

whole heart to me, 'tis now with equal pleasure, I assure you, we have both succeeded——she is as firmly yours——

Man. Impossible! you flatter me!

Lord T. I'm glad you think it flattery: but she herself shall prove it none: she dines with us alone: when the servants are withdrawn, I'll open a conversation, that shall excuse my leaving you together—Oh, Charles! had I, like thee been cautious in my choice, what melancholy hours had this heart avoided.

Man. No more of that, I beg, my Lord——

Lord T. But 'twill, at least be some relief to my anxiety, however barren of content the state has been to me, to see so near a friend and sister happy in it. Your harmony of life will be an instance how much the choice of temper is preferable to beauty.

While your soft hours in mutual kindness move.

You'll reach by virtue what I lost by love. [*Exit.*]

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE, *Mrs. Motherly's House.*

Enter Mrs. Motherly, meeting Myrtilia.

MOTHERLY.

SO, niece! where is it possible you can have been these six hours?

Myr. Oh, Madam, I have such a terrible story to tell you.

Moth. A story! Ods my life! What have you done with the Count's note of five hundred pounds, I sent you about? Is it safe? Is it good? Is it security?

Myr. Yes, yes, it is safe: but for its goodness——Mercy on us! I have been in a fair way to hanged about it?

Moth. The dickens! has the rogue of a Count play'd us another trick then?

Myr. You shall hear, Madam; when I came Cash, the banker's, and shewed him his note hundred pounds, payable to the Count, or

two months—he looked earnestly upon it, and desired me to step into the inner room, while he examined his books—after I had staid about ten minutes, he came in to me—claps to the door, and charges me with a **countable** for forgery.

Moth. Ah, poor soul! and how didst thou get off?

Myr. While I was ready to sink in this condition, I begged him to have a little patience, 'till I could send for Mr. Manly, whom he knew to be a gentleman of worth and honour, and who, I was sure, would convince him, whatever fraud might be in the note, that I was myself an innocent abused woman—~~and~~ as good luck would have it, in less than half an hour, Mr. Manly came—so, without mincing the matter, I fairly told him upon what design the Count had lodged that note in your hands, and in short, laid open the whole scheme he had drawn us into, to make our fortune.

Moth. The devil you did!

Myr. Why, how do you think it was possible I could any otherwise make Mr. Manly my friend, to help me out of the scrape I was in? To conclude, he soon made Mr. Cash easy, and sent away the countable: nay, farther he promised me, if I would trust the note in his hands, he would take care it should be fully paid before it was due, and at the same time would give me an ample revenge upon the Count; so that all you have to consider now, Madam, is, whether you think yourself safer in the Count's hands, or Mr. Manly's.

Moth. Nay, nay, child; there is no choice in the matter! Mr. Manly may be a friend indeed, if any thing in our power can make him so.

Myr. Well, Madam, and now pray, how stand matters at home here? What has the Count done with the ladies?

Moth. Why every thing he has a mind to do, by this time, I suppose. He is in as high favour with Miss, as he is with my Lady.

Myr. Pray, where are the ladies?

Moth. Rattling abroad in their own coach, and the well-bred Count along with them: they have been scouring all the shops in town over, buying fine things and

new cloathes from morning to night: they have made one voyage already, and have brought home such a cargo of hawbles and trumpery———Mercy on the poor man that's to pay for them!

Myr. Did not the young 'Squire go with them?

Marb. No, no: Miss said, truly he would but disgrace their party: so they even left him asleep by the kitchen fire.

Myr. Has not he asked after me all this while? For I had a sort of an assignation with him.

Marb. Oh, yes, he has been in a bitter taking about it. At last his disappointment grew so uneasy, that he fairly fell a crying; so to quiet him, I sent one of the maids and John Moody abroad with him to shew him—the lions, and the monument. Ods, me! there he is just come home again———You may have business with him———so I'll even turn you together. [Exit.

Enter 'Squire Richard.

'Squ. *Rich.* Soah, soah, Mrs Myrtilia, where han yaw been aw this day, forsooth?

Myr. Nay, if you go that, 'Squire where have you been, pray?

'Squ. *Rich.* Why, when I fun' at yow were no loikly to come whoam, I were ready to hong my sel———so John Moody, and I, and one o' your lasses have been———Lord knows where———a seeing o' the sights.

Myr. Well, and pray what have you seen, Sir?

'Squ. *Rich.* Flesh! I cawnt tell, not I———seen every thing I think. First there we went o' top o' the what d'ye call it? there, the great huge stone post, up the rawnd and rawnd stairs, that twine and twine about just an as thof it was a cork serue.

Myr. Oh, the monument, well and was it not a fine sight from the top of it?

'Squ. *Rich.* Sight, Miss! I know no'———I saw nought but smock and brick housen, and steeple tops———then there was such a mortal ting-tang of bells, and rumbling of carts and coaches, and then the folks under one looked so small, and made such a hum, and a buz; put me in mind of my mother's great garden, in the country.

Myr. I think, Master, you give a very good account of it.

'Squ. Rich. Ay, but I did not like it: for my head—my head—began to turn—so I trundled me down stairs aggn like a round trencher.

Myr. Well, but this was not all you saw, I suppose?

'Squ. Rich. Noa, noa, we went after that, and saw the lions, and I liked them better by hawls; they are pure grim devils; hoh, hoh! I touke a stick, and gave one of them such a poke o' the noase—I believe he would ha' snapt my head off, an he could have got me. Hoh! hoh! hoh!

Myr. Well, Master, when you and I go abroad, I'll shew you prettier fights than these—there's a masquenade to-morrow.

'Squ. Rich. Oh, laud, ay! they say that's a pure thing for Merry Andrews, and those sort of comical mummers—and the Count tells me, that there lads and lasses may jig their tails, and eat, and drink, without grudging, all night long.

Myr. What would you say now, if I should get you a ticket, and go along with you?

'Squ. Rich. Ah, dear!

Myr. But have a care, 'Squire, the fine ladies there are terribly tempting; look well to your heart, or 'ads me! they'll whip it up in the trip of a minute.

'Squ. Rich. Ay, but they cawnt thoo—soa let 'um look to themselves, an' ony of 'um falls in love with me—mayhap they had as good be quiet.

Myr. Why sure you would not refuse a fine lady, would you?

'Squ. Rich. Ay, but I would though, unless it were—one as I know of.

Myr. Oh, Oh, then you have left your heart in the country, I find?

'Squ. Rich. Noa, noa, my heart—eh—my heart
o' this room.

Myr. I am glad you have it about you, however.

'Squ. Rich. Nay, mayhap not for noather, somebody may have it, 'as you little thank of.

Myr. I can't imagine what you mean!

'Squ.

'Squ. *Rich.* Noa! why doan't you know how many folks there is in this room, now?

Myr. Very fine, Master, I see you have learnt the town gallantry already.

'Squ. *Rich.* Why doan't you believe 'at I have a kindness for you then?

Myr. Fy, fy, Master, how you talk; beside you are too young to think of a wife.

'Squ. *Rich.* Ay! but I caum help thinking o' yow, for all that.

Myr. How! why sure, Sir, you don't pretend to think of me in a dishonourable way?

'Squ. *Rich.* Nay, that's as you see good—I did no' think 'at you would ha' thought of me for a husband, mayhap; unless I had means, in my own hands; and feather allows me but half a crown a week, as yet a while.

Myr. Oh, when I like any body, 'tis not want of money will make me refuse them.

'Squ. *Rich.* Well, that's just my mind now; for an I like a girl, Miss, I would take her in her smock.

Myr. Ay, Master, now you speak like a man of honour; this shews something of a true heart in you.

'Squ. *Rich.* Ay, and a true heart you'll find me; try when you will.

Myr. Hush, hush, here's your papa come home, and my aunt with him.

'Squ. *Rich.* A devil rive 'em, what do they come unx for?

Myr. When you and I get to the masquerade, you shall see what I'll say to you.

'Squ. *Rich.* Well, hands upon't, then——

Myr. There——

'Squ. *Rich.* One buss, and a bargain. [*Kisses her.*] Adswauntlikins! as soft and plump as a marrow-pudding.

[*Exeunt feverally.*]

Enter Sir Francis Wronghead and Mrs. Motherly.

Sir Fran. What! my wife and daughter abroad, say you?

Moth. Oh, dear Sir, they have been mighty busy all the day long; they just came home to snap up a short dinner, and to went out again.

Sir Fran. Well, well, I shan't stay supper for 'em, I can tell 'em that: for ods-heart, I have nothing in me, but a roast and tankard, since morning.

Moth. I am afraid, Sir, these late parliament hours won't agree with you.

Sir Fran. Why, truly, Mrs. Motherly, they don't do right with us country gentlemen; to lose one meal out of three, is a hard tax upon a good stomach.

Moth. It is so indeed, Sir.

Sir Fran. But howsoever, Mrs. Motherly, when we consider, that what we suffer is for the good of our country—

Moth. Why truly, Sir, that is something.

Sir Fran. Oh, there's a great deal to be said for't—the good of one's country is above all things—A true hearted Englishman thinks nothing too much for it—I have heard of some honest gentlemen so very zealous, that for the good of their country—they would sometimes go to dinner at midnight.

Moth. Oh, that goodness of 'em! sure their country must have a vast esteem for them?

Sir Fran. So they have, Mrs. Motherly; they are so respected when they come home to their boroughs after a session, and so beloved—that their country will come and dine with them every day in the week.

Moth. Dear me! What a fine thing 'tis to be so populous?

Sir Fran. It is a great comfort, indeed! and I can assure you, you are a good sensible woman, Mrs. Motherly.

Moth. Oh, dear Sir, your Honour's pleased to compliment.

Sir Fran. No, no, I see you know how to value people of consequence.

Moth. Good lack! here's company, Sir; will you give me leave to get you a little something 'till the ladies come home, Sir?

Sir Fran. Why troth, I don't think it would be amiss.

Moth. It shall be done in a moment, Sir.

[*Exit.
Enter.*

Enter Manly.

Men. Sir Francis, your servant.

Sir Fran. Cousin Manly.

Man. I am come to see how the family goes on here.

Sir Fran. Troth! all as busy as bees; I have been upon the wing ever since eight o'clock this morning.

Man. By your early hour, then, I suppose you have been making your court to some of the great men.

Sir Fran. Why, faith! you have hit it, Sir—— I was advised to lose no time: so I e'en went straight forward, to one great man I had never seen in my life before.

Man. Right! that was doing business: but who had you got to introduce you?

Sir Fran. Why, nobody—— I remember I had heard a wise man say—My son, be bold—to troth! I introduced myself.

Man. As how, pray?

Sir Fran. Why, thus—— Look ye—— Please your Lordship, says I, I am Sir Francis Wronghead of Bumper-hall, and member of parliament for the borough of Guzzledown—— Sir, your humble servant, says my Lord: thof I have not the honour to know your person, I have heard you are a very honest gentleman, and I am glad your borough has made choice of so worthy a representative; and so, says he, Sir Francis, have you any service to command me? Naw, cousin, those last words, you may be sure gave me no small encouragement. And thof I know, Sir, you have no extraordinary opinion of my parts, yet I believe, you won't say I mist it naw!

Man. Well, I hope I shall have no cause.

Sir Fran. So when I found him so courteous—— My Lord, says I, I did not think to ha' troubled your Lordship with business upon my first visit: but since your Lordship is pleas'd not to stand upon ceremony,—— why truly, says I, I think naw is is as good as another time.

Man. Right! there you pushed him home.

Sir Fran. Ay, ay, I had a mind to let him see that I was none of your mealy-mouthed ones.

Man. Very good.

Sir Fran. So, in short, my Lord, says I, I have a good estate—but—it's a little awt at elbows: and as I desire to serve my king, as well as my country, I shall be very willing to accept of a place at court.

Man. So, this was making short work on't.

Sir Fran. P'cod! I shot him flying, cousin: some of you hawf-witted ones naw, would ha' hummed and hawed, and dangled a month or two after him, before they durst open their mouths at out a place, and mayhap, not ha' got it at last neither.

Man. Oh, I'm glad you're so sure on't—

Sir Fran. You shall hear, cousin—Sir Francis says my Lord, pray what sort of a place may you ha' turned your thoughts upon? My Lord, says I, beggars must not be chusers; but any place, says I, about a thousand a-year, will be well enough to be doing with, 'till something better falls in—for I thought it would not look well to stond haggling with him at first.

Man. No, no, your business was to get footing any way.

Sir Fran. Right! there's it! ay, cousin, I see you know the world.

Man. Yes, yes, one sees more of it every day—Well, but what said my Lord to all this.

Sir Fran. Sir Francis, says he, I shall be glad to serve you any way that lies in my power; so he gave me a squeeze by the hand, as much as to say, give yourself no trouble—I'll do your business; with that he turned him abawt to somebody with a coloured ribbon a cross here, that looked, in my thoughts, as if he came for a place too.

Man. Ha! so, upon these hopes, you are to make your fortune!

Sir Fran. Why, do you think there's any doubt of it, Sir?

Man. Oh, no, I have not the least doubt about it—for just as you have done, I made my fortune ten years ago.

Sir Fran. Why, I never knew you had a place, cousin.

Man. Nor I neither, upon my faith, cousin. But you, perhaps, may have better fortune: for I suppose
my

my Lord has heard of what importance you were in the debate to-day——You have been since down at the house, I presume.

Sir Fran. Oh, yes! I would not neglect the house, for ever so much.

Man. Well, and pray what have they done there?

Sir Fran. Why, troth! I can't well tell you what they have done, but I can tell you what I did: and I think pretty well in the main; only I happened to make a little mistake at last, indeed.

Man. How was that?

Sir Fran. Why, they were all got there, into a sort of a pazzling debate, about the good of the nation——and I were always for that, you know——but in short, the arguments were so long-winded o' both sides, that, waunds! I did not well understand 'um: howsomever, I was convinced, and so resolved to vote right, according to my conscience——so when they came to put the question, as they call it,——I don't know how 'twas——but I doubt I cryed ay! when I should ha' cryed no!

Man. How came that about?

Sir Fran. Why, by a mistake, as I tell you——for there was a good-humoured sort of a gentleman, one Mr. Tother-side, I think they call him, that sat next me, as soon as I had cryed ay! gives me a hearty shake by the hand! Sir, says he, you are a man of honour, and a true Englishman! and I should be proud to be better acquainted with you——and so, with that he takes me by the sleeve, along with the crowd into the lobby——so, I knew nocht——but Ods-flesh! I was got o'the wrong side the post——for I were told, afterwards, I should have staid where I was.

Man. And so, if you had not quite made your fortune before, you have clinched it now!——Ah, thou head of the Wrongheads.

[*Aside.*

Sir Fran. Ods! here's my Lady come home at last——I hope, cousin, you will be so kind, as to take a family supper with us?

Man. Another time, Sir Francis; but to-night, I am engaged.

Enter

Enter Lady Wronghead, Miss Jenny, and Count Bassett.

Lady Wrong. Cousin, your servant; I hope you will pardon my rudeness; but we have really been in such a continual hurry here, that we have not had a leisure moment to return your last visit.

Man. Oh, Madam, I am a man of no ceremony; you see that has not hindered my coming again.

Lady Wrong. You are infinitely obliging; but I'll redeem my credit with you.

Man. At your own time, Madam.

Count Basf. I must say that for Mr. Manly, Madam; if making people easy is the rule of good-breeding, he is certainly the best-bred man in the world.

Man. Soh! I am not to drop my acquaintance, I find — [*Aside.*] I am afraid, Sir, I shall grow vain upon your good opinion.

Count Basf. I don't know that, Sir; but I am sure, what you are pleased to say, makes me so.

Man. The most impudent modesty that ever I met with.

Lady Wrong. I ard! how ready his wit is.

Sir Fran. Don't you think, Sir, the Count's a very fine gentleman?

Man. Oh, among the ladies, certainly.

Sir Fran. And yet he's as stout as a lion. Waund, he'll storm any thing.

Man. Will he so? Why then, Sir, take care of your citadel.

Sir Fran. Ah, you are a wag, cousin.

Man. I hope, ladies, the town air continues to agree with you?

Jenny. Oh, perfectly well, Sir! We have been abroad in our new coach all day long——and we have bought an ocean of fine things. And to-morrow we go to the masquerade; and on Friday to the play; and on Saturday to the opera; and on Sunday, we are to be at the what-d'ye call it——assembly, and see the ladies play at quadrille, and picquet, and ombre, and hazard, and basset; and on Monday, we are to see the King; and so on Tuesday——

Lady Wrong. Hold, hold, Miss! you must not let your tongue

tongue run so fast, child—you forget; you know I brought you hither to learn modesty.

Man. Yes, yes! and she is improved with a vengeance—

Jenny. Lawrd! mamma, I am sure I did not say any harm; and if one must not speak in one's turn, one may be kept under as long as one lives, for aught I see.

Lady Wrong. O' my conscience, this girl grows so headstrong—

Sir Fran. Ay, ay, there's your fine growing spirit for you! Now tack it down an' you can.

Jenny. All I said, papa, was only to entertain my cousin Manly.

Man. My pretty dear, I am mightily obliged to you.

Jenny. Look you there, now, Madam.

Lady Wrong. Hold your tongue, I say.

Jenny. [Turning away and glowing.] I declare it, I won't bear it: she is always snubbing me before you, Sir! —I know why she does it, well enough—

Count Bas. Hush, hush, my dear! don't be uneasy at that; she'll suspect us.

Jenny. Let her suspect, what do I care—I don't know, but I have as much reason to suspect, as she—though perhaps I'm not so afraid of her.

Count Bas. [Aside.] I'gad, if I don't keep a tight hand on my tit, here, she'll run away with my project before I can bring it to bear.

Lady Wrong. [Aside.] Perpetually hanging upon him! The young harlot is certainly in love with him; but I must not let them see I think so—and yet I can't bear it. Upon my life, Count, you'll spoil that forward girl—you should not encourage her so.

Count Bas. Pardon me, Madam, I was only advising her to observe what your Ladyship said to her.

Man. Yes, truly, her observations have been something particular.

Count Bas. In one word, Madam, she has a jealousy of your Ladyship, and I am forced to encourage her, to blind it; 'twill be better to take no notice of her behaviour to me.

[Aside.]

[Apart.]

Lady

Lady Wrong. You are right, I will be more cautious.

Count Ruf. To-morrow, at the masquerade, we may lose her.

Lady Wrong. We shall be observed, I'll send you a note, and settle that affair—go on with the girl, and don't mind me.

Apart.

Count Ruf. I have been taking your part, my little angel.

Lady Wrong. Jenny! come hither, child—you must not be so hasty, my dear—I only advise you for your good.

Jenny. Yes, mamma; but when I am told of a thing before company, it always makes me worse, you know.

Man. If I have any skill in the fair sex; Miss, and her mamma have only quarrell'd because they are both of a mind. This facetious Count seems to have made a very genteel step into the family. [*Exit.*

Enter Myrella. [*Manly talks apart with her.*]

Lady Wrong. Well, Sir Francis, and what news have you brought us from Westminster to-day.

Sir Fran. News, Madam? I cod! I have some—and such as does not come every day, I can tell you—a word in your ear—I have got a promise of a place at court of a thousand pawnd a-year already.

Lady Wrong. Have you so, Sir? And pray who may you thank for't? Now! who is in the right? Is not this better than throwing so much away, after a stinking pack of fox-hounds in the country? Now your family may be the better for it.

Sir Fran. Nay, that's what persuaded me to come up, my dove.

Lady Wrong. Mighty well—come—let me have another hundred pound then.

Sir Fran. Another! Child? Waunds! you have had one hundred this morning, pray what's become of that, my dear?

Lady Wrong. What's become of it? Why I'll shew you, my love! Jenny, have you the bills about you?

Jenny. Yes, inamma.

Lady Wrong. What's become of it? Why, laid out, my dear,

dear, with fifty more to it, that I was forced to borrow of the Count here.

Jenny. Yes, indeed, papa, and that would hardly do neither——There's the account.

Sir Fran. [*Turning over the bills.*] Let's see! let's see! what the devil have we got here?

Man. Then you have sound'd your aunt you say, and she readily comes into all I propos'd to you.

Myr. Sir, I'll answer, with my life, she is most thankfully yours in every article. She mightily desires to see you, Sir.

Man. I am going home, directly; bring her to my house in half an hour; and if she makes good what you tell me, you shall both find your account in it.

Myr. Sir, she shall not fail you.

Sir Fran. Ods life! Madam, here's nothing but toys and trinkets, and fans, and clock stockings, by wholesale.

Lady Wrong. There's nothing but what's proper, and for your credit, Sir Francis—Nay, you see I am so good a housewife, that in necessaries for myself, I have scarce laid out a shilling.

Sir Fran. No, by my troth, so it seems; for the devil o'one thing's here that I can see you have any occasion for.

Lady Wrong. My dear, do you think I came hither to live out of the fashion! why, the greatest distinction of a fine lady in this town is in the variety of pretty things that she has no occasion for.

Jenny. Sure, papa, could you imagine, that women of quality wanted nothing but stays and petticoats?

Lady Wrong. Now, that is so like him!

Man. So the family comes on finely.

[*Aside.*]

Lady Wrong. Lard, if men were always to govern, what dowdies they would reduce their wives to!

Sir Fran. An hundred pound in the morning, and want another afore night! Waunds and fire! the lord mayor of London could not hold it at this rate!

Man. Oh, do you feel it, Sir?

[*Aside.*]

Lady

Lady Wrong. My dear, you seem uneasy; let me have the hundred pound, and compose yourself.

Sir Fran. Compose the devil, Madam! why do you consider what a hundred pound a-day comes to in a year?

• *Lady Wrong.* My life, if I account with you from one day to another, that's really all my head is able to bear at a time——But I'll tell you what I consider——I consider that my advice has got you a thousand pound a-year this morning——That, now methinks, you might consider, Sir.

Sir Fran. A thousand a-year? Waunds, Madam, but I have not touched a penny of it yet!

Man. Nor ever will, I'll answer for him. [Aside.]

Enter Squire Richard.

'*Squ. Rich.* Feyther, an you doan't come quickly, the meat will be cooled: and I'd fain pick a bit with you.

Lady Wrong. Bless me, Sir Francis! you are not going to sup by yourself.

Sir Fran. No, but I'm going to dine by myself, and that's pretty near the matter, Madam.

Lady Wrong. Had not you as good stay a little, my dear. We shall all eat in half an hour; and I was thinking to ask my cousin Manly to take a family morsel with us.

Sir Fran. Nay, for my cousin's good company, I don't care if I ride a day's journey without baiting.

Man. By no means, Sir Francis. I am going upon a little business.

Sir Fran. Well, Sir, I know you don't love compliments.

Man. You'll excuse me, Madam——

Lady Wrong. Since you have business, Sir——

[Exit Manly.]

Enter Mrs. Motherly.

Oh, Mrs. Motherly! you were saying this morning you had some very fine lace to show me——can't I see it now?

[Sir Francis Rares.]

Moth. Why really, Madam, I had made a sort of a promise to let the Countess of Nicely have the first sight of it for the birth day: but your Ladysh p——

Lady Wrong. Oh, I die if I don't see it before her.

'*Squ. Rich.* Woan't you goa, feyther?

Sir Fran. Waunds, lad! I shall ha' noa sto- } *Apart-*
mach at this rate.

Moth. Well, Madam, though I say it, 'tis the sweetest pattern that ever came over——and for fineness——no cobweb comes up to it.

Sir Fran. Ods guts and gizzard, Madam! Lace as fine as a cobweb! why, what the 'devil's that to cost now?

Moth. Nay, if Sir Francis does not like of it, Madam——

Lady Wrong. He like it! Dear Mrs. Motherly, he is not to wear it.

Sir Fran. Flesh, Madam, but I suppose I am to pay for it.

Lady Wrong. No doubt on't! 'Think of your thousand a-year, and who got it you; go! eat your dinner, and be thankful, go. [*Driving him to the door.*] Come, Mrs. Motherly.

[*Exit Lady Wronghead with Mrs. Motherly.*]

Sir Fran. Very fine! so here I mun fast, till I am almost famished for the good of my country, while Madam is laying me out an hundred pound a-day in lace as fine as a cobweb, for the honour of my family? Ods-flesh! things had need go well at this rate!

'*Squ. Rich.* Nay, nay——come, feyther.

[*Exit Sir Fran.*]

Enter Mrs. Motherly.

Moth. Madam, my Lady desires you and the Count will please to come and assist her fancy in some of the new laces.

Count Bas. We'll wait upon her——

[*Exit Mrs. Motherly.*]

Jenny. Su, I told you how it was! you see she can't bear to leave us together.

Count Bas. No matter, my dear: you know she has ask'd me to stay supper: so when your papa and she are a bed, Mrs. Myrilla will let me into the house again; then you may steal into her chamber, and we'll have a pretty saeker of punch together

Myr.

Myr. Ay, ay, Madam, you may command me in any thing.

Jenny. Well, that will be pure!

Count Bas. But you had best go to her alone, my life: it will look better if I come after you.

Jenny. Ay, so it will: and to-morrow you know at the masquerade. And then!—

“S O N G.

- Oh, I'll have a husband! ay, hurry;
- For why should I longer tarry,
- For why should I longer tarry,
• Than other brisk girls have done?
- For if I stay, 'till I grow grey,
- They'll call me old maid, and fusty old jade;
- So I'll no longer tarry;
- But I'll have a husband, ay, marry,
• If money can buy me one.
- My mother, she says, I'm too coming;
- And still in my ears she is drumming,
- And still in my ears she is drumming,
• That I such vain thoughts shou'd shun.
- My sisters they cry, Oh, fy! and, Oh, fy!
- But yet I can see, they're as coming as me;
• So let me have husbands in plenty:
• I'd rather have twenty times twenty,
• Than die an old maid undone. [Exit.

Myr. So, Sir, am not I very comode to you?

Count Bas. Well, child, and don't you find your account in it? Did I not tell you we might still be of use to one another?

Myr. Well, but how stands your affair with Miss in the main?

Oh, she's mad for the masquerade! It
 will; we want nothing now but a parson to
 not your aunt say she could get one at a

yet, my Lord Townly's chaplain is her
 now; he'll do your business and mine, &c

Count

Count *Baf.* Oh, it's true! but where shall we appoint him?

Myr. Why you know my Lady Townly's house is always open to the masks upon a ball-night, before they go to the Hay-market.

Count *Baf.* Good.

Myr. Now the doctor purposes, we should all come thither in our habits, and when the rooms are full, we may steal up into his chamber, he says, and there—crack——he'll give us all canonical commission to go to-bed together.

Count *Baf.* Admirable! Well, the devil fetch me, if I shall not be heartily glad to see thee well settled, child.

Myr. And may the black gentleman tuck me under his arm at the same time, if I shall not think myself obliged to you, as long as I live.

Count *Baf.* One kiss for old acquaintance sake——I'gad I shall want to be busy again.

Myr. Oh, you'll have one shortly will find you employment: but I must run to my 'Squire.

Count *Baf.* And I to the ladies——so your humble servant, sweet Mrs. Wronghead.

Myr. Yours, as in duty bound, most noble Count Basset.

[*Exit Myr.*]

Count *Baf.* Why, ay! Count! That title has been of some use to me indeed, not that I have any more pretence to it, than I have to a blue ribband. Yet, I have made a pretty considerable figure in life with it. I have loll'd in my own chariot, dealt at assemblies, dined with ambassadors, and made one at quadrille, with the first women of quality——But——*tempora mutantur*——since that damn'd squadron at White's have left me out of their last secret, I am reduced to trade upon my own stock of industry, and make my last push upon a wife. If my card comes up right (which, I think, cannot fail) I shall once more cut a figure, and cock my hat in the face of the best of them: for since our modern men of fortune are grown wite enough to be thappers, I think sharpers are fools that don't take up the ears of men of quality.

[*Exit.*]

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT

A C T. V.

S C E N E, *Lord Tenenby's Houſe.**Enter Manly and Lady Grace.*

MANLY.

THERE's ſomething, Madam, hangs upon your mind, to-day: is it unfit to truſt me with it?

Lady G. Since you will know—my ſiſter, then—unhappy woman!

Man. What of her?

Lady G. I fear it is on the brink of ruin.

Man. I am forry for it—What has happened?

Lady G. Nothing ſo very new; but the continual repetition of it, at laſt has raiſed my brother to an intemperance that I tremble at.

Man. Have they had any words upon it?

Lady G. He has not ſeen her ſince yeſterday.

Man. What! not at home all night?

Lady G. About five this morning, in the cage; but with ſuch looks, and ſuch an equipage of miſfortunes at her heels—What can become of her?

Man. Has not my Lord ſeen her, ſay you?

Lady G. No; he changed his bed laſt night—I ſat with him alone till twelve, in expectation of her: but when the clock ſtruck, he ſtarted from his chair, and grew incenſed to that degree, that had I not, almoſt on my knees, diſſuaded him, he had ordered the doors, that inſtant, to have been locked againſt her.

Man. How terrible is his ſituation! when the moſt juſtifiable ſeverities he can uſe againſt her, are liable to be the mirth of all the diſſolute card-tables in town.

Lady G. 'Tis that, I know, has made him bear ſo long: but you, that feel for him, Mr. Manly, will aſſiſt him to ſupport his honour, and, if poſſible, preſerve it. Therefore I beg you don't leave the houſe, till both of them can be wrought to better ſentiments.

Man. How amiable is this concern in you!

Lady G. For Heaven's ſake, don't mind me; but do your beſt to ſave ſomething to preſerve us all.

Man. I will not take the merit of obeying your commands,

mands, Madam, to serve my Lord—But, pray, Madam, let me into all that has pass since yesternight.

Lady G. When my intreaties had prevailed upon my Lord, not to make a story for the town, by so public a violence, as shutting her at once out of his doors, he ordered an apartment next to my Lady's to be made ready for him—While that was doing, I tried, by all the little arts I was mistress of, to amuse him into temper; in short, a silent grief was all I could reduce him to—On this, we took our leaves, and parted to our repose: what his was, I imagine by my own; for I ne'er closed my eyes. About five, as I told you, I heard my Lady at the door; so I slipped on a gown, and sat almost an hour with her in her own chamber.

Man. What said she, when she did not find my Lord there?

Lady G. Oh! so far from being shock'd or alarmed at it, that she blessed the occasion; and said, that in her condition, the chat of a female friend was far preferable to the best husband's company in the world.

Man. Where has she spirits to support so much insensibility?

Lady G. Nay, 'tis incredible; for though she had lost every shilling she had in the world, and stretched her credit even to breaking, she rallied her own follies with such vivacity, and painted the penance she knows she must undergo for them, in such ridiculous lights, that had not my concern for a brother been too strong for her wit, she had almost disarm'd my anger.

Man. Her mind may have another cast by this time: the most flagrant dispositions have their hours of anguish, which their pride conceals from company. But pray, Madam, how could she avoid coming down to dine?

Lady G. Oh! she took care of that before she went to bed, by ordering her woman, whenever she was asked for, to say she was not well.

Man. You have seen her since she was up, I presume?

Lady G. Up! I question whether she be awake yet.

Man. Terrible! what a figure does she make now!

That

“ That nature should throw away so much beauty upon a creature, to make such a flatteringly use of it!

“ Lady G. Oh, fie! there is not a more elegant beauty in town, when she is dressed.

“ Man. In my eye, Madam, she that's early dressed, has ten times her elegance.

“ Lady G. But she won't be long now, I believe; for I think I see her chocolate going up—Mrs. Trusty—
—a-hem!

“ Mrs. Trusty comes to the door.

“ Man. [*Aside.*] Five o'clock in the afternoon for a lady of quality's breakfast, is an elegant hour indeed! which, to shew her more polite way of living too, I presume she eats in her bed.

“ Lady G. [*To Mrs. Trusty.*] And when she is up, I would be glad she would let me come to her toilet—
That's all, Mrs. Trusty.

“ Trusty. I will be sure to let her Ladyship know, Madam. [*Exit.*]

“ Enter a Servant.

“ Serv. Sir Francis Wronghead, Sir, desires to speak with you.

“ Man. He comes unseasonably—What shall I do with him?

“ Lady G. Oh, see him, by all means! we shall have time enough; in the mean while I'll step in, and have an eye upon my brother. Nay, don't mind me—you have business—

Man. You must be obeyed—

“ [*Retreating, while Lady Grace goes out.*]
Desire Sir Francis to walk in—[*Exit Servant.*] I suppose, by this time, his wife worship begins to find that the balance of his journey to London is on the wrong side.”

Enter Sir Francis Wronghead.

Your servant. How came I by the favour of your visit?

Your cousin!

What sorrowful face, man?

Have no friend alive but you—

Why for that—But what's the matter?

Sir

Sir Fran. I have played the fool by this journey, I see now—for my bitter wife—

Man. What of her?

Sir Fran. Is playing the devil.

Man. Why, truly, that's a part that most of your fine Ladies begin with, as soon as they get to London.

Sir Fran. If I'm a living man, cousin, she has made away with above two hundred and fifty pounds since yesterday morning.

Man. Ha! I see a good housewife will do a great deal of work in a little time.

Sir Fran. Work, do they call it? Fine work, indeed!

Man. Well, but how do you mean made away with it? What, she has laid it out, may be—but I suppose you have an account of it.

Sir Fran. Yes, yes, I have had the account, indeed; but I mun needs say, it's a very sorry one.

Man. Pray, let's hear.

Sir Fran. Why, first I let her have an hundred and fifty, to get things handsome about her, to let the world see that I was somebody; and I thought that sum was very genteel.

Man. Indeed I think so; and in the country, might have served her a twelvemonth.

Sir Fran. Why, so it might—but here, in this fine town, forsooth, it could not get through four-and-twenty hours—for in half that time it was all squandered away in bowles, and new fashioned trumpery.

Man. Oh! for ladies in London, Sir Francis, all this might be necessary.

Sir Fran. Noa, there's the plague on't; the devil o' one useful thing do I see for it, but two pair of laced shoes, and those stond me in three pounds three shillings a pair, too.

Man. Dear Sir, this is nothing! Why, wives here, that while their good man is pennyworth of sugar, will give you twenty short apron.

Sir Fran. Mercy on us, what a mortal husband!

Man. Well, but I hope you have nothing plain of.

Sir Fran. Ah, would I could say so to

another hundred behind yet, that goes more to my heart than all that went before it.

Man. And how might that be disposed of?

Sir Fran. Troth I am almost ashamed to tell you.

Man. Out with it.

Sir Fran. Why, she has been at an assembly.

Man. What, since I saw you! I thought you had all supped at home last night.

Sir Fran. Why, so we did—and all as merry as grigs—I'cod, my heart was so open, that I tossed another hundred into her apron, to go out early this morning with—But the cloth was no sooner taken away, than in comes my Lady Townly here. (who, between you and I—mum—has had the devil to pay yonder) with another rantipole dame of quality, and out they must have her, they said, to introduce her at my Lady Noble's assembly; forsooth—A few words, you may be sure, made the bargain—so, bawnee! and away they drive, as if the devil had got into the coach-box—so, about four or five in the morning—home comes Madam, with her eyes a foot deep in her head—and my poor hundred pounds left behind her at the bazard-table.

Man. All lost at dice!

Sir Fran. Every shilling—among a parcel of pig-tail puppies, and pale-faced women of quality.

Man. But pray, Sir Francis, how came you, after you found her so ill an housewife of one sum, so soon to trust her with another?

Sir Fran. Why, truly, I mun say that was partly my own fault; for if I had not been a blab of my tongue, I believe that last hundred might have been saved.

Man. How so?

Sir Fran. Why, like an owl as I was, out of good-will, forsooth, partly to keep her in humour, I must needs tell her of the thousand pounds a-year, I had just got the promise of—I'cod, she lays her claws upon it that moment—said it was all owing to her advice, and truly she would have her share on't.

Man. What, before you had it yourself?

Sir Fran. Why, ay, that's what I told her—My dear, said I, mayhap I mayn't receive the first quarter on't this half year;

H

Man.

Man. Sir Francis, I have heard you with a great deal of patience; and I really feel compassion for you.

Sir Fran. Truly, and well you may, cousin; for I don't see that my wife's goodness is a bit the better for bringing to London.

Man. If you remember, I gave you a hint of it.

Sir Fran. Why, ay, it's true, you did so: but the devil himself could not have believed she would have rid post to him.

Man. Sir, if you stay but a fortnight in this town, you will every day see hundreds as fast upon the gallop as she is.

Sir Fran. Ah, this London is a base place indeed!—Waunds, if things should happen to go wrong with me at Westminster, at this rate, how the devil shall I keep out of a jail?

Man. Why, truly, there seems to me but one way to avoid it.

Sir Fran. Ah, would you could tell me that, cousin!

Man. The way lies plain before you, Sir; the same road that brought you hither, will carry you safe home again.

Sir Fran. Odsflesh, cousin! what! and leave a thousand pounds a-year behind me?

Man. Pooh, pooh! leave any thing behind you, but your family, and you are a faver by it.

Sir Fran. Ay, but consider, cousin, what a scurvy figure shall I make in the country, if I come down without it.

Man. You will make a much more lamentable figure in a jail without it.

Sir Fran. Mayhap 'at yow have no great opinion of it then, cousin?

Man. Sir Francis, to do you the service of a real friend, I must speak very plainly to you: you do stand in the ruin that's before you.

Sir Fran. Good-lack! how may you ne—

Man. In one word, your whole affair. In a week you'll lose your seat at Westminster, and my Lady will run you into jail, the best company——In four-and-twenty hours the porter will run away with a sharper, because

used to better company: and your son will steal into marriage with a cast mistress, because he has not been used to any company at all.

Sir Fran. I' th' name o' goodness, why should you think altho this?

Man. Because I have proof of it; in short, I know so much of their secrets, that if all this is not prevented to-night, it will be out of your power to do it to-morrow morning.

Sir Fran. Mercy upon us! you frighten me—Well, Sir, I will be governed by you: but what am I to do in this case?

Mrs. I have not time here to give you proper instructions; but about eight this evening, I'll call at your lodgings, and there you shall have full conviction, how much I have it at heart to serve you.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, my Lord desires to speak with you.

Man. I'll wait upon him.

Sir Fran. Well, then, I'll go strait home, naw.

Man. At eight depend upon me.

Sir Fran. Ah, dear cousin! I shall be bound to you as long as I live. Mercy deliver us, what a terrible journey have I made on't! [*Exeunt severally.*]

The SCENE opens to a dressing-room; Lady Townly, at first up, walks to her toilet, leaning on Mrs. Trusty.

Trusty. Dear Madam, what should make your Ladyship so out of order?

Lady T. How is it possible to be well, where one is killed for want o' sleep?

Trusty. Dear me! it was so long before you rung, Madam, I was in hopes your Ladyship had been finely composed.

Lady T. Composed! why I have lain in an inn here; this house is worse than an inn with ten stage coaches: what between my Lord's impertinent people of business in a morning, and the intolerable thick shoes of footmen at noon, one has not a wink all night.

Trusty. Indeed, Madam, it's a great pity my Lord can't be persuaded into the hours of people of quality—though

I must say that, Madam, your Ladyship is certainly the best matrimonial manager in town.

Lady T. Oh, you are quite mistaken, Trusty! I manage very ill; for notwithstanding all the power I have, by never being over fond of my Lord—yet I want money infinitely oftener than he is willing to give it me.

Trusty. Ah! if his Lordship could but be brought to play himself, Madam, then he might feel what it is to want money.

Lady T. Oh, don't talk of it! do you know that I am undone, Trusty?

Trusty. Mercy forbid, Madam!

Lady T. Broke, ruined, plundered!—stripped, even to a confiscation of my last guinea!

Trusty. You don't tell me so, Madam?

Lady T. And where to raise ten pound in the world—What is to be done, Trusty?

Trusty. Truly, I wish I were wise enough to tell you, Madam: but may be your Ladyship may have a run of better fortune, upon some of the good company that comes here to-night.

Lady T. But I have not a single guinea to try my fortune.

Trusty. Ha! that's a bad business indeed, Madam—Adad, I have a thought in my head, Madam, if it is not too late—

Lady T. Out with it quickly, then, I beseech thee.

Trusty. Has not the steward something of fifty pounds, Madam, that you left in his hands, to pay somebody about this time?

Lady T. Oh, ay; I had forgot—'twas to—a—what's his filthy name?

Trusty. Now I remember, Madam, 'twas to Mr. Lute-firing, your old mercer, that your Ladyship gave him about a year ago, because he would trust you.

Lady T. The very wretch! If he has it, give it me quickly, dear Trusty, and bid him bring it immediately—[Exit Trusty.] Well, sure mercer never had such fortune! five, five and nine and seven for ever—No, after that horrid business that Lady Wronghead's fatal red suit upon, I saw it was impossible ever to win another

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all night; lose all one's money; dream of winning thousands; wake without a shilling; and then — How like a hag I look! — In short — the pleasures of life are not worth this disorder. If it were not for shame, now I could almost think Lady Grace's sober scheme not quite so ridiculous — If my wife Lord could but hold his tongue for a week, tis odds but I should hate the town in a fortnight — But I will not be driven out of it, that's positive.

Trusty returns.

Trusty. Oh, Madam, there's no bearing of it! Mr. Lutestring was just let in at the door, as I came to the stair foot; and the steward is now actually paying him the money in the hall.

Lady T. Run to the stair-case head again — and scream to him, that I must speak with him this instant.

[Trusty runs out, and speaks.]

Trusty. Mr. Poundage — a-hent! Mr. Poundage, a word with you, quickly.

Pound. *[Within.]* I'll come to you presently.

Trusty. Presently won't do, man, you must come this minute.

Pound. I am but just paying a little money here.

Trusty. Cods my life, paying money! Is the man distracted? Come here, I tell you, to my Lady this moment, quick!

Trusty returns.

Lady T. Will the monitor come or no? —

Trusty. Yes, I hear him now, Madam; he is hobbling up as fast as he can.

Lady T. Don't let him come in — for he will keep such a hobbling about his accounts — my brain is not able to

to the door, with a money-bag in his hand. 's well you are come, Sir! where's the

here it is; if you had not been in such a hurry, we have paid it by this time — the man's note is below, for it.

Water; my Lady says, you must not pay

him with that money; there's not enough, it seems; there's a pistole, and a guinea, that is not good, in it ——— besides, there is a mistake in the account too—— [*Twitching the bag from him.*] But she is not at leisure to examine it now; so you must bid Mr. What-d'ye-call-um call another time.

Lady T. What is all that noise there?

Pound. Why, and it please your ladyship——

Lady T. Pr'ythee, don't plague me now; but do as you were ordered.

Pound. Nay, what your ladyship pleases, Madam——

[*Exit Poundage.*]

Trusty. There they are, Madam—— [*Pours the money out of the bag.*]—The pretty things—were so near falling into a nasty tradesman's hands, I protest it made me tremble for them—I fancy your ladyship had as good give me that bad guinea, for luck's sake——thank you, Madam.

[*Takes a guinea.*]

Lady T. Why, I did not bid you take it.

Trusty. No; but your ladyship looked as if you were just going to bid me; and so I was willing to save you the trouble of speaking, Madam.

Lady T. Well, thou hast deserved it; and so, for once ——— but hark! don't I hear the man making a noise yonder? Though, I think, now, we may compound for a little of his ill humour——

Trusty. I'll listen.

