

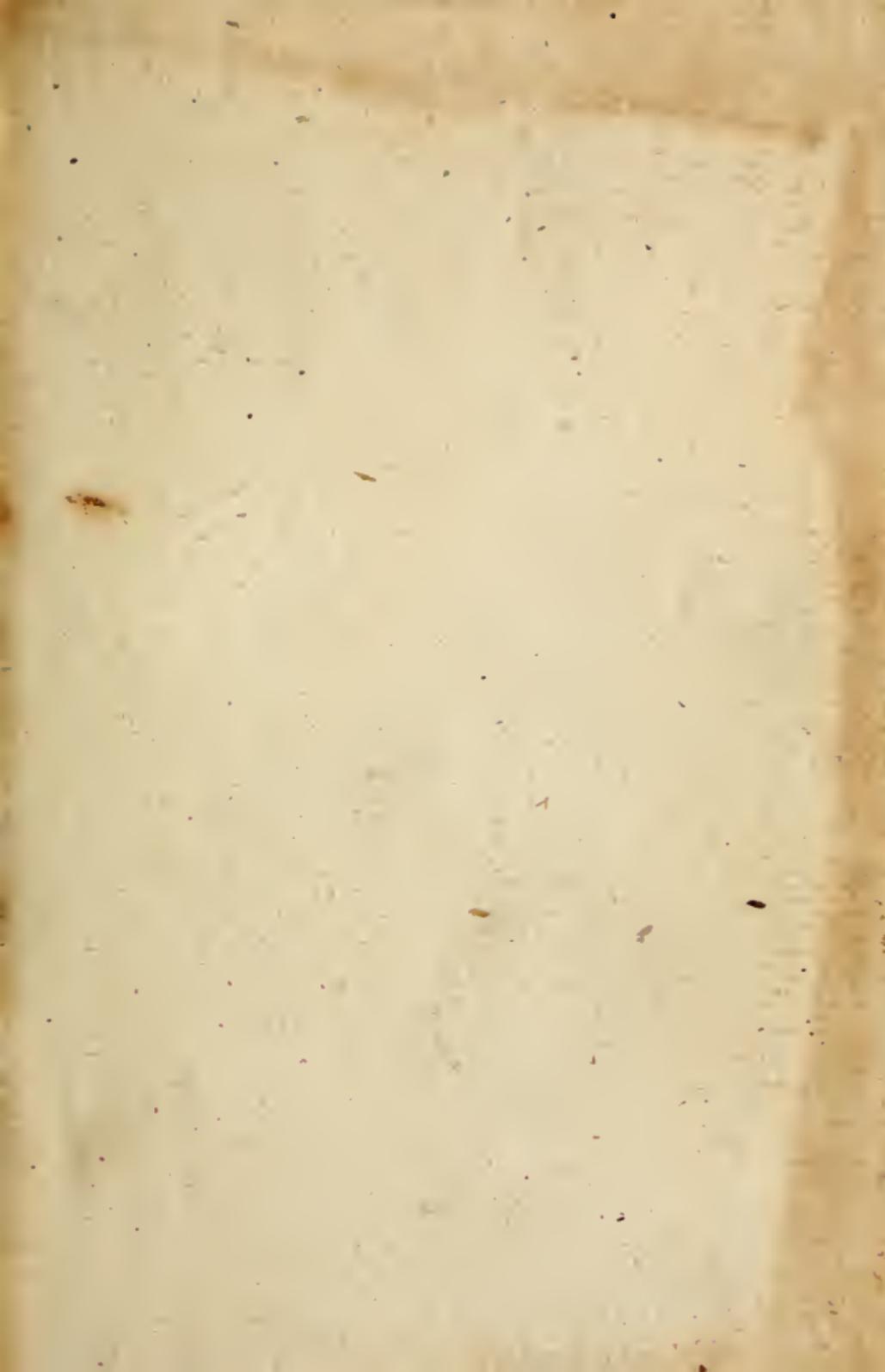


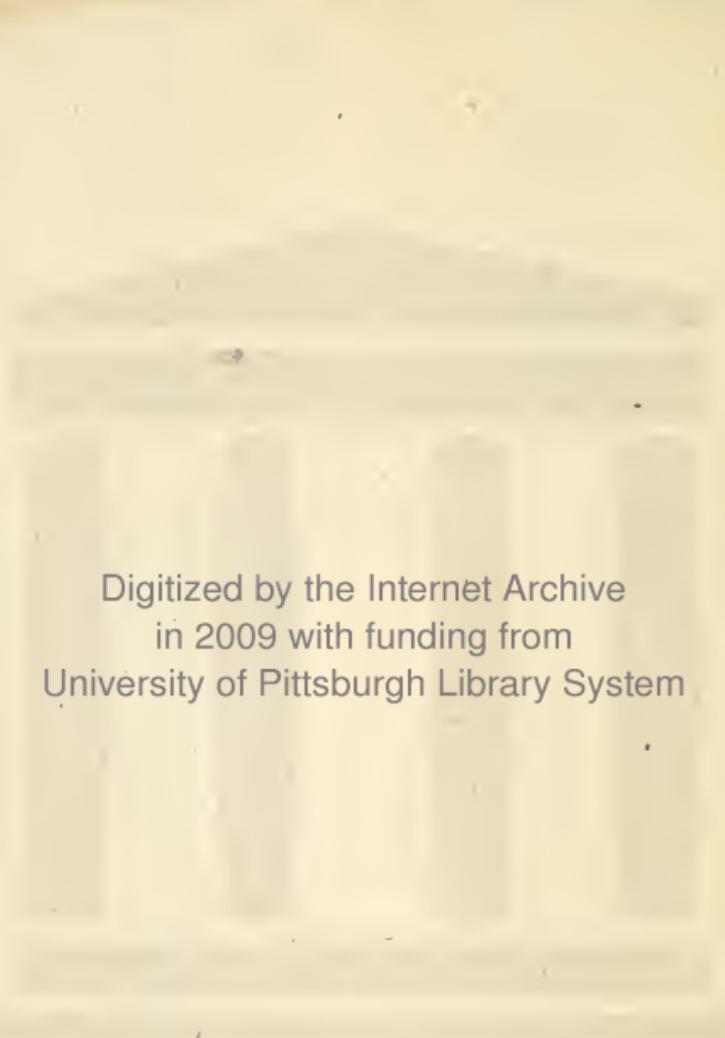
