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Coop

MR. PARSONS as COL. OLDBOY.

THE
SCHOOL FOR FATHERS; DARLING
OR, MEMORIAL LIBRARY
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LIONEL & CLARISSA.

A
COMIC OPERA.

BY ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.

ADAPTED FOR
THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,
AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRES-ROYAL
DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

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“The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.”

LONDON:

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ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.

IN our mention of this man, prefacing the Opera of the *Maid of the Mill*, we were inadvertently led into an error respecting his having been *Secretary* to the Earl of Chesterfield, when Lord Lieutenant of the Kingdom of Ireland.---The fact is, Bickerstaff was then too young for such an employ. He was a page to Lady Chesterfield, and, as is usual in consequence, received the present of a pair of Colours in the Regulars.

We have some reason to suspect that the *Biographia* is mistaken in affirming Mr. Bickerstaff to have been in the marines. We believe he never served but in the regulars, and that he attained no higher rank than his Ensigncy.

SCHOOL FOR FATHERS;
OR,
LIONEL AND CLARISSA.

AUTHORS are commonly deceived in estimating their own powers. This Opera, Bickerstaff deemed his best production. The stage bills will show that the public think otherwise. Love in a Village is performed ten times for once that this piece is acted. Perhaps this preference may be attributed to *musick* alone—for such *Character* and *Writing* as they exhibit, seem tolerably uniform:—a severe Critic might say uniformly intolerable.

ADVERTISEMENT.

HAVING, for some years, met with very great success in my productions of the musical kind; when I wrote the following opera, it was with unusual care and attention; and it was the general opinion of all my friends, some of whom rank among the best judges, that of all my trifles, *Lionel and Clarissa* was the most pardonable: a decision in its favour which I was the prouder of, because, to the best of my knowledge, through the whole, I had not borrowed an expression, a sentiment, or a character, from any dramatic writer extant.

When Mr. GARRICK thought of performing this piece at Drury-lane theatre, he had a new singer to bring out, and every thing possible for her advantage was to be done; this necessarily occasioned some new songs and airs to be introduced; and other singers, with voices of a different compass from those who originally acted the parts, occasioned still more; by which means the greatest part of the musick unavoidably became new. This is the chief, and indeed the only alteration made in the opera; and even to that, I should, in many places, have been forced, much

against my will, had it not given a fresh opportunity to Mr. Dibdin to display his admirable talents as a musical composer. And I will be bold to say, that his airs, serious and comic, in this opera, will appear to no disadvantage by being heard with those of some of the greatest masters.

The SCHOOL FOR FATHERS is added to the title, because the plot is evidently double; and that of Lionel and Clarissa alluded to but one part of it, as the readers and spectators will easily perceive.

I. B.



Dramatis Personae.

DRURY-LANE.

Men.

Sir JOHN FLOWERDALE	-	-	-	Mr. Aickin.
COLONEL OLDBOY	-	-	-	Mr. Suett.
LIONEL	-	-	-	Mr. Kelly.
MR. JESSAMY	-	-	-	Mr. Dodd.
HARMAN	-	-	-	Mr. Dignum.
JENKINS	-	-	-	Mr. Sedgwick.

Women.

CLARISSA	-	-	-	Mrs. Crouch.
LADY MARY OLDBOY	-	-	-	Mrs. Hopkins.
DIANA	-	-	-	Miss Romanzini.
JENNY	-	-	-	Mrs. Willson.

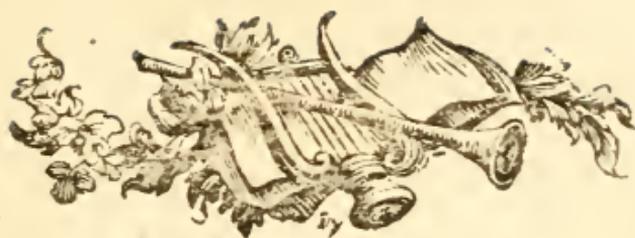
COVENT-GARDEN.

Men.

Sir JOHN FLOWERDALE	-	-	-	Mr. Hull.
COLONEL OLDBOY	-	-	-	Mr. Quick.
LIONEL	-	-	-	Mr. Johnstone.
MR. JESSAMY	-	-	-	Mrs. Achmet.
HARMAN	-	-	-	Mr. Duffey.
JENKINS	-	-	-	Mr. Bannister.

Women.

CLARISSA	-	-	-	Mrs. Mountain.
LADY MARY OLDBOY	-	-	-	Mrs. Webb.
DIANA	-	-	-	Mrs. Ward.
JENNY	-	-	-	Mrs.



SCHOOL FOR FATHERS;
OR,
LIONEL AND CLARISSA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Chamber in Colonel OLDBOY's House: Colonel OLDBOY is discovered at breakfast reading a news-paper; at a little distance from the tea-table sits JENKINS; and on the opposite side, DIANA, who appears playing upon a harpsichord. A Girl attending.

AIR.

AH how delightful the morning,
How sweet are the prospects it yields;
Summer luxuriant adorning
The gardens, the groves, and the fields.

Be grateful to the season,
Its pleasures let's employ;
Kind Nature gives, and Reason
Permits us to enjoy.

Col. Well said Dy, thank you Dy. This, master Jenkins, is the way I make my daughter entertain me every morning at breakfast. Come here, and kiss me, you slut, come here, and kiss me, you baggage.

Dian. Lord, papa, you call one such names——

Col. A fine girl, master Jenkins, a devilish fine girl! she has got my eye to a twinkle. There's fire for you—spirit!—I design to marry her to a Duke: how much money do you think a Duke would expect with such a wench?

Jen. Why, Colonel, with submission, I think there is no occasion to go out of our own country here; we have never a Duke in it, I believe, but we have many an honest gentleman, who, in my opinion, might deserve the young lady. 23

Col. So, you would have me marry Dy to a country squire, eh! How say you to this, Dy! would not you rather be married to a Duke?

Dian. So my husband's a rake, papa, I don't care what he is.

Col. A rake! you damned confounded little baggage: why you wou'd not wish to marry a rake, wou'd you? So her husband is a rake, she does not care what he is! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! 32

Dian. Well, but listen to me, papa—When you go out with your gun, do you take any pleasure in shooting the poor tame ducks, and chickens in your yard? No, the partridge, the pheasant, the woodcock are the game; there is some sport in bringing them down because they are wild; and it is just the same

with a husband or a lover. I would not waste powder and shot, to wound one of your sober pretty behaved gentlemen; but to hit a libertine, extravagant, mad-cap fellow, to take him upon the wing— 42

Col. Do you hear her, master Jenkins? Ha, ha, ha!

Jen. Well, but, good Colonel, what do you say to my worthy and honourable patron here, Sir John Flowerdale? He has an estate of eight thousand pounds a year, as well paid rents as any in the kingdom, and but one only daughter to enjoy it; and yet he is willing, you see, to give this daughter to your son. 49

Dian. Pray, Mr. Jenkins, how does Miss Clarissa and our university friend Mr. Lionel? That is the only grave young man I ever liked, and the only handsome one I ever was acquainted with, that did not make love to me.

Col. Ay, master Jenkins, who is this Lionel? They say, he is a damn'd witty knowing fellow; and egad I think him well enough for one brought up in a college. 58

Jen. His father was a general officer, a particular friend of Sir John's, who, like many more brave men, that live and die in defending their country, left little else than honour behind him. Sir John sent this young man, at his own expence, to Oxford; where, while his son lived, they were upon the same footing: and since our young gentleman's death, which you know unfortunately happened about two years ago, he has continued him there. During the vacation, he is come to pay us a visit, and Sir John intends that

he shall shortly take orders for a very considerable benefice in the gift of the family, the present incumbent of which is an aged man. 71

Dian. The last time I was at your house, he was teaching Miss Clarissa mathematics and philosophy. Lord, what a strange brain I have! If I was to sit down to distract myself with such studies—

Col. Go, hussy, let some of your brother's rascals inform their master that he has been long enough at his toilet; here is a message from Sir John Flowerdale—You a brain for mathematics indeed! We shall have women wanting to head our regiments to-morrow or next day. 81

Dian. Well, papa, and suppose we did. I believe, in a battle of the sexes, you men would hardly get the better of us.

A I R.

*To rob them of strength, when wise Nature thought fit,
By women to still do her duty,
Instead of a sword she endu'd them with wit,
And gave them a shield in their beauty.*

*Sound, sound the trumpet, both sexes to arms,
Our tyrants at once, and protectors!
We quickly shall see whether courage or charms
Decide for the Helens or Hectors.* 90

SCENE II.

Colonel OLDBOY, *JENKINS.*

Col. Well, master Jenkins! don't you think now that a Nobleman, a Duke, an Earl, or a Marquis, might be content to share his title—I say, you understand me—with a sweetener of thirty or forty thousand pounds, to pay off mortgages? Besides, there's a prospect of my whole estate; for I dare swear her brother will never have any children. 99

Jen. I should be concerned at that, Colonel, when there are two such fortunes to descend to his heirs, as your's and Sir John Flowerdale's.

Col. Why look you, master Jenkins, Sir John Flowerdale is an honest gentleman; our families are nearly related; we have been neighbours time out of mind; and if he and I have an odd dispute now and then, it is not for want of a cordial esteem at bottom. He is going to marry his daughter to my son; she is a beautiful girl, an elegant girl, a sensible girl, a worthy girl, and—a word in your ear—damn me if I a'n't very sorry for her. III

Jen. Sorry! Colonel?

Col. Ay—between ourselves, master Jenkins, my son won't do.

Jen. How do you mean?

Col. I tell you, master Jenkins, he won't do—he is not the thing, a prig—At sixteen years old, or there-

abouts, he was a bold, sprightly boy, as you should see in a thousand; could drink his pint of port, or his bottle of claret——now he mixes all his wine with water. 121

Jen. Oh! if that be his only fault, Colonel, he will ne'er make the worse husband, I'll answer for it.

Col. You know my wife is a woman of quality——I was prevailed upon to send him to be brought up by her brother Lord Jessamy, who had no children of his own, and promised to leave him an estate——he has got the estate indeed, but, the fellow has taken his Lordship's name for it. Now, master Jenkins, I would be glad to know, how the name of Jessamy is better than that of Oldbey. 131

Jen. Well! but Colonel, it is allowed on all hands that his Lordship has given your son an excellent education.

Col. Psha! he sent him to the university, and to travel forsooth; but what of that; I was abroad, and at the university myself, and never a rush the better for either. I quarrel'd with his Lordship about six years before his death, and so had not an opportunity of seeing how the youth went on; if I had, master Jenkins, I would no more have suffered him to be made such a monkey of——He has been in my house but three days, and it is all turned topsy-turvey by him and his rascally servants——then his chamber is like a perfumer's shop, with wash-balls, pastes, and pomatum——and do you know, he had the impudence

to tell me yesterday at my own table, that I did not know how to behave myself? 148

Jen. Pray, Colonel, how does my Lady Mary?

Col. What, my wife? In the old way, master Jenkins; always complaining; ever something the matter with her head, or her back, or her legs—but we have had the devil to pay lately—she and I did not speak to one another for three weeks.

Jen. How so, Sir?

Col. A little affair of jealousy—you must know, my game-keeper's daughter has had a child, and the plaguy baggage takes it into her head to lay it to me—Upon my soul it is a fine fat chubby infant as ever I set my eyes on; I have sent it to nurse; and between you and me, I believe I shall leave it a fortune.

Jen. Ah, Colonel, you will never give over.

Col. You know my Lady has a pretty vein of poetry; she writ me an heroic epistle upon it, where she calls me her dear false Damon; so I let her cry a little, promised to do so no more, and now we are as good friends as ever.

Jen. Well, Colonel, I must take my leave; I have delivered my message, and Sir John may expect the pleasure of your company to dinner. 170

Col. Ay, ay, we'll come—pox o' ceremony among friends. But won't you stay to see my son? I have sent to him, and suppose he will be here as soon as his valet-de-chambre will give him leave.

Jen. There is no occasion, good Sir: present my humble respects, that's all.

Col. Well, but, zounds, Jenkins; you must not go till you drink something—let you and I have a bottle of hock—

Jen. Not for the world, Colonel; I never touch any thing strong in the morning. 181

Col. Never touch any thing strong! Why one bottle won't hurt you, man; this is old, and as mild as milk.

Jen. Well, but, Colonel, pray excuse me.

AIR.

*To tell you the truth,
In the days of my youth,
As mirth and nature bid,
I lik'd a glass,
And I lov'd a lass,
And I did as younkers did.*

*But now I am old,
With grief be it told,
I must those freaks forbear;
At sixty-three,
Twixt you and me,
A man grows worse for wear.*

SCENE III.

Mr. JESSAMY, Lady MARY OLDBOY, and then Colonel OLDBOY.

Lady M. Shut the door; why don't you shut the door there? Have you a mind I should catch my death? This house is absolutely the cave of Æolus; one had as good live on the eddy-stone, or in a wind-mill. 201

Mr. Jes. I thought they told your Ladyship, that there was a messenger here from Sir John Flowerdale.

Col. Well, sir, and so there was; but he had not patience to wait upon your curling-irons. Mr. Jenkins was here, Sir John Flowerdale's steward, who has lived in the family these forty years.

Mr. Jes. And pray, Sir, might not Sir John Flowerdale have come himself: if he had been acquainted with the rules of good breeding, he would have known that I ought to have been visited.

Lady M. Upon my word, Colonel, this is a solecism.

Col. 'Sblood, my Lady, it's none. Sir John Flowerdale came but last night from his sister's seat in the West, and is a little out of order. But I suppose he thinks he ought to appear before him with his daughter in one hand, and his rent-roll in the other, and cry, Sir, pray do me the favour to accept them. 218

Lady M. Nay, but, Mr. Oldboy, permit me to say—

Col. He need not give himself so many affected airs; I think it's very well if he gets such a girl for going

for; she's one of the handsomest and richest in this country, and more than he deserves.

Mr. Jes. That's an exceeding fine china jar your ladyship has got in the next room; I saw the fellow of it the other day at Williams's, and will send to my agent to purchase it: it is the true matchless old blue and white. Lady Betty Barebones has a couple that she gave an hundred guineas for, on board an Indiaman; but she reckons them at a hundred and twenty-five, on account of half a dozen plates, four Nankeen beakers, and a couple of shaking Mandarins, that the custom-house officers took from under her petticoats.

234

Col. Did you ever hear the like of this! He's chattering about old china, while I am talking to him of a fine girl. I tell you what, Mr. Jessamy, since that's the name you choose to be called by, I have a good mind to knock you down.

Mr. Jes. Knock me down! Colonel? What do you mean? I must tell you, Sir, this is a language to which I have not been accustomed; and, if you think proper to continue to repeat it, I shall be under a necessity of quitting your house?

Col. Quitting my house?

Mr. Jes. Yes, Sir, incontinently.

Col. Why, Sir, am not I your father, Sir, and have I not a right to talk to you as I like? I will, sirrah. But, perhaps, I mayn't be your father, and I hope not.

Lady M. Heavens and earth, Mr. Oldboy!

Col. What's the matter, Madam? I mean, Madam, that he might have been changed at nurse, Madam; and I believe he was.

Mr. Jes. Huh! huh! huh!

Col. Do you laugh at me, you saucy jackanapes!

Lady M. Who's there? somebody bring me a chair. Really, Mr. Oldboy, you throw my weakly frame into such repeated convulsions—but I see your aim; you want to lay me in my grave, and you will very soon have that satisfaction. 261

Col. I can't bear the sight of him.

Lady M. Open that window, give me air, or I shall faint.

Mr. Jes. Hold, hold, let me tie a handkerchief about my neck first. This cursed sharp north wind—Antoine, bring down my muff.

Col. Ay, do, and his great-coat.

Lady M. Marg'ret, some hartshorn. My dear Mr. Oldboy, why will you fly out in this way, when you know how it shocks my tender nerves?

Col. 'Sblood, Madam, its enough to make a man mad.

Lady M. Hartshorn! Hartshorn!

Mr. Jes. Colonel!

Col. Do you hear the puppy?

Mr. Jes. Will you give me leave to ask you one question?

Col. I don't know whether I will or not. 279

Mr. Jes. I should be glad to know, that's all, what single circumstance in my conduct, carriage, or figure you can possibly find fault with—Perhaps I may be brought to reform—Pr'ythee let me hear from your own mouth, then, seriously what it is you do like, and what it is you do not like.

Col. Hum!

Mr Jes. Be ingenuous, speak and spare not.

Col. You would know?

AIR.

*Zounds, Sir! then I'll tell you, without any jest,
The thing of all things, which I hate and detest;*

A coxcomb, a fop,

290

A dainty milk-sop;

Who, essenc'd and dizen'd from bottom to top,

Looks just like a dol for a milliner's shop.

A thing full of prate,

And pride and conceit;

All fashion, no weight;

Who shrugs, and takes snuff,

And carries a muff;

A minikin,

Finiking,

300

French powder-puff:

And now, Sir, I fancy, I've told you enough.

SCENE IV.

Lady MARY OLDBOY, Mr. JESSAMY.

Mr. Jes. What's the matter with the Colonel, Madam; does your ladyship know?

Lady M. Heigho! don't be surprised, my dear; it was the same thing with my late dear brother, Lord Jessamy; they never could agree: that good natured friendly soul, knowing the delicacy of my constitution, has often said, sister Mary, I pity you. Not but your father has good qualities, and I assure you I remember him a very fine gentleman himself. In the year of the hard frost, one thousand seven hundred and thirty-nine, when he first paid his addresses to me, he was called agreeable Jack Oldboy, though I married him without the consent of your noble grandfather. 316

Mr. Jes. I think he ought to be proud of me: I believe there's many a Duke, nay Prince, who would esteem themselves happy in having such a son——

Lady M. Yes, my dear; but your sister was always your father's favourite: he intends to give her a prodigious fortune, and sets his heart upon seeing her a woman of quality.

Mr. Jes. He should wish to see her look a little like a gentlewoman first. When she was in London last winter, I am told she was taken notice of by a few men. But she wants air, manner—— 327

Lady M. And has not a bit of the genius of our family, and I never knew a woman of it, but herself, without. I have tried her: about three years ago I set her to translate a little French song: I found she had not even an idea of versification; and she put down love and joy for rhyme—so I gave her over.

Mr. Jes. Why, indeed, she appears to have more of the Thalestris than the Sappho about her.

Lady M. Well, my dear, I must go and dress myself, though I protest I am fitter for my bed than my coach. And condescend to the Colonel a little—Do, my dear, if it be only to oblige your mamma. 339

SCENE V.

Mr. JESSAMY.

Let me consider: I am going to visit a country Baronet here, who would fain prevail upon me to marry his daughter: the old gentleman has heard of my parts and understanding; Miss of my figure and address. But, suppose I should not like her when I see her? Why, positively, then I will not have her; the treaty's at an end, and, sans compliment, we break up the congress. But, won't that be cruel, after having suffered her to flatter herself with hopes, and shewing myself to her. She's a strange dowdy I dare believe: however, she brings provision with her for a separate maintenance. 351

Antoine, appretez la toilet. I am going to spend a cursed day; that I perceive already; I wish it was over, I dread as much as a general election.

AIR.

*When a man of fashion condescends
To herd among his country friends,
They watch his looks, his motions:
One booby gapes, another stares,
And all he says, does, eats, drinks, wears,
Must suit their rustic notions.*

360

*But as for this brutish old clown here;
S'death, why did I ever come down here!
The savage will now never quit me:
Then a consort to take,
For my family's sake,
I'm in a fine jeopardy, split me!*

SCENE VI.

*Changes to a Study in Sir JOHN FLOWERDALE's House;
two Chairs and a Table, with Globes and Mathema-
tical Instruments. CLARISSA enters, followed by
JENNY.*

AIR.

Clar. *Immortal powers protect me,
Assist, support, direct me:*

Relieve a heart oppress :
Ah! why this palpitation?
Cease, busy perturbation,
And let me, let me rest.

370

Jen. My dear lady, what ails you?

Clar. Nothing, Jenny, nothing.

Jen. Pardon me, Madam, there is something ails you indeed. Lord! what signifies all the grandeur and riches in this world, if they can't procure one content. I am sure it vexes me to the heart, so it does, to see such a dear, sweet, worthy young Lady, as you are, pining yourself to death. 380

Clar. Jenny, you are a good girl, and I am very much obliged to you for feeling so much on my account; but in a little time, I hope, I shall be easier.

Jen. Why, now, here to-day, Madam, for sertain you ought to be merry to-day, when there's a fine gentleman coming to court you; but, if you like any one else better, I am sure, I wish you had him, with all my soul.

Clar. Suppose, Jenny, I was so unfortunate, as to like a man without my father's approbation; would you wish me married to him? 391

Jen. I wish you married to any one, Madam, that could make you happy.

Clar. Heigho!

Jen. Madam! Madam! yonder's Sir John and Mr. Lionel on the terrace; I believe they are coming up here. Poor, dear Mr. Lionel, he does not seem

to be in over great spirits either. To be sure, Madam, it's no business of mine; but, I believe, if the truth was known, there are those in the house, who would give more than ever I shall be worth, or any the likes of me, to prevent the marriage of a sartain person that shall be nameless.

403

Clar. What do you mean? I don't understand you.

Jen. I hope you are not angry, Madam?

Clar. Ah! Jenny——

Jen. Lauk! Madam, do you think, when Mr. Lionel's a clergyman, he'll be obliged to cut off his hair? I'm sure it will be a thousand pities, for it is the sweetest colour, and looks the nicest put up in a cue—and your great pudding-sleeves! Lord! they'll quite spoil his shape, and the fall of his shoulders. Well! Madam, if I was a lady of large fortune, I'll be hanged if Mr. Lionel should be a parson, if I could help it.

416

Clar. I'm going into my dressing room—It seems then Mr. Lionel is a great favourite of yours; but pray, Jenny, have a care how you talk in this manner to any one else.

Jen. Me talk! Madam, I thought you knew me better; and, my dear Lady, keep up your spirits. I'm sure I have dressed you to-day as nice as hands and pins can make you.

AIR.

*I'm but a poor servant, 'tis true, Ma'am;
 But was I lady like you, Ma'am,
 In grief would I sit? The dickens a bit;
 No, faith, I would search the world thro', Ma'am,
 To find what my liking could hit.*

*Set in case a young man, 330
 In my fancy there ran;
 It might anger my friends and relations:
 But if I had regard,
 It should go very hard,
 Or I'd follow my own inclinations.*

SCENE VII.

Sir JOHN FLOWERDALE, LIONEL.

Sir John. Indeed, Lionel, I will not hear of it. What! to run from us all of a sudden, this way: and at such a time too; the eve of my daughter's wedding, as I may call it; when your company must be doubly agreeable, as well as necessary to us? I am sure you have no studies at present, that require your attendance at Oxford: I must, therefore, insist on your putting such thoughts out of your head.

Lion. Upon my word, Sir, I have been so long from the university, that it is time for me to think of re-

turning. It is true, I have no absolute studies; but, really, Sir, I shall be obliged to you, if you will give me leave to go. 448

Sir John. Come, come, my dear Lionel, I have for some time observed a more than ordinary gravity growing upon you, and I am not to learn the reason of it: I know, to minds serious, and well inclined, like yours, the sacred functions you are about to embrace—

Lion. Dear Sir, your goodness to me, of every kind, is so great, so unmerited! Your condescension, your friendly attentions—in short, Sir, I want words to express my sense of obligations—

Sir John. Fie, fie, no more of them. By my last letters, I find that my old friend, the rector, still continues in good health, considering his advanced years. You may imagine I am far from desiring the death of so worthy and pious a man; yet, I must own, at this time, I could wish you were in orders, as you might then perform the ceremony of my daughter's marriage; which would give me a secret satisfaction.

Lion. No doubt, Sir, any office in my power, that could be instrumental to the happiness of any in your family, I should perform with pleasure. 469

Sir John. Why, really, Lionel, from the character of her intended husband, I have no room to doubt, but this match will make Clarissa perfectly happy: to be sure, the alliance is the most eligible, for both families.

Lion. If the gentleman is sensible of his happiness in the alliance, Sir.

Sir John. The fondness of a father is always suspected of partiality; yet, I believe, I may venture to say, that few young women will be found more unexceptionable than my daughter: her person is agreeable, her temper sweet, her understanding good; and, with the obligations she has to your instruction——

Lion. You do my endeavors too much honour, Sir: I have been able to add nothing to Miss Flowerdale's accomplishments, but a little knowledge in matters of small importance to a mind already so well improved.

Sir John. I don't think so; a little knowledge, even in those matters, is necessary for a woman, in whom I am far from considering ignorance as a desirable characteristic: when intelligence is not attended with impertinent affectation, it teaches them to judge with precision, and gives them a degree of solidity necessary for the companion of a sensible man. 493

Lion. Yonder's Mr. Jenkins: I fancy he's looking for you, Sir.

Sir John. I see him; he's come back from Colonel Oldboy's; I have a few words to say to him; and will return to you again in a minute.

SCENE VIII.

LIONEL: *afterwards* CLARISSA, *and then* JENNY,
who enters abruptly, and runs out again.

Lion. To be a burthen to one's self, to wage continual war with one's own passions, forced to combat, unable to overcome! But see, she appears, whose presence turns all my sufferings into transport, and makes even misery itself delightful. 503

Perhaps, Madam, you are not at leisure now; otherwise, if you thought proper, we would resume the subject we were upon yesterday.

Clar. I am sure, -Sir, I give you a great deal of trouble.

Lion. Madam, you give me no trouble; I should think every hour of my life happily employed in your service; and as this is probably the last time I shall have the satisfaction of attending you upon the same occasion——

Clar. Upon my word, Mr. Lionel, I think myself extremely obliged to you; and shall ever consider the enjoyment of your friendship——

Lion. My friendship, Madam, can be of little moment to you; but if the most perfect adoration, if the warmest wishes for your felicity, though I should never be witness of it: if these, Madam, can have any merit to continue in your remembrance, a man once honoured with a share of your esteem—— 522

Clar. Hold, Sir—I think I hear somebody.

Lion. If you please, Madam, we'll turn over this celestial globe once more—Have you looked at the book I left you yesterday?

Clar. Really, Sir, I have been so much disturbed in my thoughts for these two or three days past, that I have not been able to look at any thing. 529

Lion. I am sorry to hear that, Madam; I hope there was nothing particular to disturb you. The care Sir John takes to dispose of your hand in a manner suitable to your birth and fortune——

Clar. I don't know, Sir;—I own I am disturbed; I own I am uneasy; there is something weighs upon my heart, which I would fain disclose.

Lion. Upon your heart, Madam! did you say your heart?

Clar. I—did, Sir,——I—— 539

Jen. Madam! Madam! Here's a coach and six driving up the avenue: It's Colonel Oldboy's family; and, I believe the gentleman is in it, that's coming to court you.—Lord, I must run and have a peep at him out of the window.

Lion. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Clar. Why so, Sir?—Bless me, Mr. Lionel, what's the matter!—You turn pale.

Lion. Madam!

Clar. Pray speak to me, Sir.—You tremble.—Tell me the cause of this sudden change.—How are you?—Where's your disorder? 551

Lion. Oh fortune! fortune!

AIR.

*You ask me in vain,
Of what ills I complain,
Where harbours the torment I find;
In my head, in my heart,
It invades e'ry part,
And subdues both my body and mind.*

*Each effort I try,
E'ry med'cine apply,
The pangs of my soul to appease;
But, doom'd to endure,
What I mean for a cure
Turns poison and feeds the disease.*

56•

SCENE IX.

CLARISSA, DIANA.

Dian. My dear Clarissa—I'm glad I have found you alone.—For Heaven's sake, don't let any one break in upon us;—and give me leave to sit down with you a little:—I am in such a tremor, such a panic——

Clar. Mercy on us! what has happened? 569

Dian. You may remember I told you, that when I was last winter in London, I was followed by an odious fellow, one Harman; I can't say but the

wretch pleased me, though he is but a younger brother, and not worth sixpence: And, in short, when I was leaving town, I promised to correspond with him.

Clar. Do you think that was prudent?

Dian. Madness! But this is not the worst, for what do you think, the creature had the assurance to write to me about three weeks ago, desiring permission to come down and spend the summer at my father's. 581

Clar. At your father's!

Dian. Ay, who never saw him, knows nothing of him, and would as soon consent to my marrying a horse jockey. He told me a long story of some tale he intended to invent to make my father receive him, as an indifferent person; and some gentlemen in London, he said, would procure him a letter that should give it a face; and he longed to see me so, he said, he could not live without it; and if he could be permitted but to spend a week with me——

Clar. Well, and what answer did you make?

Dian. Oh! abused him, and refused to listen to any such thing—But—I vow I tremble while I tell it you—Just before we left our house, the impudent monster arrived there, attended by a couple of servants, and is now actually coming here with my father.

Clar. Upon my word, this is a dreadful thing.

Dian. Dreadful, my dear!—I happened to be at the window as he came into the court, and I declare I had like to have fainted away.

Clar. Isn't my lady below? 603

Dian. Yes, and I must run down to her. You'll have my brother here presently too; he would fain have come in the coach with my mother and me, but my father insisted on his walking with him over the fields.

Clar. Well, Diana, with regard to your affair—I think you must find some method of immediately informing this gentleman that you consider the outrage he has committed against you, in the most heinous light, and insist upon his going away directly.

Dian. Why, I believe that will be the best way—but then he'll be begging my pardon and asking to stay.

Clar. Why then you must tell him positively you won't consent to it; and if he persists in so extravagant a design, tell him you'll never see him again as long as you live. 620

Dian. Must I tell him so?

AIR.

*Ab! pr'ythee spare me, dearest creature!
How can you prompt me to so much ill-nature?
Kneeling before me,
Should I hear him implore me;
Cou'd I accuse him,
Cou'd I refuse him
The boon he shou'd ask?
Set not a lover the cruel task.*

*No, believe me, my dear,
 Was he now standing here,
 In spite of my frights, and alarms,
 I might rate him, might scold him——
 But shou'd still strive to hold him——
 And sink at last into his arms.*

630

SCENE X.

CLARISSA.

How easy to direct the conduct of others, how hard to regulate our own! I can give my friend advice, while I am conscious of the same indiscretions in myself. Yet is it criminal to know the most worthy, most amiable man in the world, and not to be insensible to his merit? But my father, the kindest, best of fathers, will he approve the choice I have made? Nay, has he not made another choice for me? And, after all, how can I be sure that the man I love, loves me again? He never told me so: but his looks, his actions, his present anxiety sufficiently declare what his delicacy, his generosity, will not suffer him to utter.——

AIR.

*Ye gloomy thoughts, ye fears per-verse,
 Like sullen vapours all disperse,
 And scatter in the wind;*

*Delusive phantoms, brood of night,
No more my sickly fancy fright,
No more my reason blind.*

*'Tis done; I feel my soul releas'd:
The visions fly, the mists are chas'd,
Nor leave a cloud behind.*

SCENE XI.

*Changes to a Side View of Sir JOHN FLOWERDALE'S
House, with Gates, and a prospect of the Garden.*

HARMAN enters with Colonel OLDBOY.

Col. Well, and how does my old friend Dick Rantum do? I have not seen him these twelve years: he was an honest worthy fellow as ever breathed; I remember he kept a girl in London, and was cursedly plagued by his wife's relations. 660

Har. Sir Richard was always a man of spirit, Colonel.

Col. But as to this business of yours, which he tells me of in his letter—I don't see much in it—An affair with a citizen's daughter—pinked her brother in a duel—Is the fellow likely to die?

Har. Why, Sir, we hope not; but as the matter is dubious, and will probably make some noise, I thought it was better to be for a little time out of the

way; when hearing my case, Sir Richard Rantum mentioned you; he said, he was sure you would permit me to remain at your house for a few days, and offered me a recommendation.

Col. And there's likely to be a brat in the case—And the girl's friends are in business—I'll tell you what will be the consequence then—They will be for going to law with you for a maintenance—but no matter, I'll take the affair in hand for you—make me your solicitor; and, if you are obliged to pay for a single spoonful of pap, I'll be content to father all the children in the Foundling Hospital. 681

Har. You are very kind, Sir.

Col. But hold—hark you—you say there's money to be had—suppose you were to marry the wench?

Har. Do you think, Sir, that would be so right after what has happened? Besides, there's a stronger objection—To tell you the truth, I am honourably in love in another place.

Col. Oh! you are. 689

Har. Yes, Sir, but there are obstacles—A father—In short, Sir, the mistress of my heart lives in this very county, which makes even my present situation a little irksome.

Col. In this county! Zounds! Then I am sure I am acquainted with her, and the first letter of her name is——

Har. Excuse me, Sir, I have some particular reasons——

Col. But look who comes yonder—Ha! ha! ha!

My son picking his steps like a dancing-master. Pr'ythee, Harman, go into the house, and let my wife and daughter know we are come, while I go and have some sport with him: they will introduce you to Sir John Flowerdale.

Har. Then, Sir, I'll take the liberty——

Col. But d'ye hear, I must have a little more discourse with you about this girl; perhaps she's a neighbour of mine, and I may be of service to you.

Har. Well, remember, Colonel, I shall try your friendship.

710

A I R.

*Indulgent pow'rs, if ever
You mark'd a tender vow,
O bend in kind compassion,
And bear a lover now:*

*For titles, wealth, and honours,
While others crowd your shrine;
I ask this only blessing,
Let her I love be mine.*

SCENE XII.

Colonel OLDBOY, Mr. JESSAMY, and several Servants.

Col. Why, Zounds! one would think you had never put your feet to the ground before; you make as

much work about walking a quarter of a mile, as if you had gone a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. 712

Mr. Jes. Colonel, you have used me extremely ill, to drag me through the dirty roads in this manner; you told me the way was all over a bowling-green; only see what a condition I am in!

Col. Why, how did I know the roads were dirty? is that my fault? Besides, we mistook the way. Zounds, man, your legs will be never the worse when they are brushed a little. 713

Mr. Jes. Antoine! have you sent La Roque for the shoes and stockings? Give me the glass out of your pocket—not a dust of powder left in my hair, and the frissure as flat as the fore-top of an attorney's clerk—get your comb and pomatum; you must borrow some powder; I suppose there's such a thing as a dressing room in the house?

Col. Ay, and a cellar too, I hope, for I want a glass of wine cursedly—but hold! hold! Frank, where are you going? Stay, and pay your devoirs here, if you please; I see there's somebody coming out to welcome us. 742

SCENE XIII.

Colonel OLDBOY, *Mr.* JESSAMY, *Lionel*, *Diana*,
CLARISSA.

Lion. Colonel, your most obedient; Sir John is walking with my Lady in the garden, and has commissioned me to receive you.

Col. Mr. Lionel, I am heartily glad to see you—
come here, Frank—this is my son, Sir.

Lion. Sir, I am exceeding proud to——

Mr. Jes. Can't you get the powder then? 749

Col. Miss Clary, my little Miss Clary—give me a
kiss, my dear—as handsome as an angel, by heavens—
Frank, why don't you come here? this is Miss
Flowerdale.

Dian. Oh Heavens! Clarissa! Just as I said, that
impudent devil is come here with with my father.

Mr. Jes. Had'nt we better go into the house?

AIR.

To be made in such a pickle!

Will you please to lead the way, Sir?

Col. No, but if you please, you may, Sir,
For precedence none will stickle. 760

Dian. Brother, no politeness? Bless me!
Will you not your hand bestow?
Lead the Lady.

Clar. ————— *Don't distress me;*
Dear Diana, let him go.

Mr. Jes. Ma'am, permit me.

Col. ————— *Smoke the beau.*

A. 2. *Cruel, must I, can I bear?*
Oh adverse stars!

Oh fate severe!

Beset, tormented,

Each hope prevented:

Col. *None but the brave deserve the fair.*

Come, Ma'am, let me lead you:

Now, Sir, I precede you.

A. 5. *Lovers must ill usage bear.*

Oh adverse stars! oh fate severe!

None but the brave deserve the fair.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Hall in Sir John FLOWERDALE's House, with the View of a grand Stair-case, through an Arch. On either side of the Stair-case below, two Doors, leading from different Apartments.

LIONEL enters, followed by JENNY.

Jenny.

WELL, but Mr. Lionel, consider, pray consider now; how can you be so prodigious indiscreet as you are, walking about the hall here, while the gentlefolks are within in the parlour! Don't you think they'll wonder at your getting up so soon after dinner, and before any of the rest of the company?

Lion. For Heaven's sake, Jenny, don't speak to me: I neither know where I am, nor what I am doing; I am the most wretched and miserable of mankind.

Jen. Poor dear soul, I pity you. Yes, yes, I believe you are miserable enough indeed; and I assure you I have pitied you a great while, and spoke many a word in your favour, when you little thought you had such a friend in a corner.

Lion. But, good Jenny, since, by some accident or other, you have been able to discover what I would willingly hide from all the world, I conjure you, as you regard my interest, as you value your Lady's peace and honour, never let the most distant hint of it escape you; for it is a secret of that importance—

Jen. And, perhaps, you think I can't keep a secret. Ah! Mr. Lionel, it must be hear, see, and say nothing in this world, or one has no business to live in it; besides, who would not be in love with my Lady? There's never a man this day alive but might be proud of it; for she is the handsomest, sweetest temperdest! And I am sure, one of the best mistresses ever poor girl had.

Lion. Oh Jenny! She's an angel.

Jen. And so she is, indeed—Do you know that she gave me her blue and silver sack to-day, and it is every crumb as good as new; and, go things as they will, don't you be fretting and vexing yourself, for I am mortally sartain she would liverer see a toad than this Jessamy. Though I must say, to my thinking, he's a very likely man; and a finer pair of eye-brows, and a more delicate nose, I never saw on a face.

Lion. By Heavens I shall run mad.

Jen. And why so? It is not beauty that always takes the fancy: moreover, to let you know, if it was, I don't think him any more to compare to you, than a thistle is to a carnation: and so's a sign; for, mark my words, my Lady loves you, as much as she hates him.

Lion. What you tell me, Jenny, is a thing I neither merit nor expect: No, I am unhappy, and let me continue so; my most presumptuous thoughts shall never carry me to a wish that may affect her quiet, or give her cause to repent. 50

Jen. That's very honourable of you, I must needs say! but for all that, liking's liking, and one can't help it; and if it should be my Lady's case, it is no fault of yours. I am sure, when she called me into her dressing-room, before she went down to dinner, there she stood with her eyes brim full of tears: and so I fell a crying for company—and then she said she could not abide the chap in the parlour; and at the same time, she bid me take an opportunity to speak to you, and desire you to meet her in the garden this evening after tea; for she has something to say to you. 62

Lion. Jenny, I see you are my friend; for which I thank you, though I know it is impossible to do me any service; take this ring and wear it for my sake.

Jen. I am very much obliged to your honour; I am your friend indeed—but, I say, you won't forget to be in the garden now; and in the mean time keep as little in the house as you can, for walls have eyes and

ears; and I can tell you the servants take notice of your uneasiness, though I am always desiring them to mind their business.

72

Lion. Pray have a care, Jenny, have a care, my dear girl, a word may breed suspicion.

Jen. Psha! have a care, yourself: it is you that breeds suspicion, sighing and pining about; you look for all the world like a ghost; and, if you don't pluck up your spirits, you will be a ghost soon; letting things get the better of you. Though, to be sure, when I think with myself, being cross'd in love is a terrible thing—There was a young man in the town where I was born, made away with himself upon the account of it.

83

Lion. Things shan't get the better of me, Jenny.

Jen. No more they don't ought. And once again I say, fortune is thrown in your dish, and you are not to fling it out; my lady's estate will be better than three bishopricks, if Sir John could give them to you. Think of that, Mr. Lionel, think of that.

Lion. Think of what?

90

AIR.

*Oh talk not to me of the wealth she possesses,
My hopes and my views to herself I confine;
The splendour of riches but slightly impresses
A heart that is fraught with a passion like mine.*

*By love, only love, should our souls be cemented;
No int'rest, no motive, but that wou'd I own;*

*With her in a cottage be blest and contented,
And wretched without her, tho' plac'd on a throne.*

SCENE II.

JENNY, Colonel OLDBOY.

Col. Very well, my Lady, I'll come again to you presently, I am only going into the garden for a mouthful of air. Aha! my little Abigail! Here, Molly! Jenny! Betty! What's your name? Why don't you answer me, hussy, when I call you?

Jen. If you want any thing, Sir, I'll call one of the footmen.

Col. The footmen! the footmen! Damn me, I never knew one of them, in my life, that wouldn't prefer a rascal to a gentleman—Come here, you slut, put your hands about my neck and kiss me.

Jen. Who, I, Sir!

Col. Ay, here's money for you; what the devil are you afraid of? I'll take you into keeping; you shall go and live at one of my tenant's houses.

Jen. I wonder you aren't ashamed, Sir, to make an honest girl any such proposal; you that have a worthy gentlewoman, nay, a lady of your own—To be sure she's a little stricken in years; but why shouldn't she grow elderly as well as yourself?

Col. Burn a lady, I love a pretty girl—

Jen. Well, then you may go look for one, Sir. I have no pretensions to that title. 121

Col. Why, you pert baggage, you don't know me.

Jen. What do you pinch my fingers for? Yes, yes, I know you well enough, and your charekter's well known all over the country, running after poor young creatures as you do, to ruinate them.

Col. What, then people say——

Jen. Indeed, they talk very bad of you; and whatever you may think, Sir, though I'm in a menial station, I'm come of people that wou'dn't see me put upon; there are those that would take my part against the proudest he in the land, that should offer any thing uncivil. 133

Col. Well, come, let me know now, how does your young Lady like my son?

Jen. You want to pump me, do you? I suppose you would know whether I can keep my tongue within my teeth.

Col. She doesn't like him then?

Jen. I don't say so, Sir—Isn't this a shame, now—I suppose to-morrow or next day it will be reported that Jenny has been talking, Jenny said that, and t'other—But here, Sir, I ax you, Did I tell you any such thing?

Col. Why, yes, you did.

Jen. I!—Lord bless me! how can you——

Col. Ad, I'll mouzle you.

Jen. Ah! ah!

Col. What do you bawl for?

Jen. Ah! ah! ah!

AIR.

*Indeed, forsooth, a pretty youth,
To play the am'rous fool;
At such an age, methinks your rage
Might be a little cool.*

*Fie, let me go, Sir.
Kiss me!—No, no, Sir.*

*You pull me, and shake me,
For what do you take me,
This figure to make me?
I'd have you to know
I'm not for your game, Sir;
Nor will I be tame, Sir.
Lord, have you no shame, Sir,
To tumble one so?*

SCENE III.

Colonel OLDBOY, *Lady* MARY, *Diana*, *HARMAN.*

Lady M. Mr. Oldboy, won't you give me your hand to lead me up stairs, my dear?—Sir, I am prodigiously obliged to you; I protest I have not been so well, I don't know when: I have had no return of my bilious complaint after dinner to day; and eat so voraciously! Did you observe Miss? Doctor Arsnic will be quite

astonished when he hears it; surely his new invented medicine has done me a prodigious deal of service.

Col. Ah! you'll always be taking one slop or other, till you poison yourself.

174

Lady M. It brought Sir Barnaby Drugg from death's door, after having tried the Spaw and Bristol waters without effect: it is good for several things, in many sovereign; as in colds and consumptions, and lowness of spirits: it corrects the humours, rectifies the juices, regulates the nervous system, creates an appetite, prevents flushings and sickness after meals, as also vain fears and head-achs; it is the finest thing in the world for an asthma; and no body that takes it, is ever troubled with hystericks.

184

Col. Give me a pinch of your Ladyship's snuff.

Lady M. This is a mighty pretty sort of a man, Colonel, who is he!

Col. A young fellow, my Lady, recommended to me.

Lady M. I protest he has the sweetest taste for poetry!—He has repeated to me two or three of his own things; and I have been telling him of the poem my late brother Lord Jessamy made on the mouse that was drowned.

194

Col. Ay, a fine subject for a poem; a mouse that was drowned in a——

Lady M. Hush, my dear Colonel, don't mention it; to be sure the circumstance was vastly indelicate; but for the number of lines, the poem was as charming a morsel—I heard the Earl of Punley say, who under-

stood Latin, that it was equal to any thing in Catullus.

202

Col. Well, how did you like your son's behaviour at dinner, Madam? I thought the girl looked a little askew at him—Why, he found fault with every thing and contradicted every body.

Lady M. Softly, Miss Flowerdale, I understand, has desired a private conference with him.

Col. What, Harman, have you got entertaining my daughter there? Come hither, Dy; has he been giving you a history of the accident that brought him down here?

212

Dian. No, Papa, the gentleman has been telling—he——

Lady M. No matter what, Miss—'tis not polite to repeat what has been said.

Col. Well, well, my Lady, you know the compact we made; the boy is yours, the girl mine——Give me your hand, Dy.

219

Lady M. Colonel, I have done—Pray, Sir, was there any news when you left London; any thing about the East-Indies, the ministry, or politics of any kind? I am strangely fond of politics; but I hear nothing since my Lord Jessamy's death; he used to write to me all the affairs of the nation, for he was a very great politician himself. I have a manuscript speech of his in my cabinet—He never spoke it, but it is as fine a thing as ever came from man?

Col. What is that crawling on your Ladyship's petticoat?

230

Lady M. Where! Where!

Col. Zounds! a spider with legs as long as my arm.

Lady M. Oh Heavens! Ah, don't let me look at it!
I shall faint, I shall faint! A spider! a spider! a spider!

SCENE IV.

Colonel OLDBOY, *DIANA*, *HARMAN*.

Col. Hold; zounds, let her go; I knew the spider would set her a gallopping, with her damned fuss about her brother, my Lord Jessamy.—Harman, come here.—How do you like my daughter? Is the girl you are in love with as handsome as this? 240

Har. In my opinion, Sir.

Col. What, as handsome as Dy!—I'll lay you twenty pounds she has not such a pair of eyes.—He tells me he's in love, Dy; raging mad for love, and, by his talk, I begin to believe him.

Dian. Now, for my part, Papa, I doubt it very much; though, by what I heard the gentleman say just now within, I find he imagines the lady has a violent partiality for him; and yet he may be mistaken there too.

Col. For shame, Dy, what the mischief do you mean? How can you talk so tartly to a poor young fellow under misfortunes! Give him your hand, and ask his pardon.—Don't mind her, Harman.—For all this, she is as good natured a little devil, as ever was born.

Har. You may remember, Sir, I told you before

dinner, that I had for some time carried on a private correspondence with my lovely girl; and that her father, whose consent we despair of obtaining, is the great obstacle to our happiness. 259

Col. Why don't you carry her off in spite of him, then?—I ran away with my wife—ask my Lady Mary, she'll tell you the thing herself.—Her old conceited Lord of a father thought I was not good enough; but I mounted a garden-wall, notwithstanding their chevaux-de-frize of broken glass bottles, took her out of a three pair of stairs window, and brought her down a ladder in my arms—By the way, she would have squeezed through a cat-hole to get at me.—And I would have taken her out of the Tower of London, damme, if it had been surrounded with the three regiments of guards. 271

Dian. But, surely, Papa, you would not persuade the gentleman to such a proceeding as this is; consider the noise it will make in the country; and if you are known to be the adviser and abettor—

Col. Why, what do I care? I say, if he takes my advice he'll run away with her, and I'll give him all the assistance I can.

Har. I am sure, Sir, you are very kind; and, to tell you the truth, I have more than once had the very scheme in my head, if I thought it was feasible, and knew how to go about it.

Col. Feasible, and knew how to go about it! The thing's feasible enough, if the girl's willing to go

off with you, and you have spirit sufficient to undertake it.

Har. O, as for that, Sir, I can answer.

Dian. What, Sir, that the lady will be willing to go off with you? 289

Har. N^o, Ma'am, that I have spirit enough to take her, if she is willing to go; and thus far I dare venture to promise, that between this and to-morrow morning I will find out whether she is or not.

Col. So he may; she lives but in this county; and tell her, Harman, you have met with a friend, who is inclined to serve you. You shall have my post-chaise at a minute's warning; and if a hundred pieces will be of any use to you, you may command 'em.

Har. And are you really serious, Sir? 300

Col. Serious; damme if I an't. I have put twenty young fellows in the way of getting girls that they never would have thought of: and bring her to my house; whenever you come, you shall have a supper and a bed; but you must marry her first, because my Lady will be squeamish,

Dian. Well, but, my dear Papa, upon my word you have a great deal to answer for: suppose it was your own case to have a daughter in such circumstances, would you be obliged to any one— 310

Col. Hold your tongue, hussy, who bid you put in your oar? However, Harman, I don't want to set you upon any thing; 'tis no affair of mine to be sure;

I only give you advice, and tell you how I would act, if I was in your place.

Har. I assure you, Sir, I am quite charm'd with the advice; and since you are ready to stand my friend, I am determin'd to follow it.

Col. You are——

Har. Positively——

320

Col. Say no more then; here's my hand:—You understand me—No occasion to talk any further of it at present—When we are alone—Dy, take Mr. Harman into the drawing-room, and give him some tea.—I say, Harman, Mum.—

Har. O, Sir.

Col. What do you mean by your grave looks, mistress?

A I R.

*How cursedly vext the old fellow will be,
When he finds you have snapt up his daughter;
But shift as he will, leave the matter to me,
And I warrant you soon shall have caught her.*

*What a plague and a pox,
Shall an ill natur'd fox
Prevent youth and beauty
From doing their duty?
He ought to be set in the stocks.
He merits the law;*

And if we can't bite him,

By gad we'll indite him.

