you not
have carried it to be mended without putting it in the
box.

Sir F. What's the matter ?

Mir. Only, dearee ! I bid her -I bid her—Your ill-
usage has put every thing out of my head. But won't
you go, Gardy, and find out these fellows, and have
them punished, and, and—

Sir F. Where should I look for them, child ? no, I'll
sit me down contented with my safety, nor stir out of
my own doors till I go with thee to a parson.

Mir. If he goes into his closet I am ruin'd. (*Aside.*)
Oh, bless me ! In this fright I had forgot Mrs. Patch.

Patch. Ay, madam, and I stay for your speedy
answer.

Mir. I must get him out of the house. Now assist me, fortune ! (*Aside.*)

Sir F. Mrs. Patch ! I profess I did not see you : how dost thou do, Mrs. Patch ? Well, don't you repent leaving my Chargy ?

Patch. Yes, every body must love her—but I come now—Madam, what did I come for ? my invention is at the last ebb. (*Aside to Miranda.*)

Sir F. Nay, never whisper, tell me.

Mir. She came, dear Gardy ! to invite me to her lady's wedding, and you shall go with me, Gardy ; 'tis to be done this moment, to a Spanish merchant. Old sir Jealous keeps on his humour : the first minute he sees her, the next he marries her.

Sir F. Ha, ha, ha, ha ! I'd go if I thought the sight of matrimony would tempt Chargy to perform her promise. There was a smile, there was a consenting look, with those pretty twinklers, worth a million ! 'Ods-precious ! I am happier than the great mogul, the emperor of China, or all the potentates that are not in the wars. Speak, confirm it, make me leap out of my skin.

Mir. When one has resolved, 'tis in vain to stand shilly-shally. If ever I marry, positively this is my wedding-day.

Sir F. Oh ! happy, happy man—Verily, I will beget a son the first night shall disinherit that dog Charles. I have estate enough to purchase a barony, and be the immortalizing the whole family of the Gripes.

Mir. Come then, Gardy, give me thy hand ; let's to this house of Hymen.

My choice is fix'd, let good or ill betide ;

Sir F. The joyful bridegroom I,

Mir. And I the happy bride. [*Exeunt, L.H.*

SCENE II. *An Apartment in the House of sir Jealous Traffick.*

Enter SIR JEALOUS TRAFFICK, R.H. meeting a Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's a couple of gentlemen inquire for

you ; one of them calls himself signior Diego Babinetto.

Sir J. Ha ! Signior Babinetto ! admit 'em instantly --joyful minute ; I'll have my daughter married to-night.

Enter CHARLES, I.H. in a Spanish habit, with SIR GEORGE AIRY, dressed like a Merchant.

Senhor, beso las manos : vuestra merced es muy bien venido en esta tierra.

Charles. Senhor, soy muy humilde, y muy obligado cryado de vuestra merced : mi padre embia a vuestra merced, los mas profundos de sus respetos ; y a comissionado este mercad del Ingles, de concluyr un negocio, que me haze el mas dicho shombre del mundo, haziendo me su yerno.

Sir J. I am glad on't, for I find I have lost much of my Spanish. Sir, I am your most humble servant. Signior don Diego Babinetto has informed me that you are commissioned by signior don Pedro, &c. his worthy father—

Sir G. To see an affair of marriage consummated between a daughter of yours and signior Diego Babinetto his son here. True, sir, such a trust is repos'd in me, as that letter will inform you.—I hope 'twill pass upon him. *(Aside.)—(Gives him a Letter.)*

Sir J. Ay, 'tis his hand. *(Seems to read.)*

Sir G. Good, you have counterfeited to a nicety, Charles. *(Aside to Charles.)*

Sir J. Sir, I find by this that you are a man of honour and probity ; I think, sir, he calls you Meanwell.

Sir G. Meanwell is my name, sir.

Sir J. A very good name, and very significant. For to mean well is to be honest, and to be honest is the virtue of a friend, and a friend is the delight and support of human society.

Sir G. You shall find that I'll discharge the part of a friend in what I have undertaken, sir Jealous. Therefore, sir, I must entreat the presence of your fair daughter, and the assistance of your chaplain ; for

signior don Pedro strictly enjoined me to see the marriage rites performed as soon as we should arrive, to avoid the accidental overtures of Venus.

Sir J. Overtures of Venus!

Sir G. Ay, sir; that is, those little hawking females that traverse the park and the playhouse to put off their damag'd ware—they fasten upon foreigners like leeches, and watch their arrival as carefully as the Kentish men do a shipwreck: I warrant you they have heard of him already.

Sir J. Nay, I know this town swarms with them.

Sir G. Ay, and then you know the Spaniards are naturally amorous, but very constant; the first face fixes 'em; and it may be very dangerous to let him ramble ere he is tied.

Sir J. Pat to my purpose—Well, sir, there is but one thing more, and they shall be married instantly.

Charles. Pray heaven that one thing more won't spoil all. *(Aside.)*

Sir J. Don Pedro wrote me word, in his last but one, that he designed the sum of five thousand crowns by way of jointure for my daughter, and that it should be paid into my hand upon the day of marriage—

Charles. Oh, the devil! *(Aside.)*

Sir J. In order to lodge it in some of our funds in case she should become a widow, and return to England—

Sir G. Plague on't! this is an unlucky turn. What shall I say? *(Aside.)*

Sir J. And he does not mention one word of it in this letter.

Sir G. Humph! True, sir Jealous, he told me such a thing, but, but, but, but—he, he, he, he—he did not imagine that you would insist upon the very day; for, for, for, for money, you know, is dangerous returning by sea, an, an, an, an—

Charles. Zounds! say we have brought it in commodities. *(Aside to sir G.)*

Sir G. And so, sir, he has sent it in merchandize ~~things~~, sugars, spices, lemons, and so forth, which

shall be turned into money with all expedition; in the mean time, sir, if you please to accept of my bond for performance—

Sir J. It is enough, sir; I am so pleas'd with the countenance of signior Diego, and the harmony of your name, that I'll take your word, and will fetch my daughter this moment. Within there.

Enter SERVANT, L.H.

Desire Mr. Tackum, my neighbour's chaplain, to walk hither.

Serv. Yes, sir. [*Exit, L.H.*

Sir J. Gentlemen, I'll return in an instant.

[*Exit, R.H.*

Sir G. 'Egad, that five thousand crowns had like to have ruined the plot.

Charles. But that's over; and if fortune throws no more rubs in our way—

Sir G. Thou'lt carry the prize—But hist! here he comes.

Re-enter SIR JEALOUS TRAFFICK, dragging in ISABINDA, R.H.

Sir J. Come along, you stubborn baggage, you! come along.

Isa. Oh! hear me, sir, hear me but speak one word; Do not destroy my everlasting peace; My soul abhors this Spaniard you have chose.

Sir J. How's that?

Isa. Let this posture move your tender nature.

(*Kneels.*)

For ever will I hang upon these knees,
Not loose my hands till you cut off my hold,
If you refuse to hear me, sir.

Sir J. Did you ever see such a perverse slut? Off, I say. Mr. Meanwell, pray help me a little:

Sir G. Rise, madam, and do not disoblige your

father, who has provided a husband worthy of you, one that will love you equal with his soul, and one that you will love, when once you know him.

Isa. Oh ! never, never !

Could I suspect that falsehood in my heart,
I would this moment tear it from my breast,
And straight present him with the treach'rous part.

Sir J. Falsehood ! why, who the devil are you in love with? Don't provoke me, for by St. Iago I shall beat you, housewife.

Sir G. Sir Jealous, you are too passionate. Give me leave, I'll try by gentle words to work her to your purpose.

Sir J. I pray do, Mr. Meanwell, I pray do ; she'll break my heart. (*Weeps.*) There is in that casket jewels of the value of three thousand pounds, which were her mother's, and a paper wherein I have settled one-half of my estate upon her now, and the whole when I die, but provided she marries this gentleman, else by St. Iago, I'll turn her out of doors to beg or starve. Tell her this, Mr. Meanwell, pray do. (*Walks toward Charles.*)

Sir G. Ha ! this is beyond expectation (*Aside.*) Trust to me, sir, I'll lay the dangerous consequence of disobeying you at this juncture before her, I warrant you. Come, madam, do not blindly cast your life away just in the moment you would wish to save it.

Isa. Pray cease your trouble, sir : I have no wish but death to free me from this hated Spaniard. If you are his friend, inform him what I say.

Sir G. Suppose this Spaniard, which you strive to shun, should be the very man to whom you'd fly ?

Isa. Ha !

Sir G. Would you not blame your rash resolve, and curse your eyes that would not look on Charles ?

Isa. On Charles ! Where is he ? (*Rises.*)

Sir G. Hold, hold, hold, 'Sdeath ! madam, you'll ruin all. Your father believes him to be signior Babinetto. Compose yourself a little, pray madam. (*He runs to Sir Jealous.*) She begins to hear reason, sir ;

the fear of being turned out of doors has done it. Speak gently to her, sir ; I'm sure she'll yield ; I see it in her face.

Sir J. Well, Isabinda, can you refuse to bless a father whose only care is to make you happy.

Isa. Oh, sir ! do with me what you please ; I am all obedience.

Sir J. And wilt thou love him ?

Isa. I will endeavour it, sir. .

Enter SERVANT, L.H.

Serv. Sir, here is Mr. Tackum.

Sir J. Show him into the parlour. [*Exit Servant, L.H.*
Senhor tome vind sueipora ; cette momento les junta les manos. (*Gives her to Charles.*)

Charles. Senhor, yo la recibo como se deve un tesora tan grande. (*Embraces her.*)

Sir J. Now, Mr. Meanwell, let's to the parson,
Who, by his art, will join this pair for life,
Make me the happiest father, her the happiest wife.
[*Exeunt, R.H.*

SCENE III.—*A Street before Sir Jealous Traffick's House.*

Enter MARPLOT, L.H.

Mar. I have hunted all over the town for Charles, but can't find him, and by Whisper's scouting at the end of the street, I suspect he must be in the house again. I am informed too that he has borrowed a Spanish habit out of the playhouse : what can it mean ?

Enter a SERVANT of Sir Jealous Traffick's to him out of the House.

Harkye, sir, do you belong to this house ?

Serv. Yes, sir.

Mar. Isn't your name Richard ?

Serv. No, sir; Thomas.

Mar. Oh, ay, Thomas—Well, Thomas, there's a shilling for you.

Serv. Thank you, sir.

Mar. Pray, Thomas, can you tell if there be a gentleman in it in a Spanish habit?

Serv. There's a Spanish gentleman within that is just a-going to marry my young lady, sir.

Mar. Are you sure he is a Spanish gentleman?

Serv. I'm sure he speaks no English that I hear of.

Mar. Then that can't be him I want, for 'tis an English gentleman that I inquire after; he may be dressed like a Spaniard, for aught I know.

Serv. Ha! who knows but this may be an imposter? I'll inform my master, for if he should be impos'd upon, he'll beat us all round. (*Aside.*) Pray come in, sir, and see if this be the person you inquire for.

Mar. Ay, I'll follow you. Now for it. [*Exeunt into house.*]

SCENE IV.—*The inside of the house.*

Enter MARPLOT and SERVANT, L.H.

Serv. Sir, please to stay here; I'll send my master to you. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Mar. So this was a good contrivance. If this be Charles now, he will wonder how I found him out.

Re-enter SERVANT and SIR JEALOUS TRAFFICK, R.H.

Sir J. What is your earnest business, blockhead! that you must speak with me before the ceremony's past? Ha! who's this?

Serv. Why this gentleman, sir, wants another gentleman in a Spanish habit he says.

Sir J. In a Spanish habit! 'tis some friend of signior don Diego's, I warrant. (*Aside.*) Sir, your servant.

Mar. Your servant, sir.

Sir J. I suppose you would speak with signior Babinetto.

Mar. Sir !

Sir J. I say, I suppose you would speak with signior Babinetto ?

Mar. Hey-day ! what the devil does he say now ?
(*Aside.*) Sir, I dont understand you.

Sir J. Don't you understand Spanish, sir ?

Mar. Not I indeed, sir.

Sir J. I thought you had known signior Babinetto.

Mar. Not I, upon my word, sir.

Sir J. What then you'd speak with his friend, the English merchant, Mr. Meanwell ?

Mar. Neither, sir, not I ; I don't mean any such thing.

Sir J. Why, who are you then, sir ? and what do you want ?
(*In an angry Tone.*)

Mar. Nay nothing at all, not I, sir—Plague on him ! I wish I were out ; he begins to exalt his voice ! I shall be beaten again.
(*Aside.*)

Sir J. Nothing at all, sir ! Why then what business have you in my house, ha ?

Serv. You said you wanted a gentleman in a Spanish habit.

Mar. Why ay, but his name is neither Babinetto nor Meanwell.

Sir J. What is his name then, sirrah ? Ha ! now I look at you again, I believe you are the rogue that threatened me with half a dozen myrmidons—

Mar. Me, sir ! I never saw your face in all my life before.

Sir J. Speak, sir ; who is it you look for ? or, or—

Mar. A terrible old dog ! (*Aside.*) Why, sir, only an honest young fellow of my acquaintance—I thought that here might be a ball, and that he might have been here in a masquerade.—'Tis Charles, sir Francis Gripe's son,—because I know he us'd to come hither sometimes.

Sir J. Did he so ?—Not that I know of, I'm sure. Pray heaven that this be don Diego—If I should be trick'd now—Ha ! my heart misgives me plaguily—Within there ! stop the marriage—Run, sirrah, call all my servants ! I'll be satisfied that this is signior Pedro's son ere he has my daughter.

Mar. Ha ! sir George ! what have I done now ?

Enter SIR GEORGE AIRY, with a drawn sword, between the Scenes, R.H.

Sir G. Ha ! Marplot here—oh, the unlucky dog—
What's the matter, sir Jealous ?

Sir J. Nay, I don't know the matter, Mr. Meanwell.

Mar. Upon my soul, sir George—

(Going up to sir George.)

Sir J. Nay then, I'm betray'd, ruin'd, undone.—
Thieves, traitors, rogues ! *(Offers to go in.)* Stop the
marriage, I say—

Sir G. I say go on, Mr. Tackum—Nay, no entering
here ; I guard this passage, old gentleman : the act and
deed were both your own, and I'll see 'em sign'd, or die
for't

Enter SERVANT, L.H.

Sir J. A plague on the act and deed!—Fall on sir
knock him down.

Sir G. Ay, come on scoundrels ! I'll prick your
jackets for you.

Sir J. Zounds ! sirrah, I'll be reveng'd on you.

(Beats Marplot.)

Sir G. Ay, there your vengeance is due. Ha, ha !

Mar. Why, what do you beat me for ? I han't mar-
ried your daughter.

Sir J. Rascals ! why don't you knock him down ?

Serv. We are afraid of his sword, sir ; if you'll take
that from him, we'll knock him down presently.

Enter CHARLES and ISABINDA, R.H.

Sir J. Seize her then.

Charles. Rascals, retire, she's my wife ; touch her if
you dare ; I'll make dogs'-meat of you.

Mur. Ay, I'll make dogs'-meat of you, rascals.

Sir J. Ah! downright English—Oh, oh, oh, oh!

Enter SIR FRANCIS GRIPE and MIRANDA, L.H.

Sir F. Into the house of joy we enter without knocking—Ha! I think 'tis the house of sorrow, sir Jealous.

Sir J. Oh, sir Francis, are you come? What! was this your contrivance, to abuse, trick, and chouse me out of my child?

Sir F. My contrivance! what do you mean?

Sir J. No, you don't know your son there in a Spanish habit?

Sir F. How! my son in a Spanish habit! Sirrah, you'll come to be hang'd. Get out of my sight, ye dog! get out of my sight.

Sir J. Get out of your sight, sir! get out with your bags. Let's see what you'll give him now to maintain my daughter on.

Sir F. Give him! he shall never be the better for a penny of mine—and you might have look'd after your daughter better, sir Jealous. Trick'd quotha! 'Egad, I think you design'd to trick me: but look ye, gentlemen, I believe I shall trick you both. This lady is my wife, do you see, and my estate shall descend only to her children.

Sir G. I shall be extremely obliged to you, sir Francis.

Sir F. Ha, ha, ha, ha! poor sir George! does not your hundred pounds stick in your stomach? ha, ha, ha!

Sir G. No faith, sir Francis, this lady has given me a cordial for that. *(Takes her by the Hand.)*

Sir F. Hold, sir, you have nothing to say to this lady.

Sir G. Nor you nothing to do with my wife, sir.

Sir F. Wife, sir!

Mir. Ay, really, guardian, 'tis even so. I hope you'll forgive my first offence.

Sir F. What have you chous'd me out of my consent and your writings then, mistress, ha ?

Mir. Out of nothing but my own, guardian.

Sir J. Ha, ha, ha ! 'tis some comfort at least to see you are over-reach'd as well as myself. Will you settle your estate upon your son now !

Sir F. He shall starve first.

Mir. That I have taken care to prevent. There, sir, are the writings of your uncle's estate, which have been your due these three years. (*Gives Charles papers.*)

Charles. I shall study to deserve this favour.

Mar. Now how the devil could she get those writings, and I know nothing of it ?

Sir F. What have you robb'd me too, mistress ? 'Egad, I'll make you restore 'em—hussy, I will so.

Sir J. Take care I don't make you pay the arrears, sir. 'Tis well 'tis no worse, since 'tis no better. Come young man, seeing thou hast outwitted me, take her, and bless you both !

Charles. I hope, sir, you'll bestow your blessing too ; 'tis all I ask. (*Kneels.*)

Mar. Do, Gardy, do.

Sir F. Confound you all !

[*Exit, L.H.*]

Mar. Mercy upon us, how he looks !

Sir G. Ha, ha, ha ! ne'er mind his curses, Charles ; thou'lt thrive not one jot the worse for 'em. Since this gentleman is reconcil'd we are all made happy.

Sir J. I always lov'd precaution, and took care to avoid dangers ; but when a thing was past, I ever had philosophy to be easy.

Charles. Which is the true sign of a great soul. I lov'd your daughter, and she me, and you shall have no reason to repent her choice.

Isa. You will not blame me, sir, for loving my own country best.

Mar. So here's every body happy, I find, but poor Pilsnerlick. I wonder what satisfaction I shall have for being cuff'd, kick'd, and beaten in your service !

Sir J. I have been a little too familiar with you as things are fallen out ; but since there's no help for't, you must forgive me.

Mar. 'Egad I think so—but provided that you be not so familiar for the future.

Sir G. Thou hast been an unlucky rogue.

Mar. But very honest.

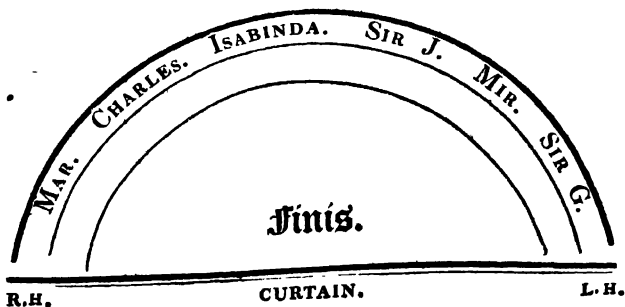
Charles. That I'll vouch for, and freely forgive thee.

Sir G. And I'll do you one piece of service more,
Marplot; I'll take care sir Francis makes you master of your estate.

Mar. That will make me as happy as any of you.

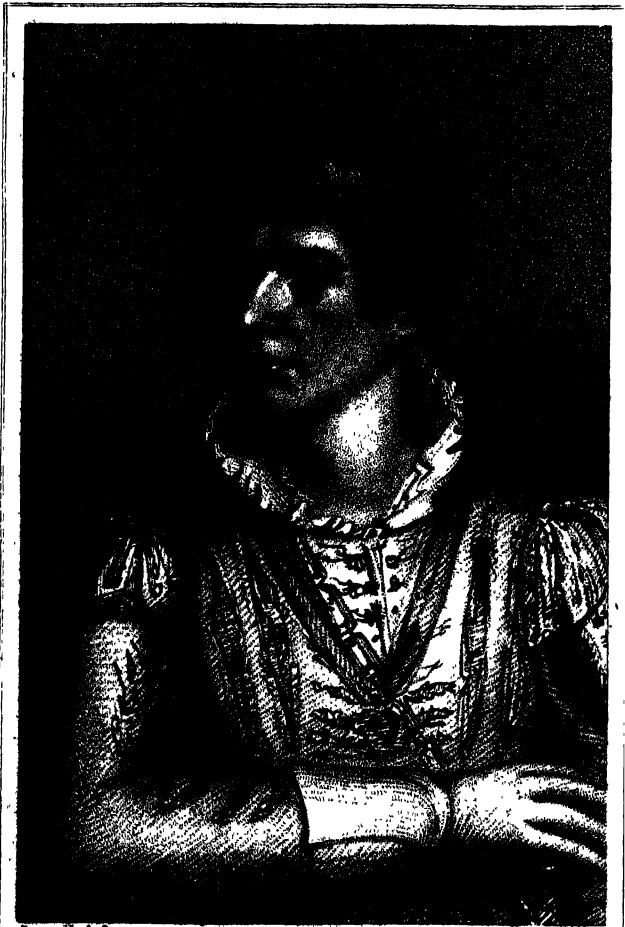
Sir J. Now let us in, and refresh ourselves with a cheerful glass, in which we'll bury all animosities; and By my example let all parents move,
And never strive to cross their children's love;
But still submit that care to Providence above.

Disposition of the Characters when the curtain falls.



EPILOGUE.

In me you see one busy body more,
Though you may have enough of one before.
With epilogues, the busy body's way,
We strive to help, but sometimes mar a play.
At this mad sessions, half-condemn'd ere try'd,
Some in three days have been turn'd off, and dy'd :
In spite of parties, their attempts are vain,
For, like false prophets, they ne'er rise again.
Too late, when cast, your favour one beseeches,
And epilogues prove execution speeches.
Yet sure I spy no busy bodies here,
And one may pass, since they do ev'ry where.
Sour critics, time, and breath, and censures waste,
And balk your pleasure to refine your taste ;
One busy don ill-tim'd high tenets preaches,
Another yearly shows himself in speeches ;
Some sniv'ling cit's would have a peace for spite,
To starve those warriors who so bravely fight ;
Still of a foe upon his knees afraid,
Whose well-bang'd troops want money, heart, and bread.
Old beaux, who none, not e'en themselves, can please,
Are busy still for nothing—but to tease ;
The young, so busy to engage a heart,
The mischief done are busy most to part ;
Ungrateful wretches ! who still cross one's will,
When they more kindly might be busy still :
One to a husband who ne'er dream'd of horns,
Shows how dear spousewith friend his brows adorns ;
Th' officious tell-tale fool (he should repent it.)
Parts three kind souls that liv'd at peace contented.
Some with law quirks set houses by the ears ;
With physic one what he would heal impairs ;
Like that dark, mop'd up fry, that neighb'ring curse,
Who to remove love's pains bestow a worse.
Since then this meddling tribe infest the age,
Bear one awhile expos'd upon the stage ;
Let none but busy bodies vent their spite,
And, with good-humour, pleasure crown the night.



Cowell del

Thompson f

MR. C. KEMBLE,
AS ROMEO.

Oxberry's Edition.

ROMEO AND JULIET,

A TRAGEDY;

By **W. Shakspeare,**

ADAPTED TO THE STAGE BY DAVID GARRICK.

WITH PREFATORY REMARKS.

THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAITHFULLY MARKED
WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatres Royal.

BY **W. OXBERRY,** Comedian.

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Remarks.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

GARRICK has altered *Romeo and Juliet*, not spoiled it; which indeed it would hardly seem in the power of man to do, if we had not known what has been so ingeniously effected in other instances of Shakspeare's plays. He has done chiefly what as a judicious Manager he was perhaps bound to do—omitted some parts, and shortened others. He has in general committed no voluntary sacrilege, has “played no fantastic tricks” before his author, to ‘cease the vitiated taste of the spectator. The play of *Romeo and Juliet* may be compared, for the sweetness and colours of the poetry, to a spreading rose-tree: Garrick has pruned and trimmed it, has curtailed it of some of its arching branches, and lopped off some of its fairest flowers, but the crimson dyes still sparkle on its bosom, and its fragrance scents the air. The purple light of love tinges all objects in this play, and makes even death look beautiful. We hear with delight the silver sounds of lovers' tongues^{by} night, or the voice of the nightingale from the pomegranate-tree. Nature seems to put forth all its freshness; and the heart throbs with its full weight of joy, too soon changed to woe. The golden cup of pleasure, mantling to the brim, is dashed with bitterness: the intoxicating draught of youth, of hope, of love, drowning and ravishing the sense, is suddenly turned to poison. Still the feeling of a certain tender voluptuousness is that which remains and triumphs to the last; for the dart of affliction, though deadly, is barbed by misfortune, not by unkindness, by hate or contempt. The sufferings of the hero and heroine arise from the enmity of parents, or the perverseness of their stars, not from their own misconduct or opposing wills: the tide of mutual passion in their breasts is seen mingling and flowing on, making sweet music as it flows, to immortal raptures: fate alone is not consenting to their happiness: they “are pleasant in their lives and lovely, and in their deaths they are not divided.” From the highest point of brief and unlooked-for ecstasy they pass to bale and bitterness, as brief, as unexpected; and thence sink to lasting peace. In their persons we see the rose of love bloom and wither in a few short hours; and all

the gaudy colouring of life turned to a marble monument, cold, motionless, and placid. The strokes of passion in this tragedy are only equalled by the powers of expression and the beauties of language: and the variety of character and extent of subject are what were common to Shakspeare's genius, and at the same time peculiar to it. The characters of the lovers are the ideal perfection of feminine sweetness and undissembled frankness, of ardent affection and gallant daring. Rosaline, Romeo's first love, is left out in the acting-play, to narrow the canvass, and assist the concentration of the interest. In the original, his love of Juliet is a desertion from a former mistress, while Juliet's fondness is an undivided and virginal passion. She triumphs (as it were) equally over her lover's constancy, and in her own. The other characters that assist in the story or adorn it, Mercutio, Paris, the fiery Tybalt, the Nurse, the Friar, Old Capulet and Montague, all fill their parts with truth, spirit, and nature, and are moving and speaking pictures in the scene. No one but our poet could amalgamate such various and apparently contradictory materials, so as to produce such an intense and unbroken interest. The opportunities for displaying the powers of the actor or actress, in the two principal characters of Romeo and Juliet, may be judged of rather from their being so often chosen for this purpose than from what is done in them. The concluding scene of all (or the double revival of hope when the lovers meet at the tomb, and the double agony of despair that follows) is of Garrick's adding, and he may be justified on the score of theatrical effect; but the distress of mind produced by it, would accord better with the productions of the modern German school than with the genius of "the gentle" Shakspeare.—Of all Shakspeare's plays, this is perhaps the one that is acted, if not the oftenest, with most pleasure to the spectator.

W. H.

Costume.

PRINCE.

Green vest, trunks and cloak, embroider'd.

PARIS.

White dress do. do. Second Dress.—do. do.

MONTAGUE.

Blue do. do.

CAPULET.

Brown do. do.

ROMEO.

White dress do. Second Dress.—Black do. do. do.

MERCUTIO.

Scarlet dress do:

BENVOLIO.

Fawn dress do.

TYBALT.

Black dress lined with buff and yellow.

APOTHECARY.

Coarse serge.

BALTHAZAR.

Grey and scarlet livery.

PETER.

Brown do. do.

CHORUS.

White surplices

FRIAR.

Grey Friar's dress.

JULIET.

First Dress.—White trimmed with silver, and spangled muslin drapery.—Second dress—White muslin and drapery.

LADY CAPULET.

First Dress.—Black velvet, trimmed with gold and lace drapery. Second Dress.—Black velvet and black veil.

NURSE.

Black calico gown, trimmed with point lace, brocade, silk petticoat

Persons Represented.

Drury Lane, 1819. Covent Garden, 1819.

<i>Prince Escalus</i>	Mr. Ley.	Mr. Claremont.
<i>Montague</i>	Mr. Marshall.	Mr. B. Thornton.
<i>Capulet</i>	Mr. Powell.	Mr. Egerton.
<i>Paris</i>	Mr. Hamblin.	Mr. T. Matthews.
<i>Romeo</i>	Mr. H. Kemble.	Mr. C. Kemble.
<i>Mercutio</i>	Mr. Penley.	Mr. Jones.
<i>Benvolio</i>	Mr. Holland.	Mr. Jefferies.
<i>Tybalt</i>	Mr. Bengough.	Mr. Connor.
<i>Friar Laurence</i>	Mr. Carr.	Mr. Chapman.
<i>Friar John</i>	Mr. Buxton.	Mr. Crumpton.
<i>Apothecary</i>	Mr. Coveney.	Mr. Treby.
<i>Page</i>	Miss C. Carr.	Master C. Parsloe.
<i>Peter</i>	Mr. Knight.	Mr. Simmons.
<i>Lady Capulet</i>	Mrs. Brereton.	Miss Logan.
<i>Juliet</i>	Mrs. W. West.	Miss O'Neill.
<i>Nurse</i>	Mrs. Sparks.	Mrs. Davenport.

Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation is two hours and fifty-eight minutes. The first act occupies the space of thirty-five minutes.—The second, forty-five—the third, forty-six—the fourth, twenty—and the fifth, thirty-two. The half price commences, generally, at a quarter after nine.

Stage Directions.

By R.H.....	is meant.....	Right Hand.
L.H.....		Left Hand.
S.E.		Second Entrance.
U.P.....		Upper Entrance.
M.D		Middle Door.
D.F.....		Door in Flat.
R.H.D.....		Right Hand Door.
L.H.D.....		Left Hand Door.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Street.*

Enter GREGORY and SAMSON, L.H.

Sam. Gregory, I strike quickly, being mov'd.

Gre. But thou art not quickly mov'd to strike.

Sam. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

Gre. Draw thy tool then ; for here comes two of the house of the Montagues.

Sam. My naked^o weapon is out : quarrel ; I will back thee : but let us take the law of our sides : let them begin.

Gre. I will frown, as I pass by ; and let them take it as they list.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them ; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

Enter ABRAM and BALTHASAR, R.H.

Bal. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir ?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.

Bal. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir ?

Sam. Is the law on our side, if I say ~~ay~~ ? (*To Gre.*)

Gre. No. (*To Sam.*)

Sam. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir : but I bite my thumb, sir.

Gre. Do you quarrel, sir ?

Bal. Quarrel, sir ? no, sir.

Sam. If you do, sir, I am for you ; I serve as good a man as you.

Bal. No better, sir.

Sam. Well, sir.

Gre. Say—better ; here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

Sam. Yes, better, sir.

Bal. You lie.

Sam. Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember thy swashing blow.—
(*They fight.*)

Enter BENVOLIO, R.H.

Ben. Part, fools ; put up your swords ; you know not what you do.—
(*Beats down their weapons.*)

Enter TYBALT, L.H. *with his sword drawn.*

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds ?

Turn thee, Benvolio ; look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace ; put up thy sword ; Or manage it, to part these men, with me.

Tyb. What, drawn, and talk of peace ? I hate the word

As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee :

Have at thee, coward.—
(*They fight.*)

(*Capulets, L.H. and Montagues, R.H. without.*)

Montagues.—Down with the Capulets !

Capulets.—Down with the Montagues !

(*Bell rings.*)

Cap. (*Without. L.H.*) Give me my sword ! Old Montague is come, and flourishes his blade in spite of me.

~~Enter~~ MONTAGUE and his Friends, R.H. and CAPULET with his Friends, all armed, L.H.

Mon. Thou villain, Capulet,—
(*They all fight.*)

Enter the PRINCE and his Attendants, L.H.

Prince. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
 Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,
 On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
 Throw your mistemper'd* weapons to the ground,
 And hear the sentence of your moved Prince.—
 Three civil broils, bred of an airy word,
 By you, old Capulet, and Montague,
 Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our town :
 If ever you affright our streets again,
 Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.—
 For this time, all the rest depart away :
 You, Capulet, shall go along with me ;
 And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
 To know our further pleasure in this case.
 Once more, on pain of death all men depart. (*Flourish.*)

[*Exeunt all but Montague and Benvolio, L.H.*]

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad ?
 Speak, nephew, were you by, when it began ?

Ben. Here were the servants of our adversary,
 And your's, close fighting, ere I did approach :
 I drew to part them ; in the instant came
 The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd ;
 Which as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
 He swung about his head, and cut the winds :
 While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
 Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
 'Till the Prince came.

Mon. O, where is Romeo ? Saw you him to-day ?--
 Right glad I am, he was not at this brawl.

Ben. My lord, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
 Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,
 A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad ;
 Where,—underneath the grove of sycamore,
 That westward rooteth from the city's side,—
 So early walking did I see your son :
 Towards him I made ; but he was 'ware of me,

* *Mistemper'd.*—Angry weapons.

And stole into the covert of the wood :
 I, measuring his affections by my own,—
 That most are busied when they're most alone,—
 Pursu'd my humour, not pursuing his,
 And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen,
 With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew ;
 Black and portentous must this humour prove,
 Unless the counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause ?

Mon. I neither know it, nor can learn it of him.

Ben. Have you importun'd him by any means ?

Mon. Both by myself, and many other friends :
 But he, his own affections' counsellor,
 Is to himself—I will not say, how true—
 But to himself so secret and so close,
 So far from sounding and discovery,
 As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
 Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
 Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.

Ben. So please you, sir, Mercutio and myself
 Are most near to him ;—be it that our years,
 Births, fortunes, studies, inclinations,
 Measure the rule of his, I know not ; but
 Friendship still loves to sort him with his like ;—
 We will attempt upon his privacy :
 And could we learn from whence his sorrows grow,
 We would as willingly give cure, as knowledge.

Mon. 'Twill bind us to you : good Benvolio, go.

Ben. We'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

[*Exeunt, Mon. L.H. Ben. R.H.*]

SCENE II.—*Another Street.*

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and SERVANT, L.H.

Cap. And Montague is bound as well as I,
 In penalty alike ; and 'tis not hard I think,
 For men so old as we to keep the peace.

Par. Of honourable reck'ning are you both ;

And pity 'tis, you liv'd at odds so long.—
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit ?

Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before :
My child is yet a stranger in the world,
She hath not seen the change of eighteen years ;
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a wife.

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early made.
The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but her :
But woo her, gentle Paris ; get her heart ;
An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent ; so woo her, gentle Paris.—
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,
Whereto I have invited many a friend,
Such as I love ; and you, among the rest.—
Go, sirrah, trudge about (*Gives Serv. a Paper.*)
Through fair Verona ; find those persons out,
Whose names are written there, and to them say,
My house and welcome on their pleasures stay.—
Once more, most welcome, Count : go in with me.

[*Exeunt, R.H.*]

SCENE III.—*A Wood near Verona.*

Romeo passes through the Wood, from L.H. to R.H.

Enter MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO, L.H.

Mer. See, where he steals.—Told I you not, Ben-
volio,
That we should find this melancholy Cupid
Lock'd in some gloomy covert, under key
Of cautionary silence, with his arms
Threaded, like these cross boughs, in sorrow's knot ?

Re-enter ROMEO, R.H.

Ben. Good-morrow, cousin. (*Crosses to centre.*)

Rom. Is the day so young ?

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ah me ! sad hours seem long.

Mer. 'Pr'ythee, what sadness lengthens Romeo's hours ?

Rom. Not having that, which, having, makes them short.

Ben. In love, meseems !

Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof !

Rom. Where shall we dine ?—O me !—Cousin Benvolio,

What was the fray this morning with the Capulets ?

Yet tell me not ; for I have heard it all.

Here's much to do with hate ; but more with love :—

Love, heavy lightness ! serious vanity !

Mis-shapen chaos of well seeming forms !—

This love feel I ; but such my froward fate,

That there I love, where most I ought to hate.

Dost thou not laugh, my friend ?--O, Juliet, Juliet !

Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what ?

Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.

Mer. Tell me, in sadness,* who she is you love.

Rom. In sadness then, I love a woman.

Mer. I aim'd so near, when I suppos'd you lov'd.

Rom. A right good marksman !—And she's fair I love ;

But knows not of my love ; 'twas through my eyes

The shaft empiere'd my heart ; chance gave the wound

Which time can never heal : no star befriends me ;

To each sad night succeeds a dismal morrow ;

And still 'tis hopeless love, and endless sorrow.

Mer. Be rul'd by me ; forget to think of her.

Rom. O, teach me how I should forget to think.

Mer. By giving liberty unto thine eyes :

Take thou some new infection to thy heart,

And the rank poison of the old will die:

Examine other beauties.

Rom. He that is stricken blind, cannot forget

* *Sadness.*—Gravely.

The precious treasure of his eyesight lost :
 Show me a mistress that is passing fair ;—
 What doth her beauty serve, but as a note
 Rememb'ring me, who past that passing fair ?
 Farewell ; thou canst not teach me to forget :

Mer. I warrant thee ; if thou'lt but stay to hear.
 To-night there is an ancient splendid feast
 Kept by old Capulet, our enemy,
 Where all the beauties of Verona meet.

Rom. At Capulet's ?

Mer. At Capulet's, my friend :
 Go there ; and, with an unattainted eye,
 Compare her face with some that I shall show,
 And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eyes
 Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires,
 And burn the hereticks ! All-seeing Phœbus
 Ne'er saw her match, since first his course began.

Mer. Tut, tut, you saw her fair, none else being
 by,
 Herself pois'd with herself ; but let be weigh'd
 Your lady-love* against some other fair,
 And she will show scant well.

Rom. I will along, Mercutio.

Mer. 'Tis well : look to behold at this high feast ;
 Earth-treading stars that make dim heaven's lights :
 Hear all, all see, try all ; and like her most,
 That most shall merit thee.

Rom. My mind is chang'd :—
 I will not go to-night.

Mer. Why, may one ask ?

Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.

Mer. Ha ! ha ! a dream ?

O, then, I see, queen Mab hath been with you.
 She is the fairies' midwife ; and she comes,
 In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
 On the fore-finger of an alderman,
 Drawn with a team of little atomies†

* *Your lady love.*—The love you bear your lady.

† *Atomies.*—Atoms.

Athwart men's noses, as they lie asleep :
 Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs ;
 The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers ;
 The traces, of the smallest spider's web ;
 'The collars of the moonshine's wat'ry beams :
 Her whip, of cricket's bone ; the lash, of film :
 Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
 Not half so big as a round little worm
 Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid .
 Her chariot is an empty hazel nut,
 Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
 Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers :—
 And in this state she gallops night by night
 Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love :
 On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight :
 O'er doctors' fingers, who straight dream on fees :
 O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream :
 Sometime she gallops o'er a lawyer's nose,
 And then dreams he of smelling out a suit :
 And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
 Tickling a parson as he lies asleep,
 Then dreams he of another benefice :
 Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
 And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats ;
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
 Of healths five fathom deep ; and then anon,
 Drums in his ear ; at which he starts and wakes ;
 And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,
 And sleeps again. This is that very Mab—

Rom. Peace, peace ;
 Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams :
 Which are the children of an idle brain,
 Begot of nothing but vain fantasy ;
 Which is as thin of substance as the air,
 And more inconstant than the wind.

Ben. This wind, you talk of, blows us from our-
 selves ;
 And we shall come too late. (*Crosses to R.H.*)

Rom. I fear too early ; for my mind misgives

Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
From this night's revels.—Lead, my gallant friends.—

[*Exeunt Benvolio and Mercutio, R.H.*]

Let come what may, once more I will behold
My Juliet's eyes! drink deeper of affliction:
I'll watch the time; and, mask'd from observation,
Make known my sufferings, but conceal my name.
'Though hate and discord 'twixt our sires increase,
Let in our hearts dwell love and endless peace.

[*Exit, R.H.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Room in Capulet's House.*

Enter LADY CAPULET, R.H. NURSE, L.H.

La. Cap. Nurse, where's my daughter? call her
forth to me.

Nurse. Now, by my faith,
I had her come.—(*Crosses to L.H.*) What, lamb! what,
lady-bird!—Heaven forbid! where's this girl?—what
Juliet!

Enter JULIET, L.H.

Jul. How now, who calls?

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here. (*Crosses to centre.*)
What is your will?

La. Cap. This is the matter:—Nurse give leave
awhile;

We must talk in secret.—Nurse, come back again;
I have remember'd me, thou shalt hear our counsel.
'Thou know'st, my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse. 'Faith I can tell her age unto an hour.

La. Cap. She's not eighteen.

Nurse. I'll lay eighteen of my teeth,—
And yet, to my teen* be it spoken, I've but eight,—
She's not eighteen: how long is it now
'To Lammas-tide?

La. Cap. A fortnight and odd days.

* *Teen.*—Sorrow.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year
 Come Lammas-eve at night, shall she be eighteen.
 Susan and she—heaven rest all christian souls!—
 Were of an age.—Well, Susan is in heaven ;
 She was too good for me.—But, as I said,
 On Lammas-eve at night shall she be eighteen ;
 That shall she, marry : I remember it well ;
 'Tis since the earthquake now just fifteen years :
 And she was wean'd,—I never shall forget it,—
 Of all the days in the year, upon that day :
 For I had then laid wormwood to my breast,
 Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall ;—
 My lord and you were then at Mantua ;—
 Nay, I do bear a brain :*—but as I said,
 When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple
 Of the breast and felt it bitter, pretty fool !
 To see it tetchy, and fall out with the breast.
 Shake, quoth the dove-house ! 'twas no need, I trow,
 To bid me trudge !—

And since that time it is now fifteen years ;
 For then she could stand alone ; nay, by the rood,
 She could have run and waddled all about ;
 For, even the day before, she broke her brow,
 And then my husband—heaven be with his soul !
 'A was a merry man ;—took up the child !
Yea, quoth he, *dost thou fall upon thy face ?*
Thou wilt fall backward, when thou hast more wit ;
Wilt thou not, Jule ?—and by my holy dam,
 The pretty wench left crying, and said—*Ay*.
 To see now how a jest shall come about !
 I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,
 I never should forget it !—*Wilt thou not Jule ?* quoth
 he !

And, pretty fool ! it stinted, † and said—*Ay*.

Jul. And stint thou too, I pray thee, Nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace I have done. Heaven mark thee to
 its grace !

Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd !

* *Bear a brain.*—I recollect.

† *Stinted.*—Ceased weeping.

An I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.

La. Cap. And that same marriage is the very theme
I came to talk of.—Tell me daughter Juliet,
How stands your disposition to be married?

Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honour! Were not I thine only Nurse,
I'd say, thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now; younger
than you,
Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers: by my count,
I was your mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus then, in brief!—
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young lady,—lady, such a man
As all the world—Why, he's a man of wax.*

La. Cap. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay; he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

La. Cap. What say you? Can you like of Paris'
love?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move!
But no more deep will I endart my eye,
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter PETER, L.H.