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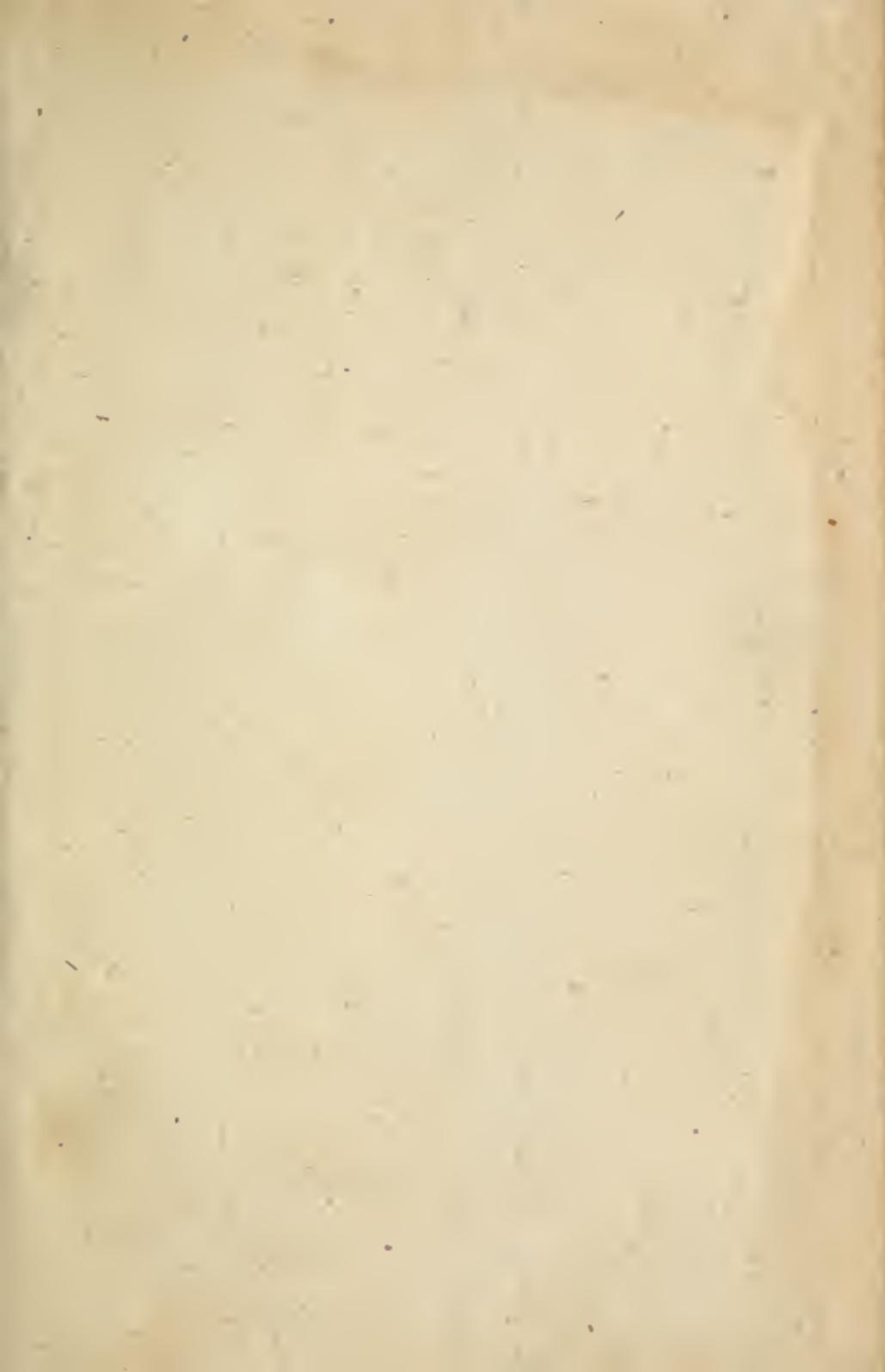