340

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

SCENE V.

DIANA, HARMAN.

Dian. Sir, I desire to know what gross acts of imprudence you have ever discovered in me, to authorize you in this licence, or make you imagine I should not shew such marks of my resentment as your monstrous treatment of me deserves.

Har. Nay, my dear Diana, I confess I have been rather too bold;—but consider, I languish'd to see you: and when an opportunity offer'd to give me that pleasure without running any risque, either of your quiet or reputation, how hard was it to be resisted? 'Tis true, I little thought my visit would be attended with such happy consequences as it now seems to promise.

Dian. What do you mean?

Har. Why, don't you see your father has an inclination I should run away with you, and is contriving the means himself?

Dian. And do you think me capable of concurring? Do you think I have no more duty?

360

Har. I don't know that, Madam; I am sure your refusing to seize such an opportunity to make me happy, gives evident proofs that you have very little love.

Dian. If there is no way to convince you of my love but by my indiscretion, you are welcome to consider it in what light you please.

Har. Was ever so unfortunate a dog?

Dian. Very pretty this upon my word; but is it possible you can be in earnest? 370

Har. It is a matter of too much consequence to jest about.

Dian. And you seriously think I ought——

Har. You are sensible there are no hopes of your father's coolly and wittingly consenting to our marriage; chance has thrown in our way a whimsical method of surprising him into a compliance, and why should not we avail ourselves of it?

Dian. And so you would have me——

Har. I shall say no more, Ma'am. 380

Dian. Nay, but, for Heaven's sake——

Har. No, Madam, no; I have done.

Dian. And are you positively in this violent fuss about the matter, or only giving yourself airs?

Har. You may suppose what you think proper, Madam.

Dian. Well, come;—let us go into the drawing-room and drink tea, and afterwards we'll talk of matters.

Har. I won't drink any tea. 390

Dian. Why so?

Har. Because I don't like it.

Dian. Not like it! Ridiculous.

Har. I wish you would let me alone.

Dian. Nay, pr'ythee——

Har. I won't.

Dian. Well, will you if I consent to act as you please?

Har. I don't know whether I will or not.

Dian. Ha, ha, ha, poor Harman.

400

AIR.

*Come then, pining, peevish lover,
Tell me what to do and say;
From your doleful dumps recover,
Smile, and it shall have its way.*

*With their humours, thus to tease us,
Men are sure the strangest elves!
Silly creatures, would you please us,
You should still seem pleas'd yourselves.*

SCENE VI.

HARMAN.

Say'st thou so, my girl! Then love renounce me, if I drive not old Truepenny's humour to the uttermost.—Let me consider;—what ill consequence can

possibly attend it?—The design is his own, as in part will be the execution.—He may perhaps be angry when he finds out the deceit.—Well;—he deceives himself; and faults we commit ourselves, we seldom find much difficulty in pardoning.

AIR.

*Hence with caution, hence with fear,
Beauty prompts, and nought shall stay me;
Boldly for that prize I steer;
Rocks, nor winds, nor waves dismay me.* 420

*Yet, rash lover, look behind,
Think what evils may betide you;
Love and fortune both are blind,
And you have none else to guide you.*

SCENE VII.

Changes to a handsome Dressing-room, supposed to be CLARISSA'S. On one side, between the Wings, is a Table with a Glass, Boxes, and two Chairs. DIANA Enters before JESSAMY.

Dian. Come, brother, I undertake to be mistress of the ceremony upon this occasion, and introduce you to your first audience.—Miss Flowerdale is not here, I perceive; but no matter.—

Mr. Jes. Upon my word, a pretty elegant dressing room this; but confound our builders, or architects, as they call themselves, they are all errant stone-masons; not one of them know the situation of doors, windows, or chimnies; which are as essential to a room as eyes, nose, and mouth to a countenance. Now, if the eyes are where the mouth should be, and the nose out of proportion and its place: *quelle horrible physionomie?*

Dian. My dear brother, you are not come here as a virtuoso to admire the temple; but as a votary to address the deity to whom it belongs. Shew, I beseech you, a little more devotion, and tell me, how do you like Miss Flowerdale? don't you think her very handsome?

Mr. Jes. Pale;—but that I am determin'd she shall remedy; for, as soon as we are married, I will make her put on rouge:—Let me see;—has she got any in her boxes here; *Veritable toilette a l'Angloise.* Nothing but a bottle of Hungary-water, two or three rows of pins, a paper of patches, and a little bole-armoniac by way of tooth-powder.

450

Dian. Brother, I would fain give you some advice upon this occasion, which may be of service to you. You are now going to entertain a young Lady—Let me prevail upon you to lay aside those airs, on account of which, some people are impertinent enough to call you a coxcomb; for, I am afraid, she may be apt to think you a coxcomb too, as I assure you, she is very capable of distinguishing.

Mr. Jes. So much the worse for me.—If she is capable of distinguishing, I shall meet with a terrible repulse. I don't believe she'll have me.

Dian. I don't believe she will, indeed.

Mr. Jes. Go on, sister,—ha, ha, ha!

Dian. I protest I am serious—Though, I perceive, you have more faith in the counsellor before you there, the looking-glass. But give me leave to tell you, it is not a powder'd head, a lac'd coat, a grimace, a shrug, a bow, or a few pert phrases, learnt by rote, that constitutes the power of pleasing all women.

470

Mr. Jes. You had better return to the gentleman, and give him his tea, my dear.

Dian. These qualifications we find in our parrots and monkies. I would undertake to teach Poll, in three weeks, the fashionable jargon of half the fine men about town; and I am sure it must be allowed, that pug, in a scarlet coat, is a gentleman as degagé and alluring as most of them.

A I R.

Ladies, pray admire a figure,

Fait selon le dernier gout.

480

First, his hat, in size no bigger

Than a Chinese woman's shoe;

Six yards of ribbon bind

His hair en baton behind;

*While his fore-top's so high,
That in crown he may vie
With the tufted cockatoo.*

*Then his waist, so long and taper,
'Tis an absolute thread-paper :
Maids, resist him, you that can ;
Odd's life, if this is all th' affair,
I'll clap a hat on, club my hair,
And call myself a Man.*

490

SCENE^a VIII.

CLARISSA, Mr. JESSAMY.

Clar. Sir, I took the liberty to desire a few moments private conversation with you—I hope you will excuse it—I am, really, greatly embarrassed. But, in an affair of such immediate consequence to us both—

Mr. Jes. My dear creature, don't be embarrass'd before me; I should be extremely sorry to strike you with any awe; but, this is a species of *mauvaise honte*, which the company I shall introduce you to, will soon cure you of.

Clar. Upon my word, Sir, I don't understand you.

Mr. Jes. Perhaps you may be under some uneasiness lest I should not be quite so warm in the prosecution of this affair, as you could wish: it is true, with regard to quality, I might do better; and, with

regard to fortune, full as well—But, you please me—Upon my soul, I have not met with any thing more agreeable to me a great while.

Clar. Pray, Sir, keep your seat.

Mr. Jes. *Mauvaise honte* again. My dear, there is nothing in these little familiarities between you and me—When we are married, I shall do every thing to render your life happy. 509

Clar. Ah! Sir, pardon me. The happiness of my life depends upon a circumstance——

Mr. Jes. Oh! I understand you—You have been told, I suppose, of the Italian opera girl—Rat peoples' tongues—However, 'tis true, I had an affair with her at Naples, and she is now here. But, be satisfied: I'll give her a thousand pounds, and send her about her business.

Clar. Me, Sir! I protest nobody told me—Lord! I never heard any such thing, or enquired about it.

Mr. Jes. No! have they not been chattering to you of my affair at Pisa, with the Principessa del——

Clar. No, indeed, Sir.

Mr. Jes. Well, I was afraid they might, because, in this rude country—But, why silent on a sudden?—don't be afraid to speak.

Clar. No, Sir, I will come to the subject, on which I took the liberty to trouble you—Indeed, I have great reliance on your generosity.

Mr. Jes. You'll find me generous as a prince, depend on't. 530

Clar. I am bless'd, Sir, with one of the best of fa-

thers: I never yet disobeyed him; in which I have had little merit; for his commands hitherto have only been to secure my own felicity. 540

Mr. Jes. Apres ma chere—

Clar. But now, Sir, I am under the shocking necessity of disobeying him, or being wretched for ever.

Mr. Jes. Hem!

Clar. Our union is impossible—my present situation—the gloomy prospect before me—the inquietude of my mind——

AIR.

Poor panting heart, ah! wilt thou ever

Throb within my troubled breast;

Shall I see the moment never

550

That is doom'd to give thee rest?

Cruel stars! that thus torment me,

Still I seek for ease in vain,

All my efforts but present me

With variety of pain.

SCENE IX.

JESSAMY, JENKINS.

Mr. Jes. Who's there?

Jen. Do you call, Sir?

Mr. Jes. Hark you, old gentleman! who are you?

Jen. Sir, my name is Jenkins.

Mr. Jes. Oh! you are Sir John Flowerdale's steward; a servant he puts confidence in. 561

Jen. Sir, I have served Sir John Flowerdale many years: he is the best of masters; and, I believe, he has some dependance on my attachment and fidelity.

Mr. Jes. Then, Mr. Jenkins, I shall condescend to speak to you. Does your master know who I am? Does he know, Sir, that I am likely to be a Peer of Great Britain? That I have ten thousand pounds a year; that I have passed through all Europe with distinguished eclat; that I refused the daughter of Mynheer Van Slokenfolk, the great Dutch burgomaster; and, that, if I had not had the misfortune of being bred a protestant, I might have married the niece of his present holiness the Pope, with a fortune of two hundred thousand piasters?

Jen. I am sure, Sir, my master has all the respect imaginable—

Mr. Jes. Then, Sir, how comes he, after my shewing an inclination to be allied to his family; how comes he, I say, to bring me to his house to be affronted? I have let his daughter go; but, I think, I was in the wrong; for a woman that insults me, is no more safe than a man. I have brought a Lady to reason before now, for giving me saucy language; and left her male friends to revenge it.

Jen. Pray, good Sir, what's the matter?

Mr. Jes. Why, Sir, this is the matter, Sir—your master's daughter, Sir, has behaved to me with damn'd insolence, and impertinence: and you may tell Sir John Flowerdale, first, with regard to her, that I think she is a silly, ignorant, awkward, ill-bred country puss.

Jen. Oh! Sir, for Heaven's sake——

Mr. Jes. And, that with regard to himself, he is, in my opinion, an old, doating, ridiculous, country squire; without the knowledge of either men or things; and, that he is below my notice, if it were not to despise him.

Jen. Good Lord! Good Lord!

Mr. Jes. And, advise him and his daughter to keep out of my way; for, by gad, I will affront them, in the first place I meet them——And, if your master is for carrying things further; tell him, I fence better than any man in Europe.

AIR.

*In Italy, Germany, France have I been;
Where princes I've liv'd with, where monarchs I've
seen.*

*The great have caress'd me,
The fair have address'd me,
Nay, smiles I have had from a queen.*

*And, now, shall a pert,
Insignificant flirt,*

With insolence use me,

Presume to refuse me!

She fancies my pride will be hurt.

But tout au contraire,

I'm pleas'd I declare,

Quite happy, to think, I escape from the snare:

Ser-viteur Mam'selle; my claim I withdraw.

Hey, where are my people? Fal, lal, lal, lal la. 619

SCENE X.

JENKINS.

I must go and inform Sir John of what has happened; but, I will not tell him of the outrageous behaviour of this young spark; for he is a man of spirit, and would resent it. Egad, my own fingers itched to be at him, once or twice; and, as stout as he is, I fancy these old fists would give him a bellyful. He complains of Miss Clarissa: but she is incapable of treating him in the manner he says. Perhaps, she may have behaved with some coldness towards him; and yet, that is a mystery to me too.

AIR.

We all say the man was exceedingly knowing,

And knowing most surely was he,

630

*Who found out the cause of the ebbing and flowing,
The flux and reflux of the sea.*

*Nor was he in knowledge far from it,
Who first mark'd the course of a comet;
To what it was owing,
Its coming and going,
Its wanderings hither and thither;
But the man that divines
A Lady's designs,
Their cause or effect,
In any respect,
Is wiser than both put together.*

646

SCENE XI.

Changes to Sir JOHN FLOWERDALE'S Garden; with a View of a Canal, by Moon-light: the Side Scenes represent Box-hedges, intermixed with Statues and Flowering Shrubs. LIONEL enters, leading CLARISSA.

Lion. Hist—methought I heard a noise—should we be surprised together, at a juncture so critical, what might be the consequence—I know not how it is; but, at this the happiest moment of my life, I feel a damp, a tremor, at my heart——

Clar. Then, what should I do? If you tremble, I ought to be terrified indeed, who have discovered

sentiments which, perhaps, I should have hid, with a frankness that, by a man less generous, less noble minded than yourself, might be construed to my disadvantage. 654

Lion. Oh! woud me not with so cruel an expression—You love me, and have condescended to confess it—You have seen my torments, and been kind enough to pity them—The world, indeed, may blame you——

Clar. And, yet, was it proclaimed to the world, what could the most malicious suggest? They could but say, that truth and sincerity got the better of forms; that the tongue dar'd to speak the honest sensations of the mind; that, while you aimed at improving my understanding, you engaged, and conquered my heart.

Lion. And, is it! is it possible!

Clar. Be calm, and listen to me: what I have done has not been lightly imagined, nor rashly undertaken: it is the work of reflection, of conviction; my love is not a sacrifice to my own fancy, but a tribute to your worth; did I think there was a more deserving man in the world——

Lion. If, to doat on you more than life, be to deserve you, so far I have merit; if, to have no wish, no hope, no thought, but you, can entitle me to the envied distinction of a moment's regard, so far I dare pretend. 678

Clar. That I have this day refused a man, with whom I could not be happy, I make no merit: born

for quiet and simplicity, the crowds of the world, the noise attending pomp and distinction, have no charms for me: I wish to pass my life in rational tranquillity, with a friend, whose virtues I can respect, whose talents I can admire; who will make my esteem the basis of my affection.

Lion. O charming creature! yes, let me indulge the flattering idea; form'd with the same sentiments, the same feelings, the same tender passion for each other; Nature design'd us to compose that sacred union, which nothing but death can annul. 691

Clar. One only thing remember. Secure in each other's affections, here we must rest; I would not give my father a moment's pain, to purchase the empire of the world.

Lion. Command, dispose of me as you please; angels take cognizance of the vows of innocence and virtue; and, I will believe that ours are already register'd in Heaven.

Clar. I will believe so too. 700

A I R.

*Go, and, on my truth relying,
Comfort to your cares applying,
Bid each doubt and sorrow flying,
Leave to peace, and love your breast.*

*Go, and may the Pow'rs that bear us,
Still, as kind protectors near us,*

*Through our troubles safely steer us
To a port of joy and rest.*

SCENE XII.

LIONEL, *Sir* JOHN FLOWERDALE.

Sir John. Who's there? Lionel?

Lion. Heav'ns! 'tis Sir John Flowerdale. 710

Sir John. Who's there?

Lion. 'Tis I, Sir; I am here; Lionel.

Sir John. My dear lad, I have been searching for you this half hour, and was at last told you had come into the garden: I have a piece of news, which I dare swear will shock and surprise you; my daughter has refused Colonel Oldboy's son, who is this minute departed the house in violent resentment of her ill-treatment.

Lion. Is he gone, Sir? 720

Sir John. Yes, and the family are preparing to follow him. Oh! Lionel, Clarissa has deceived me: in this affair she has suffered me to deceive myself. The measures which I have been so long preparing, are broken in a moment—my hopes frustrated; and both parties, in the eye of the world, rendered light and ridiculous.

Lion. I am sorry to see you so much moved; pray, Sir, recover yourself. 729

Sir John. I am sorry, Lionel, she has profited no better by your lessons of philosophy, than to impose upon and distress so kind a father.

Lion. Have juster thoughts of her, Sir: she has not imposed on you, she is incapable—have but a little patience, and things may yet be brought about.

Sir John. No, Lionel, no; the matter is past, and there's an end to it; yet I would conjecture to what such an unexpected turn in her conduct can be owing; I would fain be satisfied of the motive that could urge her to so extraordinary a proceeding, without the least intimation, the least warning to me, or any of her friends.

742

Lion. Perhaps, Sir, the gentleman may have been too impetuous, and offended Miss Flowerdale's delicacy—certainly nothing else could occasion——

Sir John. Heaven only knows—I think, indeed, there can be no settled aversion, and surely her affections are not engaged elsewhere.

Lion. Engag'd, Sir—No, Sir.

Sir John. I think not, Lionel.

Lion. You may be positive, Sir—I'm sure——

Sir John. O worthy young man, whose integrity, openness, and every good quality have rendered dear to me as my own child; I see this affair troubles you as much as it does me.

Lion. It troubles me indeed, Sir.

Sir John. However, my particular disappointment ought not to be detrimental to you, nor shall it: I well know how irksome it is to a generous mind to

live in a state of dependance, and have long had it in my thoughts to make you easy for life. 762

Lion. Sir John, the situation of my mind at present is a little disturb'd—spare me—I beseech you, spare me; why will you persist in a goodness that makes me asham'd of myself?

Sir John. There is an estate in this county which I purchased some years ago; by me it will never be missed, and who ever marries my daughter will have little reason to complain of my disposing of such a trifle for my own gratification. On the present marriage I intended to perfect a deed of gift in your favour, which has been for some time preparing; my lawyer has this day completed it, and it is yours, my dear Lionel, with every good wish that the warmest friend can bestow.

Lion. Sir, if you presented a pistol with design to shoot me, I would submit to it; but you must excuse me, I cannot lay myself under more obligations.

Sir John. Your delicacy carries you too far; in this I confer a favour on myself: however, we'll talk no more on the subject at present; let us walk towards the house, our friends will depart else without my bidding them adieu. 783

SCENE XIII.

DIANA, CLARISSA, and afterwards LIONEL.

Dian. So then, my dear Clarissa, you really give credit to the ravings of that French wretch, with regard to a plurality of worlds?

Clar. I don't make it an absolute article of belief, but I think it an ingenious conjecture with great probability on its side. 789

Dian. And we are a moon to the moon! Nay, child, I know something of astronomy, but—that that little shining thing there, which seems not much larger than a silver plate, should, perhaps, contain great cities like London; and who can tell but they may have kings there and parliaments, and plays and operas, and people of fashion! Lord, the people of fashion in the moon must be strange creatures.

Clar. Methinks Venus shines very bright in yonder corner. 799

Dian. Venus! O pray let me look at Venus; I suppose, if there are any inhabitants there, they must be all lovers.

Lion. Was ever such a wretch—I can't stay a moment in a place; where is my repose?—fled with my virtue. Was I then born for falsehood and dissimulation? I was, I was, and I live to be conscious of it; to impose upon my friend; to betray my benefactor,

and lie to hide my ingratitude—a monster in a moment—No, I may be the most unfortunate of men, but I will not be the most odious; while my heart is yet capable of dictating what is honest, I will obey its voice.

812

SCENE XIV.

DIANA, CLARISSA, LIONEL, *Colonel* OLDBOY,
HARMAN.

Col. Dy, where are you? What the mischief, is this a time to be walking in the garden? The coach has been ready this half hour, and your Mamma is waiting for you.

Dian. I am learning astronomy, Sir! do you know, Papa, that the moon is inhabited?

Col. Hussy, you are half a lunatic yourself; come here, things have gone just as I imagin'd they wou'd, the girl has refus'd your brother, I knew he must disgust her.

Dian. Women will want taste now and then, Sir.

Col. But I must talk to the young Lady a little.

Har. Well, I have had a long conference with your father about the elopement, and he continues firm in his opinion that I ought to attempt it: in short, all the necessary operations are settled between us, and

I am to leave his house to-morrow morning, if I can
but persuade the young Lady—— 830

Dian. Ay, but I hope the young Lady will have
more sense—Lord, how can you tease me with your
nonsense? Come, Sir, isn't it time for us to go in?
Her Ladyship will be impatient.

Col. Friend Lionel, good night to you; Miss Cla-
rissa, my dear, though I am father to the puppy who
has displeas'd you, give me a kiss; you serv'd him
right, and I thank you for it.

AIR.

Col. *O what a night is here for love!*
Cynthia brightly shining above;
Among the trees,
To the sighing breeze,
Fountains tinkling;
Stars a twinkling,

Dian. *O what a night is here for love!*
So may the morn propitious prove;

Har. *And so it will, if right I guess;*
For sometimes light,
As well as night,
A lover's hopes may bless.

A. 2. *Farewell, my friend,*
May gentle rest
Calm each tumult in your breast,
Every pain and fear remove.

Lion. *What have I done?
Where shall I run,
With grief and shame at once opprest;
How my own upbraiding shun,
Or meet my friend distrest?*

A. 3. *Hark to Philomel, how sweet,
From yonder elm.*

Col. *Tweet, tweet, tweet, tweet.*

A. 5. *O what a night is here for love!
But vainly nature strives to move.
Nor nightingale among the trees,
Nor twinkling stars, nor sighing breeze,
Nor murmur'ing streams,
Nor Phæbe's beams,
Can charm, unless the heart's at ease.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in Colonel OLDBOY'S House. HARMAN enters with his Hat, Boots, and Whip, followed by DIANA.

Diana.

PR'YTHEE, hear me.

Har. My dear, what would you say?

Dian. I am afraid of the step we are going to take; indeed, I am; 'tis true my father is the contriver of

it; but, really, on consideration, I think I should appear less culpable if he was not so, I am at once criminal myself, and rendering him ridiculous.

Har. Do you love me? 8

Dian. Suppose I do, you give me a very ill proof of your love for me, when you would take advantage of my tenderness, to blind my reason: how can you have so little regard for my honour as to sacrifice it to a vain triumph? For it is in that light I see the rash action you are forcing me to commit; nay, methinks my consenting to it should injure me in your own esteem. When a woman forgets what she owes herself, a lover should set little value upon any thing she gives to him. 18

Har. Can you suppose then, can you imagine, that my passion will ever make me forget the veneration—And, an elopement is nothing, when it is on the road to matrimony.

Diana. At best, I shall incur the censure of disobedience, and indiscretion; and is it nothing to a young woman, what the world says of her? Ah! my good friend, be assured, such a disregard of the world is the first step towards deserving its reproaches.

Har. But, the necessity we are under—Mankind has too much good sense, too much good nature—

Dian. Every one has good sense enough to see other peoples' faults, and good nature enough to overlook their own. Besides, the most sacred things may be made an ill use of, and even marriage itself, if indecently and improperly— 34

Har. Come, get yourself ready: where is your band-box, hat, and cloak? Slip into the garden: be there at the iron-gate, which you shewed me just now; and, as the post-chaise comes round, I will step and take you in.

Dian. Dear Harman, let me beg of you to desist.

Har. Dear Diana, let me beg of you to go on. 41

Dian. I shall never have resolution to carry me through it.

Har. We shall have four horses, my dear, and they will assist us.

Dian. In short—I——cannot go with you.

Har. But before me—into the garden—Won't you?

A I R.

Dian. *How can you, inhuman! persist to distress me?*

My danger, my fears, 'tis in vain to disguise:
You know them, yet still to destruction you press me,
And force that from passion—which prudence denies.

I fain would oppose a perverse inclination; 52

The visions of fancy, from reason divide;
With fortitude baffle the wiles of temptation,
And let love no longer make folly its guide.

SCENE II.

Colonel OLDBOY, HARMAN.

Col. Hey-day! what's the meaning of this? Who is it went out of the room, there? Have you and my daughter been in conference, Mr. Harman?

Har. Yes, faith, Sir, she has been taking me to task here very severely, with regard to this affair; and she has said so much against it, and put it into such a strange light—— 62

Col. A busy, impertinent baggage; egad I wish I had catched her meddling, and after I ordered her not: but you have sent to the girl, and you say she is ready to go with you; you must not disappoint her now.

Har. No, no, Colonel; I always have politeness enough to hear a lady's reasons; but constancy enough to keep a will of my own. 69

Col. Very well—now let me ask you,—don't you think it would be proper, upon this occasion, to have a letter ready writ for the father, to let him know who has got his daughter, and so forth?

Har. Certainly, Sir; and I'll write it directly.

Col. You write it! you be damn'd! I won't trust you with it; I tell you, Harman, you'll commit some cursed blunder, if you don't leave the management of this whole affair to me: I have writ the letter for you myself.

Har. Have you, Sir?

80

Col. Ay—here, read it: I think it's the thing: however, you are welcome to make any alteration.

Har. “Sir, I have loved your daughter a great while, secretly; she assures me there is no hope of your consenting to our marriage; I therefore take her without it. I am a gentleman who will use her well: and, when you consider the matter, I dare swear you will be willing to give her a fortune. If not, you shall find I dare behave myself like a man—A word to the wise—You must expect to hear from me in another stile.”

91

Col. Now, Sir, I will tell you what you must do with this letter: as soon as you have got off with the girl, Sir, send your servant back to leave it at the house, with orders to have it delivered to the old gentleman.

Har. Upon my honour, I will, Colonel.

Col. But, upon my honour, I don't believe you'll get the girl: come, Harman, I'll bet you a buck, and six dozen of Burgundy, that you won't have spirit enough to bring this affair to a crisis.

101

Har. And, I say done first, Colonel.

Col. Then look into the court there, Sir; a chaise with four of the prettiest bay geldings in England, with two boys in scarlet and silver jackets, that will whisk you along.

Har. Boys! Colonel? Little cupids, to transport me to the summit of my desires.

108

Col. Ay, but for all that, it mayn't be amiss for me to talk to them a little out of the window for you.

Dick, come hither; you are to go with this gentleman, and do whatever he bids you; and take into the chaise whoever he pleases; and, drive like devils, do you hear; but be kind to the dumb beasts.

Har. Leave that to me, Sir—And so, my dear Colonel—

AIR.

*To fear a stranger,
Behold the soldier arm;
He knows no danger,
When honour sounds the alarm; 120
Out dauntless goes,
Among his foes.*

*In Cupid's militia,
So fearless I issue;
And, as you see,
Arm'd cap-a-pie,
Resolve on death or victory. 127*

SCENE III.

Colonel OLDBOY, Lady MARY, and then JENNY.

Lady M. Mr. Oldboy, here is a note from Sir John Flowerdale; it is addressed to me, intreating my son to come over there again this morning. A maid brought it: she is in the ante-chamber—We had

better speak to her—Child, child, why don't you come in?

Jen. I choose to stay where I am, if your ladyship pleases.

Lady M. Stay where you are! why so?

Jen. I am afraid of the old gentleman there.

Col. Afraid of me, hussy.

Lady M. Pray, Colonel, have patience—Afraid—Here is something at the bottom of this—What did you mean by that expression, child? 141

Jen. Why, the Colonel knows very well, Madam, he wanted to be rude with me yesterday.

Lady M. Oh, Mr. Oldboy!

Col. Lady Mary, don't provoke me, but let me talk to the girl about her business. How came you to bring this note here?

Jen. Why, Sir John gave it to me, to deliver to my uncle Jenkins, and I took it down to his house; but while we were talking together, he remembered that he had some business with Sir John, so he desired me to bring it, because he said it was not proper to be sent by any of the common servants. 153

Lady M. Colonel, look in my face, and help blushing if you can.

Col. What the plague's the matter, my Lady! I have not been wronging you, now, as you call it.

Jen. Indeed, Madam, he offer'd to make me his kept Madam: I am sure his usage of me put me into such a twitter, that I did not know what I was doing all the day after. 161

Lady M. I don't doubt it, though I so lately forgave him: but, as the poet says, his sex is all deceit. Read Pamela, child, and resist temptation.

Jen. Yes, Madam, I will.

Col. Why, I tell you, my Lady, it was all a joke.

Jen. No, Sir, it was no joke, you made me a proffer of money, so you did, whereby I told you, you had a lady of your own, and that though she was old, you had no right to despise her. 170

Lady M. And how dare you, mistress, make use of my name? Is it for such trollops as you to talk of persons of distinction behind their backs?

Jen. Why, Madam, I only said you was in years.

Lady M. Sir John Flowerdale shall be inform'd of your impertinence, and you shall be turned out of the family; I see you are a confident creature, and I believe you are no better than you should be.

Jen. I scorn your words, Madam.

Lady M. Get out of the room; how dare you stay in this room to talk impudently to me? 181

Jen. Very well, Madam, I shall let my Lady know how you have us'd me; but, I shan't be turned out of my place, Madam, nor at a loss, if I am; and if you are angry with every one that won't say you are young, I believe, there is very few you will keep friends with.

AIR.

I wonder, I'm sure, why this fuss should be made;
 For my part, I'm neither asham'd, nor afraid 190
 Of what I have done, nor of what I have said,
 A ser-vant, I hope, is no slave;
 And tho', to their shames,
 Some ladies call names,
 I know better how to behave,
 Times are not so bad,
 If occasion I had,
 Nor my character such I need star-ve on't.
 And, for going away,
 I don't want to stay, 200
 And so I'm your Ladyship's ser-vant.

SCENE IV.

Colonel OLDBOY, Lady MARY, Mr. JESSAMY.

Mr. Jes. What is the matter here?

Lady M. I will have a separate maintenance, I will, indeed. Only a new instance of your father's infidelity, my dear. Then with such low wretches, farmers' daughters, and servant wenches: but any thing with a cap on, 'tis all the same to him.

Mr. Jes. Upon my word, Sir, I am scrry to tell you, that those practices very ill suit the character which you ought to endeavour to support in the world.

Lady M. Is this a recompence for my love and regard; I, who have been tender and faithful as a turtle dove?

Mr. Jes. A man of your birth and distinction should, methinks, have views of a higher nature, than such low, such vulgar libertinism.

Lady M. Consider my birth and family too, Lady Mary Jessamy might have had the best matches in England.

Mr. Jes. Then, Sir, your grey hairs. 220

Lady M. I, that have brought you so many lovely, sweet babes.

Mr. Jes. Nay, Sir, it is a reflection on me.

Lady M. The heinous sin too——

Mr. Jes. Indeed, Sir, I blush for you.

Col. 'Sdeath and fire, you little effeminate puppy, do you know who you talk to?—And you, Madam, do you know who I am!—Get up to your chamber, or zounds I'll make such a——

Lady M. Ah! my dear, come away from him. 230

SCENE V.

Colonel OLDBOY, Mr. JESSAMY, a Servant.

Col. Am I to be tutor'd and call'd to an account?

How now, you scoundrel, what do you want?

Serv. A letter, Sir.

Col. A letter, from whom, sirrah?

Serv. The gentleman's servant, a'n't please your honour, that left this, just now, in the post-chaise—the gentleman my young lady went away with.

Col. Your young lady, sirrah—Your young lady went away with no gentleman, you dog—What gentleman! What young lady, sirrah! 240

Mr. Jes. There is some mystery in this—With your leave, Sir, I'll open the letter: I believe it contains no secrets.

Col. What are you going to do, you jackanapes? you shan't open a letter of mine—Dy—Diana—Somebody call my daughter to me there—"To John Old-boy, Esq.—Sir, I have loved your daughter a great while secretly—Consenting to our marriage—"

Mr. Jes. So, so.

Col. You villain—you dog, what is it you have brought me here? 251

Serv. Please your honour, if you'll have patience, I'll tell your honour—As I told your honour before, the gentleman's servant that went off just now in the post-chaise, came to the gate, and left it after his master was gone. I saw my young lady go into the chaise with the gentleman.

Mr. Jes. A very fine joke indeed; pray, Colonel, do you generally write letters to yourself? why, this is your own hand. 260

Col. Call all the servants in the house, let horses be saddled directly—every one take a different road.

Serv. Why, your honour, Dick said it was by your own orders.

Col. My orders! you rascal? I thought he was going to run away with another gentleman's daughter—*Dy*—*Diana Oldboy.*

Mr. Jes. Don't waste your lungs to no purpose, Sir, your daughter is half a dozen miles off by this time.

Col. Sirrah, you have been bribed to further the scheme of a pick-pocket here. 271

Mr. Jes. Besides, the matter is entirely of your own contriving, as well as the letter and spirit of this elegant epistle.

Col. You are a coxcomb, and I'll disinherit you; the letter is none of my writing, it was writ by the devil, and the devil contrived it. *Diana, Margaret, my Lady Mary, William, John*— 278

Mr. Jes. I am very glad of this, prodigiously glad of it, upon my honour—he! he! he!—it will be a jest this hundred years. (*Bells ring violently on both sides.*) What's the matter now? O! her Ladyship has heard of it, and is at her bell; and the Colonel answers her. A pretty duet; but a little too much upon the fortè methinks: it would be a diverting thing, now, to stand unseen at the old gentleman's elbow.

AIR.

Hist, soft; let's hear how matters go;

I'll creep and listen;—so, so, so,

They're all together by the ears;—

Oh, horrid! how the savage swears.

290

*There too again ; ay, you may ring ;
Sound out th' alarm-bell—ding, ding, ding—
Dispatch your scouts, 'tis all in vain,
Stray maids are seldom found again.*

*But hark, the uproar hither sounds ;
The Colonel comes with all his bounds ;
I'll wisely leave them open way,
To hunt with what success they may.*

299

SCENE VI.

Colonel OLDBOY re-enters, with one Boot, a Great-Coat on his Arm, &c. followed by several Ser-vants.

Col. She's gone, by the Lord ; fairly stole away, with that poaching, coney-catching rascal ! However, I won't follow her ; no, damme ? take my whip, and my cap, and my coat, and order the groom to unsaddle the horses ; I won't follow her the length of a spur-leather. Come here, you Sir, and pull off my boot ; (*whistles*) she has made a fool of me once, she shan't do it a second time ; not but I'll be revenged too, for I'll never give her sixpence ; the disappointment will put the scoundrel out of temper, and he'll thrash her a dozen times a day ; the thought pleases me, I hope he'll do it.

311

What do you stand gaping and staring at, you impudent dogs ? are you laughing at me ? I'll teach you to be merry at my expence—

AIR.

*A rascal, a bussy; zounds! she that I counted
 In temper so mild, so unpractis'd in evil:
 I set her a horse-back, and no sooner mounted,
 Than, crack, whip and spur, she rides post to the devil.
 But there let her run,
 Be ruin'd, undone; 320
 If I go to catch her,
 Or back again fetch her,
 I'm worse than the son of a gun.*

*A mischief possess'd me to marry;
 And further my folly to carry,
 To be still more a sot,
 Sons and daughters I got,
 And pretty ones, by the Lord Harry.*

SCENE VII.

Changes to CLARISSA'S Dressing-room, CLARISSA enters melancholy, with a Book in her Hand, followed by JENNY.

Clar. Where have you been, Jenny? I was enquiring for you—why will you go out without letting me know?

Jen. Dear Ma'am, never any thing happened so unlucky; I am sorry you wanted me—But I was sent to Colonel Oldboy's with a letter; where I have been so used—Lord have mercy upon me—quality indeed

—I say, quality—pray, Madam, do you think that I looks any ways like an immodest parson—to be sure I have a gay air, and I can't help it, and I loves to appear a little genteelish, that's what I do. 339

Clar. Jenny, take away this book.

Jen. Heaven preserve me, Madam, you are crying.

Clar. O my dear Jenny!

Jen. My dear mistress, what's the matter?

Clar. I am undone.

Jen. No, Madam; no, Lord forbid!

Clar. I am indeed—I have been rash enough to discover my weakness for a man, who treats me with contempt.

Jen. Is Mr. Lionel ungrateful, then? 349

Clar. I have lost his esteem for ever, Jenny. Since last night, that I fatally confessed what I should have kept a secret from all the world, he has scarce condescended to cast a look at me, nor given me an answer when I spoke to him, but with coldness and reserve.

Jen. Then he is a nasty, barbarous, inhuman brute.

Clar. Hold, Jenny, hold; it is all my fault. 357

Jen. Your fault, Madam! I wish I was to hear such a word come out of his mouth: if he was a minister to-morrow, and to say such a thing from his pulpit, and I by, I'd tell him it was false upon the spot. 361

Clar. Somebody's at the door; see who it is.

Jen. You in fault indeed—that I know to be the most virtuous, nicest, most delicatest—

Clar. How now?

Jen. Madam, it's a message from Mr. Lionel. If you are alone, and at leisure, he would be glad to wait upon you: I'll tell him, Madam, that you are busy.

Clar. Where is he, Jenny? 370

Jen. In the study, the man says.

Clar. Then go to him, and tell him I should be glad to see him: but do not bring him up immediately, because I will stand upon the balcony a few minutes for a little air.

Jen. Do so, dear Madam, for your eyes are as red as ferret's, you are ready to faint too; mercy on us! for what do you grieve and vex yourself—if I was as you—

Clar. Oh! 380

A I R.

Why with sighs my heart is swelling,

Why with tears my eyes o'erflow;

Ask me not, 'tis past the telling,

Mute involuntary woe.

Who to winds and waves a stranger,

Vent'rous tempts th' inconstant seas,

In each billow fancies danger,

Shrinks at ev'ry rising breeze.

388

SCENE VIII.

Sir JOHN FLOWERDALE, JENKINS.

Sir John. So then, the mystery is discovered:—but is it possible that my daughter's refusal of Colonel Oldboy's son should proceed from a clandestine engagement, and that engagement with Lionel?

Jenk. My niece, Sir, is in her young Lady's secrets, and Lord knows she had little design to betray them; but having remarked some odd expressions of her's yesterday, when she came down to me this morning with the letter, I questioned her; and, in short, drew the whole affair out; upon which I feigned a recollection of some business with you, and desired her to carry the letter to Colonel Oldboy's herself, while I came up hither. 401

Sir John. And they are mutually promised to each other, and that promise was exchanged yesterday?

Jenk. Yes, Sir, and it is my duty to tell you; else I would rather die than be the means of wounding the heart of my dear young lady; for if there is one upon earth of truly noble, and delicate sentiments——

Sir John. I thought so once, Jenkins. 408

Jenk. And think so still: O, good Sir John, now is the time for you to exert that character of worth and gentleness, which the world, so deservedly, has given you. You have, indeed, cause to be offended; but, consider, Sir, your daughter is young, beautiful, and amiable; the poor youth unexperienced, sensible, and

at a time of life when such temptations are hard to be resisted: their opportunities were many, their cast of thinking, the same.—

Sir John. Jenkins, I can allow for all these things; but the young hypocrites, there's the thing, Jenkins; their hypocrisy, their hypocrisy wounds me. 420

Jenk. Call it by a gentler name, Sir, modesty on her part, apprehension on his.

Sir John. Then what opportunity have they had? They never were together but when my sister or myself made one of the company; besides, I had so firm a reliance on Lionel's honour and gratitude—

Jenk. Sir, I can never think that nature stamped that gracious countenance of his, to mask a corrupt heart. 429

Sir John. How! at the very time that he was conscious of being himself the cause of it, did he not shew more concern at this affair than I did? Nay, don't I tell you that last night, of his own accord, he offered to be a mediator in the affair, and desired my leave to speak to my daughter? I thought myself obliged to him, consented; and, in consequence of his assurance of success, wrote that letter to Colonel Oldboy, to desire the family would come here again to-day. 439

Jenk. Sir, as we were standing in the next room, I heard a message delivered from Mr. Lionel, desiring leave to wait upon your daughter: I dare swear they will be here presently; suppose we were to step into that closet, and overhear their conversation?

Sir John. What, Jenkins, after having lived so many years in confidence with my child, shall I become an eves-dropper to detect her?

Jenk. It is necessary at present.—Come in, my dear master, let us only consider that we were once young like them; subject to the same passions, the same indiscretions; and it is the duty of every man to pardon errors incident to his kind.

452

AIR.

*When love gets into a youthful brain,
Instruction is fruitless, and caution vain:*

Prudence may cry, do so;

But if Love says No,

Poor Prudence may go,

With her preaching,

And teaching,

To Jericho.

460

Dear Sir, in old age,

'Tis not hard to be sage,

And 'tis easy to point the way;

But do or say

What we may,

Love and youth will have their day.

SCENE IX.

CLARISSA, LIONEL.

Clar. Sir, you desired to speak to me; I need not tell you the present situation of my heart; it is full. Whatever you have to say, I beg you will explain yourself; and, if possible, rid me of the anxiety under which I have laboured for some hours.

Lion. Madam, your anxiety cannot be greater than mine; I come, indeed, to speak to you; and yet, I know not how, I come to advise you, shall I say as a friend? yes as a friend to your glory, your felicity; dearer to me than my life.

Clar. Go on, Sir.

Lion. Sir John Flowerdale, Madam, is such a father as few are blessed with; his care, his prudence has provided for you a match—Your refusal renders him inconsolable. Listen to no suggestions that would pervert you from your duty, but make the worthiest of men happy by submitting to his will.

Clar. How, Sir, after what passed between us yesterday evening, can you advise me to marry Mr. Jesamy?

Lion. I would advise you to marry any one, Madam, rather than a villain.

Clar. A villain, Sir.

Lion. I should be the worst of villains, Madam, was I to talk to you in any other strain: Nay, am I not a villain, at once treacherous and ungrateful?

Received into this house as an asylum: what have I done! Betrayed the confidence of the friend that trusted me; endeavoured to sacrifice his peace, and the honour of his family to my own unwarrantable desires.

Clar. Say no more, Sir; say no more; I see my error too late; I have parted from the rules prescribed to my sex; I have mistaken indecorum for a laudable sincerity; and it is just I should meet with the treatment my imprudence deserves. 502

Lion. 'Tis I, and only I, am to blame; while I took advantage of the father's security, I practised upon the tenderness and ingenuity of the daughter; my own imagination gone astray, I artfully laboured to lead yours after it: but here, Madam, I give you back those vows which I insidiously extorted from you; keep them for some happier man, who may receive them without wounding his honour, or his peace. 511

Clar. For Heaven's sake!

Lion. Why do you weep?

Clar. Don't speak to me.

Lion. Oh! my Clarissa, my heart is broke; I am hateful to myself for loving you;—yet, before I leave you for ever, I will once more touch that lovely hand—indulge my fondness with a last look—pray for your health and prosperity.

Clar. Can you forsake me?—Have I then given my affections to a man who rejects and disregards them?—Let me throw myself at my father's feet: he is ge-

nerous and compassionate:—He knows your worth—

Lion. Mention it not; were you stript of fortune, reduced to the meanest station, and I monarch of the globe, I should glory in raising you to universal empire; but as it is——

Clar. Yet hear me——

Lion. Farewel, farewel!

AIR.

*O dry those tears! like melted ore,
Fast dropping on my heart they fall:
Think, think no more of me; no more
The mem'ry of past scenes recall.*

530

*On a wild sea of passion tost,
I split upon the fatal shelf;
Friendship and love at once are lost,
And now I wish to lose myself.*

SCENE X.

CLARISSA, JENNY, then Sir JOHN FLOWERDALE,
JENKINS, and afterwards LIONEL.

Jen. O, Madam! I have betray'd you. I have gone and said something I should not have said to my uncle Jenkins; and, as sure as day, he has gone and told it all to Sir John,

543

Clar. My father!

Sir John. Go, Jenkins, and desire that young gentleman to come back—stay where you are—But what have I done to you, my child? How have I deserv'd that you should treat me like an enemy? Has there been any undesigned rigour in my conduct, or terror in my looks?

Clar. Oh, Sir!

Jenk. Here is Mr. Lionel. 550

Sir John. Come in—When I tell you that I am instructed in all your proceedings, and that I have been ear-witness to your conversation in this place; you will, perhaps, imagine what my thoughts are of you, and the measures which justice prescribes me to follow.

Lion. Sir, I have nothing to say in my own defence; I stand before you, self-convicted, self-condemn'd, and shall submit without murmuring to the sentence of my judge. 560

Sir John. As for you, Clarissa, since your earliest infancy, you have known no parent but me; I have been to you, at once, both father and mother; and, that I might the better fulfil those united duties, tho' left a widower in the prime of my days, I would never enter into a second marriage—I loved you for your likeness to your dear mother; but that mother never deceiv'd me—and there the likeness fails—you have repaid my affection with dissimulation—Clarissa, you should have trusted me.

Jen. O my dear, sweet Lady.

Sir John. As for you, Mr. Lionel, what terms can I find strong enough to paint the excess of my friendship!—I loved, I esteemed, I honoured your father: he was a brave, a generous, and a sincere man; I thought you inherited his good qualities—you were left an orphan, I adopted you, put you upon the footing of my own son; educated you like a gentleman; and designed you for a profession, to which I thought your virtues would have been an ornament.

Jen. Dear me, dear me.

581

Jenk. Hold your tongue.

Sir John. What return you have made me, you seem to be acquainted with yourself; and, therefore, I shall not repeat it—Yet, remember, as an aggravation of your guilt, that the last mark of my bounty was conferr'd upon you in the very instant, when you were undermining my designs. Now, Sir, I have but one thing more to say to you—Take my daughter: was she worth a million, she is at your service.

Lion. To me, Sir!—your daughter—do you give her to me?—Without fortune—without friends!—without——

Sir John. You have them all in your heart; him whom virtue raises, fortune cannot abase.

Clar. O, Sir, let me on my knees kiss that dear hand—acknowledge my error, and entreat forgiveness and blessing.

Sir John. You have not erred, my dear daughter; you have distinguish'd. It is I should ask pardon, for

this little trial of you; for I am happier in the son-in-law you have given me, than, if you had married a prince——

603

Lion. My patron—my friend—my father—I would fain say something; but, as your goodness exceeds all bounds——

Sir John. I think I hear a coach drive into the court; it is Colonel Oldboy's family; I will go and receive them. Don't make yourself uneasy at this; we must endeavour to pacify them as well as we can. My dear Lionel, if I have made you happy, you have made me so. Heaven bless you, my children, and make you deserving of one another.

SCENE XI.

CLARISSA, LIONEL, JENNY.

Jen. O dear, Madam, upon my knees, I humbly beg your forgiveness—dear Mr. Lionel, forgive me—I did not design to discover it, indeed—and you won't turn me off, Madam, will you? I'll serve you for nothing.

Clar. Get up, my good Jenny; I freely forgive you, if there is any thing to be forgiven. I know you love me; and I am sure here is one who will join with me in rewarding your services.

622

Jen. Well, if I did not know, as sure as could be, that some good would happen, by my left eye itching this morning.

AIR.

Lion. *O bliss unexpected! my joys o-verpow'r me!
My love, my Clarissa, what words shall I find!
Remorse, desperation, no longer devour me—
He bless'd us, and peace is restor'd to my mind.*

Clar. *He bless'd us! O rapture! Like one I recover
Whom death had appal'd, without hope, with-
out aid; 630
A moment depriv'd me of father, and lover;
A moment restores, and my pangs are repaid.*

Lion. *Forsaken, abandon'd,*

Clar. *—————What folly! what blindness!*

Lion. *We fortune accus'd;*

Clar. *And the fates that decreed:*

A. 2. *But pain was inflicted by Heaven, out of kindness,
To heighten the joys that were doom'd to suc-
ceed.*

*Our day was o'ercast: 640
But brighter the scene is,
The sky more serene is,
And softer the calm for the hurricane past.*

SCENE XII.

Lady MARY OLDBOY, leaning on a Servant, Mr. JESSAMY leading her; JENNY, and after-wards Sir JOHN FLOWERDALE, with Colonel OLDBOY.

Lady M. 'Tis all in vain, my dear:—set me down any where; I can't go a step further—I knew, when Mr. Oldboy insisted upon my coming, that I should be seized with a meagrim by the way; and it's well I did not die in the coach.

Mr. Jes. But, prythee, why will you let yourself be affected with such trifles—Nothing more common than for young women of fashion to go off with low fellows.

Lady M. Only feel, my dear, how I tremble! Not a nerve but what is in agitation; and my blood runs cold, cold!

Mr. Jes. Well, but, Lady Mary, don't let us expose ourselves to those people; I see there is not one of the rascals about us, that has not a grin upon his countenance.

Lady M. Expose ourselves, my dear! Your father will be as ridiculous as Hudibras, or Don Quixote.

Mr. Jes. Yes, he will be very ridiculous indeed.

Sir John. I give you my word, my good friend and neighbour, the joy I feel upon this occasion is greatly allayed by the disappointment of an alliance with your family; but I have explained to you how things have

happened—You see my situation; and, as you are kind enough to consider it yourself, I hope you will excuse it to your son.

Lady M. Sir John Flowerdale, how do you do? You see we have obey'd your summons; and I have the pleasure to assure you that my son yielded to my entreaties with very little disagreement: in short, if I may speak metaphorically, he is content to stand candidate again, notwithstanding his late repulse, when he hopes for an unanimous election.

Col. Well, but, my Lady, you may save your rhetoric; for the borough is disposed of to a worthier member.

Mr. Jes. What do you say, Sir?

SCENE XIII.

Sir JOHN FLOWERDALE, Lady MARY OLDBOY, Mr. JESSAMY, Colonel OLDBOY, LIONEL, CLARISSA, JENNY.

Sir John. Here are my son and daughter.

Lady M. Is this pretty, Sir John?

Sir John. Believe me, Madam, it is not for want of a just sense of Mr. Jessamy's merit, that this affair has gone off on my side: but the heart is a delicate thing; and after it has once felt, if the object is meritorious, the impression is not easily effac'd; it would therefore have been an injury to him, to have given him in appearance what another in reality possessed.