Pet. Madam, the guests are come, and brave ones,
all in masks. You are call'd; my young lady ask'd
for; the Nurse curs'd in the pantry; supper almos
ready to be served up; and every thing in extremity
I must hence to wait.

La. Cap. We follow thee. [*Exeunt, L.H.*]

SCENE V.—*A Hall in Capulet's House.*

CAPULET, with the PRINCE, PARIS, TYBALT, and other
Gentlemen and Ladies, masked,—Samson and Gre-
gory waiting,—discovered.

* *Man of wax.*—Well formed.

Enter JULIET, LADY CAPULET, and NURSE, L.H.

Cap. Gentlemen, welcome! Ladies that have their feet
Unplagu'd with corns, will have a bout with you!—
Ah ah, my mistresses! which of you all
Will now deny to dance? She that makes dainty, she,
I'll swear hath corns; Am I come near you now?—

*Enter PETER, showing in MERCUTIO, ROMEO, and
BENVOLIO masked, L.H.*

You're welcome, gentlemen.—I've seen the day,
That I have worn a visor; and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please;—'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone.
—More light, ye knaves; and turn the tables up,
And quench the fire; the room is grown too hot.

(Music.)

Rom. Cousin Benvolio, do you mark that lady
Which doth enrich the hand of yond gentleman?

Ben. I do.

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear.
The measure done, I'll wait her to her place,
And, touching hers, make happy my rude hand.
Be still, be still, my fluttering heart! *(They retire.)*

Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montague,
Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,
To flear and scorn at our solemnity!
Now by the stock and honour of my race,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

Cap. Why how now, kinsman? wherefore storm
you thus?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;
A villain, that is hither come in spite,
To scorn and flout at our solemnity.

Cap. Young Romeo is't?

Tyb. That villain Romeo.

Cap. Content thee, gentle coz ; let him alone ;
He bears him like a courtly gentleman,
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him,
To be a virtuous and well govern'd youth ;
I would not for the wealth of all this town,
Here in my house, do him disparagement ;
Therefore be patient, take no note of him.

Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest :
I'll not endure him.

Cap. He shall be endur'd :
Am I the master here, or you ? Go to !
Be quiet, cousin, or I'll make you quiet.

Tyb. Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting,
Makes my flesh tremble in their difference.
I will withdraw ; but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall.

[*Exit Tybalt, R.H.*

(*Dance.*)

Rom. If I profane with my unworthy hand (*To Jul.*)
This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this:

(*Kisses her hand.*)

Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too
much ;

For palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too ?

Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

Rom. Thus, then, dear saint, let lips put up their
prayer. (*Salutes her.*)

Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with
you. (*Rom. and Jul. go up the stage.*)

Mer. What is her mother ?

Nurse. Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous.
I nurs'd her daughter ; heiress to lord Capulet :
I tell you, he that can lay hold on her,
Shall have the chinks.

Mer. Is she a Capulet ?
Come, Romeo, let's be gone ; the sport is over.

Rom. Ay, so I fear; the more is my mishap.

(*Going*, L.H.)

Cap. Nay gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.—

Is it e'en so? Why, then I thank you all;
I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night.—

More torches here!—Come on; and let's to supper.

[*Exeunt Capulet, Lady Capulet, Prince, Paris, Gentlemen, Ladies, Samson, and Gregory*, R.H.S.E.]

Jul. Come hither, Nurse—What is yon gentleman?
[*Exit Benvolio*, L.H.]

Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

Jul. What's he that now is going out of door?

[*Exit Mercutio*, L.H.]

Nurse. That, as I think, is young Mercutio.

Jul. What's he that follows there, that would not dance?

[*Exit Romeo*, L.H.]

Nurse. I know not.

Jul. Go, ask his name.— [*Exit Nurse*, L.H.]

If he be married,

My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

Re-enter Nurse, L.H.

Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague;
The only son of your great enemy.

Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!

Nurse. What's this? what's this?

Jul. A rhyme I learn'd e'en now
Of one I talk'd withall.

Cap. Why, Juliet. (*Capulet without*, R.H.)

Nurse. Anon, anon.—

Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone.

[*Exeunt*, R.H.]

ACT II.

SCENE I—*An open Place, adjoining Capulet's Garden.*

Rom. Can I go forward, when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.

[*Exit, R.H.*]

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO, L.H.

Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo!

Mer. He is wise;

And, on my life, hath stolen him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall.
Call, good Mercutio.

Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.—

Why, Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!

Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh,

Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;

Cry out—*Ah me!* couple but—*love* and *dove*;

Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,

One nick-name for her purblind son and heir!

I conjure thee, by thy mistress's bright eyes,

By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,

By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,

That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him! My invocation
Is fair and honest; and in his mistress' name
I conjure, only to raise up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among those trees,

To be consorted with the humourous* night!

Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

Mer. Romeo, good night!—I'll to my truckle-bed,
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep!

Come, shall we go?

Ben. Go, then; for 'tis in vain

To seek him here, that means not to be found.

[*Exeunt, L.H.*]

SCENE II.—*Capulet's Garden.**Enter* ROMEO, L.H.

Rom. He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

(Juliet appears at the Balcony, and sits down.)

But, soft! What light thro' yonder window breaks!

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,

Who is already sick and pale with grief,

That thou, her maid, art far more fair than she.—

She speaks, yet she says nothing: what of that?

Her eye discourses: I will answer it.—

I am too bold.—O, were those eyes in heaven,

They would through the airy region stream so bright,

That birds would sing, and think it were the morn.—

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!

Oh, that I were a glove upon that hand,

That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Ah me!

Rom. She speaks, she speaks!

O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art

As glorious to this sight, being o'er my head,

As is a winged messenger of heaven

To the up-turned wond'ring eyes of mortals,

When he bestrides the lazy pacing clouds,

And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O, Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?

Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:

Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,

And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

Jul. 'Tis but thy name, that is my enemy!—

What's in a name? That which we call a rose,

By any other name would smell as sweet;

So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,

Retain that dear perfection which he owes

Without that title!—Romeo, quit thy name;

And for that name, which is no part of thee,

Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word! (*Juliet starts up.*)
Call me but love, I will forswear my name,
And never more be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd in
night,
So stumblest on my counsel?

Rom. I know not how to tell thee who I am!
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee.

Jul. My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound!
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee displease.

Jul. How cam'st thou hither?—tell me,—and for
what?

The orchard walls are high and hard to climb;
And the place, death,—considering who thou art,—
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er perch these
walls;
For stony limits cannot hold love out;
And what love can do, that dares love attempt;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

Jul. If they see thee here, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords! look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not, for the world, they saw thee here.
By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

Rom. By love, who first did prompt me to inquire;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the furthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.

Jul. Thou know'st, the mask of night is on my
face;
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form; fain, fain deny
What I have spoke!—But farewell compliment!

Dost thou love me? I know, thou wilt say,—Ay ;
 And I will take thy word! yet, if thou swear'st,
 Thou may'st prove false; at lovers' perjuries,
 They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,
 If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully!
 Or, if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
 I'll frown and be perverse, and say thee nay,
 So thou wilt woo! but else, not for the world.
 In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;
 And therefore thou may'st think my 'haviour light!
 But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
 Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
 I should have been more strange, I must confess,
 But that thou overheard'st, ere I was 'ware,
 My true love's passion; therefore pardon me,
 And not impute this yielding to light love,
 Which the dark night has so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon, I vow,—

Jul. O swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
 That monthly changes in her circled orb;
 Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all;

Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
 Which is the god of my idolatry,
 And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my true heart's love—

Jul. Well do not swear! although I joy in thee,
 I have no joy of this contract to-night;
 It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden,
 Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
 Ere one can say,—It lightens. Sweet, good night!
 This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
 May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
 Good night, good night!—as sweet repose and rest
 Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for
 mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine, before thou didst request it:
And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Would'st thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have; for both are infinite.—
I hear some noise within.—Dear love, adieu!

Nurse. (*Within*, R.H.) Madam!

Jul. Anon, good Nurse!—Sweet Montague be true.—

Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit from balcony.*]

Rom. O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too-flattering sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night,
indeed.

If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay;
And follow thee, my love, throughout the world.

Nurse. (*Within*, R.H.) Madam,—

Jul. I come, anon!—But, if thou mean'st not well,

I do beseech thee,—

Nurse. (*Within*, R.H.) Madam,—

Jul. By and by, I come!—

To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief.—

To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul,— [*balcony.*]

Jul. A thousand times good night! [*Exit from*

Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.

[*Exit*, L.H.]

Re-enter JULIET, L.H.

Jul. Hist! Romeo, hist!—Oh, for a falconer's voice,
 To lure this tassel* gentle back again!
 Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
 Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
 And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine
 With repetition of my Romeo's name.

ROMEO entering, L.H.

Rom. It is my love that calls upon my name!—
 How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
 Like softest music to attending ears!

Jul. Romeo!

Rom. My sweet!

Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
 Shall I send to thee?

Rom. At the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail; 'tis twenty years 'till then.—
 I have forgot why did I call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
 Rememb'ring how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll stay here to have thee still forget,
 Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning; I would have thee gone!
 And yet no further than a wanton's bird;
 Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
 And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
 So loving-jealous of its liberty.

Rom. I would, I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I!

Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.—
 Good night, good night! Parting is such sweet
 sorrow,

That I shall say—Good night, 'till it be morrow.

[Exit, from the balcony.]

**Tassel.*—Male of the goshawk, so called because it is a tierce
 or third less than the female.

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!—

Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!

Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell;

His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell.

[*Exit, L.H.*]

SCENE III.—*A Monastery.*

Enter Friar LAURENCE, with a Basket, R.H.

Lau. The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night.

Check'ring the eastern clouds with streaks of light;

Now ere the sun advance his burning eye,

The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to try,

I must up-fill this osier cage of ours,

With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.

O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies

In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities,

For nought so vile that on earth doth live,

But to the earth some special good doth give;

Nor ought so good, but strain'd from that fair use

Revolts to vice and stumbles on abuse.

Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,

And vice, sometimes by action dignified.

Within the infant rind of this small flower

Poison hath residence, and medicine power:

For this being smelt, with that sense cheers each part;

Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.

Two such opposed foes encamp them still

In man, as well as herbs; grace and rude will:

And where the worser is predominant,

Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Rom. (*Within, L.H.*) Good-morrow, father.

Lau. *Benedicite!*

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?

Enter ROMEO, L.H.

Young son, it argues a distemper'd head,

So soon to bid good-morrow to thy pillow.
 Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
 And where care lodges, sleep will never bide ;
 But where, with unstuff'd brain, unbruised youth
 Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep resides.
 Therefore, thy earliness assureth me
 Thou art up rouz'd by some distemp'ration.
 What is the matter, son ?

Rom. I tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.
 I have been feasting with mine enemy ;
 Where to the heart's core, one hath wounded me,
 That's by me wounded ; both our remedies
 Within thy help and holy physic lie.

Lau. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift.

Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is
 set

On Juliet, Capulet's fair daughter ;
 As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine :
 But when, and where, and how
 We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vows,
 I'll tell thee as we pass ; but this I beg,
 That thou consent to marry us to-day.

Lau. Holy saint Francis !
 But tell me son, and call thy reason home,
 Is not this love the offspring of thy folly,
 Bred from thy wantonness and thoughtless brain ?
 Be heedful, youth, and see thou stop betimes,
 Lest that thy rash ungovernable passions,
 O'er-leaping duty, and each due regard,
 Hurry thee on, thro' short-liv'd dear-bought pleasures,
 To cureless woes, and lasting penitence.

Rom. I pray thee, chide me not ; she whom I love,
 Doth give me grace for grace, and love for love ;
 Do thou with heav'n smile upon our union ;
 Do not withhold thy benediction from us,
 But make two hearts, by holy marriage, one.

Lau. Well, come my pupil, go along with me :
 In one respect I'll give thee my assistance ;
 For this alliance may so happy prove,
 To turn your household rancour to pure love.

Rom. O let us hence, love stands on sudden haste.

Lau. Wisely and slow, they stumble that run fast.

[*Exeunt*, R.H.]

SCENE IV.—*The Street.*

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO, L.H.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be? came he not home to-night?

Ben. Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.

Mer. Why, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Juliet, torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman to old Capulet, Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answer it.

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead! stabb'd with a white wench's black eye; run through the ear with a love-song; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft*!—And is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?

Mer. Oh, he's the courageous captain of compliments: He fights, as you sing prick-song; keeps time, distance and proportion; rests me his minim rest,—one, two, and the third in your bosom; the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house,—of the first and second cause; ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverso! the hay!—

Ben. The what?

Mer. The plague of such-antick, lispings, affected fantasticoes, these new tuners of accents!—*Ma foi*, a very good blade!—a very tall man! a very fine wench!—why, is not this a lamentable thing, grand-sire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *pardonnez moi's*?

*The allusion is to archery.—The mark at which the arrows are directed, was fastened by a black *pin* placed in the centre of it.

Ben. Here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring. O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flow'd in; Laura, to his lady, was but a kitchen-wench; marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her: Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gipsy; Helen and Hero, bildings and harlots; Thisbe, a grey eye or so, but not the purpose.—

Enter ROMEO, R.H.

Signior Romco, *bonjour!* there's a French salutation for you.

Rom. Good morrow to you both.

Mer. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom. What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip,* sir, the slip; can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and, in such a case as mine, a man may strain courtesy.

Enter NURSE and PETER. L.H.

Ben. A sail! a sail!

Mer. Two, two; a shirt, and a smock.

Nurse. Peter!

Pet. Anon?

Nurse. My fan, Peter.

Mer. Do, good Peter, to hide her face.

Nurse. 'Give ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. 'Give ye good den,† fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

Rom. I am the youngest of that name, for 'fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to supper presently.

* *The Slip.*—A coin so called in Shakspeare's time.

† *Good-den.*—Good even.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd !—So ho !

Rom. What hast thou found ?

Mer. No hare, sir ; but a bawd.—Romeo, will you come to your father's ? We'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady.—Peter, my fan.—Farewell, lady.

[*Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO, L.H.*]

Nurse. I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his roguery ?

Rom. A gentleman, Nurse, that loves to hear himself talk ; and will speak more in a minute, than he will stand to in a month. (*Rom. turns up the stage.*)

Nurse. An 'a speak any thing against me, I'll take him down, an 'a were lustier than he is, and twenty such jacks ; and, if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave ! I am none of his flirt-gills. (*To Peter.*)—And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure !

Pet. I saw no man use you at his pleasure ; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you ; I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion, in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now, afore heaven, I am so vex'd, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave !—'Pray you, sir, a word ; (*To Rom., Rom. advances.*)—And, as I told you, my young lady bid me inquire you out. What she bade me say, I will keep to myself ; but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say ; for the gentlewoman is young ; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly, it were an ill thing to be offer'd to any gentlewoman.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee,—

Nurse. Good heart ! and, i' faith, I will tell her as much ;—Lord, lord ! she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, Nurse ? Thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir,—that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a very gentleman-like offer.

Rom. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift This afternoon;

And there she shall, at friar Laurence' cell,
Be shriv'd, and married.—Here is for thy pains.

(*Offers her money.*)

Nurse. No truly, sir; not a penny.

Rom. Go to; I say, you shall.

(*Nurse takes the purse.*)

Nurse. This afternoon, sir? Well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good Nurse, behind the abbey wall,
Within this hour my man shall be with thee,
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair;*
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.
Farewell! Be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains.
Commend me to thy lady. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Nurse. Ay,—a thousand times.—Peter!

Pet. Anon?

Nurse. Peter, take my fan, and go before.

[*Exeunt, L.H.*]

SCENE V.—*Juliet's Chamber.*

Enter JULIET, R.H.

Jul. The clock struck nine, when I did send the
Nurse;

In half an hour she promised to return.

Perchance she cannot meet him :—that's not so.—

O, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts,

Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,

Driving back shadows over low'ring hills;

Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,

And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.

Now is the sun upon the highest hill

Of this day's journey; and from nine 'till twelve

Is three long hours,—yet she is not come.

Had she affections, and warm youthful blood,

She'd be as swift in motion as a ball;

My words would bandy her to my sweet love,

* *Tackled stair.*—Like stairs of a rope in the tackle of a ship.

And his to me.—

Enter NURSE, L.H.

O heaven! she comes.—(*Crosses to L.H.*) O honey
Nurse, what news?

Hast thou met him?

Now, good sweet Nurse,—

O lord, why look'st thou sad?

Nurse. I am a-weary, let me rest awhile:

(*Sits Down.*)

Fy, how my bones ache! What a jaunt have I had!

Jul. Nay, come, I pray thee, speak;—good, good
Nurse, speak.

Is thy news good or bad? answer to that;

Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance;

Let me be satisfied, is't good, or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice; you
know not how to choose a man.—Go thy ways, wench
—serve heaven!—What, have you din'd at home?

Jul. No, no;—but

What says he of our marriage? what of that?

Nurse. Lord how my head aches! what a head
have I!

It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.

My back o' t' other side,—O, my back, my back!—

Beshrew your heart, for sending me about,

To catch my death with jaunting up and down!

Jul. I' faith, I'm sorry that thou art not well.

Sweet, sweet, sweet Nurse, tell me, what says my love?

Nurse. Your love says like an honest gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
And, I warrant a virtuous,—where's your mother?

Jul. Where is my mother?—Why, she is within;
Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest!

Your love says like an honest gentleman,—

Where is your mother?

Nurse. O, our lady dear!

Are you so hot? Marry, come up! I trow;

Is this the poultice for my aching bones?

Henceforward do your messages yourself.

Jul. Here's such a coil!—Come, what says Romeo?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to day?

Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then hie you hence to friar Laurence' cell;
There stays a husband to make you a wife;
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks.—
Hie you to church; I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon, when it is dark.—
Go; I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune! Honest Nurse farewell.

[*Exeunt Nurse, R.H. Jul. L.H.*]

SCENE VI.—*The Cloisters of a Convent.*

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and ROMEO, R.H.

Lau. So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!

Rom. Amen, amen! But come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight;
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love devouring death do what he dare;—
It is enough, I may but call her mine.

Lau. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume. The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in its own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite;
Therefore, love moderately.—Here comes the lady.—

[*Exit Romeo, L.H.*]

O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint;
A lover may bestride the gossamers
That idle in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

Enter ROMEO and JULIET, L.H.

Jul. Good-even to my ghostly confessor.

Lau. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both:

Rom. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagin'd happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Brag of his substance, not of ornament;
They are but beggars that can count their worth;
But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.

Lau. Come, come with me;
For by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,
Till Holy Church incorporate two in one. [*Exeunt*, R.H.]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I—*The Street.*

Enter MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO, L.H.

Ben. I pray thee good Mercutio, let's retire;
The day is hot;* the Capulets abroad;
And if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl.

Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows that, when
he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his sword
upon the table, and says, heav'n send me no need of
thee; and by the operation of a second cup, draws it
on the drawer, when, indeed, there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow.

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy
mood, as any in Italy; an' there were two such, we

* *The day is hot*—In Italy most assassinations are committed during the heat of summer.

should have none shortly, for one should kill the other. Thou! why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less on his head than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason, but because thou hast hazel eyes; thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor, for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old riband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

Ben. An' I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.—By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Enter TYBALT, R.H.

Tyb. (*Speaking as he enters.*) Be near at hand, I will speak to them.
Gentlemen, good den. A word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, if you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion, without giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo.

Mer. Consort? What, dost thou make us minstrels? if thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords; here's my fiddle-stick, here's that shall make you dance. Zounds! consort!

(*Laying his hand on his sword.*)

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men;
Either withdraw into some private place,
Or reason coolly of your grievances,
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Mens' eyes were made to look, and let them gaze,
I will not budge, for no man's pleasure, I.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sirs, here comes my man.

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your livery.

Enter ROMEO, L.H.

Tyb. Romeo, the hate I bear thee can afford
No better term than this; thou art a villain.

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee;
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting. Villain I am none;
Therefore farewell; I see thou know'st me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me; therefore turn and draw.

Rom. I do protest I never injured thee.
But love thee better than thou canst devise;
And so, good Capulet, (which name I tender
As dearly as my own) be satisfied.

[*Exeunt, Rom. R.H. Tyb. L.H.*

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
Ha! *la stoccata* carries it away—Tybalt—you rat-
catcher. • (Draws.)

Re-enter TYBALT, L.H.

Tyb. What would'st thou have of me?

Mer. Good king of cats,* nothing but one of your nine
lives; that I mean to make bold withal. Will you pluck
your sword out of his pilcher by the ears? Make
haste, lest mine be about your ears, ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you, sir. (Drawing.)

Re-enter ROMEO, R.H.

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, sir, your passado.

(*Mer. and Tyb. fight.*)

* *King of Cats*—Tybert the name given to the *cat* in the story-
book of *Reynard the Fox*.

Rom. Draw, Benvolio ;—beat down their weapons !
Gentlemen !—For shame, forbear this outrage ;
Hold, Tybalt,—good Mercutio,—

[*Exit Tyb. having wounded Mer. R.H.*

Mer. I am hurt ;—

A plague o' both your houses !—I am sped ;—
Is he gone and hath nothing ?

Ben. What art thou hurt ?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch ; marry 'tis
enough ;—Go, fetch a surgeon.

Rom. Courage, man ; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as
a church-door ; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve ; I am
pepper'd, I warrant, for this world.—A plague o'
both your houses !—What ! a dog, a rat, a mouse, a
cat, to scratch a man to death ! a braggart, a rogue,
a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic !—
Why, the devil, came you between us ? I was hurt
under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio, or I
shall faint.—A plague o' both your houses !—They
have made worms meat of me : I have it, and soundly
too.—Ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me
a grave man.—A plague o' both your houses !

[*Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio, L.H.*

Rom. This gentleman, the Prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf ; my reputation stain'd
With Tybalt's slander ;—O, sweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper soften'd valour's steel.

Enter BENVOLIO, L.H.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead ;
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.—
Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Rom. Alive! in triumph! and Mercutio slain?
 Away to heav'n, respective* lenity, (*Crosses to L.H.*)
 And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct† now!

Enter TYBALT, R.H.

Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again,
 (*Crosses to R.H.*)

'That late thou gav'st me! for Mercutio's soul
 Is but a little way above our heads,
 And thou or I must keep him company.

Tyb. Thou wretched boy, that did'st consort him
 here,
 Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that.

(*They fight:—Tybalt falls, and dies.*)

Ben. Romeo, away, begone;
 The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain—
 Stand not amaz'd; the Prince will doom thee death,
 If thou art taken. Hence, begone, away.

Rom. O! I am fortune's fool. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Enter PRINCE, MONTAGUE, CAPULET, Citizens, &c.
 R.H.U.E.

Prince. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben. O noble Prince, I can discover all
 The unlucky manage of this fatal quarrel.
 There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,
 That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

Cap. Unhappy sight!—Alas the blood is spill'd
 Of my dear kinsman—Now, as thou art a prince
 For blood of ours shed blood of Montague.

Prince. Benvolio who began this bloody fray?

Ben. Tybalt, here slain;
 Romeo bespake him fair, bade him bethink
 How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal

* *Respective*—Considerate.

† *Conduct*—Conductor.

Your high displeasure. All this, uttered
 With gentle breath, calm looks, knees humbly bow'd,
 Could not make truce with the unruly spleen
 Of Tybalt, deaf to peace ; but that he tilts
 With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast ;
 Who all as hot turns deadly point to point,
 And with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
 Cold death aside, and with the other sends
 It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
 Retorts it. Romeo he cries aloud,
 Hold, friends, friends part ! and swifter than his tongue,

His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
 And 'twixt them rushes ; underneath whose arm
 An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
 Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled ;
 But bye and bye comes back to Romeo,
 Who had but newly entertained revenge,
 And to't they go like lightning ; for ere I
 Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain ;
 And as he fell, did Romeo turn to fly.
 This is the truth, or let Benvolio suffer.

Cap. He is a kinsman to the Montague,
 Affection makes him false ; he speaks not true.
 I beg for justice ; justice, gracious Prince ;
 Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

Prince. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio ;
 Who now the price of his dear blood hath paid.

Mount. Romeo but took the forfeit life of Tybalt.

Prince. And we, for that offence do banish him
 I have an int'rest in your heady brawls ;
 My blood doth flow from brave Mercutio's wounds ;
 But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,
 That you shall all repent my loss in him.
 I will be deaf to pleading and excuses,
 Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase our repeal ;
 Therefore use none ; let Romeo be gone,
 Else when he is found, that hour is his last.
 Bear hence this body, you attend our will ;

Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

[*Exeunt Prince, Mont. Ben. and Attendants, L.H.
Cap. R.H.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Capulet's House.*

Enter JULIET, L.H.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
To Phœbus' mansion : such a waggoner
As Phaeton, would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.—
Spread thy close curtain, love performing night,
That the runaways eyes may wink ; and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen :—
Come night !—Come Romeo ! come, thou day in night !
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night,
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.—
Give me my Romeo, night !—and, when he dies,
Take him and cut him out in little stars ;
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun.—
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess'd it. So tedious is this day,
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child, that hath new robes,
And may not wear them.—O, here comes my nurse,
And she brings news ; and every tongue that speaks
But Romeo's name, speaks heavenly eloquence.—

Enter NURSE, L.H.

Now, Nurse, what news ?—

Why dost thou wring thy hands ?

Nurse. Ah, well-a-day ! he's dead, he's dead, he's
dead !

We are undone, lady, we are undone !—

Alack the day !—he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead !

Jul. Can heaven be so envious ?

Nurse. Romeo can ;
Though heaven cannot.—O Romeo ! Romeo !

Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment me
thus ?

This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.
Hath Romeo slain himself ? Say thou but—ay,
And that bare little word shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice.

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,
Here on his manly breast.—A piteous corse !
A bloody, piteous corse ! pale, pale as ashes !
I swooned at the sight.

Jul. O break, my heart !—poor bankrupt, break at
once !

To prison, eyes ! ne'er look on liberty !
Vile earth, to earth resign ; end, motion, here ;
And thou, and Romeo, press one heavy bier !

Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had,
That ever I should live to see thee dead !

Jul. What storm is this that blows so contrary ?
Is Romeo slaughter'd ? and is Tybalt dead !

Nurse. Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banished.

Jul. Banished ! is Romeo banished ?

Nurse. Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banished.

Jul. O, heaven !—did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's
blood ?

Nurse. It did, it did ; alas, the day it did.

Jul. O, nature, what hadst thou to do in hell,
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh ?—
O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace.

Nurse. There is no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men ; all perjured ;
Shame come to Romeo !

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue,
For such a wish : he was not born to shame :
Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit ;
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd,

Sole monarch of the universal earth.

Oh, what a wretch was I to chide him so.

(Crosses to L.H.)

Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd your cousin?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?

Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,

When I, thy three hours wife, have mangled it?—

Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring!

Your tributary drops belong to woe,

Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.

My husband lives, whom Tybalt would have slain;

And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my

husband;

All this is comfort. Wherefore weep I then?

Some word there was, far worse than Tybalt's death,

That murder'd me. I would forget it fain;

But, O! it presses to my memory,

Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds.

Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banished,

That—banished, that one word—banished.

Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. In that word,

Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,

All slain all dead!—

(Crosses to R.H.)

Where is my father, and my mother, Nurse?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse,

Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears? My eyes shall flow,

When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.

Nurse. Hie to your chamber, I'll find Romeo

To comfort you.—He shall be here anon;—

I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence's cell.

Jul. O, find him. Give this ring to my true lord

And bid him come to take his last farewell.

[*Exeunt, Nurse, L.H. Juliet, R.H.*]

SCENE III.—*The Cloisters of a Convent.**Enter* FRIAR LAURENCE, L.H.

Lau. Romeo, come forth ; come forth, thou fearful man ;
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Enter ROMEO, R.H.

Rom. Father, what news ? what is the Prince's doom ?
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not ?

Lau. Too familiar
Is my dear son with such sour company ;
I bring thee tidings of the Prince's doom.

Rom. What less than death can be the Prince's doom ?

Lau. A gentler judgement vanish'd from his lips ;
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. Ha ! banishment ?—Be merciful ; say--death ;
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death ; Do not say—banishment ;
'Tis death mis-term'd ; calling death—banishment,
Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

(Crosses to L.H.)

Lau. O deadly sin ! O rude unthankfulness !
Thy fault our law calls death ; but the kind Prince,
Taking thy part, hath push'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment ;
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy ; heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives. There's more felicity
In carrion flies, than Romeo ; they may seize
On the white wonder of Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessings from her lips ;

But Romeo may not, he is banished.—
 O father, hast thou no strong poison mix'd,
 No sharp ground knife, no sudden means of death,
 But banishment to torture me withal ?

(*Crosses to R.H.*)

Lau. Fond madman, hear me speak ;
 I'll give thee armour to keep off that word,
 Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
 To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Rom. Yet banished ?—Hang up philosophy !
 Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
 It helps not, it prevails not ! talk no more.

(*Crosses to L.H.*)

Lau. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not
 feel :

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
 An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
 Doting like me, and like me banished,
 Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear thy
 hair,

And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
 Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

(*Throws himself on the ground.—One Knocks
 without, L.H.*)

Lau. Arise ; one knocks :—Good Romeo, hide
 thyself.—

(*Knocking again, L.H.*)

Who's there ?—Romeo, arise ;
 Thou wilt be taken.—Stay awhile.—Stand up :
 Run to my study.—

(*Knocking again, L.H.*)

Bye and bye.—Heaven's will,
 What wilfulness is this !—

(*Knocking again, L.H.*)

I come, I come.—

Who knocks so hard ? Whence come you ? What's
 your will ?

(*Nurse without, L.H.*)

Nurse. Let me come in, and you shall know my errand;
I come from lady Juliet.

Lau. Welcome then. (*Opens the door.*)

Enter NURSE, L.H.

Nurse. Oh holy father, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord? where's Romeo?

Lau. There on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.

Nurse. O, he is even in my mistress's case.
Just in her case. Oh Juliet, Juliet!

Rom. (*Starts up.*) Speak't thou of Juliet!—how is it with her,
Since I have stain'd the childhood of our joy,
With blood?

Where is she? how does she? what says she?

Nurse. Oh she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps,
And now falls on her bed, and then stars up,
And Tybalt cries, and then on Romeo calls,
And then falls down again.

Rom. As if that name
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her. Oh tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion.

Lau. Hold thy desparate hand:
Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art;
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote
Th' unreasonable fury of a beast.
Thou hast amaz'd me; by my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?
And slay thy lady, too, that lives in thee?
What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive.
Go, get thee, to thy love, as was decreed:
Attend her chamber; hence, and comfort her;
But look thou stay not till the watch be set.

For then thou canst not pass to Mantua,
 Where thou shalt live, 'till we can find a time
 To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
 Beg pardon of thy Prince, and call thee back,
 With twenty hundred thousand times more joy,
 Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.
 Go before, Nurse. Commend me to thy lady,
 And bid her hasten all the house to rest.
 Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O ; lord, I could have staid here all the
 night,
 To hear good counsel. Oh, what learning is !
 My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide:

Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir.
 Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this !

Lau. Sojourn in Mantua ; I'll find out your man,
 And he shall signify, from time to time,
 Every good hap to you that chances here.
 Give me thy hand ; 'tis late ; farewell ; good night.

Rom. But that a joy, past joy, calls out on me,
 It were a grief so soon to part with thee.

[*Exeunt, Rom. L.H. Lau. R.H.*]

SCENE IV.—*Capulet's House.*

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and PARIS, L.H.

Cap. Things have fall'n out, sir, so unluckily,
 That we have had no time to move our daughter.
 Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly.
 And so did I.—Well, we were born to die—
 'Tis very late ; she'll not come down to night.

Par. These times of grief afford no time to woo.
 Madam, good night ; commend me to your daughter.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
 Of my child's love ; I think she will be rul'd
 In all respects by me ; nay, more, I doubt it not.
 But, soft ; what day ? Well, Wednesday is too soon ;
 On Thursday, let it be ; you shall be married.
 We'll keep no great ado ;—a friend or two ;—

For, hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
 It may be thought we held him carelessly,
 Being our kinsman, if we revel much.
 Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,
 And there's an end. But what say you to Thursday?

Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow!

Cap. Well, get you gone; on Thursday be it then.—
 Go you to Juliet, ere you go to bed;
 Prepare her, wife, against this wedding day.—

[*Exit Lady Capulet, R.H.*]

Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho!—

Good night. [*Exeunt Cap. R.H. Paris L.H.*]

SCENE V.—*Capulet's Garden.*

Enter ROMEO and JULIET, L.H.S.E.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet near day;
 It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
 That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
 Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate-tree.
 Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
 No nightingale. Look, love, what envious streaks
 Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east;
 Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
 Stands tip-toe on the misty mountain tops;
 I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it well;
 It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
 To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
 And light thee on thy way to Mantua.
 Then stay a while, thou shalt not go so soon.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
 I am content if thou wilt have it so.
 I'll say, yon grey is not the morning's eye,
 'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;
 I'll say, 'tis not the lark, whose notes do beat
 The vaulty heaven so high above our heads;

Come, death, and welcome ! Juliet wills it so.—
What says my love? let's talk, it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is; hie hence, away, be gone;
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords, and displeasing sharps.
O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light?—more dark and dark
our woes.
Farewell, my love;—one kiss, and I'll be gone.

Enter NURSE, L.H.

Nurse. Madam.

Jul. Nurse?

Nurse. Your lady mother's coming to your
chamber;
The day is broke; be wary, look about.

[*Exit, L.H.*

Jul. Art thou gone so?—Love! lord! ah, husband!
friend!—

I must hear from thee every day i' the hour;
For in love's hours there are many days.
O! by this count I shall be much in years,
Ere I again behold my Romeo.

Rom. Farewell! I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings to thee, love.

Jul. O, think'st thou we shall ever meet again?

Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Jul. O heaven! I have an ill-divining soul:
Methinks, I see thee, now thou'rt parting from me,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb;
Either my eye-sight fails, or thou lookest pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you;
Dry sorrow drinks our blood.—Adieu! Juliet, fare-
well!

My life!—

Jul. My love!

Rom. My soul, adieu!—

[*Exeunt Juliet, L.H. Romeo, R.H.*

SCENE VI.—*Juliet's Chamber.**Enter* JULIET, L.H.

Jul. O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle;
 If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
 That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;
 For, then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
 But send him back.

La. Cap. (*Without.*) Ho, daughter! are you up?

Jul. Who is't that calls? Is it my lady mother?—
 What unaccustom'd cause procures her thither?

Enter LADY CAPULET, R.H.

La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet?

Jul. Madam I'm not well.

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's
 death?

What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?

Jul. Let me weep for such a loss as mine.

La. Cap. I come to bring thee joyful tidings, girl.

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needful time.

What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next Thursday
 morn,

The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
 The county Paris, at St. Peter's church,
 Shall happily make thee a joyful bride.

Jul. I wonder at this haste; that I must wed,
 Ere he, that must be husband, comes to woo.
 I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
 I cannot marry yet.

La. Cap. Here comes your father; tell him so your-
 self,
 And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter CAPULET, and NURSE, L.H.

Cap. How now? a conduit, girl? what, still in tears;
Evermore showering?—Why, how now, wife!
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

La. Cap. Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks.

I would the fool were married to her grave.

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife.
How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her bless'd,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

Jul. Proud can I never be of what I hate;
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

Cap. Thank me no thankings;
But settle your fine joints, 'gainst Thursday next,
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

Jul. (Kneels.) Good father, I beseech you, on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!—

I tell thee what,—get thee to church o' Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face:

Speak not, reply not, do not answer me.—

Wife, we scarce thought us bless'd,
That heaven had left us but this only child;
But now, I see, this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her:
Out on her, hilding!—

Nurse. Heaven bless her!— (*Raises Juliet.*)
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

Cap. And why, my lady wisdom? Hold your tongue,
Good prudence; smatter with your gossips, go.

Nurse I speak no treason.

Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool!
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl;

For here we need it not.

La. Cap. You are too hot.

Cap. Good wife, it makes me mad; day, night,
late, early,

At home, abroad, alone, in company,
Waking or sleeping, still my care hath been
To have her match'd: and having now provided
A gentleman of princely parentage,
Of fair demesnes, youthful and nobly train'd,
Proportion'd as one's heart would wish a man,—
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet in her fortune's tender,
To answer—I'll not wed,—I cannot love,
I am too young;—I pray you pardon me;—
But, an you will not wed,—Look to't, think on't—
I do not use to jest;—Thursday is near;
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i' the streets;
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee.

[*Exit*, L.H.]

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief?—
(*Kneels.*) O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

La. Cap. Talk not to me; for I'll not speak a word;
Do as thou wilt; for I have done with thee.

[*Exit*, L.H.]

Jul. O, heaven!—O, Nurse, how shall this be prevented?

Nurse. Rise;—'Faith, here it is;
Romeo is banish'd; all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth;
Then, since the case so stands, I think it best
You married with the count.

Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart?

Nurse. From my soul too;
Or else beshrew them both.

Jul. Amen! (*Crosses to the opposite side.*)

Nurse. What? what?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.

Go in, and tell my lady, I am gone,
Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence' cell,
To make confession, and to be absolv'd.

Nurse. Marry, I will, and this is wisely done.

[*Exit, L.H.*]

Jul. Oh most wicked fiend!

Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue,
Which she hath prais'd him with, above compare,
So many thousand times? Go, counsellor,
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy;
If all else fail, myself have power to die.

[*Exit, R.H.*]

END OF ACT III.

• ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Monastery.*

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and PARIS, L.H.:

Lau. On Thursday sir! the time is very short.

Par. My father Capulet will have it so,
And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.

Lau. You say you do not know the lady's mind;
Uneven is the course; I like it not.

Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talk'd of love,
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway,
And in his wisdom hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears.
Now do you know the reason of this haste?

Lau. (*Aside.*) I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.

Look, sir, here comes the lady tow'rds my cell.

Enter JULIET, L.H.

Par. Welcome, my love, my lady, and my wife.

Jul. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

Par. That may be, must be, love, on Thursday next.

Jul. What must be, shall be.

Par. Come you to make confession to this father?

Jul. To answer that were to confess to you.

Are you at leisure, holy father, now, (*Crosses to R.H.*)
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?*

Lau. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.
My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

Par. Heav'n shield I should disturb devotion.

Juliet, farewell. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Jul. Go, shut the door; and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me, past hope, past cure, past help.

Lau. O Juliet! I already know thy grief.

Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou know'st my grief,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:
If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this steel I'll help it presently.

(*Draws a dagger.*)

Heav'n join'd my heart and Romeo's; thou our hands;
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt,
Give to another, this shall slay them both;
Therefore out of thy long-experienc'd time,
Give me some present counsel, or behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me, this bloody dagger
Shall play the umpire.

Lau. Hold, daughter I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution,
That is desperate which we would prevent.

Evening Mass.—It should be *Vespers*; there is no such thing as evening mass.

If rather than to marry county Paris,
 Though hast the strength or will to slay thyself,
 Then it is likely thou wilt undertake
 A thing like death to free thee from this marriage.

Jul. O bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
 From off the battlements of yonder tower;
 Or chain me to some steepy mountain's top,
 Where roaring bears and savage lions roam!
 Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,
 O'er cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
 With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls;
 Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
 And hide me with a dead man in his shroud,
 Things that to hear them told, have made me tremble,
 And I will do it, without fear or doubt,
 To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

(*Crosses to L.H.*)

Lau. Hold, Juliet;—hie thee home; get thee to
 bed;—

Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber;—
 And, when thou art alone take thou this phial,
 And this distilled liquor drink thou off;
 When, presently, through all thy veins shall run
 A cold and drowsy humour;
 No warmth no breath, shall testify thou liv'st;
 The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
 To paly ashes; thy eyes windows fall
 Like death, when he shuts up the day of life!
 And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
 Thou shalt continue two and forty hours;
 And then awake, as from a pleasant sleep.—
 Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes
 To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead!
 Then, as the manner of our country is,
 In thy best robes, uncover'd, on the bier
 Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,
 Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.—
 In the mean time, against thou shall awake,
 Shall Romeo, by my letters, know our drift;
 And hither shall he come; and he and I

Will watch thy waking, and that very night
 Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua :
 If no unconstant toy, nor womanish fear,
 Abate thy valour in the acting this.

Jul. Give me, O give me !—tell me not of fear.
(Gives her the Phial.)

Lau. Hold ;—get you gone ; be strong and prosperous

In this resolve ; I'll send a friar with speed
 To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love, give me strength ; and strength shall
 help afford.—
 Farewell, dear father.

[Exeunt, Friar, R.H. Juliet, L.H.]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Capulet's House.*

Enter CAPULET, R.H. meeting Lady Capulet, and Nurse, L.H.

Cap. What, is my daughter gone to friar Laurence?

Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her !
 A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Nurse. See, where she comes from shrift, with merry
 looks.

Enter JULIET, L.H.

Cap. How now my headstrong? where have you
 been gadding?

Jul. Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin
 Of disobedient opposition
 To you, and your behests ; and am enjoin'd
 By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,
 And beg your pardon !—Pardon, I beseech you !
 Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the county ; go, tell him of this !
 I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell ;

And gave him what becoming love, I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. This is as't should be !

Now, afore heaven, this reverend holy friar,—
All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,
To help mesort such needful ornaments (*Crosses*, to R.H.)
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow ?

La. Cap. No, not till Thursday ; there is time enough.

Cap. Go, Nurse, go with her :—we'll to church
to-morrow. [*Exeunt Juliet and Nurse*, R.H.]
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her :
I'll not to bed ; but walk myself to Paris,
To appoint him 'gainst to-morrow. My heart's light,
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.

[*Exeunt Capulet, L.H. and Lady Capulet*, R.H.]

SCENE III.—*Juliet's Chamber.*

Enter JULIET and NURSE, R.H.U.E.

Jul. Ay, those attires are best ;—but, gentle
Nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night ;
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state ;
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter LADY CAPULET, R.H.

La. Cap. What, are you busy ? Do you need my
help ?

Jul. No, madam ; we have cull'd such necessaries
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow ;
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the Nurse this night sit up with you ;
For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,
In this so sudden business.

La. Cap. Then, good night !

Get thee to bed, and rest ; for thou hast need.

[*Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse, R.H.*

Jul. Farewell !—Heaven knows, when we shall meet again.—

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life ;

I'll call them back again to comfort me.

Nurse !—What should she do here ?

My dismal scene I needs must act alone.

(*Takes out the phial.*)

Come, phial.—

What if this mixture do not work at all ?

Shall I of force be married to the count ?

No, no ;—this shall forbid it ;—(*Draws a dagger.*)—

Lie thou there.—

What, if it be a poison which the friar

Subtly hath minister'd, to have me dead ;

Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,

Because he married me before to Romeo ?

I fear, it is ; and yet methinks, it should not ;

For he hath still been tried a holy man.—

How, if, when I am laid into the tomb,

I wake before the time that Romeo

Come to redeem me ? there's a fearful point !

Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,

To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in ?

Or, if I live, is it not very like,

The horrible conceit of death and night,

Together with the terror of the place,—

As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,

Where, for these many hundred years, the bones

Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd ;

Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green* in earth,

Lies fest'ring in his shroud ; where, as they say,

At some hours in the night spirits resort ;—

Or, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,

Environed with all these hideous fears,

And madly play with my forefathers' joints ?

And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud ?

Green in Earth—Fresh in Earth.

And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?—

O, look! methinks, I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo;—Stay, Tybalt, stay!
Romeo, I come; this do I drink to thee.—

(Drinks the contents of the phial.)

O, potent draught, thou hast chill'd me to the heart!--
My head turns round;—my senses fail me.—

O, Romeo! Romeo!—

(She throws herself on the bed.)

SCENE IV.—*A Room in Capulet's House.*

Enter LADY CAPULET and NURSE, L.H.

La. Cap. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more
spices, Nurse.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the
pastry.

Enter CAPULET, L.H.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath
crow'd,
The curfew-bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock:—
Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica:
Spare not for cost.

Nurse. Go, go, you cot-quean, go;
Get you to bed; 'faith, you'll be sick to-morrow
For this night's watching. *[Exit* L.H.

Cap. No, not a whit: What! I have watch'd, ere
now,
All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.—
The county will be here with music straight;
For so he said he would.—
I hear him near.—
Nurse!—Wife,—What ho!—What, Nurse! I say.

Enter NURSE, L.H.

Go, waken Juliet ; go, and trim her up :—
I'll go and chat with Paris ;—Hie, make haste ;
Make haste, I say. [*Exeunt, Cap. L.H. Nurse, R.H.*]

SCENE V.—*Juliet's Chamber.*

JULIET discovered on the Bed.

Enter NURSE, R.H.U.E.

Nurse. Mistress !—What, mistress !—Juliet !—
Fast, I warrant her ;—
Why, lamb !—why, lady !—Fy, you slug-a-bed !—
Why, love, I say !—Madam ! sweet-heart !—why,
bride !—
What, not a word ?—You take your pennyworths now ;
Sleep for a week ; for the next night, I warrant,
That you shall rest but little.—Heaven forgive me,—
Marry, and amen,—how sound is she asleep !
I must needs wake her ;—Madam, madam, madam !—
Ay, let the county take you in your bed ;
He'll fright you up, i'faith.—Will it not be ?—
What, dress'd ! and in your clothes ! and down again !—
I must needs wake you ; Lady ! lady ! lady !—
Alas, alas !—Help ! help ! my lady's dead !—
O, well-a-day, that ever I was born !—
Ho ! my lord ! my lady !—

Enter LADY CAPULET, R.H.

La. Cap. What noise is here ?

Nurse. O lamentable day !

La. Cap. What is the matter ?

Nurse. Look !—O, heavy day !

La. Cap. O me ! O me !—my child, my only life
Revive, look up ; or I will die with thee.
Help, help !—call help.

Enter CAPULET, R.H.

Cap. For shame, bring Juliet forth ; her lord is come.

Nurse. She's dead, she's dead, she's dead,—alack the day !

Cap. Ha ! let me see her.—Out, alas ! she's cold ;
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff ;
Life and these lips have long been separated :
Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of the field.
Accursed time ! unfortunate old man !

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE and PARIS, R.H.

Lau. Come, is the bride ready to go to church ?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return :
O son, the night before the wedding-day
Death hath embrac'd thy bride :—see, there she lies,
Flower as she was, nipp'd in the bud by him.—
O, Juliet ! O, my child, my child !

Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's
face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this ?

Cap. Most miserable hour, that time ere saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage !
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to enjoy and solace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight.

Lau. Your daughter lives in peace and happiness :
Heaven and yourself had part in this fair maid,
Now heaven hath all.—

Come, stick your rosemary on this fair corse ;
And, as the custom of our country is,
Convey her where her ancestors lie tomb'd.
The heavens do lower upon you, for some ill ;
Move them not more, by crossing their high will.

(Scene closes them in.)

END OF ACT IV.

D 4

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Church.*

Enter the PROCESSION to the Funeral of Juliet, R.H.

The Dirge.—Chorus.

*Rise, rise,
Heart breaking sighs,
The woe-fraught bosom swell ;
For sighs alone,
And dismal moan,
Should echo Juliet's knell.*

AIR.

*She's gone,—the sweetest flow'r of May,
That blooming blest our sight :
Those eyes, which shone like breaking day,
Are set in endless night !*

CHORUS.

Rise, rise ! &c.

AIR.

*She's gone, she's gone ; nor leaves behind
So fair a form, so pure a mind.—
How could'st thou, Death, at once destroy
The lover's hope, the parents joy ?*

CHORUS.

Rise, rise ! &c.

AIR

*Thou, spotless soul, look down below,
Our unfeign'd sorrow see!—
O, give us strength to bear our woe,
To bear the loss of thee!*

CHORUS.

Rise, rise! &c.

[*Exeunt Omnes, L.H.*

SCENE II.—*Mantua.—A Street.*

Enter ROMEO, L. H.

Rom. If I may trust the flattery of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand :
My bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne ;
And, all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt, my lady came, and found me dead ;
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.
Ah me ! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy !

Enter BALTHASAR, L.H.

News from Verona !—How now, Balthasar ?—
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar ?
How doth my lady ? Is my father well ?
How fares my Juliet ? That I ask again ;
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill
Her body sleeps in Capulet's monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives :
I saw her carried to her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you :

O, pardon me for bringing these ill news.

Rom. Is it even so ? then I defy you, stars !—

Bal. My lord !

Rom. Thou know'st my lodging : get me ink and paper,

And hire post-horses ! I will hence to-night.

Bal. Pardon me, sir, I dare not leave you thus :
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Go, thou art deceiv'd ;
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.—
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar ?

Bal. No, good my lord.

Rom. No matter : get thee gone ; and hire those
horses.—

[*Exit Balthasar, L.H.*]

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.—

Let's see for means.—O, mischief, thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men !

I do remember an apothecary,—

And hereabouts he dwells,—whom late I noted

In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,

Culling of simples ; meagre were his looks,

Sharp misery had worn him to the bones :

And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,

An alligator stuff'd, and other skins

Of ill-shap'd fishes ; and about his shelves,

A beggarly account of empty boxes,

Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,

Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,

Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a show.

Noting this penury, to myself I said—

An if a man did need a poison now,

Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.

O, this same thought did but forerun my need !

As I remember, this should be the house :

Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.—

What ho ! Apothecary.

Enter APOTHECARY, R.H.

Apo. Who calls so loud?

Rom. Come hither, man.—I see that thou art poor.
Hold, there are forty ducats; let me have
A dram of poison; such soon-speeding geer
As will disperse itself through all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall dead.

Apo. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law
Is death, to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare, and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? Famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,
Upon thy back hangs ragged misery:—
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law:
The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Apo. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will. [*Exit*, R.H.]

Re-enter APOTHECARY, R.H.

Apo. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold; worse poison to men's
souls,
Doing more murder in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not sell;
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
Farewell; buy food, and get thyself in flesh.—

[*Exit Apothecary*, R.H.]
Come, cordial, and not poison; go with me
To Juliet's grave; for there must I use thee.

[*Exit*, L.H.]

SCENE II.—*The Cloisters of a Convent.**Enter* FRIAR JOHN, L.H.*John.* Holy Franciscan friar ! brother ! ho !*Enter* FRIAR LAURENCE, R.H.*Lau.* This same should be the voice of friar John.
Welcome from Mantua ; what says Romeo ?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.*John.* Going to find a barefoot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me,
Here in this city, visiting the sick ;
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
(Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign)
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth,
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.*Lau.* Who bare my letter then to Romeo ?*John.* I could not send it, here it is again.
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.*Lau.* Unhappy fortune ! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice, but full of charge,
Of dear import, and the neglecting it
May do much danger. Friar John, go hence,
Give me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.*John.* Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [*Exit*, L.H.]*Lau.* Now must I to the monument alone :
Within these three hours will fair Juliet wake ;
She will beshrew me much that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents :
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come.
Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb ![*Exit*, R.H.]SCENE III.—*Monument belonging to the Capulets**Enter* PARIS and PAGE, L.H. with a Torch, and
Basket of Flowers.

Par. Give me thy torch, boy: hence and stand aloof.

Yet put it out, for I would not be seen :
Under yon yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thy ear close to the hollow ground,
So shall no foot upon the church-yard tread,
(Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves)
But thou shalt hear it : whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flow'rs. Do as I bid thee ; go.

Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone,
Here in the church-yard, yet I will adventure.

[*Exit, L.H.*

Par. Sweet flow'r ! with flow'rs thy bridal bed I
strew. (*Strewing flowers.*)

Fair Juliet, that with angels dost remain,
Accept this latest favour at my hands,
Who living honour'd thee, and being dead,
With funeral obsequies adorn thy tomb.

(*The Page whistles, L.H.*)

—The boy gives warning, something doth approach—
What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,
To cross my obsequies.—

What, with a torch ! Muffle me, night awhile.

(*Retires, R.H.S.E.*)

*Enter ROMEO and BALTHASAR, with a Torch and
an Iron Crow, L.H.*

Rom. Give me the wrenching iron.
Hold, take this letter ; early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Put out the torch ; and on thy life I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or see'st, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my lady's face ;
But chiefly to take thence, from her dead finger,
A precious ring, a ring that I must use
In dear employment ; therefore hence, begone :
But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry

In what I further shall intend to do,
 By heaven I will tear thee joint by joint,
 And strew this hungry church-yard with thy limbs.
 The time and my intents are savage, wild;
 More fierce, and more inexorable far,
 Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea.

Bal. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you,

Rom. So shalt thou win my favour. Take thou that;
(Gives him a Purse.)

Live and be prosp'rous; and farewell, good fellow.

Bal. For all this same, I'll hide me near this place;
 His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Rom. Thou maw detestable, thou womb of death,
 Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,
 Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,
(Attempting to break open the Monument.)
 And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food.

Re-enter PARIS, L.H.S.E.

Par. Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague.
 Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death?
 Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee:
 Obey, and go with me, for thou must die.

Rom. I must indeed; and therefore came I hither—
 Good, gentle youth, tempt not a desp'rate man;
 Fly hence, and leave me:
 By heaven I love thee better than myself;
 For I came hither arm'd against myself.

Par. I do defy thy pity and thy counsel,
 And do attach thee as a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee,
 boy. *(They fight, PARIS falls, L.H.S.E.)*

Par. Oh, I am slain; if thou be merciful,
 Open the tomb, and lay me with Juliet. *(Dies.)*

Rom. In faith I will. Let me peruse this face—

Mercutio's kinsman! Noble county Paris!
 One writ with me in sour Misfortune's book.
 I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave,

(Wrests open the Monument.)
 For here lies Juliet—Oh my love, my wife,

Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
 Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty :
 Thou art not conquer'd, beauty's ensign yet
 Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
 And Death's pale flag is not advanced there.
 Oh Juliet, why art thou yet so fair ?—Here, here
 Will I set up my everlasting rest,
 And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
 From this world-wearied flesh.

Come, bitter conduct ; come, unsav'ry guide,
 Thou desp'rate pilot, now at once run on
 The dashing rocks my sea-sick weary bark :
 No more—here's to my love !—eyes, look your last :
(Takes out the Poison, and drinks.)

Arms, take your last embrace : and lips, do you.
 The doors of breath seal with a righteous kiss—
(Juliet wakes)—Soft—she breathes, and stirs !

Jul. Where am I ? Defend me, powers !

Rom. She speaks, she lives ; and we shall still be
 bless'd !

My kind propitious stars o'erpay me now,
 For all my sorrows past—Rise, rise, my Juliet,
 And from this cave of death, this house of horror,
 Quick let me snatch thee to thy Romeo's arms,
 There breathe a vital spirit in thy lips,
 And call thee back, my soul, to life and love.

(Raises her.)

Jul. Bless me ! how cold it is ! Who's there ?

Rom. Thy husband ;

'Tis thy Romeo, Juliet ; rais'd from despair
 To joys unutterable ! Quit, quit this place,
 And let us fly together—*(Brings her from the Tomb.)*

Jul. Why do you force me so—I'll ne'er consent—
 My strength may fail me, but my will's unmov'd—
 I'll not wed Paris—Romeo is my husband—

Rom. Romeo is thy husband ; I am that Romeo,
 Nor all the opposing powers of earth or man,
 Shall break our bonds, or tear thee from my heart.

Jul. I know that voice—its magic sweetness wakes
 My tranced soul—I now remember well

Each circumstance—Oh my lord, my husband—
(Going to embrace him.)

Dost thou avoid me, Romeo? Let me touch
 Thy hand, and taste the cordial of thy lips—
 You fright me—speak—oh let me hear some voice
 Besides my own in this drear vault of death,
 Or I shall faint.—support me—

Rom. O, I cannot;
 I have no strength; but want thy feeble aid.—
 Cruel poison!

Jul. Poison! what means my lord? thy trembling
 voice,

Pale lips, and swimming eyes,—Death's in thy face.

Rom. It is indeed,—I struggle with him now;—
 The transports that I felt,
 To hear thee speak, and see thy opening eyes,
 Stopp'd, for a moment, his impetuous course,
 And all my mind was happiness and thee;—
 But now the poison rushes through my veins;—
 I have not time to tell,—

Fate brought me to this place, to take a last,
 Last farewell of my love, and with thee die.

Jul. Die?—Was the friar false?

Rom. I know not that.—
 I thought thee dead; distracted at the sight,—
 O fatal speed!—drank poison,—kiss'd thy lips,
 And found within thy arms a precious grave:
 But, in that moment,—O!—

Jul. And did I wake for this!

Rom. My powers are blasted;
 'Twixt death and love I'm torn, I am distracted;
 But death's strongest;—And must I leave thee,
 Juliet!—

O, cruel, cursed fate! in sight of heaven,—

Jul. Thou rav'st; lean on my breast.

Rom. Fathers have flinty hearts, no tears can melt
 'em;—

Nature pleads in vain;—Children must be wretched.

O, my breaking heart!

Rom. She is my wife,—our hearts are twin'd to-
 gether,—

Capulet, forbear;—Paris, loose your hold;—
Pull not our heart-strings thus;—they crack,—they
break,—

O, Juliet! Juliet!— (Dies.)

(Juliet faints on Romeo's body.)

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE, with a Lantern and an iron
Crow, R.H.

Lau. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves! Who's there?—
Alack, alack! what blood is this which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?

Jul. Who's there?

Lau. Ha! Juliet awake!—and Romeo dead!—
And Paris too!—O, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!

Jul. Here he is still, and I will hold him fast;
They shall not tear him from me.

Lau. Patience, lady!

Jul. O, thou cursed friar! Patience!
Talk'st thou of patience to a wretch like me?

Lau. O fatal error!—Rise, thou fair distress'd,
And fly this scene of death.

Jul. Come thou not near me;
Or this dagger shall quit my Romeo's death.

(Draws a dagger.)

Lau. I wonder not, thy griefs have made thee
desp'rate.—

Voices without. (R.H.) Follow, follow,—

Lau. What noise without?—Sweet Juliet, let us fly;
A greater power than we can contradict,
Hath thwarted our intents; Come haste away;
I will dispose thee, most unhappy lady,
Amongst a sisterhood of holy nuns.

Voices without. (R.H.) Which way? which way?

Lau. Stay not to question; for the watch is coming;
Come; go, good Juliet.—I dare not longer stay.

[Exit, L.H.]

Jul. Go, get thee hence ; for I will not away.—
 What's here ? a phial !—Romeo's timeless end.—
 O, churl ! drink all ; and leave no friendly drop
 To help me after ?—I will kiss thy lips ;
 Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them.—

Voices without, (R.H.) Lead, boy ;—Which way

Jul. Noise again !—

Then I'll be brief.—O, happy dagger !

(*Stabs herself.*)

This is thy sheath ;—there rest,—and let me die.

(*Dies.*)

*Enter BALTHASAR and the Page guarded,—the
 Prince, and Attendants with Torches, R.H.*

Bal. This is the place, my liege.

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
 That calls our person from its morning's rest ?

Enter CAPULET, and Gentlemen, R.H.

Cap. What should it be, that they so shriek
 abroad ?—

The people in the street cry—Romeo ;
 Some,—Juliet ; and some,—Paris : and all run
 With open outcry tow'ards our monument.

Prince. What fear is this, which startles in your
 ears ?

Bal. Sovereign, here lies the county Paris slain ;—
 My master Romeo dead ;—and Juliet,
 Thought dead before, appears but newly kill'd.

Cap. O me ! this sight of death is as a bell,
 That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter MONTAGUE, and Gentlemen, L.H.

Prince. Come, Montague ; for thou art early up,
 To see thy son and heir now early fallen.

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night !

The exile of my son hath stop'd her breath :—
 What further woe conspires against my age ?

Prince. Look there, and see.

Mon. O, thou untaught ! what manners is in this,
To press before thy father to a grave !

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
'Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring and head ; meantime forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience.—
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE, L.H.

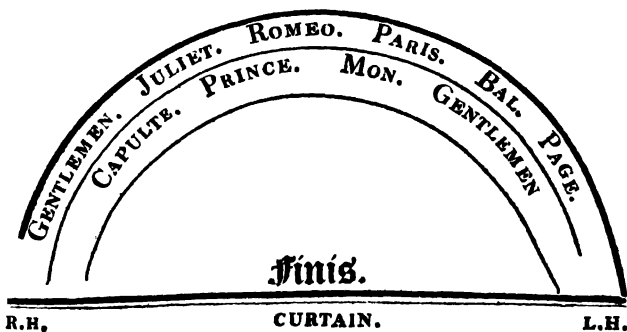
Lau. I am the greatest.

Prince. Then, say at once what thou dost know in
this.

Lau: Let us retire from this dread scene of death,
And I'll unfold the whole ; if aught in this
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrific'd, some hour before its time,
Unto the rigour of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for a holy man.—
Let Romeo's man, and let the boy attend us ;
We'll hence, and further scan these sad disasters.—
Well may you mourn, my lords, now wise too late,
'These tragic issues of your mutual hate.
From private feuds what dire misfortunes flow !
Whate'er the cause, the sure effect is woe.

Disposition of the Characters when the curtain falls.



PROLOGUE.

Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows
Do, with their death, bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end nought could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;
The which, if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.



MRS EDWIN,
AS BETSIEA LEKDE.

Engraved by Hurlbath from an original drawing by Hayden

Oxberry's Edition.

THE
BELLE'S STRATAGEM,

A COMEDY;

By Mrs. Cowley.

WITH PREFATORY REMARKS.

THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAITHFULLY MARKED WITH
THE STAGE BUSINESS, AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatres Royal.

BY W. OXBERRY, Comedian.

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Remarks.

MRS. COWLEY, the authoress of the following play, is said to have written it, in consequence of her being present one night at the representation of a popular play, and saying to her husband that she thought she could write a better comedy herself. This she has done in the *Belle's Stratagem*. Many people, no doubt, have said the same thing, but few have kept their word.—The *Belle's Stratagem* is often acted, and never to empty benches; and it is a particular favourite with female *Debutantes*. The part of Letitia Hardy is indeed one that is expressly calculated to display the various talents and accomplishments of a young actress; it passes from the highest brilliancy of fashionable manners to the most awkward and mawkish rusticity;—she dances, she sings, she romps, is grave and gay, is “every thing by turns, and nothing long;” studiously calls forth her powers both of attraction and repulsion; and by the multiplicity of changes and aspects she assumes to effect her whimsical and hazardous purpose, dazzles the audience without putting her pretensions in any one of the characters she has to sustain to the test of a severe and continued scrutiny. The texture of the character nearly resembles that of a changeable silk; and if an actress has any powers or pleasing qualities at all, it is hard but some one of them will catch the light and strike the public eye under the shifting shapes and rapid evolutions which it has to undergo. Several young actresses have therefore made an impression on their first appearance in this part, which they did not afterwards support when they came to undertake characters of a less varied and fantastic description. The part, also, besides the aid of continual and sudden transitions, is *pantomimic* in some of its most striking situations; and it would be cruel not to be pleased with a lady dancing a minuet in a mask, though we are not bound implicitly to admire her face or conversation at other times. The first idea of this assumption of various characters, and of a condescension to the lowest, in order to surprise a lover into an expression of admiration, seems borrowed from the behaviour of Miss Hardcastle, the heroine of *She Stoops to Conquer*. There is, however, more spirit in the execution, as there is more probability in the conception of

Mrs. Cowley's story; for it is more natural that a lady should resort to extraordinary expedients to overcome the indifference or aversion than the *bashfulness* of her intended husband.—The other characters in the play assist very agreeably in carrying on the plot; and have considerable interest, variety, and liveliness in themselves. Old Hardy, the father of Letitia, who personates a dying man; Doricourt, who goes mad to avoid a wife; Courtall, the gay gallant, who mistakes a kept woman for a lady of quality; Sir George Touchwood, and Lady Frances, who, with a great deal of pretty innocence of the dangers of fashionable life, has a great inclination to its pleasures; all these, with Miss Ogle, Flutter, Saville, and Lady Rackett, fill up the phantasmagoria of the scene—"come like shadows so depart"—and make a little world of comedy in themselves. There is hardly, in fact, a dramatic common-place, of which the fair authoress has not availed herself with considerable ingenuity and address; and we need have no hesitation in attributing to the comedy of the Belle's Stratagem the praise of wit, invention, a knowledge of life, and of the stage, spirited dialogue, and a story replete with incident and interest. W. H.

Mrs. Hannah Cowley was the daughter of a Mr. Parkhouse, of Tiverton, Devonshire, where she was born about the year 1743. In 1772, she was married to Mr. Cowley, and most of her dramatic pieces were brought out under his superintendence. She was greatly respected in private life, and her company courted by the first families in the kingdom; but in her latter years she declined all invitations, and established a singular custom, of throwing open her house, one morning in the week, for ladies only, and was on those occasions attended by a crowd. She died at Tiverton, March 11, 1809, in her 66th year. Her dramatic works are—

The Runaway; Com. 8vo. 1776. *Who's the Dupe?* F. 8vo. 1779. *Albina*, T. 8vo. 1779. *The Belle's Stratagem*, Com. 1780; 8vo. 1782. *The School for Eloquence*, I. 1780. N. P. *The World as it Goes*, Com. 1781. N. P. Afterwards acted under the new title of *Second Thoughts are Best*, Com. 1781. N. P. *Which is the Man?* Com. 8vo. 1782. *A Bold Stroke for a Husband*, Com. 8vo. 1783. *More Ways than One*, Com. 8vo. 1784. *School for Greybeards*, Com. 80. 1786. *Fate of Sparta*, T. 8vo. 1788. *A Day in Turkey*, Com. 8vo. 1792. *The Town before You*, Com. 8vo.

PROLOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MR. LEWIS.

(Speaks without.)

Make way—make way good folks! I must appear—
Nay, let me pass—You won't—why then (*Enters.*) I'm
here.

Pray welcome me ; I've had a *squeedging* bout ;
You'd bless your eyes, could they but see our rout ;
We've all the company behind the scenes,
Up from their train-bearers to tragic queens ;
There's Harlequin, and Punch, and Banquo's ghost,
And all the soldiers—Richmond's conquering host ;
And Richard's troops—nay, honest Bayes's too,
Must all this night perform a grand review.
Then all are angry—low'ring discontent
Sits on each brow—when thus they gave it vent :
There, there's a part ! just two lines and a letter !
And mine cry'd one, is rather worse than better ;
I'm three times doubled—twice I'm deaf and dumb ;
Nod, smile, bow round, look grave, and bite my thumb ;
The third—a miracle ' like Bacon's head,
Utter three words, and these three words are lead.

You grumble ! said a third ; then I should rave ;
A part like mine no author ever gave :
A lord I'm titled, and, to speak out plain,
Few on these boards could half so well sustain
The grace and proper action of a peer,
The ease, the loll, the shrug, the careless sneer,
But though our author thinks in wise debate,
In senate seated, on affairs of state
I might hold forth—yet in her cursed play,
The deuce a word am I allow'd to say ;
Or rather coop'd, like other folks we know,
Between two barren adverbs—*Ay* and *no*.
'Tis thus we're serv'd, when saucy women write—
Grant me, ye gods, no more to see the night,

PROLOGUE.

When lady writers crowd our Covent stage !—
Yet *other* gods assist my mighty rage !

Another cries, Why' friend, some folks are out ;
About a comedy make all this rout ;
A pantomime indeed, 'twere sense and reason ;
They bring the chink, boys—they'll run through a season.
A comedy may yawn its nine nights through,
And then to mortal troubles bid adieu ;
Secure upon its shelf supinely lie,
Remov'd from ev'ry thought and ev'ry eye.

No, no, a fifth man cry'd, the press succeeds,
Tis then we know its merits and its deeds :
Actors are thank'd for having done so well,
And told how *monstrously* they all excel ;
The town is thank'd for having shown its taste,
In clapping. bravoing—

(*Prompter, Without.*) Pray, sir, make haste !
A long-spun prologue isn't worth a pin.

D'ye think so, Mr. Wild ? then I'll go in :
Yet here permit me, each succeeding day,
To *damn* this author—but, oh ! *save* her play.

ÉPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY LETITIA.

Nay, cease, and hear me !—I am come to ask
Why pleas'd at conquest gain'd behind a mask !
Is't strange ? Why, pray what lady Bab, or Grace,
E'er won a lover—in her natural face ?
Mistake me not ! French red and blanching creams
I stoop not to—for these are hackneyed themes ;
The arts I mean are harder to detect,
Easier put on, displayed to more effect.

Do pride or envy by their horrid lines,
Destroy th' effect of nature's sweet designs ?
The mask of softness is at once applied,
And gentlest manners decorate the bride !

Does heart in love inspire the vestal's eye,
Or point the glance, or prompt the struggling sigh ?
Not Dian's brows more rigid frowns disclose,
And timid hues appear, where passion glows.

And you, my gentle sirs, wear vizors too, }
But I'll unmask you, and expose to view
Your hidden features.—First, I point at you !
That well-stuff'd waistcoat, and that ruddy cheek,
That ample forehead, and that skin so sleek,
Point out good nature and a generous heart—
Tyrant ! stand forth, and, conscious, own thy part ;
Thy wife, thy children, tremble in thy eye,
And peace is banish'd—when the father's nigh !

Sure 'tis enchantment ! See, on every side
Your masks fall off !—In charity I hide
The monstrous features rushing to my view—
Fear not there, grand-papa—nor you—nor you,
For, should I show your features to each other,
Not one be known would by his friend or brother.

'Tis plain, in real life, from youth to age,
All wear their masks. Here only on the stage,
You see us as we are ; here trust your eyes,
Our wish to please cannot be mere disguise !

Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation is two hours and fifty-five minutes. The first act occupies the space of thirty-two minutes—The second, thirty-five—the third, thirty-seven—the fourth, thirty-six—and the fifth, thirty-five. The half price commences, generally, at a quarter before nine

Stage Directions.

By R.H.....	is meant.....	Right Hand.
L.H.....		Left Hand.
S.E.		Second Entrance.
U.P.....		Upper Entrance.
M.D		Middle Door.
D.F.....		Door in Flat.
R.H.D.....		Right Hand Door.
L.H.D.....		Left Hand Door.

Costume.

DORICOURT.

First dress—Plain blue coat, white waistcoat and breeches. Second.—A brown dress coat, lined with silk, &c. Third.—Pink domino.

HARDY.

First dress—Crimson half dress coat and breeches, white satin waistcoat. Second.—Black silk morning gown. Third.—A Spanish dress.

SIR GEORGE TOUCHWOOD.

First dress—Blue coat, buff kerseymere waistcoat and breeches. Second.—Pink domino, trimmed with blue.

FLUTTER.

First dress—Claret-coloured coat, lined with silk, white waistcoat and breeches. Second.—Blue silk domino.

SAVILLE.

First dress—Blue coat, white waistcoat and breeches. Second.—A Black gown.

COURTALL.

First dress—Green dress coat, white waistcoat and breeches. Second.—Black silk domino.

VILLERS.

Blue coat, white waistcoat and breeches.

LETITIA HARDY.

First dress—Plain white muslin. Second.—White satin slip leno dress, trimmed with silver.

LADY TOUCHWOOD.

First dress—Leno dress, trimmed with white satin flowers. Second.—A domino.

MRS. RACKETT.

First dress—Black leno dress, trimmed with silver. Second.—A domino.

MISS OGLE.

Blue satin body, white petticoat, trimmed with blue satin.

KITTY WILLIS.

White dress, and domino like Lady Touchwood's.

Persons Represented.

As originally acted at Covent Garden.

<i>Doricourt</i>	Mr. Lewis.
<i>Hardy</i>	Mr. Quick.
<i>Sir George Touchwood</i>	Mr. Wroughton.
<i>Flutter</i>	Mr. Lee Lewes.
<i>Saville</i>	Mr. Aickin.
<i>Villers</i>	Mr. Whitfield.
<i>Courtall</i>	Mr. Robson.
<i>Silvertongue</i>	Mr. W. Bates.
<i>Crowquill</i>	Mr. Jones.
<i>First Gentleman</i>	Mr. Thompson.
<i>Second Gentleman</i>	Mr. L'Estrange.
<i>Mountebank</i>	Mr. Booth.
<i>French Servant</i>	Mr. Wewitzer.
<i>Letitia Hardy</i>	Miss Younge.
<i>Mrs. Rackett</i>	Mrs. Mattocks.
<i>Lady Frances</i>	Mrs. Hartley.
<i>Miss Ogle</i>	Mrs. Morton.
<i>Kitty Willis</i>	Miss Stewart.
<i>Lady</i>	Mrs. Poussin.

1817.

Drury Lane.

Covent Garden,

<i>Doricourt</i>	Mr. Rae.	Mr. C. Kemble.
<i>Hardy</i>	Mr. Dowton.	Mr. Fawcett.
<i>Sir George Touchwood</i>	Mr. Penley.	Mr. Abbott.
<i>Flutter</i>	Mr. Harley.	Mr. Jones.
<i>Saville</i>	Mr. Barnard.	Mr. Egerton.
<i>Villers</i>	Mr. Bengough.	Mr. Connor.
<i>Courtall</i> ..	Mr. Kent.	Mr. Farley.
<i>Silvertongue</i>	Mr. Hughes.	Mr. Manage.
<i>Mountebank</i>	Mr. Maddocks.	Mr. King.
<i>Letitia Hardy</i>	Miss Smithson.	Miss Brunton.
<i>Mrs. Rackett</i>	Mrs. Glover.	Mrs. Gibbs.
<i>Lady Frances</i>	Mrs. Robinson.	Miss Foote.
<i>Miss Ogle</i>	Miss Boyce.	Mrs. Barnard.
<i>Kitty Willis</i>	Miss Cooke.	Miss Green.
<i>Lady</i>	Miss Ivers.	Mrs. Coates.

Company at the Auction, Masquerade, &c.

THE
BELLE'S STRATAGEM.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Lincoln's Inn.*

Enter SAVILLE, L.H. followed by a Servant, at the top of the stage, looking round, as if at a loss.

Sav. Lincoln's Inn !—Well, but where to find him, now I am in Lincoln's-Inn ?—Where did he say his master was ?

Serv. He only said in Lincoln's-Inn, sir.

Sav. That's pretty ! And your wisdom never inquired at whose chambers ?

Serv. Sir, you spoke to the servant yourself:

Sav. If I was too impatient to ask questions, you ought to have taken directions, blockhead !

Enter COURTALL, singing, R.H.

Ha, Courtall !—Bid him keep the horses in motion, and then inquire at all the chambers round.

[Exit Servant, L.H.]

What the devil brings you to this part of the town ?—Have any of the Long Robes handsome wives, sisters, or chambermaids ?

Court. Perhaps they have ;—but I came on a different errand ; and had thy good fortune brought thee here half an hour sooner, I'd have given thee such a treat, ha ! ha ! ha !

Sav. I'm sorry I miss'd it : what was it ?

Court. I was informed a few days since, that my cousins Fallow were come to town, and desired earnestly to see me at their lodgings in Warwick-Court, Holborn. Away drove I, painting them all the way as so many Hebes. They came from the furthest part of Northumberland, had never been in town, and in course were made up of rusticity, innocence, and beauty.

Sav. Well !

Court. After waiting thirty minutes, during which there was a violent bustle, in bounced five sallow damsels, four of them Maypoles ;—the fifth, Nature, by way of variety, had bent the Æsop style.—But they all opened at once, like hounds on a fresh scent :—“Oh, cousin Courtall !—How do you do, cousin Courtall ! “ Lord, Cousin, I am glad you are come ! We want you to go with us to the Park, and the plays, and the opera, and Almack's, and all the fine places !”—The devil, thought I, my dears, may attend you, for I am sure I wont.—However, I heroically stayed an hour with them, and discovered the virgins were all come to town with the hopes of leaving it—Wives :—their heads full of knight-baronights, fops, and adventures.

Sav. Well, how did you get off ?

Court. Oh, pleaded a million engagements.—However, conscience twitched me ; so I breakfasted with them this morning, and afterwards 'squired them to the gardens here, as the most private place in town ; and then took a sorrowful leave, complaining of my hard, hard fortune, that obliged me to set off immediately for Dorsetshire, ha ! ha ! ha !

Sav. I congratulate your escape !—Courtall at Almack's, with five awkward country cousins ! ha ! ha ! ha !

—Why, your existence, as a man of gallantry, could never have survived it.

Court. Death, and fire ! had they come to town, like the rustics of the last age, to see St. Paul's, the lions, and the wax-work—at their service ; but the cousins of our days come up ladies—and, with the knowledge they glean from magazines and pocket-books, fine ladies ; laugh at the bashfulness of their grandmothers, and boldly demand their entrees in the first circles.

Sav. Come, give me some news.—I have been at war with woodcocks and partridges these two months and am a stranger to all that has passed out of their region.

Court. Oh ! enough for three gazettes. The ladies are going to petition for a bill, that, during the war every man may be allowed two wives.

Sav. 'Tis impossible they should succeed, for the majority of both houses know what it is to have one ?

Court. But pr'ythee, Saville, how came you to town.

Sav. I came to meet my friend Doricourt, who, you know, is lately arrived from Rome.

Court. Arrived ! Yes, faith, and has cut us all out ! —His carriage, his liveries, his dress, himself, are the rage of the day ! His first appearance set the whole ton in a ferment, and his valet is besieged by levees of taylor, habit-makers, and other ministers of fashion, to gratify the impatience of their customers for becoming a la mode de Doricourt. Nay, the beautiful lady Frolic t'other night, with two sister countesses, insisted upon his waistcoat for muffs ; and their snowy arms now bear it in triumph about town, to the heart-rending affliction of all our Beaux Garçons.

Sav. Indeed ! Well, those little gallantries will soon be over ; he's on the point of marriage.

Court. Marriage ! Doricourt on the point of marriage ! 'Tis the happiest tidings you could have given, next to his being hanged. Who is the bride elect ?

Sav. I never saw her ; but 'tis miss Hardy, the rich heiress—the match was made by the parents, and the courtship begin on their nurses knees ; Master used to crow at miss, and miss used to chuckle at master.

Court. Oh ! then by this time they care no more for each other, than I do for my country cousins.

Sav. I don't know that ; they have never met since thus high, and so, probably, have some regard for each other.

Court. Never met ! Odd !

Sav. A whim of Mr. Hardy's ; he thought his daughter's charms would make a more forcible impression, if her lover remained in ignorance of them till his return from the continent.

Enter SAVILLE'S SERVANT, L.H.

Serv. Mr. Doricourt, sir, has been at counsellor Pleadwell's, and gone about five minutes.

[*Exit Servant, L.H.*

Sav. Five minutes ! Zounds ! I have been five minutes too late all my life-time !—Good morrow, Court-all ; I must pursue him. (*Going, R.H.*)

Court. Promise to dine with me to-day ; I have some honest fellows. (*Going off on the opposite side.*)

Sav. Can't promise ; perhaps I may.—See there, there's a bevy of female Patagonians, coming down upon us.

Court. By the lord, then, it must be my strapping cousins.—I dare not look behind me—Run, man, run.

[*Exit on the same side, R.H.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment at Doricourt's.*

Enter DORICOURT, L.H.

Doric. (*Speaking to a servant behind.*) I shall be too late for St. James's ; bid him come immediately.

Enter SAVILLE, L.H.

Doric. Most fortunate ! My dear Saville, let the warmth of this embrace speak the pleasure of my heart.
Well, this is some comfort, after the scurvy

reception I met with in your hall.--I prepared my mind, as I came up stairs; for a bon jour, a grimace, and an adieu.

Doric. Why so?

Sav. Judging of the master from the rest of the family. What the devil is the meaning of that flock of foreigners below, with their parchment faces and snuffy whiskers? What! can't an Englishman stand behind your carriage, buckle your shoe, or brush your coat?

Doric. Stale, my dear Saville, stale! Englishmen make the best soldiers, citizens, artizans, and philosophers in the world; but the very worst footmen. I keep French fellows and Germans, as the Romans kept slaves; because their own countrymen had minds too enlarged and haughty to descend with a grace to the duties of such a station.

Sav. A good excuse for a bad practice.

Doric. On my honour, experience will convince you of its truth. A Frenchman neither hears, sees, nor breathes, but as his master directs; and his whole system of conduct is compriz'd in one short word, obedience! An Englishman reasons, forms opinions, cogitates, and disputes; he is the mere creature of your will: the other, a being conscious of equal importance in the universal scale with yourself, and is therefore your judge, whilst he wears your livery, and decides on your actions with the freedom of a censor.

Sav. And this in defence of a custom I have heard you execrate, together with all the adventitious manners imported by our travell'd gentry. Now to start a subject which must please you. When do you expect miss Hardy.

Doric. Oh, the hour of expectation is past. She is arrived, and I this morning had the honour of an interview at Pleadwell's. The writings were ready; and, in obedience to the will of Mr. Hardy, we met to sign and seal.

Sav. Has the event answer'd? Did your heart leap, or sink, when you beheld your mistress?

Doric. Faith, neither one nor t'other: she's a fine girl, as far as mere flesh and blood goes.—But—

Sav. But what ?

Doric. Why, she's only a fine girl ; complexion, shape, and features ; nothing more.

Sav. Is not that enough ?

Doric. No ! she should have spirit ! fire ! l'air enjoué ! that something, that nothing, which every body feels, and which nobody can describe, in the resistless charmers of Italy and France.

Sav. Thanks to the parsimony of my father, that kept me from travel ! I would not have lost my relish for true unaffected English beauty, to have been quarrell'd for by all the Belle's of Versailles and Florence.

Doric. Pho ! thou hast no taste. English beauty ! 'Tis insipidity ; it wants the zest, it wants poignancy, Frank ! Why, I have known a Frenchwoman, indebted to nature for no one thing but a pair of decent eyes, reckon in her suite as many counts, marquisses, and petits maitres, as would satisfy three dozen of our first-rate toast. I have known an Italian marquizina make ten conquests in stepping from her carriage, and carry her slaves from one city to another, whose real, intrinsic beauty would have yielded to half the little Grisettes that pace your Mall on a Sunday.

Sav. And has miss Hardy nothing of this ?

Doric. If she has, she was pleased to keep it to herself. I was in the room half an hour before I could catch the colour of her eyes ; and every attempt to draw her into conversation occasioned so cruel an embarrassment, that I was reduced to the necessity of news, French fleets, and Spanish captures, with her father.

Sav. So miss Hardy, with only beauty, modesty, and merit, is doom'd to the arms of a husband who will despise her.

Doric. You are unjust. Though she has not inspir'd me with violent passion, my honour secures her felicity.

Sav. Come, come, Doricourt, you know very well that when the honour of a husband is locum-tenens for his heart, his wife must be as indifferent as himself, is not unhappy.

Doric. Pho! never moralize without spectacles. But as we are upon the tender subject, how did you bear Touchwood's carrying lady Frances?

Sav. You know I never looked up to her with hope; and sir George is every way worthy of her.

Doric. A la mode Anglaise, a philosopher, even in love.

Sav. Come, I detain you—you seem dressed at all points, and of course have an engagement.

Doric. To St. James's. I dine at Hardy's, and accompany them to the masquerade in the evening—but breakfast with me to-morrow, and we'll talk of our old companions—for I swear to you, Saville, the air of the continent has not effaced one youthful prejudice or attachment.

Sav. With an exception to the case of ladies and servants.

Doric. True; there I plead guilty:—but I have never yet found any man, whom I could cordially take to my heart and call friend, who was not born beneath a British sky, and whose heart and manners were not truly English.

[*Exeunt Dor. and Sav. R.H.*]

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in Mr. Hardy's House.*
Villers seated on a Sofa, reading.

Enter FLUTTER, L.H.

Flut. Ha, Villers, have you seen Mrs. Rackett?—miss Hardy, I find, is out.

Vil. I have not seen her yet. I have made a voyage to Lapland since I came in. (*Flinging away the Book.*) A lady at her toilette is as difficult to be moved as a quaker. (*Yawning.*) What events have happened in the world since yesterday? have you heard?

Flut. Oh, yes; I stopped at Tattersall's, as I came by, and there I found lord James Jessamy, sir William Wilding, and Mr.— But, now I think on't, you shan't know a syllable of the matter; for I have been informed you never believe above one-half of what I say.

Vil. My dear fellow, somebody has imposed upon

you most egregiously ! Half ! Why, I never believe one-tenth part of what you say : that is according to the plain and literal expression ; but, as I understand you, your intelligence is amusing.

Flut. That's very hard now, very hard. I never related a falsity in my life, unless I stumbled on it by mistake ; and if it were otherwise, your dull matter-of-fact people are infinitely obliged to those warm imaginations which soar into fiction to amuse you ; for, positively, the common events of this little dirty world are not worth talking about, unless you embellish them ! —Ha ! here comes Mrs. Rackett : Adieu to weeds, I see ! All life !

Enter MRS. RACKETT, R.H.

Enter, madam, in all your charms ! Villers has been abusing your toilette, for keeping you so long ; but I think we are much obliged to it, and so are you.

Mrs. R. How so, pray ? Good morning t'ye both. Here, here's a hand a piece for you.

(They kiss her hands.)

Flut. How so : Because it has given you so many beauties.

Mrs. R. Delightful compliment ! what do you think of that, Villers ?

Vil. That he and his compliments are alike—showy, but won't bear examining.—So you brought miss Hardy to town last night ?

Mrs. R. Yes, I should have brought her before, but I had a fall from my horse, that confined me a week—I suppose in her heart she wished me hanged a dozen times an hour.

Flut. Why ?

Mrs. R. Had she not an expecting lover in town all the time ? she meets him this morning at the lawyer's.—I hope she'll charm him ; she's the sweetest girl in the world.