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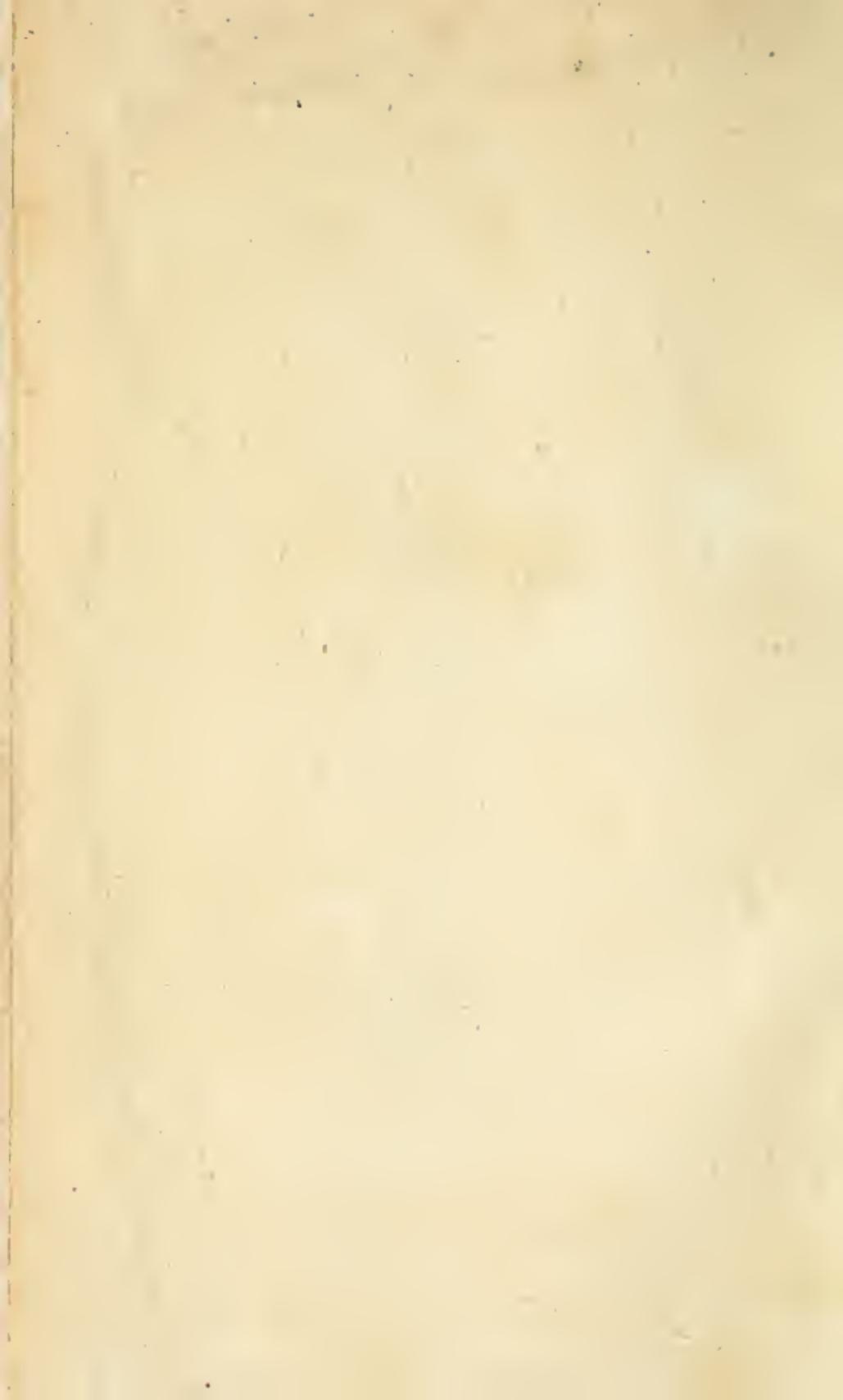