Mr Jes. Upon my honour, upon my soul, Sir John, I am not in the least offended at this *contre temps*—Pray, Lady Mary, say no more about it.

Col. Toi, lol, lol, lol.

Sir John. But, my dear Colonel, I am afraid, after all, this affair is taken amiss by you; yes, I see you are angry on your son's account; but let me repeat it, I have a very high opinion of his merit. 661

Col. Ay! that's more than I have. Taken amiss! I don't take any thing amiss; I never was in better spirits, or more pleased in my life.

Sir John. Come, you are uneasy at something, Colonel.

Col. Me! Gad I am not uneasy—Are you a justice of peace? Then you could give me a warrant, cou'dn't you? You must know, Sir John, a little accident has happen'd in my family since I saw you last, you and I may shake hands—Daughters, Sir, daughters! Your's has snapt at a young fellow without your approbation; and how do you think mine has serv'd me this morning?—only run away with the scoundrel I brought to dinner here yesterday.

Sir John. I am excessively concerned.

Col. Now I'm not a bit concern'd—No, damn me, I am glad it has happened; yet, thus far, I'll confess, I should be sorry that either of them would come in my way, because a man's temper may sometimes get the better of him, and I believe I should be tempted to break her neck, and blow his brains out. 682

Clar. But pray, Sir, explain this affair.

Col. I can explain it no farther—Dy, my daughter Dy, has run away from us.

SCENE XIV.

Sir JOHN FLOWERDALE, Colonel OLDBOY, Lady MARY OLDBOY, Mr. JESSAMY, CLARISSA, LIONEL, JENNY, DIANA, HARMAN, JENKINS.

Dian. No, my dear Papa, I am not run away; and upon my knees, I entreat your pardon for the folly I have committed; but, let it be some alleviation, that duty, and affection, were too strong to suffer me to carry it to extremity: and, if you knew the agony I have been in, since I saw you last—— 691

Lady M. How's this?

Har. Sir, I restore your daughter to you; whose fault, as far as it goes, I must also take upon myself; we have been known to each other for some time; as Lady Richly, your sister, in London, can acquaint you——

Col. Dy, come here——Now, you rascal, where's your sword; if you are a gentleman, you shall fight me; if you are a scrub, I'll horse-whip you—Draw, Sirrah—Shut the door there, don't let him escape.

Har. Sir, don't imagine I want to escape; I am extremely sorry for what has happened, but am ready to give you any satisfaction you think proper.

Col. Follow me into the garden then—Zounds! I have no sword about me—Sir John Flowerdale—lend

us a case of pistols, or a couple of guns; and, come and see fair play.

Clar. My dear papa!

709

Dian. Sir John Flowerdale—O my indiscretion—we came here, Sir, to beg your mediation in our favour.

Lady M. Mr. Oldboy, if you attempt to fight, I shall expire.

Sir John. Pray, Colonel, let me speak a word to you in private.

Col. Slugs and a saw-pit—

Mr. Jes. Why, Miss Dy, you are a perfect heroine for a romance—And pray who is this courteous knight?

720

Lady M. O Sir, you that I thought such a pretty behav'd gentleman!

Mr. Jes. What business are you of, friend?

Har. My chief trade, Sir, is plain dealing; and, as that is a commodity you have no reason to be very fond of, I would not advise you to purchase any of it by impertinence.

Col. And is this what you would advise me to?

Sir John. It is, indeed, my dear old friend; as things are situated, there is, in my opinion, no other prudent method of proceeding; and it is the method I would adopt myself, was I in your case.

Col. Why, I believe you are in the right of it—say what you will for me then.

Sir John. Well! young people, I have been able to use a few arguments, which have softened my

neighbour here; and in some measure pacified his resentment. I find, Sir, you are a gentleman by your connections?

739

Har. Sir, till it is found that my character and family will bear the strictest scrutiny, I desire no favour—And for fortune——

Col. Oh! rot your fortune, I don't mind that—I know you are a gentleman, or Dick Rantum would not have recommended you. And so, Dy, kiss and friends.

Mr. Jes. What, Sir, have you no more to say to the man who has used you so ill?

Col. Us'd me ill!—That's as I take it—he has done a mettled thing; and, perhaps, I like him the better for it; it's long before you would have spirit enough to run away with a wench—Harman, give me your hand; let's hear no more of this now——Sir John Flowerdale, what say you? shall we spend the day together, and dedicate it to love and harmony?

Sir John. With all my heart.

Col. Then take off my great coat.

AIR.

Lion. Come then, all ye social powers,

Shed your influence o'er us,

Crown with bliss the present hours,

760

And lighten those before us.

May the just, the gen'rous, kind,

Still see that you regard 'em;

And Lionels for ever find

Clarissas to reward 'em.

Clai. *Love, thy godhead I adore,
 Source of sacred passion;
 But will never bow before
 Those idols, wealth, or fashion.
 May, like me, each maiden wise,* 770
*From the fop defend her;
 Learning, sense, and virtue prize,
 And scorn the vain pretender.*

Har. *Why the plague should men be sad,
 While in time we moulder?
 Grave, or gay, or vex'd, or glad,
 We ev'ry day grow older.
 Bring the flask, the music bring,
 Joy will quickly find us;
 Drink, and laugh, and dance, and sing,* 780
And cast our cares behind us.

Dian. *How shall I escape—so naught,
 On filial laws to trample;
 I'll e'en curtsey, own my fault,
 And plead papa's example.
 Parents, 'tis a hint to you,
 Children oft are shameless;
 Oft transgress—the thing's too true—
 But are you always blameless?* 790

*One word more before we go;
 Girls and boys have patience;
 You to friends must something owe,
 As well as to relations.*

*These kind gentlemen address—
 What tho' we forgave 'em,
 Still they must be lost, unless
 You lend a hand to save 'em.*

A

TABLE OF THE SONGS,

With the NAMES of the several COMPOSERS.

N. B. Those marked thus **, are new, both words and music: but those marked thus *, are only new set.

A New Overture by Mr. DIBDIN.

ACT I.

Ah! how delightful the morning	—	Duet
* To rob them of strength	—	Mr. Dibdin
* To tell you the truth	—	Dibdin
Zounds, Sir! then I'll tell you	—	Dibdin
When a man of fashion condescends		Dibdin
* I'm but a poor servant	—	Dibdin
You ask me in vain	—	Dibdin
Ah! pry'thee spare me	—	Gallupi
** Ye Gloomy thoughts	—	Dibdin
Quintetto	—	Dibdin

A TABLE OF THE SONGS.

ACT II.

Talk not to me	—————	—	Vento
Indeed, forsooth, a pretty youth		—	Scolari
How cursedly vext		—	Arne
Come then, pining, peevish lover		—	Ciampi
* To fear a stranger		—	Dibdin
** Ladies, pray admire a figure			Dibdin
** Poor panting heart	—————		Dibdin
In Italy, Germany, France have I been			Dibdin
** We all say the man	—————		Dibdin
Go, and, on my truth relying		—	Vento
Quintetto	—	—	Dibdin

ACT III.

** How can you inhuman!		—	Dibdin
* I wonder, I'm sure	—————		Dibdin
** Hist, soft; let's hear how matters go			Dibdin
** A rascal, a hussy	—	—	Dibdin
Why with sighs my heart is swelling			Ciampi
* O bliss unexpected		—	Dibdin
Chorus	—	—	Dibdin







De Wilde pinx.

Boissot sc.

*MR. FAWCET JUN^r as MAN-WORM.
And between you and me, doctor, I
believe Susan's breeding again.*

London Printed for J. Bell, British Library, Strand, June 30. 1792.

THE
HYPOCRITE.

A
COMEDY,

ALTERED FROM C. CIBBER,
BY ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Esq.

ADAPTED FOR
THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRES-ROYAL,
DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS,
By Permission of the Managers.

“The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.”

LONDON:

Printed for the Proprietors, under the Direction of
JOHN BELL, *British-Library, STRAND,*
Bookseller to his Royal Highness the PRINCE OF WALES.

M DCC XCII.



PREFACE.

HAD any objections been made to this play, worth taking notice of, I should be under no obligations to answer them, being accountable for none of its faults, as I lay claim to none of its beauties. Cibber's Non-Juror (borrowed from the Tartuffe of Moliere) has ever been reckoned an excellent comedy; but being written to expose a party, it was no longer interesting, because the folly and roguery it designed to ridicule no longer existed: it was thought, that it might be rendered agreeable to the present times, by once more having recourse to Moliere; and, with that view, I have endeavoured to substitute his celebrated character of Tartuffe, in the room of Doctor Wolf.

Mr. Garrick determined to do this about two years ago; but, because the consequence of success would be a benefit easily gotten, he kindly put it into my hands, with some hints for the alteration. He did not think it was necessary to have any thing new, besides a short character for that entertaining comedian, Mr. Weston: Maw-worm therefore in this play is written by me, and scarce any thing more. For the rest, the character of Doctor Cantwell, as it here stands, is almost a verbal translation from Moliere, as old Lady Lambert is a counterpart of Madam Pernelle.

All the world knows, that the Tartuffe is reckoned among the *Chef des Oeuvres* of the French Theatre; I may therefore presume without any vanity, in spite of the ignorance and malevolence of little judges, that the man who takes two such plays as

I have had to work upon, could not, under the direction of Mr. Garrick, produce a very bad one; especially if he presumed to foist in little or nothing of his own: And the remarkably kind reception the public have given to this comedy, makes me believe they are well content with my humble endeavour to entertain them.

Gratitude, however, obliges me to take notice of the great assistance I have received from Mrs. Abington and Mr. King.— The former, in the character of Charlotte (Cibber's admirable Maria) is so excellent, that I cannot conceive it possible for any actress ever to have gone beyond her. There is a natural ease and vivacity in her manner, and in this part, particularly, a fashionable deportment (if I may use the expression) which gives a brilliancy to every thing she says, and has in a very uncommon manner engaged the attention and applause of the town. The latter, in the part of the Hypocrite, has shewn that he is capable of assuming characters the most difficult, and at the same time the most opposite; and, by each new effort, to add to the esteem which the public appears to have for him.

THE HYPOCRITE.

THESE alterations of plays have little pretensions to be considered as of distinct character from their originals: the alterations are in general of little moment, and the success of the piece, though it may be claimed, and usually is, by the dramatic garbler, is always owing to the original stamina of the old play.

The TARTUFFE is usually esteemed the *chef d'oeuvre* of MOLIERE—It is in truth a masterly display of the sullen hypocrisy of the Churchman; and the traces of the character have only been effaced in France by the Revolution. COLLEY CIBBER applied it to the Nonjuror, a being now utterly forgotten—Among the audiences of the present day the Cantwell of this piece will be variously attributed through the whole circle of fanatics, as one sect or another may from personal motives have become obnoxious to the spectator.

Happy is the writer to say, that he does not imagine any one can be found, who will liken this odious being to any MEMBER of our liberal and enlightened National Church.

Dramatis Personae.

DRURY-LANE.

		<i>Men.</i>
Sir JOHN LAMBERT,	- -	- Mr. Packer.
Doctor CANTWELL,	- -	- Mr. Moody.
Colonel LAMBERT,	- -	- Mr. Whitfield.
DARNLEY,	- -	- Mr. Wroughton.
SEYWARD,	- -	- Mr. Barrymore.
MAW-WORM,	- -	- Mr. Parsons.
		<i>Women.</i>
Old Lady LAMBERT,	- -	- Mrs. Hopkins.
Young Lady LAMBERT,	- -	- Mrs. Kemble.
CHARLOTTE,	- -	- Miss Farren.
BETTY,	- -	- Miss Tidswell.

COVENT-GARDEN.

		<i>Men.</i>
Sir JOHN LAMBERT,	- -	- Mr. Hull.
Doctor CANTWELL,	- -	- Mr. Aickin.
Colonel LAMBERT,	- -	- Mr. Lewis.
DARNLEY,	- -	- Mr. Farren.
SEYWARD,	- -	- Mr. Macready.
MAW-WORM,	- -	- Mr. Edwin.
		<i>Women.</i>
Old Lady LAMBERT,	- -	- Mrs. Webb.
Young Lady LAMBERT,	- -	- Mrs. Bernard.
CHARLOTTE,	- -	- Mrs. Abington.
BETTY,	- -	- Mrs. Spriggs.



THE HYPOCRITE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Hall in Sir JOHN LAMBERT'S House. Sir JOHN LAMBERT enters, followed by Colonel LAMBERT.

Colonel Lambert.

PRAY consider, sir.

Sir J. Lamb. So I do, sir, that I am her father, and will dispose of her as I please.

Col. Lamb. I do not dispute your authority, sir; but as I am your son too, I think it my duty to be concerned for your honour. Have not you countenanced his addresses to my sister: Has not she received them?—Mr. Darnley's birth and fortune are well known to you; and, I dare swear, he may defy the world to lay a blemish on his character.

Sir J. Lamb. Why then, sir, since I am to be catechised, I must tell you, I do not like his character; he is a world-server, a libertine, and has no more religion than you have.

Col. Lamb. Sir, we neither of us think it proper to make a boast of our religion; but, if you will please

to enquire, you will find that we go to church as orderly as the rest of our neighbours.

Sir J. Lamb. Oh! you go to church! you go to church!—Wonderful! wonderful! to bow, and grin, and cough, and sleep: a fine act of devotion indeed.

Col. Lamb. Well, but dear sir——

Sir. J. Lamb. Colonel, you are an atheist.

Col. Lamb. Pardon me, sir, I am none: it is a character I abhor; and, next to that, I abhor the character of an enthusiast.

Sir J. Lamb. Oh, you do so; an enthusiast!—this is the fashionable phrase, the bye-word, the nickname, that our pleasure-loving generation give to those few who have a sense of true sanctity.

Col. Lamb. Say canting, sir.

Sir J. Lamb. I tell you what, son, as I have told you more than once, you will draw some heavy judgment on your head one day or other.

Col. Lamb. So says the charitable Dr. Cantwell: you have taken him into your house, and, on return, he gives over half your family to the devil.

Sir J. Lamb. Do not abuse the doctor, colonel; it is not the way to my favour. I know you cannot bear him, because he is not one of your mincing preachers.—He holds up the glass to your enormities, shews you to yourselves in your genuine colours.

Col. Lamb. I always respect piety and virtue, sir; but there are pretenders to religion, as well as to courage; and as we never find the truly brave to be

such as make much noise about their valour; so, I apprehend, the truly good seldom or never deal much in grimace.—“To be candid, sir, I make a distinction between hypocrisy and devotion, and can never pay the same regard to the mask, that I would to the face.”

Sir J. Lamb. Very well, sir; this is very well.

Col. Lamb. Besides, sir, I would be glad to know by what authority the doctor pretends to exercise the clerical function. It does not appear clearly to me that he ever was in orders.

Sir J. Lamb. That is no business of yours, sir.—But I am better informed.—However, he has the call of zeal.

Col. Lamb. Zeal!

Sir J. Lamb. Why, colonel, you are in a passion.

Col. Lamb. I own I cannot see with temper, sir, so many religious mountebanks impose on the unwary multitude; wretches, who make a trade of religion, and shew an uncommon concern for the next world, only to raise their fortunes with greater security in this.

Sir J. Lamb. Colonel, let me hear no more: I see you are too hardened to be converted now; but since you think it your duty as a son to be concerned for my errors, I think it as much mine, as a father, to be concerned for yours. If you think fit to amend them, so; if not, take the consequence.

Col. Lamb. Well, sir, may I ask you without offence, if the reasons you have given me are your only

reasons for discountenancing Mr. Darnley's addresses to my sister ?

Sir J. Lamb. Are they not flagrant ? Would you have me marry my daughter to a pagan ?

Col. Lamb. He intends this morning paying his respects to you, in hopes to obtain your final consent ; and desired me to be present as a mediator of articles between you.

Sir J. Lamb. I am glad to hear it.

Col. Lamb. That's kind indeed, sir.

Sir J. Lamb. May be not, sir ; for I will not be at home when he comes ; and because I will not tell a lie for the matter, I will go out this moment.

Col. Lamb. Nay, dear sir——

Sir J. Lamb. And, do you hear—because I will not deceive him, either tell him I would not have him lose his time in fooling after your sister—In short, I have another man in my head for her. [Exit.

Col. Lamb. Another man ! It would be worth one's while to know him : pray Heaven this canting hypocrite has not got some beggarly rascal in his eye for her. I must rid the house of him at any rate, or all the settlement I can hope for from my father is a castle in the air.—My sister may be ruined too.—Here she comes. If there be another man in the case, she, no doubt, can let me into the secret.

Enter CHARLOTTE.

Sister, good morrow ; I want to speak with you.

Charl. Pr'ythee then, dear brother, don't put on that wise politic face, as if your regiment was going

to be disbanded, or sent to the West-Indies, and you obliged to follow it.

Col. Lamb. Come, come, a truce with your raillery; what I have to ask of you is serious, and I beg you would be so in your answer.

Charl. Well then, provided it is not upon the subject of love, I will be so—but make haste too—for I have not had my tea yet.

Col. Lamb. Why, it is, and it is not, upon that subject.

Charl. Oh, I love a riddle dearly—Come—let's hear it.

Col. Lamb. Nay, psha! if you will be serious, say so.

Charl. O lard, sir; I beg your pardon—there—there's my whole form and features totally disengaged, and lifeless, at your service; now, put them in what posture of attention you think fit.

[*Leaning against him awkwardly.*]

Col. Lamb. Was there ever such a giddy devil!—Pr'ythee stand up. I have been talking with my father, and he declares positively you shall not receive any further addresses from Mr. Darnley.

Charl. Are you serious?

Col. Lamb. He said so this minute, and with some warmth.

Charl. I am glad on't with all my heart.

Col. Lamb. How I glad!

Charl. To a degree. Do you think a man has any more charms for me for my father's liking him? No, sir; if Mr. Darnley can make his way to me now,

he is obliged to me, and to me only. Besides, now it may have the face of an amour indeed, now one has something to struggle for; there's difficulty, there's danger, there's the dear spirit of contradiction in it too—Oh! I like it mightily.

Col. Lamb. I am glad this does not make you think the worse of Darnley—but a father's consent might have clapt a pair of horses more to your coach perhaps, and the want of it may pinch your fortune.

Charl. Burn fortune; am not I a fine woman? and have not I twenty thousand pounds in my own hands?

Col. Lamb. Yes, sister, but with all your charms, you have had them in your hands almost these four years.

Charl. Psha! and have not I had the full swing of my own airs and humours these four years? but if I humour my father, I warrant he'll make it three or four thousand more, with some unlick'd lout—A comfortable equivalent, truly!—No, no; let him light his pipe with his consent, if he please. Wilful against wise for a wager.

Col. Lamb. Well said; nothing goes to your heart, I find.

Charl. No, no; if I must have an ill match, I'll have the pleasure of playing my own game at least.

Col. Lamb. But pray, sister, has my father ever proposed any other man to you?

Charl. Another man! let me know why you ask, and I'll tell you.

Col. Lamb. Why, the last words he said to me were, that he had another man in his head for you.

Charl. And who is it? who is it? tell me, dear brother!

Col. Lamb. Why, you don't so much as seem surprised.

Charl. No; but I'm impatient, and that's as well.

Col. Lamb. Why, how now, sister?

Charl. Why, sure, brother, you know very little of female happiness, if you suppose the surprise of a new lover ought to shock a woman of my temper—don't you know that I am a coquette?

Col. Lamb. If you are, you are the first that ever was sincere enough to own her being so.

Charl. To a lover, I grant you; but not to you; I make no more of you than a sister: I can say any thing to you.

Col. Lamb. I should have been better pleased if you had not owned it to me—it's a hateful character.

Charl. Ay, it's no matter for that, it's violently pleasant, and there's no law against it that I know of.

Col. Lamb. Darnley's like to have a hopeful time with you.

Charl. Well; but don't you really know who it is my father intends me?

Col. Lamb. Not I, really; but I imagined you might, and therefore thought to advise with you about it.

Charl. Nay, he has not opened his lips to me yet—are you sure he's gone out?

Col. Lamb. You are very impatient to know, me-

thinks; what have you to do to concern yourself about any man but Darnley?

Charl. O lud! O lud! Pr'ythee, brother, don't be so wise; if you had an empty house to let, would you be displeas'd to hear there were two people about it? Besides, to be a little serious, Darnley has a tincture of jealousy in his temper, which nothing but a substantial rival can cure.

Col. Lamb. Oh, your servant, madam! now you talk reason. I am glad you are concern'd enough for Darnley's faults, to think them worth your mending—ha, ha!

Charl. Concern'd! why, did I say that?—look you, I'll deny it all to him—well, if I ever am serious with him again——

Col. Lamb. Here he comes; be as merry with him as you please.

Charl. Psha!

Enter DARNLEY.—*CHARLOTTE takes a Book, and reads.*

Darn. My dear Colonel, your servant.

Col. Lamb. I am glad you did not come sooner; for in the humour my father left me, 'twould not have been a proper time for you to have press'd your affair—I touch'd upon't—but—I'll tell you more presently; in the mean time, lose no ground with my sister.

Darn. I shall always think myself oblig'd to your friendship, let my success be what it will—Ma-

dam—your most obedient—what have you got there, pray ?

Charl. [reading.] *Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose ;*

Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those—

Darn. Pray, madam, what is it ?

Charl. *Favours to none, to all she smiles extends—*

Darn. Nay, I will see.

Charl. *Oft she rejects, but never once offends.*

Col Lamb. Have a care : she has dipt into her own character, and she'll never forgive you if you don't let her go through with it.

Darn. I beg your pardon, madam.

Charl. *Bright as the sun her eyes the gazers strike,*

And like the sun they shine on all alike—um—um—

Darn. That is something like, indeed.

Col Lamb. You would say so, if you knew all.

Darn. All what I pray what do you mean ?

Col Lamb. Have a little patience : I'll tell you immediately.

Charl. *If to her share some female errors fall,*

Look on her face—and you'll forget them all.

Is not that natural, Mr. Darnley ?

Darn. For a woman to expect, it is indeed.

Charl. And can you blame her, when 'tis at the same time a proof of the poor man's passion, and her power ?

Darn. So that you think the greatest compliment a lover can make his mistress, is to give up his reason to her.

Charl. Certainly ; for what have your lordly sex to boast of but your understanding, and till that's entirely surrendered to her discretion, while the least sentiment holds out against her, a woman must be downright vain to think her conquest completed ?

Darn. There we differ, madam ; for, in my opinion, nothing but the most excessive vanity could value or desire such a conquest.

Charl. Oh, d'ye hear him, brother ! the creature reasons with me ; nay, has the effrontery to think me in the wrong too ! O lud ! he'd make an horrid tyrant—positively I won't have him.

Darn. Well ; my comfort is, no other man will easily know whether you'll have him or not.

Charl. Am I not an horrid vain, silly creature, Mr. Darnley ?

Darn. A little bordering upon the baby, I must own.

Charl. Laud ! how can you love a body so then ? but I don't think you love me tho'—do you ?

Darn. Yes, faith, I do ; and so shamefully, that I'm in hopes you doubt it.

Charl. Poor man ! he'd fain bring me to reason.

Darn. I would indeed.—Nay, were it but possible to make you serious only when you should be so, I should think you the most amiable——

Charl. O lud ! he's civil——

Darn. Come, come, you have good sense ; use me but with that, and make me what you please.

Charl. Laud ! I don't desire to make any thing of you, not I.

Darn. Don't look so cold upon me ; by Heaven, I can't bear it.

Charl. Well, now you are tolerable.

Darn. Come then, be generous, and swear at least you'll never marry another.

Charl. Ah, laud ! now you have spoiled all again :—besides, how can I be sure of that, before I have seen this other man my brother spoke to me of ?

Darn. What riddle's this ?

Col. Lamb. I told you, you did not know all. To be serious, my father went out but now on purpose to avoid you.—In short, he absolutely retracts his promises ; says, he would not have you fool away your time after my sister ; and, in plain terms told me, he had another man in his head for her.

Darn. Another man ! who ? what is he ? did not he name him ?

Col. Lamb. No ; nor has he yet spoke of him to my sister.

Darn. This is unaccountable !—what can have given him this sudden turn ?

Col. Lamb. Some whim our conscientious doctor has put in his head, I'll lay my life.

Darn. He ! he can't be such a villain ; he professes a friendship for me.

Col. Lamb. So much the worse.

Darn. But on what pretence, what grounds, what reason ? what interest can he have to oppose me ?

Col. Lamb. Are you really now as unconcerned as you seem to be ?

Charl. You are a strange dunce, brother—you know no more of love than I do of a regiment—You shall see now how I'll comfort him—Poor Darnley, ha, ha, ha!

Darn. I don't wonder at your good humour, madam, when you have so substantial an opportunity to make me uneasy for life.

Charl. O lud! how sententious he is! well, his reproaches have that greatness of soul—the confusion they give is insupportable.—Betty!—is the tea ready?

Enter BETTY.

Betty. Yes, madam.

Charl. Mr. Darnley, your servant. [Exit.

[Betty follows.

Col. Lamb. So, you have made a fine piece of work on't, indeed!

Darn. Dear Tom, pardon me if I speak a little freely; I own the levity of her behaviour, at this time, gives me harder thoughts than I once believed it possible to have of her.

Col. Lamb. Indeed, my friend, you mistake her.

Darn. Nay, nay; had she any real concern for me, the apprehensions of a man's addresses, whom yet she never saw, must have alarmed her to some degree of seriousness.

Col. Lamb. Not at all; for let this man be whom he will, I take her levity as a proof of her resolution to have nothing to say to him.

Darn. And pray, sir, may I not as well suspect, that this artful delay of her good nature to me now, is meant as a provisional defence against my reproaches, in case, when she has seen this man, she should think it convenient to prefer him.

Col. Lamb. No, no; she's giddy, but not capable of so studied a falsehood.

Darn. But still, what could she mean by going away so abruptly?

Col. Lamb. You grew too grave for her.

Darn. Why, who could bear such trifling?

Col. Lamb. You should have laughed at her.

Darn. I can't love at that easy rate.

Col. Lamb. No—if you could, the uneasiness would lie on her side.

Darn. Do you then really think she has any thing in her heart for me?

Col. Lamb. Ay, marry, sir—Ah! if you could but get her to own that seriously now—Lord, how you could love her!

Darn. And so I could, by Heaven.

Col. Lamb. Well, well; I'll undertake for her: if my father don't stand in the way, we are well enough.

Darn. What says my lady? you don't think she's against us?

Col. Lamb. I dare say she is not. She's of so soft, so sweet a disposition—

Darn. Pr'ythee, how came so fine a woman to marry your father, with such a vast inequality of years?

Col. Lamb. Want of fortune, Frank : She was poor and beautiful—he rich and amorous—she made him happy, and he her——

Darn. A lady——

Col. Lamb. And a jointure—now she's the only one in the family, that has power with our precise doctor ; and, I dare engage, she'll use it with him to persuade my father from any thing that is against your interest. By the way, you must know I have some shrewd suspicion, that this sanctified rogue is in love with her.

Darn. In love !

Col. Lamb. You shall judge by the symptoms—but hush!—here he comes with my grandmother—step this way, and I'll tell you. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Doctor CANTWELL and Old Lady LAMBERT,
followed by SEYWARD.*

Dr. Cant. Charles, step up into my study ; bring down a dozen more of those manuals of devotion, with the last hymns I composed ; and, when he calls, give them to Mr. Maw-worm ; and, do you hear, if any one enquires for me, say I am gone to Newgate, and the Marshalsea, to distribute alms. [*Exit Seyward.*

Old Lady Lamb. Well ; but, worthy doctor, why will you go to the prisons yourself ? cannot you send the money ?—Ugly distempers are often caught there—have a care of your health—let us keep one good man, at least, amongst us.

Dr. Cant. Alas, madam, I am not a good man : I am a guilty, wicked sinner, full of iniquity ; the

greatest villain that ever breathed ; every instant of my life is clouded with stains ; it is one continued series of crimes and defilements ; you do not know what I am capable of ; you indeed take me for a good man ; but the truth is, I am a worthless creature.

Old Lady Lamb. Have you then stumbled ? Alas, if it be so, who shall walk upright ? What horrid crime have you been hurried into, that calls for this severe self-recrimination ?

Dr. Cant. None, madam, that perhaps humanity may call very enormous ; yet am I sure, that my thoughts never stray a moment from celestial contemplations ; do they not sometimes, before I am aware, turn to things of this earth ? am I not often hasty, and surprised into wrath ? nay, the instance is recent ; for, last night, being snarled at, and bit by Minxy, your daughter-in-law's lap-dog, I am conscious I struck the little beast with a degree of passion, for which I have never been able to forgive myself since.

Old Lady Lamb. Oh, worthy, humble soul ! this is a slight offence, which your suffering and mortifications may well atone for.

Dr. Cant. No, madam, no ; I want to suffer ; I ought to be mortified ; and I am obliged now to tell you, that, for my soul's sake, I must quit your good son's family ; I am pamper'd too much here, live too much at my ease.

Old Lady Lamb. Good doctor !

Dr. Cant. Alas, madam ! It is not you that should

shed tears; it is I ought to weep; you are a pure woman.

Old Lady Lamb. I pure? who, I?—no, no; sinful, sinful!——But do not talk of quitting our family; what will become of us?——for friendship——for charity——

Dr. Cant. Enough; say no more, madam, I submit: while I can do good, it is my duty.

Enter Colonel LAMBERT and DARNLEY.

Col. Lamb. Your ladyship's most humble servant.

Old Lady Lamb. Grandson, how do you?

Darn. Good day to you, doctor.

Dr. Cant. Mr. Darnley, I am your most humble servant; I hope you and the good colonel will stay, and join in the private duties of the family.

Old Lady Lamb. No, doctor, no; it is too early; the sun has not risen upon them; but, I doubt not, the day will come.

Dr. Cant. I warrant they would go to a play now.

Old Lady Lamb. Would they?——I am afraid they would.

Darn. Why, I hope it is no sin, madam; if I am not mistaken, I have seen your ladyship at a play.

Old Lady Lamb. Me, sir!—see me at a play! You may have seen the prince of darkness, or some of his imps, in my likeness, perhaps——

Darn. Well, but madam——

Old Lady Lamb. Mr. Darnley, do you think I would commit a murder ?

Dr. Cant. No, sir, no ; these are not the plants usually to be met with in that rank soil ; the seeds of wickedness indeed sprout up every where too fast ; but a playhouse is the devil's hot-bed——

Col. Lamb. And, yet, doctor, I have known some of the leaders of your tribe, as scrupulous as they are, who have been willing to gather fruit there for the use of the brethren——as in case of a benefit——

Dr. Cant. The charity covereth the sin ; and it may be lawful to turn the wages of abomination to the comfort of the righteous

Col. Lamb. Ha, ha, ha !

Dr. Cant. Reprobate, reprobate !

Col. Lamb. What is that you mutter, sirrah ?

Old Lady Lamb. Oh, Heavens !

Darn. Let him go, colonel

Col. Lamb. A canting hypocrite !

Dr. Cant. Very well, sir ; your father shall know my treatment. [Exit.

Old Lady Lamb. Let me run out of the house ; I shall have it fall upon my head, if I stay among such wicked wretches. Oh, grandson, grandson ! [Exit.

Darn. Was there ever so insolent a rascal ?

Col. Lamb. The dog will one day provoke me to beat his brains out.

Darn. But what the devil is he ?—whence comes he ?—what is his original ?—how has he so ingrati-

ated himself with your father, as to get footing in the house?

Col. Lamb. Oh, sir, he is here in quality of chaplain; he was first introduced by the good old lady that's just gone out. You know she has been a long time a frequenter of our modern conventicles, where, it seems, she got acquainted with this sanctified pastor. His disciples believe him a saint, and my poor father, who has been for some time tainted with their pernicious principles, has been led into the same snare.

Darn. Ha! here's your sister again.

Enter CHARLOTTE and Doctor CANTWELL.

Charl. You'll find, sir, I will not be used thus; nor shall your credit with my father protect your insolence to me.

Col. Lamb. What's the matter?

Char. Nothing; pray be quiet—I don't want you—stand out of the way—how durst you bolt with such authority into my chamber, without giving me notice?

Darn. Confusion!

Col. Lamb. Hold—if my father won't resent this, 'tis then time enough for me to do it.

Dr. Cant. Compose yourself, madam; I came by your father's desire, who being informed that you were entertaining Mr. Darnley, grew impatient, and gave his positive commands that you attend him instantly, or he himself, he says, will fetch you.

Darn. Ay, now the storm is rising.

Dr. Cant. So, for what I have done, madam, I had his authority, and shall leave him to answer you.

Charl. 'Tis false. He gave you no authority to insult me; or, if he had, did you suppose I would bear it from you? What is it you presume upon? Your function? Does that exempt you from the manners of a gentleman?

Dr. Cant. Shall I have an answer to your father, lady?

Charl. I'll send him none by you.

Dr. Cant. I shall inform him so. [Exit.

Charl. A saucy puppy!

Col. Lamb. Pray, sister, what has the fellow done to you?

Charl. Nothing.

Darn. I beg you would tell us, madam.

Charl. Nay, no great matter—but I was sitting carelessly in my dressing room—a—a fastening my garter, with my face just towards the door; and this impudent cur, without the least notice, comes bounce in upon me—and my devilish hoop happening to hitch in the chair, I was an hour before I could get down my petticoats.

Darn. The rogue must be corrected.

Col. Lamb. Yet, 'egad, I cannot help laughing at the accident; what a ridiculous figure must she make—ha, ha, ha!

Charl. Hah! you're as impudent as he, I think.

Darn. Now, dear Tom, speak to her before she goes.

Charl. What does he say, brother?

Col. Lamb. Why, he wants to have me speak to you, and I would have him do it himself.

Charl. Ay, come do, Darnley; I am in a good humour now.

Darn. Oh, Charlotte, my heart is bursting—

Charl. Well, well, out with it then.

Darn. Your father now, I see, is bent on parting us—— nay, what's worse, perhaps, will give you to another—I cannot speak—imagine what I want from you——

Charl. Well——O lud! one looks so silly though when one is serious—O gad!——In short, I cannot get it out.

Col. Lamb. I warrant you; try again.

Charl. O lud—well—if one must be teased, then—why he must hope, I think.

Darn. Is it possible?——thus——

Col. Lamb. Buz——not a syllable: she has done very well. I bar all heroics; if you press it too far, I'll hold six to four she's off again in a moment.

Darn. I'm silenced.

Charl. Now am I on tiptoe to know what odd fellow my father has found out for me.

Darn. I'd give something to know him.

Charl. He's in a terrible fuss at your being here, I find.

Col. Lamb. 'Sdeath! here he comes.

Charl. Now we are all in a fine pickle.

Sir JOHN LAMBERT enters hastily; and, looking sternly at DARNLEY, takes CHARLOTTE under his arm, and carries her off.

Col. Lamb. So——well said, doctor. “ ’Tis he, “ I am sure, has blown this fire: what horrid hands “ is our poor family fallen into! and how the rogue “ seems to triumph in his power!——How little is “ my father like himself!—By nature open, just, and “ generous; but this vile hypocrite drives his weak “ passions like the wind; and I foresee, at last, some- “ thing fatal will be the consequence.

“ *Darn.* Not if by speedily detecting him, you take “ care to prevent it.

“ *Col. Lamb.* Why, I have a thought that might “ expose him to my father; and, in some unguarded “ hour, we may yet, perhaps, surprise this lurking “ thief without his holy vizor.” [Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

An Ante-Chamber in Sir JOHN LAMBERT's House.

SEYWARD, with a Writing in his Hand.

Seyward.

'TIS so——I have long suspected where his zeal would end; in the making of his private fortune.—

But then, to found it on the ruin of his patron's children!—I shudder at the villany. What desperation may a son be driven to, so barbarously disinherited!—Besides, his daughter, fair Charlotte, too, is wronged; wronged in the tenderest point: for so extravagant is this settlement, that it leaves her not a shilling, unless she marries with the doctor's consent, which is intended, by what I have heard, as an expedient to oblige her to marry the doctor himself.—Now, 'twere but an honest part to let Charlotte know the snare that's laid for her. This deed's not signed, and may be yet prevented. It shall be so.—Yes, charming creature—I adore you.—And, though I am sensible my passion is without hope, I may indulge it thus far, at least; I may have the merit of serving you, and perhaps the pleasure to know you think yourself obliged by me.

Enter Sir JOHN, Lady LAMBERT, and CHARLOTTE.

Sir J. Lamb. Oh, Seyward, your uncle wants you to transcribe some hymns.

Seyw. Sir, I'll wait on him. [Exit.

Charl. A pretty well-bred fellow that.

Sir J. Lamb. Ay, ay; but he has better qualities than his good breeding.

Charl. He's always clean, too.

Sir J. Lamb. I wonder, daughter, when you will take notice of a man's real merit. Humph——well bred and clean, forsooth. Would not one think now she was describing a coxcomb? When do you

hear my wife talk at this rate? and yet she is as young as your fantastical ladyship.

Lady Lamb. Charlotte is of a cheerful temper, my dear; but I know you don't think she wants discretion.

Sir J. Lamb. I shall try that presently; and you, my dear, shall judge between us. In short, daughter, your course of life is but one continual round of playing the fool to no purpose; and therefore I am resolved to make you think seriously, and marry.

Charl. That I shall do before I marry, sir, you may depend upon it.

Sir J. Lamb. Um——That I am not so sure of; but you may depend upon my having thought seriously, and that's as well; for the person I intend you, is, of all the world, the only man who can make you truly happy.

Charl. And of all the world, sir, that's the only man I'll positively marry.

Lady Lamb. You have rare courage, Charlotte; if I had such a game to play, I should be frightened out of my wits.

Charl. Lord, madam, he'll make nothing of it, depend upon it.

Sir J. Lamb. Mind what I say to you. This wonderful man, I say, first, in his public character, is religious, zealous, and charitable.

Charl. Very well, sir.

Sir J. Lamb. In his private character, sober.

Charl. I should hate a sot.

Sir J. Lamb. Chaste.

Charl. A hem! [Stifling a laugh.]

Sir J. Lamb. What is it you sneer at, madam?—
You want one of your fine gentlemen rakes, I suppose, that are snapping at every woman they meet with?

Charl. No, no, sir; I am very well satisfied.—
I—I should not care for such a sort of a man, no more than I should for one that every woman was ready to snap at.

Sir J. Lamb. No; you'll be secure from jealousy; he has experience, ripeness of years—he is almost forty-nine. Your sex's vanity will have no charms for him.

Charl. But all this while, sir, I don't find that he has charms for our sex's vanity. How does he look? Is he tall, well made? Does he dress, sing, talk, laugh, and dance well? Has he good hair, good teeth, fine eyes? Doth he keep a chaise, coach, and vis-a-vis? Has he six prancing ponies? Does he wear the Prince's uniform, and subscribe to Brookes's?

Sir J. Lamb. Was there ever so profligate a creature? What will this age come to?

Lady Lamb. Nay, Charlotte, here I must be against you. Now you are blind indeed. A woman's happiness has little to do with the pleasure her husband takes in his own person.

Sir J. Lamb. Right.

Lady Lamb. It is not how he looks, but how he loves, is the point.

Sir J. Lamb. Good again.

Lady Lamb. And a wife is much more secure that has charms for her husband, than when the husband has only charms for her.

Sir J. Lamb. Admirable! Go on, my dear.

Lady Lamb. Do you think a woman of five-and-twenty may not be much happier with an honest man of fifty, than the finest woman of fifty with a young fellow of five-and-twenty?

Sir J. Lamb. Mark that.

Charl. Ay, but when two five-and-twenties come together!—dear papa, you must allow they have a chance to be fifty times as pleasant and frolicksome.

Sir J. Lamb. Frolicksome! Why, you sensual idiot, what have frolicks to do with solid happiness? I am ashamed of you—Go, you talk worse than a girl at a boarding-school—Frolicksome! as if marriage was only a license for two people to play the fool according to law. Methinks, madam, you have a better example of happiness before your face. Here's one has ten times your understanding, and she, you find, has made a different choice.

Charl. Lord, sir, how you talk! you don't consider people's tempers. I don't say my lady is not in the right; but then, you know, papa, she's a prude, and I am a coquette; she becomes her character very well, I don't deny it; and I hope you see every thing I do is as consistent with mine.—Your wise people may

talk what they will, but 'tis constitution governs us all: and be assured, you will no more be able to bring me to endure a man of forty-nine, than you can persuade my lady to dance in church to the organ.

Sir J. Lamb. Why, you wicked wretch, could any thing persuade you to do that?

Charl. Lord, sir, I won't answer for what I might do, if the whim was in my head; besides, you know I always loved a little flirtation.

Sir J. Lamb. O horrible!—flirtation!—My poor sister has ruined her: leaving her fortune in her own hand has turned her brain. In short, Charlotte, your sentiments of life are shameful, and I am resolved upon your instant reformation; therefore, as an earnest of your obedience, I shall first insist that you never see young Darnley more; for, in one word, the good and pious Doctor Cantwell's the man that I have decreed for your husband.

Charl. Ho, ho, ho!

Sir J. Lamb. 'Tis very well; this laugh you think becomes you, but I shall spoil your mirth—no more—give me a serious answer.

Charl. I ask your pardon, sir: I should not have smiled indeed, could I have supposed it possible that you were serious.

Sir J. Lamb. You'll find me so.

Charl. I'm sorry for it; but I have an objection to the doctor, sir, that most fathers think a substantial one.

Sir J. Lamb. Name it.

Charl. Why, sir, we know nothing of his fortune; he's not worth a groat.

Sir J. Lamb. That's more than you know, madam; I am able to give him a better estate than I am afraid you'll deserve.

Charl. How! sir!

Sir J. Lamb. I have told you what's my will, and shall leave you to think on't.

Enter SEYWARD.

Seyw. Sir, if you are at leisure, the doctor desires to speak with you upon business of importance.

Sir J. Lamb. Where is he?

Seyw. In his own chamber, sir.

Sir J. Lamb. I will come to him immediately.—
[*Exit Seyward.*—]—Daughter, I am called away, and therefore have only time to tell you, as my last resolution, Doctor Cantwell is your husband, or I'm no more your father. [*Exit.*

Enter Young Lady LAMBERT.

Charl. O madam! I am at my wit's end; not for the little fortune I may lose in disobeying my father, but it startles me to find what a dangerous influence this fellow has over all his actions.

Lady Lamb. Here's your brother.

Enter Colonel LAMBERT.

Col. Lamb. Madam, your most obedient.—Well,

sister, is the secret out? Who is this pretty fellow my father has picked up for you?

Charl. Even our agreeable doctor.

Col. Lamb. You are not serious?

Lady Lamb. He's the very man, I can assure you, sir.

Col. Lamb. Confusion! what would the cormorant devour the whole family? Your ladyship knows he is secretly in love with you too.

Lady Lamb. Fy, fy, colonel.

Col. Lamb. I ask your pardon, madam, if I speak too freely; but I am sure, by what I have seen, your ladyship must suspect something of it.

Lady Lamb. I am sorry any body else has seen it; but I must own his behaviour to me of late, both in private and before company, has been something warmer than I thought became him.

Col. Lamb. How are these opposites to be reconciled? Can the rascal have the assurance to think both points are to be carried?

Charl. Truly, one would not suspect the gentleman to be so termagant.

Col. Lamb. Especially while he pretends to be so shocked at all indecent amours. In the country he used to make the maids lock up the turkey cocks every Saturday night, for fear they should gallant the hens on a Sunday.

Lady Lamb. Oh! ridiculous!

Col. Lamb. Upon my life, madam, my sister told me so.

Charl. I tell you so, you impudent——

Lady Lamb. Fy, Charlotte; he only jests with you.

Charl. How can you be such a monster to stay playing the fool here, when you have more reason to be frightened out of your wits? You don't know, perhaps, that my father declares he'll settle a fortune upon this fellow too.

Col. Lamb. What do you mean?

Lady Lamb. 'Tis too true; 'tis not three minutes since he said so.

Col. Lamb. Nay, then, it is time indeed his eyes were opened; and give me leave to say, madam, 'tis only in your power.

Lady Lamb. What is't you propose?

Col. Lamb. Why, if this fellow, which I'm sure of, is really in love with you, give him a fair opportunity to declare himself, and leave me to make my advantage of it.

Lady Lamb. I should be loth to do a wrong thing.

Charl. Dear madam, it is the only way in the world to expose him to my father.

Lady Lamb. I'll think of it.

Col. Lamb. Pray do, madam; but in the mean time I must leave you—poor Darnley stays for me at the Smyrna, and will sit upon thorns till I bring him an account of his new rival.

Charl. Well, well, get you gone then; here is my grandmother, and, after the affront you offered this morning to the doctor, she will not be able to bear the sight of you.

[Exit Col.]

Enter Old Lady LAMBERT:

Lady Lamb. This is kind, madam; I hope your ladyship's come to dine with us.

Old Lady Lamb. No; don't be afraid: only in my way from Tottenham Court, I just called to see whether any dreadful accident happened to the family since I was here last.

Lady Lamb. Accident! did your ladyship say?

Old Lady Lamb. I shall be sorry, daughter, but not surprised, when I hear it; for there are goings on under this roof that will bring temporal punishments along with them.

Lady Lamb. Indeed, madam, you astonish me!

Old Lady Lamb. We'll drop the subject; and I beg leave to address myself to you, Miss Charlotte: I see you have a bit of lace upon your neck; I desire to know what you wear it for.

Charl. Wear it for, madam! it's the fashion.

Old Lady Lamb. In short, I have been at my linen-draper's to-day, and have brought you some thick muslin, which I desire you will make handkerchiefs of—for I must tell you that slight covering is indecent, and gives much offence.

Lady Lamb. Indecent, did your ladyship say?

Old Lady Lamb. Yes, daughter-in-law. Doctor Cantwell complains to me that he cannot sit at table, the sight of her bare neck disturbs him so; and he's a good man, and knows what indecency is.

Charl. Yes, indeed; I believe he does, better than

any one in this house. But you may tell the doctor from me, madam, that he is an impudent coxcomb, a puppy, and deserves to have his bones broke.

Old Lady Lamb. Fy, Charlotte, fy! He speaks but for your good, and this is the grateful return you make.

Charl. Grateful return, madam!—how can you be so partial to that hypocrite?—The doctor is one of those who start at a feather.—Poor good man; yet he has his vices of the graver sort——

Old Lady Lamb. Come, come; I wish you would follow his precepts, whose practice is conformable to what he teaches.—Virtuous man!—Above all sensual regards, he considers the world merely as a collection of dirt and pebble-stones.—How has he weaned me from temporal connections! My heart is now set upon nothing sublunary; and, I thank Heaven, I am so insensible to every thing in this vain world, that I could see you, my son, my daughters, my brothers, my grandchildren, all expire before me; and mind it no more than the going out of so many snuffs of candle.

Charl. Upon my word, madam, it is a very humane disposition you have been able to arrive at, and your family is much obliged to the doctor for his instructions.

Old Lady Lamb. Well, child, I have nothing more to say to you at present; Heaven mend you, that's all.

Lady Lamb. But pray, madam, stay and dine with us.

Old Lady Lamb. No, daughter; I have said it, and you know I never tell a lie; but here's my son, if you'll give me leave, I'll stay and speak to him.

Lady Lamb. Your ladyship's time's your own.

Charl. Ay, and here's that abominable doctor.— This fellow puts me beyond my patience.

[*Exeunt Lady Lambert and Charlotte.*

Enter Sir JOHN LAMBERT and Doctor CANTWELL.

Sir J. Lamb. Oh, madam, madam! I'm glad you're here to join me in solicitations to the doctor.—Here is my mother, friend, my mother; a pious woman; you will hear her; more worthy to advise you than I am.

Dr. Cant. Alas! the dear good lady, I will kiss her hand!—but what advice can she give me? The riches of this world, sir, have no charms for me; I am not dazzled with their false glare; and was I, I repeat it, to accept of the trust you want to repose in me, Heaven knows, it would only be lest the means should not fall into wicked hands, who would not lay it out as I should do, for the glory of Heaven, and the good of my neighbour.

Old Lady Lamb. What is the matter, son?

Dr. Cant. Nothing, madam, nothing.—But you were witness how the worthy colonel treated me this morning—Not that I speak it on my own account—for to be reviled is my portion.

Sir J. Lamb. O the villain! the villain!

Dr. Cant. Indeed, I did not think he had so hard a nature.

Old Lady Lamb. Ah! your charitable heart knows not the rancour that is in his.—His wicked sister too has been here this moment abusing this good man.

Dr. Cant. O sir, 'tis plain, 'tis plain; your whole family are in a combination against me—your son and daughter hate me; they think I stand between them and your favour; and indeed it is not fit I should do so; for, fallen as they are, they are still your children, and I an alien, an intruder, who ought in conscience to retire and heal those unhappy breaches.

Old Lady Lamb. See, if the good man does not wipe his eyes!

Dr. Cant. Oh, Heavens! the thought of their ingratitude wounds me to the quick—but I'll remove this eye-sore—here, Charles!

Enter SEYWARD.

Sir J. Lamb. For goodness sake—

Dr. Cant. Bring me that writing I gave you to lay up this morning.

Sir J. Lamb. Make haste, good Charles; it shall be signed this moment. [Exit Seyward.]

Dr. Cant. Not for the world, Sir John—every minute tends to corroborate my last intentions—I must not, will not take it, with the curses of your children.