Flut. Vanity, like murder, will out.—You have convinced me you think yourself more charming.

Mrs. R. How can that be ?

Vil. No woman ever praises another, unless she thinks herself superior in the very perfections she allows.

Flut. Nor no man ever rails at the sex, unless he is conscious he deserves their hatred.

Mrs. R. Thank ye, Flutter—I'll owe ye a bouquet for that. I am going to visit the new married lady Frances Touchwood—Who knows her husband ?

Flut. Every body.

Mrs. R. Is there not something odd in the character ?

Vil. Nothing, but that he is passionately fond of his wife ;—and so petulant in his love, that he opened the cage of a favourite bullfinch, and set it to catch butterflies, because she rewarded its song with her kisses.

Mrs. R. Intolerable monster ! Such a brute deserves—

Vil. Nay, nay, nay, nay, this is your sex now. Give a woman but one stroke of character, off she goes, like a ball from a racket ; sees the whole man, marks him down for an angel or a devil, and so exhibits him to her acquaintance.—This monster ! this brute ! is one of the worthiest fellows upon earth : sound sense, and a liberal mind ; but dotes on his wife to such excess, that he quarrels with every thing she admires, and is jealous of her tippet and nosegay.

Mrs. R. Oh, less love for me, kind Cupid ! I can see no difference between the torment of such an affection, and hatred.

Flut. Oh, pardon me, inconceivable difference, inconceivable ; I see it as clearly as your bracelet. In the one case the husband would say, as Mr. Snapper said t'other day ; zounds ! madam, do you suppose that my table, and my house, and my pictures !—Apropos, des Bottes ;—There was the diviuest plague of Athens sold yesterday at Langford's ! the dead figures so natural ; you would have sworn they had been alive. Lord Primrose bid five hundred—Six, said lady Carmine—A thousand, said Ingot the nabob.—Down went the hammer.—A rouleau for your bargain, said sir Jeremy Jingle. And what answer do you think Ingot made him ?

Mrs. R. Why, took the offer.

Flut. Sir, I would oblige you, but I buy this picture to place in the nursery; the children have already got Whittington and his cat! 'tis just this size, and they'll make good companions.

Mrs. R. Ha, ha, ha! Well, I protest that's just the way now—the nabobs and their wives outbid one at every sale, and the creatures have no more taste—

Vil. There again! You forget this story is told by Flutter, who always remembers every thing but the circumstances and the person he talks about;—'twas Ingot who offered a rouleau for the bargain, and sir Jeremy Jingle who made the reply.

Flut. 'Egad, I believe you are right—Well, the story is as good one way as 'tother, you know. Good morning. I am going to Mrs. Crotchet's.

(*Crosses to L.H.*)

Vil. I'll venture every figure in your tailor's bill you make some blunder there.

Flut. (*Turning back.*) Done! my tailor's bill has not been paid these two years; and I'll open my mouth with as much care as Mrs. Bridget Button, who wears cork plumpers in each cheek, and never hazards more than six words, for fear of showing them. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Mrs. R. 'Tis a good-natured insignificant creature! let in every where, and cared for no where.—There's miss Hardy returned from Lincoln's-inn: she seems rather chagrined.

Vil. Then I leave you to your communications.

Enter LETITIA, followed by her Maid, L.H.

Adieu! I am rejoiced to see you so well, madam? but I must tear myself away.

Let. Don't vanish in a moment.

Vil. Oh, inhuman! you are two of the most dangerous women in town—Staying here to be cannonaded by four such eyes, is equal to a rencontre with Paul Jones, ~~at~~ midnight march to a Omoa!—They'll swallow the ~~whole~~ sense for the sake of the compliment. (*Aside.*)—
[*Exit, L.H.*]

Let. (*Gives her Cloak to the Maid.*) Order Du Quesne never more to come again; he shall positively dress my hair no more. [*Exit Maid, R.H.*] And this odious silk, how unbecoming it is!—I was bewitched to choose it. (*Throwing herself on a Chair, and looking in a pocket Glass; Mrs. Rackett staring at her.*) Did you ever see such a fright as I am to day?

Mrs. R. Yes, I have seen you look much worse.

Let. How can you be so provoking? If I do not look this morning worse than ever I looked in my life, I am naturally a fright. You shall have it which way you will.

Mrs. R. Just as you please; but pray what is the meaning of all this?

Let. (*Rising.*) Men are all dissemblers, flatterers, deceivers! Have I not heard a thousand times of my air, my eyes, my shape—all made for victory! and to-day, when I bent my whole heart on one poor conquest, I have proved that all those imputed charms amount to nothing; for Doricourt saw them unmoved—A husband of fifteen months could not have examined me with more cutting indifference.

Mrs. R. Then you return it like a wife of fifteen months, and be as indifferent as he.

Let. Ay, there's the sting! the blooming boy that left his image in my young heart, is at four and twenty improved in every grace that fixed him there. It is the same face that my memory and my dreams constantly painted to me; but its graces are finished, and every beauty heightened. How mortifying, to feel myself at the same moment his slave, and an object of perfect indifference to him! (*Crosses to R.H.*)

Mrs. R. How are you certain that was the case? Did you expect him to kneel down before the lawyer, his clerks, and your father, to make oath of your beauty?

Let. No; but he should have looked as if a sudden ray had pierced him; he should have been breathless! speechless! for, oh! Caroline, all this was I!

Mrs. R. I am sorry you was such a fool. Can you expect a man, who has courted and been courted by half

the fine women in Europe, to feel like a girl from a boarding school? He is the prettiest fellow you have seen, and in course bewilders your imagination; but he has seen a million of pretty women, child, before he saw you; and his first feelings have been over long ago.

Let. Your raillery distresses me; but I will touch his heart, or never be his wife.

Mrs. R. Absurd and romantic! If you have no reason to believe his heart pre-engaged, he satisfied; if he is a man of honour, you'll have nothing to complain of.

Let. Nothing to complain of? Heavens! shall I marry the man I adore with such an expectation as that?

Mrs. R. And when you have fretted yourself pale, my dear, you'll have mended your expectation greatly.

Let. (*Pausing.*) Yet I have one hope. If there is any power whose peculiar care is faithful love, that power I invoke to aid me.

Enter MR. HARDY, L.H.

Har. Well, now, was'nt I right? Ay, Letty! Ay, cousin Rackett! was'nt I right? I knew 'twould be so. He was all agog to see her before he went abroad; and if he had, he'd have thought no more of her face, may be, than his own. (*Crosses to centre.*)

Mrs. R. May be not half so much.

Har. Ay, may be so—but I see into things; exactly as I foresaw, to day he fell desperately in love with the wench, he, he, he!

Let. Indeed, sir! how did you perceive it?

Har. That's a pretty question! How do I perceive every thing? How did I foresee the fall of corn, and the rise of taxes? How did I know that if we quarrelled with America, Norway deals would be dearer? How did I foretel that a war would sink the funds? How did I forewarn parson Homily, that if he did'nt some way or other contrive to get more votes than Rubric, he'd lose the lectureship? How did I—But what the devil makes you so dull, Letitia? I thought to have found you popping about, as brisk as the jacks of your harpsichord.

Let. Surely, sir, 'tis : ry serious occasion.

Har. Pho, pho! girls should never be grave before marriage. How did you feel, cousin, beforehand, ay?

Mrs. R. Feel! why exceedingly full of cares.

Har. Did you?

Mrs. R. I could not sleep for thinking of my coach, my liveries, and my chairmen; the taste of cloaths I should be presented in, distracted me for a week; and whether I should be married in white or lilac, gave me the most cruel anxiety.

Let. And is it possible that you felt no other care?

Har. And pray, of what sort may your cares be, Mrs. Letitia? I begin to foresee now that you have taken a dislike to Doricourt.

Let. Indeed, sir, I have not.

Har. Then what's all this melancholy about? An't you a going to be married? and what's more, to a sensible man, and what's more to a young girl, to a handsome man? And what's all this melancholy for, I say?

Mrs. R. Why because he is handsome and sensible, and because she's over head and ears in love with him; all which, it seems, your foreknowledge had not told you a word of.

Let. Fie, Caroline!

Har. Well, come, do you tell me what's the matter then? If you don't like him, hang the signing and sealing, he shan't have you,—and yet I can't say that neither; for you know that estate, that cost his father and me upwards of fourscore thousand pounds, must go all to him if you won't have him: if he won't have you indeed, 'twill be all yours. All that's clear, engrossed upon parchment, and the poor dear man set his hand to it whilst he was a-dying.—Ah! said I, I foresee you'll never live to see them come together; but their first son shall be christened Jeremiah, after you, that I promise you.—But come, I say, what is the matter? Dont you like him?

Let. I fear, sir—if I must speak—I fear I was less agreeable in Mr. Doricourt's eyes, than he appeared in mine.

Har. There you are mistaken; for I asked him, and

he told me he liked you vastly. Don't you think he must have taken a fancy to her? (To Mrs. R.)

Mrs. R. Why really I think so, as I was not by.

Let. My dear sir, I am convinced he has not; but if there is spirit or invention in woman, he shall.

Har. Right, girl; go to your toilette—

Let. It is not my toilette that can serve me: but a plan has struck me, if you will not oppose it, which flatters me with brilliant success.

Har. Oppose it! Not I indeed! What is it?

Let. Why, sir—it may seem a little paradoxical; but as he does not like me enough, I want him to like me still less, and will at our next interview endeavour to heighten his indifference into dislike.

Har. Who the devil could have foreseen that?

Mrs. R. (Crosses to centre.) Heaven and earth! Letitia, are you serious?

Let. As serious as the most important business of my life demands.

Mrs. R. Why endeavour to make him dislike you?

Let. Because 'tis much easier to convert a sentiment into its opposite, than to transform indifference into tender passion.

Mrs. R. That may be good philosophy, but I'm afraid you'll find it a bad maxim.

Let. I have the strongest confidence in it. I am inspired with unusual spirits, and on this hazard willingly stake my chance for happiness. I am impatient to begin my measures. [Exit, R.H.]

Har. Can you foresee the end of this, cousin?

Mrs. R. No, sir; nothing less than your penetration can do that, I am sure; and I can't stay now to consider it. I am going to call on the Ogles, and then to lady Frances Touchwood's, and then to an auction, and then—I don't know where—but I shall be at home time enough to witness this extraordinary interview. Good bye. [Exit, L.H.]

Har. Well 'tis an odd thing—I can't understand it, —but I foresee Letty will have her way, and so I shan't give myself the trouble to dispute it. [Exit, L.H.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Sir George Touchwood's House.*

Enter DORICOURT, and SIR GEORGE TOUCHWOOD,
R.H.

Doric. Married, ha, ha, ha! you whom I heard in Paris say such things of the sex, are in London a married man.

Sir G. The sex is still what it has ever been since la petite morale banished substantial virtues; and rather than have given my name to one of your high-bred, fashionable dames, I'd have crossed the line in a fire-ship, and married a Japanese.

Doric. Yet you have married an English beauty; yea, and a beauty born in high life.

Sir G. True; but she has a simplicity of heart and manners, that would have become the fair Hebrew damsels toasted by the patriarchs.

Doric. Ha, ha! Why, thou art a downright, matrimonial Quixote. My life on't she becomes as mere a town lady in six months, as though she had been bred to the trade.

Sir G. Common—common—(*Contemptuously.*)—No, sir, lady Frances despises high life so much from the ideas I have given her, that she'll live in it like a salamander in fire.

Doric. I'll send thee off to St. Evreux this night, drawn at full length, and coloured after nature.

Sir G. Tell him then, to add to the ridicule, that Touchwood glories in the name of husband; that he has found in one Englishwoman more beauty than Frenchmen ever saw, and more goodness than Frenchwomen can conceive.

Doric. Well—enough of description. Introduce me to this phoenix; I came on purpose.

Sir G. Introduce!—oh, ay, to be sure!—I believe lady Frances is engaged just now—but another time—How handsome the dog looks to-day! (*Aside.*)

Doric. Another time—but I have no other time.—'Sdeath! this is the only hour I can command this fortnight.

Sir G. I am glad to hear it, with all my soul! (*Aside.*) So then you can't dine with us to-day? That's very unlucky.

Doric. Oh, yes—as to dinner—yes, I can, I believe, contrive to dine with you to-day.

Sir G. Pshaw! I didn't think on what I was saying; I meant supper.—You can't sup with us?

Doric. Why supper will be rather more convenient than dinner.—But you are fortunate—if you had asked me any other night, I could not have come.

Sir G. To-night!—'Gad, now I recollect, we are particularly engaged to-night.—But to-morrow night—

Doric. Why, lookye, sir George, 'tis very plain you have no inclination to let me see your wife at all; so here I sit. (*Throws himself on the sofa.*) There's my hat, and here are my legs—Now I shan't stir till I have seen her; and I have no engagements; I'll breakfast, dine, and sup with you, every day this week.

Sir G. Was there ever such a provoking wretch! (*Aside.*) But to be plain with you, Doricourt, I, and my house are at your service: but you are a damned agreeable fellow; and the women, I observe, always simpler when you appear. For these reasons, I had rather, when lady Frances and I are together, that you should forget that we are acquainted, further than a nod, a smile, or a how d'ye?

Doric. Very well.

Sir G. It is not merely yourself, in propria persona, that I object to; but, if, you are intimate here, you'll make my house still more the fashion than it is; and it is already so much so, that my doors are of no use to me. I married lady Frances to engross her to myself; yet, such is the blessed freedom of modern manners, that in spite of me, her eyes, thoughts, and conversation, are continually divided amongst all the flirts and coxcombs of fashion.

Doric. To be sure, I confess that kind of freedom is

carried rather too far. 'Tis hard one can't have a jewel in one's cabinet, but the whole town must be gratified with its lustre.—He shan't preach me out, of seeing his wife though. (*Aside.*)

Sir G. Well, now, that's reasonable. When you take time to reflect, Doricourt, I always observe you decide right; and therefore I hope—

Enter GIBSON, L.H.

Gib. Sir, my lady desires—

Sir G. I am particularly engaged.

Doric. Oh, Lord, that shall be no excuse in the world; (*Leaping from the sofa.*) Lead the way, John.—I'll attend your lady. [*Exit, following Gibson, L.H.*]

Sir G. What devil possessed me to talk about her!—Here, Doricourt! (*Running after him*) Doricourt!

Enter MRS. RACKETT and MISS OGLE, followed by a Servant, R.H.

Mrs. R. Acquaint your lady that Mrs. Rackett and Miss Ogle are here. [*Exit Servant, L.H.*]

Miss O. I shall hardly know lady Frances, 'tis so long since I was in Shropshire.

Mrs. R. And I'll be sworn you never saw her out of Shropshire.—Her father kept her locked up with his caterpillars and shells; and loved her beyond any thing but a blue butterfly and a petrified frog!

Miss O. Ha, ha, ha!—Well, 'twas a cheap way of breeding her:—you know he was very poor, though a lord; and very high spirited, though a virtuoso.—In town, her pantheons, operas, and robes de cour, would have swallowed his sea-weeds, moths, and monsters, in six weeks!—Sir George, I find, thinks his wife a most extraordinary creature: he has taught her to despise every thing like fashionable life, and boasts that example will have no effect on her.

Mrs. R. There's a great degree of impertinence in

all that.—I'll try to make her a fine lady to humble him.

Miss O. That's just the thing I wish.

Enter LADY FRANCES TOUCHWOOD, L.H.

Lady F. I beg ten thousand pardons, my dear Mrs. Rackett—Miss Ogle, I rejoice to see you: I should have come to you sooner, but I was detained in conversation by Mr. Doricourt.

Mrs. R. Pray make no apology; I am quite happy that we have your ladyship in town at last.—What stay do you make?

Lady F. A short one! Sir George talks with regret of the scenes we have left; and as the ceremony of presentation is over, will, I believe, soon return.

Miss O. Sure he can't be so cruel. Does your ladyship wish to return so soon?

Lady F. I have not the habit of consulting my own wishes; but I think, if they decide, we shall not return immediately. I have yet hardly formed an idea of London.

Mrs. R. I shall quarrel with your lord and master, if he dares to think of depriving us of you so soon. How do you dispose of yourself to-day?

Lady F. Sir George is going with me this morning to the mercers, to choose a silk; and then—

Mrs. R. Choose a silk for you! Ha, ha, ha! sir George chooses your laces too, I hope; your gloves, and your pincushions!

Lady F. Madam!

Mrs. R. I am glad to see you blush, my dear lady Frances. These are strange homespun ways! If you do these things, pray keep them secret. Lord bless us! If the town should know your husband chooses your gowns!

Miss O. You are very young, my lady, and have been brought up in solitude. The maxims you learnt among wood nymphs, in Shropshire, won't pass current here, I assure you.

Mrs. R. Why, my dear creature, you look quite frightened.—Come, you shall go with us to an exhibition and an auction. Afterwards, we'll take a turn in the Park, and then drive to Kensington; so we shall be at home by four to dress; and in the evening I'll attend you to lady Brilliant's masquerade.

Lady F. I shall be very happy to be of your party, if sir George has no engagements.

Mrs. R. What! do you stand so low in your own opinion, that you dare not trust yourself without sir George? If you choose to play Darby and Joan, my dear, you should have staid in the country;—'tis an exhibition not calculated for London, I assure you.

Miss O. What, I suppose, my lady, you and sir George will be seen pacing it comfortably round the canal, arm in arm, and then go lovingly into the same carriage; dine tête-a-tête, spend the evening at piquet, and so go soberly to bed at eleven!—Such a snug plan may do for an attorney and his wife; but, for lady Frances Touchwood, 'tis as unsuitable as linsey-woolsey, or a black bonnet at the opera!

Lady F. These are rather new doctrines to me!—But, my dear Mrs. Rackett, you and miss Ogle must judge of these things better than I can. As you observe, I am but young, and may have caught absurd opinions.—Here is sir George!

Re-enter SIR GEORGE TOUCHWOOD, L.H.

Sir G. 'Sdeath, another room full! (*Aside.*)

Lady F. My love! Mrs. Rackett and miss Ogle.

Mrs. R. 'Give you joy, sir George.—We came to rob you of lady Frances for a few hours.

Sir G. A few hours.

Lady F. Oh, yes! I am going to an exhibition, and an auction, and the Park, and Kensington, and a thousand places!—It is quite ridiculous, I find, for married people to be always together.—We shall be laughed at!

Sir G. I am astonished!—Mrs. Rackett, what does the dear creature mean?

Mrs. R. Mean, sir George!—What she says, I imagine.

Miss O. Why, you know, sir, as lady Frances had the misfortune to be bred entirely in the country, she cannot be supposed to be versed in fashionable life.

Sir G. No; heaven forbid she should!—If she had madam, she would never have been my wife!

Mrs. R. Are you serious?

Sir G. Perfectly so.—I should never had the courage to have married a well-bred fine lady.

Miss O. Pray, sir, what do you take a fine lady to be, that you express such fear of her? (*Sneeringly.*)

Sir G. A being easily described, madam, as she is seen every where but in her own house. She sleeps at home, but she lives all over the town. In her mind every sentiment gives place to the lust of conquest, and the vanity of being particular. The feelings of wife and mother are lost in the whirl of dissipation. If she continues virtuous, 'tis by chance—and, if she preserves her husband from ruin, 'tis by her dexterity at the card table!—Such a woman I take to be a perfect fine lady.

Mrs. R. And you I take to be a slanderous cynic of two-and-thirty.—Twenty years hence, one might have forgiven such a libel!—Now, sir, hear my definition of a fine lady:—She is a creature for whom nature has done much, and education more; she has taste, elegance, spirit, understanding. In her manner she is free, in her morals nice. Her behaviour is undistiguishingly polite to her husband and all mankind;—her sentiments are for their hours of retirement. In a word, a fine lady is the life of conversation, the spirit of society, the joy of the public!—Pleasure follows wherever she appears, and the kindest wishes attend her slumbers.—Make haste, then my dear lady Frances, commence fine lady, and force your husband to acknowledge the justness of my picture.

Lady F. I am sure 'tis a delightful one. How can

you (*Looks at him.*) dislike it, sir George? You painted fashionable life in colours so disgusting, that I thought I hated it; but, on a nearer view it seems charming. I have hitherto lived in obscurity; 'tis time that I should be a woman of the world. I long to begin;—my heart pants with expectation and delight!

Mrs. R. Come, then, let us begin directly. I am impatient to introduce you to that society which you were born to ornament and charm.

Lady F. Adieu, my love!—We shall meet again at dinner. (*Going.*)

Sir G. Sure, I am in a dream—Fanny!

Lady F. (Returning.) Sir George!

Sir G. Will you go without me? (*Crosses to centre.*)

Mrs. R. Will you go without me!—Ha, ha, ha! what a pathetic address! Why, sure you would not always be seen side by side, like two beans upon a stalk. Are you afraid to trust lady Frances with me, sir?

Sir G. Heaven and earth! with whom can a man trust his wife, in the present state of society? Formerly there were distinctions of character amongst ye; every class of females had its particular description! grandmothers were pious, aunts discreet, old maids censorious! but now, aunts, grandmothers, girls, and maiden gentlewomen are all the same creature;—a wrinkle more or less is the sole difference between ye.

Mrs. R. That maiden gentlewomen have lost their consoraciousness is surely not in your catalogue of grievances.

Sir G. Indeed it is—and ranked amongst the most serious grievances.—Things went well, madam, when the tongues of three or four old virgins kept all the wives and daughters of a parish in awe. They were the dragons that guarded the Hesperian fruit; and I wonder they have not been obliged by act of parliament to resume their function.

Mrs. R. Ha, ha, ha! and pensioned, I suppose, for making strict inquiries into the lives and conversations of their neighbours.

Sir G. With all my heart, and empowered to oblige

every woman to conform her conduct to her real situation. You, for instance, are a widow ; your air should be sedate, your dress grave, your deportment matronly, and in all things an example to the young women growing up about you !—Instead of which, you are drest for conquest, think of nothing but ensnaring hearts ; are a coquette, a wit, and a fine lady.

Mrs. R. Bear witness to what he says ! A coquette, a wit, and fine lady ! Who would have expected an eulogy from such an ill-natur'd mortal ?—Valour to a soldier, wisdom to a judge, or glory to a prince, is not more than such a character to a woman.

Miss O. Sir George, I sec, languishes for the charming society of a century and a half ago ; when a grave squire, and a still graver dame, surrounded by a sober family, formed a stiff group, in a mouldy old house, in the corner of a park.

Mrs. R. Delightful serenity ! Undisturbed by any noise but the cawing of rooks, and the quarterly rumbling of an old family coach on a state visit ; with the happy intervention of a friendly call from the parish apothecary, or the curate's wife.

Sir G. And what is the society of which you boast ?—a mere chaos, in which all distinction of rank is lost in a ridiculous affectation of ease. In the same select party, you will often find the wife of a bishop and a sharper, of an earl and a fiddler. In short, 'tis one universal masquerade, all disguised in the same habits and manners.

Enter GIBSON, R.H.D.

Gib. Mr. Flutter.

[*Exit, R.H.D.*

Sir G. Here comes an illustration. Now I defy you to tell, from his appearance, whether Flutter is a privy counsellor or a mercer, a lawyer or a grocer's apprentice.

Enter FLUTTER, R.H.D.

Flut. Oh, just which you please, sir George ; so you

don't make me a lord mayor. Ah, Mrs. Rackett!—Lady Frances, your most obedient; you look—now hang me, if that's not provoking?—had your gown been of another colour, I should have said the prettiest thing you ever heard in your life.

Miss O. Pray give it us.

Flut. I was yesterday at Mrs. Bloomer's. She was dressed all in green; no other colour to be seen but that of her face and bosom. "So," says I, "My dear Mrs. Bloomer; you look like a carnation just bursting from its pod." Wasn't that pretty?

Sir G. And what said her husband?

Flut. Her husband! why, her husband laughed, and said, a cucumber would have been a better simile.

Sir G. But there are husbands, sir, who would rather have corrected than amended your comparison; I, for instance, should consider a man's complimenting my wife as an impertinence.

Flut. Why, what harm can there be in compliments? Sure they are not infectious; and if they were, you, sir George, of all people breathing, have reason to be satisfied about your lady's attachment; every body talks of it: that little bird there, that she killed out of jealousy, the most extraordinary instance of affection that ever was given.

Lady F. I kill a bird through jealousy! heavens! Mr. Flutter, how can you impute such a cruelty to me?

Sir G. I could have forgiven you, if you had.

Flut. Oh, what a blundering fool!—No, no—now I remember—'twas your bird, lady Frances—that's it, your bullfinch, which sir George, in one of the refinements of his passion, sent into the wide world to seek its fortune—He took it for a knight in disguise.

Lady F. Is it possible? Oh, sir George, could I have imagin'd it was you who deprived me of a creature I was so fond of?

Sir G. Mr. Flutter, you are one of those busy, idle, meddling people, who, from mere vacuity of mind, are the most dangerous inmates in a family. You have

neither feelings nor opinions of your own ; but like a glass in a tavern, bear about those of every blockhead who gives you his ; and, because you mean no harm, think yourselves excused, though broken friendships, discords, and murders, are the consequences of your indiscretions. *(Crosses to L.H.)*

Flut. *(Taking out his Tablets.)* Vacuity of mind ! What was next ? I'll write down this sermon ; 'tis the first I have heard since my grandmother's funeral.

Miss O. Come, lady Frances, you see what a cruel creature your loving husband can be : so let us leave him.

Sir G. Madam, lady Frances shall not go.

Lady F. Shall not, sir George ?—This is the first time such an expression— *(Weeping.)*

Sir G. My love ! my life !

Lady F. Don't imagine I'll be treated like a child ! denied what I wish, and then pacified with sweet words.

Miss O. *(Apart.)* The bullfinch ! that's an excellent subject ; never let it down.

Lady F. I see plainly you would deprive me of every pleasure, as well as of my sweet bird—out of pure love ! —Barbarous man !

Sir G. 'Tis well, madam ;—your resentment of that circumstance proves to me, what I did not before suspect, that you are deficient both in tenderness and understanding—Tremble to think the hour approaches, in which you would give worlds for such a proof of my love. Go, madam, give yourself to the public ; abandon your heart to dissipation, and see if in the scenes of gaiety and folly that await you, you can find a recompense for the lost affection of a doating husband.

[Exit, L.H.]

Flut. Lord, what a fine thing it is to have the gift of speech ! I suppose sir George practices at Coach-makers'-hall, or the Black-horse in Bond-street.

Lady F. He is really angry ; I cannot go.

Mrs. R. Not go ! foolish creature ! you are arrived at the moment which, sometime or other, was sure to happen, and every thing depends on the use you make of it.

Miss O. Come, lady Frances, don't hesitate ; the minutes are precious.

Lady F. I could find in my heart !—and yet I won't give up neither.—If I should in this instance, he'll expect it for ever. *[Exit with Mrs. Rackett, R.H.]*

Miss O. Now you act like a woman of spirit.

[Exit, R.H.]

Flut. A fair tug, by Jupiter—between duty and pleasure !—Pleasure beats, and off we go. Ho triumphe !

[Exit, R.H.]

SCENE II.—*An Auction Room : Busts, Pictures, &c.*

SILVERTONGUE discovered, with Company, Puffers, &c.

Enter LADY FRANCES TOUCHWOOD, MRS. RACKETT, and MISS OGLE, L.H.

Sil. Yes, sir, this is to be the first lot :—the model of a city, in wax.

2 Gent. The model of a city ! What city ?

Sil. That I have not been able to discover ; but call it Rome, Pekin, or London, 'tis still a city ; you'll find in it the same virtues, and the same vices, whatever the name.

Lady F. I wish sir George was here.—This man follows me about, and stares at me in such a way, that I am quite uneasy.

(Lady Frances and Miss Ogle come forward, followed by Courtall.)

Miss O. He has travelled, and is heir to an immense estate ; so he is impertinent by patent.

Court. You are very cruel, ladies. Miss Ogle—you will not let me speak to you. As to this little scornful beauty, she has frowned me dead fifty times.

Lady F. Sir—I am a married woman. *(Confused.)*

Court. A married woman ! a good hint. *(Aside.)* 'Twould be a shame if such a charming woman was not married. But I see you are a Daphne just come from your sheep and your meadows, your crook and your

waterfalls. Pray now who is the happy Damon, to whom you have vowed eternal truth and constancy ?

Miss O. 'Tis lady Frances Touchwood, Mr. Courtall, to whom you are speaking.

Court. Lady Frances ! By heaven, that's Saville's old flame. (*Aside.*) I beg your ladyship's pardon. I ought to have believed, that such beauty could belong only to your name—a name I have long been enamour'd of because I knew it to be that of the finest woman in the world. (*Mrs. Rackett comes forward, L.H.*)

Lady F. (*Apart.*) My dear Mrs. Rackett, I am so frightened ! Here's a man making love to me, though he knows I am married.

Mrs. R. Oh, the sooner for that, my dear ; don't mind him.—Was you at the Cassino last night, Mr. Courtall ?

Court. I looked in.—'Twas impossible to stay. Nobody there but antiques. You'll be at lady Brilliant's to-night, doubtless ?

Mrs. R. Yes, I go with lady Frances.

Lady F. Bless me ! I did not know this gentleman was acquainted with Mrs. Rackett.—I behaved so rude to him. (*To Miss Ogle.*)

Mrs. R. Come, ma'am ; (*Looking at her Watch.*) 'tis past one. I protest if we don't fly to Kensington, we shan't find a soul there.

Lady F. Won't this gentleman go with us ?

Court. (*Looking surprized.*) To be sure, you make me happy, madam, beyond description.

Mrs. R. Oh never mind him—he'll follow.

[*Exeunt Lady Frances, Mrs. Rackett, and Miss Ogle, R.H.*]

Court. Lady Touchwood, with a vengeance ! But 'tis always so ; your reserved ladies are like ice, 'egad ! —no sooner begin to soften than they melt !

[*Following, R.H.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Mr. Hardys'*.

Enter MRS. RACKETT, L.H. *and* LETITIA, R.H.

Mrs. R. Come, prepare, prepare, your lover is coming.

Let. My lover ! confess now that my absence at dinner was a severe mortification to him.

Mrs. R. I can't absolutely swear it spoiled his appetite ; he ate as if he was hungry, and drank his wine as though he liked it.

Let. What was the apology ?

Mrs. R. That you were ill ;—but I gave him a hint that your extreme bashfulness could not support his eye.

Let. If I comprehend him, awkwardness and bashfulness are the last faults he can pardon in a woman ; so expect to see me transformed into the veriest maukin.

Mrs. R. You persevere then ?

Let. Certainly. I know the design is a rash one, and the event important ;—it either makes Doricourt mine by all the tenderest ties of passion, or deprives me of him for ever ; and never to be his wife will afflict me less than to be his wife, and not be beloved.

Mrs. R. So you won't trust to the good old maxim, ♪—Marry first, and love will follow ?

Let. As readily as I would venture my last guinea, that good fortune might follow. The woman that has not touched the heart of a man, before he leads her to the altar, has scarcely a chance to charm it, when possession and security turn their powerful arms against her—But here he comes—I'll disappear for a moment. Don't spare me. [*Exit*, R.H.]

Enter DORICOURT, L.H. *not seeing* Mrs. Rackett.

Doric. So ! (*Looking at a Picture.*) This is my mistress, I presume. Ma foi ! the painter has hit her off. The downcast eye—the blushing cheek—timid—apprehen-

sive—bashful—A tear and a prayer-book, would have made her La Bella Magdalena—

Give me a woman, in whose touching mein
A mind, a soul, a polished art is seen ;
Whose motion speaks, whose poignant air can move ;
Such are the darts, to wound with endless love.

Mrs. R. Is that an impromptu ?

(*Touching him on the Shoulder with her Fan.*)

Doric. (*Starting.*) Madam ! Finely caught ! (*Aside.*)
—Not absolutely—it struck me during the desert, as a motto for your picture.

Mrs. R. Gallantly turned !—I perceive, however, miss Hardy's charms have made no violent impression on you.—And who can wonder ?—the poor girl's defects are so obvious.

Doric. Defects !

Mrs. R. Merely those of education—Her father's indulgence ruined her.—Mauvaise honte—conceit and ignorance all unite in the lady you are to marry.

Doric. Marry ! I marry such a woman !—Your picture, I hope, is overcharged.—I marry mauvaise honte, pertness, and ignorance !

Mrs. R. Thank your stars, that ugliness and ill temper are not added to the list.—You must think her handsome.

Doric. Half her personal beauty would content me ; —but could the Medicean Venus be animated for me, and endowed with a vulgar soul, I should become the statue, and my heart transformed to marble.

Mrs. R. Bless us !—We are in a hopeful way, then !

Doric. There must be some envy in this. I see she is a coquette—(*Aside.*)—Ha, ha, ha ! and you imagine I am persuaded of the truth of your character ! ha, ha, ha ! Miss Hardy, I have been assured, madam, is elegant and accomplished—but one must allow for a lady's painting.

Mrs. R. I'll be even with him for that. (*Aside.*) Ha, ha, ha ! and so you have found me out ?—Well, I protest, I meant no harm ; 'twas only to increase the eclat of her appearance, that I threw a veil over her charms.

—Here comes the lady: her elegance and accomplishments will announce themselves.

Enter LETITIA, running. R.H.

Let. La, cousin, do you know that our John—Oh dear heart!—I didn't see you, sir.

(Hanging down her head, and dropping behind Mrs. R.)

Mrs. R. Fie, Letitia—Mr. Doricourt thinks you a woman of elegant manners. Stand forward and confirm his opinion.

Let. No, no; keep before me.—He's my sweetheart, and 'tis impudent to look one's sweetheart in the face, you know.

Mrs. R. You'll allow in future for a lady's painting, sir—Ha, ha, ha!

Doric. I am astonished!

Let. Well, hang it, I'll take heart.—Why, he is but a man, you know, cousin—and I'll let him see, I wasn't born in a wood to be scared by an owl. *(Hulf apart; advances, and looks at him through her Fingers.)* He, he, he! *(Goes up, to him, and makes a very stiff, formal courtesy; he bows.)* You have been a great traveller, sir, I hear. I wish you'd tell us about the fine sights you saw when you went over sea—I have read in a book, that there are some other countries, where the men and women are all horses.—Did you see any of them?

Mrs. R. Mr. Doricourt is not prepared my dear, for these inquiries—he is reflecting on the importance of the question, and will answer you—when he can.

Let. When he can! Why, he's as slow in speech as aunt Margery when she's reading Thomas Aquinas—and stands gaping like mumchance.

Mrs. R. Have a little discretion.

Let. Hold your tongue!—Sure I may say what I please before I am married, if I can't afterwards—D'ye think a body does not know how to talk to a sweetheart?—He is not the first I have had.

Doric. Indeed!

Let. Oh, lud, he speaks!—Why if you must know—there was the curate at home—When papa was a hunting, he used to come a suitoring, and make speeches to me out of books—Nobody knows what a mort of fine things he used to say to me—and call me Venis, and Jubah, and Dinah.

Doric. And pray, fair lady, how did you answer him?

Let. Why, I used to say, “Look you, Mr. Curate, don’t think to come over me with your flim-flams, for a better man than ever trod in your shoes is coming over-sea to marry me.”—but, ’ifags, I begin to think I was out.—Parson Dobbins was the sprightfuller man of the two.

Doric. Surely this cannot be miss Hardy?

Let. Laws, why don’t you know me?—You saw me to-day—but I was daunted before my father, and the lawyer, and all them; and did not care to speak out—so, may be, you thought I couldn’t—but I can talk as fast as any body, when I know folks a little—And now I have shown my parts, I hope you’ll like me better.

Enter HARDY, R.H.

Har. I foresee this won’t do—Mr. Doricourt, may be, you take my daughter for a fool, but you are mistaken—she’s as sensible a girl as any in England.

Doric. I am convinced she has a very uncommon understanding, sir.—I did not think he had been such an ass!

(Aside.)

Let. My father will undo the whole. *(Aside.)* Laws, papa, how can you think he can take me for a fool; when every body knows, I beat the ’pothecary at conundrums, last Christmas-time?—And didn’t I make a string of names, all in riddles, for the Lady’s Diary?—There was a little river and a great house—that was Newcastle.—There was what a lamb says, and three letters, that was ba, and k-e-r, ker-baker. There was—

Har. Don’t stand ba-a-ing there—you’ll make me mad in a moment—I tell you, sir, that for all that, she’s dev’lish sensible.

Doric. Sir, I give all possible credit to your assertions.

Let. Laws, papa, do come along. If you stand watching, how can my sweetheart break his mind, and tell me how he admires me?

Doric. That would be difficult, indeed, madam.

Har. I tell you, Letty, I'll have no more of this.—I see well enough—

Let. Laws, don't snub me before my husband—that is to be.—You'll teach him to snub me too—and, I believe, by his looks, he'd like to begin now. So let us go—cousin, you may tell the gentleman what a genus I have—how I can cut watch papers, and work cat-gut—make quadrille baskets with pins, and take profiles in shade—ay, as well as the lady at No. 62, South Moulton-street, Grosvenor-square.

[*Exeunt Har. and Let.* R. H.]

Mrs. R. What think you of my painting now?

Doric. Oh, mere water colours, madam—The lady has caricatured your picture.

Mrs. R. And how does she strike you on the whole?

Doric. Like a good design, spoiled by the incapacity of the artist. Her faults are evidently the result of her father's weak indulgence. I observed an expression in her eye, that seemed to satirize the folly of her lips.

Mrs. R. But at her age, when education is fixed, and manner becomes nature, hopes of improvement—

Doric. Would be absurd—Besides, I can't turn schoolmaster—Doricourt's wife must be incapable of improvement—but it must be, because she's got beyond it.

Mrs. R. I am pleased your misfortune sits no heavier.

Doric. Your pardon, madam—so mercurial was the hour in which I was born, that misfortunes always go plump to the bottom of my heart, like a pebble in water, and leave the surface unruffled—I shall certainly set off for Bath, or the other wor'd to-night—but whether I shall use a chaise with four swift coursers, or go off in a tangent—from the aperture of a pistol, de-

serves consideration—so I make my adieus. (*Going.*)

Mrs. R. Oh, but I entreat you, postpone your journey till to-morrow—determine on which you will—you must be this night at the masquerade.

Doric. Masquerade!

Mrs. R. Why not?—If you resolve to visit the other world, you may as well take one night's pleasure first in this, you know.

Doric. Faith, that's very true;—ladies are the best philosophers after all—Expect me at the masquerade.

[*Exit, L.H.*]

Mrs. R. He's a charming fellow—I think Letitia shan't have him. (*Going.*)

Enter HARDY, R.H.

Har. What's he gone?

Mrs. R. Yes; and I am glad he is—You would have ruined us!—Now I beg, Mr. Hardy, you won't interfere in this business; it is a little out of your way.

[*Exit, L.H.*]

Har. Hang me, if I don't, though—I foresee very clearly what will be the end of it, if I leave you to yourselves; so I'll e'en follow him to the masquerade, and tell him all about it.—Let me see—what shall my dress be—A great mogul? No—A grenadier? No—no—that, I foresee, would make a laugh—Hang me, if I don't send to my favourite little Quick, and borrow his Jew Isaac's dress—I know the dog likes a glass of good wine; so I'll give him a bottle of my forty-eight, and he shall teach me—Ay, that's it—I'll be cunning little Isaac—If they complain of my want of wit, I'll tell them, the cursed Duenna wears the breeches, and has spoiled my parts. [*Exit, L.H.*]

SCENE II.—*Courtall's.*

Enter COURTALL, SAVILLE, and three Gentlemen, from an Apartment in the back Scene. The last three Topsy.

Court. You shan't go yet—Another catch and another bottle.

1 Gent. May I be a bottle, and an empty bottle, if you catch me at that!—Why, I am going to the masquerade; Jack ——, you know who I mean, is to meet me, and we are to have a leap at the new lustres.

2 Gent. And I am going to—a pilgrim—(*Hickups.*)—Am not I in a pretty pickle for a pilgrim?—And Tony, here—he is going in the disguise—in the disguise—of a gentleman!

1 Gent. We are all very disguised—so bid them draw up—Dy'e hear?

[*Exeunt the Three Gentlemen, R.H.*]

Sav. Thy skull, Courtall, is a lady's thimble :—no; an egg-shell.

Court. Nay, then you are gone too: you never aspire to similes, but in your cups.

Sav. No, no; I am steady enough—but the fumes of the wine pass directly through thy egg-shell, and leave thy brain as cool as—Hey! I am quite sober; my similes fail me.

Court. Then we'll sit down here, and have one sober bottle.

Enter DICK, L.H.

Bring a bottle and glasses. [*Exit Dick, R.H.*]

Sav. I'll not swallow another drop; no, though the juice should be the true Falernian.

Court. By the bright eyes of her you love, you shall drink her health.

Re-enter DICK, R.H. with Bottle and Glasses.

Sav. Ah! (*Sitting down.*) Her I loved is gone—(*Sighing.*)—She's married! [*Exit Dick, R.H.*]

Court. Then bless your stars you are not her husband! I would be husband to no woman in Europe, who was not dev'lish rich, and dev'lish ugly.

Sav. Wherefore ugly?

Court. Because she could not have the conscience to exact those attentions that a pretty wife expects ; or if she should, her resentments would be perfectly easy to me, nobody would undertake to revenge her cause.

Sav. Thou art a most licentious fellow.

Court. I should hate my own wife, that's certain ; but I have a warm heart for those of other people ; and so here's to the prettiest wife in England—lady Frances Touchwood.

Sav. Lady Frances Touchwood ! I rise to drink her, (*Drinks.*) How the devil came lady Frances in your head ? I never knew you give a woman of chastity before.

Court. That's odd, for you have heard me give half the women of fashion in England.—But, pray now what do you take a woman of chastity to be ?

(*Sneeringly.*)

Sav. Such a woman as lady Frances Touchwood, sir.

Court. Oh, you are grave, sir ; I remember you was an adorer of hers—Why didn't you marry her ?

Sav. I had not the arrogance to look so high.—Had my fortune been worthy of her, she should not have been ignorant of my admiration.

Court. Precious fellow ! What, I suppose you would not dare tell her now that you admire her ?

Sav. No, nor you.

Court. By the lord, I have told her so.

Sav. Have ? Impossible !

Court. Ha, ha, ha !—Is it so ?

Sav. How did she receive the declaration ?

Court. Why in the old way ; blushed and frowned, and said she was married.

Sav. What amazing things thou art capable of ! I could more easily have taken the Pope by the beard, than profaned her ears with such a declaration.

Court. I shall meet her at lady Brilliant's to-night, where I shall repeat it ; and I'd lay my life, under a mask, she'll hear it all without a blush or frown.

Sav. (*Rising.*) 'Tis false, sir!—She won't:

Court. She will! (*Rising.*) Nay, I'll venture to lay a round sum that I prevail on her to go out with me—only to taste the fresh air I mean.

