De Wilde ad vivum pinxt. Audinet sc.

MR. QUICK as DON LEWIS.

They House ha! ha! ha! well said Punny.

London Printed for J. Bell British Library Strand May 10. 1791.

LOVE MAKES A MAN;

OR, THE

FOP's FORTUNE.

A

COMEDY.

BY COLLEY CIBBER, 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 XCI.

LOVE MAKES A MAN.

THIS very pleasing Comedy is a modernization by COLLEY CIBBER from two of the Plays of Beaumont and Fletcher—The ELDER BROTHER and the CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY.

IT is not one of those powerful productions of the mind, wherein every scene affords a lesson for conduct, and every character a mirror of being.—It is also not one of those flimsy insipidities in which there is neither dialogue nor decency, character nor incident—But, with its personages well *opposed*, and some strong writing and humorous oddity, it is likely to stand its ground as long as mankind agree to divert their spleen by laughing at a Coxcomb.

Note. With the Careless Husband will be given a Character of Cibber.

PROLOGUE.

SINCE plays are but a kind of public feasts,
Where tickets only make the welcome guests;
Methinks, instead of grace, we should prepare,
Your tastes in prologues, with your bill of fare.
When you foreknow each course, tho' this may teize you,
'Tis five to one, but each o'th' five may please you,
First, for your critics, we've your darling cheer,
Faults without number, more than sense can bear;
You're certain to be pleas'd where errors are.
From your displeasure I dare vouch we're safe;
You never frown, but where your neighbours laugh.
Now you that never know what spleen or hate is,
Who, for an act or two, are welcome, gratis,
That tip the wink, and so sneak out with nunquam satis;
For your smart tastes, we've toss'd you up a fop,
We hope the newest that's of late come up;
The fool, beau, wit, and rake, so mix'd he carries,
He seems a ragout, *piping hot from Paris.*
But for the softer sex, whom most we'd move,
We've what the fair and chaste were form'd for, love:
An artless passion, fraught with hopes and fears,
And nearest happy, when it most despairs.
For marks we've scandal; and for beaus, French airs.

To please all tastes, we'll do the best we can;
*For the galleries, we've *Dicky, and Will Penkethman.*
Now sirs, you're welcome, and you know your fare;
But pray, in charity, the founder spare,
Lest you destroy, at once, the poet and the player.

* Two comic actors, who lived at the time this Play was written.

Dramatis Personae.

DRURY-LANE.

Men.

ANTONIO, } *old gentlemen*	Mr. Baddeley.
CHARINO, } *old gentlemen*	Mr. Waldron.
DON LEWIS, *uncle and near friend to* Carlos	Mr. Parsons.
CARLOS, *a student, son to* Antonio	Mr. Kemble.
CLODIO, *a pert coxcomb, his brother*	Mr. Dodd.
SANCHO, *servant to* Carlos	Mr. Suett.
MONSIEUR, *valet to* Clodio	Mr. Burton.
Governor of Lisbon	Mr. Packer.
DON DUART, *his nephew*	Mr. Barrymore.
DON MANUEL, *a sea officer in love with* Louisa	Mr. Wright.

Women.

ANGELINA, *daughter to* Charino	Mrs. Kemble.
LOUISA, *a lady of quality and pleasure*	Mrs. Ward.
ELVIRA, *sister to* Don Duart	Miss E. Kemble.
HONORIA, *cousin to* Louisa	Miss T. Tidswell.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Men.

ANTONIO, } *old gentlemen*	Mr. Wilson.
CHARINO, } *old gentlemen*	Mr. Powell.
DON LEWIS, *uncle, and near friend to* Carlos	Mr. Quick.
CARLOS, *a student, son to* Antonio	Mr. Holman.
CLODIO, *a pert coxcomb, his brother*	Mr. Lewis.
SANCHO, *servant to* Carlos	Mr. Blanchard.
MONSIEUR, *valet to* Clodio	Mr. C. Powell.
Governor of Lisbon	Mr. Davies.
DON DUART, *his nephew*	Mr. Fennel.
DON MANUEL, *a sea officer in love with* Louisa	Mr. Macready.

Women.

ANGELINA, *daughter to* Charino	Miss Brunton.
LOUISA, *a lady of quality and pleasure,*	Mrs. Bernard.
ELVIRA, *sister to* Don Duart	Miss Chapman.
HONORIA, *cousin to* Louisa	Miss Platt.

Priest, Officers, and Servants.

LOVE MAKES A MAN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Hall. Enter ANTONIO *and* CHARINO.

Antonio.

WITHOUT compliment, my old friend, I shall think myself much honoured in your alliance; our families are both ancient, our children young, and able to support them; and, I think, the sooner we set them to work, the better.

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

Ant. Ask 'em.

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

Ant. Exactly.

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

Ant. Willing.

Cha. My daughter Angelina?

Ant. Angelina.

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

Ant. Content.

Cha. And you farther promise, that the person by her (and me) so chosen (be it elder or younger) shall be your sole heir: that is to say, shall be in a conditional possession of at least three parts of your estate. You know the conditions, and this you positively promise?

Ant. To perform.

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

Ant. There's mine.

Cha. Is't a match?

Ant. A match.

Cha. Done.

Ant. Done.

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

Ant. Nothing more, sir.

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

Ant. Mettle to the back, sir.

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

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

Enter a Servant.

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

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

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

Enter SANCHO, *laden with books.*

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

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

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

Ant. What have we here, pothooks and andirons?

San. Pothooks! Oh, dear sir!——I beg your pardon——No, Sir, this is Arabick; 'tis to the Lord Abbot, concerning the translation, sir, of human bodies———a new way of getting out of the world.

——There's a terrible wise man * has written a very smart book of it.

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

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

Cha. Strange!

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

Cha. Pray, sir, what sort of life may your master lead?

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

Cha. Wonderful!

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

San. And drink too, sir?

Ant. And drink too, sir—and pray see your master's chamber ready. [*Knocking again.*] Well, sir, who's at the gate?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Monsieur, sir, from my young master, Clodio.

Enter MONSIEUR.

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

* Mr. Asgill.

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

Ant. And what came you before for?

Mons. Sire me come to provide de pulville, and de essence for his peruque, dat he may approche to your vorshipe vid de reverence, and de belle air.

Ant. What, is he unprovided then?

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

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

Mons. Sire, me tank you. [*Exit* Monsieur.

Cha. A very notable spark, this Clodio. Ha! what noise is that without?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, my young masters are both come.

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

Enter CARLOS.

Car. My father! Sir, your blessing.

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

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

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

Clo. [*Within.*] Hey! La Valiere! bid the groom

take care our hunters be well rubbed and clothed; they're hot, and have out-stripped the wind.

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

Enter CLODIO.

Clo. Where's my father?

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

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

Cha. Sir——I—I—I like you. [*Eagerly.*

Clo. Thy hand—kiss—I'm your friend.

Cha. Faith thou art a pretty-humoured fellow.

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

Ant. Your brother, Clody.

Clo. Odso! I beg his pardon with all my heart——Ha, ha, ha! did ever mortal see such a book-worm? ——Brother, how is't! [*Carelessly.*

Car. I'm glad you are well brother. [*Reads.*

Clo. What, does he draw his book upon me? Then I will draw my wit upon him——Gad, I'll puzzle him—Hark you, brother; pray, what's———Latin for a sword-knot?

Car. The Romans wore none, brother.

Clo. No ornament upon their swords, sir?

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

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

Car. I have no skill, sir.

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

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

Clo. Cut 'm! ha, ha!——no, no, they are cut already, brother, to the grammar rules exactly: psha! pr'ythee, man, leave off this college-air.

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

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

Cha. Faith, a pretty fellow.

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

Clo. Stark mad, split me!

Cha. Psha! this fellow will never do——h'as no soul in him.

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

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

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

Car. I am as well here, sir. [*Reads.*

Cha. Good for no earthly thing——a stock——Ah, that Clody!

Enter MONSIEUR.

Mons. Sire, here be de several sort of de jessamine d'orangerie vidout, if you please to make your shoice.

Clo. Mum, sir! I must beg pardon for a moment; a most important business calls me aside, which I will dispatch with all imaginable celerity, and return to the repetition of my desire to continue, sir, your most obliged, and faithful humble servant.

[*Exit.* Clody *bowing.*

Cha. Faith, he's a pretty fellow.

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

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

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

Ant. Come, come, pr'ythee, Charles, lay 'em by, let 'em agree at leisure.——What, no hour of interruption?

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

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

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

Ant. Hey-day! Georges, and Blue-sticks, and bees-wax! What, art thou mad?

Cha. Raving, raving!

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

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

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

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

Car. What debt, good sir?

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

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

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

Car. I'll take my best care, sir, that what I leave may'nt shame the family.

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

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

" *Car.* But in my wishes, sir; for know, the wings " on which my soul is mounted, have long since borne " her pride too high, to stoop to any prey that soars " not upwards; sordid and dunghill minds, com- " posed of earth, fix in that gross element their hap- " piness; but great and pure spirits, shaking that " clog of human frailty off, become refined, and free " as the ætherial air.

Ant. So in short, you would not marry an empress!

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

Ant. Was ever man thus transported from the

common sense of his own happiness; a stupid wise rogue! I could beat him. Now, if it were not for my hopes in young Clody, I might fairly conclude my name were at a period.

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

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

Enter CLODIO.

Ant. Clody, a word——

Clo. To the wise is enough. Your pleasure, sir?

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

Cha. I'll do't——Hark you, friend——

[*Whispers a Servant.*

Enter SANCHO *behind.*

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

[*Stands aside.*

Clo. Sir, you could not have started any thing more agreeable to my inclination; and for the young lady's, sir, if this old gentleman will please to give me a sight of her, you shall see me whip into her's, in the cutting of a caper.

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

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

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

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

Cha. Ah, silly, envious rogues! Pr'ythee what do you do to the ladies?

San. Positively, nothing. [*Aside.*

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

Cha. Why, hast thou really conversed with the royal family;

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

Cha. Gad-a-mercy, boy! Well, and I warrant thou wert as intimate with their ladies too?

San. Just alike, I dare answer for him. [*Aside.*

Clo. Why, you shall judge now, you shall judge ——Let me see—there was I and Monsieur——No, no, no! Monsieur did not sup with us——There was I and Prince Grandmont, Duke de Bongrace, Duke de Bellegrade——(Bellegrade——yes, yes—Jack was there) Count de l'Esprit, Marshal Bombard, and that pleasant dog, the Prince de Hautenbas. We six, now, were all at supper, all in good humour; champaigne was the word, and wit flew about the room, like a pack of losing cards——Now, sir, in Madame's adjacent lodgings, there happened to be the self-same number of ladies, after the fatigue of a ballet, diverting themselves with ratifia and the spleen; so dull, they were not able to talk, tho' it were scandalously, even of their best friends. So, sir, after a profound silence, at last, one of 'em gaped ——Oh, Gad! says she, would that pleasant dog, Clody, were here, to *badiner* a little——Hey, says a second, and stretched——Ah, *mon dieu!* says a third, and waked——Could not one find him, says a fourth? —and leered——Oh, burn him! says a fifth, I saw him go out with the nasty rakes of the blood again —in a pet——Did you so, says a sixth? *Pardie!* we'll spoil that gang presently—in a passion. Whereupon, sir, in two minutes, I received a billet in four words—*Chien, nous vous demandons*; subscribed, Grand-

mont, Bongrace, Bellegrade, L'Esprit, Bombard, Hautenbas.

Cha. Why, these are the very names of the princes you supped with.

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

Cha. and Ant. Ha, ha, ha!

San. Did ever two old gudgeons swallow so greedily? [*Aside.*

Ant. Well, and didst thou make a night on't, boy?

Clo. Yes, I'gad, and morning too, sir; for about eight o'clock the next day, slap they all soused upon their knees, kissed round, burned their commodes, drank my health, broke their glasses, and so parted.

Ant. Gad-a-mercy, Clody! Nay, 'twas always a wild young rogue.

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

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

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

Cha. Sir, you shall have it this moment—Faith, I like him—You remember the conditions, sir; three parts of your estate to him and his heirs.

Ant. Sir, he deserves it all; 'tis not a trifle shall part 'em. You see Charles has given over the world: I'll undertake to buy his birth-right for a shelf of new books.

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

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

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

Clo. I dare be shewn, sir——*Allons!* Hey, *suivons, l'amour.* [*Sings.*] [*Exeunt all but* Sancho.

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

Enter Don Lewis.

D. Lewis. Sancho, where's my boy Charles? What, is he at it? Is he at it?—Deep—deep, I warrant him——Sancho—a little peep now—one peep at him, thro' the key-hole—I must have a peep.

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

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

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

D. Lew. But what, what, what, what, sirrah! what is't?

San. Why, his birth-right, sir; he is di—di—dis—disinherited. [*Sobbing.*

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

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

D. Lew. This must be a lie, sirrah; I will have it a lie.

San. With all my heart, sir; but here comes my old master, and the pickpocket the lawyer: they'll tell you more.

Enter ANTONIO, *and a lawyer.*

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

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

San. What think you now, sir?

D. Lew. Why, now, methinks I'm pleased——this is right——I'm pleased——must cut that lawyer's throat, tho'——must bone him——ay, I'll have him boned——and potted.

Ant. Brother, how is't?

D. Lew. Oh, mighty well——mighty well——let's feel your pulse——Feverish———

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

Ant. You are merry, brother.

D. Lew. It's a lie.

Ant. How, brother?

D. Lew. A damn'd lie—I am not merry. [*Smiling.*

Ant. What are you then?

D. Lew. Very angry.

Ant. Hi, hi, hi! At what, brother?

[*Mimicking him.*

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

Ant. What settlement, good brother? I find he has heard of it. [*Aside.*

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

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

D. Lew. Do you so, sir? Why, then, I must tell you, flat and plain, my boy Charles must and shall inherit it.

Ant. I say no, unless Charles had a soul to value his fortune. What, he should manage eight thousand crowns a year out of the metaphysics? astronomy should look to my vineyards; Horace should buy off my wines; tragedy should kill my mutton; history

should cut down my hay; Homer should get in my corn; *Tityre tu patulæ* look to my sheep; and geometry bring my harvest home!———Hark you, brother, do you know what learning is?

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

Ant. But did you understand 'em, brother?

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

Ant. Fie, fie, I wonder you talk so, you that are old, and should understand.

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

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

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

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

Enter CHARINO.

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

D. Lew. Clody!

Cha. Ay, your nephew, Clody.

D. Lew. Settle upon him!

Cha. Ay.

D. Lew. Why, look you, I ha'nt much land to spare; but I have an admirable horse-pond——I'll settle that upon him, if you will.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

D. Lew. Sancho!

San. Sir.

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

San. Sir.

D. Lew. Some gun-powder, I say——a barrel——quickly—and, dy'e hear, three penny-worth of rats-bane;——Hey! ay, I'll blow up one, and poison the other.

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

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

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

D. Lew. These damn'd old rogues!—I can't look my poor boy in the face: but come, Charles, let 'em go on, thou shalt not want money to buy thee books yet——That old fool thy father, and his young puppy, shall not share a groat of mine between 'em; nay, to plague 'em, I could find in my heart to fall sick in a pet, give thee my estate in a passion, and leave the world in a fury. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter ANTONIO *and* SANCHO.

Antonio.

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

San. No inheritance, sir?

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

San. Must master Clodio have all, sir?

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

San. A father, I'm sure. [*Exit* Sancho.

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

Enter three Servants.

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

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

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

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

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

"*But.* They are within, at breakfast, sir.

"*Ant.* That's well. Here, let this room be cleaned. "——You, hussy, see the bride-bed made; take care "no young jade cut the cords asunder; and look the "sheets be fine, and well-scented——and, d'ye hear "——lay on three pillows!——away!" [*Exeunt.*

CARLOS *alone in his study.* [*A noise of chopping within.*]

Car. What a perpetual noise these people make; my head is broken with several noises; and in every corner; I have forgot to eat and sleep, with reading; all my faculties turn into study. What a misfortune 'tis in human nature, that the body will not live on that which feeds the mind!——How unprofitable a pleasure is eating!——Sancho!

Enter SANCHO.

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

Car. Pr'ythee, what noise is this?

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

Car. And is it thus at every dinner?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

San. Ah, would you saw this lady, sir! she'd draw you farther than your Archimedes; she has a better secret than any's in Aristotle, if you study'd for it. I'gad you'd find her the prettiest natural philosopher to play with!

Car. Is she so fine a creature?

San. Such eyes; such looks; such a pair of pretty plump, pouting lips; such softness in her voice; such music too; and when she smiles, such roguish dimples

in her cheeks; such a clear skin; white neck, and a little lower, such a pair of round, hard, heaving, what d'ye call-ums——— ah!

Car. Why, thou art in love, Sancho.

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

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

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

Car. Must I have nothing?

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

Car. I'm the elder born, and have a title tho'.

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

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

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

Enter CHARINO *and* ANGELINA.

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

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

San. So! the book's gone. [*Aside.*

Cha. Come, pr'ythee put on a brisker look; ods.

heart, dost thou think in conscience, that's fit for thy wedding-day?

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

Car. A wonder!

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

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

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

Ang. I have done with my objections, sir.

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

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

Enter CLODIO.

Ah, my dear Clody.

Clo. My dear, [*Kisses him.*] dear dad. Ha! *Ma princesse! estes vous là donc?* Ah, ha! *Non, non. Je ne m'y connois guères,* &c. [*Sings.*] Look, look——look, o'slyboots; what, she knows nothing of the

matter! But you will, child——I'gad, I shall count the clock extremely to-night. Let me see——what time shall I rise to-morrow?—Not till after nine,—ten,—eleven, for a pistole. Ah———*C'est à dire, votre cœur insensible est enfin vaincu. Non, non,* &c.

[*Sings a second verse.*

Enter ANTONIO, *Don* LEWIS, *and Lawyer.*

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

Clo. And so will I too, sir. *Allons! Vivons! Chantons, dansons! Hey! L'autre jour,* &c.

[*Sings and dances, &c.*

Ant. Well said again, boy. Sir, you and your writings are welcome. What, my angry brother! nay, you must have your welcome too, or we shall make but a flat feast on't.

D. Lew. Sir, I am not welcome, nor I won't be welcome, nor no-body's welcome, and you are all a parcel of———

Cha. What, sir?

D. Lew. ——Miserable wretches——sad dogs.

Ant. Come, pray, sir, bear with him, he's old and hasty: but he'll dine and be good company for all this.

D. Lew. A strange lie, that.

Clo. Ha, ha, ha, poor Testy, ha, ha.

D. Lew. Don't laugh, my dear rogue, pr'ythee don't laugh now; faith, I shall break thy head, if thou dost.

Clo. Gad so! why, then I find you are angry at me, dear uncle!

D. Lew. Angry at thee, hey puppy!—Why, what;—what dost thou see in that lovely hatchet face of thine, that's worth my being out of humour at? Blood and fire, ye dog, get out of my sight, or———

Ant. Nay, brother, this is too far———

D. Lew. Angry at him! a son of a——son's son of a whore!

Cha. Ha, ha, poor peevish———

D. Lew. I'd fain have some body poison him. [*To himself.*] Ah, that sweet creature! Must this fair flower be cropped to stick up in a piece of rascally earthen ware? I must speak to her——Puppy, stand out of my way.

Clo. Ha, ha! ay, now for't.

D. Lew. [*To* Angelina.] Ah!——ah!——ah! Madam——I pity you; you're a lovely young creature, and ought to have a handsome man yoked to you, one of understanding too;——I am sorry to say it, but this fellow's scull's extremely thick——he can never get any thing upon that fair body, but muffs and snuff-boxes; or, say, he should have a thing shaped like a child, you can make nothing of it but a taylor.

Clo. Odds me! why, you are testy, my dear uncle.]

D. Lew. Will nobody take that troublesome dog out of my sight——I can't stay where he is——I'll go see my poor boy Charles———I've disturbed you, madam; your humble servant.

Ant. You'll come again, and drink the bride's health, brother?

D. Lew. That lady's health I may; and, if she'll give me leave, perhaps sit by her at table too.

Clo. Ha, ha; bye, nuncle.

D. Lew. Puppy, good bye—— [*Exit D.* Lewis.

Ang. An odd-humour'd gentleman.

Ant. Very odd indeed, child; I suppose in pure spight, he'll make my son Charles his heir.

Ang. Methinks I would not have a light head, nor one laden with too much learning, as my father says this Carlos is; sure there's something hid in that gentleman's concern for him, that speaks him not so mere a log.

Ant. Come, shall we go and seal, brother? The priest stays for us. When Carlos has signed the conveyance, as he shall presently, we'll then to the wedding, and so to dinner.

Cha. With all my heart, sir.

Clo. Allons, ma chere princesse. [*Exeunt.*

CARLOS *in his study, with Don* LEWIS, *and* SANCHO.

D. Lew. Nay, you are undone.

Car. Then—I must study, sir, to bear my fortune.

D. Lew. Have you no greater feeling?

San. You were sensible of the great book, sir, when it fell upon your head; and won't the ruin of your fortune stir you?

Car. Will he have my books too?

D. Lew. No, no, he has a book, a fine one too,

called The Gentleman's Recreation; or, The secret Art of getting Sons and Daughters: such a creature! a beauty in folio! Would thou hadst her in thy study, Carlos, though it were but to new-clasp her.

San. He has seen her, sir.

D. Lew. Well, and——and———

San. He flung away his book, sir.

D. Lew Did he faith? would he had flung away his humour too, and spoke to her.

Car. Must my brother then have all?

D. Lew. All, all.

San. All that your father has, sir.

Car. And that fair creature too.

San. Ay, sir.

D. Lew. Hey!

Car. He has enough, then. [*Sighing.*

D. Lew. He have her, Charles! why would, would, that is———hey!

Car. May not I see her, sometimes, and call her sister? I'll do her no wrong.

D. Lew. I can't bear this! 'Sheart, I could cry for madness! Flesh and fire! do but speak to her, man.

Car. I cannot, sir, her look requires something of that distant awe, words of that soft respect, and yet such force and meaning too, that I should stand confounded to approach her, and yet I long to wish her joy.——Oh, were I born to give it too!

D. Lew. Why, thou shalt wish her joy, boy; faith she is a good-humoured creature, she'll take it kindly.

Car. Do you think so, uncle?

D. Lew. I'll to her, and tell of you.

Car. Do sir——Stay, uncle——will she not think me rude? I would not for the world offend her.

D. Lew. 'Fend a fiddle-stick——let me alone——I'll——I'll——

Car. Nay, but, sir! dear uncle!

D. Lew. A hum! a hum! [*Exit Don* Lewis.

Enter ANTONIO *and the Lawyer with a writing.*

Ant. Where's my son?

San. There, sir, casting a figure what chopping children his brother shall have, and where he shall find a new father for himself.

Ant. I shall find a stick for you, rogue, I shall. Charles, how dost thou do? Come, hither, boy.

Car. Your pleasure, sir?

Ant. Nay, no great matter, child, only to put your name here a little, to this bit of parchment: I think you write a reasonable good hand, Charles.

Car. Pray, sir, to what use may it be?

Ant. Only to pass your title in the land I have, to your brother Clodio.

Car. Is it no more, sir?

Law. That's all, sir.

Ant. No, no, 'tis nothing else; look you, you shall be provided for, you shall have what books you please, and your means shall come in without your care, and you shall always have a servant to wait on you.

Car. Sir, I thank you; but if you please, I had ra-

ther sign it before the good company below; it being, sir, so frank a gift, 'twill be some small compliment to have done it before the lady too: there I shall sign it cheerfully, and wish my brother fortune.

Ant. With all my heart, child; it's the same thing to me.

Car. You'll excuse me, sir, if I make no great stay with you.

Ant. Do as thou wilt, thou shalt do any thing thou hast a mind to. [*Exeunt.*

San. Now has he undone himself for ever; odsheart, I'll down into the cellar, and be stark drunk for anger. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Changes to a Dining-Room: a large Table spread. Enter CHARINO *with* ANGELINA, CLODIO, *Don* LEWIS, *Ladies, Priest, and a Lawyer.*

Law. Come, let him bring his son's hand, and all's done. Are you ready, sir?

Priest. Sir, I shall dispatch them presently, immediately; for in truth I am an hungry.

Clo. I'gad, I warrant you, the priest and I could both fall to without saying grace——Ha, you little rogue! what, you think it long too?

Ang. I find no fault, sir; better things were well done, than done too hastily——Sir, you look melancholy. [*To Don* Lewis.

D. Lew. Sweet swelling blossom! Ah, that I had the gathering of thee; I would stick thee in the bosom of a pretty young fellow——Ah, thou hast missed a man (but that he is so bewitched to his study, and knows no other mistress than his mind) so far above this feather-headed puppy——

Ang. Can he talk, sir?

D. Lew. Like an angel——to himself——the devil a word to a woman: his language is all upon the high business: to heaven, and heavenly wonders, to nature, and her dark and secret causes.

Ang. Does he speak so well there, sir?

D. Lew. To admiration! Such curiosities! but he can't look a woman in the face; if he does, he blushes like fifteen.

Ang. But a little conversation, methinks——

D. Lew. Why, so I think too; but the boy's bewitched, and the devil can't bring him to't: shall I try if I can get him to wish you joy?

Ang. I shall receive it as becomes his sister, sir.

Clo. Look, look, old testy will fall in love by and by; he's hard at it, split me.

Cha. Let him alone, she'll fetch him about, I warrant you.

Clo. So, here my father comes! Now priest. Hey, my brother too! that's a wonder; broke like a spirit from his cell.

Enter ANTONIO *and* CARLOS.

D. Lew. Odso, here he is; that's he; a little in-

clining to the lean, or so, but his understanding's the fatter for't.

Ant. Come, Charles, 'twere your desire to see my fair daughter and the good company, and to seal before 'em all, and give your brother joy.

Cha. He does well; I shall think the better of him as long as I live.

Car. Is this the lady, sir?

Ant. Ay, that's your sister, Charles.

Car. Forbid it, love! [*Aside.*] Do you not think she'll grace our family?

Ant. No doubt on't, sir.

Car. Should I not thank her for so unmerited a grace?

Ant. Ay, and welcome, Charles.

D. Lew. Now, my boy; give her a gentle twist by the finger; lay your lips softly, softly, close and plump to her. [*Apart to* Carlos.

Car. Pardon a stranger's freedom, lady——[*Salutes* Angelina.] Dissolving softness! Oh, the drowning joy!—Happy, happy he that sips eternally such nectar down, that unconfined may lave and wanton there in sateless draughts of ever-springing beauty.——But you, fair creature, share by far the higher joy; if, as I've read, (nay, now am sure) the sole delight of love lies only in the power to give.

Ang. How near his thoughts agree with mine; this the mere scholar I was told of! [*Aside.*]——I find, sir, you have experienced love, you seem acquainted with the passion.

Car. I've had, indeed a dead pale glimpse in theory, but never saw the enlivening light before.

Ang. Ha, before! [*Aside.*

Ant. Well, these are very fine compliments, Charles; but you say nothing to your brother yet.

Cor. Oh, yes, and wish him, sir, with any other beauty, (if possible) more lasting joy than I could taste with her.

Ang. He speaks unhappily.

Clo. Ha!———what do you say, brother?

Ant. Nay, for my part, I don't understand him.

Cha. Nor I.

D. Lew. Stand clear, I do———and that sweet creature too, I hope.

Ang. Too well, I fear.

Ant. Come, come, to the writing, Charles; pr'ythee leave thy studying, man.

Car. I leave my life first; I study now to be a man; before, what man was, was but my argument;——— I am now on the proof; I find, I feel myself a man—nay, I fear it too.

D. Lew. He has it! he has it! my boy's in for't.

Clo. Come, come, will you——

D. Lew. Stand out of the way, puppy.

[*Interposing with his back to* Clody.

Car. Whence is it, fair, that while I offer speech to you, my thoughts want words, my words their free and honest utterance? Why is it thus I tremble at your touch, and fear your frown, as would a frighted child the dreadful lightning? Yet should my dearest

friend or brother dare to check my vain deluded wishes, Oh, I should turn, and tear him like an offended lion———Is this, can it, must it be in a sister's power?

Clo. Come, come, will you sign brother?

D. Lew. Time enough, puppy.

Car. O! if you knew with what precipated haste you hurry on a deed that makes you bless'd or miserable for ever, ev'n yet, near as you are to happiness, you'd find no danger in a moment's pause.

Clo. I say, will you sign, brother?

Car. Away, I have no time for trifles! Room for an elder brother.

D. Lew. Why, did not I bid thee stand out of the way now?

Ant. Ay,-but this is trifling, Charles! Come, come, your hand, man.

Car. Your pardon, sir, I cannot seal yet; had you only shew'd me land, I had resign'd it free, and proud to have bestow'd it to your pleasure: 'tis care, 'tis dirt, and trouble: but you have open'd to me such a treasure, such unimagin'd mines of solid joy, that I perceive my temper stubborn now, ev'n to a churlish avarice of love——Heaven direct my fortune.

Ant. And so you won't part with your title, sir?

Car. Sooner with my soul of reason, be a plant, a beast, a fish, a fly, and only make the number of things up, than yield one foot of land——if she be ty'd to't.

Cha. I don't like this; he talks oddly, methinks.

Ang. Yet with a bravery of soul might warm the coldest heart. [*Aside.*

Clo. Pshaw, pox! prithee, brother, you had better think of those things in your study, man!

Car. Go you and study, for 'tis time, young brother: turn o'er the tedious volumes I have read; think, and digest them well! the wholsomest food for green consumptive minds; "wear out whole "fasted days, and by the pale weak lamp pore away "the freezing nights; rather make dim thy sight, "than leave thy mind in doubt and darkness: con-"fine thy useless travels to thy closet, traverse the "wise and civil lives of good and great men dead; "compare 'em with the living: tell me why Cæsar "perished by the hand that loved him most; and "why his enemies deplored him? Distil the sweet-"ness from the poet's spring, and learn to soften "thy desires;" nor dare to dream of marriage-vows, 'till thou hast taught thy soul, like mine, to love——Is it for thee to wear a jewel of this inestimable worth?

D. Low. Ah, Charles! [*Kisses him*] What say you to the scholar now, chicken?

Ang. A wonder!——Is this gentleman your brother, sir? [*To* Clody.

Clo. Hey! No, my——Madam, not quite——that is, he is a little a-kin by the———Pox on him, would he were bury'd——I can't tell what to say to him, split me.

Ant. Positively, you will not seal then, ha?

Car. Neither——I should not blindly say I will not seal———Let me intreat a moment's pause——— for, even yet, perhaps I may. [*Sighing.*

Ang. Forbid it, Fortune!

Ant. O, may you so, sir!

Clo. Ay! sir, hey! What you are come to yourself I find, 'sheart!

Cha. Ay, ay, give him a little time, he'll think better on't, I warrant you.

Car. Perhaps, fair creature, I have done you wrong, whose plighted love and hope went hand in hand together; but I conjure you, think my life were hateful after so base, so barbarous an act as parting 'em: what! to lay waste at once for ever all the gay blossoms of your forward fortune, "the promis'd wishes "of your young desire, your fruitful beauty, and "your springing joy; your thriving softness, and "your cluster'd kisses, growing on the lips of love, "devour'd with an unthirsty infant's appetite!" O forbid it, Love! forbid it, Nature and Humanity! I have no land, no fortune, life, or being, while your necessity of peace requires 'em, Say! or give me need to think your smallest hope depends on my objected ruin; my ruin is my safety there; my fortune, or my life resign'd with joy, so your account of happy hours were thence but rais'd to any added number.

Cha. Why ay! there's some civility in this.

Clo. The fellow really talks very prettily.

Car. But if in bare compliance to a father's will,

you now but suffer marriage, or what's worse, give it as an extorted bond, impos'd on the simplicity of your youth, and dare confess you wish some honest friend would save, or free you from its hard conditions; I then again have land, have life, and resolution, waiting still upon your happier fortune.

Clo. Ha, ha! pert enough, that! I'gad! I long to see what this will come to!

Priest. In truth, unless somebody is marry'd presently, the dinner will be spoil'd, and then——nobody will be able to eat it.

Ant. Brother, I say, let's remove the lady.

Cha. Force her from him!

Car. 'Tis too late! I have a figure here! Sooner shall bodies leave their shade; "as well you might "attempt to shut old Time into a den, and from his "downy wings wash the swift hours away, or steal "eternity to stop his glass;" so fixed, so rooted here, is every growing thought of her.

Clo. Gads me; what, now it's troublesome again, is it?

Car. Consider, fair one, now's the very crisis of our fate: you cannot have it sure to ask, if honour be the parent of my love: if you can love for love, and think your heart rewarded there, like two young vines we'll curl together, circling our souls in never-ending joy; we'll spring together, and we'll bear one fruit; one joy shall make us smile, one sorrow mourn; one age go with us, one hour of death shall close our eyes, and one cold grave shall hold us

happy———Say but you hate me not! O speak! Give but the softest breath to that transporting thought!

Ang. Need I then speak; to say, I am far from hating you———I would say more, but there is nothing fit for me to say.

Cha. I'll bear it no longer———

Ang. On this you may depend, I cannot like that marriage was propos'd me.

Car. How shall my soul requite this goodness?

Cha. Beyond patience! this is downright insolence! roguery! rape!

Ant. Part 'em.

Clo. Ay, ay! part 'em, part 'em.

D. Lew. Doll! dum! dum?———

[*Sings and draws in their defence.*

Cha. Call an officer, I'll have 'em forc'd asunder.

Ang. Nay, then I am reduced to take protection here. [*Goes to* Carlos.

Car. O ecstacy of heart! transporting joy!

D. Lew. Lorra! Dorrol! Loll! [*Sings and dances.*

Cha. A plot! a plot against my honour! Murder! Treason! Gunpowder! I'll be reveng'd!

Ant. Sir, you shall have satisfaction.

Cha. I'll be reveng'd!

Ant. Carlos, I say, forego the lady.

Car. Never, while I have sense of being, life, or motion.

Clo. You won't! Gadso! What, then I find I must lug out upon this business? *Allons!* the lady, sir!

D. Lew. Lorra! Dorrol! Loll!

[*Presenting his point to* Clodio.

Cha. I'll have his blood! by all the scars and wounds of honour in my family! [*Exit* Charino.

Car. Hold, uncle! come brother! sheath your anger——I'll do my best to satisfy you all——but first I would intreat a blessing here.

Ant. Out of my doors, thou art no son of mine.

[*Exit* Ant.

Car. I am sorry I have lost a father, sir——For you, brother, since once you had a seeming hope in lieu of what you've lost, half of my birthright——

Clo. No halves! no halves, sir! the whole lady!

Car. Why, then the whole, if you can like the terms.

Clo. What terms? What terms? Come, quick, quick.

Car. The first is this———[*Snatches Don* Lewis's *sword.*] Win her, and wear her; for, on my soul, unless my body fail, my mind shall never yield thee up a thought in love.

D. Lew. Gramercy, Charles! To him, boy! I'gad, this love has made a man of him.

Car. This is the first good sword I ever pois'd in anger yet; 'tis sharp I'm sure; if it but hold my putting home, I shall so hunt your insolence!——I feel the fire of ten strong spirits in me: wert thou a native fencer, in so fair a cause, I thus should hold thee at the worst defiance.

Clo. Look you, brother, take care of yourself, I

shall certainly be in you the first thrust; but if you had rather, dy'e see, we'll talk a little calmly about this business.

Car. Away, trifler! I would be loth to prove thee a coward too.

Clo. Coward! why then really, sir, if you please, midriff's the word, brother; you are a son of a whore —*Allons!*— [*They fight, and* Clodio *is disarmed.*

Car. There, sir, take your life——and mend it.—— "Begone without reply."——

Ang. Are you wounded, sir?

Car. Only in my fears for you: how shall we bestow us, uncle?

D. Lew. Positively, we are not safe here, this lady being an heiress. Follow me.

Car. Good angels guard us. [*Exeunt with* Ang.

Clo. Gadso! I never fenc'd so ill in all my life—— never in my life, split me!

Enter MONSIEUR.

Mons. Sire, here be de trompete, de haute-boy, de musique, de maitre danser, dat deseer to know if you sal be please to 'ave de masque begin.

Clo. Ha! what does this puppy say now?

Mons. Sire, de musique.

Clo. Why ay——that's true——but——tell 'em ——plague on 'em, tell 'em, they are not ready tun'd.

Mons. Sire, dare is all tune, all prepare.

Clo. Ay! Why then, tell 'em that my brother's

wise again, and has spoil'd all, and I am bubbled, and so I sha'nt be married till next time: but I have fought with him, and he has disarm'd me; and so he won't release the land, nor give me my mistress again; and I——I am undone, that's all. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CHARINO, ANTONIO, *Officers, and Servants.*

Cha. Officer, do your duty: I say, seize 'em all.

Ant. Carry 'em this minute before a——How now! What all fled?

Cha. Ha! my girl! my child! my heiress! I am abus'd! I am cheated! I am robb'd! I am ravish'd! murder'd! and flung in a ditch.

Ant. Who let 'em out? Which way went they, villains?

Serv. Sir, we had no order to stop them; but they went out at the door not six minutes ago.

Cha. I'll pursue them with bills, warrants, actions, writs, and malice: I'm a lawyer, sir; they shall find I understand ruin.

Ant. Nay, they shall be found, sir: run you to the port, sirrah, see if any ships are going off, and bring us notice immediately. [*Exeunt officers and servants.*

Enter SANCHO *drunk.*

San. Ban, ban, Cac-caliban. [*Sings.*

Ant. Here comes a rogue, I'll warrant, knows the bottom of all! Where's my son, villain?

San. Son, sir!

Cha. Where's my daughter, sirrah?

San. Daughter, sir!

Cha. Ay, my daughter, rascal!

San. Why, sir, they told me just now, sir——that she's——she's run away.

Ant. Dog, where's your master?

San. My master! why, they say he is———

Ant. Where, sirrah?

San. Why, he is—he is—gone along with her.

Ant. Death! you dog, discover him, or———

San. Sir, I will———I will.

Ant. Where is he, villain?

San. Where sir? Why, to be sure he is——he is——upon my soul, I don't know, sir.

Ant. No more trifling, rascal.

San. If I do sir, I wish this may be my poison.

[*Drinks.*

Ant. Death! you dog, get out of my house, or I'll———So, sir, have you found him?

Re-enter the Servant hastily, and CLODIO.

Clo. Ay, sir, have you found 'em.

Serv. Yes, sir, I had a sight of 'em; but they were just got on board a small vessel before I could overtake 'em.

Cha. Death and furies!

Ant. Whither were they bound, sirrah?

Serv. Sir, I could not discover that: but they were full before the wind, with a very smart gale.

Ant. What shall we do, brother?

Clo. Be as smart as they, sir; follow 'em, follow 'em.

Cha. Send to the port this moment, and secure a ship; I'll pursue them through all the elements.

Clo. I'll follow you by the northern star.

Ant. Run to the port again, rogue; hire a ship, and tell 'em they must hoist sail immediately.

Enter MONSIEUR.

Clo. And you rogue, run to my chamber, fill up my snuff-box——Cram it hard, you dog, and be here again before you get thither.

Ant. What, will you take nothing else, boy?

Clo. Nothing, sir, but snuff and opportunity——we're in haste. *Allons!* hey! *Je vole.* [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Lisbon. Enter ELVIRA, *Don* DUART, *and Governor.*

Elvira.

DEAR brother, let me intreat you, stay; why will you provoke your danger?

D. Du. Madam, my honour must be satisfied.

Elv. That's done already, by the degrading blow you gave him.

Gov. Pray, niece, what is it has incens'd him?

Elv. Nothing but a needless quarrel.

Gov. I am sorry for him——To whom is all this fury, nephew?

D. Du. To you, sir, or any man that dares oppose me.

Gov. Come, you are too boisterous, sir; and this vain opinion of your courage, taken on your late success in duelling, makes you daily shunn'd by men of civil conversation. For shame, leave off these senseless brawls; if you are valiant, as you would be thought, turn out your courage to the wars; let your king and country be the better for't.

D. Du. Yes, so I might be general——Sir, no man living shall command me.

Gov. Sir, you shall find that here in Lisbon I will: I'm every hour follow'd with complaints of your behaviour from men of almost all conditions; and my authority, which you presume will bear you out, because you are my nephew, no longer shall protect you now: expect your next disorder to be punished with as much severity as his that is a stranger to my blood.

D. Du. Punish me! You, nor your office, dare not do't.

Gov. Away! Justice dares do any thing she ought.

Elv. Brother, this brutal temper must be cast off: when you can master that, you shall gladly command my fortune. But if you still persist, expect my prayers and vows for your conversion only; but never means, or favour.

D. Du. Fire! and furies! I'm tutor'd here like

a mere school-boy! Women shall judge of injuries in honour?———For you, sir——I was born free, and will not curb my spirit, nor is it for your authority to tempt it: give me the usage of a man of honour, or 'tis not your government shall protect you. [*Exit.*

Gov. I am sorry to see this, niece, for your sake.

Elv. Wou'd he were not my brother.

Enter Don MANUEL, "*and Sailors,*" *with* ANGELINA.

D. Man. Divide the spoil amongst you: this fair captive I only challenge for myself.

Gov. Ha! some prize brought in.

"*Sail.* Sir, she's yours; you fought, and well de-
"serve her."

Gov. Noble Don Manuel! welcome on shore! I see you are fortunate: for I presume that's some uncommon prize.

D. Man. She is, indeed———These ten years I have known the seas, and many rough engagements there; but never saw so small a bark so long defended, with such incredible valour, and by two men scarce arm'd too.

Gov. Is't possible.

D. Man. Nay, and their contempt of death, when taken, exceeds even all they acted in their freedom.

Gov. Pray tell us, sir.

D. Man. When they were brought aboard us, both disarm'd and ready to be fetter'd, they look'd as they had sworn never to take the bread of bondage, and on

a sudden snatching up their swords, (the younger taking first from this fair maid a farewel only with his eyes) both leapt into the sea.

Gov. 'Tis wonderful, indeed.

D. Man. It wrought so much upon me, had not our own safety hindered, (at that time a great ship pursuing us) I would in charity have ta'en 'em up, and with their lives they should have had their liberty.

Ang. Too late, alas! they're lost! (heart-wounding thought!) for ever lost!——I now am friendless, miserable, and a slave.

D. Man. Take comfort, fair one, perhaps you yet again may see 'em: they were not quite a league from shore, and with such strength and courage broke through the rolling waves, they could not fail of life and safety.

Ang. In that last hope, I brook a wretched being: but if they're dead, my woes will find so many doors to let out life, I shall not long survive 'em.

Elv. Alas, poor lady! Come, sir, misery but weeps the more when she is gaz'd on——we trouble her.

Gov. I wait on you; your servant, sir———

[*Exeunt* Elv. *and* Gov.

D. Man. Now, my fair captive, tho' I confess you beautiful, yet give me leave to own my heart has long been in another's keeping; therefore, the favour I am about to ask, you may at least hear with safety.

Ang. This has engag'd me, sir, to hear.

D. Man. These three years have I honourably lov'd a noble lady, her name Louisa, the beauteous niece

of great Ferrara's Duke: her person and fortune uncontrol'd, sole mistress of herself and me, who long have languish'd in a hopeless constancy. Now I perceive, in all your language, and your looks, a soft'ning power, nor can a suit by you promoted be denied: therefore, I would a while intreat your leave to recommend you, as her companion, to this lady's favour; and, (as I'm sure you'll soon be near her closest thoughts) if you can think upon the honest courtesies I hitherto have shewn your modesty, and, in your happy talk, but name with any mark of favour, me, or my unweary'd love, 'twould be a generous act wou'd fix me ever grateful to its memory.

Ang. Such poor assistance, sir, as one distress'd like me, can give, shall willingly be paid: if I can steal but any thoughts from my own misfortunes, rest assur'd, they'll be employ'd in healing yours.

D. Man. I'll study to deserve this goodness: for the present, think my poor house your own; at night I'll wait upon you to the lady, 'till when I am your guard.

Ang. You have bound me to your service.

[*Exeunt D.* Manuel *and* Angelina.

SCENE II.

Changes to a Church, the Vespers supposed to be just ended, several walking out. CARLOS *and Don* LEWIS *rising near* LOUISA *and* HONORIA. LOUISA *observing* CARLOS.

Hon. Come, madam, shall we walk out? The croud's pretty well over now.

Lou. But then that melancholy softness in his look! [*To herself.*

Hon. Cousin! Donna Louisa!

Lou. Ev'n in his devotions too, such graceful adorations——so sweet a———

Hon. Cousin, will you go?

Lou. Pshaw, time enough——Pr'ythee let's walk a little this way.

Hon. What's the matter with her.

[*They walk from D.* Lewis *and* Carlos.

Car. To what are we reserv'd?

D. Lew. For no good, I'm afraid———My ill luck don't use to give over when her hand's in; she's always in haste——One misfortune generally comes galloping in upon the back of another——Drowning we have escap'd miraculously; would the fear of hanging were over too; our being so strangely sav'd from one, smells damnable rank of the other. Tho' I am oblig'd to thee, Charles, for what life I have, and I'll thank thee for't, if ever I set foot upon my estate again: faith, I was just gone; if thou hadst not taken me upon thy back the last hundred yards, by this time I had been food for herrings and mackrel——But 'tis pretty well as it is; for there is not much difference between starving and drowning—All in good time——We are poor enough in conscience, and I don't know but two days more fasting might really make us hungry too.

Lou. They are strangers then, and seem in some necessity. [*Aside.*

Car. These are light wants to me, I find 'em none when weigh'd with Angelina's loss; when I reflect on her distress, the hardships and the cries of helpless bondage; the insolent, the deaf desires of men in power; O! I cou'd wish the fate that sav'd us from the ocean's fury, in kinder pity of our love's distress, had bury'd us in one wave embracing.

Lou. How tenderly he talks! This were indeed a lover! [*Aside.*

D. Lew. A most unhappy loss, indeed? But come, don't despair, boy; the ship that took us was a Portuguese, of Lisbon too, I believe; who knows but some way or other we may hear of her yet?

"*Car.* In that poor hope I live———O thou dread "Power! stupenduous Author of universal being, "and of thy wondrous works, that virgin wife, the "master-piece, look down upon her; let the bright "virtues of her untainted mind sue for, and protect "her: O let her youth, her spotless innocence, to "which all passages in Heaven stand open, appear "before thy throne distress'd, and meet some miracle "to save her.

"*Lou.* Who would not die to be so pray'd for? [*Aside.*

"*D. Lew.* Faith, Charles, thou hast pray'd heartily, "I'll say that for thee; so that if any good fortune "will pay us a visit, we are ready to receive her now "as soon as she pleases." Come, don't be melancholy.

Car. Have I not cause? Were not my force of faith superior to my hopeless reason, I could not bear the insults of my fortune; but I have rais'd myself by elevated faith, as far above despair, as reason lifts me from the brute.

D. Lew. Why now, would not this make any one weep, to hear a young man talk so finely, when he is almost famish'd?

Lou. What were you saying, cousin?

Hon. I wou'd have said, madam, but you wou'd not hear me.

Lou. Pr'ythee forgive me, I was in the oddest thought: let's walk a little. "I'll have him dogg'd. "[*Aside.*] Jaques! [*Whispers.*] What was't you ask'd "me, cousin?

"*Hon.* The reason of your aversion to Don Ma-"nuel? You know he loves you.

"*Lou.* I hate his love.

"*Hon.* But why, pray? You know 'tis honourable, "and so is his family; nor is his fortune less: I "should think, the more desirable, because his cou-"rage and his conduct on the seas have rais'd it; "nay, with all this, he's extremely modest too.

"*Lou.* Therefore, I might hate him.

"*Hon.* For his modesty?

"*Lou.* Is any thing so sleepy, so flat, and insup-"portable, as a modest lover?

"*Hon.* Wou'd you bear impudence in a lover?

"*Lou.* I don't know; it's more tolerable in the

" man than the woman; and there must be impu-
" dence on the one side before they can both come
" to a right understanding.

" *Hon.* Why, what will you have him do?

" *Lou.* That's a very home question, cousin; but,
" if I lik'd him, I could tell you.

" *Hon.* Suppose you did like him?

" *Lou.* Then I would not tell you.

" *Hon.* Why?

" *Lou.* 'Cause I should have more discretion.

" *Hon.* Bless me! sure you would not do any thing
" you would be asham'd to tell?

" *Lou.* That's true; but if one should, you know,
" 'twou'd be silly to tell. No woman would be fond
" of shame, sure.

" *Hon.* But there's no avoiding it in a shameful
" action.

" *Lou.* Don't be so positive.

" *Hon.* All your friends would shun you, point at
" you.

" *Lou.* And yet you see there's a world of friend-
" ship and good-breeding among all the women of
" quality.

" *Hon.* Suppose there be?

" *Lou.* Why then, I suppose, that a great many of
" them are mightily hurried in the care of their re-
" putation.

" *Hon.* So you conclude, that a woman doing an ill
" thing, does herself no harm, while her reputation's
" safe.

"*Lou.* It does not do her so much harm; and, of "two evils, I'm always for chusing the least.

"*Hon.* What need you chuse either?

"*Lou.* Because I have a vast fortune in my own "hands, and love dearly to do what I have a mind to.

"*Hon.* Why won't you marry, then?

"*Lou.* Because then I must only do as my husband "has a mind to; and I hate to be governed. On "my soul, I would not marry, to be an English wife; "not but the dear jolting of a hackney coach, and an "easy husband, are strange temptations; but from "the cold comfort of a fine coach with springs, and "a dull husband with none, good Lord deliver me! "But then, the insolence of ours is insupportable; "because the nasty law gives 'em a power over us, "which nature never designed 'em. For my part, "I had rather be in love all days of my life, than "marry.

"*Hon.* That is, you had rather bear the disease, "than have the cure.

"*Lou.* Marriage is indeed a cure for love; but "love's a disease I would never be cured of; there-"fore, no more physic, dear cousin; no more hus-"bands—I hate your bitter draughts—Not but I'm "afraid I am a little feverish—You'll think me mad.

"*Hon.* What's the matter?"

Lou. Did you observe those strangers that have walked by us?

Hon. Not much; but what of them?

Lou. Did you hear nothing of their talk?

Hon. I think I did; one of 'em, the younger, seemed concerned for a lost mistress.

Lou. Ay, but so near, so tenderly concerned, his looks as well as words, speaking an inward grief, that could not flow from every common passion. I must know more of him.

Hon. What do you mean?

Lou. ———Must speak to him.

Hon. By no means.

Lou. Why, you see they are strangers, I believe in some necessity; and since they seem not born to beg relief, to offer it unasked would add some merit to the charity.

Hon. Consider.

Lou. I hate it———sir———sir———

D. Lew. Would you speak with me, madam?

Lou. If you please, with your friend——not to interrupt you, sir.

Car. Your pleasure, lady?

Lou. You seem a stranger, sir.

Car. A most unfortunate one.

Lou. If I am not deceived, in want: pardon my freedom———if I have erred, as freely tell me so; if not, as earnest of your better fortune, this trifle sues for your acceptance. [*Gives him money.*

D. Lew. Take it, boy.

Car. A bounty so unmerited, and from a hand unknown, fills me with surprise and wonder. But give me leave, in honesty, to warn you lady, of a too heedless purchase; for if you mean it as a bribe to

any evil you would have me practise, be not offended, if I dare not take it.

Lou. "How affably he talks! how chaste, how in-"nocent his thoughts!—he must be won—[*Aside.*]" —You are too scrupulous; I have no hard designs upon your honesty——only this——be wise and cautious, if you should follow me; I am observed; farewel. Jaques!——Will you walk, cousin?——[*Whispers* Jaques.]——and bring me word immediately—— I am going home. [*Exeunt* Lou. *and* Hon.

D. Lew. Let's see; Odsheart! follow her, man—why, 'tis all gold!

Car. Dispose it as you please.

D. Lew. I'll first have a better title to't——No, 'tis all thine, boy——I hold an hundred pistoles she's some great fortune in love with you——I say, follow her——since you have lost one wife before you had her, I'd have you make sure of another before you lose her.

Car. Fortune, indeed, has dispossessed her of my person; but her firm title to my heart, not all the subtle arts or laws of love can shake or violate.

D. Lew. Pr'ythee follow her now; methinks I'd fain see thee in bed with somebody before I die.

Car. Be not so poor in thought; let me intreat you rather to employ 'em, sir, with mine, in search of Angelina's fortune.

D. Lew. Well, dear Charles, don't chide me now. I do love thee, and will follow thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The street. Enter ANTONIO *and* CHARINO.

Ant. You heard what the sailor said, brother; such a ship has put in here, and such persons were taken in it. Therefore, my advice is, immediately to get a warrant from the government, to search and take 'em up, wherever we can find 'em.

Cha. Sir, you must not tell me—I won't be choused out of my daughter; I shall expect her, sir; if not, I'll take my course; I know the law. [*Walks about.*

Ant. You really have a great deal of dark wit, brother; but if you know any course better than a warrant to search for her, in the name of wisdom, take it; if not, here's my oath, and yours, and———how now, where's Clody?——Oh, here he comes———

Enter CLODIO, *searching his pockets.*

How now! what's the matter, boy?

Clo. Ay, it's gone, split me.

Ant. What's the matter? [*Louder.*

Clo. The best joint in Christendom.

Ant. Clody!

Clo. Sir, I have lost my snuff-box.

Ant. Psha! a trifle; get thee another, man.

Clo. Sir, 'tis not to be had—besides, I dare not shew my face at Paris without it. What do you think her Grace will say to me?

Cha. Well, upon second thoughts, I am content to search.

Clo. I have searched all my pockets fifty times over, to no purpose.

Cha. Pockets!

Clo. It's impossible to fellow it, but in Paris——I'll go to Paris, split me. [*Aside.*

Cha. To Paris! Why, you don't suppose my daughter's there, sir?

Clo. I don't know but she may, sir: but I am sure they make the best joints in Europe there.

Cha. Joints!——my son-in-law, that should have been, seems strangely altered for the worse. But come, let's to the governor.

Clo. I'll have it cried, faith; or, if that won't do, I have a lucky thought; I'll offer thirty pistoles to the finder, in the Paris Gazette, in pure compliment to the favours of Madame la Duchess de——Mum. I'll do't, faith.

Ant. Come along, Clody. [*Exit* Ant. *and* Charino.

Clo. Sir, I must look a little; I'll follow you presently. My poor, pretty box! Ah, plague o'my sea-voyage!

Enter a Servant hastily, with a flambeau.

Serv. By your leave, sir, my master's coming; pray, sir, clear the way.

Clo. Ha! why, thou art pert, my love; pr'ythee, who is thy master, child?

Serv. The valiant Don Duart, sir, nephew to the governor of Lisbon.

Clo. Well, child; and what, does he eat every man he meets?

Serv. No, sir; but he challenges every man that takes the wall of him, and always sends me before to clear the way.

Clo. Ha! a pretty harmless humour that! Is this he, child?——You may look as terrible as you please; I must banter you, split me. [*Aside.*

Enter Don DUART, *stalking up to* CLODIO.

D. Du. Do you know me, sir?

Clo. Hey, ho! [*Looks carelessly on him, and gapes.*

D. Du. Do you know me, sir?

Clo. You did not see my snuff-box, sir, did you?

D. D. Sir, in Lisbon, no man asks me a question covered. [*Strikes off* Clody's *hat.*] Now, you know me.

Clo. Perfectly well, sir—Hi, hi! I like you mightily—you are not a bully, sir?

D. Du. You are saucy, friend.

Clo. Ay, it's a way I have, after I'm affronted—Thou art really the most extraordinary—umph—that ever I met with. Now, sir, do you know me, split me?