Sir J. Lamb. But, consider, doctor—shall my wicked son then be heir to my lands, before repentance has entitled him to favour—No, let him de-

pend upon you, whom he has wronged; perhaps, in time he may reflect on his father's justice, and be reconciled to your rewarded virtues.—If Heaven should at last reclaim him, in you, I know, he still would find a fond forgiving father.

Dr. Cant. The imagination of so blest an hour softens me to a tenderness I cannot support!

Old Lady Lamb. Oh! the dear good man.

Sir J. Lamb. With regard to my daughter, doctor, you know she is not wronged by it: because, if she proves not obstinate, she may still be happy.

Old Lady Lamb. Yes, but the perverse wretch slights the blessing you propose for her.

Dr. Cant. We must allow, madam, female modesty a time, which often takes the likeness of distaste: the commands of your good son might too suddenly surprise her—Maids must be gently dealt with—and, might I humbly advise——

Sir J. Lamb. Any thing you will; you shall govern me and her.

Dr. Cant. Then, sir, abate of your authority, and let the matter rest awhile.

Sir J. Lamb. Suppose we were to get my wife to speak to her; women will often hear from their own sex what, sometimes, even from the man they like, will startle them.

Dr. Cant. Then, with your permission, sir, I will take an opportunity of talking to my lady.

Sir J. Lamb. She's now in her dressing-room; I'll go and prepare her for it. [Exit.

Dr. Cant. You are too good to me, sir—too bountiful.

Enter SEYWARD.

Seyw. Sir, Mr. Maw-worm is without, and would be glad to be permitted to speak with you.

Old Lady Lamb. Oh, pray, doctor, admit him; I have not seen Mr. Maw-worm this great while; he's a pious man, tho' in an humble estate; desire the worthy creature to walk in.

Enter MAW-WORM.

—How do you do, Mr. Maw-worm?

Maw. Thank your ladyship's axing—I'm but deadly poorish, indeed; the world and I can't agree—I have got the books, doctor—and Mrs. Grunt bid me give her service to you, and thanks you for the eighteen-pence.

Dr. Cant. Hush, friend Maw-worm! not a word more; you know I hate to have my little charities blaz'd about: a poor widow, madam, to whom I sent my mite.

Old Lady Lamb. Give her this.

[*Offers a purse to Maw-worm.*]

Dr. Cant. I'll take care it shall be given up to her.

[*Puts it up.*]

Old Lady Lamb. But what is the matter with you, Mr. Maw-worm?

Maw. I don't know what's the matter with me—

I'm a breaking my heart—I think it's a sin to keep a shop.

Old Lady Lamb. Why, if you think it a sin, indeed—pray what's your business?

Maw. We deals in grocery, tea, small-beer, charcoal, butter, brick-dust, and the like.

Old Lady Lamb. Well; you must consult with your friendly director here.

Maw. I wants to go a preaching.

Old Lady Lamb. Do you?

Maw. I'm almost sure I have had a call.

Old Lady Lamb. Ay!

Maw. I have made several sermons already, I does them extrumpery, because I cann't write; and now the devils in our alley says, as how my head's turned.

Old Lady Lamb. Ay, devils indeed——but don't you mind them.

Maw. No, I don't—I rebukes them, and preaches to them, whether they will or not. We lets our house in lodgings to single men; and sometimes I gets them together, with one or two of the neighbours, and makes them all cry.

Old Lady Lamb. Did you ever preach in public?

Maw. I got up on Kennington Common the last review day, but the boys threw brick-bats at me, and pinned crackers to my tail; and I have been afraid to mount ever since.

Old Lady Lamb. Do you hear this, doctor! throw brick-bats at him, and pin crackers to his tail! can these things be stood by?

Maw. I told them so——says I, I does nothing clandestinely; I stand here contagious to his majesty's guards, and I charges you upon your apparels not to mislist me.

Old Lady Lamb. And it had no effect?

Maw. No more than if I spoke to so many postesses; but if he advises me to go a preaching, and quit my shop, I'll make an excressance farther into the country.

Old Lady Lamb. An excursion, you would say.

Maw. I am but a sheep, but my bleatings shall be heard afar off, and that sheep shall become a shepherd; nay, if it be only, as it were, a shepherd's dog, to bark the stray lambs into the fold.

Old Lady Lamb. He wants method, doctor.

Dr. Cant. Yes, madam, but there is matter; and I despise not the ignorant.

Maw. He's a saint—till I went after him, I was little better than the devil; my conscience was tanned with sin like a piece of neat's leather, and had no more feeling than the sole of my shoe; always a roving after fantastical delights: I used to go every Sunday evening to the Three Hats at Islington; it's a public-house; mayhap your ladyship may know it: I was a great lover of skittles too, but now I can't bear them.

Old Lady Lamb. What a blessed reformation!

Maw. I believe, doctor, you never know'd as how I was instigated one of the stewards of the reforming society. I convicted a man of five oaths, as last

Thursday was se'nnight, at the Pewter Platter, in the Borough; and another of three, while he was playing trap-ball in St. George's Fields: I bought this waistcoat out of my share of the money.

Old Lady Lamb. But how do you mind your business?

Maw. We have lost almost all our customers, because I keeps extorting them whenever they come into the shop.

Old Lady Lamb. And how do you live?

Maw. Better than ever we did: while we were worldly minded, my wife and I (for I am married to as likely a woman as you shall see in a thousand) could hardly make things do at all; but since this good man has brought us into the road of the righteous, we have always plenty of every thing; and my wife goes as well dressed as a gentlewoman—we have had a child too.

Old Lady Lamb. Mercifull!

Maw. And between *you* and *me*, doctor, I believe Susy's breeding again.

Dr. Cant. Thus it is, madam; I am constantly told, though I can hardly believe it, a blessing follows wherever I come.

Maw. And yet, if you would hear how the neighbours reviles my wife, saying, as how she sets no store by me, because we have words now and then; but, as I says, if such was the case, would ever she have cut me down that there time as I was melancholy, and she found me hanging behind the door;

I don't believe there's a wife in the parish would have done so by her husband.

Dr. Cant. I believe 'tis near dinner time, and Sir John will require my attendance.

Maw. Oh! I am troublesome—nay, I only come to you, doctor, with a message from Mrs. Grunt. I wish your ladyship heartily and heartily farewell; doctor, a good day to you.

Old Lady Lamb. Mr. Maw-worm, call on me some time this afternoon; I want to have a little private discourse with you; and, pray, my service to your spouse.

Maw. I will, madam; you are a malefactor to all goodness; I'll wait upon your ladyship; I will, indeed: [*Going, returns.*] Oh, doctor, that's true; Susy desired me to give her kind love and respects to you. [*Exit.*]

Dr. Cant. Madam, if you please, I will lead you into the parlour.

Old Lady Lamb. No, doctor, my coach waits at the door; I only called upon the business you know of; and partly indeed to see how you did, after the usage you had met with; but I have struck the wretch out of my will for it.

Enter SEYWARD.

Dr. Cant. Charles, you may lay those papers by again, but in some place where you'll easily find them; for I believe we shall have occasion for them some time this afternoon.

Seyw. I'll take care, sir.

[*Exeunt Dr. Cant. and Old Lady Lamb.*

—Occasion for them this afternoon!—Then there's no time to be lost; the coast is clear, and this is her chamber.—What's the matter with me? The thought of speaking to her throws me into a disorder. There's nobody within, I believe—I'll knock again.

Enter BETTY.

Is your lady busy?

Betty. I believe she's only reading, sir.

Seyw. Will you do me the favour to let her know, if she's at leisure, I beg to speak with her upon some earnest business.

Enter CHARLOTTE.

Charl. Who's that?

Betty. She's here.—Mr. Seyward, madam, desires to speak with you.

Charl. Oh, your servant, Mr. Seyward.—Here, take this odious Homer, and lay him up again; he ires me.—[*Exit Betty.*]—How could the blind wretch make such an horrid fuss about a fine woman, for so many volumes together, and give us no account of her amours? You have read him, I suppose, in the Greek, Mr. Seyward?

Seyw. Not lately, madam.

Charl. But do you so violently admire him now?

Seyw. The critics say he has his beauties, madam; but Ovid has been always my favourite.

Charl. Ovid—Oh, he is ravishing!

Seyw. So art thou, to madness! [Aside.]

Charl. Lord! how could one do to learn Greek?—
Were you a great while about it?

Seyw. It has been half the business of my life, madam.

Charl. That's cruel now; then you think one could not be mistress of it in a month or two?

Seyw. Not easily, madam.

Charl. They tell me it has the softest tone for love of any language in the world—I fancy I could soon learn it. I know two words of it already.

Seyw. Pray, madam, what are they?

Charl. Stay—let me see—Oh—ay—Zoe kai psuche.

Seyw. I hope you know the English of them, madam.

Charl. Oh lud! I hope there is no harm in it—I'm sure I heard the doctor say it to my lady—pray, what is it?

Seyw. You must first imagine, madam, a tender lover gazing on his mistress; and then, indeed, they have a softness in them; as thus—Zoe kai psuche!—my life! my soul!

Charl. Oh the impudent young rogue! how his eyes spoke too!—What the deuce can he want with me?

Seyw. I have startled her!—she muses!

Charl. It always run in my head that this fellow had something in him above his condition; I'll know immediately.—Well, but your business with me,

Mr. Seyward? You have something of love in your head, I'll lay my life on't.

Seyw. I never yet durst own it, madam.

Charl. Why, what's the matter?

Seyw. My story is too melancholy to entertain a mind so much at ease as yours.

Charl. Oh, I love melancholy stories of all things:—pray, how long have you lived with your uncle, Mr. Seyward?

Seyw. With Doctor Cantwell, I suppose you mean, madam?

Charl. Ay.

Seyw. He's no uncle of mine, madam.

Charl. You surprise me! not your uncle?

Seyw. No, madam; but that's not the only character the doctor assumes, to which he has no right.

Charl. Lord! I am concerned for you.

Seyw. So you would, madam, if you knew all.

Charl. I am already; but if there are any farther particulars of your story, pray let me hear them; and should any services be in my power, I am sure you may command them.

Seyw. You treat me with so kind, so gentle a hand, that I will unbosom myself to you.—My father, madam, was the younger branch of a genteel family in the North; his name, Trueman—but dying while I was yet in my infancy, I was left wholly dependent on my mother; a woman really pious and well-meaning, but——In short, madam, Doctor Cantwell fatally got acquainted with her, and as he is now

your father's bosom counsellor, soon became hers; "for his hypocrisy had so great an effect on her weak spirit, that he entirely led and managed her at his pleasure." She died, madam, when I was but eight years old; and then I was indeed left an orphan.

Charl. Poor creature!—Lord! I cannot bear it!

Seyw. She left Doctor Cantwell her sole heir and executor: but I must do her the justice to say, I believe it was in the confirmation that he would take care of, and do justice to me; "who, young as I was, I yet remember to have heard her recommend to him on her death-bed:" and, indeed, he has so far taken care of me, that he sent me to a seminary abroad; and for these three years last past has kept me with him.

Charl. A seminary! Oh! Heavens! but why have you not strove to do yourself justice?

Seyw. Thrown so young into his power as I was—unknown and friendless, "but through his means," to whom could I apply for succour? Nay, madam, I will confess, that on my return to England, I was at first tainted with his enthusiastic notions myself; and, for some time, as much imposed upon by him as others; till, by degrees, as he found it necessary to make use of, or totally discard me (which last he did not think prudent to do), he was obliged to unveil himself to me in his proper colours—And I believe I can inform you of some parts of his private character, that may be the means of detecting one

of the wickedest impostors that ever practised upon credulity.

Charl. But how has the wretch dared to treat you ?

Seyw. In his ill and insolent humours, madam, he has sometimes the presumption to tell me that I am the object of his charity ; and I own, madam, that I am humbled in my opinion, by his having drawn me into a connivance at some actions, which I can't look back on without horror !

Charl. Indeed you can't tell how I pity you ; and depend upon it, if it be possible to serve you, by getting you out of the hands of this monster, I will.

Seyw. Once more, madam, let me assure you, that your generous inclination would be a consolation to me in the worst misfortunes ; and, even in the last moment of painful death, would give my heart a joy.

Charl. Lord ! the poor unfortunate boy loves me too—what shall I do with him ?—Pray, Mr. Seyward, what paper's that you have in your hand ?—Is it relative to—

Seyw. Another instance of the conscience, and gratitude, which animates our worthy doctor.

Charl. You frighten me ! pray what is the purport of it ? Is it neither signed nor sealed—

Seyw. No, madam ; therefore to prevent it, by this timely notice, was my business here with you : your father gave it to the doctor first, to shew his counsel ; who, having approved it, I understand this evening it will be executed.

Charl. But what is it ?

Seyw. It grants to Doctor Cantwell, in present, four hundred pounds per annum, of which this very house is part; and, at your father's death, invests him in the whole remainder of his freehold estate.—For you, indeed, there is a charge of four thousand pounds upon it, provided you marry with the doctor's consent; if not, 'tis added to my lady's jointure——But your brother, madam, is, without conditions, utterly disinherited.

Charl. I am confounded!—What will become of us! My father now, I find, was serious——Oh, this insinuating hypocrite!——Let me see——ay—I will go this minute. Sir, dare you trust this in my hands for an hour only?

Seyw. Any thing to serve you—— [Bell rings.

Charl. Hark! they ring to dinner: pray, sir, step in: say I am obliged to dine abroad; and whisper one of the footmen to get a chair immediately; then do you take a proper occasion to slip out after me to Mr. Double's chambers in the Temple; there I shall have time to talk further with you. [Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Dressing Room, with Table and Chairs. Enter CHARLOTTE, with BETTY, taking off her Cloak, &c.

Charlotte.

HAS any one been to speak with me, Betty?

Betty. Only Mr. Darnley, madam; he said he

would call again, and bid his servant stay below, to give him notice when you came home.

Charl. You don't know what he wanted?

Betty. No, madam; he seemed very uneasy at your being abroad.

Charl. Well, go and lay up those things—[*Exit Betty.*] Ten to one but his wise head has found out something to be jealous of: if he lets me see it, I shall be sure to make him infinitely easy—here he comes.

Enter DARNLEY.

Darn. Your humble servant, madam.

Charl. Your servant, sir.

Darn. You have been abroad, I hear?

Charl. Yes, and now I am come home, you see.

Darn. You seem to turn upon my words, madam! Is there any thing particular in them?

Charl. As much as there is in my being abroad, I believe.

Darn. Might I not say you had been abroad without giving offence?

Charl. And might I not as well say I was come home, without your being so grave upon't?

Darn. Do you know any thing that should make me grave?

Charl. I know, if you are so, I am the worst person in the world you can possibly shew it to.

Darn. Nay, I don't suppose you do any thing you won't justify.

Charl. Oh, then I find I have done something you think I can't justify.

Darn. I don't say that neither; perhaps I am wrong in what I have said; but I have been so often used to ask pardon for your being in the wrong, that I am resolved henceforth never to rely on the insolent evidence of my own senses.

Charl. You don't know now, perhaps, that I think this pretty smart speech of yours is very dull; but, since that's a fault you can't help, I will not take it ill; come now, be as sincere on your side, and tell me seriously—Is not what real business I had abroad the very thing you want to be made easy in?

Darn. If I thought you would make me easy, I would own it.

Charl. Now we come to the point.—To-morrow morning, then, I give you my word to let you know it all; till when, there is a necessity for its being a secret; and I insist upon you believing it.

Darn. But pray, madam, what am I to do with private imagination in the mean time? that is not in my power to confine; and sure you won't be offended, if, to avoid the tortures that may give me, I beg you'll trust me with the secret now.

Charl. Don't press me, for positively I will not.

Darn. Will not—cannot had been a kinder term—Is my disquiet of so little moment to you?

Charl. Of none, while your disquiet dares not trust the assurances I have given you. If you expect I should confide in you for life, don't let me see you

dare not take my word for a day; and, if you are wise, you'll think so fair a trial a favour.

Darn. If you intend it such—it is a favour; if not, 'tis something—so—come, let's wave the subject.

Charl. With all my heart. Have you seen my brother lately?

Darn. Yes, madam; and he tells me, it seems the doctor is the man your father has resolved upon.

Charl. 'Tis so; nay, and what will more surprise you, he leaves me only to the choice of him, or of no fortune.

Darn. And may I, without offence, beg leave to know what resolution you have taken upon it?

Charl. I have not taken any; I do not know what to do; what would you advise me to?

Darn. I advise you to? nay, you are in the right to make it a question.

Charl. He says he'll settle all his estate upon him, too.

Darn. O take it: take it, to be sure; its the fittest match in the world; you can't do a wiser thing certainly.

Charl. 'Twill be as wise, at least, as the method you take to prevent it.

Darn. Is't possible? how can you torture me with this indifference?

Charl. Why do you insult me with such a bare-faced jealousy?

Darn. Is it a crime to be concerned for what becomes of you? Has not your father openly declared

against me, in favour of another? How is it possible, at such a time, not to have a thousand fears? What though they are false and groundless, are they not still the effect of love, alarmed, and anxious to be satisfied? I have an heart that cannot bear disguises; but, when 'tis grieved, in spite of me, will shew it—— Pray pardon me——but when I am told you went out in the utmost hurry, with some writings to a lawyer, and took the doctor's nephew with you, even in the very hour your father had proposed him as an husband, what am I to think? Can I, must I suppose my senses fail me? If I have eyes, have ears, and have an heart, must it still be a crime to think I see and hear, and feel that I am wronged?

Charl. Well, I own, it looks ill-natured now, not to shew him some concern——but then, this jealousy I must and will get the better of, or we shall be miserable.

Darn. Speak, Charlotte; is still my jealousy a crime?

Charl. If you still insist on it as a proof of love, then I must tell you, sir, 'tis of that kind, that only slighted hearts are pleased with——when I am so reduced, perhaps I may bear it. The fact you charge me with, is true: I have been abroad; but let appearances be ever so strong, while there is a possibility that what I have done may be innocent, I won't bear a look that tells me to my face, you dare suspect me. If you have doubts, why don't you satisfy them before you see me? Can you suppose I am to stand confounded,

like a criminal, before you?—Come, come, there's nothing shews so low a mind, as those grave and insolent jealousies.

Darn. However, madam, mine you won't find so low as you imagine; and, since I see your tyranny arises from your mean opinion of me, 'tis time to be myself, and disavow your power; you use it now beyond my bearing; not only impose on me to disbelieve my senses, but do it with such an imperious air, as if my manly reason were your slave, and this despicable frame that follows you, durst shew no signs of life but what you vouchsafe to give it.

Charl. You are in the right: go on—suspect me still—believe the worst you can—'tis all true—I don't justify myself.—Why do you trouble me with your complaints? If you are master of that manly reason you boasted, give a manly proof of it; at once resume your liberty; despise me; go off in triumph now, like a king in a tragedy; and let me see you scorn the woman, whose overbearing falsehood would insult your senses.

Darn. Is this the end of all, then? and are those tender protestations you have made me, for such I thought them, when, with a kind reluctance, you gave me something more than hope—what all—oh, Charlotte, all come to this?

Charl. Oh, lud! I am growing silly; if I hear on, I shall tell him every thing; 'tis but another struggle, and I shall conquer it.—So, you are not gone, I see,

Darn. Do you then wish me gone, madam?

Charl. Your manly reason will direct you.

Darn. This is too much——my heart can bear no more!——What, am I rooted here?

Enter SEYWARD.

Charl. At last I am relieved.—Well, Mr. Seyward, is it done?

Seyw. I did not stir from the desk till it was entirely finished.

Charl. Where's the original?

Seyw. This is it, madam.

Charl. Very well; that, you know, you must keep: but come, we must lose no time; we will examine this in the next room.—Now I feel for him. [*Exit.*]

Darn. This is not to be borne—Pray, Mr. Charles, what private business have you with that lady?

Seyw. Sir!

Darn. I must know, young man.

Seyw. Not quite so young, but I can keep a secret, and a lady's too—you'll excuse me, sir. [*Exit.*]

Darn. 'Sdeath!——I shall be laughed at by every body——I shall run distracted——this young fellow should repent his pertness, did not this house protect him.—This is Charlotte's contrivance to distract me——but——but what?——Oh!——I have love enough to bear this, and ten times as much.

Enter Colonel LAMBERT.

Col. Lamb. What, in raptures?

Darn. Pr'ythee—I am unfit to talk with you.

Col. Lamb. What, is Charlotte in her airs again?

Darn. I know not what she is.

Col. Lamb. Do you know where she is?

Darn. Retired this moment to her chamber with the young fellow there—the doctor's nephew.

Col. Lamb. Why, you are not jealous of the doctor, I hope?

Darn. Perhaps she'll be less reserved to you, and tell you wherein I have mistaken her.

Col. Lamb. Poor Frank! every plot I lay upon my sister's inclination for you, you are sure to ruin by your own conduct.

Darn. I own I have too little temper, and too much real passion, for a modish lover.

Col. Lamb. Come, come, make yourself easy once more; I'll undertake for you: If you'll fetch a cool turn in the Park, upon Constitution-Hill, in less than half an hour I'll come to you, and make you perfectly easy.

Darn. “Dear Tom, you are a friend indeed!—
“I have a thousand things—but” you shall find me there. [Exit.

Enter CHARLOTTE and SEYWARD.

Col. Lamb. How now, sister? what have you done o' Darnley? The poor fellow looks as if he had killed your parrot.

Charl. Psha! you know him well enough; I've only been setting him a love lesson; it a little puzzles

him to get through it at first, but he'll know it all by to-morrow—you will be sure to be in the way, Mr. Seyward.

Seyw. Madam, you may depend upon me : I have my full instructions. [Exit.]

Col. Lamb. O ho! here's the business then ; and it seems Darnley was not to be trusted with it ; ha, ha ! and pr'ythee, what is the mighty secret that is transacting between Seyward and you ?

Charl. That's what he would have known, indeed ; but you must know, I don't think it proper to let you tell him neither, for all your sly manner of asking.

Col. Lamb. Pray take your own time, dear madam ; I am not in haste to know, I assure you.

Charl. Well, but hold ; on second thoughts, you shall know part of this affair between Seyward and me ; nay, I give you leave to tell Darnley too, on some conditions : 'tis true, I did design to have surprised you—but now—but my mind's altered, that's enough.

Col. Lamb. Ay, for any mortal's satisfaction—but here comes my lady.

Enter Lady LAMBERT.

Lady Lamb. Away, away, colonel and Charlotte ; both of you, away this instant.

Charl. What's the matter, madam ?

Lady Lamb. I am going to put the doctor to his trial, that's all. I have considered the proposal you have made me to-day, colonel, and am convinced it ought

not to be delayed an instant: so just now, as your father was composed in the arm chair to his afternoon's nap, I told the doctor in a half-whisper, that I should be glad to have a word in private with him here; and he said he would wait upon me presently. You must know, Charlotte, Sir John has been pressing me to speak to you in his favour, and has desired me to hear what the doctor had to say upon that subject; but must I play a traiterous part now, and, instead of persuading you to the doctor, persuade the doctor against you?

Charl. Dear madam, why not? one moment's truce with the prude, I beg of you; don't startle at his first declaration, but let him go on, till he shews the very bottom of his ugly heart.

Lady Lamb. I warrant you, I'll give a good account of him—but, as I live, here he comes.

Charl. Come, then, brother, you and I will be comode, and steal off. [*Exeunt Charlotte and Colonel.*]

Enter Doctor CANTWELL.

[*The Colonel listening.*]

Dr. Cant. Here I am, madam, at your ladyship's command; how happy am I that you think me worthy——

Lady Lamb. Please to sit, sir.

Dr. Cant. Well, but, dear lady, ha! You can't conceive the joyousness I feel at this so much desired interview. Ah, ah! I have a thousand friendly things to say to you; and how stands your precious health?

is your naughty cold abated yet? I have scarce closed my eyes these two nights with my concern for you; “and every watchful interval has sent a thousand sighs and prayers to Heaven for your recovery.”

Lady Lamb. Your charity is too far concerned for me.

Dr. Cant. Ah! don't say so, don't say so. You merit more than mortal man can do for you.

Lady Lamb. Indeed you over-rate me.

Dr. Cant. I speak it from my heart; indeed, indeed, indeed I do.

Lady Lamb. O dear! you hurt my hand, sir.

Dr. Cant. Impute it to my zeal, and want of words for expression: precious soul! I would not harm you for the world; no, it would be the whole business of my life——

Lady Lamb. But to the affair I would speak to you about.

Dr. Cant. Ah, thou heavenly woman!

Lady Lamb. Your hand need not be there, sir.

Dr. Cant. I was admiring the softness of this silk.

“*Lady Lamb.* Ay, but I'm ticklish.

“*Dr. Cant.*” They are indeed come to prodigious perfection in all manufactures: how wonderful is human art! here it disputes the prize with nature: that all this soft and gaudy lustre should be wrought from the labours of a poor worm!

Lady Lamb. But our business, sir, is upon another subject: Sir John informs me, that he thinks himself

under no obligations to Mr. Darnley, and therefore resolves to give his daughter to you.

Dr. Cant. Such a thing has been mentioned, madam; but, to deal sincerely with you, that is not the happiness I sigh after; there is a soft and serious excellence for me, very different from what your step-daughter possesses.

Lady Lamb. Well, sir, pray be sincere, and open your heart to me.

Dr. Cant. Open my heart! Can you then, sweet lady, be yet a stranger to it? Has no action of my life been able to inform you of my real thoughts? “I hope you imagine not that it was from ill-will, or any other account but yours, that I urged Sir John to restrain your assemblies and visits: no, blessed creature, it proceeded from a zealous transport: I could not bear to see the gay, the young, and the impertinent, daily crowding round you, without a certain grudge; I might say, envy.”

Lady Lamb. Well, sir, I take all this, as I suppose you intend it, for my good and spiritual welfare.

Dr. Cant. Indeed I mean your cordial service.

Lady Lamb. I dare say you do: you are above the low momentary views of this world.

Dr. Cant. Why, I should be so; and yet, alas! I find this mortal clothing of my soul is made like other men's, of sensual flesh and blood, and has its frailties.

Lady Lamb. We all have those, but yours are well corrected by your divine and virtuous contemplations.

Dr. Cant. Alas, madam, my heart is not of stone : I may resist, call all my prayers, my fastings, tears and penance to my aid ; but yet, I am not an angel ; I am still but a man ; and virtue may strive, but nature will be uppermost. I love you then, madam.

Lady Lamb. Hold, sir. “ You’ve said enough to “ put you in my power.” Suppose I now should let my husband, your benefactor, know the favour you design him ?

Dr. Cant. You cannot be so cruel.

Lady Lamb. Nor will, on this condition : that instantly you renounce all claim and title to Charlotte, and use your utmost interest with Sir John, to give her, with her full fortune, to Mr. Darnley.

Enter Colonel LAMBERT.

Col. Lamb. Villain, monster, perfidious and ungrateful traitor ! Your hypocrisy, your false zeal is discovered : and I am sent here by the hand of insulted Heaven, to lay you open to my father, and expose you to the world.

Dr. Cant. Ha !

Lady Lamb. O, unthinking colonel !

Col. Lamb. Well, sir, what have you to say for yourself ?

Dr. Cant. I have nothing to say to you, colonel, nor for you—but you shall have my prayers.

Col. Lamb. Why, you profligate hypocrite, do you think to carry off your villany with that sanctified air ?

Dr. Cant. I know not what you mean, sir. I have been in discourse here with my good lady, by permission of your worthy father.

Col. Lamb. Dog, did my father desire you to talk of love to my lady?

Dr. Cant. Call me not dog, colonel: I hope we are both brother christians.—Yes, I will own I did beg leave to talk to her of love; for, alas, I am but a man; yet if my passion for your dear sister, which I cannot controul, be sinful——

Lady Lamb. Your noise, I perceive, is bringing up Sir John; manage with him as you will at present: I will withdraw, for I have an after-game to play, which may yet put this wretch effectually into our power. [Exit.

Enter Sir JOHN LAMBERT.

Sir J. Lamb. What uproar is this?

Col. Lamb. Nothing, sir, nothing; only a little broil of the good doctor's here—You are well rewarded for your kindnesses; and he would fain pay it back with triple interest to your wife: in short, sir, I took him here in the very fact of making a criminal declaration of love to my lady.

Dr. Cant. Why, why, Sir John, would you not let me leave your house? I knew some dreadful method would be taken to drive me hence—O, be not angry, good colonel: but indeed, and indeed, you use me cruelly.

Sir J. Lamb. Horrible, wicked creature!—Doctor, let me hear it from you.

Dr. Cant. Alas, sir, I am in the dark as much as you; but it should seem, for what purpose he best knows, your son hid himself somewhere hereabouts; and while I was talking to my lady, rushed in upon us—you know the subject, sir, on which I was to entertain her; and “I might speak of my love for your daughter with more warmth than, perhaps, I ought; which the colonel over-hearing,” he might possibly imagine I was addressing my lady herself; for I will not suspect; no, Heaven forbid! I will not suspect that he would intentionally forge a falsehood to dishonour me.

Sir J. Lamb. Now, vile detractor of all virtue, is your outrageous malice confounded?—What he tells you is true; he was talking to my lady by my consent; and what he said, he said by my orders.—— Good man, be not concerned, for I see through their vile design.——Here, thou curse of my life, if thou art not lost to conscience, and all sense of honour, repair the injury you have attempted, by confessing your rancour, and throwing yourself at his feet.

Dr. Cant. Oh, Sir John! for my sake——I will throw myself at the colonel's feet; nay, if that will please him, he shall tread on my neck.

Sir J. Lamb. What, mute, defenceless, hardened in thy malice?

Col. Lamb. I scorn the imputation, sir; and with the same repeated honesty avow, however cunningly he may have devised this gloss, that you are de-

ceived.—What I tell you, sir, is true—these eyes, these ears, were witnesses of his audacious love, without the mention of my sister's name; directly, plainly, grossly tending to abuse the honour of your bed.

Sir J. Lamb. Villain, this instant leave my sight, my house, my family, for ever! “Wife, children, servants, are all leagued against this pious man, and think to weary me by groundless clamours to discard him; but all shall not do. Your malice falls on your own wicked heads; to me it but the more endears him.

“*Col. Lamb.* Doctor, you have triumphed.

“*Sir J. Lamb.* Wretch, leave my house.”

Dr. Cant. Hold, good Sir John: I am now recovered from my surprise; let me then be an humble mediator—on my account, this must not be—I grant it possible, your son loves me not; but you must grant it too as possible, he might mistake me; to accuse me then, was but the error of his virtue; you ought to love him, thank him for his watchful care.

“*Sir J. Lamb.* O miracle of charity!

“*Dr. Cant.* Come, come; such breaches must not be betwixt so good a son and father; forget, forgive, embrace him, cherish him, and let me bless the hour I was the occasion of so sweet a reconciliation.”

Sir J. Lamb. Hear this, perverse and reprobate!—Oh, couldst thou wrong such more than mortal virtue?

Col. Lamb. Wrong him! the hardened impudence of this painted charity——

Sir J. Lamb. Peace, graceless infidel!

Col. Lamb. No, sir; though I would hazard life to gain you from the clutches of that wretch, could die to reconcile my duty to your favour; yet, on the terms his villany offers, it is merit to refuse it——“I glory in the disgrace your errors give me”——but, sir, I’ll trouble you no more; to-day is his, to-morrow may be mine. [Exit.

Sir J. Lamb. Come, my friend; we’ll go this instant, and sign the settlement.

“*Dr. Cant.* Sir, I now attend you, and take it without scruple: yes, you shall, since it is your good pleasure, make this settlement in my favour.

“*Sir J. Lamb.* I will, doctor, I will;” for that wretch ought to be punished, who, I now see, is incorrigible, and given over to perdition.

Dr. Cant. And do you think I take your estate with such views?—No, sir—I receive it that I may have an opportunity to rouse his mind to virtue, by shewing him an instance of the forgiveness of injuries;—the return of good for evil.

Sir J. Lamb. O, my dear friend, my stay, and my guide! I am impatient till the affair is concluded.

Dr. Cant. The will of Heaven be done in all things.

“*Sir J. Lamb.* Poor dear man!—[Turning to where the Colonel went off.]—Oh, reprobate, profligate, hardened wretch, to use in this manner a person of his sanctity!” [Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Parlour in Sir JOHN LAMBERT'S House. Enter CHARLOTTE and SEYWARD.

Charlotte.

YOU were a witness, then ?

Seyw. I saw it signed, sealed, and delivered, madam.

Charl. And all passed without the least suspicion ?

Seyw. Sir John signed it with such earnestness, and the doctor received it with such a seeming reluctance, that neither had the curiosity to examine a line of it.

Charl. Well, Mr. Seyward, whether it succeeds to our ends or not, we have still the same obligations to you.——You saw with what a friendly warmth my brother heard your story ; and I don't in the least doubt his being able to do something for you.

Seyw. What I have done, my duty bound me to ; but pray, madam, give me leave, without offence, to ask you one innocent question.

Charl. Freely.

Seyw. Have you never suspected, that in all this affair, I have had some secret stronger motive than barely duty ?

Charl. Yes.——But have you been in no apprehensions I should discover that motive ?

Seyw. Pray, pardon me ; I see already I have gone too far.

Charl. Not at all; it loses you no merit with me; nor is it in my nature to use any one ill that loves me, unless I loved that one again: then, indeed, there might be danger. Come, don't look grave; my inclinations to another shall not hinder me paying every one what's due to their merit: I shall, therefore, always think myself obliged to treat your misfortunes and your modesty with the utmost tenderness.

Seyw. Dear madam, mad as I am, I never hoped for more.

Charl. Then I'll give you a great deal more; and to shew you my particular good opinion of you, I'll do you a favour, Mr. Seyward, I never did any man since I was born: I'll be sincere with you.

Seyw. Is it then possible you can have loved another, to whom you never were sincere?

Charl. Alas, you are but a novice in the passion.—Sincerity is a dangerous virtue, and often surfeits what it ought to nourish. Therefore I take more pains to make the man I love believe I slight him, than, if possible, I would to convince you of my esteem and friendship.—Nay, I'll do more still; I'll shew you all the good nature you can desire; you shall make what love to me you please; but then I'll tell you the consequence: I shall certainly be pleased with it, and that will flatter you till I do you a mischief. Now do you think me sincere?

Seyw. I scarce consider that: but I'm sure you are agreeable.

Charl. Why, look you there, now; do you consider,

that a woman had as lief be thought agreeable as handsome; and how can you suppose, from one of your sense, that I am not pleased with being told so?

Seyw. Was ever temper so enchanting!—Your good opinion is all I aim at.

Charl. Ay, but the more I give it you, the better you'll think of me still; and then I must think the better of you again; and then you the better of me, upon that too; and so at last I shall think seriously, and you'll begin to think ill of me. But I hope, Mr. Seyward, your good sense will prevent all this.

Seyw. I see my folly, madam, and blush at my presumption. Madam, I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*]

Charl. Well, he's a pretty young fellow after all, and the very first sure that ever heard reason against himself with so good an understanding.———Lord, how one may live and learn!—I could not have believed that modesty in a young fellow could have been so amiable. And though I own there is, I know not what, of dear delight in indulging one's vanity with them, yet, upon serious reflection, we must confess, that truth and sincerity have a thousand charms beyond it. I believe I had as good confess all this to Darnley, and e'en make up the bustle with him too: but then he will so tease one for instances of real inclination——O gad!——I can't bear the thought on't: and yet we must come together too—Well, Nature knows the way, to be sure, and so I'll e'en trust to her for it.

Enter Lady LAMBERT.

Lady Lamb. Dear Charlotte, what will become of us!—The tyranny of this subtle hypocrite is insupportable. He has so fortified himself in Sir John's opinion, by this last misconduct of your brother, that I begin to lose my usual power with him.

Charl. Pray explain, madam.

Lady Lamb. In spite of all I could urge, he has consented that the doctor shall this minute come, and be his own advocate with you.

Charl. I'm glad on't; for the beast must come like a bear to the stake. I'm sure he knows I shall bait him.

Lady Lamb. No matter for that; he presses it, to keep Sir John still blind to his wicked designs upon me.—Therefore I am come to give you notice, that you might be prepared to receive him.

Charl. I'm obliged to your ladyship. Our meeting will be a tender scene, no doubt on't.

Lady Lamb. But I think I hear the doctor coming up stairs. My dear girl, at any rate keep your temper. I shall expect you in my dressing-room, to tell me the particulars of your conduct. [Exit.

Charl. He must have a great deal of impudence, to come in this manner to me.

Enter Doctor CANTWELL, and BETTY introducing him.

Betty. Doctor Cantwell desires to be admitted, madam.

Charl. Let him come in.—Your servant, sir.—Give us chairs, Betty, and leave the room.—[*Exit Betty.*]—Sir, there's a seat.—What can the ugly cur say to me!—he seems a little puzzled.

[*Humming a tune.*]

Dr. Cant. Look ye, young lady, I am afraid, notwithstanding your good father's favour, I am not the man you would desire to be alone with upon this occasion.

Charl. Your modesty is pleased to be in the right.

Dr. Cant. I'm afraid too, notwithstanding all my endeavours to the contrary, that you entertain a pretty bad opinion of me.

Charl. A worse, sir, of no mortal breathing!

Dr. Cant. Which opinion is immoveable.

Charl. No rock so firm!

Dr. Cant. I am afraid then, it will be a vain pursuit when I solicit you, in compliance with my worthy friend's desire, and my own inclinations, to become my partner in that blessed estate, in which we may be a comfort and support to each other.

Charl. I would die rather than consent to it.

Dr. Cant. In other words, you hate me.

Charl. Most transcendently!

Dr. Cant. Well, there is sincerity, at least, in your confession: you are not, I see, totally deprived of all virtue; though, I must say, I never could perceive in you but very little.

Charl. Oh, fy! you flatter me!

Dr. Cant. No; I speak it with sorrow, because

you are the daughter of my best friend. But how are we to proceed now ? are we to preserve temper ?

Charl. Oh ! never fear me, sir ; I shall not fly out, being convinced that nothing gives so sharp a point to one's aversion as good breeding ; as, on the contrary, ill manners often hide a secret inclination.

Dr. Cant. Well then, young lady, be assured, so far am I from the unchristian disposition of returning injuries, that your antipathy to me causes no hatred in my soul towards you ; on the contrary, I would willingly make you happy, if it may be done according to my conscience, with the interest of Heaven in view.

Charl. Why, I can't see, sir, how Heaven can be any way concerned in a transaction between you and me.

Dr. Cant. When you marry any other person, my consent is necessary.

Charl. So I hear, indeed !—but pray, doctor, how could your modesty receive so insolent a power, without putting my poor father out of countenance with your blushes ?

Dr. Cant. I sought it not ; but he would crowd it in among other obligations. He is good-natured ; and I foresaw it might serve to pious purposes.

Charl. I don't understand you.

Dr. Cant. I take it for granted that you would marry Mr. Darnley. Am I right ?

Charl. Once in your life perhaps you may.

Dr. Cant. Nay, let us be plain. Would you marry him?

Charl. You're mighty nice, methinks.—Well, I would.

Dr. Cant. Then I will not consent.

Charl. You won't?

Dr. Cant. My conscience will not suffer me. I know you to be both luxurious and worldly-minded; and you would squander upon the vanities of the world those treasures which ought to be better laid out.

Charl. Hum!—I believe I begin to conceive you.

Dr. Cant. If you can think of any project to satisfy my conscience, I am tractable. You know there is a considerable moiety of your fortune which goes to my lady in case of our disagreement.

Charl. That's enough, sir.—You think we should have a fellow-feeling in it. At what sum do you rate your concurrence to my inclinations? that settled, I am willing to strike the bargain.

Dr. Cant. What do you think of half?

Charl. How! two thousand pounds!

Dr. Cant. Why, you know you gain two thousand pounds; and really the severity of the times for the poor, and my own stinted pittance, which cramps my charities, will not suffer me to require less.

Charl. But how is my father to be brought into this?

Dr. Cant. Leave that to my management.

Charl. And what security do you expect for the money?

Dr. Cant. Oh! Mr. Darnley is wealthy: when I deliver my consent in writing, he shall lay it down to me in bank bills.

Charl. Pretty good security!—On one proviso though.

Dr. Cant. Name it.

Charl. That you immediately tell my father that you are willing to give up your interest to Mr. Darnley.

Dr. Cant. Hum!—stay—I agree to it; but in the mean time, let me warn you, child, not to expect to turn that, or what has now passed between us, to my confusion, by sinister construction, or evil representation to your father. I am satisfied of the piety of my own intentions, and care not what the wicked think of them; but force me not to take advantage of Sir John's good opinion of me, in order to shield myself from the consequences of your malice.

Charl. Oh! I shall not stand in my own light: I know your conscience and your power too well, dear doctor!

Dr. Cant. Well, let your interest sway you. Thank Heaven, I am actuated by more worthy motives.

Charl. No doubt on't.

Dr. Cant. Farewell, and think me your friend.

[*Exit.*

Enter Colonel LAMBERT.

Charl. What this fellow's original was, I know not;

but by his conscience and cunning he would make an admirable Jesuit.

Col. Lamb. Charlotte !

Charl. You may come in. Well, I hope you bring me a good account of the doctor.—What success ?

Col. Lamb. All I could wish !—Seyward has given so strong and so fair a detail of his frauds and villainies of every kind, that my Lord Chief Justice made not the least hesitation to grant his warrant ; and I have a tipstaff at the next door, when I give the word to take him.

Charl. Why should you not do it immediately ?

Col. Lamb. Have a little patience ; I have a farther design in my head.—But pray, sister, what secret's this that you have yet behind, in those writings that Seyward brought you ?

Charl. Oh ! that's what I can't tell you.—But, by the way, what have you done with Darnley : why is not he here ?

Col. Lamb. He has been here ; but you must excuse him.—I told him how anxious you were about Seyward's affair, and he has taken him with him, in his own coach, to the Attorney General's.

Charl. Well, I own he has gained upon me by this.

Col. Lamb. I am glad to hear that at last. But I must go and let my lady know what progress we have made in the doctor's business ; because I have something particular to say to her. [Exit.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, Mr. Darnley.

Charl. Desire him to walk in.

[*Exit Serv.*]

Enter DARNLEY.

Darn. To find you thus alone, madam, is an happiness I did not expect, from the temper of our last parting.

Charl. I should have been as well pleased now to have been thanked, as reproached, for my good-nature; but you will be in the right, I find.

Darn. Indeed, you take me wrong. I literally meant that I was afraid you would not so soon think I had deserved this favour.

Charl. Well then, one of us has been in the wrong, at least.

Darn. 'Twas I, I own it—more is not in my power: all the amends possible I have made you: my very joy of seeing you has waited, till what you had at heart, unasked, was perfected for a rival, whom you had so justly compassionated.

Charl. Pooh! but why would you say unasked now? don't you consider your doing it so is half the merit of the action?—Lord! you have no art: you should have left me to have taken notice of that.—Only imagine now, how kind and handsome an acknowledgment you have robbed me of.

Darn. And yet how artfully you have paid it. With what a wanton charming ease you play upon my tenderness!

Charl. Well, but were not you silly now?

Darn. Come, you shall not be serious: you can't be more agreeable.

Charl. Oh! but I am serious.

Darn. Then I'll be so.—Do you forgive me all?

Charl. What?

Darn. Are we friends, Charlotte?

Charl. O lord! but you have told me nothing of poor Seyward?

Darn. Must you needs know that before you answer me?

Charl. Lord! you are never well till you have talked one out of countenance.

Darn. Come, I won't be too particular; you shall answer nothing.—Give me but your hand only.

Charl. Psha! I won't pull off my glove, not I.

Darn. I'll take it as it is then.

Charl. Lord! there, there; eat it, eat it.

Darn. And so I could, by Heaven!

Charl. Oh, my glove! my glove! my glove! you are in a perfect storm! Lord! if you make such a rout with one's hand only, what would you do if you had one's heart?

Darn. That's impossible to tell.—But you were asking me of Seyward, madam?

Charl. Oh, ay! that's true. Well, now you are very good again.—Come, tell me all the affair, and then you shall see—how I will like you.

Darn. Oh! that I could thus play with inclination!

Charl. Psha! but you don't tell me now.

Darn. There is not much to tell—only this: We

met the Attorney General, to whom he has given a very sensible account of himself, and the doctor's proceedings.—“ But, still more fortunate! there
 “ happened to be a gentleman present, who came
 “ from the same part of the country with Seyward,
 “ and is well acquainted with his family; and even
 “ remembers the circumstance of his mother's death;
 “ who promises to be speedy and diligent in his en-
 “ quiries.—We have been to the Commons to search
 “ for her will, but none has been entered.—But as it
 “ can be proved she died possessed of eight or ten
 “ thousand pounds,” the Attorney General seems very clear in his opinion, that as the doctor, at the time of the death of Seyward's mother, was intrusted with her whole affairs, the Court of Equity will oblige him to be accountable.

Charl. If Seward does not recover his fortune, you must absolutely get him a commission, and bring him into acquaintance.

Darn. Upon my word I will.

Charl. And shew him to all the women of taste; and I'll have you call him my pretty fellow too.

Darn. I will, indeed!—but hear me—

Charl. You can't conceive how prettily he makes love.

Darn. Not so well as you make your defence, Charlotte.

Charl. Lord! I had forgot, he is to teach me Greek, too.

Darn. Trifling tyrant! how long, Charlotte, do

you think you can find new evasions for what I say unto you ?

Charl. Lord ! you are horrid silly ; but since 'tis love that makes you such a dunce—poor Darnley ! I forgive you.

Darn. That's kind, however.—But, to complete my joy, be kinder yet—and—

Charl. Oh ! I can't ! I can't !—Lord ! did you never ride a horse-match ?

Darn. Was ever so wild a question !

Charl. Because, if you have, it runs in my head you galloped a mile beyond the winning-post, to make sure on't.

Darn. Now, I understand you. But since you will have me touch every thing so very tenderly, Charlotte, how shall I find proper words to ask you the lover's last necessary question.

Charl. Oh ! there's a thousand points to be adjusted before that's answered.

Enter Colonel LAMBERT.

Col. Lamb. Name them this moment ; for, positively, this is the last time of asking.

Charl. Pshal who sent for you ?

Col. Lamb. I only came to teach you to speak plain English, my dear.

Charl. Lord ! mind your own business, can't you ?

Col. Lamb. So I will ; for I will make you do more of yours in two minutes, than you would have done without me in a twelvemonth. Why, how now !—do

you think the man's to dangle after your ridiculous airs for ever ?

Charl. This is mighty pretty !

Col. Lamb. You'll say so on Thursday se'nnight, (for, let affairs take what turn they will in the family) that's positively your wedding day—Nay, you shan't stir.

Charl. Was ever such assurance !

Darn. Upon my life, madam, I'm out of countenance ! I don't know how to behave myself.

Charl. No, no ; let him go on only—this is beyond whatever was known, sure !

Col. Lamb. Ha ! ha ! if I was to leave you to yourselves, what a couple of pretty out-of-countenanced figures you would make ! humming and hawing upon the vulgar points of jointure and pin-money.—Come, come, I know what's proper on both sides ; you shall leave it to me.

Darn. I had rather Charlotte would name her own terms to me.

Col. Lamb. Have you a mind to any thing particular, madam ?

Charl. Why, sure ! what do you think I'm only to be filled out as you please, and sweetened and sipped up like a dish of tea ?

Col. Lamb. Why, pray, madam, when your tea's ready, what have you to do but to drink it ?——But you, I suppose, expect a lover's heart, like your lamp, should be always flaming at your elbow ; and

when it's ready to go out, you indolently supply it with the spirit of contradiction.

Charl. And so you suppose that your assurance has made an end of this matter ?

Col. Lamb. Not till you have given him your hand upon it.

Charl. That then would complete it.

Col. Lamb. Perfectly.

Charl. Why, then take it Darnley.—Now, I presume, you are in high triumph, sir.

Col. Lamb. No, sister ; now you are consistent with that good sense I always thought you mistress of.

Charl. And now I beg we may separate ; for our being seen together, at this critical juncture, may give that devil, the doctor, suspicion of a confederacy, and make him set some engine at work that we are not aware of.

Col. Lamb. It's a very proper caution. Come along, Darnley : nay, you must leave her now, whatever violence you do yourself.

Charl. Ay, ay, take him with you, brother—or stay, Darnley ; if you please, you may come along with me.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

*A Parlour in Sir JOHN LAMBERT'S House. Enter
DARNLEY and CHARLOTTE.*

Charlotte.

BUT really, will you stand to the agreement though, that I have made with the doctor?

Darn. Why not? you shall not break your word upon my account, though he might be a villain you gave it to.

Charl. Well, I take it as a compliment; not but I have some hopes of getting over it, and justly too: but don't let me tell you now, I love to surprise—— though you shall know all, if you desire it.

Darn. No, Charlotte; I don't want the secret: I am satisfied in your inclination to trust me.

Charl. Well then, I'll keep the secret, only to shew you that you may, upon occasion, trust me with one.

Darn. But pray, has the doctor yet given you any proof of his having declined his interest to your father?

Charl. Yes; he told me just now he had brought him to pause upon it, and does not question in two days to complete it; but desires, in the mean time, you will be ready and punctual with the premium.

Darn. Suppose I should talk with Sir John myself? —'tis true he has slighted me of late.

Charl. No matter—Here he comes—This may open another scene of action to that I believe my brother's preparing for.