Sav. Preposterous vanity! from this moment I suspect that half the victories you have boasted are as false and slanderous as your pretended influence with lady Frances.

Court. Pretended!—How should such a fellow as you now, who never soared beyond a cherry-cheeked daughter of a ploughman, in Norfolk, judge of the influence of a man of my figure and habits? I could show thee a list, in which there are names to shake thy faith in thy whole sex;—and, to that list I have no doubt of adding the name of lady—

Sav. Hold, sir! My ears cannot bear the profanation;—you cannot—dare not approach her!—For your soul you dare not mention love to her! Her look would freeze the word, whilst it hovered on thy licentious lips.

Court. Whu! whu! Well, we shall see—this evening, by Jupiter, the trial shall be made.—If I fail—I fail.

Sav. I think thou dar'st not! But my life, my honour, on her purity. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Court. Hot-headed fool! But since he has brought it to this point, by gad I'll try what can be done with her ladyship—(*Musing—Rings.*) She's frost-work, and the prejudices of education yet strong: ergo, passionate professions will only inflame her pride, and put her on her guard.—For other arts then!

Enter DICK, R.H.

Dick, do you know any of the servants at sir George Touchwood's?

Dick. Yes, sir, I knows the groom, and one of the housemaids; for the matter o'that, she's my own cousin; and it was my mother that helped her to the place.

Court. Do you know lady Frances's maid?

Dick. I can't say as how I know she.

Court. Do you know sir George's valet?

Dick. No, sir; but Sally is very thick with Mr. Gibson, sir George's gentleman.

Court. Then go there directly, and employ Sally to discover whether her master goes to lady Brilliant's this evening; and if he does, the name of the shop that sold his habit.

Dick. Yes, sir.

Court. Be exact in your intelligence, and come to me at Boodle's. [*Exit Dick, R.H.*—If I cannot otherwise succeed, I'll beguile her as Jove did Alcmena, in the shape of her husband. The possession of so fine a woman—the triumph over Saville, are each a sufficient motive; and united, they shall be resistless. [*Exit L.H.*

SCENE III.—*The Street.*

Enter SAVILLE, R.H.

Sav. The air has recovered me! What have I been doing? Perhaps my petulance may be the cause of her ruin, whose honour I asserted: his vanity is piqued;—and where women are concerned, Courtall can be a villain.

Enter DICK, R.H. Bows and passes hastily.

Ha! That's his servant!—Dick!

Dick. (Returning.) Sir!

Sav. Where are you going, Dick?

Dick. Going! I am going, sir, where my master sent me.

Sav. Well answered—but I have a particular reason for my inquiry, and you must tell me.

Dick. Why then, sir, I am going to call upon a cousin of mine, that lives at sir George Touchwood's.

Sav. Very well.—There, (*Gives him Money.*) you

must make your cousin drink my health.—What are you going about?

Dick. Why, sir, I believe 'tis no harm, or elseways I am sure I would not blab—I am only going to ax if sir George goes to the masquerade to-night, and what dress he wears!

Sav. Enough! Now, Dick, if you will call at my lodgings in your way back, and acquaint me with your cousin's intelligence, I'll double the trifle I have given you.

Dick. Bless your honour, I'll call—never fear.

[*Exit, L.H.*]

Sav. Surely the occasion may justify the means;—'tis doubly my duty to be lady Frances's protector. Courtall, I see, is planning an artful scheme: but Saville shall out plot-him.

[*Exit, L.H.*]

SCENE IV.—*Sir George Touchwood's.*

Enter SIR GEORGE and VILLIERS, L.H.

Vil. For shame, sir George; you have left lady Frances in tears.—How can you afflict her?

Sir G. 'Tis I that am afflicted;—my dream of happiness is over—Lady Frances and I are disunited.

Vil. The devil! Why, you have been in town but ten days: she can have made no acquaintance for a commons affair yet.

Sir G. Pho! 'tis our minds that are disunited: she no longer places her whole delight in me; she has yielded herself up to the world!

Vil. Yielded herself up to the world! Why did you not bring her to town in a cage? Then she might have taken a peep at the world!—But, after all, what has the world done? A twelvemonth since you was the gayest fellow in it:—If any body ask'd who dresses best?—Sir George Touchwood.—Who is the most gallant man? Sir George Touchwood.—Who is the most wedded to amusement and dissipation? Sir George Touchwood.—And now Sir George is metamorphosed

into a sour censor : and talks of fashionable life with as much bitterness as the old crabbed fellow in Rome.

Sir G. The moment I became possessed of such a jewel as lady Frances, every thing wore a different complexion ; that society in which I liv'd, with so much eclat, became the object of my terror ; and I think of the manners of polite life as I do of the atmosphere of a Pest-house.—My wife is already infected ; she was set upon this morning by maids, widows, and batchelors, who carried her off in triumph in spite of my displeasure. *(Crosses to L.H.)*

Vil. Aye, to be sure ; there would have been no triumph in the case, if you had not oppos'd it :—but I have heard the whole story from Mrs. Rackett ; and I assure you, lady Frances didn't enjoy the morning at all ;—she wish'd for you fifty times.

Sir G. Indeed ! Are you sure of that ?

Vil. Perfectly sure.

Sir G. I wish I had known it :—my uneasiness at dinner was occasioned by very different ideas.

Vil. Here then she comes to receive your apology ; but if she is true woman, her displeasure will rise in proportion to your contrition ;—and till you grow careless about her pardon, she won't grant it :—however, I'll leave you.—Matrimonial duties are seldom set in the style I like. *[Exit Villers, R.H.]*

Enter LADY FRANCES, L.H.

Sir G. The sweet sorrow that glitters in these eyes, I cannot bear *(Embracing her.)* Look cheerfully, you fogue.

Lady F. I cannot look otherwise if you are pleas'd with me.

Sir G. Well, Fanny, to-day you made your entree in the fashionable world ; tell me honestly the impressions you receiv'd.

Lady F. Indeed, sir George, I was so hurried from place to place, that I had not time to find out what my impressions were.

Sir G. That's the very spirit of the life you have chosen.

Lady F. Every body about me seem'd happy—but every body seem'd in a hurry to be happy somewhere else.

Sir G. And you like this ?

Lady F. One must like what the rest of the world likes.

Sir G. Pernicious maxim !

Lady F. But, my dear sir George, you have not promised to go with me to the masquerade.

Sir G. 'Twould be a shocking indecorum to be seen together, you know.

Lady F. Oh, no ; I ask'd Mrs. Rackett, and she told me we might be seen together at the masquerade—without being laughed at.

Sir G. Really ?

Lady F. Indeed, to tell you the truth, I could wish it was the fashion for married people to be inseparable: for I have more heart felt satisfaction in fifteen minutes with you at my side, than fifteen days of amusement could give me without you.

Sir G. My sweet creature ! How that confession charms me !—Let us begin the fashion.

Lady F. O, impossible ! we should not gain a single proselyte ; and you can't conceive what spiteful things, would be said of us.—At Kensington to day a lady met us, whom we saw at court, when we were presented ; she lifted up her hands in amazement !—Bless me ! said she to her companion, here's lady Frances without sir Hurlo Thrumbo !—My dear Mrs. Rackett consider what an important charge you have ! for heaven's sake take her home again, or some enchanter on a flying dragon will descend and carry her off—Oh, said another, I dare say lady Frances has a clue at her heel, like the peerless Rosamond :—her tender swain would never have trusted her so far without such a precaution.

Sir G. Heaven and earth !—How shall innocence preserve its lustre amidst manners so corrupt !—My dear Fanny, I feel a sentiment for thee at this moment,

tenderer than love—more animated than passion.—I could weep over that purity, expos'd to the sully'ing breath of fashion, and the ton, in whose latitudinary vortex chastity herself can scarcely move unspotted.

Enter GIBSON, L.H.

Gib. Your honour talk'd, I thought, something about going to the masquerade ?

Sir G. Well.

Gib. Isn't it ?—hasn't your honour ?—I thought your honour had forgot to order a dress.

Lady F. Well consider'd, Gibson —Come, will you be Jew. Turk, or Heretic ; Chinese Emperor, or a ballad-singer : a rake, or a watchman ?

Sir G. Oh, neither, my love ; I can't take the trouble to support a character.

Lady F. You'll wear a domino then :—I saw a pink domino trimmed with blue at the shop where I bought my habit.—Would you like it ?

Sir G. Any thing, any thing.

Lady F. Then go about it directly, Gibson.—A pink domino trimm'd with blue, and a hat of the same—Come, you have not seen my dress yet—it is most beautiful ; I long to have it on.

[Exeunt Sir George and Lady Frances, L.H.]

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE—*A Masquerade.*

A party dancing Cotillions in front—a variety of Characters pass and repass.

Mount. Who'll buy my nostrums ? Who'll buy my
nostrums ?

Mask. What are they ? (*They all come round him.*)

Mount. Different sorts, and for different customers. Here's a liquor for ladies—it expells the rage of gaming and gallantry. Here's a pill for members of parliament—good to settle consciences. Here's an eye-water for jealous husbands—it thickens the visual membrane, through which they see too clearly. Here's a decoction for the clergy—it never sits easy, if the patient has more than one living. Here's a draught for lawyers—a great promoter of modesty. Here's a powder for projectors—'twill rectify the fumes of an empty stomach, and dissipate their airy castles.

Mask. Have you a nostrum that can give patience to young heirs, whose uncles and fathers are stout and healthy ?

Mount. Yes ; and I have an infusion for creditors—it gives resignation and humility, when fine gentlemen break their promises, or plead their privilege.

Mask. Come along :—I'll find you customers for your whole cargo. (*They retire.*)

Enter HARDY, from R.H.U.E. in the dress of Isaac Mendoza.

Har. Why isn't it a shame to see so many stout, well-built young fellows, masquerading, and cutting Couranta's here at home—instead of making the French cut capers to the tune of your cannon—or sweating the Spaniards with an English Fandango ?—I foresee the end of all this.

Mask. Why, thou little testy Israelite ! back to Duke's Place ; and preach your tribe into a subscription for the good of the land on whose milk and honey ye fatten.—Where are your Joshuas and your Gideons, aye ? What ! all dwindled into stockbrokers, Pedlars, and Rag-men ?

Har. No, not all. Some of us turn Christians, and by degrees grow into all the privileges of Englishmen ! In the second generation we are patriots, rebels, courtiers, and husbands. (*Puts his fingers to his forehead.*)
(*Mask advances.*)

2d Mask. What, my little Isaac!—How the devil came you here? Where's your old Margaret?

Har. Oh, I have got rid of her.

2d Mask. How?

Har. Why, I persuaded a young Irishman that she was a blooming plump beauty of eighteen; so they made an elopement, ha! ha! ha! and she is now the toast of Tipperary. Ha! there's cousin Rackett and her party; they sha'nt know me. (*Aside.—Puts on his Mask.*)

Enter FOLLY, L.H. on a Hobby-horse, with Cap and Bells.

Mask. Hey! Tom fool! what business have you here?

Folly. What sir! affront a Prince in his own dominion!
(*Struts off.*)

Enter MRS. RACKETT, LADY FRANCES, SIR GEORGE and FLUTTER, R.H.

Mrs. R. Look at this dumpling "Jew"; he must be a Levite by his figure. You have surely practised the flesh-hook a long time, friend, to have raised that goodly presence.

Har. About as long, my brisk widow, as you have been angling for a second husband; but my hook has been better baited than yours.—You have only caught gudgeons, I see. (*Pointing to Flutter.*)

Flut. Oh! this is one of the geniuses they hire to entertain the company with their accidental sallies—Let me look at your common-place book, friend.—I want a few good things.

Har. I'd oblige you, with all my heart but you'll spoil them in repeating—or, if you should not, they'll gain you no reputation—for nobody will believe they are your own.

Sir G. He knows ye, Flutter!—the little gentleman fancies himself a wit, I see.

Har. There's no depending on what you see—the

eyes of the jealous are not to be trusted—Look to your lady.

Flut. He knows ye, sir George.

Sir G. What ! am I the town-talk ? *(Aside.)*

Har. I can neither see Doricourt nor Letty.—I must find them out. *(Aside.)*—*[Exit Hardy, L.H.U.E.]*

Mrs. R. Well, lady Frances, is not all this charming ? Could you have conceived such a brilliant assemblage of objects ?

Lady F. Delightful. The days of enchantment are restor'd ; the columns glow with sapphires and rubies, emperors and fairies, beauties and dwarfs, meet me at every step.

Sir G. How lively are first impressions on sensible minds ! In four hours, vapidty and languor will take place of that exquisite sense of joy which flutters your little heart.

Mrs. R. What an inhuman creature ! Fate has not allowed us these sensations above ten times in our lives and would you have us shorten them by anticipation ?

(Sir G. and Mrs. R. talk apart.)

Flut. O lord ! your wise men are the greatest fools upon earth ; they reason about their enjoyments, and analyse their pleasures, whilst the essence escapes. Look, lady Frances : D'ye see that figure strutting in the dress of an emperor ? His father retails oranges in Botolph-Lane. That gipsey is a maid of honour, and that rag-man a physician.

Lady F. Why, you know every body !

Flut. Oh, every creature.—A mask is nothing at all to me.—I can give you the history of half the people here. In the next apartment there is a whole family, who, to my knowledge, have lived on water-cresses this month, to make a figure here to-night ;—but, to make up for that, they'll cram their pockets with cold ducks and chickens, for a carnival to-morrow.

Lady F. Oh, I should like to see this provident family.

Flut. Honour me with your arm. *[Exeunt Flut. and Lady F., R.H.—Mrs. R. advances.]*

Mrs. R. Come, sir George, you shall be my beau.—

We'll make the tour of the rooms, and meet them. Oh! your pardon, you must follow lady Frances; or the wit and fine parts of Mr. Flutter may drive you out of her head. Ha! ha! ha! [*Exit Mrs. Rackett*, R.H.]

Sir G. I was going to follow her, and now I dare not. How can I be such a fool as to be governed by the fear of that ridicule which I despise? [*Exit Sir G.* L.H.]

Enter DORICOURT, R.H.U.E. *meeting a Mask.*

Doric. Ha! my lord;—I thought you had been engaged at Westminster on this important night.

Mask. So I am—I slipt out as soon as lord Trope got upon his legs; I can badiner here an hour or two, and be back again before he is down.—There's a fine figure! I'll address her.

Enter LETITIA, R.H.

Charity, fair lady! Charity for a poor pilgrim.

Let. Charity! If you mean my prayers, heaven grant thee wit, pilgrim.

Mask. That blessing would do from a devotee: from you I ask other charities;—such charities as beauty should bestow—soft looks—sweet words—and kind wishes.

Let. Alas! I am bankrupt of these, and forced to turn beggar myself.—There he is!—how shall I catch his attention? (*Aside.*)

Mask. Will you grant me no favour?

Let. Yes, one—I'll make you my partner—not for life, but though the soft mazes of a minuet.—Dare you dance?

Doric. Some spirit in that.

Mask. I dare do any thing you command. That lady is against my vow—but here comes a man of the world.

Doric. Do you know her, my lord?

Mask. No. Such a woman as that would formerly have been known in any disguise; but beauty is now

ommon—Venus seems to have given her cestus to the whole sex.

A Minuet.

Doric. (*During the Minuet.*) She dances divinely. *When ended.*) Somebody must know her! Let us inquire who she is. (*Retires L.H.*)

Enter SAVILLE and KITTY WILLIS, habited like Lady Frances, R.H.U.E.

Sav. I have seen Courtall in sir George's habit, though he endeavoured to keep himself conceal'd. Go, and seat yourself in the tea-room, and on no account discover your face;—remember too, Kitty, that the woman you are to personate is a woman of virtue.

Kitty. I am afraid I shall find that a difficult character; indeed I believe it is seldom kept up through the whole masquerade.

Sav. Of that you can be no judge.—Follow my directions, and you shall be rewarded.

[*Exit Kitty, R.H.U.E.*

Enter DORICOURT, L.H.

Doric. Ha! Saville! Did you see a lady dance just now?

Sav. No.

Doric. Very odd. Nobody knows her.

Sav. Where is miss Hardy?

Doric. Cutting watch-papers, and making conundrums, I suppose.

Sav. What do you mean?

Doric. Faith, I hardly know. She's not here, however, Mrs. Rackett tells me.—I ask'd no further.

Sav. Your indifference seems increas'd.

Doric. Quite the reverse; 'tis advanced thirty-two degrees towards hatred.

Sav. You are jesting?

Doric. Then it must be with a very ill grace, my dear Saville; for I never felt so seriously: Do you know the creature's almost an idiot?

Sav. What!

Doric. An idiot. What the devil shall I do with her? Egad! I think I'll feign myself mad—and then Hardy will propose to cancel the engagements.

Sav. An excellent expedient. I must leave you; you are mysterious, and I can't stay to unravel ye.—I came here to watch over innocence and beauty.

Doric. The guardian of innocence and beauty at three-and-twenty! Is there not a cloven foot under that black gown, Saville?

Sav. No, faith, Courtall is here on a most detestable design.—I found means to get a knowledge of the lady's dress, and have brought a girl to personate her, whose reputation cannot be hurt. You shall know the result to-morrow. Adieu. [*Exit Saville, R.H.U.E.*]

Doric. (*Musing.*) Yes, I think that will do.—I'll feign myself mad, fee the doctor to pronounce me incurable, and when the parchments are destroyed—
(*Stands in a musing Posture.*)

Enter LETITIA, R.H.

Let. You have chosen an odd situation for study. Fashion and taste preside in this spot:—They throw their spells around you:—ten thousand delights spring up at their command;—and you, a stoic—a being without senses, are wrapt in reflection.

Doric. And you, the most charming being in the world, awaken me to admiration. Did you come from the stars?

Let. Yes, and I shall re-ascend in a moment.

Doric. Pray show me your face before you go.

Let. Beware of imprudent curiosity; it lost Paradise.

Doric. Eve's curiosity was raised by the devil—'tis an angel tempts mine.—So your allusion is not in point

Let. But why would you see my face?

Doric. To fall in love with it.

Let. And what then?

Doric. Why then—Ay, curse it ! there's the rub !
(*Aside.*)

Let. Your mistress will be angry ;—but perhaps you have no mistress ?

Doric. Yes, yes, and a sweet one it is !

Let. What ! is she old ?

Doric. No.

Let. Ugly ?

Doric. No.

Let. What then ?

Doric. Pho ! don't talk about her ; but show me your face.

Let. My vanity forbids it—'twould frighten you.

Doric. Impossible ! Your shape is graceful, your air bewitching, your bosom transparent, and your chin would tempt me to kiss it, if I did not see a pouting, red lip above it, that demands— (Going to kiss.)

Let. You grow too free. (Crosses to L.H.)

Doric. Show me your face then—only half a glance.

Let. Not for worlds !

Doric. What ! you will have a little gentle force ?
(Attempts to seize her Mask.)

Let. I am gone for ever ! [Exit, R.H.]

Doric. 'Tis false—I'll follow to the end—
[Exit, R.H.]

Music. Re-enter FLUTTER, LADY FRANCES TOUCHWOOD, and SAVILLE, R.H.

Lady F. How can you be thus interested for a stranger ?

Sav. Goodness will have interest ; its home is heaven : on earth 'tis but a wanderer. Where is your husband ?

Flut. Why, what's that to him ?

Lady F. Surely it can't be merely his habit ;—there's something in him that awes me.

Flut. Pho ! 'tis only his grey beard. I know him ; he keeps a lottery-office on Cornhill.

Sav. My province as an enchanter lays open every secret to me, lady ! there are dangers abroad—Beware !

[Exit, R.H.]

Lady F. 'Tis very odd ; his manner has made me tremble. Let us seek sir George.

Flut. He is coming towards us.

Enter COURTALL, *habited like sir George Touchwood*, R.H.

Court. There she is ! If I can but disengage her from that fool, Flutter—crown me, ye schemers, with immortal wreaths !

Lady F. O, my dear sir George ! I rejoice to meet you—an old conjurer has been frightening me with his prophecies.—Where's Mrs. Rackett ?

Court. In the dancing-room.—I promised to send you to her, Mr. Flutter.

Flut. Ah ! she wants me to dance. With all my heart. [*Exit*, R.H.

Lady F. Why do you keep on your mask ?—'tis too warm.

Court. 'Tis very warm—I want air—let us go.

Lady F. You seem agitated.—Shan't we bid our company adieu ?

Court. No, no—there's no time for forms. I'll just give directions to the carriage, and be with you in a moment. (*Going, steps back.*) Put on your mask ! I have a particular reason for it. [*Exit*, R.H.

Re-enter SAVILLE, *with* KITTY, R.H.U.E.

Sav. Now, Kitty, you know your lesson. Lady Frances, (*Takes off his Mask.*) let me lead you to your husband.

Lady F. Heavens ! Is Mr. Saville the conjurer ? sir George is just stepp'd to the door, to give directions—We are going home immediately.

Sav. No, madam, you are deceived : sir George is this way.

Lady F. This is astonishing !

Sav. Be not alarmed : you have escaped a snare, and shall be in safety in a moment.

[*Exeunt Saville and Lady Frances, L.H.*

Re-enter COURTALL, and seizes KITTY's hand, R.H.

Court. Now !

Kitty. 'Tis pity to go so soon.

Court. Perhaps I may bring you back, my angel—but go now you must. [*Exeunt Courtall and Kitty, R.H.*

Music. Re-enter DORICOURT and LETITIA, R.H.

Doric. By heavens ! I never was charmed till now.—English beauty—French vivacity—wit—elegance.—Your name, my angel ! tell me your name, though you persist in concealing your face.

Let. My name has a spell in it.

Doric. I thought so ; it must be charming.

Let. But if revealed, the charm is broke.

Doric. I'll answer for its force.

Let. Suppose it Harriet, or Charlotte, or Maria,
or—

Doric. Hang Harriet, and Charlotte, and Maria—the name your father gave ye !

Let. That can't be worth knowing ; 'tis so transient a thing.

Doric. How, transient ?

Let. Heaven forbid my name should be lasting till I am married.

Doric. Married ! the chains of matrimony are too heavy and vulgar for such a spirit as yours. The flowery wreaths of Cupid are the only bands you should wear.

Let. They are the lightest, I believe ; but 'tis possible to wear those of marriage gracefully.—Throw them loosely round, and twist them in a true-lover's knot for the bosom.

Doric. An angel ! But what will you be when a wife ?

Let. A woman.—If my husband should prove churl, a fool, or a tyrant, I'd break his heart, ruin his

fortune, elope with the first pretty fellow that asked me—and return the contempt of the world with scorn, whilst my feelings preyed upon my life.

Doric. Amazing! (*Aside.*) What if you loved him, and he were worthy of your love?

Let. Why, then I'd be any thing—and all!—grave, gay, capricious—the soul of whim, the spirit of variety—live with him in the eye of fashion, or in the shade of retirement—change my country, my sex—feast with him in an Equimaux hut, or a Persian pavilion—join him in the victorious war-dance on the borders of Lake Ontario, or sleep to the soft breathings of the flute in the cinnamon groves of Ceylon—dig with him in the mines of Golconda, or enter the dangerous precincts of the mogul's seraglio—cheat him of his wishes, and overturn his empire, to restore the husband of my heart to the blessings of liberty and love.

Doric. Delightful wildness! oh, to catch thee, and hold thee for ever in this little cage!

(*Attempting to clasp her.*)

Let. Hold, sir. Though Cupid must give the bait that tempts me to the snare, 'tis Hymen must spread the net to catch me.

Doric. 'Tis in vain to assume airs of coldness—Fate has ordained you mine.

Let. How do you know?

Doric. I feel it here. I never met with a woman so perfectly to my taste; and I won't believe it formed you so, on purpose to tantalize me.

Let. This moment is worth a whole existence!
(*Aside.*)

Doric. Come, show me your face, and rivet my chains.

Let. To-morrow you shall be satisfied.

Doric. To-morrow, and not to-night?

Let. No.

Doric. Where then shall I wait on you to-morrow?—Where see you?

Let. You shall see me at an hour when you least expect me.

Doric. Why all this mystery?

Let. I like to be mysterious. At present be content to know that I am a woman of family and fortune.

Doric. Let me see you to your carriage.

Let. As you value knowing me, stir not a step. If I am followed, you never see me more. Adieu.

[*Exit, R.H.*]

Enter HARDY, L.H.

Har. Adieu! then I'm come in at the fag end!

(*Aside.*)

Doric. Barbarous creature! she's gone! what, and is this really serious?—Am I in love?—Pho! it can't be.

Enter FLUTTER, R.H.

O Flutter, do you know that charming creature?

Flut. What charming creature? I passed a thousand.

Doric. She went out at that door, as you entered.

Flut. Oh, yes;—I know her very well.

Doric. Do you, my dear fellow, who?

Flut. She's kept by lord George Jennett.

Har. Impudent stoundrel!—I foresee I shall cut his throat!

(*Aside.*)

Doric. Kept!

Flut. Yes; colonel Gorget had her first;—then Mr. Loveill;—then—I forget exactly how many; and at last she's lord George's. (*Talks to other Masks.*)

Doric. I'll murder Gorget, poison lord George, and shoot myself.

Har. Now's the time, I see, to clear up the whole. Mr. Doricourt!—I say—Flutter was mistaken; I know who you are in love with.

Doric. A strange rencontre! Who?

Har. My Letty.

Doric. Oh! I understand your rebuke;—'tis too soon, sir, to assume the father-in-law.

Har. Zounds! what do you mean by that? I tell you that the lady you admire is Letitia Hardy.

Doric. I am glad you are so well satisfied with the state of my heart.—I wish I was! [*Exit, L.H.*]

Har. Stop a moment.—Stop, I say! what, you won't? very well—if I don't play you a trick for this, may I never be a grandfather! I'll plot with Letty now, and not against her; ay, hang me if I don't! There's something in my head, that shall tingle in his heart. He shall have a lecture upon impatience, that I foresee he'll be the better for as long as he lives.

Re enter SAVILLE, R.H.U.E. with Gentlemen.

Sav. Flutter, come with us; we're going to raise a laugh at Courtall's.

Flut. With all my heart. "Live to live," was my father's motto: "Live to laugh," is mine.

[*Music.—Exeunt, L.H.*]

SCENE II.—*Courtall's.*

Enter KITTY and COURTALL, L.H.D.

Kitty. Where have you brought me, sir George? This is not our home!

Court. 'Tis my home, beautiful lady Frances! (*kneels and takes off his Mask.*) Oh, forgive the ardency of my passion, which has compelled me to deceive you!

Kitty. Mr. Courtall! what will become of me?

Court. Oh, say but that you pardon the wretch who adores you. Did you but know the agonizing tortures of my heart, since I had the felicity of conversing with you this morning—or the despair that now—

(*Knock, L.H. Courtall rises.*)

Kitty. Oh, I'm undone!

Court. Zounds! my dear lady Frances! I am not at home! (*Calls to a servant without*) Rascal! do you hear?—Let nobody in; I am not at home!

Serv. (Without.) Sir, I told the gentlemen so.

Court. Eternal curses! they are coming up. Step into this room, adorable creature! one moment; I'll throw them out of the window, if they stay three.

[*Exit Kitty, through the back Scene. M.D.*]

Enter SAVILLE, FLUTTER, and Gentlemen. L.H.D.

Flut. O Gemini! beg the petticoat's pardon.—Just saw a corner of it.

1 *Gent.* No wonder admittance was so difficult. I thought you took us for bailiffs.

Court. Upon my soul, I am devilish glad to see you—but you perceive how I am circumstanced. Excuse me at this moment.

2 *Gent.* Tell us who 'tis then.

Court. Oh, fie!

Flut. We won't blab.

Court. I can't, upon honour. Thus far—She's a woman of the first character and rank. Saville, (*Taking him aside.*) have I influence, or have I not?

Sav. Why, sure, you do not insinuate—

Court. No, not insinuate, but swear, that she's now in my bed-chamber; by gad, I don't deceive you.—There's generalship, you rogue! such an humble, distant, sighing fellow as thou art, at the end of a six months siege, would have boasted of a kiss from her glove. I only give the signal, and—pop! she's in my arms!

Sav. What, lady Fran—

Court. Hush! You shall see her name to-morrow morning in red letters at the end of my list. Gentlemen, you must excuse me now. Come and drink chocolate at twelve, but—

Sav. Ay, let us go, out of respect to the lady!—'tis a person of rank.

Flut. Is it?—Then I'll have a peep at her.

(*Runs to the door in the back Scene.*)

Court. This is too much. (*Trying to prevent him.*)

1 *Gent.* By Jupiter we'll have a peep.

Court. Gentlemen, consider—for heaven's sake—a lady of quality. What will be the consequences?

Flut. The consequences!—Why, you'll have your throat cut, that's all—but I'll write your elegy. So now for the door! (*Part open the door, whilst the rest hold Courtall.*) I beg your ladyship's pardon, whoever you are. (*Leads her out, M.D.*) Emerge from darkness, like the glorious sun, and bless the wond'ring circle with your charms. (*Takes off her Mask.*)

Sav. Kitty Willis! ha, ha, ha!

Omnes. Kitty Willis! ha, ha, ha! Kitty Willis!

1 Gent. Why, what a fellow you are, Courtall, to attempt imposing on your friends in this manner! A lady of quality!—an earl's daughter!—Your ladyship's most obedient—Ha, ha, ha!

Sav. Courtall, have you influence, or have you not?

Flut. The man's moon-struck.

Court. Hell and ten thousand furies seize you all together.

Kitty. What, me too, Mr. Courtall? me, whom you have knelt to, prayed to, and adored?

Flut. That's right, Kitty; give him a little more.

Court. Disappointed and laughed at!

Sav. Laughed at, and despised. I have fulfilled my design, which was to expose your villainy, and laugh at your presumption. Adieu, sir; remember how you again boast of your influence with women of rank; and when you next want amusement, dare not to look up to the virtuous and to the noble for a companion.

[*Exit, L.H.D.*

Flut. And, Courtall, before you carry a lady into your bed-chamber again, look under her mask; d'ye hear?

[*Exit, leading Kitty, L.H.D.*

Court. There's no bearing this! I'll set off for Paris directly.

[*Exit, R.H.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Hardy's House.*

Enter HARDY and VILLERS, L.H.

Vil. Whimsical enough! Dying for her, and hates her! Believes her a fool, and a woman of brilliant understanding!

Har. As true as you are alive—but when I went up to him, last night, at the Pautheon, out of downright good nature, to explain things—my gentleman whips round upon his heel, and snapp'd one as short if I had been a beggar woman with six children, and he overseer of the parish.

Vil. Here comes the wonder-worker.

Enter LETITIA, R.H.

Here comes the enchantress, who can go to masquerades, and sing, and dance, and talk a man out of his wits! But, pray, have we morning masquerades?

Let. Oh, no—but I am so enamoured of this all-conquering habit, that I could not resist putting it on the moment I had breakfasted. I shall wear it on the day I am married, and then lay it by in spices—like the miraculous robes of St. Bridget.

Vil. That's as most brides do. The charms that helped to catch the husband are generally laid by, one after another, till the lady grows a downright wife, and then runs crying to her mother, because she has transformed her lover into a downright husband.

Har. Listen to me.—I han't slept to-night, for thinking of plots to plague Doricourt—and they drove one another out of my head so quick, that I was as giddy as a goose, and could make nothing of them—I wish to goodness you could contrive something.

Vil. Contrive to plague him! Nothing so easy. Don't undeceive him, madam, till he is your husband.

Marry him whilst he possesses the sentiments you laboured to give him of miss Hardy—and when you are his wife—

Let. Oh, heavens! I see the whole—that's the very thing. My dear Mr. Villers, you are the divinest man!

Vil. Don't make love to me, hussy.

Enter MRS. RACKETT, R.H.

Mrs. R. No, pray don't—for I design to have Villers myself in about six years.—There's an oddity in him that pleases me.—He holds women in contempt; and I should like to have an opportunity of breaking his heart for that.

Vil. And when I am heartily tired of life, I know no woman whom I would with more pleasure make my executioner.

Har. It cannot be—I foresee it will be impossible to bring it about. You know the wedding wasn't to take place this week, or more—and Letty will never be able to play the fool so long.

Vil. The knot shall be tied to-night.—I have it all here; (*Pointing to his Forehead.*) the licence is ready.—Feign yourself ill; send for Doricourt, and tell him you can't go out of the world in peace, except you see the ceremony performed.

Har. I feign myself ill! I could as soon feign myself a Roman ambassador.—I was never ill in my life, but with the tooth-ache—when Letty's mother was a breeding I had all the qualms.

Vil. Oh, I have no fears for you. But what says miss Hardy? Are you willing to make the irrevocable vow before night?

Let. Oh, heavens!—I—'Tis so exceeding sudden, that really—

Mrs. R. That really she is frightened out of her wits—lest it should be impossible to bring matters about. But I have taken the scheme into my protection, and you shall be Mrs. Doricourt before night. *Come,* (*To Hardy.*) to bed directly: your room shall

be crammed with vials, and all the apparatus of death—then, heigh, presto! for Doricourt.

Vil. You go and put off your conquering dress, (*To Letitia.*) and get all your awkward airs ready—And you practise a few groans, (*To Hardy.*) and you, if possible, an air of gravity. (*To Mrs. Rackett.*) I'll answer for the plot.

Let. Married in jest! 'Tis an odd idea! Well, I'll venture it. [*Exeunt Letitia and Mrs. Rackett, R.H.*]

Vil. Ay, I'll be sworn! (*Looks at his Watch.*) 'Tis past three. The budget's to be opened this morning. I'll just step down to the house.—Will you go?

Har. What! with a mortal sickness?

Vil. What a blockhead! if I believe half of us were to stay away with mortal sicknesses, it would be for the health of the nation. Good morning.—I'll call and feel your pulse as I come back. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Har. You won't find them over brisk, I fancy. I foresee some ill happening from this making believe to die before one's time. But hang it—ahem!—I am a stout man yet; only fifty-six—What's that? In the last yearly bills there were three lived to above an hundred: Fifty-six! Fiddle-de-dee! I am not afraid, not I. [*Exit, L.H.*]

SCENE II.—*Doricourt's Lodgings.*

DORICOURT discovered in his *Robe de Chambre.*

Enter SAVILLE, L.H.D.

Sav. Undressed so late?

Doric. I didn't go to bed till late—'twas late before I slept—late when I rose. Do you know lord George Jennett?

Sav. Yes.

Doric. Has he a mistress?

Sav. Yes.

Doric. What sort of a creature is she?

Sav. Why, she spends him three thousand a year with the ease of a duchess, and entertains his friends with the grace of a Ninon. Ergo, she is handsome,

spirited, and clever. (*Doricourt walks about disordered.*) In the name of caprice, what ails you?

Doric. You have hit it—*Elle est mon caprice.*—The mistress of lord George Jennett is my caprice—Oh, insufferable!

Sav. What, you saw her at the masquerade?

Doric. Saw her, loved her, died for her—without knowing her—and now, the curse is, I can't hate her.

Sav. Ridiculous enough! All this distress about a kept woman, whom any man may have, I dare swear, in a fortnight—They've been jarring some time.

Doric. Have her! The sentiment I have conceived for the witch is so unaccountable, that, in that line, I cannot bear her idea. Was she a woman of honour, for a wife, I could adore her—but I really believe, if she should send me an assignation, I should hate her.

Sav. Hey-day! This sounds like love. What becomes of poor miss Hardy?

Doric. Her name has given me an ague! Dear Saville, how shall I contrive to make old Hardy cancel the engagements! The moiety of the estate, which he will forfeit, shall be his the next moment by deed of gift.

Sav. Let me see—Can't you get it insinuated that you are a devilish wild fellow; that you are an infidel, and attached to wenching, gaming, and so forth?

Doric. Ay, such a character might have done some good two centuries back. But who the devil can it frighten now? I believe it must be the mad scheme at last.—There, will that do for a grin? (*affects madness.*)

Sav. Ridiculous!—But how are you certain that the woman who has so bewildered you belongs to lord George?

Doric. Flutter told me so.

Sav. Then fifty to one against the intelligence.

Doric. It must be so. There was a mystery in her manner, for which nothing else can account. (*A violent fit, L.H.*) Who can this be?

(*Looks out.*) The proverb is your answer—'tis under himself. Tip him a scene of the madman, and see how it takes.

Doric. I will—a good way to send it about town. Shall it be of the melancholy kind, or the raving?

Sav. Rant!—rant!—Here he comes.

Doric. Talk not to me, who can pull comets by the beard, and overset an island?

Enter FLUTIER, L.H.

There! This is he!—this is he who hath sent my poor soul, without coat or breeches, to be tossed about in ether like a duck-feather! Villain, give me my soul again! (*Seizes him.*)

Flut. Upon my soul, I havn't got it.

(*Exceedingly frightened.*)

Sav. Oh, Mr. Flutter, what a melancholy sight!—I little thought to have seen my poor friend reduced to this.

Flut. Mercy defend me! What, is he mad?

Sav. You see how it is. A cursed Italian lady—Jealousy—gave him a drug; and every full of the moon—

Doric. Moon! Who dares talk of the moon? The patroness of genius—the rectifier of wits—the—Oh! here she is!—I feel her—she tugs at my brain—she has it—she has it—Oh! [*Exit, R.H.*]

Flut. Well, this is dreadful! exceeding dreadful, I protest. Have you had Monro?

Sav. Not yet—The worthy miss Hardy—what a misfortune!

Flut. Ay, very true.—Do they know it?

Sav. Oh, no; the paroxysm seized him but this morning.

Flut. Adieu; I can't stay. (*Going in great haste, L.H.*)

Sav. But you must stay, (*Holding him.*) and assist me—perhaps he'll return again in a moment; and when he is in this way, his strength is prodigious.

Flut. Can't, indeed—can't upon my soul.

(*Going, L.H.*)

Sav. Flutter—don't make a mistake now—remember 'tis Doricourt that's mad.

Flut. Yes—you mad.

Sav. No, no; Doricourt.

Flut. Egad, I'll say you are both mad, and then I can't mistake. [*Exeunt, Flut. L.H. Sav. R.H.*]

SCENE III.—*Sir George Touchwood's House.*

Enter SIR GEORGE, R.H. and LADY FRANCES TOUCHWOOD, L.H.

Sir G. The bird is escaped—Courtall is gone to France.

Lady F. Heaven and earth! Have you been to seek him?

Sir G. Seek him! Ay.

Lady F. How did you get his name? I should never have told it you.

Sir G. I learn'd it in the first coffee-house I entered.—Every body is full of the story.

Lady F. Thank heaven he's gone!—But I have a story for you—The Hardy family are forming a plot upon your friend Doricourt, and we are expected in the evening to assist.

Sir G. With all my heart, my angel; but I can't stay to hear it unfolded. They told me Mr. Saville would be at home in half an hour, and I am impatient to see him. The adventure of last night—

Lady F. Think of it only with gratitude. The danger I was in has overset a new system of conduct, that perhaps I was too much inclined to adopt. But henceforward, my dear sir George, you shall be my constant companion and protector. And when they ridicule the unfashionable monsters, the felicity of our hearts will make their satire pointless.

Sir G. Charming angel! You almost reconcile me to Courtall. Hark! Here's company. (*Stepping to the Door*) 'Tis your lively widow—I'll step down the back stairs to escape her. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Enter MRS. RACKETT, R.H:

Mrs. R. Oh, lady Frances! I am shocked to death.
—Have you received a card from us?

Lady F. Yes; within these twenty minutes.

Mrs. R. Ay, 'tis of no consequence.—'Tis all over
—Doricourt's mad.

Lady F. Mad!

Mrs. R. My poor Letitia!—Just as we were enjoying ourselves with the prospect of a scheme that was planned for their mutual happiness, in came Flutter, breathless, with the intelligence:—I flew here to know if you had heard it.

Lady F. No, indeed—and I hope it is one of Mr. Flutter's dreams.

Enter SAVILLE, R.H.

Apropos; now we shall be informed. Mr. Saville, I rejoice to see you, though sir George will be disappointed; he's gone to your lodgings.

Sav. I should have been happy to have prevented sir George. I hope your ladyship's adventure last night did not disturb your dreams?

Lady F. Not at all; for I never slept a moment. My escape, and the importance of my obligations to you, employed my thoughts. But we have just had shocking intelligence—Is it true that Doricourt is mad?

Sav. So the business is done. (*Aside.*) Madam, I am sorry to say that I have just been a melancholy witness of his ravings; he was in the height of a paroxysm.

Mrs. R. Oh, there can be no doubt of it! Flutter told us the whole history. Some Italian princess gave him a drug, in a box of sweetmeats, sent to him by her own page; and it renders him lunatic every month. Poor miss Hardy! I never felt so much on any occasion in my life.

Sav. To soften your concern, I will inform you

madam, that miss Hardy is less to be pitied than you imagine.

Mrs. R. Why so, sir?

Sav. 'Tis rather a delicate subject, but he did not love miss Hardy.

Mrs. R. He did love miss Hardy, sir, and would have been the happiest of men.

Sav. Pardon me, madam; his heart was not only free from that lady's chains, but absolutely captivated by another.

Mrs. R. No, sir—no. It was miss Hardy who captivated him. She met him last night at the masquerade, and charmed him in disguise. He professed the most violent passion for her; and a plan was laid this evening to cheat him into happiness.

Sav. Ha, ha, ha!—Upon my soul, I must beg your pardon! I have not eaten of the Italian princess's box of sweetmeats, sent by her own page; and yet I am as mad as Doricourt. Ha, ha, ha!

Mrs. R. So it appears. What can all this mean?

Sav. Why, madam, he is at present in his perfect senses; but he'll lose them in ten minutes through joy. The madness was only a feint. to avoid marrying miss Hardy, ha, ha, ha! I'll carry him the intelligence directly. *(Going.)*

Mrs. R. Not for worlds. I owe him revenge now for what he has made us suffer. You must promise not to divulge a syllable I have told you; and when Doricourt is summoned to Mr. Hardy's, prevail on him to come—madness and all.

Lady F. Pray do. I should like to see him showing off, now I am in the secret.

Sav. You must be obeyed, though 'tis inhuman to conceal his happiness.

Mrs. R. I am going home; so I'll set you down at his lodgings, and acquaint you, by the way, with our whole scheme. Allons!

Sav. I attend you.

(Leading her out.)

Mrs. R. You won't fail us?

[Exeunt Mr. Saville and Mrs. Rackett, R.H.]

Lady F. No ; depend on us.

[*Exit, L.H.*]

SCENE IV.—*Doricourt's Lodgings.*

DORICOURT seated, reading.

Doric. (*Flings away the Book.*) What effect can the morals of fourscore have on a mind torn with passion ? (*Musing.*) Is it possible such a soul as hers can support itself in so humiliating a situation ? A kept woman ! (*Rising.*) Well, well—I am glad it is so—I am glad it is so !