Lady T. Pr'ythee do.

[*Trusty goes to the door.*]

Trusty. Ay, they are at it, Madam—he's in a bitter passion with poor Poundage——Bless me! I believe he'll beat him——Mercy on us, how the wretch swears!

Lady T. And a sober citizen too! that's a shame.

Trusty. Ha! I think all's silent of a sudden——may be the porter has knocked him down——I'll step and see——

[*Exit Trusty.*]

Lady T. These trades-people are the troublefornest creatures! No words will satisfy them. [*Trusty returns.*]

Trusty. Oh, Madam! undone, undone! My Lord is just bolted out upon the man, and is hearing all his pitiful story over——It your ladyship pleases to come hither, you may hear him yourself.

Lady T. No matter; it will come round presently; I shall have it from my Lord, without losing a word by the way, I'll warrant you.

Trusty. Oh, lud, Madam! here's my Lord just coming in.

Lady T. Do you get out of the way, then. [*Exit Trusty.*] I am afraid I want spirits; but he will soon give 'em me.

Enter Lord Townly.

Lord T. How comes it, Madam, that a tradesman dares be clamorous in my house, for money due to him from you?

Lady T. You don't expect, my Lord, that I should answer for other people's impertinence.

Lord T. I expect, Madam, you should answer for your own extravagancies, that are the occasion of it—I thought I had given you money three months ago, to satisfy all these sort of people.

Lady T. Yes; but you see they never are to be satisfied.

Lord T. Nor am I, Madam, longer to be abused thus; what's become of the last five hundred I gave you?

Lady T. Gone.

Lord T. Gone! what way, Madam?

Lady T. Half the town over, I believe, by this time.

Lord T. 'Tis well; I see ruin will make no impression, till it falls upon you.

Lady T. In short, my Lord, if money is always the subject of our conversation, I shall make you no answer.

Lord T. Madam, Madam, I will be heard, and make you answer.

Lady T. Make me! then I must tell you, my Lord, this is a language I have not been used to, and I won't bear it.

Lord T. Come, come, Madam; you shall bear a great deal more, before I part with you.

Lady T. My Lord, if you insult me, you will have as much to bear, on your side, I can assure you.

Lord T. Pooh! your spirit grows ridiculous—— you have neither honour, worth, or innocence to support it.

Lady

Lady T. You'll find, at least, I have resentment; and do you look well to the provocation.

Lord T. After those you have given me, Madam, 'tis almost infamous to talk with you.

Lady T. I scorn your imputation, and your menaces. The narrowness of your heart's your monitor; 'tis there, there, my Lord, you are wounded; you have less to complain of than many husband's of an equal rank to you.

Lord T. Death, Madam! do you presume upon your corporal merit, that your person's less tainted than your mind? Is it there, there alone, an honest husband can be injured? Have you not every other vice that can debase your birth, or stain the heart of woman? Is not your health, your beauty, husband, fortune, family, disclaimed, for nights consumed in riot and extravagance? The wanton does no more; if she conceals her shame, does less: and sure the dissolute avowed, as sorely wrongs my honour and my quiet.

Lady T. I see, my Lord, what sort of wife might please you.

Lord T. Ungrateful woman! could you have seen yourself, you in yourself had seen her — I am amazed our legislature has left no precedent of a divorce, for this more visible injury, this adultery of the mind, as well as that of the person! When a woman's whole heart is alienated to pleasures I have no share in, what is it to me, whether a black ace, or a powdered cockcomb has possession of it?

Lady T. If you have not found it yet, my Lord this is not the way to get possession of mine, depend upon it.

Lord T. That, Madam, I have long desired of; and since our happiness cannot be mutual, 'tis best to part our hearts, our persons too should separate. — you sleep no more in: tho' your contentment feeds upon the dishonour of a husband; you would starve upon the features of a wife.

Lady T. Your stile, my Lord, is much of a lieacy with your sentiments of honour.

Lord T. Madam, Madam, this is no time for words — I have done with you.

Lady T. If we had never met, my Lord, I had not broke my heart for it : but have a care ; I may not, perhaps, be so easily recalled as you may imagine.

Lord T. Recalled !—Who's there ?

Enter Servant.

Desire my sister and Mr. Manly to walk up. [*Exit Servant.*]

Lady T. My Lord, you may proceed as you please ; but pray, what indiscretions have I committed, that are not daily practis'd by a hundred other women of quality ?

Lord T. 'Tis not the number of ill wives, Madam, that makes the patience of a husband less contemptible ; and though a bad one may be the best man's lot, yet he'll make a better figure in the world, that keeps his misfortunes out of doors, than he that tamely keeps them within.

Lady T. I don't know what figure you may make, my Lord ; but I shall have no reason to be ashamed of mine, in whatever company I may meet you.

Lord T. Be sparing of your spirit, Madam ; you'll need it to support you.

Enter Lady Grace and Manly.

Mr. Manly, I have an act of friendship to beg of you, which wants more apologies than words can make for it.

Man. Then pray make none, my Lord, that I may have the greater merit in obliging you.

Lord T. Sister, I have the same excuse to entreat of you, too.

Lady G. To your request, I beg, my Lord.

Lord T. Thus then—As you both were present at my ill-considered marriage, I now desire you each will be a witness of my determin'd separation——I know, Sir, your good-nature, and my sister's must be shocked at the ~~ill~~ ^{ill} ~~usage~~ ^{usage} I impose on you ; but as I don't ask your justification of my cause, so I hope you are conscious——that an ill woman can't reproach you, if you are silent, on her side.

Man. My Lord, I never thought, till now, it could be difficult to oblige you.

Lady G. [*Aside.*] Heavens, how I tremble !

Lord T. For you, my Lady Townly, I need not here

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repeat the provocations of my parting with you——the world, I fear, is too well inform'd of them——For the good Lord, your dead father's sake, I will still support you as his daughter——As the Lord Townly's wife, you have had every thing a fond husband could bestow, and (to our mutual shame I speak it) more than happy wives desire——But those indulgences must end; state, equipage, and splendor, but ill become the vices that misuse them——The decent necessaries of life shall be supplied——but not one article to luxury; not even the coach that waits to carry you from hence, shall you ever use again. Your tender aunt, my Lady Lovemore, with 'ears, this morning, has consented to receive you; where, if time, and your condition, brings you to a due reflection, your allowance shall be increased——but if you still are lavish of your little, or pine for past licentious pleasures, that little shall be less: nor will I call that soul my friend, that names you in my hearing.

Lady G. My heart bleeds for her. [Aside.

Lord T. Oh, Manly, look there! turn back thy thoughts with me, and witness to my growing love. There was a time, when I believed that form inclos'd of decay; there I propos'd the partner of my life, there I, for ever, hop'd to find a cheerful, agreeable, intimate, a faithful friend, a useful daughter, and a tender mother——but, Oh, how disappointed!

Man. The world is different in its sentiments, you are offended as you are, I know you will still be so.

Lord T. Fear me not.

Man. This last reproach, I see, has struck you.

Lord T. No, let me not (though I think I shall never part from my heart for ever) let me not urge you to a course beyond her crimes——I know the world is full of tales that feed its appetite of scandal: and the severities of this kind seldom fail of impo-
to mention, I here, before you both, at least suspicion rais'd against the honour of my wife, when abroad her conduct may be questioned that justice.

Lady T. Oh, sister! [Turns to Lady

Lord T. When I am spoken of, where without favour this action may be canvass'd, relate but half my provocations, and give me up to censure. [Going.]

Lady T. Support me! save me! hide me from the world! [Falling on Lady Grace's neck.]

Lord T. [Returning]—I had forgot me—You have no share in my resentment, therefore, as you have lived in friendship with her, your parting may admit of gentler terms than suit the honour of an injured husband.

[Offers to go out.]

Man. [Interposing] My Lord, you must not, shall not leave her thus! One moment's stay can do your cause no wrong! It looks can speak the anguish of her heart, I'll answer with my life, there's something labouring in her mind, that would you bear the hearing, might deserve it.

Lord T. Consider! since we no more can meet, press not my staying to insult her.

Lady T. Yet stay, my Lord—the little I would say, will not deserve an insult; and, undeserved, I know your nature gives it not. But as you've called in friends, to witness your resentment, let them be equal hearers of my last reply.

Lord T. I shan't refuse you that, Madam—be it so.

Lady T. My Lord, you ever have complain'd I wanted love; but as you kindly have allowed I never gave it to another, when you hear the story of my heart, though you may still complain, you will not wonder at my cold-

Lady G. This promises a reverse of temper. [Apart.]

Man. Thus, my Lord, you are concern'd to hear.

Lord T. Proceed, I am attentive.

Lady T. Before I was your bride, my Lord, the flat-terer talk'd me into beauty; which, at my foolish vanity confirm'd. Wild with that man-kind my slaves, I triumph'd over my pleasure was their pain: yet was my sense sensible to all, that when a father's firmness urg'd me to make choice of one; I even refus'd his liberty he gave, and to his own election I gave my oath——his tender care my Lord, directed

directed him to you——Our hands were joined I still my heart was wedded to its folly! My only joy power, command, society, profuseness, and to le pleasures! The husband's right to rule, I thought a vulgar law, which only the deformed or meagre obeyed! I knew no directors, but my passions; but my will! Even you, my Lord, some time of love, was pleased with my delights; nor, the this mad misuse of your indulgence——And call myself ungrateful, while I owe it, yet, it cannot be denied——that kind indulgence has it added strength to my habitual failings, and thus warm, in wild unthinking life, no wonder! My sense of love was lost.

Lord T. Oh, Manly! where has this creature's heart been buried?

Man. If yet recoverable——How vast the treasure?

Lady T. What I have said, my Lord, is not my excuse, but my confession; my errors (give 'em, if you please, a harder name) cannot be defended! No! What's in its nature wrong, no words can palliate, nor what then remains in my condition, but your pleasure? Time only can convince of my conduct: therefore, 'till I have lived an honest, I dare not hope for pardon——The most humbly contrite life were little to the innocent, who deserved this separation, will strow pearls on my pillow.

Lady G. Oh, happy, heavenly hearing!

Lady T. Sister, farewell! [Kisses] I needs no warning from the shame that I feel when you think I have attoned my folly to your injured brother to forgive them.

Lord T. No, Madam! Your errors, and the wrongs they renounced, this instant are forgotten! So deep, sad, and a sense of the has made you, what my utmost wishes required, and all my heart has sighed for.

Lady T. [Turning to Lady Grace.] How will your goodness make me!

Lady G. How amiable your thinking for!

Lord T. Long parted friends, that pass through easy
 stages of life, receive but common gladness in their
 meeting: but from a shipwreck saved, we mingle tears
 in our embraces! [Embracing Lady Townly.

What words! what love! what duty can re-
 gations?

Reserve but this desire to please, your power

Oh!—till this moment, never did I know,
 had a heart to give you.

By Heaven! this yielding hand, when first it
 obeyed my wishes, presented not a treasure more de-
 Manly! Surer! as you have often shared in
 partake of my felicity! my new-born joy!
 the sole of my desires! This may be called my

Sister, (for now, methinks, that name is dearer
 to my heart than ever) let me congratulate the happiness
 that opens to you.

Man. Long, long, and mutual may it flow—

Lord T. To make our happiness complete, my dear,
 join here with me to give a hand, that amply will repay
 the obligation.

Lady T. Sister, a day like this—

Lady G. Admits of no excuse against the general joy.

[Gives her hand to Manly.

Man. A joy like mine—despairs of words to
 speak it.

Lord T. Oh, Manly, how the name of friend endears
 the brother! [Embracing him.

Man. Your words, my Lord, will warm me, to deserve
 them.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My Lord, the apartments are full of masqueraders
 —And some people of quality there desire to see your
 company and my Lady.

Lord T. I thought, my Lord, your orders had forbid
 their coming?

Man. No, my dear, Manly has desired their admit-
 tion to-night, it seems, upon a particular occasion—
 and we will wait upon them instantly.

[Exit Servant.

Lady

Lady T. I shall be but ill company to them.

Lord T. No matter: not to see them, would on a sudden be too particular. Lady Grace will assist you to entertain them.

Lady T. With her, my Lord, I shall be always easy
— Sister, to your unerring virtue, I now commit the
guidance of my future days—

Never the paths of pleasure more to tread,
But where your guarded innocence shall lead;
For in the marriage-state the world must soon
Divided happiness was never known.

To make it mutual nature points the way.

Let husbands govern: gentle wives obey. [Exit.

*The SCENE opening to another apartment discovers a
great number of people in masquerade, talking all together,
and saying upon one another. Lady Wronghead as a
Shepherdess; Jenny as a nun; the Squire as a running
footman; and the Count in a domino. After some time,
Lord and Lady Townly, with Lady Grace, enter to
them unmasked.*

Lord T. So! here's a great deal of

Lady T. A great many people, my Lord
pany—as you'll find—for here's
seems to have a mind to entertain us.

[*A Mask, after some affected ge
Lady Townly.*

Mask. Well, dear Lady Townly,
by-and-by?

Lady T. I don't know you, Madam

Mask. Don't you seriously? [

Lady T. Not I, indeed.

Mask. Well, that's charming; but

Lady T. Yes, I could guess wrong

Mask. That's what I'd have you to

Lady T. But, Madam, if I don't know
not that as well.

Mask. Ay, but you do know me.

Lady T. Dear sister, take her off o' m
no bearing this.

Lady G. I fancy I know you, Mad

‘ *Mas.* I fancy you don’t; what makes you think you do?

‘ *Lady G.* Because I have heard you talk.

‘ *Mas.* Ay, but you don’t know my voice, I’m sure.

‘ *Lady G.* There is something in your wit and humour.

‘ Madam, so very much your own, it is impossible you can be any body but my Lady Trifle.

‘ *Mas.* [*Unawaking.*] Dear Lady Grace! thou art a charming creature.

‘ *Lady G.* Is there nobody else we know here?

‘ *Mas.* Oh dear, yes! I have found out fifty already.

‘ *Lady G.* Pray who are they?

‘ *Mas.* Oh, charming company! there’s Lady Ramble

‘ — Lady Riot — Lady Kill-Cure — Lady Squander

‘ — Lady Strip — Lady Pawn — and the Duchess of

‘ Single Guinea.

‘ *Lord T.* Is it not hard, my dear, that people of sense and probity are sometimes forced to seem fond of such company?

‘ *Lady T.* My Lord, it will always give me pain to remember their acquaintance, but none to drop it immediately.

Apart.

‘ *Lady G.* But you have given us no account of the men, Madam. Are they good for any thing?

‘ *Mas.* Oh, yes, you must know, I always find out them by their endeavours to find out me.

‘ *Lady G.* Pray, who are they?

‘ *Mas.* Oh, for your men of tip-top wit and pleasure, out town, there’s my Lord — Bite — Lord Arch-wag — Young Brazen-wit — Lord Timberdown —

‘ Lord Joint-life — and — Lord Mortgage. Then for your pretty fellows only — there’s Sir Powder-Peacock

‘ — Lord Lapwing — Billy Magpie — Beau Frightful — Sir Paul Plaster-crown, and the Marquis of

‘ Monkey-man.

‘ *Lady G.* Right! and these are the fine gentlemen that never want elbow-room at an assembly.

‘ *Mas.* The rest, I suppose, by their tawdry hired habits, are tradefinen’s wives, inn-*of*-court beaux, Jews, and kept mistresses.

‘ *Lord T.* An admirable collection!

‘ *Lady G.* Well, of all our public diversions, I am

amazed how this, that is so very expensive, and has little to shew for it, can draw so much company together.

Lord T. Oh, if it were not expensive, the better for it would not come into it: and because money can purchase a ticket, the common people scorn to be kept out of it.

Mask. Right, my Lord. Poor Lady Grace propose you are under the same astonishment, that should draw so much good company.

Lady G. Not at all, Madam: it is not so much to gratify the ear, than the understanding; you no notion, Madam, of what is to be done at the same time?

Mask. Oh, quite none: it is but a trifling thing, laying a great stake; laying a great stake; laying a great stake may come up, to the profitable use of the whole company.

Lord T. You seem attentive, Madam.

Lady T. I am, my Lord; and I am not at all my own follies, so strongly painted in another woman.

Lady G. But see, my Lord, we had a great debate, I believe, for here are some men that have a mind to divert other people as well as themselves.

Lord T. The least we can do is to give them a stage then.

[A dance of masks here in the room.]

This was a favour extraordinary.

Enter Manly.

Oh, Manly, I thought we had lost you.

Man. I ask pardon, my Lord; but I was obliged to look a little after my country.

Lord T. Well, pray, what have you seen of them?

Man. They are all in the house here, my Lord; if your Lordship has curiosity to step into a lower apartment, in three minutes you an ample account of them.

Lord T. Oh, by all means: we will wait for you.

[The scene shuts upon the masks to a small distance.]

Manly re-enters with Sir Francis Wronghead.

Sir Fran. Well, cousin, you have made my very hair stand on end! Waunds! if what you tell me be true, I'll stuff my whole family into a stage-coach, and trundle them into the country again on Monday morning.

Man. Stick to that, Sir, and we may yet find a way to redeem all. In the mean time, place yourself behind this screen, and for the truth of what I have told you, take the evidence of your own senses: but be sure you keep close till I give you the signal.

Sir Fran. Sir, I'll warrant you—Ah, my Lady! my Lady Wronghead! What a bitter business have you drawn me into.

Man. Hold to your post; here comes one couple already.

[Sir Francis retires behind the Screen. [Exit Manly. Enter Myrtilla with Square Richard.

'Squ. Rich. What, is this the doctor's chamber?

Myr. Yes, yes, speak softly.

'Squ. Rich. Well, but where is he?

Myr. He'll be ready for us presently, but he says he can't do us the good turn without witnesses: so, when the Count and your Sister come, you know he and you may be fathers for one another.

'Squ. Rich. Well, well, tit for tat! ay, ay, that will be friendly.

Myr. And see, here they come.

Count Basset and Miss Jenny.

Count Bas. So, so, here's your brother and his bride, here we, my dear.

Jenny. Well, I vow, my heart's at my mouth still! I thought I should never have got rid of maids; but while she stood gaping upon the dance, I gave her the slip!—I, do but feel how it beats it here.

Count Bas. Oh, the pretty flutterer! I protest, my dear, you have put mine into the same palpitation!

Jenny. Ay, you say so—but let's see now—Oh, but I vow it thumps purely—well, well, I see it will do, and so where's the parson?

Count Bas. Mrs. Myrtilla, will you be so good as to see if the doctor's ready for us.

Myr. He only staid for you, Sir: I'll fetch him immediately. [Exit

Jenny. Pray, Sir, am not I to take place of mamma when I'm a Countess?

Count Bas. No doubt on't, my dear.

Jenny. Oh, lud! how her back will be up then, when she meets me at an assembly? or you and I in a band-and-six at Hyde-Park together.

Count Bas. Ay, or when she comes to see you at an opera, call out—The Countess!

Jenny. Well, I say it, that will be my chance; mayhap, to have a fine gentleman to walk with me, call-um ribbon, lead me to my chair, and hold up his arm all the way! Hold up, says he, says I, my Lord, your humble servant, says I, my Lord, says he, we shall see you at the Quadrille's.

*Ay, ay, to be sure, my Lord, says I—*So in swops me, with my hoop stuffed up to my forehead; and away they trot, swing! swang! with my tassels dangling, and my flambeaux blazing. and—Oh, it's a charming thing to be a woman of quality.

Count Bas. Well! I see that plainly, my dear, there's ne'er a duchess of 'em all will become an equipage like you.

Jenny. Well, well, do you find equipage in me, I warrant you.

SONG.

I.

- What though they call me country lass,
- I read it plainly in my glass,
- That for a duchess I might pass;
- Oh, could I see the day!
- Would fortune but attend my call,
- At park, at play, at ring and ball,
- I'd brave the proudest of them all,
- With a Stand by—Clear the Way!

II.

- Surrquaded by a crowd of beaux,
- With smart toupees, and powder'd cloaths,
- At rivals I'd turn up my nose;
- Oh, could I see the day!

I'd dart such glances from these eyes,
Should make some lord or duke my prize:
And then, Oh, how I'd tyrannize,
With a Stand by—Clear the Way.

III.

Oh, then for ev'ry new delight,
For equipage and diamonds bright,
Quadrille, and plays, and balls all night;

Oh, could I see the day
When and joy I'd take my fill,
The tedious hours of life to kill,
In ev'ry thing I'd have my will,
With a Stand by—Clear the Way.

10. *Rich.* Troth! I think this masquerading's the
most diverting game that ever I saw in my life! That's in my
mind, and there were but a little wrestling, or cudgel-
playing now, it would help it hugely. But what a-rope
makes the parson stay so?

Count Bas. Oh, here he comes, I believe.

Enter Myrtilla, with a constable.

Const. Well, Madam, pray which is the party that
wants a spice of my office here?

Myr. That's the gentleman. [*Pointing to the Count.*]

Count Bas. Hey-day! what in masquerade, doctor?

Const. Doctor! Sir, I believe you have mistaken your
man; if you are called Count Basset, I have a billet-
doux in my pocket for you, that will set you right pre-
sently.

Count Bas. What the devil's the meaning of all this?

Const. Only my Lord Chief Justice's warrant against
you for forgery, Sir.

Count Bas. Blood and thunder!

S. S. And so, Sir, if you please to pull off your fool's
frock there, I'll wait upon you to the next justice of
peace immediately.

Jenny. Oh, dear me, what's the matter? [*Trembling.*]

Count Bas. Oh, nothing, only a masquerading frolic,
dear.

Squ. Rich. Oh, ho, is that all?

Sir Fran. No, firrah! that is not all?

[*Sir Francis coming softly behind the Squire, knocks
him down with his cane.* Enter

Enter Manly.

'Squ. *Rich.* Oh, lawd! Oh, law'd! he has beaten my brains out.

Man. Hold, hold, Sir Francis, have a little mercy upon my poor godson, pray Sir.

Sir Fran. Wounds, cousin, I han't patience.

Count Bas. Manly! nay then I'm devil.

'Squ. *Rich.* Oh, my head! my head!

Enter Lady Wronghead.

Lady Wrong. What's the matter here? For Heaven's sake! What are you murdering?

Const. No, no, Madam! no murder suspicion of felony, that's all.

Sir Fran. [*To Jenny.*] And for you, I could find in my heart to make you as long as you live, you jade you.

huffly, that you were within two minutes of marrying a pickpocket.

Count Bas. So, so, all's out I find.

[*Aside.*]

Jenny. Oh, the mercy! why, pray, papa, is not the Count a man of quality then?

Sir Fran. Oh, yes, one of the unhanged ones, it seems.

Lady Wrong. [*Aside.*] Married! Oh, the confident thing!—There was his urgent business then—displeas'd for her! I han't patience!—and for ought have been all this while making a trier highwayman.

Man. Mr. Constable, secure there.

Sir Fran. Ah, my Lady! my Lady! this of journey to London: but now I'll have a frolic Madam; therefore pick up your trumpery night, for the moment my horses are at you and your brats shall make a journey into try again.

Lady Wrong. Indeed, you are mistaken, I shall not stir out of town yet, I promise you.

Sir Fran. Not stir? Wounds, Madam—

Man. Held, Sir!—if you'll give me leave I fancy I shall prevail with my Lady to this.

Sir Fran. Ah, cousin, you are a friend.

Man. [*Apart to my Lady.*] Look you

favour you designed me, in sending this spurious
 or inclosed to my Lady Grace, all the revenge I have
 n, is to have saved your son and daughter from ruin.
 -Now if you will take them fairly and quietly into
 country again, I will save your Ladyship from ruin.

Lady Wrong. What do you mean, Sir?

Jan. Why, Sir Francis——shall never know what
 this letter; look upon it. How it came into my
 hands you shall know at leisure.

Lady Wrong. Ha! my billet-doux to the Count! and
 my name in it! I shall sink with confusion!

Jan. What shall I say to Sir Francis, Madam?

Lady Wrong. Dear Sir, I am in such a trembling!
 I lose my honour, and I am all obedience.

[*Apart to Manly.*

Jan. Sir Francis——my Lady is ready to receive
 your commands for her journey, whenever you please to
 set out.

Fran. Ah, cousin, I doubt I am obliged to you

Man. Come, come, Sir Francis, take it as you find it.
 Obedience in a wife is a good thing, though it were never
 so wonderful!——And now, Sir, we have nothing to
 do but to dispose of this gentleman.

Count Bas. Mr. Manly; Sir, I hope you won't ruin

Man. Did not you forg^e this note for five hundred
 pounds, Sir?

Count Bas. Sir——I see you know the world, and
 therefore I shall not pretend to prevaricate——But it
 has hurt nobody yet, Sir; I beg you will not stigmatize
 me; since you have spoiled my fortune in one family, I
 hope you won't be so cruel to a young fellow, as to put
 it out of my power, Sir, to make it in another, Sir.

Man. Look you, Sir, I have not much time to waste
 with you: but if you expect mercy yourself, you must
 show it to one you have been cruel to.

Count Bas. Cruel, Sir!

Man. Have you not ruined this young woman?

Count Bas. I, Sir!

Man. I know you have——therefore you can't
 blame her, if, in the fact you are charged with, she is
 a prin-

a principal witness against you. However, you have one, and only one chance to get off with. Marry her this instant—and you take off her evidence.

Count Bas. Dear Sir!

Man. No words, Sir; a wife or a mittimus.

Count Bas. Lord, Sir! this is the most
mercy!

Man. A private penance, or a public
Constable.

Count Bas. Hold, Sir, since you are pl
my choice; I will not make so ill a co
lady, as not to give her the preference.

Man. It must be done this minute;
you expected is still within call.

Count Bas. Well, Sir,———since
Come, spouse——I am not the fool
that has run his head into one noo
another.

Myr. Come, Sir, don't repine: marriage is
but playing upon the square.

Count Bas. Ay, but the worst of the match too, is
the devil.

Man. Well, Sir, to let you see it is not so bad as you
think it; as a reward for her honesty, in detecting your
practices, instead of the forged bill you w
upon her, there's a real one of five hund
begin a new honey-moon with. [*Give*

Count Bas. Sir, this is so generous

Man. No compliments, dear Sir——
leisure now to receive them. Mr. Con
be so good as to wait upon this gentleman
room, and give this lady in marriage to hi

Const. Sir I'll do it faithfully.

Count Bas. Well, five hundred will fe
handsome puth with, however.

[*Exeunt Count, Myr.*

Sir Fran. And that I may be iure my
him for ever——come, my Lady let's even take our
children along with us, and be all witness of the cere-
mony. [*Exeunt Sir Fran. Lady Wreng. Miss and Squire.*

Man. Now my Lord, you may enter.

Enter

Enter Lord and Lady Townly, and Lady Gract.

Lord T. So, Sir, I give you joy of your negotiation.

Man. You overheard it all, I presume?

Lord T. I am first to last, Sir.

Man. I am glad you were knaves and fools better disposed

of poetical justice, my Lord, not much
of a modern comedy.

Lord T. To heighten that resemblance, I think sister,
your rewarding the hero of the fable,
of his happiness.

Man. To-day, to-morrow, every hour I hope,
will shew I want not inclination to com-

Lord T. I may want, Madam, you will always
deserve you.

Man. I wish all are happy.

Lady T. Sister, I give you joy consummate as the
happiest pair can boast.

In you, methinks, as in a glass, I see,
The happiness, that once advanc'd to me.

So visible the bliss, so plain the way,
How was it possible my sense could stray?

But now, a convert to this truth I come,
That married happiness is never found from home.

END OF THE FIFTH ACT.

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MRS. OLDFIELD, WHO ORIGINALLY PER-
FORMED LADY TOWNLY.

METHINKS I hear some powder'd critics say;
"Damn it, this wife reform'd has spoil'd the play!
"The actress should have drawn her more in fashion,
"Have satisfied her softer inclination,
"Have slip'd her a gallant, and clinch'd the provocation."
But there our bard stopp'd short: for 'twere uncivil
To have a modern belle, all o'er a devil!
He hop'd, in honour of the Sex, the age
Would bear one mendic'd woman——on the stage.

From

From whence, you see, by common sense's rules,
 Wives might be govern'd, were not husband's fools.
 What'er by nature dames are prone to do,
 They seldom stray but when they govern you.
 When the wild wife perceives her deary tame,
 No wonder then she plays him all the game.
 But men of sense meet rarely that disaster;
 Women take pride where merit is their master:
 Nay she that with a weak man wisely lives,
 Will seem to obey the due commands he gives!
 Happy obedience is no more a wonder,
 When men are men, and keep them kindly under.
 But modern comforts are such high-bred creatures,
 They think a husband's power degrades their features:
 That nothing more proclaims a reigning beauty,
 Than that she never was reproached with duty:
 And that the greatest blessing Heaven e'er sent,
 Is in a spouse, incurious and content.

To give such dames a different cast of thought,
 By calling home the mind, these scenes were wrought
 If with a hand too rude, the task is done,
 We hope the scheme, by Lady Grace laid on,
 Will all such freedom with the Sex attend,
 That virtue there unfoild, by modish art,
 Throws out attractions for a Manly's heart.

You, you, then, ladies, whose unquesting
 Give you the foremost share of happy things,
 Protect, for its attempt, this helpless play;
 Nor leave it to the vulgar taste a prey;
 Appear the frequent champions of its cause,
 Direct the crowd, and give yourselves up.

T H E E N D.



Robinson del.

Printed for John Smith, Printer, April 1774.

Christy sculpsit.

MR BULKLEY in the Character of ANGELICA.

Sir you look Melancholy.

BELL'S EDITION.

LOVE MAKES A MAN;

OR, THE
FOP'S FORTUNE.

A COMEDY,

Written by COLLEY CIBBER, Esq.

DISTINGUISHING ALSO THE

VARIATIONS OF THE THEATRE,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.

Regulated from the Prompt-Book,

By PERMISSION of the MANAGERS,

By Mr. HOPKINS, Prompter.

Interdum tollit & comædiæ vocem.

Hon.



LONDON:

Printed for JOHN BELL, at the British Library in the Strand.

M DCC LXXX.

PROLOGUE.

SINCE plays are but a kind of publick feasts,
Where tickets only make the welcome guests;
Methinks, instead of grace, we should prepare,
Your tastes in Prologue, with your bill of fare.
When you foreknow each course, tho' this may tease you,
'Tis five to one, but one o' th' five may please you.
First, for you criticks, we've your darling bear,
Faults without number, more than sense can bear.
You're certain to be pleas'd where errors are.
From your displeasure, I dare vouch we're safe;
You never frown, but where your neighbours laugh.
Now, you that never know what spleen or hate is,
Who for an ad or two, are welcome gratis,
That tip the wink, and so sneak out with nunquam satis;
For your smart tastes we've toss'd you up a sop,
We hope the newest that's of late come up;
The fool, beau, wit, and rake, so mixt be carries,
He seems a ragou, piping hot from Paris,
But for th' softer sex, whom must we'd move,
We've what the fair and chaste were form'd for, love,
An artless passion, fraught with hopes and fears,
And nearest happy, when it most despairs.
For masks, we've scandal, and for beaux, French airs.
To please all tastes, we'll do the best we can;
For the galleries, we've Dicky and Will Penkethman.
Now, sirs, you're welcome, and you know your fare;
But pray, in charity, the founder spare,
Lest you destroy at once, the poet and the player.

Dramatis Personæ, 1776.

M E N.

Antonio }
 and }
 Charino } Old Gentlemen. — — — — —
 Don Lewis, uncle, and dear friend to Carlos — — — — —
 Carlos, a Student, } Sent to Antonio, — — — — —
 Clodio, a pert excomb, }
 Sancho, servant to Carlos, — — — — —
 Monsieur, valet to Clodio, — — — — —
 Governour of Lisbon, — — — — —
 Don Duart, his nephew, — — — — —
 Don Manuel, a sea officer, in love with Louisa, — — — — —

W O M E N.

Angelina, daughter to Charino, — — — — —
 Louisa, a lady of quality and pleasure, — — — — —
 Flvira, sister to Don Duart, — — — — —
 Honoria, cousin to Louisa, — — — — —

AT DAURY-LAKE.

{ Mr. BADDLEY.
 { Mr. PARSONS.

Mr. YATES.
 { Mr. BENSLEY.
 { Mr. DODD.
 Mr. LA MASH.
 Mr. WALDRON.
 Mr. DAVIS.
 Mr. PALMER.
 Mr. FARREN.

AT COVENANT GARDEN.

Mr. THOMPSON.
 Mr. CUSHING.
 Mr. WROUGHTON.
 Mr. WOODWARD.
 Mr. QUICK.
 Mr. DUNITALL.
 Mr. BOOTH.
 Mr. YOUNG.
 Mrs. BULKLEY.
 Miss AMBROSSE.
 Miss MACKLIN.
 Mr. BADDELEY.
 Miss SHERRY.
 Mrs. GREVILLE.
 Mrs. SMITH.

Priest, Officers, and Servants.

L O V E makes a M A N :

OR, THE

F O P ' s ; F O R T U N E .

A C T I. S C E N E, *in Hall.*

Enter Antonio and Charino.

Ant. W I T H O U T compliment, my old friend, r shall think myself much honour'd in you alliance; our families are both ancient, our children young, and able to support 'em; and, I think, the sooner we set 'em to work, the better.

Cha. Sir, you offer fair and nobly, and shall find I dare meet you in the same line of honour; and, I hope, since I have but one girl in the world, you won't think me a troublesome old fool, if I endeavour to bestow her to her worth; therefore, if you please, before we shake hands, a word or two by the bye, for I have some considerable questions to ask you.

Ant. Ask 'em.

Cha. Well, in the first place, you say you have two sons?

Ant. Exactly.

Cha. And you are willing that one of 'em shall marry my daughter?

Ant. Willing.

Cha. My daughter *Angelina!*

Ant. *Angelina.*

Cha. And you are likewise content that the said *Angelina* shall survey 'em both, and (with my allowance) take to her lawful husband, which of 'em she pleases?

Ant. Content.

Cha. And you farther promise, that the person by her (and me) to chosen (be it elder or younger) shall be

your sole heir; that is to say, shall be in a conditional possession, of at least three parts of your estate. You know the conditions, and this you positively promise?

Ant. To perform.

Cba. Why then, as the last token of my full consent and approbation, I give you my hand.

Ant. There's mine.

Cba. Is't a match?

Ant. A match.

Cba. Done.

Ant. Done.

Cba. And done!——that's enough.——*Carlos*, the elder, you say is a great scholar, spends his whole life in the university, and loves his study.

Ant. Nothing more, sir.

Cba. But *Clodio*, the younger, has seen the world, and is very well known in the court of *France*; a sprightly fellow, ha?

Ant. Mettle to the back, sir.

Cba. Well! how far either of 'em may go with my daughter, I can't tell; she'll be easily pleas'd where I am——I have given her some documents already. Hark! what noise without?

Ant. Odsso! 'tis they——they're come——I have expected 'em these two hours. Well, sirrah, who's without?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. 'Tis *Sancho*, sir, with a waggon-load of my master's books.

Cba. What, does he always travel with his whole study?

Ant. Never without them, sir, 'tis his humour.

Enter Sancho, laden with books.

San. *Pedro*, unload part of the library; bid the porter open the great gates, and make room for t'other dozen or carts; I'll be with you presently.

Ant. Ha! *Sancho*? where's my *Carlos*? speak, boy, where didst thou leave thy master?

San. Jogging on, sir, in the highway to knowledge, both hands employ'd, in his book, and his bridle, sir; but he has sent his duty before him in this letter, sir.

Ant. What have we here, *potbooks* and *antirons*?

San.

THE FOP'S FORTUNE.

7

San. *Pathos!* O! dear sir!——I beg your pardon——No, sir, this is *Arabick*, 'tis to the Lord *Abbot*, concerning the translation, sir, of human bodies——a new way of getting out of the world. There's a terrible wise man * has written a very smart book of it.

Cba. Pray, friend, what will that same book teach a man?

San. Teach you, sir! why, to play a trump upon death, and shew yourself a match for the devil.

Cba. Strange!

San. Here, sir, this is your letter. [To *Ant.*]

Cba. Pray, sir, what sort of life may your matter lead?

San. Life sir! no prince fares like him; he breaks his fast with *Aristotle*, dines with *Tully*, drinks at *Helicon*, sups with *Seneca*; then walks a turn or two in the milky way, and after six hours conference with the stars, sleeps with old *Erra Pater*.

Cba. Wonderful!

Ant. So, *Carlos* will be here presently——Here, take the knave in, and let him eat.

San. And drink too, sir,——and pray see your master's chamber ready. [Knocking again]

Well, sir, who's at the gate?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. *Monfieur*, sir, from my young master *Clodio*.

Enter Monfieur.

Ant. Well. *Monfieur*, what says your master? When will he be here?

Monf. Sire, he vill be here in de less time dan von quarter of de hour; he is not quite tirty mile off.

Ant. And what came you before for?

Monf. Sire, me come to provide de pulvile, and de essence for his peruke, dat he may approche to your vorshipe vid de reverence, and de belle air.

Ant. What! is he unprovided then?

Monf. Sire, he vas enrage, and did break his bottel l'orangerie, because it vas not de same dat is prepare for *Monseigneur le Dauphin*.

Ant. Well, sir, if you'll go to the butler, he'll—— help you to some oil for his periwig.

* *Mr. Apsil.*

A 4

Monf.

LOVE MAKES A MAN; OR,

Monf. Sire, me tank you. [Exit Monsieur.

Cba. A very notable spark this *Clodio*. Ha! what trampling of horses is that without?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, my young masters are both come. 8

Ant. That's well! now, sir, now! now observe their several dispositions.

Enter Carlos.

Car. My father! Sir, your blessing.

Ant. Thou hast it, *Carlos*; and now pray know this gentleman; *Charino*, sir, my old-friend, and one in whom you may have a particular interest.

Car. I'll study to deserve his love, sir.

Cba. Sir, as for that matter, you need not study at all. [They salute.

Enter Clodio.

Clo. Hey! *La Valiere*! bid the groom take care our hunters be well rubb'd and cloath'd; they're hot, and out-strip the wind.

Cba. Ay, marry sir, there's mettle in this young fellow.

Clo. Where's my father?

Ant. Ha, my dear *Clody*, thou'rt welcome! 'let me kiss thee.'

Clo. 'Sir,——you kifs pleasingly——I love to kifs a man; in *Paris* we kifs nothing else.' Sir, being my father's friend, I am your most obliged, faithful, humble servant.

Cba. Sir,——I—I—I like you.

[V. Cha. Eagerly.

Clo. Thy hand——kifs——I'm your friend.

Cba. Faith, thou art a pretty humour'd fellow.

Clo. Who's that? Pray, sir, who's that?

Ant. Your brother, *Clody*.

Clo. Odso! I beg his pardon with all n. Ha, ha, ha! did ever mortal see such a book? Brother, how is't?

Car. I'm glad you are well, brother.

Clo. What, does he draw his book up? will draw my wit upon him—Gad, I'll puzzle you, brother; pray what's---*Latin* for a sw

Car. The *Romans* wore none, brother.

Clo. No ornament upon their swords, sir?

Car. O yes, several, conquest, peace, and honour——
an old unfashionable wear.

Clo. Sir, no man in *France* (I may as well say breathing, for not to live there, is not to breathe) wears a more fashionable sword than I do; he cost me fifteen lous-d'or's in *Paris*——There, sir,——feel him,——try him, sir.

Car. I have no skill, sir.

Clo. No skill, sir! why, this sword would make a coward fight——aha! ia! sa! ha! rip——ha! there I had him. [Fencing.]

Car. Take heed, you'll cut my cloaths, brother.

Clo. Cut 'em! ha, ha,——no, no, they are cut already, brother, to the *grammar-rules* exactly: Psha, prithee man leave off this college-air.

Car. No, brother, I think it wholesome, the soil and situation pleasant.

Clo. A put, by *Jupiter!* he don't know the air of a gentleman, from the air of the country:——Sir, I mean the air of your cloaths; I would have you change your taylor, and dress a little more *en cavalier*: lay by your book, and take out your snuff-box; cock, and look smart, hah!

Cba. Faith, a pretty fellow!

Car. I read no use in this brother; and for my cloaths, the half of what I wear already, seems to me superfluous: what need I outward ornaments, when I can deck myself with understanding? Why should we care for any thing, but knowledge? or look upon the follies of mankind, but to condemn or pity those that seek 'em?

[Reads again.]

Clo. Stark mad! split me.

Cba. Psha, this fellow will never do——he's as no soul in him.

Clo. Hark you, brother, what do you think of a pretty plump wench now?

Car. I seldom think that way; women are book I have not read yet.

Clo. Gad, I could set you a sweet lesson, brother.

Car. I am as well here, sir.

[Reads.]

Cba. Good for no earthly thing; a stock; ah, that

Chady!

A 5

Enter

Enter Monsieur.

Mons. Sire, here be de several sorte of de jassimine d'orangerie vidout, if you please to mak your choise.

Clod. Murr, sir! I must beg pardon for a moment; a most important business calls me aside, which I will dispatch with all imaginable celerity, and return to the repetition of my desire to continue, sir, your most oblig'd and faithful humble servant. [*Exit Clody bowing.*]

Cha. Faith, he's a pretty fellow.

Ant. Now, sir, if you please, since we have got the other alone, we'll put the matter a little closer to him.

Cha. 'Tis to little purpose, I am afraid: but use your pleasure, sir.

Car. Plato differs from Socrates in this. [*To himself.*]

Ant. Come, come, prithee *Carles*, lay 'em by, let 'em agree at leisure. What, no hour of interruption?

Car. Man's life, sir, being so short, and then the way that leads us to the knowledge of ourselves, so hard and tedious, each minute should be precious.

Ant. Ay, but to thrive in this world, *Carles*, you must part a little with this bookish contemplation, and prepare yourself for action. If you will study, let it be to know what part of my land's fit for the plough; what for pasture; to buy and sell my stock to the best advantage, and cure my cattle when they are over-grown with labour. This now wou'd turn to some account.

Car. This, sir, may be done from what I've read: for what concerns tillage, who can better deliver it than *Virgil* in his *Georgics*? And, for the cure of herds, his *Bucolics* are a master-piece; but when his art describes the common-wealth of bees, their industry, there more than human knowledge of the herbs from which they gather honey, their laws, their government among themselves, their order in going forth, and coming in, their strict obedience to their king, his just as labour, his punishment inflicted only on the drone; I'm ravish'd with it, then reap the wheat, receive the grain my cattle bring me, and receive the wax and honey.

Ant. Hey day! *Georges!* and *Blue-sticks!*
What, art thou mad!

Cha. Raving, raving!

Car. No, sir, the knowledge of this guards me from it.

Ant. But can you find, among all your musty manuscripts, what pleasure he enjoys that lies in the arms of a young, rich, well-shap'd, healthy bride? answer me that, ha, sir!

Car. 'Tis frequent, sir, in story; there I read of all kinds of virtuous, and of vicious women; the ancient *Spartan* dames, the *Roman* ladies, their beauties, their deformities; and when I light upon a *Portia*, or a *Cornelia*, crown'd with ever-blooming truth and virtue, with such a feeling I peruse their fortunes, as if I then had liv'd, and tasted of their lawful env'y'd love: but when I meet a *Messalina*, tir'd and unsated in her foul desires; a *Clytemnestra*, bath'd in her husband's blood; an impious *Tullia* whirling her chariot o'er her father's breathless body, horror invades my faculties; comparing then the numerous guilty, with the easy count of those that die in innocence, I detest and loath 'em as ignorance, or atheism.