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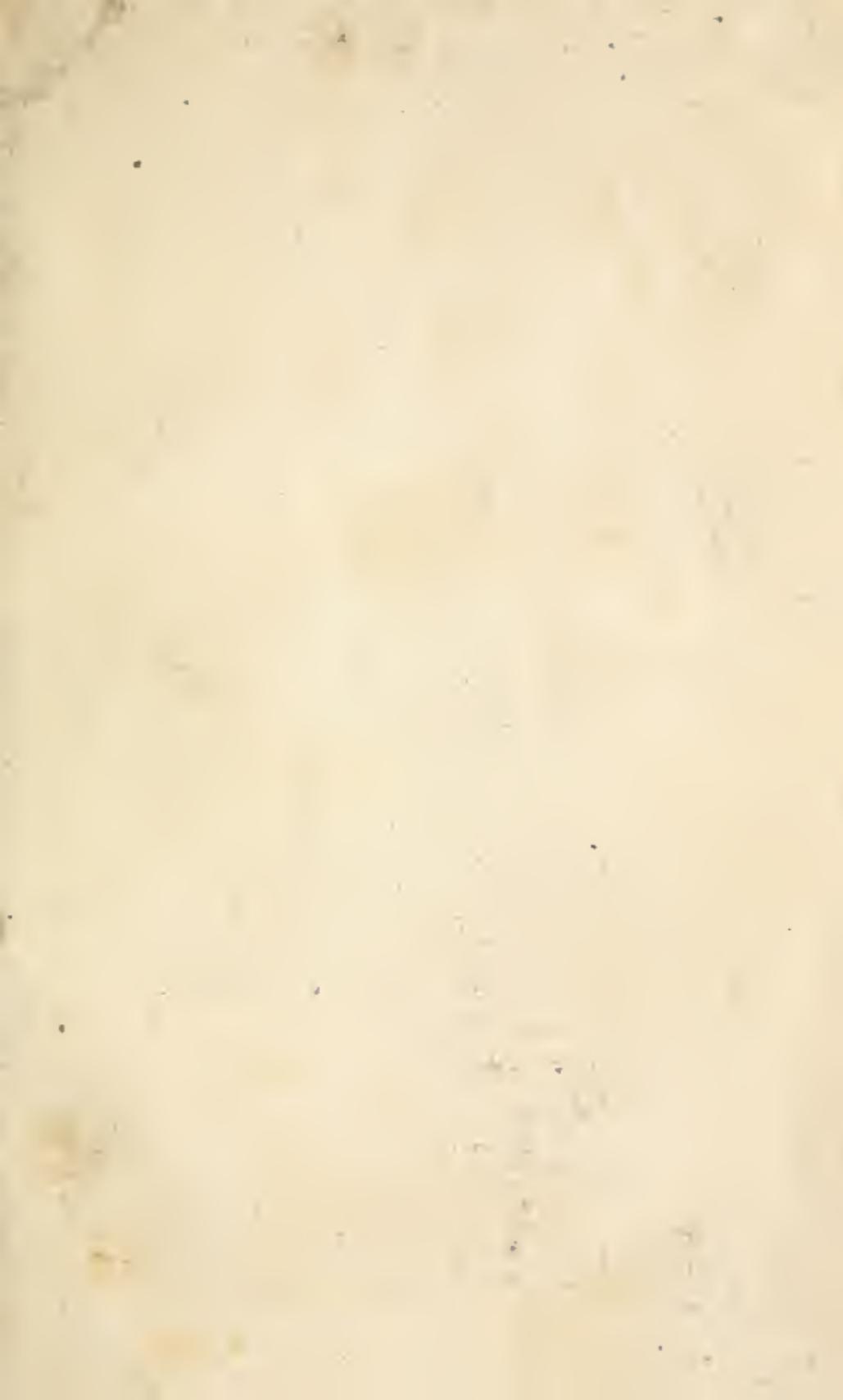