D. Du. Know thee! take that, peasant!

[*Strikes him, and both draw.*

Clo. I can't, upon my soul, sir; *allons!* now we shall come to a right understanding. [*They fight.*

Serv. Help! murder! help!

Clo. Allons! to our better acquaintance, sir—Ah, ha! [*D.* Du. *falls.*] he has it! Never pushed better in my life, never in my life, split me.

Serv. Oh, my master's killed! help, ho! murder! help!

Clo. Hey! why, faith, child, that's very true, as thou sayest; and so, the devil take the hindmost.

[*Exit* Clodio.

Enter Officers.

1 *Off.* How now! Who's that cries murder?

Serv. Oh, my master's murdered! some of you follow me; this way he took; let's after him—help! murder! help! [*Exit.*

2 *Off.* 'Tis Don Duart.

1 *Off.* So, pride has got a fall; he has paid for't now; you have met with your match, faith, sir. Come, let's carry the body to the good lady, his sister, Donna Elvira; you pursue the murderer; I'll warrant him some civil gentleman; ye need not make too much haste; for if he does escape, 'tis no great matter——Come along. [*Exeunt with the body.*

Enter CARLOS *and Don* LEWIS.

D. Lew. Come along, Charles; I'm sure 'tis she, by their description; and if that brawny dog, the captain, has played her no foul play, she shan't want ransom, if all my estate can purchase it.

Car. Now, fortune guide us. [*Exeunt.*

Enter JAQUES *and Bravoes, with a chair.*

Jaques. That's he, the tallest——be sure you spare his person——only force him into this chair, and carry him as directed.

1 *Brav.* What must be done with the old fellow?

Jaques. We must have him too, lest he should dog the other, and be troublesome. If he won't come quietly, bring him any how——Follow softly; we shall snap 'em as they turn the corner.

[*Exeunt after them.*

A noise of follow, &c. *Enter* CLODIO *hastily from the other side.*

Clo. Ah, pox of their noses! the dogs have smelled me out! What shall I do? If they take me I shall be hanged, split me——Ha! a door open! faith, I'll in, at a venture. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Bravoes with CARLOS *in a chair; some hauling in Don* LEWIS.

D. Lew. Oh, my poor boy, Charles!——Charles! —help! murder!——

1 *Brav.* Hold your peace, fool, if you'd be well used.

D. Lew. Sir, I will not hold my peace; dogs! rogues! villains! help! murder!

1 *Brav.* Nay, then, by your leave, old gentleman. —So, bring him along.

D. Lew. Aw, aw, aw!

[*They gag him, and carry him head and heels. Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A chamber. ELVIRA *and her servants with lights.*

Elv. Is not my brother come home yet?

Serv. I have not seen him, madam.

Elv. Go and seek him; go all of ye every where—I'll not rest 'till your return; take away your lights too; for my devotions are written in my heart, and I shall read 'em without a taper. [*Exeunt Servants.*

Enter CLODIO, *stealing in.*

Clo. Ah, poor Clody! what will become of thee? Thy condition, I'm afraid, is but very indifferent—Followed behind, stopped before, and beset on both sides! Ah, pox o'my wit! I must be bantering, must I? But let me see—where am I?—An odd sort of a house, this—all the doors open, and nobody in't; no noise, no whisper, no dog stirring!

Elv. Who's that?

Clo. Ha? a woman's voice!

Elv. Who are you? Who waits there? Stephano! Julia!

Clo. Gadso! 'tis the lady of the house: she can't see my unfortunate face however. Faith, I'll e'en make a grave speech, tell her my case, and beg her protection.

Elv. Speak! what are you?

Clo. Madam, a most unfortunate young gentleman.

Elv. I am sure you are a man of most ill manners, to press thus boldly to my private chamber. Whither wou'd you? What want you?

Clo. Gracious madam, hear me; I am a stranger most unfortunate, and my distress has made me rudely press for your protection: if you refuse it, madam, I am undone for ever, by——I say, madam, I am utterly undone—'Twas coming, faith! [*Aside.*

Elv. Alas! his fear confounds him. What is't pursues you, sir?

Clo. An outcry of officers; the law's at my heels, madam, tho' justice I'm not afraid of.

Elv. How could you offend the one and not the other?

Clo. Being provoked, madam, by the insolence of my enemy, in my own defence, I just now left him dead in the street. I am a very young man, madam, and I would not willingly be hanged in a strange country, methinks; which I certainly shall be, unless your tender charity protects me——Gad, I have a rare tongue! I have a rare tongue, faith! [*Aside.*

Elv. Poor wretch, I pity him!

Clo. Madam, your house is now my only sanctuary, my altar; therefore, I beg you, upon my knees, madam, take pity of a poor bleeding victim.

Elv. Are you a Castilian?

Clo. No, madam, I was born in—in—in—what d'ye call'um—in——

Elv. Nay, I ask not with purpose to betray you; were you ten thousand times a Spaniard, the nation

we Portuguese most hate, in such distress, I yet would give you my protection.

Clo. May I depend upon you, madam? Am I safe?

Elv. Safe as my power, my word, or vow can make you. Enter that door, which leads you to a closet; should the officers come, as you expect, they owe such reverence to my lodgings, they'll search no further than my leave invites them.

Clo. D'ye think, madam, you can persuade 'em?

Elv. Fear not; I'll warrant you; away!

Clo. The breath of gods, and eloquence of angels, go along with you. [*Exit.*

Elv. Alas! who knows but that the charity I afford this stranger, perhaps my brother, elsewhere, may stand in need of? How he trembles! I hear his breath come short, hither. Be of comfort, sir; once more I give you my solemn promise for your safety.

Enter Servant and Officers with Don DUART'*s body.*

Serv. Here, bring in the body——Oh, madam! my master's killed.

Elv. What sayest thou?

Serv. Your brother, madam, my master, young Don Duart's dead; he just now quarrelled with a gentleman, who unfortunately killed him in the street.

Elv. Ah, me!

1 *Off.* We are informed, madam, that the murderer was seen to enter this house, which made us press into it, to apprehend him.

Elv. Oh! [*Faints.*

Serv. Help, ho! my lady faints!

1 *Off.* Give her air; she'll recover. [Clodio *peeps in.*

Clo. Hey!—Why, what the devil! Am I safer than I would be now;—Exactly—I have nicked the house to a hair—Just so I did at Paris, too, when I took a lodging at a bailiff's that had three writs against me ——This damn'd closet, too, has ne'er a chimney to creep out at——Ah, poor Clody! would thou wert fairly in a storm at sea again; for I'm plaguily afraid thou wert not born to be drowned. [*Retires.*

Elv. Stand off; my sorrows will have way. Oh, my unhappy brother! such an end as this, thy haughty mind did long since prophesy; and to encrease my misery, thy wretched sister wilfully must make a breach of what she has vowed, or thou fall unrevenged. "Revenge and justice both stand knocking "at my heart; but hospitable faith has barred "their entrance: if I should give 'em way, I am "forsworn; if not, am impious to a brother's me-"mory. Is there no means, no middle path of safety "left? Must I protect my brother's murderer; or "break a solemn vow, on which another's life de-"pends?"

Enter Governor and Servants.

Gov. Where's this unhappy sight?———Alas! he's gone past all recovery.———Reproof comes now too late.

Elv. It shall be so; I'll take the lighter evil of the

two, and keep the solemn vow to which just Heaven was witness: the wounds of perjury never can be cured; but justice may again o'ertake the murderer, when no rash vows protect him.

Gov. Take comfort, niece.

Elv. O forbear! Search for the murderer, and remove the body at your discretion, sir, to be interred, while I shut out the offensive day, and here in solitude indulge my sorrow; therefore I beg my nearest friends, and you, my lord, for some few days, to spare your charitable visits.

Gov. I grieve for your misfortune, niece; but since you'll have it so, we take our leaves. Farewel——bring forth the body. [*Exeunt Gov. Servants, &c.*

Clo. Hey! what, are they gone away without me; and by her contrivance too?——Gadso!

Elv. Whoe'er thou art, to whom I've given means of life, to let thee see with what religion I have kept my vow, come fearless forth, while night's thy friend, and pass unknown.

Clo. If this is not love, the devil's in't. [*Aside.*

Elv. Fly with thy utmost speed, where I may never see thee more.

Clo. Ay, that's her modesty. [*Aside.*

Elv. And let that charitable faith thou hast found in me, persuade thee to atone thy crime by penitence.

Clo. Poor soul! I may find a better way to thank thee for't,

Elv. You are at the door now; farewell for ever.

[*Exit* Elvira.

Clo. Which is as much as to say, what would I give to see you again——All in good time, child———

[*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

" *Enter Don* DUART *in his night-gown, Surgeon and*
" *Servant.*

" *D. Duart.*

" MAY I venture yet abroad, sir?

" *Surg.* With safety, sir; your wound was never " dangerous; though from your great loss of blood, " you seemed a while without signs of life.

" *D. Du.* Sir, do you know if the gentleman that " wounded me, be in custody?

" *Surg.* He was never taken, sir, nor known, that " I could hear of.

" *D. Du.* I am sorry for't; for could I find him, " which now shall be my earnest care, I would, with " real services, acknowledge him my best of friends, " in having proved so fortunate an enemy; he has " bestowed on me a second life, which, from a " clearer insight of myself, will teach me now to use " it better too. How does my sister seem to bear my " fortune?

" *Ser.* I never knew the loss of any friend la- " mented with more sorrow; she suffers none to

" visit her; nor is she acquainted with your reco-
" very.

" *D. Du.* I would not have her yet, nor any of
" my friends; no moisture sooner dries, than wo-
" men's tears; and tho' I am apt to think my sister
" honest in her sorrow, yet, knowing her a woman,
" still I am resolved to make a farther trial of her
" virtue.

" *Surg.* You may command my secrecy.

" *D. Du.* I thank you, sir; 'twill oblige me—
" Boy!

" *Ser.* Sir.

" *D. Du.* Do you think you could know again the
" gentleman that fought me?

" *Ser.* I believe I may, sir.

" *D. Du.* I'd have you suddenly enquire him out;
" he seemed, by his report, of France, or England;
" if so, you'll probably find him in some lewd house
" or other.

" *Ser.* Rather at church, sir; for nobody will sus-
" pect him there.

" *D. Du.* Seek him every where. Come, sir, I
" wait for you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

" *Changes to* LOUISA's *House. Enter Don* MANUEL *and* ANGELINA.

" *D. Man.* Now, madam, let my hard fortune
" teach you a little to endure your own. You see

"with what severe neglect she still receives my "humble love; nothing I say or do, has any weight "or motion in her thoughts for me.

"*Ang.* You are too diffident of your fortune; I "would not have an honest mind despair: she seem-"ed, indeed, a little careless of you—you gave her "no offence, I'm confident. See, here she comes; "take heed how you displease her by an impatient "stay—Pray go; in the mean time I'll think of you "indeed I will.

"*D. Man.* I'm yours for ever— [*Exeunt severally.*"

Enter LOUISA *and* JAQUES.

Lou. Were they both seized?

Jaq. Both, madam, and will be here immediately. I ran before, to give your ladyship notice.

Lou. You know my orders; when they are entered, bar all the doors, and, on your lives, let every one be mute, as I directed—I must retire a while. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Bravoes, who let CARLOS *out of the chair, while others throw down Don* LEWIS *gagged and bound.*

Car. So, gentlemen, you find I've not resisted you —but now, pray, let me know my crime? Why have you brought me hither? Where am I? If in prison, look in my face, perhaps you have mistaken me for another——[Jacques *holds up his lanthorn, nods, and exit with the rest.*] You seem to know me, sir——All

dumb, and vanished; my fortune's humorous; she sports with me.

D. Lew. Aw, aw!

Car. What's here? A fellow prisoner! Who are you?

D. Lew. Aw, aw!

Car. Do you speak no other language?

D. Lew. Aw, aw, aw! [*Louder.*

Car. Nay, that's the same.

D. Lew. Oh! [*Sighing.*

Car. Poor wretch! I am afraid he would speak if he could.

Re-enter JAQUES *and Servants with lights, who release Don* LEWIS.

Sure they think I walk in my sleep, and won't speak, for fear of waking me.

D. Lew. Sir, your most humble servant; and now my tongues at liberty, pray, will you do me the favour to shew me the way home again? What a pox, are you all dumb?——[*Exeunt mute.*] Well, sir, and pray what are——Charles! ah! my dear boy! [*Kisses him.*

Car. My uncle! Nay then my fortune has not quite forsaken me! How came you hither, sir?

D. Lew. Faith, like a corpse into a church, boy, with my heels foremost; but, pr'ythee how didst thou come?

Car. You saw the man that seized us; they forced me into a chair, and brough me.

D. Lew. Well, but a pox plague 'em, what is all this for? What would they have?

Car. That we must wait their pleasure to be informed of; they have indeed alarmed my reason, not my conscience; that's still at rest, fearless of any danger.

D. Lew. The sons of whores won't speak neither. Hey day! what's to be done now?

Enter JAQUES, *and Servant, with a banquet, wine, and lights.*

Car. More riddles yet; I dream sure.

[Jaques *compliments Don* Lewis *to take his chair.*

D. Lew. For me? Sir, your most humble servant: [*Sits.*] Charles, sit down, boy. Ha, ha, ha, a parcel of silly dumb dogs! Is this all the business? Puppies! did they think I would not come to supper, without being brought neck and heels to't?

Car. Amazement all! What can it end in?

D. Lew. Never trouble thy head, pr'ythee; pox of questions: fall to, man——Delicate food truly——Here——Dumb! pr'ythee give's a glass of wine, to wet the way a little. Come, Charles, here's, here's——honest dumb's health to thee: [*Drinks.*] Dumb's a very honest fellow, faith. [*Claps* Jaques *on the head.*

Car. What harmony's this? [*A flourish.*

D. Lew. Rare music indeed; let's eat and hear it. [*Music here.*] Mighty fine, truly——I have not made an heartier meal a great while. [*Here* Jaques *offers a night-cap and gown to Don* Lewis.] Well, and what's

to do now, lad? For me, boy? Odso, we lie here, do we?—mighty well that again, faith; (for I was just thinking to go home, but that I had ne'er a lodging:) nay, I always said honest Dumb knew how to make his friends welcome——Well, but it's time enough yet, sha'nt we crack a bottle first? Charles is melancholy. [Jaques *shakes his head.*] What, that's as much as to say, if I won't go, I shall be carried—Sir, your humble servant. [*Puts on the gown.*] Well, Charles, good night, since they won't let me have a mind to stay any longer. I'd give a pistole though, to know what this will come to!——Dumb, come along. [*Exeunt Don* Lewis *and* Jaques.

Car. I'm buried in amazement—[*Music is heard.*] "—Why am I busy'd thus in trifles, having so many "nearer thoughts that wound my peace"—Ha, more music? I could almost say, 'twere welcome now.

[*Music again. Don* Lewis *appears above.*

D Lew. So, at last I have groped out a window, that will let me into the secret; now if any foul play should happen, I am pretty near the street too, and can bawl out murder to the watch——But, mum, the door opens.

Enter LOUISA.

Hey! ah! what dull rogues were we not to suspect this before!——Dumb's a sly dog: 'tis she, faith——tum, dum, dum——here will be fine work presently, toll, dum, di, dum———Now I shall see what mettle my boy's made of; tum, dum, dum.

Lou. You seem amazed, sir.

Car. Your pardon, lady, if I confess it raises much my wonder, why a stranger, friendless, and unknown, should meet, unmerited, such floods of courtesy: for, if I mistake not, once this day before, I've tasted of your bounty.

Lou. I have forgot that; but I confess I saw you, sir.

Car. Why then was I forced either? If you relieved me only from a soft compassion of my fortune, you could not think but such humanity might, on the slightest hint, have drawn me to be grateful.

Lou. I own I could not trust you to my fortune; I knew not but some other might have seen you—beside, methought you spoke less kind to me before.

Car. If my poor thanks were offered in too plain a dress, (as I confess, I'm little practis'd in the rules of graced behaviour) rather think me ignorant, than rude, and pity what you cannot pardon.

Lou. Fie, you are too modest———how could you charge yourself with such a thought? I scarce can think 'tis in your nature to be rude——at least to our sex.

Car. 'Twere more unpardonable there.

Lou. Nay, now you are too strict on the other side; for there may happen times, when what the world calls rudeness, a woman might be brought to pardon, seasons, when even modesty were ignorance ———Pray be seated, sir——nay, I'll have it so—— "I say, sometimes too much respect (pray be nearer,

sir) were most offensive:" suppose a woman were reduced to offer love, "her pains of shame are in-"supportable: and should she call that lover rude, "who, kindly conscious of her wishes, bravely re-"solves to take, and saves her modesty the guilt of "giving?" Suppose yourself the man so loved, where could you find at such a time, excuses for your modesty?

Car. If I could love again, my eyes would tell her; if not, I should not easily believe; at least, in manners, would not seem to understand her.

"*Lou.* Alas, you have too poor a sense of woman's "love. Think you we have no invention? You "would not understand her; how would you avoid "it? When even her slightest look would speak too "plain for that excuse; if not, she'll still proceed "——Thus gently steal your hand, and sigh, and "press it to her heart, and then look wishing in your "eyes, 'till love himself shot forth, and waked you "to compassion.

"*Car.* Amazing! can she be the creature she de-"scribes?"

Lou. Oh, they have such subtle ways to steal into a lover's heart; nay, if she's resolute, not all your strength of modesty can guard you? she'd press you still with plainer, stronger proofs; her life, her fortune should be yours: for where a woman loves, such gifts as these are trifles; thus like the lazy minutes, would she steal 'em on, which once but past, are quite forgotten. [*Gives him jewels.*

Car. Is't possible! can there be such a woman?

Lou. Fie, I could chide you now; you would not sure be thought so slow of apprehension.

Car. I would not willingly be thought so vain, or so uncharitable, to suppose there could be such a one.

Lou. Nay, now you force me to forsake my sex, and tell you plain——I cannot speak it——yet you must know—"But tell me, must I needs blush to "own a passion that's so tender of you?" I am this creature so reduced for you, "and all you've seen "supposed was natural, all but the soft result of "growing love——Why are you still thus fixed, and "silent? what is't you fear?"

Car. Monstrous! "[*Aside, and rising.*"

Lou. What is't you start at?

Car. Not for your beauty; though I confess you fair to a perfection, complete in all that may engage the eye: but when that beauty fades (as time leaves none unvisited) what charm shall then secure my love? Your riches? No——an honest mind's above the bribes of fortune: for though distressed, a stranger, and in want, I thus return 'em thankless. Be modest, and be virtuous, I'll admire you; all good men will adore you, and when your beauty and your fortune are no more, will still deliver down your name revered to ages: "but while you thus enslave "your generous reason to so intemperate a folly, "your very nature seems inverted. Could you but "one moment calmly lay it by, you'd find such a

"vile indignity to your sex, as modesty could never "pardon."

Lou. If I appear too free a lover, and talk beyond the usual courage of my sex, forgive me; I'll be again the fearful, soft'ning wretch, that you would have me: my wishes shall be dumb, unless my eyes may speak 'em: "or if I dare to touch your hand, it "shall be gently, trembling and unperceived as air; "nay, fixed, and silent, as your shade, I'll watch "whole winter nights content, and listening to your "slumbers: Is this intemperance?" for pity speak, for I confess your hard reproofs have struck upon my heart! Oh, say you will be mine, and make your own conditions. "If you suspect my temper, bind me by the most sacred tie," and let my love, my person, and my fortune, lawfully be yours.

Car. Take heed! Consider yet, if even this humility be not the offspring of your first unruly passion: but since at least it carries something a better claim to my concern, I'll be at once sincere, and tell you, 'tis impossible that we should ever meet in love.

Lou. Impossible! Oh, why?

Car. Because my love, my vows, and faith, are given to another: therefore, since you find I dare be honest, be early wise, and now release me to my fortune.

Lou. I cannot part with you.

Car. You must! I cannot with my reason—— Pray let me pass! Why do you thus hang upon my

arm, and strain your eyes, as if they had power to hold me?

Lou. Ungrateful! Will you go? Take heed! for you have proved I am not mistress of my temper.

Car. I see it, and am sorry, but needed not this threat to drive me; for still I dare be just, and force myself away. [*Exit* Carlos.

Lou. Oh, torture! left! refused! despised! Have I thrown off my pride for this? Oh, insupportable! ——If I am not revenged, may all the———well. [*Walks disordered.*

D. Lew. What a pox, are all these fine things come to nothing then?———Poor soul! she's in great heat truly———Ah, silly rogue!———now could I find in my heart to put her into good humour again—I have a great mind, faith——Odd, she's a hummer! ———A strange mind, I ha'nt had such a mind a great while—Hey!——ay; I'll do't, faith——if she does but stay now; ah, if she does but stay! [*As he is getting from the balcony,* Louisa *is speaking to* Jaques.

Lou. Who waits there?

Enter JAQUES.

Where's the stranger?

Jaq. Madam, I met him just now walking hastily about the gallery.

Lou. Are all the doors fast?

Jaq. All barred, madam.

Lou. Put out all your lights too, and on your lives

let no one ask or answer him any question: but be you still near to observe him. [*Exit* Jaques.
Ah! [*Don* Lewis *drops down.*

D. Lew. Odso, my back!

Lou. Bless me, who's this? what are you?

D. Lew. Not above fifty, madam.

Lou. Whence come you? What's your business?

D. Lew. Finishing.

Lou. Who shewed, who brought you hither?

D. Lew. Dumb, honest dumb.

Lou. Will you be gone, sir? I have no time to fool away.

D. Lew. Yes, but you have; what, don't I know?

Lou. Pray, sir, who? What is't you take me for?

D. Lew. A delicate piece of work truly, but not finished; you understand me.

Lou. You are mad, sir!

D. Lew. I say, don't you be so modest; for there are times, do you see, when even modesty is ignorance, (pray be seated, madam——nay, I'll have it so) ah! [*Sits down, and mimicks her behaviour to* Carlos.

Lou. Confusion! have I exposed myself to this wretch too!——had witnesses to my folly!——nay, I deserve it. [*Stands mute.*

D. Lew. So, so, I shall bring her to terms presently ——you have a world of pretty jewels here, madam,——ay, these now——these are a couple of fine large stones truly; but where a woman loves, such gifts as these are trifles. [*Mimicks again.*

Lou. Insupportable! within there!

Enter Servants and Bravoes.

D. Lew. Hey! [*Rising.*

Ser. Did your ladyship call, madam?

D. Lew. I don't like her looks, faith. [*Aside.*

Lou. Here, take this fool, let him be gagged, tied neck and heels, and locked into a garret; away with him.

D. Lew. Dumb! Dumb! help, Dumb! Dumb! stand by me, Dumb! A pox of my finishing, aw! aw! [*They gag him, and carry him off.*

Lou. The insolence of this fool was more provoking than the other's scorn; but I shall yet find ways to measure my revenge. [*Exit* Louisa.

Re-enter CARLOS *in the dark.*

Car. What can this evil woman mean me? The doors all barr'd; the lights put out; the servants mute, and she with fury in her eyes now shot regardless by me. I would the worst would shew itself. Ha, yonder's a light, I'll follow it, and provoke my fortune. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Changes to another Room. ANGELINA, *with a light.*

Ang. I cannot like this house; for now, as going to my rest, my ears were 'larmed with the cries of

one that called for help; I've seen strange faces too, that carry guilt and terror in their looks; and yet the officer that placed me here, appeared of honest thought —What can this mean! No matter what, since nothing but the loss of him I love, can worse befal me! ———Hark, what noise! is the door fast? Ah!

[*Going to shut it.*

Re-enter CARLOS, *and* JAQUES *listening.*

Car. Ha, another lady! and alone!

" *Ang.* Heavens, how I tremble!

" *Car.* Sure by her surprise, she is not of the " other's counsel—Pardon this intrusion, lady, I am " a stranger, and distressed, be not dismayed: I have " no ill designs, unless to beg your charitable assis- " tance be offensive."

Ang. Ha, that voice! [*Amazed.*

Car. Save me ye powers! and give me strength to bear this insupportable surprise of rushing joy.

Ang. My Carlos——Oh!

Car. 'Tis she! my long lost love, my living Angelina. [*Embraces her.*

Jaq. Say you so, sir; this shall to my lady.

[*Exit* Jaques.

Ang. Oh, let me hold you ever thus, lest fate again should part us.

Car. 'Twas death indeed to part, but from so hard a separation, thus again to meet, is life restored; " it " draws whole years to hours, and we grow old with " joy in moments."

Ang. Oh, I were happy, blessed above my sex, could but my plain simplicity of love deserve your kind endearments.

Car. Is't possible! thou miracle of goodness, that thou canst thus forget the misery, the want, the ruin my unhappy love has brought thee too? Trust me, that stormy thought has clouded even the very joy I had to see thee.

Enter JAQUES *and* LOUISA *at a distance.*

Jaq. They are there; from hence your ladyship may hear 'em.

Lou. Leave me. [*Exit* Jaques, *and* Lou. *listens.*

Ang. I cannot bear to see you thus: for my sake don't despond; for while you seem in hope, I shall easily be chearful.

Car. Oh, thou engaging softness! thy courage has revived me; no, we'll not despair; the guardian power that hitherto has saved us, may now, "with "less expence of Providence," protect and fix us "happy.

Lou. Ha, so near acquainted—— [*Behind.*

Car. And yet our safety bids us part this moment. How came you hither?

Ang. The officer that made me captive, proved a worthy man, and placed me here, as a companion to the lady of this dwelling.

Car. Ha, to what end?

Ang. He said, to be the advocate of his successless love; for he confessed he woo'd her honourably.

Car. Is't possible? Is there a wretch so cursed among mankind, to be her honourable lover?

Lou. So! [*In anger.*

Car. Take heed, my love, avoid her as a disease to modesty.

Lou. Very well.

Car. Oh, I have a shameful tale to tell thee of her intemperance, as would subject her even to thy loathing.

Lou. Insolent!——well!

Ang. You amaze me; pray what is it?

Car. This is no time to tell; I had forgot my danger. Let it suffice, the doors are barred against me; now, this moment I am a prisoner to her fury; if thou canst help me to any means of safety, or escape, ask me no questions, but be quick, and tell me.

Ang. Now you frighten me; but here, through my apartment, leads a passage to the garden, at the lowe end you'll find a mount; if you dare drop from thence, I'll shew you: but can't you say when I may hope again to see you?

Car. About an hour hence walking in the garden, ready for your escape; for if I live, I'll come provided with the means to make it sure——Now I dare thank thee, fortune.

Ang. You will not fail.

Car. If I survive, depend on me! 'till when, may Heav'n support thy innocence.

Ang. Follow me—— [*Exeunt hastily.*

Lou. Are you so nimble, sir? Who waits there?

[*Enter* Jaques.] Run, take help, and stop the stranger; he is now making his escape through the garden; fly. [*Exit* Jaques.] Love and revenge, like vipers, gnaw upon my quiet, and I must change their food, or leave my being; "though I could bear "even the low contempt he has thrown on me, "could it but woo him to the least return of love; "but I would bear again ten thousand racks, rather "than confess this dotage." No, if I forego a second time that dear support, my pride, may I become as miserable as that wretch that destined fool he doats on. Ha, she is returned; yonder she passes; with what assured contentment in her looks!——how pleased the thing is——strangely impudent——sure! the ugly creature thinks I won't strangle her.

Enter Jaques.

Now, have you brought him?

Jaq. Madam, we made what haste we could, but the gentleman reached the mount before us, and escaped over the garden wall.

Lou. Escaped, villain! Durst thou tell me so?

Jaq. If your ladyship had called me a little sooner, we had taken him. Who the devil is this stranger? [*Aside.*

Lou. Fool that I am, I betray myself to my own servants.——Well, 'tis no matter, bid the bravoes stay; I have directions for 'em. Go. [*Exit* Jaques.] He has not left me hopeless yet; an hour hence he

promised to be here again; and if he keeps his word, (as I've an odious cause to fear he will) he yet, at least in my revenge, shall prove me woman.

[*Exit* Louisa.

SCENE III.

The Street. Enter D. DUART *disguised, with a Servant.*

D. Du. Where did you find him?

Ser. Hard by, sir, at an house of civil recreation; he's now coming forth; that's he.

Enter CLODIO.

D. Du. I scarce remember him, I would not willingly mistake——I'll observe him.

Clo. So! now if I can but pick up an honest fellow, to crack one healing bottle, I think I shall finish the day as smartly as the Grand Signior——Hold, let me see, what has my hasty refreshment cost me here;——umb——umb——umb [*Counts his money.*] seven pistoles, by Jupiter; why, what a plaguy income this jade must have in a week, if she's thus paid by the hour?

D. Du. 'Tis the same; leave me——[*Exit Servant.* Your servant, sir.

Clo.——Sir——your humble servant.

D. Du. Pardon a stranger's freedom, sir; but when you know my business——

Clo. Sir, if you'll take a bottle, I shall be proud of your acquaintance; and if I don't do your business before we part, I'll knock under the table.

D. Du. Sir, I shall be glad to drink with you, but at present am incapable of sitting to it.

Clo. Why then, sir, you shall only drink as long as you can stand; we'll have a bottle here, sir.——— Hey, Madona! [*Calls at the door.*

D. Du. A very frank humoured gentleman; I'll know him farther——I presume, sir, you are not of Portugal?

Clo. No, sir——I am a kind of a———what dy'e call'um——a sort of a here——and——thereian; I am a stranger no where.

D. Du. Have you travelled far, sir?

Clo. My tour of Europe, or so, sir;———"dan-"gled about a little; I came this summer from the "jubilee.

"*D. Du.* Did you make any stay there, sir?

"*Clo.* No, sir, I only called in there at the salva-"tion office, just bought an annuity of indulgencies "for life; got an insurance for my soul; lay with a "nun, fluxed; and so came home again."

Enter Servant with Wine.

So, so! here's the wine! Come; sir, to our better acquaintance———Faith, I like you mightily——— *Allons! Baisez donc!* [*Kisses, drinks.*
Morbleu! ce n'est pas mauvais! Allons, encore, hey! Vive l'amour! Quand Iris, &c. [Sings.

D. Du. I find, sir, you have taken a taste of all the countries you have travelled through; but I presume your chief amusement has lain among the ladies. You fared well in France, I hope?

Clo. Yes, faith, as far as my pocket would go: the devil a stroke without it: no money, no Mademoiselle; no ducat, no duchess; no pistole, no princess——— By the way, let me tell you, sir, your Lisbonites are held up at a pretty smart rate too——I was forced to come down to the tune of seven pistoles here—a man may keep a pad of his own, cheaper than he can ride post, split me: "but, a pox on 'em, it's no wonder "the jades are so saucy in a country where there are "so many swarms of unmarried friars, monks, and "brawny jesuits: the game may well be scarce, "faith, where there are so many canonical poach-"ers." Now, sir, in little England—"where your "gowns and cassocks are honestly married, your "right women are as cheap as mackrel—Gad, sir, I "have taken you a fasting velvet scarf out of the "side box there, and the jade has jumped at a beef-"stake and a bottle; nay, sometimes at coach-hire, "and a single glass of cinnamon——Seven pistoles! "unconscionable! Odsheart, in London now, for half "the sum, a man might have picked up the three "first rows of the middle gallery."

D. Du. I find, sir, you know England then.

Clo. Ay, sir, and every woman there that's worth knowing, "from honest Betty Sands, to the countess "of Ogletown. Yes, sir, I do know London pretty

"well, and the side-box, sir, and behind the scenes; "ay, and the green-room, and all the girls and wo- "men-actresses there, sir——Sir, I was a whole "winter there the particular favourite of the gigg- "ling party——Come, sir, if you please, here's miss "Riggle's health to you.

"*D. Du.* Pray, sir, how came you so well ac- "quainted there?

"*Clo.* Why, sir, I first introduced myself with a "single pinch of Bergamot; the next night I pre- "sented 'em a box full; next day came to rehearsal: "in a week I desired 'em to use my name whenever "they pleased, for what the chocolate-house afforded "—upon this, I was chosen Valentine, if I don't mis- "take, to about eleven of 'em; and in three days "more, I think, it cost me fifty guineas in gloves, "knots, beads, fans, muffs, coffee, tea, snuff-boxes, "orangerie, and chocolate.

"*D. Du.* But pray, sir, were you as intimate at "both play-houses?

"*Clo.* No, stretch 'em; at the new house they are "so used to be queens and princesses, and are so "often in their airs-royal, forsooth, that I'gad, "there's no reaching one of their copper-tails there, "without a long pole, or a settlement, split me."

D. Du. But I wonder, sir, that in a country so famed for handsome women, the men are so generally blamed for their scandalous usage of 'em.

Clo. Oh, damned scandalous, sir——they use their mistresses as bad as their wives, faith. I tell you what,

sir, I knew a citizen's daughter there, that run away with a lord, who, in the first six months of her preferment, never stirred out, but she made the ladies cry at her equipage; and about eight months after, I think, one morning reeling pretty early into a certain house in the Savoy, I found the self-same cast-off, solitary lady, in a room with bare walls, dressing her dear, pretty head there, in the corner bit of a looking-glass, prudently supported by a quartern brandy-pot, upon the head of an oyster-barrel.

D. Du. I find few mistresses make their fortunes there; but pray, sir, among all your adventures, has no particular lady's merit encouraged you to advance your own marriage?

Clo. Sir, I have been so near marriage, that my wedding-day has been come, but it was never over yet; split me.

D. Du. How so, sir?

Clo. Why, the priest, the bride, and the dinner, were all ready dressed, faith; but before I could fall to, my elder brother, sir, comes me in, with a damned long stride, and a sharp stomach——says a short grace, and——whipped her up like an oyster.

D. Du. You had ill fortune, sir.

Clo. Sir, fortune is not much in my debt, for you must know, sir, though I lost my wife, I have escaped hanging since here in Lisbon.

D. Du. That I know you have; be not amazed, sir.

Clo. Hey! what the devil? have I been all this

while treating an officer, that has a warrant against me——Pray, sir, if it be no offence——may I beg the favour to know who you are?

D. Du. Let it suffice, I own myself your friend—I am your debtor, sir; you fought a gentleman they call Don Duart——I knew him well; he was a proud insulting fellow, and my mortal foe: but you killed him, and I thank you; nay, I saw you do it fairly too; and for the action, I desire you will command my sword or fortune.

Clo. Pray, sir——is there no joke in all this?

D. Du. There, sir, the little all I'm master of, may serve at present to convince you of my sincerity; I ask for no return, but to be informed how I may do you farther service. [*Gives him a purse.*

Clo. Sir, your health——I'll give you information presently. [*Drinks.*] Pray, sir, do you know the gentleman's sister that I fought with? That is, do you know what reputation, what fortune she has?

D. Du. I know her fortune to be worth above twelve thousand pistoles; her reputation yet unsullied; but pray, sir, why may you ask this?

Clo. Now, I'll tell you, sir——twelve thousand pistoles, you say!

D. Du. I speak the least, sir.

Clo. Why, this very lady, after I had killed her brother, gave me the protection of her house; hid me in her closet, while the officers that brought in the dead body came to search for me; and, as soon as their backs were turned, poor soul! hurried me out

at a private door, with tears in her eyes, faith! Now, sir, what think you? Is not this hint broad enough for a man to make love upon?

D. Du. Confusion! [*Aside.*

Clo. Look you, sir, now, if you dare, give me a proof of your friendship; will you do me the favour to carry a letter to her?

D. Du. Let me consider, sir——Death and fire! is all her height of sorrow but dissembled then?—A prostitute, even to the man supposed my murderer! If it be true, the consequence is soon resolved——but this requires my farther search. [*Aside.*]——May I depend on this for truth, sir?

Clo. Why, sir, you don't suppose I'd banter a lady of her quality?

D. Du. Damnation! [*Aside.*] Well, sir, I'll take your letter; but first let me be well acquainted with my errand.

Clo. Sir, I'll write this moment; if you please, we'll step into the house here, and finish the business over another bottle.

D. Du. With all my heart.

Clo. *Allons! Entrez.* [Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

ELVIRA *is discovered alone in mourning, a lamp by her.*
Don DUART *enters behind, disguised.*

Don Duart.

THUS far I am passed unknown to any of the servants——now for the proof of what I fear——Ha, yonder she is——This close retirement, those sable colours, the solemn silence that attends her, no friends admitted, nor even the day to visit her. These seem to speak a real sorrow; if not, the counterfeit is deep indeed——I'll fathom it——madam——

Elv. Who's there? another murderer! where are my servants? will nothing but my sorrows wait upon me?

D. Du. Your pardon, lady; I have no evil meaning; this letter will inform you of my business, and excuse this rude intrusion.

Elv. For me! whence comes it, sir?

D. Du. The contents, madam, will explain to you —She seems amazed! looks almost through the letter——I should suspect the stranger had bely'd her, but that he gave me such convincing circumstances ——Ha, she pauses! 'Sdeath! a smile too——I fear her now!

Elv. My prayers are heard; justice at length has overtaken the murderer: his vow'd protection hav-

ing been strictly paid, I now, unperjured may revenge my brother's blood. It lies on me, if I neglect this fair occasion: but 'twere not safe to shew my thought; therefore, to be just, I must dissemble. [*Aside.*]—I ask you pardon for my rudeness, sir; upon your friend's account, you might, indeed, have claimed a better welcome.

D. Du. So; then she's damned, I find. [*Aside.*] But I'll have more, and bring e'm face to face. My friend, madam, thought his visits would be unseasonable, before the sad solemnity of your brother's funeral.

Elv. A needless fear! My brother, sir! Alas, I owe your friend my thanks, for having eased our family of so scandalous a burthen! A riotous, unmannered fellow; I blush to speak of him.

D Du. Oh, Patience! Patience! [*Aside.*

Elv. Pray, let him know, his absence was the real cause of this mistaken mourning: 'tis true indeed, I gave it out 'tis for my brother's death; but women's hearts and tongues, you know, must not always hold alliance; you'd think us fond and forward, should not we now and then dissemble.

D. Du. How shall I forbear her? [*Aside.*

Elv. I grow impatient 'till he's wholly mine——— to-morrow! 'tis an age! I'll make him mine to-night —I'll write to him this minute——Can you have patience, sir, 'till I prepare a letter for you?

D. Du. You may command me, madam.

Elv. I'll dispatch immediately———will you walk this way, sir?

D. Du. Madam, I wait on you——Revenge and daggers! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

LOUISA's *House.* LOUISA *and* JAQUES.

Lou. Is the lady seized?

Jaq. Yes, madam, and half dead with the fright.

Lou. Let 'em be ready to produce her, as I directed. When the stranger's taken, bring me immediate notice: 'tis near his time, away. [*Exit* Jaques.] Had he not loved another, methinks I could have borne this usage, sat me down alone content, and found a secret pleasure in complaining; but to be slighted for a girl, a sickly, poor, unthinking wretch, incapable of love: that, that stabs home! 'Tis poison to my thoughts, and swells 'em to revenge! My rival! no, she shall never triumph. Hark, what noise: they have him sure! How now!

Enter JAQUES.

Jaq. Madam, the gentleman is taken.

Lou. Bring him in——Revenge, I thank thee now.

Enter Bravoes with CARLOS *disarmed.*

So, sir, you are returned, it seems; you can love then! You have an heart, I find, though not for me! Perhaps you came to seek a worthier mistress here;

'twould be uncharitable to disappoint your love——
I'll help your search: if she be here, be sure she's
safe——Open that door there.

Enter more Bravoes with ANGELINA, *an Handkerchief on her Neck, which they hold ready to strangle her.*

Now, sir, is this the lady?

Car. My Angelina! Oh.

" *Ang.* Oh, miserable meeting!"

Lou. Now let me see you smile, and rudely throw me from your arms; now scorn my love, my passion, and my fortune; now let your squeamish virtue fly me as a disease to modesty; and tell her now your shameful tale of my intemperance.

Car. Oh, cruelty of fate! that could betray such innocence.

Lou. What, not a word to soften yet thy obstinate aversion! thou wretched fool, thus to provoke thy ruin——End her. [*To the Bravoes.*

Car. Oh, hold! for pity hold, and hear me.

Lou. I've learned from you to use my pity——
" 'Sdeath, I could laugh to see thy strange stupidity
" of love."——On one condition yet she lives an hour, but if refused——

Car. Name not a refusal, be it danger, death, or tortures, any thing that life can do to save her.

" *Lou.* Nay, if you are so over-willing.

" *Car.* Speak, and I obey you.

" *Lou.* Now then, this moment kneel and curse her.

" *Car.* Preserve her, Heaven, and snatch her from

"the jaws of gaping danger. [*Kneeling.*] Oh, may the "watchful-eye of Providence, that never sleeps o'er "innocence distressed, look nearly to her; or if some "miracle alone can save her, the ever-waking sun, "in his eternal progress, never saw so fair an object "to employ it on."

Lou. Presuming fool! were I inclined to save her life, (which, by my hopes of peace, I do not mean) canst thou believe this insolent concern for her to my face would not provoke my vengeance?

Car. Yet hold! forgive my rashness, I was to blame indeed; but passion has transported both of us; "love "made me as heedless of her safety, as wild revenge "has you, even of your neglected soul.

"*Lou.* What, dost thou think to preach me from "my purpose?

"*Car.* That were too vain an hope; though I've a "piteous cause that might bespeak, without a tongue, "the mercy of the human heart:" but if revenge alone can sate your fury, at least misplace it not; mine was the offence, be mine the punishment; "but spare "the innocent, the gentle maid, she ne'er intended "yet a thought against your peace; I have deserved "your anger, nay and justly too; for I confess I "ought to have given you a milder treatment; but "to atone the crime, rip up my breast, and in my "heart you'll read the unhappy cause of my neglect "and rudeness."

Lou. How he disarms my anger! But must my rival triumph then?

Ang. Charge me not with such abhorred ingratitude: be witness, Heaven, I'll for ever serve you, court you, and confess you my preserver.

Car. For pity, yet resolve, and force your temper to a moment's pause. "Do not debase your generous revenge with cruelty; that every common "wretch can take: the savage brutes can suck their "fellow-creature's blood, and tear their bodies down; "but greater human souls have more pride to curb, "and bow the stubborn mind of what they hate; and "such revenge, the nobler far, I offer now to you;" see at your feet my humbled scorn imploring, crushed, and prostrate, like a vile slave, that falls below your last contempt, and trembling begs for mercy.

Lou. He buries my revenge in blushes.

"*Ang.* Oh, generous proof of the most faithful "love!

"*Car.* Think what a glorious triumph it would be, "that when your swoln resentment, wild revenge, "and indignation, all stood ready, waiting for the "word, you called your forceful reason to your aid, "resolved and took that tyrant passion captive to "your gentle pity: Oh, 'twere such a god-like instance of your virtue, as might atone, if possible, "even crimes to come. Revenge, like this, can never give you that continued peace of mind, which "mercy may: compassion has a thousand secret charms. "Think you 'twere no delight of thought, to heal "the wounds of bleeding lovers, to make two poor "afflicted wretches happy, whose highest crime is

"loving well and faithfully? Were it no soothing "joy, no secret pride, to raise 'em from the last de-"spair, to hope, to life and love restored! Now, on "my heart, I read a struggling pity in your eye; "Oh, cherish it, and spare our innocence! Perhaps, "the story of our chaste affections, once complete, "may live a fair example to succeeding times, for "which posterity shall stand indebted to your virtue.

"*Lou.*" Release the lady——go. [*Exeunt Bravoes.*

"And now farewel my follies, and my mistaken love; "for, I confess, the fair example of your mutual "faith, your tenderness, humility, and tears, have "quite subdued my soul; at once have conquered "and reformed me. Oh, you have given me such "an image of the contentful peace, th' unshaken quiet "of an honest mind, that now I taste more solid joy, "being but the instrument of your united virtuous "love, than all my late false hopes proposed even in "the last indulgence of my blind desire:" now love long and happily; forgive my follies past, and you have overpaid me. [*Joins their hands.*

"*Car.* Oh, providential care of innocence distressed!

"*Ang.* Oh, miracle of rewarded love!

Car. "What shall I say? I scarce have yet the "power of thought amidst this hurry of transporting "joy!" My Angelina, do I then live to hold thee thus? Oh, I have a thousand things to say, to ask, to weep, and hear of thee——But first let's kneel and pay our thanks to Heaven, and this our kind preserver; "to whose most happy change, we owe even

"all our lives to come, which chearful gratitude can "pay."

Lou. Nay, now you give me a confusion. [*Raises 'em.*] But if you dare trust me with the story of your love's distress, as far as my fortune can, command it freely to supply your present wants, or any future means proposed to give you lasting happiness.

Car. Eternal rounds of never-ending peace reward your wond'rous bounty; "and when you know the "story of our fortune, as we shall soon find due oc-"casion to relate it, we cannot doubt 'twill both "deserve your pity and assistance"——But I have been too busy in my joy, I almost had forgot my friendly uncle, the ancient gentleman that first came hither with me; how have you disposed of him?

Lou. I think he's here, and safe——who waits there? [*Enter* Jaques.] Release the gentleman above, and tell him that his friends desire him. [*Exit* Jaques.] You'll pardon, sir, the treatment I have shewn him; he made a little too merry with my folly, which, I confess, at that time, something too far incensed me.

Car. He's old and chearful, apt to be free; but he'll be sorry when his humour gives offence.

Enter Don Lewis, Jaques *bowing to him.*

D. Lew. Pr'ythee, honest Dumb, don't be so ceremonious! A pox on thee, I tell thee it's very well as it is, (only my jaws ache a little:) but as long as we're all friends, it's no great matter——My dear Charles, I must buss thee, faith!——Madam, your humble

servant——I beg your pardon, d'ye see——you understand me. [*Exit* Jaques.

Lou. I hope we are all friends, sir.

D. Lew. I hope we are, madam——I am an honest old fellow, faith; tho' now and then I am a little odd, too.

Car. Here's a stranger, uncle.

D. Lew. What, my little blossom! my gilliflower! my rose! my pink! my tulip! faith, I must smell thee. [*Salutes* Angelina.] Odd, she's a delicate nose-gay! I must have her touzed a little——Charles, you must gather to-night; I can stay no longer——Well, faith, I am heartily joyed to see thee, child.

Ang. I thank you, sir; and wish I may deserve your love: our fortune, once again, is kind; but how it comes about——

D. Lew. Does not signify three-pence; when fortune pays me a visit, I seldom trouble myself to know which way she came——I tell you, I am glad to see you.

Enter JAQUES.

Jaq. Madam, here's the Lord Governor come to wait upon your ladyship.

Lou. At this late hour! What can his business be? Desire his lordship to walk in.

Enter Governor.

Gov. Pardon, madam, this unseasonable visit.

Lou. Your lordship does me honour.

Gov. At least, I hope, my business will excuse it. Some strangers, here below, upon their offered oaths, demanded my authority to search your house for a lost young lady, to whom the one of them affirms himself the father: but the respect I owe your ladyship, made me refuse their search, till I had spoken with you.

Ang. It must be they——Now, madam, your protection, or we yet are lost.

Lou. Be not concerned! would you avoid 'em?

Car. No, we must be found; let 'em have entrance: we have an honest cause, and would provoke it's trial.

Lou. Conduct the gentlemen without. [*Exit* Jaques.] My Lord, I'll answer for their honesty; and, as they are strangers, where the law's severe, must beg you'd favour and assist 'em.

Gov. You may command me, madam; tho' there's no great fear; for having heard the most that they could urge against 'em, I found in their complaints, more spleen and humour, than any just appearance of a real injury.

Enter "*Don* Manuel," Charino, Antonio, *and* Clodio.

Cha. I'll have justice.

Ant. Don't be too hot, brother.

Cha. Sir, I demand justice.

"*D. Man.* That's the lady, sir, I told you of.

"*Clo.* Ay, that's she, my Lord, I am witness."

Car. My father! Sir, your pardon, and your blessing.

Ant. Why, truly, Charles, I begin to be a little reconciled to the matter; I wish you well, tho' I can't join you together; for my friend and brother here, is very obstinate, and will admit of no satisfaction: but however, Heaven will bless you in spite of his teeth.

Cha. This is all contrivance, roguery! I am abused! I say, deliver my daughter——she is an heiress, sir; and to detain her is a rape in law, sir, and I'll have you all hang'd; therefore no more delays, sir; for I tell you beforehand, I am a wise man, and 'tis impossible to trick me.

Ant. I say, you are too positive, brother; and when you learn more wisdom, you'll have some.

Cha. I say, brother, this is mere malice, when you know, in your own conscience, I have ten times your understanding; for you see I am quite of another opinion: and so, once more, my Lord, I demand justice against that ravisher.

Gov. Does your daughter, sir, complain of any violence?

Cha. Your lordship knows young girls never complain, when the violence is over; he has taught her better, I suppose.

Ang. [*To* Charino, *kneeling.*] Sir, you are my father, bred me, cherished me, gave me my affections, taught me to keep them hitherto within the bounds of honour and of virtue; let me conjure you, by the chaste love my mother bore you, when she preferred, to her mistaken parents choice, her being yours with-

out a dower, not to bestow my person, where those affections ne'er can follow—I cannot love that gentleman more than a sister ought; but here my heart's subdued, even to the last compliance with my fortune: he, sir, has nobly wooed and won me; and I am only his, or miserable.

Cha. Get up again.

Gov. Come, sir; be persuaded; your daughter has made an honourable and happy choice; this severity will but expose yourself and her.

Cha. My Lord, I don't want advice: I'll consider with myself, and resolve upon my own opinion.

Enter JAQUES.

Jaq. My Lord, here's a stranger without, enquires for your lordship, and for a gentleman that calls himself Clodio.

Clo. Hey! *Ah, mon cher ami!*

Enter Don DUART, *disguised.*

Well, what news, my dear? Has she answered my letter?

D. Du. There, sir,——This to your lordship.

[*Gives him a letter, and whispers.*

Gov. Married to night! and to this gentleman, sayest thou? I'm amazed.

D. Du. Here is her choice, my Lord.

Clo. [*Reading the letter.*]—um—um—charms—irresistible—excuse—so soon—passion—blushes—consent—provision—children—settlement—marriage——

If this is not plain, the devil's in't——Hold, here's more, faith— [*Reads to himself.*

" *D. Man.* How shall I requite this goodness?

[*To* Lou.

" *Lou.* I owe you more than I have leisure now to " pay: press me not too far, lest I should offer more " than you are willing to receive. Favours, when " long withheld, sometimes grow tasteless; over- " fasting often palls the appetite.

" *D. Man.* The appetite of love, like mine, can " never die; it would be everlasting, and unsated."

[*They seem to talk apart.*

Gov. 'Tis very sudden——but give my service, I'll wait upon her.

Clo. Ha, ha, ha! poor soul! I'll be with her presently; and faith, since I have made my own fortune, I'll e'en patch up my brother's too. Hark you, my dear dad, that should ha' been—This business is all at an end——for, look you, I find your daughter's engag'd; and, to tell you the truth, so am I, faith. If my brother has a mind to marry her, let him; for I shall not, split me——And now, gentlemen and ladies, if you will do me the honour to grace mine and the lady Elvira's wedding, such homely entertainment as my poor house affords, you shall be all heartily welcome to.

D. Lew. Thy house! ha, ha! Well said, puppy.

Clo. Ha! old Testy!

Cha. What dost thou mean, man? [*To* Clodio.

Gov. 'Tis even so, I can assure you, sir; I have,

myself an invitation from the lady's own hand, that confirms it: I know her fortune well, and am surprised at it.

Ang. Blessed news! This seems a forward step to reconcile us all.

Cha. If this be true, my lord, I have been thinking to no purpose; my design is all broke to pieces.

Ant. Come, brother, we'll mend it as well as we can; and since that young rogue has rudely turned tail upon your daughter, I'll fill up the blank with Charles's name, and let the rest of the settlement stand as it was.

Cha. Hold, I'll first see this wedding, and then give you my final resolution.

Clo. Come, ladies, if you please, my friend will shew you.

Lou. Sir, we wait upon you.

Cha. This wedding's an odd thing.

D. Lew. Ha, ha! if it should be a lie, now. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes to ELVIRA'*s apartment.* ELVIRA *alone, with* CLODIO'*s letter in her hand.*

Elv. At how severe a price do women purchase an unspotted fame, when even the justest title can't assure possession? When we reflect upon the insolent and daily wrongs, which men and scandal throw upon

our actions, 'twere enough to make an honest mind despair: if we are fair and chaste, we are proud; if free, we are wanton; cold, we are cunning; and if kind, forsaken: nothing we do or think on, be the motive e'er so just or generous, but still the malice or the guilt of men, interprets to our shame: why should this stranger, else this wretched stranger, whose forfeit life I rashly saved, presume, from that mistaken charity, to tempt me with his love.

Enter a Servant.

Hark! what music's that? [*Flourish.*

Serv. Madam, the gentlemen are come.

Elv. 'Tis well; are the officers ready?

Serv. Yes, madam, and know your ladyship's orders.

Elv. Conduct the company. Now, justice shall uncloud my fame, and see my brother's death revenged.

Enter hautboys playing, Clodio *singing,* *D.* Duart, *Governor,* *D.* Manuel, Louisa, Carlos, Angelina, Antonio, Charino, *and D.* Lewis.

Clo. Well, madam, you see I'm punctual——you've nick'd your man, faith; I'm always critical——to a minute. You'll never stay for me. Ladies and gentlemen, I desire you'll do me the honour of being better acquainted here——my Lord———

Gov. Give you joy, madam.

Clo. Nay, madam, I have brought you some near

relations of my own, too——This Don Antonio, who will shortly have the honour to call you daughter.

Ant. The young rogue has made a pretty choice, faith.

Clo. This Don Charino, who was very near having the honour of calling me son. This my elder brother——and this my noble uncle, Don Choleric Snapshorto de Testy.

D. Lew. Puppy.

Clo. Peevish.

D. Lew. Madam, I wish you joy with all my heart; but truly, I can't much advise you to marry this gentleman; because, in a day or too, you'll really find him extremely shocking: those that know him, generally give him the title of Don Dismallo Thickscullo de Halfwitto.

Clo. Well said, nuncle, ha, ha!

D. Du. Are you provided of a priest, sir?

Clo. Ay, ay, pox on him; would he were come tho'.

D. Du. So would I, I want the cue to act this justice on my honour; yet I cannot read the folly in her looks. [*Aside.*

Gov. You have surprised us, madam, by this sudden marriage.

Elv. I may yet surprise you more, my Lord.

D. Du. Sir, don't you think your bride looks melancholy?

Clo. Ay, poor fool, she's modest——but I have a cure for that———Well, my princess, why that demure look, now?

Elv. I was thinking, Sir——

Clo. I know what you think of——You don't think at all——You don't know what to think——You neither see, hear, feel, smell, nor taste——You han't the right use of one of your senses—In short, you have it. Now, my princess, have not I nick'd it?

Elv. I am sorry, sir, you know so little of yourself, or me.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the priest is come.

Elv. Let him wait, we've no occasion yet—Within, there——seize him.

[*Several Officers rush in, who seize* Clodio, *and bind him.*

D. Du. Ha!

Gov. What can this mean?

Clo. Gad me! what, is my dearyin her frolicks already?

Elv. And now, my Lord, your justice on that murderer.

Gov. How, madam!

Clo. That bitch, my fortune!

D. Lew. Madam, upon my knees, I beg you don't carry the jest too far; but if there be any real hopes of his having a halter, let's know it in three words, that I may be sure at once for ever, that no earthly thing but a reprieve can save him. [*Apart to* Elvira.

Ant. Pray, madam, who accuses him?

Elv. His own confession, sir.

Cha. Of murder say you, madam?

Elv. The murder of my brother.

Gov. Where was that confession made?