Ant. And you do resolve then not to make payment of the debt you owe me?

Car. What debt, good sir?

Ant. Why, the debt I paid my father, when I got you, sir, and made him a grandfire; which I expect from you. I won't have my name die.

Car. Nor would I; my labour'd studies, sir, may prove in time a living issue.

Ant. Very well, sir; and so I shall have a general collection of all the quiddits from *Adam* 'till this time, to be my grand-child!

Car. I'll take my best care, sir, that what I leave may not shame the family.

Cha. A sad fellow this! This is a very sad fellow. [*Aside.*

Ant. Nor you won't take care of my estate?

Car. But in my wishes, sir: for know the wings on which my soul is mounted, have long since borne her quite too high to stoop to any prey that soars not upwards: forest and dunghill minds, compos'd of earth, fix to that gross element their happiness; but great and pure spirits, shaking that clog of human frailty off, become resistless, and free as the æthereal air.

Ant.

Ant. So in short you wou'd not marry an empress!

Car. Give me leave to enjoy myself; the closet that contains my chosen books, to me's a glorious court; my venerable companions there, the old sages and philosophers, sometimes the greatest kings and heroes, whose counsels I have leave to weigh, and call their victories, if unjustly got, unto a strict account, and in my fancy dare deface their ill-plac'd statues. Can I then part with solid constant pleasures, to clasp uncertain vanities? No, sir, be it your care to swell your heap of wealth, marry my brother, and let him get you bodies of your name; I rather wou'd inform it with a soul.—I tire you, sir—your pardon, and your leave.—Lights there for my study. [*Exit Carlos.*]

Ant. Was ever man thus transported from the common sense of his own happiness? A stupid wise rogue, I cou'd beat him. Now, if it were not for my hopes in young Clody, I might fairly conclude my name were at a period.

Cba. Ay, ay, he's the match for my money, and my girl's too, I warrant her. What say you, sir, shall we tell 'em a piece of our mind, and turn 'em together instantly?

Ant. This minute, sir, and here comes my young rogue in the very nick of his fortune.

Enter Clodio.

Ant. Clody, a word!

Clo. To the wife is enough: your pleasure, sir?

Ant. In the mean time, sir, if you please to send your daughter notice of our intended visit. [*To Cha.*]

Cba. I'll do't—hark you friend. [*Whispers a servant.*]

Enter Sancho behind.

San. I doubt my master has found but rough welcome! He's gone supperless into his study; I'd fain know the reason——It may be some body has borrow'd one of his books, or so——I must find it out.

Clo. Sir, you could not have started an agreeable to my inclination; and for the year if this old gentleman will please to give me you shall see me whip into hers, in the cuttle.

Cba. Well! pursue, and conquer; tho' let me, sir, my girl has wit, and will give you a bring; she has a smart way, sir.

Clo. Sir, I will be as smart as she; I have my share of courage; I fear no woman alive, sir, having always found, that love and assurance ought to be as inseparable companions, as a beau and a snuff-box, or a curate and a tobacco-stopper.

Cba. Faith thou art a pleasant rogue; I'gad she must like thee.

Clo. I know how to tickle the ladies, sir—In *Paris* I had constantly two challenges every morning came up with my chocolate, only for being pleasant company the night before with the first ladies of quality.

Cba. Ah, silly envious rogues! Prithee, what do you do to their ladies?

San. Positively, nothing.

[*Aside.*

Clo. Why, the truth is, I did make the jades drink a little too smartly; for which, the poor dogs the *princes* cou'd not endure me.

Cba. Why, hast thou really convers'd with the *royal family*?

Clo. Convers'd with 'em! Ay, rot 'em, ay! ay!—you must know some of 'em came with me half a day's journey, to see me a little on my way hither: but I'gad I sent young *Louis* back again to *Marli* as drunk as a tinker, by *Jove*! Ha! ha! ha! I can't but laugh to think how old *Monarchy* growl'd at him next morning.

Cba. Gad-a-mercy, boy! well! and I warrant thou wert as intimate with their ladies too!

San. Just alike, I dare answer for him.

[*Aside.*

Clo. Why, you shall judge now, you shall judge—Let me see! there was, I and *Monfieur*—no! no! no! *Monfieur* did not sup with us.—There was I and *Prince Grandmont*, *Duke de Bougrace*, *Duke de Bellegrade*—(*Bellegrade*—yes—yes, *Jack* was there!) *Count de P'Esprit*, *Mareschal Bombard*, and that pleasant dog the *Prince de Hautenbas*. We six now were all at supper, all in good humour, *Champaign* was the word, and wit flew about the room, like a pack of losing cards—Now, sir, in *Madam's* adjacent lodgings, there happen'd to be the self-same number of ladies, after the fashion of a ballat, diverting themselves with *Rattles*, and the spleen; so dull, they were not able to talk,

talk, tho' it were scandalously even of their best friends: so, fir, after a profound silence at last one of 'em gap'd
 ——— O gad! says she, would that pleasant dog *Clody* were here to *badiner* a little.—Hey, says a second, and stretch'd. Ah! *Mon Dieu!* says a third——and wak'd.—Cou'd not one find him, says a fourth——and leer'd.—O! burn him, says a fifth, I saw him go out with the nasty rakes of the *Blood* again——in a pet.—Did you so, says a sixth——*Pardie!* we'll spoil that gang presently—in a passion. Whereupon, fir, in two minutes, I receiv'd a billet in four words——*Cbien nous vous demandons: suscrib'd, Grandmont, Bougrace, Bellegrade, l'Esprit, Bombard, Hautenbas.*

Cha. Why, these are the very names of the princes you supp'd with.

Clo. Every soul of 'em the individual wife or sister of every man in the company! split me! *Ha! ha!*

Cha. And *Ant.* *Ha! ha! ha!*

Sau. Did ever two old gudgeons swallow so greedily?

Ant. Well! and didst thou make a night on't, boy? [*Aside.*

Clo. Yes, I'gad, and morning too, fir; for about eight o'clock the next day, slap they all fous'd upon their knees, kiss'd round, burnt their commodos, drank my health, broke their glasses, and so parted.

Ant. Gad-a-mercy *Clody!* nay, 'twas always a wild young rogue:

Cha. I like him the better for't——he's a pleasant one, I'm sure.

Ant. Well, the rogue gives a rare account of his travels.

Clo. I'gad, fir, I have a cure for the spleen; a ha! I know how to riggle myself into a lady's favour——give me leave when you please, fir.

Cha. Sir, you shall have it this moment——him——you remember the conditions, fir; your estate to him and his heirs.

Ant. Sir, he deserves it all; 'tis not a trifle 'em: you see *Charles* has given over the undertaking to buy his birth right for a thousand books.

Cha. Ay! ay! get you the writings ready with your other son's hand to 'em; for unless he signs, the conveyance is of no validity.

Ant. I know it, fir,—they shall be ready with his hand in two hours.

Cha. Why then come along, my lad, and now I'll shew thee to my daughter.

Clo. I dare be shewn, fir.—*Allons! Hey, Suivons l'Amour.* [Sings.] [Exeunt.]

San. How! my poor matter to be disinherited, for *Monfieur!* Sa! sa! there; and I a looker-on too! If we have itudy'd our *majors* and our *minors*, *antecedents*, and *consequents*, to be concluded coxcombs at last, we have made a fair hand on't; I am glad I know of this roguery, however; I'll take care my master's uncle, old Don *Lewis*, shall hear of it; for tho' he can hardly read a proclamation, yet he dotes upon his learning; and if he be that old rough testy blade he us'd to be, we may chance to have a rubbers with 'em first—Here he comes, *profuslo*.

Enter Don Lewis.

D. Lew. *Sancho!* Where's my boy *Carlos?* what, is he at it? Is he at it?—Deep—deep, I warrant him—*Sancho!* a little peep now—one peep at him thro' the key-hole—I must have a peep.

San. Have a care, fir, he's upon a magical point.

D. Lew. What, has he lost any thing?

San. Yes, fir, he has lost with a vengeance.

D. Lew. But what, what, what, what, firrah! What is't?

San. Why, his birth-right, fir, he is di—di—dis—disinherited. [Sobbing.]

D. Lew. Ha! how! when! what! where! who! what dost thou mean?

San. His brother, fir, is to marry *Angelina*, the great heiress, to enjoy three parts of his father's estate; and my master is to have a whole acre of new books, for setting his hand to the conveyance.

D. Lew. This must be a lye, firrah, I will have it a lye.

San. With all my heart, fir; but here comes my old master, and the pick-pocket the lawyer; they'll tell you more.

Enter Antonio and a Lawyer.

Ant. Here, sir, this paper has your full instructions; pray be speedy, sir; I don't know but we may couple 'em to-morrow; be sure you make it firm.

Law. Do you secure his hand, sir, I defy the law to give him his title again. [Exit.

San. What think you now, sir?

D. Lew. Why, now methinks I'm pleas'd——this is right——I'm pleas'd——must cut that Lawyer's throat tho'——must bone him——ay! I'll have him bon'd——and potted.

Ant. Brother, how is't?

D. Lew. O mighty well——mighty well——let's feel your pulse——severish.

[Looks earnestly in Antonio's face, and after some pause, whistles a piece of a tune.]

Ant. You are merry, brother.

D. Lew. It's a lye.

Ant. How, brother?

D. Lew. A damn'd lye—I am not merry. [Smiling.]

Ant. What are you then?

D. Lew. Very angry. [Laughing.]

Ant. Hi! hi! hi! at what, brother? [Mimicking him.]

D. Lew. Why, at a very wise fettlement I have made lately.

Ant. What fettlement, good brother: I find he has heard of it. [Aside.]

D. Lew. What do you think I have done?——I have——this deep head of mine has——disinherited my elder son, because his understanding's an honour to my family; and given it all to my younger, because he's a puppy! a puppy!

Ant. Come, I guess at your meaning, brother.

D. Lew. Do you so, sir? Why then I must and plain, my boy *Carlos* must and shall i

Ant. I say no, unless *Carlos* had a soul fortune: what! he should manage eight thousand a year out of the *Metaphysics*! *Astronomy* should buy off my vineyards! *Horace* should buy off my geese! *History* should kill my mutton! *History* should get in my hay! *Homer* should get in my corn! ?

take look to my sheep! and *Geometry* bring my harvest home! Hark you, brother, do you know what learning is?

D. Lew. What if I don't, sir, I believe it's a fine thing, and that's enough—Tho' I can speak no *Greek*, I love and honour the sound of it, and *Carlos* speaks it loftily; I'gad, he thunders it out, sir; and let me tell you, sir, if you had ever the grace to have heard but six lines of *Hesiod*, or *Homer*, or *Iliad*. or any of the *Greek* poets, ods heart! it would have made your hair stand an end; sir, he has read such things in my hearing——

Ant. But did you understand 'em, brother?

D. Lew. I tell you, no. What does that signify? the very sound's a sufficient comfort to an honest man.

Ant. Fy! fy! I wonder you talk so, you that are old, and should understand.

D. Lew. Should, sir! Yes, and do, sir: sir, I'd have you to know, I have study'd, I have run over history, poetry, philosophy.

Ant. Yes, like a cat over a harpsichord, rare musick— You have read catalogues, I believe. Come, come, brother, my younger boy is a fine gentleman.

D. Lew. A fad dog——I'll buy a prettier fellow in a pennyworth of ginger-bread.

Ant. What I propose, I'll do, sir, say you your pleasure——Here comes one I must talk with——Well, brother, what news?

Enter Charino.

Cha. O! to our wishes, sir; *Clody's* a right bait for a girl, sir; a budding sprightly fellow: she's a little shy at first; but I gave him his cue, and the rogue does so whistle, and frisk, and sing, and dance her about: odsbud! he plays like a greyhound. Noble Don *Lewis*, I am your humble servant: come, what say you? Shall I prevail with you to settle some part of your estate upon young *Clody*?

D. Lew. *Clody!*

Cha. Ay, your nephew, *Clody*.

D. Lew. Settle upon him!

Cha. Ay.

D. Lew. Why, look you, I han't much land to spare; but I have an admirable horse-pond——I'll settle that upon him, if you will.

Ant.

Ant. Come, let him have his way, sir, he's old and hasty; my estate's sufficient. How does your daughter, sir?

Cba. Ripe, and ready, sir, like a blushing rose, she only waits for the pulling.

Ant. Why then, let to-morrow be the day.

Cba. With all my heart; get you the writings ready, my girl shall be here in the morning.

D. Lew. Hark you, sir, do you suppose my *Carlos* shall—

Cba. Sir, I suppose nothing; what I'll do, I'll justify; what your brother does, let him answer.

Ant. That I have already, sir, and so good-morrow to your patience, brother. [Exeunt.]

D. Lew. Sancho!

San. Sir.

D. Lew. Fetch me some gun-powder—quick—quick.

San. Sir.

D. Lew. Some gun-powder, I say,——a barrel——quickly—and, d'ye hear, three penny-worth of ratsbane!——Hey! ay, I'll blow up one, and poison the other.

San. Come, sir, I see what you would be at, and if you dare take my advice, (I don't want wit at a pinch, sir) e'en let me try, if I can fire my master enough with the praises of the young lady, to make him rival his brother; that would blow 'em up indeed, sir.

D. Lew. Psha! impossible, he never spoke six words to any woman in his life, but his bed-maker.

San. So much the better, sir, therefore, if he speaks at all, it's the more likely to be out of the road—Hark, he rings——I must wait upon him. [Exit.]

D. Lew. These damn'd old rogues!—I can't look my poor boy in the face: but come, *Carlos*, let 'em go on, thou shalt not want money to buy thee books yet——

That old fool thy father, and his young pup
share a groat of mine between 'em! Nay, to
could find in my heart to fall sick in a pet,
estate in a passion, and leave the world in a

A C T II.

Enter Antonio and Sancho.

Ant. SIR, he shall have what's fit for him.

San. No inheritance, sir?

Ant. Enough to give him books, and a moderate maintenance: that's as much as he cares for; you talk like a fool, a coxcomb; trouble him with land——

San. Must master *Clodio* have all, sir?

Ant. All, all; he knows how to use it; he's a man bred in this world; t'other in the skies, his business is altogether above stairs; [*Bell rings*] go, see what he wants.

San. A father, I am sure. [*Exit Sancho.*]

Ant. What, will none of my rogues come near me now? O! here they are.

Enter several Servants.

Well, sir, in the first place, can you procure me a plentiful dinner for about fifty, within two hours? Your young master is to be marry'd this morning; will that spur you, sir?

Cook. Young master, sir! I wish your honour had given me a little more warning.

Ant. Sir, you have as much as I had; I was not sure of it half an hour ago.

Cook. Sir, I will try what I can do——Hey! *Pedro!* *Gusman!* Come, stir, ho! [*Exit Cook.*]

Ant. Butler, open the cellar to all good fellows; if any man offers to sneak away sober, knock him down! Is the musick come?

They are within, at breakfast, sir.

Ant. That's well: here, let this room be clean'd.

——You, hussy, see the bride-bed made; take care no

young jade cuts the cords asunder; and look the sheets

be fine, and well-scented—and d'ye hear,——lay on

three pillows!——away! [*Exeunt.*]

[*A noise of chopping behind. Carlos alone in his study.*]

Car. What a perpetual noise these people make! my head is broken with several noises; and in every corner; I have forgot to eat and sleep, with reading; all my

facul-

faculties turn into study: what a misfortune 'tis in human nature, that the body will not live on that which feeds the mind! How unprofitable a pleasure is eating!—*Sancho!*

Enter Sancho.

San. Did you call, sir? [*Chopping again.*]

Car. Pr'ythee, what noise is this?

San. The cooks are hard at work, sir, chopping herbs, and mincing meat, and breaking marrow-bones.

Car. And is thus at every dinner?

San. No, sir; but we have high doings to-day.

Car. Well, set this folio in its place again; then make me a little fire, and get a manchet; I'll dine alone—Does my younger brother speak any *Greek* yet, *Sancho*?

San. No, sir; but he spits *French* like a magpye, and that's more in fashion.

Car. He steps before me there; I think I read it well enough to understand it, but when I am to give it utterance, it quarrels with my tongue. [*Chopping again.*]—Again that noise! pr'ythee tell me, *Sancho*, are there any princes to dine here?

San. Some there are as happy as princes, sir;—your brother's marry'd to-day.

Car. What of that! might not six dishes serve 'em? I never have but one, and eat of that but sparingly.

San. Sir, all the country round is invited; not a dog that knows the house, but comes too: all open, sir.

Car. Pr'ythee, who is it my brother marries?

San. Old *Charino's* daughter, sir, the great heiress; a delicate creature; young, soft, smooth, fair, plump, and ripe as a cherry—and they say, modest too.

Car. That's strange; pr'ythee how does these modest women look? I never yet convers'd with any but ~~my own~~ mother; to me they ever were but shadows, seen and unregarded.

San. Ah! wou'd you saw this lady, you farther than your *Archimedes*; she has more than any's in *Aristotle*, if you study'd for to find her the prettiest natural philosopher.

Car. Is she so fine a creature?

San. Such eyes; such looks! such a plump, pouting lips! such softness in her

musick too! and when she smiles, such roguish dimples in her cheeks! such a clear skin! white neck, and a little lower, such a pair of round, hard, heaving, what d'ye call-ums——ah!

Car. Why, thou art in love, *Sancho*.

San. Ay! so would you be, if you saw her, sir.

Car. I don't think so. What settlement does my father make 'em?

San. Only all his dirty land, sir, and makes your brother his sole heir.

Car. Must I have nothing?

San. Books in abundance; leave to study your eyes out, sir.

Car. I am the elder born, and have a title too.

San. No matter for that, sir, he'll have possession—— of the lady too.

Car. I wish him happy——he'll not inherit my little understanding too!

San. O, sir, he's more a gentleman than to do that——Ods me! sir, sir, here comes the very lady, the bride, your sister that must be, and her father.

Enter Charino and Angelina.

Stand close, you'll both see and hear, sir.

Car. I ne'er saw any yet so fair! such sweetness in her look! such modesty! if we may think the eye the window to the heart, she has a thousand treasur'd virtues there.

San. So! the book's gone.

[*Afide.*]

Cba. Come, pr'ythee put on a brisker look; odsheart, dost thou think in conscience, that's fit for thy wedding-day?

Ang. Sir, I wish it were not quite so sudden; a little time for farther thought perhaps had made it easier to me: to change for ever, is no trifle, sir.

Car. A wonder!

Cba. Look you, his fortune I have taken care of, and his person you have no exception to. What, in the name of *Venus*, would the girl have?

Ang. I never said, of all the world I made him, sir, my choice: nay, tho' he be yours, I cannot say I am highly pleas'd with him, nor yet am averse; but I had rather welcome your commands and him, than disobedience.

Cba.

Cha. O! if that be all, madam, to make you easy, my commands are at your service.

Ang. I have done with my objections, sir.

Car. Such understanding, in so soft a form! — Happy — Happy brother! — may he be happy, while I sit down in patience, and alone! — I have gaz'd too much — Reach me an *Ovid*. [Exit *Car.* and *San.*]

Cha. I say, put on your best looks, hussy! — for here he comes, faith.

Enter *Clodio*.

Ah! my dear *Clody*.

Clo. My dear, dear dad. [Embracing.] Ha; *Ma Princesse! etes vous là donc! A ha! Non, non. Je me me connois guerre, &c.* [Sings.] Look, look, — o' thy-boots; what, she knows nothing of the matter! But you will, child. — I'gad, I shall count the clock extremely to-night: Let me see — what time shall I rise to-morrow? — Not till after nine, — Ten, — Eleven, for a pistole. Ah — *C'est à dire votre coeur insensible est en fin vaincu. Non, non, &c.* [Sings a second verse.]

Enter *Antonio*, *Don Lewis*, and *Lawyer*.

Ant. Well said, *Clody*; my noble brother, welcome; my fair daughter, I give you joy.

Clo. And so will I too, sir. *Alons! Vivons! Chansons! Dançons! Hey! L'autre jour, &c.*

[Sings and dances, &c.]

Ant. Well said again, boy. Sir, you and your writings are welcome. What, my angry brother! nay, you must have your welcome too, or we shall make but a flat feast on't.

D. Lew. Sir, I am not welcome, nor I won't be welcome, nor no-body's welcome, and you are all a parcel of —

Cha. What, sir?

D. Lew. — Miserable wretches —

Ant. Come, pray, sir, bear with him; he's a little hasty; but he'll dine and be good company.

D. Lew. A strange lye, that.

Clo. Ha, ha, ha! poor Testy, ha, ha

D. Lew. Don't laugh, my dear rogue, laugh now; faith, I shall break thy head.

Clo. Gad so! why, then I find you are dear uncle?

D. Lew. Angry at thee, hey puppy! Why, what! — what dost thou see in that lovely hatchet face of thine, that's worth my being out of humour at? Blood and fire, ye dog, get out of my sight, or —

Ant. Nay, brother, this is too far —

D. Lew. Angry at him! a son of a — son's son of a whore!

Clo. Ha, ha, poor peevish —

D. Lew. I'd fain have somebody poison him. [*To himself.*] Ah, that sweet creature! Must this fair flower be cropp'd to stick up in a piece of rascally earthen ware? I must speak to her — Puppy, stand out of my way.

Clo. Ha, ha! ay, now for't.

D. Lew. [*To Angelina.*] Ah! — ah! — ah! Madam — I pity you; you're a lovely young creature, and ought to have a handsome man yok'd to you, one of understanding too: — I am sorry to say it, but this fellow's skull's extremely thick — he can never get any thing upon that fair body, but muffs and snuff-boxes; or, say, he should have a thing shap'd like a child, you can make nothing of it but a taylor.

Clo. Ods me! why, you are testy, my dear uncle.

D. Lew. Will no-body take that troublesome dog out of my sight — I can't stay where he is — I'll go see my poor boy *Carlos* — I've disturb'd you, madam; your humble servant.

Ant. You'll come again, and drink the bride's health, brother?

D. Lew. That lady's health I may; and, if she'll give me leave, perhaps sit by her at table too.

Clo. Ha, ha; bye nuncle.

D. Lew. Puppy, good bye — [*Exit D. Lewis.*]

Eng. An odd-humour'd gentleman.

Ant. Very odd indeed, child; I suppose in pure spite, he'll make my son *Carlos* his heir.

Eng. Methinks I would not have a light head, nor one laden with too much learning, as my father says this *Carlos* is; sure there's something hid in that gentleman's concern for him, that speaks him not so mere a log.

Ant. Come, shall we go and seal, brother? the priest stays for us; when *Carlos* has sign'd the conveyance, as

he shall presently, we'll then to the wedding, and so to dinner.

Cba. With all my heart, sir.

Clo. *Allons! ma chere Princeesse.*

[*Exeunt*]

Enter Carlos Don Lewis and Sancho.

D. Lew. Nay, you are undone.

Car. Then—I must study, sir, to hear my fortune.

D. Lew. Have you no greater feeling?

San. You were sensible of the great book, sir, when it fell upon your head; and won't the ruin of your fortune stir you?

Car. Will he have my books too?

D. Lew. No, no, he has a book, a fine one too, call'd *The gentleman's Recreation*; or, *The secret Art of getting Sons and Daughters*: Such a creature! a beauty in folio! would thou hadst her in thy study, *Carlos*, tho' it were but to new-clasp her.

San. He has seen her, sir.

D. Lew. Well, and——and——

San. He flung away his book, sir.

D. Lew. Did he saith! would he had flung away his humour too, and spoke to her.

Car. Must my brother then have all?

D. Lew. All, all.

San. All that your father has, sir.

Car. And that fair creature too?

San. Ay, sir.

D. Lew. Hey!

Car. He has enough, then.

[*Sighing.*]

D. Lew. He have her, *Carlos*! why would, would, that is——hey!

Car. May I not see her, sometimes, and call her sister? I'll do her no wrong.

D. Lew. I can't bear this! 'Sheart, I could cry for madness! Flesh and fire! do but speak to her.

Car. I cannot, sir, her look requires so that distant awe, words of that soft respect such force and meaning too, that I should founded to approach her, and yet I long to w——
O were I born to give it too!

D. Lew. Why, thou shalt wish her joy, she is a good-humour'd creature, she'll take

Car. Do you think so, uncle ?

D. Lew. I'll to her, and tell her of you.

Car. Do, sir. — Stay, uncle — will she not think me rude ? I would not for the world offend her.

D. Lew. 'Fend a fiddle-stick — let me alone —
I'll — I'll.

Car. Nay, but, sir ! dear uncle !

D. Lew. A hum ! a hum ! [Exit D. Lewis.]

Enter Antonio and the Lawyer with a writing.

Ant. Where's my son ?

Son. There, sir, casting a figure : what chopping children his brother shall have, and where he shall find a new father for himself.

Ant. I shall find a stick for you, rogue, I shall.
Carlos, how dost thou do ? Come hither, boy.

Car. Your pleasure, sir ?

Ant. Nay, no great matter, child, only to put your name here a little, to this bit of parchment ; I think you write a reasonable good hand, *Carlos.*

Car. Pray, sir, to what use may it be ?

Ant. Only to pass your title in the land I have, to your brother *Clodio.*

Car. Is it no more, sir ?

Law. That's all, sir.

Ant. No, no, 'tis nothing else ; look you, you shall be provided for, you shall have what books you please, and your means shall come in without your care, and you shall always have a servant to wait on you.

Car. Sir, I thank you ; but if you please, I had rather sign it before the good company below ; it being, sir, so frank a gift, 'twill be some small compliment to have it done before the lady too : there I shall sign it cheerfully, and wish my brother fortune.

Ant. With all my heart, child ; it's the same thing to me.

Car. You'll excuse me, sir, if I make no great stay with you.

Ant. Do as thou wilt, thou shalt do any thing thou hast a mind to. [Exit Antonio, Carlos, and Lawyer.]

Son. Now has he undone himself for ever ; oddest, I'll down into the cellar, and be stark drunk for any.

[Exit.]
The

The SCENE changes to a dining room.

Enter Charino with Angelina, Clodio, Don Lewis, Ladies, Priest, and a Lawyer.

Lew. Come, let him bring his sou's hand, and all's done: are you ready, sir!

Priest. Sir, I shall dispatch them presently, immediately! for in truth I am an hungry.

Clo. I'gad, I warrant you, the priest and I cou'd both fall to without saying grace—Ha! you little rogue! what, you think it long too?

Ang. I find no fault, sir; better things were well done, than done too hastily—Sir, you look melancholy. [To D. Lewis.]

D. Lew. Sweet swelling blossom! ah that I had the gathering of thee! I would stick thee in the bosom of a pretty young fellow—Ah! thou hast mis'd a man (but that he is so bewitch'd to his study, and knows no other mistress than his mind) so far above this feather-headed puppy—

Ang. Can he talk, sir?

D. Lew. Like an angel—to himself—the devil a word to a woman: his language is all upon the high business: to Heaven, and heavenly wonders, to nature, and her dark and secret causes.

Ang. Does he speak so well there, sir?

D. Lew. To admiration! such curiosities! but he can't look a woman in the face; if he does, he blushes like fifteen.

Ang. But a little conversation, methinks—

D. Lew. Why, so I think too; but the boy's bewitch'd, and the devil can't bring him to't: shall I try if I can get him to wish you joy?

Ang. I shall receive it as becomes his sister, sir.

Clo. Look, look, old testy will fall in love by and by; he's hard at it, split me.

Cba. Let him alone, she'll fetch him about, I warrant you.

Clo. So, here my father comes! now, priest! hey! my brother too! that's a wonder! broke like a spirit from his cell.

Enter Antonio and Carlos.

D. Lew. Odso! here he is! that's he! a little inclining

THE FOP'S FORTUNE.

27

the lean, or so, but his understanding's the fatter for't.

Ant. Come, *Carlos*, 'twere your desire to see my fair daughter and the good company, and to seal before 'em all, and give your brother joy.

Cba. He does well; I shall think the better of him as long as I live.

Car. Is this the lady, sir?

Ant. Ay, that's your sister, *Carlos*.

Car. Forbid it, love! [*Aside.*] Do you not think she'll grace our family?

Ant. No doubt on't sir.

Car. Sho'd I not thank her for so unmerited a grace?

Ant. Ay, and welcome, *Carlos*.

D. Lew. Now, my boy! give her a gentle twist by the fingers! lay your lips softly, softly, close and plum to her.

[*Apart to Carlos.*]

Car. Pardon a stranger's freedom, lady—[*Salutes Angelina*] Dissolving softness! O the drowning joy!—Happy, happy he that sips eternally such nectar down, that unconfin'd may lave and wanton there in fateless draughts of ever springing beauty.—But you, fair creature, share by far the higher joy; if, as I've read, (nay, now am sure) the sole delight of love lies only in the power to give.

Ang. How near his thoughts agree with mine! This the mere scholar I was told of! [*Aside.*]——I find, sir, you have experienc'd love, you seem acquainted with the passion.

Car. I've had, indeed, a dead pale glimpse in theory, but never saw th' enlivening light before.

Ang. Ha! before!

[*Aside.*]

Ant. Well, these are very fine compliments, *Carlos*; but you say nothing to your brother yet.

Car. O yes, and wish him, sir, (with any other beauty (if possible) more lasting joy than I could taste with her.

Ang. He speaks unhappily.

Clo. Ha!——what do you say, brother?

Ant. Nay, for my part, I don't understand him.

Cba. Nor I.

D. Lew. Stand clear, I do——and that sweet creature too, I hope.

Ang. Too well, I fear.

Ant. Come, come, to the writing, *Carlos*; prithee leave thy studying, man.

Car. I'll leave my life first; I study now to be a man before, *what man was*, was but my argument; — I am now on the *proof*! I find, I feel myself a man — nay, I fear it too.

D. Lew. He has it! he has it! my boy's in for't.

Clo. Come, come, will you —

D. Lew. Stand-out of the way, puppy.

[*Interposing with his back to Clody.*]

Car. Whence is it, fair, that while I offer speech to you, my thoughts want words, my words their free and honest utterance? Why is it thus I tremble at your touch, and fear your frown, as would a frightened child the dreadful lightning? Yet should my dearest friend or brother dare to check my vain deluded wishes, O! I should turn and tear him like an offended lion — Is this, can it, must it be in a sister's power?

Clo. Come, come, will you sign brother?

D. Lew. Time enough, puppy.

Car. O! if you knew with what precipitated haste you hurry on a deed that makes you blest'd, or miserable for ever, ev'n yet, near as you are to happiness, you'd find no danger in a moment's pause.

Clo. I say, will you sign, brother?

Car. Away, I have no time for trifles! Room for an elder brother

D. Lew. Why, did not I bid thee stand out of the way now?

Ant. Ay, but this is trifling, *Carlos*! come, come, your hand, man.

Car. Your pardon, sir, I cannot seal yet; had you only shew'd me land, I had resign'd it free, and proud to have bestow'd it to your pleasure: 'tis care, 'tis dirt, and trouble: but you have open'd to me such a treasure, such unimagin'd mines of solid joy, that I perceive my temper stubborn now, ev'n to a churlish avarice of love — Heaven direct my fortune.

Ant. And so you won't part with your title, sir?

Car. Sooner with my soul of reason, be a plant, a beast, a fish,

a fish, a fly, ' and only make the number of things up, ' than yield one foot of land — if she be ty'd to't.

Cha. I don't like this; he talks oddly, methinks.

Ang. Yet with a bravery of soul might warm the coldest heart. [Aside.

Clo. Pshaw, pox, prithee, brother, you had better think of those things in your study, man!

Car. Go you and study, for 'tis time, young brother; turn o'er the tedious volumes I have read; think, and digest them well! the wholesomest food for green consumptive minds; ' wear out whole fasted days, and by ' the pale weak lamp, pore away the freezing nights; rather make dim thy sight, than leave thy mind in doubt ' and darkness: confine thy useless travels to thy closet, ' traverse the wise and civil lives of good and great men ' dead; compare 'em with the living: tell me why *Cæsar* ' perish'd by the hand that lov'd him most? and why his ' enemies deplor'd him? Distil the sweetness from the ' poet's spring, and learn to soften thy desires, ' nor dare to dream of marriage-vows, 'till thou has taught thy soul, like mine, to love — Is it for thee to wear a jewel of this inestimable worth?

D. Leo. Ah! *Carlos!* [*Kisses him.*] What say you to the scholar now, chicken?

Ang. A wonder! — Is this gentleman your brother, sir! [To Clody.

Clo. Hey! no, my — Madam, not quite — that is he a little a-kin by the — Pox on him, would he were busy — I can't tell what to say to him, split me.

Ant. Positively, you will not seal then, ha?

Car. Neither — I should not blindly say I will not seal — Let me intreat a moment's pause — for, even yet, perhaps, I may. [Sighing.

Ang. Forbid it, fortune!

Ant. O, may you so, sir!

Clo. Ay! sir, hey! What, you are come to yourself I find, 'sheart!

Cha. Ay, ay, give him a little time, he'll think better on't, I warrant you.

Car. Perhaps, fair creature, I have done you wrong, whole plighted love and hope went hand in hand together;

but I conjure you, think my life were hateful after so base, so barbarous an act as parting 'em: 'What! to lay waste
' at once for ever, all the gay blossoms of your forward
' fortune, the promis'd wishes of your young desire,
' your fruitful beauty, and your springing joy; your
' thriving softness, and your cluster'd kisses, growing on
' the lips of love, devour'd with an unthirsty infant's ap-
' petite! O forbid it, love! forbid it, nature and hu-
' manity!' I have no land, no fortune, life, or being,
while your necessity of peace requires 'em: say! or give me need to think your smallest hope depends on my objected ruin; my ruin is my safety there; my fortune, or my life resign'd with joy, to your account of happy hours were thence but rais'd to any added number.

Clb. Why ay! there's some civility in this.

Clb. The fellow really talks very prettily.

Car. But if in bare compliance to a father's will, you now but suffer marriage, or what's worse, give it as an extorted bond, impos'd on the simplicity of your youth, and dare confess you with some honest friend would save, or free you from its hard conditions; I then again have land, have life, and resolution, waiting still upon your happier fortune.

Clb. Ha, ha! pert enough, that! I'gad; I long to see what this will come to!

Priest. In truth, unless somebody is marry'd presently, the dinner will be spoil'd, and then——no body will be able to eat it.

Det. Brother, I say, let's remove the lady.

Clb. Force her from him!

Car. 'Tis too late! I have a figure here! sooner shall bodies leave their shade; 'as well you might attempt to
' shut old Time into a den, and from his downy wings wash
' the swift hours away, or steal Eternity to stop his glass;' so fix'd, so rooted here, is every growing thought of her.

Clb. Gads me; what, now its troublesome again, is it?

Car. Consider, fair one, now's the very crisis of our fate: you cannot have it sure, to ask if honour be the parent of my love: if you can love or live, and think your heart, rewarded there, 'like two young vines we'll curl together,
' circling our souls in never-ending joy; we'll spring to-
' gether,

'gether, and we'll bear one fruit! one joy shall make us smile, one sorrow mourn; one age go with us, one hour of death shall close our eyes, and one cold grave shall hold us happy——Say but you hate me not! O speak! give but the softest breath to that transporting thought.

Ang. Need I then speak; to say, I am far from hating you——I would say more, but there is nothing at for me to say.

Cba. I'll bear it no longer——

Ang. On this you may depend, I cannot like that marriage was propos'd me.

Car. How shall my soul requite this goodness?

Cba. Beyond patience! This is downright insolence! roguery! rape!

Ant. Part 'em.

Clo. Ay, ay, part 'em, part 'em.

D. Lew. Doll! dum! dum!——

[Sings and draws in their defence.]

Cba. Call an officer, I'll have 'em forc'd asunder.

Ang. Nay, then I am reduc'd to take protection here.

[Goes to Carlos.]

Car. O extasy of heart! transporting joy!

D. Lew. Lorra! dorrol! loll! *[Sings and dances.]*

Cba. A plot! a plot against my honour! murder! treason! gun-powder! Ill be reveng'd! *[Exit.]*

Ant. Sir, you shall have satisfaction.

Cba. I'll be reveng'd!

Ant. Carlos, I say, forego the lady.

Car. Never, while I have sense of being, life, or motion.

Clo. You won't? Gadso! What, then I find I must lug out upon this business? *Alens!* the lady, sir!

D. Lew. Lorra! dorrol! loll!

[Presenting his point to Clodio.]

Cba. I'll have his blood!

Car. Hold uncle! Come brother! sheath your anger——I'll do my best to satisfy you all——but first I would entreat a blessing here.

Ant. Out of my doors, thou art no son of mine.

[Exit Ant.]

Car.

Car. I am sorry I have lost a father, sir——For you, brother, since once you had a seeming hope, in lieu of what you've lost, half of my birth-right.

Clo. No halves! no halves, sir! the whole lady!

Car. Why, then the whole, if you can like the terms.

Clo. What terms? what terms? Come, quick, quick.

Car. The first is this———[*Snatches Don Lewis's sword.*] Win her, and wear her; for on my soul, unless my body fail, my mind shall never yield thee up a thought in love.

D. Lew. Gramercy, *Carlos!* to him, boy! I'gad, this love has made a man of him.

Car. This is the first good sword I ever pois'd in anger yet; 'tis sharp I'm sure; if it but hold my putting home, I shall so hunt your insolence!——I feel the fire of ten strong spirits in me: wer't thou a native scencer, in so fair a cause, I thus should hold thee at the worst defiance.

Clo. Look you, brother, take care of yourself, I shall certainly be in you the first thrust; but if you had rather, d'ye see, we'll talk a little calmly about this business.

Car. Away, trifler! I would be loth to prove thee a coward too.

Clo. Coward! why then, really, sir, if you please, midriff's the word, brother; you are a son of a whore——*Allens!* [*They fight and Clodio is disarm'd.*]

Cba. His b'ood! I say his blood! I'll have it, by all the scars and wounds of honour in my family. [*Exit.*]

Car. There, sir, take your life——and mend it——be gone without reply.

Ang. Are you wounded, sir?

Car. Only in my fears for you: how shall we bestow us, uncle?

D. Lew. Positively, we are not safe here, this lady being an heiress. Follow me.

Car. Good angels guard us. [*Exeunt with Ang.*]

Clo. Gadso! I never fenc'd so ill in all my life——never in my life, split me!

Enter Monsieur.

Mons. Sire, her be de trompette, de haute-boy, de musique, de maître danser, dat Celcer to know if you tal be please to 'ave de masque begin.

Clo.

Clo. Hey! what does this puppy say now?

Monf. Sire, de musique.

Clo. Why ay—that's true—but—tell 'em—
plague on 'em, tell 'em, they are not ready tun'd.

Monf. Sire, dare is all tune, all prepare.

Clo. Ay! Why, then, tell 'em that my brother's wife a-
gain, and has spoil'd all, and I am bubbled, and so I than't
be marry'd till next time: but I have fought with him,
and he has disarm'd me; and so he wont't release the
land, nor give me my mistress again; and I—I am
undone, that's all.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Charino, Antonio, officers, and servants.

Cha. Officer, do your duty: I say, seize 'em all.

Ant. Carry 'em this minute before a—How now? what, all fled?

Cha. Ha! my girl! my child! my heirs! I am abus'd! I am cheated! I am robb'd! I am ravish'd! I murder'd; and flung in a ditch.

Ant. Who let 'em out? Which way went they, villains?

Serv. Sir, we had no order to stop them; but they went out at that door, not six minutes ago.

Cha. I'll pursue them with bills, warrants, actions, writs, and malice: I'm a lawyer, sir; they shall find I understand ruin.

Ant. Nay, they shall be found, sir; run you to the port, sirrah, see if any ships are going off, and bring us notice immediately.

Enter Sancho drunk.

San. Ban, ban, cac-caliban!

[*Sings.*]

Ant. Here comes a rogue, I'll warrant, knows the bottom of all! Where's my son, villain?

San. Son, sir!

Cha. Where's my daughter, sirrah?

San. Daughter, sir!

Cha. Ay, my daughter, rascal!

San. Why, sir, they told me, just now, sir—that she's—she's run away.

Ant. Dog, where's your master?

San. My master! why, they say he is—

Ant. Where, sirrah?

San. Why, he is—he is—gone along with her.

Ant. Death! you dog, discover him, or—

San. Sir, I will—I will.

Ant. Where is he, villain?

San. Where, sir? Why, to be sure he is—he is—
—upon my soul, I don't know, sir.

Ant. No more trifling, rascal.

San. If I do, sir, I wish this may be my poison. [*Drinks.*]

Ant. Death! you dog, get out of my house, or I'll
—So sir, have you found him?

Re-enter the servant hastily, and Clodio.

Clo. Ay, sir, have you found 'em?

Serv. Yes, sir, I had sight of 'em; but they were just
got on board a small vessel, before I could overtake 'em?

Coa. Death and curses!

Ant. Whither were they bound, sirrah?

Serv. Sir, I could not discover that; but they
were fall before the wind, with a very smart gale.

Ant. What shall we do, brother?

Clo. Be as smart as they, sir; follow 'em; follow 'em.

Cha. Send to the port this moment, and secure a
ship; I'll pursue 'em thro' all the elements.

Clo. I'll follow you, by the northern star.

Ant. Run to the port again, rogue; hire a ship, and
tell 'em they must hoist sail immediately.

Clo. And you rogue, run to my chamber, fill up my
snuff-box—Crain it hard, you dog, and be here
again before you get thither.

Ant. What, will you take nothing else, boy?

Clo. Nothing, sir, but snuff and opportunity—
we're in haste. *Allons! hey; je vole.* [*Exeunt.*]

A C T. III. The SCENE Lisbon.

Enter Elvira, Don Duart, and Governor.

Elv. **D**EAR brother, let me intreat you, stay; why
will you provoke your danger?

D. Du. Madam, my honour must be satisfied.

Elv.

Elv. That's done already, by the degrading blow you gave him.

Gov. Pray, niece, what is it has incens'd him?

Elv. Nothing but a needless quarrel.

Gov. I am sorry for him——To whom is all this fury, nephew?

D. Du. To you, sir, or any man that dares oppose me.

Gov. Come, you are too boisterous, sir; and this vain opinion of your courage, taken on your late success in duelling, makes you daily shunn'd by men of civil conversation. For shame, leave off these senseless brawls; if you are valiant, as you would be thought, turn out your courage to the wars; let your king and country be the better for't.

D. Du. Yes, so I might be general——Sir, no man living shall command me.

Gov. Sir, you shall find that here in *Lisbon* I will: I'm every hour follow'd with complaints of your behaviour from men of almost all conditions; and my authority, which you presume will bear you out, because you are my nephew, no longer shall protect you now: expect your next disorder to be punish'd with as much severity, as his that is a stranger to my blood.

D. Du. Punish me! you, nor your office, dare not do't.

Gov. Away! Justice dares do any thing she ought.

Elv. Brother, this brutal temper must be cast off: you can master that, you shall gladly command my fortune. But if you still persist, expect my prayers and vows for your conversion only; but never means, or favour.