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De Wilde del. et sculp.

Corner

M^{rs}. MATTOCKS as ELVIRA,

but, however, I will not stand with you for a sample

London, Printed for J. Bohn, British Library, Strand, & A. S. & Co.

SPANISH FRYAR;

OR, THE

DOUBLE DISCOVERY.

A

COMEDY.

BY MR. DRYDEN.

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.

MDCXCXI.

1914
H H

T O

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
JOHN, LORD HAUGHTON.

MY LORD,

WHEN I first design'd this play, I found, or thought I found, somewhat so moving in the serious part of it, and so pleasant in the comic, as might deserve a more than ordinary care in both: accordingly I used the best of my endeavour, in the management of two plots, so very different from each other, that it was not perhaps the talent of every writer, to have made them of a piece. Neither have I attempted other plays of the same nature, in my opinion, with the same judgment; though with like success. And though many poets may suspect themselves for the fondness and partiality of parents to their youngest children, yet I hope I may stand exempted from this rule, because I know myself too well, to be ever satisfied with my own conceptions, which have seldom reached to those ideas that I had within me: and consequently, I presume I may have liberty to judge when I write more or less pardonably, as an ordinary marksman may know certainly when he shoots less wide at what he aims. Besides, the care and pains I have bestowed on this beyond my other tragi-co-