Enter Sir JOHN and Lady LAMBERT.

Sir J. Lamb. Mr. Darnley, I am glad I have met you here.

Darn. I have endeavoured twice to-day, sir, to pay my respects to you.

Sir J. Lamb. Sir, I'll be plain with you—I went out to avoid you ; but where the welfare of a child is concerned, you must not take it ill if we don't stand upon ceremony—However, since I have reason now to be more in temper than perhaps I was at that time, I shall be glad to talk with you.

Darn. I take it as a favour, sir.

Sir J. Lamb. You must allow, Mr. Darnley, that conscience is the rule which every honest man ought to walk by.

Darn. 'Tis granted, sir.

Sir J. Lamb. Then give me leave to tell you, sir, that giving you my daughter would be to act against that conscience I pretend to, while I thought you an ill-liver ; and consequently the same tie obliges me to bestow her on a better man——

Darn. Well but, sir, to come to the point.—Suppose the doctor (whom, I presume, you design her for) actually consents to give me up his interest ?

Sir J. Lamb. But why do you suppose, sir, he will give up his interest ?

Darn. I only judge from what your daughter tells me, sir.

Sir J. Lamb. My daughter!

Darn. I appeal to her.

Charl. And I appeal even to yourself, sir—Has not the doctor just now in the garden spoke in favour of Mr. Darnley to you? Nay, pray, sir, be plain; because more depends on that than you can easily imagine or believe.

Sir J. Lamb. What senseless insinuation have you got into your head now?

Charl. Be so kind, sir, first to answer me, that I may be better able to inform you.

Sir J. Lamb. Well, I own he has declined his interest in favour of Mr. Darnley; but I must tell you, madam, he did it in so modest, so friendly, so good-natured, so conscientious a manner, that I now think myself more than ever bound in honour to espouse him.

Charl. But now, sir, (only for argument's sake) suppose I could prove that all this seeming virtue was artificial; that his regard for Mr. Darnley was neither founded upon modesty, friendship, good-nature, nor conscience; or in short, that he has, like a villain, bartered, bargained to give me to Mr. Darnley for half the four thousand pounds you valued his consent at; I say, sir, suppose this could be proved, where would be his virtue then?

Sir J. Lamb. It is impious to suppose it.

Charl. Then, sir, from what principle must you suppose that I accuse him ?

Sir J. Lamb. From an obstinate prejudice to all that's good and virtuous.

Charl. That's too hard, sir. But the worst your opinion can provoke me to, is to marry Mr. Darnley without either his consent or yours.

Sir J. Lamb. What, do you brave me, madam ?

Charl. No, sir; but I scorn a lie; and will so far vindicate my integrity, as to insist on your believing me; if not, as a child you abandon, I have a right to throw myself into other arms for protection.

Darn. Dear Charlotte, how your spirit charms me!

Sir J. Lamb. I am confounded. These tears cannot be counterfeit; nor can this be true.

Lady Lamb. Indeed, my dear, I fear it is. Give me leave to ask you one question. In all our mutual course of happiness, have I ever yet deceived you with a falsehood ?

Sir J. Lamb. Never.

Lady Lamb. Would you then believe me, should I accuse him even of crimes which virtue blushes but to mention ?

Sir J. Lamb. To what extravagance would you drive me ?

Lady Lamb. I would before have undeceived you, when his late artifice turned the honest duty of your son into his own reproach and ruin; but knowing then your temper was inaccessible, I durst not offer it.—But suppose I should be able to let you see his

villany, make him repeat his odious love to me in your own hearing; at once throw off the mask, and shew the barefaced traitor?

Sir J. Lamb. Is it possible?

Lady Lamb. But then, sir, I must prevail on you to descend to the poor shifts we are reduced to.

Sir J. Lamb. All; to any thing, to ease me of my doubts: make me but witness of this fact, and I shall soon accuse myself, and own my folly equal to his baseness.

“*Lady Lamb.* Observe then, they that set toils for
“beasts of prey——

“*Sir J. Lamb.*” Place me where you please.

Lady Lamb. Behind that screen you may easily conceal yourself.

Sir J. Lamb. Be it so.

Lady Lamb. Mr. Darnley, shall we beg your leave? and you, Charlotte, take the least suspected way to send the doctor to me directly.

Charl. I have a thought will do it, madam.

Sir J. Lamb. Oh, Charlotte! Oh, Mr. Darnley!

Darn. Have but resolution, sir, and fear nothing.

[*Exeunt Darnley and Charlotte.*]

Lady Lamb. Now, sir, you are to consider what a desperate disease I have undertaken to cure: therefore, be sure to keep close and still; and when the proof is full, appear at your discretion.

Sir J. Lamb. Fear not; I will conform myself——
Yet, be not angry, my love, if in a case like this,
“where I should not believe even him accusing you;

“be not angry, I say, if” I have also charity enough to hope you may yet be deceived in what you charge him with, till the evidence of my own senses assure me of the contrary.

Lady Lamb. 'Tis just.

Sir J. Lamb. Hark! I think I hear him coming.

Lady Lamb. Now, my dear, remember your promise to have patience.

Sir J. Lamb. Rely upon't.

Lady Lamb. To your post then.

“*Sir J. Lamb.* If this be truth, what will the world come to!” [*Sir John goes behind.*]

Enter Doctor CANTWELL, with a Book.

Dr. Cant. Madam, your woman tells me, that being here, and alone, you desired to speak with me.

Lady Lamb. I did, sir—but, that we may be sure that we are alone, pray shut the outward door, “and see that the passage be clear too.”—Another surprise might ruin us—is all safe?

Dr. Cant. I have taken care, madam.

Lady Lamb. But I'm afraid I interrupt your meditations.

Dr. Cant. No, madam, no; I was only looking over some pious exhortations here, for the use of a society of chosen brethren.

Lady Lamb. Ah, doctor! what have you done to me? the trouble of my mind since our last unfortunate conference, is not to be expressed. You indeed discovered to me, what, perhaps, for my own

peace, 'twere better I had never been acquainted with; but I had not sufficient time to lay my heart open to you.

Dr. Cant. Whither, madam, would you lead me?

Lady Lamb. I have been uneasy, too, not knowing how far you might mistake my behaviour on the last accident that happened; but I was really so shocked, so terrified, I knew not what I was doing: only had I joined in your defence against the colonel, it would have been evident that I was his enemy, and I have uses for his friendship. Silence, therefore, was my only prudent part; and I knew your credit with Sir John needed no support.

Dr. Cant. Let me presume then to hope, that what I did, you judge was self-defence, and pure necessity.

Lady Lamb. And perhaps, after all, the accident was lucky; for Sir John, in order to obviate any ill constructions that may be put upon it, insists now that we should be more together, to let the world see his confidence in us both. This relieves us from restraint, and I now dare tell you—but no—I won't—

Dr. Cant. But why, madam?—Let me beseech you—

Lady Lamb. No—besides—what need you ask me—

Dr. Cant. Ah! do not endeavour to decoy my foolish heart, too apt to flatter itself. You cannot, sure, think kindly of me?

Lady Lamb. Well, well, I would have you imagine so.

Dr. Cant. Besides, may I not with reason suspect that this apparent goodness is but artifice, a shadow of compliance, meant only to persuade me from your daughter.

Lady Lamb. Methinks this doubt of me seems rather founded on your settled resolution not to resign her.—'Tis she, I find, is your substantial happiness.

Dr. Cant. Oh, that you could but fear I thought so!

Lady Lamb. I am convinced of it. I can assure you, sir, I should have saved you this trouble, had I known how deeply you were engaged to her.

Dr. Cant. Tears—then I must believe you—but indeed you wrong me. To prove my innocence, it is not an hour since I pressed Sir John to give Charlotte to young Darnley.

Lady Lamb. Mere artifice. You knew that modest resignation would make Sir John warmer in your interest.

Dr. Cant. No, indeed, indeed. I had other motives, which you may hereafter be made acquainted with, and will convince you—

Lady Lamb. Well, sir, now I'll give you reason to guess the reason why, at our last meeting, I pressed you so warmly to resign Charlotte.

Dr. Cant. Ah dear! ah dear!

Lady Lamb. You cannot blame me for having op-

posed your happiness, when my own, perhaps, depended upon it.

Dr. Cant. Spare me, spare me; you kill me with this kindness.

Lady Lamb. But, now, that I have discovered my weakness, be secret; for the least imprudence——

Dr. Cant. It is a vain fear.

Lady Lamb. Call it not vain: my reputation is dearer to me than life.

Dr. Cant. Where can it find so sure a guard? the grave austerities of my life will dumb-found suspicion, and yours may defy detraction.

Lady Lamb. Well, doctor, 'tis you must answer for my folly.

Dr. Cant. I take it all upon myself. Heaven, 'tis true, forbids certain gratifications; but there are ways of reconciliation, and laying the fears of a too scrupulous conscience.

Lady Lamb. Every way, I perceive, you are determined to get the better of me; but there's one thing still to be afraid of.

Dr. Cant. Nothing, nothing.

Lady Lamb. My husband, Sir John.

Dr. Cant. Alas, poor man, I will answer for him. Between ourselves, madam, your husband is weak; I can lead him by the nose any where.

Enter Sir JOHN LAMBERT.

Sir J. Lamb. No, caitiff, I'm to be led no farther.

Dr. Cant. Ah! woman.

Sir J. Lamb. Is this your sanctity, this your doctrine, these your meditations?

Dr. Cant. Is then my brother in a conspiracy against me?

Sir J. Lamb. Your brother! I have been your friend, indeed, to my shame; your dupe; but your spell has lost its hold: no more canting; it will not serve your turn any longer.

Lady Lamb. Now Heaven be praised.

Dr. Cant. It seems you wanted an excuse to part with me.

Sir J. Lamb. Ungrateful wretch! but why do I reproach you? Had I not been the weakest of mankind, you never could have proved so great a villain. Get out of my sight; leave my house: of all my follies, which is it tells you, that if you stay much longer, I shall not be tempted to wrest you out of the hands of the law, and punish you as you deserve?

Dr. Cant. Well, but first let me ask you, sir, who it is you menace? Consider your own condition, and where you are.

Sir J. Lamb. What would the villain drive at?—leave me—I forgive you—but once more I tell you, seek some other place—out of my house!—This instant be gone, and see my shameful face no more.

Dr. Cant. Nay, then, 'tis my duty to exert myself, and let you know that I am master here. Turn you out, sir; this house is mine: and now, sir, at your peril, dare to insult me.

Sir J. Lamb. Oh, Heavens! 'tis true; whither shall I fly, to hide me from the world?

Lady Lamb. Whither are you going, sir?

Sir J. Lamb. I know not—but here, it seems, I am a trespasser—the master of the house has warned me hence—and, since the right is now in him, 'tis just I should resign it.

Lady Lamb. You shall not stir. He dares not act with such abandoned insolence. No, sir, possession still is yours. If he pretends a right, let him by open course of law maintain it.

Dr. Cant. Ha! Here! Seyward! [Exit.

Enter Old Lady LAMBERT and MAW-WORM.

Sir J. Lamb. Who is this fellow? what do you want, man?

Maw. My lady, come up.

Old Lady Lamb. How now!

Maw. He wants to know who I be.

Old Lady Lamb. The gentleman is a friend of mine, son. I was carrying him in a coach to attend a controversy that's to be held this evening, at the Reverend Mr. Scruple's, about an affair of simony, and called to take up the doctor. But what strange tales are these I hear below?

Sir J. Lamb. The doctor is a villain, madam; I have detected him; detected him in the horrible design of seducing my wife.

Maw. It's impossible.

Sir J. Lamb. What do you say, man?

Maw. I say it's impossible. He has been locked up with my wife for hours together, morning, noon, and night, and I never found her the worse for him.

Old Lady Lamb. Ah, son! son!

Sir J. Lamb. What is your ladyship going to say now?

Old Lady Lamb. The doctor is not in fault.

Sir J. Lamb. 'Slife, madam!

Old Lady Lamb. Oh, he swears! he swears! years in growing good, we become profligate in a moment. If you swear again, I won't stay in the house.

Maw. Nor I neither: aren't you ashamed of yourself? have you no commensuration on your soul?— Ah! poor wicked sinner! I pity you.

Sir J. Lamb. 'Sdeath! and the devil!

Maw. If you swear any more, I'll inform against you.

Sir J. Lamb. Why would you bring this idiot, madam?

Maw. Ay, do despise me, I'm the prouder for it; I likes to be despised.

Enter CHARLOTTE.

Charl. Oh, dear papa, I shall faint away; there's murder doing.

Sir J. Lamb. Who! where! what is it?

Charl. The doctor, sir, and Seyward, were at high words just now in the garden; and, upon a sudden, there was a pistol fired between them. Oh! I'm afraid poor Seyward is killed.

Sir J. Lamb. How?

Charl. Oh, here he comes himself; he'll tell you more.

Enter CANTWELL, DARNLEY, SEYWARD, and Servants.

Darn. Here, bring in this ruffian; this is villany beyond example.

Sir J. Lamb. What means this outrage?

Lady Lamb. I tremble.

Seyw. Don't be alarmed, madam—there is no mischief done: what was intended, the doctor here can best inform you.

Sir J. Lamb. Mr. Darnley, I am ashamed to see you.

Maw. So you ought; but this good man is ashamed of nothing.

Dr. Cant. Alas! my enemies prevail.

Seyw. In short, gentlemen, the affair is circumstantially this—The doctor called me out into the pavilion in the garden; appeared in great disorder; told me here was a sudden storm raised, which he was not sufficiently prepared to weather. He said, his dependance was upon me; and, at all events, I must be ready to swear, when he called upon me, I had seen him pay Sir John several large sums of money. He talked confusedly about giving value for an estate; but I boldly refused to perjure myself; and told him, on the contrary, I was satisfied he had fleeced Sir John of several large sums, under pre-

tence of charitable uses, which he secretly converted to his own.—This stung him—and he fastened at my throat. Then, indeed, all temper left me; and, disengaging myself from his hold, with a home-blow struck him down. At this, grown desperate, he ran with fury to some pistols that hung above the chimney; but in the instant he reached one, I seized upon his wrist; and as we grappled, the pistol firing to the ceiling, alarmed the family.

Old Lady Lamb. This is a lie, young man, I see the devil standing at your elbow.

Maw. So do I, with a great big pitchfork pushing him on.

Dr. Cant. Well, what have you more against me?

Darn. More, sir, I hope is needless—but, if Sir John is yet unsatisfied——

Sir J. Lamb. Oh! I have seen too much.

Dr. Cant. I demand my liberty.

Sir J. Lamb. Let him go.

Enter Colonel LAMBERT, Tipstaff, and Attendants.

Col. Lamb. Hold, sir! not so fast; you can't pass.

Dr. Cant. Who, sir, shall dare to stop me?

Col. Lamb. Within, there!

Tipstaff. Is your name Cantwell, sir?

Dr. Cant. What if it be, sir?

Tipstaff. Then, sir, I have my Lord Chief Justice's warrant against you.

Dr. Cant. Against me?

Tipstaff. Yes, sir, for a cheat and impostor.

Old Lady Lamb. What does he say ?

Sir J. Lamb. Dear son, what is this ?

Col. Lamb. Only some action of the doctor's, sir, which I have affidavits in my hand here to prove, from more than one creditable witness ; and I think it my duty to make the public acquainted with : if he can acquit himself of them, so ; if not, he must take the consequence.

Doctor Cant. Well, but stay ; let the accusations against me be what they will, by virtue of this conveyance I am still master here ; and, if I am forced to leave the house myself, I will shut up the doors—nobody shall remain behind.

Sir J. Lamb. There ! there ! indeed he stings me to the heart ! for that rash act, reproach and endless shame will haunt me !

Charl. No, sir !—be comforted.—Even there, too, his wicked hopes must leave him ; for know, the fatal deed, which you intended to sign, is here, even yet unsealed and innocent !

Sir J. Lamb. What mean you ?

Charl. I mean, sir, that this deed by accident falling into this gentleman's hands, his generous concern for our family discovered it to me ; and that, in concert, we procured that other to be drawn exactly like it ; “ which, in your impatience to execute, passed unsuspected for the original.” Their only difference is, that wherever here you read the doctor's name, there you'll find my brother's.

Dr. Cant. Come, sir, lead me where you please.

Col. Lamb. Secure your prisoner.

Old Lady Lamb. I don't know what to make of all this.

Maw. They'll all go to the devil for what they are doing.—Come away, my lady, and let us see after the good dear doctor. Ay, do laugh, you'll go to the devil for all that.—Come, my lady, you go first.

[*Exeunt Maw-worm and Old Lady Lamb.*

Charl. Now, Darnley, I hope I have made atonement for your jealousy.

Darn. You've banished it for ever! this was beyond yourself surprising.

Col. Lamb. Sister——

Charl. Come, no set speeches; if I deserve your thanks, return them in friendship to your first preserver.

Col. Lamb. The business of my life shall be to merit it.

Seyw. And mine, to speak my sense of obligations.

Sir J. Lamb. Oh, my child! for my deliverance, I can only reward you here.—For you, my son, whose filial virtue I have injured, this honest deed shall in every article be ratified.—And, for the sake of that hypocritical villain, I declare, that from henceforward I renounce all pious folks; I will have an utter abhorrence for every thing that bears the appearance——

Charl. Nay, now, my dear sir, I must take the liberty to tell you, you “carry things too far, and” go

from one extreme to another.—What! because a worthless wretch has imposed upon you, under the fallacious shew of austere grimace, will you needs have it every body is like him? confound the good with the bad, and conclude there are no truly religious in the world?—Leave, my dear sir, such rash consequences to fools and libertines.—Let us be careful to distinguish between virtue and the appearance of it. Guard, if possible, against doing honour to hypocrisy.—But, at the same time, let us allow there is no character in life greater or more valuable than that of the truly devout—nor any thing more noble, or more beautiful, than the fervour of a sincere piety.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]





De Wilde pinx!

Audinet fecit

M. DIAMOND as DOX FELIX,

Cries, my eye deceiv'd me or I saw a man within.

London. Printed for J. Bell, British Library, Strand July 21 1792.

THE WONDER

A

WOMAN KEEPS A SECRET!

A

COMEDY,

BY MRS. CENTLIVRE.

ADAPTED FOR

THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES-ROYAL,

DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS,

By Permission of the Managers.

“The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.”

LONDON:

Printed for the Proprietors, under the Direction of
JOHN BELL, British-Library, STRAND,
Bookseller to his Royal Highness the PRINCE OF WALES.

M DCC XCV.



THE WONDER.

SECRESY and the sex are proverbially disunited.— In the cause of gallantry however, their silence has been seldom disputed. Upon the single exertion of that prudent quality MRS. CENTLIVRE has built the present play. Whether the ladies take the implication in the title kindly or not, their value for the ingenious Author may demonstrate.

The WONDER is clearly the most entertaining play built upon the domestic Caution and irrational Jealousy, which so long marked the Spanish Character. The character of Don FELIX is in the highest degree natural and pleasing—His quick succession of doubts and tenderness—His angry departure, merely to return more enslaved—His ready sensibility and impatience of affront—are not peculiarly national and local; they are the feelings of most men in situations any way similar.

The lower Characters of the Play are natural, and constructed with much knowledge of Stage Effect.— The Theatre has, perhaps, few pieces which so completely can be considered as the freeholds of Dramatic fame.

PROLOGUE.

*OUR Author fears the critics of the stage,
Who, like barbarians, spare nor sex nor age;
She trembles at those censors in the pit,
Who think good-nature shews a want of wit.
Such malice, Oh! what Muse can undergo it?
To save themselves, they always damn the poet.
Our Author flies from such a partial jury,
As wary lovers from the nymphs of Drury:
To the few candid judges for a smile
She humbly sues to recompense her toil;
To the bright circle of the fair she next
Commits her cause, with anxious doubts perplex.
Where can she with such hopes of favour kneel
As to those judges who her frailties feel?
A few mistakes her sex may well excuse,
And such a plea no woman should refuse:
If she succeeds, a woman gains applause;
What female but must favour such a cause?
Her faults——whate'er they are——e'en pass 'em by,
And only on her beauties fix your eye.
In plays, like vessels floating on the sea,
There's none so wise to know their destiny:
In this, howe'er, the pilot's skill appears,
While by the stars his constant course he steers;*

*Rightly our Author does her judgment shew,
That for her safety she relies on you.
Your approbation, Fair Ones! can't but move
Those stubborn hearts which first you taught to love.
The men must all applaud this play of ours,
For who dare see with other eyes than yours?*



THE WONDER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Street. Enter DON LOPEZ meeting FREDERICK.

Frederick.

My lord, Don Lopez.

Lop. How d'ye, Frederick?

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

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

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

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

Fred. When heard your lordship from him?

Lop. Not since he went: I forbid him writing till the public news gave him an account of Antonio's health. Letters might be intercepted, and the place of his abode discovered.

Fred. Your caution was good, my lord. Tho' I

“ am impatient to hear from Felix, yet his safety is
“ my chief concern. Fortune has maliciously struck
“ a bar between us in the affairs of life, but she has
“ done me the honour to unite our souls.

“ *Lop.* I am not ignorant of the friendship
“ between my son and you : I have heard him com-
“ mend your morals, and lament your want of noble
“ birth.

“ *Fred.* That's nature's fault, my lord. It is some
“ comfort not to owe one's misfortunes to one's self ;
“ yet it is impossible not to regret the want of noble
“ birth.

“ *Lop.* 'Tis a pity indeed such excellent parts
“ as you are master of, should be eclipsed by mean
“ extraction.

“ *Fred.* Such commendation would make me vain,
“ my lord ; did you not cast in the allay of my ex-
“ traction.

“ *Lop.* There's no condition of life without its
“ cares, and it is the perfection of a man to wear 'em
“ as easy as he can : this unfortunate duel of my son's
“ does not pass without impression ; but since it is
“ past prevention, all my concern is now how he may
“ escape the punishment.” If Antonio dies, Felix
shall for England. You have been there ; what sort
of people are the English ?

Fred. My lord, the English are by nature, what the
ancient Romans were by discipline, courageous, bold,
hardy, and in love with liberty. Liberty is the idol
of the English, under whose banner all the nation

lists: give but the word for liberty, and straight more armed legions would appear, than France and Philip keep in constant pay.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

D. Lop. There, I believe, you are pretty much in the right, though it is a secret which I never had the curiosity to enquire into, nor I believe ever shall.—Inclination, quotha! Parents would have a fine time on't if they consulted their children's inclinations! "I'll venture you a wager, that in all the garrison towns in Spain and Portugal during the late war, there was not three women who have not had an inclination for ever officer in the whole army; does it therefore follow that their fathers ought to pimp for them?" No, no, sir, it is not a father's business to follow his children's inclinations till he makes himself a beggar.

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

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

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

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

Fred. Monstrous ! these are the resolutions which
destroy the comforts of matrimony — He is rich and
well-born ; powerful arguments indeed ! could I but
add them to the friendship of Don Felix what might
I not hope ? But a merchant and a grandee of Spain
are inconsistent names.—Lissardo ! from whence
came you ?

Enter LISSARDO in a riding-habit.

Liss. That letter will inform you, sir.

Fred. I hope your master's safe.

Liss. I left him so ; I have another to deliver which
requires haste.—Your most humble servant, sir.

[Bowling.

Fred. To Violante, I suppose.

Liss. The same.

[Exit.

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

FELIX.

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

Enter Colonel BRITON in a riding-habit.

Col. Frederick, I rejoice to see thee.

Fred. What brought you to Lisbon, colonel ?

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

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

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

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

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

Enter GIBBY in a Highland dress.

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

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

Enter VASQUEZ.

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

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

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

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

Col. Why faith, Frederick, a man might pass his time agreeably enough within side of a nunnery; but to behold such troops of soft, plump, tender, melting, wishing, nay, willing girls too, thro' a damn'd grate, gives us Britons strong temptations to plunder. Ah, Frederick! your priests are wicked rogues; they immure Beauty for their own proper use, and shew it only to the laity to create desires and inflame account, that they may purchase pardons at a dearer rate.

Fred. I own wenching is something more difficult here than in England, where womens' liberties are subservient to their inclinations, and husbands seem of no effect but to take care of the children which their wives provide.

Col. And does restraint get the better of inclination with your women here? No, I'll be sworn not even in fourscore. Don't I know the constitution of the Spanish ladies?

Fred. And of all the ladies where you come, colonel; you were ever a man of gallantry.

Col. Ah, Frederick! the kirk half starves us Scotsmen. We are kept so sharp at home that we feed like cannibals abroad. Hark ye, hast thou never a pretty acquaintance now that thou wouldst consign over to a friend for half an hour, ha?

Fred. Faith, colonel, I am the worst pimp in Chris-

tendom; you had better trust to your own luck: the women will soon find you out, I warrant you.

Col. Ay, but it is dangerous foraging in an enemy's country; and since I have some hopes of seeing my own again, I had rather purchase my pleasure than run the hazard of a stiletto in my guts. "Egad, I think I must e'en marry, and sacrifice my body for the good of my soul." Wilt thou recommend me to a wife then, one that is willing to exchange her maidens for English liberty? ha, friend?

Fred. She must be very handsome, I suppose.

Col. The handsomer the better—but be sure she has a nose.

Fred. Ay, ay, and some gold.

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

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

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

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

Col. Too often—"Money is the very god of marriage; the poets dress him in a saffron robe, by which they figure out the golden deity, and his lighted torch blazons those mighty charms which encourage us to list under his banner."

None marry now for love, no, that's a jest:

The self-same bargain serves for wife and beast.

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

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

Fred. At yon' corner-house with the green rails.

Col. In the close of the evening I will endeavour to kiss your hand. Adieu. [Exit.]

Fred. I shall expect you with impatience. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

A Room in Don LOPEZ's House. Enter ISABELLA and INIS her Maid.

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

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

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

Isab. You are pretty much in the right, Inis: but to be forced into the arms of an idiot, "a sneaking, "snivelling, drivelling, avaricious fool!" who has neither person to please the eye, sense to charm the ear, nor generosity to supply those defects. Ah, Inis! what pleasant lives women lead in England, where duty wears no fetter but inclination! The cus-

tom of our country enslaves us from our very cradles, first to our parents, next to our husbands, and when Heaven is so kind to rid us of both these, our brothers still usurp authority, and expect a blind obedience from us; so that maids, wives, or widows, we are little better than slaves to the tyrant, man. Therefore, to avoid their power, I resolve to cast myself into a monastery.

Inis. That is, you'll cut your own throat to avoid another's doing it for you. Ah, madam, those eyes tell me you have no nun's flesh about you. A monastery, quotha!—where you'll wish yourself into the green-sickness in a month.

Isab. What care I? there will be no man to plague me.

Inis. No; nor, what's much worse, to please you, neither—Odslife, madam, you are the first woman that ever despaired in a Christian country—Were I in your place——

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

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

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

Enter Don LOPEZ.

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

Isab. "Hal my father!"—To church, sir.

Inis. The old rogue has certainly overheard her.

[*Aside.*]

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

Isab. Hal to-morrow!

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

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

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

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

Lop. I grant it; thou shalt have an armful of flesh and blood to-morrow. Flesh and blood, quotha!

Heaven forbid I should deny thee flesh and blood, my girl!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Lop. Ha, ha! very fine! ha, ha!

Isab. Death itself would be more welcome.

Lop. Are you sure of that?

Isab. I am your daughter, my lord, and can boast

as strong a resolution as yourself. I'll die before I'll marry Guzman.

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

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

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

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

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

Isab. I shall take neither, sir: Death has many doors; and when I can live no longer with pleasure, I shall find one to let him in at without your aid.

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

There I'll your boasted resolution try,

And see who'll get the better, you or I.

[Pushes her in, and locks the door.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

*A Room in Don PEDRO's House. Enter Donna VIO-
LANTE reading a Letter, and FLORA following.*

Flora.

WHAT, must that letter be read again?

Vio. Yes, and again, and again, and again, a thousand times again; a letter from a faithful lover can ne'er be read too often; it speaks such kind, such soft, such tender things——

[*Kisses it.*]

Flo. But always the same language.

Vio. It does not charm the less for that.

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

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

Flo. Who would not have said as much to a lady of her beauty, and twenty thousand pounds?——Were

I a man, methinks I could have said a hundred finer things.

Vio. *What would you have said?*

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

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

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

Vio. Not without my approbation, girl, when I come to one-and-twenty, as I am informed. But, however, I shall run the risk of that. Go, call in Lissardo.

Flo. Yes, madam. Now for a thousand verbal questions. *[Exit, and re-enter with Lissardo.*

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

Liss. Ah, very weary, madam.—'Faith, thou look'st wondrous pretty, Flora. *[Aside to Flora.*

Vio. How came you?

Liss. En chevalier, madam, upon a hackney jade, which they told me formerly belonged to an English

colonel; but I should have rather thought she had been bred a good Roman catholic all her lifetime—for she down'd on her knees to every stock and stone we came along by.—My chops water for a kiss, they do, Flora. [Aside to Flora.

Flo. You'd make one believe you are wondrous fond now.

Vio. Where did you leave your master?

Liss. Od, if I had you alone, housewife, I'd shew you how fond I could be—— [Aside to Flora.

Vio. Where did you leave your master?

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

Vio. Is he in health?

Flo. Oh, you counterfeit wondrous well.

[To Lissardo.

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

[To Flora.

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

Liss. A pies on't, I hate to be interrupted.—Love, madam, love——In short, madam, I believe he has thought of nothing but your ladyship ever since he left Lisbon. I am sure he could not, if I may judge of his heart by my own.

[Looking lovingly upon Flora.

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

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

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

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

Vio. You live very merrily then, it seems.

Liss. Oh! exceeding merry, madam.

[Kisses Flora's hand.

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

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

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

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

Liss. Dance, madam! where, madam?

Vio. Why, at those balls you speak of.

Liss. Balls! what balls, madam?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Liss. [Takes snuff.] Now in my mind—I take snuff with a very jantee air—Well, I am persuaded I

want nothing but a coach and a title to make me a very fine gentleman. [Struts about.]

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

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

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

Liss. Why, tho' I say it—I can carry myself as well as any body—But what wer't thou going to say, child?

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

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

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

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

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

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

Flo. Little rogue! Pr'ythee, fellow, don't be so

familiar; [*Pushing him away.*] if I mayn't keep your ring, I can keep my kisses.

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

Flo. Replied with the spirit of a serving man.

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

Flo. What care I where you fall in.

Enter VIOLANTE.

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

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

Vio. Go, go, let him out, and bring a candle.

Flo. Yes, madam.

Liss. I fly, madam. [*Exeunt Liss. and Flora.*]

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

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

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

Enter FLORA, running.

Vio. How now? why dost stare so? Answer me quickly; what's the matter?

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

Vio. Ha! a dead person! Heav'n grant it does not prove my Felix.

Flo. Here they are, madam.

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

Enter Colonel, with ISABELLA in his arms, sets her down in a chair, and addresses himself to FLORA.

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

Flo. Violante, signior——“ He is a handsome cavalier, and promises well. [Aside.]

“*Col.* Are you she, madam?

“*Flo.* Only her woman, signior.”

Col. Your humble servant, mistress. Pray be careful of the lady.— [*Gives her two moidores, and exit.*]

Flo. Two moidores! Well, he is a generous fellow. This is the only way to make one careful. “I find all countries understand the constitution of a chambermaid.”

Enter VIOLANTE.

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

“*Flo.* See, she revives.”

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

Vio. How wild she talks!—

Isab. Ha! where am I?

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

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

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

Isab. Oh! I remember now. Forgive me, dear

Violante! my thought ran so much upon the danger
I escap'd I forgot.

Vio. May I not know your story?

Isab. Thou art no stranger to one part of it. I have often told thee that my father design'd to sacrifice me to Don Guzman, who, it seems, is just return'd from Holland, and expected ashore to-morrow, the day that he has set to celebrate our nuptials. Upon my refusing to obey him, he lock'd me into my chamber, vowing to keep me there till he arriv'd, and force me to consent. I know my father to be positive, never to be won from his design; and having no hope left me to escape the marriage, I leap'd from the window into the street.

Vio. You have not hurt yourself, I hope?

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

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

Vio. "There is but one common road to the heart
" of a servant, and 'tis impossible for a generous per-
" son to mistake it."—Go, leave us, Flora.—But
how came you hither, Isabella?

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

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

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

[*Sighs and pauses.*]

Vio. What makes you sigh, Isabella?

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

Vio. Can I be serviceable to you?

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

Vio. You command my house and secresy.

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

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

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

Enter FLORA:

Flo. Does your ladyship want me, madam?

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

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

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

Flo. Oh, dear Seniors! I should have been your humble servant without a fee.

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

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

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

Flo. With the air of a duenna——

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

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

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

Flo. So! this is a business after my own heart.——Love always takes care to reward his labourers, and

Great Britain seems to be his favourite country.—
Oh! I long to see the other two moidores with a British air—Methinks there's a grace peculiar to that nation in making a present.

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

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

[Puts the letter into her bosom.]

Enter VIOLANTE.

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

[Exit Flora.]

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

Vio. It is his signal at the window.

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

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

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

Vio. Depend upon my friendship; nothing shall

draw the secret from these lips, not even Felix, tho' at the hazard of his love. I hear him coming; retire into that closet.

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

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

Enter FELIX.

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

Fel. My life! my soul! my Violante!

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

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

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

Fel. My heart's the proper sphere where love resides: could he quit that he would be no where found; and yet Violante I'm in doubt.

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

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

[Taps again.

Vio. What! I heard nothing.

[Again.

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

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

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

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

Enter FLORA.

Flo. There is a gentleman at the window, madam, which I fancy to be him who brought Isabella hither. Shall I admit him? [*Aside to Violante.*]

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

Fel. What, has Mr. Scout brought you fresh intelligence? Death! I'll know the bottom of this immediately. [*Offers to go.*]

Flo. Scout! I scorn your words, senior.

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

[*Runs and catches hold of him.*]

Fel. Oh! 'tis not fair to answer the gentleman, madam; it is none of his fault that his visit proves unseasonable. Pray let me go, my presence is but a restraint upon you.

[*Struggles to get from her. The Col. pats again.*]

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

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

Fel. Hark! he grows impatient at your delay.—Why do you hold the man whose absence would ob-

lige you? Pray, let me go, madam. Consider the gentleman wants you at the window. Confusion!

[Struggles still.]

Vio. It is not me he wants.

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

[Breaks from her, and goes to the door where Isabella is.]

Vio. “Oh, Heaven! what shall I do now!” Hold, hold, hold, hold; not for the world—you enter there. Which way shall I preserve his sister from his knowledge? [Aside.]

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

Vio. I fear for none but you.—For goodness' sake do not speak so loud, my Felix. If my father hear you, I am lost for ever; that door opens into his apartment. What shall I do if he enters? There he finds his sister.—If he goes out he'll quarrel with the stranger.—Felix, Felix!——“Nay, do not struggle to be gone, my Felix.—If I open the window he may discover the whole intrigue, and yet of all evils we ought to chuse the least”——Your curiosity shall be satisfied. [Goes to the window,

and throws up the sash.] Whoe'er you are that with such insolence dare use my name, and give the neighbourhood pretence to reflect upon my conduct, I charge you instantly to be gone, or expect the treatment you deserve.

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

Fel. Good!

Vio. It is most certainly the stranger. What will be the event of this Heaven knows. [*Aside.*] You are mistaken in the house, I suppose, sir.

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

Vio. “Wretched misfortune!” Pray, be gone, sir, I know of no business you have here.

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

Fel. Excellent!

Vio. “Distraction! He will infallibly discover *Isabella*.” I tell you again you are mistaken; however, for your own satisfaction, call to-morrow.

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

[*Takes out a pistol and goes towards the window; she catches hold of him.*]

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

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

Vio. If you be a gentleman, I command your ab-

sence.—Unfortunate! what will my stars do with me? [Aside.]

Col. I have done—only this—be careful of my life, for it is in your keeping. [Exit from the window.]

Fel. Pray observe the gentleman's request, madam. [Walking off from her.]

Vio. I am all confusion. [Aside.]

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

Vio. Can I bear this from you? [Weeps.]

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

Vio. Oh, Isabella! what hast thou involv'd me in! [Aside.]

Fel. [Repeats.] This house contains my soul.

Vio. Yet I resolve to keep the secret. [Aside.]

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

Vio. Do not look so sternly on me, but believe me, Felix, I have not injur'd you, nor am I false.

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

Vio. Indeed I am not.—There is a cause which I must not reveal.—Oh, think how far honour can

oblige your sex—then allow a woman may be bound by the same rule to keep a secret.

Fel. Honour! what hast thou to do with honour, thou that canst admit plurality of lovers? A secret! ha, ha, ha! his affairs are wondrous safe who trusts his secret to a woman's keeping. But you need give yourself no trouble about clearing this point, madam, for you are become so indifferent to me, that your truth and falsehood are the same.

“ *Vio.* My love! [Offers to take his hand.

“ *Fel.* My torment!” [Turns from her.

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

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

[Going, she takes hold of him.]

Vio. Oh, let me undeceive you first!

Fel. Impossible!

Vio. 'Tis very possible, if I durst.

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

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

Fel. Nay, now or never——

Vio. Now it cannot be.

Fel. Then it shall never be—Thou most ungrateful of thy sex, farewell. [Breaks from her, and exit.]

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

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

[Exit.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

*A Chamber in DON LOPEZ's House. Enter DON
LOPEZ.*

Don Lopez.

WAS ever man thus plagu'd? Odsheart, I could swallow my dagger for madness. I know not what to think: sure Frederick had no hand in her escape. —She must get out of the window, and she could not do that without a ladder, and who could bring it to her but him? Ay, it must be so. “The dislike
“he shew'd to Don Guzman, in our discourse to-day,
“confirms my suspicion, and I will charge him home
“with it. Sure children were given me for a curse!
“Why, what innumerable misfortunes attend us pa-
“rents! when we have employed our whole care to
“educate and bring our children up to years of ma-
“turity, just when we expect to reap the fruits of
“our labour, a man shall, in the tinkling of a bell,
“see one hang'd and t'other whor'd.” This grace-
less baggage!—But I'll to Frederick immediately;
I'll take the Alguazil with me and search his house,
and if I find her, I'll use her——by St. Anthony I
don't know how I'll use her.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

Changes to the Street. Enter Colonel with ISABELLA'S Letter in his hand, and GIBBY following.

Col. Well, though I could not see my fair incognita, Fortune, to make me amends, has flung another intrigue in my way. Oh! how I love these pretty kind coming females that won't give a man the trouble of racking his invention to deceive them.—
 “Oh, Portugal! thou dear garden of pleasure—
 “where love drops down his mellow fruit, and
 “every bough bends to our hands, and seems to cry,
 “come, pull, and eat: how deliciously a man lives
 “here without fear of the stool of repentance!”—
 This letter I received from a lady in a veil—
 some duenna, some necessary implement of Cupid. I suppose the style is frank and easy, I hope like her that writ it. [*Reads.*] ‘Sir, I have seen your person and like it,’—very concise—‘and if you'll meet at four o'clock in the morning, upon the *Terriero de passa*, half an hour's conversation will let me into your mind.’—Ha, ha, ha! a philosophical wench? This is the first time I ever knew a woman had any business with the mind of a man.—‘If your intellects answer your outward appearance, the adventure may not displease you. I expect you'll not attempt to see my face, nor offer any thing unbecoming the gentleman I take you for.’—Humph, the gentleman she takes me for! I hope she takes me to be flesh and

blood, and then I'm sure I shall do nothing unbecoming a gentleman. Well, if I must not see her face, it shall go hard if I don't know where she lives.—

Gibby.

Gib. Here an lik yer honour.

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

Gib. In troth dee I, weel eneugh, sir.

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

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

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

Gib. Like eneugh, sir ; I have as sharp an eyn tull a bonny lass as ere a lad in aw Scotland. And what mun I dee wi' her, sir ?

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

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

Col. Come along then, it is pretty near the time.—
I like a woman that rises early to pursue her inclination.

Thus we improve the pleasures of the day,

While tasteless mortals sleep their time away. [Exit.

SCENE III.

*Changes to FREDERICK'S House. Enter INIS and LIS-
SARDO.*

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

Inis. She never greatly car'd for me after finding

you and I together. But you are very grave methinks, Lissardo.

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

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

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

[*Cocks his hat and struts.*]

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

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

Inis. A gentleman! why the fellow's spoil'd! Is this your love for me? Ungrateful man! you'll break my heart, so you will.

[*Bursts into tears.*]

Liss. Poor tender-hearted fool!—

Inis. If I knew who gave you that ring, I'd tear her eyes out, so I wou'd.

[*Sobs.*]

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

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

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

Enter FLORA.

Inis. And do you really speak truth now ?

Liss. Why, do you doubt it ?

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

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

Flo. Ha ! how dares she name my name ? *[Aside.*

Liss. No, by this kiss I ha'n't. *[Kisses her.*

Flo. Here's a dissembling varlet ! *[Aside.*

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

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

Flo. Did you so, villain ?

[Strikes him a box on the ear.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Inis. How, how, sirrah, crooked legs! Ods, I could find in my heart— [Snatching up her petticoat a little.

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

Inis. I'd have you to know, sirrah, my legs was never—Your master, I hope, understands legs better than you do, sirrah. [Passionately.

Liss. My master! so, so.

[*Shaking his head and winking.*]

Flo. I am glad I have done some mischief, however. [Aside.]

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

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

Fel. [Within.] Lissardo!

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

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

[Aside.]

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

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

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

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

Flo. Put me any where rather than that; come, come, let me in. [He opens the press and she goes in.]

Inis. I'll see her hang'd before I'll go into the place where she is.—I'll trust fortune with my deliverance. Here us'd to be a pair of back stairs, I'll try to find them out. [Exit.]

Enter FELIX and FREDERICK.

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

Liss. I did hear you, and answer'd you I was coming, sir.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Enter LISSARDO.

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

Fel. Does he know that I am here?

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

Fred. Did he see you?

Liss. I believe not, sir; for as soon as I saw him, I ran back to give my master notice.

Fel. Keep out of his sight then—and, dear Frederick, permit me to retire into the next room, for I know the old gentleman will be very much displeas'd at my return without his leave. [*Exit.*]

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

Enter Don LOPEZ, speaking as he enters.

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

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

Lop. Why then, sir, I must tell you that you had better have pitch'd upon any man in Portugal to have injur'd than myself.

“*Fel.* [*Peeping.*] What means my father?”

Fred. I understand you not, my lord.

Lop. Tho' I am old I have a son—Alas! why name I him? he knows not the dishonour of my house.

“*Fel.* I am confounded! The dishonour of his house!”

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

Lop. 'Tis false; you have debauch'd my daughter.

“*Fel.* Debauch'd my sister! impossible! he could not, durst not, be that villain.”

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

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

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

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

“*Fel.* Ha! in this house!”

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

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

Fred. The disagreeableness of such a match, I fear'd, would give your daughter cause to curse her duty if she comply'd with your demands; that was all, my lord.

Lop. And so you help'd her thro' the window, to make her disobey.

“*Fel.* Ha, my sister gone! Oh, scandal to our blood!”

Fred. This is insulting me, my lord, when I assure you I have neither seen nor know any thing of your

daughter.—If she is gone, the contrivance was her own, and you may thank your rigour for it.

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

Flo. [*peeping.*] The Alguazil! What in the name of wonder will become of me?

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

Enter Alguazil, and Attendants.

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

[*Gets towards the door where Felix is: Frederick draws, and plants himself before the door.*]

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

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

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

Fred. I shall shew you some sport first. The wo-

man you look for is not here ; but there is something in this room which I'll preserve from your sight at the hazard of my life.

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

[*Felix comes out, and joins Frederick.*]

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

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

Alg. Ha, his son ! Here's five hundred pounds good, my brethren, if Antonio dies ; and that's in the surgeon's power—and he's in love with my daughter, you know—so seize him.—“ Don Felix, I command you to surrender yourself into the hands of justice, in order to raise me and my posterity ; and in consideration you lose your head to gain me five hundred pounds, I'll have your generosity recorded on your tombstone—at my own proper cost and charge—I hate to be ungrateful.”

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

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

Enter Servants.

Arm yourselves, and let not a man in nor out but Felix.

Fel. Generous Frederick !

Fred. Look ye, alguazil, when you would betray

my friend for filthy lucre, I shall no more regard you as an officer of justice, but as a thief and robber thus resist you.

Fel. Come on, sir, we'll shew you play for the five hundred pounds.

“*Alg.* Fall on, seize the money, right or wrong, ye rogues.”

[*They fight.*]

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

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

Fel. Scoundrels!——

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

[*Exeunt Lopez, Alguazil, and Attendants.*]

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

Fred. I hope my faith and truth are known to

you—and here by both I swear, I am ignorant of every thing relating to your father's charge.

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

Enter VASQUEZ.

Vasq. Sir, I bring you joyful news.

Fel. What's the matter?

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

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

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

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

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

Enter VASQUEZ, seeming to oppose the entrance of somebody.

Vasq. I tell you, madam, Don Felix is not here.

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

Fel. What noise is that?

Vio. [*Breaking in.*] You are as difficult of access, sir, as a first minister of state.

Flo. My stars, my lady here! [*Shuts the press close.*]

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

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

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

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

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

Vio. I will not charge them with a term so gross, to say they ly'd; but call it a mistake, nay, call it any thing to excuse my Felix.—Could I, think ye, could I put off my pride so far, poorly to dissemble a passion which I did not feel, or seek a reconciliation with what I did not love?—“Do but consider, if I had entertained another, should not I rather embrace this quarrel, pleased with the occasion that rid me of your visits, and gave me freedom to enjoy the choice which you think I have made? Have I any interest in thee but my love? or am I bound by aught but inclination to submit and follow thee?”——No law, whilst single, binds us to obey—but your sex are, “by nature and education,” obliged to pay a deference to all womankind.

Fel. These are fruitless arguments. 'Tis most certain thou wert dearer to these eyes than all that

Heaven e'er gave to charm the sense of man; but I would rather tear them out than suffer them to delude my reason and enslave my peace.

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

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

Enter VASQUEZ.

How now, sirrah, what do you want?

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

Fel. Make haste, then.

Vasq. [*Opens the press, sees Flora, and roars out.*]—
Oh, the devil, the devil! [*Exit.*]

Flo. Discovered!—nay, then legs befriend me.

[*Runs out.*]

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

Fel. A woman in the press!

Enter LISSARDO.

How the devil came a woman there, sirrah?

Liss. What shall I say now?

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

Liss. Off, madam—Nay, nay, nay, there, there needs no great wit to, to, to bring him off, madam;

for she did, and she did not come, as, as, as, a, a, a, a, man may say directly to, to, to, to, to speak with my master, madam.

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

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

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

Fel. Madam, my sincerity wants no excuse.

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

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

Vio. Not a step; your master shall not be put to the blush.—Come, a truce, Felix. Do you ask me no more questions about the window, and I'll forgive this.

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

Vio. Insolent!—Nay, if instead of owning your fault, you endeavour to insult my patience, I must tell you, sir, you don't behave yourself like that man of honour you would be taken for; you ground your quarrel with me upon your own inconstancy; 'tis plain you are false yourself, and would make me the aggressor.—It was not for nothing the fellow opposed my entrance.—This last usage has given

me back my liberty, and now my father's will shall be obeyed without the least reluctance; and so your servant. [Exit.

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

Liss. Ay, good sir! forgive me, and I'll tell you the whole truth. [Falls on his knees.

Fel. Out with it, then—

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

Fel. If it be not, I'll not leave you a whole bone in it, sirrah.—Fly, and observe if Violante goes directly home.

Liss. Yes, sir, yes.

Fel. Fly, you dog, fly.—[Exit Lissardo.]—I must convince her of my faith. Oh, how irresolute is a

lover's heart!—"My resentments cooled when hers grew high—nor can I struggle longer with my fate; I cannot quit her, no, I cannot, so absolute a conquest has she gained."—How absolute a woman's power!

In vain we strive their tyranny to quit,

In vain we struggle, for we must submit.

[Exit.

SCENE IV.

The Terriero de Passa. Enter Colonel, and ISABELLA veiled. GIBBY at a distance.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Isab. What are those things, pray?

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

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

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

Gib. O' my sal they mak muckle words about it.—Ise sare weary with standing—Ise e'en tak a sleep.

[Lies down.]

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

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

Isab. Oh, not so fast, colonel—There are many things to be adjusted before the lawyer and the parson comes.

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

Isab. Indeed but we cann't, colonel.

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

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

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

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

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

Isab. As you ever hope to see me more, suspend your curiosity now; one step farther loses me for ever.—Shew yourself a man of honour, and you shall find me a woman of honour. [Exit.

Col. Well, for once I'll trust to a blind bargain, madam—[Kisses her hand, and parts.] But I shall be too cunning for your ladyship, if Gibby observes my orders. Methinks, these intrigues which relate to the mind are very insipid.—The conversation of bodies is much more diverting.—Ha! what do I see? my rascal asleep! Sirrah, did not I charge you to watch the lady? and is it thus you observe my orders, ye dog?

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

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

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

Gib. Ay, this is bonny wark indeed! to run three hundred mile to this wicked town, and before I can weel fill my weam to be sent a whore-hunting after this black she devil.—What gate sal I gang to speer for this wutch now? Ah for a ruling elder—or the

kirk's treasurer—or his mon—I'd gar my master mak twa o' this——But I am sure there's na sick honest people here, or there wud na be sa mickle sculdudrie.