D. Du. Fire! and furies! I'm tutor'd here like a mere school-boy! women shall judge of injuries in honour!——For you, sir——I was born free, and will not curb my spirit, nor is it for your authority to tempt it: give me the usage of a man of honour, or 'tis not your government shall protect you. [Exit.]

Gov. I am sorry to see this, niece, for your sake.

Elv. Wou'd he were not my brother.

Enter Don Manuel, with Angelina.

D. Man. Divide the spoil amongst you: this fair capture I only challenge for myself.

Gov.

Gov. Ha! some prize brought in.

Sail. Sir, she's yours; you fought, and well deserve her.

Gov. Noble Don *Manuel*! welcome on shore! I see you are fortunate; for I presume that's some uncommon prize.

D. Man. She is indeed—These ten years I have known the seas, and many rough engagements there; but never saw so small a bark so long defended, with such incredible valour, and by two men scarce arm'd too.

Gov. Is't possible!

D. Man. Nay, and their contempt of death, when taken, exceeds even all they acted in their freedom.

Gov. Pray, tell us, sir.

D. Man. When they were brought aboard us, both disarm'd and ready to be fetter'd, they look'd as they had sworn never to take the bread of bondage, and on a sudden snatching up their swords, (the younger taking first from this fair maid a farewell only with his eyes) both leapt into the sea.

Gov. 'Tis wonderful indeed.

D. Man. It wrought so much upon me, had not our own safety hinder'd, (at that time a great ship pursuing us) I wou'd in charity have ta'en 'em up, and with their lives they should have had their liberty.

Aug. Too late, alas! they're lost! (Heart-wounding thought! for ever lost!—I now am friendless, miserable, and a slave.

D. Man. Take comfort, fair one, perhaps you yet may see 'em: they were not quite a league from me, and with such strength and courage broke through the rolling waves, they cou'd not fail of life and safety.

Aug. In that last hope, I brook a wretched being: but if they're dead, my woes will find so many doors to let out life, I shall not long survive 'em.

Elv. Alas! poor lady! come, sir, misery but weeps the more, when she is gaz'd on—we trouble her.

Gov. I wait on you: your servant, sir.—

[*Exit Elv. and Gov.*]

D. Man. Now, my fair captive, tho' I confess you beautiful, yet give me leave to own my heart has long been in another's keeping; therefore the favour I am about to ask, you may at least hear with safety.

Aug.

Ang. This has engag'd me, sir, to hear.

D. Man. These three years have I honourably lov'd a noble lady, her name *Louisa*, the beauteous niece of great *Ferrara's* duke: her person and fortune unconfitt'd, sole mistress of herself and me, who long have languish'd in an' hopeless constancy. Now I perceive, in all your language, and your looks, a soft'ning power, nor can a suit by you promoted be deny'd: therefore I wou'd awhile intreat your leave to recommend you, as her companion, to this lady's favour: and (as I am sure you'll soon be near her closest thoughts) if you can think upon the honest courtesies I hitherto have shewn your modesty, and in your happy talk, but name with any mark of favour me, or my unwearied love, 'twould be a generous act wou'd fix me ever grateful to its memory.

Ang. Such poor assistance, sir, as one distress'd like me, can give, shall willingly be paid: 'if I can steal but any thoughts from my own misfortunes, rest assur'd, they'll be employ'd in healing yours.'

D. Man. I'll study to deserve this goodness; for the present, think my poor house your own; at night I'll wait on you to the lady, 'till when I am your guard.

Ang. You have bound me to your service—

[*Exeunt D. Manuel and Angelina.*]

The SCENE changes to a church, the vespers suppos'd to be just ended, several walking out. *Carlos* and *Don* ~~Manuel~~ rising near *Louisa* and *Honorina*. *Louisa* ob-

Carlos.

Hon. Come, madam, shall we walk out? The croud's pretty well over now.

Lou. But then that melancholy softness in his look!

[*To herself.*]

Hon. Cousin! *Donna Louisa!*

Lou. Ev'n in his devotions too, such graceful adoration—so sweet a—

Hon. Cousin, will you go?

Lou. Pshaw, time enough—Prithee let's walk a little this way.

Hon. What's the matter with her?

[*They walk from D. Lewis and Carlos.*]

Car.

Car. To what are we reserv'd!

D. Lew. For no good, I am afraid—— My *l*uck don't use to give over, when her hand's in; she's always in haste—— One misfortune generally comes galloping in upon the back of another—— Drowning we have escap'd miraculously; wou'd the fear of hanging were over too; our being so strangely sav'd from one, smells damnable rank of the other. Tho' I am oblig'd to thee, *Carlos*, for what life I have, and I'll thank thee for't, if ever I set foot upon my estate again: faith, I was just gone; if thou hadst not taken me upon thy back the last hundred yards, by this time I had been food for herrings and mackrel—— but it's pretty well as it is; for there is not much difference between starving and drowning—— all in good time—we are poor enough in conscience, and I don't know but two days more fasting, might really make us hungry too.

Lou. They are strangers then, and seem in some necessity. *[Aside.]*

Car. These are light wants to me, I find 'em none, when weigh'd with *Angelina's* loss; when I reflect on her distress, the hardships and the cries of helpless bondage; the insolent, the deaf desires of men in power; O! I cou'd wish the fate that sav'd us from the ocean's fury, in kinder pity of our love's distress, had bury'd us in one wave embracing.

Lou. How tenderly he talks! this were indeed a lover!

D. Lew. A most unhappy loss indeed! but come, don't despair, boy; the ship that took us was a *Portuguese*, of *Lisbon* too, I believe; who knows but some way or other we may hear of her yet? Come don't be melancholy.

Car. In that poor hope I live—— O thou dread power! stupendous Author of universal being, and of thy wondrous works, that virgin wife, the master-piece, look down upon her; let the bright virtues of her untainted mind, sue for, and protect her: O let her youth, her spotless innocence, to which all passages in Heaven stand open, appear before thy throne distress'd, and meet some miracle to save her.

Lou. Who would not die, to be so pray'd for! *[Aside.]*

D. Lew.

' *D. Lew.* Faith, *Carlos*, thou hast pray'd heartily, I'll say that for thee; so that if any good fortune will pay us a visit, we are ready to receive her now, as soon as she pleases, Come don't be melancholy.'

Car. Have I not cause? were not my force of faith superior to my hopeless reason, I could not bear the insults of my fortune; but I have rais'd myself, by elevated faith, as far above despair, as reason lists me from the brute.

D. Lew. Why now, would not this make any one weep, to hear a young man talk so finely, when he is almost famish'd?

Lou. What are you saying, cousin?

Hon. I wou'd have said, madam, but you wou'd not hear me.

Lou. Prithee forgive me, I was in the oddest thought: let's walk a little. I'll have him dogg'd. [*Aside.*] *Jaguer?* [*Whispers.*] 'What was't you ask'd me, cousin?'

' *Hon.* The reason of your aversion to *Don Manuel*? you know he loves you.

' *Lou.* I hate his love.

' *Hon.* But why, pray? you know 'tis honourable, and so is his family; nor is his fortune less: I should think, the more desirable, because his courage and his conduct on the seas have rais'd it; nay, with all this, he's extremely modest too.

' *Lou.* Therefore, I might hate him.

' *Hon.* For his modesty?

' *Lou.* Is any thing so sleepy, so flat, and insupportable, as a modest lover?

' *Hon.* Wou'd you bear impudence in a lover?

' *Lou.* I don't know; it's more tolerable in a man, than the woman; and there must be impudence on the one side, before they can both come to a right understanding.

' *Hon.* Why, what will you have him do?

' *Lou.* That's a very home question, cousin; but, if I lik'd him, I could tell you.

' *Hon.* Suppose you did like him?

' *Lou.* Then I would not tell you.

' *Hon.* Why?

' *Lou.* 'Cause I should have more discretion.

‘ *Hon.* Bless me! sure you would not do any thing
‘ you would be ashamed to tell?

‘ *Lou.* That’s true; but if one shou’d, you know
‘ twou’d be silly to tell. No woman would be fond o
‘ shame, sure

‘ *Hon.* But there’s no avoiding it in a shameful action.

‘ *Lou.* Don’t be positive.

‘ *Hon.* All your friends would shun you, point at you.

‘ *Lou.* And yet you see there’s a world of friendship
‘ and good breeding among all the women of quality.

‘ *Hon.* Suppose there be?

‘ *Lou.* Why then, I suppose, that a great many of them
‘ are mightily hurry’d in the care of their reputation.

‘ *Hon.* So you conclude, that a woman doing an ill thing,
‘ does herself no harm, while her reputation’s safe.

‘ *Lou.* It does not do her so much harm; and, of two
‘ evils, I’m always for chusing the least.

‘ *Hon.* What need you chuse either?

‘ *Lou.* Because I have a vast fortune in my own hands,
‘ and love dearly to do what I have a mind to.

‘ *Hon.* Why won’t you marry then?

‘ *Lou.* Because then I must only do as my husband has
‘ a mind to; and I hate to be govern’d: on my soul, I
‘ would not marry, to be an *English* wife; not but the dear
‘ jolting of a Hackney coach, and an easy husband, are
‘ strange temptations; but from the cold comfort of a fine
‘ coach with springs, and a dull husband with none,
‘ Lord deliver me: but then, the insolence of our
‘ supportable, because the nasty law gives ’em a power
‘ over us, which nature never design’d ’em. For my part,
‘ I had rather be in love all days of my life, than marry.

‘ *Hon.* That is, you had rather bear the disease, than
‘ have the cure.

‘ *Lou.* Marriage is indeed a cure for love; but love’s a
‘ disease I wou’d never be cur’d of; therefore, no more
‘ physick dear cousin; no more husbands—I hate your
‘ bitter draughts—not but I’m afraid I am a little
‘ feverish—you’ll think me mad

‘ *Hon.* What’s the matter?

Lou. Did you observe those strangers that have walk’d
by us.

Hon.

Hon. Not much; but what of them?

Lou. Did you hear nothing of their talk?

Hon. I think I did; one of 'em, the younger, seem'd concern'd for a lost mistress.

Lou. Ay, but so near, so tenderly concern'd, his looks, as well as words, speaking an inward grief, that could not flow from every common passion: I must know more of him.

Hon. What do you mean?

Lou. ———— Must speak to him.

Hon. By no means.

Lou. Why, you see they are strangers, I believe in some necessity; and since they seem not born to beg relief, to offer it unask'd, would add some merit to the charity.

Hon. Consider.

Lou. I hate it ———— fir ———— fir ————.

D. Lew. Would you speak with me, madam?

Lou. If you please, with your friend ———— not to interrupt you, sir.

Car. Your pleasure, lady?

Lou. You seem a stranger, sir.

Car. A most unfortunate one.

Lou. If I am not deceiv'd, in want: pardon my freedom ———— if I have err'd, as freely tell me so; if not, as earnest of your better fortune, this trifle sues for your acceptance.

D. Lew. Take it, boy.

A bounty so unmerited, and from an hand unknown, fills me with surprize and wonder: but give me leave, in honesty, to warn you, lady, of a too heedless purchase; for if you mean it as the bribe to any evil you would have me practise, be not offended, if I dare not take it.

Lou. How affably he talks! how chaste! how innocent his thought! he must be won! ———— [*Aside.*] ————

You are too scrupulous; I have no hard designs upon your honesty ———— only this ———— be wise and cautious, if you should follow me; I am observ'd, farewell. *Jaques!*

— Will you walk, cousin? ———— [*Whispers Jaques.*]

— and bring me word immediately ———— I am going home.

[*Exeunt Lou. and Hon.*]

D. Lew.

D. *Lew.* Let's see, oddheart! follow her, man— why, 'tis all gold!

Car. Dispose it as you please.

D. *Lew.* I'll first have a better title to't. — No, 'tis all thine, boy— I hold an hundred pistoles she's some great fortune in love with you— I say, follow her— since you have lost one wife before you had her, I'd have you make sure of another before you lose her.

Car. Fortune, indeed, has dispos'd her of my person; but her firm title to my heart, not all the subtle arts or laws of love can shake or violate.

D. *Lew.* Prithce follow her now! methinks I'd fain see thee in bed with some body before I die.

Car. Be not so poor in thought; let me intreat you rather to employ 'em, sir, with mine, in search of *Angelina's* fortune.

D. *Lew.* Well, dear *Carlos*, don't chide me now. I do love thee, and I will follow thee. [Exit.

SCENE the Street. Enter Antonio and Charino.

Ant. You heard what the sailor said, brother, such a ship has put in here, and such persons were taken in it. Therefore my advice is, immediately to get a warrant from the government to search and take 'em up wherever we can find 'em.

Cha. Sir, you must not tell me— I won't be chous'd of my daughter; I shall expect her, sir; if not, I'll take my course; I know the law. [Walks about.

Ant. You really have a great deal of dash with your rother; but if you know any course better than a warrant to search for her, in the name of wisdom, take it; if not, here's my oath, and yours, and— how now, where's *Clody*? — oh, here he comes—

Enter Clodio, searching his pockets.

How now! what's the matter, boy?

Cl. Ay, it's gone, split me.

Ant. What's the matter?

Cl. The best joint in christendom.

Ant. *Clody*!

Cl. Sir, I have lost my snuff-box.

Ant. Pshaw, a trifle; get thee another, man.

Cl. Sir, 'tis not to be had— besides, I dare not show

my face at *Paris* without it. What do you think her grace will say to me?

Cba. Well, upon second thoughts, I am content to search.

Cl. I have searched all my pockets fifty times over, to no purpose.

Cba. Pockets!

Cl. It's impossible to fellow it, but in *Paris*—I'll go to *Paris*, split me. [Aside.

Cba. To *Paris*! why you don't suppose my daughter's there, sir?

Cl. I don't know but she may, sir: but I am sure they make the best joints in *Europe* there.

Cba. Joints!—my son-in-law that thou'd have been, seems strangely alter'd for the worse. But come, let's to the governor.

Cl. I'll have it cry'd, faith; or, if that won't do, I have a lucky thought; I'll offer thirty pistoles to the finder, in the *Paris Gazette*, in pure compliment to the favours of *Madam la Duchesse de*—*Mum.* I'll do't, faith.

Ant. Come along, *Clody.* [Exit *Ant.* and *Charino.*

Cl. Sir, I must look a little, I'll follow you presently; my poor pretty box! ah, plague o' my sea-voyage.

Enter a servant hastily with a flambeau.

Serv. By your leave, sir, my master's coming; pray, sir, clear the way.

Cl. Ha! why thou art pert, my love; prithee, who is that master's child!

Serv. The valiant *Don Duart*, sir; nephew to the governor of *Lisbon.*

Cl. Well, child, and what? does he eat every man he meets!

Serv. No, sir, but he challenges every man that takes the wall of him, and always sends me before to clear the way.

Cl. Ha! a pretty harmless humour that? Is this he, child!—you may look as terrible as you please, I must banter you, split me, [Aside.

Enter Don Duart, walking up to Clodio.

D. Du. Do you know me, sir!

Cl. Why! ho! [Looks carelessly on him, and gapes.

D. Du. Do you know me, sir?

Cl.

Clo. You did not see my snuff-box, fir, did you?

D. Du. Sir, in Lisbon no man asks me a question so-ver'd. [*Strikes off Clodio's hat.*] Now you know me.

Clo. Perfectly well, fir.—Hi! hi! I like you mightily—you are not a bully, fir?

D. Du. You are saucy, friend.

Clo. Ay, it's a way I have, after I'm affronted.—Thou art really the most extraordinary---umph---that ever I met with! now, fir, do you know me, split me?

D. Du. Know thee! take that, peasant!

[*Strikes him, and both draw.*]

Clo. I can't, upon my soul, fir; *allons!* now we shall come to a right understanding. [*They fight.*]

Serv. Help! murder! help!

Clo. *Allons!* to our better acquaintance, fir; ahah! [*D. Du. falls.*] he has it! never push'd better in my life, never in my life, split me.

Serv. O! my master's kill'd! help ho! murder help!

Clo. Hey! why faith, child, that's very true as thou say'st, and so the devil take the hindmost. [*Exit Clodio.*]

Enter Officers.

1st Off. How now! who's that cries murder?

Serv. O, my master's murder'd; some of you follow me, this way he took! let's after him——help! murder! help! [*Exit.*]

2d Off. 'Tis Don Duart.

1st Off. So, pride has got a fall; he has paid for't now; you have met with your match, faith, fir. Come, let's carry the body to the good lady his sister, *Elvira*; you pursue the murderer, I'll warrant him some civil gentleman; ye need not make too much haste, for if he does 'scape, 'tis no great matter——Come along. [*Exeunt with the body.*]

Enter Carlos and Don Lewis.

D. Lew. Come along, *Carlos*, I'm sure 'tis she by their description; and if that brawny dog, the captain, has plaid her no foul play, she shan't want ransom, if all my estate can purchase it.

Car. Now fortune guide us.

Enter Jaques and Bravoes, with a chair.

Jaques. That's he, the tallest——before you spare his

person——only force him into this chair, and carry him as directed.

1st Bra. What must be done with the old fellow?

Jacques. We must have him too, lest he should dog the other, and be troublesome. If he won't come quietly, bring him any how.——Follow softly, we shall snap 'em as they turn the corner.

A noise of fellow, &c. Enter Clodio hastily from the other side.

Clod. Ah! Pox of their noses! the dogs have smelt me out! what shall I do? if they take me, I shall be hang'd, split me!——ha! a door open! faith i'll in at a venture [Exit.

Re-enter Bravoes with Carlos in a chair, some haling in Don Lewis.

D. Lew. O my poor boy Carlos!——Carlos!——help! murder!

1st Bra. Hold your peace, fool, if you'd be well us'd.

D. Lew. Sir, I will not hold my peace; dogs! rogues! villains! help! murder!

1st Bra. Nay, then by your leave, old gentleman.——So, bring him along.

D. Lew. Aw! aw! aw! *[They gag him, and carry him head and heels. Exit.*

SCENE a chamber, Elvira and her servant with lights.

Elv. I don't my brother come home yet?

Serv. I have not seen him, madam.

Elv. Go and seek him; every where—I'll not rest till you return; take away your lights too; for my devotions are written in my heart, and I shall read 'em without a taper. [Exit servants.

Enter Clodio stealing in.

Clod. Ah! poor Clody! what will become of thee? thy condition, I'm afraid, is but very indifferent—follow'd behind! stop't before! and beset on both sides! ah! peeping wit! I must be bantering, must I? but let me see! where am I! an odd sort of an house this——all the doors open, and no body in't! no noise! no whisper! no dog stirring.

Elv.

Elv. Who's that?

Clo. Ha! a woman's voice.

Elv. Who are you? Who waits there? *Stephano!* *Julia!*

Clo. Gadso! 'tis the lady of the house; she can't see my unfortunate face however. Faith, I'll e'en make a grave speech, tell her my case, and beg her protection.

Elv. Speak! what are you?

Clo. Madam, a most unfortunate young gentleman.

Elv. I am sure you are a man of most ill manners, to press thus boldly to my private chamber. Whither would you? What want you?

Clo. Gracious madam, hear me; I am a stranger most unfortunate, and my distress has made me rudely press for your protection: if you refuse it, madam, I am undone for ever by—I say, madam, I am utterly undone! 'Twas coming, faith!

Elv. Alas! his fear confounds him. What is't pursues you, sir?

Clo. An outcry of officers; the law's at my heels, madam, tho' justice I'm not afraid of.

Elv. How could you offend the one, and not the other?

Clo. Being provok'd, madam, by the insolence of my enemy, in my own defence, I just now left him dead in the street. I am a very young man, madam, and I would not willingly be hang'd in a strange country, methinks; which I certainly shall be, unless your tender charity protects me—Gad, I have a rare tongue, I have a rare tongue, faith!

Elv. Poor wretch, I pity him!

Clo. Madam, your house is now my my altar; therefore I beg you, upon madam, take pity of a poor bleeding victim.

Elv. Are you a *Castilian*?

Clo. No, madam, I was born in—in—call'am—in—

Elv. Nay, I ask not with purpose to were you ten thousand times a *Spaniard*, or *Portuguese* most hate, in such distress, I-yo you my protection.

Clo. May I depend upon you, madam?

Elv. Safe as my power, my word, or vo

you: enter that door, which leads you to a closet; should the officers come, as you expect, they owe such reverence to my lodgings, they'll search no further than my leave invites 'em.

Clo. D'ye think, madam, you can persuade 'em?

Elv. Fear not, I'll warrant you; away!

Clo. The breath of gods, and eloquence of angels, go along with you. [Exit.

Elv. Alas! who knows but that the charity I afford this stranger, perhaps my brother, elsewhere, may stand in need of. How he trembles! I hear his breath come short, hither. Be of comfort, sir, once more I give you my solemn promise for your safety.

Enter servant and officers, with Don Duart's body.

Serv. Here, bring in the body—O! madam, my master's kill'd.

Elv. What say'st thou?

Serv. Your brother, madam, my master, young *Don Duart*'s dead; he just now quarrell'd with a gentleman, who unfortunately kill'd him in the street.

Elv. Ah me!

1st Offi. We are inform'd, madam, that the murderer was seen to enter this house, which made us press into it to apprehend him.

Elv. Oh!

Serv. Help, ho, my lady faints. [Enter two maids.

1st Offi. Give her air, she'll recover. [Clodio peeps in.

Clodio. Hey!—why, what the devil? am I safer than I would be now?—Exactly—I have nick'd the house to an hair—Just so I did at *Paris* too, when I took a lodging at a bailiff's that had three writs against me—This damn'd closet too has ne'er a chimney to creep out at—Ah! poor *Clody*! wou'd thou wert fairly in a storm at sea again, for I'm plaguily afraid thou wert not born to be drown'd. [Retires.

Elv. Stand off, my sorrows will have way; O my unhappy brother! such an end as this thy haughty mind had long since prophesied! and to increase my misery, thy wretched sister wilfully must make a breach of what she has vow'd, or thou fall unreveng'd. 'Revenge and justice both stand knocking at my heart, but hospitable
'faith

'faith has barr'd their entrance: if I shou'd give 'em
'way, I am forsworn; if not, am impious to a brother's
'memory. Is there no means? no middle path of
'safety left? must I protect my brother's murderer? or
'break a solemn vow, on which another's life depends?'

Enter Governor.

Gov. Where's this unhappy sight?---Alas! he's gone
past all recovery. Reproof comes now too late.

Elv. It shall be so; I'll take the lighter evil of the
two, and keep the solemn vow to which just Heaven
was witness: the wounds of perjury never can be cur'd,
but justice may again overtake the murderer, when his
rash vows protect him.

Gov. Take comfort, niece.

Elv. O forbear; search for the murderer, and remove
the body at your discretion, sir, to be interr'd, while I
shut out the offensive day, and here in solitude indulge my
sorrow; therefore I beg my nearest friends, and you, my
lord, for some few days, to spare your charitable visits.

Gov. I grieve for your misfortune, niece; but since
you'll have it so, we take our leaves; farewell---Bring
forth the body.

[Exeunt Governor and Servants with the body.]

Clo. Hey! what, are they gone away without me?
and by her contrivance too---Gadso!

Elv. Whoe'er thou art, to whom I've given means of
life, to let thee see with what religion I have kept my
vow, come fearless forth, while night's thy friend, and
pass unknown.

Clo. If this is not love, the devil's in't.

Elv. Fly with thy utmost speed, where
see the more.

Clo. Ay, that's her modesty.

Elv. And let that charitable faith thou
me, persuade thee to atone thy crime by

Clo. Poor soul! I may find a better way
for't.

Elv. You are at the door now, farewell

Clo. Which is as much as to say, while
to see you again?---All in good time, c

A C T. IV.

Enter Don Duart in his night gown, surgeon, and servants.

* D. Du. **M**AY I venture yet abroad, fir?
 * *Surg.* With safety, fir, your wound
 * was never dangerous; tho' from your great loss of
 * blood, you seem'd awhile without signs of life.

* D. Du. Sir, do you know if the gentleman that
 * wounded me be in custody?

* *Surg.* He was never taken, fir, nor known that I
 * could hear of.

* D. Du. I am sorry for't; for could I find him,
 * which now shall be my earnest care, I would with real
 * services acknowledge him my best of friends, in having
 * proved so fortunate an enemy; he has bestowed on me
 * a second life, which, from a clearer insight of myself,
 * will teach me how to use it better too. How does my
 * sister seem to bear my fortune?

* *Surg.* I never knew the loss of any friend lamented
 * with more sorrow; she suffers none to visit her, nor is
 * she acquainted with your recovery.

* D. Du. I would not have her yet, nor any of my
 * friends; no moisture sooner dries, than women's tears;
 * and tho' I am apt to think my sister honest in her sor-
 * row, yet knowing her a woman, still I am resolv'd to
 * make a further trial of her virtue.

* *Surg.* Sir, you may command my secrecy.

* D. Du. I thank you, fir, 'twill oblige me---boy!

* *Serv.* Sir.

* D. Du. Do you think you know again the gentle-
 * man that fought me?

* *Serv.* I believe I may, fir.

* D. Du. I'd have you suddenly inquire him out; he
 * seem'd, by his report, of France, or England; if so,
 * I'll probably find him in some lewd house or other.

* *Serv.* Rather at church, fir; for no body will suspect
 * him there.

C

D. Du.

‘*D. Du.* Seek him every where
‘ for you.

The SCENE changes to L

‘*Enter Don Manuel and Angelina.*’

‘*D. Man.* Now, madam, let my hard fortune teach
‘ you a little to endure your own. You see with what
‘ severe neglect she still receives my humble love; no-
‘ thing I say, or do, has any weight or motion in her
‘ thoughts for me.

‘*Ang.* You are too diffident of your fortune; I wou’d
‘ not have an honest mind despair; she seem’d, indeed, a
‘ little careless of you--you gave her no offence, I’m
‘ confident. See, here she comes; take heed how you
‘ displease her by an impatient stay—Pray go, in the
‘ mean time I’ll think of you—indeed I will.

‘*D. Man.* I am yours for ever— [Exit severally.]’

Enter Louisa and Jaques, servants waiting.

Lou. Were they both seiz’d?

Jaq. Both, madam, and will be here immediately.
I ran before, to give your ladyship notice.

Lou. You know my orders; when they
bar all the doors, and on your lives let
mute, as I directed--I must retire awhile.

*Enter Bravoes, who let Carlos out of the
others throw down Don Lewis gag’d and*

Car. So, gentlemen, you find I’ve not
but now pray let me know my crime? What
brought me hither? where am I? if in
my face, perhaps you have mistaken me
[*Jaques holds up his lantern, nods, and ex*
You seem to know me, fir---All dumb
my fortune’s humourous, she sports with

D. Lew. Aw! aw!

Car. What’s here! a fellow prisoner!

D. Lew. Aw! aw!

Car. Do you speak no other language

D. Lew. Aw! aw! aw!

Car. Nay, that’s the same.

D. Lew. Oh!

Car. Poor wretch! I am afraid he would
con’d.

(Re-enter Jaques and servants with lights, who release Don Lewis.)

Sure they think I walk in my sleep, and won't speak, for fear of waking me.

D. Lew. Sir, your most humble servant; and now my tongue's at liberty, pray, will you do me the favour to shew me the way home again?

What a pox, are you all dumb? ——— *[Exeunt mutes.*
Well, sir, and pray what are ——— *Carlos!* ah! my dear boy! *[Kisses him.]*

Car. My uncle! nay then my fortune has not quite forsaken me! how came you hither, sir!

D. Lew. Faith, like a corpse into church, boy, with my heels foremost; but prithee how didst thou come?

Car. You saw the men that seiz'd us; they forc'd me into a chair, and brought me.

D. Lew. Well, but a pox plague 'em, what is all this for? what wou'd they have?

Car. That we must wait their pleasure to be inform'd of; they have indeed alarm'd my reason, not my conscience; that's still at rest, fearless of any danger.

D. Lew. The sons of whores won't speak neither. Hey, day! what's to be done now?

Enter Jaques, and servants, with a banquet, wine, and lights.

Car. More riddles yet! I dream sure.

[Jaques compliments D. Lewis to take his chair.]

D. Lew. For me? Sir, your most humble servant; *[Sits.] Carlos!* sit down, boy.

Ha! ha! ha! a parcel of silly dumb dogs! is this all the business? puppies! did they think I wou'd not come to supper, without being brought neck and heels to't?

Car. Ament all! what can it end in?

D. Lew. Never trouble thy head, prithee; pox of questions; fall to, man———delicate food truly———

Here———Dumb! prithee give's a glass of wine, to wet the way a little: come, *Carlos,* here's, here's———honest dumb's health to thee: *[Drinks.]* Dumb's a very honest fellow, faith. *[A Flourish.]* *[Claps Jaques on the head.]*

Car. What harmony's this?

D. Lew. Rare musick indeed! let's eat and hear it.

Mighty fine, truly—I have not made an hour's sleep
a great while.

[*Here Jaques offers a night-gown and cap to D. Lewis.*
Well, and what's to do now, lad? for me, we lie here, do we?—mighty well that again, (for I was just thinking to go home, but ne'er a lodging:) nay, I always said honest how to make his friends welcome—Well, enough yet, shan't we crack a bottle first? melancholy. [*Jaques shakes his head.*] What's that's as much as to say, if I won't go, I shall be carry'd—Sir, your humble servant: [*Puts on the gown.*] Well, *Carlos*, good night, since they won't let me have a mind to stay any longer! I'd give a pistole tho', to know what this will come to!—Dumb, come along.

Car. I'm bury'd in amazement— Why am I busy'd thus in trifles, having so many nearer thoughts that wound my peace?—[*Musick plays again.*] Ha! more musick? I could almost say, 'twere welcome now.

[*A song here; which ended, D. Lewis appears above.*

D. Lew. So! at last I have grop'd out a window, that will let me into the secret; now if any foul play should happen, I am pretty near the street too, and out murder to the watch—But mum! the door

Enter Louisa.

Hey! ah! what dull rogues were we not to be before!—Dumb's a sly dog; 'tis she, fat dum, dum—here will be fine work presently di, dum—Now I shall see what medicine is made of; tum, dum, dum.

Lou. You seem amaz'd, sir.

Car. Your pardon, lady, if I confess it raises much my wonder, why a stranger, friendless, and unknown, should meet, unmerited, such floods of courtesy; for, if I mistake not, once this day before, I've tasted of you.

Lou. I have forgot that; but I confess I

Car. Why then was I forc'd hither? If only from a soft compassion of my fortune, I do not think but such humanity might, on the other side, have drawn me to be grateful.

Lou. I own I cou'd not trust you to my fortune.

but some other might have seen you—beside, methought you spoke less kind to me before.

Car. If my poor thanks were offer'd in too plain a dress, (as I confess, I'm little p'actis'd in the rules of grac'd behaviour) rather think me ignorant, than rude, and pity what you cannot pardon.

Lon. Fy! you are too modest—how cou'd you charge yourself with such a thought? I scarce can think 'tis in your nature to be rude—at least to our sex.

Car. 'Twere more unpardonable there.

Lon. Nay, now you are too strict on the other side; for there may happen times, when what the world calls rudeness, a woman might be brought to pardon; seasons, when even modesty were ignorance—I'ray be seated, sir—nay, I'll have it so—' say, sometimes ' too much respect (pray be nearer, sir,) were most offensive: ' suppose a woman were reduc'd to offer love, ' her pains of shame are insupportable: and shou'd she ' call that lover rude, who, kindly conscious of her wishes, ' bravely resolves to take, and saves her modesty the guilt ' of giving?' Suppose yourself the man so lov'd, where cou'd you find, at such a time, excuses for your modesty?

Car. If I cou'd love again, my eyes wou'd tell her; if not I shou'd not easily believe; at least, in manners, wou'd not seem to understand her.

Lon. Alas! you have too poor a sense of woman's love. ' Think you we have no invention? You wou'd not understand her! how wou'd you avoid it? when ev'n her slightest look would speak too plain for that excuse; if not, she'd still proceed---Thus gently steal your hand, and sigh, and press it to her heart, and then look wishing in your eyes 'till love himself shot forth, and wak'd you to compassion.

Car. Amazing! can she be the creature she describes?"

Lon. O! they have such subtle ways to steal into a lover's heart; ' nay, if she's resolved, ' not all your strength of modesty can guard you; she'd press you still with plainer, stronger proofs; her life, her fortune shou'd be yours: for where a woman loves, such gifts as these are trifes; thus, like the lazy minutes, wou'd she steal 'em on, which once but past, are quite forgotten.

[Gives him jewels.]

Car. Is't possible! can th

Lou. Fy! I cou'd chide you how; you
sure be thought so slow of

Car. I wou'd not willingly be thought so vain; or so
uncharitable, to suppose there cou'd be such a one.

Lou. Nay, now you force me to forsake my sex, and
tell you plain—I cannot speak it——yet you must
know—But tell me, must I needs blush to own a passion
that's so tender of you? I am this creature so reduc'd
for you, and all you've seen supposed was natural, all
but the soft result of growing love——'Why are you
' still thus fix'd, and silent? what is't you fear?'

Car. Monstrous!

(Aside, and rising.)

Lou. What is't you start at?

Car. Not for your beauty; tho' I confess you fair to
a perfection, compleat in all that may engage the eye:
but when that beauty fades (as time leaves none unvisit-
ed) what charm shall then secure my love? Your riches?
no—an honest mind's above the bribes of fortune: for
tho' distress'd, a stranger, and -in want, I thus return
'em thankless: be modest, and be virtuous, I'll admire
you; all good men will adore you, and when your beauty
and your fortune are no more, your name rever'd to ages:
' your generous reason to so
' very nature seems inverted:
' calmly lay it by, you'd find
' your sex, as modesty could

Lou. If I appear too free:
usual courage of my sex, fear
fearful, soft'ning wretch, that you would have me: my
wishes shall be dumb, unless my eyes may speak 'em; ' or
' if I dare to touch your hand, it shall be gently trem-
' bling, and unperceiv'd as air; nay, fix'd, and silent,
' as your shade, I'll watch whole winter nig
' and listening to your slumbers: is this in
' for pity speak, for I confess your hard
' struck upon my heart!' O! say you will b
make your own conditions. ' If you suspect
bind me by the most sacred tye,' and let
person, and my fortune, lawfully be yours.

Car. Take heed! consider yet, even this humility be not the offspring of your first unruy passion: but doubt at least it carries something of a better claim to my concern: I'll be at once sincere, and tell you, 'tis impossible that we should ever meet in love.

Lou. Impossible! O! why?

Car. Because my love, my vows, and faith, are given to another: therefore, since you find I dare be honest, be early wise, and now release me to my fortune.

Lou. I cannot part with you.

Car. You must! I cannot with my reason—— Pray let me pass! why do you thus hang upon my arm, and strain your eyes, as if they had power to hold me?

Lou. Ungrateful! will you not take heed! for you have prov'd I am not mistress of my temper.

Car. I see it, and am sorry, but need not this threat to drive me; for still I dare be just, and force myself away.

[Exit Carlos.]

Lou. O torture! left! refus'd! despis'd! Have I thrown off my pride for this? O! insupportable!—— If I am not reveng'd, may all the—— well. *[It talks disorder'd.]*

D. Lewis. What a pox, are all these fine things come to nothing then?—— Poor soul! she's in great heat truly—— Ah! silly rogue!—— now could I find in my heart to put her into good humour again—I have a great mind, faith—— Odd! she's a hummer!—— A strange kind, I ha'n't had such a mind a great while—Hey!—— ay! I'll do't, faith—— if she does but stay now; ah! if she does but stay! *[As he was getting from the balcony, Louisa is speaking to Jaques.]*

Lou. Who waits there?

Enter Jaques.

Where's the stranger?

Jaq. Madam, I met him just now walking hastily about the gallery.

Lou. Are all the doors fast?

Jaq. All barr'd madam.

Lou. Put out all your lights too, and on your lives let no one ask or answer him any question: but be you still near to observe him.

[Exit Jaques.]

Ah!

[Don Lewis drops down.]

D. Lewis.

D. *Lew.* Odfu! my back!

Lou. Bless me, who's this? what a

D. *Lew.* Not above fifty, madam.

Lou. Whence come you? what's your business?

D. *Lew.* Finishing.

Lou. Who shew'd, who brought you hither?

D. *Lew.* Dumb, honest dumb.

Lou. Will you be gone, sir? I have no time to fool away.

D. *Lew.* Yes, but you have; what! don't I know?

Lou. Pray, sir, who? what is't you take me for?

D. *Lew.* A delicate piece of work truly, but not finish'd; you understand me.

Lou. You are mad, sir.

D. *Lew.* I say, don't you be so modest; for there are times, do you see, when even modesty is ignorance, (pray be seated, madam———nay, I'll have it so) ah!

[Sits down and mimicks her behaviour to Carlos.]

Lou. Confusion! have I expos'd myself to this wretch too!———had witnesses to my folly!———nay, I deserve it.

[Stands mute.]

D. *Lew.* So! so! I shall bring her to terms presently———you have a world of pretty jewels here———ay, these now———these are a couple large stones truly; but where a woman loves, as these are trifles.

[Mimes.]

Lou. Insupportable! within there!

Enter servants and braves.

D. *Lew.* Hev!

[Sings.]

Serv. Did your ladyship call, madam?

D. *Lew.* I don't like her looks, faith.

[Aside.]

Lou. Here, take this fool, let him be gagg'd, ty'd neck and heels, and lock'd in a garret; away with him.

D. *Lew.* Dumb! dumb! help, dumb! dumb! stand by me dumb! a pox of my finishing, aw! aw!

[They gag him, and carry him off.]

Lou. The insolence of this fool was more provoking than the other's scorn; but I shall yet find a measure my revenge.

[Exit Louis.]

Re-enter Carlos in the dark.

Car. What can this evil woman mean me? the door barr'd! the lights put out! the servants mute, an

er eyes now shot regardless by me: I wou'd
 'd shew itself. Ha! yonder's a light, I'll
 provoke my fortune. [Exit.

SCENE changes to another room.

Angelina, with a light.

Ang. I cannot like this house; for now, as going to my
 rest, my ears were 'larm'd with the cries of one that
 call'd for help: I've seen strange faces too, that carry
 guilt and terror in their looks; and yet the officer that
 plac'd me here, appear'd of honest thoughts—What can
 this mean! no matter what, since nothing, but the loss
 of him I love, can worse befall me!—Hark, what
 noise! is the door fast? ah!

[Going to shut it.

Re-enters Carlos; and Jaques listening.

Car. Ha! another lady! and alone!

Ang. Heavens, how I tremble!

Car. Sure, by her surprise, she is not of the other's
 counsel—Pardon this intrusion, lady, I am a stranger,
 and distress'd, be not dismay'd: I have no ill designs,
 unless to beg your charitable assistance be offensive.

Ang. Ha! that voice!

[Amaz'd.

Car. Give me, ye powers! and give me strength to
 bear this insupportable surprisè of risting joy.

Ang. My Carlos——oh!

Car. He! my long lost love, my living Angelina.

[Embraces her.

Ang. Thou so, fir! this shall to my lady.

[Exit Jaques.

Car. Let me hold you ever thus, lest fate again

part us.

Car. 'Twas death indeed to part, but from so hard a
 separation, thus again to meet, is life restor'd; 'it draws
 whole years to hours, and we grow old with joy in mo-
 ments.'

Ang. O! I were happy, bless'd above my sex, cou'd
 but my plain simplicity of love deserve your kind en-
 dearment!

Car. Is't possible! thou miracle of goodness, that thou
 canst thus forget the misery, the want, the ruin my un-
 happy love has brought thee to? Trust me, that stormy
 thought has clouded ev'n the very joy I had to see thee!

Enter Jaques and Louisa at a distance

Jaq. They are there; from hence your lady hear 'em.

Lou. Leave me. [*Exit Jaques, and I*

Ang. I cannot bear to see you thus: for don't despond; for while you seem in hope, I be chearful.

Car. O! thou engaging softness! thy countenance has liv'd me; no, we'll not despair; the guard that hitherto has sav'd us, may now, with the aid of Providence, protect and fix us happy.

Lou. Ha! so near acquainted ——— [*Behind.*

Car. And yet our safety bids us part this moment. How came you hither?

Ang. The officer that made me captive, prov'd a worthy man, and plac'd me here, as a companion to the lady of this dwelling.

Car. Ha! to what end?

Ang. He said, to be the advocate of his successful love; for he confess'd he woo'd her honourable

Car. Is't possible? Is there a wretch so cruel to mankind, to be her honourable lover!

Lou. So!

Car. Take heed, my love, avoid her as a modesty.

Lou. Very well.

Car. Oh! I have a shameful tale to tell thee of intemperance, as wou'd subject her even to thy

Lou. Insolent! ——— well!

Ang. You amaze me; pray what is it?

Car. 'This is no time to tell; ' I had forgot to get; let it suffice, the doors are barr'd against us; at this moment I am a prisoner to her fury; if thou canst help me to any means of safety, or escape, ask me no questions, but be quick, and tell me.

Ang. Now you frighten me; but here, through my apartment, leads a passage to the garden, at the end of which you'll find a mount; if you dare drop from thence, you; but can't you say when I may hope again to

Car. About an hour hence walking in the garden ready for your escape; for if I live, I'll come;

the means to make it sure—— ' Now I dare thank
 my fate.

Aug. You will not fail.

Car. If I survive, depend on me; 'till when, may
 heav'n support thy innocence.

Aug. Follow me—— [Exit hastily]

Lod. Are you so nimble, sir? Who waits there? [Enter
 Jaques.] Run, take help, and stop the stranger; he is now
 making his escape through the garden; fly. [Exit Jaques]
 Love and revenge, like vipers, gnaw upon my quiet, and
 I must change their food, or leave my being; ' though
 I cou'd bear ev'n the low contempt he has thrown
 on me, cou'd it but woo him to the least return of love;
 but I would bear again ten thousand racks, rather than
 confess this dotage.' No, if I forego a second time that
 dear support, my pride, may I become as miserable as
 that wretch that destin'd fool he doats on. [Enter Ange-
 lica, and exit on the other side.] Ha! she is return'd
 yonder she passes; with what assur'd contentment in her
 looks!——how pleas'd the thing is——strangely impu-
 dent——sure! the ugly creature thinks I won't strangle
 her. [Enter Jaques.] Now have you brought him?

Madam, we made what haste we cou'd, but the
 man reach'd the mount before us, and escap'd over
 the garden wall.

Car. Damn'd, villain! durst thou tell me so?

Jaques. Your ladyship had call'd me a little sooner,
 and I had not been here. Who the devil is this stranger? [Aside.]

Car. But that I am, I betray myself to my own ser-
 vants,——well, 'tis no matter, bid the bravoes stay, I
 have directions for 'em: go. [Exit Jaques.]

He has not left me hopeless yet; an hour hence he has
 promis'd to be here again; and if he keeps his word, (as
 I've an odious cause to fear he will) he yet, at least in
 my revenge, shall prove me woman. [Exit Lod.]

SCENE the Street.

Enter D. Duart disguis'd, with a servant.

D. Du. Where did you find him?

Serv. Hard by, sir, at an house of civil recreations;
 he's now coming forth; that's he.

Enter

Enter Clodio.