Elv. After the fact was done, my lord, this man pursued by justice, took shelter here, and trembling, begged of me for my protection; he seemed, indeed, a stranger, and his complaints so pitiful, that I, little suspicious of my brother's death, promised by a rash and solemn vow, I would conceal him: which vow, Heaven can witness with what distraction in my thoughts I strictly kept, and paid; but he, alas! mistaking this my hospitable charity, for the effects of a most vile, preposterous love, proceeds upon his error, and in his letter, here, addresses me for marriage; which I, once having paid my vow, answered in such prevailing terms, upon his folly, as now have, unprotected, drawn him into the hands of justice.

D. Du. She is innocent, and well has disappointed my revenge. [*Aside.*

D. Lew. So, now I am a little easy—the puppy will be hanged.

Gov. Give me leave, madam, to ask you yet some farther questions.

Clo. Ay,——I shall be hanged, I believe.

Cha. Nay, then, 'tis time to take care of my daughter; for I am convinced that my friend Clody is disposed of—and so, without compliment, do you see, children, Heaven bless you together.

[*Joins* Car. *and* Ang. *hands.*

Car. This, sir, is a time unfit to thank you as we ought.

Ant. Well, brother, I thank you, however; Charles is an honest lad, and well deserves her; but poor Clody's ill fortune I could never have suspected.

D. Lew. Why, you would be positive, though you know, brother, I always told you, Dismal would be hang'd; I must plague him a little, because the dog has been pert with me——Clody, how dost thou do? Ha! why you are tied!

Clo. I hate this old fellow, split me.

D. Lew. Thou hast really made a damn'd blunder here, child; to invite so many people to a marriage-knot, and instead of that it's like to be one under the left ear.

Clo. I'd fain have him die.

D. Lew. Well, my dear, I'll provide for thy going off, however; let me see, you'll only have occasion for a nosegay, a pair of white gloves, and a coffin: look you, take you no care about the surgeons, you shall not be anatomized—I'll get the body off with a wet finger—Tho', methinks, I'd fain see the inside of the puppy, too.

Clo. Oh, rot him! I can't bear this.

D. Lew. Well, I won't trouble you any more now, child; if I am not engaged, I don't know but I may come to the tree, and sing a stave or two with thee—Nay, I'll rise on purpose—tho' you will hardly suffe before twelve o'clock, neither—ay, just about twelv—about twelve you'll be turned off.

Clo. Oh, curse consume him!

Gov. I am convinced, madam, the fact appears too plain.

D. Lew. Yes, yes, he'll suffer. [*Aside.*

Gov. What says the gentleman? Do you confess the fact, sir?

Clo. Will it do me any good, my lord?

Gov. Perhaps it may, if you can prove it was not done in malice.

Clo. Why, then, to confess the truth, my lord, I did pink him, and am sorry for't; but it was none of my fault, split me.

Elv. Now, my lord, your justice.

D. Du. Hold, madam, that remains in me to give; for know, your brother lives, and happy in the proof of such a sister's virtue. [*Discovers himself.*

Elv. My brother! Oh, let my wonder speak my joy!

Clo. Hey! [Clodio *and his friends seem surprised.*

Gov. Don Duart! living and well! How came this strange recovery?

D. Du. My body's health the surgeon has restored: but here's the true physician of my mind: the hot, distemper'd blood, which lately rendered me offensive to mankind, his just, resenting sword let forth, which gave me leisure to reflect upon my follies past; and, by reflection, to reform.

Elv. This is indeed a happy change.

Gov. Release the gentleman.

Clo. Here, Testy, pr'ythee do so much as untie this a little.

D. Lew. Why, so I will, sirrah; I find thou hast done a mettled thing; and I don't know whether it's worth my while to be shocked at thee any longer.

Elv. I ask your pardon for the wrong I have done you, sir; and blush to think how much I owe you, for a brother thus restored.

Clo. Madam, your very humble servant, it's mighty well as it is.

D. Du. We are, indeed, his debtors both; and, sister, there's but one way now of being grateful. For my sake, give him such returns of love, as he may yet think fit to ask, or you with modesty can answer.

Clo. Sir, I thank you; and when you don't think it impudence in me to wish myself well with your sister, I shall beg leave to make use of your friendship.

D. Du. This modesty commends you, sir.

Ant. Sir, you have proposed like a man of honour; and if the lady can but like of it, she shall find those among us, that will make up a fortune to deserve her.

Car. I wish my brother well; and as I once offered him to divide my birth-right, I'm ready still to put my words into performance.

D. Lew. Nay, then, since I find the rogue's no longer like to be an enemy to Charles, as far as a few acres go, I'll be his friend too.

D. Du. Sister!

Elv. This is no trifle, brother; allow me a con-

venient time to think, and if the gentleman continues to deserve your friendship, he shall not much complain I am his enemy.

D. Lew. So, now it will be a wedding again, faith.

" *D. Man.* And if this kind example could prevail " on you———

" *Lou.* If it could not, your merit has sufficient " power. From this moment I am yours for ever.

" *D. Man.* Which way shall I be grateful?

" *Clo.* Nay, then, strike up again, boys—and with " the lady's leave, I'll make bold to lead 'em up a " dance *à la mode d' Angleterre.* [*They dance.*

" *D. Lew.* So, so! bravely done of all sides; and " now, Charles, we'll e'en toast our noses over a " chirping bottle, and laugh at our past fortune."

Car. Come, my Angelina,
Our bark, at length, has found a quiet harbour,
And the distressful voyage of our loves
Ends not alone in safety, but reward.
Now we unlade our freight of happiness,
Of which, from thee alone, my share's deriv'd;
For all my former search in deep philosophy,
Not knowing thee, was a mere dream of life:
But love, in one soft moment, taught me more
Than all the volumes of the learn'd could reach;
Gave me the proof, when nature's birth began,
To what great end th' ETERNAL form'd a Man.

[*Exeunt.*

THE END.

EPILOGUE.

AN epilogue's a tax on authors laid,
And full as much unwillingly is paid.
Good lines, I grant, are little worth; but yet
Coin has been always easier rais'd, than wit.
(I fear we'd made but very poor campaigns,
Had funds been levied from the grumbling brains.)
Beside to what poor purpose should we plead,
When you have once resolv'd a play shall bleed?
But then again, a wretch, in any case,
Has leave to say why sentence should not pass.
First, let your censure from pure judgment flow,
And mix with that, some grains of mercy too;
On some your praise like wanton lovers you bestow.
Thus have you known a woman plainly fair,
At first scarce worth your two days pains or care;
Without a charm, but being young and new:
(You thought five guineas far beyond her due.)
But when pursu'd by some gay, leading lover,
Then every day her eyes new charms discover;
'Till at the last, by crouds of beaus admir'd,
Sh' has rais'd her price to what her heart desir'd,
New gowns and petticoats, which her airs requir'd.
So, miss, and poet too, when once cried up,
Believe their reputation at the top:

And know, that while the liking fit has seiz'd you,
She cannot look, he write, too ill to please you.
How can you bear a sense of love so gross,
To let mere fashion on your taste impose?
Your taste refin'd, might add to your delight;
Poets from you are taught to raise their flight;
For as you learn to judge, they learn to write.

De Wilde pinxt. Leney sculp.

Mrs. MERRY as ALZIRA.

By heaven if tis to death, I'll follow thee.

London Printed for J. Bell, British Library, Strand Jany. 1792.

ALZIRA.

A

TRAGEDY,

BY AARON HILL.

ADAPTED FOR

THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, IN 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.

MDCCXCI.

TO

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS,

FREDERICK,

PRINCE OF WALES.

SIR,

THOUGH a prince is born a patron, yet a benevolent expansion of his heart gives nobler title to the homage of the arts, than all the greatness of his power to propagate them.——There respect is, either way, so much your Royal Highness's unquestioned due, that he who asks your leave to offer such a duty, calls in question your prerogative, or means to sell his own acknowledgments.

They have not marked, with penetration, the distinction of your spirit, who dare look upon you as inclosed against the access of sincerity. The judgment and humanity of princes are obscured by difficulties in approaching them. Nor can the benefactors of mankind be so far inconsistent with themselves, as to interpose the obstacles of distance, or cold ceremony, between their goodness, and our gratitude.

Allow me, therefore, sir, the honour to present Alzira to your patronage: disclaiming, for myself, all

expectation of your notice. It is just that I should give up my own small pretensions; but Mr. de Voltaire brings title to your Royal Highness's regard. The merit of his work will recommend him to your judgment: and the noble justice he has done her majesty's distinguished character, in his French preface to this tragedy, (himself mean while a foreigner, and writing in a foreign nation) will, perhaps, deserve the glory of the son's partiality, in sense of reverence for the royal mother.

It were, indeed, some violation of respect and gratitude, not to devote Alzira to the hand that honoured her in public with an applause so warm and weighty, in her representation on the English theatre. —Here Mr. de Voltaire enjoyed the triumph due to genius; while his heroic characters at the same time made evident the force of nature when it operates upon resembling qualities.——When tragedies are strong in sentiment, they will be touchstones to their hearers' hearts. The narrow and inhumane will be unattentive, or unmoved; while princely spirits, like your Royal Highness's, (impelled by their own conscious tendency) shew us an example in their generous sensibility, how great thoughts should be received by those who can think greatly.

Yet, in one strange circumstance, Alzira suffered by the honour of your approbation; for while the au-

dience hung their eyes upon your Royal Highness's discerning delicacy, their joy to see you warmed by, and applauding most, those sentiments which draw their force from love of pity, and of liberty, became the only passion they would feel; and thereby lessened their attention to the very scenes they owed it to.

Can it be possible, after so important a public declaration in honour of passion and sentiment, that this best use of the poet's art should any longer continue to languish under general neglect, or indifference?—No, surely, sir!—Your Royal Highness, but persisting to keep reason and nature in countenance at the theatres, will universally establish what you so generously and openly avow. For, if where men love they will imitate, your example must be copied by millions; till the influence of your attraction shall have planted your taste, and overspread three kingdoms with laurels.

It may at present, perhaps, be a fruitless, but it can never be an irrational, wish, that a theatre entirely new, (if not rather the old ones new-modell'd) professing only what is serious and manly, and sacred to the interests of wisdom and virtue, might arise under some powerful and popular protection, such as that of your Royal Highness's distinguished countenance!—To what probable lengths of improve-

ment would not such a spur provoke genius!—Or, should it fail to do that, it would make manifest, at least, that rather wit is wanting than encouragement; and that these opprobrious excrescencies of our stage, which, under the disguise of entertainments, have defamed and insulted a people, had a meaner derivation, than from the hope of delighting our princes.

It has been a misfortune to poetry, in this nation, that it was too superciliously under-rated; and, to acknowledge truth on both sides, for the most part practised too lightly.—But by those who consider it according to the demands of its character, it will be found entitled, beyond many other arts, to the political affection of princes: being more persuasive in its nature than rhetoric; and more comprehensive and animating than history.—For while history but waits on fortune with a little too servile a restriction, poetry corrects and commands her:—because rectifying the obliquity of natural events, by a more equitable formation of rational ones, the poet, as Lord Bacon very finely and truly observes, instead of constraining the mind to successes, adapts and calls out events to the measures of reason and virtue; maintaining Providence triumphant against the oppositions of nature and accident.

And still more to distinguish his superiority over the gay prose-fabrics of imagination, the poet, as a

reinforcement to his creative vivacity of invention, superadds the attraction of harmony; and then pours through the whole an irresistible fire of enthusiasm, wherewith to raise and to govern the passions.

Dramatic poetry, in this bold purpose, acts with most immediate and manifest consequence; because assembling together all that animates, invites, or inforces, it works with incredible influence upon the spirits and passions of a people, after they have been refined and induced to its relish.——It does this, in so confessed a degree, that our great philosopher abovenamed, undertaking in his De Augmentis Scientiarum *professedly to consider its prevalence, beautifully calls it the bow of the mind; as if, to express it more clearly, he had said, the stage is an instrument in the hands of the poet, as capable of giving modulation and tone to the heart, as the bow to the violin in the hands of a musician.*

There is another advantage in poetry, which still further entitles it to the protection of princes, who are lovers, like your Royal Highness, of ages, which are only to hear of them. Other arts have some single and limited effect; but the creations of poetry have a power to multiply their species in new and emulative successions of virtue and heroism; the seeds, as

it were, of those passions which produce noble qualities, being sown in all poems of genius.

If such desirable effects are now less common than anciently, it is only because sometimes tuneful emptiness is mistaken for poetry; and sometimes calm, cold sense conveyed in unpassionate metre; whereas poetry has no element but passion: and therefore rhyme, turn, and measure, are but fruitless affectations, where a spirit is not found that conveys the heat and enthusiasm. The poet, to say all in a word, who can be read without excitement of the most passionate emotions in the heart, having been busily losing his pains, like a smith who would fashion cold iron: he has the regular return in the descent of the strokes, the insignificant jingle in the ring of the sound, and the hammering delight in the labour; but he has neither the penetration, the glow, nor the sparkling.

When in some unbending moments your Royal Highness shall reflect, perhaps, on the most likely measures for diminishing our pretences to poetry, yet augmenting its essential growth, how kind would Heaven be to the legitimate friends of the muses, should it, at those times, whisper in your ear, that no art ever flourished in monarchies till the favour of the court made it fashionable!

On my own part, I have little to say, worth the honour of your Royal Highness's notice; being no more than an humble solicitor for an event I have nothing to hope from. Not that I presume to represent myself as too stoical to feel the advantage of distinction. I am only too busy to be disposed for pursuing it: having renounced the world, without quitting it; that, standing aside in an uncrowded corner, I might escape being hurried along in the dust of the show, and quietly see, and consider the whole as it passes; instead of acting a part in it; and that, perhaps, but a poor one.

In a situation so calm and untroubled, there arises a salutary habitude of supposing distinction to be lodged in the mind, and ambition in the use and command of the faculties. Such a choice may be silent, but not inactive: nay, I am afraid, he who makes it, is but a concealed kind of Epicure, notwithstanding his pretences to forbearance and philosophy: for while he partakes, in full relish, all the naked enjoyments of life, he throws nothing of it away, but its false face and its prejudices. He takes care to live at peace in the very centre of malice and faction; for, viewing greatness without hope, he views it also without envy.

Upon the whole, though there may be a suspicion of something too selfish in this personal system of

liberty, it will free a man in a moment from all those biassing partialities which hang their dead weight upon judgment; and leave him as disinterested a spectator of the virtues or vices of cotemporary greatness, as of that which history has transmitted to him from times he had nothing to do with. I am, therefore, sure, it is no flattery, when I congratulate your Royal Highness on the humane glories of your future reign, and thank you for a thousand blessings I expect not to partake of.

I am,

With a profound respect,

SIR,

Your Royal Highness's

Most obedient and

Most humble servant,

A. HILL.

ALZIRA.

THIS is a translation from Voltaire, declamatory, turgid and languid, in the general tone of the French theatre. AARON HILL clearly possessed some dramatic talent, and was a valuable man otherways, and yet I know not how it is, but this age discovers no anxiety after the performance of his plays. In the closet they are a suite of fine lessons of high sentiment in swelling diction.

PROLOGUE.

WHEN some raw padd'ler from the waded shore,
First dares the deep'ning stream, and ventures o'er,
Light on his floating cork the wave he skims,
And, wanton in his safety, thinks he swims.
So shall Alzira's fame our faults protect,
And from your censure screen each fear'd defect.
For should we act, unskill'd, the player's parts,
We act such scenes——as force us to your hearts.
What floods of tears a neighb'ring land saw flow,
When a whole people wept Alzira's woe!
The loveliest eyes of France, in one pleas'd night,
Twice charm'd, renew'd, and lengthen'd out delight;
Twice charm'd, review'd the sad, the melting strain,
Yet, hung insatiate, on the willing pain!
Thrice thirty days, all Paris sigh'd for sense!
Tumblers stood still—and thought—in wit's defence;
Ev'n power despotic felt, how wrongs can move;
And nobly wept for liberty and love.
Can it be fear'd then, that our gen'rous land,
Where justice blooms, and reason holds command;
This soil of science! where bold truth is taught,
This seat of freedom, and this throne of thought;
Can pour applause on foreign song and dance,
Yet leave the praise of solid sense to France;

No—That's impossible —'tis Britain's claim,
To hold no second place in taste or fame.
In arts and arms alike victorious known,
Whate'er deserves her choice she makes her own.
Nor let the conscious power of English wit
Less feel the force, because a Frenchman writ.
Reason and sentiment, like air and light,
Wherever found, are Nature's common right.
Since the same sun gives northern climes their day,
After the east has first receiv'd its ray,
Why should our pride repel the muse's smile,
Because it dawn'd not first upon our isle?
Fraternal art adopts each alien fame;
The wise and brave are every where the same.
From hostile sentiments let discord flow;
But they who think like friends, should have no foe.

Dramatis Personæ.

COVENT-GARDEN.

DON CARLOS, *governor of* Peru, *for the* Spaniards.
DON ALVAREZ, *father of* Don Carlos, *and former governor.*
ZAMOR, Indian *sovereign of one part of the country.*
EZMONT, Indian *sovereign of another part.*

ALZIRA, *daughter of* Ezmont.
EMIRA } Alzira's *women.*
CEPHANIA }

Spanish *and* American *captains and soldiers.*

SCENE, *in the city of* Lima.

ALZIRA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Don ALVAREZ *and Don* CARLOS.

Alvarez.

AT length the council, partial to my prayer,
Has to a son I love, transferr'd my power.
Carlos, rule happy; be a viceroy long;
Long for thy prince, and for thy God, maintain
This younger, richer, lovelier, half the globe;
Too fruitful, heretofore, in wrongs and blood;
Crimes, the lamented growths of powerful gold!
Safe to thy abler hand devolve, resign'd,
Those sovereign honours which oppress'd my years,
And dimm'd the feeble lamp of wasted age.
Yet had it long, and not unuseful, flam'd.
I first o'er wond'ring Mexico in arms
March'd the new horrors of a world unknown!
I steer'd the floating towers of fearless Spain
Through the plow'd bosom of an untried sea.
Too happy had my labours been so bless'd,

To change my brave associate's rugged souls,
And soften stubborn heroes into men.
Their cruelties, my son, eclips'd their glory:
And I have wept a conqu'ror's splendid shame,
Whom Heaven not better made, and yet made great.
Wearied at length, I reach my life's last verge;
Where I shall peaceful veil my eyes in rest;
If, ere they close, they but behold my Carlos
Ruling Potosi's realm by Christian laws,
And making gold more rich by gifts from Heav'n.

D. Carlos. Taught and supported by your great example,
I learnt beneath your eye to conquer realms,
Which, by your counsels, I may learn to govern;
Giving those laws I first receive from you.

Alv. Not so.—Divided power is power disarm'd.
Outworn by labour, and decay'd by time,
Pomp is no more my wish. Enough for me
That, heard in council, age may temper rashness.
Trust me, mankind but ill rewards the pains
Of over-prompt ambition.——'Tis now time
To give my long-neglected God those hours,
Which close the languid period of my days.
One only gift I ask; refuse not that;
As friend I ask it; and as father claim.
Pardon those poor Americans, condemn'd
For wand'ring hither, and this morning seiz'd.
To my disposal give 'em kindly up,
That liberty, unhop'd, may charm the more.
A day like this should merit smiles from all;
And mercy, soft'ning justice, mark it bless'd.

D. Carlos. Sir, all that fathers ask, they must command.

Yet condescend to recollect how far
This pity, undeserv'd, might hazard all.
In infant towns like ours, methinks 'twere safe
Not to familiarize these savage spies.
If we accustom foes to look too near,
We teach 'em, at our cost, to slight those swords
They once flew trembling from, whene'er they saw.
Frowning revenge, and awe of distant dread,
Not smiling friendship, tames these sullen souls.
The sour American, unbroke, and wild,
Spurns with indignant rage, and bites his chain,
Humble when punish'd; if regarded, fierce.
Power sickens by forbearance: rigid men,
Who feel not pity's pangs, are best obey'd.
Spaniards, 'tis true, are rul'd by honour's law,
Submit unmurm'ring, and unforc'd go right.
But other nations are impell'd by fear,
And must be rein'd, and spurr'd, with hard control.
The gods themselves in this ferocious clime,
Till they look grim with blood, excite no dread.

Alv. Away, my son, with these detested schemes!
Perish such politic reproach of rule!
Are we made captains in our Maker's cause,
O'er these new Christians call'd to stretch his name,
His peaceful name! and shall we, unprovok'd,
Bear murders, which our holy cheats presume
To mispronounce his injur'd altar's due?
Shall we dispeople realms, and kill to save?

Such if the fruits of Spain's religious care,
I, from the distant bounds of our old world,
Have to this new one stretch'd a Saviour's name,
To make it hateful to one half the globe,
Because no mercy grac"d the other's zeal.
No, my misguided Carlos, the broad eye
Of one Creator takes in all mankind:
His laws expand the heart; and we, who thus
Wou'd by destruction propagate belief,
And mix with blood and gold religion's growth,
Stamp in these Indians' honest breasts a scorn
Of all we teach, from what they see we do.

D. Carlos. Yet the learned props of our unerring church,
Whom zeal for saving souls deprives of rest,
Taught my late youth, committed to their care,
That ignorance, averse, must be compell'd.

Alv. Our priests are all for vengeance, force, and fire:
And only in his thunder act their God.
Hence we seem thieves; and what we seem we are.
Spain has robb'd every growth of this new world,
Even to its savage nature!—Vain, unjust,
Proud, cruel, covetous, we, we alone
Are the barbarians here!—An Indian heart
Equals, in courage, the most prompt of ours,
But in simplicity of artless truth,
And every honest native warmth, excels us.
Had they, like us, been bloody; had they not,
By pity's power been mov'd, and virtue's love,

No son of mine had heard a father, now
Reprove his erring rashness.—You forget,
That when a pris'ner in these people's hands,
Gall'd and provok'd by cruelty and wrongs,
While my brave follow'rs fell on every side,
Till I alone surviv'd, some Indians knew me,
Knew me, and suddenly pronounc'd my name.
At once they threw their weapons to the ground,
And a young savage chief, whom yet I know not,
Graceful approach'd, and, kneeling, press'd my knees.
Alvarez, is it you, he cry'd—Live long!
Ours be your virtue, but not ours your blood!
Live, and instruct oppressors to be lov'd.
Bless'd be those tears, my son!—I think you weep.
Joy to your soft'ning soul! Humanity
Has power, in nature's right, beyond a father.
But from what motive sprung this late decline
From clemency of heart to new-born rigour?
Had you been always cruel, with what brow
Cou'd you have hop'd to charm the lov'd Alzira?
Heiress to realms, dispeopled by your sword!
And though your captive, yet your conqu'ror too,
Trust me,—with women worth the being won,
The softest lover ever best succeeds.

D. Carlos. Sir, I obey: your pleasure breaks their chains;
Yet 'tis their duty to embrace our faith:
So runs the king's command.——To merit life,
Quit they their idol worship, and be free.
So thrives religion, and compels the blind;

So draws our holy altar souls by force,
Till opposition dies, and sleeps in peace;
So links a govern'd world in faith's strong chain;
And but one monarch serves, and but one God.

Alv. Hear me, my son.—That crown'd in this new world,
Religion may erect her holy throne,
Is what, with ardent zeal, my soul desires;
Let Heaven and Spain find here no future foe!
Yet ne'er did persecution's offspring thrive:
For the forc'd heart, submitting, still resists.
Reason gains all men by compelling none.
Mercy was always Heaven's distinguish'd mark;
And he who bears it not, has no friend there.

D. Carlos. Your reasons, like your arms, are sure to conquer.
I am instructed and ennobled by them!
Indulgent virtue dwells in all you say,
And softens, while you speak, the list'ning soul!
Since Heaven has bless'd you with this powerful gift,
To breathe persuasion and uncharm resolves,
Pronounce me favour'd, and you make me so.
Warm my Alzira's coldness; dry her tears;
And teach her to be mine.—I love that maid,
Spite of my pride! blush at it——but still love her!
Yet will I ne'er, to sooth unyielding scorn,
Unman the soldier in the lover's cause.
I cannot stoop to fan a hopeless flame,
And be in vain her slave.—You, sir, might aid me:
You can do all things with Alzira's father.

Bid him command his daughter to be kind:—
Bid him—But whither would my love mislead me!
Forgive the blind presumption of a hope,
That to my int'rest stoops my father's rank;
And sends him beggar to an Indian's door!

Alv. 'Tis done already. I have urg'd it to him.
Ezmont has mov'd his daughter in your cause.
Wait the prepar'd event. Heaven has been kind;
Since these illustrious captives both are Christians;
Ezmont my convert, and his daughter his.
Alzira governs a whole people's minds;
Each watchful Indian reads her studied eye,
And to her silent heart conforms his own.
Your marriage shall unite two distant worlds:
For when the stern repiner at our law
Sees in your arms the daughter of his king,
With humbler spirit, and with heart less fierce,
His willing neck shall court the yoke he scorn'd.
But look, where Ezmont comes!—Retire, my son;
And leave me to complete the task begun.

[*Exit* D. Car.

Enter EZMONT.

Welcome, my friend; your counsel, or command,
Has left, I hope, Alzira well resolv'd.

Ezm. Great father of the friendless!—Pardon yet,
If one, whose sword seem'd fatal to her race,
Keeps her heart cold, with some remains of horror.
We move with ling'ring steps to those we fear.
But prejudice will fly before your voice,

Whose winning manners consecrate your laws.
To you who gave us heav'n, our earth is due.
Yours our new being, our enlighten'd souls;
Spain may hold realms by purchase of her sword;
And worlds may yield to power—but we to virtue.
Your bloody nation's unsucceeding pride
Had made their God disgustful as their crimes!
We saw him hateful in their murd'rous zeal;
But lov'd him in your mercy.—From your heart
His influence stream'd accepted; and my crown,
My daughter, and my soul, became your slaves.
Father alike of Carlos and of me,
I gave him my Alzira for your sake;
And with her all Potosi and Peru.
Summon the reverend choir; prepare the rites;
And trust my promise for my daughter's will.

Alv. Bless'd be the long-wish'd sound!—This great work past,
I shall go down in peace, and hail my grave.
Oh, thou great leader! whose almighty hand
Drew the dark veil aside that hid new worlds;
Smile on this union, which, confirm'd by thee,
Shall in one empire grasp the circled globe,
And task the sun's whole round to measure Spain!
Ezmont, farewell,—I go to greet my son,
With welcome news, how much he owes my friend.
[*Exit.*

Ezm. [*Alone.*] Thou, nameless Power, unequall'd and alone!
Whose dreadful vengeance overwhelm'd, at once,

My country, and her gods, too weak to save!
Protect my failing years from new distress.
Robb'd of my all: but this one daughter left me:
Oh, guard her heart, and guide her to be bless'd!

Enter ALZIRA.

Daughter, be happy, while good fortune courts thee;
And in thy blessing cheer thy country's hope.
Protect the vanquish'd: rule the victor's will;
Seize the bent thunder in his lifted hand;
And from despair's low seat, remount a throne.
Lend the lov'd public thy reluctant heart;
And in the joy of millions find thy own.
Nay, do not weep, Alzira: tears will now
Seem insults, and reproach thy father's care.

Alz. Sir, my whole soul, devoted, feels your power.
Yet, if Alzira's peace was ever dear,
Shut not your ear to my despairing grief;
But, in my nuptials, read my certain doom.

Ezm. Urge it no more: it is an ill-tim'd sorrow.
Away! I had thy kind consent before.

Alz. No,—you compell'd the frightful sacrifice:
And, ah, remorseless Heaven!—at what a time!
When the rais'd sword of this all-murd'ring lover
Hangs o'er my peoples' heads with threat'ning sway,
To strike the trembling remnant from my sight,
And mark my nuptial day a day of death!
Omens on omens have pronounc'd it curs'd.

Ezm. Quit these vain fears, these superstitious dreams

Of unconfiding ignorance! What day?
What omens?—We ourselves, who choose our acts,
Make our own days, or happy, or accurs'd.

Alz 'Twas on this day, the pride of all our state,
Zamor the great, the warlike Zamor fell;
Zamor, my lover, and your purpos'd son.

Ezm. Zamor was brave; and I have mourn'd his fall.

But the cold grave dissolves ev'n lovers' vows.
Bear to the altar then a heart resolv'd:
And let thy summon'd virtue check thy weakness.
Was not thy soul enroll'd a Christian lately?
The awful Power that lent those Christians name,
Speaks in my voice; commands thee to be won.
Hear him; and learn obedience to his will.

Alz. Alas, my father! spare this dreadful zeal.
Has not the parent spoke? Why speaks the God?
I know, and I confess, a father's power;
At his command to sacrifice the life
He gave me, is a duty nature taught.
But my obedience passes nature's bounds;
Whate'er I see, is with my father's eyes;
Whate'er I love, is for my father's sake;
I chang'd my very gods, and took my father's:
Yet has this father, piously severe,
Wrong'd my believing weakness, and undone me.
He told me to compose my troubled heart,
Peace held her dwelling at the altar's foot.
He told me, that religion cur'd despair,
And soften'd every pang that pierc'd the soul:

But, ah, 'twas all deceit! all dear delusion!
Mix'd with the image of an awful God,
A human image struggles in my heart,
And checks my willing virtue in its rising.
Zamor, though dead to nature, lives to love.
Zamor still triumphs in Alzira's breast,
Lord of her soul, and holds back all her wishes.
You frown.—Alas! you blame a guilt you caus'd.
Quench then this flame, too hard for death and time;
And force me to be his whom most I hate.
If my lov'd country bids, I must obey.
Yet, while by force you join unsocial hands,
Tremble whene'er you drag me to the altar,
Tremble to hear my tongue deceive my God:
To hear me to this hated tyrant vow
A heart, that beats, unchang'd, another's due.

Ezm. Alas, my child, what unweigh'd words are these!
Pity my age, unfit for length'ning woes:
Nature asks rest: pity these falling tears.
By all our fates, that all depend on thee,
Let me conjure thee to be bless'd thyself,
Nor close in misery my life's last scene.
Why do I live, but to redeem thy hopes?
For thy own sake, not mine, assist my care.
Blast not the ripening prospect of thy peace,
Hard, and with labour'd patience, slowly grown.
Now, on thy instant choice, depends thy fate!
Nor only thine, but a whole people's fate!
Wilt thou betray them? Have they other help?

Have they a hope, but thee?—Think, think, Alzira;
And nobly lose thyself to save a state. [*Exit.*

Alz. Cruel accomplishment! sublime defect!
So feign we virtues to become a throne,
Till public duty drowns our private truth.

Enter Don CARLOS.

D. Carlos. Princess, you give a lover cause to doubt,
That this long labour of your slow consent
Springs from a heart too cold to feel his flame.
While, for your sake, suspended law forbears
To punish rebels, whom you wish to save,
Ungrateful, you compel a nation's freedom,
And bind, in recompence, my chains more close!
Yet misconceive me not.—I would not owe
A softened sentiment to having serv'd you;
That were to bribe a heart my pride wou'd win.
I shou'd with mingled joy and blushes gain you,
If, as my perquisite of power you fell.
Let me attract, not force you.——I would owe you
All to yourself; nor could I taste a joy,
That, in your giving it, might cost you pain.

Alz. Join, sir, my fruitless prayers to angry Heav'n!
This dreadful day comes charg'd with pains for both.
—No wonder you detect my troubled soul:
It bursts unveil'd from my disclosing eyes,
And glows on every feature's honest air.
Such is the plainness of an Indian heart,
That it disdains to sculk behind the tongue;
But throws out all its wrongs, and all its rage.

She who can hide her purpose, can betray;
And that's a Christian virtue I've not learnt.

D. Carlos. I love your frankness, but reproach its cause.
Zamor, remember'd Zamor speaks in this.
With hatred stretch'd beyond th' extent of life,
He crosses from the tomb, his conq'ror's will;
And felt, through death, revenges rival love.
Cease to complain, aud you may learn to bear.
My fame, your duty, both require a change;
And I must wish it were from tears to joy.

Alz. A rival's grave should bury jealousy.
But whence your right to censure sorrow for him?
I lov'd him; I proclaim it. Had I not,
I had been blind to sense, and lost to reason.
Zamor was all the prop of our fallen world:
And, but he lov'd me much, confess'd no weakness!
Had I not mourn'd a fate he not deserv'd,
I had deserv'd the fate he felt unjustly.
For you,—be proud no more; but dare be honest.
Far from presuming to reproach my tears,
Honour my constancy, and praise my virtue:
Cease to regret the dues I pay the dead;
And merit, if you can, a heart thus faithful. [*Exit.*

D. Carlos. [*Alone.*] Spite of my fruitless passion, I confess,
Her pride, thus starting its sincere disdain,
Astonishes my thought, and charms my anger.
—What then shall I resolve?—Must it cost more
To tame one female heart than all Peru!

Nature, adapting her to suit her climate,
Left her all savage, yet all shining too!
But 'tis my duty to be master here;
Where, she alone excepted, all obey.
Since then too faintly I her heart incline,
I'll force her stubborn hand, and fix her mine. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter ZAMOR, *and Four Indian Captains, in Chains.*

Zamor.

FRIENDS, who have dar'd beyond the strength of mortals;
Whose courage scorn'd restraint, and grew in danger;
Associates in my hopes and my misfortunes!
Since we have lost our vengeance, let death find us!
Why should we longer be condemn'd to life,
Defenceless to our country and Alzira?
Yet why should Spanish Carlos 'scape our swords?
Why thrive beneath a weight of uncheck'd crimes?
And why has Heaven forsaken us and virtue?
Ye strengthless powers! whose altars smok'd in vain!
Gods of a faithful, yet a cheated people!
Why have you thus betray'd us to the foe?
Why had six hundred Spanish vagrants power
To crush my throne, your temples, rites, and you?
Where are your altars? where my glories now?

Where is Alzira? more herself a god,
Than your collected queens of fancied heaven!
Helpless once more thou seest me,—lost Peru!
O'er shifting sands, through deserts, cross'd in vain!
From forest wilds, impervious to the sun;
From the world's wastes, beneath the burning zone,
I brought thee unhop'd aid! the wond'ring stars
Beheld me gath'ring from remotest wilds,
New strength, new prospects, and new means to die!
Your arms, your furtherance, your vast support,
New-furnish'd my desires, and wing'd my hope.
Vengeance and love once more had man'd my heart.
But, ah, how vain that hope! how lost that vengeance!
The slaves of avarice are honour's masters!

Ind. Capt. Why left we in the neighb'ring woods our forces?
Why dar'd we pass too bold their guarded gates,
Alone, and unsupported,—rash discoverers?

Zam. Seiz'd but this morning from our dungeon's depth,
Th' infernal murderers have hither brought us,
Unknowing to what death, though sure to die.
Yet it o'erjoys me, we have met once more.
But where? what place is this? Has none yet heard
Who governs here? what fate Alzira found?
Whether her father is, like us, their slave?
Dear, wretched friends, who share a death, my due,
Can none instruct me what I wish to know?

Ind. Capt. From sep'rate prisons hither led, like you,

Through diff'rent streets we came, the cause not known:
All uninform'd of what you seek to learn.
Great, but unhappy prince! deserving long
A nobler fate! our silent souls lament
Our want of power to save so lov'd a leader.
Now to die with you is our noblest claim,
Since to die for you was a choice denied us.

Zam. Next the wish'd glory of success in war,
The greatest is to die, and die renown'd.
But to die noteless, in the shameful dark,
To die, and leave in chains our suff'ring country!
To fall, undignified, by villains' hands;
The sacrifice of Europe's outcast bloodhounds!
Horrid with others wounds, and poorly rich,
With others plunder'd treasure; die by butchers!
Blood-stain'd insulters of a yielded world!
Riflers, who gave me up to tire their tortures,
But for discovery of the gold I scorn'd,
As dross, less valued, and less wish'd than they!
To be in death the cause of my friend's dying!
To die, and leave Alzira to my murderers!
This is a death of horror, not of fame!
This is the body's death—but shakes the soul!

Enter ALVAREZ, *with a Guard of Spaniards.*

Alv. Live, and be free.

[*Spanish Soldiers unfetter the Indians.*

Zam. Ye gods of lost Peru!
What do I hear?——said he, Be free, and live?

What vast mysterious accident of virtue?
Some power divine, in sport, deceives my wonder!
Thou seem'st a Spaniard!—and—but thou forgiv'st,
I cou'd have sworn thee Christian!—Who? what art thou?
Art thou some god? or this new city's king?

Alv. Christian I am; and Spaniard: but no king.
Yet serves my power to save the weak, distress'd.

Zam. What thy distinction then? thou gen'rous wonder!

Alv. The love of pity, when the wretched want it.

Zam. Pity! and Christian!—what inspir'd thy greatness!

Alv. My memory, my duty, and my God.

Zam. Thy God?—perhaps then, these insatiate wasters,
These human seemers, with but forms of men;
These thirsters after only gold and blood:
From some coarse, lawless part of Europe came;
And serve some bloodier God that wars with thine?

Alv. Their faith the same with mine, but not their nature:
Christians by birth, by error, made unchristian,
In power grown giddy, they disgrace command.
Thou know'st their faults too well: now, know my duty.
Twice has the sun's broad traverse girt the globe,
Twice wheel'd the summer round your world and ours,
Since a brave Indian, native of your land,
To whom surprise in ambush made me captive,

Gave me the forfeit life his sword had won.
The unexpected mercy forc'd my blushes:
For, I perceiv'd, compassion of your woes,
Was but a duty, when I thought 'twas virtue.
Thenceforth, your countrymen became my brothers;
And I have now but one complaint against them;
—That I must never know his name who sav'd me.

Zam. He has Alvarez' voice! He has his features!
His age the same too; and the same his story!
'Tis he!—there is no other honest Christian.
Look on us all; and recollect his face,
Who wisely spar'd thy life to spread thy virtues.

Alv. Come nearer, noble youth.—By Heaven,
'tis he!
Now, my dim eyes, you teach me my decay,
That cou'd not let me see my wish indulg'd,
But clouded ev'n my gratitude!——My son!
My benefactor! Saviour of my age!
What can I do? Instruct me to deserve thee.
Dwell in my sight; and I will be thy father.
Thou wilt have lost the merit of thy gift,
If, from the power it gave, thou claim'st no payment.

Zam. Trust me, my father, had thy Spanish sons
Shewn but a glimm'ring of thy awful virtue,
Grateful Peru, now desolately theirs,
Had been a peopled world of willing slaves.
But cruelty and pride, and plunder claim them.
Rather than live among that felon race,
Hide, hide me, silent death; and screen my soul
From the reliefless rage of unfelt curses.

All I wou'd ask, all I will take from Spain,
Is but to be inform'd, if Ezmont lives?
Or, has his blood new-stain'd their hands with murder?
Ezmont?—perhaps you knew him not?—That Ezmont,
Who was Alzira's father?——I must stop,
And weep——before I dare go on, to ask——
Whether——that father——and that daughter—live?

Alv. Have not thy tears: weep boldly—and be proud
To give the flowing virtue manly way;
'Tis nature's mark to know an honest heart by.
Shame on those breasts of stone that cannot melt,
In soft adoption of another's sorrow.
But be thou comforted; for both thy friends
Live, and are happy here.

Zam. And shall I see 'em?

Alv. Ezmont, within this hour, shall teach his friend
To live, and hope—and be as bless'd as he.

Zam. Alzira's Ezmont?——

Alv. From his mouth, not mine,
Thou shalt, this moment, learn whate'er thou seek'st.
He shall instruct thee in a smiling charge,
That has united Spain with sav'd Peru.
I have a son to bless with this new joy:
He will partake my happiness, and love thee.
——I quit thee——but will instantly return
To charm thee with this union's happy story,

That nothing now on earth has power to sever——
Yet which, once clos'd, shall quiet warring worlds.

[*Exit, with Guards.*

Zam. At length th' awak'ning gods remember Zamor,
And to atone my wrongs by working wonders,
Have made a Spaniard honest to reward me!
Alvarez is himself the Christians' God;
Who long provok'd, and blushing at their crimes,
In his own right descends, to veil their shame.
He says, he has a son; that son shall be
My brother, if, at least, he does but prove
Worthy, (cou'd man be so) of such a father!
Oh, day! oh, dawn of hope, on my sad heart!
Ezmont, now, after three long years of woe,
Ezmont, Alzira's father, is restor'd me!
Alzira too, the dear, the gen'rous maid,
She, whom my sighing soul has been at work for?
She, who has made me brave, and left me wretched!
Alzira too is here! and lives to thank me.

Enter EZMONT.

Oh, ye profuse rewarders of my pain!
He comes! my Ezmont comes!—Spring of my hopes,
Thou father of my lab'ring mind's inspirer!
Hard let me press thee to a heart that loves thee.
Escap'd from death, behold returning Zamor.
He will not, cannot die, while there is hope,
That he may live to serve a suff'ring friend.

Speak, speak; and be thy first soft word Alzira!
Say, she is here; and bless'd, as Heaven can make her.

Ezm. Unhappy prince!—She lives; nor lives remote.
Words cannot reach description of her grief,
Since first the news of thy sad death was brought her.
Long dwelt she, sorrowing, o'er an empty tomb,
Which, for thy fancied form, she rais'd to weep on.
But thou still liv'st!—amazing chance!—thou liv'st!
Heav'n grant some doubtful means to bless thee long,
And make thy life as happy——as 'tis strange!
——What brought thee hither, Zamor?

Zam. Cruel question!
Colder than all the deaths I have escap'd from!
Why dost thou ask? Where else cou'd I have hop'd
To find, and to redeem thyself and daughter?

Ezm. Say that no more—'tis misery to hear thee.

Zam. Bethink thee of the black, the direful day,
When that vile Spaniard, Carlos, curse the name!
Invulnerable, or to sword or shame,
O'erturn'd those walls, which time, when young, saw built,
By earth attracted, children of the sun.
Perish his name! and, oh, be curs'd my fate,
Who yet no nearer brought him than to thought,
In horror of his murders! 'Twas the wretch,
Who bears that name of Carlos, blasted all.
'Twas in that name, pillage and slaughter spread!
'Twas in that name, they dragg'd Alzira from me;
Buried in dust the temples of our gods;

And stain'd with the surrounding off'rer's blood,
Their violated altars! The shock'd pow'r,
That smil'd expectant on our marriage vow,
Rush'd back, and press'd in vain his brother gods,
To vindicate their empire.——Spain's dark power
Prevail'd; and I was captive led to Carlos.
I will not terrify thy pitying breast,
I will not tell thee, to what tort'ring pain,
That villain Spaniard's avarice condemn'd me.
Condemn'd me, Ezmont, for the sake of gold!
Gold, the divinity of beggar Spain;
And our neglected refuse!——'Tis enough,
To tell thee, that amidst their tortures left,
And seeming dead, they, tir'd, not satisfied,
Forbore, because I felt not.——I reviv'd,
To feel, once more, but never to forget,
The grindings of their insult. Three long years
Have lent me friends, and hopes, and arms, for vengeance.
Close ambush'd in the neighb'ring woods they lie,
Sworn the revengers of their bleeding country.

Ezm. Alas, my heart compassionates thy wrongs:
But do not seek a ruin that wou'd shun thee.
What can thy flint-arm'd Indians' courage do?
What their weak arrows, spoils of fishes' bones?
How can thy naked, untrain'd warriors conquer?
Unequally oppos'd to iron-men:
To woundless bosoms coated o'er with safety!
And arm'd with missive thunders in their hand,
That stream deaths on us, swifter than the winds!

No—since the world, they say, has yielded to 'em,
Yield Zamor and Peru, and let 'em reign.

Zam. Let the world yield—Zamor will always find
Some gen'rous corner in it, fit for freedom.
Had I been born to serve, obedience claims
Returns of benefit and due protection:
Outrage and wrongs require correction only.
These lightnings and these thunders; these safe shells,
Cases for fear, which guard their iron war;
These fiery steeds, that tear the trampled earth,
And hurl their headlong riders on the foe;
These outward forms of death, that fright the world,
I can look stedfast on; and dare despise.
The novelty once lost, the force will fail.
Curse on our feeble gold! it calls in foes,
Yet helps not to repel the wrongs it draws!
Oh, had but steel been ours!—but partial Heaven
Has, with that manly wealth enrich'd our foe!
Yet, not to leave our vengeance quite disarm'd,
Depriving us of steel, it gave us virtue.

Ezm. Virtue was bless'd of old:—but times are chang'd.

Zam. No matter—let us keep our hearts the same.
Alzira cannot change—Alzira's just.
Alzira's faithful to her vows and me.
Save me, ye gods! from a friend's downcast eye!
Whence are those sighs and tears?

Ezm. Too wretched Zamor!

Zam. I thought myself Alzira's father's son;

But find these tyrants have unking'd thy soul;
And taught thee, on the grave's last edge, to wrong me.

Ezm. They cannot. 'Tis an art I will not learn.
Nor are our conqu'rors all unjust;——for, know,
'Twas Heaven induc'd these Christians to our clime,
Less to subdue, and rule us, than instruct.
Know, they brought with them virtues, here unfound:
Secrets, immortal, that preserve the soul!
The science of salvation by belief!
The art of living bless'd, and dying safe!

Zam. Or I am deaf: or, wou'd to Heaven, I were!
But, if I heard thee right, thou seem'st to praise
These pilfering zealots, who usurp thy throne,
And wou'd convert thy daughter to a slave!

Ezm. Alzira is no slave.

Zam. Ah!——Royal Ezmont!
Pardon some transport which despair inflam'd;
And, to great woes, indulge a little warmth.
Remember, she was mine by solemn vow:
By thy own oath, before our altars sworn;
Honour and perjury can never meet.

Ezm. What are our altars? what our idol gods?
Phantoms of human coinage, fear'd no more!
I would not wish to hear thee cite their name.

Zam. What! was our father's altars vain deceit?

Ezm. It was; and I have happily disclaim'd it.
May the great single Power, that rules whole heaven,
Lend thy dark heart one ray of truth divine!
May'st thou, unhappy Zamor, learn to know,

And, knowing, to confess, in Europe's right,
Her god should be ador'd, her sons obey'd!

Zam. Obey'd! Hell blast 'em!—What! these sons of rapine?
They have not robb'd thee of thy faith alone,
But pilfer'd even thy reason!——Yet, 'twas wise,
When thou wouldst keep no vows, to own no gods.
But, tell me;——is Alzira too forsworn?
True to her father's weakness has she fallen?
Serves she the gods of Christians?

Ezm. Hapless youth!
Though bless'd in my own change, I weep for thine.

Zam. He who betrays his friend has cause for weeping.
Yet tears, they say, shew pity:—if they do,
Pity this torment, which thy shame has cost me.
Pity my heart, at once alarm'd, for heaven,
For heav'n betray'd, like me; and torn at once,
By love, and zeal, and vengeance. Take me, Carlos;
Drag me to die at my Alzira's feet;
And I will sigh away a soul, she saves not.
But have a care——be cautious, ere I fall,
Of urging me, too rashly, to despair.
Resume a human heart! and feel some virtue.

Enter ALONZO.

Alon. My lord, the ceremonies wait your presence.

Ezm. Farewell——I follow thee.

Zam. No, by my wrongs!

I will not quit this hold, till I have learnt
What ceremony, what black purpose, waits thee?

Ezm. Away—be counsell'd—fly this fatal city.

Zam. Not though the Christian power that blasts my love,
Shou'd rain down lightnings on my destin'd head,
And my own gods cry'd, Stay, I still would follow thee.

Ezm. Forgive the force of an unwish'd refusal.—
Guards, to your care I must commit this madman.
Restrain him——He wou'd violate our altar.
These Pagans, obstinate in idol zeal,
Malign our holy myst'ries; and profane
The church's solemn service.——Guard the doors.
'Tis not in right of my own power I speak;
But, Carlos, in my voice, commands your care.

[*Exit with Guards, after they have freed him from* Zamor.]

Zam. Did I not hear him, friends!—or am I mad?
Did I not hear him use the name of Carlos?
Oh, treachery! Oh, baseness! Oh, my wrongs!
Oh, last, uncredited, reproach of nature!
Ezmont commands for Carlos?—'Twas not Ezmont:
'Twas that black devil, that scares the Christian cowards,
Lied, in his shape, to scandalize Peru!
Oh, virtue! thou art banish'd from mankind:
Even from Alzira's heart, thou now art fled.
——These villain bart'rers rob us not of gold,
They pay its fatal price, in morals ruin'd.

Detested Carlos then is here!—Oh, friends!
What counsel? what resource? to stop despair.

Ind. Capt. Let not my prince condemn the faithful zeal,
That wou'd advise his sorrows.——Old Alvarez
Will strait return, and bring, perhaps, that son,
With whom, to share his joy, the good man hasten'd.
Urge him to see you safe without their gates:
Then suddenly rejoin your ambush'd friends,
And march, more equal, to your purpos'd vengeance.
Let us not spare a life, but good Alvarez,
And this lov'd son! I, near the wall, remark'd
Their arts, and modes of structure: mark'd their angles,
Deep ditch, broad bulwarks, and their sleeping thunders.
I saw, and weigh'd it all: and found hope strongest.
Our groaning fathers, brothers, sons, and friends,
In fetter'd labour toil, to house their spoilers.
These, when we march to their unhop'd relief,
Will rise, within the town, behind their masters:
While you, meanwhile, without, advance against them:
And, o'er our dying bodies, proudly heap'd,
Bridge a bold entrance o'er their bloody rampart.
There, may we turn, against their tyrant heads,
Those fiery mouths of death, those storms of murder,
Those forms, that frightning honest, artless bravery,
Build, on our ignorance, a throne for wrongs.

Zam. Illustrious wretchedness! by Heaven, it charms me,
To see those soaring souls out-tower their fortune.
Shall we—yes, still we shall!——recover empire;
Carlos shall feel Peru, despis'd Peru,
Knock at his trembling heart, and claim atonement.
Come, dire revenge! thou melancholy god!
That comfort'st the distress'd with shadowy hopings!
Strengthen our willing hands: let Carlos die!
Let but that Spanish murderer, Carlos, die,
And I am half repaid my kingdom's losses!
But we are wretches, indolently brave:
We talk of vengeance; and we sleep in chains!
Alvarez has forgot me: Ezmont slights me:
And she I love is theirs, whom most I hate.
All the poor comfort of my heart is doubting.
Hark! what surprising noise! [*Shout.*] It rises louder,
And sudden fires, high-flaming, double day!
Hark!—from their iron throats, [*Guns.*] yon roaring mischiefs
Pour their triumphant insult. [*Trumpets, &c.*] What new feast,
Or what new crime, demands this swell of joy?
Now, in their heedless mirth, descend some god;
And teach us to be free; or, failing, die.
'Tis liberty alone that makes life dear:
He does not live at all, who lives to fear. [Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

ALZIRA *alone.*

SHADE of my murder'd lover! shun to view me:
Rise to the stars, and make their brightness sweeter;
But shed no gleam of lustre on Alzira.
She has betray'd her faith, and married Carlos!
The sea, that roll'd its wat'ry world betwixt us,
Fail'd to divide our hands—and he has reach'd me!
The altar trembled at th' unhallow'd touch;
And Heaven drew back, reluctant, at our meeting.
Oh, thou soft-hovering ghost, that haunt'st my fancy!
Thou dear and bloody form, that skims before me!
Thou never-dying, yet thou buried Zamor!
If sighs and tears have power to pierce the grave;
If death, that knows no pity, will but hear me;
If still thy gentle spirit loves Alzira:
Pardon, that even in death she dar'd forsake thee!
Pardon her rigid sense of nature's duties:
A parent's will!———a pleading country's safety!
At these strong calls, she sacrific'd her love;
To joyless glory, and to tasteless peace:
And to an empty world, in which thou art not!
Oh, Zamor! Zamor! follow me no longer.
Drop some dark veil, snatch some kind cloud before thee,
Cover that conscious face, and let death hide thee!

Leave me to suffer wrongs that Heaven allots me :
And teach my busy fancy to forget thee.

Enter EMIRA.

Where are those captives ? Are they free, Emira ?
Where those sad children of my mournful country ?
Will they not suffer me to see, to hear them ?
To sit and weep, and mingle with their mournings ?

Emi. Ah, rather dread the rage of angry Carlos,
Who threatens 'em with some new stroke of horror.
Some cruel purpose hangs this moment o'er 'em !
For, through this window look, and see display'd,
The broad red standard, that betokens blood ;
Loud bursts of death roar from their iron prisons,
And answer, dreadful, to each other's call ! [*Guns.*
The council hastes, alarm'd, and meets in uproar.
[*Shouts.*
All I have heard besides is, that the prince,
Your father, has been summon'd to attend.

Alz. Immortal guardian of th' endanger'd just !
Have I for this, in vain, betray'd my peace ?
Dares the dire husband, recent from the altar,
New to my forc'd consent,—and scarce yet lord
Of my repenting hand ; so soon let loose
His recommission'd murders ! Must my nuptials
Serve as the prelude to my people's blood !
Oh, marriage ! marriage ! what a curse is thine,
Where hands alone consent, and hearts abhor !

Enter CEPHANIA.

Ceph. One of the captive Indians, just set free,
In honour of the joy that crowns this day,
Prays your permission, madam, to be heard,
And at your princely feet disclose some secret.

Alz. Let him, with firmness, and with freedom enter.
For him, and for his friends, he knows I live.
Dear to my eyes, I mark 'em with delight,
And love, alas, in them, their poor lost country.
——But why alone?——Why one?

Ceph. It is that captain,
To whose victorious hand, I heard, but now,
Alvarez, your new lord's illustrious father,
Ow'd his remitted life, from Indians sav'd.

Emi. With earnest pressure he has sought your presence:
He met me entering, and with trembling haste,
Implor'd me to befriend th' important prayer.
He told me, further, that the prince your father,
For some strange cause, this Indian seems to know,
Had charg'd the guards he 'scap'd from to prevent
His access to your ear——Methinks, there sits
A kind of sullen greatness on his brow,
As if it veil'd, in grief, some awful purpose.

Ceph. I watch'd him—and he walks, and turns, and weeps:
Then starts, and looks at Heaven; and to the gods
Pours up an ardent sigh, that breathes your name!

I pitied him——but gather'd, from this freedom,
That he's a stranger to your rank and greatness.

Alz. What rank? What greatness?—Perish all distinction,
That, from the wrong'd unhappy, bars the great!
Who knows, but this was once some gen'rous friend,
Some brave companion of my Zamor's arms!
Who knows but he was near him when he fell;
And brings some message from his parting soul!
How dare I then receive him?——Can my heart
Be proof against the last kind words of Zamor?
Will not the half-lull'd pain, rekindling fresh,
Burn with increase of smart, and wring my soul?
——No matter——let him enter.— [*Exit* Cephania.
——Ha, what means
This sudden chillness, sadd'ning round my heart,
In short, faint flutt'rings never felt before!
Ah, fatal residence!——From the first hour
These hated walls became Alzira's prison,
Each diff'rent moment brought some diff'rent pain.

Enter ZAMOR.

Zam. Art thou, at length, restor'd me?—Cruel! tell me!
Art thou, indeed, Alzira?

Alz. —Gentle spirit!——
Forgive me.—Do not come to chide th' unhappy!
I have been wrong'd; but—— [*Faints into his arms.*

Zam. Thine, she wou'd have said;
And her imperfect purpose fully bless'd me.

Revive, thou dearest, loveliest, lost Alzira!
Zamor will live no longer, shou'dst thou die.

Alz. The kind, forgiving shade, is still before me!
It wak'd me, by a sound, that seem'd his name.

Zam. I am no shadow, if Alzira's mine;
I am thy living lover, at thy feet [*Kneeling.*
Reclaiming thee, thou noblest half himself!

Alz. Can it be possible, thou shouldst be Zamor?

Zam. Thy Zamor——thine.

Alz. But,——art thou sure thou liv'st?