Enter an English Soldier passing along.

Gib. Geud mon, did you see a woman, a lady, ony gate hereawa e'en now?

Englishman. Yes, a great many. What kind of a woman is it you inquire after?

Gib. Geud troth, she's na kenspeckle, she's aw in a cloud——

Englishman. What! 'tis some Highland monster which you brought over with you, I suppose: I see no such, not I. Kenspeckle, quotha!

Gib. Huly, huly, mon; the deel pike out yer een, and then ye'll see the better, ye Portigise tike.

Englishman. What says the fellow?

[*Turning to Gibby.*

Gib. Say! I say I am a bater fellow than e'er stude upon yer shanks——and gin I heer mair o' yer din, deel o' my saul, sir, but Ise crack yer croon.

Englishman. Get you gone, you Scotch rascal, and thank your heathen dialect, which I don't understand, that you ha'n't your bones broke.

Gib. Ay! an ye dinna understand a Scotsman's tongue, Ise see gin ye can understand a Scotsman's gripe. Wha's the bater mon now, sir?

[*Lays hold of him, strikes up his heels, and gets astride over him.*

Here VIOLANTE crosses the Stage, GIBBY jumps up from the Man, and brushes up to VIOLANTE.

Gib. I vow, madam, but I am glad that ye and I are foregather'd.

Vio. What would the fellow have ?

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

Vio. The man's drunk——

Gib. In troth am I not—— And gin I had na found ye, madam, the Laird knows when I should ; for my maister bad me ne'er gang hame without tidings of ye, madam.

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

Gib. Geud faith, my maister has e'en done that t' yer honds, madam.

Vio. Who is your master, sir ?

Gib. Mony a ane speers the gate they ken right weel : it is no sa lang sen ye parted wi' him. I wish he ken ye half as weel as ye ken him.

Vio. Pugh ! the creature's mad, or mistakes me for somebody else ; and I should be as mad as he to talk to him any longer. [*Violante enters Don Pedro's house.*]

Enter LISSARDO at the upper end of the Stage.

Liss. So, she's gone home, I see. What did that Scots fellow want with her ? I'll try to find it out ;

perhaps I may discover something that may make my master friends with me again.

Gib. Are ye gone, madam? a deef scope in yer company, for I'm as weese as I was. But I'll bide and see wha's house it is, gin I can meet with ony civil body to speer at.—“Weel, of aw men in the
 “world I think our Scotsmen the greatest feuls to
 “leave their weel-favour'd honest women at hame to
 “rin walloping after a pack of gycarlings here, that
 “shame to shew their faces, and peur men, like me,
 “are forc'd to be their pimps. A pimp! Godswar-
 “bit, Gibby's ne'er be a pimp—and yet, in troth,
 “it's a thriving trade; I remember a countrimon o'
 “my ane, that by ganging o' sick like errants as I
 “am now, came to get preferment.” My lad, wot
 ye wha lives here? [Turns and sees Lissardo.]

Liss. Don Pedro de Mendosa.

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

Liss. Yes, I did.

Gib. And d' ye ken her tee?

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

Gib. In troth, very weel, sir.

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

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

Liss. Come along then.

[*Exit.*]

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

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

ACT IV. SCENE I.

VIOLANTE's Lodgings. Enter ISABELLA in a gay temper, and VIOLANTE out of humour.

Isabella.

MY dear! I have been seeking you this half hour, to tell you the most lucky adventure.

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

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

Vio. And mine all to come.

Isab. I have seen the man I like.

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

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

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

Isab. What say you, my dear?

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

Isab. Impossible!

Vio. Most true.

Isab. Some villain has traduc'd him to you.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Vio. Hither! to what purpose?

Isab. To the great universal purpose, matrimony.

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

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

Vio. I thank you for the favour you design me, but desire to be excus'd: I manage my own affairs too ill to be trusted with those of other people; "besides, if my father should find a stranger here, it might make him hurry me into a monastery immediately." I can't for my life admire your conduct, to encourage a person altogether unknown to you.—'Twas very imprudent to meet him this morning, but much more so to send for him hither, knowing what inconveniency you have already drawn upon me.

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

Vio. Unkindly urg'd!—Have I not preferr'd your happiness to every thing that's dear to me?

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

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

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

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

Enter FLORA.

Flo. Madam, the Colonel waits your pleasure.

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

Flo. *So I am to be huff'd for every thing.*

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

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

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

[Exit Flora one way, and Isabella and Violante another.]

Re-enter Flora with the Colonel.

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

[Exit.]

Col. Very well——This is a very fruitful soil. I have not been here quite four-and-twenty hours, and I have three intrigues upon my hands already ; but I hate the chase without partaking of the game.—*[Enter Violante veil'd.]* Ha ! a fine sized woman——pray Heaven she proves handsome——I am come to obey your ladyship's commands.

Vio. Are you sure of that, colonel ?

Col. If you be not very unreasonable indeed, madam. A man is but a man. *[Takes her hand and kisses it.]*

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

Col. I understand you, madam—*Montrez moi votre chambre.* [*Takes her in his arms.*]

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

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

Vio. Nay, don't give yourself the trouble of drawing your purse, Colonel, my design is levell'd at your person, if that be at your own disposal.

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

Vio. As law can do it.

Col. Hang law in love affairs; thou shalt have right and title to it out of pure inclination.—A matrimonial hint again. “Gad, I fancy the women
“have a project on foot to transplant the union into
“Portugal.” [*Aside.*]

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

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

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

Col. Why, then——Yes.

Vio. Is she in your country, or this?

Col. This is a very pretty kind of a catechism:
“but I don’t conceive which way it turns to edifica-
“tion.” In this town, I believe, madam.

Vio. Her name is——

Col. Ay, how is she called, madam?

Vio. Nay, I ask you that, sir.

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

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

Col. No! I’m sorry for that.——What the devil
does she mean by all these questions? [*Aside.*]

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

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

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

Col. Why then, to be plain with you, madam, a
lady last night wounded my heart by a fall from a
window, whose person I could be content to take, as
my father took my mother, till death do us part——
but who she is, or how distinguished, whether maid,
wife, or widow, I can’t inform you; perhaps you are
she.

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

Col. I accept the offer with the highest transports; but say, my charming angel! art thou not she? [*Offers to embrace her.*] “This is a lucky adventure.” [*Aside.*]

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

Col. I shall infallibly observe your directions, madam.

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

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

Col. You seem surprised, madam.

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

Col. Odslife, madam, thrust me any where. Can’t I go out this way?

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

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

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

Col. On that condition, I'll not breathe. [*Exit Col.*]

Enter FELIX.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Fel. I hope I am justified——

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

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

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

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

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

Flo. Yes, madam. [Exit Flora.]

Fel. Dost thou then love me, Violante ?

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

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

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

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

Vio. Ah, Felix, love generally gets the better of re-

ligion in us women. Resolutions made in the heat of passion ever dissolve upon reconciliation.

Enter FLORA hastily.

Flo. Oh madam, madam, madam! my lord your father has been in the garden, and locked the back-door, and comes muttering to himself this way.

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

Fel. Heavens forbid! This is most unlucky. Let me step into your bed-chamber, he won't look under the bed; there I may conceal myself.

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

Vio. My stars! if he goes in there, he'll find the colonel.—No, no, Felix, that's no safe place: my father often goes thither, and should you cough or sneeze we are lost.

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

Flo. Oh, invention, invention!—I have it, madam. Here, here, sir, off with your sword, and I'll fetch you a disguise. *[Exit.*

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

Vio. Bless me, how I tremble!

Enter FLORA with a Riding-hood.

Flo. Here, sir, put on this.

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

[She puts it on.

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

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

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

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

Enter Don PEDRO.

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

Vio. Humph!—he'll certainly discover him.

[*Aside.*]

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

[*She and Felix both curtsey.*]

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

Vio. Oh, if he speaks we are lost.

[*Aside.*]

Flo. Oh, dear senior, she cannot hear you; she has been deaf these twenty years.

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

Fel. Would I were fairly off.

[*Aside.*]

Ped. Turn up her hood.

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

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

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

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

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

“*Fel.* Well hinted.”

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

Flo. Come along, mother——[*Speaks loud.*]——

[*Exeunt Felix and Flora.*]

Vio. I'm glad he's gone.

[*Aside.*]

Ped. Hast thou heard the news, Violante?

Vio. What news, sir?

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

[*Aside.*]

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

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

Enter FLORA.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Flo. But little does he think what change she means.

[*Aside.*

Ped. “ Well said, *Violante*.——I am glad to find
 “ her so willing to leave the world; but it is wholly
 “ owing to my prudent management. Did she know
 “ that she might command her fortune when she came
 “ at age, or upon day of marriage, perhaps she'd
 “ change her note.——But I have always told her
 “ that her grandfather left it with this proviso, that
 “ she turned nun. Now a small part of this twenty
 “ thousand pounds provides for her in the nunnery,
 “ and the rest is my own.——There is nothing to be
 “ got in this life without policy.—[*Aside*]”——
 Well, child, I am going into the country for two or
 three days, to settle some affairs with thy uncle; and
 when I return, we'll proceed for thy happiness, child.——
 Good bye, *Violante*; take care of thyself.

[*Exeunt Don Pedro and Violante.*

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

Enter Colonel.

Col. Is the coast clear?

Flo. Yes, if you can climb; for you must get over the washhouse, and jump from the garden-wall into the street.

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

[Exeunt Col. and Flora.]

Enter FELIX.

Fel. I have lain perdu under the stairs till I watched the old man out. *[Violante opens the door.]*
"Sdeath! I am prevented. *[Exit Felix.]*

Enter VIOLANTE.

Vio. Now to set my prisoner at liberty. *[Goes to the door, where the Colonel is hid.]* Sir, sir, you may appear.

Enter FELIX, following her.

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

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

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

Vio. What shall I say?—Nothing but the Secret which I have sworn to Keep can reconcile this quarrel

[Aside.]

Fel. A coward! Nay, then I'll fetch you out; think not to hide thyself: no; by St. Anthony, an altar should not protect thee; "even there I'd reach thy heart, though all the saints were armed in thy defence." [Exit.

Vio. Defend me, Heaven! what shall I do? I must discover Isabella, or here will be murder.

Enter FLORA.

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

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

Re-enter FELIX.

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

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

Fel. Will you never cease to impose upon me?

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

Fel. *Trick!*

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

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

Vio. Won't you believe your eyes?

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

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

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

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

Fel. To-morrow then——

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

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

Fel. *Oh, rapturous sounds! Charming woman!
Thy words and looks have fill'd my heart
With joy, and left no room for jealousy.
Do thou like me each doubt and fear remove,
And all to come be confidence and love.*

[Exit.

“ *Enter ISABELLA.*

“ *Isab.* I am glad my brother and you are reconciled, my dear, and the colonel escaped without his knowledge; I was frightened out of my wits when I heard him return. I know not how to express my thanks, woman, for what you suffered for my sake; my grateful acknowledgment shall ever wait you, and to the world proclaim the faith, truth, and honour of a woman.

“ *Vio.* Pr’ythee don’t compliment thy friend, Isabella.—You heard the colonel, I suppose.

“ *Isab.* Every syllable; and am pleased to find I do not love in vain.

“ *Vio.* Thou hast caught his heart, it seems, and an hour hence may secure his person.—Thou hast made hasty work on’t, girl.

“ *Isab.* From thence I draw my happiness; we shall have no accounts to make up, after consumption.

“ *She who for years protracts her lover’s pain,*
 “ *And makes him wish, and wait, and sigh in vain,*
 “ *To be his wife, when late she gives consent,*
 “ *Finds half his passion was in courtship spent;*
 “ *Whilst they, who boldly all delays remove,*
 “ *Find every hour a fresh supply of love. [Exeunt.]”*

ACT V. SCENE I.

FREDERICK'S House. Enter FELIX and FREDERICK.

Felix.

THIS hour has been propitious; I am reconcil'd to Violante, and you assure me Antonio is out of danger.

Fred. Your satisfaction is doubly mine.

Enter LISSARDO.

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

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

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

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

Fel. What have you to say?

[*Whispers*], and Felix seems uneasy.

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

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

Fred. Yes; why do you ask me?

Fel. Nay, no great matter; but my man tells me

that he has had some little differences with a servant of his, that's all.

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

Fel. Is he a man of intrigue?

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

Enter Colonel.

Colonel, I began to think I had lost you.'

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

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

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

Fred. Who attempted it?

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

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

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

Col. A tavern! no, no, sir; she is above that rank, I assure you: this nymph sleeps in a velvet bed, and lodgings every way agreeable.

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

Col. No more I don't, sir.

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

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

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

Fel. 'Sdeath! a garden! this must be Violante's garden. [*Aside.*

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

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

Fred. Well, how then, colonel?

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

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

[*Aside.*

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

Fel. Upon her father's coming!

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

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

[*Aside.*]

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

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

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

[*Aside.*]

Fred. So, when she had dispatch'd her old lover, she paid you a visit in her bed-chamber; ha! colonel?

Col. No, pox take the impertinent puppy! he spoil'd my diversion; I saw her no more.

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

[*Aside.*]

Fred. That was hard.

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

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

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

Fred. Here he comes.

Enter GIBBY.

Col. Where have you been, sirrah?

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

Col. What, have you found the lady?

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

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

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

[*Aside.*

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

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

Fel. Sirrah, I say you do lie, and I'll make you eat

it, you dog; [*Kicks him.*] and if your master will justify you——

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

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

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

[*Aside to Gibby.*]

Gib. Troth de I, sir, and feel tee.

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

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

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

Col. Sir!

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

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

Fel. Sir, I have a right to every thing that relates to Violante——and he that traduces her fame, and refuses to give his reasons for't, is a villain.

[*Draws.*]

Col. What the devil have I been doing! Now, blisters on my tongue by dozens!

[*Aside.*]

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

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

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

Col. Nor I be bully'd, sir.

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

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

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

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

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

Col. Whenever you please, sir. [*Exit Felix.*]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Col. Ha! how long has she been missing?

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

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

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

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

Fred. Middle-sized, a lovely brown, a fine pouting lip, eyes that roll and languish, and seem to speak the exquisite pleasure her arms could give.

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

Fred. Isabella——You are transported, colonel.

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

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

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

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

SCENE II.

Changes to VIOLANTE'S Lodging. Enter VIOLANTE and ISABELLA.

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

Vio. What, does your courage sink, Isabella?

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

Enter FLORA.

Flo. Don Felix is coming up, madam.

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

[Exit into the closet.]

Vio. I will.

Enter FELIX, in a surly humour.

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

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

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

Fel. Yes—No—I don't know what I am.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Vio. This is not to be borne—insolent! you abandon! you! whom I have so often forbid ever to see me more! Have you not fall'n at my feet? implored my favour and forgiveness? did you not trembling wait, and wish, and sigh, and swear, yourself into my heart? Ungrateful man! if my chains are so easily broke as you pretend, then you are the silliest coxcomb living you did not break them long

ago; and I must think him capable of brooking any thing, on whom such usage could make no impression.

Isab. [*Peeping.*] A deuce take your quarrels! “she’ll never think on me.”

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

[*Walks about in a great pet.*]

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

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

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

Fel. Ha, ha! don’t put yourself in a passion, madam; for, I assure you, after this day I shall give

you no trouble.—You may meet your sparks on the *Terriero de passa* at four in the morning, without the least regard to me—for, when I quit your chamber, the world sha'n't bring me back.

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

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

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

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

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

Fel. Ha! I cannot bear to see her weep—a woman's tears are far more fatal than our swords. [*Aside.*] Oh, Violante—'Sdeath! what a dog am I! Now have I no power to stir.—Dost not thou know such

a person as Colonel Briton? Pr'ythee tell me, didst not thou meet him at four this morning upon the *Terriero de passa*?

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

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

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

Fel. And do not you know this Scotch colonel?

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

Fel. Didst thou ever love me, *Violante*?

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

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

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

Fel. Now would I give one of my eyes to be friends with her, for something whispers to my soul, she is not guilty.—[He pauses, then pulls a chair, and sits by her at a little distance, looking at her some time without speaking, then draws a little nearer to her.] Give me

your hand at parting, however, Violante, won't you—
 [He lays his hand upon her knee several times.] won't
 you—won't you—won't you?

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

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

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

Fel. [Draws his chair close to her, and kisses her hand
 in a rapture.] Too well thou knowest thy strength.
 —Oh, my charming angel! my heart is all thy
 own. Forgive my hasty passion—'tis the transport
 of a love sincere. Oh, *Violante, Violante!*

Don PEDRO within.

Ped. Bid Sancho get a new wheel to my chariot
 presently.

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

Fel. No, no, no, my love, I can leap from the
 closet window.

[Runs to the door where Isabella is, who claps to the
 door, and bolts it withinside.

Isab. [Peeping.] "Say you so? But I shall prevent
 "you."

Fel. Confusion! Somebody bolts the door within-
 side. I'll see who you have concealed here, if I die
 for't. Oh, Violante! hast thou again sacrificed me
 to my rival. [Draws.

Vio. By Heaven, thou hast no rival in my heart,

let that suffice——Nay, sure you will not let my father find you here——Distraction!

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

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

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

Vio. Thou shalt not go——

Enter Don PEDRO.

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

Fel. 'Sdeath, what shall I say now?

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

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

Fel. Ha! what the devil does she mean? [*Aside.*]

Vio. As I was at my devotion in my closet, I heard a loud knocking at my door, mixed with a woman's voice, which seemed to imply she was in danger—

Fel. I am confounded! [*Aside.*

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

Fel. What in the name of goodness does she mean to do? hang me? [*Aside.*

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

Ped. I'm amazed!

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

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

Fel. [*Counterfeits drunkenness.*] Who, I assault a

lady—upon honour the lady assaulted me, sir, and would have seized this body politic on the king's highway——Let her come out, and deny it if she can——Pray, sir, command the door to be opened; and let her prove me a liar, if she knows how——I have been drinking Claret, and Champaign, and Burgundy, and other French wines, sir, but I love my own country for all that.

Ped. Ay, ay, who doubts it, sir? Open the door, Violante, and let the lady come out. Come, I warrant thee he sha'n't hurt her.

Fel. No, no, I won't hurt the dear creature.—Now which way will she come off? [*A side.*

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

Enter ISABELLA veiled, and crosses the stage.

Isab. Excellent girl! [*Exit.*

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

Vio. [*To Felix.*] Get clear of my father, and follow me to the *Terriero de passa*, where all mistakes shall be rectified. [*Exit with Isabella.*

[*Don Felix offers to follow her.*

Ped. [*Drawing his sword.*] Not a step, sir, till the lady is past your recovery; I never suffer the laws of hospitality to be violated in my house, sir.—I'll keep Don Felix here till you see her safe out, Vio-

lante.—Come, sir, you and I will take a pipe and a bottle together.

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

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

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

Ped. Ay, what's that?

Fel. Why I am going to be married, and so good bye.

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

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

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

Fel. Yes, yes, I'll shew you the contract—I'll shew you the contract—Here, sir—here's the contract.

[Draws a pistol.

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

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

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

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

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

Fel. *What a cross old fool! first he will, and then he won't; and then he will, and then he won't.* [Exit.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Here's Don Lopez de Pimentell to wait on you, senior.

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

Enter Don LOPEZ.

Lop. I am glad to find you at home, Don Pedro; I was told that you was seen upon the road to—this afternoon.

Ped. That might be, my lord; but I had the misfortune to break the wheel of my chariot, which obliged me to return.—What is your pleasure with me, my lord?

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

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

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

Ped. Gone to be married.

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

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

Enter Servant.

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

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

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

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

Lop. *Isabella!*

Serv. And Don Felix followed in another;—I overheard them all bid the chair go to the *Terriero de passa*.

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

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

SCENE III.

Changes to the Street before Don PEDRO's House. Enter LISSARDO.

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

Enter GIBBY.

Gib. Aw my sal, sir, but Ise blithe to find yee here now.

Liss. Ha, brother! give me thy hand, boy.

Gib. No se fast, se ye me—Brether me ne brethers;

I scorn a leer as-muckle as a thiefe, se ye now, and ye must gang intul this house with me, and justifie to Donna Violante's face, that she was the lady that gang'd in here this morn, se ye me, or the deel ha my sal, sir, but ye and I shall be twa folks.

Liss. Justify it to Donna Violante's face, quotha! For what? Sure you don't know what you say.

Gib. Troth de I, sir, as weel as yee de: therefore come along, and make no mair words about it.

Liss. Why, what the devil do you mean? Don't you consider you are in Portugal? Is the fellow mad?

Gib. Fellow! Ise none of yer fellow, sir; and gin the place were hell, I'd gar ye do me justice. [*Lis-sardo going.*] Nay, the deel a feet ye gang.

[*Lays hold of him, and knocks.*]

Liss. Ha! Don Pedro himself: I wish I were fairly off. [*Aside.*]

Enter Don PEDRO.

Ped. How now? What makes you knock so loud?

Gib. Gin this be Don Pedro's house, sir, I wou'd speak with Donna Violante, his daughter.

Ped. Ha! what is it you want with my daughter, pray?

Gib. An she be your daughter, and lik your honour, command her to come out, and answer for herself now, and either justify or disprove what this shield told me this morn.

Liss. So, here will be a fine piece of work. [*Aside.*]

Ped. Why, what did he tell you, ha?

Gib. By my sal, sir, Ise tell you aw the truth.—My master got a pratty lady upon the how de call't—Passa—here at five this morn, and he gar me watch her heam—and in troth I lodg'd her here; and nœeting this ill-favour'd thiefe, se ye me, I speered wha she was—and he tald me her name was Donna Violante, Don Pedro de Mendosa's daughter.

Ped. Ha! my daughter with a man, abroad at five in the morn'ng! Death, hell, and furies! By Saint Anthony, I'm undone.

Gib. Wounds, sir! ye put yer saint intul bonny company.

Ped. Who is your master, you dog you? "Ad-heart I shall be trick'd of my daughter and money too, that's worst of all."

Gib. You dog you! 'Sblead, sir! don't call names—I won't tell you who my master is, se ye me now.

Ped. And who are you, rascal, that know my daughter so well? ha! [*Holds up his cane.*]

Liss. What shall I say, to make him give this Scotch dog a good beating? [*Aside.*] I know your daughter, signior! Not I; I never saw your daughter in all my life.

Gib. [*Knocks him down with his fist.*] Deel ha my sal, sar, gin ye get no your carich for that lie now.

Ped. What, hoa! where are all my servants?

Enter Colonel, FELIX, ISABELLA, and VIOLANTE.

Raise the house in pursuit of my daughter.

"*Ser.* Here she comes, signior."

Col. Hey-day! what's here to do?

Gib. This is the loonlike tik, an lik your honour, that sent me heam with a lee this morn.

Col. Come, come, 'tis all well, Gibby; let him rise.

Ped. I am thunderstruck—and have no power to speak one word.

Fel. This is a day of jubilee, Lissardo; no quarrelling with him this day.

Liss. A pox take his fists!—Egad, these Britons are but a word and a blow.

Enter Don LOPEZ.

Lop. So, have I found you, daughter? Then you have not hanged yourself yet, I see.

Col. But she is married, my lord.

Lop. Married! Zounds! to whom?

Col. Even to your humble servant, my lord. If you please to give us your blessing. [*Kneels.*

Lop. Why, hark ye, mistress, are you really married?

Isab. Really so, my lord.

Lop. And who are you, sir?

Col. An honest North-Briton by birth, and a colonel by commission, my lord.

Lop. An heretic! the devil! [*Holding up his hands.*

Ped. She has played you a slippery trick, indeed, my lord.—Well, my girl, thou hast been to see thy friend married—next week thou shalt have a better husband, my dear. [*To Violante.*

Fel. Next week is a little too soon, sir; I hope to live longer than that.

Ped. What do you mean, sir? You have not made a rib of my daughter too, have you?

Vio. Indeed but he has, sir: I know not how, but he took me in an unguarded minute—when my thoughts were not over-strong for a nunnery, father.

Lop. Your daughter has play'd you a slippery trick too, signior.

Ped. But your son shall never be the better for't, my lord; her twenty thousand pounds was left on certain conditions, and I'll not part with a shilling.

Lop. But we have a certain thing, call'd law, shall make you do justice, sir.

Ped. Well, we'll try that—my lord, much good may it do you with your daughter-in-law. [Exit.

Lop. I wish you much joy of your rib. [Exit.

Enter FREDERICK.

Fel. Frederick, welcome!—I sent for thee to be partaker of my happiness, and pray give me leave to introduce you to the cause of it.

Fred. Your messenger has told me all, and I sincerely share in all your happiness.

Col. To the right about, Frederick, wish thy friend joy.

Fred. I do with all my soul—and, madam, I congratulate your deliverance.—Your suspicions are clear'd now, I hope, Felix?

Fel. They are, and I heartily ask the colonel pardon, and wish him happy with my sister; for love

has taught me to know that every man's happiness consists in choosing for himself.

Liss. After that rule I fix here. [To Flora.

Flo. That's your mistake; I prefer my lady's service, and turn you over to her that pleaded right and title to you to-day.

Liss. Choose, proud fool! I sha'n't ask you twice.

Gib. What say ye now, lass—will ye ge yer hond to poor Gibby?—"What say you," will you dance the reel of Bogie with me?

Inis. That I may not leave my lady, I take you at your word; and though our wooing has been short, I'll by her example love you dearly. "[*Music plays.*

"*Fel.* Hark, I hear the music; somebody has done us the favour to call them in. [*A country-dance.*

"*Gib.* Wounds, this is bonny music!—How caw ye that thing that ye pinch by the craig, and tickle the weamb, and make it cry grum, grum?

"*Fred.* Oh! that's a guitar, Gibby."

Fel. Now, my Violante, I shall proclaim thy virtues to the world.

*Let us no more thy sex's conduct blame,
Since thou'rt a proof, to their eternal fame,
That man has no advantage, but the name.*

[*Exeunt omnes.*

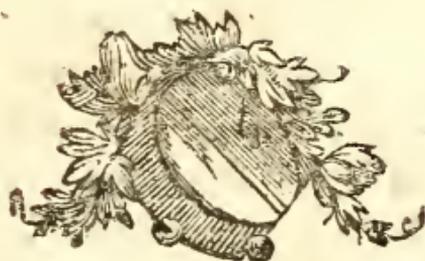
EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN BY MR PHILIPS.

*CUSTOM, with all our modern laws combin'd,
Has given such power despotic to mankind,
That we have only so much virtue now
As they are pleas'd in favour to allow;
Thus, like mechanic work, we're us'd with scorn,
And wound up only for a present turn.
Some are for having our whole sex enslav'd,
Affirming we've no souls, and can't be sav'd*;
But were the women all of my opinion,
We'd soon shake off this false, usurp'd dominion,
We'd make the tyrants own that we cou'd prove
As fit for other bus'ness as for love.
Lord! what prerogative might we obtain,
Could we from yielding a few months refrain?
How fondly would our dangling lovers dote!
What homage wou'd be paid to petticoat!
'Twou'd be a jest to see the change of fate;
How might we all of politics debate,
Promise and swear what we ne'er meant to do,
And, what's still harder, Keep our Secrets too.*

* Alluding to an ironical pamphlet tending to prove that women had no souls.

*I marry! Keep a Secret, says a beau,
And sneers at some ill-natur'd wit below;
But faith, if we shou'd tell but half we know,
There's many a spruce young fellow in this place
Wou'd never more presume to shew his face.
Women are not so weak, whate'er men prate;
How many tip-top beaux have had the fate
T' enjoy from mamma's Secrets their estate!
Who, if her early folly had been known,
Had rid behind the coach that's now their own.
But here the Wondrous Secret you discover,
A lady ventures for a friend—a lover.
Prodigious! for my part, I frankly own,
I'd spoil'd the Wonder, and the Woman shown.*





DeWilde pinxt

Audinet fecit

M^{rs} JORDAN as PHEDRA.

This shall be my sweetheart in your place.

London. Printed for J. Bell. British Library. Strand. Aug^t. n.^o 1792.

AMPHITRYON;

OR,

THE TWO SOCIAS.

A

COMEDY,

AS ALTERED FROM

DRYDEN BY DR. HAWKESWORTH.

ADAPTED FOR

THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES-ROYAL,

DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS,

By Permission of the Managers.

* The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation.*

LONDON :

Printed for the Proprietors, under the Direction of

JOHN BELL, British-Library, STRAND,

Bookseller to His Royal Highness the PRINCE OF WALES.

MDCCLXII.



PREFACE.

THE abilities of Dryden as a writer, are so generally and so justly acknowledged to be of the first class, that it would be something worse than impropriety, to alter any of his productions without assigning the reason. For the alteration of his *Amphitryon*, indeed, the reason is evident; for it is so tainted with the profaneness and immodesty of the time in which he wrote, that the present time, however selfish and corrupt, has too much regard to external decorum, to permit the representation of it upon the stage, without drawing a veil, at least, over some part of its deformity: the principal part of the alterations, therefore, are made with a moral view; though some inaccuracies, which were remarked on the examination which these alterations made necessary, are also removed, of which the following are the chief.

In the scene between Sosia and Mercury in the Second Act, *Amphitryon* is supposed to have sent a buckle of diamonds by Sosia, as a present to Alcmena; for Sosia first asks Mercury if *Amphitryon did send a certain servant with a present to his wife*; and soon after asks him, "what that present was;" which, by Mercury's answer, appears to be the diamond buckle: yet in the scene between *Amphitryon* and Alcmena, in the Third Act, when Alcmena asks him, as a proof of his having been with her before, from whose hands she had the jewel, he cries out, "This is amazing; have I already given you those diamonds? *the present I reserved*——" And instead of supposing that Sosia had delivered them as part of his errand, which he pretended he could not execute, he appeals to him for their being in safe custody, reserved to be presented by himself. This is an inconsistency peculiar to Dryden, for neither *Plautus*

nor Moliere any where mention the present to have been sent by Sosia.

There is another inaccuracy of the same kind, which occurs both in Plautus and Moliere. It appears in the Second Act, that one part of Sosia's errand was to give Alcmena a particular account of the battle; and Sosia's account of his being prevented, is so extravagant and absurd, that Amphitryon cannot believe it; yet, when Alcmena, in the Third Act, asks Amphitryon how she came to know *what he had sent Sosia to tell her*, Amphitryon, in astonishment, seems to admit that she could know these particulars *only from himself*, and does not consider her question as a proof that Sosia had indeed delivered his message, though for some reasons he had pretended the contrary, and forged an incredible story to account for his neglect. As it would have been much more natural for Amphitryon to have supposed that Sosia had told him a lie, than that Alcmena had, by a miracle, learned what only he and Sosia could tell her, without seeing either of them; this inaccuracy is removed, by introducing such a supposition, and making the dialogue correspond with it.

In the Second Act, Jupiter, in the character of Amphitryon, leaves Alcmena with much reluctance, pretending haste to return to the camp, and great solicitude to keep his visit to her a secret from the Thebans: yet when he appears again in the Third Act, which he knew would be taken for the third appearance of Amphitryon, he does not account for his supposed second appearance at the return of the real Amphitryon, just after his departure, which seems to be absolutely necessary to maintain his borrowed character consistently; and without dropping the least hint of his being no longer solicitous to conceal his excursion from the camp, he sends Sosia to invite several of the citizens to dinner.

Many other inaccuracies less considerable, and less apparent,

have been removed, which it is not necessary to point out : whoever shall think it worth while diligently to compare the play as it stood, with the altered copy, can scarce fail to see the reason of the alterations as they occur.

It must be confessed, that there are still many things in *Amphitryon*, which, though I did not obliterate, I would not have written ; but I think none of these are exceptionable in a moral view. There are many passages in which lord *Amphitryon* and lady *Alcmena* are treated by their servants with a familiarity, which is not now allowed on the greater stage of the living world ; and, indeed, from this fault, I scarce know any comedy that is perfectly free : however, some of the grosser freedoms that were taken by *Phædra* with the character of Judge *Gripos* are rejected ; and this was the more necessary, as *Gripos* was *Alcmena's* uncle ; and, therefore, in her presence, could not, without the utmost impropriety, be enquired after of *Amphitryon* himself, as a wretch who had grown old in the abuse of his office as a magistrate, by selling justice, and swelling his purse with bribes.

If, after all, it be asked, why this play was altered at all, I answer, because it might otherwise have been revived, either by other managers, or at another house, without being altered, otherwise than by being maimed : some parts, indeed, would have been left out ; but as nothing would have been substituted in the stead, it would have become imperfect, in proportion as it became less vicious ; and would still have been so vicious in the very constituent parts, as to sully, and, perhaps, corrupt almost every mind, before which it had been represented. But though I should have been sorry to see the joint work of *Plautus*, *Moliere*, and *Dryden*, so mutilated, as to lose that proportion of parts by which alone those parts can constitute a whole ; yet my principal view was effectually to prevent the exhibition of it in a condition, in which it could not be safely seen : and this, I hope, will be admitted as a sufficient

apology, for my having thus employed some hours of that time which shall return no more, by those who have little regard for Amphitryon as a piece of ancient humour, retouched and heightened by two of the most eminent masters that modern times have produced.

AMPHITRYON.

THIS subject had occupied the rugged PLAUTUS, who has built upon it a latin comedy from which the play of MOLIERE is translated. DRYDEN in whom something *great* and something *little* unhappily kept company at most times, in the course of his stage contract, found it easier to new model old materials than to create new; he accordingly took up this play as MOLIERE had left it, and added, besides its English dress, much that was strictly his own.

In the present age, a mythological play will rarely find a very splendid fortune—Jupiter and Alcmena please only the schools, and are silently shrinking from the mirror of the stage—Human actions and passions, can alone afford the lesson, by which our moral amendment may be effected.

The Original PROLOGUE.

Written by Mr. DRYDEN.

*THE lab'ring bee, when his sharp sting is gone,
Forgets his golden work, and turns a drone :
Such is a satyr, when you take away
That rage, in which his noble vigour lay.
What gain you, by not suffering him to tease ye ?
He neither can offend you, now, nor please ye.
The honey-bag and venom lay so near,
That both together you resolv'd to tear ;
And lost your pleasure to secure your fear.
How can he show his manhood, if you bind him
To box, like boys, with one hand ty'd behind him ?
This is plain levelling of wit ; in which
The poor has all th' advantage, not the rich.
The blockhead stands excus'd for wanting sense ;
And wits turn blockheads in their own defence.
Yet, though the stage's traffic is undone,
Still Julian's interloping trade goes on :
Though satyr on the theatre you smother,
Yet in lampoons, you libel one another.
The first produces still a second jig ;
You whip them out, like school-boys, till they gig :*

*And, with the same success, we readers guess ;
For, every one still dwindles to a less.
And much good malice, is so meanly drest,
That we would laugh, but cannot find the jest.
If no advice your rhiming rage can stay,
Let not the ladies suffer in the fray.
Their tender sex is privileg'd from war ;
'Tis not like knights to draw upon the fair.
What fame expect you from so mean a prize ?
We wear no murd'ring weapons, but our eyes.
Our sex, you know, was after yours design'd ;
The last perfection of the Maker's mind :
Heav'n drew out all the gold for us, and left your dross
behind.*

*Beauty, for valour's best reward, he chose ;
Peace, after war ; and after toil, repose.
Hence, ye prophane, excluded from our sights,
And charm'd by day, with honour's vain delights,
Go, make your best of solitary nights.
Recant betimes, 'tis prudence to submit :
Our sex is still your overmatch in wit :
We never fail, with new successful arts,
To make fine fools of you, and all your parts.*

PROLOGUE.

*T*HIS night let busy man to pleasure spare :
Far hence be searching thought and pining care ;
Far hence whate'er can agonise the soul,
Grief, terror, rage, the dagger, and the bowl !
The comic muse, a gay propitious pow'r,
To dimpled laughter gives this mirthful hour.
The scenes which Plautus drew, to-night we shew
Touch'd by Moliere, by Dryden taught to glow.
Dryden!—in evil days his genius rose,
When wit and decency were constant foes :
Wit then defil'd in manners and in mind,
Whene'er he sought to please, disgrac'd mankind.
Freed from his faults, we bring him to the fair ;
And urge once more his claim to beauty's care.
That thus we court your praise is praise bestow'd ;
Since all our virtue from your virtue flow'd.
But there are some—no matter where they sit—
Who smack their lips and hope the luscious bit.
These claim regard, deny it they that can—
“ The prince of darkness is a gentleman ! ”
Yet why apologise, though these complain ;
They're free to all the rest of Drury-Lane.
To these bright rows, we boast a kind intent ;
We sought their plaudit, and their pleasure meant.

*Yet not on what we give, our fame must rise;
In what we take away, our merit lies.
On no new force bestow'd we found our claim,
To make wit honest was our only aim:
If we succeed, some praise we boldly ask——
To make wit honest is no easy task.*

Dramatis Personae.

COVENT-GARDEN.

						<i>Men.</i>
JUPITER,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Lewis.
MERCURY,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Whitfield.
PHOEBUS,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Booth.
AMPHITRYON,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Wroughton.
SOSIA,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Quick.
GRIPUS,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Clarke.
POLIDAS,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Fearon.
FRANCO,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Thompson.

						<i>Women.</i>
ALCMENA,	-	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Hartley.
PHÆDRA,	-	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Mattocks.
BROMIA,	-	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Pitt.
NIGHT,	-	-	-	-	-	Miss Green.

SCENE, *Thebes.*



AMPHITRYON.

ACT I. SCENE I.

MERCURY and PHOEBUS discovered.

Phæbus.

KNOW you the reason of this present summons?
'Tis neither council-day, nor is this Heaven.
What business has our Jupiter on earth?
Why more at Thebes than any other place?
And why are we, of all the deities,
Selected out to meet him in consult?
They call me God of Wisdom; but the hind,
That, whistling, turns the furrow to my beams,
Knows full as much as I.

Mer. I have discharged my duty, which was to
summon you, Phæbus. We shall know more anon,
when the thunderer comes down. 'Tis our part to
obey our father; and here he is.

JUPITER descends.

Jup. No thoughts, not ev'n of gods, are hid from
Jove.

Your doubts are all before me ; but my will
 In awful darkness wrapt, no eye can reach,
 Till I withdraw the veil. Yet thus far know,
 That, for the good of human kind, this night
 I shall beget a future Hercules,
 Who shall redress the wrongs of injur'd mortals,
 Shall conquer monsters, and reform the world.

Phæb. Some mortal, we presume, of Cadmus
 blood——

Some Theban beauty——

Jup. Yes, the fair Alcmena.

You too must be subservient to my purpose.
 Amphitryon, the brave Theban general,
 Has overcome his country's foes in fight,
 And in a single duel slain their king.
 His conquering troops are eager on their march,
 Returning home ; while their young general,
 More eager to review his beauteous wife,
 Posts on before, wing'd with impetuous love,
 And, by to-morrow's dawn, will reach this town.

Phæb. Then how are we to be employed this
 evening ?

Time's precious, and these summer nights are short ;
 I must be early up to light the world.

Jup. You shall not rise——There shall be no to-
 morrow.

Mer. Then the world's to be at an end, I find.

Phæb. Or else a gap in nature, of a day.

Jup. The night, if not restrain'd, too soon would
 pass ;

Too soon the dawn would bring Amphitryon back,
Whose place I mean to hold. And sure a day,
One day, will be well lost to busy man.

Night shall continue sleep, and care suspend :
So, many men shall live, and live in peace,
Whom sunshine had betray'd to envious sight,
And sight to sudden rage, and rage to death.

Phæb. I shall be curs'd by all the lab'ring trades
That early rise ; but you must be obey'd.

Jup. No matter for the cheating part of man ;
They have a day's sin less to answer for.

Phæb. When would you have me wake ?

Jup. Your brother Mercury shall bring you word.

[*Exit Phæbus in his chariot.*]

Now, Hermes, I must take Amphitryon's form ;
Thou must be Sosia, this Amphitryon's slave,
Who, all this night, is travelling to Thebes,
To tell Alcmena of her lord's approach,
And bring her joyful news of victory.

Mer. But why must I be Sosia ?

Jup. Dull god of wit—thou statue of thyself !
Thou must be Sosia, to keep out Sosia,
Whose entrance well might raise unruly noise,
And so distract Alcmena's tender soul,
She would not meet, with equal warmth, my love.

Mer. Let me alone ; I'll cudgel him away ;
But I abhor so villanous a shape.

Jup. Take it ; I charge thee, on thy duty, take it ;
Nor dare to lay it down, till I command thee.

NIGHT *appears above in her chariot.*

Look up; the Night is in her silent chariot,
And rolling just o'er Thebes. Bid her drive slowly,
Or make a double turn about the world;
While I drop Jove, and take Amphitryon's dress,
To be the greater, while I seem the less. [*Exit.*]

Mer. [*To Night.*] Madam Night, a good even to you. Fair and softly, I beseech you, madam; I have a word or two to you, from no less a god than Jupiter.

Night. Oh, my industrious and rhetorical friend, is it you? What makes you here upon earth at this unseasonable hour?

Merc. Why, I'll tell you presently; but first let me sit down; for I'm confoundedly tired.

Night. Fie, Mercury—sure your tongue runs before your wit, now. Does it become a god, think you, to say that he is tired?

Mer. Why, do you think the gods are made of iron?

Night. No; but you should always keep up the decorum of divinity in your conversation, and leave to mankind the use of such vulgar words as derogate from the dignity of immortality.

Mer. Ay, 'tis fine talking, faith, in that easy chariot of yours: you have a brace of fine geldings before you, and have nothing to do, but to touch the reins with your finger and thumb, throw yourself

back in your seat, and enjoy your ride wherever you please: but 'tis not so with me; I, who am the messenger of the gods, and traverse more ground, both in heaven and earth, than all of them put together, am, thanks to Fate, the only one that is not furnished with a vehicle.

Night. But if Fate has denied you a vehicle, she has bestowed wings upon your feet.

Mer. Yes, I thank her, that I might make the more haste; but does making more haste, keep me from being tired, d'ye think?

Night. Well, but to the business. What have you to say to me?

Mer. Why, as I told you, I have a message from Jupiter: it is his will and pleasure, that you muffle up this part of the world in your dark mantle, somewhat longer than usual at this time of the year.

Night. Why, what is to be done now?

Mer. Done!—Why, he is this night to be the progenitor of a demi-god, who shall destroy monsters, humble tyrants, and redress the injured; men are to become happy by his labours, and heroic by his example.

Night. Jupiter is very gracious indeed to mankind; but I am not much obliged to him for the honourable employment he has been pleased to assign me in this business?

Mer. Not obliged to him, madam?—Why so?—You was always a friend to mankind; and he might

reasonably think you would take pleasure in deserving their homage upon so important an occasion.

Night. Pleasure! What, in taking upon me the most odious character—a character that——

Mer. Come, come, madam; that is good of which good comes: this is a safe principle for us deities, whatever it is for mortals, who can no more see the consequences of their own actions, than what is doing behind your curtain.

Night. Sir, I beg pardon—I acknowledge, sir, that you are much better acquainted with these affairs than I am; and therefore will e'en accept of my employment, relying wholly upon your judgment.

Mer. Not so fast, good Madam Night; none of your inuendoes, if you please: you are reported not to be so shy as you pretend; and I know that you are the trusty confident of many a private treaty, and have as little to boast of, in some particulars, 'as I.

Night. Well, well, do not let us expose ourselves to the malicious laughter of mankind, by our quarrels.

Mer. About your business, then; put a spoke into your chariot-wheels, and order the seven stars to halt, while I put myself into the habit of a serving-man, and dress up a false Sosia, to wait upon a false Amphitryon. Good night, Night.

Night. My service to Jupiter. Farewell, Mercury.

[*Night goes backward. Exit Mercury.*]

SCENE II.

AMPHITRYON'S Palace. *Enter* ALCMENA.

Alc. Why was I married to the man I love?
 For, had he been indifferent to my choice,
 Or had been hated, absence had been pleasure:
 But now I fear for my Amphitryon's life.
 At home, in private, and secure from war,
 I am amidst an host of armed foes;
 Sustaining all his cares, pierced with his wounds;
 And, if he falls (which, oh, ye gods, avert!)
 Am in Amphitryon slain. Would I were there,
 And he were here—so might we change our fates,
 That he might grieve for me, and I might die for him.

Enter PHÆDRA, *running*.

Phæd. Good news, good news, madam—Oh, such
 admirable news, that if I kept it in a moment, I should
 burst with it.

Alc. Is it from the army?

Phæd. No matter.

Alc. From Amphitryon?

Phæd. No matter, neither.

Alc. Answer me, I charge thee, if thy good news
 be any thing relating to my lord; if it be, assure
 thyself of a reward.

Phæd. Ay, madam, now you say something to the
 matter. You know the business of a poor waiting-
 woman here upon earth, is to be scraping up some-

thing against a rainy day, called the day of marriage; every one in our own vocation. But what matter is it to me if my lord has routed the enemy, if I get nothing of their spoils?

Alc. Say, is my lord victorious?

Phæd. Why, he is victorious. Indeed I prayed devoutly to Jupiter for a victory; by the same token, that you should give me ten pieces of gold, if I brought you news of it.

Alc. They are thine; supposing he be safe too.

Phæd. Nay, that's a new bargain; for I vowed to Jupiter, that then you should give me ten pieces more. But I do undertake for my lord's safety, if you will please to discharge Jupiter of the debt, and take it upon you to pay.

Alc. When he returns in safety, Jupiter and I will pay your vow.

Phæd. And I am sure I articted with Jupiter, that if I brought you news, that my lord was upon return, you should grant me one small favour more, that will cost you nothing.

Alc. Make haste, thou torturer; is my Amphitryon upon return?

Phæd. Promise me that I shall be your bed-fellow to-night, as I have been ever since my lord's absence—unless I shall be pleased to release you of your word.

Alc. That's a small request; 'tis granted.

Phæd. But swear, by Jupiter.

Alc. I swear, by Jupiter.

Phæd. Then, I believe, he is victorious; and I know he is safe: for I looked through the key-hole, and saw him knocking at the gate.

Alc. And wouldst thou not open to him? Oh, thou traitress!

Phæd. No, I was a little wiser. I left Sosia's wife to let him in; for I was resolved to bring the news, and make my pennyworths out of him, as time shall shew.

Enter JUPITER in the shape of AMPHITRYON, with SOSIA'S wife, BROMIA. He kisses and embraces ALCMENA.

Jup. Oh, let me live for ever on those lips!
The nectar of the gods to these is tasteless.

I swear, that were I Jupiter, this night
I would renounce my Heav'n to be Amphitryon.

Alc. Then, not to swear beneath Amphitryon's oath,
(Forgive me Juno, if I am profane)
I swear, I would be what I am this night,
And be Alcmena, rather than be Juno.

Brom. Good, my lord—what's become of my poor bedfellow, your man, Sosia? What, I say, tho' I am a poor woman, I have a husband as well as my lady.

Phæd. And what have you done with your old friend, and my old sweetheart, Judge Gripus? If he be rich, I'll make him welcome, like an honourable magistrate; but if not——

Alc. My lord, you tell me nothing of the battle.

Is Thebes victorious? Are our foes destroy'd?
 For, now I find you safe, I should be glad
 To hear you were in danger.

Bram. [*Pulling him on one side.*] I asked the first
 question; answer me, my lord.

Phæd. [*Pulling him on t'other side.*] Peace! mine's
 a lover, and yours but a husband: and my judge is
 my lord too; the title shall take place, and I will be
 answered.

Jup. Sosia is safe—Gripus is rich—both coming—
 I rode before them with a lover's haste.—

Alc. Then I, it seems, am last to be regarded.

Jup. Not so, my love, but these obstreperous
 tongues

Have snatch'd their answers first—they will be heard.

Let us retire where none shall interrupt us;

I'll tell thee there the battle and success.

But I shall oft begin, and then break off;

For love will often interrupt my tale,

And make so sweet confusion in our talk,

That thou shalt ask, and I shall answer things,

That are not of a piece, but patch'd with kisses;

And nonsense shall be eloquent in love.

Alc. I am the fool of love, and find within me
 The fondness of a bride, without the fear.

My whole desires and wishes are in you,

Great Juno! thou, whose holy care presides

O'er wedded love, thy choicest blessings pour

On this auspicious night.

Jup. Juno may grudge; for she may fear a rival

In those bright eyes: but Jupiter will grant,
And doubly bless this night.

Phæd. [*Aside.*] But Jupiter should ask my leave first.

Alc. Bromia, prepare the chamber;
The tedious journey has dispos'd my lord
To seek his needful rest. [*Exit Bromia.*]

Phæd. 'Tis very true, madam; the poor gentleman must needs be weary; and, therefore, 'twas not ill contrived that he must lie alone to-night.

Alc. [*To Jup.*] I must confess, I made a kind of promise.

Phæd. [*Almost crying*] A kind of promise, do you call it? I see you would fain be coming off. I am sure you swore to me, by Jupiter, that I should be your bedfellow; and I'll accuse you to him too, the first prayers I make; and I'll pray on purpose too, that I will.

Jup. Oh, the malicious hilding!

Alc. I did swear, indeed, my lord.

Jup. Forswear thyself; for Jupiter but laughs
At lovers perjuries.

Phæd. The more shame for him, if he does.