D. Du. I scarce remember him, I would not
ly mistake——I'll observe him.

Cl. So! now if I can but pick up an honest
to crack one healing bottle, I think I shall fir
day as smartly as the *Grand Signior*——hold,
see, what has my hasty refreshment cost me here;——
umb——umb——umb [*Counts his money*] seven pistoles
by *Jupiter*; why, what a plaguy income this jade must
have in a week, if she's thus paid by the hour?

D. Du. 'Tis the same; leave me. [*Exit servant.*
Your servant, sir.

Cl. . . . Sir——your humble servant.

D. Du. Pardon a stranger's freedom, sir; but when
you know my business——

Cl. Sir, if you'll take a bottle, I shall be proud of
your acquaintance; and if I don't do your business be-
fore we part; I'll knock under the table.

D. Du. Sir, I shall be glad to drink with you, but at
present am incapable of sitting to it.

Cl. Why then, sir, you shall only drink as long as
you can stand; we'll have a bottle here, sir.——Hey,
Madame? [*Calls at the door.*

D. Du. A very frank humour'd gentleman; I'll know
him farther——I presume, sir, you are not of *Portugal*?

Cl. No, sir,——I am a kind of a——what d'ye
call 'um——a sort of a here——and——therian;
I am a stranger no where.

D. Du. Have you travell'd far, sir?

Cl. My tour of *Europe*, or so, sir;——' dangled
about a little; I came this summer from the jubilee.

D. Du. Did you make any stay there, sir?

Cl. No, sir, I only call'd in there at the
office, just bought an annuity of indulgences
got an assurance for my soul; lay with a nun
and so came home again.

Enter servant with wine.

So! so! here's the wine! come! sir, to our
acquaintance——Faith, I like you might
Allen! ' *hairs done!* [*Kiss*

*bleu! ce n'est pas mauvais! allons encore bey! Vive
our! quand iris, &c.* [Sings.]

Du. I find, sir, you have taken a taste of all the
itazes you have travell'd through; but I presume
: chief amusement has lain among the ladies: you
I well in *France*, I hope.

Lo. Yes faith, as far as my pocket wou'd go: the
devil a stroke without it: no money, no mademoiselle;
no ducat, no dutchess; no pistole, no princefs——
By the way, let me tell you, sir, your *Lisbonites* are
held up at a pretty smart rate too——I was forc'd to
come down to the tune of seven pistoles here——a man
may keep a pad of his own, cheaper than he can ride post,
splitme.—' but, a pox on 'em, it's no wonder the jades are
' so saucy in a country where there are so many swarms
' of unmarry'd friars, monks, and brawny jesuits: the
' game may well be scarce, faith, where there are so
' many canonical poachers.' Now, sir, in little *England*,
' where your gowns and cassocks are honestly marry'd,
' your right women are as cheap as mackrel---Gad, sir, I
' have taken you a falling velvet scarf out of the side-box
' there, and the jade has jump'd at a beef-stake and a
' bottle; nay, sometimes at coach-hire, and a single
' glass of cinnamon---Seven pistoles! unconscionable!
' Godsheart, in *Louaon*, now for half the sum a man might
' have pick'd up the first rows of the middle gallery.'

D. Du. I find, sir, you know *England* then.

Lo. Ay, sir, and every woman there that's worth
knowing. ' from honest *Betty Sands*, to the countess of
' *Ogletown*. Yes, sir, I do know *London* pretty well, and
' the side-box, sir, and behind the scenes; ay, and the
' green-room, and all the girls and women-actresses
'——sir——sir, I was a whole winter there the par-
' favourite of the giggling party——Come, sir,
' please, here's miss *Riggis's* health to you.

Du. Pray, sir, how came you so well acquainted

Why, sir, I first introduc'd myself with a single
Bergamot; the next night I presented 'em a box
next day came to rehearsal; in a week I de-
sir'd

'sir'd 'em to use my name whenever they pleas'd, for
'what the chocolate house afforded—upon this, I was
'chosen *Valentine*, if I don't mistake, to about eleven of
'em; and in three days more, I think, it cost me fifty
'guineas in gloves, knots, heads, fans, muffs, coffee,
'tea, snuff-boxes, orangerie, and chocolate.

'D. *Du.* But pray, sir, were you as intimate at both
'play-houses?

'*Clo.* No, stretch 'em! at the new-house they are so
'us'd to be queens and princesses, and are so often in
'their airs-royal, forsooth, that I'gad! there's no reach-
'ing one of their copper-tails there, without a long pole,
'or a settlement, split me.'

D. *Du.* But I wonder, sir, that in a country so fam'd
for handsome women, the men are so generally blam'd
for their scandalous usage of 'em.

Clo. O damn'd scandalous, sir,—they use their mistresses
as bad as their wives, faith: I tell you what, sir, I knew
a citizen's daughter there, that ran away with a lord, who
in the first six months of her preferment, never stirr'd out,
but she made the ladies cry at her equipage; and about
eight months after, I think, one morning reeling pretty
early into a certain house in the *Savoy*, I found the self-
same, cast-off, solitary lady, in a room with bare walls,
dressing her dear, pretty head there, in the corner bit of
a looking-glass, prudently supported by a quarter
brandy-pot, upon the head of an oyster-barrel.

D. *Du.* I find few mistresses make their fortunes there;
but, pray, sir, among all your adventures, has no parti-
cular lady's merit encourag'd you to advance your own
marriage!

Clo. Sir, I have been so near marriage, that my wedding-
day has been come, but it was never over yet; split me.

D. *Du.* How so, sir?

Clo. Why, the priest, the bride, and the dinner, were
all ready dress'd, faith; but before I could fall to, my
elder brother, sir, comes in with a damn'd long
bride, and a sharp stomach—says a short grace, and
—whip'd her up like an oyster.

D. *Du.* You had ill fortune, sir.

Clo. Sir, fortune is not much in my debt, for you mu-

know:

know, fir, tho' I lost my wife, I have escaped hanging since here in *Lisbon*.

Du. That I know you have; be not amaz'd, fir.

Clo. Hey! what the devil! have I been all this while treating an officer, that has a warrant against me— Pray, fir, if it be no offence—may I beg the favour to know who you are?

Du. Let it suffice, I own myself your friend—I am your debtor, fir; you fought a gentleman they call *Don Duart*—I knew him well; he was a proud insulting fellow, and my mortal foe: but you kill'd him, and I thank you; nay, I saw you do it fairly too; and for the action, I desire you will command my sword or fortune.

Clo. Pray, fir—is there no joke in all this?

D. Du. 'Tis here, fir, the little all I'm master of, may serve at present to convince you of my sincerity: "I am sincere;" I ask for no return, but to be inform'd how I may do you farther service. [Gives him a purse.]

Clo. Sir, your health—I'll give you information presently. [*Drinks.*] Pray, fir, do you know the gentleman's sister that I fought with? that is, do you know what reputation, what fortune she has?

D. Du. I know her fortune to be worth above twelve thousand pistoles; her reputation yet unfully'd: but pray, fir, why may you ask this?

Clo. Now, I'll tell you, fir—twelve thousand pistoles, you say!

D. Du. I speak the least, fir.

Clo. Why, this very lady, after I had kill'd her brother, gave me the protection of her house; hid me in her closet, while the officers that brought in the dead body came to search for me; and, as soon as their backs were turn'd, poor soul! hurry'd me out at a private door, with tears in her eyes, faith! Now, fir, what think you? Is not this hint broad enough for a man to make love upon? Confusion!

Du. Now, if you dare, give me a proof of your love; will you do me the favour to carry a

me consider, fir—Death and fire! is all her love now but dissembled then? A prostitute, ev'n

to the man suppos'd my murderer! If it be true, the consequence is soon resolv'd — but this requires my farther search — May I depend on this for truth, sir?

Clo. Why sir you don't suppose I'd banter a lady of her quality?

D. Du. Damnation! Well, sir! I'll take your letter! but first let me be well acquainted with my errand.

Clo. Sir, I'll write this moment; if you please, step into the house here, and finish the business over the bottle.

D. Du. With all my heart.

Clo. Adieu! Entrez.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T V.

SCENE *Elvira's house.*

Elvira is discover'd alone in mourning, a lamp by her.

Don Duart enters behind disguis'd.

D. Du. **T**HUS far I am pass'd unknown to any of the servants — now for the proof of what I fear — Ha! yonder she is — 'This close retirement, those sable colours, the solemn silence that attends her, no friends admitted, nor ev'n the day to visit her: these seem to speak a real sorrow; if not, the counterfeit is deep indeed — I'll fathom it — Madam —

Elv. Who's there? another murderer; where are my servants? will nothing but my sorrows wait upon me?

D. Du. Your pardon, lady; I have no evil meaning; this letter will inform you of my business, and excuse this rude intrusion.

Elv. For me! whence comes it, sir?

D. Du. The contents, madam, will explain to you — She seems amaz'd! looks almost thro' the letter — I should suspect the stranger had bely'd her, but that he gave me such convincing circumstances — Ha! she pauses! 'Sdeath! a smile too — I fear her now!

Elv. My prayers are heard; justice at length has overtaken the murderer: 'his vow'd protection having been strictly paid I now unperjur'd may revenge my brother's blood.

blood. It lies on me, if I neglect this fair occasion: but 'twere not safe to shew my thought; therefore to be just, I must dissemble. [*Aside.*] I ask your pardon for my rudeness, sir: upon your friend's account, you might, indeed, have claim'd a better welcome.

Du. So! then she's damn'd, I find. But I'll have you, and bring 'em face to face. [*Aside.*] My friend, you thought his visits should be unseasonable, before the sad solemnity of your brother's funeral.

Elv. A needless fear! my brother, sir! Alas, I owe your friend my thanks, for having eas'd our family of so scandalous a burthen! A riotous, unmanner'd fellow; I blush to speak of him.

D. Du. O! patience! patience! [*Aside.*]

Elv. Pray, let him know, his absence was the real cause of this mistaken mourning: 'tis true indeed, I give it out 'tis for my brother's death; but womens hearts and tongues, you know, must not always hold alliance; you'd think us fond and forward, should not we now and then dissemble.

D. Du. How shall I forbear her? [*Aside.*]

Elv. I grow impatient 'till he's wholly mine—tomorrow! 'tis an age! I'll make him mine to-night—I'll write to him this minute—Can you have patience, sir, 'till I prepare a letter for you?

D. Du. You may command me, madam.

Elv. I'll dispatch immediately—will you walk this way, sir?

D. Du. Madam, I wait on you—Revenge and daggers!
[*Exeunt.*]

The S C E N E Louisa's house.

Louisa and Jaques.

Lou. Is the lady seiz'd?

Jaq. Yes, madam, and half-dead with the fright.

Lou. Let 'em be ready to produce her, as I directed: Then the danger's taken, bring me immediate notice: is't not his time, away. [*Exit Jaques.*] Had he not lov'd another, methinks I could have born this usage, 't' sat me down alone content, and found a secret pleasure in complaining; but to be slighted for a girl, a sickly, poor, unthinking wretch, incapable of love! that! that's homel

'Tis

'Tis poison to my thoughts, and swell's 'em to revenge!
 My rival! no! he shall never triumph! Hark! what
 noise! they have him sure! How now!

Enter Jaques.

Jaq. Madam, the gentleman is taken.

Lou. Bring him in—Revenge, I thank thee now.

Enter Bravoes with Carlos disarm'd.

So, sir! you are return'd it seems; you can love then,
 have an heart, I find, tho' not for me! Perhaps you came to
 seek a worthier mistress here; 'twould be uncharitable to
 disappoint your love—I'll help your search: if she be here,
 before she's safe!—Open that door there.

*SCENE draws and discovers Angelina with Bravoes
 ready to strangle her.*

Now, sir, is this the lady?

Car. My Angelina! Oh!

Ang. O miserable meeting!

Lou. Now let me see you smile, and rudely throw me
 from your arms! now scorn my love, my person, and my
 fortune! now let your squeamish virtue try me as a dis-
 ease to modesty! and tell her now your shameful tale of
 my intemperance!

Car. O! cruelty of fate! that could betray such innocence!

Lou. What, not a word to soften yet thy obstinate aver-
 sion! thou wretched fool, thus to provoke thy ruin—
 End her. [To the Bravoes.]

Car. O! hold! for pity hold, and hear me.

Lou. I've learn'd from you to use my pity—'Sdeath!
 I could laugh to see thy strange stupidity of love—On one
 condition yet she lives an hour, but if refus'd—

Car. Name not a refusal, be it danger, death, or tor-
 tures, any thing that life can do to save her.

Lou. Nay, if you are so over willing.

Car. Speak, and I obey you.

Lou. Now then, this moment kneel and curse her.

Car. Preserve her, Heav'n, and snatch her from the
 jaws of gaping danger [*Kneeling.*] O! may the watchful
 eye of Providence, that never sleeps o'er innocence dis-
 tress'd, look nearly to her; or if some miracle should
 save her, the ever waking sun, in his eternal progress,
 never saw so fair an object to employ it on.

Lou.

THE FOP'S FORTUNE.

67

Lou. Presuming fool! were I inclin'd to save her life, (which, by my hopes of peace, I do not mean) canst thou believe this insolent concern for her to my face would not provoke my vengeance?

Car. Yet hold! forgive my rashness, I was to blame indeed; but passion has transported both of us; 'love made me as heedless of her safety, as wild revenge has yours of your neglected soul.

Lou. What, dost thou think to preach me from my purpose?

Car. That were too vain an hope; tho' I've a pitiful cause that might bespeak, without a tongue, the mercy of a human heart: but if revenge alone can satisfy your fury, at least misplace it not; mine was the offence, be mine the punishment; but spare the innocent, the gentle maid; she ne'er intended yet a thought against your peace; I have deserv'd you anger, nay, and justly too; for I confess I ought to have given you a milder treatment; but to atone the crime, rip up my breast, and in my heart you'll read the unhappy cause of my neglect and rudeness.

Lou. How he disarms my anger! but must my rival triumph then?

Ang. Charge me not with abhor'd ingratitude: be witness, Heaven, I'll for ever serve you, court you, and confess you my preserver!

Car. For pity, yet resolve, and force your temper to a moment's pause: 'Do not debase your generous revenge with cruelty; that every common wretch can take; the savage brutes can suck their fellow-creatures blood, and tear their bodies down; but greater human souls have more pride to curb, and bow the stubborn mind of what they hate; and such revenge, the nobler far, I offer now to you;' see at your feet my humbled scorn imploring, crush'd, and prostrate, like a vile slave, that falls below

your pt, and trembling begs for mercy:

as my revenge in blushes.

erous proof of the most faithful love!

ik what a glorious triumph it would be, that
voln resentment, wild revenge, and indigna-
nd ready, waiting for the word, you call'd you'r

forceful

' forceful reason to your aid, resolv'd, and took that ty-
 ' rant passion captive to your gentle pity; O! 'twere such
 ' a god-like instance of your virtue, as might atone, if
 ' possible, ev'n crimes to come: revenge, like this, can
 ' never give you that continu'd peace of mind, which mer-
 ' cy may: compassion has a thousand secret charms: think
 ' you 'twere no delight of thought, to heal the wounds
 ' of bleeding lovers, to make two poor afflicted wretches
 ' happy, whose highest crime is loving well and faithfully?
 ' Were it no soothing joy, no secret pride, to raise 'em
 ' from the last despair to hope? to life and love restor'd?
 ' Now, on my heart, I read a struggling pity in your eye!
 ' O cherish it, and spare our innocence! Perhaps, the
 ' story of our chaste affections, once compleat, may live
 ' a fair example to succeeding times, for which posterity
 ' shall stand indebted to your virtue.

' Lou. Release the lady—go, [Exeunt Bravoes.
 And now farewell my follies, and my mistaken love; ' for
 ' I confess, the fair example of your mutual faith, your
 ' tenderness, humility, and tears, have quite subdu'd
 ' my soul; at once have conquer'd and reform'd me: O!
 ' you have given me such an image of the contentful
 ' peace, th' unshaken quiet of an honest mind, that now
 ' I taste more solid joy, being but the instrument of your
 ' united virtuous love, than all my late false hopes pro-
 ' pos'd even in the last indulgence of my blind desires:
 Now love long and happily; forgive my follies past, and
 you have overpaid me. [Joins their hands

' Car. O! providential care of innocence distress'd!

' Ang. O! miracle of rewarded love!

Car. ' What shall I say? I scarce have yet the power
 ' of thought amidst this hurry of transporting joy! My
 Angelina! do I then live to hold thee thus? O! I have
 a thousand things to say, to ask, to weep, and hear of
 thee—But first let's kneel and pay our thanks to Hea-
 ven, and this our kind preserver; ' to whose most hap-
 ' py change, we owe even all our lives to come, which
 ' cheerful gratitude can pay.'

Lou. Nay, now you give me a confusion. [Rings 'em.
 But if you dare trust me with the story of your love's dis-
 tress, as far as my fortune can, command it freely to
 supply

supply your present wants, or any future means propos'd to give you lasting happiness.

Car. Eternal rounds of never-ending peace reward your wondrous bounty; and when you know the story of our fortune, as we shall soon find due occasion to relate it, we cannot doubt 'twill both deserve your pity and assistance. But I have been too busy in my joy, I almost forgot my friendly uncle, the ancient gentleman that first came hither with me; how have you dispos'd of him?

Lou. I think he's here, and safe—who waits there? [*Enter Jaques.*] Release the gentleman above, and tell him that his friends desire him. [*Exit Jaques.*] You'll pardon, sir, the treatment I have shewn him; he made a little too merry with my folly, which, I confess, at that time, something too far incens'd me.

Car. He's old and cheerful, apt to be free; but he'll be sorry when his humour gives offence.

Enter Don Lewis, Jaques bowing to him.

D. Lew. Pr'ythee, honest dumb, don't be so ceremonious! A pox on thee, I tell thee it's very well as it is, (only my jaws ake a little :) but as long as we're all friends, it's no great matter—My dear *Carlos!* I must buss thee, faith!—Madam, your humble servant—I beg your pardon, d'ye see—you understand me.

[*Exit Jaques.*]

Lou. I hope we are all friends, sir.

D. Lew. I hope we are, madam—I am an honest old fellow, faith; tho' now and then I am a little odd too.

Car. Here's a stranger, uncle.

D. Lew. What! my little blossom! my gilliflower! my rose! my pink! my tulip! Faith, I must smell thee. [*Salutes Angelina.*] Od! she's a delicate nosegay! I must have her touz'd a little—*Carlos!* you must gather her up, and stay no longer—Well, faith! I am glad to see thee, child.

Car. Thank you, sir, and wish I may deserve your fortune, once again, is kind; but how it

Does not signify three pence; when Fortune lists, I seldom trouble myself to know which side she's on—I tell you, I am glad to see you.

Enter.

Enter Jaques.

Jaq. Madam, here's the Lord Governor come to wait upon your ladyship.

Lou. At this late hour! What can his business be? Desire his lordship to walk in.

Enter Governor.

Gov. Pardon, madam, this unseasonable visit.

Lou. Your lordship does me honour.

Gov. At least, I hope, my business will excuse it: some strangers here below, upon their offer'd oaths, demanded my authority to search your house for a lost young lady, to whom the one of 'em affirms himself the father: but the respect I owe your ladyship made me refuse their search, 'till I had spoken with you.

Ang. It must be they—Now, madam, your protection, or we yet are lost.

Lou. Be not concern'd! wou'd you avoid 'em!

Car. No, we must be sound; let 'em have entrance: we have an honest cause, and would provoke it's trial.

Lou. Conduct the gentlemen without. [*Exit Jaques.*]
My lord, I'll answer for their honesty; and, as they are strangers, where the law's severe, must beg you'd favour and assist 'em.

Gov. You may command me, madam; tho' there's no great fear; for having heard the most that they cou'd urge against 'em, I found in their complaints, more spleen and humour, than any just appearance of a real injury.

Enter Don Manuel, Charino, Antonio, and Clodio.

Cba. I'll have justice.

Ant. Don't be too hot, brother.

Cba. Sir, I demand justice.

D. Man. That's the lady, sir, I told you of.

Clo. Ah! that's she, my lord. I am witness.

Car. My father! Sir, your pardon, and your blessing.

Ant. Why truly, *Carlos*, I begin to be a little reconcil'd to the matter; I wish you well, tho' I can't join you together; for my friend and brother here is very obstinate, and will admit of no satisfaction: but however, Heaven will bless you in spite of his teeth.

Cba. This is all contrivance! Roguery! I am abus'd! I say, deliver my daughter—she is an heiress, sir; and to detain her, is a rape in law, sir, and I'll have you all hang'd;

hang'd; therefore no more delays, sir; for I tell you before hand, I am a wise man, and 'tis impossible to trick me.

Ans. I say, you are too positive, brother; and when you learn more wisdom, you'll have some.

Cba. I say, brother, this is mere malice, when you know in your own conscience, I have ten times your understanding; for you see I'm quite of another opinion: and so once more, my lord, I demand justice against that rascal.

Gov. Does your daughter, sir, complain of any violence?

Cba. Your lordship knows young girls never complain when the violence is over; he has taught her better, I suppose.

Ang. [*To Charino kneeling.*] Sir, you are my father, bred me, cherish'd me, gave me my affections, taught me to keep 'em hitherto within the bounds of honour, and of virtue; let me conjure you, by the chaste love my mother bore you, when she prefer'd, to her mistaken parents choice, her being yours without a dower, not to bestow my person, where those affections ne'er can follow—I cannot love that gentleman more than a sister ought; but here my heart's subdu'd, ev'n to the last compliance with my fortune: he, sir, has nobly woo'd and won me; and I am only his, or miserable.

Cba. Get up again.

Gov. Come, sir, be persuaded; your daughter has made an honourable and happy choice; this severity will but expose yourself and her.

Cba. My lord, I don't want advice; I'll consider with myself, and resolve upon my own opinion.

Enter Jaques.

Jaq. My lord, here's a stranger without enquires for your lordship, and for a gentleman that calls himself *Clodio*.

Clo. *Hou! Ah, mon cher Ami!*

Enter Don Duart disguis'd.

News, my dear, has she answer'd my letter? here, sir—This to your lordship.

[*Gives him a letter, and whispers.*
I'm surpris'd to-night, and to this gentleman, say'th amaz'd.

Is he her choice, my lord.

Clo.

Clo. [*Reading the letter.*]—Um—um—Charms—irresistible—excuse so soon—Passion—Blushes—Consent—Provision—Children—Settlement—Marriage—If this is not plain the devil's in't.—Hold, here's more, faith—[*Reads to himself.*]

' *D. Man.* How shall I requite this goodness? [*To Lou.*]

' *Lou.* I owe you more than I have leisure now to pay: ' preys me not too far, least I should offer more than you ' are willing to receive. Favours when long withheld, ' sometimes grow tasteless; over-fasting often palls the ' appetite.

' *D. Man.* The appetite of love, like mine, can never die: it would be ever tasting and unfated.'

[*They seem to talk apart.*]

Gov. 'Tis very fudden—but give my service, I'll wait upon her.

Clo. Ha! ha! ha! Poor soul! I'll be with her presently; and, faith, since I have made my own fortune, I'll e'n patch up my brother's too. Hark you, my dear dad that thou'd ha' been—this business is all at an end—for, look you, I find your daughter's engag'd; and, to tell you the truth, so am I faith! If my brother has a mind to marry her, let him; for I shall not, split me—And now, gentlemen and ladies, if you will do me the honour to grace mine and the lady *Elvira's* wedding, such homely entertainment as my poor house affords, you shall be all heartily welcome to.

D. Low. Thy house! ha! ha! well said, puppy!

Cla. Ha! old *Jesty!*

Cba. What dost thou mean, man? [*To Clodio.*]

Gov. 'Tis even so, I can assure you, fir; I have myself an invitation from the lady's own hand, that confirms it: I know her fortune well, and am surpriz'd at it.

Ang. Bless'd news! This seems a forward step to reconcile us all.

Cba. If this be true, my lord, I have been thinking to no purpose; my design is all broke to pieces.

Ant. Come, brother, we'll mend it as well as we can; and since that young rogue has rudely turn'd tail upon your daughter, I'll fill up the blank with *Carlo's* name, and let the rest of the settlement stand as it was.

Cha. Hold, I'll first see this wedding, and then give you my final resolution.

Cho. Come, ladies, if you please, my friend will shew you.

Lon. Sir, we wait upon you.

Cha. This wedding's an odd thing!

D. Lew. Ha! ha! if it should be a lie now. [*Exeunt.*
The SCENE changes to Elvira's Apartment.

Elvira alone, with Clodio's Letter in her Hand.

Elv. At how severe a price do women purchase an unspotted fame! when ev'n the justest title can't assure possession: when we reflect upon the insolent and daily wrongs, which men and scandal throw upon our actions, 'twere enough to make a modest mind despair: if we are fair and chaste, we are proud; if free, we are wanton; cold, we are cunning; and if kind, forsaken: nothing we do or think on, be the motive e'er so just, or generous, but still the malice or the guilt of men, interprets to our shame: why should this stranger else, this wretched stranger, whose forfeit life I rashly sav'd, presume from that mistaken charity, to tempt me with his love? [*Enter a Servant.*] Hark! what musick's that? [*Flourish.*

Serv. Madam, the gentlemen are come.

Elv. 'Tis well; are the officers ready?

Serv. Yes, madam, and know your ladyship's orders.

Elv. Conduct the company. Now justice shall uncloud my fame, and see my brother's death reveng'd.

[*Musick plays.*

Enter Clodio, D. Duart, Governor, D. Manuel, Louisa, Carlos, Angelina, Antonio, Charino, and D. Lewis.

Cho. Well, madam, you see I'm punctual—you've nick'd your man, faith; I'm always critical—to a minute; you'll never stay for me. Ladies and gentlemen, I desire you'll do me the honour of being better acquainted here—My lord—

Gov. Give you joy, madam.

Cho. Nay, madam, I have brought you some near relations of my own too—This Don Antonio, who will shortly have the honour to call you daughter.

Ant. The young rogue has made a pretty choice, faith.

D

Cho.

Clo. This Don *Charino*, who was very near having the honour of calling me son. This my elder brother—and this my noble uncle, Don *Coletick*—*Snapshote de Yesty*.

D. Lew. Puppy.

Clo. Peevish.

D. Lew. Madam, I wish you joy with all my heart; but truly, I can't much advise you to marry this gentleman, because, in a day or two, you'll really find him extremely shocking; those that know him, generally give him the title of Don *Disnallo T'ickscullo de Halfwitto*:

Clo. Well said, nuncle, ha, ha!

D. Du. Are you provided of a priest, sir?

Clo. Ay, ay, pox on him, wou'd he were come thro'

D. Du. So wou'd I, I want the cue to act this justice on my honour; yet I cannot read the folly in her looks.

[*Aside.*

Gov. You have surpriz'd us, madam, by this sudden marriage!

Elw. I may yet surprize you more, my lord.

D. Du. Sir, don't you think your bride looks melancholy?

Clo. Ay, poor fool! she's modest——but I have a cure for that——Well, my princess, why that demure look now?

Elw. I was thinking, sir ——

Clo. I know what you think of——You don't think at all——You don't know what to think——You neither see, hear, feel, smell, nor taste——You han't the right use of one of your senses——In short, you have it. Now, my princess, have not I nick'd it?

Elw. I am sorry, sir, you know so little of yourself, or me.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the priest is come.

Elw. Let him wait, we've no occasion yet—there—seize him. [*Several Officers rush in, &*

D. Du. Ha!

Clodio, and b.

Gov. What can this mean?

Clo. Gad me! what, is my dear in her frolicks?

Elw. And now, my lord, your justice on the derer.

Gov. How! madam!

Clo. That bitch, my fortune!

D. Lew. Madam, upon my knees, I beg you, don't carry the jest too far, but if there be any real hopes of his having an halter, let's know it in three words, that I may be sure at once for ever, that no earthly thing, but a reprieve, can save him. *[Apart to Elvira.]*

Ant. Pray, madam, who accuses him?

Elv. His own confession, sir.

Car. Of murder, say you, madam!

Elv. The murder of my brother.

Gov. Where was that confession made?

Elv. After the fact was done, my lord, this man, pur-
su'd by justice, took shelter here, and trembling, begg'd
of me for my protection; he seem'd indeed a stranger,
and his complaints so pitiful, that I, little suspicious of
my brother's death, promis'd, by a rash and solemn vow,
I wou'd conceal him: which vow Heav'n can witness
with what distraction in my thoughts I strictly kept, and
paid; but he alas! mistaken this my hospitable charity,
for the effects of a most vile preposterous love, proceeds
upon his error, and in his letter here addresses me for
marriage; which, I once having paid my vow, answer'd
in such prevailing terms, upon his folly, as now have
unprotected, drawn him into the hands of justice.

D. Du. She is innocent, and well has disappointed
my revenge. *[Aside.]*

D. Lew. So, now I am a little easy—The puppy will
be hang'd.

Gov. Give me leave, madam, to ask you yet some far-
ther questions.

Clo. Ay—I shall be hang'd, I believe.

Cha. Nay then, 'tis time to take care of my daughter;
for I am now convinc'd, that my friend *Clozy* is dispos'd
of—and so, without compliment, do ye see, children—
Heav'n bless you together *[Joins Car. and Ang. hands.]*

Sir. This, sir, is a time unfit to thank you as we
ought.

Ant. Well, brother, I thank you however; *Carlos* is
a honest lad, and well deserves her; but poor *Clozy's*
fortune I cou'd never have suspected.

D. *Lew.* Why, you wou'd be positive, though you know, brother, I always told you, *Dismal* wou'd be hang'd; I must plague him a little, because the dog has been pert with me—*Clody!* how dost thou do? Ha! why, you are ty'd!

Cl. I hate this old fellow, split me.

D. *Lew.* Thou hast really made a damn'd blunder here, child, to invite so many people to a marriage-knot, and instead of that, it's like to be one under the left ear,

Cl. I'd fain have him die.

D. *Lew.* Well, my dear, I'll provide for thy going off, however; let me see! you'll only have occasion for a nosegay, a pair of white gloves, and a coffin: look you, take you no care about the surgeons, you shall not be anatomiz'd—I'll get the body off with a wet finger—tho' methinks I'd fain see the inside of the puppy too.

Cl. O! rot him, I can't bear this.

D. *Lew.* Well, I won't trouble you any more now, child; if I am not engag'd, I don't know, but I may come to the tree, and ting a slave or two with thee—Nay, I'll rise on purpose,—tho' you will hardly suffer before twelve o'clock neither—ay, just about twelve—about twelve you'll be turn'd off.

Cl. O! curse consume him.

Gov. I am convinc'd, madam, the fact appears too plain.

D. *Lew.* Yes, yes, he'll suffer. [Aside.]

Gov. What says the gentleman? Do you confess the fact, sir?

Cl. Will it do me any good, my lord?

Gov. Perhaps it may, if you can prove it was not done in malice.

Cl. Why then, to confess the truth, my lord, I did pink him, and am sorry for't; but it was none of my fault, split me.

Lew. Now, my lord, your justice.

D. *Gov.* Hold, madam, that remains in me for know, your brother lives, and happy is of such a sister's virtue. [Disco.]

Elv. My brother! O! let my wonder speak my joy!

Cl. Hey! [*Clodio and his friends seem surpris'd.*]

Gov. Don Duart! living and well! how came this strange recovery?

• *D. Du.* My body's health the surgeon has restor'd: but here's the true physician of my mind: the hot distemper'd blood, which lately render'd me offensive to mankind, his just resenting sword let forth, which gave me leisure to reflect upon my follies past, and, by reflection, to reform.

Elv. This is indeed a happy change.

Gov. Release the gentleman.

Cl. Here, *Topsy*, prithee do so much as untie this a little.

D. Lew. Why, so I will, sirrah; I find thou hast done a mettled thing, and I don't know whether it's worth my while to be shock'd at thee any longer.

Elv. I ask your pardon for the wrong I have done you, sir, and blush to think how much I owe you for a brother thus restor'd.

Cl. Madam, your very humble servant, it's mighty well as it is.

D. Du. We are indeed his debtors both; and, sister, there's but one way now of being grateful: for my sake, give him such returns of love, as he may yet think fit to ask, or you with modesty can answer.

• *Cl.* Sir, I thank you, and when you don't think it impudence in me to wish myself well with your sister, I shall beg leave to make use of your friendship.

D. Du. This modesty commends you, sir.

Ant. Sir, you have propos'd like a man of honour, and if the lady can but like of it, she shall find those among us, that will make up a fortune to deserve her.

Car. I wish my brother well, and as I once offer'd him to divide my birthright, I'm ready still to put my words performance.

• *Lew.* Nay then, since I find the rogue's no longer to be an enemy to *Carlos*, as far as a few acres go, be his friend too.

Du. sister!

• This is no trifle, brother; allow me a convenient

nient time to think, and if the gentleman continues to deserve your friendship, he shall not much complain against his enemy.

D. *Lew.* So! now it will be a wedding again, faith

' D. *Man.* And if this kind example could prevail on you

' *Lou.* If it could not, your merit has sufficient power: from this moment, I am yours for ever.

' D. *Man.* Which way shall I be grateful?

' *Clo.* Nay then, strike up again, boys---and, with the lady's leave, I'll make bold to lead 'em up a dance
' *à la mode d'Angleterre.* [They dance.]

' D. *Lew.* So! so! bravely done of all sides; and now
' *Carlos,* we'll e'en toast our noses over a chirping bottle
' and laugh at our past fortune.'

Car. Come, my *Angelina!*

Our bark, at length, has found a quiet harbour,
And the distressful voyage of our loves,
Ends not alone in safety, but reward.

Now we unlade our freight of happiness,
Of which, from thee alone, my share's deriv'd:

For all my former search in deep philosophy,
Not knowing thee, was a mere dream of life:

But love, in one soft moment, taught me more
Than all the volumes of the learn'd cou'd teach;
Gave me the proof when nature's birth began.

To what great End th' ETERNAL form'd a MAN.

[Exeunt omnes.]

EPILOGUE.

*An Epilogue's a tax on authors laid,
 And full as much unwillingly is paid.
 Good lines, I grant, are little worth, but yet,
 Coin has been always easier rais'd, than wit.
 (I fear we'd made but very poor campaigns,
 Had funds been levy'd from the grumbling brains.)
 Beside, to what poor purpose should we plead,
 When you have once resolv'd a play shall bleed?
 But then again, a wretch, in any case,
 Has leave to say wby sentence should not pass.
 First, let your censure from pure judgment flow,
 And mix with that, some grains of mercy too;
 On some your praise like wanton lovers you bestow.
 'Twas have you known a woman plainly fair,
 At first scarce worth your two days pains and care;
 Without a charm, but being young and new:
 (You thought five guineas far beyond her due.)
 But when persju'd by some gay leading lover,
 Then every day her eyes new charms discover;
 'Till at the last, by crowds of beaux admir'd,
 Sh' has rais'd her price, to what her heart desir'd,
 New gowns and petticoats, which her airs requir'd.
 So miss, and poet too, when once cry'd up,
 Believe their reputation at the top;
 And know, that while the liking fit has seiz'd you,
 She cannot look, he write, too ill to please you.
 How can you bear a sense of love so gross,
 To let mere fashion on your taste impose?
 Your taste refin'd, might add to your delight;
 Poets from you are taught to raise their flight;
 For as you learn to judge, they learn to write.*

FINIS.

PLAYS *printed for T. LOWNDES and*
 PARTNERS, *at Six-pence each.*

- A** Bramule, by Dr. Trapp
 Adventures of Half
 an Hour
 Albion and Albanus, by
 Dryden
 Alchymist, by Ben Johnson
 Alcibiades, by Otway
 All for Love, by Dryden
 Ambitious Step-mother,
 by Rowe
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 As you like It, by Shake-
 speare
 Artful Husband, by Ta-
 verner
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 quhar
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 ber
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 ham
 Chaplet, by Mr. Mendez
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 Cobler of Preston
 Comedy of Errors, by
 Shakespeare
 Conscious Lovers, by Cib-
 ber
 Committee, by Sir R.
 Howard
 Confederacy, by Vanbrugh
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 Constant Couple, by Far-
 quhar
 Contrivances, by Carey
 Country Lasses, by C. John-
 son
 Country Wife, by Wycherly
 Cymbeline, altered by Mr.
 Garrick
 Damon and Phillida, by
 Mr. Dibden
 Devil of a Wife
 Devil to pay, by Coffey
 Distressed Mother, by
 Amb. Phillips
 Don Carlos, by Otway
 Double Dealer, by Con-
 greve
 Double Gallant, by Cibber
 Dragon of Wantley
 Drummer, by Addison
 Duke and no Duke, by Sir
 A. Cockain
 Duke of Guise, by Dryden
 Earl of Essex, by Bankes



J. Kneass del.

Published at Bell's Bayly Street, No. 17.

J. Kneass sculp.

M. YATES in the Character of DON MANUEL

Don Man: *They gave my humble service to the Politician, & I tell him that to your certain knowledge the Old fellow the Old Rogue, & the Old Fool, & so, knows how to humbugle as well as himself.*

TO THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS

JAMES DUKE OF ORMOND.

May it please your Grace,

OUR late happy news from Vigo had so general an influence on the minds of the people that it's no wonder this play had a favourable reception, when the cheerfulness and good humour of the Town inclined 'em to encourage every thing that carried the least pretence to divert 'em: but the best part of its fortune is, that its appearing first this season has given it a sort of a title to your Grace's protection, by being at the same time (among many other acknowledgments) the instrument of the Stage's general thanks for the prosperous days we promise ourselves from the consequence of so glorious an action; an action which, considered with the native greatness of your mind, will easily persuade us that the only reason to suppose the ancient heroes greater than the modern is, that they had better poets to record 'em: but from your Grace's happy conduct this summer we are convinced that their poetry may now outlive their greatness; and if Modesty would suffer Truth to speak, she'd plainly say what they did sell as short of you as what you did exceeds what they have greatly said; that they wrote as boldly as the English fight, and you lead 'em with the same spirit that the Ancients wrote.

The nation's publick and solemn praise to Heaven, and that under their represented thanks in parliament to you, the universal joy, and the deafening acclamations that echoed your return, were strong confessions of a benefit received beyond their power to repay; and to oblige beyond that power is truly great and glorious. But Providence has fixed you in so eminent a degree of honour and of fortune that nothing but the glory of the action can reward it. The unfeigned and growing wishes you have planted in the people's hearts are a sincere acknowledgment that's never paid but when great actions like your own deserve it, which have been so frequent in the dangerous and delightful service of your country that you at last have warmed their gratitude into a cordial love; for 'tis hard to say that we were more pleased with our vic-

very than that the Duke of Ormond brought it us. But I forget myself; the pleasure of the subject had almost made me insensible of the danger of offending. If I were speaking to the world only I have said too little; but while your Grace is my reader I know the severity of your virtue won't easily forgive me unless I let the subject fall, and immediately conclude myself,

May it please your Grace,
Your Grace's most devoted,
most obliged, and
most obedient servant,

C. CHURCH.

PROLOGUE.

CRITICKS! the' plays without your smiles pleas'd,
 Yet this was writ to reach your god's ears;
 And not to furnish contempt of any other parts,
 Our humble Author thinks a play should be
 The' y'd it rules, like a good sermon, free
 From jeals, and fling at each capacity,
 Tho' he does not, like some, depend alone
 Upon a single author's name shewn,
 Or only things well said, to draw the Town.
 Each play, like hiser beauties, may have just
 To please, and sport even a woman's heart,
 But wit and humour with a just design
 Charm, as when beauty, youth, and wit too, join.
 Such was his just attempt, tho' 't is confest
 He's only vain enough t' have done his best;
 For rules are but the posts that mark the course
 Which way the rider should direct his horse:
 He that missees his ground is eas'ly beat,
 Tho' he that runs it true may n't do the feat,
 For 't is the straining gait that must win the heat.
 O'er Cobajade to the ditch a jade may lead,
 But the true proof of Pegasus's breed
 Is when the last act turns the lands with Dimple's head.
 View then, in short, the method that he takes:
 His plot and persons he from nature makes,
 Who for no bribe of gold he willingly forsakes
 His wit, if any, mingles with his plot,
 Which should on no temptation be forgot:
 His action's in the time of acting done,
 No more than from the curtain, up and down:
 While the first night plays he moves his scene
 A little space, but never shifts again.
 From his design no person can be spar'd,
 Or speeches left, unless the words be marr'd.
 No scenes of talk for talking's sake are shewn,
 Where most abruptly, when their chat is done,
 Actors go off because the poet———can't go on.
 His first act offers something to be done,
 And all the rest but lead that action on,
 Which when pursuing scenes t' th' end discover
 The game's run down, of course the play is over.

Thus wou'd be thought 'twas requisite to say,
 (For all here are not critics born) that they
 Who only us'd in like might learn to taste a play.

But now be free for refuge to the fair,
 Whom we must own the ablest judges here,
 Since all the springs of his design but move
 From beauty's cruelty subdu'd by love;
 E'en they whose hearts are yet untouch'd will know
 In the same case sure what their own wou'd do:
 You best should judge of love, since Love is born of you.

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

	<i>Drury-Lane.</i>	<i>Covent-Garden</i>
DON MANUEL, father to Rosara,	Mr. Yates.	Mr. Shuter.
DON PHILIP, slighted by Hypolita,	Mr. Bensley.	Mr. Bensley.
DON LOUIS, nephew to Don Manuel,	Mr. Whitefield.	Mr. Booth.
OCTAVIO, in love with Rosara,	Mr. Brereton.	Mr. Wroughton.
TRAPPANTS, a cast servant of Don Philip's,	Mr. King.	Mr. Woodward.
SOTO, servant to Don Philip,	Mr. Baddeley.	Mr. Dunstall.

Hys. Alguenil, and Servants.

WOMEN.

HYPOLITA, secretly in love with Don Philip,	Mrs. King.	Miss Mackillo.
ROSARA, in love with Octavio,	Miss Hopkins.	Mrs. Mattocks.
FLORA, confidant to Hypolita,	Mrs. Greville.	Mrs. Ilesingham.
VILETTA, woman to Rosara,	Mrs. Davics.	Mrs. Pitt.

SCENE NAPSIN.

SHE WOU'D AND SHE WOU'D NOT.

ACT I.

SCENE, an inn in Madrid.

Enter TRAPPANTI alone, talking to himself.

INDEED, my friend Trappanti, thou'rt in a very thin condition; thou hast neither matter, meat, nor money: not but, could'it thou part with that unappeasable itch of eating too, thou hast all the ragged virtues that were requisite to set up an ancient philosopher: contempt and poverty, kicks, thumps, and thinking, thou hast endured with the best of 'em; but—when Fortune turns thee up to hard fasting, that is to say, positively not eating at all, I perceive thou art a downright dunce, with the same stomach and no more philosophy than a hound upon horse-flesh—Fasting's the devil!—Let me see—this I take it is the most frequented inn about Madrid, and if a keen guest or two should drop in now—Hark!

Host within.] Take care of the gentlemens' horses there; see 'em well rubbed and littered.

Trap. Just alighted! if they do but stay to eat now! Impudence assist me. Hah! a couple of pretty young sparks faith!

Enter HYPOLITA and FLORA in mens' habits, a Servant with a portmanteau.

Trap. Welcome to Madrid Sir; welcome Sir.

Flo. Sir, your servant.

Serv. Have the horses pleased your Honour?