Zam. 'Tis in thy power
To make that truth undoubted.——Do but say
Thou wouldst not have me die,——and I will live
To thank thee; thus with everlasting love.
[*Rises, and catches her in his arms.*

Alz. Oh, days of softness!—Oh, remembered years
Of ever-vanish'd happiness!——Oh, Zamor!
Why has the grave been bountiful too late?
Why sent thee back in vain? to make joy bitter;
By mix'd ideas of distracting horror!
Ah, Zamor!—What a time is this,—to charm in!
Thy every word, and look, shoots daggers through me.

Zam. Then mourn'st thou my return?

Alz. I do——I do.
Because,——it was no sooner.

Zam. Generous tenderness!

Alz. Where hast thou been, thus long, unknown, till now?

Zam. A wand'ring vagabond, that trod the world,
In fruitless search of means to save Alzira.

Not all the tort'ring racks of villain Carlos,
Cou'd from my panting heart expel Alzira.
The bloody spoiler tir'd his rage in vain:
I brav'd his wounds and insults.——Life had yet
No leisure to forsake me. Thou requir'st me.
The groans of suff'ring nations reach'd my soul,
And bad it struggle to revenge mankind.
Alas, thou tremblest! Thy soft nature shrinks,
At bare recital of these Spanish virtues.
Doubtless, the guardian god that smiles on love,
Knew thy kind wish;—and, for thy sake, sustain'd me.
And thou wilt thank, I know, his gentle goodness.
Thy pious heart disdains to quit thy gods.
Because they suffer with thee; and have fail'd
To stem th' invading host of Spain's new Heav'n!
Thou hast too little falshood for a Spaniard.
—Hast thou e'er heard of a base wretch call'd Carlos?
A birth that blackens nature! a taught monster!
Sent, in our shape, from some far distant world,
To humble ours, with sense of human baseness!
They tell me, he is here.—Grant heav'n thou know'st him!
Thou then shalt guide my vengeance,—to this first,
And vilest of its victims.

Alz. Find him, here———

Black in my breast, he lives: strike, strike, and reach him!

Zam. Hold, heart——and break not yet——This may be——pity.

Alz. Strike—for—I merit neither life,—nor thee.

Zam. Ezmont, I feel thee; and believe thee all!

Alz. Did he then tell thee?—Had my father power
To dwell so sadly on my hopeless woes,
As to describe 'em to thee?—Did he name
The dreadful husband—his lost daughter owes him?

Zam. No—but thou may'st: for that will harden Zamor,
That he shall never be astonish'd more!

Alz. Yes—I will tell it thee—Prepare to tremble:
Not for thyself to tremble,——but for me.
I will lay open the vast horror to thee:
Then thou wilt weep and live:—and bid me—die.

Zam. Alzira!——Oh!———

Alz. This Carlos———

Zam. Carlos!

Alz. He.———

I was this morning sworn for ever——his!

Zam. Sworn whose?——not Carlos?

Alz. I have been betray'd.
I was too weak alone,——against my country,
——Even on this fatal, this foreboding day,
Almost within thy sight, Christian Alzira
Plighted, in presence of the Christian God,
Her hapless hand to Carlos.——'Tis a crime,
That hopes no pardon!——All my gods renounc'd!
My lover wrong'd! my country's fame betray'd!
All, all, demand revenge.—Do thou then kill me:
Thou wilt strike tenderly———and my glad blood
Shall meet thy dear-lov'd hand, and that way join thee.

Zam. Carlos, Alzira's husband!—'tis impossible!

Alz. Were I dispos'd to mitigate my crime,
I cou'd allege a father's awful power;
I cou'd remind thee of our ruin'd state:
And plead my tears, my struggles, and distraction:
Till three long wretched years confirm'd thee dead.
I cou'd, with justice, charge my faith renounc'd
On hatred of those gods, who sav'd not Zamor.
But I disclaim excuse,—to shun remission.
Love finds me guilty; and that guilt condemns me.
Since thou art safe, no matter what I suffer.
When life has lost the joys that make it bless'd,
——The shortest liver is the happiest always.
Why dost thou view me with so kind an eye?
Thou shouldst look sternly, and retract all pity.

Zam. No—if I still am lov'd, thou art not guilty.
——Wishing me bless'd, methinks thou mak'st me so.

Alz. When by my father urg'd, and by Alvarez,
And inly too impell'd, perhaps, to fate,
By some forsaken god, who meant revenge;
When by the Christian fears, and my touch'd heart,
At once beset, they dragg'd me to the temple,
Even in the moment when advancing Carlos
Sought my escaping hand, though I then thought thee
Dead, and for ever lost to my fond hopes:
Yet then beneath the altar's sacred gloom,
I bow'd my soul to Zamor: memory,
Reliev'd me with thy image.——Indians, Spaniards,
All, all have heard, how ardently I lov'd thee,
'Twas my heart's pride to boast it to the world!

To earth, to heav'n,——to Carlos, I proclaim'd it!
And now, e'en now, in this distressful moment,
For the last time,——I tell thyself, I love thee.

Zam. For the last time! Avert the menace, Heav'n!
Art thou at once restor'd——and lost again!
'Tis not love's language, this!——Alas, Alzira!

Alz. Oh, Heaven!—Alvarez comes, and with him Carlos.

Enter Don ALVAREZ, *followed by Don* CARLOS.

Alv. See! with Alzira there, my life's restorer!
Approach, young hero! 'tis my son who seeks thee;
Spain's delegate, who here holds power supreme:
My Carlos bids thee share his bridal joy.
——Meet, and embrace: divide your father's love:
My son, of nature, one——and one of choice.

Zam. Nam'd he not Carlos?—Perish such a son
As the detested Carlos!

Alz. Heaven avert
The rising tempest that o'erwhelms my soul!

Alv. What means this wonder?

Zam. 'Tis not possible!——
No——I wou'd disbelieve attesting gods,
Shou'd they, from Heaven, assert this shock to nature;
That such a father——can——have such a son!

D. Carlos. [*To* Zamor.] Slave!—from what spring does thy blind fury rise?
Know'st thou not who I am?

Zam. Thou art——a villain.
My country's horror—and whole nature's shame!

Among the scourges whom just Heaven has left thee,
Know me for Zamor.

D. Carlos. Thou, Zamor?

Alv. Zamor!

Zam. Yes——the tortur'd Zamor.
Blush to be told it; and remember, with it,
The bloody rage of thy remorseless cruelty;
That basely dar'd insult a yielded captive!
Now he returns——triumphant in distress,
To look thee into shame: to see those eyes
Fall their stretch'd fierceness, and decline before him.
Thou waster of the world! Thou licens'd robber!
Thou, whose last spoil was my Alzira's glory!
Win her against this sword: [*Draws.*]—the sole good gain,
Zamor can boast he owes thy haughty country!
Now the same hand, that gave the father life,
Claims, in return, the son's devoted blood:
And, so reveng'd, atones a dying realm.

Alv. Confounded and amaz'd, I hear him speak;
And every word grows stronger!——Carlos cannot
Be guilty——or, if guilty, cannot answer.

D. Carlos. To answer, is a poorness I despise.
Where rebels dare accuse, should power reply,
'Twou'd but forget to punish.——With this sword
I might, but that I know the reverence due
To your protecting presence, well have answer'd.
—Madam, [*To* Alzira.] your heart shou'd have instructed you,
Why you offend me, while I see you here.

If not my peace, at least your fame, demands
That you now drive this outlaw from your thoughts.
You weep then! and insult me with your tears?
And yet I love, and can be jealous of you!

Alz. Cruel! [*To* Carlos.] and you, [*To* Alvarez.] my father, and protector!
And thou! [*To* Zamor.] my soul's past hope, in happier times!
Mark—and condole my fate.—Mix your due pity:
And tremble at the horror of my woes.
Behold this lover, which my father chose me,
Before I knew there was a world but ours.
With his reported death our empire fell:
And I have liv'd to see my father's throne
O'erturn'd; and all things chang'd in earth, and heav'n!
By every human help, alas, forsaken,
At length, my father, from the Christians' God
Sought help, and screen'd a state, behind his name.
Compell'd before this unknown power, to kneel,
A dreadful oath has bound my backward soul,
To love the murd'rer of my real lover!
In my new faith, I own myself unskill'd,
But all that virtue taught me, that I know.
Zamor, I love thee justly:——I confess it.
What duty calls for, can deserve no shame.
Yet, where my soul is bound, my heart obeys:
And I can now be thine, alas, no more.
Let me be wretched, rather than un'ust.
Carlos, for you——I am your wife, and victim:

Yet, in abhorrence of your cruel heart,
I hold my hand divorc'd ;——and hence abjure you.
One way to either, I submit, with joy :
If your swords claim me, I am due to both.
Which will reward me with the death I wish ?
Carlos, thou hast a hand already stain'd :
Thy practis'd poignard need not start at blood.
Strike then, for due revenge of slighted love ;
And, punishing the guilty,———once be just.

D. Carlos. I find then, madam, you wou'd brave my weakness !
Proud of offending one who must forgive.
But you invoke my vengeance, and it comes.
Your fate is ready———for, your minion dies.
Who waits ?——a guard there.

Enter Soldiers.

Alz. Cruel Christian insult !

Alv. My son ! what mean you ? What rash transport this ?
Think whom you sentence.—Is his person hateful,
Yet reverence his virtue and his name.
He who is helpless, in his hater's hands,
Claims safety from his weakness.—Why, why, Carlos,
Must I, a second time, remind your mercy ?
I gave you life :——but Zamor gave it me.
Be warn'd——nor forfeit honour to revenge.

Enter Don ALONZO, *with* Spanish *Soldiers.*

Alon. Pardon an entrance, sir, thus unprepar'd.

The woods, that border on the neighb'ring plain,
Pour out a sudden swarm of Indian foes.
Arm'd they advance, as if to scale our walls:
And Zamor's name, resounded, rings to heaven.
Gleamings, from golden bucklers, meet the sun;
And in firm line, and close compacted march,
The stretch'd battalions move, in martial justness.
They hold such discipline, such order'd motion,
As ne'er was known before to savage foes.
As if from us they caught the lights of war,
And turn'd the burning lessons on their teachers.

D. Carlos. Away then: let us think 'em worth our meeting.
—Heroes of Spain! ye fav'rite sons of war!
All corners of the world are yours to shine in.
Help me to teach these slaves to know their masters.
Bring him along by force.

Zam. Tyrant, they dare not.
Or, are they gods, who cannot be repell'd?
And proof against the wounds they seek to give?

D. Carlos. Surround him.

Alz. Spare him, save him!

Alv. Son, be cool;
And still remember what your father owes him.

D. Carlos. Sir, I remember, 'tis a soldier's duty
To bear down opposition: so you taught me.

[Alonzo, *and* Spanish *Soldiers, surround and seize* Zamor.

Your pardon, sir——I go, where honour calls me.

[*Exit with* Zamor, *and all the* Spanish *Soldiers.*

Alz. [*To* Alv.] Low, at your feet I fall; your virtue's claim.
'Tis the first homage fortune yet has taught me.
Grant me the wish'd release of death's kind hand,
From miseries, I cannot live to see.
But, dying, let me leave this witness with you,
That, true to my first vows, I change not lightly.
Two different claimers cannot both possess
One faithful heart, that can but once be given.
Zamor is mine; and I am only Zamor's.
Zamor is virtuous, as a fancied angel.
'Twas Zamor gave his life to good Alvarez!

Alv. I feel the pity of a father for thee.
I mourn afflicted Zamor: I will guard him:
I will protect you both, unhappy lovers!
Yet, ah, be mindful of the marriage tie,
That, but this morning, bound thy days to Carlos.
Thou art no longer thine, my mournful daughter.
Carlos has been too cruel; but repents it:
And this once-cruel Carlos is thy husband.
He is my son too; and he loves us both.
Pity soon softens hearts, where love has enter'd.

Alz. Ah, why did Heav'n not make you Zamor's father?
Greatness with sweetness join'd, like fire with light,
Each aiding other, mingle warm with bright.
What the kind wants, th' associate strong supplies,
And from the gentle, peace and calmness rise.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Don ALVAREZ *and Don* CARLOS. *Shouts, Trumpets, a long and lofty flourish.*

Alvarez.

DESERVE, my son, this triumph of your arms,
Your numbers, and your courage, have prevail'd;
And of this last best effort of the foe,
Half are no more; and half are yours, in chains.
Disgrace not due success, by undue cruelties:
But call in mercy to support your fame.
I will go visit the afflicted captives,
And pour compassion on their aching wounds.
Mean while, remember, you are man and Christian.
Bravely, at once, resolve to pardon Zamor.
——Fain wou'd I soften this indocil fierceness,
And teach your courage how to conquer hearts.

D. Carlos. Your words pierce mine,—freely devote my life,
But leave at liberty my just revenge.
Pardon him,——Why? the savage brute is lov'd!

Alv. Th' unhappily belov'd most merit pity.

D. Carlos. Pity!—Cou'd I be sure of such reward,
I wou'd die pleas'd,——and she shou'd pity me.

Alv. How much to be lamented is a heart,
At once by rage of headlong will oppress'd,
And by strong jealousies and doubtings torn!

D. Carlos. When jealousy becomes a crime—Guard, Heaven,
That husband's honour, whom his wife not loves!
Your pity takes in all the world——but me.

Alv. Mix not the bitterness of distant fear
With your arriv'd misfortunes.——Since Alzira
Has virtue, it will prove a wiser care
To soften her, for change, by patient tenderness,
Than, by reproach, confirm a willing hate.
Her heart is, like her country, rudely sweet;——
Repelling force, but gentle to be kind.
Softness will soonest bend the stubborn will.

D. Carlos. Softness!—by all the wrongs of woman's hate,
Too much of softness but invites disdain.
Flatter'd too long, beauty at length grows wanton,
And, insolently scornful, slights its praiser.
Oh, rather, sir, be jealous for my glory;
And urge my doubting anger to resolve.
Too low already, condescension bow'd,
Nor blush'd, to match the conqu'ror with the slave!
But, when this slave, unconscious what she owes,
Proudly repays humility with scorn,
And braves, and hates the unaspiring love,
Such love is weakness:—and submission, there,
Gives sanction to contempt, and rivets pain.

Alv. Thus, youth is ever apt to judge in haste,
And lose the medium in the wild extreme.
Do not repent, but regulate your passion:
Though love is reason, its excess is rage.

Give me, at least, your promise, to reflect,
In cool, impartial solitude : and still,
No last decision, till we meet again.

D. Carlos. It is my father asks—and, had I will,
Nature denies me pow'r to answer, No.
I will, in wisdom's right, suspend my anger.
—Yet—Spare my loaded heart : nor add more weight;
Lest my strength fail beneath th' unequal pressure.

Alv. Grant yourself time, and all you want comes with it. [*Exit.*

D. Carlos. [*Alone.*] And——must I coldly then, to pensive piety,
Give up the livelier joys of wish'd revenge ?
Must I repel the guardian cares of jealousy,
And slacken every rein, to rival love ?
Must I reduce my hopes beneath a savage,
And poorly envy such a wretch as Zamor ?
A coarse luxuriance of spontaneous virtue ;
A shoot of rambling, fierce, offensive freedom ;
Nature's wild growth,—strong, but unprun'd, in daring;
A rough, raw woodman, of this rugged clime ;
Illit'rate in the arts of polish'd life ;
And who, in Europe, where the fair can judge,
Wou'd hardly, in our courts, be call'd a man!
—She comes!—Alzira comes!—unwish'd—yet charming.

Enter ALZIRA.

Alz. You turn, and shun me!—So, I have been told,

Spaniards, by custom, meet submissive wives.
—But, hear me, sir:—hear, even a suppliant wife;
Hear this unguilty object of your anger,
One, who can rev'rence, though she cannot love you:
One, who is wrong'd herself, not injures you:
One, who indeed is weak,—and wants your pity.
I cannot wear disguise: be it th' effect
Of greatness, or of weakness, in my mind,
My tongue cou'd ne'er be mov'd, but by my heart:
And that—was vow'd another's.——If he dies,
The honest plainness of my soul destroys him.
——You look surpris'd:—I will, still more, surprise you.
I come to try you deeply—for I mean
To move the husband, in the lover's favour!
——I had half flatter'd my unpractis'd hope,
That you, who govern others, shou'd yourself
Be temp'rate in the use of your own passions.
Nay, I persuaded my unchristian ign'rance,
That an ambitious warrior's infelt pride
Shou'd plead in pardon of that pride in others.
——This I am sure of——that, forgiving mercy
Wou'd stamp more influence on our Indian hearts,
Than all our gold on those of men like you.
Who knows, did such a change endear your breast,
How far the pleasing force might soften mine?
Your right secures you my respect and faith;
—Strive for my love:——strive for whatever else
May charm:—if aught there is can charm like love
——Forgive me: I shall be betray'd by fear,

To promise, till I overcharge my power.——
Yet—try what changes gratitude can make.
A Spanish wife, perhaps, wou'd promise more:
Profuse in charms, and prodigal of tears,
Wou'd promise all things——and forget 'em all.
But I have weaker charms, and simpler arts.
Guileless of soul, and left as nature form'd me,
I err, in honest innocence of aim,
And, seeking to compose, inflame you more.
All I can add, is this:——Unlovely force
Shall never bow me to reward constraint:
But—to what lengths I may be led, by benefits,
'Tis in your pow'r to try: not mine to tell.

D. Carlos. 'Tis well.—Since justice has such pow'r to guide you,
That you may follow duty, know it first.
Count modesty among your country's virtues;
And copy, not condemn, the wives of Spain.
'Tis your first lesson, madam, to forget.
——Become more delicate, if not more kind,
And never let me hear the name I hate.
—You shou'd learn, next, to blush away your haste,
And wait in silence, till my will resolves
What punishment, or pity, suits his crimes.
—Know, last, that (thus provok'd) a husband's clemency
Out-stretches nature, if it pardons you.
Learn thence, ungrateful! that I want not pity:
And be the last to dare believe me cruel.

[*Exit Don* Carlos.

Emi. Madam, be comforted ;—I mark'd him well ;
I see, he loves ; and love will make him softer.

Alz. Love has no pow'r to act, when curb'd by jealousy.
Zamor must die :——for I have ask'd his life.
Why did not I foresee the likely danger ?
——But has thy care been happier ? Canst thou save him ?
Far, far, divided from me, may he live !
——Hast thou made trial of his keeper's faith ?

Emi. Gold, that with Spaniards can outweigh their God,
Has bought his hand :—and so his faith's your own.

Alz. Then Heav'n be bless'd, this metal, form'd for crimes,
Sometimes atones the wrongs 'tis dug to cause !
—But, we lose time :—Why dost thou seem to pause ?

Emi. I cannot think they purpose Zamor's death.
Alvarez has not lost his pow'r so far,
Nor can the council———

Alz. They are Spaniards all.
Mark the proud, partial guilt of these vain men :
Ours, but a country held to yield them slaves :
Who reign our kings, by right of diff'rent clime.
Zamor, meanwhile, by birth, true sovereign here,
Weighs but a rebel in their righteous scale.
Oh, civiliz'd assent of social murder !——
But why, Emira, should this soldier stay ?

Emi. We may expect him instantly. The night,
Methinks, grown darker, veils your bold design.

Wearied by slaughter, and unwash'd from blood,
The world's proud spoilers all lie hush'd in sleep.

Alz. Away, and find this Spaniard. Guilt's bought hand
Opening the prison, innocence goes free.

Emi. See! by Cephania led, he comes with Zamor.
Be cautious, madam, at so dark an hour,
Lest, met, suspected honour should be lost;
And modesty, mistaken, suffer shame.

Alz. What does thy ill-taught fear mistake for shame?
Virtue, at midnight, walks as safe within,
As in the conscious glare of flaming day.
She who in forms finds virtue, has no virtue.
All the shame lies in hiding honest love.
Honour, the alien phantom, here unknown,
Lends but a length'ning shade to setting virtue.
Honour's not love of innocence, but praise;
The fear of censure, not the scorn of sin.
But I was taught, in a sincerer clime,
That virtue, tho' it shines not, still is virtue;
And inbred honour grows not, but at home.
This my heart knows; and, knowing, bids me dare,
Should Heav'n forsake the just, be bold and save him.

Enter ZAMOR, *with* CEPHANIA, *and a Spanish Soldier.*

Ah, fly! thy hopes are lost; thy torturer's ready.
Escape this moment, or thou stay'st to die.
Haste—lose no time—begone: this guardian Spaniard

Will teach thee to deceive the murderer's hope.
Reply not; judge thy fate from my despair;
Save, by thy flight, the man I love from death;
The man whom I have sworn t' obey, from blood;
And a lost world, that knows thy worth, from tears.
Thy country calls thee; night conceals thy steps.
Pity thy fate, and leave me to my own.

Zam. Thou robber's property! Thou Christian's wife!

Thou, who dar'st love me, yet dar'st bid me live!
If I must live, come thou, to make life tempting.
But 'twas a cruel wish—How could I shield thee,
Stript of my power and friends, and nothing left me,
But wrongs and misery?—I have no dower
To tempt reluctant love. All thou canst share
With me, will be—my desert—and my heart.
When I had more, I laid it at thy feet.

Alz. Ah, what are crowns that must no more be thine?

I lov'd not power, but thee: thyself once lost,
What has an empty world to tempt my stay?
Far in the depth of thy sad deserts, trac'd,
My heart will seek thee; fancy, there, misleads
My weary, wand'ring steps; there horror finds,
And preys upon my solitude; there leaves me,
To languish life out in unheard complaints;
To waste and wither in the tearless winds;
And die with shame at breach of plighted faith,
For being only thine—and yet another's.
Go, carry with thee both my peace and life,

And leave—Ah, would thou couldst!—thy sorrows here.
I have my lover and my fame to guard,
And I will save them both——Begone—for ever.

Zam. I hate this fame, false avarice of fancy;
The sickly shade of an unsolid greatness;
The lying lure of pride, that Europe cheats by:
Perish the groundless seemings of their virtue!
But shall forc'd oaths at hated Christians' altars,
Shall gods, who rob the gods of our forefathers,
Shall these obtrude a lord, and blast a lover?

Alz. Since it was sworn, or to your gods or theirs,
What help is left me?

Zam. None——Adieu—for ever.

Alz. Stay—What a farewell this?—Return, [*Going.*]
I charge thee.

Zam. Carlos, perhaps, will hear thee.

Alz. [*Returning.*] Ah, pity, rather
Than thus upbraid my wretchedness!

Zam. Think, then,
On our past vows.

Alz. I think of nothing now,
But of thy danger.

Zam. Oh, thou hast undone
The tend'rest, fondest lover!——

Alz. Still I love;
Crime as it is, I love thee. Leave me, Zamor,
Leave me alone to die——Ha! cruel! tell me,
What horrible despair, revolving wildly,
Bursts from thy eyes, with purpose more than mortal?

Zam. It shall be so. [*Going.*

Alz. What wouldst thou? Whither go'st thou?

[*Holding him.*

Zam. To make a proper use of unhop'd freedom.

Alz. By Heav'n, if 'tis to death, I'll follow thee.

Zam. Horrors, unmix'd with love, demand me now.
Leave me—Time flies—Night blackens—Duty calls.
Soldier, attend my steps. [*Exit hastily.*

Alz. Alas, Emira!
I faint—I die—In what ungovern'd start
Of some rash thought he left me?—Haste, Emira,
Watch his fear'd meaning; trace his fatal footsteps;
And, if thou seest him safe, return, and bless me.

[*Exit* Emira.

A black, presaging sorrow swells my heart!
What could a day like this produce, but woe?
Oh, thou dark, awful, vast, mysterious Power,
Whom Christians worship, yet not comprehend!
If, ignorant of thy new laws, I stray,
Shed from thy distant heav'n, where'er it shines,
One ray of guardian light, to clear my way:
And teach me, first to find, then act thy will.
But, if my only crime is love of Zamor,
If that offends thy sight, and claims thy anger,
Pour thy due vengeance on my hopeless head;
For I am then a wretch too lost for mercy.
Yet, be the wanderer's guide amidst his deserts!
Greatly dispense thy good with equal hand;
Nor, partial to the partial, give Spain all.
Thou canst not be confin'd to care of parts;

Heedless of one world, and the other's father:
Vanquish'd and victors are alike to thee;
And all our vain distinctions mix before thee.
Ah, what foreboding shriek!—Again! and louder!
Oh, Heav'n! amidst the wildness of that sound,
I heard the name of Zamor!——Zamor's lost——
Hark!—a third time!—And now the mingled cries
Come quick'ning on my ear!

Enter EMIRA, *frighted.*

Emira, save me!
What has he done?——In pity of my fears,
Speak, and bestow some comfort.

Emi. Comfort is lost:
And all the rage of death has sure possess'd him.
First, he chang'd habits with the trembling soldier:
Then snatch'd his weapon from him—The robb'd wretch
Flew, frighted, toward the gate—while furious Zamor,
Wild, as the fighting rage of wint'ry winds,
Rush'd to the public hall, where sits the council.
Following, I saw him pass the sleeping guards;
But lost him when he enter'd. In a moment,
I heard the sound of voices cry, He's dead.
Then, clam'rous calls from ev'ry way at once,
To arms, To arms!—Ah, mâdam, stay not here!
Fly to the inmost rooms, and shun the danger.

Alz. No, dear Emira; rather let us try,
Whether our weakness may not find some means,

Late and unlikely as it is, to save him.
I, too, dare die.

Emi. They come——Protect us, Heaven!

Enter Don ALONZO.

Alon. Madam, you stir no farther—I have orders
To seize your person. 'Tis a charge unwish'd.

Alz. Whence dost thou come? What fury sent thee hither?
What is become of Zamor?

Alon. At a time
So full of danger, my respect gives way
To duty——You must please to follow me.

Alz. Oh, fortune, fortune!—This is too severe!
Zamor is dead, and I am only captive!
Why dost thou weep? What have a Spaniard's tears
To do with woes, which none but Spaniards cause?
Come; if to death thou lead'st me, 'twill be kind:
There only, weakness wrong'd, can refuge find.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter ALZIRA, *guarded.*

Alzira.

AM I to die? Answer, ye dumb destroyers!
Ye wretches, who provoke, yet mock at Heaven;
And when you mean to murder, say you judge!

Why does your brutal silence leave my soul
Flutt'ring, 'twixt hope and fear, in torturing doubt?
Why am I not inform'd of Zamor's fate?
They will not speak—No matter—She who hopes
To hear no good, why should she hear at all?
The conduct of these watchful mutes is strange.
They seize me, guard me, and confine me here;
Yet answer nothing, but with looks of hate.
Chancing, but now, to sigh my Zamor's name,
Ev'n these low monsters, struck with Spanish envy,
Started, turn'd pale, and trembled at the sound.

Enter EZMONT.

Alas! my father, too!

Ezm. To what dark depth
Of sad despair hast thou reduc'd us all?
See now, the fruits of thy unlist'ning love!
Even in the instant, while, with growing hope,
We pleaded earnest for the life of Zamor;
While we yet hung on the half-granted prayer;
An ent'ring soldier drew our notice toward him.
'Twas Zamor—dreadful, in a borrow'd dress!
At once he hurl'd his furious eyes amongst us,
And his more furious person. Scarce I saw,
So rapid was his motion, that his hand
Held a drawn sword. To enter, reach our seats,
And, lion-like, spring to the breast of Carlos;
Th' assault, the wound, the death, was all one moment.
Out gush'd your husband's blood, to stain your father,

As if 'twould lend me blushes for a daughter.
Zamor, meanwhile, the dreadful action doné,
Soft'ning to sudden calmness, at the feet
Of sad Alvarez fell, and to his hand
Resign'd the sword, which his son's blood made horrid.
The father started into back'ning terror!
The murd'rer dash'd his bosom to the ground;
I but reveng'd (he cry'd) my wrongs and shame;
I but my duty knew—Know you your own.
Nature your motive, and oppression mine.
He said no more; but, prostrate, hop'd his doom.
Th' afflicted father sunk upon my bosom;
The silent night grew frightful with our cries.
From ev'ry side at once in broke the swarms;
A flow of fruitless help surrounded Carlos,
To stop th' outwelling blood, and hold back life.
But what most shakes me, tho' 'tis told thee last,
Is, thatthey think thee guilty of his death;
And, insolently loud, demand thy own.

Alz. Ah!——can you——

Ezm. No. Impossible. I cannot.
I know thy heart too well to wrong thee so.
I know thee too, too capable of weakness;
But not of purpos'd blood. I saw this danger;
But thy own eyes, even on the brink of fate,
Were blinded by thy love, and thou art fall'n.
Thy husband murder'd by thy lover's hand;
The council that accuses, will condemn thee,
And ignominious death becomes thy doom.

I came to warn thee, and prepare thy spirit.
Now, hast'ning back, try every hope for pardon;
Or, failing to redeem thee, share thy death.

Alz. My pardon!—Pardon at these wretches hands!
The prince, my father, stoop his prayers to them!
Death, if it hides me from that thought, is rapture.
Ah, sir, live on! hope still some happier day,
To pay back all these pangs, and bless Peru;
Wait that due day, and love the lost Alzira:
'Tis all the prayer she makes, and all she wishes.
I pity dying Carlos; for I find
His fate too cruel: and I mourn it deeper,
Thro' fear he has deserv'd it. As for Zamor,
Whose rashness has reveng'd a country's wrongs,
Urg'd by too keen remembrance of his own,
I neither censure nor excuse his deed.
I would have staid him; but he rush'd to die;
And 'tis not in my choice to live without him.

Ezm. Shed thy wish'd mercy here, all-powerful Heaven! [*Exit.*

Alz. My weeping father call'd on Heav'n to save me.
I will not task the grace of Heav'n so far:
Let me no longer be, and I'm not wretched.
The Almighty Christian Power, that knows me innocent,
Exacts (they say) long life, in fix'd distress;
And suffers not the brave to shorten woe.
If so, the gods, once mine, were less severe:
Why should the wretch, who hopes not, struggle on,
Thro' viewless lengths of circling miseries,

And dread the hand of death, that points to refuge?
Sure Christians, in this tale, belie their God.
His conqu'ring favourites, whom he arms with thunder,
Can they have right, from him, to waste the world,
To drive whole millions into death's cold arms?
And shall not I, for safety, claim that power
Which he permits to them for martial rage?
Ah, Zamor comes! They lead him out to die.

Enter ZAMOR *in Chains, guarded by Spaniards.*

Zam. Kind in their purpos'd insult, they have brought me
Where my expiring soul shall mix with thine.
Yes, my Alzira, we are doom'd together.
Their black tribunal has condemn'd us both.
But Carlos is not dead—that wounds me deepest.
Carlos survives, to boast short triumph o'er us;
And dies so slowly, that our fate comes first.
Yet, he must die; my hand not err'd so far,
But he must die: and when he does, my soul
Shall snatch th' expected moment, hovering, watchful,
And hunt him, in revenge, from star to star.
Pious Alvarez, mournful comes behind,
Charg'd with our bloody sentence, sign'd in council,
That murder may be sanctified by form.
My only grief is, that thou diest for me.

Alz. That, that should leave thy grief without a cause.

Since I am thus belov'd, to die with Zamor,
Is happiness unhop'd. Bless, bless my fate,
For this sole blow, that could have broke my chain.
Think that this period of suppos'd distress,
This moment, that unites us, tho' in death,
Is the first time my love was free from woe.
The smiling fate restores me to myself;
And I can give a heart, now all my own.
If there's a cause for tears, Alvarez claims 'em:
I, while he speaks our doom, shall feel but his.

Zam. See where the mourner comes, and weeps his errand.

Enter ALVAREZ.

Alv. Which of us three does fortune most distress?
What an assemblage ours of mingled woes?

Zam. Since Heaven will have it so, that, from thy tongue,
I should receive death's summons, let it come:
'Twill have one power to please—for I shall hear thee.
Do not then pity, but condemn me boldly;
And if thy heart, tho' Spanish, bends beneath it,
Think thou but doom'st an unsubmitting savage,
Who kill'd thy son, because unlike his father.
But what has poor Alzira done against thee?
Why must she die in whom a people lives;
In whom alone glows that collected soul,
That, in past ages, brighten'd all Peru?
Is innocence a crime where Spaniards judge?
Known, and assum'd by us, for all thy virtues,

The jealous envy of thy land reclaims thee,
And crops thy Indian growth, to creep like Spain.

Alz. Wondrous old virtue! obstinately kind!
Thou, singly just, amidst a race of thieves!
'Twere to be base as they are, could I stoop
To deprecate a vengeance duly thine.
For thy son's blood be mine the willing sacrifice.
All I require is but escape from slander;
From poor suspicion of a guilt I scorn.
Carlos, tho' hated, was a hated husband;
Whence, even my hatred ow'd his life defence.
He was Alvarez' son too; and, as such,
Call'd for that rev'rence which himself deserv'd not.
As for thy nation, let them praise or blame me;
Thy witness only can be worth my claim.
As for my death, 'tis joy to die with Zamor:
And all the pain I suffer—is for thee.

Alv. Words will have way; or grief, suppress'd in vain,
Would burst its passage with th' out-rushing soul.
Whose sorrows ever match'd this mingled scene
Of tenderness with horror? My son's murderer
Is Zamor: he who guarded me from murder,
Is also Zamor. Hold that image fast,
Afflicted nature. Life, unwish'd by me
Is due to Zamor. Young, belov'd, untry'd
In hope's false failings, life might make him happy.
My taste of time is gone; and life, to me,
Is but an evening's walk in rain and darkness.
Father I am (at least I was a father);

But every father first was form'd a man:
And, spite of nature's call, that cries for vengeance,
The voice of gratitude must still be heard.
Oh, thou, so late my daughter! thou, whom yet,
Spite of these tears, I call by that lov'd name!
Mistake not my pursuit. I cannot taste
Those horrible reliefs that rise from blood.
It shocks me thro' a soul that feels for three.
Hard stroke of justice! thus to lose at once,
My daughter, my deliverer, and my son.
The council, with misguided view to sooth me,
Ill chose my tongue to tell their dreadful will.
True, I receiv'd the charge; for I had weigh'd it.
'Twere not impossible, perhaps, to save you:
Zamor might make it easy.

Zam. Can I do it?
Can Zamor save Alzira? Quickly tell me
How, by what length of torments, and 'tis done?

Alv. Cast off thy idol gods, and be a Christian:
That single change reverses all our fates.
Kind to the courted souls of Pagan converts,
We have a law remits their body's doom.
This latent law, by Heaven's peculiar mercy,
Points out a road, and gives a right to pardon.
Religion can disarm a Christian's anger.
Thy blood becomes a brother's, so converted,
And with a living son repays a dead.
Prevented vengeance, seiz'd in her descent,
So rests suspended, and forgets to fall.
From thy new faith, Alzira draws new life;

And both are happy here, and sav'd hereafter.
Why art thou silent? Is the task so hard,
To add eternal life to life below?
Speak———from thy choice, determine my relief,
Fain wou'd I owe thee yet a second being.
Yes———to restore the life thou robb'st me of,
A childless father wishes thee to live.
Alzira is a Christian; be thou so.
'Tis all the recompence my wrongs will urge.

Zam. [*To* Alzira.] Shall we, thou fairest, noblest boast of beauty!
Shall we so far indulge our fear to die?
Shall the soul's baseness bid the body live?
Shall Zamor's gods bow to the gods of Carlos?
Why wou'd Alvarez bend me down to shame?
Why wou'd he thus become the spirit's tyrant?
Into how strange a snare am I impell'd!
Either Alzira dies, or lives to scorn me!
Tell me——When fortune gave thee to my power,
Had I, at such a purchase, held thy life,
Tell me, with honest truth—wou'd thou have bought it?

Alv. I shou'd have pray'd the power, I now implore,
To widen, for his truth, a heart like thine:
Dark as it is, yet worthy to be Christian.

Zam. [*To* Alzira.] Death has no pain, but what I feel for thee.
Life has no power to charm, but what thou giv'st it.
Thou, then, art my soul, vouchsafe to guide it.

But, think!—remember, ere thou bid'st me choose!
'Tis on a matter of more weight than life;
'Tis on a subject that concerns my gods:
And all those gods in one——my dear Alzira!
I trust it to thy honour——Speak——and fix me.
If thou conceiv'st it shame, thou wilt disdain it.

Alz. Then, hear me, Zamor.—My unhappy father
Dispos'd my willing heart, 'twixt heaven and thee:
The God, he chose, was mine:—thou may'st, perhaps,
Accuse it, as the weakness of my youth:
But, 'twas not so. My soul, enlarg'd and clear,
Took in the solemn light of Christian truth.
I saw——at least, I thought I saw, conviction.
And, when my lips abjur'd my country's gods,
My secret heart confirm'd the change within.
But had I wanted that directive zeal,
Had I renounc'd my gods, yet still believ'd 'em;
That———had not been error, but a crime:
That had been mocking Heaven's whole host, at once;
The powers I quitted and the power I chose.
A change like that, had err'd, beyond the tongue:
And taught the silent, servile soul, to lie.
I cou'd have wish'd, that Heaven had lent thee light,
But since it did not———let thy virtue guide thee.

Zam. I knew thy gen'rous choice, before I heard it.
Who, that can die with thee, would shun such death,
And live to his own infamy?——Not Zamor.

Alv. Inhuman slighters of yourselves and me!
Whom honour renders blind, and virtue cruel!
[*A dead march.*
Hark!—the time presses.—These are sounds of sorrow.

Enter Don ALONZO, *followed by a mixed Crowd of* Spaniards *and* Americans, *mournful.*

Alon. We bring obedience to his last command,
Our dying captain, your unhappy son,
Who lives no longer, than to reach your bosom.
A furious crowd of his lamenting friends
Press, to attend him, and revenge his blood.

Enter Don CARLOS, *brought in by* Spanish *Soldiers, and surrounded by a number of followers, some of whom advance to seize* Alzira.

Zam. [*Interposing.*] Wretches! keep distance.——
Let Alzira live;
Mine was the single guilt——be mine the vengeance.
Alz. Be feasted, ye officious hounds of blood:
Guiltless or guilty, 'tis my choice to die.
Alv. My son! my dying son!—this silent paleness,
This look, speaks for thee, and forbids all hope.
Zam. [*To Don* Carlos.] Even to the last then, thou maintain'st thy hate?
Come—see me suffer; mark my eye; and scorn me,
If my expiring soul confesses fear.
Look—and be taught, at least, to die—by Zamor.

D. Carlos. [*To* Zamor.] I have no time to copy out thy virtues:
But, there are some of mine, I come to teach thee.
I shou'd, in life, have given thy pride example:
Take it, too late, in death; and mark it well.
[*To* Alv.] Sir, my departing spirit staid its journey,
First, 'till my eyes might leave their beams in yours;
And their dim lights expire, amidst your blessing.
Next, what you taught me, 'tis my task to show,
And die the son of your paternal virtue.
——Eager in life's warm race, I never stopp'd
To look behind me, and review my way.
But, at the goal, before I judg'd it near,
I start——and recollect forgotten slidings.
On the grave's serious verge, I turn——and see
Humanity oppress'd, to cherish pride:
Heaven has reveng'd the earth:—and Heav'n is just!
Cou'd my own blood but expiate what I shed,
All my rash sword has drawn from suff'ring innocence,
I shou'd lie down in dust——and rest in peace.
Cheated by prosp'rous fortune, death deals plainly;
But—I have learnt to live, when life forsakes me.
Safe and forgiven, be the hand I fall by.
Power is yet mine; and it absolves my murder.
Live, my proud enemy; and live in freedom.
Live——and observe, tho' Christians oft act ill,
They must forgive ill actions in another.

—Ezmont, my friend! and you, ye friendless Indians!
Subjects, not slaves! be rul'd henceforth by law.
Be grateful to my pity, though 'twas late;
And teach your country's kings to fear no longer.
—Rival, learn hence the diff'rence 'twixt our gods;
Thine have inspir'd thee to pursue revenge:
But mine, when that revenge had reach'd my life,
Command me to esteem, and give thee pardon.

Alv. Virtues like these, my son, secure thy peace:
But double the distress of us who lose thee.

Alz. Of all the painful wonders thou hast caus'd me,
This change, this language, will afflict me most!

Zam. Die soon, or live for ever.—If thou thus
Go'st on, to charm my anger into envy,
I shall repent, I was not born a Christian,
And hate the justice that compell'd my blow!

D. Carlos. I will go farther yet;—I will not leave thee,
Till I have soften'd envy into friendship.
—Mournful Alzira has been too unhappy:
Lov'd to distress and married to misfortune!
I wou'd do something to atone her wrongs;
And with a softer sense, imprint her pity.
Take her——and owe her to the hand she hates.
Live—and remember me without a curse.
Resume lost empire, o'er your conquer'd states:
Be friends to Spain:—nor enemies to me.

[*To* Alvarez.]—Vouchsafe my claim, sir, to this son, this daughter:
And be both father and protector too.
May Heaven and you be kind! and they be Christians!

Zam. I stand immoveable—confus'd—astonish'd!
If these are Christian virtues, I am Christian.
The faith that can inspire this gen'rous change,
Must be divine——and glows with all its God!
——Friendship, and constancy, and right, and pity,
All these were lessons I had learnt before.
But this unnatural grandeur of the soul
Is more than mortal; and out-reaches virtue.
It draws—it charms—it binds me to be Christian.
It bids me blush at my remember'd rashness:
Curse my revenge——and pay thee all my love.
[*Throws himself at his feet.*

Alz. A widow'd wife, blushing to be thus late,
In her acknowledgment of tender pity;
Low, at your injur'd feet, with prostrate heart,
[*Kneels with* Zamor.
Weeps your untimely death; and thanks your goodness.
———Torn by contending passions, I want power
To speak a thousand truths, I see you merit:
But honour and confess your greatness wrong'd.

D. Carlos. Weep not, Alzira—I forgive again.
—For the last time, my father, lend your bosom.
Live to be bless'd!—and make Alzira so!
Remember, Zamor—that a Christian—Oh! [*Dies.*

Alv. [*To* Ezmont.] I see the hand of Heaven in our misfortune.
But justice strikes; and suff'rers must submit.

Woes are good counsellors; and kindly show,
What prosp'rous error never lets us know.

[Exeunt omnes.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by ALZIRA.

THE fifth act pass'd, you'll think it strange to find
My scene of deep distress is yet behind.
Task'd for the epilogue, I fear you'll blame
My want—of what you love, behind that name.
But, for my soul, I can't from such high scening
Descend, plum down at once—to double-meaning.
Judges! protect me—and pronounce it fit,
That solemn sense should end with serious wit.
When the full heart o'erflows with pleasing pain,
Why should we wish to make th' impression vain?
Why, when two thinking hours have fix'd the play,
Should two light minutes laugh its use away?
'Twere to proclaim our virtues but a jest,
Should they who ridicule 'em, please us best.
No—rather, at your actor's hands require
Off'rings more apt; and a sublimer fire!
Thoughts that may rivet, not efface, the scene:
Aids to the mind; not flatt'ries for the spleen.
When love, hate, pity—doubt, hope, grief, and rage,
With clashing influence, fire the glowing stage;
When the touch'd heart, relenting into woe,
From others' fate does its own danger know:

When soft'ning tenderness unlocks the mind,
And the stretch'd bosom takes in all mankind:
Sure, 'tis no time for the bold hand of wit
To snatch back virtues from the plunder'd pit.
Still be it ours to give you scenes thus strong,
And yours to cherish and retain 'em long!
Then shall the stage its general use endear;
And every virtue gather firmness here.
Pow'r be to pardon—wealth to pity mov'd;
And truth be taught the art, to grow belov'd:
Women to charm with fast and sure effect;
And men to love 'em with a soft respect:
Till all alike, some diff'rent motive rouses;
And tragedy, unfarc'd, invites full houses.

De Wilde pinx.t Thornthwaite sc.

Mrs. HUNTER as Mrs. BELVILLE.

And when you next disturb à tete a tete, for pity to a poor Wife, don't let it be a matrimonial one.

London, Printed for J. Bell, British Library, Strand, Jan.y 1.st 1792.

THE

SCHOOL FOR WIVES.

A

COMEDY,

BY HUGH KELLY, 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.

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MDCCXCII.

PREFACE.

THE author of the following performance cannot commit it to the press, without acknowledging the deepest sense of gratitude, for the uncommon marks of approbation with which he has been honoured by the public.

Though he has chosen a title used by MOLIERE, he has neither borrowed a single circumstance from that great poet, nor, to the best of his recollection, from any other writer. His chief study has been, to steer between the extremes of sentimental gloom, and the excesses of uninteresting levity; he has some laugh, yet he hopes he has also some lesson; and, as fashionable as it has been lately for the wits, even with his friend Mr. Garrick at their head, to ridicule the comic muse, when a little grave, he must think that she degenerates into farce, where the grand business of instruction is neglected; and consider it as a heresy in criticism to say, that one of the most arduous tasks within the reach of literature should, when executed, be wholly without utility.

The author having been presumptuous enough to assert, that he has not purloined a single sprig of bays from the brow of any other writer, he may, perhaps, be asked, if there are not several plays in the English language, which, before his, produced generals, lawyers, Irishmen, duels, masquerades, and mistakes? He answers, yes; and confesses moreover, that all the comedies before his, were composed not only of men and

women, but that, before his, the great business of comedy consisted in making difficulties for the purpose of removing them; in distressing poor young lovers; and in rendering a happy marriage the object of every catastrophe.

Yet though the author of the SCHOOL FOR WIVES pleads guilty to all these charges, still, in extenuation of his offence, he begs leave to observe, that having only men and women to introduce upon the stage, he was obliged to compose his *Dramatis Personæ* of mere flesh and blood; if, however, he has thrown this flesh and this blood into new situations; if he has given a new fable, and placed his characters in a point of light hitherto unexhibited—he flatters himself that he may call his play, a new play; and though it did not exist before the creation of the world, like the famous Welch pedigree, that he may have some small pretensions to originality.

Two things, besides the general moral inculcated through his piece, the author has attempted: the first, to rescue the law, as a profession, from ridicule or obliquy; and the second, to remove the imputation of a barbarous ferocity, which dramatic writers, even meaning to compliment the Irish nation, have connected with their idea of that gallant people.—The law, like every other profession, may have members who occasionally disgrace it; but, to the glory of the British name, it is well known that, in the worst of times, it has produced numbers whose virtues reflected honour upon human nature; many of the noblest privileges the constitution has to boast of, were derived from the integrity, or the wisdom of lawyers: Yet the stage has hitherto cast an indiscriminate stigma upon the whole body, and laboured to make that profession either odious or contemptible in the theatre, which, if the laws are indeed dear to good Englishmen, can never be too much re-

spected in this kingdom. There is scarcely a play in which a lawyer is introduced, that is not a libel upon the long robe; and so ignorant have many dramatic writers been, that they have made no distinction whatever between the characters of the first barristers in Westminster-hall, and the meanest solicitors at the Old Bailey.

With respect to the gentlemen of Ireland, where even an absolute attempt is manifested to place them in a favourable point of view, they are drawn with a brutal promptitude to quarrel, which is a disgrace to the well-known humanity of their country.—The gentlemen of Ireland have doubtless a quick sense of honour; and, like the gentlemen of England, as well as like the gentlemen of every other high-spirited nation, are perhaps unhappily too ready to draw the sword, where they conceive themselves injured—But to make them proud of a barbarous propensity to duelling, to make them actually delight in the effusion of blood, is to fasten a very unjust reproach upon their general character, and to render them universally obnoxious to society. The author of the SCHOOL FOR WIVES, therefore, has given a different picture of Irish manners, though in humble life; and flatters himself, that those who are really acquainted with the original, will acknowledge it to be at least a tolerable resemblance.

It would be ungrateful in the highest degree, to close this preface, without acknowledging the very great obligations which the author has to Mr. Garrick. Every attention which, either as a manager, or as a man, he could give to the interest of the following play, he has bestowed with the most generous alacrity; but, universally admired as he is at present, his intrinsic value will not be known, till his loss is deplored; and the public have great reason to wish, that this may be a

very distant event in the annals of the theatre. The epilogue sufficiently marks the masterly hand from which it originated; so does the comic commencement of the prologue; and the elegant writer of the graver part, is a character of distinguished eminence in the literary republic.

It has been remarked with great justice, that few new pieces were ever better acted than the SCHOOL FOR WIVES. Mr. King, that highly deserving favourite of the town, was every thing the author could possibly wish in General Savage. Mr. Reddish acquired a very considerable share of merited reputation in Belville. Mr. Moody is unequalled in his Irishman. Mr. Palmer, from his manner of supporting Leeson, was entitled to a much better part: And Mr. Weston in Torrington was admirable. Miss Younge, in Mrs. Belville, extorted applause from the coldest auditor. Her tenderness—her force—her pathos, were the true effusions of genius, and proved that she has no superior where the feelings are to be interested. With respect to Mrs. Abington, enough can never be said. The elegance, the vivacity, the critical nicety with which she went through Miss Walsingham, is only to be guessed at by those who are familiar with the performance of that exquisite actress. Her epilogue was delivered with an animation not to be conceived, and manifested the strict propriety, with which she is called the first priestess of the comic muse in this country.

Jan. 1, 1774.

THE SCHOOL FOR WIVES.

THIS Comedy is the work of HUGH KELLY, a writer, who introduced among us that style of sentimental Drama, which continues to be the Comedy of the present time.

He had failed, we learn by stage history, in a play called 'A Word to the Wise,' and in consequence introduced the present production under the name of another. It is certainly a pleasing production—but the boast of its originality is a strange one—if his forms are not taken from other Dramatists, his features are.—So that though the Individual Persons may not be copies, his Comedy resembles others.

This in truth is no dilemma, except before false criticism and prejudice—if the piece be good, what signifies its resemblance to another; if it be bad, of what avail is it that its situations are borrowed from a good one?

PROLOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MR. KING.

NO coward he, who in this critic age,
Dares set his foot upon the dang'rous stage;
These boards, like ice, your footing will betray,
Who can tread sure upon a slipp'ry way?
Yet some through five acts slide with wond'rous skill,
Skim swift along, turn, stop, or wind at will.
Some tumble, and get up; some rise no more;
While cruel critics watch them on the shore,
And at each stumble make a hellish roar!
A wise philosopher hath truly noted,
(His name I have forgot, though often quoted,)
That fine spun spirits from the slightest cause,
Draw to themselves affliction, or applause:
So fares it with our bard.—Last week he meets
Some hawkers, roaring up and down the streets,
Lives, characters, behaviour, parentage,
Of some who lately left the mortal stage!
His ears so caught the sound, and work'd his mind,
He thought his own name floated in the wind;
As thus—'Here is a faithful, true relation,
'Of the birth, parentage, and education,
'Last dying speech, confession, character,
'Of the unhappy malefacterer,

'And comic poet, Thomas Addlebrain,
'Who suffer'd Monday last at Drury-Lane;
'All for the price of half-penny a piece:'
Still in his ears these horrid sounds encrease!
Try'd and condemn'd, half executed too,
There stands the culprit, 'till repriev'd by you. [Going.

Enter Miss YOUNGE.

Miss Younge.

Pray, give me leave—I've something now to say.

Mr. King.

Is't at the School for Wives *you're taught this way?*
The School for Husbands teaches to obey. [Exit.

Miss Younge.

It is a shame, good sirs, that brother King,
To joke and laughter should turn every thing.
Our frighted poet would have no denial,
But begs me to say something on his trial:
The School for Wives, *as it to us belongs,*
Should, for our use, be guarded with our tongues.
Ladies, prepare, arm well your brows and eyes,
From those your thunder, these your light'ning flies.
Should storms be rising in the pit—look down,
And still the waves thus, fair ones, with a frown;
Or should the galleries for war declare;
Look up—your eyes will carry twice as far.

** Our bard to noble triumphs points your way,*
Bids you in moral principles be gay;
Something he'd alter in your education——
Something which, hurting you, would hurt a nation.
Ingenuous natures wish you to reclaim;
By smiling virtue you'll ensure your aim:
That gilds with bliss the matrimonial hours,
And blends her laurels with the sweetest flowers.

Ye married fair! deign to attend our school,
And, without usurpation, learn to rule:
Soon will he cease mean objects to pursue,
In conscience wretched till he lives to you;
Your charms will reformation's pain beguile,
And vice receive a stab from ev'ry smile.

* The conclusion of the prologue from this line is by another hand.

Dramatis Personae.

DRURY-LANE.

	Men.
General SAVAGE,	Mr. King.
BELVILLE,	Mr. Reddish.
TORRINGTON,	Mr. Weston.
LEESON,	Mr. Palmer.
Captain SAVAGE,	Mr. Brereton.
CONNOLLY,	Mr. Moody.
SPRUCE,	Mr. Baddely.
GHASTLY,	Mr. W. Palmer.
LEECH,	Mr. Bransby.
CROW,	Mr. Wright.
WOLF,	Mr. Ackman.
	Women.
Miss WALSINGHAM,	Mrs. Abington.
Mrs. BELVILLE,	Miss Younge.
Lady RACHEL MILDEW,	Mrs. Hopkins.
Mrs. TEMPEST,	Mrs. Greville.
Miss LEESON,	Miss Jarrat.
Maid,	Mrs. Millidge.

THE SCHOOL FOR WIVES.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An Apartment at BELVILLE'S. *Enter Captain* SAVAGE, *and Miss* WALSINGHAM.

Captain Savage.

HA, ha, ha! Well, Miss Walsingham, this fury is going; what a noble peal she has wrung in Belville's ears!

Miss Wal. Did she see you, Captain Savage?

Capt. No, I took care of that: for though she is not married to my father, she has ten times the influence of a wife, and might injure me not a little with him, if I did not support her side of the question.

Miss Wal. It was a pleasant conceit of Mr. Belville, to insinuate the poor woman was disordered in her senses!——

Capt. And did you observe how the termagant's violence of temper, supported the probability of the charge?

Miss Wal. Yes, she became almost frantic, in reality, when she found herself treated like a madwoman.

Capt. Belville's affected surprise too, was admirable.

Miss Wal. Yes, the hypocritical composure of his countenance, and his counterfeit pity for the poor woman, were intolerable.

Capt. While that amiable creature, his wife, implicitly believed every syllable he said———

Miss Wal. And felt nothing but pity for the accuser, instead of paying the least regard to the accusation. But pray, is it really under a pretence of getting the girl upon the stage, that Belville has taken away Mrs. Tempest's niece from the people she boarded with?

Capt. It is. Belville, ever on the look-out for fresh objects, met her in those primitive regions of purity, the Green-Boxes; where, discovering that she was passionately desirous of becoming an actress, he improved his acquaintance with her, in the fictitious character of an Irish manager, and she eloped last night, to be, as she imagines, the heroine of a Dublin theatre.

Miss Wal. So, then, as he has kept his real name artfully concealed, Mrs. Tempest can at most but suspect him of Miss Leeson's seduction.

Capt. Of no more; and this, only, from the description of the people who saw him in company with her at the play; but I wish the affair may not have a serious conclusion; for she has a brother, a very

spirited young fellow, who is a counsel in the Temple, and who will certainly call Belville to an account the moment he hears of it.

Miss Wal. And what will become of the poor creature after he has deserted her?

Capt. You know that Belville is generous to profusion, and has a thousand good qualities to counterbalance this single fault of gallantry, which contaminates his character.

Miss Wal. You men! you men!——You are such wretches, that there's no having a moment's satisfaction with you! and what's still more provoking, there's no having a moment's satisfaction without you!

Capt. Nay, don't think us all alike.

Miss Wal. I'll endeavour to deceive myself; for it is but a poor argument of your sincerity, to be the confidant of another's falsehood.