Enter SAVILLE, L.H.

Sav. What a happy dog you are, Doricourt ! I might have been mad, or beggared, or pistol'd, myself, without its being mentioned—But you, forsooth ! the whole female world is concerned for. I reported the state of your brain to five different women. The lip of the first trembled ; the white bosom of the second heaved a sigh ; the third ejaculated, and turned her eye to—the glass ; the fourth blessed herself ; and the fifth said whilst she pinned a curl, well, now perhaps he'll be an amusing companion : his native dulness was intolerable.

Doric. Envy ! sheer envy, by the smiles of Hebe !—There are not less than forty pair of the brightest eyes in town will drop crystals, when they hear of my misfortune.

Sav. Well, but I have news for you :—Poor Hardy is confined to his bed ; they say he is going out of the world by the first post, and he wants to give you his blessing.

Doric. Ill ! so ill ! I am sorry from my soul. He's a worthy little fellow—if he had not the gift of fore-seeing so strongly.

Sav. Well, you must go and take leave.

Doric. What ! to act the lunatic in the dying man's chamber ?

Sav. Exactly the thing ; and will bring your bus-

ness to a short issue; for his last commands must be that you are not to marry his daughter.

Doric. That's true, by Jupiter!—and yet, hang it, impose upon a fellow at so serious a moment!—I can't do it.

Sav. You must, faith. I am answerable for your appearance, though it should be in a straight waistcoat. He knows your situation, and seems the more desirous of an interview.

Doric. I don't like encountering Rackett.—She's an arch little devil, and will discover the cheat.

Sav. There's a fellow!—Cheated ninety-nine women, and now afraid of the hundredth.

Doric. And with reason—for that hundredth is a widow. [*Exeunt, L.H.*]

SCENE V.—*Hardy's.*

Enter MRS. RACKETT and MISS OGLE, L.H.

Miss O. And so miss Hardy is actually to be married to-night?

Mrs. R. If her fate does not deceive her. You are apprised of the scheme, and we hope it will succeed.

Miss O. Deuce take her! she's six years younger than I am. (*Aside.*) Is Mr. Doricourt handsome?

Mrs. R. Handsome, generous, young, and rich.—There's a husband for ye! Isn't he worth pulling caps for?

Miss O. I'my conscience, the widow speaks as though she'd give cap, ears, and all for him. (*Aside.*) I wonder you didn't try to catch this wonderful man, Mrs. Rackett?

Mrs. R. Really, miss Ogle, I had not time. Besides, when I marry, so many stout young fellows will hang themselves, that, out of regard to society, in these sad times, I shall postpone it for a few years.—This will cost her a new lace—I heard it crack, (*Aside.*)

Enter SIR GEORGE and LADY FRANCES, L.H.

Sir G. Well, here we are. But where's the knight of the woful countenance ?

Mrs. R. Here soon, I hope—for a woful night it will be without him.

Sir G. Oh, fie ! do you condescend to pun ?

Mrs. R. Why not ? It requires genius to make a good pun—some men of bright parts can't reach it. I know a lawyer, who writes them on the back of his briefs ; and says they are of great use—in a dry cause.

Enter FLUTTER, L.H.D.

Flut. Here they come ! Here they come !—Their coach stopped as mine drove off.

Sav. (Without.) Come, let me guide you !—This way, my poor friend ! Why are you so furious ?

Doric. (Without.) The house of death—to the house of death !

Enter DORICOURT and SAVILLE, L.H.D.

Ah ! this is the spot !

Lady F. How wild and fiery he looks !

Miss O. Now, I think he looks terrified !

Mrs. R. I never saw a madman before—Let me examine him—Will he bite ?

Sav. Pray keep out of his reach, ladies—You don't know your danger. He's like a wild cat, if a sudden thought seizes him.

Mrs. R. You talk like a keeper of wild cats—How much do you demand for showing the monster ?

Doric. I don't like this—I must rouse their sensibility. *(Aside.)* There ! there she darts through the air in liquid flames. Down again.—Now I have her—Oh, she burns ! she scorches !—Oh ! she eats into my very heart !

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha !

Doric. I am laughed at !

Mrs. R. Laughed at—ay, to be sure why, I could play the madman better than you. There ! there she is ! Now I have her ! Ha, ha, ha !

Doric. I'll leave the house :—I'm covered with confusion. (*Going.*)

Sir G. Stay, sir—You must not go. 'Twas poorly done, Mr. Doricourt, to affect madness rather than fulfil your engagements.

Doric. Affect madness ? Saville, what can I do ?

Sav. Since you are discovered, confess the whole.

Doric. Yes ; since my designs have been so unaccountably discovered, I will avow the whole. I cannot love miss Hardy—and I will never—

Sav. Hold, my dear Doricourt ? What will the world say to such—

Doric. Damn the world ! What will the world give me for the loss of happiness ? Must I sacrifice my peace, to please the world ?

Sir G. Yes, every thing, rather than be branded with dishonour.

Lady F. Though our arguments should fail, there is a pleader, whom you surely cannot withstand—the dying Mr. Hardy supplicates you not to forsake his child.

Sir G. The dying Mr. Hardy !

Flut. The dying Mr. Hardy !

Enter VILLERS, R.H.D.

Vil. The dying Mr. Hardy requests you to grant him a moment's conversation, Mr. Doricourt, though you should persist to send him miserable to the grave. Let me conduct you to his chamber.

Doric. Oh, ay, any where ; to the antipodes—to the moon—Carry me—Do with me what you will.

Mrs. R. I'll follow, and let you know what passes.

[*Exeunt Vil. Doric. Mrs. R. and Miss O. R.H.D.*]

Flut. Ladies, ladies, have the charity to take me with you, that I may make no blunder in repeating the story;

[*Exit, R.H.D.*]

Lady F. Sir George, you don't know Mr. Saville.

[*Exit, R.H.D.*

Sir G. Ten thousand pardons ; I have been with the utmost impatience at your door twice to-day.

Sav. I am concerned you had so much trouble, sir George.

Sir G. Trouble! what a word !—I hardly know how to address you ; your having preserved lady Frances in so imminent a danger—Start not, Saville ; to protect lady Frances was my right. You have wrested from me my dearest privilege.

Sav. I hardly know how to answer such a reproach.

Sir G. I do not mean to reproach you. I hardly know what I mean. There is one method by which you may restore peace to me. I have a sister, Saville, who is amiable ; and you are worthy of her. You must go with us into Hampshire ; and, if you see each other with the eyes I do, our felicity will be complete :

Sav. I will attend you to Hampshire with pleasure ; but not on the plan of retirement. Society has claims on lady Frances that forbid it.

Sir G. Claims, Saville ?

Sav. Yes, claims ; lady Frances was born to be the ornament of courts. She is sufficiently alarmed, not to wander beyond the reach of her protector ; and, from the British court, the most tenderly anxious husband could not wish to banish his wife. Bid her keep in her eye the bright example who presides there ; the splendour of whose rank yields to the superior lustre of her virtue.

Re-enter MRS. RACKETT, LADY FRANCES, MISS OGLE, and FLUTTER, R.H.D.

Mrs. R. Oh, heavens ! do you know—

Flut. Let me tell the story. As soon as Doricourt—

Mrs. R. I protest you shan't, said Mr. Hardy—

Flut. No, 'twas Doricourt spoke first—says he—No, 'twas the parson—says he—

Mrs. R. Stop his mouth, sir George—he'll spoil the tale.

Sir G. Never heed circumstances—the result—the result.

Mrs. R. No, no ; you shall have it in form. Mr. Hardy performed the sick man like an angel. He sat up in bed, and talked so pathetically, that the tears stood in Doricourt's eyes.

Flut. Ay, stood—they did not drop, but stood. I shall in future be very exact : the parson seized the moment ; you know they never miss an opportunity.

Mrs. R. “ Make haste,” said Doricourt ; “ if I have time to reflect, poor Hardy will die unhappy.”

Flut. They were got as far as the day of judgement, when we slipped out of the room.

Sir G. Then, by this time, they must have reached amazement, which every body knows is the end of matrimony.

Mrs. R. Ay, the reverend fathers ended the service with that word, prophetically—to teach the bride what a capricious monster a husband is.

Sir G. I rather think it was sarcastically—to prepare the bridegroom for the unreasonable humours and vagaries of his helpmate.

Lady F. Here comes the bridegroom of to-night.

Re-enter DORICOURT and VILLERS, R.H.D.—Villers whispers Saville, who goes out, L.H.D.

Omnes. Joy ! joy ! joy !

Miss O. If he's a sample of bridegrooms, keep me single ! A younger brother, from the funeral of his father, could not carry a more fretful countenance.

Flut. Oh ! now he's melancholy mad, I suppose.

Lady F. You do not consider the importance of the occasion.

Vil. No ; nor how shocking a thing it is for a man to be forced to marry one woman whilst his heart is devoted to another.

Mrs. R. Well, now 'tis over, I confess to you, Mr. Doricourt, I thing 'twas a most ridiculous piece of Quixotism, to give up the happiness of a whole life to a man

who perhaps has but few moments to be sensible of the sacrifice.

Flut. So it appeared to me. But, thought I, Mr. Doricourt has travelled—he knows best.

Doric. Zounds! confusion! did ye not all set upon me? Didn't ye talk to me of honour—compassion—justice?

Sir G. Very true—You have acted according to their dictates, and I hope the utmost felicity of the married state will reward you.

Doric. Never, sir George! To felicity I bid adieu—but I will endeavour to be content. Where is my—I must speak it—where is my wife?

Enter LETITIA, L.H.D. masked, led by SAVILLE.

Sav. Mr. Doricourt, this lady was pressing to be introduced to you.

Doric. Oh! (*Starting.*)

Let. I told you last night you should see me at a time when you least expected me, and I have kept my promise.

Vil. Whoever you are, madam, you could not have arrived at a happier moment. Mr. Doricourt is just married.

Let. Married! impossible! 'tis but a few hours since he swore to me eternal love: I believed him, gave him up my virgin heart—and now!—Ungrateful sex!

Doric. Your virgin heart! No, lady—my fate, thank heaven! yet wants that torture. Nothing but the conviction that you was another's could have made me think one moment of marriage, to have saved the lives of half mankind. But this visit, madam, is as barbarous as unexpected. It is now my duty to forget you, which, spite of your situation, I found difficult enough.

Let. My situation! what situation?

Doric. I must apologise for explaining it in this company—but, madam, I am not ignorant that you are the companion of lord George Jennett—and this is the only circumstance that can give me peace.

Let. I—a companion! ridiculous pretence! no, sir, know, to your confusion, that my heart, my honour, my name is unspotted as hers you have married; my birth equal to your own, my fortune large. That, and my person, might have been yours. But, sir, farewell!
(*Going.*)

Doric. Oh, stay a moment—Rascal! is she not—

Flut. Who, she? O lord!—no—'Twas quite a different person that I meant. I never saw that lady before.

Doric. Then, never shalt thou see her more.

(*Shakes Flutter.*)

Mrs. R. Have mercy upon the poor man! heavens! He'll murder him.

Doric. Murder him! Yes, you, myself, and all mankind. Sir George—Saville—Villers—'twas you who pushed me on this precipice; 'tis you who have snatched from me joy, felicity, and life.

Mrs. R. There! now, how well he acts the madman! This is something like! I knew he would do it well enough, when the time came.

Doric. Hard-hearted woman! enjoy my ruin—riot in my wretchedness.

Enter HARDY, hastily, in his Nightcap and Gown, R.H.F.

Har. This is too much. You are now the husband of my daughter; and how dare you show all this passion about another woman?

Doric. Alive again!

Har. Alive! ay, and merry. Here wipe off the flour from my face. I was never in better health and spirits in all my life. I foresaw 'twould do. Why, my illness was only a fetch, man! to make you marry Letty.

Doric. It was! base and ungenerous! Well, sir, you shall be gratified. The possession of my heart was no object either with you or your daughter. My fortune and name was all you desired, and these—I leave ye. My native England I shall quit, nor never behold you

more. But, lady, that, in my exile, I may have one consolation, grant me the favour you denied last night;—let me behold all that mask conceals, that your whole image may be impressed on my heart, and cheer my distant solitary hours.

Let. This is the most awful moment of my life. Oh, Doricourt, the slight action of taking off my mask stamps me the most blest, or miserable of women!

Doric. What can this mean? Reveal your face, I conjure you.

Let. Behold it. (*Unmasks.*)

Doric. Rapture! transport! heaven!

Flut. Now for a touch of the happy madman.

Let. This little stratagem arose from my disappointment in not having made the impression on you I wished. The timidity of the English character threw a veil over me you could not penetrate. You have forced me to emerge in some measure from my natural reserve, and to throw off the veil that hid me.

Doric. I am yet in a state of intoxication—I cannot answer you.—Speak on, sweet angel!

Let. You see I can be any thing; choose then my character—you shall fix it. Shall I be an English wife?—or, breaking from the bonds of nature and education, step forth to the world in all the captivating glare of foreign manners?

Doric. You shall be nothing but yourself—nothing can be captivating that you are not. I will not wrong your penetration, by pretending that you won my heart at the first interview; but you have now my whole soul—your person, your face, your mind, I would not exchange for those of any other woman breathing.

Har. A dog! how well he makes up for past slights! cousin Rackett, I wish you a good husband, with all my heart. Mr. Flutter, I'll believe every word you say this fortnight. Mr. Villers, you and I have managed this to a T. I never was so merry in my life—'Gad, I believe I can dance.

(*Footings.*)

Doric. Charming, charming creature!

Let. Congratulate me, my dear friends ! Can you conceive my happiness ?

Har. No, congratulate me, for mine is the greatest.

Flut. No, congratulate me, that I have escaped with life, and give me some sticking plaster—this wild cat has torn the skin from my throat.

Har. Come into the next room'; I have ordered out every drop of my forty-eight, and I'll invite the whole parish of St. George's, but we'll drink it out—except one dozen, which I shall keep under three double locks, for a certain christening, that I foresee will happen within this twelvemonth.

Doric. My charming bride ! It was a strange perversion of taste, that led me to consider the delicate timidity of your deportment as the mark of an uninformed mind, or inelegant manners. I feel now it is to that innate modesty, English husbands owe a felicity the married men of other nations are strangers to ; it is a sacred veil to your own charms ; it is the surest bulwark to your husbands' honour ; and curse on the hour—should it ever arrive—in which British ladies shall sacrifice to foreign graces the grace of modesty.

Disposition of the Characters when the curtain falls.



Oxberry and Co. Printers, 8, White-hart Yard,



MRS MARIDYNN,

OF SYDNEY.

Engraved by H. R. Cook from an original Portrait.

Orberry's Edition.

THE
RECRUITING OFFICER,

A COMEDY;

By G. Farquhar.

WITH PREFATORY REMARKS

THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAITHFULLY MARKED
WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatres Royal.

BY W. OXBERRY. Comedian.

LONDON.

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8, White-hart-yard.**

Remarks.

RECRUITING OFFICER.

FARQUHAR, in his good-humoured dedication of this play "*To all friends round the Wrekin*," informs us that it took its rise from some little turns of humour which he met with almost within the shade of that famous hill ; " and it bears internal marks of this local and personal origin. It is natural, easy, lively, flowing ; written without any effort, and producing no very great effect—at least in the mere perusal. The characters, incidents, dialogue, and grouping are, such as he might very well be supposed to have taken from real life ; and to have transferred to the comic stage, with more felicity and fidelity than expense of thought. Costar Pearmain and Thomas Appletree, Sergeant Kite and Captain Brazen, might be found without much trouble, in the market-place ; Justice Balance and his associates in the town-hall, or at the Raven, in the good town of Shrewsbury, (which, we fancy, was pretty much the same then that it is now ;) and two such accomplished and persevering lovers as Plume and Worthy could hardly fail to meet with a Sylvia or a Melinda in any two young ladies who had " felt their fingers ache at the boarding-school with the sharp air from the Welch mountains."—Farquhar saw himself brought up in a camp, lived all his life at free-quarters ; and was at home in the subject of the Recruiting Officer. There is, in truth in all his works the same display of gaiety and gallantry ; of thoughtless adventure, of " hair-breadth 'scapes," and of the slippery turns of fortune ; of love at first sight, and vows made with ease, and heroically kept or carelessly broken ; of hands and hearts plighted without consent of parents or leave asked of prudence. His Muse, in a word, might be said to be a bird of passage, and his Cupid to be the drummer-boy to a marching regiment. He seems as if he had written his comedies in his tent ; and before he had time to copy them out or revise them with care, (if indeed he could have done any thing with care,) to have been ordered on distant service and summoned to new adventures. " You shall relish him no less in the soldier than the scholar." The Recruiting Officer

is not equal, in the exhibition of wit, invention, or character, to the *Beaux' Stratagem*, nor in the romantic interest of the story, to the *Inconstant*, nor in the power of single scenes to the two parts of the *Trip to the Jubilee*; but there are sufficient indications of all these excellences interspersed throughout it, the streaks and glittering veins of the precious ore every where striking the eye, if not the solid ingots and massy wedges of pure gold. The scenes are (too much lively) sketches, tacked together without labour or artifice; the characters speak with more volubility than premeditation. The incidents frequently give pleasure rather from exciting surprise than from their conformity to probability or decorum, as is the case with the elopement of Sylvia in the dress of a young volunteer; and some of the characters are left unexplained, particularly that of Melinda, whom we are at a loss whether to regard as a prude or a lady of no very difficult virtue. The lower characters in the play are those which tell best in the representation, and as we have seen them acted, they form a sort of rallying point to the attention, and give life and spirit to that which becomes evanescent by its desultoriness, and indifferent from a want of progressively increasing interest. Nature in her simpler forms and expressions, remains nearly the same; and has the same inexpressible charm because we recognise the truth of the resemblance between the immediate copy, and the lasting prototype. Rose, Serjeant Kite, and the two raw recruits, still *tell* on the boards of the theatre from the appropriate accompaniments of costume, dialect and manner; while the address of the gay Captain Plume, the coquetish airs of Sylvia, and the graceful, reserved, significant *hauteur* of Melinda are at present lost to the stage, and unfortunately leave these characters, stripped of their proper share of prominence and effect.

W.H.

Mr. George Farquhar, the son of William Farquhar, dean of Armagh, was born at Londonderry, in 1678. As soon as he was properly qualified he was sent to Trinity College, Dublin. On quitting college he engaged himself to Mr. Ashbury, the manager of the Dublin Theatre, and made his first appearance in the character of Othello. One night having to perform Guyomar, in Dryden's *Indian Emperor*, who kills Vasquez, one of the Spanish Generals he, by mistake, took a real sword instead of a foil, and in the

combat, wounded Vasquez, in so dangerous a manner, that although it did not prove mortal, his recovery was for a long time doubtful, and Farquhar resolved never to go upon the stage again, or submit himself to the possibility of such another mistake. Soon after this Earl Orrery, gave him a lieutenant's commission in his own regiment, then in Ireland; which he held several years, and in his military capacity behaved without reproach, giving on many occasions proofs of great bravery. He died April 1707, before he could well be said to have run half his course, being not quite thirty years of age. His dramatic works are—*Love in a Bottle*, C. 4to. 1699—*Constant Couple*, C. 4to. 1700—*Sir Harry Wildair*, C. 4to. 1701—*Inconstant*, C. 4to. 1702—*Twin Rivals*, C. 4to. 1703—*Stage coach*, F. (assisted by Motteux,) 4to. 1705—*Recruiting Officer*, C. 4to. 1705—*Beaux Stratagem*, C. 4to. 1707.

PROLOGUE.

In ancient times, when Helen's fatal charms
Rous'd the contending universe to arms,
The Grecian council happily deputed
The sly Ulysses forth—to raise recruits.
The artful captain found without delay
Where great Achilles, a deserter, lay :
Him fate had warn'd to shun the Trojan blows,
Him Greece requir'd—against the Trojan foes.
All their recruiting arts were needful here,
To raise this great, this tim'rous volunteer.
Ulysses well could talk—he stirs, he warms
The warlike youth—he listens to the charms
Of plunders, fine lac'd coats, and glit'ring arms. }
Ulysses caught the young aspiring boy,
And listed him who wrought the fate of Troy.
Thus by recruiting was bold Hector slain ;
Recruiting thus fair Helen did regain.
If for one Helen such prodigious things
Were acted, that they even listed kings ;
If for one Helen's artful, vicious charms,
Half the transported world was found in arms ;
What for so many Helens may we dare,
Whose minds as well as faces are so fair ?
If by one Helen's eyes old Greece could find
Its Homer fir'd to write, ev'n Homer blind ;
Then Britons sure beyond compare may write,
That view so many Helens every night.

Costume.

BALANCE.

Suit of black velvet.

SCALE:

Suit of brown cloth.

SCRUPLE.

Suit of crimson cloth.

CAPTAIN PLUME.

Scarlet regimental jacket, white waistcoat, leather pantaloons, and blue military great coat.

CAPTAIN BRAZEN.

Scarlet jacket, and grey Wellington trowsers.

WORTHY.

Grey frock coat, striped waistcoat, and white trowsers.

KITE.

Scarlet jacket, white waistcoat, and trowsers.

COSTAR PEARMAIN.

Blue coat, flowered waistcoat, and leather breeches.

APPLETREE.

White jacket, flowered waistcoat, and leather breeches.

BULLOCK.

Green coat, red waistcoat, and leather breeches.

COLLIER.

Red waistcoat, stocking arms, and check shirt.

MELINDA.

White satin dress, trimmed with pink.

SYLVIA.

First dress—White muslin petticoat, trimmed with white satin body.—Second dress—Blue coat, white waistcoat, and trowsers.

ROSE.

Coloured gown, blue stuff petticoat, mob cap, and muslin apron.

LUCY.*

Grey calico gown.

Persons Represented.



	<i>Drury-lane, 1818.</i>	<i>Covent-garden, 1814.</i>
<i>Balance</i>	Mr. Powell.	Mr. Chapman.
<i>Scale</i>	Mr. Carr.	Mr. Brook.
<i>Scruple</i> ..	Mr. R. Phillips.	Mr. Atkins.
<i>Worthy</i> ..	Mr. Barnard.	Mr. Hamerton.
<i>Captain Plume</i>	Mr. Stanley.	Mr. C. Kemble.
<i>Captain Brazen</i>	Mr. Harley.	Mr. Jones.
<i>Kite</i>	Mr. Penley.	Mr. Mathews.
<i>Bullock</i> ..	Mr. Oxberry.	Mr. Emery.
<i>Costar Pearmain</i>	Mr. Munden.	Mr. Liston.
<i>Thomas Appletree</i>	Mr. Knight.	Mr. Simmons.
<i>Welsh Colther</i>	Mr. Hughes.	Mr. King.
<i>Melinda</i>	Mrs. Orger.	Mrs. Egerton.
<i>Sylvia</i>	Mrs. Mardyn.	Mrs. H. Johnston.
<i>Lucy</i> ..	Miss Cooke.	Mr. Gibbs.
<i>Rose</i>	Mrs. Alsop.	Miss Booth.
<i>Woman</i>	Mrs. Coveney.	Mrs. Coates.
<i>Wife</i> ..	Miss Tidswell.	Mrs. Emery.

Constable, Recruits, Mob, Servants, and Attendants.

SCENE.—SHREWSBURY:



Time of Representation.



The time this piece takes in representation is one hour and forty-three minutes. The first act occupies the space of eighteen minutes.—The second, nineteen—the third, twenty-one—the fourth, twenty-one—and the fifth, twenty-four. The half price commences, generally, at half past eight.

Stage Directions.

By R.H.....	is meant.....	Right Hand.
L.H.....		Left Hand.
S.E.		Second Entrance.
U.E.....		Upper Entrance.
M.D		Middle Door.
D.F.....		Door in Flat.
R.H.D.....		Right Hand Door.
L.H.D.....		Left Hand Door.

THE
RECRUITING OFFICER.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Market-Place—Drum beats the Grenadier's march.*

*Enter Sergeant KITE, followed by THOMAS APPLE-
TREE, COSTAR PEARMAIN, and the Mob, L.H.U.E.*

Serg. K. If any gentlemen, soldiers or others have a mind to serve his majesty, and pull down the French king; if any 'prentices have severe masters, any children have undutiful parents, if any servants have too little wages, or any husband too much wife, let them repair to the noble Sergeant Kite, at the sign of the Raven, in this good town of Shrewsbury, and they shall receive present relief and entertainment. (*Drums beat.*) Gentlemen, I dont beat my drums here to insnare or inveigle any man; for you must know, Gentlemen, that I am a man of honour: besides, I don't beat up for common soldiers; no, I list only grenadiers, grenadiers, gentlemen. Pray gentlemen, observe this cap, this is the cap of honour! it dubs a man a gentleman in the drawing of a

trigger, and he that has the good fortune to be born six feet high was born to be a great man—sir, will you give me leave to try this cap upon your head? (*To Cost.*)

Cost. Is there no harm in't? won't the cap list me?

Serg. K. No, no, no more than I can. Come, let me see how it becomes you.

Cost. Are you sure there be no conjuration in it? no gunpowder plot upon me?

Serg. K. No, no, friend; don't fear man.

Cost. My mind misgives me plaguily.—Let me see it—(*Going to put it on.*) It smells woundily of sweat and brimstone. Smell Tummas.

Tho. Ay, wauns does it.

Cost. Pray, Sergeant, what writing is this upon the face of it?

Serg. K. The crown, or the bed of honour.

Cost. Pray now, what may be that same bed of honour?

Serg. K. Oh! a mighty large bed! bigger by half than the great bed at Ware—ten thousand people may lie in it together and never feel one another.

Cost. My wife and I would do well to lie in't.—But do folk sleep sound in this same bed of honour?

Serg. K. Sound! ay, so sound that they never wake.

Cost. Wauns! I wish again that my wife lay there.

Serg. K. Say you so! then I find brother—

Cost. Brother! hold there friend; I am no kindred to you that I know of yet.—Look ye Sergeant, no coaxing, no wheedling, d'ye see—if I have a mind to list, why so--if not, why 'tis not so--therefore take your cap and your brothership back again, for I am not disposed at this present writing.—No coaxing, no brothering me faith!

Serg. K. I coax! I wheedle! I'm above it sir: I have serv'd twenty campaigns—but sir, you talk well, and I must own that you are a man every inch of you; a pretty, young, sprightly fellow!—I love a fellow with a spirit; but I scorn to coax; 'tis base! tho' I must say that never in my life have I seen a man better built. **How** firm and strong he treads! he steps like a castle!

but I scorn to wheedle any man— -Come, honest lad! will you take share of a pot?

Cost. Nay, for that matter I'll spend my penny with the best he that wears a head, that is begging your pardon sir, and in a fair way.

Serg. K. Give me your hand then; and now, gentlemen, I have no more to say than this—here's a purse of gold, and there is a tub of of humming ale at my quarters—'tis the king's money and the king's drink—he's a generous king and loves his subjects--I hope, gentlemen, you won't refuse the king's health.

All Mob. No, no, no.

Serg. K. Huzza then! huzza for the king and the honour of Shropshire.

All Mob. Huzza!

Serg. K. Beat drum.

[*Exeunt shouting, drum beating a Grenadier's march, R.H.*]

Enter Captain PLUME, L.H.

Capt. P. By the grenadier's march that should be my drum, and by that shout it should beat with success.—Let me see—four o'clock—(*Looking on his watch.*) At ten yesterday morning I left London—pretty smart riding, but nothing to the fatigue of recruiting.

Enter KITE, R.H.

Serg. K. Welcome to Shrewsbury noble Captain! from the banks of the Danube to the Severn side, noble Captain! you're welcome.

Capt. P. A very elegant reception indeed, Mr. Kite. I find you are fairly enter'd into your recruiting strain—Pray what success?

Serg. K. I've been here a week, and I've recruited five.

Capt. P. Five! pray what are they?

Serg. K. I have listed the strong man of Kent, the king

of the gipsies, a Scotch pedlar, a scoundrel attorney and a Welch parson.

Capt. P. An attorney ! wert thou mad ? list a lawyer ! discharge him, discharge him, this minute.

Serg. K. Why sir ?

Capt. P. Because I will have nobody in my company that can write ;—I say this minute discharge him.

Serg. K. And what shall I do with the parson ?

Capt. P. Can he write ?

Serg. K. Hum ! he plays rarely upon the fiddle.

Capt. P. Keep him by all means—But how stands the country affected ? Were the people pleas'd with the news of my coming to town ?

Serg. K. Sir, the mob are so pleased with your honour, and the justices and better sort of people are so delighted with me, that we shall soon do your business—But, sir, you have got a recruit here that you little think of.

Capt. P. Who ?

Serg. K. One that you beat up for the last time you were in the country. You remember your old friend Molly at the Castle ?

Capt. P. She's not breeding I hope.

Serg. K. She was brought to bed yesterday.

Capt. P. Kite, you must father the child.

Serg. K. And so her friends will oblige me to marry the mother.

Capt. P. If they should, we'll take her with us ; she can wash you know, and make a bed upon occasion.

Serg. K. But your honour knows that I am married already.

Capt. P. To how many ?

Serg. K. I can't tell readily—I have set them down here upon the back of the muster-roll. (*Draws it out.*) Let me see—Imprimis, Mrs. Shely Snikereyes ; she sells potatoes upon Ormond key in Dublin ;—Peggy Guzzle, the brandy woman at the horse-Guards, at Whitehall ;—Dolly Waggon, the carrier's daughter at Hull ; Madamoiselle Van-Bottomflat, at the Buss ;—then Jenny Oakum, the ship-carpenter's widow at Portsmouth but I don't reckon upon her, for she was married at

the same time to two lieutenants of marines, and a man-of-war's boatswain.

Capt. P. A full company—you have named five—Come, make them half a dozen. Kite, is the child a boy or a girl?

Serg. K. A chopping boy.

Capt. P. Then set the mother down in your list, and the boy in mine; and now go comfort the wench in the straw.

Serg. K. I shall, sir.

Capt. P. But hold, have you made any use of your German doctor's habit since you arriv'd?

Serg. K. Yes, yes, sir, and my fame's all about the country for the most faithful fortune-teller that ever told a lie. I was obliged to let my landlord into the secret for the convenience of keeping it so; but he is an honest fellow, and will be faithful to any roguery that is trusted to him. This device, sir, will get you men, and me money, which I think is all we want at present.—But yonder comes your friend, Mr. Worthy. Has your honour any further commands?

Capt. P. None at present. [*Exit Serg. Kite, R.H.* 'Tis indeed the picture of Worthy, but the life's departed.

Enter WORTHY, L.H. (Crosses to R.H.)

What, arms across, Worthy! methinks you should hold them open when a friend's so near. The man has got the vapours in his ears I believe. I must expel this melancholy spirit.

Spleen, thou worst of fiends below,
Fly, I conjure thee, by this magic blow.

(*Slaps Worthy on the Shoulder.*)

Wor. Plume! my dear captain! return'd! safe and sound, I hope.

Capt. P. You see I have lost neither leg nor arm; then for my inside, 'tis neither troubled with sympathies nor antipathies; and I have an excellent stomach for oast beef.

Wor. Thou art a happy fellow: once I was so.

Capt. P. What ails thee, man? no inundations nor earthquakes in Wales I hope! Has your father rose from the dead, and resumed his estate?

Wor. No.

Capt. P. Then you are married, surely?

Wor. No.

Capt. P. Then you are mad, or turning methodist?

Wor. Come, I must out with it. Your once gay roving friend is dwindled into an obsequious, thoughtful, romantic, constant coxcomb.

Capt. P. And pray what is all this for?

Wor. For a woman.

Capt. P. Shake hands, brother. If thou go to that, behold me as obsequious, as thoughtful, as constant a coxcomb as your worship.

Wor. For whom?

Capt. P. For a regiment--but for a woman! 'Sdeath! I have been constant to fifteen at a time, but never melancholy for one. Pray who is this wonderful Helen?

Wor. A Helen indeed! not to be won under ten years siege; as great a beauty, and as great a jilt.

Capt. P. But who is she? do I know her?

Wor. Very well.

Capt. P. That's impossible. I know no woman that will hold out a ten year's siege.

Wor. What think you of Melinda?

Capt. P. Melinda! you must not think to surmount her pride by humility. Would you bring her to better thoughts of you, she must be reduced to a meaner opinion of herself. Let me see, the very first thing that I would do, should be to make love to her chambermaid. Suppose we lampooned all the pretty women in town, and left her out; or, what if we made a ball, and forgot to invite her, with one or two of the ugliest?

Wor. These would be mortifications, I must confess; but we live in such a precise dull place, that we can have no balls, no lampoons, no—

Capt. P. What! no young ones? and so many recruiting officers in town! I thought 'twas a maxim

among them to leave as many recruits in the country as they carried out.

Wor. Nobody doubts your good will, noble captain! witness our friend Molly at the Castle; there have been tears in town about that business, captain.

Capt. P. I hope Sylvia has not heard of it.

Wor. Oh, sir! have you thought of her? I began to fancy you had forgot poor Sylvia.

Capt. P. Your affairs had quite put mine out of my head. 'Tis true, Sylvia and I had once agreed, could we have adjusted preliminaries; but I am resolved never to bind myself to a woman for my whole life, till I know whether I shall like her company for half an hour. If people would but try one another before they engaged, it would prevent all these elopements, divorces, and the devil knows what.

Wor. Nay, for that matter, the town did not stick to say that.

Capt. P. I hate country towns for that reason. If your town has a dishonourable thought of Sylvia it deserves to be burned to the ground. I love Sylvia, I admire her frank generous disposition; in short, were I once a general, I would marry her.

Wor. Faith, you have reason; for were you but a corporal, she would marry you. But my Melinda coquets it with every fellow she sees; I'll lay fifty pounds she makes love to you.

Capt. P. I'll lay you a hundred that I return it if she does.

Re-enter SERGEANT KITE, R.H.

Serg. K. Captain, captain! a word in your ear.

Capt. P. You may speak out; here are none but friends. *(Crosses to centre.)*

Serg. K. You know, sir, that you sent me to comfort the good woman in the straw, Mrs. Molly; my wife, Mr. Worthy.

Wor. O ho! very well. I wish you joy, Mr. Kite.

Serg. K. Your worship very well may; for I have

got both a wife and child in half an hour. But as I was saying, you sent me to comfort Mrs. Molly,—my wife, I mean ;—But what do you think, sir? she was better comforted before I came.

Capt. P. As how?

Serg. K. Why, sir, a footman in livery had brought her ten guineas to buy her baby-clothes.

Capt. P. Who, in the name of wonder, could send them?

Serg. K. Nay, sir, I must whisper that;—Mrs. Sylvia.

Capt. P. Sylvia! generous creature!

Wor. Sylvia! Impossible!

Serg. K. Here are the guineas, sir. I took the gold as part of my wife's portion. Nay, further, sir, she sent word the child should be taken all imaginable care of, and that she intended to stand godmother. The same footman, as I was coming to you with the news, called after me, and told me that his lady would speak with me: I went; and upon hearing that you were come to town she gave me half-a-guinca for the news, and ordered me to tell you that justice Balance, her father, who is just come out of the country, would be glad to see you.

Capt. P. There's a girl for you, Worthy. Is there any thing of woman in this? No, 'tis noble, generous, manly friendship. The common jealousy of her sex, which is nothing but their avarice of pleasure, she despises; and can part with the lover, though she dies for the man. Come, Worthy, where's the best wine, for there I'll quarter?

Wor. Horton has a fresh pipe of choice Barcelona, which I would not let him pierce before, because I reserved it for your welcome to town. (*Crosses to L.H.*)

Capt. P. Let's away, then,—Mr. Kite, go to the lady, with my humble service, and tell her I shall only refresh a little and wait upon her.

Wor. Hold, Kite! have you seen the other recruiting captain?

Serg. K. No, sir; I'd have you to know I don't keep such company.

[*Exit, R.H.*]

Capt. P. Another! who is he?

Wor. My rival, in the first place, and the most unaccountable fellow: but I'll tell you more as we go.

[*Exeunt, L.H.*]

SCENE II.—*An Apartment.*

Enter MELINDA, L.H. and SYLVIA, R.H.

Mel. Welcome to town, cousin, Sylvia. (*They salute.*) I envied you your retreat in the country; for Shrewsbury, methinks, and all your heads of shires, are the most irregular places for living: here we have smoke, noise, scandal, affectation and pretension; in short, every thing to give the spleen, and nothing to divert it; then the air is intollerable.

Syl. Oh, madam! I have heard the town commended for its air.

Mel. But you don't consider Sylvia, how long I have lived in't! for I can assure you, that to a lady the least nice in her constitution, no air can be good above half a year. Change of air I take to be the most agreeable of any variety in life.

Syl. As you say, cousin Melinda, there are several sorts of airs.

Mel. Pshaw! I talk only of the air we breathe, or more properly of that we taste. Have not you, Sylvia, found a vast difference in the taste of airs?

Syl. Pray, cousin, are not vapours a sort of air? Taste air! you might as well tell me I may feed upon air! But, pr'ythee, my dear Melinda! don't put on such an air to me. Your education and mine were just the same; and I remember the time when we never troubled our heads about air, but when the sharp air from the Welsh mountains made our fingers ache in a cold morning at the boarding-school.

Mel. Our education, cousin, was the same, but our temperaments had nothing alike; you have the constitution of an horse.

Syl. So far as to be troubled neither with spleen,

cholic, nor vapours. I need no salts for my stomach, no hartshorn for my head, nor wash for my complexion; I can gallop all the morning after the hunting horn, and all the evening after a fiddle.

Mel. I am told your captain is come to town.

Syl. Ay, Melinda, he is come, and I'll take care he shan't go without a companion.

Mel. You are certainly mad, cousin.

Syl. ——— And there's a pleasure in being mad
Which none but mad men know.

(*Crosses to L.H.*)

Mel. Thou poor romantic Quixote! hast thou the vanity to imagine that a young sprightly officer, that rambles over half the globe in half a year, can confine his thoughts to the little daughter of a country justice in an obscure part of the world?

Syl. Pshaw! what care I for his thoughts! I should not like a man with confined thoughts; it shows a narrowness of soul.

Mel. O' my conscience, Sylvia, hadst thou been a man thou hadst been the greatest rake in Christendom.

Syl. I should have endeavoured to know the world. But now I think on't, how stands your affair with Mr. Worthy?

Mel. He's my aversion.

Syl. Vapours!

Mel. What do you say, madam?

Syl. I say that you should not use that honest fellow so inhumanly; he's a gentleman of parts and fortune, and besides that he's my Plume's friend! and by all that's sacred if you don't use him better I shall expect satisfaction.

Mel. Satisfaction! you begin to fancy yourself a man in good earnest. But to be plain with you, I like Worthy the worse for being so intimate with your captain, for I take him to be a loose, idle, ill-mannerly coxcomb.

Syl. Oh, madam! you never saw him perhaps since you were mistress of twenty thousand pounds; you ~~did~~ knew him when you were capitulating with Wor-

thy for a settlement, which perhaps might encourage him to be a little loose and unmannerly with you.

Mel. What do you mean, madam ?

Syl. My meaning needs no interpretation, madam.

Mel. Better it had, madam, for methinks you are too plain.

Syl. If you mean the plainness of my person, I think your ladyship's as plain as me to the full.

Mel. Were I sure of that, I would be glad to take up with a rakish officer as you do.

Syl. Again ! lookye, madam, you are in your own house.

Mel. And if you had kept in yours I should have excused you.

Syl. Don't be troubled, madam, I shan't desire to have my visit returned.

Mel. The sooner therefore you make an end of this the better.

Syl. I am easily persuaded to follow my inclinations; and so, madam your humble servant. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Mel. Saucy thing! (*Crosses to R.H.*)

Enter LUCY, L.H.

Lucy. What's the matter madam.

Mel. Did not you see the proud nothing, how she swelled upon the arrival of her fellow ?

Lucy. I don't believe she has seen him yet.

Mel. Nor shan't, if I can help it. Let me see—I have it—bring me pen and ink—Hold, I'll go write in my closet.

Lucy. An answer to this letter I hope, madam.
(*Presents a letter.*)

Mel. Who sent it ?

Lucy. Your captain, madam.

Mel. He's a fool, and I'm tired of him : send it back unopened.

Lucy. The messenger's gone, madam.

Mel. Then how should I send an answer ? Call him back immediately, while I go write.

[*Exeunt Mel. R.H. Lucy. L.H.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment.*

Enter JUSTICE BALANCE *and* CAPTAIN PLUME, R.H.

Just. B. Lookye, captain, give us but blood for our money, and you shan't want men. Adds my life, captain, get us but another marshal of France, and I'll go myself for a soldier.

Capt. P. Pray, Mr. Balance, how does your fair daughter ?

Just. B. Ah, captain! what is my daughter to a marshal of France? We're upon a nobler subject; I want to have a particular description of the last battle.

Capt. P. The battle, sir, was a very pretty battle as any one should desire to see; but we were all so intent upon victory that we never minded the battle: all that I know of the matter is, our general commanded us to beat the enemy, and we did so; and if he pleases but to say the word, we'll do it again. But pray, sir, how does Mrs. Sylvia ?

Just. B. Still upon Sylvia! for shame, captain! you are engaged already, wedded to the war; victory is your mistress, and 'tis below a soldier to think of any other.

Capt. P. As a mistress I confess, but as a friend, Mr. Balance.

Just. B. Come, come, captain, never mince the matter; would not you deceive my daughter if you could ?

Capt. P. How, sir? I hope she is not to be deceived.

Just. B. Faith, but she is, sir, and any woman in England of her age and complexion, by a man of your youth and person. Lookye, captain, once I was young, and once an officer, as you are, and I can guess at your thoughts now by what mine were then; and I remember very well that I would have given one of my legs, to have deluded the daughter of an old country gentleman as like me as I was then like you.

Capt. P. But, sir, was that country gentleman your friend and benefactor?

Just. B. Not much of that.

Capt. P. There the comparison breaks: the favours, sir, that—

Just. B. Pho, pho! I hate set speeches: if I have done you any service, captain, it was to please myself. I love thee, and if I could part with my girl you should have her as soon as any young fellow I know; but I hope you have more honour than to quit the service, and she more prudence than to follow the camp; but he's at her own disposal; she has ten thousand pounds in her pocket, and so--(*Crosses to L.H.*) Sylvia, Sylvia!
(*Calls.*)

Enter SYLVIA, L.H.

Syl. There are some letters, sir, come by the post from London; I left them upon the table in your closet.

Just. B. And here is a gentleman from abroad. (*Presents Capt. P. to her.*) Captain, you'll excuse me; I'll go and read my letters and wait on you.

[*Exit, L.H.*]

Syl. Sir, you are welcome to England.

Capt. P. You are indebted to me a welcome, madam, since the hopes of receiving it from this fair hand was the principal cause of my seeing England.

Syl. I have often heard that soldiers were sincere; shall I venture to believe public report?