Jup. Alcmena, come——

Alc. [*Sighing.*] She has my oath;
And sure she may release it, if she pleases——

Phæd. Why, truly, madam, I am not cruel in my nature to poor distressed lovers; for it may be my own case another day: and, therefore, if my lord pleases to consider me——

Jup. Any thing, any thing! but name thy wish, and have it——

Phæd. Ay, now you say, any thing, any thing! but you would tell me another story to-morrow morning. Look you, my lord, here's a hand open to receive: you know the meaning of it.

Jup. Thou shalt have all the treasury of heaven.

Phæd. Yes, when you are Jupiter to dispose of it. You have got some part of the enemies spoil, I warrant you——I see a little trifling diamond upon your finger; and I am proud enough to think that it would become mine too.

Jup. Here, take it.

[*Taking a ring off his finger, and giving it.*

This is a very woman:

Her sex is avarice, and she, in one,
Is all her sex.

Phæd. Ay, ay, 'tis no matter what you say of us. Go, get you together, you naughty couple——To-morrow morning I shall have another fee for parting you. [*Phædra goes out before Alcmena with a light.*

Jup. Now, for one night, I leave the world to Fate; Love is alone my great affair of state.

This night let all my altars smoke in vain,
And man, unheeded, praise me, or complain.

Yet if, in some short intervals of rest,
By some fond youth an am'rous vow's address,

His pray'r is in an happy hour preferr'd;

And when Jove loves, a lover shall be heard. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Night-Scene of a Palace. SOSIA with a dark Lantern: MERCURY, in SOSIA'S Shape, with a dark Lantern also.

Sosia.

WAS not the devil in my master, to send me out this dreadful dark night, to bring the news of his victory to my lady? And was not I possessed with ten devils for going on his errand without a convoy for the safeguard of my person? Lord, how am I melted into sweat with fear! I am diminished of my natural weight above two stone. I shall not bring half myself home again, to my poor wife and family. Well, the greatest plague of a serving-man is to be hired to some great lord. They care not what drudgery they put upon us, while they lie lolling at their ease-a-bed, and stretch their lazy limbs in expectation of the whore which we are fetching for them. The better sort of them will say, Upon my honour, at every word: yet, ask them for our wages, and they plead the privilege of their honour, and will not pay us; nor let us take our privilege of the law upon them. These are a very hopeful sort of patriots, to stand up as they do for liberty and property of the subject. There's conscience for you!

Mer. [Aside.] This fellow has something of the republican spirit in him.

Sos. [*Looking about him.*] Stay; this, methinks, should be our house. And I should thank the gods now for bringing me safe home. But I think I had as good let my devotions alone till I have got the reward for my good news, and then thank them once for all; for, if I praise them before I am safe within doors, some damn'd mastiff dog may come out and worry me; and then my thanks are thrown away upon them.

Mer. [*Aside.*] Thou art a wicked rogue, and wilt have thy bargain before-hand: therefore, thou get'st not into the house this night; and thank me accordingly as I use thee.

Sos. Now I am to give my lady an account of my lord's victory; 'tis good to exercise my parts beforehand, and file my tongue into eloquent expressions, to tickle her ladyship's imagination.

Mer. [*Aside.*] Good! and here's the god of eloquence to judge of thy oration.

Sos. [*Setting down his lantern.*] This lantern, for once, shall be my lady; because she is the lamp of all beauty and perfection.

Mer. Excellent!

Sos. Then thus I make my addresses to her. [*Bows.*] Madam, my lord has chosen me out, as the most faithful, though the most unworthy of his followers, to bring your ladyship this following account of our glorious expedition.—Then she—Oh, my poor Sosia [*in a shrill tone.*] how am I overjoyed to see thee!—She can say no less—Madam, you do me too much

honour, and the world will envy me this glory—
Well answered on my side—And how does my lord
Amphitryon?—Madam, he always does like a man
of courage, when he is called by honour—There,
I think, I nick'd it—But, when will he return?—
As soon as possibly he can; but not so soon as his
impatient heart could wish him with your ladyship.

Mer. [*Aside.*] When Thebes is an university, thou
deservest to be their orator.

Sos. But what does he do, and what does he say?
Pr'ythee, tell me something more of him—He al-
ways says less than he does, madam; and his ene-
mies have found it to their cost—Where the devil
did I learn these elegancies and gallantries?

Mer. So; he has all the natural endowments of a
fop, and only wants the education.

Sos. [*Staring up to the sky.*] What, is the devil in
the night? She's as long as two nights. The seven
stars are just where they were seven hours ago.—
High day—high night, I mean, by my favour.—
What, has Phœbus been playing the good-fellow, and
over-slept himself, that he forgets his duty to us
mortals?

Mer. How familiarly the rascal treats us gods! but
I shall make him alter his tone immediately.

[*Mercury comes nearer, and stands just before him.*

Sos. [*Seeing him, and starting back. Aside.*] How
now! What, do my eyes dazzle, or is my dark lan-
tern false to me? Is not that a giant before our door,
or a ghost of somebody slain in the late battle? If he

be, 'tis unconscionably done to fright an honest man thus, who never drew weapon wrathfully in all his life. Whatever wight he be, I am devilishly afraid, that's certain; but 'tis discretion to keep my own counsel. I'll sing, that I may seem valiant.

[*Sosia sings; and as Mercury speaks, by little and little drops his voice.*]

Mer. What saucy companion is this, that deafens us with his hoarse voice? What midnight ballad-singer have we here? I shall teach the villain to leave off catter-wawling.

Sos. I would I had courage for his sake, that I might teach him to call my singing catter-wawling—An illiterate rogue; an enemy to the muses and to music.

Mer. There is an ill savour that offends my nostrils; and it wafteth this way.

Sos. He has smelt me out. My fear has betrayed me into this savour—I am a dead man—The bloody villain is at his fee, fa, fum, already.

Mer. Stand: who goes there?

Sos. A friend.

Mer. What friend?

Sos. Why, a friend to all the world that will give me leave to live peaceably.

Mer. I defy peace and all its works—My arms are out of exercise; they have mauled nobody these three days: I long for an honourable occasion to pound a man, and lay him asleep at the first buffet.

Sos. [*Aside.*] That would almost do me a kindness;

for I have been kept waking, without tipping one wink of sleep, these three nights.

Mer. Of what quality are you, fellow?

Sos. Why, I am a man, fellow—Courage, Sosia—

Mer. What kind of a man?

Sos. Why, a two-legged man; what man should I be? [*Aside.*] I must bear up to him; he may prove as errant a milksop as myself.

Mer. Thou art a coward, I warrant thee; do I not hear thy teeth chatter in thy head?

Sos. Ay, ay, that's only a sign they would be snapping at thy nose—[*Aside.*] Bless me, what an arm and fist he has! with great thumbs too, and golls and knuckle-bones of a very butcher.

Mer. Sirrah, from whence come you, and whither go you? Answer me directly, upon pain of assassination.

Sos. I am coming from whence I came, and am going whither I go; that's directly home. Tho' this is somewhat an uncivil manner of proceeding, at the first sight of a man, let me tell you.

Mer. Then, to begin our better acquaintance, let me first make you a present of this small box o' the ear—— [*Strikes him.*]

Sos. If I were as choleric a fool as you are, now, here would be fine work betwixt us two; but I am a little better bred than to disturb the sleeping neighbourhood; and so good-night, friend—— [*Going.*]

Mer. [*Stopping him.*] Hold, sir; you and I must not part so easily. Once more, whither are you going?

Sos. Why, I am going as fast as I can, to get out of the reach of your clutches. Let me but only knock at that door there.

Mer. What business have you at that door, sirrah?

Sos. This is our house; and when I'm got in I'll tell you more.

Mer. Whose house is this, sauciness, that you are so familiar with to call it ours?

Sos. 'Tis mine, in the first place; and next, my master's; for I lie in the garret, and he lies under me.

Mer. Have your master and you no names, sirrah?

Sos. His name is Amphitryon——Hear that, and tremble.

Mer. What, my lord general?

Sos. Oh! has his name mollified you? I have brought you down a peg lower already, friend.

Mer. And your name is——

Sos. Lord, friend, you are so very troublesome——What should my name be but Sosia?

Mer. How, Sosia, say you: how long have you taken up that name, sirrah?

Sos. Here's a fine question! Why, I never took it up, friend; it was born with me.

Mer. What, was your name born Sosia? Take this remembrance for that lie. [Beats him.

Sos. Hold, friend; you are so very flippant with your hands, you won't hear reason. What offence has my name done you, that you should beat me for it? S, O, S, I, A; they are as civil, honest, harmless letters, as any are in the whole alphabet.

Mer. I have no quarrel to the name, but that 'tis e'en too good for you, and 'tis none of yours.

Sos. What, am not I Sosia, say you?

Mer. No.

Sos. I should think you are somewhat merrily disposed, if you had not beaten me in such sober sadness. You would persuade me out of my heathen name, would you?

Mer. Say you are Sosia again, at your peril, sirrah.

Sos. I dare say nothing; but thought is free. But, whatever I am called, I am Amphitryon's man, and the first letter of my name is S too. You had best tell me that my master did not send me home to my lady, with news of his victory.

Mer. I say he did not.

Sos. Lord, lord, friend, one of us two is horribly given to lying!—But I do not say which of us, to avoid contention.

Mer. I say my name is Sosia, and yours is not.

Sos. I wish you could make good your words; for then I should not be beaten, and you should.

Mer. I find you would be Sosia, if you durst—
“but if I catch you thinking so——

“*Sos.* I hope I may think I was Sosia; and I can
“find no difference between my former self and my
“present self; but that I was plain Sosia before, and
“now I am lac'd Sosia.”

Mer. Take this for being so impudent to think so.

[Beats him.]

Sos. [Kneeling.] Truce a little, I beseech thee. I

would be a stock or a stone now, by my good will, and would not think at all for self-preservation. But will you give me leave to argue the matter fairly with you, and promise me to depose that cudgel, if I can prove myself to be that man that I was before I was beaten.

“ *Mer.* Well, proceed in safety. I promise you I will not beat you.

“ *Sos.* In the first place, then, is not this town called Thebes?

“ *Mer.* Undoubtedly.

“ *Sos.* And is not this house Amphitryon’s?

“ *Mer.* Who denies it?

“ *Sos.* I thought you would have denied that too; for all hang upon a string. Remember then, that these two preliminary articles are already granted. In the next place, did not the aforesaid Amphitryon beat the Teleboans, kill their king, Pterelas, and send a certain servant, meaning somebody, that for sake’s sake shall be nameless, with news of his victory, and of his resolution to return to-morrow?

“ *Mer.* This is all true, to a very tittle: but who is that certain servant? there’s all the question.

“ *Sos.* Is it peace or war betwixt us?

“ *Mer.* Peace.

“ *Sos.* I dare not wholly trust that abominable cudgel. But ’tis a certain friend of yours and mine that had a certain name before he was beaten out of it. But if you are a man that depend not altogether upon force and brutality, but somewhat also

“ upon reason, now do you bring better proofs that
“ you are that same certain man ; and in order to it,
“ answer me to certain questions.

“ *Mer.* I say I am Sosia, Amphitryon’s man.
“ What reason have you to urge against it ?

“ *Sos.* What was your father’s name ?

“ *Mer.* Davus ; who was an honest husbandman,
“ whose sister’s name was Harpage, that was married
“ and died in a foreign country.

“ *Sos.* So far you are right, I must confess ; and
“ your wife’s name is——

“ *Mer.* Bromia—a devilish shrew of her tongue,
“ and a vixen of her hands, that leads me a mise-
“ rable life——

“ *Sos.* By many a sorrowful token. This must be I.

“ *Mer.* I was once taken upon suspicion of burg-
“ lary, and was whipped through Thebes, and brand-
“ ed for my pains.

“ *Sos.* Right me again. But if you are I, as I be-
“ gin to suspect, that whipping and branding might
“ have been passed over in silence for both our cre-
“ dits.”——And yet, now I think on’t, if I am I,
(as I am I) he cannot be I. All these circumstances
he might have heard ; but I will now interrogate him
upon some private passages. [*Aside.*] What was
Amphitryon’s share of the booty ?

Mer. A buckle of diamonds, consisting of five
large stones, which was worn as an ornament by
Pterelas.

Sos. What does he intend to do with it ?

Mer. To present it to his wife, Alcmena.

Sos. And where is it now ?

Mer. In a case, sealed with my master's coat of arms.

Sos. This is prodigious, I confess!—but yet 'tis nothing, now I think on't; for some false brother may have revealed it to him. [*Aside.*]—But I have another question to ask you, of somewhat that passed only betwixt myself and me—if you are Sosia, what were you doing in the heat of battle ?

Mer. What a wise man should, that has a respect for his own person. I ran into our tent, and hid myself amongst the baggage.

Sos. [*Aside.*] Such another cutting answer, and I must provide myself of another name. [*To him.*] And how did you pass your time in that same tent?— You need not answer to every circumstance so exactly now; you must lie a little, that I may think you the more me.

Mer. That cunning shall not serve your turn, to circumvent me out of my name. I am for plain naked truth—There stood a hogshhead of old wine, which my lord reserved for his own drinking—

Sos. [*Aside.*] Oh, the devil! As sure as death he must have hid himself in that hogshhead, or he could never have known that.

Mer. And by that hogshhead, upon the ground, there lay the kind inviter and provoker of good drinking—

Sos. Nay, now I have caught you—there was neither inviter nor provoker; for I was all alone.

Mer. A lusty gammon of——

Sos. Bacon!——That word has quite made an end of me——Let me see——This must be I, in spite of me——But let me view him nearer.

[*Walks about Mercury with his dark lantern.*]

Mer. What are you walking about me for, with your dark lantern?

Sos. No harm, friend; I am only surveying a parcel of earth here that I find we two are about to bargain for.—[*Aside.*] He's damnable like me, that's certain.—*Imprimis*, there's the patch upon my nose, with a pox to him—*Item*, a very foolish face, with a long chin at the end on't—*Item*, one pair of shambling legs, with two splay feet belonging to them.—And—*summa totalis*—from head to foot all my body apparel.—[*To Mer.*] Well, you are Sosia: there's no denying it. But what am I then? for my mind misgives me I am somebody still, if I knew but who I were.

Mer. When I have a mind to be Sosia no more, then thou may'st be Sosia again.

Sos. I have but one request more to thee——that, though not as Sosia, yet, as a stranger, I may go into that house, and carry a civil message to my lady.

Mer. No, sirrah; not being Sosia, you have no message to deliver, nor lady in this house.

Sos. Thou canst not be so barbarous, to let me lie in the streets all night, after such a journey and such a beating: and therefore I am resolved to knock at the door in my own defence.

Mer. If you come near the door, I recall my word, and break off the truce—and then expect—

[*Holds up his cudgel.*]

Sos. No, the devil take me if I do expect—I have felt too well what sour fruit that crab-tree bears: I'll rather beat it back upon the hoof to my Lord Amphitryon, to see if he will acknowledge me for Sosia: if he does not, then I am no longer his slave; there's my freedom dearly purchased with a sore drubbing: if he does acknowledge me, then I am Sosia again; so far 'tis tolerably well: but then I shall have a second drubbing for an unfortunate ambassador as I am; and that's intolerable. [*Exit.*]

Mer. I have fobbed his excellency pretty well. Now let him return, and make the best of his credentials. But here comes Jupiter.

Enter JUPITER leading ALCMENA, followed by PHÆDRA, Pages with torches before them.

Jup. Those torches are offensive; stand aloof:

[*To the Pages.*]

For tho' they bless me with thy heav'nly sight,

[*To her.*]

They may disclose the secret I would hide.

The Thebans must not know I have been here;

Detracting crouds would blame me, that I stole

These happy moments from my public charge,

To consecrate to thee; and I could wish

That none were witness of the theft, but she

By whom it is approv'd—

Alc. So long an absence, and so short a stay!
 What, but one night? One night of joy and love,
 Could only pay one night of cares and fears;
 And all the rest are an uncanceled sum.

Jup. Alcmena, I must go.

Alc. Not yet, my lord.

Jup. Indeed I must.

Alc. Indeed, you shall not go.

Jup. Behold the ruddy streaks o'er yonder hill!
 Those are the blushes of the breaking morn,
 That kindle day-light to this nether world.

Alc. No matter for the day; it was but made
 To number out the hours of busy men.
 Let them be busy still, and still be wretched;
 And take their fill of anxious drudging day:
 But you and I will draw our curtains close,
 Extinguish day-light, and shut out the sun.
 Stay, then, my lord—I'll bribe you with this kiss.

Mer. [*Aside.*] That's a plaguy little devil.—
 "What a roguish eye she has!—I begin to like her
 "strangely. She's the perquisite of my place, too;
 "for my lady's waiting woman is the proper tees of
 "my lord's chief gentleman."

Jup. A bribe, indeed, that soon will bring me back;
 Though now it is not possible to stay.

Alc. Not possible!—Alas, how short is life,
 If we compute alone those happy hours
 In which we wish to live! "Our seventy years
 "Are fill'd with pains, diseases, wants and woes,
 "And only dash'd with love—a little love!"

" Sprinkled by fits, and with a sparing hand.
 " Count all our joys, from childhood ev'n to age,
 " They would but make a day of every year.
 " Oh, would the gods comprise the quintessence
 " In seventy days, and take the rest away!"

Jup. By Heav'n, thy ev'ry word and look, Alcmena,
 Fans the fierce flame thy charms have kindled here.
 My love, increas'd by thine, as fire by fire,
 Mounts with more ardour in a brighter blaze.
 But yet one scruple pains me at my parting;
 I love so nicely, that I cannot bear
 To owe my pleasures to submissive duty:
 Tell me, and sooth my passion, that you give them
 All to the lover, and forget the husband.

" *Alc.* And yet, my lord, the husband's right alone
 " Can justify the love that burns for you:
 " Nor do I suffer aught that would suggest
 " The scruple which your fond desire has raised.

" *Jup.* Oh, that you lov'd like me! then you would
 " find

" A thousand thousand niceties in love.
 " The common love of sex to sex is brutal:
 " But love refin'd will fancy to itself
 " Millions of gentle cares, and sweet disquiets.
 " The being happy is not half the joy;
 " The manner of the happiness is all.

" *Alc.* Confessing that you love and are belov'd,
 " Rest happy in that thought, nor wish to lose
 " The right that consecrates the lover's joy.

" *Jup.* I am at once a lover and an husband;

" But as a lover only I am happy :
 " A lover, jealous of a husband's right;
 " By which he scorns to claim; whose tend'rest joy
 " Must all be giv'n, not paid. Oh! my Alcmena,
 " Indulge the lover's wishes, thus refin'd,
 " Divide him from the husband, give to each
 " What each requires, thy virtue to the husband,
 " And on the lover lavish all thy love."

Alc. I comprehend not what you mean, my lord :
 But only love me still, and love me thus,
 And think me such as best may please your thought.

Jup. There's mystery of love in all I say :
 But duty, cruel duty, tears me from thee.
 Howe'er, indulge at least this small request——
 When next you see your husband, dear Alcmena,
 Think of your lover then.

Alc. Oh! let me ne'er divide what Heav'n has
 join'd——
 Husband and lover both are dear to me.

Jup. Farewell.

Alc. Farewell.——But will you soon return?

Jup. I will, believe me, with a lover's haste.

*[Exeunt Jupiter and Alcmena severally: Phædra
 follows her.]*

Mer. Now I should follow him; but Love has laid
 a lime twig for me, and made a lame god of me.——
 Yet why should I love this Phædra? She's mercenary,
 and a jilt into the bargain. Three thousand years
 hence, there will be a whole nation of such women,
 in a certain country that will be called France; and

there's a neighbour island too, where the men will be all interest—Oh, what a precious generation will that be, which the men of the island shall propagate out of the women of the continent!

Re-enter PHÆDRA.

And so much for prophecy; for she's here again, and I must love her, in spite of me.

Phæd. Well, Sosia, and how go matters?

Mer. Our army is victorious.

Phæd. And my servant, Judge Gripus?

Mer. A voluptuous gormand.

Phæd. But has he gotten wherewithal to be voluptuous? Is he wealthy?

Mer. He sells justice as he uses—fleeces the rich rebels, and hangs up the poor.

Phæd. Then, while he has money he may make love to me. Has he sent me no token?

Mer. Yes, a kiss; and by the same token I am to give it you, as a remembrance from him.

Phæd. How now, impudence? A beggarly serving-man presume to kiss me!

Mer. Suppose I were a god, and should make love to you?

Phæd. I would first be satisfied whether you were a poor god or a rich god.

Mer. Suppose I were Mercury, the god of merchandise?

Phæd. What, the god of small wares and fripperies, of pedlars and pilferers?

Mer. [*Aside.*] How the gipsy despises me!

Phæd. I had rather you were Plutus, the god of money; or Jupiter, in a golden shower. There was a god for us women! He had the art of making love. Dost thou think that kings, or gods either, get mistresses by their good faces? No, 'tis the gold and the presents they can make: there's the prerogative they have over their fair subjects.

Mer. All this notwithstanding, I must tell you, pretty Phædra, I am desperately in love with you.

Phæd. And I must tell thee, ugly Sosia, thou hast not wherewithal to be in love.

Mer. Yes, a poor man may be in love, I hope?

Phæd. I grant, a poor rogue may be in love; but he can never make love. Alas, Sosia, thou hast neither face to invite me, nor youth to please me, nor gold to bribe me; and, besides all this, thou hast a wife.——Poor, miserable Sosia!——What, ho, Bromia!

Mer. Oh, thou merciless creature! why dost thou conjure up that sprite of a wife?

Phæd. To rid myself of that devil of a poor lover. Since you are so lovingly disposed, I'll put you together. What, Bromia, I say, make haste.

Mer. Since thou wilt call her, she shall have all the cargo I have gotten in the wars.

Phæd. Why, what have you gotten good gentleman soldier, besides a legion of—— [*Snaps her fingers.*]

Mer. When the enemy was routed, I had the plundering of a tent.

Phæd. That's to say, a house of canvas, with moveables of straw — Make haste, Bromia.

Mer. But it was the general's own tent.

Phæd. You durst not fight, I'm certain; and therefore came last in, when the rich plunder was gone before-hand — Will you come, Bromia?

Mer. Pr'ythee, do not call so loud.— A great goblet, that holds a gallon—

Phæd. Of what was that goblet made? Answer quickly; for I'm just calling very loud— Bro—

Mer. Of beaten gold. Now call aloud, if thou dost not like the metal.

Phæd. Bromia!

[*Very softly.*]

Mer. That struts in this fashion, with his arms a-kimbo, like a city magistrate; and a great bouncing belly, like a hostess with child of a kilderkin of wine. Now what say you to that present, Phædra?

Phæd. Why, I'm considering—

Mer. What, I pr'ythee?

Phæd. Why, how to divide the business equally; to take the gift, and refuse the giver, thou art so damnablely ugly and so old.

Mer. [*Aside*] Oh, that I was not confined to this ungodly shape to day! But Gripus is as old and as ugly too.

Phæd. But Gripus is a person of quality, and my lady's uncle; and if he marries me, I shall take place of my lady. Hark, your wife! she has sent her tongue before her. I hear the thunder-clap already; there's a storm approaching.

Mer. Yes, of thy brewing, I thank thee for it. Oh, how I should hate thee now, if I could leave loving thee!

Phæd. Not a word of the dear golden goblet, as you hope for—you know what, Sosia.

Mer. You give me hope then—

Phæd. Not absolutely hope neither: but gold is a great cordial in love matters; and the more you apply of it, the better.—[*Aside.*] I am honest, that's certain; but when I weigh my honesty against the goblet, I am not quite resolved on which side the scale will turn. [Exit Phædra.

Mer. [*Aloud.*] Farewell, Phædra; remember me to my wife, and tell her—

Enter BROMIA.

Brom. Tell her what? traitor! that you are going away without seeing her.

Mer. That I am doing my duty, and following my master.

Brom. Umph—so brisk too! Your master could leave his army in the lurch, and come galloping home at midnight, and steal to bed as quietly as any mouse, I warrant you: my master knew what belonged to a married life; but you, sirrah—you trencher-carrying rascal! you worse than dunghill cock! that stood clapping your wings and crowing without doors, when you should have been at roost, you villain!—

Mer. Hold your peace, dame Partlet, and leave

your cackling: my master charged me to stand sentry without doors.

Brom. My master! I dare swear thou bely'st him; my master's more a gentleman than to lay such an unreasonable command upon a poor distressed married couple, and after such an absence too. No; there's no comparison between my master and thee, thou sneaksby!

Mer. No more than there is betwixt my lady and you, Bromia. You and I have had our time in a civil way, spouse, and much good love has been betwixt us: but we have been married fifteen years, I take it; and that houghty toighty businesss ought, in conscience, to be over.

Brom. Marry come up, my saucy companion! I am neither old nor ugly enough to have that said to me.

Mer. But will you hear reason, Bromia? My lord and my lady are yet in a manner bride and bridegroom:—do but think in decency, what a jest it would be to the family, to see two venerable old married people ogling and leering, and sighing out fine tender things to one another!

Brom. How now, traitor! darest thou maintain that I am past the age of having fine things said to me?

Mer. Not so, my dear; but certainly I am past the age of saying them.

Brom. Thou deservest not to be yoked with a woman of honour, as I am, thou perjured villain!

Mer. Ay, you are too much a woman of honour, to my sorrow: many a poor husband would be glad to compound for less honour in his wife, and more quiet. Be honest and continent in thy tongue, and do thy worst with every thing else about thee.

Brom. Thou wouldst have me a woman of the town, wouldst thou! to be always speaking my husband fair, to make him digest his cuckoldom more easily: wouldst thou be a wittal, with a vengeance to thee? I am resolved I'll scour thy hide for that word. *[Holds up her ladle at him.]*

Mer. Thou wilt not strike thy lord and husband, wilt thou? *[She courses him about; Mercury running about.]—[Aside]* Was ever poor deity so hen-pecked as I am! Nay, then 'tis time to charm her asleep with my enchanted rod—before I am disgraced or ravished—

[Plucks out his caduceus, and strikes her upon the shoulder with it.]

Brom. What, art thou rebelling against thy anointed wife! I'll make thee—How now!—What, has the rogue bewitched me! I grow dull and stupid on the sudden—I can neither stir hand nor foot—*[Yawning.]*—I can't so much as wag my tongue—neither; and that's the last living part about a—woman— *[Falls down.]*

Mer. *[Alone.]* Lord, what have I suffered, for being but a counterfeit married man one day! If ever I come to his house as a husband again—then—And yet that then was a lie too—For while I am in

love with this young gipsy, Phædra, I must return
 ——But lie thou there, thou type of Juno; thou
 that wantest nothing of her tongue, but the immorta-
 lity. If Jupiter ever let thee set foot where she is,
 Juno will have a rattling second of thee.

*For two such tongues will break the poles asunder;
 And, hourly scolding, make perpetual thunder.* [Exit.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

*Before AMPHITRYON'S Palace. Enter AMPHITRYON
 and SOSIA.*

Amphitryon.

Now, sirrah, follow me into the house—thou shalt
 be convinced at thy own cost, villain.—What hor-
 rible lies hast thou told me!—such improbabilities,
 such stuff, such nonsense!

Sos. I am but a slave, and you are master; and a
 poor man is always to lie, when a rich man is pleased
 to contradict him: but as sure as this is our house—

Amph. So sure 'tis thy place of execution.

Sos. Hold, dear sir—if I must have a second beat-
 ing, in conscience let me strip first, that I may shew
 you the black and blue streaks upon my sides and
 shoulders.—I am sure I suffered them in your
 service.

Amph. To what purpose wouldst thou shew them?

Sos. Why, to the purpose that you may not strike me upon the sore places; and that as he beat me the last night cross-ways, so you would please to beat me long-ways, to make clean work on't—that at least my skin may 'look like chequer-work.

Amph. This request is too reasonable to be refused: but, that all things may be done in order, tell me over again the same story, with all the circumstances of thy commission; that a blow may follow in due form for every lie. To repetition, rogue, to repetition.

Sos. No, it shall be all lie if you please, and I'll eat my words to save my shoulders.

Amph. Ay, sirrah—now you find you are to be disproved; but 'tis too late: to repetition, rogue, to repetition.

Sos. With all my heart—to any repetition but the cudgel.—But would you be pleased to answer me one civil question:—Am I to use complaisance to you, as to a great person, that will have all things said your own way; or am I to tell you the naked truth alone, without the ceremony of a farther beating?

Amph. Nothing but the truth, and the whole truth; so help thee, cudgel.

Sos. That's a damned conclusion of a sentence——But since it must be so——Back and sides, at your own peril——I set out from the port in an unlucky hour; I went darkling, and whistling, to keep

myself from being afraid ; mumbling curses betwixt my teeth, for being sent at such an unnatural time of night——

Amph. How, sirrah, cursing and swearing against your lord and master! take—— [*Going to strike.*]

Sos. Hold, sir——pray consider, if this be not unreasonable, to strike me for telling the whole truth, when you commanded me——I'll fall into my old dog-trot of lying again, if this must come of plain dealing.

Amph. To avoid impertinences, make an end of your journey, and come to the house : what found you there ?

Sos. I found before the door a swingeing fellow, in all my shapes and features, and accoutred also in my habit.

“ *Amph.* Who was that fellow ?

“ *Sos.* Who should it be, but another Sosia ! a certain kind of another me : who knew all my unfortunate commission, precisely to a word, as well as
“ I, Sosia ; as being sent by yourself from the port,
“ upon the same errand to Alcmena.

“ *Amph.* What gross absurdities are these ?

“ *Sos.* Oh lord, Oh lord ! what absurdities——as
“ plain as any pack-staff. That other me, had posted
“ himself there before me, me.——You won't give a
“ man leave to speak poetically, now ; or else I would
“ say, that I was arrived at the door, before I came
“ thither.

“ *Amph.* This must either be a dream, or drunkenness, or madness in thee.—Leave your buffooning and lying: I am not in humour to bear it, sirrah.

“ *Sos.*” I would you should know I scorn a lie, and am a man of honour in every thing, but just fighting—I tell you once again, in plain sincerity and simplicity of heart—that, before last night, I never took myself but for one single individual, Sosia; but, coming to our door, I found myself, I know not how, divided—and, as it were, split into two Sosias.

Amph. Leave buffooning: I see you would make me laugh; but you play the fool scurvily.

Sos. That may be: but if I am a fool, I am not the only fool in this company.

Amph. How now, impudence? I shall—

Sos. Be not in wrath, sir—I meant not you. I cannot possibly be the only fool; for if I am one fool, I must certainly be two fools; because, as I told you, I am double.

Amph. That one should be two is very probable!—A man had need of patience to endure this gibberish—be brief, and come to a conclusion.

Sos. What would you have, sir?—I came thither, but the t’other I was there before me; for that there were two I’s, is as certain as that I have two eyes in this head of mine. This I, that am here, was weary: the t’other I was fresh. This I was peaceable: and t’other I was a hectoring bully I.

Amph. And thou expectest I should believe thee? —

Sos. No, I am not so unreasonable; for I could never have believed it myself, if I had not been well beaten into it: but a cudgel, you know, is a convincing argument, in a brawny fist. — What shall I say, but that I was compelled at last to acknowledge myself? I found that he was very I, without fraud, cozen, or deceit. — Besides, I viewed myself, as in a mirror, from head to foot — he was handsome, of a noble presence, a charming air, loose and free in all his motions — and saw he was so much I, that I should have reason to be better satisfied with my own person, if his hands had not been a little of the heaviest.”

Amph. Once again to a conclusion: say you passed by him, and entered into the house.

Sos. I am a friend to truth, and say no such thing: he defended the door, and I could not enter.

Amph. How, not enter?

Sos. Why, how should I enter? — unless I were a sprite to glide by him, and shoot myself through locks and bolts, and two-inch boards?

Amph. Oh, coward! — Didst thou not attempt to pass —

Sos. Yes: — and was repulsed, and beaten for my pains.

Amph. Who beat thee?

Sos. I beat me.

Amph. Didst thou beat thyself?

Sos. I don't mean I, here : but the absent me beat me here present.

Amph. There's no end of this intricate piece of nonsense.

Sos. 'Tis only nonsense, because I speak it who am a poor fellow ; but it would be sense, and substantial sense, if a great man said it, that was backed with a title, and the eloquence of ten thousand pounds a year.

Amph. No more, but let us enter——Hold!——my Alcmena is coming out, and has prevented me.—How strangely will she be surprised to see me here, so unexpectedly!

Enter ALCMENA and PHÆDRA.

Alc. [To Phædra.] Make haste after me to the temple, that we may thank the gods for this glorious success which Amphitryon has had against the rebels. Oh, Heaven!

[Seeing h:m.]

Amph. Those Heav'ns, and all the blest inhabitants,

[Saluting her.]

Grant, that the sweet rewarder of my pains
May still be kind, as on our nuptial night.

Alc. So soon return'd!

Amph. So soon return'd!——Is this my welcome home?

[Stepping back.]

So soon return'd—says I am come unwish'd!

This is no language of desiring love :

Love reckons hours for months, and days for years ;

And every little absence is an age.

Alc. What says my lord ?

Amph. No, my Alcmena, no :

True love by its impatience measures time,
And the dear object never comes too soon.

Alc. Nor ever came you so, nor ever shall :
But you yourself are chang'd from what you were,
“ Pall'd in desires, and surfeited of bliss ;”
Not such as when last night at your return,
I flew with transport to your clasping arms.

Amph. How's this ?

Alc. Did you not read your welcome in my eyes ?
Did you not hear it in my falt'ring voice ?
Did not the pleasing tumult shake my frame,
Nature's spontaneous proof of sudden joy,
Which no false love can feign ?

Amph. What's this you tell me ?

Alc. Far short of truth, by Heav'n !
My proofs of joy, with joy you then receiv'd,
And gave with usury back. At break of day
You left me with a sigh ; you now return,
Though not unwish'd, yet surely unexpected ;
And why should my surprise be thought a crime ?

Amph. I left you with a sigh at break of day !

Alc. Yes, for the camp.——Have you forgot,
Amphitryon ?

Amph. Or have you dream'd, Alcmena ?
Perhaps some kind, revealing deity,
Has whisper'd, in your sleep, the pleasing news
Of my return, and you believ'd it real.

Alc. Some melancholy vapour, sure, has seiz'd

Your brain, Amphitryon, and disturb'd your sense:
 Or yesternight is not so long a time,
 But you might spare my blushes, and remember
 How kind a welcome to my arms I gave you.

Amph. I thank you for my melancholy vapour.

Alc. 'Tis but a just requital for my dream.

Phæd. If my master thinks fit thus to angle for a
 quarrel, I think he had no great reason to come back.

[*In the mean time Amphitryon and Alcmena walk by
 themselves, and frown at each other as they meet.*]

Amph. You dare not justify it to my face.

Alc. Not what?

Amph. That I return'd before this hour.

Alc. You dare not, sure, deny you came last night,
 And staid till break of day.

Amph. Oh, impudence!—Why, Sosia!

Sos. Nay, I say nothing; for all things here may
 go by enchantment (as they did with me) for aught I
 know.

Alc. Speak, Phædra, was he here?

Phæd. You know, madam, I am but a chamber-
 maid; and by my place, I am to forget all that was
 done over night in love matters—unless my mas-
 ter please to rub up my memory with another dia-
 mond.

Amph. Now, in the name of all the gods, Alcmena,
 A little recollect your scatter'd thoughts,
 And weigh what you have said.

Alc. I weigh'd it well, Amphitryon, ere I spoke;
 And she, and Bromia, all the slaves and servants,

Can witness they beheld you when you came :
 If other proof be wanting, tell me how
 I came to know your fight, your victory,
 The death of Pierelas in single combat ?——

Amph. [*Turning angrily to Sosia.*] Now, rascal!—
 you did not get into the house
 And deliver my message, did you ?

[*Going to strike him.*]

Sos. Hold, sir, for the sake of truth and mercy!—
 Dear madam ? [*To Alcmena.*] as your gentle nature
 is a friend to distressed innocence, interpose in my
 behalf.

Alc. [*To Amph.*] Why will you not, Amphitryon,
 answer me ?

What in my question can have turn'd your rage
 On this poor slave ?

Amph. What but gross falsehoods, which he forg'd
 to mock me ?

And you abet him——But for this——

[*Is again going to strike Sosia.*]

Sos. Nay, dear sir, do not punish me unheard.

Amph. Did you not tell me——

Sos. Yes, I did tell you—and I told you truly, that
 when I would have gone into the house I was beaten
 away.

Amph. Well, sirrah, and don't it now appear, by
 what Alcmena says, that you did get in?——
 How else could she know the news I sent you with,
 rascal ?

Sos. And don't it appear by my back and shoul-

ders, that I was beaten away? But you will not let a man produce his witnesses——

Amph. Did you not get in? Answer me that, rogue, directly, and without equivocation.

Sos. Why, yes, it is true—and I must confess that in some sense it may be said, I did get it; though it may also, in a certain sense, be truly said, that I was beaten away.

Amph. Why, thou impudent, prevaricating——

Sos. Sir, let me beseech you, that reason may predominate for my sake, and that you would make such distinctions as the nature of my case requires: it is true that I did get in, and it is true that I did not get in; this I, that is here now, did not get in, but was beaten away by t'other I; but that t'other I did get in, and was not beaten away;—there is a me me, and there is a he me——

Amph. Audacious slave! 'twere infamy to spare thee.

Phæd. Do, my lord; pray spare him till he has told the rest of his story; it is but beating him a little the more when he has done.

Sos. [*Earnestly to Phædra.*] It was at that very door, there it is—here was one I, and there was t'other.

Phæd. What, you mean that you squinted, and looked two ways at once.

Sos. I mean no such thing—[*He now turns from her, and addresses Alcmena.*] “It is not easy to make
“oneself understood in these nice cases: but I say
“——hem! I say, that I being become the duplicate

“ of myself, as to the body, and the understanding,
 “ did notwithstanding find that there was a diversity
 “ of the will, and that both in action and in suffer-
 “ ance——”

Amph. [*Fiercely pulling him away.*] Begone——thy
 folly tortures me to madness.

Alc. [*Interposing.*] The same strange phrensy has
 possess'd you both ;

It was from you, not him, I heard the news.

Amph. From me !

Alc. From you—and when you told me Pterelas's
 death,

You gave this jewel, which he us'd to wear.

Amph. This is amazing.

Have I already given you those diamonds,

The present I reserv'd ?

Alc. 'Tis an odd question :

You see I wear 'em ; look.

Amph. Now answer, Sosia.

Sos. Yes, now I can answer with a safe conscience,
 as to that point ; all the rest may be art magic—but,
 as for the diamonds, here they are, under safe cus-
 tody.

Alc. Then what are these upon my arm ?

[*To Sosia.*

Sos. Flints, or pebbles, or some such trumpery of
 enchanted stones. Yet, now I think on't, madam,
 did not a certain friend of mine present them to
 you ?

Alc. What friend ?

Sos. Why, another Sosia; one that made himself Sosia in my despite, and also unsosiated me.

Amph. Sirrah, leave your nauseous nonsense; break open the seal, and take out the diamonds.

Sos. More words than one to a bargain, sir, I thank you: that's no part of prudence for me to commit burglary upon the seals. Do you look first upon the signet, and tell me in your conscience, whether the seals be not as firm as when you clapped the wax upon them.

Amph. The signature is firm. [Looking.

Sos. Then take the signature into your own custody, and open it; for I will have nothing done at my proper peril. [Giving him the casket.

Amph. Oh, heavens! here's nothing but an empty space, the nest where they were laid.

[Breaking open the seal.

Sos. Then if the birds are flown, the fault's not mine. Here has been fine conjuring work; or else the jewel, knowing to whom it should be given, took occasion to steal out, by a natural instinct, and tied itself to that pretty arm.

Amph. Can this be possible!

Sos. Yes, very possible: you, my lord Amphitryon, may have brought forth another you my lord Amphitryon; as well as I Sosia have brought forth another me Sosia; and our diamonds may have procreated these diamonds; and so we are all three double.

Phœd. If this be true, I hope my golden goblet

has giggered another golden goblet; and then they may carry double upon all four. [Aside.

Alc. My lord, I have stood silent, out of wonder
What you could wonder at.

Amph. A chilling sweat, a damp of jealousy, [Aside.
Hangs on my brows, and clams upon my limbs.
I fear, and yet I must be satisfy'd :
And to be satisfy'd, I must dissemble.

Alc. Why muse you so, and murmur to yourself ?
If you repent your bounty, take it back.

Amph. Not so; but, if you please, relate what
pass'd
At our last interview.

Alc. That question would infer you were not here.

Amph. I say not so ;
I only would refresh my memory,
And have my reasons to desire the story.

Alc. The story is not long: you know I met you,
Kiss'd you, and press'd you close within my arms.

Amph. I could have spar'd that kindness. [Aside.
And what did I ? [To her.

Alc. With equal love return'd my warm embrace.

Amph. Go on——
And stab me with each syllable thou speak'st. [Aside.

Alc. I have no more to say.

“ *Amph.* Why, went we not to bed ?

“ *Alc.* Why not ?

“ Is it a crime for husband and for wife

“ To go to bed, my lord ?”

Amph. Perfidious woman !

Alc. Ungrateful man !

Amph. She justifies it too !

Alc. I need not justify : of what am I accus'd ?

Amph. Of that prodigality of kindness

Giv'n to another, and usurp'd from me.

So bless me heav'n, if, since my first departure,
I ever set my foot upon this threshold.

Alc. Then I, it seems, am false !

Amph. As surely false, as what thou say'st is true.

Alc. I have betray'd my honour, and my love !

And am a foul adulteress !

Amph. What thou art,

Thou stand'st condemn'd to be, by thy relation.

Alc. Go, thou unworthy man ; for ever go :

No more my husband ! Go, thou base impostor ;

Who tak'st a vile pretence to taint my fame ;

And, not content to leave, wouldst ruin me.

Enjoy thy wish'd divorce : I will not plead

My innocence of this pretended crime :

I need not : do thy worst, I fear thee not :

For know, the more thou wouldst expose my virtue,

Like purest linen laid in open air,

'Twill bleach the more, and whiten to the view.

Amph. 'Tis well thou art prepar'd for thy divorce :

For, know thou too, that after this affront,

This foul indignity, done to my honour,

Divorcement is but petty reparation.

But, since thou hast, with impudence, affirm'd

My false return, and brib'd my slaves to vouch it,

The truth shall, in the face of Thebes, be clear'd ;

Thy uncle, the companion of my voyage,
 And all the crew of seamen, shall be brought,
 Who were embark'd and came with me to land,
 Nor parted, till I reach'd this cursed door :
 So shall this vision of my late return
 Stand a detected lie ; and wo to those
 Who thus betray'd my honour.

Sos. Sir, shall I wait on you ?

Amph. No, I will go alone : expect me here.

[*Exit Amphitryon.*

Phæd. Please you——that I—— [To Alcmena.

Alc. Oh, nothing now can please me :

Darkness, and solitude, and sighs, and tears,
 And all th' inseparable train of grief,

Attend my steps for ever—— [Exit Alcmena.

Sos. What if I should lie now, and say we have
 been here before ? I never saw any good that came
 of telling truth. [Aside.

Phæd. He makes no more advances to me : I begin
 a little to suspect, that my gold goblet will prove but
 copper. [Aside.

Sos. Yes, 'tis resolv'd——I will lie abominably,
 against the light of my own conscience. For suppose
 the other Sosia has been here ; perhaps that strong
 dog has not only beaten me, but also has misused my
 wife ! Now, by asking certain questions of her, with a
 side-wind, I may come to understand how squares
 go ; and whether my nuptial bed be violated. [Aside.

Phæd. Most certainly he has learned impudence of
 his master, and will deny his being here ; but that

shall not serve his turn, to cheat me of my present !
—[*Aside.*] Why, Sosia ! what, in a brown study ?

Sos. A little *cogitabund*, or so, concerning this dismal revolution in our family.

Phæd. But that should not make you neglect your duty to me, your mistress.

Sos. Pretty soul : I would thou wert ; upon condition that old Bromia were six foot under ground.

Phæd. What ! is all your hot courtship to me dwindled into a poor unprofitable wish ? You may remember, I did not bid you absolutely despair.

Sos. No, for all things yet may be accommodated, in an amicable manner, betwixt my master and my lady.

Phæd. I mean, to the business, betwixt you and me——

Sos. Why, I hope, we two never quarrelled.

Phæd. Must I remember you of a certain promise that you made me at our last parting ?

Sos. Oh, when I went to the army ; that I should still be praising thy beauty to Judge Gripus, and keep up his affections to thee.

Phæd. No, I mean the business betwixt you and me this morning—that you promised me——

Sos. That I promised thee——I find it now : that strong dog, my brother Sosia, has been here before me, and made love to her. [*Aside.*

Phæd. You are considering whether or no you should keep your promise——

Sos. No, sweet creature, the promise shall not be

broken; but what I have undertaken I will perform like a man of honour.

Phæd. Then you remember the preliminaries of the present——

Sos. Yes, yes, in gross I do remember something; but this disturbance of the family has somewhat stupified my memory: some pretty *quelque chose*, I warrant thee; some acceptable toy, of small value.

Phæd. You may call a gold goblet a toy: but I put a greater value upon your presents.

Sos. A gold goblet, say'st thou! Yes, now I think on't, it was a kind of a gold goblet; as a gratuity——

Phæd. No, no; I had rather make sure of one bribe before-hand, than be promised ten gratuities.

Sos. Yes, now I remember, it was, in some sense, a gold goblet, by way of earnest; and it contained——

Phæd. One large——

Sos. How, one large——

Phæd. Gallon.

Sos. No; that was somewhat too large in conscience: it was not a whole gallon; but it may contain, reasonably speaking, one large——thimble-full.

“But gallons and thimble-fulls are so like, that, in speaking, I might easily mistake them.”

Phæd. Is it come to this? Out, traitor!

“*Sos.* I had been a traitor indeed, to have betrayed thee to the swallowing of a gallon; but a thimble-full of cordial water is easily sipt off: and then, this same goblet is so very light too, that it will be no burden to carry it about with thee in thy pocket.”

“*Phæd.*” Oh, apostate to thy love! Oh, perjured villain!

Enter BROMIA.

What, are you here, Bromia! I was telling him his own: I was giving him a rattle for his treacheries to you, his love: you see I can be a friend upon occasion.

Brom. Ay, chicken, I never doubted of thy kindness: but, for this fugitive——this rebel——this miscreant——

Sos. A kind welcome to an absent lover, as I have been.

Brom. Ay; and a kind greeting you gave me at your return; when you used me so barbarously this morning.

Sos. Ay, the t’other Sosia has been with her too, and has used her barbarously: barbarously, that is to say, uncivilly; and uncivilly, I am afraid that means too civilly. [*Aside.*

Phæd. You had best deny you were here this morning! And by the same token——

Sos. Nay, no more tokens, for Heaven’s sake, dear Phædra. Now must I again ponder with myself a little, whether it be better for me to have been here, or not to have been here, this morning. [*Aside.*

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Phædra, my lord’s without; and will not enter till he has first spoken with you. [*Exit Serv.*

Phæd. [*To him in private.*] Oh, that I could stay to help to worry thee for this abuse; but the best on't is, I leave thee in good hands—Farewell, thimble—
To him, Bromia. [*Exit Phædra.*]

Brom. No; to be sure you did not beat me, and put me into a swoon, and deprive me of the natural use of my tongue for a long half hour: you did not beat me down with your little wand: but I shall teach you to use your rod another time—I shall.

Sos. Put her into a swoon with my little wand, and so forth: that's more than ever I could do. These are terrible circumstances, that some Sosia or other has been here. [*Aside.*] Well, but Bromia—if I did beat thee down with my little wand, I warrant I was monstrous kind to thee afterwards.

Brom. Yes, monstrous kind indeed! You never said a truer word; for, when I came to kiss you, you pulled away your mouth, and turned your cheek to me.

Sos. Good.

Brom. How, good! Here's fine impudence: what, do you insult upon me too?

Sos. No, I do not insult upon you:—but, for a certain reason that I best know, I am glad that matter ended so fairly and peaceably betwixt us.

Brom. Yes, 'twas very fair and peaceably; to strike a woman down, and beat her most outrageously.

Sos. Is it possible that I drubbed thee?

Brom. I find your drift—You would fain be provoking me to a new trial now: but, i'faith, you shall

bring me to no more handy-blows. I shall make bold to trust to my tongue hereafter. You never durst have offer'd to hold up a finger against me, till you went a trooping.

Sos. Then I am conqueror; and I laud my own courage. This renown I have achieved by soldier-ship and stratagem. Know your duty, spouse, henceforward, to your supreme commander. [*Strutting:*

Enter JUPITER and PHÆDRA.

Phæd. Indeed, I wondered at your quick return:

Jup. Ev'n so almighty love wou'd have it, Phædra;
 "And the stern goddess of sweet bitter cares,
 "Who bows our necks beneath her brazen yoke."
 I would have mann'd my heart, and held it out:
 But, when I thought of what I had possess'd;
 Those joys, that never end but to begin,
 My duty soon was overborne; I scorn'd
 The busy malice of censorious tongues,
 And, careless to conceal my stolen journey,
 Determin'd one day more to spend in Thebes.

Phæd. And yet a second time you left Alcmena,
 With looks unkind that threaten'd longer absence.
 'Twas but ev'n now——

Jup. Wou'd it had never been!
 I die to make my peace.

Phæd. 'Tis difficult.