Capt. Nay, no more of this, my love; no people live happier than Belville and his wife; nor is there a man in England, notwithstanding all his levity, who considers his wife with a warmer degree of affection: if you have a friendship, therefore, for her, let her continue in an error, so necessary to her repose, and give no hint whatever of his gallantries to any body.

Miss Wal. If I had no pleasure in obliging you, I have too much regard for Mrs. Belville not to follow your advice; but you need not enjoin me so strongly on the subject, when you know I can keep a secret.

Capt. You are all goodness; and the prudence with which you have concealed our private engagements,

has eternally obliged me; had you trusted the secret even to Mrs. Belville, it would not have been safe; she would have told her husband, and he is such a rattlescull, that, notwithstanding all his regard for me, he would have mentioned it in some moment of levity, and sent it in a course of circulation to my father.

Miss Wal. The peculiarity of your father's temper, joined to my want of fortune, made it necessary for me to keep our engagements inviolably secret; there is no merit, therefore, either in my prudence, or in my labouring assiduously to cultivate the good opinion of the general, since both were so necessary to my own happiness; don't despise me for this acknowledgment now.

Capt. Bewitching softness!—But your goodness, I flatter myself, will be speedily rewarded; you are now such a favourite with him, that he is eternally talking of you; and I really fancy he means to propose you to me himself; for last night, in a few minutes after he had declared you would make the best wife in the world, he seriously asked me if I had any aversion to matrimony!

Miss Wal. Why, that was a very great concession indeed, as he seldom stoops to consult any body's inclinations.

Capt. So it was, I assure you; for, in the army, being used to nothing but command and obedience, he removes the discipline of the parade into his family, and no more expects his orders should be dis-

puted, in matters of a domestic nature, than if they were delivered at the head of his regiment.

Miss Wal. And yet Mrs. Tempest, who, you say, is as much a storm in her nature as her name, is disputing them eternally.

Enter Mr. and Mrs. BELVILLE.

Bel. Well, Miss Walsingham, have not we had a pretty morning's visitor?

Miss Wal. Really, I think so; and I have been asking Captain Savage how long the lady has been disordered in her senses?

Bel. Why will they let the poor woman abroad, without some body to take care of her?

Capt. O, she has her lucid intervals.

Miss Wal. I declare I shall be as angry with you as I am with Belville. [*Aside to the Captain.*

Mrs. Bel. You cann't think how sensibly she spoke at first.

Bel. I should have had no conception of her madness, if she had not brought so preposterous a charge against me.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Lady Rachel Mildew, madam, sends her compliments, and if you are not particularly engaged, will do herself the pleasure of waiting upon you.

Mrs. Bel. Our compliments, and we shall be glad to see her ladyship. [*Exit Servant.*

Bel. I wonder if Lady Rachel knows that Torrington came to town last night from Bath!

Mrs. Bel. I hope he has found benefit by the waters, for he is one of the best creatures existing; he's a downright Parson Adams, in good-nature and simplicity.

Miss Wal. Lady Rachel will be quite happy at his return; and it would be a laughable affair if a match could be brought about between the old maid and the old batchelor.

Capt. Mr. Torrington is too much taken up at Westminster-Hall, to think of paying his devoirs to the ladies, and too plain a speaker, I fancy, to be agreeable to Lady Rachel.

Bel. You mistake the matter widely; she is deeply smitten with him, but honest Torrington is utterly unconscious of his conquest, and modestly thinks that he has not a single attraction for any woman in the universe.

Mrs. Bel. Yet my poor aunt speaks sufficiently plain, in all conscience, to give him a different opinion of himself.

Miss Wal. Yes, and puts her charms into such repair, whenever she expects to meet him, that her cheeks look, for all the world like a rasberry ice upon a ground of custard.

Capt. I thought Apollo was the only god of Lady Rachel's idolatry, and that in her passion for poetry, she had taken leave of all the less elevated affections.

Bel. O, you mistake again; the poets are eternally

in love, and can by no means be calculated to describe the imaginary passions, without being very susceptible of the real ones.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The man, madam, from Tavistock-street, has brought home the dresses for the masquerade, and desires to know if there are any commands for him.

Mrs. Bel. O, bid him stay till we see the dresses.

[*Exit Servant.*

Miss Wal. They are only dominos.

Bel. I am glad of that; for characters are as difficult to be supported at the masquerade, as they are in real life. The last time I was at the Pantheon, a vestal virgin invited me to sup with her, and swore that her pocket had been picked by a justice of peace.

Miss Wal. Nay, that was not so bad as the Hamlet's Ghost that boxed with Henry the Eighth, and afterwards danced a hornpipe to the tune of Nancy Dawson. Ha, ha, ha!—We follow you, Mrs. Belville.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to LEESON'*s Chambers in the Temple. Enter* LEESON.

Lees. Where is this clerk of mine? Connolly!

Con. [*Behind.*] Here, sir.

Lees. Have you copied the marriage-settlement, as I corrected it?

Enter CONNOLLY, *with Pistols.*

Con. Ay, honey, an hour ago.

Lees. What, you have been trying those pistols?

Con. By my soul I have been firing them this half hour, without once being able to make them go off.

Lees. They are plaguy dirty.

Con. In troth, so they are; I strove to brighten them up a little, but some misfortune attends every thing I do, for the more I clane them, the dirtier they are, honey.

Lees. You have had some of your usual daily visitors for money, I suppose.

Con. You may say that! and three or four of them are now hanging about the door, that I wish handsomely hang'd any where else for bodering us.

Lees. No joking, Connolly! my present situation is a very disagreeable one.

Con. Faith, and so it is; but who makes it disagreeable? your aunt Tempest would let you have as much money as you please, but you won't condescend to be acquainted with her, though people in this country can be very intimate friends, without seeing one another's faces for seven years.

Lees. Do you think me base enough to receive a favour from a woman, who has disgraced her family, and stoops to be a kept mistress? you see, my sister is already ruin'd by a connection with her.

Con. Ah, sir, a good guinea isn't the worse for coming through a bad hand; if it was, what would become of us lawyers? and by my soul, many a high head in London, would, at this minute be very low, if they hadn't received favours even from much worse people than kept mistresses.

Lees. Others, Connolly, may prostitute their honour, as they please; mine is my chief possession, and I must take particular care of it.

Con. Honour, to be sure, is a very fine thing, sir; but I don't see how it is to be taken care of, without a little money; your honour to my knowledge, hasn't been in your own possession these two years, and the devil a crum can you honestly swear by, till you get it out of the hands of your creditors.

Lees. I have given you a licence to talk, Connolly, because I know you are faithful; but I hav'n't given you a liberty to sport with my misfortunes.

Con. You know I'd die to serve you, sir; but of what use is your giving me leave to spake, if you oblige me to hould my tongue? 'tis out of pure love and affection that I put you in mind of your misfortunes.

Lees. Well, Connolly, a few days will, in all probability, enable me to redeem my honour, and to reward your fidelity; the lovely Emily, you know, has half-consented to embrace the first opportunity of flying with me to Scotland, and the paltry trifles I owe, will not be miss'd in her fortune.

Con. But, dear sir, consider you are going to fight a duel this very evening, and if you should be kilt, I fancy you will find it a little difficult to run away afterwards with the lovely Emily.

Lees. If I fall, there will be an end to my misfortunes.

Con. But surely it will not be quite genteel, to go out of the world without paying your debts.

Lees. But how shall I stay in the world, Connolly, without punishing Belville for ruining my sister?

Con. O, the devil fly away with this honour; an ounce of common sense, is worth a whole ship load of it, if we must prefer a bullet or a halter to a fine young lady and a great fortune.

Lees. We'll talk no more on the subject at present. Take this letter to Mr. Belville; deliver it into his own hand, be sure; and bring me an answer: make haste, for I shall not stir out till you come back.

Con. By my soul, I wish you may be able to stir out then—O, but that's true!

Lees. What's the matter?

Con. Why, sir, the gentleman I last liv'd clerk with, died lately, and left me a legacy of twenty guineas———

Lees. What! is Mr. Stanley dead?

Con. Faith, his friends have behav'd very unkindly if he is not, for they have buried him these six weeks.

Lees. And what then?

Con. Why, sir, I received my little legacy this morning, and if you'd be so good as to keep it for me, I'd be much oblig'd to you.

Lees. Connolly, I understand you, but I am already shamefully in your debt: you've had no money from me this age——

Con. O, sir, that does not signify; if you are not kilt in this damn'd duel, you'll be able enough to pay me: if you are, I sha'n't want it.

Lees. Why so, my poor fellow?

Con. Because, though I am but your clerk, and though I think fighting the most foolish thing upon earth, I'm as much a gentleman as yourself, and have as much right to commit a murder in the way of duelling.

Lees. And what then? You have no quarrel with Mr. Belville?

Con. I shall have a damn'd quarrel with him though if you are kilt: your death shall be reveng'd, depend upon it, so let that content you.

Lees. My dear Connolly, I hope I sha'n't want such a proof of your affection.—How he distresses me!

Con. You will want a second, I suppose, in this affair: I stood second to my own brother in the Fifteen Acres, and though that has made me detest the very thought of duelling ever since; yet if you want a friend, I'll attend you to the field of death with a great deal of satisfaction.

Lees. I thank you, Connolly, but I think it extremely wrong in any man who has a quarrel to ex-

pose his friend to difficulties; we shou'dn't seek for redress, if we are not equal to the task of fighting our own battles; and I choose you particularly to carry my letter, because you may be supposed ignorant of the contents, and thought to be acting only in the ordinary course of your business.

Con. Say no more about it, honey; I will be back with you presently. [*Going, returns.*] I put the twenty guineas in your pocket, before you were up, sir; and I don't believe you'd look for such a thing there, if I wasn't to tell you of it. [*Exit.*

Lees. This faithful, noble hearted creature!—but let me fly from thought; the business I have to execute will not bear the test of reflection. [*Exit.*

Re-enter CONNOLLY.

Con. As this is a challenge, I shou'dn't go without a sword; come down, little tickle-pitcher. [*Takes a sword.*] Some people may think me very conceited now; but as the dirties black-legs in town can wear one without being stared at, I don't think it can suffer any disgrace by the side of an honest man. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Changes to an Apartment at BELVILLE'S. *Enter Mrs.* BELVILLE.

Mrs. Bel. How strangely this affair of Mrs. Tempest hangs upon my spirits, though I have every reason, from the tenderness, the politeness, and the ge-

nerosity of Mr. Belville, as well as from the woman's behaviour, to believe the whole charge the result of a disturbed imagination.—Yet suppose it should be actually true:—Heigho!—well, suppose it should;—I would endeavour—I think I would endeavour to keep my temper:—a frowning face never recovered a heart that was not to be fixed with a smiling one:—but women in general forget this grand article of the matrimonial creed entirely; the dignity of insulted virtue obliges them to play the fool, whenever their Corydons play the libertine; and poh! they must pull down the house about the traitors ears, though they are themselves to be crushed in pieces by the ruins.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Lady Rachel Mildew, madam. [*Exit Serv.*

Enter Lady RACHEL MILDEW.

Lady Rach. My dear, how have you done since the little eternity of my last seeing you? Mr. Torrington is come to town, I hear.

Mrs. Bel. He is, and must be greatly flattered to find that your ladyship has made him the hero of your new comedy.

Lady Rach. Yes, I have drawn him as he is, an honest practitioner of the law; which is, I fancy, no very common character———

Mrs. Bel. And it must be a vast acquisition to the theatre.

Lady Rach. Yet the managers of both houses have refused my play; have refused it peremptorily! though I offered to make them a present of it.

Mrs. Bel. That's very surprising, when you offered to make them a present of it.

Lady Rach. They alledge, that the audiences are tired of crying at comedies; and insist that my Despairing Shepherdess is absolutely too dismal for representation.

Mrs. Bel. What, though you have introduced a lawyer in a new light!

Lady Rach. Yes, and have a boarding-school romp, that slaps her mother's face, and throws a bason of scalding water at her governess.

Mrs. Bel. Why surely these are capital jokes!

Lady Rach. But the managers cann't find them out. ——However, I am determined to bring it out somewhere; and I have discovered such a treasure for my boarding-school romp, as exceeds the most sanguine expectation of criticism.

Mrs. Bel. How fortunate!

Lady Rach. Going to Mrs. Le Blond, my millener's, this morning, to see some contraband silks, (for you know there's a foreign minister just arrived) I heard a loud voice rehearsing Juliet from the dining-room; and, upon inquiry, found that it was a country girl just eloped from her friends in town, to go upon the stage with an Irish manager.

Mrs. Bel. Ten to one, the strange woman's niece, who has been here this morning. [*Aside.*

Lady Rach. Mrs. Le Blond has some doubts about the manager, it seems, though she has not seen him yet, because the apartments are very expensive, and were taken by a fine gentleman out of livery.

Mrs. Bel. What am I to think of this?——Pray, Lady Rachel, as you have conversed with this young actress, I suppose you could procure me a sight of her?

Lady Rach. This moment if you will, I am very intimate with her already; but pray keep the matter a secret from your husband, for he is so witty, you know, upon my passion for the drama, that I shall be teased to death by him.

Mrs. Bel. O, you may be very sure that your secret is safe, for I have a most particular reason to keep it from Mr. Belville; but he is coming this way with Captain Savage, let us at present avoid him. [*Exeunt.*

Enter BELVILLE *and Captain* SAVAGE.

Capt. You are a very strange man, Belville; you are for ever tremblingly solicitous about the happiness of your wife, yet for ever endangering it by your passion for variety.

Bel. Why, there is certainly a contradiction between my principles and my practice; but if ever you marry, you'll be able to reconcile it perfectly. Possession, Savage! O, possession, is a miserable whetter of the appetite in love! and I own myself so sad a fellow, that though I would not exchange Mrs. Belville's mind for any woman's upon earth, there is

scarcely a woman's person upon earth which is not to me a stronger object of attraction.

Capt. Then, perhaps, in a little time you'll be weary of Miss Leeson?

Bel. To be sure I shall; though, to own the truth, I have not yet carried my point conclusively with the little monkey.

Capt. Why, how the plague has she escaped a moment in your hands?

Bel. By a mere accident.—She came to the lodgings, which my man Spruce prepared for her, rather unexpectedly last night, so that I happened to be engaged particularly in another quarter—you understand me—and the damn'd aunt found me so much employment all the morning, that I could only send a message by Spruce, promising to call upon her the first moment I had to spare in the course of the day.

Capt. And so you are previously satisfied that you shall be tired of her?

Bel. Tired of her?—Why, I am at this moment in pursuit of fresh game, against the hour of satiety:—game, that you know to be exquisite: and I fancy I shall bring it down, though it is closely guarded by a deal of that pride, which passes for virtue with the generality of your mighty good people.

Capt. Indeed! and may a body know this wonder?

Bel. You are to be trusted with any thing, for you are the closest fellow I ever knew, and the rack itself would hardly make you discover one of your own secrets to any body——What do you think of Miss Walsingham?

Capt. Miss Walsingham!—Death and the devil! [*Aside.*

Bel. Miss Walsingham.

Capt. Why surely she has not received your addresses with any degree of approbation?

Bel. With every degree of approbation I could expect.

Capt. She has?

Bel. Ay: why this news surprises you?

Capt. It does indeed!

Bel. Ha, ha, ha! I cann't help laughing to think what a happy dog Miss Walsingham's husband is likely to be!

Capt. A very happy dog, truly!

Bel. She's a delicious girl, is'n't she, Savage?—— but she'll require a little more trouble;—for a fine woman, like a fortified town, to speak in your father's language, demands a regular siege; and we must even allow her the honours of war, to magnify the greatness of our own victory.

Capt. Well, it amazes me how you gay fellows ever have the presumption to attack a woman of principle; Miss Walsingham has no apparent levity of any kind about her.

Bel. No; but she continued in my house after I had whispered my passion in her ear, and gave me a second opportunity of addressing her improperly; what greater encouragement could I desire?

Enter SPRUCE.

Well, Spruce, what are your commands?

Spruce. My lady is just gone out with Lady Rachel, sir.

Bel. I understand you.

Spruce. I believe you do. [*Aside. Exit.*

Capt. What is the English of these significant looks between Spruce and you?

Bel. Only that Miss Walsingham is left alone, and that I have now an opportunity of entertaining her; you must excuse me, Savage; you must, upon my soul; but not a word of this affair to any body; because, when I shake her off my hands, there may be fools enough to think of her upon terms of honourable matrimony. [*Exit.*

Capt. So, here's a discovery! a precious discovery! and while I have been racking my imagination, and sacrificing my interest, to promote the happiness of this woman, she has been listening to the addresses of another; to the addresses of a married man! the husband of her friend, and the intimate friend of her intended husband!—By Belville's own account, however, she has not yet proceeded to any criminal lengths—But why did she keep the affair a secret from me? or why did she continue in his house after a repeated declaration of his unwarrantable attachment?—What's to be done?—If I open my engagement with her to Belville, I am sure he will instantly desist;—but then her honour is left in a state extremely questionable—It shall be still concealed—While it remains unknown, Belville will himself tell me every thing;—and doubt, upon an occasion of

this nature, is infinitely more insupportable than the downright falsehood of the woman whom we love.

[*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

An Apartment in General SAVAGE'*s House. Enter General* SAVAGE *and* TORRINGTON.

General.

ZOUNDS! Torrington, give me quarter, when I surrender up my sword: I own that for these twenty years, I have been suffering all the inconveniencies of marriage, without tasting any one of its comforts, and rejoicing in an imaginary freedom, while I was really grovelling in chains.

Tor. In the the dirtiest chains upon earth;—yet you wou'dn't be convinc'd, but laugh'd at all your married acquaintance as slaves, when not one of them put up with half so much from the worst wife, as you were oblig'd to crouch under from a kept mistress.

Gen. 'Tis too true. But, you know she sacrificed much for me;—you know that she was the widow of a colonel, and refus'd two very advantageous matches on my account.——

Tor. If she was the widow of a judge, and had refused a high chancellor, she was still a devil incarnate, and you were in course a madman to live with her.

Gen. You don't remember her care of me when I have been sick.

Tor. I recollect, however, her usage of you in health, and you may easily find a tenderer nurse, when you are bound over by the gout or the rheumatism.

Gen. Well, well, I agree with you that she is a devil incarnate; but I am this day determin'd to part with her for ever.

Tor. Not you indeed.

Gen. What, don't I know my own mind?

Tor. Not you indeed, when she is in the question: with every body else, your resolution is as unalterable as a determination in the house of peers; but Mrs. Tempest is your fate, and she reverses your decrees with as little difficulty as a fraudulent debtor now-a-days procures his certificate under a commission of bankruptcy.

Gen. Well, if, like the Roman Fabius, I conquer by delay, in the end, there will be no great reason to find fault with my generalship. The proposal of parting now comes from herself.

Tor. O, you daren't make it for the life of you.

Gen. You must know that this morning we had a smart cannonading on Belville's account, and she threatens, as I told you before, to quit my house if I don't challenge him for taking away her niece.

Tor. That fellow is the very devil among the women, and yet there isn't a man in England fonder of his wife.

Gen. Poh, if the young minx hadn't surrender'd to him, she would have capitulated to somebody else, and I shall at this time be doubly obliged to him, if he is any ways instrumental in getting the aunt off my hands.

Tor. Why at this time?

Gen. Because, to shew you how fixed my resolution is to be a keeper no longer, I mean to marry immediately.

Tor. And cann't you avoid being press'd to death, like a felon who refuses to plead, without incurring a sentence of perpetual imprisonment?

Gen. I fancy you would yourself have no objection to a perpetual imprisonment in the arms of Miss Walsingham.

Tor. But have you any reason to think that upon examination in a case of love, she would give a favourable reply to your interrogatories?

Gen. The greatest—do you think I'd hazard such an engagement without being perfectly sure of my ground? Notwithstanding my present connection won't suffer me to see a modest woman at my own house—She always treats me with particular attention whenever I visit at Belville's, or meet her any where else—If fifty young fellows are present, she directs all her assiduities to the old soldier, and my son has a thousand times told me that she professes the highest opinion of my understanding.

Tor. And truly you give a notable proof of your

understanding, in thinking of a woman almost young enough to be your grand-daughter.

Gen. Nothing like an experienc'd chief to command in any garrison.

Tor. Recollect the state of your present citadel.

Gen. Well, if I am blown up by my own mine, I shall be the only sufferer—There's another thing I want to talk of, I am going to marry my son to Miss Moreland.

Tor. Miss Moreland!—

Gen. Belville's sister.

Tor. O, ay, I remember that Moreland had got a good estate to assume the name of Belville.

Gen. I haven't yet mentioned the matter to my son, but I settled the affair with the girl's mother yesterday, and she only waits to communicate it to Belville, who is her oracle, you know.

Tor. And are you sure the captain will like her?

Gen. I am not so unreasonable as to insist upon his liking her, I shall only insist upon his marrying her.

Tor. What, whether he likes her or not?

Gen. When I issue my orders, I expect them to be obey'd; and don't look for an examination into their propriety.

Tor. What a delightful thing it must be to live under a military government, where a man is not to be troubled with the exercise of his understanding.

Gen. Miss Moreland has thirty thousand pounds—That's a large sum of ammunition money.

Tor. Ay, but a marriage merely on the score of fortune, is only gilding the death-warrant sent down for the execution of a prisoner. However as I know your obstinate attachment to what you once resolve, I sha'n't pretend to argue with you; where are the papers which you want me to consider?

Gen. They are in my library—File off with me to the next room, and they shall be laid before you—But first I'll order the chariot, for the moment I have your opinion, I purpose to sit down regularly before Miss Walsingham—who waits there?

Enter a Servant.

Gen. Is Mrs. Tempest at home?

Serv. Yes, sir, just come in, and just going out again.

Gen. Very well; order the chariot to be got ready.

Serv. Sir, one of the pannels was broke last night at the opera-house.

Gen. Sir, I didn't call to have the pleasure of your conversation, but to have obedience paid to my orders.

Tor. Go order the chariot, you blockhead.

Serv. With the broken pannel, sir!

Gen. Yes, you rascal, if both pannels were broke, and the back shattered to pieces.

Serv. The coachman thinks that one of the wheels is damag'd, sir.

Gen. Don't attempt to reason, you dog, but execute

your orders.——Bring the chariot without the wheels, if you cann't bring it with them.

Tor. Ay, bring it, if you reduce it to a sledge, and let your master look like a malefactor for high treason, on his journey to Tyburn.

Enter Mrs. TEMPEST.

Mrs. Temp. General Savage, is the house to be for ever a scene of noice with your domineering?—The chariot sha'n't be brought—it won't be fit for use 'till it is repaired—and John shall drive it this very minute to the coach-maker's.

Gen. Nay, my dear, if it isn't fit for use, that's another thing.

Tor. Here's the experienced chief, that's fit to command in any garrison. [*Aside.*

Gen. Go, order me the coach then. [*To the Serv.*

Mrs. Temp. You cann't have the coach.

Gen. And why so, my love?

Mrs. Temp. Because I want it for myself.—Robert, get a hack for your master—though indeed I don't see what business he has out of the house.

[*Exeunt Mrs.* Temp. *and Serv.*

Tor. When you issue orders, you expect them to be obeyed, and don't look for an examination into their propriety.

Gen. The fury!—this has steel'd me against her for ever, and nothing on earth can now prevent me from drumming her out immediately.

Mrs. Temp. [*Behind.*] An unreasonable old fool—But I'll make him know who governs this house!

Gen. Zounds! here she comes again; she has been lying in ambuscade, I suppose, and has over-heard us.

Tor. What if she has? you are steeled against her for ever.

Gen. No, she's not coming—she's going down stairs;—and now, dear Torrington, you must be as silent as a sentinel on an out-post about this affair. If that virago was to hear a syllable of it, she might perhaps attack Miss Walsingham in her very camp, and defeat my whole plan of operations.

Tor. I thought you were determin'd to drum her out immediately. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to BELVILLE'*s*. *Enter Miss* WALSINGHAM, *followed by* BELVILLE.

Miss Wal. I beg, sir, that you will insult me no longer with your solicitations of this nature—Give me proofs of your sincerity indeed! What proofs of your sincerity can your situation admit of, if I could be even weak enough to think of you with partiality at all?

Bel. If our affections, madam, were under the government of our reason, circumstanced as I am, this unhappy bosom wouldn't be torn by passion for Miss Walsingham.——Had I been bless'd with your ac-

quaintance before I saw Mrs. Belville, my hand as well as my heart, would have been humbly offer'd to your acceptance—fate, however, has ordered it otherwise, and it is cruel to reproach me with that situation as a crime, which ought to be pitied as my greatest misfortune.

Miss Wal. He's actually forcing tears into his eyes. —However, I'll mortify him severely. [*Aside.*

Bel. But such proofs of sincerity as my situation can admit of, you shall yourself command, as my only business in existence is to adore you.

Miss Wal. His only business in existence to adore me! [*Aside.*

Bel. Prostrate at your feet, my dearest Miss Walsingham, [*Kneeling*] behold a heart eternally devoted to your service.—You have too much good sense, madam, to be the slave of custom, and too much humanity not to pity the wretchedness you have caused. —Only, therefore, say that you commiserate my sufferings—I'll ask no more—and surely that may be said, without any injury to your purity, to snatch even an enemy from distraction—where's my handkerchief? [*Aside.*

Miss Wal. Now to answer in his own way, and to make him ridiculous to himself. [*Aside.*] If I thought, if I could think [*Affecting to weep.*] that these protestations were real.

Bel. How can you, madam, be so unjust to your own merit? how can you be so cruelly doubtful of my so-

lemn asseverations?—Here I again kneel, and swear eternal love!

Miss Wal. I don't know what to say—but there is one proof—[*Affecting to weep.*]

Bel. Name it, my angel, this moment, and make me the happiest of mankind!

Miss Wal. Swear to be mine for ever.

Bel. I have sworn it a thousand times, my charmer; and I will swear it to the last moment of my life.

Miss Wal. Why then—but don't look at me, I beseech you—I don't know how to speak it———

Bel. The delicious emotion—do not check the generous tide of tenderness that fills me with such ecstacy.

Miss Wal. You'll despise me for this weakness.

Bel. This weakness—this generosity, which will demand my everlasting gratitude.

Miss Wal. I am a fool—but there is a kind of fatality in this affair—and I do consent to go off with you.

Bel. Eternal blessings on your condescension.

Miss Wal. You are irresistible, and I am ready to fly with you to any part of the world.

Bel. Fly to any part of the world indeed—you shall fly by yourself then! [*Aside.*] You are the most lovely, the most tender creature in the world, and thus again let me thank you: O, Miss Walsingham, I cannot express how happy you've made me!—But where's the necessity of our leaving England?

Miss Wal. I thought he wou'dn't like to go abroad.

[*Aside.*] That I may possess the pleasure of your company unrival'd.

Bel. I must cure her of this taste for travelling— [*Aside.*

Miss Wal. You don't answer, Mr. Belville?

Bel. Why I was turning the consequence of your proposal in my thoughts, as going off—going off—you know——

Miss Wal. Why going off, you know, is going off—And what objection can you have to going off?

Bel. Why going off, will subject you at a certainty, to the slander of the world; whereas by staying at home, we may not only have numberless opportunities of meeting, but at the same time prevent suspicion itself from ever breathing on your reputation.

Miss Wal. I didn't dream of your starting any difficulties, sir.—Just now I was dearer to you than all the world.

Bel. And so you are, by heaven!

Miss Wal. Why won't you sacrifice the world then at once to obtain me?

Bel. Surely, my dearest life, you must know the necessity, which every man of honour is under, of keeping up his character?

Miss Wal. So, here's this fellow swearing to ten thousand lies, and yet talking very gravely about his honour and his character. [*Aside.*] Why, to be sure in these days, Mr. Belville, the instances of conjugal infidelity are so very scarce, and men of fashion are so remarkable for a tender attachment to their wives,

that I don't wonder at your circumspection—But do you think I can stoop to accept you by halves, or admit of any partnership in your heart?

Bel. O you must do more than that, if you have any thing to say to me. [*Aside.*] Surely, madam, when you know my whole soul unalterably your own, you will permit me to preserve those appearances with the world, which are indispensibly requisite—Mrs. Belville is a most excellent woman, however it may be my fortune to be devoted to another—Her happiness, besides, constitutes a principal part of my felicity, and if I was publicly to forsake her, I should be hunted as a monster from society.

Miss Wal. Then, I suppose it is by way of promoting Mrs. Belville's repose, sir, that you make love to other women; and by way of shewing the nicety of your honour, that you attempt the purity of such as your own roof, peculiarly, intitles to protection. For the honour intended to me—thus low to the ground let me thank you, Mr. Belville.

Bel. Laugh'd at, by all the stings of mortification!

Miss Wal. Good bye.—Don't let this accident mortify your vanity too much;—but take care, the next time you vow eternal love, that the object is neither tender enough to sob—sob—at your distress; nor provoking enough to make a proposal of leaving England.—How greatly a little common sense can lower these fellows of extraordinary impudence! [*Exit.*

Bel. [*Alone.*] So then, I am fairly taken in, and she

has been only diverting herself with me all this time:—however, lady fair, I may chance to have the laugh in a little time on my side; for if you can sport in this manner about the flame, I think it must in the run lay hold of your wings:—what shall I do in this affair?—she sees the matter in its true light, and there's no good to be expected from thumping of bosoms, or squeezing white handkerchiefs:—no these won't do with women of sense, and in a short time, they'll be ridiculous to the very babies of a boarding-school.

Enter Captain SAVAGE.

Capt. Well, Belville, what news? You have had a fresh opportunity with Miss Walsingham.

Bel. Why, faith, Savage, I've had a most extraordinary scene with her, and yet have but little reason to brag of my good fortune, though she offered in express terms to run away with me.

Capt. Pr'ythee explain yourself, man; she cou'dn't surely be so shameless!

Bel. O, her offering to run away with me, was by no means the worst part of the affair.

Capt. No, then it must be damned bad indeed! but pr'ythee, hurry to an explanation.

Bel. Why, then the worst part of the affair is, that she was laughing at me the whole time; and made this proposal of an elopement, with no other view, than to shew me in strong colours to myself, as a very dirty fellow to the best wife in England.

Capt. I am very easy. [*Aside.*

Enter SPRUCE.

Spruce. Sir, there is an Irish gentleman below with a letter for you, who will deliver it to nobody but yourself.

Bel. Shew him up then.

Spruce. Yes, sir.

Capt. It may be on business, Belville; I'll take my leave of you.

Bel. O, by no means; I can have no business which I desire to keep from you, though you are the arrant'st miser of your confidence upon earth, and would rather trust your life in any body's hands, than even a paltry amour with the apprentice of a milliner.

Enter CONNOLLY.

Con. Gintlemin, your most obedient; pray which of you is Mr. Belville?

Bel. My name is Belville, at your service, sir.

Con. I have a little bit of a letter for you, sir.

Bel. [*Reads.*]

'SIR,

'The people where Miss Leeson lately lodged, 'asserting possitively that you have taken her away 'in a fictitious character, the brother of that unhappy 'girl, thinks himself obliged to demand satisfaction 'for the injury you have done his family; though a 'stranger to your person, he is sufficiently acquainted 'with your reputation for spirit, and shall, therefore,

'make no doubt of seeing you with a case of pistols, 'near the ring in Hyde Park, at eight o'clock this 'evening, to answer the claim of

'George Leeson.

'To Craggs Belville, Esq.'

Capt. Eight o'clock in the evening! 'tis a strange time!

Con. Why so, honey? A fine evening is as good a time for a bad action as a fine morning; and if a man of sense can be such a fool as to fight a duel, he should never sleep upon the matter, for the more he thinks of it, the more he must feel himself ashamed of his resolution.

Bel. A pretty letter!

Con. O yes, an invitation to a brace of bullets is a very pretty thing.

Bel. For a challenge, however, 'tis very civilly written!

Con. Faith, if it was written to me, I shou'dn't be very fond of such civility; I wonder he doesn't sign himself, your most obedient servant.

Capt. I told you Leeson's character, and what would become of this damn'd business; but your affairs—are they settled, Belville?

Bel. O they are always settled—for as this is a country where people occasionally die, I take constant care to be prepared for contingencies.

Con. Occasionally die!—I'll be very much obliged to you, sir, if you will tell me the country were peo-

ple do not die? for I'll immediately go and end my days there.

Bel. Ha, ha, ha!

Con. Faith, you may laugh, gintlemin, but tho' I am a foolish Irishman, and come about a foolish piece of business, I'd prefer a snug birth in this world, bad as it is, to the finest coffin in all Christendom.

Bel. I am surpris'd, sir, that thinking in this manner, you would be the bearer of a challenge.

Con. And well you may, sir,—But we must often take a pleasure in serving our friends, by doing things that are very disagreeable to us.

Capt. Then you think Mr. Leeson much to blame, perhaps, for hazarding his life where he can by no means repair the honour of his sister.

Con. Indeed and I do—But I shall think this gintlemin, begging his pardon, much more to blame for meeting him.

Bel. And why so, sir—You wou'dn't have me disappoint your friend?

Con. Faith, and that I would—He, poor lad, may have some reason at present to be tired of the world, but you have a fine estate, a fine wife, a fine parcel of children—In short, honey, you have every thing to make you fond of living, and the devil burn me, was I in your case, if I'd stake my own happiness against the misery of any man.

Bel. I am very much obliged to your advice, sir, tho' on the present occasion I cannot adopt it; be so good as to present my compliments to your friend,

and tell him I will certainly do myself the honour of attending his appointment.

Con. Why then, upon my soul, I am very sorry for it.

Capt. 'Tis not very customary, sir, with gentlemen of Ireland to oppose an affair of honour.

Con. They are like the gintlemin of England, sir, they are brave to a fault; yet I hope to see the day that it will be infamous to draw the swords of either, against any body but the enemies of their country.

[*Exit.*

Bel. I am quite charmed with this honest Hibernian, and would almost fight a duel for the pleasure of his acquaintance.

Capt. Come, step with me a little, and let us consider, whether there may not be some method of accommodating this cursed business.

Bel. Poh! don't be uneasy upon my account; my character, with regard to affairs of this nature, is unhappily too well established, and you may be sure that I shan't fight with Leeson.

Capt. No—you have injured him greatly.

Bel. The very reason of all others why I should not cut his throat. [*Exeunt.*

Enter SPRUCE.

Spruce. What, the devil, this master of mine has got a duel upon his hands! Zounds! I am sorry for that; he is a prince of a fellow! and a good sub-

ject must always love his prince, though he may now and then be a little out of humour with his actions.

Enter General SAVAGE.

Gen. Your hall-door standing open, Spruce, and none of your sentinels being on guard, I have surprised your camp thus far without resistance: Where is your master?

Spruce. Just gone out with Captain Savage, sir.

Gen. Is your lady at home?

Spruce. No, sir, but Miss Walsingham is at home; shall I inform her of your visit?

Gen. There is no occasion to inform her of it, for here she is, Spruce. [*Exit* Spruce.

Enter Miss WALSINGHAM.

Miss Wal. General Savage, your most humble servant.

Gen. My dear Miss Walsingham, it is rather cruel that you should be left at home by yourself, and yet I am greatly rejoic'd to find you at present without company.

Miss Wal. I cann't but think myself in the best company, when I have the honour of your conversation, General.

Gen. You flatter me too much, madam; yet I am come to talk with you on a serious affair, Miss Walsingham; an affair of importance to me and to yourself:—Have you leisure to favour me with a short audience, if I beat a parley?

Miss Wal. Any thing of importance to you, sir, is always sufficient to command my leisure.——'Tis is as the captain suspected. [*Aside.*

Gen. You tremble, my lovely girl, but don't be alarmed; for though my business is of an important nature, I hope it won't be of a disagreeable one.

Miss Wal. And yet I am greatly agitated. [*Aside.*

Gen. Soldiers, Miss Walsingham, are said to be generally favour'd by the kind partiality of the ladies.

Miss Wal. The ladies are not without gratitude, sir, to those who devote their lives peculiarly to the service of their country.

Gen. Generously said, madam: Then give me leave, without any masked battery, to ask, if the heart of an honest soldier is a prize at all worth your acceptance.

Miss Wal. Upon my word, sir, there's no masked battery in this question.

Gen. I am as fond of a coup-de-main, madam, in love as in war, and hate the tedious method of sapping a town, when there is a possibility of entering sword in hand.

Miss Wal. Why, really, sir, a woman may as well know her own mind, when she is summoned by the trumpet of a lover, as when she undergoes all the tiresome formality of a siege. You see I have caught your own mode of conversing, General.

Gen. And a very great compliment I consider it, madam: But now that you have candidly confess'd

an acquaintance with your own mind, answer me with that frankness for which every body admires you so much. Have you any objection to change the name of Walsingham?

Miss Wal. Why then frankly, General Savage, I say no.

Gen. Ten thousand thanks to you for this kind declaration.

Miss Wal. I hope you won't think it a forward one.

Gen. I'd sooner see my son run away in the day of battle;—I'd sooner think Lord Russel was bribed by Lewis the XIVth, and sooner villify the memory of Algernon Sydney.

Miss Wal. How unjust it was ever to suppose the General a tyrannical father! [*Aside.*

Gen. You have told me condescendingly, Miss Walsingham, that you have no objection to change your name, I have but one question more to ask.

Miss Wal. Pray propose it.

Gen. Would the name of Savage be disagreeable to you?—Speak frankly again, my dear girl!

Miss Wal. Why then again I frankly say, no.

Gen. You make me too happy; and though I shall readily own, that a proposal of this nature would come with more propriety from my son———

Miss Wal. I am much better pleased that you make the proposal yourself, sir.

Gen. You are too good to me.—Torrington thought that I should meet with a repulse. [*Aside.*

Miss Wal. Have you communicated this business to the Captain, sir?

Gen. No, my dear madam, I did not think that at all necessary. I have always been attentive to the Captain's happiness, and I propose that he shall be married in a few days.

Miss Wal. What, whether I will or no?

Gen. O, you can have no objection.

Miss Wal. I must be consulted, however, about the day, General: but nothing in my power shall be wanting to make him happy.

Gen. Obliging loveliness!

Miss Wal. You may imagine, that if I was not previously imprest in favour of your proposal, it would not have met my concurrence so readily.

Gen. Than you own that I had a previous friend in the garrison.

Miss Wal. I don't blush to acknowledge it when I consider the accomplishments of the object, sir.

Gen. O this is too much, madam; the principal merit of the object is his passion for Miss Walsingham.

Miss Wal. Don't say that, General, I beg of you, for I don't think there are many women in the kingdom, who could behold him with indifference.

Gen. Ah, you flattering, flattering angel!—and yet, by the memory of Marlborough, my lovely girl, it was the idea of a prepossession on your part, which encouraged me to hope for a favourable reception.

Miss Wal. Then I must have been very indiscreet, for I labour'd to conceal that prepossession as much as possible.

Gen. You cou'dn't conceal it from me! you cou'd'nt conceal it from me!—The female heart is a field which I am thoroughly acquainted with, and which has more than once been a witness to my victories, madam.

Miss Wal. I don't at all doubt your success with the ladies, General; but as we now understand one another so perfectly, you will give me leave to retire.

Gen. One word, my dear creature, and no more, I shall wait upon you some time to-day, with Mr. Torrington, about the necessary settlements.

Miss. Wal. You must do as you please, General, you are invincible in every thing.

Gen. And if you please, we'll keep every thing a profound secret, 'till the articles are all settled, and the definite treaty ready for execution.

Miss Wal. You may he sure, that delicacy will not suffer me to be communicative on the subject, sir.

Gen. Then leave every thing to my management.

Miss Wal. I cann't trust a more noble negociator.

[*Exit.*

Gen. The day's my own. [*Sings.*]

Britons strike home! strike home! Revenge, &c.

[*Exit singing.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Miss LEESON's *Lodgings. Enter Lady* RACHEL MILDEW, *Mrs.* BELVILLE, *and Miss* LEESON.

Lady Rachel.

WELL, Mrs. Belville, I am extremely glad you agree with me, in opinion of this young lady's qualifications for the stage. Don't you think she'd play Miss Headstrong admirably in my comedy?

Mrs. Bel. Yes, indeed, I think she possesses a natural fund of spirit, very much adapted to the character.—'Tis impossible, surely, that this hoyden can have a moment's attraction for Mr. Belville! [*Aside.*

Miss Lees. You are very obliging, ladies; but I have no turn for comedy; my forte is tragedy intirely.

Alphonso!—O Alphonso, to thee I call, &c.

Lady Rach. But, my dear, is there none of our comedies to your taste?

Miss Lees. O, yes; some of the sentimental ones are very pretty, there's such little difference between them and tragedies.

Lady Rach. And pray, my dear, how long have you been engaged to Mr. Frankly?

Miss Lees. I only came away last night, and hav'n't seen Mr. Frankly since, though I expect him every moment.

Mrs. Bel. Last night! just as Mrs. Tempest mentioned. [*Aside.*

Lady Rach. You had the concurrence of your friends?

Miss Lees. Not I, madam; Mr. Frankly said, I had too much genius to mind my friends, and as I should want nothing from them, there was no occasion to consult them in the affair.

Lady Rach. Then Osbaldiston is not your real name, perhaps?

Miss Lees. O no, nor do I tell my real name: I chose Osbaldiston, because it was a long one, and would make a striking appearance in the bills.

Mrs. Bel. I wish we could see Mr. Frankly.

Miss Lees. Perhaps you may, madam, for he designs to give me a lesson every day, 'till we are ready to set off for Ireland.

Lady Rach. Suppose then, my dear, you would oblige us with a scene in Juliet, by way of shewing your proficiency to Mrs. Belville.

Miss Lees. Will you stand up for Romeo?

Lady Rach. With all my heart, and I'll give you some instructions.

Miss Lees. I beg pardon, ma'am; I'll learn to act under nobody but Mr. Frankly. This room is without a carpet; if you will step into the next, ladies, I'll endeavour to oblige you.

Shall I not be environ'd, distraught——

This way, ladies.

Lady Rach. Pray, madam, shew us the way.

[*Exeunt Miss* Leeson *and Lady* Rachel.

Mrs Bel. I'll prolong this mummery as much as

possible, in hopes the manager may come. Lie still, poor fluttering heart! it cannot be the lord of all your wishes! it cannot surely be your ador'd Belville!

[*Exit.*

Re-enter Miss LEESON.

Miss Lees. Hav'n't I left my Romeo and Juliet here? O yes, there it is.

Enter BELVILLE.

Bel. ——————*O, were those eyes in Heav'n,*
They'd thro' the starry region shine so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it was the morn!

Miss Lees. Ah, my dear Mr. Frankly! I'm so glad you are come! I was dying to see you.

Bel. Kiss me, my dear;—why didn't you send me word of your intention to come away last night?

Miss Lees. I hadn't time: but as I knew where the lodgings were, I thought I should be able to find you by a note to the coffee-house I always directed to.

Bel. Kiss me again, my little sparkler!

Miss Lees. Nay, I won't be kiss'd in this manner! for though I am going on the stage, I intend to have some regard for my character. But, ha, ha, ha! I am glad you are come now: I have company above stairs.

Bel. Company! that's unlucky at this time, for I wanted to make you intirely easy about your character. [*Aside.*] And pray, my dear, who is your company? You know we must be very cautious, for fear of your relations.

Miss Lees. O, they are only ladies.—But one of them is the most beautiful creature in the world!

Bel. The devil she is!

Miss Lees. *An earth-treading star, and makes dim heavens light.*

Bel. Zounds! I'll take a peep at the star, who knows but I may have an opportunity of making another actress. [*Aside.*

Miss Lees. Come, charmer! charmer!

Bel. ————*Wer't thou as far,*
As that vast shore, wash'd by the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.

Now let's see what fortune has sent us above stairs.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to a Dining Room at Miss LEESON'S. *Mrs.* BELVILLE *and Lady* RACHEL *discovered.*

Mrs. Bel. This is a most ignorant young creature, Lady Rachel.

Lady Rach. Why I think she is—did you observe how she slighted my offer of instructing her?

Enter Miss LEESON.

Mis Lees. Ladies!—ladies!—here he is! here is Mr. Frankly!

Enter BELVILLE *bowing very low, and not seeing the Ladies.*

Bel. Ladies, your most obedient.

Mrs. Bel. Let me, if possible, recollect myself—Sir, your most obedient humble servant.

Bel. Zounds! let me out of the house.

Lady Rach. What do I see?

Miss Lees. You seem, ladies, to know this gentleman?

Mrs. Bel. [*Taking hold of him.*] You sha'n't go, renegade—You laugh'd at my credulity this morning, and I must now laugh at your embarrassment.

Bel. What a kind thing it would be in any body to blow out my stupid brains?

Lady Rach. I'll mark this down for an incident in my comedy.

Miss Lees. What do you hang your head for, Mr. Frankly?

Bel. Be so good as to ask that lady, my dear.—— The devil has been long in my debt, and now he pays me home with a witness.

Mrs. Bel. What a cruel thing it is to let Mrs. Tempest out, my love, without somebody to take care of her!

Miss Lees, What, do you know Mrs. Tempest, madam?

Mrs. Bel. Yes, my dear;——and I am pretty well acquainted with this gentleman.

Miss Lees. What, isn't this gentleman the manager of a playhouse in Ireland!

Bel. The curtain is almost dropt, my dear; the farce is nearly over, and you'll be speedily acquainted with the catastrophe.

Enter Mrs. TEMPEST.

Mrs. Tem. Yes, sir, the curtain is almost dropt: I have had spies to watch your haunts, and the catastrophe ends in your detection——Come, you abandon'd slut——

Miss Lees. And have I elop'd after all, without being brought upon the stage?

Mrs. Tem. I don't know that you would be brought upon the stage; but I am sure you were near being brought upon the town. I hope, madam, for the future, you'll set me down a mad-woman.

[*To Mrs.* Bel.

Mrs. Bel. Mr. Belville, you'll make my apologies to this lady, and acknowledge that I think her perfectly in her senses.

Bel. I wish that I had intirely lost mine.

Lady Rach. [*Writing.*] *I wish that I had intirely lost mine.* A very natural wish in such a situation.

Mrs. Temp. Come, you audacious minx, come away. You shall be sent into Yorkshire this very evening; and see what your poor mother will say to you, hussy.

Miss Lees. I will go on the stage, if I die for't; and 'tis some comfort there's a play-house at York.

[*Exit Mrs.* Tempest, *and Miss* Leeson.

Bel. Nancy, I am so asham'd, so humbled, and so penitent, that if you knew what passes here, I am sure you would forgive me.

Mrs. Bel. My love, though I cannot say I rejoice in your infidelity, yet, believe me, I pity your distress; let us therefore think no more of this.

Lady Rach. [*Writing.*] *And think no more of this.* ——This conduct is new in a wife, and very dramatic.

Bel. Where, my angel, have you acquired so many requisites to charm with?

Mrs. Bel. In your society, my dear; and believe me —that a wife may be as true a friend as any bottle-companion upon earth, though she can neither get merry with you over night, nor blow your brains about some foolish quarrel in the morning.

Bel. If wives knew the omnipotence of virtue, where she wears a smile upon her face, they'd all follow your bewitching example, and make a faithless husband quite an incredible character.

Lady Rach. Quite an incredible character!—Let me set down that. [*Writing.*]

SCENE III.

Changes to General SAVAGE'*s*. *Enter General and Captain.*

Gen. Yes, Horace, I have been just visiting at Belville's.

Capt. You found nobody at home, but Mis Walsingham?

Gen. No, but I'd a long conversation with her, and upon a very interesting subject.

Capt. 'Tis as I guess'd. [*Aside.*

Gen. She is a most amiable creature, Horace.

Capt. So she is, sir, and will make any man happy hat marries her.

Gen. I am glad you think so.

Capt. He's glad I think so!—'tis plain,—but I must leave every thing to himself, and seem wholly passive in the affair. [*Aside.*

Gen. A married life after all, Horace, I am now convinced is the most happy, as well as the most reputable.

Capt. It is indeed, sir.

Gen. Then, perhaps, you would have no objection to be married, if I offered you as agreeable a young woman as Miss Walsingham.

Capt. 'Twould be my first pride on every occasion, sir, to pay an implicit obedience to your commands.

Gen. That's sensibly said, Horace, and obligingly said; prepare yourself therefore for an introduction to the lady in the morning.

Capt. Is the lady prepared to receive me, sir?

Gen. O yes; and you cann't think how highly delighted Miss Walsingham appeared, when I acquainted her with my resolution on the subject.

Capt. She's all goodness!

Gen. The more I know her, the more I am charm'd with her. I must not be explicit with him yet, for fear my secret should get wind, and reach the ears of the enemy. [*Aside.*] I propose, Horace, that you should be married immediately.

Capt. The sooner the better, sir, I have no will but yours.

Gen. [*Shaking hands with him.*] By the memory of Marlbro', you are a most excellent boy!—But what do you think? Miss Walsingham insists upon naming the day.

Capt. And welcome, sir, I am sure she won't make it a distant one.

Gen. O, she said, that nothing in her power should be wanting to make you happy.

Capt. I am sure of that, sir.

Gen. [*A loud knocking.*] Zounds, Horace! here's the disgrace and punishment of my life: let's avoid her as we would a fever in the camp.

Capt. Come to the library, and I'll tell you how whimsically she was treated this morning at Belville's.

Gen. Death and the devil! make haste. O, I must laugh at marriage and be curst to me! But I am providing, Horace, against your falling into my errror.

Capt. I am eternally indebted to you, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Mrs. BELVILLE, *and Lady* RACHEL.

Lady Rach. Nay, Mrs. Belville, I have no patience, you act quite unnaturally.

Mrs. Bel. What! because I am unwilling to be miserable?

Lady Rach. This new instance of Mr. Belville's infidelity——This attempt to seduce Miss Walsingham, which your woman overheard is unpardonable.

Mrs. Bel. I don't say but that I am strongly wounded by his irregularities. Yet if Mr. Belville is unhappily a rover, I would much rather that he should have twenty mistresses than one.

Lady Rach. You astonish me!

Mrs. Bel. Why, don't you know, my dear madam, that while he is divided amidst a variety of objects, 'tis impossible for him to have a serious attachment.

Lady Rach. Lord, Mrs. Belville! how can you speak with so much composure! a virtuous woman should be always outrageous upon such an occasion as this.

Mrs. Bel. What, and weary the innocent sun and moon from the firmament, like a despairing princess in a tragedy—No—no—Lady Rachel, 'tis bad enough to be indifferent to the man I love, without studying to excite his aversion.

Lady Rach. How glad I am that Miss Walsingham made him so heartily asham'd of himself: Lord, these young men are so full of levity: Give me a husband of Mr. Torrington's age, say I.

Mrs. Bel. And give me a husband of Mr. Belville's, say I, with all his follies: However, Lady Rachel, I am pretty well satisfied that my conduct at Miss Leeson's will have a proper effect upon Mr. Belville's generosity, and put an entire end to his gallantries for the future.

Lady Bach. Don't deceive yourself, my dear.——

The gods in the shilling gallery would sooner give up Roast Beef, or go without an epilogue on the first night of a new piece.

Mrs. Bel. Why should you think so of such a man as Mr. Belville?

Lady Rach. Because Mr. Belville is a man: However, if you dare run the risque—we will try the sincerity of his reformation.

Mrs. Bel. If I dare run the risque! I would stake my soul upon his honour.

Lady Rach. Then your poor soul would be in a very terrible situation.

Mrs. Bel. By what test can we prove his sincerity?

Lady Rach. By a very simple one. You know I write so like Miss Walsingham, that our hands are scarcely known asunder.

Mrs. Bel. Well ———

Lady Rach. Why then let me write to him as from her.

Mrs. Bel. If I did not think it would look like a doubt of his honour———

Lady Rach. Poh! dare you proceed upon my plan?

Mrs. Bel. Most confidently: Come to my dressing-room, were you'll find every thing ready for writing, and then you may explain your scheme more particularly.

Lady Rach. I'll attend you, but I am really sorry, my dear, for the love of propriety, to see you so calm under the perfidy of your husband; you should be quite wretched—indeed you should. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Temple. Enter LEESON.

Lees. The hell-hounds are after me, and if I am arrested at this time, my honour will not only be blown upon by Brudenell, but I shall perhaps lose Emily into the bargain. [*Exit.*

Enter LEECH, CROW, *and* WOLF, *dressed in fur habits.*

Leech. Yonder, my lads, he darts through the Cloisters; who the devil could think that he would smoke us in this disguise? Crow, do you take the Fleet-Street side of the Temple, as fast as you can, to prevent his doubling us that way—and, Wolf, do you run round the Garden Court, that he mayn't escape us by the Thames—I'll follow the strait line myself, and the devil's in the dice if he is not snapp'd by one of us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to another part of the Temple. Enter LEESON *on one side, and* CONNOLLY *on the other.*

Lees. Fly, open the chambers this moment—the bailiffs are after me.

Con. Faith and that I will—but it will be of no use to fly a step neither, if I hav'n't the key.

Lees. Zounds! didn't you lock the door?

Con. Yes; but I believe I left the key on the inside —however your own key will do the business as well.

Lees. True, and I forgot it in my confusion, do you stay here, and throw every impediment in the way of these rascals. [*Exit.*

Con. Faith and that I will.

Enter CROW *and* WOLF.

Crow. Pray, sir, did you see a gentleman run this way, drest in green and gold.

Con. In troth I did.

Wolf. And which way did he run?

Con. That I can tell you too.

Wolf. We shall be much oblig'd to you.

Con. Indeed and you will not, Mr. Catchpole, for the devil an information shall you get from Connolly; I see plainly enough what you are, you blackguards, though there's no guessing at you in these fur-coats.

Crow. Keep your information to yourself and be damn'd; here the cull comes, a prisoner in the custody of Master Leech.

Enter LEESON, *and* LEECH.

Lees. Well, but treat me like a gentleman—Don't expose me unnecessarily.

Leech. Expose you, master, we never expose any body, 'till gentlemen thus expose themselves, venever they compels their creditors to arrest them.

Con. And where's your authority for arresting the

gentleman; let us see it this minute, for may be you hav'n't it about you.

Leech. O here's our authority, ve knew as we had to do vid a lawyer, and so we came properly prepar'd, my master.

Lees. What shall I do?

Con. Why hark'e, sir—Don't you think that you and I could beat these three thieves, to their hearts content?—I have nothing but my carcase to venture for you, honey, but that you are as welcome to as the flowers in May.

Lees. O, by no means, Connolly, we must not fly in the face of the laws.

Con. That's the reason that you are going to fight a duel.

Lees. Hark'e, officer—I have some very material business to execute in the course of this evening: here are five guineas for a little indulgence, and I assure you, upon the honour of a gentleman, that if I have life, I'll attend your own appointment to-morrow morning.

Leech. I cann't do it, master—Five guineas to be sure is a genteel thing—but I have ten for the taking of you, do you see—and so if you please to step to my house in Southampton-Buildings, you may send for some friend to bail you, or settle the affair as well as you can with the plaintiff.

Con. I'll go bail for him this minute, if you don't want some body to be bail for myself.

Lees. Let me reflect a moment.

Crow. [*To Con.*] Can you swear yourself worth one hundred and seventy pounds when your debts are paid?

Con. In troth, I cannot, nor one hundred and seventy pence—unless I have a mind to perjure myself. —But one man's body is as good as another's, and since he has no bail to give you but his flesh, the fattest of us two is the best security.

Wolf. No, if we cann't get better bail than you, we shall lock up his body in prison according to law.

Con. Faith, and a very wise law it must be, which cuts off every method of getting money, by way of making us pay our debts.

Leech. Well, Master Leeson, what do you determine upon?

Lees. A moment's patience—Yonder I see Mr. Torrington—a thought occurs—yet it carries the appearance of fraud——however, as it will be really innocent, nay laughable in the end, and as my ruin or salvation depends upon my present decision, it must be hazarded.