Hyp. Very well indeed friend. Pristhee set down the portmanteau, and see that the poor creatures want nothing: they have performed well, and deserve our care.

Trap. I'll take care of that Sir. Here, hostler.

[Exit Trap. and Servant.]

Flo. And pray, Madam, what do I deserve that have lost the use of limbs to keep pace with you? 'D'sheart! you whipt and spurred like a fast hunter: it's a sign you had a lover in view: I'm sure my shoulders ache as if I had carried my horse on 'em.

* * * The lines marked with inverted commas are omitted in the representation.

Hyp. Poor Flora! thou art fatigued indeed; but I shall find a way to thank thee for 't.

Flo. Thank me quotha! egad I sha' n't be able to sit this fortnight. Well, I'm glad our journey's at an end however: and now, Madam, pray what do you propose will be the end of our journey?

Hyp. Why, now, I hope the end of my wishes—Don Philip, I need not tell you how far he is in my heart.

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

Hyp. His manner of bearing that usage.

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

Hyp. An unknown face can't have very far engaged him.

Flo. How came he to be engaged to her at all?

Hyp. Why, I engaged him.

Flo. To another!

Hyp. To my whole sex rather than own I loved him.

Flo. Ah, done like a woman of courage!

Hyp. I could not bear the thought of parting with my power; besides, he took me at such an advantage, and pressed me so home to a surrender, I could have tore him piecemeal.

Flo. Ay, I warrant you, an insolent—agreeable, puppy.

“Well, but to leave impertinence Madam, pray how came you to squabble with him?”

Hyp. “I'll tell thee Flora: you know Don Philip wants no charms that can recommend a lover; in birth and quality I confess him my superiour; and 't is the thought of that has been a constant thorn upon my wishes. I never saw him in the humblest posture but still I fancied he secretly presumed his rank and fortune might deserve me: this always stung my pride, and it made me over-aet it: nay, sometimes when his sufferings have almost drawn tears into my eyes I've turned the subject with some trivial talk, or hummed a spiteful tune, though I believe his heart was breaking.

Flo. “A very tender principle truly.

Hyp. “Well, I don't know, 't was in my nature: But to proceed—this and worse usage continued a long time;

“at last, despairing of my heart, he then resolved to do a
 “violence on his own, by consenting to his father’s com-
 “mands of marrying a lady of considerable fortune here
 “in Madrid. The match is concluded, articles are sealed,
 “and the day is fixed for his journey. Now the night be-
 “fore he set out he came to take his leave of me, in hopes,
 “I suppose, I would have staid him. I need not tell you
 “my confusion at the news; and though I could have given
 “my soul to have deferred it, yet finding him, unless I
 “had him stay, resolved upon the marriage, (from the
 “pure spirit of contradiction) swore to myself I would
 “not bid him do it, so called for my veil, and told him
 “I was in haste, begged his pardon, your servant, and so
 “whipped to prayers.

Flo. “Well said again; that was a clincher. Ah, had
 “not you better been at confession?”

Hyp. “Why, really, I might have saved a long journey
 “by it. To be short, when I came from church Don Philip
 “had left this letter at home for me, without requiring
 “an answer—read it—

Flo. reads. } “Your usage has made me justly despair
 “of you, and now any change must better my condition;
 “at least it has reduced me to the necessity of trying the
 “last remedy, marriage with another; if it prove ineffec-
 “tual I only wish you may at some hours remember how
 “little cause I have given you to have made me for ever
 “miserable. PHILIP.”

“Poor gentleman! very hard, by my conscience! Indeed,
 “Madam, this was carrying the jest a little too far.

Hyp. “Ah, by many a long mile Flora; but what would
 “you have a woman do when her hand’s in?”

Flo. “Nay, the truth on’t is, we never know the dif-
 “ference between enough and a surfeit;” but love be-
 “praised your proud stomach’s come down for’t.

Hyp. Indeed ’t is not altogether so high as ’t was. In a
 word, his last letter set me at my wit’s end, and when I
 came to myself you may remember you thought me be-
 witch’d, for I immediately called for my boots and breech-
 es, a straddle we got, and so rode after him.

Flo. Why truly, Madam, as to your wits, I’ve not
 much altered my opinion of ’em, for I can’t see what you
 propose by it.

Hyp. My whole design, Flora, lies in this portmanteau and these breeches.

Flo. A notable design no doubt; but pray let's hear it.

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

Flo. How! twice?

Hyp. By the help of the portmanteau I intend to marry myself to Don Philip's new mistress, and then—I'll put off my breeches and marry him.

Flo. Now I begin to take ye: but pray, what's in the portmanteau, and how came you by it?

Hyp. I hired one to steal it from his servant at the last inn we lay at in Toledo. In it are jewels of value, presents to my bride, gold good store, settlements, and credential letters, to certify that the bearer (which I intend to be myself) is Don Philip, only son and heir of Don Fernando "de las Torres, now residing at Seville, whence we came.

Flo. A very smart undertaking by my troth! And pray, Madam, what part am I to act?

Hyp. My woman still; when I can't lie for myself you are to do it for me in the person of a coufingerman.

Flo. And my name is to be——

Hyp. Don Guzman, Diego, Mendez, or what you please: be your own godfather.

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

Hyp. Oh, let me alone to give him satisfaction.

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

Hyp. But can you bully upon occasion.

Flo. I can scold when my blood's up.

Hyp. That's the same thing: bullying would be scolding in petticoats.

Flo. Say ye so? why then, Don, look to yourself; if I don't give you as good as you bring I'll be content to wear breeches as long as I live, though I lose the end of my sex by it. Well, Madam, now you have opened the plot, pray when is the play to begin?

Hyp. I hope to have it all over in less than four hours; we'll just refresh ourselves with what the house affords,

comb out our wigs, and wait upon my father-in-law—
How now! what would this fellow have?—

Enter TRAPPANTS.

Trap. Servant, gentlemen; I have taken nice care of your nags; good cattle they are by my troth! right and sound I warrant 'em; they deserve care, and they have had it, and shall have it if they stay in this house——I always stand by, Sir, see 'em rubbed down with my own eyes——Catch me trusting an hostler I'll give you leave to fill for me and drink for me too.

Flo. I have seen this fellow somewhere.

Trap. Heyday! what, no cloth laid! was ever such attendance! Hey, house! chapter! landlord! hey! [*Knocks.*] What was it you bespoke gentlemen?

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

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

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

Trap. Oh, nothing at all Sir. Lord Sir—was it fish or flesh Sir?

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

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

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

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

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

Trap. Hah! a very odd place for a horse-race—but the King of France may do any thing—Did you come that way gentlemen, or—Hey! [*Knocks.*]

Enter Host.

Host. Did you call gentlemen?

Trap. Yes, and bawl too Sir. Here the gentlemen are

almost famished, and nobody comes near 'em. What have you in the house now that will be ready presently.

Host. You may have what you please Sir.

Hyp. Can you get us a partridge?

Host. Sir, we have no partridges; but we 'll get you what you please in a moment. We have a very good neck of mutton Sir; if you please it shall be clapped down in a moment.

Hyp. Have you no pigeons or chickens?

Host. Truly, Sir, we have no fowl in the house at present; if you please you may have any thing else in a moment.

Hyp. Then prithee get us some young rabbits.

Host. Upon my word, Sir, rabbits are so scarce they are not to be had for money.

Flo. Have you any fish?

Host. Fish Sir! I drest yesterday the finest dish that ever came upon a table; I am sorry we have none left Sir; but if you please you may have any thing else in a moment.

Trap. Pox on thee! hast thou nothing but any thing else in the house?

Host. Very good mutton Sir.

Hyp. Prithee get us a breast then.

Host. Breast! don't you love the neck Sir?

Hyp. Has't ye nothing in the house but the neck?

Host. Keally, Sir, we do n't use to be so unprovided, but at present we have nothing else left.

Trap. Faith Sir! I do n't know but a nothing else may be very good meat when Any Thing Else is not to be had.

Hyp. Then, prithee friend, let's have thy neck of mutton before that is gone too.

Trap. Sir, he shall lay it down this minute; I 'll see it done. Gentlemen, I 'll wait upon ye presently; for a minute I must beg your pardon, and leave to lay the cloth myself.

Hyp. By no means Sir.

Trap. No ceremony dear Sir! indeed I 'll do it.

[*Exeunt Host and Trap.*]

Hyp. What can this familiar puppy be?

Flo. With much ado I have recollected his face. Don't you remember, Madam, about two or three years ago Don Philip had a trusty servant, called Trappanti, that used now and then to slip a note into your hand as you came from church?

Hyp. Is this he that Philip turned away for saying I was as proud as a beauty, and homely enough to be good humoured?

Flo. The very same I assure ye; only, as you see, starving has altered his aims a little.

Hyp. Poor fellow! I am concerned for him. What makes him so far from Seville?

Flo. I am afraid all places are alike to him.

Hyp. I have a great mind to take him into my service; his assurance may be useful as my case stands.

Flo. You would not tell him who you are?

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

Enter TRAPPANI.

Trap. Your dinner's upon the spit gentlemen, and the cloth is laid in the best room—Are you not for a whet Sir? What wine? what wine? hey!

Flo. We give you trouble Sir.

Trap. Not in the least Sir—Hey!

[Knocks.]

Enter Host.

Host. D'ye call gentlemen?

Hyp. Ay; what wine have ye?

Host. What sort you please Sir.

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

Trap. Nay, pray Sir.

Hyp. No ceremony dear Sir! upon my word you shall.

Trap. Upon my soul you'll make me leave ye gentlemen.

Hyp. Come, come, no words. Prithee you shall.

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

Host. The best in Spain I warrant it.

Trap. Let's taste it; if it be good set us out half-a-dozen bottles for dinner.

Host. Yes Sir.

[Exit *Host.*

Flo. Who says this fellow's a-starving now? On my conscience the rogue has more impudence than a lover at midnight.

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

Trap. Oh, dear Sir!

Hyp. What profession may you be of?

Trap. Profession Sir--I--I--'Ods me? here's the wine.

Enter Host.

Come, fill out—hold—let me taste it first—Ye blockhead, would ye have the gentleman drink before he knows whether it be good or not? [*Drinks.*]—Yes, 't will do—Give me the bottle, I'll fill myself. Now, Sir, is not that a glass of right wine?

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

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

Hyp. Oh, pray Sir, bespeak what you please.

Trap. Sir, your most humble servant—Here, master! prithee get us a—ha! ay, get us a dozen of poached eggs, a dozen, d' ye hear—just to—pop down a little.

Host. Yes Sir.

[*Going.*]

Trap. Friend—let there be a little slice of bacon to every one of them.

Hyp. But Sir—

Trap. 'Ods! I had like to have forgot—here a—Sancho, Sancho! Ay, is not your name Sancho?

Host. Diego Sir.

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

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

Trap. Come, here's to thee Diego—[*Drinks and fills again.*] That I should forget thy name though.

Host. No great harm Sir.

Trap. Diego, ha! a very pretty name faith—I think you are married, are you not Diego?

Host. Ay, ay, Sir.

Trap. Ha! how many children?

Host. Nine girls and a boy Sir.

Trap. Ha! nine girls—Come, Diego—Nine girls! a stirring woman housewife, ha Diego!

Host. Pretty well Sir.

Trap. Makes all her pickles herself. Does she do olives well?

Host. Will you be pleased to taste 'em?

Trap. Taste 'em! hum! prithee let 'em!

Host. Yes Sir.

Hyp. And our dinner as soon as you it's ready call us.

Hosp. Yet Sir.

[Exit Hosp.]

Hyp. But, Sir, I was asking you of your profession.

Trap. Profession! really, Sir, I do n't use to profess much: I am a plain dealing sort of a man; if I say I'll serve a gentleman he may depend upon me.

Flo. Have you ever serv'd Sir?

Trap. Not these two last campaigns.

Hyp. How so?

Trap. Some words with my superiour officer; I was a little too free in speaking my mind to him.

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

Trap. If a good post falls in my way.

Hyp. I believe I could help you—Pray, Sir, when you serv'd last did you take pay or wages?

Trap. Pay Sir!—Yes Sir, I was paid, cleared subsistence and arrears to a farthing.

Hyp. And our late commander's name was—

Trap. Don Philip de las Torres.

Hyp. Of Seville?

Trap. Of Seville.

Hyp. Sir, your most humble servant. You need not be curious, for I am sure you do n't know me, though I do you and your condition, which I dare promise you I'll mend upon our better acquaintance: and your first step to deserve it is to answer me honestly to a few questions. Keep your assurance still; it may do me service; I shall like you better for it. Come, here's to encourage you.

[Gives him money.]

Trap. Sir, my humble service to you.

Hyp. Well said.

Flo. Nay, I'll pass my word he sha'n't dwindle into modesty.

Trap. I never heard a gentleman talk better in my life. I have seen such sort of a face before; but where—I don't know, nor I don't care. It's your glass Sir.

Hyp. "Gramecy! here cousin. [Drinks to Flora.]" Come now, what made Don Philip turn you out of his service? why did you leave him?

Trap. 'Twas time I think; his wits had left him—the man was mad.

Hyp. Mad!

Trap. Ay, stark mad—in love.

Hyp. In love? how pray?

Trap. Very deep--up to the ears--over head--drowned by this time—he would in—I would have had him stopped when he was up to the middle.

Hyp. What was she he was in love with?

Trap. The devil.

Hyp. So, now for a very ugly likeness of my own face.

[*Aside.*] What sort of a devil?

Trap. The damning sort—a woman.

Hyp. Had she no name?

Trap. Her Christian name was Donna Hypolita, but her proper name was Shittlecock.

Flo. How d'ye like that?

[*Aside to Hyp.*

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

Trap. Umph—so, so.

Flo. How d'ye like that?

[*To Hyp.*

Hyp. Umph—so, so. [*To Flo.*] Had she wit?

Trap. Sometimes.

Hyp. Good humour?

Trap. Very seldom.

Hyp. Proud?

Trap. Ever.

Hyp. Was she honest?

Trap. Very proud.

Hyp. What, had she no good qualities?

Trap. Faith I don't remember 'em.

Hyp. Ha! d'ye think she loved him?

Trap. If she did 't was as the cobbler loved his wife.

Hyp. How 's that?

Trap. Why, he beat her thrice-a-day, and told his neighbours he loved her ne'er the worse, but he was resolved she should never know it.

Hyp. Did she use him so very ill?

Trap. Like a jade.

Flo. How d'ye do that?

Hyp. I don't know, but she was the not handsome for me.

Trap. A devilish tongue.

Hyp. Was she ugly?

Flo. Ay, say that at home.

Hyp. What was she? how did she look?

Trap. Look! why faith the woman looked very when she had a blush in her face.

Hyp. Did she often blush?

Trap. I never saw her.

Hyp. Never saw her! had she no charm? what made him love her?

Trap. Really I can't tell.

Flo. How d'ye like the picture Madam? *[Aside.*

Hyp. Oh, oh, extremely well! the rogue has put me into a cold sweat. I am as humble as an offending lover.

Enter Host.

Host. Gentlemen, your dinner's upon the table.

[Exit Host.

Hyp. That's well. Come Sir; at dinner I'll give you farther instructions how you may serve yourself and me.

Trap. Come Sir.

[To Flora.

Flo. Nay, dear Sir! no ceremony.

Trap. Sir, your very humble servant.

[As they are going Hyp. stops them.

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

Trap. Sir, the dinner will be cold.

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

Trap. Sir, your humble servant again. *[Exit Trap.*

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

Hyp. My brother Octavio, as I live!—Come this way.

[They retire.

Enter OCTAVIO and a Servant.

Oct. Jasper, run immediately to Rosara's woman; tell her I am just come to Town; slip that note into her hand and stay for an answer.

Flo. 'Tis he.

Reenter Host conducting DON PHILIP.

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

Flo. And Don Philip, by Jupiter!

D. Ph. When my servant comes send him to me immediately.

Host. Yes Sir.

Hyp. Nay, there is time for us to make ready—*Alone?*

[Exeunt Hyp. and Flo.

Oct. Don Philip!

D. Ph. Dear Octavio!

Oct. What lucky point of the compass could blow us here another so?

D. Ph. Faith a wind very contrary to my inclination; but the world I see blows some good. I am overjoyed to see you—But what makes you so far from the army?

Os. "Who thought to have found you so far from Seville?"

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

Os. Oh, friend, such an unfortunate occasion, and yet such a lucky discovery! such a mixture of joy and torment no poor dog upon earth was ever plagued with.

D. Ph. Unriddle pray.

Os. Don't you remember about six months ago I wrote you word of a dear, delicious, sprightly creature that I had bombarded for a whole summer to no purpose?

D. Ph. I remember.

Os. That same silly, stubborn, charming, angel now capitulates.

D. Ph. Then she 's taken.

Os. I can't tell that; for you must know her perfidious father, contrary to his treaty with me, and her inclination, is going to——

D. Ph. Marry her to another.

Os. Of a better estate than mine it seems. She tells me here he is within a day's march of her, begs me to come upon the spur to her relief, and if I do n't arrive too late confesses she loves me well enough to open the gates and let me enter the Town before him. There 's her express, read it——

HYPOLITA, FLORA, and TRAPPANTI, appear in the balcony.

Hyp. Hark! they are talking of a mistress—let us observe.

Flo. Trappanti, there 's your old master.

Trap. Ay, I know him again; but I may chance to find him he did not know a good servant when he had him.

D. Ph. reads.] "My father has concluded a match for me with one I never saw, and intends in two days to bestow me upon her; the gentleman who has been my friend these many years, has in the mean-time if you know any thing of this matter, please to advise him forthwith to break off the match, for 't is most out of my sense to marry a stranger; I tell you if such a opportunity offers itself, 't is my time to refuse him and to be gone."

Hyp. How 's this?

D. Ph. No name.

Os. She never would trust it in a letter.

Flo. If this should be Don Philip's mistress?

Trap. Sir, you may take my word it is; I know the lady, and what the neighbours say of her.

Hyp. This was a lucky discovery—but hush.

D. Ph. What will you do in this case?

Os. That I do n't yet know; “I am half distracted;” I have just sent my servant to tell her I am come to Town, and beg an opportunity to speak with her; I long to see her; I warrant the poor fool will be so soft and so humble, now she's in a fright.

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

Os. I do n't know, may be another meeting; at least it will come to a kind look, a kiss, good bye, and a sigh—Ah, if I can but persuade her to run away with me!

D. Ph. Consider—

Os. Ah, so I do! What pleasure 't would be to have her steal out of her bed in a sweet moonshiny night; to hear her come pat, pat, pat, along in her slippers, with nothing but a thin silk nightgown loose about her, and in this tempting dress to have her jump into my arms breathless with fear, “her panting bosom close to mine, then to kiss her with kisses, and curl myself about her smooth warm limbs that breathe an healing odour from their pores, enough to make the senses ake or fancy mad.”

D. Ph. Octavio, I envy thee; thou art the happiest man in thy temper—

Os. And thou art the most altered I ever knew. Prithce what makes thee so much upon the hum drum? Well, are my sister and you come to right understanding yet? when you marry?

Hyp. So, now I shall have my picture by another hand.

Ph. My condition, Octavio, is very much like your sister's; she is going to marry the man she never saw, I like the woman.

Hyp. 'Sdeath! you make me tremble! I hope 't is not my sister.

Ph. The mistress! that were an idle fear; Madrid's the place—'t were, (the loving you) my friend—and my honour would oblige me to desist.

Hyp. That's generous indeed; but still you amaze me! you quite broke off with my sister? I hope she has you no reason to forget her.

Hyp. Now I tremble.

Ph. The most severe that ever beauty printed in the face of man; a coldness unaccountable to sense.

Hyp. Psha! dissembled.

Hyp. Ha!

D. Pb. I can't think it; lovers are soon flattered into hope; but she appeared to me indifferent to so nice a point that she has ruined me without the trouble of resolving it.

Flo. Well, men are fools.

Os. And by this time she's in fits for your leaving her; 't is her nature; I know her from her bib and baby; I remember at five years old the vixen has fasted three days together in pure spite to her governess.

Hyp. So!

Os. Nothing could ever, in appearance, make her pleased or angry; always too proud to be obliged, too high to be affronted, and thought nothing so low as to seem fond of revenge: she had a stomach that could digest every thing but humility.

Hyp. Goodluck Mr. Wit!

Os. Yet with all this I've sometimes seen her good-natured, generous, and tender.

Hyp. There the rogue was civil again.

D. Pb. I have thought so too.

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

Os. For all her usage of you I'll be racked if she did not love you.

D. Pb. I rather think she hated me: however, now 't is past, and I must endeavour to think no more of her.

Hyp. Now I begin to hate myself.

Os. Then you are determined to marry this other lady?

D. Pb. That's my business to Madrid.

Trap. Which shall be done to your hand.

D. Pb. Besides, I am now obliged by contract.

Os. Then, (though she be my
old illnatured dog teve

Hyp. Thank you Sir.

D. Pb. Come, forget

Hyp. Come, we have
tions to know 't is time for

Os. With all my heart
mistress's health. When do you visit her?

D. Pb. I intended it immediately, but an unlucky accident has hindered me; one of my servants fell sick upon the road, so that I am forced to make shift with one, and he is the most negligent sottish rogue in nature, has left

my portmanteau, where all my writings and letters of concern are, behind him at the last Town we lay, so that I can't properly visit the lady or her father till I am able to assure them who I am.

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

D. Pb. I have sent my servant, for I am really tired: I was loath to appear too much concerned for 'em, lest the rascal should think it worth his while to run away with them.

Enter Servant to Octavio.

Os. How now?

Serv. Here's an answer Sir. *[Gives a letter.*

Os. to D. Pb.] My dear friend! I beg a thousand pardons; I must leave you this minute; the kind creature has sent for me. I am a soldier, you know, and orders must be obeyed; when I come off o' duty I'll immediately wait upon you.

D. Pb. You'll find me here, or hear of me. Adieu. Here, house! *[Exit Os.]*

Enter Hoff.

Prithee see if my servant be come yet.

Hoff. I believe he is Sir; is he not in blue?

D. Pb. Ay, where is the sot?

Hoff. Just refreshing himself with a glass at the gate.

D. Pb. Pray tell the gentleman I'd speak with him— *[Exit Hoff.]*

In all the necessaries of life there is not a greater plague than servants. Hey, Soto!

Enter Soto drunk.

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

D. Pb. What's the reason, blockhead, I must always wait upon you thus?

Sot. Sir, I did not know any thing of it. I—I—came in to you—~~to~~—~~to~~—~~to~~—sent for me.

D. Pb.—Why not without sending Sir? Did you think I expected no answer to the business I sent you about?

Sot.—Yes Sir—I did think you would be willing—that I should be in a room—so I staid to take a glass at the gate—because I ~~would~~ not be out of the way—huh!

D. Pb. You are drunk rascal!—Where's the portman-

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

D. Pb. My mind misgives me—speak villain!—

[*Strikes him.*]

Sot. I will Sir, as soon as I can put my words into an intelligible order: I an't running away Sir.

D. Pb. To the point sirrah.

Sot. Not of your sword dear Sir!

D. Pb. Sirrah, be brief, or I'll murder you: where's the portmanteau?

Sot. Sir, as I hope to breathe I made all the strictest search in the world, and drank at every house upon the road going and coming, and asked about it; and so at last as I was coming within a mile of the town here, I found then—

D. Pb. What?

Sot. That it must certainly be lost.

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

[*Beats him.*]

Sot. Lord, Sir, you wont hear reason—Are you sure you ha'n't it about you?—If I know any thing of it I wish I may be burnt!

D. Pb. Villain! your life cann't make me satisfaction.

Sot. No Sir, that's hard—a man's life cann't—for my part—I—I——

D. Pb. Why do I vent my rage against a sot, a clod of earth? I should accuse myself for trusting him.

Sot. Sir—I had rather—bought a portmanteau out of my own pocket than have had such a life about it.

D. Pb. Be dumb!

Sot. Ahuh! Yes.

D. Pb. If this rascal had stole it sure he would not have ventur'd to come back again—I am confounded! Neither Don Manuel nor his family. If I should hear tidings from my father's friends, I will go and tell him, and we can hear again.

Reenter HYPOLITA.

Trap. Hold Sir, let me touch up your little

Hyp. “So! my gloves”—Well, Trappanti, you know your business, and if I marry the lady you know my promise too.

Trap. Sir, I shall remember 'em both—'Odso! I ha

like to have forgot—Here, house! a basin and washball—
I have a razor about me, hey!

[Knocks.]

Hyp. What's the matter?

Trap. Sir, you are not shav'd.

Hyp. Shav'd!

Trap. Ever while you live, Sir, go with a smooth chin
to your mistress. Hey!

[Knocks.]

Hyp. This puppy does so plague me with his impertinence I shall laugh out and discover myself.

Trap. Why, Diego!

Hyp. Pshaw! prithee do n't stand fooling, we're in haste.

Flo. Ay, ay, shave another time.

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

[Taking her by the chin.]

Flo. Ay, and to-morrow too: pray, Sir, will you see
the coach ready and put in the things?

Trap. Sir, I'll see the coach ready and put in the things.

[Exit Trap.]

Flo. Come, Madam, courage! Now let's do something
for the honour of our sex, give a proof of our parts, and
tell mankind we can contrive, fatigue, bustle, and bring
about as well as the best of 'em.

Hyp. Well said Flora: for the honour of our sex be it
then, and let the grave Dons think themselves as wise as
they please; but Nature knows there goes more wit to the
management of some amours than the hardest point in po-

Therefore to men th' affair of state's confin'd,
Witely to us the state of love's assign'd,
As love's the weightier business of mankind.

[Exeunt.]

H

Hyp. How do you like that gentleman your father
desires you for may prove as pretty a fellow as he? If you
should happen to like him as well would not that do your
business as well?

Ref. Do you expect Octavio should thank you for this?

is he? If

Vil. The gentleman is no fool.

Rof. He'll hate any one that is not a friend to his love.

Vil. Hang 'em say I: but can't one quench the thirst without jumping into the river? is there no difference between cooling and drowning? Octavio's now in a very good post——keep him there——I know the man; he understands the business he is in to a hair; but faith you'll spoil him; he's too pretty a fellow, and too poor a one, for an husband.

Rof. Poor! he has enough.

Vil. That's the most he has.

Rof. 'Twill do our business.

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

Rof. Pshaw! you talk like a fool.

Vil. Come, come, if Octavio must be the man, I say let Don Philip be the husband.

Rof. I tell you, fool, I'll have no man but an husband, and no husband but Octavio: when you find I am weary of him I'll give you leave to talk to me of somebody else.

Vil. In vain, I see——I ha' done Madam——one must have time to be wise: but in the mean-while what do ye resolve? positively not to marry Don Philip?

Rof. I don't know what I shall do till I see Octavio. When did he say he would be here?

Vil. Oh! I dare not tell you Madam.

Rof. Why?

Vil. I am bribed to the contrary.

Rof. By whom?

Vil. Octavio; he just now sent me this lovely piece of gold not to tell you what time he would be here.

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

Vil. Umph! these are lovely pieces indeed. [*Smiling.*]

Rof. When Viletta?

Vil. Have you no more of 'em Madam?

Rof. Pshaw! there, take purse and all; will that content thee?

Vil. Oh, dear Madam! I should be unconscionable to desire more; but really I was willing to have 'em all first.

[*Courtesying.*]

Ros. When will he come?

Vil. Why the poor gentleman has been hankering about the house this quarter of an hour; but I did not observe, Madam, you were willing to see him till you had convinced me by so plain a proof.

Ros. Where's my father?

Vil. Fast asleep in the great chair.

Ros. Fetch him in then before he wakes.

Vil. Let him wake, his habit will protect him.

Ros. His habit?

Vil. Ay, Madam, he's turned friar to come at you: if your father surprises us I have a lie ready to back him—
Hitt, Octavio! you may enter.

Enter OCTAVIO in a friar's habit.

Os. After a thousand frights and fears do I live to see my dear Rosara once again, and kind?

Ros. What shall we do Octavio? [*Looking kindly on him.*

Os. Kind creature! Do! why as lovers should do; what nobody can undo; let's run away this minute, tie ourselves fast in the church-knot, and defy fathers and mothers.

Ros. And fortunes too?

Os. Pshaw! we shall have it one day: they must leave their money behind them.

Ros. Suppose you first try my father's good-nature? You know he once encouraged your addresses.

Os. First let's be fast married: perhaps he may be good-natured when he can't help it: "If we should try him now 't will but set him more upon his guard against us: "since we are list'd under Love" do n't let us serve in a separate garrison. Come, come, stand to your arms, whip a suit of nightclothes into your pocket, and let's march off in a body together.

then.

Enter DON MANUEL.

my daughter
disturb her.

her! why, what's the matter?
I beseech Sir.

D. Ma. Confession! I don't like that; a young woman ought to have no sins at all.

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

D. Ma. She's now at years of discretion.

Vil. There's the danger Sir; she's just of the tasting age: one has really no relish of a sin till fifteen.

D. Ma. Ah! then the jades have swinging stomachs. I find her aversion to the marriage I have proposed her has put her upon disobedient thoughts: there can be no confession without guilt.

Vil. Nor no pardon, Sir, without confession.

D. Ma. Fiddle saddle! I won't have her seem wicked. Huffy, you shall confess for her; I'll have her send her by you; you know 'em, I'm sure; but I'll know what the friar has got out of her—Save you? father.

Os. Bless you! son.

D. Ma. How now, what's become of Father Bened? why is not he here?

Vil. Sir, he's not well, and so desired this gentleman his brother here, to officiate for him.

D. Ma. He seems very young for a confessor.

Vil. Ay Sir; he has not been long at it.

Os. Nor don't desire to be long in it: I wish I understand it well enough to make a fool of my old Don

D. Ma. Well Sir, how do you find the pulse of Iniquity beat there? what sort of sin has she most stomach to?

Os. Why truly, Sir, we have all frailties, and your daughter has had most powerful temptations.

D. Ma. Nay, the devil has been very busy with these two days.

Os. She has told me a most lamentable story.

D. Ma. Ten to one but this lamentable story prove most damnable lie.

Os. Indeed, son, I find by her confession that you much to blame for your tyrannical government of her.

D. Ma. Heyday! what, has the jade been inventing for me, and confessing 'em instead of her own? Let come—she shall be locked up till she repents 'em too.

Os. Son; forbear; this is now a corroboration of your guilt: this is inhuman.

D. Ma. Sir, I have done; but pray, if you please, let

come to the point: what are these terrible cruelties that this tender lady accuses me of?

Os. Nay, Sir, mistake her not: she did not with any malicious design expose your faults, but as her own depended on 'em; her frailties were the consequence of your cruelty.

D. Ma. Let's have 'em both antecedent and consequent.

Os. Why, she confess her first maiden innocent affection had long been settled upon a young gentleman whose love to her you once encouraged, and after their most solemn vows of mutual faith you have most barbarously broke in upon her hopes, and to the utter ruin of her peace contracted her to a man she never saw.

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

Os. Methinks the welfare of a daughter, Sir, might be of weight enough to make you serious.

D. Ma. Serious! so I am Sir. What a devil! must I needs be melancholy because I have got her a good husband?

Os. Her melancholy may tell you, Sir, she can't think him a good one.

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

Os. What have you to object against the man she likes?

D. Ma. The man I like.

Os. Suppose the unhappy youth she loves should throw himself distracted at your feet, and try to melt you into pity.

D. Ma. Ayl that if he can.

Os. You would not, Sir, refuse to hear him.

D. Ma. I shall not refuse him any thing that I am nothing.

in one moment to reflect upon the pangs lovers feel, were Nature dead in you that make her.

when I am asked to do a thing I have not nature sleeps like a top.

must tell you, Sir, this obstinacy obliges me, to put you in mind of your duty, and that you ought to pay more reverence to

D. Ma. Sir, I am not afraid of the sin of marrying my daughter to the best advantage; and so if you please, Father, you may walk home again——when any thing lies upon my conscience I'll send for you.

Os. Nay then, 't is time to claim a lover's right, and to tell you, Sir, the man that dares to ask Rosara from me is a villain

[*Throws off his disguise.*

Vil. So! here will be fine work!

[*Aside.*

D. Ma. Octavio! the devil!

Os. You'll find me one, unless you do me speedy justice: since not the bonds of honour, nature, nor submissive reason, can oblige you, I am reduced to take a surer, shorter, way, and force you to be just. I leave you, Sir, to think on't.

[*Walks about angrily.*

D. Ma. Ah! here's a confessor! ah! that jade of mine!——and that other jade of my jade's!——Here has been rare doings!——Well! it tha'n't hold long; Madam shall be noosed to-morrow morning——Ha! Sir's in a great passion here, but it won't do——those long strides, Don, will never bring you the sooner to your mistress.——Rosara! step into that closet, and fetch my spectacles off o' the table there. Tum! tum!

[*Sings.*

Vil. I don't like the old gentleman's looks.

[*Aside.*

Ref. This obstinacy of your's, my dear father, you shall find runs in the family.

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

D. Ma. Tum! dum! dum!

[*Sin*

Os. Sir, I would advise you, as your nearest friend, defer this marriage for three days.

D. Ma. Tum! dum! dum!

Vil. Sir, you have locked my mistress in.

[*Peen*

D. Ma. Tum! dum! dum!

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

D. Ma. Tum! dum! dum!

Os. You might afford me at least, as I am a gentleman a civil answer Sir.

D. Ma. Why then, in one word, Sir, you shall not marry my daughter; and as you are a gentleman, I'm sure you won't think it good manners to stay in my house when submissively beg of you to walk out.

Os. You are the father of my mistress, and sometimes Sir, too old to answer as you ought this wrong, therefore

I'll look for reputation where I can with honour take it; and since you have obliged me to leave your house I'll watch it carefully; I'll know who dares enter it. This, Sir, be sure of, the man that offers at Rosara's love shall have one virtue, courage at least; I'll be his proof of that, and ere he stups before me force him to deserve her.

[Exit Octavio.

D. Ma. Ah! poor fellow! he's mad now, and does not know what he would be at—But however 't will be no harm to provide against him——Who waits there?

Enter a Servant.

Run you for an Alguazil, and bid your fellows arm themselves; I expect mischief at my door immediately: if Octavio offers any disturbance knock him down, and bring him before me.

[Exit Serv.

Vil. Hilt! don't I hear my mistress's voice?

Ros. within.] Viletta!

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

[*Viletta listens at the closet-door, and Rosara thrusts a billet to her through the key-hole.*

Ha! a billet—to Octavio—a—hem.

[*Puts it into her bosom.*

D. Ma. How now, lussy? what are you fumbling about that door for?

Vil. Nothing Sir; I was only peeping to see if my mistress had done prayers yet.

D. Ma. Oh! she had as good let 'em alone, for she shall never come out till she has stomach enough to fall to upon the man I have provided for her. But hark you, Mrs. Modesty, was it you, pray, that let in that able comforter for my sake of grace there?

let him in.

[*Partly.*

ou so!—Ha! then if you please Madam out—go—go—get a sheet of brown paper things, and let me never see that damn'd as long as I live.

Sir, you are in a strange humour, that when a servant does as she shou'd do.

art strangely impudent.

farthest from it in the world Sir.

I am strangely mistaken; didst not thou lett'N him in?

Vil. Yes—but 't was in disguise—for I did not design you should see him, because I know you did not care my mistress should see him.

D. Ma. Hah!

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

D. Ma. Hah!

Vil. And you know, Sir, that the sin of loving him had laid upon her conscience a great while; so I thought it high time she should come to a thorough confession.

D. Ma. Hah!

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

D. Ma. Nay, if it be so as thou sayest he was a proper confessor indeed.

Vil. Ay Sir, for you know this was not a spiritual father's business.

D. Ma. No, no, this matter was utterly carnal.

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

D. Ma. Oh! extremely; but you'll go to hell, my dear for all this, tho' perhaps you'll chuse that place: I think you never much cared for your husband's company; and if I don't mistake you sent him to heaven in the old road. Hark! what noise is that?

[*Noise without*

Vil. "So, Octavio's pushing his fortune—he'll have a wife or a halter, that's positive—I'll go see."

[*Exit Vilella*

Enter a Servant hastily.

D. Ma. How now?

Serv. O Sir, Octavio has set upon a couple of gentlemen just as they were lighting out of a coach at the door; one of them, I believe, is he that is to marry my young mistress; I heard 'em name her name; I'm afraid there will be mischief Sir: there they are all at it helter skelter.

D. Ma. Run into the hall, take down my back, breast, and headpiece; call an officer; raise the neighbours; give me my great gun; I'll shoot him out of the garret window.

[*Exit Don Manuel.*

Enter HYPOLITA and FLORE putting up their swords; OCTAVIO in the Alguacil's hands, and TRAPPANTI.

Hyp. Bring him along—This is such an insolence I damn it! at this rate no gentleman can walk the streets.

Flo. I suppose, Sir, your busiess was more with our pockets than our persons. Are our things safe?

Trin. Ay Sir, I secured them as soon as ever I saw his sword out; I guessed his design, and scowred off with the portmanteau.

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

Oct. Pristhee, young man, do n't be troublesome, but thank the rascal that knocked me down for your escape.

Hyp. Sir, I'd have you know if you had not been knocked down I should have owed my escape to the same arm you would have owed the reward for your insolence. Pray, Sir, what are you? who knows you?

Oct. I'm glad, at least, to find 't is not Don Phisr that's my rival.

Serv. Sir, my master knows the gentleman very well; he belongs to the army.

Hyp. Then, Sir, if you'd have me use you like a gentleman I desire your mesning of those familiar questions you asked me at the coach side.

Oct. Faith, young gentleman, I'll be very short: I love the lady you are to marry, and if you do n't quit your pretences in two hours it will entail perpetual danger upon you and your family.

Hyp. Sir, if you please the danger's equal—for rot me if I am not as fond of cutting your throat as you can be of mine.

Oct. If I were out of these gentlemen's hands on my word, Sir, you should not want an opportunity.

Hyp. O Sir! these gentlemen shall protect neither of us; my friend and I'll be your bail from them.

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

Hyp. Sir, I ask your pardon, and shall desire to kiss your hands about an hour hence ————— [*Whispers.*]

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

Hyp. Release the gentleman.

Serv. Sir, we dare not without my master's order: here is Sir.

Enter DON MANDELL.

D. Ma. How now, bully confessor? what! in limbo?

Hyp. Sir, Don Ferdinando de las Torres, whom I am bound to call my father, commanded me to deliver this in-

to the hands of his most dear and worthy friend Don Manuel Grimaldi, and at the same time gave me assurance of a kind reception.

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

Hyp. Don Pedro Velada, my near relation, who has done me the honour of his company from Seville Sir, to assist at the solemnity of his friend's happiness.

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

Flo. You do me honour Sir.

D. Ma. I hope you are not hurt gentlemen.

Hyp. Not at all Sir; thanks to a little skill in the sword.

D. Ma. I am glad of it; however, give me leave to interrupt our business for a moment, till I have done you justice on the person that offered you this insolence at my gate.

Hyp. Your pardon Sir; I understand he is a gentleman, and beg you would not let my honour suffer by receiving a lame reparation from the law.

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

Hyp. Sir, I know more of his spleen and folly than you imagine, which if you please to discharge him I'll acquaint you with.

D. Ma. Discharge him! Pray consider Sir—

[*They seem to talk.*]

Enter VILETTA, and slips a note into OCTAVIO'S band.

Vil. Send your answer to me.

[*Exit Vil.*]

Oa. aside.] Now for a beam of hope in a tempest. [*Reads.*] "I charge you don't hazard my ruin and your own by the madness of a quarrel: the closet window where I am is but a step to the ground: be at the back-door of the garden exactly at the close of the evening, where you will certainly find one that may put you in the best way of getting rid of a rival." Dear kind creature! Now if my little Don's fit of honour does but hold out to bail me I am the happiest dog in the universe.

D. Ma. Well Sir, since I find your honour is dip't deep in the matter—here—release the gentleman.

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

Hyp. You will find us punctual—Sir, your servant.

Ob. So, now I have a very handsome occasion to put off the tilt too. Gentlemen, I ask your pardon; I begin to be a little sensible of the rashness I committed; and I confess your manner of treating me has been so very much like men of honour that I think myself obliged, from the same principle, to assure ye that tho' I love Kotara equal to my life, yet no consideration shall persuade me to be a rude enemy even to my rival. I thank you for my freedom, and am your humble servant. [Exe. Oct.]

Hyp. Your servant Sir— I think we released my brother very handsomely; but I ha'n't done with him.

D. Ma. What can this sudden turn of civility mean? I'm afraid 't is but a cloak to some new rogucry he has in his head.

Hyp. I don't know how old it may be, but my servant here has discovered a piece of villany of his that exceeds any other he can be capable of.

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

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

D. Ma. Pray be plain Sir; what is it?

Hyp. This fellow can inform you—for to say truth he's much better at a lie.

D. Ma. Come hither friend; pray what is this business?

Hyp. Ay, what was that you overheard between Octavio and another gentleman at the inn where we alighted?

Trap. Why Sir, as I was unbuckling my portmanteau in the yard there I observed Octavio and another spark very familiar with your Honour's name; upon which, Sir, I pricked up the ears of my curiosity, and took in all their discourse.

D. Ma. Pray, who was that other spark friend?

Trap. A brother-rake Sir; a damn'd fly-looking fellow.

D. Ma. So.

Ho. How familiarly the rogue treats his old master! [Aside.]

Hyp. Poor Don Philip! [Exit Ho.]

Trap. Says one of 'em, says he, No, damn him, the old rogue (meaning you Sir) will never let you have her by any means; however, says Octavio, I'll try soft words; but if those won't do bully him, says t' other.

D. Ma. Ah, poor dog! but that would not do neither way, he has tried 'em both to-day to no purpose.

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

[*To Hyp.*

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

Trap. No Sir; that he found was catching a Tartar. 'Shud! my master fought like a lion Sir.

Hyp. Truly I did not spare him.

Ma. No faith—after he was knocked down. [*Aside.*

Trap. But now, Sir, comes the cream of the roguery.

Hyp. Pray observe Sir.

Trap. Well, says Slylooks, and if all these fail I have a rare trick in my head that will certainly defer the marriage for three or four days at least, and in that time the devil's in't if you don't find an opportunity to run away with her.

D. Ma. Would you so Mr. Dog; but he'll be hang'd.

Hyp. O Sir, you'll find we were mighty fortunate in this discovery.

D. Ma. Pray, Sir, let's hear: what was this trick to befriend?

Trap. Why, Sir, to alarm you that my master was an impostor, and that Slylooks was the true Don Philip, sent by his father from Seville to marry your daughter; upon which (says he) the old put (meaning you again Sir) will be so bamboozled, that——

D. Ma. But, pray Sir, how did young Mr. Coxcomb conclude that the old put was to believe all this? Had they no sham proofs that they propos'd to bamboozle me in as you call it?

Trap. You shall hear Sir; (the plot was pretty well laid too) I'll pretend, says he, that the rascal your rival (meaning you then Sir) has robbed me of my portmanteau, where I had put up all my jewels, money, and letters of recommendation from my father: we are neither of us known in Madrid, says he, so that a little impudence and a grave face will certainly set those two dogs a-snarling while you run away with the bone. That's all Sir.