Jup. But nothing is impossible to love;
 To love like mine: for I have prov'd its force.
 If I submit, there's hope.

Phæd. It is possible I may solicit for you.

Jup. But wilt thou promise me to do thy best?

Phæd. Why, I promise nothing—unless you begin
To promise first. [*Curtsying.*]

Jup. I wo'not be ungrateful.

Phæd. Well; I'll try to bring her to you.

Jup. That's all I ask:

And I will so reward thee, gentle Phædra——

Phæd. What with the sweet sound of 'gentle Phædra, and my kind advocate.'——

Jup. No, there's a sound will please thee better.

[*Throwing her a purse.*]

Phæd. Ay, there's something of melody in this sound.
I could dance all day, to the music of chink, chink.

[*Exit Phæd.*]

Jup. Go, Sosia,

To Polidas, to Tranio, and to Gripus,
Companions of our war: invite 'em all

To join their pray'rs to smooth Alcmena's brow;
And, with a solemn feast, to crown the day.

Sos. [*Taking Jupiter about the knees.*] Let me embrace you, sir.—[*Jupiter pushes him away.*] Nay, you must give me leave to express my gratitude. I have not eaten, to say eating, nor drank, to say drinking, never since our villanous encamping so near the enemy.

Jup. You, Bromia, see that all things be prepar'd
With that magnificence, as if Jove himself
Were guest, or master here.

Sos. Or, rather, as much as if twenty Joves were
to be guests, or masters here.

Brom. That you may eat for to-day and to-morrow.

Sos. Or, rather again, for to-day and yesterday ;
and as many months backward, as I am indebted to
my own belly.

Jup. Away, both of you.

[*Exeunt Sosia and Bromia severally.*]

Now I have pack'd him hence ; thou, other Sosia,
(Who, though thou art not present, hear'st my voice)
Be ready to attend me at my call,
And to supply his place.

*Enter MERCURY to JUPITER ; ALCMENA and PHÆ-
DRA also enter, but ALCMENA seeing JUPITER,
turns back, and retires frowning.*

Jup. See, she appears ! [Seeing Alcmena.]

Oh, stay.

Mer. She's gone ; and seem'd to frown at parting.

Jup. Follow, and thou shalt see her soon appear'd ;
For I, who made her, know her inward state :
No woman, once well-pleas'd, can thoroughly hate.
I gave 'em beauty, to subdue the strong ;
(A mighty empire, but it lasts not long.)
I gave 'em pride, to make mankind their slave ;
But, in exchange, to men I flattery gave.
Th' offending lover, when he lowest lies,
Submits to conquer, and but kneels to rise. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

JUPITER *following* ALCMENA; MERCURY and
PHÆDRA.

Jupiter.

OH, stay, my dear Alcmena! hear me speak.

Alc. No, I would fly thee to the ridge of earth,
And leap the precipice, to 'scape thy sight.

Jup. For pity——

Alc. Leave me, thou ungrateful man!
I hate myself, for having lov'd thee once.

Jup. Hate not the best and fairest of your kind:
Nor can you hate your lover, tho' you would.
Your tears, that fall so gently, are but grief:
There may be anger; but there must be love.
The dove that murmurs at her mate's neglect,
But counterfeits a coyness to be courted.

“ *Alc.* Courtship from thee, and after such affronts!

“ *Jup.* Is this that everlasting love you vow'd last night?

“ *Alc.* Think what thou wert, and who could swear too much?

“ Think what thou art, and that absolves the oath.

“ *Jup.* Can you forsake me for so small a fault?

“ 'Twas but a jest, perhaps too far pursu'd;

“ 'Twas but, at most, a trial of your faith,

“ How you could bear unkindness:

“ ’Twas but to get a reconciling kiss,

“ A wanton stratagem of love.

“ *Alc.* See how he doubles, like a hunted hare :

“ A jest, and then a trial, and a bait——”

Jup. Think me jealous, then.

Alc. Oh, that I could ! for that’s a noble crime ;

And which a lover can, with ease, forgive :

“ ’Tis the high pulse of passion in a fever ;

“ A sickly draught but shews a burning thirst : ”

Thine was a surfeit, not a jealousy ;

And in that loathing of thy satiate love,

Thou saw’st the odious object with disdain.

Jup. Oh, think not that ! for you are ever new—

“ Your fruits of love, like those of endless spring

“ In happy climes, where some are in the bud,

“ Some green, and ripening some, while others fall.

“ *Alc.* Ay, now you tell me this. Your puny
passion,

“ Like the deprav’d desires of fretful sickness,

“ Raves in short fits of craving and disgust.

“ This morn, at break of day, you would be gone ;

“ Then chang’d your purpose, and came back ; then
rag’d,

“ Because th’ effect of chance was not foreseen ;

“ Then left me in disgust, with insult too ;

“ And now, return’d again, you talk of love.

“ But never hope to be receiv’d again !

“ You would again deny you were receiv’d,

“ And brand my spotless fame.”

Jup. I will not dare to justify my crime :

No, I confess I have deserv'd your hate.

Too charming fair, I kneel for your forgiveness :

I beg, by those fair eyes, [Kneeling.]

Which gave me wounds that time can never cure,

Receive my sorrows, and restore my joys.

“ *Alc.* Unkind and cruel ! I can speak no more.

“ *Jup.* Oh, give it vent, Alcmena, give it vent :

“ I merit your reproach, I would be curs'd :

“ Let your tongue curse me, while your heart for-
gives.”

Alc. Can I forget such usage ?

Jup. Can you hate me ?

Alc. I'll do my best ; for sure I ought to hate you.

Jup. That word was only hatch'd upon your tongue,
It came not from your heart. But try again ;
And if once more you can but say I hate you,
My sword shall do you justice.

Alc. Then——I hate you——

Jup. Then you pronounce the sentence of my
death.

Alc. I hate you much—but yet I love you more.

Jup. To prove that love, then say, that you for-
give me : .

For there remains but this alternative ;
Resolve to pardon, or to punish me.

Alc. Alas ! what I resolve appears too plain :
In saying that I cannot hate, I pardon.

Jup. But what's a pardon worth without a seal ?
Permit me, in this transport of my joy——

[Kisses her hand.]

Alc. Forbear ; I am offended with myself,

[*Putting him gently away with her hand.*

That I have shewn this weakness——Let me go

“ Where I may blush alone——”

[*Going, and looking back on him.*

But come not you ;

Lest I should spoil you with excess of fondness,

And take you to my heart again.

[*Exit Alc.*

Jup. Forbidding me to follow, she invites me.

[*Aside.*

This is the mould of which I made the sex :

I gave them but one tongue, to say us nay,

And two kind eyes to grant. Be sure that none

[*To Mercury.*

Approach to interrupt us.

[*Exit Jup. after Alc.*

Mer. Your lady has made the challenge of reconciliation to my lord. Here's a fair example for us two, Phædra.

Phæd. No example at all, Sosia ; for my lady had the diamonds before-hand, and I have none of the gold goblet.

Mer. The goblet shall be forth-coming, if thou wilt give me weight for weight.

Phæd. Yes, and measure for measure too, Sosia ; that is, for a thimble-full of gold, a thimble-full of love.

Mer. What think you now, Phædra ? Here's a weighty argument of love for you !

[*Pulling out the goblet in a case from under his cloak.*

Phæd. Now, Jupiter, of his mercy, let me kiss thee,
Oh, thou dear metal! [*Taking it in both hands.*]

Mer. And Venus, of her mercy, let me kiss thee,
dear, dear Phædra!

Phæd. Not so fast, Sosia; there's an unlucky proverb in your way—Many things happen betwixt the cup and the lip, you know.

Mer. Why, thou wilt not cheat me of my goblet?

Phæd. Yes, as sure as you would cheat me of my virtue. I am yet but just even with you for the last trick you played me. And, besides, this is but a bare retaining fee; you must give me another, before the cause is opened.

Mer. Shall I not come to your bed-side to-night?

Phæd. No, nor to-morrow night neither: but this shall be my sweetheart in your place: 'tis a better bedfellow, and will keep me warmer in cold weather.

[*Exit.*]

Mer. Now, what's the god of wit in a woman's hand? This very goblet I stole from Gripus; and he got it out of bribes too. But this is the common fate of ill-gotten goods, that, as they came in by covetousness, they go out by extravagance——

Enter AMPHITRYON.

Oh, here's Amphitryon again! but I'll manage him above in the balcony. [*Exit Mer.*]

Amph. Not one of those I look for to be found! Has some enchantment hid them from my sight?

Perhaps, as Sosia says, 'tis witchcraft all.
 Seals may be open'd, diamonds may be stol'n;
 But how I came in person yesterday,
 And gave that present to Alcmena's hands,
 That which I never gave, nor ever came,
 Oh, there's the rock on which my reason splits!
 Would that were all! I fear my honour too!
 I'll try her once again: she may be mad—
 A wretched remedy! but all I have,
 To keep me from despair.

How now! what means the locking up of my
 Doors at this time of day? [Knocks.]

Mer. [Above.] Softly, friend, softly. You knock
 as loud, and as saucily, as a lord's footman, that was
 sent before him to warn the family of his lordship's
 visit. Sure you think the doors have no feeling.
 What the devil are you, that rap with such autho-
 rity?

Amph. Look out, and see: 'tis I.

Mer. You! what you?

Amph. No more, I say, but open.

Mer. I'll know to whom first.

Amph. I am one that can command the doors open.

Mer. Then you had best command them, and try
 whether they will obey you.

Amph. Dost thou not know me?

Mer. Pr'ythee, how should I know thee? Dost thou
 take me for a conjurer?

Amph. What's this, Midsummer-moon? Is all the
 world gone a madding? Why, Sosia!

Mer. That's my name indeed: didst thou think I had forgot it?

Amph. Dost thou see me?

Mer. Why, dost thou pretend to go invisible? If thou hast any business here, dispatch it quickly: I have no leisure to throw away upon such prattling companions.

Amph. Thy companion, slave! How dar'st thou use this insolent language to thy master?

Mer. How! thou my master? By what title? I never had any other master but Amphitryon.

Amph. Well, and for whom dost thou take me?

Mer. For some rogue or other; but what rogue I know not.

Amph. Dost thou not know me for Amphitryon, slave?

Mer. How should I know thee, when I see thou dost not know thyself? Thou Amphitryon! In what tavern hast thou been, and how many bottles did thy business, to metamorphose thee into my lord?

Amph. I will so drub thee for this insolence——

Mer. How now, Impudence! are you threatening your betters? I should bring you to condign punishment, but that I have a great respect for the good wine, tho' I find it in a fool's noddle.

Amph. What, none to let me in? Why, Phædra! Bromia!

Mer. Peace, fellow; if my wife hears thee, we are both undone. At a word, Phædra and Bromia are very busy; and my lady and my lord must not be disturbed.

Amph. Amazement seizes me !

Mer. At what art thou amazed ? My Lord Amphitryon and my Lady Alcmena had a falling out, and are retired, without seconds, to decide the quarrel. If thou wert not a meddlesome fool, thou wouldst not be thrusting thy nose into other people's matters. Get thee about thy business, if thou hast any ; for I'll hear no more of thee. [*Exit Mercury from above.*]

Amph. Brav'd by my slave, dishonour'd by my wife !

To what a desp'rate plunge am I reduc'd,
If this be true the villain says ? But why
That feeble if ? It must be true ; she owns it.
Now, whether to conceal or blaze th' affront ?
One way, I spread my infamy abroad ;
And t'other, hide a burning coal within,
That preys upon my vitals. I can fix
On nothing, but on vengeance.

Enter SOSIA, POLIDAS, GRIPUS, and TRANIO.

Grip. Yonder he is, walking hastily to and fro before his door, like a citizen clapping his sides before his shop, in a frosty morning : 'tis to catch a stomach, I believe.

Sos. I begin to be afraid that he has more stomach to my sides and shoulders, than to his own victuals. How he shakes his head, and stamps, and what strides he fetches ! He's in one of his damn'd moods again. I don't like the looks of him.

Amph. Oh, my mannerly, fair-spoken, obedient

slave, are you there ? I can reach you now, without climbing. Now we shall try who's drunk, and who's sober.

Sos. Why, this is as it should be. I was somewhat suspicious that you were in a pestilent humour. Yes, we will have a crash at the bottle, whenever your lordship pleases. I have summoned them, you see ; and they are notable toppers, especially Judge Gripus.

Grip. Yes, 'faith, I never refuse my glass, in a good quarrel.

Amph. [To *Sosia*.] Why, thou insolent villain ! I'll teach a slave how to use his master thus.

Sos. Here's a fine business towards ! I am sure I ran as fast as ever my legs could carry me, to call them. Nay, you may trust my diligence in all affairs belonging to the belly.

Grip. He has been very faithful to his commission, I'll bear him witness.

Amph. How can you be witness where you were not present ? The balcony, sirrah, the balcony !

Sos. Why, to my best remembrance, you never invited the balcony.

Amph. What nonsense dost thou plead for an excuse of thy foul language, and thy base replies ?

Sos. You fright a man out of his senses first, and blame him afterwards for talking nonsense. But 'tis better for me to talk nonsense, than for some to do nonsense ; I will say that, whatever comes on't. Pray, sir, let all things be done decently. What, I hope, when a man is to be hanged, he is not truss'd

upon the gallows, like a dumb dog, without telling him wherefore.

Amph. By your pardon, gentlemen; I have no longer patience to forbear him.

Sos. Justice, justice, my Lord Gripus! as you are a true magistrate, protect me. Here's a process of beating going forward, without sentence given.

Grip. My Lord Amphitryon, this must not be. Let me first understand the demerits of the criminal.

Sos. Hold you to that point, I beseech your honour, as you commiserate the case of a poor, innocent malefactor.

Amph. To shut the door against me, in my very face! to deny me entrance! to brave me from the balcony! to laugh at me! to threaten me! What proofs of innocence call you these? But if I punish not this insolence——

[Is going to beat him, and is held by Polidas and Tranio.]

I beg you, let me go——

Sos. I charge you, in the king's name, hold him fast; for you see he's bloodily disposed.

Grip. Now, what hast thou to say for thyself, Sosia?

Sos. I say, in the first place——Be sure you hold him, gentlemen; for I shall never plead worth one farthing while I am bodily afraid.

Pol. Speak boldly; I warrant thee.

Sos. Then, if I may speak boldly, under my lord's

favour—I do not say he lies, neither—no, I am too well bred for that—but his lordship fibs most abominably.

Amph. Do you hear his impudence?—Yet will you let me go?

Sos. No impudence at all, my lord; for how could I, naturally speaking, be in the balcony and affronting you, when, at the same time, I was in every street in Thebes, inviting these gentlemen to dinner?

Grip. Hold a little. How long since was it, that he spoke to you from the said balcony?

Amph. Just now; not a minute before he brought you hither.

Sos. Now speak, my witnesses.

Grip. I can answer for him, for this last half hour.

Pol. And I.

Tran. And I.

Sos. Now, judge equitably, gentlemen, whether I was not a civil, well-bred person, to tell my lord he fibs only.

Amph. Who gave you that order to invite them?

Sos. He that best might, yourself—By the same token, you bid old Bromia provide an 'twere for a god; and I put in for a brace, or a leash; no, now I think on't, 'twas for ten couple of gods, to make sure of plenty.

Amph. When did I give thee this pretended commission?

Sos. Why, you gave me this pretended commission just after you had given Phædra a purse of gold to

bring you and my lady together, that you might try to make up matters with her after your quarrel."

Amph. Where, in what place, did I give this order?

Sos. Here, in this place, in the presence of this very door, and of that balcony; and if they could speak, they would both justify it.

Amph. Oh, Heaven!—these accidents are so surprising, the more I think of them the more I am lost in my imagination.

Grip. Nay, he has told us some passages, as he came along, that seemed to surpass the power of nature.

Sos. What think you now, my lord, of a certain twin-brother of mine, called Sosia? 'Tis a sly youth. Pray Heaven, you have not just such another relation within doors, called Amphitryon.——It may be it was he that put upon me, in your likeness——and perhaps he may have put something upon your lordship too, that may weigh heavy upon the forehead.

Amph. [*To those who hold him.*] Let me go—Sosia may be innocent, and I will not hurt him—Open the door; I'll resolve my doubts immediately.

Sos. The door is peremptory that it will not be opened without keys; and my brother, in the inside, is in possession, and will not part with them.

Amph. Then 'tis manifest that I am affronted.——Break open the door, there.

Grip. Stir not a man of you to his assistance.

Amph. Dost thou take part with my adulteress, too, because she is thy niece?

Grip. I take part with nothing but the law; and to break the doors open, is to break the law.

Amph. Do thou command them, then?

Grip. I can command nothing without my warrant; and my clerk is not here, to take his fees for drawing it.

Amph. [*Aside.*] The devil take all justice-brokers. ——— I curse him, too, when I have been hunting him all over the town, to be my witness. ——— But I'll bring soldiers to force open the door by my own commission. [*Exit.*]

Sos. Pox o' these forms of law, to defeat a man of a dinner, when he's sharp set! — 'Tis against the privilege of a free-born stomach; and is no less than subversion of fundamentals.

JUPITER appears above in the balcony.

Jup. Oh, my friends, I am sorry I have made you wait so long! — You are welcome; and the door shall be opened to you immediately. [*Exit.*]

Grip. Was not that Amphitryon?

Sos. Why, who should it be else?

Grip. In all appearance it was he. But how got he thither?

Pol. In such a trice, too!

Tran. And after he had just left us!

Grip. And so much altered, for the better, in his humour!

Sos. Here's such a company of foolish questions, when a man's hungry. — You had best stay dinner,

till he has proved himself to be Amphitryon in form of law. But I'll make short work of that business ; for I'll take mine oath 'twas he.

Grip. I should be glad it were.

Sos. How, glad it were!—with your damned interrogatories——when you ought to be thankful that so it is.

Grip. That I may see my mistress, Phædra, and present her with my great gold goblet. [*Aside.*

Sos. If this be not the true Amphitryon, I wish I may be kept without doors, fasting, and biting my own fingers for want of victuals ; and that's a dreadful imprecation. I am for the inviting, eating, and treating Amphitryon ; I am sure 'tis he that is my lawfully begotten lord : and if you had an ounce of the justice in you, you ought to have laid hold on t'other Amphitryon, and committed him for a rogue, and an impostor, and a vagabond.

The Door is opened. MERCURY from within.

Mer. Enter quickly, masters. The passage on the right hand leads to the gallery, where my lord expects you——For I'm called another way.

[*Gripus, Tranio, and Polidas go into the house.*

Sos. I should know that voice, by a secret instinct. 'Tis a tongue of my family, and belongs to my brother Sosia. It must be so ; for it carries a cudgelling kind of sound in it. But, put the worst——let me weigh this matter wisely——Here's a beating and a belly-full, against no beating and no belly-full.——

The beating is bad—but the dinner is good. Now, not to be beaten, is but negatively good: but, not to fill my belly, is positively bad.——Upon the whole matter, my final resolution is, to take the good and the bad, as they come together.

[Is entering—Mercury meets him at the door.]

Mer. Whither now, you kitchen-scum?——From whence this impudence, to enter here without permission?

Sos. Most illustrious sir, my ticket is my hunger. Shew the full bowels of your compassion, to the empty bowels of my famine.

Mer. Were you not charged to return no more?—I'll cut you into quarters, and hang you upon the shambles.

Sos. You'll get but little credit by me. Alas, sir, I am but mere carrion!——Brave Sosia, compassionate coward Sosia;——and beat not thyself, in beating me.

Mer. Who gave you that privilege, sirrah, to assume my name?——Have you not been sufficiently warned of it, and received part of punishment already?

Sos. May it please you, sir, the name is big enough for both of us. I would have obeyed you, and quitted my title to it; but, wherever I come, the malicious world will call me Sosia, in spite of me. I am sensible there are two Amphitryons; and why may not there be two Sosias?——Let those two cut one another's throats at their own pleasure; but you and I will be

wiser, by my consent, and hold good intelligence together.

Mer. No, no; two Sosias would make but two fools.

Sos. Then let me be the fool, and be you the prudent person, and choose for yourself some wiser name; or you shall be the elder brother, and I'll be content to be the younger, though I lose my inheritance.

Mer. I tell thee, I am the only son of our family.

Sos. Ah! then let me be your bastard brother, and the son of a whore—I hope that's but reasonable.

Mer. No, thou shalt not disgrace my father; for there are few bastards now-a-days worth owning.

Sos. Ah, poor Sosia! what will become of thee?

Mer. Yet again profanely using my proper name!

Sos. I did not mean myself—I was thinking of another Sosia, a poor fellow, that was once of my acquaintance, unfortunately banished out of doors, when dinner was just coming upon the table.

Enter PHÆDRA.

Phæd. Sosia, you and I must—Bless me! what have we here?—A couple of you! or do I see double?

Sos. I would fain bring it about, that I might make one of them; but he's unreasonable, and will needs incorporate me, and swallow me whole into himself. If he would be content to be but one and a half, 'twould never grieve me.

Mer. 'Tis a perverse rascal. I kick him, and cudgel him to no purpose; for still he's obstinate to stick to me; and I can never beat him out of my resemblance.

Phæd. Which of you two is Sosia? for t'other must be the devil.

Sos. You had best ask him, that has played the devil with my back and sides.

Mer. You had best ask him, who gave you the gold goblet.

Phæd. No, that's already given; but he shall be my Sosia, that will give me such another.

Mer. I find you have been interloping, sirrah.

Sos. No, indeed, sir; I only promised her a gold thimble; which was as much as comes to my proportion of being Sosia.

Phæd. This is no Sosia for my money. Beat him away, t'other Sosia; he grows insufferable.

Sos. [*Aside.*] Would I were valiant, that I might beat him away, and succeed him at the dinner, for a pragmatistical son of a whore, as he is.

Mer. What's that you are muttering betwixt your teeth, of a son of a whore, sirrah?

Sos. I am sure I meant you no offence; for, if I am not Sosia, I am the son of a whore, for aught I know; and, if you are Sosia, you may be the son of a whore, for aught you know.

Mer. Whatever I am, I will be Sosia as long as I please; and whenever you visit me, you shall be sure of the civility of the cudgel.

Sos. If you will promise to beat me into the house, you may begin when you please with me; but to be beaten out of the house, at dinner-time, flesh and blood can never bear it.

[*Mercury beats him about, and Sosia is still making towards the door: but Mercury gets betwixt, and at length drives him off the Stage.*

Phæd. In the name of wonder, what are you that are Sosia, and are not Sosia?

Mer. If thou wouldst know more of me, my person is freely at thy disposing.

Phæd. Then I dispose of it to you again; for 'tis so ugly, 'tis not for my use.

Mer. I can be ugly or handsome, as I please; go to bed old, and rise young. I have so many suits of persons by me, I can shift 'em when I will.

Phæd. You are a fool then, to put on your worst clothes when you come a wooing.

Mer. Go to: ask no more questions. I am for thy turn; for I know thy heart, and see all thou hast about thee. In thy right pocket—let me see—three love-letters from Judge Gripus, written to the bottom, on three sides; full of fustian passion, and hearty nonsense: as also in the same pocket, a letter of thine intended to him; consisting of nine lines and a half, scrawl'd and false spell'd, to shew thou art a woman.

Phæd. Is the devil in you, to see all this?—Now, for Heaven's sake, do not look in t'other pocket—

Mer. Nay, there's nothing there, but a bawdy lampoon, and——

Phæd. [*Giving a great frisk.*] Look no farther, I beseech you——

Mer. And a silver spoon——

Phæd. [*Shrieking.*] Ah!

Mer. Which you purloin'd last night from Bromia.

Phæd. Keep my counsel, or I am undone for ever.

[*Holding up her hands to him.*]

Mer. No: I'll mortify thee, now I have an handle to thy iniquity, if thou wilt not love me——

Phæd. Well, if you'll promise me to be secret, I will love you: because indeed I dare do no other.

Mer. 'Tis a good girl—I will be secret; and further, I will be assisting to thee in thy filching: for thou and I were born under the same planet.

Phæd. And we shall come to the same end, too, I'm afraid.

Mer. No, no; since thou hast wit enough already to cozen a judge, thou need'st never fear hanging.

Phæd. And will you make yourself a younger man, and be handsome, too, and rich? for you that know hearts, must needs know that I shall never be constant to such an ugly old Sosia.

Mer. As to my youth and beauty, thou shalt know more of that another time. But, pr'ythee, why art thou so covetous of riches?

Phæd. Why!—Because riches will procure every thing else that I can wish for.

Mer. But what if every thing else could be procured without riches—would not that do as well ?

Phæd. Why, no ; there's a pleasure, methinks, in having the money before one lays it out.

Mer. And yet, till it is laid out, it is as useless as so much dirt.

Phæd. Ay, that may be—but when my heart dances to the chinking of money, it is not at leisure to think of that.

Mer. But suppose that, without money, you could procure all that money could buy, and more.

Phæd. Why, as well as I love money, I have no objection to any good thing that money won't buy : but pray, how is it to be had ?

Mer. To be had ! why upon the easiest terms in the world—only by a motion of the finger, or a stamp with the foot.

Phæd. Phoo, that's impossible.

Mer. You shall make the experiment.

Phæd. Shall I ?—so I will, then, this minute.—Must I stamp with my foot, or beckon with my finger ?

Mer. First try to find out what you wish for, which I have known a difficult task for a woman.

Phæd. Let me see—

Mer. Come, I'll help you—If you had been put into possession of Gripus's wealth yesterday, what would you have had to entertain you to-day ?

Phæd. Why, I would have had—let me see—I would have had, just now, a band of the best music in

Thebes, and a song in the character of Plutus in praise of money.

Mer. Well, now stamp with your foot.

[*Phædra stamps ; the music strikes up ; she starts and screams out.*

Nay, nay, don't spoil the music——there's a friend of mine in the character of Plutus just coming in.

Phæd. I am very much obliged to you and your friend ; but, if you please, I had rather keep a little farther out of his reach.

Mer. Pshaw, pshaw ! stay where you are ; my friends hurt nobody without my leave.

SONG

By a person who enters in the character of *Plutus*.

*Away with the fables philosophers hold,
Of pleasure that honesty gains without gold :
To be rich is the blessings of life to secure ;
And the man must be certainly wretched that's poor.*

*The virtue that claims all the gods for its friends,
On gold, mighty gold, for existence depends :
What wrongs, without gold, can a mortal redress ?
Or who, without gold, can get blessings, or bless ?*

*“ The weak can you succour, the worthy reward,
“ If money be wanting, the gift and the guard ?”
In gold there is strength which no foe can withstand ;
It conquers and triumphs, by sea and by land.*

*“ In gold there are charms ; for the youth and the fair,
“ Sigh one for an heiress, and one for an heir.*

“ *There’s sense for each circle that listens demure,
 “ Consents with a grin, and cries Yes to be sure !”
 To be rich. if you trust your own ears and your eyes,
 Is at once to be strong, to be fair, to be wise.*

“ *Phæd.* There’s for you now—what have you to
 “ say to that ?

“ *Mer.* Why, Wit shall reply for me ; and, to
 “ mortify you the more, it shall be in the character
 “ of a woman.”

Phæd. [*To Plutus, who is going.*] Stay then, Mr. Plu-
 tus, if you please——let’s hear what he’ll say, by
 way of reply.

Mer. That’s but an ill-natur’d experiment ; for
 Wit and Wealth have no kindness for one another :
 however, it shall be as you please for once.

[*Mercury waves his caduceus, a nymph enters,
 in the character of Wit.*

SONG.

*Plutus, vain is all your vaunting,
 Wit must life with bliss supply.
 Gold, alas ! should Wit be wanting,
 Would not find a joy to buy.*

*Wit alone creates the blessing,
 Which, exchang’d for gold, you share :
 Steril gold alone possessing,
 What has man but gloom and care ?*

*Wit, of ev'ry art deviser,
 Every passion can controul :
 Can to pity move the miser,
 Can with mirth dilate his soul.*

*Gold itself, on Wit depending,
 Thence derives its utmost pow'r :
 Folly all profusely spending,
 Folly hoarding all is poor.*

Phæd. To her, Mr. Plutus.

DUET.

Plut. In vain would your jargon our senses bewitch,
 D' ye tell me that gold will not make a man rich ?

Wit. It is Wit, Wit alone, that can keep it or use ;
 And it cannot enrich those that hide it or lose.

Plut. Your quibbles I scorn.

Wit. But you cannot reply.

Plut. I boldly affirm——

Wit. What I boldly deny.

Plut. I'll bet you ten millions.

Wit. No wagers I lay.

Plut. You dare not.

Wit. I scorn you.

Plut. I hate you.

Wit. Away——

Plut. I go—may great Jove in his mercy decree :
 That we never may meet, since we ne'er can agree.

Wit. Go you to the foolish.

Plut. And you to the poor.

Wit. The poor I can bless, and their blessings secure.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

“ *Phæd.* Well, for all these fine promises of Wit, I have no great opinion of the happiness of poverty.

“ *Mer.* If you will not yield to argument, let experiment convince you.

[*Strikes the scene with his caduceus, and it changes to a rural prospect, with a dance of peasants to country music.*]

“ Well, what think you, Phædra—are these people happy?

“ *Phæd.* If they are happy, they owe their happiness as little to wit as to money, I believe.

“ *Mer.* I beg your pardon—if it had not been for the arts that Wit has invented, they would have had neither pipe nor dance: and mere ease and content are but negative happiness at the best.

“ *Phæd.* Well, I find ’tis in vain to dispute with you: but I shall hold my opinion for all that. Adieu—if you make me happy according to my way of thinking, perhaps I may make you happy according to yours. [*Exit.*]

“ *Mer.* Woman—mere woman!—however, I love thee but as mere woman, and only as mere woman thou art mine.

“ *Such bargain-loves as I with Phædra treat,*

“ *Are all the leagues and friendships of the great.*

“ *Our iron age is grown an age of gold:*

“ *’Tis who bids most—for all men would be sold.*” [*Exit.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter GRIPUS and PHÆDRA. Gripus has the goblet in his hand.

Phædra.

YOU will not be so base to take it from me?

Grip. 'Tis my proper chattel: and I'll seize my own in whatever hands I find it.

Phæd. You know I only shew'd it to you to provoke your generosity, that you might out-bid your rival with a better present.

Grip. My rival is a thief: and I'll indite you for a receiver of stolen goods.

Phæd. Thou hide-bound lover!

Grip. Thou very mercenary mistress!

Phæd. Thou most mercenary magistrate!

Grip. Thou seller of thyself!

Phæd. Thou seller of other people! Thou weather-cock of government: that when the wind blows for the subject, point'st to privilege; and when it changes for the sovereign, veer'st to prerogative.

Grip. Will you compound, and take it as my present?

Phæd. No: but I'll send thy rival to force it from thee.

Grip. When a thief is rival to his judge, the hangman will soon decide the difference. [*Exit Phædra.*

Enter MERCURY, with two swords.

Mer. [*Bowing.*] Save your good lordship.

Grip. From an impertinent coxcomb—I am out of humour, and am in haste—Leave me.

Mer. 'Tis my duty to attend on your lordship, and to ease you of that indecent burthen.

Grip. Gold was never any burthen to one of my profession.

Mer. By your lordship's permission, Phædra has sent me to take it from you.

Grip. What, by violence ?

Mer. [Still bowing.] No; but by your honour's permission, I am to restore it to her, and persuade your lordship to renounce your pretensions to her.

Grip. Tell her flatly, I will neither do one, nor t'other.

Mer. O, my good lord, I dare pass my word for your free consent to both.—Will your honour be pleas'd to take your choice of one of these ?

Grip. Why these are swords: what have I to do with them ?

Mer. Only to take your choice of one of them—which your lordship pleases; and leave the other to your most obedient servant.

Grip. What, one of these ungodly weapons ? Take notice, I'll lay you by the heels, sirrah: this has the appearance of an unlawful bloody challenge.

Mer. You magistrates are pleased to call it so, my lord; but with us sword-men, 'tis an honourable invitation to the cutting of one another's throats.

Grip. Be answer'd; I have no throat to cut. The law shall decide our controversy.

Mer. By your permission, my lord, it must be dispatch'd this way.

Grip. I'll see thee hang'd before I give thee any such permission, to dispatch me into another world.

Mer. At the least, my lord, you have no occasion to complain of my want of respect to you : you will neither restore the goblet, nor renounce Phædra : I offer you the combat ; you refuse it ; all this is done in the forms of honour : it follows, that I am to affront, cudgel you, or kick you, at my own arbitrement ; and, I suppose, you are too honourable not to approve of my proceeding.

Grip. Here's a new sort of process, that was never heard of in any of our courts.

Mer. This, my good lord, is law in short-hand ; without your long preambles, and tedious repetitions, that signify nothing but to squeeze the subject : therefore, with your lordship's favour, I begin.

[*Fillips him under the chin.*]

Grip. What's this for ?

Mer. To give you an occasion of returning me a box o' th' ear ; that so, all things may proceed methodically.

Grip. I put in no answer, but suffer a non-suit.

Mer. No, my lord ; for the costs and charges are to be paid : will you please to restore the cup ?

Grip. I have told thee, no.

Mer. Then from your chin, I must ascend to your lordship's ears.

Grip. Oh, oh, oh, oh!—Wilt thou never leave lugging me by the ears?

Mer. Not till your lordship will be pleas'd to hear reason. [*Pulling again.*]

Grip. Take the cup, and the devil give thee joy on't.

Mer. [*Still holding him.*] And your lordship will farther be graciously pleased to release all claims, titles, and actions whatsoever to Phædra: you must give me leave to add one small *memento*, for that too.

[*Pulling him again.*]

Grip. I renounce her, I release her.

Enter PHÆDRA.

Mer. [*To her.*] Phædra, my lord has been pleased to be very gracious, without pushing matters to extremity.

Phæd. I over-heard it all. But give me livery and seisin of the goblet, in the first place.

Mer. There's an act of oblivion should be pass'd too.

Phæd. Let him begin to remember quarrels, when he dare: now I have him under my girdle, I'll cap verses with him to the end of the chapter.

Enter AMPHITRYON and Guards.

Amph. [*To Gripus.*] At last I have got possession without your lordship's warrant. Phædra, tell Alcmena I am here.

Phæd. I'll carry no such lying message—You are not here, and you cannot be here; for to my knowledge, you are above with my lady in the chamber.

Amph. All of a piece, and all witchcraft! Answer me precisely; dost thou not know me for Amphitryon?

Phæd. Answer me first: Did you give me a diamond, and a purse of gold?

Amph. Thou know'st I did not.

Phæd. Then, by the same token, I know you are not the true Amphitryon.

Amph. I'll undo this enchantment with my sword, and kill the sorcerer: come up, gentlemen, and follow me. [To the Guards.

Phæd. I'll save you the labour, and call him down to confront you, if you dare attend him. [Exit.

Mer. [Aside.] Now the spell is ended, and Jupiter can enchant no more; or else Amphitryon had not entered so easily.—[Gripus is stealing off.] Whither now, Gripus? I have business for you. If you offer to stir, you know what follows.

Enter JUPITER, followed by TRANIO and POLIDAS.

Jup. Who dares to play the master in my house?
What noise is this that calls me from above,
Invades my soft recess,
And, like a tide, breaks in upon my love?

Amph. O heav'ns! What's this I see?

Tran. What a prodigy!

Pol. How! two Amphitryons!

Grip. I have beheld th' appearance of two suns,
But still the false was dimmer than the true;
Here, both shine out alike.

Amph. This is a sight, that, like the Gorgon's head,
Chills all my blood, and stiffens me to stone.

I need no more enquire into my fate;
For what I see, resolves my doubts too plain.

Tran. Two drops of water cannot be more like.

Pol. They are two very sames.

“*Mer.* [*Aside.*] Our Jupiter is a great comedian,
“ he counterfeits most admirably.”

Amph. Now I am gather'd back into myself;
My heart beats high, and pushes out the blood,
[*Drawing his sword.*

To give me just revenge on this impostor.
If you are brave, assist me.—[*To the Guards.*]—Not
one stirs!

What, are all brib'd to take th' enchanter's part!
'Tis true, the work is mine; and thus——

[*Going to rush upon Jupiter; and is held by Tranio
and Polidas.*

Pol. It must not be.

Jup. Give him his way: I dare the madman's
worst.

But still take notice, that it looks not like
The true Amphitryon, to fly out at first
To brutal force; it shews he doubts his cause,
Who dares not trust his reason to defend it.

Amph. [*Struggling.*] Thou base usurper of my name
and bed!

No less than thy heart's blood can wash away
Th' affronts I have sustain'd.

Tran. We must not suffer

So strange a duel, as Amphitryon
To fight against himself.

Pol. Nor think we wrong you, when we hold your
hands :

We know our duty to our general ;
We know the ties of friendship to our friend ;
But who that friend, or who that general is,
Without more certain proofs betwixt you two,
Is hard to be distinguish'd by our reason,
Impossible by sight.

Amph. I know it ; and have satisfy'd myself,
I am the true Amphitryon.

Jup. See again,
He shuns the certain proofs ; and dares not stand
Impartial judgment, and award of right.
But since Alcmena's honour is concern'd,
Whom, more than life and all the world, I love ;
This I propose, as equal to us both.
Tranio and Polidas, be you assistants ;
The guards be ready to secure th' impostor,
When once so prov'd, for public punishment ;
And, Gripus, be thou umpire of the cause.

Amph. I am content ; let him proceed to examination.

Grip. [*Aside to Mercury.*] On whose side would you
please that I should give the sentence ?

Mer. [*Aside to Gripus.*] Follow thy conscience for
once : but not to make a custom of it neither ; “ nor
“ to leave an evil precedent of uprightness to future
“ judges—[*Aside.*] 'Tis a good thing to have a ma-

“gistrate under correction. Your old fornicating judge dares never give sentence against him that knows his haunts.”

Pol. Your lordship knows I was master of Amphitryon's ship; and I desire to know of him, what passed in private betwixt us two at his landing, when he was just ready to engage the enemy?

Grip. Let the true Amphitryon answer first——

Jup. and Amph. together.—My lord, I told him——

Grip. Peace both of you!—'Tis a plain case, they are both true; for they both speak together: but for more certainty, let the false Amphitryon speak first.

Mer. Now they are both silent——

Grip. Then 'tis plain on t'other side, that they are false Amphitryons.

Mer. Which Amphitryon shall speak first?

Grip. Let the choleric Amphitryon speak: and let the peaceable hold his peace.

Amph. [*To Pol.*] You may remember that I whispered you, not to part from the stern one single moment.

Pol. You did so.

Grip. No more words then: I proceed to sentence.

Jup. 'Twas I that whispered him; and he may remember I gave him this reason for it, that if our men were beaten, I might secure my own retreat.

Pol. You did so.

Grip. Now again he's as true as t'other.

Tran. You know I was pay-master: what directions did you give me the night before the battle?

Grip. To which of the You's art thou speaking?

Amph. I ordered you to take particular care of the great bag.

Grip. Why this is demonstration.

Jup. The bag that I recommended to you, was of tiger's skin; and marked Beta.

Grip. In sadness, I think, they are both jugglers; here's nothing, and here's nothing; and then *hiccius doccius*, and they are both here again.

Tran. You, peaceable Amphitryon, what money was there in that bag?

Jup. The sum, in gross, amounted just to fifty Attic talents.

Tran. To a farthing.

Grip. Paugh! Obvious, obvious.

Amph. Two thousand pieces of gold were tied up in a handkerchief by themselves.

Tran. I remember it.

Grip. Then 'tis dubious again.

Jup. But the rest was not all silver; for there were just four thousand brass halfpence.

Grip. Being but brass, the proof is inconsiderable: if they had been silver, it had gone on your side.

Amph. [To *Jup.*] Death and hell, you will not persuade me that I did not kill Pterelas?

Jup. Nor you me, that I did not enjoy Alcmena?

Amph. That last was poison to me ——— [Aside. Yet there's one proof thou canst not counterfeit:

In killing Pterelas, I had a wound
 Full in the brawny part of my right arm ;
 Where still the scar remains : Now blush, impostor :
 For this thou canst not show.

[*Bares his arm, and shews the scar, which they all
 look on.*]

Omnes. This is the true Amphitryon.

Jup. May your lordship please——

Grip. No, sirrah, it does not please me : hold your
 tongue, I charge you, for the case is manifest.

Jup. By your favour then, this shall speak for me.

[*Bares his arm, and shews it.*]

Tran. 'Tis just in the same muscle.

Pol. Of the same length and breadth ; and the scar
 of the same bluish colour.

Grip. [*To Jup.*] Did not I charge you not to speak ?
 'Twas plain enough before ; and now you have puz-
 zled it again.

Amph. Good gods, how can this be !

Grip. For certain there was but one Pterelas ; and
 he must have been in the plot against himself too : for
 he was killed first by one of them, and then rose
 out of respect to t'other Amphitryon, to be killed
 twice over.

Enter ALCMENA, PHÆDRA, and BROMIA.

Alc. [*Turning to Phædra and Bromia.*] No more of
 this ; it sounds impossible
 That two should be so like, no difference found.

Phæd. You'll find it true.

Alc. Then where's Alcmena's honour and her fame?
Farewell my needless fear, it cannot be:
This is a case too nice for vulgar sight—
But let me come, my heart will guide my eyes
To point, and tremble to its proper choice.

[*Seeing Amphitryon, goes to him.*

There neither was, nor is, but one Amphitryon;
And I am only his— [Goes to take him by the hand.

Amph. [*Pushing her away from him.*] Away, adul-
tress!

Jup. My gentle love, my treasure and my joy,
Follow no more that false and foolish fire,
That would mislead thy fame to sure destruction!
Look on thy better husband, and thy friend,
Who will not leave thee liable to scorn,
But vindicate thy honour from that wretch,
Who would by base aspersions blot thy virtue.

Alc. [*Going to him, who embraces her.*] I was indeed
mistaken! thou art he!

Thy words, thy thoughts, thy soul is all Amphitryon.
Th' impostor has thy features, not thy mind;
The face might have deceiv'd me in my choice,
Thy kindness is a guide that cannot err.

Amph. What! in my presence to prefer the villain?
Oh, execrable cheat! I break the truce;
And will no more attend your vain decisions.
To this—and to the gods I'll trust my cause.

[*Is rushing upon Jupiter, and is held again.*

Jup. Poor man! how I contemn those idle threats!
Were I dispos'd, thou might'st as safely meet
The thunder launch'd from the red arm of Jove.
But in the face of Thebes she shall be clear'd;
And what I am, and what thou art, be known.
Attend, and I will bring convincing proofs.

Amph. Thou wouldst elude my justice, and escape:
But I will follow thee, through earth, and seas;
Nor hell shall hide thee from my just revenge.

Jup. I'll spare thy pains; it shall be quickly seen,
Betwixt us two, who seeks, and who avoids.——
Come in, my friends—and thou who seem'st Amphi-
tryon;

That all who are in doubt, may know the true.

[*Jupiter re-enters the house; with him Amphitryon,
Alcmena, Polidas, Tranio, and Guards.*]

Mer. Thou, Gripus, and you, Bromia, stay with
Phædra;

[*To Grip. and Brom. who are following.*]

Let their affairs alone, and mind we ours.

Amphitryon's rival shall appear a god:

But know before-hand, I am Mercury;

Who want not heav'n, while Phædra is on earth.

Brom. But, an't please your lordship, is my fellow
servant, Phædra, to be exalted into the heav'ns, and
made a star?

Phæd. When that comes to pass, if you look up a-
nights, I shall remember old kindness, and vouchsafe
to twinkle on you.

Enter SOSIA, peeping about him; and seeing MERCURY, is starting back.

Sos. Here he is again; and there's no passing by him into the house, unless I were a sprite, to glide in through the key-hole.—I am to be a vagabond, I find.

Mer. Sosia, come back.

Sos. No, I thank you—you may whistle me long enough; a beaten dog has always the wit to avoid his master.

Mer. I permit thee to be Sosia again.

Sos. 'Tis an unfortunate name, and I abandon it: he that has an itch to be beaten, let him take it up for Sosia;—what have I said now! I mean for me; for I neither am nor will be Sosia.

Mer. But thou mayst be so in safety: for I have acknowledged myself to be God Mercury.

Sos. I am your most humble servant, good Mr. Mercury. But how shall I be sure that you will never assume my shape again?

Mer. Because I am weary of wearing so villanous an outside.

Sos. Well, well; as villanous as it is, here's old Bromia will be contented with it.

Brom. Yes, now I am sure that I may chastise you safely.

Sos. Ay, but you had best take heed how you attempt it; for as Mercury has turned himself into me,

so I may take the toy into my head, to turn myself into Mercury, that I may swinge you off, condignly.

Mer. In the mean time, be all my witnesses, that I take Phædra for my wife of the left hand; that is, in the nature of a lawful concubine.

Phæd. You shall pardon me for believing you, for all you are a god: for you have a terrible ill name below; and I'm afraid you'll get a footman, instead of a priest, to marry us.

Mer. But here's Gripus shall draw up articles betwixt us.

Phæd. But he's terribly used to false conveyancing—Well, be it so; for my counsel shall overlook them before I sign. Come on, Gripus; that I may have him under black and white.

[*Here Grip. gets ready pen, ink, and paper.*]

Mer. With all my heart.

Phæd. [*To Grip.*] Begin, begin: Heads of articles to be made, &c. betwixt Mercury, god of thieves—

Mer. And Phædra, queen of gipsies—*Imprimis*, I promise to buy, and settle upon her, an estate, containing nine thousand acres of land, in any part of Bœotia, to her own liking.

Phæd. Provided always, that no part of the said nine thousand acres shall be upon, or adjoining to mount Parnassus: for I will not be fobbed off with a poetical estate.

Mer. *Memorandum*, that she be always constant to me; and admit of no other lover.

Phæd. *Memorandum*, unless it be a lover that offers

more; and that the constancy shall not exceed the settlement.

“ *Mer.* Item, that she shall keep no male servants
“ in her house.

“ *Brom.* Here’s no provision made for children
“ yet.

“ *Phæd.* Well remembered, Bromia; I bargain
“ that my eldest son shall be a hero, and my eldest
“ daughter a king’s mistress.

“ *Mer.* That is to say, a blockhead, and a harlot,
“ Phædra.

“ *Phæd.* That’s true; but who dares call them so?
“ Then for the younger children:—but now I think
“ on’t, we’ll have no more, but master and miss; for
“ the rest would be but chargeable, and a burden to
“ the nation.

“ *Mer.* Yes, yes; the second shall be a false pro-
“ phet: he shall have wit enough to set up a new
“ religion; and too much wit to die a martyr
“ for it.”

Phæd. Oh, what had I forgot? there’s pin-money,
and alimony, and separate maintenance, and a thou-
sand things more to be considered; that are all to be
tacked to this act of settlement.

Sos. I am a fool, I must confess—but yet I can see
as far into a mill-stone as the best of you. I have
observed, that you women-wits are commonly so
quick upon the scent, that you often over-run it:
now I would ask of Madam Phædra, that in case Mr.
Heaven there should be pleased to break these arti-

cles, in what court of judicature she intends to sue him ?

Phæd. The fool has hit upon't :—Gods, and great men, are never to be sued ; for they can always plead privilege of peerage ; and, therefore for once, Monsieur, I'll take your word ; for as long as you love me, you'll be sure to keep it : and, in the mean time, I shall be gaining experience how to manage some rich cully ; for no woman ever made her fortune by a wit.

[It thunders ; and the company within doors, Amphitryon, Alcmena, Polidas, and Tranio, all come running out, and join with the rest, who were on the Theatre before.]

Amph. Sure 'tis some god ! He vanish'd from our sight,

And told us we should see him soon return.

Alc. I know not what to hope, nor what to fear.

A simple error, is a real crime ;

And unconsenting innocence is lost.

[A second peal of thunder. After which, Jupiter appears in a machine.]

Jup. Look up, Amphitryon, and behold above

Th' impostor god, the rival of thy love :

In thy own shape see Jupiter appear,

And let that sight secure thy jealous fear.

Disgrace, and infamy, are turn'd to boast ;

No fame in Jove's concurrence can be lost ;

What he enjoys, he sanctifies from vice ;

And by partaking stamps into a price.

“*Mer.* [*Aside.*] Amphitryon and Alcmena both stand mute, and know not how to take it.”

Sos. [*Aside.*] Our sovereign lord Jupiter is a sly companion; he knows how to gild a bitter pill.

Jup. From this auspicious night shall rise an heir,
Great like his sire, and like his mother fair:
Wrongs to redress, and tyrants to disseise;
Born for a world that wants a Hercules.
Monsters, and monster-men he shall engage,
And toil and struggle through an impious age.
Peace to his labours shall at length succeed;
And murm’ring men, unwilling to be freed,
Shall be compell’d to happiness, by need.

[*Jupiter is carried back to Heaven.*]

Omnes. We all congratulate Amphitryon.

Sos. Ah, Bromia, Bromia, if thou hadst been as handsome and as young as Phædra! I say no more,—but somebody might have made his fortune, as well as his master, and never the worse man neither.

But—down, ambition! let me not complain—

Enough that I am Sosia once again!

Though not a cuckold, yet content I’ll be;

The great man’s happiness is not for me.

But of myself shall I be robb’d no more?

Your voice, ‘ye learned Thebans,’ I implore—

Give me your suffrage, I’ll be Sosia still;

Let bully Merc’ry there, do what he will.

[*Exeunt.*]