Crow. Come, master, fix upon something, and don't keep us waiting for you.

Con. By my soul, honey, he don't want you to wait for him; he'll be very much obliged to you if you go away, and leave him to follow his own business.

Lees. Well, gentlemen—here comes Mr. Torrington: you know him, I suppose, and will be satisfied with his security.

Leech. O we'll take his bail for ten thousand pounds, my master—Every body knows him to be a man of fortune.

Lees. Give me leave to speak to him then, and I shall not be ungrateful for the civility.

Leech. Well we will—But hark'e, lads, look to the passes, that no tricks may be play'd upon travellers.

Enter TORRINGTON.

Lees. Mr. Torrington, your most obedient.

Tor. Your humble servant.

Lees. I have many apologies to make, Mr. Torrington, for presuming to stop a gentleman to whom I have not the honour of being known; yet when I explain the nature of my business, sir, I shall by no means despair of an excuse.

Tor. To the business, I beg, sir.

Lees. You must know, sir, that the three gentlemen behind me, are three traders from Dantzick, men of considerable property, who, in the present distracted state of Poland, wish to settle with their families in this country.

Tor. Dantzick traders.——Ay, I see they are foreigners by their dress.

Leech. Ay, now he is opening the affair.

Lees. They want therefore to be naturalized—and have been recommended to me for legal advice.

Tor. You are at the bar, sir.

Lees. I have eat my way to professional honour some time, sir.

Tor. Ay, the cooks of the four societies take care that the students shall perform every thing which depends upon teeth, young gentleman.——The eating exercises are the only ones never dispens'd with.

Lees. I am, however, a very young barrister, Mr. Torrington; and as the affair is of great importance to them, I am desirous that some gentleman of eminence in the law should revise my poor opinion, before they make it a ground of any serious determination.

Tor. You are too modest young gentleman, to entertain any doubts upon this occasion, as nothing is clearer than the laws respecting the naturalization of foreigners.

Con. Faith the old gentleman smiles very good naturedly.

Leech. I fancy he'll stand it, Crow, and advance the crop for the younker.

Lees. To be sure the laws are very clear to gentlemen of your superior abilities.—But I have candidly acknowledged the weakness of my own judgment to my clients, and advis'd them so warmly to solicit your opinion, that they will not be satisfy'd unless you kindly consent to oblige them.

Tor. O, if nothing but my opinion will satisfy them, let them follow me to my chambers, and I'll satisfy them directly.

Lees. You are extremely kind, sir, and they shall attend you.—Gentlemen, will you be so good as to follow Mr. Torrington to his chambers, and he'll satisfy you intirely.

Wolf. Mind that!

Con. Musha! the blessing of St. Patrick upon that ould head of yours.

Tor. What, they speak English, do they?

Lees. Very tolerably, sir!—Bred up general traders, they have a knowledge of several languages; and it would be highly for the good of the kingdom, if we could get more of them to settle among us.

Tor. Right, young gentleman! the number of the people forms the true riches of a state; however, now-a-days, London itself is not only gone out of town, but England itself, by an unaccountable fatality, seems inclin'd to take up her residence in America.

Lees. True, sir! and to cultivate the barbarous borders of the Ohio, we are hourly deserting the beautiful banks of the Thames.

Tor. [*Shaking him by the hand.*] You must come and see me at my chambers, young gentleman! we must be better known to one another.

Con. Do you mind that, you thieves?—

Lees. 'Twill be equally my pride, and my happiness to merit that honour, sir.

Tor. Let your friends follow me, sir!—and pray do you call upon me soon; you shall see a little plan which I have drawn up to keep this poor country, if possible, from undergoing a general sentence of transportation.—Be pleased to come along with me, gentlemen—I'll satisfy you. [*Exit.*

Leech. Well, master! I wish you joy.—You cann't say but we behaved to you like gemmen!

[*Exeunt bailiffs.*

Lees. And if your were all three in the cart, I don't know which of you I would wish to have respited from execution; I have played Mr. Torrington a little trick, Connolly, but the moment I come back I shall recover my reputation, if I even put myself voluntarily into the hands of those worthy gentlemen.——— [*Exit.*

Con. Musha! long life to you old Shillaley; I don't wonder at your being afraid of a prison, for 'tis to be sure a blessed place to live in!—And now let my thick skull consider, if there's any way of preventing this infernal duel.——Suppose I have him bound over to the peace!—No, that will never do: it would be a shameful thing for a gentleman to keep the peace! besides, I must appear in the business, and people may then think from my connection with him, that he has'n't honour enough to throw away his life!—Suppose I go another way to work, and send an anonymous letter about the affair to Mrs Belville; they say, though she is a woman of quality, that no creature upon earth can be fonder of her husband!—Surely the good genius of Ireland put this scheme in my head.—I'll about it this minute, and if there's but one of them kept from the field, I don't think that the other can be much hurt, when there will be no body to fight with him. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Changes to Captain SAVAGE'*s Lodgings. Enter Captain* SAVAGE *and* BELVILLE.

Capt. Why, faith, Belville, your detection, and so speedily too, after all the pretended sanctity of the morning, must have thrown you into a most humiliating situation.

Bel. Into the most distressing you can imagine: had my wife rav'd at my falshood, in the customary manner, I could have brazen'd it out pretty tolerably; but the angel-like sweetness, with which she bore the mortifying discovery, planted daggers in my bosom, and made me at that time wish her the veriest vixen in the whole creation.

Capt. Yet, the suffering forebearance of a wife, is a quality for which she is seldom allowed her merit; we think it her duty to put up with our falsehood, and imagine ourselves exceedingly generous in the main, if we practise no other method of breaking her heart.

Bel. Monstrous! monstrous! from this moment I bid an everlasting adieu to my vices: the generosity of my dear girl—

Enter a Servant to BELVILLE.

Ser. Here's a letter, sir, which Mr. Spruce has brought you.

Bel. Give me leave, Savage—Zounds! what an

industrious devil the father of darkness is, when the moment a man determines upon a good action, he sends such a thing as this, to stagger his resolution.

Capt. What have you got there?

Bel. You shall know presently. Will you let Spruce come in?

Capt. Where have you acquired all this ceremony?

Bel. Bid Spruce come in.

Ser. Yes, sir.

Capt. Is that another challenge?

Bel. 'Tis upon my soul, but it came from a beautiful enemy, and dares me to give a meeting to Miss Walsingham.

Capt. How!

Enter SPRUCE.

Bel. Pray, Spruce, who gave you this letter?

Spruce. Miss Walsingham's woman, sir: she said it was about very particular business, and therefore I wou'dn't trust it by any of the footmen.

Capt. O, damn your diligence. [*Aside.*

Bel. You may go home, Spruce.

Spruce. [*Looking significantly at his master.*] Is there no answer necessary, sir?

Bel. I shall call at home myself, and give the necessary answer.

Spruce. [*Aside.*] What can be the matter with him all on a sudden, that he is so cold upon the scent of wickedness? [*Exit.*

Capt. And what answer do you propose making to it, Belville?

Bel. Read the letter, and then tell me what I should do—You know Miss Walsingham's hand.

Capt. O perfectly!—This is not—yes, it is her hand!—I have too many curst occasions to know it. [*Aside.*

Bel. What are you muttering about?—Read the letter.

Capt. [*Reads.*] 'If you are not intirely discouraged by our last conversation, from renewing the subject which then gave offence——'

Bel. Which then gave offence——You see, Savage, that it is not offensive any longer.

Capt. 'Sdeath! you put me out.——'You may at the masquerade, this evening——'

Bel. You remember how earnest she was for the masquerade party.

Capt. Yes, yes, I remember it well: and I remember, also, how hurt she was this morning, about the affair of Miss Leeson. [*Aside.*] 'Have an opportunity of entertaining me'——O, the strumpet! [*Aside.*

Bel. But mind the cunning with which she signs the note, for fear it should by any accident fall into improper hands.

Capt. Ay, and you put it into very proper hands. [*Aside.*] 'I shal be in the blue domino.'——The signature is—— 'YOU KNOW WHO.'

Bel. Yes, you know who.

Capt. May be, however, she has only written this to try you.

Bel. To try me! for what purpose? but if you read a certain postscript there, I fancy you'll be of a different opinion.

Capt. 'If Mr. Belville has any house of character to retire to, it would be most agreeable, as there could be no fear of interruption.'

Bel. What do you say now?—Can you recommend me to any house of character, where we shall be free from interruption?

Capt. O, curse her house of character! [*Aside.*] But surely, Belville, after your late determined resolution to reform——

Bel. Zounds! I forgot that.

Capt. After the unexampled sweetness of your wife's behaviour——

Bel. Don't go on, Savage: there is something here [*Putting his hand upon his bosom.*] which feels already not a little awkwardly.

Capt. And can you still persist?

Bel. I am afraid to answer your question.

Capt. Where the plague are you flying?

Bel. From the justice of your censure, Horace; my own is sufficiently severe; yet I see that I shall be a rascal again, in spite of my teeth; and good advice is only thrown away upon so incorrigible a libertine. [*Ex.*

Capt. So then, this diamond of mine proves a counterfeit after all, and I am really the veriest wretch existing at the moment in which I conceived myself the peculiar favourite of fortune. O the cursed, cursed sex! I'll see her once more to upbraid her with her falsehood, then acquaint my father with her perfidy, to justify my breaking off the marriage, and tear her from my thoughts for ever.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Sir! sir! sir!—

Capt. Sir, sir, sir.—What the devil's the matter with the booby!

Ser. Miss Walsingham, sir!

Capt. Ah! what of her?

Ser. Was this moment overturn'd at Mr. Belville's door; and John tells me carried in a fit into the house.

Capt. Ha! let me fly to her assistance. [*Exit.*

Ser. Ha, let me fly to her assistance—O, are you thereabouts. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Changes to Mr. BELVILLE'S. *Enter Mrs.* BELVILLE, *Miss* WALSINGHAM, *and Lady* RACHEL MILDEW.

Mrs. Bel. But are you indeed recovered, my dear?

Miss Wal. Perfectly, my dear——I wasn't in the least hurt, though greatly terrified, when the two fools of coachmen contended for the honour of being first, and drove the carriages together with a violence incredible.

Lady Rach. I sincerely rejoice at your escape; and now Mrs. Belville, as you promised to choose a dress for me if I went in your party to the masquerade this evening, can you spare a quarter of an hour to Tavistock-street?

Mrs. Bel. I am loth to leave Miss Walsingham alone, Lady Rachel, so soon after her fright.

Miss Wal. Nay, I insist that you don't stay at home upon my account; and Lady Rachel's company to the masquerade is a pleasure I have such an interest in, that I beg you won't delay a moment to oblige her.

Mrs. Bel. Well, then I attend your ladyship.

Lady Rach. You are very good; and so is Miss Walsingham. [*Exit.*

Miss Wal. I wonder Captain Savage stays away so long! where can he be all this time?—I die with impatience to tell him of my happy interview with the General.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Captain Savage, madam.

Miss Wal. Shew him in. [*Exit Ser.*] How he must rejoice to find his conjectures so fortunately realized.

Enter Captain SAVAGE.

Capt. So, madam, you have just escaped a sad accident.

Miss Wal. And by that agreeable tone and countenance, one would almost imagine you were very sorry for my escape.

Capt. People, madam, who doubt the kindness of others, are generally conscious of some defect in themselves.

Miss Wal. Don't madam me, with this accent of indifference. What has put you out of humour?

Capt. Nothing.

Miss Wal. Are you indisposed?

Capt. The crocodile! the crocodile! [*Aside.*

Miss Wal. Do you go to the maquerade to-night?

Capt. No, but you do.

Miss Wal. Why not? Come, don't be ill-natur'd, I'm not your wife yet.

Capt. Nor ever will be, I promise you.

Miss Wal. What is the meaning of this very whimsical behaviour?

Capt. The settled composure of her impudence is intolerable. [*Aside.*] Madam, madam, how have I deserv'd this usage?

Miss Wal. Nay, sir, sir, how have I deserv'd it, if you go to that?

Capt. The letter, madam!—the letter!

Miss Wal. What letter?

Capt. Your letter, inviting a gallant from the masquerade to a house of character, madam!——What you appear surprised?

Miss Wal. Well I may, at so shameless an aspersion,

Capt. Madam, madam, I have seen your letter! Your new lover couldn't keep your secret a moment. But I have nothing to do with you,—and only come to declare my reasons for renouncing you everlastingly.

Enter Servant.

Ser. General Savage, madam.

Miss Wal. Shew him up. [*Exit Ser.*] I am glad he is come, sir; inform him of your resolution to break

off the match, and let there be an end of every thing between us.

Enter General SAVAGE.

Gen. The news of your accident reached me but this moment, madam——or I should have posted much sooner to reconnoitre your situation. My aid-de-camp, however, has not been inattentive I see, and I dare say his diligence will not be the least lessened, when he knows his obligations to you.

Capt. O, sir, I am perfectly sensible of my obligations; and the consciousness of them, was one motive of my coming here.

Gen. Then you have made your acknowledgments to Miss Walsingham, I hope.

Miss Wal. He has indeed, general, said a great deal more than was necessary.

Gen. That opinion proceeds from the liberality of your temper; for 'tis impossible he can ever say enough of your goodness.

Capt. So it is; if you knew but all, sir.

Gen. Why who can know more of the matter than myself.

Miss Wal. This gentleman, it seems, has something, General Savage, very necessary for your information.

Gen. How's this?

Capt. Nay, sir, I only say, that for some particular reasons, which I shall communicate to you at a more proper time, I must beg leave to decline the lady whose hand you kindly intended for me this morning.

Gen. O, you must!——Why, then, I hope you decline at the same time, all pretension to every shilling of my fortune? It is not in my power to make you fight, you poltroon, but I can punish you for cowardice.

Miss Wal. Nay, but General, let me interpose here.——If he can maintain any charge against the lady's reputation, 'twould be very hard that he should be disinherited for a necessary attention to his honour.

Capt. And if I don't make the charge good, I submit to be disinherited without murmuring.

Gen. 'Tis false as hell! the lady is infinitely too good for you, in every respect; and I undervalued her worth, when I thought of her for your wife.

Miss Wal. I am sure the lady is much obliged to your favourable opinion, sir.

Gen. Not in the least, madam; I only do her common justice.

Capt. I cannot bear that you should be displeased a moment, sir; suffer me therefore to render the conversation less equivocal, and a few words will explain every thing.

Gen. Sirrah, I'll hear no explanation; ar'n't my orders that you should marry?

Miss Wal. For my sake hear him, General Savage.

Capt. Madam, I disdain every favour that is to be procured by your interposition. [*Exit.*

Miss Wal. This matter must not be suffered to proceed farther though, provokingly, cruelly as the captain has behaved. [*Aside.*]

Gen. What's that you say, my bewitching girl?

Miss Wal. I say that you must make it up with the captain, and the best way will be to hear his charge patiently.

Gen. I am shocked at the brutality of the dog; he has no more principle than a suttler, and no more steadiness than a young recruit upon drill.—But you shall have ample satisfaction:—this very day I'll cut him off from a possibility of succeeding to a shilling of my fortune. He shall be as miserable as———

Miss Wal. Dear General, do you think that this would give me any satisfaction?

Gen. How he became acquainted with my design, I know not, but I see plainly, that his mutiny proceeds from his aversion to my marrying again.

Miss Wal. To your marrying again, sir! why should he object to that?

Gen. Why, for fear I should have other children, to be sure.

Miss Wal. Indeed, sir, it was not from that motive; and, if I can overlook his folly, you may be prevailed upon to forgive it.

Gen. After what you have seen, justice should make you a little more attentive to your own interest, my lovely girl.

Miss Wal. What, at the expence of his?

Gen. In the approaching change of your situation, there may be a family of your own.

Miss Wal. Suppose there should, sir; won't there be a family of his too?

Gen. I care not what becomes of the family.

Miss Wal. But, pray, let me think a little about it, general.

Gen. 'Tis hard, indeed, when I was so desirous of promoting his happiness, that he should throw any thing in the way of mine.

Miss Wal. Recollect, sir, his offence was wholly confined to me.

Gen. Well, my love, and isn't it throwing an obstacle in the way of my happiness, when he abuses you so grossly for your readiness to marry me?

Miss Wal. Sir!——

Gen. I see, with all your good-nature, that this is a question you cannot rally against.

Miss Wal. It is indeed, sir.——What will become of me? [*Aside.*

Gen. You seem suddenly disordered, my love?

Miss Wal. Why really, sir, this affair affects me strongly.

Gen. Well, it is possible, that for your sake, I may not punish him with as much severity as I intended: in about an hour I shall beg leave to beat up your quarters again with Mr. Torrington; for 'tis necessary I should shew you some proof of my gratitude, since you have been so kindly pleased to honour me with a proof of your affection.

Miss Wal. [*Aside.*] So, now indeed, we're in a hopeful situation. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Changes to TORRINGTON'*s Chambers in the Temple.*
Enter TORRINGTON, LEECH, CROW, *and* WOLF.

Tor. Walk in, gentlemen——A good pretty young man, that we parted with just now—Pray, gentlemen, be seated———

Leech. He is indeed a very pretty young man.

Crow. And knows how to do a genteel thing——

Wolf. As handsome as any body.

Tor. There is a rectitude besides in his polemical principles.

Leech. In what, sir?

Tor. His polemical principles.

Crow. What are they, sir?

Tor. I beg pardon, gentlemen, you are not sufficiently intimate with the English language, to carry on a conversation in it.

Wolf. Yes, we are, sir.

Tor. Because, if it is more agreeable to you, we'll talk in Latin.

Leech. We don't understand Latin, sir.

Tor. I thought you generally conversed in that language abroad.

Crow. No, nor at home neither, sir: there is a language we sometimes talk in, called Slang.

Tor. A species of the ancient Sclavonic, I suppose.

Leech. No, it's a little rum tongue, that we understand among von another——

Tor. I never heard of it before——But to business, gentlemen—the constitution of your country is at present very deplorable, I hear.

Wolf. Why indeed, sir, there never was a greater cry against people in our way.

Tor. But you have laws, I suppose, for the regulation of your trade.

Leech. To be sure we have, sir: nevertheless ve find it very difficult to carry it on.

Crow. We are harrassed with so many oppressions—

Tor. What, by the Prussian troops?

Crow. The Prussian troops, sir!——Lord bless you, no: by the courts of law; if ve make never so small a mistake in our duties.

Tor. Then your duties are very high, or very numerous——

Leech. I am afraid we don't understand one another, sir——

Tor. I am afraid so too—Pray where are your papers, gentlemen?

Leech. Here's all the papers we have, sir——You'll find every thing right——

Tor. I dare say I shall. [*Reads.*] *Middlesex to wit*—Why, this is a warrant from the Sheriff's office to arrest some body.

Crow. To be sure it is, sir——

Tor. And what do you give it to me, for?

Wolf. To shew that we have done nothing contrary to law, sir.

Tor. Who supposes that you have?

Leech. Only because you asked for our papers, sir.

Tor. Why, what has this to do with them?

Crow. Why, that's the warrant for arresting the young gentleman.

Tor. What young gentleman?

Wolf. Lord bless your heart, sir; that stopped you in the street, and that you bailed for the hundred and seventy pounds.

Tor. I bail'd for an hundred and seventy pounds!

Leech. Sure, sir, you told me to follow you to your chambers, and you would satisfy us.

Tor. Pray hear me, sir—ar'n't you a trader of Dantzick?

Leech. I a trader! I am no trader, nor did I ever before hear of any such place.

Tor. Perhaps this gentleman is——

Crow. Lord help your head, I was born in Clare-market, and never was farther out of town in my life than Brentford, to attend the Sheriff at the Middlesex election.

Tor. And it may be that you don't want to be naturaliz'd? [*To* Wolf.

Wolf. For what, my master? I am a Liveryman of London already, and have a vote besides for the four counties.

Tor. Well, gentlemen, having been so good as to tell me what you are not, add a little to the obligation, and tell me what you are?

Leech. Why, sir, the warrant that we have shew'd you, tells that we are sheriff's officers.

Tor. Sheriff's officers are you—O-ho—Sheriff's officers—then I suppose you must be three very honest gentlemen.

Crow. Sir!—we are as honest———

Tor. As sheriff's officers usually are.—Yet could you think of nobody, but a man of the law, for the object of your conspiracy?

Leech. Sir, we don't understand what you mean?

Tor. But I understand what you mean, and therefore I'll deal with you properly.

Wolf. I hope, sir, you'll pay us the money, for we cann't go 'till the affair is certainly settled in some manner.

Tor. O, you can't—why then I will pay you.—But it shall be in a coin you won't like, depend upon it.—Here, Mr. Molesworth—

Enter MOLESWORTH.

Tor. Make out mittimusses for the commitment of these three fellows, they are disguised to defraud people; but I am in the commission for Middlesex, and I'll have you all brought to justice.—I'll teach you to go masquerading about the streets. So take them along, Mr. Molesworth.

Leech. Ve don't fear your mittimus.

Crow. We'll put in bail directly, and try it with you, though you are a great lawyer.

Wolf. He'll make a flat of himself in this Nantzick affair.

Tor. Mighty well—And, if I find the young bar-

rister, he may, perhaps, take a trip to the barbarous borders of the Ohio, from the beautiful banks of the Thames. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

An Apartment at BELVILLE'*s*. *Enter Mrs.* BELVILLE, *and Captain* SAVAGE.

Mrs. Belville.

DON'T argue with me, Captain Savage; but consider that I am a wife, and pity my distraction.

Capt. Dear, madam, there is no occasion to be so much alarm'd; Mr. Belville has very properly determined not to fight; he told me so himself, and should have been effectually prevented, if I hadn't known his resolution.

Mrs. Bel. There is no knowing to what extremities he may be provok'd, if he meets Mr. Leeson; I have sent for you, therefore, to beg that you will save him from the possibility, either of exposing himself to any danger, or of doing an injury to his adversary.

Capt. What would you have me do, madam?

Mrs. Bel. Fly to Hyde-park, and prevent, if yet possible, his meeting with Mr. Leeson: do it, I conjure you, if you'd save me from desperation.

Capt. Though you have no reason whatever to be apprehensive for his safety, madam, yet, since you are so very much affected, I'll immediately execute your commands. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Bel. Merciful Heaven! where is the genero-

sity, where is the sense, where is the shame o men to find a pleasure in pursuits, which they cannot remember without the deepest horror; which they cannot follow without the meanest fraud? and which they cannot effect, without consequences the most dreadful? The single word Pleasure, in a masculine sense, comprehends every thing that is cruel; every thing that is base; and every thing that is desperate: Yet men, in other respects the noblest of their species, make it the principal business of their lives, and do not hesitate to break in upon the peace of the happiest families, though their own must be necessarily exposed to destruction.—O Belville! Belville!—my life! my love!—The greatest crime which a libertine can ever experience, is too despicable to be envied; 'tis at best nothing but a victory over his own humanity; and if he is a husband, he must be dead indeed, if he is not doubly tortured upon the wheel of recollection.

Enter Miss WALSINGHAM *and Lady* RACHEL MILDEW.

Miss Wal. My dear Mrs. Belville, I am extremely unhappy to see you so distress'd.

Lady Rach. Now I am extremely glad to see her so, for if she wasn't greatly distress'd it wou'd be monstrously unnatural.

Mrs. Bel. O Matilda!—my husband! my husband! my children! my children!

Miss Wal. Don't weep, my dear! don't weep! pray

be comforted, all may end happily. Lady Rachel, beg of her not to cry so.

Lady Rach. Why, you are crying yourself, Miss Walsingham; and though I think it out of character to encourage her tears, I cann't help keeping you company.

Mrs. Bel. O, why is not some effectual method contriv'd, to prevent this horrible practice of duelling?

Lady Rach. I'll expose it on the stage, since the law, now-a-days, kindly leaves the whole cognizance of it to the theatre.

Miss Wal. And yet if the laws against it were as well enforced as the laws against destroying the game, perhaps it would be equally for the benefit of the kingdom.

Mrs. Bel. No law will ever be effectual till the custom is render'd infamous.—Wives must shriek!—mothers must agonize!—orphans must multiply! unless some blessed hand strips the fascinating glare from honourable murder, and bravely exposes the idol who is worshipp'd thus in blood. While it is disreputable to obey the laws, we cannot look for reformation:—But if the duellist is once banished from the presence of his sovereign;—if he is for life excluded the confidence of his country;—if a mark of indelible disgrace is stamp'd upon him, the sword of public justice will be the sole chastiser of wrongs; trifles will not be punish'd with death, and offences really meriting such a punishment will be reserv'd

for the only proper avenger, the common executioner.

Lady Rach. I cou'dn't have express'd myself better on the subject, my dear: but till such a hand as you talk of is found, the best will fall into the error of the times.

Miss Wal. Yes, and butcher each other like madmen, for fear their courage should be suspected by fools.

Mrs. Bel. No news yet from Captain Savage?

Lady Rach. He cann't have reach'd Hyde-park yet, my dear.

Miss Wal. Let us lead you to your chamber, my dear; you'll be better there.

Mrs. Bel. Matilda, I must be wretched any where; but I'll attend you.

Lady Rach. Thank heav'n I have no husband to plunge into such a situation!

Miss Wal. And, if I thought I could keep my resolution, I'd determine this moment on living single all the days of my life. Pray don't spare my arm, my dear. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Hyde-Park. Enter BELVILLE.

Bel. I fancy I am rather before the time of appointment; engagements of this kind are the only ones, in which, now-a-days, people pretend to any punctu-

ality :—a man is allow'd half an hour's law to dinner, but a thrust through the body must be given within a second of the clock.

Enter LEESON.

Lees. Your servant, sir.——Your name I suppose is Belville?

Bel. Your supposition is very right, sir; and I fancy I am not much in the wrong, when I suppose your name to be Leeson.

Lees. It is, sir; I am sorry I should keep you here a moment.

Bel. I am very sorry, sir, you should bring me here at all.

Lees. I regret the occasion, be assured, sir; but 'tis not now a time for talking, we must proceed to action.

Bel. And yet talking is all the action I shall proceed to, depend upon it.

Lees. What do you mean, sir? Where are your pistols?

Bel. Where I intend they shall remain till my next journey into the country, very quietly over the chimney in my dressing-room.

Lees. You treat this matter with too much levity, Mr. Belville; take your choice of mine, sir.

Bel. I'd rather take them both, if you please, for then nom ischief shall be done with either of them.

Lees. Sir, this trifling is adding insult to injury; and shall be resented accordingly. Didn't you come here to give me satisfaction?

Bel. Yes, every satisfaction in my power.

Lees. Take one of these pistols then.

Bel. Come, Mr. Leeson, your bravery will not at all be lessened by the exercise of a little understanding: If nothing less than my life can atone for the injury I have unconsciously done you, fire at me instantly, but don't be offended because I decline to do you an additional wrong.

Lees. 'Sdeath, sir, do you think I come here with an intention to murder?

Bel. You come to arm the guilty against the innocent, sir; and that, in my opinion, is the most atrocious intention of murder.

Lees. How's this?——

Bel. Look'e, Mr. Leeson, there's your pistol—— [*Throws it on the ground.*] I have already acted very wrongly with respect to your sister; but, sir, I have some character (though perhaps little enough) to maintain, and I will not do a still worse action, in raising my hand against your life.

Lees. This hypocritical cant of cowardice, sir, is too palpable to disarm my resentment; though I held you to be a man of profligate principles, I nevertheless consider'd you as a man of courage; but if you hesitate a moment longer, by Heaven I'll chastise you on the spot. [*Draws.*]

Bel. I must defend my life; though, if it did not look like timidity, I would inform you—[*They fight, Leeson is disarm'd.*]—Mr. Leeson, there is your sword again.

Lees. Strike it through my bosom, sir;—I don't desire to out-live this instant.

Bel. I hope, my dear sir, that you will long live happy—as your sister, though, to my shame, I can claim no merit on that account, is recover'd unpolluted, by her family: but let me beg, that you will now see the folly of decisions by the sword, when success is not fortunately chain'd to the side of justice. Before I leave you, receive my sincerest apologies for the injuries I have done you; and, be assured, no occurrence will ever give me greater pleasure, than an opportunity of serving you, if, after what is past, you shall at any time condescend to use me as a friend.

[*Exit.*

Lees. Very well—very well—very well.——

Enter CONNOLLY.

What, you have been within hearing, I suppose?

Con. You may say that.

Lees. And isn't this very fine?

Con. Why, I cann't say much as to the finery of it, sir, but it is very foolish.

Lees. And so this is my satisfaction, after all!

Con. Yes, and pretty satisfaction it is. When Mr. Belville did you but one injury, he was the greatest villain in the world; but now that he has done you two, in drawing his sword upon you, I suppose he is a very worthy gentleman.

Lees. To be foil'd, baffled, disappointed in my revenge!—What though my sister is by accident un-

stain'd, his intentions are as criminal as if her ruin was actually perpetrated; there is no possibility of enduring this reflection!—I wish not for the blood of my enemy, but I would at least have the credit of giving him life.

Con. Array, my dear, if you have any regard for the life of your enemy, you shou'dn't put him in the way of death.

Lees. No more of these reflections, my dear Connolly; my own feelings are painful enough. Will you be so good as to take these damn'd pistols, and come with me to the coach?

Con. Troth and that I will; but don't make yourself uneasy; consider that you have done every thing which honour required at your hands.

Lees. I hope so.

Con. Why, you know so: you have broke the laws of Heaven and earth, as nobly as the first lord in the land; and you have convinced the world, that wher-any body has done your family one injury, you have courage enough to do it another yourself, by hazarding your life.

Lees. Those, Connolly, who would live reputably in any country, must regulate their conduct in many cases by its very prejudices.—Custom, with respect to duelling, is a tyrant, whose despotism no body ventures to attack, though every body detests its cruelty.

Con. I didn't imagine that a tyrant of any kind would be tolerated in England. But where do you think of going now? For chambers, you know, will

be most delightfully dangerous, till you have come to an explanation with Mr. Torrington.

Lees. I shall go to Mrs. Crayons.

Con. What, the gentlewoman that paints all manner of colours in red chalk?

Lees. Yes, where I first became acquainted with Emily.

Con. And where the sweet creature has met you two or three times, under pretence of sitting for her picture.

Lees Mrs. Crayons will, I dare say, oblige me in this exigency with an apartment for a few days. I shall write, from her house, a full explanation of my conduct to Mr. Torrington, and let him know where I am; for the honest old man must not be the smallest sufferer, though a thousand prisons were to stare me in the face.——But come, Connolly, we have no time to lose:—Yet, if you had any prudence, you would abandon me in my present situation.

Con. Ah, sir, is this your opinion of my friendship? Do you think that any thing can ever give me half so much pleasure in serving you, as seeing you surrounded by misfortunes? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes to an Apartment at BELVILLE'*s.* *Enter General* SAVAGE, *Mr.* TORRINGTON, *and* SPRUCE.

Spruce. Miss Walsingham will wait on you immediately, gentlemen.

Gen. Very well.

Spruce. [*Aside.*] What can old Holifernes want so continually with Miss Walsingham? [*Exit.*

Gen. When I bring this sweet mild creature home, I shall be able to break her spirit to my own wishes—I'll inure her to proper discipline from the first moment, and make her tremble at the very thought of mutiny.

Tor. Ah, general, you are wonderfully brave, when you know the meekness of your adversary.

Gen. Envy, Torrington—stark, staring envy:—— Few fellows, on the borders of fifty, have so much reason as myself, to boast of a blooming young woman's partiality.

Tor. On the borders of fifty, man!—beyond the confines of threescore.

Gen. The more reason I have to boast of my victory then; but don't grumble at my triumph: you shall have a kiss of the bride, let that content you, Torrington.

Enter Miss WALSINGHAM.

Miss Wal. Gentlemen, your most obedient;—general, I intended writing to you about a trifling mistake; but poor Mrs. Belville has been so very ill, that I cou'dn't find an opportunity.

Gen. I am very sorry for Mrs. Belville's illness, but I am happy, madam, to be personally in the way of receiving your commands; and I wait upon you

with Mr. Torrington, to talk about a marriage settlement.

Miss Wal. Heavens, how shall I undeceive him! [*Aside.*

Tor. 'Tis rather an awkward business, Miss Walsingham, to trouble you upon; but as the general wishes that the affair may be as private as possible, he thought it better to speak to yourself, than to treat with any other person.

Gen. Yes, my lovely girl; and to convince you that I intended to carry on an honourable war, not to pillage like a free-booter. Mr. Torrington will be a trustee.

Miss Wal. I am infinitely obliged to your intention, but there's no necessity to talk about my settlement—for———

Gen. Pardon, me, madam,—pardon me, there is—besides, I have determined that there shall be one, and what I once determine is absolute.—A tolerable hint for her own behaviour, when I have married her, Torrington. [*Aside to* Tor.

Miss Wal. I must not shock him before Mr. Torrington. [*Aside,*] General Savage, will you give me leave to speak a few words in private to you?

Gen. There's no occasion for sounding a retreat, madam. Mr. Torrington is acquainted with the whole business, and I am determined, for your sake, that nothing shall be done without him.

Tor. I can have no objection to your hearing the lady *ex parte*, General.

Miss Wal. What I have to say, sir, is of a very particular nature.

Tor. [*Rising.*] I'll leave the room then.

Gen. [*Opposing him.*] You shan't leave the room, Torrington. Miss Walsingham shall have a specimen of my command, even before marriage, and you shall see, that every women is not to bully me out of my determination. [*Aside to* Tor.

Miss Wal. Well, general, you must have your own way.

Gen. [*To* Tor.] Don't you see that 'tis only fighting the battle stoutly at first, with one of these gentle creatures?

Tor. [*Significantly.*] Ah, general!

Gen. I own, madam, your situation is a distressing one; let us sit down—let us sit down—

Miss Wal. It is unspeakably distressing indeed, sir.

Tor. Distressing however as it may be, we must proceed to issue, madam; the general proposes your jointure to be one thousand pounds a year.

Miss Wal. General Savage!

Gen. You think this too little, perhaps?

Miss Wal. I cann't think of any jointure, sir.

Tor. Why to be sure, a jointure is at best but a melancholy possession, for it must be purchased by the loss of the husband you love.

Miss Wal. Pray don't name it, Mr. Torrington.

Gen. [*Kissing her hand.*] A thousand thanks to you, my lovely girl.

Miss Wal. For Heaven's sake let go my hand.

Gen. I shall be mad 'till it gives me legal possession of the town.

Miss Wal. Gentlemen—general—Mr. Torrington, I—beg you'll hear me.

Gen. By all means, my adorable creature; I can never have too many proofs of your disinterested affection.

Miss Wal. There is a capital mistake in this whole affair—I am sinking under a load of distress.

Gen. Your confusion makes you look charmingly, though.

Miss Wal. There is no occasion to talk of jointure, or marriages to me; I am not going to be married.

Tor. What's this?

Miss Wal. Nor have I an idea in nature, however, enviable I think the honour, of being your wife, sir.

Gen. Madam!

Tor. Why here's a demur!

Miss Wal. I am afraid, sir, that in our conversation this morning, my confusion, arising from the particularity of the subject, has led you into a material misconception.

Gen. I am thunder-struck, madam! I cou'dn't mistake my ground.

Tor. As clear a *nol. pros.* as ever was issued by an attorney-general.

Gen. Surely you cann't forget, that at the first word you hung out a flag of truce, told me even that I had a previous friend in the fort, and didn't so much as hint a single article of capitulation?

Tor. Now for the rejoinder to this replication.

Miss Wal. All this is unquestionably true, general, and perhaps a good deal more; but in reality my confusion before you on this subject to-day was such, that I scarcely knew what I said; I was dying with distress, and at this moment am very little better.—permit me to retire, General Savage, and only suffer me to add, that though I think myself highly flattered by your addresses, it is impossible for me ever to receive them. Lord! Lord! I am glad 'tis over in any manner. [*Exit.*

Tor. Why, we are a little out of this matter, general; the judge has decided against us, when we imagined ourselves sure of the cause.

Gen. The gates shut in my teeth, just as I expected the keys from the governor!

Tor. I am disappointed myself, man; I shan't have a kiss of the bride.

Gen. At my time of life too!

Tor. I said from the first you were too old for her.

Gen. Zounds, to fancy myself sure of her, and to triumph upon a certainty of victory!

Tor. Ay, and to kiss her hand in a rapturous return for her tenderness to you:—let me advise you never to kiss before folks, as long as you live again.

Gen. Don't distract me, Torrington! a joke, where a friend has the misfortune to lose the battle, is a downright inhumanity.

Tor. You told me that your son had accus'd her

of something that you would not bear; suppose we call at his lodgings, he perhaps, as an *amicus curiæ*, may be able to give us a little information.

Gen. Thank you for the thought;—But keep your finger more than ever upon your lips, dear Torrington. You know how I dread the danger of ridicule, and it would be too much, not only to be thrash'd out of the field, but to be laugh'd at into the bargain.

Tor. I thought when you made a presentment of your sweet person to Miss Walsingham, that the bill would be return'd ignoramus. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

BELVILLE's. *Mrs.* BELVILLE, *and Lady* RACHEL MILDEW, *discovered on a Sopha.*

Lady Rach. You heard what Captain Savage said?

Mrs. Bel. I would flatter myself, but my heart will not suffer it; the park might be too full for the horrid purpose, and perhaps they are gone to decide the quarrel in some other place.

Lady Rach. The captain inquired of numbers in the park without hearing a syllable of them, and is therefore possitive that they are parted without doing any mischief.

Mrs. Bel. I am, nevertheless, torn by a thousand apprehensions; and my fancy, with a gloomy kind of fondness, fastens on the most deadly. This very

morning, I exultingly numbered myself in the catalogue of the happiest wives —Perhaps I am a wife no longer;—perhaps, my little innocents, your unhappy father is this moment breathing his last sigh, and wishing, O, how vainly! that he had not preferr'd a guilty pleasure to his own life, to my eternal peace of mind, and your felicity!

Enter SPRUCE.

Spruce. Madam! madam! my master! my master!

Mrs. Bel. Is he safe!

Enter BELVILLE.

Bel. My love!

Mrs. Bel. O, Mr. Belville! [*Faints.*

Bel. Assistance, quick;

Lady Rach. There she revives.

Bel. The angel softens! how this rends my heart!

Mrs. Bel. O, Mr. Belville, if you could conceive the agonies I have endured, you would avoid the possibility of another quarrel as long as you lived, out of common humanity.

Bel. My dearest creature, spare these tender reproaches; you know not how sufficiently I am punish'd to see you thus miserable.

Lady Rach. That's pleasant indeed, when you have yourself deliberately loaded her with affliction.

Bel. Pray, pray, Lady Rachel, have a little mercy: Your poor humble servant has been a very naughty

boy,—but if you only forgive him this single time, he will never more deserve the rod of correction.

Mrs. Bel. Since you are return'd safe, I am happy. Excuse these foolish tears, they gush in spite of me.

Bel. How contemptible do they render me, my love!

Lady Rach. Come, my dear, you must turn your mind from this gloomy subject.—Suppose we step up stairs, and communicate our pleasure to Miss Walsingham?

Mrs. Bel. With all my heart. Adieu, recreant!

[*Exeunt Mrs.* Bel. *and Lady* Rach.

Bel. I don't deserve such a woman, I don't deserve her.—Yet, I believe I am the first husband that ever found fault with a wife for having too much goodness.

Enter SPRUCE.

What's the matter?

Spruce. Your sister——

Bel. What of my sister?

Spruce. Sir, is elop'd.

Bel. My sister!

Spruce. There is a letter left, sir, in which she says, that her motive was a dislike to match with Captain Savage, as she has plac'd her affections unalterably on another gentleman.

Bel. Death and damnation!

Spruce. Mrs. Moreland, your mother, is in the greatest distress, sir, and begs you will immediately

go with the servant that brought the message; for he observing the young lady's maid carrying some bundles out, a little suspiciously, thought there must be some scheme going on, and dogg'd a hackney coach, in which Miss Moreland went off, to the very house where it set her down.

Bel. Bring me to the servant, instantly;—but don't let a syllable of this matter reach my wife's ears, her spirits are already too much agitated. [*Exit.*

Spruce. Zounds, we shall be paid home for the tricks we have play'd in other families. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Changes to Captain SAVAGE'*s Lodgings. Enter Captain* SAVAGE.

Capt. The vehemence of my resentment against this abandoned woman has certainly led me too far. I should not have acquainted her with my discovery of her baseness:—no; if I had acted properly, I should have conceal'd all knowledge of the transaction till the very moment of her guilt, and then burst upon her when she was solacing with her paramour, in all the fulness of security. Now, if she should either alter her mind, with respect to going to the masquerade, or go in a different habit, to elude my observation, I not only lose the opportunity of exposing her, but give her time to plan some plausible excuse for her infamous letter to Belville.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. General Savage, and Mr. Torrington, sir.

Capt. You blockhead, why did you let them wait a moment?—What can be the meaning of this visit? [*Exit Serv.*

Enter General SAVAGE, *and* TORRINGTON.

Gen. I come, Horace, to talk to you about Miss Walsingham.

Capt. She's the most worthless woman existing, sir: I can convince you of it.

Gen. I have already chang'd my own opinion of her.

Capt. What, you have found her out yourself, sir?

Tor. Yes, he has made a trifling discovery.

Gen. 'Sdeath, don't make me contemptible to my son. [*Aside to* Tor.

Capt. But, sir, what instance of her precious behaviour has come to your knowledge? For an hour has scarcely elapsed, since you thought her a miracle of goodness.

Tor. Ay, he has thought her a miracle of goodness within this quarter of an hour.

Gen. Why, she has a manner that would impose upon all the world.

Capt. Yes, but she has a manner also to undeceive the world thoroughly.

Tor. That we have found pretty recently. However, in this land of liberty, none are to be pronoun-

ced guilty, 'till they are positively convicted; I cann't, therefore, find against Miss Walsingham, upon the bare strength of presumptive evidence.

Capt. Presumptive evidence!—hav'n't I promis'd you ocular demonstration?

Tor. Ay, but 'till we receive this demonstration, my good friend, we cannot give judgment.

Capt. Then I'll tell you at once who is the object of her honourable affections.

Gen. Who—who?——

Capt. What would you think if they were plac'd on Belville?

Gen. Upon Belville! has she deserted to him from the corps of virtue?

Capt. Yes, she wrote to him, desiring to be taken from the masquerade to some convenient scene of privacy; and, though I have seen the letter, she has the impudence to deny her own hand.

Gen. What a fiend is there then, disguised under the uniform of an angel!

Tor. The delicate creature that was dying with confusion!

Capt. Only come with me to the masquerade, and you shall see Belville carry her off. 'Twas about the scandalous appointment with him I was speaking, when you conceived I treated her so rudely.

Gen. And you were only anxious to shew her in her real character to me, when I was so exceedingly offended with you.

Capt. Nothing else in the world, sir; I knew you would despise and detest her, the moment you were acquainted with her baseness.

Gen. How she brazen'd it out before my face, and what a regard she affected for your interest! I was a madman not to listen to your explanation.

Tor. Though you both talk this point well, I still see nothing but strong presumption against Miss Walsingham: Mistakes have already happened, mistakes may happen again; and I will not give up a lady's honour, upon an evidence that would not cast a common pickpocket at the Old Bailey.

Capt. Come to the masquerade then, and be convinced.

Gen. Let us detach a party for dresses immediately. Yet remember, Torrington, that the punctuality of evidence which is necessary in a court of law, is by no means requisite in a court of honour.

Tor. Perhaps it would be more to the honour of your honourable courts if it was. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Changes to an Apartment at Mrs. CRAYON'S. BELVILLE *behind, speaking to a Maid.*

Bel. My dear, you must excuse me.

Maid. Indeed, sir, you must not go up stairs.

Bel. Indeed but I will; the man is positive to the house, and I'll search every room in it, from the cel-

lar to the garret, if I don't find the lady. James, don't stir from the street door.

Enter BELVILLE, *followed by the Maid.*

Maid. Sir, you are the strangest gentleman I ever met with in all my born days:—I wish my mistress was at home.

Bel. I am a strange fellow, my dear—But if your mistress was at home, I should take the liberty of peeping into the apartments.

Maid. Sir, there's company in that room, you cann't go in there.

Bel. Now, that's the very reason I will go in.

Maid. This must be some great man, or he wou'dn't behave so obstropolous.

Bel. Good manners, by you leave a little. [*Forcing the door.*] Whoever my gentleman is, I'll call him to a severe reckoning:—I have just been call'd to one myself, for making free with another man's sister.

Enter LEESON *followed by* CONNOLLY.

Lees. Who is it that dares commit an outrage upon this apartment?

Con. An Englishman's very lodging, ay, and an Irishman's too, I hope, is his castle;—an Irishman is an Englishman all the world over.

Bel. Mr. Leeson!

Maid. O we shall have murder. [*Running off.*

Con. Run into that room, my dear, and stay with the young lady. [*Exit Maid*

Lees. And, Connolly, let nobody else into that room.

Con. Let me alone for that, honey, if this gentleman has fifty people.

Lees. Whence is it, Mr. Belville, that you persecute me thus with injuries!

Bel. I am fill'd with astonishment!

Con. Faith, to speak the truth, you do look a little surpris'd.

Lees. Answer me, sir, what is the foundation of this new violence?

Bel. I am come, Mr. Leeson, upon an affair, sir—

Con. The devil burn me if he was half so much confounded a while ago, when there was a naked sword at his breast.

Bel. I am come, Mr. Leeson, upon an affair, sir, that—How the devil shall I open to him, since the tables are so fairly turn'd upon me?

Lees. Dispatch, sir, for I have company in the next room.

Bel. A lady, I suppose?

Lees. Suppose it is, sir?

Bel. And the lady's name is Miss Moreland, isn't it, sir?

Lees. I cann't see what business you have with her name, sir. You took away my sister, and I hope you have no designs upon the lady in the next room.

Bel. Indeed but I have.

Lees. The devil you have!

Con. Well, this the most unaccountable man I ever

heard of, he'll have all the women in the town, I believe.

Lees. And pray, sir, what pretensions have you to the lady in the next room, even supposing her to be Miss Moreland?

Bel. No other pretensions than what a brother should have to the defence of his sister's honour: You thought yourself authorised to cut my throat a while ago in a similar business.

Lees. And is Miss Moreland your sister?

Bel. Sir, there is insolence in the question; you know she is.

Lees. By heaven, I did not know it till this moment; but I rejoice at the discovery: This is blow for blow!

Con. Devil burn me but they have fairly made a swop of it.

Bel. And you really didn't know that Miss Moreland was my sister?

Lees. I don't conceive myself under much necessity of apologizing to you, sir; but I am incapable of a dishonourable design upon any woman; and though Miss Moreland, in our short acquaintance, repeatedly mentioned her brother, she never once told me that his name was Belville.

Con. And he has had such few opportunities of being in her company, unless by letters, honey, that he knew nothing more of her connections, than her being a sweet pretty creature, and having thirty thousand pounds.

Bel. The fortune, I dare say, no way lessened the force of her attractions.

Lees. I am above dissimulation—It really did not.

Bel. Well, Mr. Leeson, our families have shewn such a very strong inclination to come together, that it would really be a pity to disappoint them.

Con. Upon my soul and so it would; though the dread of being forced to have a husband, the young lady tells us, quicken'd her resolution to marry this gentleman.

Bel. O she had no violence of that kind to apprehend from her family; therefore, Mr. Leeson, since you seem as necessary for the girl's happiness as she seems for yours, you shall marry her here in town, with the consent of all her friends, and save yourself the trouble of an expedition to Scotland.

Lees. Can I believe you serious!

Bel. Zounds, Leeson, that air of surprise is a sad reproach! I didn't surprise you when I did a bad action, but I raise your astonishment, when I do a good one.

Con. And by my soul, Mr. Belville, if you knew how a good action becomes a man, you'd never do a bad one as long as you lived.

Lees. You have given me life and happiness in one day, Mr. Belville! however, it is now time you should see your sister; I know you will be gentle with her, though you have so much reason to condemn her choice, and generously remember that her elopement proceeded from the great improbability there

was of a beggar's ever meeting with the approbation of her family.

Bel. Don't apologize for your circumstances, Leeson; a princess could do no more than make you happy, and if you make her so, you meet her upon terms of the most perfect equality.

Lees. This is a new way of thinking, Mr. Belville.

Bel. 'Tis only an honest way of thinking; and I consider my sister a gainer on the occasion; for a man of your merit is more difficult to be found, than a woman of her fortune. [*Exeunt* Leeson *and* Belville.

Con. What's the reason now that I cann't skip, and laugh, and rejoice, at this affair? Upon my soul my heart's as full as if I had met with some great misfortune. Well, pleasure in the extreme is certainly a very painful thing; and I am really ashamed of these woman's drops, and yet I don't know but that I ought to blush for being ashamed of them, for I am sure nobody's eye looks ever half so well, as when it is disfigured by a tear of humanity. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Drawing-room. Enter BELVILLE.

Belville.

WELL, happiness is once more mine, and the women are all going in tip-top spirits to the masquerade. Now, Mr. Belville, let me have a few words with you; Miss Walsingham, the ripe, the luxurious Miss Walsingham, expects to find you there

burning with impatience;—But, my dear friend, after the occurrences of the day, can you be weak enough to plunge into fresh crimes? Can you be base enough to abuse the goodness of that angel your wife; and wicked enough, not only to destroy the innocence which is sheltered beneath your own roof, but to expose your family perhaps again, to the danger of losing a son, a brother, a father, and a husband? The possession of the three Graces is surely too poor a recompence for the folly you must commit, for the shame you must feel, and the consequence you must hazard. Upon my soul if I struggle a little longer, I shall rise in my own opinion, and be less a rascal than I think myself:—Ah, but the object is bewitching;—the matter will be an eternal secret—and if it is known that I sneak in this pitiful manner from a fine woman, when the whole elysium of her person solicits me:—well, and am I afraid the world should know that I have shrunk from an infamous action?—A thousand blessings on you, dear conscience, for that one argument;—I shall be an honest man after all.—Suppose, however, that I give her the meeting? that's dangerous;—that's dangerous:—and I am so little accustomed to do what is right, that I shall certainly do what is wrong, the moment I am in the way of temptation. Come, Belville, your resolution is not so very slender a dependence, and you owe Miss Walsingham reparation for the injury which you have done her principles. I'll give her the meeting—I'll take her to the house I intended—I'll—Zounds! what a fool I have been all this time, to look for pre-

carious satisfaction in vice, when there is such exquisite pleasure to a certainty to be found in virtue.

[*Exit.*

Enter Lady RACHEL *and Mrs.* BELVILLE.

Lady Rach. For mirth sake don't let him see us: There has been a warm debate between his passion and his conscience.

Mrs. Bel. And the latter is the conqueror, my life for it.

Lady Rach. Dear Mrs. Belville, you are the best of women, and ought to have the best of husbands.

Mrs. Bel. I *have* the best of husbands.

Lady Rach. I have not time to dispute the matter with you now; but I shall put you into my comedy to teach wives, that the best receipt for matrimonial happiness, is to be deaf, dumb, and blind.

Mrs. Bel. Poh! poh! your are a satirst, Lady Rachel—But we are losing time; shou'dn't we put on our dresses, and prepare for the grand scene?

Lady Rach. Don't you tremble at the trial?

Mrs. Bel. Not in the least, I am sure my heart has no occasion.

Lady Rach. Have you let Miss Walsingham into our little plot?

Mrs. Bel. You know you could not be insensible of Mr. Belville's design upon herself, and it is no farther than that design, we have any thing to carry into execution.

Lady Rach. Well, she may serve to facilitate the

matter, and therefore I am not sorry that you have trusted her.

Mrs. Bel. We shall be too late, and then what signifies all your fine plotting.

Lady Rach. Is it not a little pang of jealousy that would fain quicken our motions?

Mrs. Bel. No, Lady Rachel, it is a certainty of my husband's love and generosity, that makes me wish to come to the trial. I would not exchange my confidence in his affection for all the mines of Peru; so nothing you can say will make me miserable.

Lady Rach. Your are a most unaccountable woman; so away with you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter SPRUCE *and* GHASTLY.

Spruce. Why. Ghastly, the old general your master is a greater fool than I ever thought he was: He wants to marry Miss Walsingham.

Ghast. Mrs. Tempest suspected that there was something going forward, by all his hugger-mugger consulting with Mr. Torrington: and so set me on to listen.

Spruce. She's a good friend of yours, and that thing she made the general give you the other day in the hospital, is I suppose, a snug hundred a year.

Ghast. Better than two; I wash for near four thousand people: there was a major of horse who put in for it, and pleaded a large family—

Spruce. With long service, I suppose.

Ghast. Yes, but Mrs. Tempest insisted upon my ong services? so the major was set aside—However,

to keep the thing from the damned news-papers, I fancy he will succeed the barber, who died last night, poor woman, of a lying-in fever, after being brought to bed of three children.—Places in public institutions—

Spruce. Are often sweetly disposed of: I think of asking Belville for something, one of these days.

Ghast. He has great interest.

Spruce. I might be a justice of peace, if I pleased, and in a shabby neighbourhood, where the mere swearing would bring in something tolerable: but there are so many strange people let into the commission now a-days, that I shou'dn't like to have my name in the list.

Ghast. You are right.

Spruce. No, no, I leave that to paltry tradesmen, and shall think of some little sinecure, or a small pension on the Irish establishment.

Ghast. Well, success attend you. I must hobble home as fast as I can, to know if Mrs. Tempest has any orders. O, there's a rare storm brewing for our old goat of a general.

Spruce. When shall we crack a bottle together.

Ghast. O, I shan't touch a glass of claret these three weeks; for last night I gave nature a little filip with a drunken bout, according to the doctor's directions; I have intirely left off bread, and I am in great hopes that I shall get rid of the gout by these means, especially if I can learn to eat my meat quite raw, like a cannibal.

Spruce. Ha, ha, ha!

Ghast. Look at me, Spruce, I was once as likely a young fellow as any under ground in the whole parish of St. James's:—but waiting on the general so many years.

Spruce. Ay, and following his example, Ghastly.

Ghastly. 'Tis too true: has reduced me to what you see. These miserable spindles would do very well for a lord or a duke, Spruce; but they are a sad disgrace to a poor valet de chambre. [*Exit.*

Spruce. Well, I don't believe there's a gentleman's gentleman, within the weekly bills, who joins a prudent solicitude for the main chance, to a strict care of his constitution, better than myself. I have a little girl who stands me in about three guineas a week; I never bet more than a pound upon a rubber of whist; I always sleep with my head very warm; and swallow a new-laid egg every morning with my chocolate.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Changes to the Street, two Chairs cross the Stage, knock at a Door, and sets down BELVILLE *and a Lady.*

Bel. This way, my dear creature! [*Exeunt.*

Enter General SAVAGE, *Captain* SAVAGE, *and* TORRINGTON.

Capt. There! there they go in: You see the place is quite convenient, not twenty yards from the masquerade.

Gen. How closely the fellow sticks to her!

Tor. Like the great seal to the peerage patent of a

chancellor. But, gentlemen, we have still no more than proof presumptive:—where is the occular demonstration which we were to have?

Capt. I'll swear to the blue domino; 'tis a very remarkable one, and so is Belville's.

Tor. You would have rare custom among the Newgate solicitors, if you'd venture an oath upon the identity of the party under it.

Gen. 'Tis the very size and shape of Miss Walsingham.

Tor. And yet I have a strange notion that there is a trifling *alibi* in this case.

Gen. It would be a damned affair if we should be countermined.

Capt. O, follow me, here's the door left luckily open, and I'll soon clear up the matter beyond a question. [*Enters the house*

Tor. Why your son is mad, general. This must produce a deadly breach with Belville. For Heaven's sake, let us go in and prevent any excesses of his rashness.