Capt. P. You may, when 'tis back'd by private instance; for I swear, madam, by the honour of my profession, that whatever dangers I went upon, it was with the hope of making myself more worthy of your esteem; and if ever I had thoughts of preserving my life, 'twas for the pleasure of dying at your feet.

Syl. Well, well, you shall die at my feet, or where you will; but you know, sir, there is a certain will and testament to be made beforehand.

Capt. P. My will, madam, is made already, and there it is; and if you please to open this paper, which was

drawn the evening before our last battle, you will find whom I left my heir.

Syl. Mrs. Sylvia Balance. (*Opens the Will and reads.*) Well, captain, this is a handsome and a substantial compliment; but I can assure you I am much better pleased with the bare knowledge of your intention, than I should have been in the possession of your legacy: but, methinks, sir, you should have left something to your little boy at the Castle.

Capt. P. That's home. (*Aside.*) My little boy! lack-a-day, madam! that alone may convince you 'twas none of mine: why, the girl, madam, is my serjeant's wife, and so the poor creature^e gave out that I was the father, in hopes that my friends might support her in case of necessity—That was all, madam—My boy! no, no, no!

Enter a SERVANT, L.H.:

Serv. Madam, my master has received some ill news from London, and desires to speak with you immediately; and he begs the captain's pardon that he can't wait on him as he promised. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Capt. P. Ill news! Heaven avert it! nothing could touch me nearer than to see that generous worthy gentleman afflicted. I'll leave you to comfort him, and be assured that if my life and fortune can be any way servicable to the father of my Sylvia, he shall freely command both. [*Exeunt Plume, R.H. Sylvia, L.H.*]

SCENE II.—*An Apartment.*

Enter JUSTICE BALANCE and SYLVIA, L.H.

Syl. Whilst there is life there is hope, sir; perhaps my brother may recover.

Just. B. We have but little reason to expect it the doctor acquaints me here, that before this come to my hands he fears I shall have no son—Poor Owen

—but the decree is just ; I was pleased with the death of my father, because he left me an estate, and now I am punished with the loss of an heir to inherit mine. I must now look upon you as the only hopes of my family, and I expect that the augmentation of your fortune will give you fresh thoughts and new prospects.

Syl. My desire in being punctual in my obedience, equires that you would be plain in your commands, sir.

Just. B. The death of your brother makes you sole heiress to my estate, which you know is about two thousand pounds a year : this fortune gives you a fair claim to quality and a title : you must set a just value upon yourself, and in plain terms, think no more of captain Plume.

Syl. You have often commended the gentleman, sir.

Just. B. And I do so still ; he's a very pretty fellow ; but though I liked him well enough for a bare son-in-law, I don't approve of him for an heir to my estate and family : ten thousand pounds indeed I might trust in his hands, and it might do the young fellow a kindness ; but, odds my life ! two thousand pounds a year would ruin him, quite turn his brain. A captain of foot worth two thousand pounds a year ! 'tis a prodigy in nature !

Enter a SERVANT, R.H.

Serv. Sir, here's one with a letter below for your worship, but he will deliver it into no hands but your own.

Just. B. Come, show me the messenger.

[Exit with Servant, L.H.]

Syl. Make the dispute between love and duty, and I am prince Prettyman exactly. If my brother dies, ah, poor brother ! if he lives, ah, poor sister ! It is bad both ways. I'll try it again—Follow my own inclinations and break my father's heart, or obey his commands and break my own ! Worse and worse. Sub-

pose I take it thus : a moderate fortune, a pretty fellow, and a pad ; or a fine estate, a coach and six, and an ass. That will never do neither.

Re-enter JUSTICE BALANCE, R.H.

Just. B. Put four horses to the coach. (*To a Servant without.*) Ho, Sylvia !

Syl. Sir.

Just. B. How old were you when your mother died ?

Syl. So young that I don't remember I ever had one ; and you have been so careful, so indulgent to me since, that indeed I never wanted one.

Just. B. Have I ever denied you any thing you asked of me ?

Syl. Never, that I remember.

Just. B. Then, Sylvia, I must beg that, once in your life, you will grant me a favour.

Syl. Why should you question it, sir ?

Just. B. I don't ; but I would rather counsel than command. I don't propose this with the authority of a parent, but as the advice of your friend, that you would take the coach this moment and go into the country.

Syl. Does this advice, sir, proceed from the contents of the letter you received just now ?

Just. B. No matter ; I will be with you in three or four days, and then give you my reasons. But before you go, I expect you will make me one solemn promise.

Syl. Propose the thing, sir.

Just. B. That you will never dispose of yourself to any man without my consent.

Syl. I promise.

Just. B. Very well ; and to be even with you, I promise I never will dispose of you without your own consent : and so, Sylvia, the coach is ready. Farewell.

(Exit her to R.H.D. and returns.) Now she's gone, mine the contents of this letter a little nearer.

(*Reads.*) *Sir,—My intimacy with Mr. Worthy has drawn a secret from him, that he had from his friend, captain Plume; and my friendship and relation to your family oblige me to give you timely notice of it. The captain has dishonourable designs upon my cousin Sylvia. Evils of this nature are more easily prevented than amended; and you would immediately send my cousin into the country that is the advice of, sir, your humble servant, MELINDA.—Why, the devil's in the young fellows of this age; they are ten times worse than they were in my time.—Hang it! I can fetch down a woodcock or a snipe, and why not a hat and cockade? I have a case of good pistols, and have a good mind to try.*

Enter WORTHY, R.H.

Worthy! your servant.

Wor. I'm sorry, sir, to be the messenger of ill news.

Just. B. I apprehend it, sir; you have heard that my son Owen is past recovery.

Wor. My letters say he's dead, sir.

Just. B. He's happy, and I am satisfied: the stroke of heaven I can bear; but injuries from men, Mr. Worthy, are not so easily supported.

Wor. I hope, sir, you're under no apprehensions of wrong from any body.

Just. B. You know I ought to be.

Wor. You wrong my honour in believing I could know any thing to your prejudice, without resenting it as much as you should.

Just. B. This letter, sir, which I tear in pieces to conceal the person that sent it, informs me that Plume has a design upon Sylvia, and that you are privy to't.

Wor. Nay then, sir, I must do myself justice, and endeavour to find out the author. (*Takes up a piece.*) Sir, I know the hand, and if you refuse to discover the contents, Melinda shall tell me. (*Going.*)

Just. B. Hold, sir; the contents I have told you

already, only with this circumstance, that her intimacy with Mr. Worthy had drawn the secret from him.

Wor. Her intimacy with me!—Dear sir, let me pick up the pieces of this letter; 'twill give me such a power over her pride to have her own an intimacy under her hand. This was the luckiest accident (*Gathers up the Letter.*) The aspersion, sir, was nothing but malice, the effect of a little quarrel between her and Sylvia.

Just. B. Are you sure of that, sir?

Wor. Her maid gave me the history of part of the battle just now, as she overheard it. But I hope, sir, your daughter has suffered nothing upon the account?

Just. B. No, no, poor girl! she's so afflicted with the news of her brother's death, that to avoid company she begged leave to go into the country.

Wor. And is she gone?

Just. B. I could not refuse her, she was so pressing; the coach went from the door the minute before you came.

Wor. So pressing to be gone, sir?—I find her fortune will give her the same airs with Melinda; and then Plume and I may laugh at one another.

Just. B. Like enough; women are as subject to pride as men are; and why mayn't great women, as well as great men, forget their old acquaintance?—But come, where's this young fellow? I love him so well, it would break the heart of me to think him a rascal.—I am glad my daughter's fairly off though. (*Aside.*) Where does the captain quarter?

Wor. At Horton's: I am to meet him there two hours hence, and we should be glad of your company.

Just. B. Your pardon, dear Worthy. I must allow a day or two to the death of my son. Afterwards, I'm your's over a bottle, or how you will.

Wor. Sir, I'm your humble servant.

[*Exeunt, Just. B. L.H. Wor. R.H.*]

SCENE III.—*The Street.*

Enter SERGEANT KITE, with COSTAR PEARMAN in one Hand, and THOMAS APPLETREE in the other, drunk, R.H.

Serg. K. (Sings.) Our 'prentice Tom, may now refuse

*To wipe his scoundrel master's shoes,
For now he's free to sing and play,
Over the hills and far away.—Over, &c.*

(The Mob sing the Chorus.)

*We shall lead more happy lives,
By getting rid of brats and wives,
That scold and brawl both night and day,
Over the hills and far away.—Over, &c.*

Hey, boys! thus we soldiers live! drink, sing, dance, play;—we live, as one should say,—we live,—'tis impossible to tell how we live;—we are all princes,—why—why, you are a king,—you are an emperor, and I'm a prince;—now,—an't we?

Tho. No, sergeant, I'll be no emperor.

Serg. K. No?

Tho. I'll be a justice of peace.

Serg. K. A justice of peace, man?

Tho. Ay, wauns, will I.

Serg. K. Done; you are a justice of peace, and you are a king. (*To Cos.*) and I am a duke, and a rum duke, an't I?

Cos. Ay, but I'll be no king.

Serg. K. What then?

Cos. I'll be a queen.

Serg. K. A queen?

Cos. Ay, of England; that's greater than any king of 'em all.

Serg. K. Bravely said, faith! huzza for the queen. (*Huzza.*) But harkye, you Mr. Justice and you Mr. Queen, did you ever see the king's picture?

Cos. Tho. No, no, no.

Serg. K. I wonder at that; I have two of 'em set in gold, and as like his majesty,—bless the mark! see here, they are set in gold.

(Takes two broad Pieces out of his Pocket, gives one to each.)

Tho. The wonderful works of nature! *(Looks at it.)*

Cos. What's this written about? here's a posy, I believe. Ca-ro-lus!—what's that, sergeant?

Serg. K. O! Carolus! why, Carolus is Latin for king George; that's all.

Cos. 'Tis a fine thing to be a scollard. Sergeant, will you part with this? I'll buy it on you, if it come within the compass of a crown.

Serg. K. A crown! never talk of buying; 'tis the same thing among friends, you know; I'll present them to ye both: you shall give me as good a thing. Put 'em up, and remember your old friend when I am over the hills and far away.

(They sing, and put up the Money.)

Enter CAPTAIN PLUME, L.H. singing.

*Over the hills, and over the main,
To Flanders, Portugal, or Spain;
The king commands, and we'll obey,
Over the hills and far away.*

Come on my men of mirth, away with it; I'll make one among ye. Who are these hearty lads?

Serg. K. Off with your hats! 'ounds! off with your hats! This is the captain, the captain.

Tho. We have seen captains afore now, mun.

Cos. Ay, and lieutenant-captains too. 'Sflesh! I'll keep on my nab.

Tho. And I'se scarcely d'off mine for any captain in England. My vether's a freeholder.

Capt. P. Who are those jolly lads, sergeant?

Serg. K. A couple of honest, brave fellows, that are willing to serve the king. I have entertained 'em

just now as volunteers under your honour's command.

Capt. P. And good entertainment they shall have: volunteers are the men I want; those are the men fit to make soldiers, captains, generals.

Cos. Wounds Tummas! what's this? Are you listed?

Tho. Flesh! not I. Are you Costar?

Cos. Wounds! not I.

Serg. K. What! not listed? ha, ha, ha! a very good jest, i'faith.

Cos. Come, Tummus, we'll go home.

Tho. Ay, ay, come.

Serg. K. Home! for shame, gentlemen! behave yourselves better before your captain. Dear Tummas! honest Costar!

Tho. No, no, we'll be gone.

Serg. K. Nay, then, I command you to stay. I place you both sentinels in this place for two hours, to watch the motion of St. Mary's clock you, and you the motion of St. Chad's; and he that dares stir from his post till he be relieved, shall have my sword in his guts the next minute.

Capt. P. What's the matter, sergeant? I am afraid you are too rough with these gentlemen.

Serg. K. I'm too mild, sir; they disobey command, sir; and one of 'em should be shot for an example to the other.

Cos. Shot, Tummas!

Capt. P. Come, gentlemen, what's the matter?

Tho. We don't know; the noble sergeant is pleas'd to be in a passion, sir; but,—

Serg. K. They disobey command; they deny their being listed.

Tho. Nay, sergeant, we don't downright deny it neither; that we dare not do for fear of being shot; but we humbly conceive, in a civil way, and begging your worship's pardon, that we may go home.

Capt. P. That's easily known. Have either of you received any of the king's money?

Cos. Not a brass farthing, sir.

Serg. K. They have each of them received one-and-twenty shillings, and 'tis now in their pockets.

Cos. Wounds! if I have a penny in my pocket but a bent sixpence, I'll be content to be listed, and shot into the bargain.

Tho. And I. Look ye here, sir.

Cos. Nothing but the king's picture, that the serjeant gave me just now.

Serg. K. See there, a guinea, one-and-twenty shillings: t'other has the fellow on't.

Capt. P. The case is plain, gentlemen; the goods are found upon you; those pieces of gold are worth one-and-twenty shillings each.

Cos. So it seems that Carolus is one-and-twenty shillings in Latin.

Tho. 'Tis the same thing in Greek, for we are listed.

Cos. 'Flesh, but we an't, Tummus. I desire to be carried before the mayor, captain.

(Capt. P. and Serg. K. whisper.)

Capt. P. 'Twill never do, Kite; your damn'd tricks will ruin me at last. I won't lose the fellows though, if I can help it. *(Apart.)* Well, gentlemen, there must be some trick in this; my serjeant offers to take his oath that you are fairly listed.

Tho. Why, captain, we know that you soldiers have more liberty of conscience than other folks; but for me, or neighbour Costar here, to take such an oath, 'twould be downright perjurasion.

Capt. P. Look ye, rascal, you villain! if I find that you have imposed upon these two honest fellows, I'll trample you to death, you dog.—Come, how was't?

Tho. Nay, then we'll speak. Your serjeant, as you say, is a rogue, an't like your worship, begging your worship's pardon,—and,—

Cos. Nay, Tummus, let me speak; you know I can read.—And so, sir, he gave us those two pieces of money, for pictures of the king, by way of a present.

Capt. P. How! by way of a present? the son of a

whore ! I'll teach him to abuse honest fellows like you !
seoundrel ! rogue ! villain !

(Beats off the Sergeant, R.H. and follows.)

Tho. Cos. O brave, noble captain : huzza ! A brave captain, faith.

Cos. Now, Tummas, Carolus is Latin for a beating. This is the bravest captain I ever saw.—Wounds ! I've a month's mind to go with him.

Re-enter CAPTAIN PLUME, R.H.

Capt. P. A dog, to abuse two such honest fellows as you.—Look ye gentlemen, I love a pretty fellow ; I come among you as an officer to list soldiers, not as a kidnapper to steal slaves.

Cos. Mind that, Tummas.

Capt. P. I desire no man to go with me but as I went myself : I went a volunteer, as you or you may do ; for a little time carried a musket, and now I command a company.

Tho. Mind that, Costar ;—a sweet gentleman !

Capt. P. 'Tis true, gentlemen, I might take advantage of you ; the king's money was in your pockets ; my sergeant was ready to take his oath you were listed ; but I scorn to do a base thing : you are both of you at your liberty.

Cos. Thank you, noble captain.—Ecod ! I can't find in my heart to leave him, he talks so finely.

Tho. Ay, Costar, would he always hold in this mind ?

Capt. P. Come, my lads, one thing more I'll tell you :
(Crosses to centre.)

you're both young tight fellows, and the army is the place to make you men for ever : every man has his lot, and you have yours ; what think you now of a purse of French gold out of a monsieur's pocket, after you have dash'd out his brains with the butt end of your firelock, eh ?
(Crosses to R.H.)

Cos. Wauns ! I'll have it. Captain, give me a shilling ; I'll follow you to the end of the world.

Tho. Nay, dear Costar ! do'na : be advis'd.

Capt. P. Here my hero, there are two guineas for thee, as earnest of what I'll do further for thee.

Tho. Do'na take it; do'na, dear Costar!

(Cries, and pulls back his Arm.)

Cos. I wull,—I wull.—Waunds! my mind misgives me that I shall be a captain myself.—I take your money, sir, and now I am a gentleman.

Capt. P. Give me thy hand; and now you and I will travel the world o'er, and command it wherever we tread.—Bring your friend with you if you can. *(Apart.)*

Cos. Well, Tummas, must we part?

Tho. No, Costar, I cannot leave thee.—Come, captain, I'll e'en go along too; and if you have two honest simpler lads in your company than we two have been, I'll say no more.

Capt. P. Here, my lad. *(Gives him money.)* Now your name.

Tho. Tummas Appletree.

Capt. P. And yours?

Cos. Costar Pearmain.

Capt. P. Well said, Costar! Born where?

Tho. Both in Herefordshire.

Capt. P. Very well. Courage, my lads.—Now we'll *(Sings.)*

*Over the hills and far away,
 Courage, boys, it is one to ten,
 'But we return all gentlemen;
 While cong'ring colours we display,
 Over the hills and far away.*

Re-enter SERGEANT KITE, L.H.

Kite, take care of 'em. *(Exit, L.H.)*

Serg. K. A'n't you a couple of pretty fellows now? Here you have complained to the captain I am to be turned out, and one of you will be serjeant. Which of you is to have my halberd?

Cos. Tho. I.

Serg. K. So you shall—in your guts.—March, you sons of— *[Exit, beating them off, R.H.]*

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Market Place.*

Enter CAPTAIN PLUME *and* WORTHY. L.H.

Wor. I cannot forbear admiring the equality of our two fortunes : we love two ladies ; they meet us half way ; and just as we were upon the point of leaping into their arms, fortune drops into their laps, pride possesses their hearts, and away they run.

Capt. P. And leave us here to mourn upon the shore, a couple of poor melancholy monsters.—What shall we do ?

Wor. I have a trick for mine : the letter, you know, and the fortune-teller.

Capt. P. And I have a trick for mine.

Wor. What is't ?

Capt. P. I'll never think of her again.

Wor. No !

Cap. P. No ; I think myself above administering to the pride of any woman, were she worth twelve thousand a year ; and I ha'n't the vanity to believe I shall ever gain a lady worth twelve hundred. The generous, good-natur'd Sylvia, when poor, I admire ; but the haughty and scornful Sylvia, with her fortune, I despise. —What ! sneak out of town, and not so much as a word, a line, a compliment !—'Sdeath ! how far off does she live ? I'll go and break her windows.

Wor. Ha, ha, ha ! ay, and the window-bars too to come at her. Come, come, friend, no more of your rough military airs.

Enter SERGEANT KITE, L.H.

Serg. K. Captain, captain ! sir, look yonder, she's a-coming this way. 'Tis the prettiest, cleanest, little tit !

Capt. P. Now, Worthy, to show you how much I'm in love—here she comes. But, Kite, what is that great country fellow with her?

Serg. K. I can't tell, sir.

Enter ROSE, L.H. followed by her brother BULLOCK, with Chickens in a Basket on her Arm.

Rose. Buy chickens, young and tender chickens, young and tender chickens.

Capt. P. Here you chickens.

Rose. Who calls?

Capt. P. Come hither, pretty maid!

Rose. Will you please to buy, sir?

Wor. Yes, child, we'll both buy.

Capt. P. Nay, Worthy, that's not fair; market for yourself.—Come child, I'll buy all your stock.

Rose. Then it's all at your service. (*Courtesies.*)

Wor. Then must I shift for myself I find.

[*Exit, R.H.*

Capt. P. Let me see; young and tender you say?
(*Chucks her under the Chin.*)

Rose. As ever you tasted in your life, sir.

Capt. P. Come, I must examine your basket, my dear!

Rose. Nay, for that matter, I warrant my ware is as good as any in the market.

Cap. P. And I'll buy it all, child, were it ten times more.

Rose. Sir I can furnish you.

Capt. P. Come, then, we won't quarrel about the price; they're fine birds.—Pray what's your name, pretty creature?

Rose. Rose, sir. My father is a farmer within three short miles o'the town: we keep this market; I sell chickens, eggs, and butter; and my brother Bullock there sells corn.

Bul. Come, sister, haste, we shall be late home:

(*Whistles about the Stage.*)

Capt. P. Kite! (*Tips him the Wink, he returns it.*)

Pretty Mrs. Rose, you have—let me see—how many?

Rose. A dozen, sir; and they are richly worth a crown.

Bul. Come, Rouse; I sold fifty strake of barley to-day in half this time; but you will higgle and higgle for a penny more than the commodity is worth.

Rose. What's that to you, oaf? (*Kite and Bullock talk a apart.*) I can make as much out of a groat as you can out of fourpence, I'm sure. The gentleman bids fair; and when I meet with a chapman, I know how to make the best of him.—And so, sir, I say for a crown-piece the bargain's yours.

Capt. P. Here's a guinea my dear.

Rose. I can't change your money, sir.

Capt. P. Indeed, indeed, but you can. My lodging is hard by, chicken; and we'll make change there.

[*Exit, R.H. Rose follows him.*]

Serg. K. So, sir, as I was telling you, I have seen one of these hussars eat up a ravelin for his breakfast, and afterwards picked his teeth with a palisado.

Bul. Ay, you soldiers see very strange things; but pray, sir, what is a rabelin?

Serg. K. Why, 'tis like a modern minced pie; but the crust is confounded hard, and the plums are somewhat hard of digestion.

Bul. Then your palisado, pray what may he be?—Come, Rouse, pray ha' done.

Serg. K. Your palisado is a pretty sort of bodkin, about the thickness of my leg.

Bul. That's a fib, I believe. (*Aside.*) Eh! where's Rouse?—Rouse, Rouse! 'Sflesh! where's Rouse gone?

Serg. K. She's gone with the captain.

Bul. The captain! wauns! there's no pressing of women sure?

Serg. K. But there is sure.

Bul. If the captain should press Rouse, I should be ruined. Which way went she?—Oh! the devil take your rabelins and palisadoes. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Serg. K. You shall be better acquainted with them, honest Bullock, or I shall miss of my aim.

Re-enter WORTHY, R.H.

Wor. Why thou art the most useful fellow in nature to your captain; admirable in your way, I find.

Serg. K. Yes, sir, I understand my business, I will say it.

Wor. How came you so qualified?

Serg. K. You must know, sir, I was born a gipsy, and bred among that crew till I was ten years old; there I learned canting and lying: I was bought from my mother Cleopatra, by a certain nobleman, for three pistoles; who, liking my beauty, made me his page; there I learned impudence and pimping: I was turned off for wearing my lord's linen, and drinking my lady's ratafia, and turned bailiff's follower; there I learned bullying and swearing: I at last got into the army; and there I learned wenching and drinking;--so that if your worship pleases to cast up the whole sum, viz. canting, lying, impudence, pimping, bullying, swearing, drinking, and a halberd, you will find the sum total amount to a recruiting sergeant.

Wor. And pray what induc'd you to turn soldier?

Serg. K. Hunger and ambition. The fears of starving, and hopes of a truncheon, led me to a gentleman with a fair tongue, who loaded me with promises; but, 'gad, it was the lightest load that ever I felt in my life.—He promised to advance me; and indeed he did so,—to a garret in the Savoy. I asked him, "Why he put me in prison?" He call'd me, "Lying dog," and said, "I was in a garrison," and indeed 'tis a garrison that may hold out till doomsday before I should desire to take it again. But here comes justice Balance.

Re-enter BULLOCK, with JUSTICE BALANCE, L.H.

Just. B. Here you, sergeant, where's your captain?
 Here a poor foolish fellow comes clamouring to me

with a complaint that your captain has press'd his sister. Do you know any thing of this matter, Worthy?

Wor. I know his sister is gone with Plume to his lodgings, to sell him some chickens.

Just. B. Is that all? the fellow's a fool.

Bul. I know that, an't like your worship; but if your worship pleases to grant me a warrant to bring her before your worship, for fear of the worst.

Just. B. Thou'rt mad, fellow; thy sister's safe enough.

Serg. K. I hope so too. (*Aside.*)

Wor. Hast thou no more sense, fellow, than to believe that the captain can list women?

Bul. I know not whether they list them, or what they do with them; but I'm sure they carry as many women as men with them out of the country.

Just. B. But how came you not to go along with your sister?

Bul. Lord, sir, I thought no more of her going than I do of the day I shall die; but this gentleman here, not suspecting any hurt neither, I believe.—You thought no harm, friend, did you? (*To Sergeant Kite.*)

Serg. K. Lack-a-day, sir, not I—only that I believe I shall marry her to-morrow.

Just. B. I begin to smell powder. (*Aside.*) Well, friend, but what did that gentleman do with you?

Bul. Why, sir, he entertain'd me with a fine story of a great sea fight between the Hungarians, I think it was, and the wild Irish.

Serg. K. And so, sir, while we were in the heat of battle, the captain carried off the baggage.

Just. B. Sergeant, go along with this fellow to your captain; give him my humble service, and desire him to discharge the wench, though he has listed her.

Bul. Ay, and if she be'nt free for that, he shall have another man in her place.

Serg. K. Come, honest friend, you shall go to my quarters instead of the captain's.

(*Aside.*)—and [*exit with Bullock, L.H.*]

Just. B. We must get this mad captain his comple-

ment of men, and send him packing, else he'll overrun the country.

Wor. You see, sir, how little he values your daughter's disdain.

Just. B. I like him the better; I was just such another fellow at his age.—But how goes your affair with Melinda?

Wor. Very slowly. Cupid had formerly wings; but I think in this age he goes upon crutches; or, I fancy Venus had been dallying with her cripple, Vulcan, when my amour commenced, which has made it go on so lamely. My mistress has got a captain too; but such a captain!—As I live, yonder he comes!

Just. B. Who, that bluff fellow? I don't know him.

Wor. But I engage he knows you and every body at first sight; his impudence were a prodigy, were not his ignorance proportionable; he has the most universal acquaintance of any man living; for he won't be alone, and nobody will keep him company twice; then he's a Cæsar among the women, *veni, vidi, vici*, that's all. If he has but talked with 'the maid, he swears he has lain with the mistress: but the most surprising part of his character is his memory, which is the most prodigious, and the most trifling in the world.

Just. B. I have known another acquire so much by travel, as to tell you the names of most places in Europe, with their distances of miles, leagues, or hours, as punctually as a postboy; but for any thing else as ignorant as the horse that carries the mail.

Wor. This is your man, sir: add but the traveller's privilege of lying, and even that he abuses. This is the picture: behold the life.

Enter CAPTAIN BRAZEN, L.H.

Cap. B. Mr. Worthy, I'm your servant, and so forth.
 Harkye, my dear!
 Whispering, sir, before company is not mar-

ners; and when nobody's by 'tis foolish.

Capt. B. Company! mort de ma vie! I beg the gentleman's pardon.—who is he?

Wor. Ask him.

Capt. B. So I will. (*Crosses to centre.*) My dear; I am your servant, and so forth.—Your name, my dear.
(*To Justice Balance.*)

Just. B. Very laconic, sir.

Capt. B. Laconic! a very good name, truly. I have known several of the Laconics abroad. Poor Jack Laconic! he was killed at the battle;—I remember that he had a blue riband in his hat that very day; and after he fell, we found a piece of neat's tongue in his pocket.

Just. B. Pray, sir, did the French attack us, or we them?

Capt. B. The French attack us! No, sir, we attack'd them on the,—I have reason to remember the time, for I had two-and-twenty horses killed under me that day.

Wor. Then, sir, you must have rid mighty hard.

Just. B. Or perhaps, sir, you rid upon half-a-dozen horses at once.

Capt. B. What do you mean, gentlemen? I tell you they were killed; all torn to pieces by cannon shot, except six I stak'd to death upon the enemy's chevaux-de-frise.

Just. B. Noble captain! May I crave your name?

Capt. B. Brazen, at your service.

Just. B. Oh, Brazen! a very good name. I have known several of the Brazens abroad.

Wor. Do you know one captain Plume, sir?

(*To Captain Brazen.*)

Capt. B. Is he any thing related to Frank Plume in Northamptonshire?—Honest Frank! many, many a dry bottle have we crack'd hand to fist. You must have known his brother Charles, that was concerned in the India Company; he married the daughter of old Tonguepad, the master in Chancery; a very pretty woman, only she squinted a little; she died in child-

bed of her first child; but the child surviv'd; 'twas a daughter; but whether it was called Margaret or Margery, upon my soul I cannot remember. (*Looks at his Watch, and crosses to R.H.*) But, gentlemen, I must meet a lady, a twenty thousand pounder, presently, upon the walk by the water. Worthy, your servant; Laconic, yours. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Just. B. If you can have so mean an opinion of Melinda as to be jealous of this fellow, I think she ought to give you cause to be so.

Wor. I don't think she encourages him so much for gaining herself a lover, as to set up a rival. Were there any credit to be given to his words, I should believe Melinda had made him this assignation; I must go see. Sir, you'll pardon me. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Just. B. Ay, ay, sir, you're a man of business.—But what have we got here.

Re-enter ROSE, singing, R.H.U.E.

Rose. And I shall be a lady, a captain's lady, and ride single upon a white horse with a star, upon a velvet side-saddle; and I shall go to London and see the tombs, and the lions, and the king and queen. Sir, an't please your worship, I have often seen your worship ride through our grounds a hunting, begging your worship's pardon. Pray what may this lace be worth a yard? (*Shows some lace.*)

Just. B. Right, Mechlin, by this light! Where did you get this lace, child?

Rose. No matter for that, sir; I came honestly by it.

Just. B. I question it much. (*Aside.*)

Rose. And see here, sir, a fine Turkey-shell snuff-box, and fine mangere: see here. (*Takes snuff affectedly.*) The captain learned me how to take it with an air.

Just. B. Oh, ho! the captain! now the murder's out. (*Aside.*) And so the captain taught you to take with an air?

Rose. Yes, and gave with it an air too. Will your worship please to taste my snuff?

(Offers it affectedly.)

Just. B. You are a very apt scholar, pretty maid! And pray what did you give the captain for these fine things?

Rose. He's to have my brother for a soldier, and two or three sweethearts I have in the country; they shall all go with the captain. Oh! he's the finest man, and the humblest withal. Would you believe it, sir? he talked to me with as much fam—mam—mil—ya—ra—ral—ity as if I had been the best lady in the land.

Just. B. Oh! he's a mighty familiar gentleman as can be.

Re-enter CAPTAIN PLUME, R.H. singing.

*But it is not so
With those that go
Through frost and snow—
Most apropos,
My maid with the milking-pail.
(Takes hold of Rose.)*

How, the justice! then I'm arraigned, condemned, and executed.

Just. B. Oh, my noble captain!

Rose. And my noble captain too, sir.

Capt. P. 'Sdeath child, are you mad? *(To Rose.)*—Mr. Balance, I am so full of business about my recruits that I han't a moment's time to,—I have just now three or four people to,—

Just. B. Nay, captain, I must speak to you.

Rose. And so must I too, captain.

Capt. P. Any other time, sir—I cannot for my life, sir—

Just. B. Pray, sir—

Capt. P. Twenty thousand things—I would—but—now, sir, pray—devil take me—I cannot—I must—
(Breaks away, R.H.)

Just. B. Nay, I'll follow you.

[*Exit*, R.H.]

Rose. And I too.

[*Exit*, R.H.]

SCENE II.—*The Walk by the Severn Side.*

Enter MELINDA and LUCY, R.H.

Mel. And pray was it a ring, or buckle, or a new bonnet, or in what shape was that almighty gold transformed, that has bribed you so much in his favour?

Lucy. Indeed, madam, the last bribe I had from the captain was only a small piece of Flanders lace for a cap.

Mel. Ay, Flanders lace is a constant present from officers to their women. They every year bring over a cargo of lace, to cheat the king of his duty, and his subjects of their honesty.

Lucy. They only barter one sort of prohibited goods for another, madam.

Mel. Has any of 'em been bartering with you, Mrs. Pert, that you talk so like a trader?

Lucy. One would imagine, madam, by your concern for Worthy's absence, that you should use him better when he's with you.

Mel. Who told you, pray, that I was concerned for his absence? I'm only vexed that I have had nothing said to me these two days; one may like the love, and despise the lover, I hope as one may love the treason, and hate the traitor.—Oh! here comes another captain, and a rogue that has the confidence to make love to me; but indeed I don't wonder at that, when he has the assurance to fancy himself a fine gentleman.

Lucy. If he should speak o'the assignation I should be ruined.

[*Aside, and Exit*, R.H.]

Enter CAPTAIN BRAZEN, L.H.

Capt. B. True to the touch, faith! (*Aside.*) Madam, I am your humble servant, and all that, madam. A

fine river this same Severn. Do you love fishing, madam?

Mel. 'Tis a pretty, melancholy amusement for lovers.

Capt. B. I'll go buy hooks and lines presently; for you must know, madam, that I have served in Flanders against the French, in Hungary against the Turks, and in Tangier against the Moors, and I never was so much in love before; and split me madam, in all the campaigns I ever made, I have not seen so fine a woman as your ladyship.

Mel. And from all the men I ever saw, I never had so fine a compliment: but you soldiers are the best bred men, that we must allow.

Capt. B. Some of us, madam; but there are brutes among us too, very sad brutes; for my own part, I have always had the good luck to prove agreeable. I have had very considerable offers, madam. I might have married a German princess, worth fifty thousand crowns a year; but her stove disgusted me. The daughter of a Turkish bashaw fell in love with me too when I was a prisoner among the infidels; she offered to rob her father of his treasure, and make her escape with me; but I don't know how, my time was not come. Hanging and marriage, you know, go by destiny. Fate has reserved me for a Shropshire lady, worth twenty thousand pounds. Do you know any such person madam?

Mel. Extravagant coxcomb! (*Aside.*) 'To be sure, a great many ladies of that fortune would be proud of the name of Mrs. Brazen.

Capt. B. Nay, for that matter, madam, there are women of very good quality of the name of Brazen.

Enter WORTHY, L.H.

Mel. Oh, are you there, gentleman? (*Aside.*) Come, captain, we'll walk this way. ' Give me your hand.

Capt. B. My hand and heart are at your service.—
Mr. Worthy, your servant, my dear.

[*Exit, R.H. leading Mel.*

Wor. Death and fire ! this is not to be borne.

Enter CAPTAIN PLUME, L.H.

Capt. P. No more it is, faith.

Wor. What ?

Capt. P. The March beer at the Raven. I have been doubly serving the king, raising men and raising the excise. Recruiting and elections are rare friends to the excise.

Wor. You an't drunk ?

Capt. P. No, no, whimsical only ; I could be mighty foolish, and fancy myself mighty witty. Reason still keeps its throne, but it nods a little, that's all.

Wor. Then you're just fit for a frolic. (*Pointing off* R.H.) There's your play then ; recover me that vessel from that Tangerine.

Capt. P. She's well rigged, but how is she manned ?

Wor. By captain Brazen, that I told you of to-day. She is called the Melinda ; a first rate, I can assure you. She sheered off with him just now on purpose to affront me ; but, according to your advice, I would take no notice, because I would seem to be above a concern for her behaviour. But have a care of a quarrel.

Capt. P. No, no ; I never quarrel with any thing in my cups but an oyster-wench or a cookmaid ; and if they ben't civil, I knock 'em down.

Wor. Here they come ; I must leave you.

[*Exit*, L.H.]

Capt. P. So ! now must I look as sober and demure as a whore at a christening.

Re-enter CAPTAIN BRAZEN and MELINDA, R.H.

Capt. B. Who's that madam ?

Mel. A brother officer of your's, I suppose, sir.

Capt. B. Ay.—My dear ! (*To Captain Plume.*)

Capt. P. My dear ! (*Runs and embraces him.*)

Capt. B. My dear boy ! how'st ? Your name, my dear. If I be not mistaken, I have seen your face.

Capt. P. I never saw yours in my life, my dear ; but there's a face well known as the sun's, that shines on all, and is by all adored.

Capt. B. Have you any pretensions, sir ?

Capt. P. Pretensions ?

Capt. B. That is, have you ever served abroad ?

Capt. P. I have served at home, sir, for ages served this cruel fair ; and that will serve the turn, sir.

Mel. So between the fool and the rake, I shall bring a fine spot of work upon my hands ! *(Aside.)*

Capt. B. Will you fight for the lady, sir ?

Capt. P. No, sir ; but I'll have her notwithstanding.
*Thou peerless princess of Salopian plains,
Envy'd by nymphs, and worshipp'd by the swains,—*

Capt. B. Oons ! sir, not fight for her ?

Capt. P. Pr'ythee be quiet ;—I shall be out
*Behold how humbly does the Severn glide,
To greet the princess of the Severn side.*

Capt. B. Don't mind him, madam. If he were not so well dressed, I should take him for a poet ; but I'll show you the difference presently. Come, madam, we'll place you between us, and now the longest sword carries her. *(Draws, Melinda shrieks.)*

Re-enter, WORTHY, L.H. U.E.

Mel. Oh, Mr. Worthy ! save me from these madmen. *[Exit, with Worthy, L.H.]*

Capt. P. Ha, ha, ha ! why don't you follow, sir, and fight the bold ravisher ?

Capt. B. No, sir, you are my man.

Capt. P. I don't like the wages ; I won't be your man.

Capt. B. Then you're not worth my sword.

Capt. P. No ! pray what did it cost ?

Capt. B. It cost me twenty pistoles in France, and my enemies thousands of lives in Flanders.

Capt. P. Then they had a dear bargain.

Enter SYLVIA, R.H. in Man's Apparel.

Syl. Save ye, save ye ! gentlemen.

Capt. B. My dear ! I'm yours.

Capt. P. Do you know the gentleman ?

Capt. B. No, but I will presently. (*Crosses to centre.*) Your name, my dear ?

Syl. Wilful, Jack Wilful, at your service.

Capt. B. What, the Kentish Wilfuls, or those of Staffordshire ?

Syl. Both, sir, both : I'm related to all the Wilfuls in Europe ; and I'm head of the family at present.

Capt. P. Do you live in the country, sir ?

Syl. Yes, sir, I live where I stand ; I have neither home, house, nor habitation, beyond this spot of ground.

Capt. B. What are you, sir ?

Syl. A rake.

Capt. P. In the army, I presume ?

Syl. No, but I intended to list immediately. Look-ye, gentlemen, he that bids the fairest has me.

Capt. B. Sir, I'll prefer you ; I'll make you a corporal this minute.

Capt. P. Corporal ! I'll make you my companion ; you shall eat with me.

Capt. B. You shall drink with me ; you shall receive your pay, and no duty.

Syl. Then you must make me a field-officer.

Capt. P. Pho, pho, pho ! I'll do more than all this, I'll make you a corporal, and give you a brevet for sergeant.

Capt. B. Can you read and write, sir ?

Syl. Yes.

Capt. B. Then your business is done ; I'll make you chaplain to the regiment.

Syl. Your promises are so equal, that I'm at a loss to choose. There is one Plume, that I hear much commended in town ; pray which of you is captain Plume ?

Capt. P. I am captain Plume.

Capt. B. No, no, I am captain Plume.

Syl. Hey-day!

Capt. P. Captain Plume! I'm your servant, my dear!

Capt. B. Captain Brazen! I'm yours.—The fellow dares not fight. (*Aside.*)

Enter SERGEANT KITE, R.H.

Serg. K. Sir, if you please—

(*Goes to whisper Captain Plume.*)

Capt. P. No, no, there's your captain,—Captain Plume, your serjeant has got so drunk, he mistakes me for you.

Capt. B. He's an incorrigible sot. Here, my Hector of Holborn, here's forty shillings for you.

(*To Sylvia.*)

Capt. P. I forbid the banns. Lookye, friend, you shall list with captain Brazen.

Syl. I will see captain Brazen hanged first; I will list with captain Plume. I am a freeborn Englishman, and will be a slave my own way. Lookye, sir, will you stand by me? (*To Captain Brazen.*)

Capt. B. I warrant you, my lad.

Syl. Then I will tell you, captain Brazen, that you are an ignorant, pretending, impudent coxcomb.

(*To Captain Plume.*)

Capt. P. Ay, ay, a sad dog.

Syl. A very sad dog. Give me the money, noble captain Plume.

Capt. P. Then you won't list with captain Brazen?

Syl. I won't!

Capt. B. Never mind him, child; I'll end the dispute presently.—Harkye, my dear!

(*Takes Captain Plume to one side of the stage, and entertains him in dumb Show.*)

Serg. K. Sir, he in the plain coat is captain Plume; I am his serjeant, and will take my oath on't.

Syl. What! you are serjeant Kite?

Serg. K. At your service.

Syl. Then I would not take your oath for a farthing.

Serg. K. A very understanding youth of his age.
(*Aside.*) Pray, sir, let me look you full in your face.

Syl. Well, sir, what have you to say to my face?

Serg. K. The very image of my brother; two bullets of the same caliber were never so like; sure it must be Charles,—Charles,—

Syl. What do you mean by Charles?

Serg. K. The voice too, only a little variation in E flat. My dear brother! for I must call you so, if you should have the fortune to enter into the most noble society of the sword, I bespeak you for a comrade.

Syl. No, sir, I'll be the captain's comrade, if any body's.

Serg. K. Ambition there again! 'tis a noble passion for a soldier; by that I gained this glorious halberd. Ambition! I see a commission in his face already. But I see a storm coming.

Syl. Now, sergeant, I shall see who is your captain by your knocking down the other.

Serg. K. My captain scorns assistance, sir.

Capt. B. How dare you contend for any thing, and not dare to draw your sword? But you are a young fellow, and have not been much abroad; I excuse that, but, pr'ythee, resign the man, pr'ythee do; you are a very honest fellow.

Capt. P. You lie.

(*Draws and makes up to Captain Brazen.*)

Capt. B. Hold, hold, did not you refuse to fight for the lady? (*Retiring.*)

Capt. P. I always do, but for a man I'll fight knee-deep; so you lie again.

(*Capt. P. and Capt. B. fight a traverse or two about the stage; Sylvia draws, and is held by Kite, who sounds to arms with his mouth, takes Sylvia in his arms, and carries her off the stage,*
R.H.)

Capt. B. Hold! where's the man?

Capt. P. Gone.

Capt. B. Then what do we fight for? (*Puts up.*)
Now, let's embrace, my dear.

Capt. P. With all my heart, my dear! (*Puts up.*) I
suppose Kite has listed him by this time. (*Embraces.*)

Capt. B. You are a brave fellow; I always fight
with a man before I make him my friend; and if once
I find he will fight, I never quarrel with him afterwards.
And now I'll tell you a secret, my dear friend! That
lady we frightened out of the walk just now, I found at
home this morning, so beautiful, so inviting; I pre-
sently locked the door;—but I'm a man of honour;—
but I believe I shall marry her nevertheless;—her twenty
thousand pounds, you know will be a pretty con-
veniency. I had an assignation with her here, but your
coming spoil'd my sport. Curse you, my dear! but
don't do so again.—

Capt. P. No, no, my dear! men are my business at
present. [*Exeunt, L.H.*]

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter ROSE, L.H. and BULLOCK, R.H. meeting.