D. Ma. Impudent rogue!

Hyp. What think ye Sir? was not this business pretty handomely laid?

Fls. Faith it might have wrought a very ridiculous consequence.

D. Ma. Why, truly, if we had not been forearmed by this discovery, for ought I know Mr. Dog might have ran away with the bone indeed; but, if you please Sir, since the ingenious gentlemen are so pert upon the matter, we'll e'en let 'em see that you and I have wit enough to do our business, and e'en clap up the wedding to-morrow morning.

Hyp. Sir, you are too obliging—But will your daughter think ye be prevailed with?

D. Ma. Sir, I'll prepare her this minute——It's a pity methinks we released that bully tho'——

Hyp. "Not at all Sir; I don't suppose he can have the audence to pursue his design, or if he should Sir—— we know him beforehand.

Ma. "Nay, that's true as you say—but therefore, hinks I'd have him come: I love mightily to laugh my sleeve at an impudent rogue when I'm sure he do me no harm; Udsflesh! if he comes, the dog n't know whether I believe him or not—I'll try if old put can bamboozle him or no.

"Egad Sir you're in the right on't; knock him a with his own weapon.

"And when he's down I have a trick to keep so.

"The devil's in it if we don't maul this rascal ag us.

Ma. "A son of a whore—I am sorry we let him so soon faith."

We might as well have held him a little.

Really, Sir, upon second thoughts I wish we had excusing his challenge so abruptly makes me fancy hopes of carrying his point some other way—Did I observe your daughter's woman whisper him?

Ma. Humh!

They seemed very busy, that's certain.

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

Ma. I am alarmed.

Where is your daughter at this time?

Hyp. I think she's pretty safe—but I'll go make her

Flo. " 'Twill be no harm to look about ye Sir." Where's her woman?

D. Ma. I'll be upon her presently—she shall be searched for intelligence—You'll excuse me gentlemen.

Hyp. Sir, the occasion presses you.

D. Ma. If I find all safe I'll return immediately, and then if you please we'll run over some old stories of my good friend Fernando—Your servant. [*Exit Don Ma.*]

Hyp. Sir, your most humble servant—Trappauti, thou'rt a rare fellow, thou has an admirable face, and when thou diest I'll have thy whole statue cast all in the same metal.

Flo. 'Twere pity the rogue was not bred to the law.

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

Hyp. Nay, now thou art modest—But, firrah, we have more work for ye: you must get in with the servants, attack the lady's woman: there, there's ammunition, rogue! [*Gives him money.*] Now try if you can make a breach into the secrets of the family.

Trap. Ah Sir, I warrant you—I could never yet meet with a woman that was this sort of pistol-proof—I have known a handful of these do more than a barrel of gun powder: the French charge all their cannon with 'em; the only weapon in the world Sir. I remember my old master's father used to say the best thing in the Greek grammar was—*Arguris is lonchasi machou, kai panta cratesis.*

[*Exit Trap.*]

Hyp. Well, dear Flora! let me kiss thee: thou hast done thy part to a miracle.

Flo. Equal I think so; didn't I bear up bravely? Now if Don Philip should come while my blood's up let him look to himself.

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

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

Hyp. How glibly the old gentleman fell for Trappauti's lie!

Flo. And how rarely the rogue told it!

Hyp. And how soon it worked with him! for your please, says he, we'll let him see that we have wit

to do our business, and clap up the wedding to-morrow morning.

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

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

Flo. Victorial

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

The SCENE continues.

Enter VILETTA hastily, DON MANUEL and TRAPPANTI behind observing her.

VILETTA.

So, with much ado I have given the old Don the slip; he has dangled with me through every room in the house, high and low, up stairs and down, as close to my tail as a great boy hankering after one of his mother's maids. Well—now we will see what Monsieur Octavio says.

[*Takes a letter from her bosom.*]

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

D. Ma. Ah, he's at work already—There's a letter.

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

Vil. Hah, two pistoles!—Well, I'll say that for him, the man knows his business; his letters always come post-paid.

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

Dear Viletta, convey the enclosed immediately to your refs, and as you prize my life use all possible means to keep the old gentleman from the closet till you are sure to be safe out of the window. Your real friend."

Ocavio!

[*Reading.*]

Ah!

[*Shrieking.*]

Trap. Madam, your Ladyship's most humble servant.

Vil. You're very impertinent, methinks, to look over other people's letters.

Trap. Why—I never read a letter in my life without looking it over.

Vil. I do n't know any business you had to look upon this.

Trap. There's the thing—your not knowing that has put you into this passion.

Vil. You may chance to have your bones broke Mr. Coxcomb.

Trap. Sweet Honeycomb! don't be so waspish; or if I keep your counsel, d'ye see, I don't know why my bones mayn't keep their places; but if I peach, whose bones will pay for it then?

Vil. Ha! the fool says true; I had better wheedle him.

Trap. My dear Queen! don't be frighted—I come as a friend; now be serious. [Aside.]

Vil. Well, what would you have?

Trap. Don't you love money above any thing in the world—except one.

Vil. I except nothing.

Trap. Very good—and pray, how many letters do you expect to be paid for when Octavio has married your mistress, and has no occasion to write to her? Look you child, though you are of counsel for him, use him like a true lawyer, make difficulties where there are none, that he may see you where he needs not. Dispatch is out of practice; delay makes long bills: stick to it; once get him his cause there's no more advice to be paid for.

Vil. What do you mean?

Trap. Why, that for the same reason I have no mind to put an end to my own fees by marrying my master: while they are lovers they will always have occasion for a confidant and a pimp, but when they marry—good night vails; our harvest is over. What is to befall me now?

Vil. Why—I like what you say very well, but I don't know, my friend; to me—that same face of yours looks like the titlepage to a whole volume of nonsense: what is't you drive at?

Trap. Money, money, money. Don't let your mistress marry Octavio: I'll do my best to prevent it. Let you and I lay our heads together, and make a penny of 'em all the while.

Vil. Look you, Scignior, I'll meet y

confess to you I had made a rough draught of this project myself: but say I should agree with you to go on upon 't, what security can you give me for performance of articles?

Trap. More than bond or judgment—my person in custody.

Vil. Ah, that won't do.

Trap. No my love! why, there's many a sweet bit in 't—taste it.

[Offering to kiss her she puts him away.]

Vil. No.

Trap. Faith you must give me one.

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

Trap. And yet, methinks, an honest fellow of my size and complexion, in a careless posture, playing the fool thus with his money.

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

Vil. Pshah! Well, if I must, come then—to see how a woman may be deceived at first sight of a man.

Trap. Nay then, take a second thought of me child.

[Again.]

D. Ma. Hah!—this is laying their heads together indeed.

[Behind.]

Vil. Well, now get you gone; I have a letter to give to my mistress. Slip into the garden—I'll come t'ye presently.

Trap. Is't from Octavio?

Vil. Pshah! begone I say.

[Snatches the letter.]

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

Vil. Madam! Madam! ah.

D. Ma. Now, strumpet, give me the other letter or I'll murder you.

[Draws.]

Vil. Ah lud! oh lud! there!

[Squeaking.]

D. Ma. Now we shall see what my gentleman would be at—[Reads]—“My dear angel!”—Hah! soft and impudent. “Depend upon me at the garden-door by seven
“this evening: pity my impatience, and believe you can
“never come too soon to the arms of your OCTAVIO.”

Ah! now would this rampant rogue make no more of detaching my gentlewoman than the gentlewoman would

of him if he were to debauch her—Hold—let's see; does he say here—um! um! [*Reads to himself.*]

Vil. What a sot was I to believe this old fool durst do me any harm! but a fright's the devil—would I had my letters again—though 't is no great matter: for a friend Trappanti says, delaying Octavio's business is doing my own.

D. Ma. [*reading.*] ———Um, um! sure she is safe out of the window. Oh, there the mine is to be sprung though the gentleman makes a warm siege on't in troth, and one would think was in a fair way of carrying the place while he has such an admirable spy in the middle of the Town—Now were I to act like a true Spaniard I ought to buy up this jade for more intelligence; but I'll be wifed by a bribe and a lie will do my business a great deal better. Now, gentlewoman, what d'ye think in this matter? I ought to do to ye?

Vil. What I think in my conscience you ought to do to make a friend of me—You see, Sir, I dare be sworn to.

D. Ma. Nay, thou dost not want courtesie, I'll not give thee; but is it possible any thing can make thee rich?

Vil. What do you suppose would make me other?

D. Ma. Money.

Vil. You have nick'd it.

D. Ma. And would the same sum make thee richer than one as t'other?

Vil. That I can't say neither; one may be richer than t'other, or else the scale can't turn.

D. Ma. Say it be so, would that turn thee into money?

Vil. The very minute you turn into mine Sir: just as you yourself—here stands Octavio with a letter, and two pieces to give it to my mistress—there stand you with a letter and four pieces—where would the letter go d'ye think?

D. Ma. There needs no more—I'm convinced, and I'll trust thee—there's to encourage thee beforehand when thou bringest me a letter of Octavio's I'll give thee the sum.

Vil. Sir I'll do't—and will take care he shall write me as frequently. [*Exit.*]

D. Ma. Now, as you expect I should believe ye gone, and take no notice of what I have discovered.

Vil. I am dumb Sir—

[*Exit.*]

D. Ma. So, this was done like a wife general: and now I have taken the counterfearp there may be some hopes of making the town capitulate—Rosara! [*Unlocks the closet.*

Enter ROSARA.

Ros. Did you call me Sir?

D. Ma. Ay child. Come, be cheerful; what I have to say to you I'm sure ought to make you so.

Ros. He has certainly made some discovery; Viletta did not cry out for nothing—What shall I do—dissemble? [*Aside.*

D. Ma. In one word, set your heart at rest, for you shall marry Don Philip this very evening.

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

D. Ma. Oh, as for that matter he shall see you presently; and I have made it his interest to like you—but if you are still positively resolved upon Octavio I'll make but few words—pull off your clothes and go to him.

Ros. My clothes Sir!

D. Ma. Ay, for the gentleman sha'n't have a rag with you.

Ros. I am not in haste to be starved Sir.

D. Ma. Then let me see you put on your best airs, and give Don Philip as you should do.

Ros. When do you expect him Sir?

D. Ma. Expect him Sir! he has been here this hour—I only staid to get you out of the sullens—He's none of your humdrums, all life and mettle! 'Odzooks! he has the courage of a cock: a duel's but a dance to him: he has been at fa! fa!—Sa, for you already.

Ros. Well Sir, I sha'n't be afraid of his courage, since I see you are resolved he shall be the man—He shall find me a woman Sir; let him win me and wear me as soon as you please.

D. Ma. Ah, now thou art my own girl; hold but in this humour one quarter of an hour and I'll toss the't other bushel of doubloons into thy portion—Here, bid-a—Come I'll fetch him myself—She's in a rare cue saith I ah, *She goes* but nick her now. [*Exit Don Manuel.*

Ros. Now I have but one card to play— if that don't bust my hopes are crushed indeed: if this young spark isn't a downright coxcomb I may have a trick to turn all

yet—Dear Fortune! give him but common sense, I'll make it impossible for him to like me—Here they come—

[Walks carelessly, and sings.

I'll rove and I'll range—

Enter DON MANUEL and HYPOLITA.

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

D. Ma. “Ah, he has her! he has her!”

Hyp. Madam, I kiss your Ladyship's hands: I find by your gayety you are no stranger to my business. Perhaps you expected I should have come in with a grave bow and a long speech, but my affairs are in a little more haste; therefore if you please, Madam, we'll cut the work short; be thoroughly intimate at the first sight, and see one another's humours in a quarter of an hour as well as I had been weary of them this twelvemonth.

D. Ma. Ah!

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

Hyp. Pshaw! as for that matter you'll find me a fashionable husband; I sha'n't expect my wife to be fond of me.

Ros. But I love to be in the fashion too, Sir, in the man I have a mind too.

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

Ros. I only stay for my mind Sir: as soon as ever comes to me upon my word I am ready to wait upon you.

Hyp. Well, Madam, a quarter of an hour shall break squares—Sir, if you'll find an occasion to leave us I see we shall come to a right understanding present.

D. Ma. I'll do't Sir. Well, child, speaking of science, is not he a pretty fellow?

Ros. The gentleman's very well Sir, but a little too young for a husband.

D. Ma. Young! a fiddle! you'll find her for a wife I warrant ye. Sir, I must beg your pardon a moment: but if you please, in the meantime you my daughter, and so pray make your

[Exit

Hyp. I thank ye Sir. *[Hyp. stands some time carelessly at Rosara, and she smiles as in contempt.]* Now, methinks, Madam, you had as good smile, for I am doomed to be the happy man

Rof. So my father says Sir.

Hyp. I'll take his word.

Rof. A bold man—but he'll break it.

Hyp. He won't.

Rof. He must.

Hyp. Whether he will or no?

Rof. He can't help it now.

Hyp. How so pray?

Rof. Because he has promised you you shall marry me, and he has always promised me I should marry the man I could love.

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

Rof. The man that I marry will be sure of my love; but
— the man that marries me—mercy on him.

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

Rof. Come, I don't believe you are so illnature'd.

Hyp. Why, dost thou not like me child?

Rof. Um—No.

Hyp. What's the matter?

Rof. The old fault.

Hyp. What?

Rof. I don't like you.

Hyp. Is that all?

Rof. No.

Hyp. That's hard—the rest.

Rof. That you won't like.

Hyp. I'll stand it—try me.

Rof. Why then, in short, I like another: another man,
— has got into my head, and has made such work there
— you'll never be able to set me to rights as long as you live.

—What d'ye think of me now Sir? Won't this serve
— a reason why you should not marry me?

Hyp. Um—the reason is a pretty smart sort of a reason
— , but it won't do—To be short with ye Madam, I
— reason to believe I shall be disinherited if I do n't
— ry you.

Rof. And what have you reason to believe you shall be
— ou do marry me?

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

Rof. You may be in the English fashion, and something
— to a degree.

Hyp. Oh! if I have not courage enough to prevent that

Madam, let the world think me in the English city fashion, content to a degree. Now here in Spain, child, we have such things as back rooms, barred windows, hard fare, poison, daggers, bolts, chains, and so forth.

Rof. Ay Sir, and there are such things as bribes, plots, shams, letters, lies, walls, ladders keys, confidants, and so forth.

Hyp. Hey! a very complete regiment indeed: what a world of service might these do in a quarter of an hour with a woman's courage at the head of 'em! Really, Madam, your dress and humour have the prettiest loose French air, something so quality, that let me die, Madam, I believe in a month I should be apt to poison ye.

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

Hyp. I shall certainly do it.

Rof. It must be in my breakfast then—for I should certainly run away before the wedding-dinner came up.

Hyp. "That 's overacted, but I'll startle her. [*Aside.*]"
"Then I must tell you, Madam, a Spanish husband may
"be provoked as well as a wife.

Rof. "My life on 't his revenge is not half so sweet; and
"if she 's provoked 't a thousand to one but she licks her
"lips before she 's nailed in her coffin.

Hyp. "You are very gay Madam.

Rof. "I see nothing to fright me Sir, for I cannot be-
"lieve you 'll marry me now—I have told you my humour;
"if you like it you have a good stomach.

Hyp. "Why, truly, you may probably lie a little heavy
"upon it, but I can better digest you than poverty: as
"for your inclination, I 'll keep your body honest how-
"ever; that shall be locked up; and if you do n't love me
"then—I 'll stab you.

Rof. "With what? your words? it must be
"after the priest then—You 'll be able to do
"will reach my heart I assure ye.

Hyp. "Well, well Madam, you need not
"half this trouble; I am heartily convinced
"the damndest wife that ever poor dog of a
"at the devil's; but really, Madam, you are
"nate, for notwithstanding all the mighty
"taken you have met with a positive cox-
"just fool and stout enough to marry you.

Ref. " 'Twill be a proof of your courage indeed.

Hyp. " Madam, you rally very well, 't is confessed; but now, if you please, we'll be a little serious.

Ref. " I think I am—What does he mean?" *[Aside.*

Hyp. Come, come, this humour is as much affected as my own: I could no more bear the qualities you say you have than I know you are guilty of: your pretty arts in striving to avoid have charmed me. " Had you been precisely coy, or over modest, your virtue then might have been suspected: your shewing me what a man of sense would hate convinces me you know too what he ought to love; and she that's once so well acquainted with the charms of virtue never can forsake it. I both admire and love you now; you've made what only was my interest my happiness." At my first view I wou'd ye only to see a fordid fortune, which now I overjoyed could part with, nay with life, with any thing, to purchase your unled heart.

Ref. Now I am plunged indeed. *[Aside]* Well Sir, I see you have discovered me; and since you have obliged me to be serious, I now from my sincerity protest my heart's already given, from whence no power nor interest shall recall it.

Hyp. I hate my interest, and would owe no power or title but to love.

Ref. If, as you say, you think I find a charm in virtue, you'll know too there's a charm in constancy. You ought to scorn me should I flatter you with hope, since now you are assured I must be false before I can be your's. If what you've said seems cold, or too neglectful of your merit, call it not ingratitude or scorn, but faith unmoved and justice to the man I love.

Hyp. " Death! I have fooled away my hopes; she must consent, and soon, or yet I'm lost. *[Aside.*

Ref. " He seems a little thoughtful; if he has honour here may yet be hopes."

Hyp. " It must—it can be only so; that way I make her mine, and serve my brother too." *[Aside.]* Well Madam, if you see I'm a friend to love, though love's an enemy to me, give me but a seeming proof that Octavio is the unputed master of your heart and I'll forego the power your father's obligations give me, and throw my hopes into his arms with you.

Rof. Sir, you confound me with this goodnefs. A proof, is it poffible! will that content ye? Command me to what proof you please; or if you'll truft to my fincerity let thefe tears of joy convince you. Here, on my knees, by all my hopes of peace I swear—

Hyp. Hold! swear never to make a husband but Octavio.

Rof. I swear, and Heaven befriend me as I keep this vow inviolate.

Hyp. Rife Madam, and now receive a fecret which I need not charge you to be careful of, fince as well your quiet as my own depends upon it. A little common prudence between us, in all probability, before night, may make us happy in our feparate wifhes.

Rof. What mean you Sir? fure you are fome angel fent to my deliverance.

Hyp. Truly, Madam, I have been often told fo; but like moft angels of my kind there is a mortal man in the world who I have a great mind fhould know that I am—but a woman.

Rof. A woman! are not you Don Philip?

Hyp. His fhadow Madam, no more; I juft run before him—nay, and after him too.

Rof. “I am confounded—a woman!”

Hyp. “As arrant a woman from top to toe as ever man run mad for.”

Rof. “Nay, then you are an angel.”

Hyp. “Perhaps you'll think me a little akin to one at leaft.” Octavio, Madam, your lover, is my brother; my name Hypolita; my ftory you fhall know at leifure.

Rof. Hypolita! nay, then, from what you've faid, and what I have heard Octavio fay of ye, I guefs your ftory: but this was fo extravagant a thought!

Hyp. That's true Madam, it—it—it was about indeed; I might have found a neeple in Don Philip; but thefe men are fuch techy things, they ftay one's time; always in hafte, juft as if we are to look kind, then grave; now foft, now “Fiddlekick! when may be a woman has knots on her head—fo if we happen to be in a humour, foftooth then we coquette, and if we are vain, and then they are to turn fools, and then one pouts and t'other huffs;” and

is such a plague that—I do n't know—one does not care to be rid of 'em neither.

Ref. A very generous confession!

Hyp. Well Madam, now you know me thoroughly; I hope you'll think me as fit for a husband as another woman.

Ref. Then I must marry ye?

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

Ref. If he comes what shall we do?

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

Ref. Well, this getting the better of my wise papa won't be the least part of my satisfaction.

Enter DON MANUEL.

D. Ma. So, son, how does the battle go now? ha' ye cannonaded stoutly? does she cry quarter?

Hyp. My dear father! let me embrace your knees; my life's too poor to make you a return—you have given me an empire Sir; I would not change to be Grand Seigneur.

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

Hyp. Victoria Sir! the town's my own. Look here! and here Sir! thus have I been plundering this half hour, and thus, and thus, and thus, till my lips ake again.

[Kisses her.]

D. Ma. Ah, give me the great chair—I can't bear my joy—You rampant rogue! could not ye give the poor girl a quarter of an hour's warning?

Hyp. My charmer! *[Embracing Rosara.]*

D. Ma. Ah, my cares are over!

Hyp. Oh, I told you Sir—hearts and towns are never so strong for a surprize.

D. Ma. Prithce be quiet, I hate the sight of ye—Rosara! come hither you wicked thing, come hither I say.

Ref. I am glad to see you so well pleased Sir.

D. Ma. Oh, I cannot live—I can't live it; it pours upon me like a torrent; I am as full as a bumper—it runs over at my eyes; I shall choke—Answer me two questions, and kill me outright.

Ref. Any thing that will make you more pleased Sir.

D. Ma. Are you positively resolved to marry this gentleman?

Ref. Sir, I am convinced 't is the first match that can make me happy.

D. Ma. I am the miserablest dog alive—and I warrant you are willing to marry him to-morrow morning if I should ask you.

Ref. Sooner, Sir, if you think it necessary.

D. Ma. Oh, this malicious jade has a mind to deceive me all at once—Ye cursed toad! how did you do to get in with her so? [*To Ref.*]

Ref. Come, Sir, take heart, your joy won't be all so troublesome.

D. Ma. You lie hussy, I shall be plagued with it as long as I live.

Hyp. You must not live above two hours then. [*To D. Ma.*]

D. Ma. I warrant this raking rogue will get her child too—I shall have a young squab Spaniard upon my lap that will so grandpapa me!—Well, what was your gloomy face?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, here 's a gentleman desires to speak with you—he says he comes from Seville.

D. Ma. From Seville! ha, prithee let him go thither again—tel him I am a little busy about being overjoyed.

Hyp. My life on't Sir, this must be the fellow that my servant told you of employed by Octavio.

D. Ma. Very likely.

Enter TRAPPANTI.

Trap. Sir, Sir—News, news!

D. Ma. Ay, this fellow has a good mouth—I like him. Well, what dost thou say for my sirrah! has any body told thee how it is with me?

Trap. Sir.

D. Ma. Do you know, Puppy! that I have

Trap. Cry Sir! for what?

D. Ma. Joy! joy! you whelp; my command 's to marry your master sirrah, and I have as much joy as if I had been thrown into a sea. Why don't you cry dog?

Trap. Uh! Well Sir, I do—But no more, please me tell you my business.

D. Ma. Well, what 's the matter with you?

Trap. Nay, no great matter Sir, only—Slylooks is
 a scoundrel, that's all.

Ma. Slylooks! what, the bamboozler! ha, ha!

Trap. He Sir, he.

Ma. I'm glad of it faith—now I shall have a little
 reason to moderate my joy—I'll wait on the gentle-
 man myself—don't you be out of the way son; I'll be
 with ye presently—Oh my jaws! this fit will carry me
 off—Ye dear toad! goodbye. [Exit.]

Trap. Ha, ha, ha! the old gentleman's as merry as a
 child; how he'll start when a string snaps in the middle
 of his tune!

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

Trap. That we shall: and here comes one that's to play
 upon him.

Enter FLORA hastily.

Flo. Don Philip, where are ye? I must needs speak with
 ye—begging your Ladyship's pardon Madam. [Whispers.]
[To Rof.] Stand to your arms; the enemy's at the gate faith:
 but I have just thought of a sure card to win the lady into
 our party.

Rof. Who can this youth be she is so familiar with? he
 must certainly know her business here, and she is reduced
 to trust him. What odd things we women are! never to
 know our own minds. How very humble now has her pride
 become of her!

Trap. [To Flo.] I like your advice so well, that to tell ye
 the truth I have made bold to take it before you gave it me.

Flo. Is it possible?

Trap. Come, I'll introduce ye.

Flo. Then the business is done.

Trap. Madam, if your Ladyship pleases. [To Rof.]

Rof. Is this gentleman your friend Sir?

Trap. This friend, Madam, is my gentlewoman, at your
 service.

Flo. Gentlewoman! What, are we all going into breeches

and all? That us'd to be my post, Madam, when I wore a
 petticoat; but now I have got a sword by my side I shall be
 oblig'd to be your Ladyship's humble servant.

Rof. Troth I think it's a pity you should either of you
 part with your swords: I never saw a prettier couple
 of foot cavaliers in my life.

Flo. Egad I don't know how it is, Madam; but methinks these breeches give me such a mettled air, I can't help fancying but that I left my sex at home in my petticoats.

Hyp. Why, faith, for ought I know hadst thou been born to breeches instead of a *fille de chambre* Fortune might have made thee a *beau garçon* at the head of a regiment—But hush! there's Don Philip and the old gentleman: we must not be seen yet. If you please to retire, Madam, I'll tell you how we intend to deal with them.

Rof. With all my heart—Come ladies—Gentlemen, I beg your pardon. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

The SCENE continues.

Enter DON MANUEL and DON PHILIP.

DON MANUEL.

WELL Sir; and so you were robbed of your portmanteau, you say, at Toledo, in which were all your letters and writings relating to your marriage with my daughter, and that's the reason you are come without them.

D. Ph. "I thought, Sir, you might reasonably take it ill I should have lain a week or two in Town without paying you my duty:" I was not robbed of the regard I owe my father's friend; that, Sir, I have brought with me, and 't would have been ill manners not to have paid it at my first arrival.

D. Ma. Ah, how smooth the spark is! [*Aside.*] Well, Sir, I am pretty considerably glad to see you, and I hope you'll excuse me if in a matter of this consequence I am a little cautious.

D. Ph. Sir, I sha' n't propose any immediate business of my affair till you receive fresh advice from my father; in the mean-time I shall think myself obliged to you for the freedom of your house, and such entertainments as you can at least afford a common stranger.

D. Ma. Impudent rogue! the freedom of my house, yes, that he may be always at hand to take advantage of the chance for my friend Octavio—But now I shall be wiser of the bamboozle with him. [*Aside.*]—I

I see nothing to contradict what you say you are, d'ye see, you shall find me a gentleman.

D. Pb. So my father told me Sir.

D. Ma. But then, on the other hand, d'ye see, a man's honesty is not always written in his face; and (begging your pardon) if you should prove a damn'd rogue now, d'ye see.

D. Pb. Sir, I can't in reason take any thing ill that proceeds only from your caution.

D. Ma. Civil rascal! [*Aside.*] No, no, as you say, I hope you won't take it ill neither; for how do I know, you know, but what you tell me (begging your pardon again Sir) may be all a lie!

D. Pb. Another man, indeed, might say the same to you; but I shall take it kindly, Sir, if you suppose me a villain no oftener than you have occasion to suspect me.

D. Ma. Sir, you speak like a man of honour 'tis confessed; but (begging your pardon again Sir) so may a rascal too sometimes.

D. Pb. But a man of honour, Sir, can never speak like a rascal.

D. Ma. Why, then, with your Honour's leave, Sir, is there nobody here in Madrid that knows you?

D. Pb. Sir, I never saw Madrid till within these two hours, tho' there is a gentleman in Town that knew me intimately at Seville; I met him by accident at the inn where I alighted; he's known here; if it will give you any present satisfaction I believe I could easily produce him to vouch for me.

D. Ma. At the inn, say ye, did you meet this gentleman? What's his name pray?

D. Pb. Octavio Cruzado.

D. Ma. Ha, my bully confessor! this agrees word for word with honest Trappanti's intelligence—[*Aside.*] Well, Sir, and pray what does he give you for this job?

D. Pb. Job Sir!

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

D. Pb. Sir, if you believe me to be the son of Don Fernando, I must tell ye your manner of receiving me is what you ought not to suppose can please him, or I can thank

you for; if you think me an impostor I'll ease you of the trouble of suspecting me, and leave your house till I can bring better proofs who I am.

D. Ma. Do so friend; and in the mean-time, d'ye see, pray give my humble service to the politician, and tell him that to your certain knowledge the old fellow, the old rogue, and the old put, d'ye see, knows how to bamboozle as well as himself.

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

D. Ma. Come, come, don't be discouraged friend—sometimes, you know, the strongest wits must fail. You have an admirable head, 't is confessed, with as able a face to it as ever stuck upon two shoulders; but who the devil can help ill luck? for it happens at this time, d'ye see, that it wou't do.

D. Ph. Won't do Sir!

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

Enter TRAPPANTI.

Come hither friend; dost thou know this gentleman?

Trap. Bless me Sir! is it you? Sir, this is my old master I lived with at Seville.

D. Ph. I remember thee; thy name's Trappanti wert my servant when I first went to travel.

Trap. Ay Sir, and about twenty months after I came home too.

D. Ph. You see, Sir, this fellow knows me.

D. Ma. Oh, I never questioned it in the Prithee, what's this worthy gentleman's name?

Trap. Sir, your Honour has heard me talk a thousand times; his name, Sir, his name is Guzman, father, Sir, old Don Guzman, is the merchant in Seville, was the very person that drew the conditions and articles of my master's marriage with your daughter: this gentleman knows all the particulars as if he had drawn them up himself: but, Sir, I have no mistake in them that may defer the marriage.

D. Ph. Confusion!

D. Ma. Now Sir, what sort of answer will you make me?

D. Ph. Now Sir, that I'm obliged to you for the

leave your house till I at least have seen the villain that calls himself Don Philip, that has robbed me of my portmanteau, and would you, Sir, of your honour and your daughter——As for this rascal——

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

D. Ma. Hold Sir; since you are so brisk, and in my own house too, call your master friend: you'll find we have swords within can match you.

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

D. Ph. I ask your pardon Sir; I must confess the villainy I saw designed against my father's friend had transported me beyond good manners; but be assured, Sir, use me henceforward as you please, I will detect it tho' I lose my life. Nothing shall affront me now till I have proved myself your friend indeed and Don Fernando's son.

D. Ma. Nay, look ye Sir, I will be very civil too—I won't say a word—you shall e'en squabble it out by yourselves; not but at the same time thou art to me the merriest fellow that ever I saw in my life.

Enter HYPOLITA, FLORA, and TRAPPANTI.

Hyp. Who's this that dares usurp my name, and calls himself Don Philip de las Torres?

D. Ph. Ha! this is a young competitor indeed! [*Aside.*

Flo. Is this the gentleman Sir?

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

D. Ph. Yes Sir, I'm the man who but this morning lost that name upon the road; I'm informed an impudent young rascal has picked it out of some writings in the portmanteau he robbed me of, and has brought it hither before me. D'ye know any such Sir.

Flo. the fellow really does it very well Sir.

D. Ma. Oh, to a miracle! [*Aside.*

Hyp. Prithce, friend, how long dost thou expect thy impudence will keep thee out of gaol? Could not the coxcomb that put thee upon this inform thee too that this gentleman was a magistrate?

D. Ma. Well said my little champion.

D. Ph. Now, in my opinion child, that might as well put thee in mind of thy own condition; for suppose thy wit and impudence should so far succeed as to let thee ruin the gentleman's family, by really marrying his daughter,

thou canst not but know 't is impossible thou shouldst enjoy her long; a very few days must unavoidably discover thee: in the mean-time, if thou wilt spare me the trouble of exposing thee, and generously confess thy roguery, thus far I'll forgive thee; but if thou still proceedest upon his credulity to a marriage with the lady, don't flatter thyself that all her fortune shall buy off my evidence, for I'm bound in honour as well as law to hang thee for the robbery.

Hyp. Sir, you are extremely kind.

Flo. Very civil egad!

Hyp. But may not I presume, my dear friend! this wheedle was offered as a trial of this gentleman's credulity? Ha, ha, ha!

D. Ma. Indeed, my friend, 'tis a very shallow one. Canst thou think I'm such a sot as to believe that if he knew 'twere in thy power to hang him he would not have run away at the first sight of thee?

Trap. Ay Sir, he must be a dull rogue indeed that would not run away from a halter. Ha, ha, ha! [*All laugh.*]

D. Pb. Sir, I ask your pardon; I begin now to be a little sensible of my folly—I perceive this gentleman has done his business with you effectually: however, the duty I owe my father obliges me not to leave you, tho' I'll leave your house immediately: when you see me next you'll know Don Philip from a rascal.

D. Ma. Ah, 't will be the same thing if I know a rascal from Don Philip! But if you please, Sir, never give yourself any further trouble in this business; for what is done, d'ye see, is so far from interrupting my marriage, that with this gentleman's leave I'm resolv'd to finish it this very hour; so that when you see your friend the politician you must tell him you had curst luck that's all. Ha, ha, ha!

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

Hyp. Look ye Sir, since your undertaking (as you signed it otherwise) has promoted my happiness, I pass it by, tho' I question if a man that stoops to base injuries dares defend them with his sword; he is now at least you're warned; but be assured your next attempt—

D. Pb. Will startle you my spark. I'm afraid I'm a little humbler when you are handcuffed. The

Take my word against him Sir, perhaps another magistrate
 may my oath, which because I see his marriage is in haste
 I'm obliged to make immediately. If he can outface the
 law too I shall be content to be the coxcomb then you
 think me. [Exit D. Philip.

• D. Ma. Ah, poor fellow! he's resolved to carry it off
 with a good face however. Ha, ha!

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

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

[Aside to Trap.

Trap. I warrant ye Sir.

[Exit Trap.

D. Ma. Ha! my little champion, let me kiss thee; thou
 hast carried the day like a hero. Man nor woman, nothing
 can stand before thee. I'll make thee monarch of my daugh-
 ter immediately.

Hyp. That's the Indies Sir.

D. Ma. Well said my lad—Ah, my heart's going to
 dance again!—Prithce let's in before it gets the better
 of me, and give the bride an account of thy victory.

Hyp. Sir, if you please to prepare the way I'll march
 after you in form, and lay my laurels at her feet like a con-
 queror.

D. Ma. Sayest thou so my little soldier? Why then I'll
 lead for thee priest, and thou shalt be married in triumph.

[Exit D. Ma.

Hyp. Now Flora.

Now Madam, who says we are not politicians?
 any turn of state managed with half this dex-
 pray, what is Trappanti detached for?

ly to interrupt the motions of the enemy, girl,
 we are safe in our trenches; for should Don Philip chance
 upon us with an Alguazil and a warrant before I
 tied to the lady we may be routed for all this.

Trappanti knows his business I hope.

I'll see presently—But hush! here comes my
 comb the gentleman! he's upon thorns too; I've
 gentler write him a most provoking letter.

you have an admirable genius to mischief.
 Octavin done to you that he must be

Flora! do n't chide; indeed this shall
 Come, now let's in, keep up
 laugh at him.

Flo. Ay, there, with all my heart. [Exeunt.]

Enter OCTAVIO with a letter, and VILETTA.

Os. Rosara false! distraction!

Vil. Nay, don't be in such a passion.

Os. Confess it too! so changed within an hour!

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

Os. Death! 'tis impossible!

Vil. Common, Sir, common. I have known a prouder lady as nimble as she—What will you lay that before the moon changes she is not false to your rival?

Os. Don't torture me Viletta.

Vil. Come Sir, take heart; my life on't you'll be the happy man at last.

Os. Thou art mad. Does she not tell me here, in her letter, she has herself consented to marry another? nay, does not she insult me too with a—yet loves me better than the person she's to marry.

Vil. Insult! is that the best you can make on't? Ah, you men have such heads!

Os. What dost thou mean?

Vil. Sir, to be free with you, my mistress is grown wise at last; my advice, I perceive, begins to work with her, and your business is done.

Os. What was thy advice?

Vil. Why, to give the post of husband to your rival, and put you in for a deputy. You know the business of the place, Sir, if you mind it; by the help of a few good stars and a little moonshine there's many a fair perquisite may fall in your way.

Os. Thou ravest Viletta; 'tis impossible she can fall so low.

Vil. Ah Sir! you can't think how love will make a body.

Os. I'll believe nothing ill of her till her own confession: she can never own this letter: she dares not; I should stab her with reproaches; therefore I'll leave her to ease me of my torments; go this minute to the rack till I speak with her.

Vil. Sir, I dare not for the world; the letter is in her hands; with her; he'll knock my brains out.

Os. I'll protect thee with my life.

Vil. Sir, I would not venture to do it for—~~for—~~for—~~yes,~~
would for a pistole.

Os. Confound her—There, there 't is: dear Viletta! be
friend this time, and I'll be thine for ever.

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

Os. Sure this letter must be but artifice, a humour to
see how far my love can bear——and yet methinks she
cann't but know the impudence of my young rival and her
father's importunity are too pressing to allow her any time
to fool away; and if she were really false she could not take
a pride in confessing it. Death! I know not what to think;
the sex is all a riddle, and we are the fools that crack our
brains to expound 'em.

Reenter VILETTA.

Now, dear Viletta!

Vil. Sir, she begs your pardon; they have just sent for the
priest; but they will be glad to see you about an hour hence,
as soon as the wedding's over.

Os. Viletta!

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

Os. Death! daggers! blood! confusion! and ten thou-
sand Furies!

Vil. Heyday! what 's all this for?

Os. My brains are turned Viletta.

Vil. Ay, by my troth, so one would think, if one could
but believe you had any at all: if you have three grains I'm
sure you cann't but know her compliance with this match
must give her a little liberty; and can you suppose she'd
leave to see you an hour hence if she did not design to make
use of it?

Os. Use of it! death! when the wedding's over?

Vil. Dear Sir! but the bedding won't be over, and I pre-
sume that 's the ceremony you have a mind to be master of.

Os. Don't flatter me Viletta.

Vil. Faith, Sir, I'll be very plain; you are to me the
fullest person I ever saw in my life; but if you have a mind
I'll tell her ye woa't come.

Os. No, do n't say so Viletta.

Vil. Then pray Sir, do as she bids you; do n't stay here
to spoil your own sport; you'll have the old gentleman come
audering down upon ye by and by, and then we shall have

ye at your ten thousand Furies again—Hift! here 's com-
pany; goodbye t' ye. [Exit Vilella.]

Os. "How now? what 's the meaning of this?"

Enter DON PHILIP, his sword drawn, and TRAPPANTI.

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

Trap. Sir, I will, and a great deal more; but pray
give me leave to recover my courage—I protest the keen
looks of that instrument have quite frighted it away. Pray
put it up Sir.

D. Ph. Nay, to let thee see I had rather be thy friend
than enemy I'll bribe thee to be honest. Discharge thy
conscience like a man and I'll engage to make these five
ten pieces.

Enter a Servant.

Trap. Sir, your business will be done effectually.

D. Ph. Here, friend, will ye tell your master I desire to
speak with him?

Os. Don Philip!

D. Ph. Octavio! this is fortunate indeed—the only place
in the world I would have wished to have found you in.

Os. What 's the matter?

D. Ph. You'll see presently—but prithee how stands your
affair with your mistress?

Os. The devil take me if I can tell ye—I had a woman that
to make of her; about an hour ago she was to have come
to come at me, and this minute—whip, she comes to me,
the stranger I told you of; nay, confesses her own fault
own content, and yet begs by all means to let me as soon
as her wedding 's over—Is not it very pretty?

Reenter a Servant.

D. Ph. Something gay indeed.

Serv. Sir, my master will wait on you.

Os. But the plague on't is my loss of my mistress's
jesting—Well now, how stands your affair with
your mistress yet?

D. Ph. No, I can't get admittance to her.

Os. How so?

D. Ph. When I came to pay my debt to
gentleman—

Os. Here!

D. Ph. Ay, I found my debt
before me that had taken my debt

of my portmanteau, and by virtue of some papers there knew all my concerns to a tittle: he has told a plausible tale to her father, faced him down that I'm an impostor, and if I don't this minute prevent him is going to marry the lady.

Os. Death and hell!

[*Aside.*]

What sort of fellow was this rascal?

D. Pb. A little pert coxcomb: by his impudence and dress I guess him to be some French page.

Os. "A white wig, red coat——"

D. Pb. "Right, the very picture of the little Englishman we knew at Paris."

Os. Confusion! my friend at last my rival too—— Yet hold! my rival is my friend; he owns he has not seen her yet——

[*Aside.*]

D. Pb. You seem concerned.

Os. Undone for ever, unless dear Philip's still my friend.

D. Pb. What's the matter?

Os. "Be generous, and tell me, have I ever yet deserved your friendship?"

D. Pb. I hope my actions have confessed it."

Os. Forgive my fears, and since 't is impossible you can feel the pain of loving her you are engaged to marry, not having (as you own) yet ever seen her, let me conjure you by all the ties of honour, friendship, and pity, never to attempt her more.

D. Pb. You amaze me!

Os. 'Tis the same dear creature I so passionately dote on.

D. Pb. Is it possible? Nay then, be easy in thy thoughts Octavio; and now I dare confess the folly of my own:

Do not be sorry thou art my rival here. In spite of all my weak philosophy I must own the secret wishes of my soul are still Hypolita's——I know not why, but "yet methinks the unaccountable repulses I have met with here look like an omen of some new though far distant hope of her."——I canu't help thinking that my fortune still resolves, spite of her cruelty, to make me one day happy.

Os. Quit but Rosara I'll engage she shall be yours.

D. Pb. Not only that, but will assist you with my life to gain her: I shall easily excuse myself to my father for not marrying the mistress of my dearest friend.

Os. Dear Philip, let me embrace you——But how shall we manage the rascal of an impostor? Suppose you run immediately and swear the robbery against him?

D. Ph. I was just going about it, but accidentally meeting with this fellow has luckily prevented me, who, you must know, has been chief engineer in the contrivance against me, but between threats, bribes, and promises, has confessed the whole roguery, and is now ready to swear against him: so because I understand the spark is near his marriage I thought this would be the best and soonest way to detect him.

Os. That's right; the least delay might have lost all: besides, I am here to strengthen his evidence, for I can swear that you are the true Don Philip.

D. Ph. Right.

Trap. Sir, with humble submission that will be quite wrong.

Os. Why so?

Trap. Because, Sir, the old gentleman is substantially convinced that 't is you who have put Don Philip upon laying this pretended claim to his daughter, purely to defer the marriage, that in the mean-time you might get an opportunity to run away with her; for which reason, Sir, you'll find your evidence will but fly in your face, and hasten the match with your rival.

D. Ph. Ha! there's reason in that—All your endeavours will but confirm his jealousy of me.

Os. What would you have me do?

Trap. Don't appear at the trial Sir.

D. Ph. By no means; rather wait a little, if it may be within call, and leave the management to me.

Os. Be careful dear Philip!

D. Ph. I always used to be more than my friend than myself.

Os. But hark ye, here lives an Alchemist's house; suppose I should find out your secret in the mean-time?

D. Ph. Do so: we need not be afraid.

Os. I won't stir from the door.

D. Ph. You'll soon hear of me & away I go.

Trap. So, now I have decided the matter, no great danger if it should come to a trial, but comes our party.

D. Ph. Stand aside till I call for you.

Enter Don Mowbray.

D. Ma. Well Sir, what service have you to command me now pray?

D. Ph. Now, Sir, I hope my credit will stand a little
 with you: all I beg is but your patient hearing.

D. Ma. Well, Sir, you shall have it——“ But then I
 must beg one favour of you too, which is, to make the
 business as short as you can; for to tell you the truth I
 am not very willing to have any farther trouble about it.

D. Ph. “ Sir, if I do n't now convince you of your er-
 rour believe and use me like a villain; in the mean-time,
 “ Sir, I hope you'll think of a proper punishment for the
 “ merry gentleman that hath imposed upon you.