Gen. By all means, or the poor fellow's generous anxiety on my account may be productive of very fatal consequences. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes to an Apartment. BELVILLE *unmasked, and a Lady in a blue Domino, masked.*

Bel. My dear Miss Walsingham, we are now perfectly safe, yet I will by no means intreat you to un-

mask, because I am convinced, from the propriety with which you repulsed my addresses this morning, that you intend the present interview should make me still more deeply sensible of my presumption.—I never lied so awkwardly in all my life; if it was to make her comply, I should be at no loss for language. [*Aside.*] The situation in which I must appear before you, madam, is certainly a very humiliating one; but I am persuaded that your generosity will be gratified to hear, that I have bid an everlasting adieu to my profligacies, and am now only alive to the virtues of Mrs. Belville.—She won't speak—I don't wond erat it, for brazen as I am my self, if I met so mortifying a rejection, I should be cursedly out of countenance. [*Aside.*

Capt. [*Behind.*] I will go in.

Gen. [*Behind.*] I command you to desist.

Tor. [*Behind*] This will be an affair for the Old Bailey. [*The noise grows more violent, and continues.*

Bel. Why, what the devil is all this?——Don't be alarmed, Miss Walsingham, be assured I'll protect you at the hazard of my life;—step into this closet,—you sha'n't be discovered, depend upon it—[*She goes in.*]—And now to find out the cause of this confusion. [*Unlocks the door.*

Enter General SAVAGE, *Captain* SAVAGE, *and* TORRINGTON.

Bel. Savage! what is the meaning of this strange behaviour?

Capt. Where is Miss Walsingham?

Bel. So, then, sir, this is a premeditated scheme, for which I am obliged to your friendship.

Capt. Where's Miss Walsingham, sir?

Gen. Dear Belville, he is out of his senses;—this storm was entirely against my orders.

Tor. If he proceeds much longer in these vagaries, we must amuse him with a commission of lunacy.

Bel. This is neither a time nor place for argument, Mr. Torrington; but as you and the general seem to be in the possession of your senses, I shall be glad if you'll take this very friendly gentleman away; and depend upon it, I sha'n't die in his debt for the present obligation.

Capt. And depend upon it, sir, pay the obligation when you will, I sha'n't stir till I see Miss Walsingham.—Look'e, Belville, there are secret reasons for my behaving in this manner; reasons which you yourself will approve, when you know them;—my father here——

Gen. Disavows your conduct in every particular, and would rejoice to see you at the halberds.

Tor. And, for my part, I told him previously 'twas a downright burglary.

Bel. Well, gentlemen, let your different motives for breaking in upon me in this disagreeable manner be what they may, I don't see that I am less annoyed by my friends than my enemy. I must therefore again, request that you will all walk down stairs.

Capt. I'll first walk into this room.

Bel. Really, I think you will not.

Gen. What frenzy possesses the fellow to urge this matter farther?

Capt. While there's a single doubt she triumphs over justice.—[*Drawing.*]—I will go into that room.

Bel. Then you must make your way thro' me.

Enter Mrs. BELVILLE.

Mrs. Bel. Ah!

Capt. There, I knew she was in the room:—there's the blue domino.

Gen. Put up your sword, if you don't desire to be cashiered from my favour for ever.

Bel. Why would you come out, madam? But you have nothing to apprehend.

Capt. Pray, madam, will you have the goodness to unmask?

Bel. She sha'n't unmask.

Capt. I say, she shall.

Bel. I say, she shall not.

Mrs. Bel. Pray, let me oblige the gentlemen?

Capt. Death and destruction, here's a discovery!

Gen. and Tor. Mrs. Belville!

Mrs. Bel. Yes, Mrs, Belville, gentlemen: Is conjugal fidelity so very terrible a thing now-a-days, that a man is to suffer death for being found in company with his own wife?

Bel. My love, this is a surprise indeed—but it is a most agreeable one; since you find me really asham-

ed of my former follies, and cannot now doubt the sincerity of my reformation.

Mrs. Bel. I am too happy! This single moment would overpay a whole life of anxiety.

Bel. Where shall I attend you? Will you return to the masquerade?

Mrs. Bel. O no!—Lady Rachel and Miss Walsingham are by this time at our house, with Mr. Leeson, and the Irish gentleman whom you pressed into our party, impatiently expecting the result of this adventure.

Bel. Give me leave to conduct you home then from this scence of confusion. To-morrow, Captain Savage, I shall beg the favour of your explanation; [*Aside to him as he goes out.*] Kind gentlemen, your most humble servant.

Mrs. Bel. And when you next disturb a *tête à tête*, for pity to a poor wife, don't let it be so very uncustomary a party as a matrimonial one.

[*Exeunt* Bel. *and Mrs.* Bel.

Gen. [*To the Capt.*] So, sir, you have led us upon a blessed expedition here.

Tor. Now, don't you think that if your courts of honour, like our courts of law, searched a little minutely into evidence, it would be equally to the credit of their understandings?

Capt. Though I am covered with confusion at my mistake (for you see Belville was mistaken as well as myself) I am overjoyed at this discovery of Miss Walsingham's innocence.

Gen. I should exult in it too, with a *feu de joy*, if it don't now shew the impossibility of her ever being Mrs. Savage.

Capt. Dear sir, why should you think that an impossibility? Though some mistakes have occurred, in consequence, I suppose, of Mrs. Belville's little plot upon her husband, I dare say Miss Walsingham may yet be prevailed upon to come into our family.

Tor. Take care of a new error in your proceedings, young gentleman.

Gen. Ay, another defeat would make us completely despicable.

Capt. Sir, I'll forfeit my life, if she does not consent to the marriage this very night.

Gen. Only bring this matter to bear, and I'll forgive you every thing.

Tor. The captain should be informed, I think, general, that she declined it peremptorily this evening.

Gen. Ay, do you hear that, Horace?

Capt. I am not at all surprised at it, considering the general misconception we laboured under. But I'll immediately to Belville's, explain the whole mystery, and conclude every thing to your satisfaction. [*Exit.*

Gen. So, Torrington, we shall be able to take the field again, you see.

Tor. But how, in the name of wonder, has your son found out your intention of marry Miss Walsingham? I look'd upon myself as the only person acquainted with the secret.

Gen. That thought has marched itself two or three

times to my own recollection. For though I gave him some distant hints of the affair, I took particular care to keep behind the works of a proper circumspection.

Tor. O, if you give him any hints at all, I am not surprised at his discovering every thing.

Gen. I shall be all impatience till I hear of his interview with Miss Walsingham: Suppose, my dear friend, we went to Belville's, 'tis but in the next street, and we shall be there in the lighting of a match.

Tor. Really this is a pretty busines for a man of my age and profession—trot here, trot there. But, as I have been weak enough to make myself a kind of party in the cause, I own that I have curiosity enough to be anxious about the determination.

Gen. Come along, my old boy; and remember the song. '*Servile spirits, &c.*' [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Changes to BELVILLE'*s*. *Enter Captain* SAVAGE *and Miss* WALSINGHAM.

Capt. Nay, but my dearest Miss Walsingham, the extenuation of my own conduct to Belville made it absolutely necessary for me to discover my engagements with you; and as happiness is now so fortunately in our reach, I flatter myself you will be prevailed upon to forgive an error, which proceeded only from an extravagance of love.

Miss Wal. To think me capable of such an action, Captain Savage! I am terrified at the idea of a union with you; and it is better for a woman, at any time, to sacrifice an insolent lover, than to accept of a suspicious husband.

Capt. In the happiest unions, my dearest creature, there must be always something to overlook on both sides.

Miss Wal. Very civil, truly.

Capt. Pardon me, my life, for this frankness; and recollect, that if the lover has through misconception been unhappily guilty, he brings a husband altogether reformed to your hands.

Miss Wal. Well, I see I must forgive you at last, so I may as well make a merit of necessity, you provoking creature.

Capt. And may I hope, indeed, for the blessing of this hand?

Miss Wal. Why, you wretch, would you have me force it upon you? I think, after what I have said, a soldier might have ventur'd to take it without farther ceremony.

Capt. Angelic creature! thus I seize it as my lawful prize.

Miss Wal. Well, but now you have obtained this inestimable prize, captain, give me again leave to ask if you have had a certain explanation with the general?

Capt. How can you doubt it?

Miss Wal. And he is really impatient for our marriage?

Capt. 'Tis incredible how earnest he is.

Miss Wal. What, did he tell you of his interview with me this evening when he brought Mr. Torrington?

Capt. He did.

Miss Wal. O, then, I can have no doubt.

Capt. If a shadow of doubt remains, here he comes to remove it. Joy! my dear sir! joy a thousand times.

Enter General SAVAGE *and* TORRINGTON.

Gen. What, my dear boy, have you carried the day?

Miss Wal. I have been weak enough to indulge him with a victory, indeed, general.

Gen. *None but the brave, none but the brave, &c.* [*Singing.*

Tor. I congratulate you heartily on this decree, general.

Gen. This had nearly proved a day of disappointment, but the stars have fortunately turned it in my avour, and now I reap the rich reward of my victory. [*Salutes her.*

Capt. And here I take her from you, as the greatest good which Heaven can send me.

Miss Wal. O, captain!

Gen. You take her as the greatest good which Heaven can send you, sirrah; I take her as the greatest good which Heaven can send me: And now what have you to say to her?

Miss Wal. General Savage!

Tor. Here will be a fresh injunction to stop proceedings.

Miss Wal. Are you never to have done with mistakes?

Gen. What mistakes can have happened now, my

sweetest? you delivered up your dear hand to me this moment?

Miss Wal. True, sir; but I thought you were going to bestow my dear hand upon this dear gentleman.

Gen. How! that dear gentleman!

Capt. I am thunderstruck!

Tor. General—*None but the brave, &c.* [*Sings.*

Gen. So the covert way is clear'd at last; and you have imagin'd that I was all along negociating for this fellow, when I was gravely soliciting for myself?

Miss Wal. No other idea, sir, ever once entered my imagination.

Tor. General—*Noble minds should ne'er despair, &c.* [*Sings.*

Gen. Zounds! here's all the company pouring upon us in full gallop, and I shall be the laughing stock of the whole town.

Enter BELVILLE, *Mrs.* BELVILLE, *Lady* RACHEL, LEESON, *and* CONNOLLY.

Bel. Well, general, we have left you a long time together. Shall I give you joy?

Gen. No; wish me demolished in the fortifications of Dunkirk.

Mrs. Bel. What's the matter?

Lady Rach. The general appears disconcerted.

Lees. The gentleman looks as if he had fought a hard battle.

Con. Ay, and gain'd nothing but a defeat, my dear.

Tor. I'll shew cause for his behaviour.

Gen. Death and damnation! not for the world!

I am taken by surprise here; let me consider a moment how to cut my way through the enemy.

Miss Wal. How could you be deceived in this manner! [*To the Capt.*

Lady Rach. O, Mr. Torrington, we are much obliged to you; you have been in town ever since last night, and only see us now by accident.

Tor. I have been very busy, madam; but you look sadly very sadly indeed! your old disorder the jaundice, I suppose, has been very troublesome to you?

Lady Rach. Sir, you have a very extraordinary mode of complimenting your acquaintance.

Con. I don't believe for all that, that there's a word of a lie in the truth he speaks. [*Aside.*

Lees. Mr. Torrington, your most obedient—You received my letter, I hope.

Tor. What, my young barrister!—Have you any more traders from Dantzick to be naturalized?

Con. Let us only speak to you in private; and we'll there clear up the affair before the whole company.

Tor. [*Speaking apart to* Lees. *and* Con.] This gentleman's letter has already cleared it up to my entire satisfaction; and I don't know whether I am most pleased with his wit, or charmed with his probity.—However, Mr. Leeson, I used the bailiffs sadly.—Bailiffs are generally sad fellows to be sure; but we must love justice for our own sakes.

Lees. Unquestionably, sir, and they shall be amply recompensed for the merit of their sufferings.

Con. And the merit of suffering, I fancy, is the only

merit that is ever likely to fall to the share of a sheriff's officer.

Tor. One word—one word more, Mr. Leeson.—I have enquired your character, and like it—like it much.—Forgive the forwardness of an old man.—You must not want money—you must not indeed—

Lees. Sir———

Tor. Pray don't be offended—I mean to give my friends but little trouble about my affairs when I am gone.—I love to see the people happy that my fortune is to make so; and shall think it a treason against humanity to leave a shilling more than the bare expences of my funeral. Breakfast with me in the morning.

Lees. You overwhelm me with this generosity; but a happy revolution in my fortunes, which you will soon know, renders it wholly unnecessary for me to trouble you.

Con. [*Wiping his eyes.*] Upon my soul, this is a most worthy old crater—to be his own executor. If I was to live any long time among such people, they'd soon be the death of me, with their very goodness.

Mrs. Bel. Miss Walsingham, Captain Savage has been telling Mr. Belville and me of a very extraordinary mistake.

Miss Wal. 'Tis very strange indeed, mistake on mistake.

Bel. 'Tis no way strange to find every body properly struck with the merit of Miss Walsingham.

Miss Wal. A compliment from you now, Mr. Belville, is really worth accepting.

Gen. If I thought the affair could be kept a secret, by making the town over to my son, since I am utterly shut out myself——

Capt. He seems exceedingly embarrassed.

Gen. If I thought that;—why, mortified as I must be in giving it up, I think I could resolve upon the manœuvre, to save myself from universal ridicule: but it cann't be;—it cann't be; and I only double my own disappointment in rewarding the disobedience of the rascal who has supplanted me. There!—there! they are all talking of it, all laughing at me, and I shall run mad.

Mrs. Temp. [*Behind:*] I say, you feather-headed puppy, he is in this house; my own servant saw him come in, and I will not stir till I find him.

Gen. She here!—then deliberation is over, and I am entirely blown up.

Lady Rach. I'll take notes of this affair.

Enter Mrs. TEMPEST.

Mrs. Temp. Mighty well, sir. So you are in love it seems;—and you want to be married it seems?

Lers. My blessed aunt!—O how proud I am of the relation!

Gen. Dear Bab, give me quarter before all this company.

Mrs. Temp. You are in love, you old fool, are you? and you want to marry Miss Walsingham, indeed!

Con. I never heard a pleasanter spoken gentlewoman —O honey, if I had the taming of her, she should never be abusive, without keeping a civil tongue in her head.

Mrs. Temp. Well, sir, and when is the happy day to be fix'd?

Bel. What the devil, is this true, general?

Gen. True—Can you believe such an absurdity?

Mrs. Temp. Why, will you deny, you miserable old mummy, that you made proposals of marriage to her?

Gen. Yes I do—no I don't—proposals of marriage!

Miss Wal. In favour of your son—I'll help him out a little. [*Aside.*

Gen. Yes, in favour of my son—what the devil shall I do?

Mrs. Bel. Shall I take a lesson from this lady, Mr. Belville? Perhaps, if the women of virtue were to pluck up a little spirit, they might be soon as well treated as kept mistresses.

Mrs. Temp. Hark'e, General Savage, I believe you assert a falsehood; but if you speak the truth, give your son this moment to Miss Walsingham, and let me be fairly rid of my rival.

Gen. My son! Miss Walsingham!—Miss Walsingham, my son!

Bel. It will do, Horace; it will do.

Mrs. Temp. No prevarications, General Savage; do what I bid you instantly, or, by all the wrongs of an enraged woman, I'll so expose you——

Con. What a fine fellow this is to have the command of an army!

Gen. If Miss Walsingham can be prevailed upon.

Tor. O, she'll oblige you readily—but you must settle a good fortune upon your son.

Mrs. Temp. That he shall do.

Mrs. Bel. Miss Walsingham, my dear——

Miss Wal. I can refuse nothing either to your request, or to the request of the general.

Gen. Oblige me with your hand then, madam: come here you—come here, captain. There, there is Miss Walsingham's hand for you.

Con. And as pretty a little fist it is as any in the three kingdoms.

Gen. Torrington shall settle the fortune.

Lees. I give you joy most heartily, madam.

Bel. We all give her joy.

Capt. Mine is beyond the power of expression.

Miss Wal. [*Aside to the company.*] And so is the general's, I believe.

Con. O faith, that may be easily seen by the sweetness of his countenance.

Tor. Well, the cause being now at last determin'd, I think we may all retire from the court.

Gen. And without any great credit, I fear, to the general.

Con. By my soul, you may say that.——

Mrs. Temp. Do you murmur, sir?—Come this moment home with me.

Gen. I'll go any where to hide this miserable head of mine: what a damn'd campaign have I made of it!

[*Exeunt Gen. and Mrs.* Temp.

Con. Upon my soul, if I was in the general's place, I'd divide the house with this devil; I'd keep within doors myself, and make her take the outside.

Lady Rach. Here's more food for a comedy.

Lees. So there is, madam; and Mr. Torrington, to whose goodness I am infinitely obliged, could tell you some diverting anecdotes, that would enrich a comedy considerably.

Con. Ay, faith, and a tragedy too.

Tor. I can tell nothing but what will redound to the credit of your character, young man.

Bel. The day has been a busy one, thanks to the communicative disposition of the captain.

Mrs. Bel. And the evening should be chearful.

Bel. I sha'n't therefore part with one of you, 'till we have had a hearty laugh at our general adventures.

Miss Wal. They have been very whimsical indeed; yet if represented on the stage, I hope they would be found not only entertaining, but instructive.

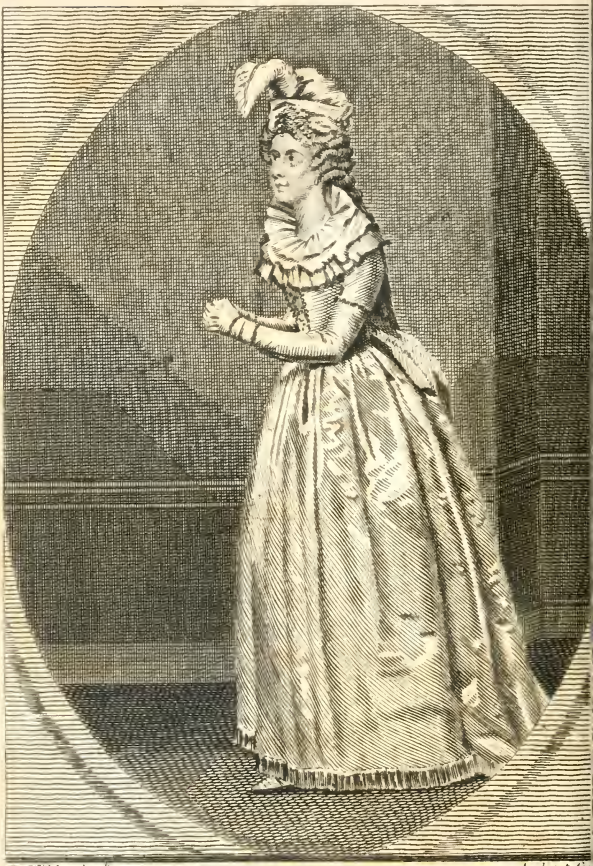
Lady Rach. Instructive! why the modern critics say that the only business of comedy is to make people laugh.

Bel. That is degrading the dignity of letters exceedingly, as well as lessening the utility of the stage. —A good comedy is a capital effort of genius, and should therefore be directed to the noblest purposes.

Miss Wal. Very true; and unless we learn something while we chuckle, the carpenter who nails a pantomime together, will be entitled to more applause than the best comic poet in the kingdom.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE END.



De Wilde pinxt. Audinet Sc

MISS HEARD as CELIA.

Shield me from the World.

London. Printed for J. Bell, British Library, Strand, Jan.y 26 1793.

THE

SCHOOL FOR LOVERS.

A

COMEDY,

BY WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, 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.

MDCCXCIII.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Comedy is formed on a plan of Monsieur de FONTENELLE's, never intended for the stage, and printed in the eighth volume of his works, under the title of Le Testament.

The scene of that piece is laid in Greece, and the embarrassing circumstances depend on some peculiarities in the customs of that country. Slaves likewise, as is usual in the Grecian Comedy, act as confidants to the principal personages. The Author, therefore, hopes he may be excused for having made the story English, and his own; for having introduced a new character, and endeavoured to heighten those he found already sketched out. The delicacy of the sentiments in Philonoe and Eudamidas, he has inviolably adhered to, wherever he could insert them properly, in his Cælia and Sir John Dorilant; and would willingly flatter himself, that he has made great and not contemptible additions to their characters, as well as to the others.

Those who will give themselves the trouble to read both pieces, will see where the Author is, or is not, indebted to that elegant French Writer.

TO

THE MEMORY OF

MONSIEUR DE FONTENELLE,

THIS COMEDY IS INSCRIBED

BY A LOVER OF SIMPLICITY,

THE AUTHOR.

THE SCHOOL FOR LOVERS.

THIS Play may be considered as the model of the sentimental branch of the modern Comedy. The characters are all distinguished by elegance of sentiment, purity of expression, and propriety of manners.

Forcible, however, as a drama, it is not; the want of those necessary ingredients, Wit and Humour, will perhaps for ever confine it to the perusal of the closet.

Perhaps in few instances have the qualities of an author been reflected with greater truth upon his works than those of WHITEHEAD in the present play—it is distinguishable for calm, gentlemanly life, for unforced incidents, for situation no way forcible; recommended only by the decorum which sustains it.

Its original representation we did not witness; and the Stage of our own time would not easily bear its even elegant terseness of dialogue, without an infusion of Comic situation, and risible sallies of pleasantry. *The School for Lovers* is a production *sui generis*; another so exclusively serious, that professes to be a Comedy, we know not—yet it may be frequently read by the most fastidious; and never surely without considerable pleasure.—The memory of its author has been honourably cherished by MASON in a biography that deserves to live; not merely as a model of chaste composition, but of sincere and literary friendship, rarely met with among the *genus irritabile*.

PROLOGUE.

As it was intended to have been spoken.

SUCCESS makes people vain.—The maxim's true.—
We all confess it——and not over new.
The veriest clown who stumps along the streets,
And doffs his hat to each grave cit he meets,
Some twelvemonths hence, bedaub'd with livery lace,
Shall thrust his saucy flambeau in your face.

Not so our Bard—tho' twice your kind applause
Has, on this fickle spot, espous'd his cause:
He owns, with gratitude, th' obliging debt;
Has twice been favour'd, and is modest yet.
Plain Tragedy, his first adventurous care,
Spoke to your hearts, and found an echo there.
Plain Comedy to-night, with strokes refin'd,
Would catch the coyest features of the mind:
Would play politely with your hopes and fears;
And sometimes smiles provoke, and sometimes tears.

Your giant wits, like those of old, may climb
Olympus high, and step o'er space and time;
May stride with seven-leagu'd boots, from shore to shore,
And, nobly by transgressing, charm you more:
Alas! our Author dares not laugh at schools—
Plain sense confines his humbler Muse to rules.

Form'd on the classic scale his structures rise;
He shifts no scenes to dazzle and surprise.
In one poor garden's solitary grove,
Like the primæval pair, his lovers rove:
And in due time will each transaction pass;
—Unless some hasty critic shakes the glass.

PROLOGUE.

As it was spoken by Mr. GARRICK.

SUCCESS makes people vain—The maxim's true.—
We all confess it—and not over new.
The veriest clown, who stumps along the streets,
And doffs his hat to each grave cit he meets;
Some twelvemonths hence, bedaub'd with livery lace
Shall thrust his saucy flambeau in your face.

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Olympus high, and step o'er space and time;
May stride, with seven-leagu'd boots, from shore to shore,
And, nobly by transgressing, charm ye more:
Alas! our Author dares not laugh at schools—
Plain sense confines his humbler Muse to rules:
He shifts no scenes—But here I stop'd him short—
Not change your scenes! said I—I'm sorry for't:
My constant friends above, around, below,
Have English tastes, and love both change and shew:

Without such aid, even Shakspere would be flat—
Our crouded pantomimes are proofs of that.
What eager transport stares from every eye,
When pullies rattle, and our Genii fly!
When tin cascades like falling waters gleam;
Or through the canvas—bursts the real stream:
While thirsty Islington laments in vain,
Half her New River roll'd to Drury-Lane.

Lord, sir, said I, for gallery, boxes, pit;
I'll back my Harlequin against your wit—
Yet still the Author, anxious for his play,
Shook his wise head—What will the critics say?
As usual, sir, abuse you all they can—
And what the ladies?—He's a charming man!
A charming piece!—One scarce knows what it means:—
But that's no matter——where there's such sweet scenes!
Still he persists:—and let him:—entre nous—
I know your tastes; and will indulge 'em too.
Change you shall have; so set your hearts at ease:—
Write as he will; we'll act it as you please.

Dramatis Personae.

DRURY-LANE.

Men.

SIR JOHN DORILANT, *a Man of nice Honour, Guardian to* Cælia, - - - - - - - - Mr. Garrick.

MODELY, } *Men of the Town,* - - - { Mr. Palmer.
BELMOUR, } { Mr. O'brien.

An old Steward to Sir John Dorilant, - - - Mr. Castle.

Footman to Sir John Dorilant. - - - - - - Mr. Fox.

Women.

LADY BEVERLEY, *a Widow Lady, Mother to* Cælia, - - - - - - - - - - - Mrs. Clive.

CÆLIA, *Daughter to Lady* Beverley, *and Ward to* Sir John, - - - - - - - - - - Mrs. Cibber.

ARAMINTA, *Sister to* Sir John Dorilant, - - Mrs. Yates.

SCENE, *a Garden belonging to Sir John Dorilant's House in the Country, with an Arbour, Garden-chairs, &c.*

THE SCHOOL FOR LOVERS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Garden. Enter ARAMINTA *with an affected Carelessness, and Knotting.*—MODELY *following.*

Modely.

BUT madam!

Ara. But sir! what can possibly have alarmed you thus? You see me quite unconcerned. I only tell you in a plain, simple, narrative manner——(this plaguy thread)——and merely by way of conversation, that you are in love with Cælia; and where is the mighty harm in all this?

Mod. The harm in it, madam!—have I not told you a thousand and a thousand times, that you were the only woman who could possibly make me happy?

Ara. Why, aye, to be sure you have, and sworn a thousand and a thousand oaths to confirm that assertion.

Mod. And am not I here now expressly to marry you?

Ara. Why that too is true——but——you are in love with Cælia.

Mod. Bless me, madam, what can I say to you? If it had not been for my attendance upon you, I had never known Cælia or her mother either—though they are both my relations. The mother has since indeed put some kind of confidence in me—she is a widow, you know———

Ara. And wants consolation! The poor orphan too, her daughter!—Well, charity is an excellent virtue. I never considered it in that light before.—You are vastly charitable, Mr. Modely.

Mod. It is impossible to talk with you.——If you will not do me justice, do it to yourself at least. Is there any comparison betwixt you and Cælia? Could any man of sense hesitate a moment? She has yet no character. One does not know what she is, or what she will be; a chit—a green girl of fourteen or fifteen.

Ara. Seventeen at least———(I cannot undo this knot.)———

Mod. Well, let her be seventeen. Would any man of judgment attach himself to a girl of that age? O'my soul, if one was to make love to her, she would hardly understand what one meant.

Ara. Girls are not quite so ignorant as you may imagine, Mr. Modely; Cælia will understand you, take my word for it, and does understand you. As

to your men of judgment and sense, here is my brother now;—I take him to be full as reasonable as yourself, and somewhat older; and yet, with all his philosophy, he has brought himself to a determination at last, to fulfil the father's will, and marry this green girl. I am sorry to tell you so, Mr. Modely, but he will certainly marry her.

Mod. Let him marry her. I should perhaps do it myself, if I was in his place. He was an intimate friend of her father's. She is a great fortune, and was given to him by will. But do you imagine, my dear Araminta, that if he was left to his own choice, without any bias, he would not rather have a woman nearer his own years? He might almost be her father.

Ara. That is true. But you will find it difficult to persuade me, that youth in a woman is so insurmountable an objection. I fancy, Mr. Modely, it may be got over. Suppose I leave you to think of it.—(I cannot get this right.)— [*Going.*

Mod. Stay, dear Araminta, why will you plague me thus? Your own charms, my earnestness, might prove to you—

Ara. I tell you I don't want proofs.

Mod. Well, well, you shall have none then. But give me leave to hope, since you have done me the honour to be a little uneasy on my account—

Ara. Uneasy!—I uneasy! What does the man mean?—I was a little concerned indeed to give you uneasiness by informing you of my brother's intend-

ed marriage with Cælia. But—(this shuttle bends so abominably.)

Mod. Thou perplexing tyrant! Nay, you shall not go.—May I continue to adore you? you must not forbid me that.

Ara. For my part, I neither command nor forbid any thing. Only this I would have you remember, I have quick eyes. Your servant.—(I wish this knotting had never come in fashion.) [*Exit* Ara.

Mod. Quick eyes indeed! I thought my cunning here had been a master-piece. The girl cannot have told sure! and the mother is entirely on my side. They certainly were those inquisitive eyes she speaks of, which have found out this secret.—Well, I must be more cautious for the future, and act the lover to Araminta ten times stronger than ever.—One would not give her up till one was sure of succeeding in the other place.

Enter BELMOUR *from behind, with a book in his hand.*

Bel. Ha! ha! ha! Well said, Modely!

Mod. [*Starting.*] Belmour!—how the deuce came you here?

Bel. How came I here!—How came you here, if you come to that? A man can't retire from the noise and bustle of the world, to admire the beauties of the spring, and read pastoral in an arbour, but impertinent lovers must disturb his meditations.—Thou art the errantest hypocrite, Modely—

[*Throwing away the book.*

Mod. Hypocrite!—My dear friend, we men of gallantry must be so.—But have a care, we may have other listeners for aught I know, who may not be so proper for confidants. [*Looking about.*

Bel. You may be easy on that head. We have the garden to ourselves. The widow and her daughter are just gone in, and Sir John is busy with his steward.

Mod. The widow, and her daughter! Why, were they in the garden?

Bel. They just came into it; but upon seeing you and Araminta together, they turned back again.

Mod. On seeing me and Araminta! I hope I have no jealousies there too. However, I am glad Cælia knows I am in the garden, because it may probably induce her to fall in my way—by chance you know, and give me an opportunity of talking to her.

Bel. Do you think she likes you?

Mod. She does not know what she does.

Bel. Do you like her?

Mod. Why, faith, I think I do.

Bel. Why then do you pursue your affair with Araminta; and not find some honourable means of breaking off with her?

Mod. That might not be quite so expedient. I think Araminta the finest woman, and Cælia the prettiest girl I know. Now they are both good fortunes, and one of them I am resolved to have, but which——

Bel. Your great wisdom has not yet determined. Thou art undoubtedly the vainest fellow living.—

I thought you brought me down here now to your wedding?

Mod. 'Egad I thought so too; but this plaguy little rustic has disconcerted all my schemes. Sir John, you know, by her father's will, may marry her if he pleases, and she forfeits her estate if she marries any one else.—Now I am contriving to bring it about, that I may get her, and her fortune too.

Bel. A very likely business, truly. So you modestly expect that Sir John Dorilant should give up his mistress, and then throw her fortune into the bargain, as an additional reward to the obliging man who has seduced her from him.

Mod. Hum! why, I don't expect quite that. But you know, Belmour, he is a man of honour, and would not force her inclinations, tho' he loved her to distraction.——Come, come, he is quite a different creature from what you and I are.

Bel. Speak for yourself, good sir; yet why should you imagine that her inclinations are not as likely to fix upon him as you? He has a good person, and is scarce older than yourself.

Mod. That shews your ignorance; I am ten years younger than he is. My dress, and the company I keep, give a youth and vivacity to me, which he must always want. An't I a man of the town? O that town, Belmour! Could I but have met these ladies there, I had done the business.

Bel. Were they never there?

Mod. Never.—Sir Harry Beverley, the father of

this girl, lived always in the country, and divided his time between his books and his hounds. His wife and daughter seldom mixed with people of their own rank, but at a horse-race, or a rural visit. And see the effects! The girl, though she is naturally genteel, has an air of simplicity.

Bel. But does not want sense.

Mod. No, no!—She has a devilish deal of that kind of sense, which is acquired by early reading. I have heard her talk occasionally, like a queen in a tragedy; or at least like a sentimental lady in a comedy, much above your misses of thirty in town, I assure you.——As to the mother——but she is a character, and explains herself.

Bel. Yes, yes, I have read her. But pray how came it to pass, that the father, who was of a different way of thinking in regard to party, should have left Sir John guardian to his daughter, with the additional clause too, of her being obliged to marry him?

Mod. Why, that is somewhat surprising. But the truth of the case was, they were thoroughly acquainted, and each considered party as the foible of the other. Sir Harry thought a good husband his daughter's best security for happiness; and he knew it was impossible Sir John Dorilant should prove a bad one.

Bel. And yet this prospect of happiness would you destroy.

Mod. No, no; I only see farther than Sir Harry did, and would encrease that happiness, by giving her a better husband.

Bel. O! your humble servant, sir.

Mod. Besides, the mother is entirely in my interest, and by the bye has a hankering after Sir John herself. "He is a sober man, and should have a "woman of discretion for his wife; not a hoyden-"ing girl."——'Egad, Belmour, suppose you attacked the widow? The woman is young enough, and has an excellent jointure.

Bel. And so become your father-in-law.

Mod. You will have an admirable opportunity to-night: we are to have the fiddles, you know, and you may dance with her.

When music softens, and when dancing fires!

Eh! Belmour!

Bel. You are vastly kind to Sir John, and would ease him I find of both his mistresses. But suppose this man of honour should be fool enough to resign his mistress, may not another kind of honour oblige him to run you through the body for deserting his sister?

Mod. Why, faith, it may. However it is not the first duel I have fought on such an occasion, so I am his man. Not that it is impossible but he may have scruples there too.

Bel. You don't think him a coward?

Mod. I know he is not. But your reasoning men

have strange distinctions. They are quite different creatures, as I told you, from you and me.

Bel. You are pleased to compliment. But suppose now, as irrational as you think me, I should find out a means to make this whole affair easy to you?

Mod. How do you mean?

Bel. Not by attacking the widow, but by making my addresses in good earnest to Araminta.

Mod. I forbid that absolutely.

Bel. What, do you think it possible I should succeed after the accomplished Mr. Modely?

Mod. Why, faith, between you and me, I think not; but I don't choose to hazard it.

Bel. Then you love her still?

Mod. I confess it.

Bel. And it is nothing upon earth but that insatiable vanity of yours, with a little tincture of avarice, that leads you a gadding thus?

Mod. I plead guilty. But, be it as it will, I am determined to pursue my point. And see where the little rogue comes most opportunely. I told you she would be here. Go, go, Belmour—you must not listen to all my love-scenes. [*Exit* Bel.] Now for a serious face, a little upon the tragic; young girls are mighty fond of despairing lovers.

Enter CÆLIA.

Cælia. [*With an affected surprise.*] Mr. Modely!——are you here?——I am come to meet my mamma—I did not think to meet you here.

Mod. Are you sorry to find me here, madam?

Cœlia. Why should I be sorry, Mr. Modely?

Mod. May I hope you are pleased with it?

Cœlia. I have no dislike to company.

Mod. But is all company alike? Surely one would choose one's companions. Would it have been the same thing to you, if you had met Sir John Dorilant here?

Cœlia. I should be very ungrateful if I did not like Sir John Dorilant's company. I am sure I have all the obligations in the world to him, and so had my poor papa. [*Sighing.*

Mod. Whatever were your papa's obligations, his gratitude I am sure was unbounded.——O that I had been his friend!

Cœlia. Why should you wish that, Mr. Modely?—You would have had a great loss in him.

Mod. I believe I should. But I might likewise have had a consolation for that loss, which would have contained in it all earthly happiness.

Cœlia. I don't understand you.

Mod. He might have left his Cœlia to me.

Cœlia. Dear, how you talk!

Mod. Talk, madam!——O I could talk for ever, would you but listen to my heart's soft language, nor cruelly affect to disbelieve when I declare I love you.

Cœlia. Love *me*, Mr. Modely?——Are you not in love with Araminta?

Mod. I once thought I was.

Cælia. And do lovers ever change?

Mod. Not those who feel a real passion. But there are false alarms in love, which the unpractised heart sometimes mistakes for true ones.

Cælia. And were yours such for Araminta?

Mod. Alas! I feel they were. [*Looking earnestly at her.*

Cælia. You don't intend to marry her then, I hope?

Mod. Do you hope I should not marry her?

Cælia. To be sure I do. I would not have the poor lady deceived, and I would willingly have a better opinion of Mr. Modely than to believe him capable of making false protestations.

Mod. To you he never could.

Cælia. To me?—I am out of the question.——But I am sorry for Araminta, for I believe she loves you.

Mod. If you can pity those who love in vain, why am not I an object of compassion?

Cælia. Dear Mr. Modely, why will you talk thus? My hand, you know is destined to Sir John Dorilant, and my duty there does not even permit me to think of other lovers.

Mod. Happy, happy man! Yet give me leave to ask one question, madam.——I dread to do it, though my last glimpse of happiness depends upon your answer.

Cælia. What question?—Nay, pray speak, I intreat it of you.

Mod. Then tell me, lovely Cælia, sincerely tell me, were your choice left free, and did it depend upon you

only to determine who should be the master of your affections, might I expect one favourable thought?

Cœlia. [*After some hesitation.*] It—it does not depend upon me.

Mod. I know it does not, but if it did?

Cœlia Come, come, Mr. Modely, I cannot talk upon this subject. Impossibilities are impossibilities. —But I hope you will acquaint Araminta instantly with this change in your inclinations.

Mod. I would do it, but dare not.

Cœlia. You should break it first to Sir John.

Mod. My difficulty does not lie in the breaking it; but if I confess my passion at an end, I must no longer expect admittance into this family, and I could still wish to talk to Cœlia as a friend.

Cœlia. Indeed, Mr. Modely, I should be loth myself to lose your acquaintance; but—O here comes my mamma, she may put you in a method.

Enter Lady BEVERLEY.

L. Bev. In any method, my dear, which decency and reserve will permit. Your servant, cousin Modely. What, your are talking strangely to this girl now?—O you men!

Mod. Your ladyship knows the sincerity of my passion here.

Cœlia. [*With surprise.*] Knows your sincerity?

L. Bev. Well, well, what signifies what I know?—You were mentioning some method I was to put you in.

Cœlia. Mr. Modely, madam, has been confessing to me that he no longer loves Araminta.

L. Bev. Hum!—why, such things may happen, child. We are not all able to govern our affections. But I hope if he breaks off with her, he will do it with decency.

Mod. That, madam, is the difficulty.

L. Bev. What!——Is it a difficulty to be decent? Fie, fie, Mr. Modely.

Mod. Far be it from me even to think so, madam, before a person of your ladyship's reserved behaviour. But considering how far I have gone in the affair——

L. Bel. Well, well, if that be all, I may perhaps help you out, and break it to Sir John myself—Not that I approve of roving affections, I assure you.

Mod. You bind me ever to you.—But there is another cause which you alone can promote, and on which my eternal happiness———

L. Bev. Leave us—leave us, cousin Modely. I must not hear you talk in this extravagant manner.—[*Pushing him towards the scene, and then aside to him.*] I shall bring it about better in your absence. Go, go, man, go. [*Exit* Mod.] A pretty kind of fellow really.——Now, Cælia; come nearer child; I have something of importance to say to you.—What do you think of that gentleman?

Cælia. Of Mr. Modely, madam?

L. Bev. Ay, Mr. Modely, my cousin Modely.

Cælia. Think of him, madam?

L. Bev. Ay, think of him, child; you are old enough to think sure, after the education I have given you. Well, what answer do you make?

Cœlia. I really don't understand your ladyship's question.

L. Bev. Not understand me, child? Why, I ask you how you like Mr. Modely? What you should think of him as a husband?

Cœlia. Mr. Modely as a husband! Why surely, madam, Sir John———

L. Bev. Fiddlefaddle Sir John; Sir John knows better things than to plague himself with a wife in leading-strings.

Cœlia. Is your ladyship sure of that?

L. Bev. O ho! would you be glad to have me sure of it?

Cœlia. I don't know what I should be glad of. I would not give Sir John a moment's pain to be mistress of the whole world.

L. Bev. But if it should be brought about without giving him pain. Hey! Cœlia——

[*Patting her cheek with her fan.*

Cœlia. I should be sorry for it.

L. Bev. Heyday!

Cœlia. For then he must think lightly of me.

L. Bev. What does the girl mean? Come, come, I must enter roundly into this affair. Here, here, sit down, and tell me plainly and honestly, without equivocation or reservation, is Modely indifferent to you? Nay, nay,—look me in the face; turn your eyes towards me. One judges greatly by the eyes, especially in women. Your poor papa used to say that my eyes reasoned better than my tongue.——Well, and now tell me without blushing, is Modely indifferent to you?

Cœlia. I fear he is not, madam, and it is that which perplexes me.

L. Bev. How do you feel when you meet him?

Cœlia. Fluttered.

L. Bev. Hum! while you are with him?

Cœlia. Fluttered.

L. Bel. Hum! When you leave him?

Cœlia. Fluttered still.

L. Bev. Strong symptoms truly!

Cœlia. When Sir John Dorilant talks to me, my heart is softened, but not perplexed. My esteem, my gratitude overflows towards him. I consider him as a kind father, with all the tenderness without the authority.

L. Bev. But when Mr. Modely talks?

Cœlia. My tranquillity of mind is gone, I am pleased with hearing what I doubt is flattery, and when he grasps my hand——

L. Bev. Well, well, I know all that.—Be decent, child.——You need say no more, Mr. Modely is the man. [*Rising.*

Cœlia. But, dear madam, there are a thousand obstacles.——I am afraid Sir John loves me; I am sure he esteems me, and I would not forfeit his esteem for the universe. I am certain I can make him an affectionate and an humble wife, and I think I can forget Mr. Modely.

L. Bev. Forget a fiddle! Don't talk to me of forgetting. I order you on your duty not to forget. Mr. Modely is, and shall be the man. You may trust

my prudence for bringing it about. I will talk with Sir John instantly. I know what you are going to say, but I will not hear a word of it. Can you imagine, Cælia, that I shall do any thing but with the utmost decency and decorum?

Cælia. I know you will not, madam; but there are delicacies——

L. Bev. With which I am unacquainted to be sure, and my daughter must instruct me in them. Pray, Cælia, where did you learn this nicety of sentiments? Who was it that inspired them?

Cælia. But the maxims of the world——

L. Bev. Are altered, I suppose, since I was of your age. Poor thing, what world hast thou seen? Notwithstanding your delicacies and your maxims, Sir John perhaps may be wiser than you imagine, and choose a wife of somewhat more experience.

Cælia. May he be happy wherever he chooses—— But, dear madam——

L. Bev. Again? don't make me angry. I will positively not be instructed. Ay, you may well blush. ——Nay, no tears.—Come, come, Cælia, I forgive you. I had idle delicacies myself once. Lard! I remember when your poor papa—he, he, he—but we have no time for old stories. What would you say now if Sir John himself should propose it, and persuade the match; and yet continue as much your friend as ever, nay become more so, a nearer friend?

Cælia. In such a case, madam——

L. Bev. I understand you, and will about it in-

stantly. B'ye Cælia; O how its little heart flutters!

[*Exit L.* Bev.

Cælia. It does indeed. A nearer friend? I hardly know whether I should wish her success or not—— Sir John is so affectionate. Would I had never seen Mr. Modely!——Araminta too! what will she say? ——O I see a thousand bad consequences. I must follow her, and prevent them. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Scene continues. Enter Lady BEVERLEY *and* MODELY.

Lady Beverley.

PR'YTHEE don't tease me so; I vow, cousin Modely, you are almost as peremptory as my daughter. She truly was teaching me decorum just now, and plaguing me with her delicacies, and her stuff. I tell you, Sir John will be in the garden immediately: this is always his hour of walking; and when he comes, I shall lay the whole affair before him, with all its concatenation of circumstances, and I warrant you bring it about.

Mod. I have no doubt, madam, of the transcendency of your ladyship's rhetoric; it is on that I entirely rely. But I must beg leave to hint, that Araminta already suspects my passion, and should it be openly declared, would undoubtedly prevail that instant with her brother to forbid me the house.

L. Bev. Why, that might be.

Mod. And though I told your daughter I did not care how soon it came to an eclaircissement; yet a woman of your ladyship's penetration and knowledge of the world, must see the necessity of concealing it, at least for a time. I beg pardon for offering what may have even the distant appearance of instruction. But it is Sir John's delicacy which must be principally alarmed with apprehensions of her disregard for him; and I am sure your ladyship's manner of doing it, will shew him where he might much better place his affections, and with an undoubted prospect of happiness.

L. Bev. Ay, now you talk to the purpose.——But stay, is not that Sir John coming this way?——It is I vow, and Araminta with him. We'll turn down this walk, and reason the affair a little more, and then I will come round the garden upon him.

[Modely *takes her hand to lead her out.*

You are very gallant, cousin Modely. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir JOHN DORILANT *and* ARAMINTA.

Ara. What do you drag me into the garden for? We were private enough where we were—and I hate walking.

Sir J. Dor. Forgive me, my dear sister; I am restless every where; my head and heart are full of nothing but this lovely girl.

Ara. My dear, dear brother, you are enough to spoil any woman in the universe. I tell you again and again, the girl is a good girl, an excellent girl, and

will make an admirable wife. You may trust one woman in her commendations of another; we are not apt to be too favourable in our judgments, especially when there is beauty in the case.

Sir J. Dor. You charm me when you talk thus. If she is really all this, how happy must the man be who can engage her affections! But, alas! Araminta, in every thing which regards me, it is duty, not love, which actuates her behaviour. She steals away my very soul by her attentions, but never once expresses that heart-felt tenderness, those sympathetic feelings——

Ara. Ha, ha, ha!——O my stars!——Sympathetic feelings!——Why, would you have a girl of her age have those sympathetic feelings, as you call them! If she had, take my word for it, she would coquet it with half the fellows in town before she had been married a twelvemonth. Besides, Sir John, you don't consider that you was her father's friend; she has been accustomed from her infancy to respect you in that light: and our fathers' friends, you know, are always old people, grey beards, philosophers, enemies to youth, and the destruction of gaiety.

Sir J. Dor. But I was never such.

Ara. You may imagine so; but you always had a grave turn. I hated you once myself.

Sir J. Dor. Dear Araminta!

Ara. I did, as I hope to live; for many a time has your aversion to dancing hindered me from having a fiddle.——By the bye, remember we are to have the fiddles to-night.——But let that pass. As the case

now stands, if I was not already so near akin to you, you have the temper in the world which I should choose in a husband.

Sir J. Dor. That is obliging, however.

Ara. Not so very obliging, perhaps, neither. It would be merely for my own sake; for then would I have the appearance of the most obedient, sympathetic wife in the universe, and yet be as despotic in my government as an eastern monarch. And when I grew tired, as I probably should do, of a want of contradiction, why, I should find an easy remedy for that too—I could break your heart in about a month.

Sir J. Dor. Don't trifle with me; 'tis your serious advice I want; give it me honestly as a friend, and tenderly as a sister.

Ara. Why, I have done it fifty times. What can I say more? If you will have it again, you must. This then it is in plain terms.—But you are sure you are heartily in love with her?

Sir J. Dor. Pshaw!

Ara. Well then, that we will take for granted; and now you want to know what is right and proper for you to do in the case. Why, was I in your place, I should make but short work with it. She knows the circumstances of her father's will; therefore would I go immediately to her, tell her how my heart stood inclined, and hope she had no objections to comply, with what it is not in her power to refuse.

Sir J. Dor. You would not have me talk thus abruptly to her?

Ara. Indeed I would. It will save a world of trouble. She will blush perhaps at first, and look a little awkward (and, by the bye, so will you too); but if she is the girl I take her for, after a little irresolute gesture, and about five minutes conversation, she will drop you a curtesy with the demure humility of a vestal, and tell you it shall be as you and her mamma pleases.

Sir J. Dor. O, that it were come to that!

Ara. And pray what hinders it? Nothing upon earth but your consummate prudence and discretion.

Sir J. Dor. I cannot think of marrying her, till I am sure she loves me.

Ara. Lud, lud!——Why, what does that signify? If she consents, is not that enough?

Sir J. Dor. Her gratitude may induce her to consent, rather than make me unhappy.

Ara. You would absolutely make a woman mad.

Sir J. Dor. Why, could you think of marrying a man who has no regard for you?

Ara. The case is widely different, my good casuistical brother; and perhaps I could not—unless I was very much in love with him.

Sir J. Dor. And could you then?

Ara. Yes, I could—to tell you the truth, I believe I shall.

Sir J. Dor. What do you mean?

Ara. I shall not tell you.———You have business enough of your own upon your hands.

Sir J. Dor. Have you any doubts of Modely?

Ara. I shall keep them to myself, if I have. For you are a wretched counsellor in a love-case.

Sir J. Dor. But dear Araminta———

Ara. But dear Sir John Dorilant, you may make yourself perfectly easy, for you shall positively know nothing of my affairs. As to your own, if you do not instantly resolve to speak to Cælia, I will go and talk to her myself.

Sir J. Dor. Stay, Lady Beverley is coming towards us.

Ara. And has left my swain yonder by himself.

Sir J. Dor. Suppose I break it to her?

Ara. It is not a method which I should advise; but do as you please.—I know that horrid woman's sentiments very exactly, and I shall be glad to have her teased a little. [*Aside*]——I'll give you an opportunity by leaving you; and so adieu, my dear sentimental brother!

Enter Lady BEVERLEY *and* MODELY.

We'll change partners, if you please, madam.—[*To Lady* Beverley *as she enters. And then exit with* Modely.]

L. Bev. Poor mistaken creature! how fond the thing is!——[*Aside, and looking after* Araminta.]——Your servant, Sir John.

Sir J. Dor. Your ladyship's most obedient.——[*After some irresolute gesture on both sides——Lady* Beverley *speaks.*]

L. Bev. I——I——have wanted an opportunity of speaking to you, Sir John, a great while.

Sir J. Dor. And I, madam, have long had an affair of consequence to propose to your ladyship.

L. Bev. An affair of consequence to me!—O lud! ——will you please to speak, sir.

Sir J. Dor. Not till I have heard your ladyship's commands.

L. Bev. What, must women speak first? Fie, Sir John——[*Looking languishingly.*]——Well then, the matter, in short, is this: I have long been thinking how to dispose of my girl properly. She is grown a woman, you see, and, though I who am her mother say it, has her allurements.

Sir J. Dor. Uncommon ones indeed.

L. Bev. Now I would willingly consult with you how to get her well married, before she is tainted with the indecorums of the world.

Sir J. Dor. It was the very subject which I proposed to speak to you upon.—I am sorry to put your ladyship in mind of a near and dear loss——But you remember Sir Harry's will.

L. Bev. Yes, yes, I remember it very well. Poor man! it was undoubtedly the only weak thing he was ever guilty of.

Sir J. Dor. Madam!

L. Bev. I say, Sir John, we must pardon the failings of our deceased friends. Indeed his affection for his child excuses it.

Sir J. Dor. Excuses it!

L. Bev. Yes indeed does it. His fondness for her might naturally make him wish to place her with a

person of your known excellence of character; for my own part, had I died, I should have wished it myself.—— I don't believe you have your equal in the world.——Nay, dear Sir John, 'tis no compliment. —This, I say, might make him not attend to the impropriety of the thing, and the reluctance a gentleman of your good sense and judgment must undoubtedly have to accede to so unsuitable a treaty; especially as he could not but know there were women of discretion in the world, who would be proud of an alliance where the prospect of felicity was so inviting and unquestionable.

Sir J. Dor. [*Who had appeared uneasy all the time she was speaking.*] What women, madam? I know of none.

L. Bev. Sir John!——That is not quite so complaisant, methinks—to our sex, I mean.

Sir J. Dor. I beg your pardon, madam; I hardly know what I say. Your ladyship has disconcerted every thing I was going to propose to you.

L. Bev. Bless me, Sir John!—I disconcerted every thing? How, pray? I have been only talking to you in an open friendly manner, with regard to my daughter; our daughter indeed I might call her, for you have been a father to her. The girl herself always speaks of you as such.

Sir J. Dor. Speaks of me as a father?

L. Bev. Why, more unlikely things have happened, Sir John.

Sir J. Dor. Than what, madam?

L. Bev. Dear Sir John!——You put such peremptory questions; you might easily understand what one meant methinks.

Sir J. Dor. I find, madam, I must speak plain at once.——Know then, my heart, my soul, my every thought of happiness is fixed upon that lovely girl.

L. Bev. O, astonishing! Well, miracles are not ceased, that's certain. But every body, they say, must do a foolish thing once in their lives.——And can you really and sincerely think of putting Sir Harry's will in execution?

Sir J. Dor. Would I could!

L. Bev. To be sure the girl has a fine fortune.

Sir J. Dor. Fortune! I despise it. I would give it with all my soul to any one who could engage me her affections.——Fortune! dirt.

L. Bev. I am thunderstruck!

Sir J. Dor. [*Turning eagerly to her.*] O, madam, tell me, sincerely tell me, what method can I possibly pursue to make her think favourably of me! You know her inmost soul, you know the tender moments of address, the easy avenues to her unpractised heart. Be kind, and point them out.

[*Grasping her hand.*

L. Bev. I vow, Sir John, I don't know what to say to you.——Let go my hand.——You talked of my disconcerting you just now; I am sure you disconcert me with a witness.——[*Aside.*] I did not think the man had so much rapture in him. He squeezed my hand with such an emphasis!—I may gain him perhaps at last.

Sir J. Dor. Why will you not speak, madam? Can you see me on the brink of desperation, and not lend a friendly hand to my assistance?

L. Bev. I have it.—[*Aside.*]——Alas, Sir John, what signifies what I can do! Can I answer for the inclinations of a giddy girl?

Sir J. Dor. You know she is not such; her innocent mind is yet untainted with the follies of her sex. And if a life devoted to her service, without a wish but what regards her happiness, can win her to be mine——

L. Bev. Why, that might go a great way with an unprejudiced mind. But when a first passion has taken place—

Sir J. Dor. [*With amazement.*] What do you mean?

L. Bev. To tell you the truth, I am afraid the girl is not so untainted as you imagine.

Sir J. Dor. You distract me.——How——when——whom can she have seen?

L. Bev. Undoubtedly there is a man—

Sir J. Dor. Tell me who, that I may——no, that I may give her to him, and make her happy, whatever becomes of me.

L. Bev. That is generous indeed.—So—so. [*Aside.*

Sir J. Dor. But 'tis impossible. I have observed all her motions, all her attentions, with a lover's eye incapable of erring.——Yet stay——has any body written to her?

L. Bev. There are no occasion for letters, when people are in the same house together.

Sir J. Dor. Confusion!

L. Bev. I was going to offer some proposals to you, but your strange declaration stopped me short.

Sir J. Dor. You proposals?——You?——Are you her abetter in the affair? O madam, what unpardonable crime have I committed against you, that you should thus conspire my ruin? Have not I always behaved to you like a friend, a brother?—I will not call you ungrateful.

L. Bev. Mercy on us!—The man raves.—How could it possibly enter into my head, or the girl's either, that you had any serious thoughts of marrying her? But I see you are too much discomposed at present, to admit of calm reasoning. So I shall take some other opportunity.——Friend—brother—ungrateful!—Very fine truly!—I hope, at least, you will not think of forcing the poor girl's inclinations! Ungrateful indeed! [*Exit in a passion.*

Sir J. Dor. Not for the universe—Stay, madam.——She is gone.——But it is no matter. I am but little disposed for altercation now. Heigh ho!——Good Heaven! can so slight an intersourse have effected all this?—I have scarce ever seen them together. O that I had been born with Belmour's happy talents of address!—Address!——'tis absolute magic, 'tis fascination—Alas! 'tis the rapidity of real passion.——Why did Modely bring him hither to his wedding? Every thing has conspired against me. He brought him; and the delay of the lawyers has kept him here. Had I taken Araminta's advice a poor

fortnight ago, it had not been in the power of fate to have undone me.—And yet she might have seen him afterwards, which would at least have made her duty uneasy to her.—Heigh ho!