Rose. Where have you been, you great booby? You
are always out of the way in the time of preferment.

Bul. Preferment! who should prefer me?

Rose. I would prefer you! who should prefer a man
but a woman? Come, throw away that great club, and
hold up your head.

Bul. Ah, Rouse, Rouse! Here has been Cartwheel,
your sweetheart; what will become of him?

Rose. Lookye, I'm a great woman, and will provide
for my relations. I told the captain how finely he

played on the tabor and pipe, so he set him down for drum-major.

Bul. Nay, sister, why did not you keep that place for me! you know I have always loved to be a drumming, if it were but on a table or on a quart pot.

Enter SYLVIA, L.H.

Syl. Had I but a commission in my pocket, I fancy this dress would become me as well as any ranting fellow of 'em all; for I take a bold step, and an impudent air, to be the principal ingredients in the composition of a captain. What's here? Rose, my nurse's daughter! I'll go and practice. Come child, kiss me at once. (*Kisses Rose.*) Honest Dungfork, do you know the difference between a horse and a cart, and a cart-horse, eh?

Bul. I presume that your worship is a captain, by your clothes and your courage.

Syl. Suppose I were, would you be contented to list, friend?

Rose. No, no; though your worship be a handsome man, there be others as fine as you. My brother is engaged to captain Plume.

Syl. Plume! do you know captain Plume?

Rose. Yes, I do, and he knows me. I can assure you that I can do any thing with the captain.

Bul. That is in a modest way, sir. Have a care what you say, Rouse; don't shame your parentage.

Rose. Nay, for that matter, I am not so simple as to say that I can do any thing with the captain, but what I may do with any body else.

Syl. So! And pray what do you expect from this captain, child?

Rose. I expect, sir!—I expect—but he ordered me to tell nobody;—but suppose that he should promise to marry me?

Syl. You should have a care, my dear! men will promise any thing beforehand.

Rose. I know that; but he promised to marry me
wards.

Bul. Wauns ! Rouse, what have you said ?

Syl. Afterwards ! after what ?

Rose. After I had sold my chickens : I hope there's no harm in that.

Enter CAPTAIN PLUME, L.H.

Capt. P. What, Mr. Wilful, so close with my market woman ?

Syl. I'll try if he loves her. (*Aside.*) Close, sir, ay, and closer yet, sir. Come, my pretty maid ! you and I will withdraw a little.

Capt. P. No, no, friend, I ha'n't done with her yet.

Syl. Nor have I begun with her ; so I have as good a right as you have.

Capt. P. Thou'rt a very impudent fellow !

Syl. Sir, I would qualify myself for the service.

Capt. P. Hast thou really a mind to the service ?

Syl. Yes, sir ; so let her go.

Rose. Pray, gentlemen, don't be so violent.

Capt. P. Come, leave it to the girl's own choice. Will you belong to me, or to that gentleman ?

Rose. Let me consider ; you're both very handsome.

Capt. P. Now the natural inconstancy of her sex begins to work.

Rose. Pray, sir, what will you give me ?

Bul. Dunna be angry, sir, that my sister should be marcenery, for she's but young.

Syl. Give thee, child ? I'll set thee above scandal ; you shall have a coach with six before, and six behind ; an equipage to make vice fashionable, and put virtue out of countenance.

Capt. P. Pho ! that's easily done ; I'll do more for thee, child, I'll buy you a new gown, and give you a ticket to see a play.

Bul. A play ! wauns ! Rouse, take the ticket, and let's see the show.

Syl. Lookye, captain, if you won't resign, I'll go list with captain Brazen this minute.

Capt. P. Will you list with me if I give up my title ?

Syl. I will.

Capt. P. Take her ; I'll change a woman for a man at any time.

Rose. I have heard before indeed that you captains used to sell your men.

Bul. Pray, captain, do not send Rouse to the Western Indies.

Capt. P. Ha, ha, ha ! West Indies ! No, no, my honest lad, give me thy hand ; nor you nor she shall move a step further than I do. This gentleman is one of us, and will be kind to you, Mrs. Rose.

Rose. But will you be so kind to me, sir, as the captain would ?

Syl. I can't be altogether so kind to you ; my circumstances are not so good as the captain's ; but I'll take care of you, upon my word.

Capt. P. Ay, ay, we'll all take care of her ; she shall live like a princess, and her brother here shall be,—
What would you be ?

Bul. Oh, sir, if you had not promised the place of drum-major,—

Capt. P. Ay, that is promised ; but what think you of barrack-master ? You are a person of understanding, and barrack-master you shall be. But what's become of this same Cartwheel, you told me of, my dear ?

Rose. We'll go fetch him. Come, brother barrack-master. We shall find you at home, noble captain ?

[*Exit with Bullock, R.H.*]

Capt. P. Yes, yes ; and now, sir, here are your forty shillings.

Syl. Captain Plume, I despise your listing money ; if I do serve, 'tis purely for love,—of that wench, I mean.—But now let me beg you to lay aside your recruiting airs, put on the man of honour, and tell me plainly what usage I must expect when I am under your command.

Capt. P. Your usage will chiefly depend upon your

behaviour; only this you must expect, that if you commit a small fault I will excuse it, if a great one, I'll discharge you; for something tells me I shall not be able to punish you.

Syl. And something tells me that if you do discharge me, 'twill be the greatest punishment you can inflict! for were we this moment to go upon the greatest dangers in your profession, they would be less terrible to me than to stay behind you. And now your hand; this lists me,—and now you are my captain.

Capt. P. Your friend. 'Sdeath! there's something in this fellow that's very strange. *(Aside.)*

Syl. One favour I must beg;—this affair will make some noise, and I have some friends that would censure my conduct if I threw myself into the circumstance of a private sentinel of my own head.—I must therefore take care to be impressed by the act of parliament; you shall leave that to me.

Capt. P. What you please as to that. Will you lodge at my quarters in the mean time?

Syl. No, no, captain; you forget Rose; she's to be my bedfellow, you know.

Capt. P. I had forgot; pray be kind to her.

[Exeunt Plume, L.H. Sylvia, R.H.]

Enter MELINDA and LUCY, L.H.

Mel. 'Tis the greatest misfortune in nature for a woman to want a confidant: we are so weak that we can do nothing without assistance, and then a secret racks us worse than the cholic.—I am at this minute sick of a secret that I'm ready to faint away.—Help me Lucy!

Lucy. Bless me! madam, what's the matter?

Mel. Vapours only; I begin to recover. If Sylvia were in town I could heartily forgive her faults for the ease of discovering my own.

Lucy. You are thoughtful, madam; am not I worthy to know the cause?

Mel. Oh, Lucy! I can hold my secret no longer.

You must know, that hearing of a famous fortune-teller in town, I went disguised to satisfy a curiosity which has cost me dear. The fellow is certainly the devil, or one of his bosom-favourites: he has told me the most surprising things of my past life.

Lucy. Things past, madam, can hardly be reckoned surprising, because we know them already. Did he tell you any thing surprising that was to come?

Mel. One thing very surprising; he said I should die a maid!

Lucy. Die a maid! come into the world for nothing!—Dear madam! if you should believe him, it might come to pass; for the bare thought on't might kill one in four-and-twenty hours.—And did you ask him any questions about me?

Mel. You! why, I passed for you.

Lucy. So, 'tis I that am to die a maid. But the devil was a liar from the beginning; he can't make me die a maid: I've put it out of his power already.

(*Aside.*)

Mel. I do but jest. I would have passed for you, and called myself Lucy, but he presently told me my name, my quality, my fortune, and gave me the whole history of my life. He told me of a lover I had in this country, and described Worthy exactly, but in nothing so well as in his present indifference. I fled to him for refuge here to-day; he never so much as encouraged me in my fright, but coldly told me he was sorry for the accident, because it might give the town cause to censure my conduct, excused his not waiting on me home, made me a careless bow, and walk'd off. S'death! I could have stabb'd him or myself, 'twas the same thing. Yonder he comes,—I will so use him!

Lucy. Don't exasperate him; consider what the fortune-teller told you. Men are scarce, and as times go, it is not impossible for a woman not to die a maid.

Enter WORTHY, R.H.

Mel. No matter.

Wor. I find she's warmed; I must strike while the iron is hot. (*Aside.*) You've a great deal of courage, madam, to venture where you were so lately frightened.

Mel. And you have a quantity of impudence, to appear before me that you lately have so affronted.

Wor. I had no design to affront you, nor appear before you either, madam; and came hither thinking to meet another person.

Mel. Since you find yourself disappointed, I hope you'll withdraw to another place.

Wor. The place is broad enough for us both. (*They walk by one another, she fretting and tearing her Fan.*) Will you please to take snuff, madam?

(*He offers her his Box, she strikes it out of his Hand; he gathers up the Snuff.*)

Enter CAPTAIN BRAZEN, L.H. who takes Melinda round the Waist; she cuffs him.

Capt. B. What, here before me, my dear?

Mel. What means this insolence?

Lucy. Are you mad? don't you see Mr. Worthy?
(*To Brazen.*)

Capt. B. No, no; I'm struck blind. Worthy! odso! well turn'd.—My mistress has wit at her fingers' ends.—Madam, I ask your pardon; 'tis our wayabroad.—Mr. Worthy, you're the happy man.

Wor. I don't envy your happiness very much, if the lady can afford no other sort of favours but what she has bestowed upon you.

Mel. I'm sorry the favour miscarried, for it was designed for you, Mr. Worthy; and be assured 'tis the last and only favour you must expect at my hands.

Captain, I ask your pardon. [*Exit with Lucy, R.H.*]

Capt. B. I grant it. You see, Mr. Worthy, 'twas only a random shot; it might have taken off your head as well as mine. Courage, my dear! 'tis the fortune

of war ; but the enemy has thought fit to withdraw, I think.

Wor. Withdraw ! Oons ! sir, what do you mean by withdraw ?

Capt. B. I'll show you. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Wor. She's lost, irrecoverably lost, and Plume's advice has ruined me. 'Sdeath ! why should I, that knew her haughty spirit, be ruled by a man that's a stranger to her pride ? [*Exit, L.H.*]

SCENE II.—*A Chamber.*

KITE, disguised in a strange Habit, discovered sitting at a Table, with Books and Globes.

Serg. K. (Rises.) By the position of the heavens, gained from my observation upon these celestial globes, I find that Luna was a tidewaiter ; Sol, a surveyor ; Mercury, a thief ; Venus, a whore ; Saturn, an alderman ; Jupiter, a rake ; and Mars, a sergeant of grenadiers ;—and this is the system of Kite, the conjurer.

Enter CAPTAIN PLUME and WORTHY, L.H.

Capt. P. Well, what success ?

Serg. K. I have sent away a shoemaker and a tailor already ; one's to be a captain of marines, and the other a major of dragoons. I am to manage them at night. Have you seen the lady, Mr. Worthy ?

Wor. Ay, but it won't do. Have you showed her her name that I tore off from the bottom of the letter ?

Serg. K. No, sir, I reserve that for the last stroke.

Capt. P. What letter ?

Wor. One that I would not let you see, for fear that you should break windows in good earnest. Here captain, put it into your pocket-book, and have it ready upon occasion. (*Knocking at the Door, L.H.*)

Serg. K. Officers, to your posts. Tycho, mind the door.

[Exeunt Captain Plume and Worthy, R.H.,

Enter MELINDA and LUCY, L.H.D.

Serg. K. Tycho, chairs for the ladies.

Mel. Don't trouble yourself; we shan't stay, doctor.

Serg. K. Your ladyship is to stay much longer than you imagine.

Mel. For what?

Serg. K. For a husband. For your part, madam, you won't stay for a husband. *(To Lucy.)*

Lucy. Pray, doctor, do you converse with the stars, or the devil?

Serg. K. With both; when I have the destinies of men in search, I consult the stars; when the affairs of women come under my hands, I advise with my other friend.

Mel. And have you raised the devil upon my account?

Serg. K. Yes, madam, and he's now under the table.

Lucy. Oh, heavens protect us! Dear madam, let's be gone.

Serg. K. If you be afraid of him, why do you come to consult him?

Mel. Don't fear, fool. Do you think, sir, that because I'm a woman, I'm to be fooled out of my reasons or frightened out of my senses? Come, show me this devil.

Serg. K. He's a little busy at present, but when he has done, he shall wait on you.

Mel. What is he doing?

Serg. K. Writing your name in his pocket-book.

Mel. Ha, ha! my name! pray what have you or he to do with my name?

Serg. K. Lookye, fair lady! the devil is a very modest person, he seeks nobody unless they seek him first; he's chained up like a mastiff, and can't stir unless he be let loose. You come to me to have your fortune told;—do you think, madam, that I can answer

you of my own head? No, madam, the affairs of women are so irregular, that nothing less than the devil can give any account of them. Now, to convince you of your incredulity, I'll show you a trial of my skill. Here, you Cacodemo del Plumo, exert your power, draw me this lady's name, the word Melinda, in proper letters and characters of her own hand writing;—do it at three motions;—one,—two,—three,—'tis done. Now, madam, will you please to send your maid to fetch it?

Lucy. I fetch it! the devil fetch me if I do?

Mel. My name in my own hand-writing! that would be convincing indeed.

Serg. K. Seeing is believing. (*Goes to the Table and lifts up the carpet.*) Here, Tre, Tre, poor Tre, give me the bone, sirrah. 'There's your name upon that square piece of paper, behold.

Mel. 'Tis wonderful! my very letters to a title!

Lucy. 'Tis like your hand, madam; but not so like your hand neither; and now I look nearer, 'tis not like your hand at all.

Serg. K. Here's a chambermaid that will outlie the devil!

Lucy. Lookye, madam, they shan't impose upon us; people can't remember their hands, no more than they can their faces. Come, madam, let us be certain; write your name upon this paper, then we'll compare the two hands. (*Takes out a paper and folds it,*)

Serg. K. Any thing for your satisfaction, madam.—Here's pen and ink.

(*Mel. writes, Lucy holds the Paper.*)

Lucy. Let me see it, madam, 'tis the same,—the very same. I'll secure one copy for my own affairs.

(*Aside.*)

Mel. This is demonstration.

Serg. K. 'Tis so, madam;—the word demonstration comes from demon, the father of lies.

Mel. Well, doctor, I'm convinced: and now, pray, what account can you give of my future fortune?

Serg. K. Before the sun has made one course round

this earthly globe, your fortune will be fixed for happiness or misery.

Mel. What ! so near the crisis of my fate ?

Serg. K. Let me see.—About the hour of ten tomorrow morning, you will be saluted by a gentleman who will come to take his leave of you, being designed for travel ; his intention of going abroad is sudden, and the occasion a woman. Your fortune and his are like the bullet and the barrel, one runs plump into the other.—In short, if the gentleman travels, he will die abroad, and if he does, you will die before he comes home.

Mel. What sort of a man is he ?

Serg. K. Madam, he's a fine gentleman, and a lover ; that is, a man of very good sense, and a very great fool.

Mel. How is that possible, doctor ?

Serg. K. Because, madam,—because it is so.—A woman's reason is the best for a man's being a fool.

Mel. Ten o'clock, you say ?

Serg. K. Ten.—About the hour of tea-drinking throughout the kingdom.

Mel. Here, doctor. (*Gives Money.*) Lucy, have you any questions to ask ?

Lucy. Oh, madam, a thousand.

Serg. K. I must beg your patience till another time, for I expect more company this minute : besides, I must discharge the gentleman under the table.

Lucy. O pray, sir, discharge us first !

Serg. K. Tycho, wait on the ladies down stairs,
[*Exeunt Melinda and Lucy, L.H.D.*]

Enter CAPTAIN BRAZEN, L.H.

Capt. B. Your servant, my dear ?

Serg. K. Stand off, I have my familiar already.

Capt. B. Are you bewitched, my dear ?

Serg. K. Yes, my dear ! but mine is a peaceable spirit, and hates gunpowder. Thus I fortify myself ;

(*Draws a circle round himself.*) and now, captain, have a care how you force my lines.

Capt. B. Lines! what dost talk of lines! You have something like a fishing-rod there indeed; but I come to be acquainted with you, man.—What's your name, my dear?

Serg. K. Conundrum.

Capt. B. Conundrum? rat me! I knew a famous doctor in London of your name.—Where were you born?

Serg. K. I was born in Algebra.

Capt. B. Algebra! 'tis no country in Christendom, I'm sure, unless it be some place in the Highlands in Scotland.

Serg. K. Right; I told you I was bewitched.

Capt. B. So am I, my dear; I am going to be married. I have had two letters from a lady of fortune that loves me to madness, fits, cholic, spleen, and vapours. Shall I marry her in four-and-twenty hours, ay or no?

Serg. K. Certainly.

Capt. B. Gadso, ay.—

Serg. K. Or no. But I must have the year and the day of the month when these letters were dated.

Capt. B. Why, you old boar! did you ever hear of love-letters dated with the year and day of the month? Do you think billet-doux are like bank-bills?

Serg. K. They are not so good, my dear; but if they bear no date, I must examine the contents.

Capt. B. Contents! that you shall, old boy! here they be both.

Serg. K. Only the last you received, if you please. (*Takes the Letter.*) Now, sir, if you please to let me consult my books for a minute, I'll send this letter enclosed to you, with the determination of the stars upon it to your lodgings.

Capt. B. With all my heart. I must give him,— (*Puts his hands in his Pockets.*) Algebra! I fancy, doctor, 'tis hard to calculate the place of your nativity?—*Here.* (*Gives him Money.*) And if I succeed,

I'll build a watch tower on the top of the highest mountain in Wales, for the study of astrology and the benefit of the Conundrums. [Exit, L.H.]

Re-enter CAPTAIN PLUME *and* WORTHY, R.H.

Wor. O doctor! that letter's worth a million. Let me see it;—and now I have it, I'm afraid to open it.

Capt. P. Pho! let me see it. (*Opens the letter.*) If she be a jilt,—damn her, she is one! there's her name at the bottom on't.

Wor. By all my hopes, 'tis Lucy's hand.

Capt. P. Lucy's?

Wor. Certainly. 'Tis no more like Melinda's character than black is to white.

Capt. P. Then 'tis certainly Lucy's contrivance to draw in Brazen for a husband. But are you sure 'tis not Melinda's hand?

Wor. You shall see. Where's the bit of paper I gave you just now that the devil wrote Melinda upon?

Serg K. Here, sir.

Capt. P. 'Tis plain they are not the same. And is this the malicious name that was subscribed to the letter which made Mr. Balance send his daughter into the country?

Wor. The very same. The other fragments I showed you just now I once intended for another use; but I think I have turned it now to a better advantage.

Capt. P. But'twas barbarous to conceal this so long, and to continue me so many hours in the pernicious heresy of believing that angelic creature could change. Poor Sylvia!

Wor. Rich Sylvia, you mean, and poor captain; ha, ha, ha!—Come, come, friend, Melinda is true, and shall be mine; Sylvia is constant, and may be yours.

Capt. P. No, she's above my hopes: but for her sake I'll recant my opinion of her sex.

*By some the sex is blam'd without design:
Light, harmless censure, such as your's and mine,
Sallies of wit, and vapours of our wine:* }

*Others the justice of the sex condemn,
 And wanting merit to create esteem,
 Would hide their own defects by cens'ring them: }
 But they, secure in their all conqu'ring charms,
 Laugh at the vain efforts of false alarms,
 He magnifies their conquests who complains,
 For none would struggle, were they not in chains.*
 [Exeunt, L.H.]

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Justice Balance's House.*

Enter JUSTICE BALANCE and JUSTICE SCALE, L.H.

Just. Scale. I say 'tis not to be borne, Mr. Balance.

Just. B. Lookye, Mr. Scale, for my own part, I shall be very tender in what regards the officers of the army.

Enter SYLVIA, BULLOCK, ROSE, Prisoners, Constable, and Mob, L.H.

Const. May it please your worships, we took them in the very act, re infectâ, sir. The gentleman indeed behaved himself like a gentleman; for he drew his sword and swore, and afterwards laid it down and said nothing.

Just. B. Give the gentleman his sword again. Wait you without. [Exeunt Const. and Watch, L.H.] I'm sorry, sir, (*To Sylvia.*) to know a gentleman upon such terms, that the occasion of our meeting should prevent the satisfaction of an acquaintance.

Syl. Sir, you need make no apology for your warrant, no more than I shall do for my behaviour; my innocence is upon an equal foot with your authority.

Just. Scale. Innocence! Have you not seduced that young maid?

Syl. No, Mr. Goosecap, she seduced me.

Bul. So she did, I'll swear; for she proposed marriage first.

Just. B. What! then you are married, child?

(*To Rose.*)

Rose. Yes, sir, to my sorrow.

Just. B. Who was witness?

Bul. That was I. I danced, threw the stocking, and spoke jokes by their bedside, I'm sure.

Just. B. Who was the minister?

Bul. Minister! we are soldiers, and want no minister. They were married by the articles of war.

Just. B. Hold thy prating, fool.—Your appearance, sir, (*To Sylvia.*) promises some understanding; pray what does this fellow mean?

Syl. He means marriage, I think; but that, you know, is so odd a thing, that hardly any two people under the sun agree in the ceremony; some make it a convenience, and others make it a jest; but among soldiers 'tis most sacred. Our sword, you know, is our honour; that we lay down; the hero jumps over it first, and the Amazon after: the drum beats a ruff, and so to bed: that's all. The ceremony is concise.

Bul. And the prettiest ceremony; so full of pastime and prodigality.—

Just. B. What! are you a soldier?

Bul. Ay, that I am. Will your worship lend me your cane, and I'll show you how I can exercise?

Just. B. Take it. (*Strikes him over the Head.*)

Pray, sir, what commission may you bear?

(*To Sylvia.*)

Syl. I'm called captain, sir, by all the coffee-men, drawers, and groom-porters in London; for I wear a red coat, a sword, a piquet in my head, and dice in my pocket.

Just. Scale. Your name, pray, sir?

Syl. Pinch.

Just. B. And pray, sir, what brought you into Shropshire?

Syl. A pinch, sir. I know you country gentlemen want wit, and you know that we town gentlemen want money; and so—

Just. B. I understand you, sir.—Here, constable!

Re-enter CONSTABLE, L.H.

Take this gentleman into custody till further orders.

Rose. Pray, your wor-ship, don't be uncivil to him, for he did me no hurt; he's the most harmless man in the world, for all he talks so.

Just. Scale. Come, come, child, I'll take care of you.

Syl. What, gentlemen, rob me of my freedom and my wife at once? 'Tis the first time they ever went together.

Just. B. Harkye, constable. (*Whispers him.*)

Const. It shall be done, sir.—Come along, sir.

[*Exeunt* Constable, Bullock, Rose, and Sylvia, L.H.]

Just. B. Come, Mr. Scale, we'll manage the spark presently. [*Exeunt*, R.H.]

SCENE II.—*Melinda's Apartment.*

Enter MELINDA, L.H. and WORTHY, R.H.

Mel. So far the prediction is right, 'tis ten exactly. (*Aside.*) And pray, sir, how long have you been in this travelling humour?

Wor. 'Tis natural, madam, for us to avoid what disturbs our quiet.

Mel. Rather the love of change, which is more natural, may be the occasion of it.

Wor. To be sure, madam, there must be charms in variety, else neither you nor I should be so fond of it.

Mel. You mistake, Mr. Worthy: I am not so fond of variety as to travel for't; nor do I think it prudence in you to run yourself into a certain expense and danger, in hopes of precarious pleasures, which at best never answer expectation, as it is evident from the ex-

ample of most travellers, that long more to return to their own country than they did to go abroad.

Wor. What pleasures I may receive abroad are indeed uncertain ; but this I am sure of, I shall meet with less cruelty among the most barbarous of nations than I have found at home.

Mel. Come, sir, you and I have been jangling a great while ; I fancy if we made our accounts we should the sooner come to an agreement.

Wor. Sure, madam, you won't dispute your being in my debt.—My fears, sighs, vows, promises, assiduities, anxieties, jealousies, have run on for a whole year without any payment.

Mel. A year ! oh, Mr. Worthy, what you owe to me is not to be paid under a seven years' servitude. How did you use me the year before ! when, taking the advantage of my innocence and necessity, you would have made me your mistress, that is, your slave ?—Remember the wicked insinuations, artful baits, deceitful arguments, cunning pretences ; then your impudent behaviour, loose expressions, familiar letters, rude visits ; remember those, those, Mr Worthy.

(*Crosses to R.H.*)

Wor. I do remember, and am sorry I made no better use of 'em. (*Aside.*) But you may remember, madam, that—

Mel. Sir, I'll remember nothing ;—'tis your interest that I should forget. You have been barbarous to me, I have been cruel to you ; put that and that together, and let one balance the other. Now, if you will begin upon a new score, lay aside your adventuring airs, and behave yourself handsomely till Lent be over ; here's my hand, I'll use you as a gentleman should be.

Wor. And if I don't use you as a gentlewoman should be, may this be my poison. (*Kisses her Hand.*)

Enter a SERVANT, L.H.

Serv. Madam, the coach is at the door. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Mel. (*Crosses to L.H.*) I am going to Mr. Balance's

country house to see my cousin Sylvia ; I've done her an injury, and can't be easy till I've ask'd her pardon.

Wor. I dare not hope for the honour of waiting on you.

Mel. My coach is full ; but if you'll be so gallant as to mount your own horse, and follow us, we shall be glad to be overtaken ; and if you bring captain Plume with you we shan't have the worse reception.

Wor. I'll endeavour it.

[*Exit, leading Melinda, L.H.*]

SCENE III.—*A Court of Justice.*

JUSTICE BALANCE, JUSTICE SCALE, and JUSTICE SCRUPLE *discovered upon the Bench, with Constable, SERGEANT KITE, and Mob standing by.*—SERGEANT KITE and Constable *advance.*

Serg. K. Pray who are those honourable gentlemen upon the bench ?

Const. He in the middle is justice Balance, he on the right is justice Scale, and he on the left is justice Scruple ; and I am Mr. Constable ; four very honest gentlemen.

Kite. O dear sir ! I am your most obedient servant.

Enter CAPTAIN PLUME, L.H.

Just. B. Captain, you're welcome.

Capt. P. Gentlemen, I thank you.

Just. Scr. Come, honest captain, sit by me.

(*Captain Plume ascends, and sits upon the Bench.*)
Now produce your prisoners.—Here, that fellow there, set him up, Mr. Constable, what have you to say against this man ?

Const. I have nothing to say against him, an't please you.

Just. B. No ? what made you bring him hither ?

Const. I don't know, an't please your worship.

Just. Scale. Did not the contents of your warrant direct you what sort of men to take up ?

Const. I can't tell, an't please ye ; I can't read.

Just. Scr. A very pretty constable, truly. I find we have no business here.

Serg. K. May it please the worshipful bench, I desire to be heard in this case, as being the counsel for the king.

Just. B. Come, sergeant, you shall be heard, since nobody else will speak ; we won't come here for nothing.

Serg. K. This man is but one man, the country may spare him, and the army wants him ; besides he's cut out by nature for a grenadier : he's five feet ten inches high : he shall box, wrestle, or dance the Cheshire round with any man in the country ; he gets drunk every Sabbath day, and he beats his wife.

Wife. You lie, sirrah, you lie ; an't please your worship, he's the best-natured pains-taking'st man in the parish ; witness my five poor children.

Just. Scr. A wife and five children ! you constable, you rogue, how dost you impress a man that has a wife and five children ?

Just. Scale. Discharge him, discharge him !

Just. B. Hold, gentlemen. Harkye, friend, how do you maintain your wife and five children ?

Capt. P. They live upon wildfowl and venison, sir ; the husband keeps a gun, and kills all the hares and partridges within five miles round.

Just. B. A gun ! nay, if he be so good at gunning, he shall have enough on't.

Serg. K. Ay, ay, I'll take care of him ; if you please.
(*Takes him down.*)

Just. Scale. Here, you constable, the next. Set up that black-fac'd fellow, he has a gun-powder look ; what can you say against this man, constable ?

Const. Nothing, but that he is a very honest man.

Capt. P. Pray, gentlemen, let me have one honest man in my company for the novelty's sake.

Just. B. What are you, friend ?

Welch. C. A collier ; I work in the coalpits.

Just. Scr. Lookye, gentlemen, this fellow has a trade,

and the act of parliament here expresses that we are to impress no man that has any visible means of a livelihood.

Serg. K. May it please your worship, this man has no visible means of livelihood, for he works under ground.

Capt. P. Well said, Kite ; besides, the army wants miners.

Just. B. Right ; and had we an order of government for't, we could raise you in this, and the neighbouring county of Stafford, five hundred colliers, that would run you under ground like moles, and do more service in a siege than all the miners in the army.

Just. Scr. Well, friend, what have you to say for yourself ?

Welsh. C. I'm married.

Serg. K. Lack-a-day ! so am I.

Welsh. C. Here's my wife, poor woman.

Just. B. Are you married, good woman ?

Woman. I'm married, in conscience.

Just. Scale. Who married you, mistress ?

Woman. My husband. We agreed that I should call him husband, and that he should call me wife, to shun going for a soldier.

Just. Scr. A very pretty couple ! Pray, captain, will you take them both ?

Capt. P. What say you, Mr. Kite ? will you take care of the woman ?

Serg. K. Yes, sir ; she shall go with us to the seaside, and there if she has a mind to drown herself, we'll take care nobody shall hinder her.

Just. B. Here, constable, bring in my man. [*Exit Constable, L.H.*] Now, captain, I'll fit you with a man such as you never listed in your life.

Re-enter Constable, with SYLVIA, L.H.

Oh, my friend Pinch ! I'm very glad to see you.

Syl. Well, sir, and what then ?

Just. Scale. What then ! is that your respect to the bench ?

Syl. Sir, I don't care a farthing for you nor your bench either.

Just. Scr. Lookye, gentlemen, that's enough; he's a very impudent fellow, and fit for a soldier.

Just. Scale. A notorious rogue, I say, and very fit for a soldier.

Just. B. What think you, captain?

Capt. P. I think he is a very pretty fellow, and therefore fit to serve.

Syl. Me for a soldier! send your own lazy lubberly sons at home; fellows that hazard their necks every day in the pursuit of a fox, yet dare not peep abroad to look an enemy in the face.

Just. B. Pray, captain, read the articles of war; we'll see him listed immediately.

Capt. P. (*Reads.*) *Articles of war against mutiny and desertion, &c.*

Syl. Hold, sir—Once more, gentlemen, have a care what you do, for you shall severely smart for any violence you offer to me; and you, Mr. Balance, I speak to you particularly, you shall heartily repent it.

Capt. P. Lookye, young spark, say but one word more, and I'll build a horse for you as high as the ceiling, and make you ride the most tiresome journey that ever you made in your life.

Syl. You have made a fine speech, good captain Huffcap! but you had better be quiet; I shall find a way to cool your courage.

Capt. P. Pray, gentlemen, don't mind him, he's distracted.

Syl. 'Tis false; I am descended of as good a family as any in your county; my father is as good a man as any upon your bench; and I am heir to two thousand pounds a year.

Just. B. He's certainly mad. Pray, captain, read the articles of war.

Syl. Hold, once more. Pray, Mr. Balance, to you I speak; suppose I were your child, would you use me at this rate?

Just. B. No, faith ; were you mine I would send you to Bedlam first, and into the army afterwards.

Syl. But consider my father, sir ; he's as good, as generous, as brave, as just a man as ever served his country ; I'm his only child : perhaps the loss of me may break his heart.

Just. B. He's a very great fool if it does. Captain, if you don't list him this minute I'll leave the court.

Capt. P. Kite do you distribute the levy money to the men while I read.

Serg. K. Ay, sir. Silence, gentlemen.

(Captain Plume reads the Articles of War.)

Articles of war against mutiny and desertion.

Any soldier who shall presume to quit his post without orders from his commanding officer, shall suffer Death.

Welsh C. One death !

Any soldier who shall presume to indulge in Claret Burgundy, and Champagne, out of his private pay, shall suffer death.

Welsh C. Two deaths !

Any soldier who shall presume to erect Churches, Hospitals, or other public Buildings out of his private pay shall suffer death.

Welsh C. Three deaths !

Just. B. Very well ; now, captain, let me beg the favour of you not to discharge this fellow upon any account whatsoever. Bring in the rest.

Const. There are no more, an't please your worship.

Just. B. No more ! there were five two hours ago,

Syl. 'Tis true, sir ; but this rogue of a constable let the rest escape for a bribe of eleven shillings a man, because he said the act allowed him but ten, so the odd shilling was clear gains.

All Just. How ?

Syl. Gentlemen, he offered to let me go away for two guineas, but I had not so much about me : this is ruth, and I'm ready to swear it.

Serg. K. And I'll swear it: give me the book; 'tis for the good of the service.

Welch C. May it please your worship I gave him half-a-crown to say that I was an honest man; but now, since that your worships have made me a rogue, I hope I shall have my money again.

Just. B. 'Tis my opinion that this constable be put into the captain's hands, and if his friends don't bring four good men for his ransom by to-morrow night, captain, you shall carry him to Flanders.

Just. Scale. Just. Sru. Agreed, agreed.

Capt. P. Mr. Kite, take the constable into custody.

Serg. K. Ay, ay, sir. Will you please to have your office taken from you, or will you handsomely lay down your staff, as your betters have done before you?

(To the Constable, who drops his Staff.)

Just. B. Come, gentlemen, there needs no great ceremony in adjourning this court. Captain, you shall dine with me.

[Exeunt Justices, Capt. P. and Syl. R. H.]

Serg. K. Come, Mr. Militia Sergeant, I shall silence you now, I believe, without your taking the law of me.

[Exeunt, L. H.]

SCENE IV. *A Room in Justice Balance's House.*

Enter JUSTICE BALANCE and Steward, R. H.

Stew. We did not miss her till the evening, sir; and then, searching for her in the chamber that was my young master's, we found her clothes there; but the suit that your son left in the press when he went to London was gone.

Just. B. You han't told that circumstance to any body?

Stew. To none but your worship.

Just. B. And be sure you don't. Go, and tell captain Plume that I beg to speak with him.

Stew. I shall.

[Exit, R. H.]

Just. B. Was ever man so imposed upon? I had her promise indeed that she would never dispose of herself

without my consent. I have consented with a witness, given her away as my act and deed; and this, I warrant, the captain thinks will pass. No, I shall never pardon him the villainy, first of robbing me of my daughter, and then the mean opinion he must have of me to think that I could be so wretchedly imposed upon. Her extravagant passion might encourage her in the attempt, but the contrivance must be his. I'll know the truth presently.

Enter CAPTAIN PLUME, R. H.

Pray, captain, what have you done with our young gentleman soldier?

Capt. P. He's at my quarters, I suppose, with the rest of my men.

Just. B. Does he keep company with the common soldiers?

Capt. P. No, he's generally with me; but the young rogue fell in love with Rose, and has lain with her, I think, since she came to town.

Just. B. So that between you both, Rose has been finely managed.

Capt. P. Upon my honour, sir, she had no harm from me.

Just. B. All's safe, I find. (*Aside*). Now, captain, you must know that the young fellow's impudence in court was well grounded: he said I should heartily repent his being listed; and so I do from my soul.

Capt. P. Ay! for what reason?

Just. B. Because he is no less than what he said he was; born of as good a family as any in the county, and he is heir to two thousand pounds a year.

Capt. P. I'm very glad to hear it; for I wanted but a man of that quality to make my company a perfect representative of the whole commons of England.

Just. B. Won't you discharge him?

Capt. P. Not under a hundred pounds sterling.

Just. B. You shall have it; for his father is my intimate friend.

Capt. P. Then you shall have him for nothing.

Just. B. Nay, sir, you shall have your price.

Capt. P. Not a penny, sir; I value an obligation to you much above an hundred pounds.

Just. B. Perhaps, sir, you shan't repent your generosity. Will you please to write his discharge in my pocket-book? (*Gives his Book.*) In the mean time we'll send for the gentleman.—Who waits there?

Enter a Servant, L. H.

Go to the captain's lodging, and inquire for Mr. Wilful; tell him his captain wants him here immediately.

Serv. Sir, the gentleman's below at the door, inquiring for the captain.

Capt. P. Bid him come up. [*Exit Servant, L. H.*] Here's the discharge, sir.

Just. B. Sir, I thank you.—'Tis plain he had no hand in't. (*Aside.*)

Enter SYLVIA, L. H.

Syl. I think, captain, you might have used me better than to leave me yonder among your swearing, drunken crew;—and you, Mr. Justice, might have been so civil as to have invited me to dinner, for I have eaten with as good a man as your worship.

Capt. P. Sir, you must charge our want of respect upon our ignorance of your quality. But now you are at liberty; I have discharged you.

Syl. Discharged me?

Just. B. Yes, sir; and you must once more go home to your father.

Syl. My father! then I am discovered.—Oh, sir! (*Kneels.*) I expect no pardon.

Just. B. Pardon! no, no, child; your crime shall be your punishment. Here, captain, I deliver her over to the conjugal power for her chastisement. Since she will be a wife, be you a husband, a very husband. When she tells you of her love, upbraid her with her folly; be

modishly ungrateful, because she has been unfashionably kind; and use her worse than you would any body else, because you can't use her so well as she deserves.

Capt. P. And are you Sylvia in good earnest?

Syl. Earnest! I have gone too far to make it a jest, sir.

Capt. P. And do you give her to me in good earnest?

(*To Just. B.*)

Just. B. If you please to take her, sir.

Capt. P. Why then I have saved my legs and arms, and lost my liberty. Secure from wounds, I am prepared for the gout. Farewell subsistence, and welcome taxes.—Sir, my liberty and the hopes of being a general are much dearer to me than your two thousand pounds a year; but to your love, madam, I resign my freedom, and to your beauty my ambition; greater in obeying at your feet, than commanding at the head of an army.

Enter WORTHY, L. H.

Wor. I am sorry to hear, Mr. Balance, that your daughter is lost.

Just. B. So am not I, sir, since an honest gentleman has found her!

Enter MELINDA, L. H.

Mel. Pray, Mr. Balance, what's become of my cousin Sylvia?

Just. B. Your cousin Sylvia is talking yonder with your cousin Plume.

Mel. And Worthy.—How?

Syl. Do you think it strange, cousin, that a woman should change? But I hope you'll excuse a change that has proceeded from constancy. I altered my outside because I was the same within, and only laid by the woman to make sure of my man: that's my history.

Mel. Your history is a little romantic, cousin; but since success has crowned your adventures, you will have ~~the~~ world on your side; and I shall be willing to

go with the tide, provided you'll pardon an injury I offered you in the letter to your father.

Capt. P. That injury, madam, was done to me, and the reparation I expect shall be made to my friend: make Mr. Worthy happy, and I shall be satisfied.

Mel. A good example, sir, will go a great way.—When my cousin is pleased to surrender, 'tis probable I shan't hold out much longer.

Re-enter CAPTAIN BRAZEN, L. H.

Capt. B. Gentlemen, I am your's.—Madam, I am not your's. (*To Melinda.*)

Mel. I'm glad on't, sir.

Capt. B. So am I.—You have got a pretty house here, Mr. Laconic.

Just. B. 'Tis time to right all mistakes;—my name, sir, is Balance.

Capt. B. Balance! Sir, I am your most obedient.—I know your whole generation;—had not you an uncle that was governor of the Leeward Islands some years ago?

Just. B. Did you know him?

Capt. B. Intimately, sir.—He played at billiards to a miracle. You had a brother too that was a captain of a fire-ship,—poor Dick,—he had the most engaging way with him of making punch—and then his cabin was so neat;—but his poor boy Jack was the most comical bastard.—Ha, ha, ha, ha! a pickled dog; I shall never forget him.

Capt. P. Have you got your recruits, my dear?

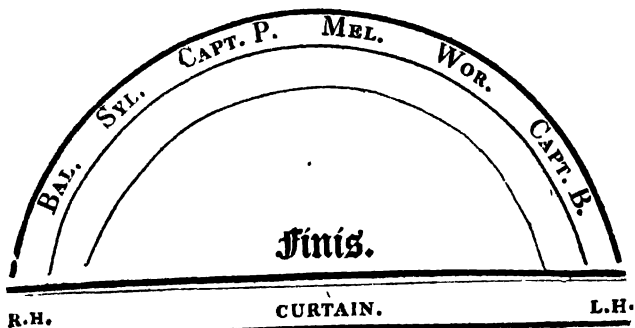
Capt. B. Not a stick, my dear!

Capt. P. Probably I shall furnish you, my dear! instead of the twenty thousand pounds you talk'd of, you shall have the twenty brave recruits that I have raised at the rate they cost me. My commission I lay down, to be taken up by some braver fellow, that has more merit and less good fortune—while I endeavour, by the example of this worthy gentleman, to serve my king and country at home.

THE RECRUITING OFFICER.

With some regret I quit the active field,
 Where glory full reward for life does yield ;
 But the recruiting trade, with all its train
 Of endless plague, fatigue, and endless pain,
 I gladly quit, with my fair spouse to stay,
 And raise recruits the matrimonial way.

Disposition of the Characters when the curtain falls.



EPILOGUE.

ALL ladies and gentlemen that are willing to see the comedy called *The Recruiting Officer*, let them repair to-morrow night, by six o'clock, to the sign of *The Theatre Royal*, in *Drury-lane*, and they shall be kindly entertained.—

We scorn the vulgar ways to bid you come ;
Whole Europe now obeys the call of drum :
The soldier, not the poet, here appears ;
And beats up for a corps of volunteers :
He finds that music chiefly does delight ye,
And therefore chooses music to invite ye.

Beat the grenadier's march—row, row, row.—Gentlemen, this piece of music, called an *Overture to a Battle*, was composed by a famous Italian master, and was performed with wonderful success at the great operas of *Vigo*, *Schellenbergh*, and *Blenheim* : it came off with the applause of all Europe, excepting France : the French found it a little too rough for their delicatesses.

Some that have acted on those glorious stages,
Are here to witness to succeeding ages,
No music like the grenadier's engages. }

Ladies, we must own that this music of ours is not altogether so soft as *Bononcini's* ; yet, we dare affirm, that it has laid more people asleep than all the *Camillas* in the world ; and you'll condescend to own, that it keeps one awake better than any opera that ever was acted.

The grenadier's march, seems to be a composure excellently adapted to the genius of the English, for no music was ever fol-

EPILOGUE.

Followed so far by us, nor with so much alacrity, and with all deference to the present subscription, we must say, that the grenadier's march has been subscribed for by the whole grand alliance; and we presume to inform the ladies, that it always has the pre-eminence abroad, and is constantly heard by the tallest, handsomest men in the whole army. In short, to gratify the present taste, our author is now adapting some words to the grenadier's march, which he intends to have performed to-morrow, if the lady who is to sing it should not happen to be sick.

This he concludes to be the surest way
To draw you hither, for you'll all obey
Soft music's call, though you shall damn the play.

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