D. Ma. “ With all my heart; I'll leave him to thy
 “ mercy”—Here he comes; bring him to a trial as soon
 you please.

Enter FLORA and HYPOLITA.

Flo. So! Trappanti has succeeded; he's come without
 the officers. *[To Hyp.]*

Hyp. Hearing, Sir, you were below, I did not care to
 disturb the family by putting the officers to the trouble of
 a needless search: let me see your warrant; I'm ready to
 obey it.

D. Ma. Ay, where's your officer?

Flo. I thought to have seen him march in state with an
 Alguazil before him.

D. Ph. I was afraid, Sir, upon second thoughts, your
 business would not stay for a warrant, tho' 't is possible I
 may provide for you, for I think this gentleman's a ma-
 gistrates in the mean-time——O! here, I have prevailed
 with an Alguazil to wait upon ye.

Enter Alguazil.

Alc. Did you send for me Sir?

leman.
 things in order: this gen-
 e first acquainted with his
 now how he deserves to be
 no hard words upon one
 me first talk with you in

[They whisper.]

ppanti, or that villain, I
 mistaken or betrayed me!

begin to look with a very
 old Don seems surprised!
 shall we do?

Hyp. "I am at my wit's end.

Flo. "Then we must either confess or to gaol, that's positive. [*Afide.*]

Hyp. "I'll rather starve there than be discovered. Should he at last marry with Rosara the very shame of the world? tempt would kill me."

Flo. Death! what d'ye mean? that hanging is not enough to confirm a suspicion: bear up, for this is your chance.

Hyp. Impossible! I am dash'd, confounded: if I had any courage left shew it quickly. Go, speak before my fears betray me. [*Afide.*]

D. Ma. If you can make this appear by any witness, Sir, I confess 't will surprize me indeed.

Flo. Ay Sir, if you have any witnesses we desire you'd produce 'em.

D. Ph. Sir, I have a witness at your service, and a substantial one. Hey! Trappanti!

Enter TRAPPANTI.

Now, Sir, what think ye?

Hyp. Ha! the rogue winks——then there's life again. [*Afide.*] Is this your witness Sir?

D. Ph. Yes Sir; this poor fellow at last, it seems, happens to be honest enough to confess himself a rogue, and your accomplice.

Hyp. Ha, ha!

D. Ph. Ha, ha! you are very merry Sir.

D. Ma. Nay, there's a jest between ye and me. —But come friend, what say you to the question? ye any proof to offer upon oath that this gentleman is true Don Philip, and consequently this other gentleman's accomplice?

D. Ph. Speak boldly.

Trap. Ay Sir; but shall I come to no harm Sir?

D. Ma. Let it be the truth and I'll protect you.

Trap. Are you sure I shall be safe Sir?

D. Ma. I'll give thee my word of honour, I'll be true to the question.

Trap. Well Sir, since I must speak, the best place, I desire your Honour would be pleased to send the officer to secure that gentleman.

D. Ma. How friend!

D. Ph. Secure me, rascal!

Trap. Sir, if I can't be protected I shall never be able to speak.

D. Ma. I warrant thee—What is it you say friend?

Trap. Sir, as I was just now crossing the street this gentleman, with a sneer in his face, takes me by the hands, claps five pistoles in my palm, (here they are) shuts my fist close upon 'em, My dear friend, says he, you must do me a piece of service; upon which, Sir, I bows me him to the ground, and desired him to open his case.

D. Pb. What means the rascal?

D. Ma. Sir, I am as much amazed as you; but pray let's hear him, that we may know his meaning.

Trap. So, Sir, upon this he runs me over a long story of a sham and a sham he had just contrived, he said, to defer my master's marriage only for two days.

D. Pb. Confusion!

Flo. Nay, pray Sir, let's hear the evidence.

Trap. Upon the close of the matter Sir, I found at last, by his eloquence, that the whole business depended upon my bearing a little false witness against my matter.

Hyp. Oh, ho!

Trap. Upon this, Sir, I began to demur: Sir, says I, this business will never hold water; don't let me undertake it; I must beg your pardon; gave him the negative shrug, and was for taking off with the fees in my pocket.

D. Pb. Ay, ay, ay!

D. Ma. What!

Trap. Ha, ha, ha!

D. Pb. Sir, he catches me fast hold by the collar of my coat, claps his poker, claps it within half an inch of my nose, says he, you shall do it, or within two years you shall lie upon the dunghill you came from.

D. Pb. Sir, if there be any faith in mortal man—

D. Ma. Nay, nay, nay, one at a time; you shall be heard presently. Go on friend.

Trap. Having me at this advantage, Sir, I began to think my wit would do me more service than my courage, so prudently pretended out of fear to comply with his demands, and swallow the perjury; but now, Sir, being under protection, and at liberty of conscience, I have honesty enough, you see, to tell you the whole truth of the matter.

D. Ma. Ay, this is evidence indeed!

Omn. Ha, ha, ha!

D. Pb. Dog! villain! did not you confess to me that this gentleman picked you up not three hours ago at the

same inn where I lighted? that he had owned his sealin my portmanteau at Toledo? that if he succeeded the lady you were to have a considerable sum for your pains, and these two were to share the rest of her fortune between 'em?

Trap. O lud! O lud! Sir, as I hope these are the very words, he threatene would not swear against my master—I to I was not fit for his business; I was near at my life.

Alg. Nay, Sir, I saw this gentleman's sword at his breast out of my window.

Trap. Look ye there Sir!

D. Pb. Damnation!

Omn. Ha, ha, ha!

D. Ma. Really, my friend, thou art almost turned fool in this business: if thou hadst prevailed upon this wretch to perjure himself couldst thou think I would not have detected him? But, poor man! you were a little hard put to it indeed; any shift was better than none it seems: you knew 't would not be long to the wedding. You may go friend. [Exit Alguazil.

Flo. Ha, ha!

D. Pb. Sir, by my eternal hopes of peace and happiness you're imposed on. "If you proceed thus rashly your daughter is inevitably ruined. If what I say is not true in fact, as hell or he is false, may Heaven punish you with the severest marks of perjury." Do not believe me but an hour.

D. Ma. Ay, and in half an hour I have hopes to defer it for a longer time.

D. Pb. Perdition seize me if I have not but that of serving you.

D. Ma. Nay, now thou dost expect I should here were two honest fellows to tell thee a lie to thy face?

Enter

Serv. Sir, the priest is come.

D. Ma. Is he so? then you can do me no farther I for you to go.—Come, son

and put an end to this gentleman's trouble for altogether.

[Exit Don Manuel.

Hyp. Sir, I'll wait on ye.

D. Ph. Confusion! I've undone my friend.

[Walks about.

[Aside.] Trappanti! rogue, this was a masterpiece.

[To P. aside.] Sir, I believe it won't be mended in haste.

[Exit Flo. and Trap.

Hyp. Sir.

D. Ph. Ha! alone! If I were not prevented now—
Well Sir.

Hyp. I suppose you don't think the favours you have
designed me are to be put up without satisfaction, there-
fore I shall expect to see you early to-morrow near the
Prado, with your sword in your hand; in the mean-time,
Sir, I'm a little more in haste to be the lady's humble ser-
vant than your's. [Going.

D. Ph. Hold Sir!—you and I can't part upon such
easy terms.

Hyp. Sir!

D. Ph. You are not so near the lady, Sir, perhaps as you
imagine. [D. Ph. locks the door.

Hyp.

D. Ph.

Hyp.

D. Ph.

Hyp.

caught me: "my plots are yet
" must not, dare not, let him know
" me . . . sure at least he cannot be another's"—
This was the very spite of Fortune. [Aside.

D. Ph. Come Sir, my time's but short.

Hyp. And mine's too precious to be lost on any thing
but love; besides, this is no proper place.

D. Ph. O! we'll make shift with it.

Hyp. To-morrow, Sir, I shall find a better.

D. Ph. No, now Sir, if you please—Draw, villain! or
expect such usage as I'm sure Don Philip would not bear.

Hyp. A lover, Sir, may bear any thing to make sure of
his mistress—you know it is not fear that—

D. Ph. No, valiant Sir; either this moment confess your
villany, your name and fortune, or expect no mercy.

Hyp. Nay, then—within there!

D. Pb. Move but a step, or dare to raise thy voice
 yond a whisper, this minute is thy last.

[*Seizes her, and holds his sword to her*

Hyp. Sir!

[*Tren*

D. Pb. Villain! be quick, confess or—

Hyp. Hold Sir— I own I dare not fight with

D. Pb. No, I see thou art too poor a villain—
 fore be speedy, as thou hopest I'll spare thy life.

Hyp. "Give me but a moment's respite Sir.

D. Pb. "Dog! do ye trifle?"

Hyp. Nay then, Sir— Mercy, mercy!

[*T browns herself at his feet.*

And since I must confess, have pity on my youth, have pity
 on my love!

D. Pb. Thy love! what art thou, spark?

Hyp. Unless your generous compassion spares me sure
 the most wretched youth that ever felt the pangs and tor-
 ments of a successful passion.

D. Pb. "Art thou indeed a lover then?—tell me thy
 "condition.

Hyp. "Sir, I confess my fortune's much inferior to
 "my pretences in this lady, though indeed I'm born a
 "gentleman, and bating this attempt against you, which
 "even the last extremities of a ruined love have forced me
 "to, ne'er yet was guilty of a deed or thought that could
 "debase my birth: but if you knew the torments I have
 "borne from her disdainful pride, the anxious days, the
 "long-watched winter nights I have endured, to gain of
 "her perhaps at last a cold-rentless look, to bestow
 "pity me: my heart was so entirely subdued, that
 "she slighted me the more I loved, and the more
 "creased grew farther from her, and the more I
 "with that submissive avowal, she only scorned
 "my words and looks were all in vain, and she
 "yet all these pangs of my heart, she never
 "nor showers of tears, nor sighs, nor prayers, could
 "move the frozen hardness of her heart.

D. Pb. "How very ne

Hyp. "But yet so subt
 "her cruelty, I nourished;
 "ing, Sir, at last she was d
 "pelled me to this bold at
 "father knew not me or

never had seen her face, and therefore hoped, when I should offer to repair with twice the worth the value, I robbed you of, begging thus low for your forgiveness; I say, I hoped at least your generous heart, if it was touched like mine, would pity my distress, pardon the necessitated wrong.

Hyp. "Is't possible? hast thou then loved to this un-
nate degree?"

Hyp. "Unfortunate indeed if you are still my rival Sir;
"but were you not I'm sure you'd pity me."

D. Ph. Nay, then I must forgive thee. [*Raising her.*]
for I have known too well the misery not to pity—any
thing in love.

Hyp. "Have you, Sir, been unhappy there?"

D. Ph. "Oh! thou hast probed a wound that time or
"art can never heal.

Hyp. "O joyful sound!—[*Aside.*] Cherish that gene-
"rous thought, and hope from my success your mistress
"or your fate may make you blest like me."

D. Ph. Yet hold—nor flatter thy fond hopes too far;
for though I pity and forgive thee, yet I am bound in ho-
nour to assist thy love no farther than the justice of thy
cause permits.

Hyp. What mean you Sir?

D. Ph. You must defer your marriage with this lady.

Hyp. "Defer it! Sir, I hope it is not her you love!"

D. Ph. "I have a dearest friend that is beloved and
"loves her with an equal flame to your's; to him my
"friendship will oblige me to be just, and yet in pity of
"thy fortune thus far I'll be a friend to thee; give up thy
"claim, and if her choice pronounces
"thee on my honour to resign
"thyself to her, I'll be as partial to my friend than thee
"as I can be to thee."

Hyp. "I'll not give up my claim for relief, but certain ruin. I
"am your friend."

D. Ph. "I'll not give up my claim for relief, but certain ruin. I
"am your friend."
his claim the fairer: her
deserves her; if so you are
her.

Hyp. "I'll not give up my claim for relief, but certain ruin. I
"am your friend."
re fantastick tastes, that love
te they know not why; else,

D. Pb. "I am unfortunate, but would rather die so than
" owe my happiness to any help but an enduring love.

Hyp. "But, Sir, I have endured, you see, in vain——

D. Pb. "If thou'dst not have me think thy story false,
" thy soft pretence of love a cheat to melt me into pity,
" and invade my justice, yield; submit thy passion to
" merit, and own I have propos'd thee like a friend."

Hyp. Sir, on my knees——

D. Pb. Expect no more from me; either comply this
moment, or my sword shall force thee

Hyp. Consider Sir——

D. Pb. Nay, then discover quick; tell me thy name and
family.

Hyp. Hold Sir.

D. Pb. Speak, or thou die'st. [*A noise at the door.*]

Hyp. Sir, I will—Ha! they are entering—O! for a
moment's courage! Come on Sir!

[*She breaks from him, and draws, retiring till Don Manuel,
Flora, Trappanti, with Servants, rush in, and part 'em.*]

D. Ma. Knock him down!

Flo. "Part 'em.

Hyp. "Away, rascal!

Trap. "Hold Sir, dear Sir! hold Sir! hold Sir!
" enough.

Hyp. "Dog! let me go, or I'll——"

D. Ma. "Nay, dear son! hold; let me go my way
" to punish him.

Hyp. "Pray Sir, give me way——"
" in the very moment of my happiness——"

D. Pb. "By Heaven, Sir, he has——"
" his villany, and begged my pardon——"

Hyp. "D'ye hear him Sir; I——"
" is beyond bearing.

D. Pb. "Thou lie'st, villain! 'tis thy fear——"

Hyp. Ah! let me go I say.

Trap. "Help, ho! I'm not able to hold——"

D. Ma. Force him out of the room there;——
in the mean-time secure him in the cellar.

D. Pb. Hear me but one word Sir.

D. Ma. Stop his mouth——Out with him——

——Come, dear son! be pacif——

Hyp. A villain!

Fla. Why should he be concerned, now he's secure? such rascal would but contaminate the sword of a man of honour.

D. Ma. "Ay son, leave him to me and the law."

Hyp. I am sorry, Sir, such a fellow should have it in his power to disturb me—But—

Enter ROSARA.

D. Ma. Look! here's my daughter in a fright to see for you.

Hyp. Then I'm composed again— [Runs to Rosara.

Ros. I heard fighting here; I hope you are not wounded Sir?

Hyp. I have no wound but what the priest can heal.

D. Ma. Ay! well said my little champion!

Hyp. Oh Madam, I have such a terrible escape to tell you!

Ros. Truly I began to be afraid I should lose my little husband.

Hyp. Husband quotha! Get me but once safe out of these breeches, if ever I wear 'em again—

D. Ma. Come, come, children, the priest stays for us.

Hyp. Sir, we wait on you. [Exeunt.

ACT V.

The SCENE continues.

Enter TRAPPANTI alone.

TRAPPANTI.

How can this new master of
 or bewitched, that's positive
 pieces for helping him to marry
 the wedding is over claps me
 hand to help him to get rid of
 it gives me a strict charge to
 ing evidence against him as an
 lies I have told in his service,
 my conscience, and now to
 m. What the bottom of this
 little puzzle my wit—
 world I can solve it—He
 son to hang himself that he's
 resolved first to be married,

that his friends might not wonder at the occasion. But here he comes with his noose in his hand.

Enter HYPOLITA and ROSARA.

Hyp. Trappanti, go to Don Pedro; he has business with you.

Trap. Yes Sir.

[*Exit Trap.*]

Ref. Who's Don Pedro pray?

Hyp. Flora, Madam; he knows her yet by no other name.

Ref. Well, if Don Philip does not think you deserve him I am afraid he won't find another woman that will have him in haste—But this last escape of your's was such a masterpiece!

Hyp. Nay, I confess between fear and shame I would have given my life for a ducat.

Ref. "Though I wonder when you perceived him so sensibly touched with his old passion how you had patience to conceal yourself any longer.

Hyp. "Indeed I could not easily have resisted it, but that I knew if I had been discovered before my marriage with you your father, I believe, would have insisted then upon his contract with Don Philip, which I did not know how far Don Philip might be carried to point of honour to keep; I knew too that I could but the more incense the old gentleman's anger—brother's happiness with you; and I found that I had no gratitude, not to build my own interest upon your's.

Ref. "This is an obligation I will never forget."

Hyp. "Your assistance, Madam, in my father's case, has ever paid it."

Ref. What's become of Don Philip? I thought you had not kept him prisoner all this while.

Hyp. Oh, he'll be released presently; Flora has her orders—Where's your father Madam?

Ref. I saw him go towards his closet; I believe he's gone to fetch you part of my fortune—he seemed in mighty good humour.

Hyp. We must be sure to keep it up as high as we can that he may be the more stunned when he falls.

Ref. With all my heart; methinks I am possessed with the very spirit of disobedience—how could I in the humour I am in consent to any measure that would but

heartily plague my old gentleman "for daring to be better than his word to Octavio."

Hyp. And if we do n't plague him—But here he comes.

Enter DON MANUEL.

D. Ma. Ah, my little conqueror! let me embrace thee—That ever I should live to see this day! this most triumphant day! this day of all days in my life!

Hyp. Ay, and of my life too Sir. [*Embracing him.*]

D. Ma. Ay, my cares are over—now I've nothing to do but to think of the other world, for I've done all my business in this, got as many children as I could, and now I'm grown old have set a young couple to work that will do it better.

Hyp. I warrant ye, Sir, you'll soon see whether your daughter has married a man or no.

D. Ma. Ah, well said! and that you may never be out of humour with your business, look you here, children, I have brought you some baubles that will make you merry as long as you live; twelve thousand pistoles are the least value of them; and the rest of your fortune shall be paid in the best Barbary gold to-morrow morning.

Hyp. Ay, Sir, this is speaking like a father! this is encouragement indeed!

D. Ma. Much do thy heart and soul with them—and bless you together!—I've had a great deal of care and trouble to bring it about children, but thank my stars 'tis over—'tis over now—now I may sleep with my doors open, and never have my slumbers broken with the fear of rogues and rivals.

Hyp. Don't interrupt him, and see how far his humour will carry him. [*To Hyp.*]

D. Ma. But there is no joy lasting in this world; we must all die when we have done our best sooner or later; old or young, prince or peasant, high or low, kings, lords, and—common whores, must die! nothing certain; we are forced to buy one comfort with the loss of another. Now I've married my child I've lost my companion—I've parted with my girl—her heart's gone another way now—She'll forget her own father—I shall never have her wake me more, like a cheerful lark, with her pretty songs in a morning—I shall have nobody to chat at dinner with me now, or take up a goodly book and read me to sleep in an afternoon. Ah! these comforts are all gone now. [*Weeps.*]

Hyp. How very near the extreme of one passion is to another! Now he is tired with joy till he is downright melancholy.

Ref. What's the matter Sir?

D. Ma. Ah, my child! now it comes to the test, methinks I don't know how to part with thee.

Ref. Oñ Sir! we shall be better friends than ever.

D. Ma. Uh, uh! shall we? wilt thou come and see the old man now and then? Well, Heaven blest thee! give me a kiss—I must kiss thee at parting: be a good girl, use thy husband well, make an obedient wife, and I shall die contented.

Hyp. Die Sir! Come, come, you have a great while to live—Hang these melancholy thoughts! they are the worst company in the world at a wedding—Consider, Sir, we are young; if you would oblige us let us have a little life and mirth, a jubilee to-day at least: stir your servants; call in your neighbours; let me see your whole family mad for joy Sir.

D. Ma. Ha! shall we! shall we be merry then?

Hyp. Merry Sir! ay, as beggars at a feast. What! shall a dull Spanish custom tell me, when I am the happiest man in the kingdom, I sha'n't be merry as I have amind to? Let me see the face of a Spaniard: he may but revels, friends, feasts, and mirth.

D. Ma. Ah! thou shalt have thy humour! Heavens! what dogs! slaves! where are my calculations? I can't bear it.

Enter several attendants.

Serv. Did you call Sir?

D. Ma. Call Sir! ay Sir. What's the matter? are not all out of your wits Sir! do n't you know that your young mistress is married scoundrels?

First Serv. Yes Sir, and we are all ready to stand a look as your Honour will please to give any distracted orders.

Hyp. You see, Sir, they only want a little encouragement.

D. Ma. Ah, there shall be nothing more said if I were fure to beg for it all my life. How shall I cook! look into the Pot! what's the matter? why tony had for supper what's the matter?

gue, let me have a repast that will be six times as
and provoking—Go.

1 Serv. It shall be done Sir.

Ma. And d'ye hear? one of you step to Monsieur
in, the king's butler, for the same wine that his
reserves for his own drinking; tell him he shall
price for 't.

1st Serv. How much will you please to have Sir?

D. Ma. Too much Sir; I'll have every thing on the
outside of enough to-day. Go you, sirrah, run to the
theatre, and detach me a regiment of fiddlers, and singers,
and dancers; and you, Sir, to my nephew Don Louis,
give my service, and bring all his family along with him.

Hyp. Ay Sir, this is as it should be; now it begins to
look like a wedding.

D. Ma. Ah, we'll make 'all the hair in the world stand
an end at our joy.

Hyp. Here comes Flora—Now, Madam, observe your
cue.

Enter FLORA.

Flo. Your servant gentlemen—I need not wish you joy—
You have it I see—Don Philip, I must needs speak with you.

Hyp. Pshaw! Prithes don't plague me with business at
such a time as this.

Flo. My business won't be deferred Sir.

Hyp. Sir?

Flo. I suppose you guess it Sir; and I must tell you I
take it ill it was not done before.

Hyp. What d'ye mean?

Flo. Your ear Sir.

[They whisper.]

D. Ma. What's the matter now trow?

Raf. The gentleman seems very free methinks.

D. Ma. Troth I don't like it.

Raf. Don't disturb them Sir—We shall know all pre-
sently.

Hyp. But what have you done with Don Philip?

Flo. I drew the servants out of the way while he made his
ape; I saw him very busy in the street with Octavio and
other gentleman; Trappanti dogged them, and brings
word they just now went into the Corridor's in the
street—therefore that we do we must do quickly.
Come, come, put on your fighting face, and I'll be with
you presently.

[Exit]

Hyp. aloud.] Sir, I have offered you very fair; if you don't think so I have married the lady, and take your course.

Flo. Sir, our contract was a full-third; a third part's my right, and I'll have it Sir.

D. Ma. Hey!

Hyp. Then I must tell you, Sir, since you are pleased to call it your right you shall not have it.

Flo. Not Sir?

Hyp. No Sir—Look ye, don't put on your pert airs to me—Gad I shall use you very scurvily.

Flo. Use me!—You little son of a whore—draw.

Hyp. Oh Sir! I am for you.

[They fight, and D. Ma. interposes.

Ref. Ah, help! murder!

[Runs out..

D. Ma. Within there! help! murder! Why gentlemen, are ye mad? pray put up.

Hyp. A rascal!

D. Ma. Friends and quarrel! for shame!

Flo. Friends! I scorn his friendship; and since he does not know how to use a gentleman I'll do a publick piece of justice, and use him like a villain.

Hyp. Let me go!

D. Ma. Better words Sir. *[To Flo.*

Flo. Why, Sir, d'ye take me for a man Philip?

D. Ma. What d'ye say?

Flo. That he has cheated me—But I'll have my revenge immediately. *[Flora.*

[Hyp. runs out.]

D. Ma. Hey! what's all this?—What's the matter?—What misgives me.

Hyp. Hey! who waits there? *[To D. Ma.]* bid my servant run, and hire a coach and horses immediately.

Serv. Yes Sir.

D. Ma. A coach!

Enter VILETT.

Vil. Sir, Sir!—blest me! what's the matter Sir? are you not well?

D. Ma. Yes, yes—I am well.

Vil. I have brought your servant.

D. Ma. What business?

Vil. I have brought your servant.

D. Ma. To me?

Vil. No Sir, to my mistress—he charged me to deliver it immediately, for he said it concerned her life and fortune.

D. Ma. How! let's see it—There's what I promised the lady beyond. What can this be now! [*Reads.*] “The person whom your father ignorantly designs you to marry is a known cheat, and an impostor; the true Don Philip, who is my intimate friend, will immediately appear with the Corrigidore, and fresh evidence against him. I thought this advice, though from one you hate, would be well received, if it came time enough to prevent your ruin.”

OCTAVIO.”

“Oh my heart! this letter was not designed to fall into my hands—I am affrighted—I dare not think on't.”

Reenter the Servants.

Serv. Sir, your man is not within.

Hyp. Careless rascal! to be out of the way when my life's at stake—Prithee, do thou go and see if thou canst get me any posthorses.

D. Ma. Posthorses!

Enter ROSARA.

Ref. Oh, dear Sir! what was the matter?

D. Ma. Hey!

Ref. What made you quarrel Sir?

D. Ma. Child!

Ref. What was it about Sir? You look concerned.

D. Ma. Concerned!

Ref. I hope you are not hurt Sir. [*To Hyp. who minds her son.*]—What's the matter with him Sir? he won't speak to me.

[*To D. Ma.*

D. Ma.—A—speak!—a—speak to him again—by what fair words will do, and see if you can pick out the meaning of all this.

Ref. Dear Sir! what's the matter?

[*To Hyp.*

D. Ma. Ay Sir, pray what's the matter?

Hyp. I'm a little vexed at my servant's being out of the way, and the insolence of this other rascal.

D. Ma. But what occasion have you for posthorses Sir?

Hyp. Something happens a little cross Sir.

D. Ma. Pray what is it?

Hyp. I'll tell you another time Sir.

D. Ma. Another time Sir!—pray satisfy me now.

Hyp. Lord Sir! when you see a man out of humour.

D. Ma. Sir, it may be I'm as much out of humour as you; and I must tell ye I don't like your behaviour, and I'm resolv'd to be satisfied.

Hyp. Sir, what is it you'd have?

D. Ma. Look ye Sir——in short—I—I have received a letter.

Hyp. Well Sir.

D. Ma. I wish it may be well Sir.

Hyp. Bless me Sir! what's the matter with you?

D. Ma. Matter Sir!—in troth I'm almost afraid and ashamed to tell ye—but if you must needs know—there's the matter Sir. [Gives the letter.]

Enter DON LOUIS.

D. Lou. Uncle, I am your humble servant.

D. Ma. I am glad to see you nephew.

D. Lou. I received your invitation, and am come to pay my duty: but here I met with the most surprizing news.

D. Ma. Pray what is it?

D. Lou. Why, first your servant told me my young cousin was to be married to-day to Don Philip de las Torres; and just as I was entering your door, I meet but Don Philip, with the Corriente's necessities, to prove, it seems, that the party he was just going to marry my cousin to has usurp'd the money, and robbed you, and is in short—

Hyp. So, now it's come home to his

D. Ma. Dear nephew! don't you be so sure you know Don Philip when you see him.

D. Lou. Know him Sir! were he my brother, my fellow-collegians, and fellow-travellers.

D. Ma. But are you sure you may not mistake him neither?

D. Lou. You might as well ask me if I had forgot you Sir.

D. Ma. But one question more, and I am dumb for ever——is that he?

D. Lou. That Sir! no, but I am sure I can prevent the marriage? I have a way to prevent the marriage?

D. Ma. Oh, oh, oh, oh

Ref. Oh!

Enter VALETTA.

Va. What's the matter Sir?

M. Ma. Ah! look to my child.

D. Lou. Is this the villain then that has imposed on you?

Hyp. Sir, I'm this lady's husband, and while I'm sure my name can't be taken from me I shall be contented with laughing at any other you or your party can give me.

D. Ma. Oh!

D. Lou. Nay then, within there!—such a villain ought to be made an example.

Enter Corrigidore and Officers, with DON PHILIP, OCTAVIO, FLORA, and TRAPPANTI.

Oh gentlemen, we're undone! all comes too late! my poor cousin's married the impostor!

D. Ph. How!

Os. Confusion!

D. Ma. Oh, oh!

D. Ph. That's the person Sir, and I demand your justice.

Os. And I.

Flo. And all of us.

D. Ma. Will my cares never be over?

Cor. Well, gentlemen, let me rightly understand what you charge him with and I'll commit him immediately—First, Sir, do these gentlemen all know you to be the true Don Philip?

D. Lou. That, Sir, I presume my oath will prove.

Os. Or mine.

Flo. And mine.

Trap. Ay, and mine too Sir.

D. Ma. Where shall I hide this shameful head?

Flo. And for the robbery, that I can prove upon him; he confessed to me at Toledo he stole this gentleman's portmanteau there to carry on his design upon this lady, and agreed to give me a third part of her fortune for my assistance, which he refused to pay as soon as the marriage was over, I thought myself obliged in honour to discover him.

Hyp. Well, gentlemen, you may insult me if you please; but I presume you'll hardly be able to prove that I'm not married to the lady, or have not the best part of her fortune in my pocket; so do your worst; I own my ingenuity, and am proud on't.

D. Ma. Ingenuity, abandoned villain!—But Sir, be-

fore you send him to gaol I desire he may return the I gave him as part of my daughter's portion.

Cor. That can't be Sir—since he has married the her fortune's lawfully his. All we can do is to punish him for robbing this gentleman.

D. Ma. Oh that ever I was born!

Hyp. Return the jewels Sir! If you don't pay the rest of her fortune to-morrow morning you must go to gaol before me.

D. Ma. Oh that I were buried! will my cares never be over?

Hyp. They are pretty near it Sir; you can't have much more to trouble you.

Cor. Come Sir, if you please, I must desire to take your affidavit in writing. [*Goes to the table with Flora.*]

D. Ph. Now Sir, you see what your own rashness has brought ye to. "How shall I be stared at when I give an account of this to my father or your friends in Seville; you'll be the publick jest; your understanding or your folly will be the mirth of every table."

D. Ma. Pray forbear Sir.

Hyp. Keep it up Madam.

[*Aside to Ruf.*]

Ruf. Oh Sir! how wretched have you made me! Is this the care you have taken of your daughter's obedience to your commands? this my daughter's misery?

D. Ma. Ah, my poor child!

Ruf. But I deserve it all for ever since I made your barbarous proposal, when my daughter's eyes were told in my vows and person in justification of my vows and Oétavio's.

D. Ma. Oh, oh!

Os. Can she repent her falsehood? Is it possible? then I'm wounded too! Oh, my poor vendor Rosara! [*Goes to her.*] Ungrateful! cruel! and man "how canst thou bear to see the light upon this heap of ruin thou hast raised, by tearing thus asunder the most solemn vows of plighted love?"

D. Ma. Oh, do n't say so—

Os. "Repent! canst thou atone thy

"row will atone thy

"away thy life to

"of thy conscience

—then, then—as thou dost me, when 't is too late,
by thee.”

—Oh here's the lady in tears, the lover in rage, the
gentleman out of his senses, most of the company di-
and the bridegroom in a fair way to be hanged
erriest wedding that ever I saw in my life.

To Hyp.

Well Sir, have you any thing to say before I make
your warrant?

Hyp. A word or two, and I obey ye Sir.—Gentlemen,
I have reflected on the folly of my action, and foresee the
disturbances I am like to undergo in being this lady's husband ;
therefore as I own myself the author of all this seeming
ruin and confusion, so I am willing (desiring first the officers
may withdraw) to offer something to the general quiet.

Os. What can this mean?

D. Pb. Pshaw! some new contrivance—Let's be gone.

D. Lou. Stay a moment; it can be no harm to hear him
—Sir, will you oblige us?

Cor. Wait without—

[Exeunt Officers.

Id. What's to be done now trow?

Trap. Some smart thing I warrant ye: the little gen-
tleman hath a notable head faith!

Flo. Nay, gentlemen, thus much I know of him, that
if you can but persuade him to be honest 't is still in his
power to make you all amends, and in my opinion 't is
high time he should propose it.

D. Ma. Ay, 't is time he were hanged indeed, for I
know no other amends he can make us.

Hyp. Then I must tell you, Sir, I owe you no repara-
tion; the injuries which you complain of your sordid ava-
rice and breach of promise here have justly brought upon
you—“ Had you, as you were obliged in conscience and
in nature, first given your daughter with your heart,
she had now been honourably happy, and if any I the
only miserable person here.

D. Lou. “ He talks reason.

D. Pb. “ I don't think him in the wrong there indeed.”

Hyp. Therefore, Sir, if you are injured you may thank
yourself for it.

D. Ma. Nay, dear Sir—I do confess my blindness,
and could heartily wish your eyes or mine had dropped out
of our heads before ever we saw one another.

Hyp. Well Sir, (however little you have deserved it) yet for your daughter's sake if you'll oblige yourself by signing this paper to keep your first promise, and give her with her full fortune to this gentleman, I'm still content on that condition to disannul my own pretences and resign her.

Os. "What! what says he?"

D. Lou. "This is strange!"

D. Ma. Sir, I don't know how to answer you, for I can never believe you'll have goodnature enough to hang yourself out of the way to make room for him.

Hyp. Then, Sir, to let you see I have not only an honest meaning but an immediate power to make good my word, I first renounce all title to her fortune; these jewels which I received from you I give him free possession of; and now Sir, the rest of her fortune you owe him with her person.

Os. "I am all amazement!"

D. Lou. "What can this end in?"

D. Ph. "I am surpris'd indeed!"

D. Ma. 'This is unaccountable I must confess—But still Sir, if you disannul your pretences, how you'll persuade that gentleman, to whom I am obliged to contract, to part with his——

D. Ph. That, Sir, shall be my business; I am too well acquainted with the virtue of my daughter to entertain a thought that can disturb it.

Hyp. "Then my fears are over; I am resolv'd. Now, Sir, it only stops at you."

D. Ma. Well Sir, I see the paper is conditional, and since the general welfare is concern'd I can't refuse to lend you my helping hand to it; but if you should not make your words good Sir, I hope you won't take it ill if a man should poison you?

D. Ph. And Sir, let me too warn you how you execute this promise; your flattery and dissimul'd penitence has deceiv'd me once already, which I confess, a little slow in my belief; therefore I can expect no second mercy; for be assur'd of this, I will forgive a villain.

Hyp. If I am prov'd one spark of falsehood in this—Use me as you find me.

D. Ph. That you may depend on.

D. Ma. There Sir. [*Gives Hypocrite the paper.*]

Ref. Now I tremble for her.

Hyp. And now, Don Philip, I confess you are the only injured person here.

D. Ph. I know not that—do my friend right and I shall easily forgive thee.

Hyp. His pardon, with his thanks, I am sure, I shall deserve; but how shall I forgive myself? Is there in nature left a means that can repair the shameful slights, the insults, and the long disquiets, you have known from love?

D. Ph. Let me understand thee.

Hyp. Examine well your heart, and if the fierce resentment of its wrongs has not extinguished quite the usual soft compassion there, revive at least one spark in pity of my woman's weakness.

D. Mo. "How! a woman!"

D. Ph. "Whither wouldst thou carry me?"

Hyp. "Not but I know you generous as the heart of Love, yet let me doubt if even this low submission can deserve your pardon—Don't look on me; I cannot bear that you should know me yet"—The extravagant attempt I have this day run through to meet you thus justly may subject me to your contempt and scorn, unless the same forgiving goodness that used to overlook the failings of Hypolita prove still my friend, and soften all with the excuse of love.

Os. "My sister! O, Refuse! Philip!"

[*All seem amazed.*]

D. Ph. Oh, stop this vast effusion of my transported thoughts! "ere my offending wishes break their prison through my eyes, and surfeit on forbidden hopes again; or if my tears are false, if your relenting heart is touched at last in pity of my enduring love, be kind at once, speak on, and awake me to the joy while I have sense to hear you.

Hyp. "Nay, then I am subdued indeed! Is't possible, spite of my follies, still your generous heart can love? 'Tis so! your eye confesses it, and my fears are dead—Why then should I blush to let at once the honest fullness of my heart gush forth?"

Hyp. Oh Philip! Hypolita is—your's for ever.

[*They advance slowly, and at last rush into one another's arms.*]

D. Ph. "O, ecstasy! Distracting joy—Do I then live to call you mine? Is there an end at last of my repeated

"pangs, my sighs, my torments, and my rejected vows
 "is it possible—is it she?—Oh, let me view thee
 "with aking eyes, and feed my eager sense upon the tra-
 "port of thy love confessed! What, kind! and yet" *it is*
 "*it is* Hypólita! and yet 'tis she! I know her by the im-
 "pulses at my heart, which only love like mine can feel,
 "she alone can give. [*Eagerly embracing her*]

Hyp. "Now, Philip, you may insult our sex's pride
 "for I confess you have subdued it all in me; I plead
 "me it but my knowing your's: I own the weakness of my
 "boasted power, and now am only proud of my humility

D. Pb. Oh, never! never shall thy empire cease! 'Tis
 "not in thy power to give thy power away: this last sur-
 "prise of generous love has bound me to thy heart a poor
 "indebted wretch for ever.

Hyp. "No more; the rest the priest should say—But now
 "our joys grow rude—Here are our friends that must be
 "happy too.

D. Pb. "Louis! Octavio! my brother now! oh, for
 "give the hurry of a transported heart.

D. Ma. A woman! and Octavio's sister!

Os. "That heart that does not feel as were its own
 "a joy like this ne'er yet could be the proof of friend-
 "ship nor of love."

D. Ma. Have I then been so long deluged, and
 "frighted, out of my wits by a woman's smile? 'Odi-
 "bud! she is a notable contriver, and a notable fool; for if
 "have not a fair brush at her lip, she will not give
 "me the hearty smack too, 'Odiva! she is not
 "the good humoured girl I took her for."

Hyp. Come Sir, I won't believe you are so humour-
 "[*He kisses her.*] And now I have your promise of you
 "you remember your promise, you remember Sir."

D. Ma. Ah, I can deny thee nothing, since I find
 "thou art not fit for my girl! I shall never do it
 "it shall never be done out of thee, and thy children
 "Heaven bless ye together!—I'll give thee my
 "hand myself, you know the way, and as soon
 "as the priest has said grace he shall be the man of
 "body into the bargain--And now my dear daughter, raise

Os. We'll study to deserve your love.

Rof. Now, Octavio, d'ye believe I loved you better than the person I was to marry?

Os. Kind creature! you were in her secret then?

Rof. I was, and she in mine.

Os. Sister! what words can thank you?

Hyp. Any that tell me of Octavio's happiness.

D. Pb. My friend successful too! then my joys are double—But how this generous attempt was started first, how it has been pursued, and carried with this kind surmise at last, gives me wonder equal to my joy.

Hyp. Here's one that at more leisure shall inform you: she was ever a friend to your love, has had a hearty share in the fatigue, and now I am bound in honour to give her part of the garland too.

D. Pb. How! she!

Flo. Trusty Flora Sir, at your service. I have had many a battle with my lady upon your account; but I always told her we should do her business at last.

D. Ma. Another metamorphosis! Brave girls faith! dzooks! we shall have 'em make campaigns shortly!

D. Pb. "Take this as earnest of my thanks;" in Sc. I'll provide for thee.

Hyp. Nay, here's another accomplice too, confederate I can't say, for honest Trappanti did not know but that was as great a rogue as himself.

Trap. It was a folly I did not indeed Madam—but the world cannot say I have been a rogue to your Ladyship—and if you had not parted with your money—

Hyp. Thou hadst not parted with thy honesty.

Trap. Right, Madam; but how should a poor naked fellow resist when he had so many pistoles held against him.

[Shows money.]

D. Ma. Ay, ay, well said lad.

Vil. La! a tempting bait indeed! Let him offer to marry me again if he dares.

[Aside.]

D. Pb. Well, Trappanti, thou hast been serviceable however, and I'll thank of thee.

Os. Nay, I am his debtor too.

Trap. Ah, there's a very easy way, gentlemen, to reward me; and since you partly owe your happiness to my roguery, I should be very proud to owe mine only to your generosity.

Os. As how pray?

Trap. Why, Sir, I find by my constitution that it is as natural to be in love as an hungry, and that I ha' not a jot less stomach than the best of my betters; and tho' I have often thought a wife but dining every day upon the fardish, yet methinks it's better than no dinner at all: and for my part I had rather have no stomach to my meat than no meat to my stomach: upon which considerations, gentlemen and ladies, I desire you'll use your interest with Madona here—to let me dine at her ordinary.

D. Ma. A pleasant rogue faith! 'Odzooks! the jade shall have him. Come hussy, he's an ingenious person.

Vil. Sir, I do n't understand his stuff; when he speaks plain I know what to say to him.

Trap. Why then, in plain terms, let me a lease of your tenement—marry me.

Vil. Ay, now you say something—I was afraid by what you said in the garden you had only amind to be a wicked tenant at will.

Trap. No, no, child, I have no mind to be turned out at a quarter's warning.

Vil. Well, there's my hand—I'll be bound to come as soon as you will with a canonical law, and to give you possession of the rest of the premises.

D. Ma. 'Odzooks! and will you be bound to send for one presently. Hear you, Benedict, Benedict again, tell him his work done, but that his marriage is dropped to pieces, but if he'll have better tackle, he must come and skitch for it, and to get the couple together as fast as he can.

Enter Servant.

Serv. "Sir, the muncik's come."

D. Ma. "Ah, they could not make us in a better time—let 'em enter—Ladies, gentlemen, and daughters, for I think you are all akin to me, and will you be pleased to sit down to dinner—entertainment."

D. Ma. "Come, gentlemen, and the muncik on waits."

Serv. "Sir, the muncik's come."

D. Ma. "That's well, well, he'll be here presently."

D. Ph. Now, my Hypolita,

Let our example teach mankind to love,
From thine the fair their favours may improve;
The quick pains you give our joys we owe,
Till those we feel these we can never know:
But warn'd with honest hope from my success
Ev'n in the height of all its miseries,
Oh, never let a virtuous mind despair,
For constant hearts are Love's peculiar care.

H

EPILOGUE.

'MONGST all the rules the Ancients had in vogue
We find no mention of an Epilogue,

Which plainly shows they're innovators, brought

Since rules, design, and nature, were forgot;

The custom therefore our next play shall break,

But now a joyful motive bids us speak;

For while our arms return with conquest home,

While children prattle *Vigo* and the boom,

It's fit the mouth of all mankind, the stage, be dumb?

While the proud Spaniards read old annals o'er,

And on the leaves in lazy safety pore,

Effek and Raleigh thunder on their shore;

Again their Donships fast and mend their speed,

With the same fear of their forefathers dead."

While *Amadis de Gaul* laments in vain,

And wishes his young *Quixote* out of Spain,

While foreign forts are but beheld and seiz'd,

While English hearts tumultuously are pleas'd

Shall we, whose sole subsistence purely flows

From mind, in joy or undisturb'd repose

Shall we behold each face with pleasur'd eyes

Unthankful to the arms that made us free

Shall we not say—

Old English honour now reviv'd

Mem'rably fatal to the pride of Spain

But bold—

While Anne repeats the vengeance

For to the glorious conduct sure that

A senate's grateful vote our adorations

From that alone all other thanks are

The old triumphing Romans ask'd no

And Rome indeed gave all within its

But your superior stars, that know the

You English heroes should old Rome's

To crown your arms beyond the bridges

Kiss'd English beauty to reward your

EPILAGUE.

87

*The' join'd of all the rifled world be left
To fair a circle * Roma could never lift.
Proceed, auspicious Chief! inflame the war,
Pursue your conquest, and possess the fair,
That eyes may record of them and you
Whom only could inspire what you alone cou'd do.*

• To the boxes.

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THE END.



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