Enter ARAMINTA *and* MODELY.

Ara. [*Entering.*] I tell you, I heard them very loud! and I will see what is the matter. O! here is my brother alone.

Sir J. Dor. [*Taking her tenderly by the hand.*] O Araminta!—I am lost beyond redemption.

Ara. Dear brother, what can have happened to you?

Sir J. Dor. [*Turning to* Modely.] Mr. Modely, you could not intend it, but you have ruined me.

Mod. [*Alarmed.*] I, Sir John!

Sir J. Dor. You have brought a friend with you, who has pierced me to the very soul.

Mod. Belmour!

Sir J. Dor. He has stolen my Cælia's affections from me.

Ara. [*Looking slyly at* Modely.] Belmour!

Mod. This must be a mistake, but I'll humour it. [*Aside.*] It cannot be—who can have told you so?

Sir J. Dor. Her mother has been this instant with me to make proposals on the subject.

Mod. For Belmour!

Sir J. Dor. She did not absolutely mention his name, but I could not mistake it. For she told me the favoured lover was under the same roof with us.

Mod. [*A little disconcerted.*] I could not have believed it of him.

Ara. Nor do I yet. [*Looking slyly again at* Modely.

Mod. There must certainly be some mistake in it; at the worst, I am sure I can prevail so far with Belmour, as to make him drop his pretensions.

Sir J. Dor. You cannot make her cease to love him. [*Sighing.*]

Mod. Time may easily get the better of so young a passion.

Sir J. Dor. Never, never; she is too sincere, too delicately sensible.

Mod. Come, come, you must not think so; it is not yet gone so far, but that it may be totally forgotten.--Now for a master-stroke to clench the whole. —[*Aside.*] In the mean time, Sir John, I have the satisfaction of acquainting you, that my affair, with Araminta's leave, draws very near a conclusion. The lawyers have finished their papers, and I only now wait for your perusal of them.

Ara. [*Aside.*] Well said!

Mod I ordered the writings to be laid upon your table.

Ara. [*Aside.*] What does he mean?

Sir J. Dor. Dear Mr. Modely, you shall not wait a moment for me. I will dispatch them instantly. I feel the want of happiness too severely myself, to postpone it in others. I leave you with my sister; when she names the day, you may depend upon my concurrence. [*Exit Sir* J. Dor.

[Mod *and* Ara. *look at one another for some time, then he speaks.*] I hope, madam, you are now convinced of my sincerity.

Ara. I am absolutely struck dumb with your assurance.

Mod. [*With an affected surprise.*] Madam!

Ara. You cannot mean all this.

Mod. Why not, madam?

Ara. Why, don't you know that I know——

Mod. I cannot help a lady's knowledge or imaginations. All I know is, that it is in your power to make me either the happiest or most miserable man in the whole creation.

Ara. Well, this is astonishing.

Mod. I am sorry, madam, that any unguarded behaviour of mine, any little playful gallantries, should have occasioned surmises, which——

Ara. Serious, as I hope to live.

Mod. Is it not enough to make one serious, when the woman one has pursued for years, almost with adoration, is induced by mere appearances to doubt the honourableness of one's intentions? Have you not heard me this moment apply to your brother, even in the midst of his uneasiness?——I little expected where the difficulty would lie.

Ara. Well, well, poor thing, I won't tease it any longer; here, there, take my hand.

Mod. Duped, by Jupiter.—[*Aside.*] O my everlasting treasure! And when, and when shall I be happy?

Ara. It shall depend upon yourself.

Mod. To-morrow, then, my angel, be the day. O Araminta, I cannot speak my transport!——And did you really think I was in love with Cælia?

Ara. Why, as a proof of my future sincerity, I must confess I did.

Mod. I wonder how you could!

Ara. Come, come, there were grounds enough for a woman in love to go upon.

Mod. [*Taking her by the hand.*] But you are now perfectly easy?

Ara. [*Pulling her hand from him.*] Why, yes, I think I am.——But what can my brother mean about Belmour?

Mod. It is some trick of the widow's.

Ara. I dare say she meant you.

Mod. Possibly she might—you know her motives.

Ara. Yes, yes, her passion for my brother is pretty notorious. But the wretch will be mistaken.——To-morrow, you say?

Mod. To-morrow, my adorable.

Ara. It shall be as you please.——But my situation is so terribly awkward, that I must break from you. Adieu! [*Exit* Ara.

Mod. Upon my soul she is a fine woman, and loves me to distraction; and what is still more, I most undoubtedly love her.——I have a good mind to take her.——Yet not to have it in my power to succeed in the other place, would call my parts in question.

——No, no;—I must not disparage my parts neither. ——In order to be a great character, one should go as near being a rogue as possible: I have a philosopher's opinion on my side in that, and the practice of half the heroes and politicians in Europe. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Scene continues. Enter BELMOUR.

Belmour.

CÆLIA in love with me! 'Egad the thing is not impossible; my friend Modely may have been a little mistaken. Sir John was very serious when he told me of it; and though I protested to him that I had never made the least advances, he still persisted in his opinion.—The girl must have told him so herself. ——Let me recollect a little. She is always extremely civil to me—but that indeed she is to every body.—I do not remember any thing particular in her looks; but I shall watch them more narrowly the next time I see her.——She is very handsome; and yet in my opinion, notwithstanding Modely's infidelity, Araminta is much the finer woman.—Suppose—No, that will not do.

Enter MODELY.

Mod. So, so, Mr. Belmour, I imagined I should find you here; this is the lover's corner. We have all had our reveries in it. But why don't you talk

louder, man? You ought, at least, to give me my revenge in that.—My soliloquies, you know, are easily over-heard.

Bel. I never designedly over-heard them, Mr. Modely; nor did I make any improper use of the accident.

Mod. Grave, very grave, and perfectly moral! And so this is all I am to have for the loss of my mistress.—Heigh ho!

Then I must be content to see her bless
Yon happier youth.———

Bel. Your raillery is a little unseasonable, Mr. Modely; for to speak plainly, I begin to suspect that this is some trick of yours, to dupe me as well as Sir John Dorilant.

Mod. Upon my honour, no, if we must be serious: it may be a mistake; but not intended on my side, I can assure you. Come, come, if the girl really likes you, take her. If I should prove the happy man, give me joy, and there's an end of it.

Bel. I fancy you are used to disappointments in love, they sit so easy upon you.—Or rather I should suppose, in this case, you are pretty sure of your ground.

Mod. Neither, upon my soul; but a certain *Je ne sai quoi—Gaieté de Coeur*, which carries me above misfortunes; some people call it vanity.

Bel. And are not absolutely mistaken. But what becomes of Araminta all this while?

Mod. [*Yawning.*] I shall marry her, I believe, to-morrow.

Bel. Marry her?

Mod. Yes; Sir John is at this very moment looking over the settlements.

Bel. I don't understand you.

Mod. And yet it is pretty plain, methinks. I tell you I am to be married to-morrow.—Was it not time to make sure of one mistress, when you were running away with the other?

Bel. You know I have no such intentions.—But are you really serious? Have you laid aside your designs upon Cælia?

Mod. Not so, neither.

Bel. What do you mean then by your marriage with Araminta! Why won't you unriddle this affair to me?

Mod. Because it is at present a riddle to myself, and I expect Lady Beverley every moment to resolve the enigma.

Bel. Was it a scheme of her's?

Mod. Certainly, and I partly guess it, but will not unbosom till I know it fully.—Come, come, with all that gravity of countenance and curiosity, you must leave me instantly; the lady will be here, and the plot unravelled, and then———

Bel. I shall expect to be satisfied. [*Exit.*

Mod. Ha! ha! ha! or else you will fight me, I suppose. Why, so you may; and so may Sir John Dorilant too, and faith with some colour of reason.

But my comfort is, that I have experience on my side; and if I survive the rencounter, I shall be a greater hero than ever amongst the ladies, and be esteemed in all companies as much a man of honour as the best of you.

Enter LADY BEVERLEY.

L. Bev. Dear Cousin Modely, I am all over in an agitation; we shall certainly be discovered—that devil Araminta——

Mod. What of her, madam?

L. Bev. Is now with her brother talking so eagerly ——Oh! I saw her villanous changes in her countenance: I would have given the world to have overheard their conversation.—Come, come, you must advise me instantly.

Mod. Your ladyship must first let me into the secret. I am absolutely in a wood with regard to the whole affair.—What is all this of Cælia and Belmour?

L. Bev. Nothing, nothing at all; an errant dilemma of the foolish man's own making, which his impertinent sister will immediately clear up to him, and then all must come out.

Mod. But how came Belmour ever to be mentioned in the case?

L. Bev. Dear, dear, he never was mentioned. I must confess that I was so provoked with Sir John's unnatural behaviour, that I could not help telling him that Cælia had a lover, and in the house too.

Your situation with regard to Araminta made him never dream of you; and consequently all his suspicions turned on Belmour.

Mod. But you did not say that that lover had made his addresses to Cælia?

L. Bev. I don't know what I might have said; for he used me like a Turk. But whatever I said, I can unsay it again.

Mod. Why, if I might venture to advise a person of your ladyship's sagacity——

L. Bev. O ay, with all my heart, cousin Modely. For though I may say, without vanity, that nobody has a more clear apprehension of things when the mental faculty is totally undisturbed; yet, when I am in a trepidation, nobody upon earth can be more glad of advice.

Mod. Why, then, madam, to speak, with reverence, I should hope your ladyship would see the necessity of keeping me as concealed as possible. It is the young lady's passion, not mine, which must have the principal influence. Sir John Dorilant's peculiarity of temper is such——

L. Bev. Yes, yes, he has peculiarity enough, that's certain.

Mod. And it is there, madam, as the weakest part, that our attack will be the surest. If she confesses an inclination for me; not both the Indies, added to her fortune, could induce him to marry her.

L. Bev. That is honourable, however, cousin Modely. But he is a horrid creature, notwithstanding.

Mod. I grant it, madam; but a failure in an improper pursuit may recall his reason; and, as he does not want understanding, teach him to search for happiness where only it is to be expected.

L. Bev. He! he! I am so angry with him at present, that I really believe I should refuse him.

Mod. Your ladyship must not be too cruel.

L. Bev. Why, I confess it is not in my nature; but bless me! Here they come ——Let us run down this walk directly, for they must not see us together. [*Ex.*

Enter ARAMINTA *and* SIR JOHN DORILANT.

Ara. Come along, I say; you dragged me into the garden just now, and I will command in my turn. Talk to her you must, and shall. The girl has sense and spirit when she is disengaged from that horrid mother of her's; and I have told her you wanted her, and in this very spot.

Sir J. Dor. You cannot feel, Araminta, what you make me suffer.—But sooner or later it must come to this, and therefore I will assume a resolution, and be rid of all my doubts at once.

Ara. I tell you, this nonsense about Belmour is merely a phantom of her mother's raising, to sound your intentions, and promote her own.

Sir J. Dor. Thus far is certain, that Belmour disclaims all knowledge of the affair, and with an appearance of sincerity; but even that is doubtful. Besides, they are not his, but her inclinations which give me any concern. It is the heart I require. The

lifeless form, beauteous as it is, would only elude my grasp; the shadow of a joy, not the reality.

Ara. Dear, dear, that men had but a little common sense; or that one could venture to tell them what one knows of one's own sex! I have a good mind to be honest.——As I live, the girl is coming.—I'll speed her on the way. Courage, brother, Voila! [*Exit.*

Sir J. Dor. How shall I begin with her?——What idiots are men when they have a real passion! ridiculous, beneath contempt.——[*Walks about the stage.*]——Suppose——I will not suppose; the honest heart shall speak its faithful dictates, and if it fails,——why, let it.

Enter CÆLIA.

Cælia. [*With timidity.*] Araminta tells me, sir, that you have something to say to me.

Sir J. Dor. I have, madam.——Come forward, Miss Beverley.—Would you choose to sit?——[*They sit down.*]——*After some irresolute gesture.*] You are not afraid of catching cold?

Cælia. Not in the least, sir.

Sir J. Dor. I know sitting in the open air has that effect upon some people—but your youth and constitution——Did my sister say any thing concerning the subject I would speak to you upon?

Cælia. She only told me, sir, that it was of moment.

Sir J. Dor. It is of moment, indeed, Cælia.——But you must not think that I am angry.

Cælia. Angry, sir!

Sir J. Dor. I don't mean angry.——I am a little confused; but shall recover myself presently.——[*Rises, and* Cælia *rises too.*]——Nay, pray sit, Miss Beverley.——Whatever I feel myself, I would not disturb you.——[*Returns to his seat, then, after a pause, goes on.*]——The affair I would speak to you upon is this:——You remember your father perfectly?

Cælia. And ever shall.

Sir J. Dor. Indeed he was a good man, Miss Beverley, a virtuous man, and felt tenderly for your happiness.——Those tears become you, and yet, methinks, I would not provoke them.——When he died, he left you to my care.

Cælia Which alone made his loss supportable.

Sir J. Dor. Are you sincere in what you say?

Cælia. I should be ungrateful indeed, if I was not.

Sir J. Dor. [*Turning towards her.*] Nay, you are sincerity itself.—O Cælia; [*Taking her by the hand.*]—But I beg your pardon, I am assuming a liberty I have no right to take, till you allow it.

Cælia. Sir!

Sir J. Dor. I see I have alarmed you.—Retire, Miss Beverley,——I'll speak to you some other time. [*She is going.*]——Cælia, Miss Beverley,—pray come back, my dear—I am afraid my behaviour is rather too abrupt.——Perhaps, too, it may displease you.

Cælia. I can be displeased with nothing from you, sir; and am ready to obey you, be your commands what they will.

Sir J. Dor. Commands, Cælia!——that's a hard word.

Cælia. I am sorry it offends you.

Sir J. Dor. You know best, Cælia, whether it ought to offend me—would I could read the sentiments of your heart! Mine are but too apparent.—In short, my dear, you know the purport of your father's will—dare you fulfil it?

Cælia. To the minutest circumstance.—It is my duty.

Sir J. Dor. Ah, Cælia, that word *duty* destroys the obligation.

Cælia. Sir!

Sir J. Dor. I don't know how it is, but I am afraid to ask you the only question, which, sincerely answered, could make me happy—or miserable.

[*Half aside.*

Cælia. Let me beg of you, sir, to ask it freely.

Sir J. Dor. Well then——is your heart your own?——O Cælia, that hesitation confirms my fears. You cannot answer in the affirmative; and have too much humanity for what I feel, to add to my torments.—Good God!—and is it possible, that an acquaintance of a few days should entirely obliterate the attentive assiduity, the tender anxieties which I have shewn for years!—But I understand it all too well. Mine were the awful, though heart-felt attentions of a parent:

his, the sprightly address of a presuming lover. His easy assurance has won upon your affections; and what I thought my greatest merit, has undone me.

Cælia. You were so good, sir, a little while ago, to pity my confusion; pity it now, and whilst I lay my heart open before you, be again that kind, that generous friend, which I have always found you.

Sir J. Dor. Go on.

Cælia. It is in vain for me to dissemble an ignorance of your meaning, nor would I if I could. I own I have been too much pleased with Mr. Modely's conversation.

Sir J. Dor. Modely's!

Cælia. Let me go on.——His intended marriage with Araminta, gave him a freedom in this family which it was not my business to restrain. His attentions to my mother, and the friendly manner in which he executed some commissions of consequence to her, gave him frequent opportunities of talking to me. I will confess too, that his appearance and his manner struck me. But I was so convinced of his real passion for Aramanta, that I never dreamt of the least attachment to me, till——

Sir J. Dor. Till what, when—Modely!—Why, he is to be married to my sister to-morrow or next day.

Cælia. I knew it was so intended, but his behaviour this morning, and the intercessions of my mother, had, I own, won upon me strangely; and induced me to believe that I only was the object of his pursuit.

Sir J. Dor. I am thunderstruck!——

Cælia. My mother made me clearly perceive that the completion of his marriage would be an injury to Araminta. She told me too, sir, that you yourself would be my adviser in the affair, and even persuade me to accept it.

Sir J. Dor. O the malicious woman!

Cælia. In that indeed I perceive she greatly erred. And I only mean this as a confession of what is past, and of what is now at an end for ever.——For the future, I give myself to your guidance alone, and am what you direct.—— [*Giving her hand to him.*

Sir J. Dor. Thou amiable softness?——No, Cælia, however miserable I may be myself, I will not make you so; it was your heart, not your hand, I aspired to. As the former has been seduced from me, it would be an injustice to us both to accept of the latter. As to Mr. Modely, and Lady Beverley, I have not deserved this treachery from them, and they shall both feel my resentment.

Cælia. Sir!

Sir J. Dor. She told me indeed there was a favoured lover; and my suspicions fell very naturally upon Belmour. Nay, even now, nothing but that lovely sincerity—which undoes me—could make me credit this villany of Modely.——O Cælia! what a heart have I lost!

Cælia. You cannot, shall not lose it; worthless as it is, 'tis yours, and only yours, my father, guardian, lover, husband! [*Hangs upon him weeping.*

Enter ARAMINTA.

Ara. Hey-day!—what a scene is here! What is the matter with ye both?

Sir J. Dor. O sister! that angel goodness, that mirror of her sex has ruined me.

Ara. Ruined you!—how?

Sir J. Dor. Nay, I am not the only sufferer: Modely is as false to you, as her mother is to all of us.

Ara. I don't understand you.

Sir J. Dor. You will too soon. My suspicions of Belmour were all a chimæra; it is your impious Modely who has possession of her heart.——To me she is lost irrecoverably.—— [*Going.*

Ara. Stay, brother.

Sir J. Dor. I cannot, my soul's too full. [*Exit.*

Ara. Pray, Miss Beverley, what is the meaning of all this?

Cœlia. I cannot speak——

[*Throwing herself into a chair.*

Ara. I'll be hanged if this fellow Modely has not talked you into an opinion, that he is in love with you. Indeed, my dear, your youth and inexperience may lead you into strange scrapes; and that mother of yours is enough to turn any girl's head in the universe.—Come, come, unriddle this affair to me.

Cœlia. Alas! madam, all I know is, that the only man I ever did, or ever can esteem, despises me, and, I fear, hates me..

Ara. Hates you! he doats upon you to distraction.

—But pray, did Modely ever make any serious addresses to you?

Cœlia. Alas! but too often.

Ara. The hypocrite! but I'll be even with him.—And your mother, I suppose, encouraged him! An infamous woman! But I know her drift well enough——

Enter LADY BEVERLEY.

L. Bev. Where is my poor girl? I met Sir John Dorilant in such a furious way, that he seems to have lost all common civility. What have they done to you, child?

Ara. Done to her? What has your ladyship done to her? I knew your little artifices long ago, but——

L. Bev. My artifices! Mrs. Araminta.

Ara. Your artifices, Lady Beverley; but they are all to no purpose; the girl has too good an understanding to be imposed on any longer; and your boasted machinations are as vain and empty in their effects, as in their contrivances.

L. Bev. What does the woman mean?—But the loss of a lover, I suppose, is an excuse for ill-breeding. Poor creature! if the petulency of thy temper would let me, I could almost pity thee. The loss of a lover is no agreeable thing; but women at our time of life, Mrs. Araminta, must not expect a lasting passion.

Ara. Scarce any at all I believe, if they go a wooing themselves. For my part, I have had the satis-

faction of being solicited however. And I am afraid my rustic brother never gave your ladyship's solicitations even the slightest encouragement. How was it? Did you find him quite hard hearted? No bowels of compassion for so accomplished a damsel?

Cœlia. [*Interposing.*] Dear madam! dear Araminta!

L. Bev. Stand away, child——Desert, madam, is not always attended with success; nor confidence neither. There are some women so assured of their conquest, as even to disgust a lover on the very day of marriage.

Ara. Was my behaviour ever such?

L. Bev. I really cannot say Mrs. Araminta; but the world, you know, is censorious enough, when a match is broken off so near its conclusion, generally to charge the inconstancy of the lover to some defect of his mistress.

Ara. I defy him to produce any.

L. Bev. And yet he has certainly left you;

Never, never to return!

Ara. Insolent!

Cœlia. [*Interposing again.*] Dear Araminta!

Ara. But your ladyship may be mistaken even in that too. I may find him at his solicitations again? and if I do——

L. Bev. You'll take him.

Ara. Take him?——Daggers and poison sooner.

L. Bev. Poor creature!—Come, Cœlia, words do but aggravate her misfortune. We only disturb her. You see, my dear, what are the effects of too violent

a passion. It may be a lesson for your future conduct.

Ara. Look you, Lady Beverley, don't provoke me.

L. Bev. Why, what will ye do?

Cœlia. [*Interposing.*] For Heaven's sake, madam——

L. Bev. I fancy, Mrs. Araminta, instead of quarreling, we had better join forces.—If we could but get this girl out of the way, we might both succeed.

Ara. You are a wicked woman.——

L. Bev. Poor creature! shall I say any thing to my cousin Modely for you? You know I have weight with him.

Ara. Yes, madam; you may tell him that his connexions with you, have rendered him ridiculous; and that the revenge of an injured woman is never contemptible. [*Exit* Ara.

L. *Bev.* [*Leading off* Cœlia *on the other side.*] Poor creature!——Come along, child.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Scene continues. Enter SIR JOHN DORILANT.

Sir J. Dorilant.

THIS fatal spot, which draws me to it almost involuntarily, must be the scene of another interview.—Thank Heaven I have recovered myself. Nor shall any misery which I may suffer, much less any prospect of a mean revenge, make me act unbecoming my character.

Enter ARAMINTA.

Ara. Well, brother, I hope you are resolved to marry this girl?

Sir J. Dor. Marry her, my dear Araminta! Can you think it possible, that I should have so preposterous a thought? No, my behaviour shall deserve; but not over-rule her inclinations. Were I to seize the tender opportunity of her present disposition, the world would ascribe it to her fortune; and I am sure my deceased and valuable friend, however kindly he meant to me in this affair, never intended that I should make his daughter unhappy.

Ara. But I tell you she loves you; and you must and shall marry her.

Sir J. Dor. Ah, sister, you are willing to dispose of her any way. That worthless lover of yours still hangs about your heart, and I have avoided seeing him on your account, as well as Cælia's.

Ara. To shew how mistaken you are in all this, I have given him up totally. I despise, and hate him; nay I am upon the brink of a resolution to give myself to another. [Sir John *shakes his head.*] I am, I assure you; his friend, Mr. Belmour, is by no means indifferent on the subject.

Sir J. Dor. And is this revenge on yourself, a proof of your want of passion for him?—Ah, Araminta!—Come, come, my dear, I own I think him unworthy of you, and would resent his usage to the utmost, did not I clearly perceive that it would ap-

pear mercenary in myself, and give real pain both to you and Cælia.

Ara. I actually don't know what to say to you.

Sir J. Dor. You had better say nothing. Your spirits at present are too much alarmed.—I have sent for Cælia hither; a short hour may determine the fates of all of us. I know my honourable intentions will give her great uneasiness. But it is my duty which exacts them from me.—You had better take a turn or two in some other part of the garden:—I see my steward coming this way;—I may want your assistance but too soon. [*Exit* Ara.

Enter the Steward.

Have you brought those papers I bade you look for?

Stew. Yes, sir. But there is the gentleman within to wait upon your honour, concerning the estate you intended to purchase. It seems a mighty good bargain.

Sir J. Dor. I cannot speak to him now.

Stew. Your honour always used to be punctual,

Sir J. Dor. Alas! Jonathan, I may be punctual again to-morrow.—Give me the papers. Did Miss Beverley say she would come to me?

Stew. Immediately, sir. But I wish your honour would consider, such bargains as these do not offer every day.

Sir J. Dor. Heigh ho!

Stew. It joins so conveniently too to your honour's own estate—within a hedge as I may say.

Sir J. Dor. Pr'ythee don't plague me.

Stew. Nay, 'tis not my interest, but your honour's. Though that indeed I may call my interest, for I am sure I love your honour.

Sir J. Dor. I know thou dost, Jonathan; and I am too hasty—but leave me now.——If the gentleman will do me the favour of staying all night, I may satisfy him in the morning. My head and heart are too full now for any business which concerns my fortune. [*Exit* Sir J. Dor.

Stew. Something goes very wrong with my poor master. Some love nonsense or other, I suppose. ——I wish all the women were in the bottom of the sea, for my part. [*Exit Stew.*

Enter LADY BEVERLEY *and* CÆLIA.

L. Bev. I thought it requisite, Sir John, as I heard you had something of importance to transact with my daughter, to wait upon you with her.

Sir J. Dor. Was that necessary, madam?—I begged the favour of Miss Beverley's company only.

L. Bev. But a mother, you know, Sir John, who has a tender concern for her child——

Sir J. Dor. Should shew it on every occasion.

L. Bev. I find, Sir John, there is some misunderstanding at present, which a woman of prudence and experience might be much better consulted upon, than a poor young thing, whose——

Sir J. Dor. Not at all, madam; Cælia has all the prudence I require, and our present conversation will soon be over.

L. Bev. Nay, Sir John, to be sure I am not afraid of trusting my daughter alone with you. A man of your discretion will undoubtedly be guilty of no impropriety. But a third person sometimes, where the parties concerned are a little too much influenced by their passions, has occasioned very substantial, and very useful effects.—I have known several instances of it, in the course of my experience.

Sir J. Dor. This, madam, will not be one of them. —How teasing! [*Walking aside.*

L. Bev. I find, Sir John, that you are determined to have your own way, and therefore will shew you by my behaviour, that I know what good manners require; though I do not always meet with the same treatment from other people. [*Exit* L. Bev.

Sir J. Dor. Now, Cælia, we are alone, and I have many excuses to make to you for the impassioned sallies of our late conversation; which I do most sincerely—Can you pardon them?

Cælia. Alas! sir, 'tis I who ought to entreat for pardon.

Sir J. Dor. Not in the least, madam, I have no blame to cast upon you for any part of your conduct. Your youth and inexperience, joined to the goodness of your heart, are sufficient apologies for any shadow of indiscretion which might appear in your behaviour. I am afraid mine was not so irreproachable. However, Cælia, I shall endeavour to make you all the amends in my power; and to shew you that it is your happiness, not my own, which is the object of my anxiety.

Your father's will is but too clear in its intentions. But the purity of his heart never meant to promote my felicity at the expence of yours. You are therefore, madam, entirely at liberty from this moment, to make your choice where you please. This paper will entitle you to that authority; and this will enable you to bestow your fortune where you bestow your hand.——Take them, my dear.——Why are you so disturbed?——Alas! Cælia, I see too plainly the cause of these emotions. You only wish the happy man to whom you have given your heart, loved you as I do!———

But I beg pardon; and will only add one caution, which my duty demands of me, as your guardian, your protector, and your father's friend.—You have been a witness of Modely's transactions with my sister. Have a care therefore, Cælia; be sure of his firm attachment before you let your own hurry you into a compliance. These papers give you up all power on my part; but, as an adviser, I shall always be ready to be consulted.

Cælia. My tears and my confusion have hitherto hindered me from answering; not the invidious suggestion which you have so cruelly charged me with. What friend, what lover have I, to engross my attentions? I never had but one, and he has cast me off for ever.——O, sir, give me the papers, and let me return them where my soul longs to place them.

Sir J. Dor. No, Cælia, to accept them again would

impeach the justice of my whole proceeding. It would make it look like the mean artifice of a mercenary villain, who attempted to gain, by stratagem, what his merits did not intitle him to.——I blush to think of it.—I have performed my office. Be mistress of yourself, and let me fly from a combat to which I find myself unequal. [*Exit* Sir J. Dor.

[Cælia *sits down, leaning her head on her hand.*

Enter MODELY *and* BELMOUR.

Mod. Hist! hist! he has just left her, and in a fine situation for my approaches.——if you are not yet satisfied, I will make up all differences with you another time.——Get into the arbour, and be a witness of my triumph. You shall see me, like another Cæsar, Come, see—and overcome.

[Bel. *goes into the arbour.*

Mod. [*Comes forward, walks two or three turns by her, bowing as he passes, without being taken notice of, then speaks.*] If it is not an interruption, madam, when I find you thus alone.——

Cælia. [*Rising.*] I would choose to be alone.

Mod. Madam!

Cælia. [*After a little pause.*] In short, Mr. Modely, your behaviour to me of late is what I can by no means approve of. It is unbecoming your character as a man of honour; and would be a stain to the ingenuous modesty of my sex for me to suffer.

Mod. You surprise me, madam. Can the adoration of an humble love—the timid advance of a man

whom your beauty has undone, be such unpardonable offences?

[Cælia *looks with indignation at him, and is going off.*

Mod. [*Catching hold of her, and falling on his knees.*] Nay, madam, you must not leave me.

Cælia. Rise, sir, or I am gone this moment.——— I thought of flying from you, but my soul disdains it. ——— Know then, sir, that I am mistress of myself, mistress of my fortune, and may bestow my hand wherever my heart directs it.

Mod. My angel!—— [*Coming eagerly up to her.*

Cælia. What do you mean?

Mod. That you may make the most sincere of lovers, the happiest of mankind. The addition of your fortune will add splendor to our felicity; and the frowns of disappointed love only heighten our enjoyments.

Cælia. Oh, thou vile one!——How does that cruel, generous man, who has rejected me, rise on the comparison!

Mod. Rejected you!——Sir John Dorilant!

Cælia. Yes, Mr. Modely, that triumph at least is yours. I have offered myself, and been refused. My hand and fortune equally disdained. But may perpetual happiness attend him, wherever his honest, honest heart shall fix!

Mod. O, madam, your inexperience deceives you. He knows the integrity of your mind, and trusts to that for recompence. His seeming disinterestedness it but the surer method of completing his utmost wishes.

Cælia. Blasphemer, stop thy tongue. The purity of his intentions is as much above thy malice, as thy imitation. [*She walks to one side of the stage, and* Modely *stands disconcerted on the other.*

Enter LADY BEVERLEY.

L. Bev. Well, child, what has the man said to thee? Cousin Modely, your servant; you find our plot would not take, they were too quick upon us. ——Hey-day! what has been doing here?

Mod. O, madam, you are my only refuge; a wretch on the brink of despair flies to you for protection. That amiable creature is in full possession of herself and fortune, and yet rejects my tenderest solicitations.

L. Bev. Really!——What is all this? Tell me, Cælia, has the man actually given up all right and title to thee real and personal? Come, come, I must be a principal actress, I find, in this affair.—— Decency and decorum require it.—Tell me, child, is it so?

Cælia. Sir John Dorilant, madam, with a generosity peculiar to himself, (cruel generosity!) has cancelled every obligation which could confine my choice. These papers confirm the freedom he has given me——and rob me of all future comfort.

L. Bev. Indeed! I did not expect this of him; but I am heartily glad of it.—Give me the papers, child.

Cælia. No, madam:——Useless as they are, they are yet my own.

L. Bev. Useless!—What do you mean? Has the base man laid any other embargo on the child?

Cœlia. I cannot bear, madam, even from you, to hear Sir John Dorilant treated with disrespect.——Useless!—Yes, they shall be useless. Thus, thus I tear them into atoms; and disdain a liberty which but too justly reproaches my conduct.—Your advice, madam, has already made me miserable, but it shall not make me ungrateful or unjust. [*Exit* Cœlia.

L. Bev. I am astonished! I never saw the girl in such a way before.—Why, this is errant disobedience, cousin Modely. I must after her, and know the bottom of it.—Don't dispair. [*Exit* L. Bev.

Bel. [*Coming out of the arbour.*] Come, see, overcome!—O poor Cæsar!

Mod. [*Humming a tune.*] You think I am disconcerted now?

Bel. Why really I should think something of that kind.

Mod. You never were more mistaken in your life. ——Egad, 'tis a spirited girl. She and Sir John Dorilant were certainly born for one another. I have a good mind to take compassion of them, and let them come together. They must and shall be man and wife, and I will e'en go back to Araminta.

Bel. Thou hast a most astonishing assurance.

Mod. Hush!——she is coming this way——get into your hole again, and be dumb.——Now you shall see a scene of triumph indeed.

Bel. Have a care· Cæsar, you have the Britons to deal with. [*Retires.*

Enter ARAMINTA.

Ara. What, are they gone? and my wretch here by himself?—O that I could dissemble a little!—I will, if my heart bursts for it.——O, Mr. Modely, I am half ashamed to see you;——but my brother has signed those odious writings.

Mod. Then thus I seize my charmer.

Ara Agreeable rascal!——Be quiet, can't you; you think one so forward now.

Mod. I cannot, will not be restrained, when the dear object of my wishes meets me with kind compliance in her eyes and voice!——To-morrow!——'Tis an age—why should we wait for that? To-night, my angel, to-night may make us one, and the fair prospect of our halcyon days even from this hour begin.

Ara. Who would not think this fellow, with his blank verse now, was in earnest? But I know him thoroughly.—Indeed, Mr. Modely, you are too pressing; marriage is a serious thing. Besides, you know, this idle bustle betwixt my brother and Cælia, which you seem to think me ignorant of, and which you, in some measure, though undesignedly I dare say, have occasioned, may obstruct us a little.

Mod. Not at all, my dear; an amusement *en passant*;—the mere raillery of gallantry on my side, to oblige her impertinent mother (who, you know, has a

penchant for Sir John herself) was the whole insignificant business.——Perhaps, indeed, I was something blameable in it.

Ara. Why, really, I think so, in your situation. But are you sure it went no further?—nothing else passed between you?

Mod. Nothing in nature.

Ara. Dear me, how mistaken people are! I cannot say that I believed it; but they told me, that you had actually proposed to marry her—that the girl was near consenting—and that the mother was your friend in the affair.

Mod. The mere malice and invention of Lady Beverley.

Ara. And there is not a word of truth in it then?

Mod. Not a syllable——You know my soul is yours.

Ara. O thou villain!—I thought to have kept my temper, and to have treated you with the contempt you deserve; but this insolence is intolerable.—Can you imagine that I am a stranger to your proceedings? a deaf, blind ideot?——O, I could tear this foolish heart, which, cheated by its passion, has encouraged such an insult.——How, how have I deserved this treatment? [*Bursting into tears.*

Mod. [*Greatly alarmed.*] By holy faith!—by every power above! you, and you only, are the passion of my soul!——May every curse ——

Ara. Away, deceiver!—these tears are the tears of resentment.—My resolution melts not in my eyes.

'Tis fixed, unalterable!—You might imagine, from the gaiety of my temper, that it had its levity too: But know, sir, that a woman who has once been duped, defies all future machinations.

Mod. Hear me, madam!—nay, you shall hear me.—

Ara. Shall!—insufferable insolence!——Go, sir; for any thing which regards me, you are free as air, free as your licentious principles. Nor shall a thought of what I once esteemed, disturb my future quiet. There are men who think me not contemptible, and under whose protection I may shelter my disgrace. —Unhand me.—This is the last time I shall probably ever see you; and I may tell you in parting, that you have used me cruelly, and that Cælia knows you as perfectly as I do. [*Exit* Ara.—Mod. *stands confounded.*

Enter BELMOUR.

Bel. Cæsar ashamed!—And well he may, 'faith.—Why, man, what is the matter with you? Quite dumb? quite confounded?—Did not I always tell you that you loved her?

Mod. I feel it sensibly.

Bel. And I can tell you another secret.

Mod. What's that?

Bel. That she loves you.

Mod. O that she did!

Bel. Did!—Every word, every motion of passion through her whole conversation betrayed it involuntarily. I wish it had been otherwise.

Mod. Why?

Bel. Because I had some thoughts of circumventing you. But I find it will be in vain.—Therefore, pursue her properly, and she is yours.

Mod. O never, Belmour, never!—I have sinned beyond a possibility of pardon. That she did love me, I have had a thousand proofs, which, like a brainless idiot, I wantonly trifled with.——What a pitiful rascal have I made myself?

Bel. Why, in that I agree with you;—but don't despair man; you may still be happier than you deserve.

Mod. With what face can I approach her? Every circumstance of her former affection, now rises in judgment against me. O, Belmour, she has taught me to blush!

Bel. And I assure you it becomes you mightily.

Mod. Where can I apply?—How can I address her?—All that I can possibly do, will only look like a mean artificial method of patching up my other disappointment.

Bel. More miracles still!—She has not only taught you to blush, but has absolutely made a man of honour of you!

Mod. Raillery is out of season.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mrs. Araminta, sir, desires to speak with you.

Mod. [*Eagerly.*] With me?

Serv. No, sir, with Mr. Belmour.

Bel. With me?

Serv. Yes, sir.

Bel. Where is she?

Serv. In the close walk by the house, sir.

Bel. And alone?

Serv. Entirely, sir.

Bel. I'll wait upon her this instant. [*Exit Servant.*

Mod. Belmour, you shall not stir.

Bel. By my faith but I will, sir.

Mod. She said there were men to whom she could fly for protection.—By my soul she intends to propose herself to you.

Bel. And if she does, I shall certainly accept her offer.

Mod. I'll cut your throat if you do.

Bel. And do you think to fright me by that? I fancy I can cut throats as well as other people. Your servant. If I cannot succeed for myself, I'll speak a good word for you. [*Exit* Bel.

Mod. What can this mean?—I am upon thorns till I know the event. I must watch them.—No, that is dishonest.—Dishonest! How virtuous does a real passion make one!—Heigh ho! [*Walks about in disorder.*] He seems in great haste to go to her. He has turned into the walk already.—That abominable old-fashioned cradle-work makes the hedges so thick, there is no seeing through them.——An open lawn has ten thousand times the beauty, and is kept at less expence by half.——These cursed unnatural chairs are always in the way too.—[*Stumbling against one of the garden chairs.*] What a miserable dog am I?——

I would give an arm to know what they are talking about.——We talk of female coquettes! By my soul we beat them at their own weapons!—Stay—one stratagem I may yet put in practice, and it is an honest one.——The thought was lucky.——I will about it instantly. Poor Modely! How has thy vanity reduced thee!

ACT V. SCENE I.

Scene continues. Enter ARAMINTA *and* BELMOUR.

Araminta.

YOU find, Mr. Belmour, that I have seen your partialities, and like a woman of honour I have confessed my own. Your behaviour to your friend is generous beyond comparison, and I could almost join in the little stratagem you propose, merely to see if he deserves it.

Bel. Indeed, madam, you mistake him utterly. Vanity is his ruling vice; an idle affectation of success among the ladies, which makes fools admire, and boys envy him, is the master-passion of his giddy heart. The severe checks he has met with to-day, have sufficiently opened his understanding; and the real possession of one valuable woman, whom he dreads to lose, will soon convince him how despicable his folly has made him.

Ara. I am afraid, Mr. Belmour, a man who has

half his life been pursuing bubbles, without perceiving their insignificance, will be easily tempted to resume the chace. The possession of one reality will hardly convince him that the rest were shadows. And a woman must be an idiot indeed, who thinks of fixing a man to herself after marriage, whom she could not secure before it. To begin with insensibility!—O fie, Mr. Modely.

Bel. You need not fear it, madam; his heart——

Ara. Is as idle as our conversation on the subject. I beg your pardon for the comparison; as I do, for having sent for you in this manner. But I thought it necessary that both you and Mr. Modely should know my real sentiments, undisguised by passion.

Bel. And may I hope you will concur in my proposal?

Ara. I don't know what to say to it; it is a piece of mummery which I am ill suited for at present. But if an opportunity should offer, I must confess I have enough of the woman in me, not to be insensible to the charms of an innocent revenge.—But this other intricate business, if you can assist me in that, you will oblige me beyond measure. They are two hearts, Mr. Belmour, worthy to be united! Had my brother a little less honour, and she a little less sensibility—But I know not what to think of it.

Bel. In that, madam, I can certainly assist you.

Ara. How, dear Mr. Belmour?

Bel. I have been a witness, unknown to Cœlia, to

such a conversation, as will clear up every doubt Sir John can possibly have entertained.

Ara. You charm me when you say so.——As I live, here comes my brother.—Stay; is not that wretch, Modely, with him? He is actually.—What can his assurance be plotting now?—Come this way, Mr. Belmour; we will watch them at a distance, that no harm may happen between them, and talk to the girl first. The monster!—— [*Exeunt.*

Enter SIR JOHN DORILANT *and* MODELY.

Mod. [*Entering, and looking after* Ara. *and* Bel.] They are together still!——
But let me resume my nobler self.

Sir J. Dor. Why will you follow me, Mr. Modely? I have purposely avoided you.—My heart swells with indignation.——I know not what may be the consequence.

Mod. Upon my honour, Sir John——

Sir J. Dor. Honour, Mr. Modely! 'tis a sacred word. You ought to shudder when you pronounce it. Honour has no existence but in the breast of truth. 'Tis the harmonious result of every virtue combined.—You have sense, you have knowledge; but I can assure you, Mr. Modely, though parts and knowledge, without the dictates of justice, or the feelings of humanity, may make a bold and mischievous member of society even courted by the world, they only, in my eye, make him more contemptible.

Mod. This I can bear, Sir John,——because I have deserved it.

Sir J. Dor. You may think, perhaps, it is only an idle affair with a lady, what half mankind are guilty of, and what the conceited wits of your acquaintance will treat with raillery. Faith with a woman! ridiculous!—But let me tell you, Mr. Modely, the man who even slightly deceives a believing and a trusting woman, can never be a man of honour.

Mod. I own the truth of your assertions. I feel the awful superiority of your real virtue. Nor should any thing have dragged me into your presence, so much I dreaded it, but the sincerest hope of making you happy.

Sir J. Dor. Making me happy, Mr. Modely!—You have put it out of your own power.—[*Walks from him, then turns to him again.*]——You mean, I suppose, by a resignation of Cælia to me.

Mod. Not of Cælia only, but her affections.

Sir J. Dor. Vain and impotent proposal!

Mod. Sir John, 'tis not a time for altercation.——By all my hopes of bliss here and hereafter, you are the real passion of her soul.——Look not so unbelieving: by Heaven 'tis true; and nothing but an artful insinuation of your never intending to marry her, and even concurring in our affair, could ever have made her listen one moment to me.

Sir J. Dor. Why do I hear you?——O, Mr. Modely, you touch my weakest part.

Mod. Cherish the tender feelings, and be happy.

Sir J. Dor. Is it possible that amiable creature can think and talk tenderly of me? I know her generosity; but generosity is not the point.

Mod. Believe me, sir, 'tis more; 'tis real unaffected passion. Her innocent soul speaks through her eyes the honest dictates of her heart. In our last conference, notwithstanding her mother's commands; notwithstanding what I blush to own, my utmost ardent solicitations to the contrary, she persisted in her integrity, tore the papers which left her choice free, and treated us with an indignation which added charms to virtue.

Sir J. Dor. O these flattering sounds!——Would I could believe them!

Mod. Belmour, as well as myself, and Lady Beverley was a witness of the truth of them. I thought it my duty to inform you, as I know your delicacy with regard to her. And indeed I would in some measure endeavour to repair the injuries I have offered to your family, before I leave it for ever.——O, Sir John, let not an ill judged nicety debar you from a happiness, which stands with open arms to receive you. Think what my folly has lost in Araminta; and, when your indignation at the affront is a little respited, be blest yourself, and pity me.—[*As he goes out, he still looks after* Araminta *and* Belmour.]——I don't see them now; but I will go round that way to the house. [*Exit* Modely.

Sir J. Dor. What can this mean?——He cannot intend to deceive me; he seems too sincerely affected.

—I must, I will believe him. The mind which suspects injustice, is half guilty of it itself.——Talks tenderly of me! tore the papers! treated them with indignation! Heavens! what a flow of tender joy comes over me!——Shall Cælia then be mine? How my heart dances! O! I could be wondrous foolish!—Well, Jonathan.

Enter STEWARD.

Stew. The gentleman, sir——

Sir J. Dor. What of the gentleman? I am ready for any thing.

Stew. Will wait upon your honour to-morrow, as you are not at leisure.

Sir J. Dor. With all my heart.—Now or then, whenever he pleases.

Stew. I am glad to see your honour in spirits.

Sir J. Dor. Spirits, Jonathan! I am light as air. —Make a thousand excuses to him;——but let it be to-morrow, however, for I see Lady Beverley coming this way.

Stew. Heaven bless his good soul! I love to see him merry. [*Exit.*

Enter LADY BEVERLEY.

L. Bev. If I don't interrupt you, Sir John——

Sir J. Dor. Interrupt me, madam, 'tis impossible.

L. Bev. For I would not be guilty of an indecorum, even to you.

Sir J Dor. Come, come, Lady Beverley, these little bickerings must be laid aside. Give me your hand,

lady. Now we are friends. [*Kissing it.*]——How does your lovely daughter?

L. Bev. You are in a mighty good humour, Sir John; perhaps every body may not be so.

Sir J. Dor. Every body must be so, madam, where I come; I am joy itself.

"*The jolly god that leads the jocund hours.*"

L. Bev. What is come to the man!——Whatever it is, I shall damp it presently.—[*Aside.*]——Do you choose to hear what I have to say, Sir John?

Sir J. Dor. You can say nothing, madam, but that you consent, and Cælia is my own.——Yes, you yourself have been a witness to her integrity. Come, indulge me, Lady Beverley. Declare it all, and let me listen to my happiness.

L. Bev. I shall declare nothing, Sir John, on that subject: what I have to say is of a very different import.——In short, without circumlocution, or any unnecessary embarrassment to entangle the affair, I and my daughter are of opinion, that it is by no means proper for us to continue any longer in your family.

Sir J. Dor. Madam!

L. Bev. This is what I had to declare. Sir John.

Sir J. Dor. Does Cælia, madam, desire to leave me?

L. Bev. It was a proposal of her own.

Sir J. Dor. Confusion!

L. Bev. And a very sensible one too, in my opinion. For when people are not so easy together, as

might be expected, I know no better remedy than parting.

Sir J. Dor. [*Aside.*] Sure, this is no trick of Modely's, to get her away from me!—He talked too himself of leaving my family immediately.—I shall relapse again.

L. Bev. I find, Sir John, you are somewhat disconcerted; but, for my part—

Sir J. Dor. O torture!

L. Bev. I say, for my part, Sir John, it might have been altogether as well, perhaps, if we had never met.

Sir J. Dor. I am sorry, madam, my behaviour has offended you, but——

Enter ARAMINTA, CÆLIA, *and* BELMOUR.

Ara. [*To* Cælia, *as she enters.*] Leave the house indeed!—Come, come, you shall speak to him.——What is all this disorder for? Pray, brother, has any thing new happened?——That wretch has been beforehand with us.— [*Aside to* Bel.

L. Bev. Nothing at all, Mrs. Araminta; I have only made a very reasonable proposal to him, which he is pleased to treat with his and your usual incivility.

Sir J. Dor. You wrong us, madam, with the imputation.——[*After a pause, and some irresolution, he goes up to* Cælia.]—I thought, Miss Beverley, I had already given up my authority, and that you were perfectly at liberty to follow your own inclinations.

I could have wished, indeed, to have still assisted you with my advice; and I flattered myself that my presence would have been no restraint upon your conduct. But I find it is otherwise. My very roof is grown irksome to you, and the innocent pleasure I received in observing your growing virtues, is no longer to be indulged to me.

Cælia. O, sir, put not so hard a construction upon what I thought a blameless proceeding. Can it be wondered at, that I should fly from him who has twice rejected me with disdain?

Sir J. Dor. With disdain, Cælia?

Cælia. Who has withdrawn from me even his parental tenderness, and driven me to the hard necessity of avoiding him, lest I should offend him farther. I know how much my inexperience wants a faithful guide; I know what cruel censures a malicious world will pass upon my conduct;—but I must bear them all. For he who might protect me from myself——protect me from the insults of licentious tongues, abandons me to fortune.

Sir J. Dor. O, Cælia!——have I, have I abandoned thee?——Heaven knows my inmost soul; how did it rejoice but a few moments ago, when Modely told me that your heart was mine!

Ara. Modely!—Did Modely tell you so?—Do you hear that, Mr. Belmour?

Sir J. Dor. He did, my sister, with every circumstance which could encrease his own guilt, and her integrity.

Ara. This was honest however.

Sir J. Dor. I thought it so, and respected him accordingly. O, he breathed comfort to a despairing wretch! but now a thousand, thousand doubts crowd in upon me. He leaves my house this instant; nay, may be gone already. Cælia too is flying from me, —perhaps to join him, and, with her happier lover, smile at my undoing!—— [*Leans on* Ara.

Cælia. I burst with indignation!——Can I be suspected of such treachery? Can you, sir, who know my every thought, harbour such a suspicion?—O, madam, this contempt have you brought upon me. A want of deceit was all the little negative praise I had to boast of, and that is now denied me.

[*Leans on* L. Bev.

L. Bev. Come away, child.

Cælia. No, madam. I have a harder task still to perform. [*Comes up to* Sir John.] To offer you my hand again under these circumstances, thus despicable as you have made me, may seem an insult. But I mean it not as such.—O, sir, if you ever loved my father, in pity to my orphan state, let me not leave you. Shield me from the world, shield me from the worst of misfortunes, your own unkind suspicions.

Ara. What fooling is here? Help me, Mr. Belmour.—There, take her hand.—And now let it go if you can.

Sir J. Dor. [*Grasping her hand.*] O, Cælia! may I believe Modely? Is your heart mine?

Cælia. It is, and ever shall be.

Sir J. Dor. Transporting ecstacy!—

[*Turning to* Cælia.

L. Bev. I should think, Sir John, a mother's consent——though Mrs. Araminta, I see, has been so very good to take that office upon herself.

Sir J. Dor. I beg your pardon, madam; my thoughts were too much engaged——But may I hope for your concurrence?

L. Bev. I don't know what to say to you; I think you have bewitched the girl amongst you.

Ara. Indeed, Lady Beverley, this is quite preposterous.——Ha!—He here again——Protect me, Mr. Belmour.

Enter MODELY.

Mod. Madam, you need fly no where for protection: you have no insolence to fear from me. I am humbled sufficiently, and the post-chaise is now at the door to banish me for ever.—My sole business here is, to unite that virtuous man with the most worthy of her sex.

Ara. [*Half aside.*] Thank you for the compliment ——Now, Mr. Belmour.

L. Bev. You may spare yourself the trouble, cousin Modely; the girl is irrecoverably gone already.

Mod. May all the happiness they deserve attend them! [*Going, then looks back at* Ara.] I cannot leave her.

Sir J. Dor. Mr. Modely, is there nobody here besides, whom you ought to take leave of?

Mod. I own my parting from that lady [*To* Ara.] should not be in silence; but a conviction of my guilt stops my tongue from utterance.

Ara. I cannot say I quite believe that; but as our affair may make some noise in the world, for the sake of my own character, I must beg of you to declare before this company, whether any part of my conduct has given even a shadow of excuse for the insult I have received. If it has, be honest, and proclaim it.

Mod. None, by heaven; the crime was all my own, and I suffer for it justly and severely——with shame I speak it, notwithstanding the appearances to the contrary, my heart was ever yours, and ever will be.

Ara. I am satisfied; and will honestly confess, the sole reason of my present appeal was this, that where I had destined my hand, my conduct might appear unblemished. [*Gives her hand to* Bel.

Mod. Confusion!——then my suspicions were just.

Sir J. Dor. Sister!

Cœlia. Araminta!

Ara. What do you mean? what are ye surprised at?——The insinuating Mr. Modely can never want mistresses any where. Can he, Mr. Belmour? You know him perfectly.

Mod. Distraction!——Knows me? Yes, he does know me. The villain! though he triumphs in my sufferings, knows what I feel!——You, madam, are just in your severity; from you I have deserved every thing; the anguish, the despair which must attend my future life comes from you like Heaven's

avenging minister!——But for him——[Sir John *interposes.*]——O for a sword——But I shall find a time, and a severe one.——Let me go, Sir John——

Ara. I'll carry on the farce no longer.—Rash, inconsiderate madman! The sword which pierces Mr. Belmour's breast, would rob you of the best of friends. ——This pretended marriage, for it is no more, was merely contrived by him, to convince me of your sincerity.——Embrace him as your guardian angel, and learn from him to be virtuous.

Bel. O madam, let me still plead for him. Surely when a vain man feels himself in the wrong, you cannot desire him to suffer a greater punishment.

Ara. I have done with fooling.——You told me to-day, Lady Beverley, that he would never return to me.

L. Bev. And I told you, at the same time, madam, that if he did——you would take him.

Ara. In both you are mistaken.——Mr. Modely, your last behaviour to Cælia and my brother, shews a generosity of temper I did not think you capable of, and for that I thank you. But to be serious on our own affair, whatever appearance your present change may carry with it; your transactions of to-day have been such, that I can never hereafter have that respect for you, which a wife ought to have for her husband.

Sir J. Dor. I am sorry to say it, Mr. Modely, her determination is, I fear, too just. Trust to time

however; at least let us part friends, and not abruptly. We should conceal the failings of each other, and if it must come to that, endeavour to find out specious reasons for breaking off the match, without injuring either party.

Ara. To shew how willing I am to conceal every thing—now I have had my little female revenge, as my brother has promised us the fiddle this evening; Mr. Modely, as usual, shall be my partner in the dance.

Mod. I have deserved this ridicule, madam, and am humbled to what you please.

Ara. Why then, brother, as we all seem in a strange dilemma, why may'nt we have one dance in the garden? it will put us in good humour.

Sir J. Dor. As you please, madam.—Call the fiddles hither.—Don't despair, Mr. Modely.

[*Half aside to him.*

L. Bev. I will not dance positively.

Bel. Indeed but you shall, madam; do you think I will be the only disconsolate swain who wants a partner? Besides, you see there are so few of us, that we must call in the butler and the ladies' maids even to help out the figure.

Sir J. Dor. Come, Lady Beverley, you must lay aside all animosities. If I have behaved improperly to you to-day, I most sincerely ask your pardon, and hope the anxieties I have been under will sufficiently plead my excuse; my future conduct shall be irre-

proachable.—[*Turning to* Cælia.] Here have I placed my happiness, and here expect it. O, Cælia, if the seriousness of my behaviour should hereafter offend you, impute it to my infirmity; it can never proceed from want of affection.

A heart like mine its own distress contrives,
And feels most sensibly the pain it gives;
Then even its frailties candidly approve,
For, if it errs, it errs from too much love.

[A dance.—Exeunt omnes.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken before the Dance, by ARAMINTA and MODELY.

Araminta.

WELL, ladies, am I right, or am I not?
Should not this foolish passion be forgot;—
This fluttering something, scarce to be exprest,
Which pleads for coxcombs in each female breast?
How mortified he look'd!—and looks so still.——
[Turning to *Modely*.
He really may repent——perhaps he will.——

Modely.

Will, Araminta?——Ladies, be so good,
Man's made of frail materials, flesh and blood.
We all offend at some unhappy crisis,
Have whims, caprices, vanities,—and vices.
Your happier sex, by nature was design'd,
Her last, best work, to perfect humankind.
No spot nor blemish the fair frame deforms,
No av'rice taints, no naughty passion warms
Your firmer hearts. No love of change in you
E'er taught desire to stray.———

Araminta.

———All this is true.
Yet stay;—the men, perchance, may call it sneer,
And some few ladies think you not sincere.

For your petition, whether wrong or right,
Whate'er it be, withdraw it for to-night.
Another time, if I should want a spouse,
I may myself report it to the house:—
At present, let us strive to mend the age;
Let justice reign,—at least upon the stage.
Where the fair dames, who like to live by rule,
May learn two lessons from the LOVERS SCHOOL:
While Cœlia's choice instructs them how to choose,
And my refusal warns them to refuse.

THE END.