medies, may reasonably make the world conclude, that either I can do nothing tolerably, or that this poem is not much amiss. Few good pictures have been finished at one sitting; neither can a true just play, which is to bear the test of ages, be produced at a heat, or by the force of fancy, without the maturity of judgment. For my own part, I have both so just a diffidence of myself, and so great a reverence for my audience, that I dare venture nothing without a strict examination; and am as much ashamed to put a loose indigested play upon the public, as I should be to offer brass money in a payment: for though it should be taken, (as it is too often on the stage,) yet it will be found in the second telling: and a judicious reader will discover in his closet that trashy stuff, whose glittering deceived him in the action. I have often heard the stationer sighing in his shop, and wishing for those hands to take off his melancholy bargain which clapped its performance on the stage. In a play-house every thing contributes to impose upon the judgment; the lights, the scenes, the habits, and, above all, the grace of action, which is commonly the best where there is the most need of it, surprize the audience, and cast a mist upon their understandings; not unlike the cunning of a juggler, who is always staring us in the face, and overwhelming us with gibberish, only that he may gain the opportunity of making the cleaner conveyance of his trick. But these false beauties of the

stage, are no more lasting than a rainbow, when the actor ceases to shine upon them, when he gilds them no longer with his reflection, they vanish in a twinkling. I have sometimes wondered, in the reading, what was become of those glaring colours which amazed me in *Bussy Damboys* upon the theatre: but when I had taken up what I supposed a fallen star, I found I had been cozened with a jelly: nothing but a cold dull mass, which glittered no longer than it was shooting: a dwarfish thought, dressed up in gigantic words, repetition in abundance, looseness of expression, and gross hyperboles; the sense of one line expanded prodigiously into ten: and to sum up all, uncorrect English, and a hideous mingle of false poetry and true nonsense; or, at best, a scantling of wit which lay gasping for life, and groaning beneath a heap of rubbish. A famous modern poet used to sacrifice every year a *Statius* to *Virgil's* manes: and I have indignation enough to burn a *Damboys* annually to the memory of *Johnson*. But now, my lord, I am sensible, perhaps too late, that I have gone too far: for I remember some verses of my own, *Maximin* and *Almanzor*, which cry vengeance upon me for their extravagance, and which I wish heartily in the same fire with *Statius* and *Chapman*: all I can say for those passages, which are, I hope, not many, is, that I know they were bad enough to please, even when I writ them: but I repent of them amongst my sins; and if any of their fellows intrude by chance

into my present writings, I draw a stroke over all those Dalilaks of the theatre; and am resolved I will settle myself no reputation by the applause of fools. 'Tis not that I am mortified to all ambition, but I scorn as much to take it from half-witted judges, as I should to raise an estate by cheating of bubbles. Neither do I discommend the lofty stile in tragedy, which is naturally pompous and magnificent: but nothing is truly sublime that is not just and proper. If the ancients had judged by the same measures which a common reader takes, they had concluded Statius to have written higher than Virgil; for,

*Quæ superimposito moles geminata colosso,
carries a more thundering kind of sound than,*

Tityre, tu patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi.

Yet Virgil had all the majesty of a lawful prince; and Statius only the blustering of a tyrant. But when men affect a virtue which they cannot reach, they fall into a vice, which bears the nearest resemblance to it. Thus an injudicious poet who aims at loftiness, runs easily into the swelling puffy stile, because it looks like greatness. I remember, when I was a boy, I thought inimitable Spencer a mean poet in comparison of Sylvester's *Dubartius*; and was rapt into an extacy when I read these lines:

Now, when the winter's keener breath began
To crystalize the Baltic ocean;

To glaze the lakes, to bridle up the floods,
And periwig with snow the bald-pate woods.

I am much deceived if this be not abominable fustian, that is, thoughts and words ill sorted, and without the least relation to each other: yet I dare not answer for an audience, that they would not clap it on the stage: so little value there is to be given to the common cry, that nothing but madness can please madmen, and a poet must be of a piece with the spectators, to gain a reputation with them. But, as in a room contrived for state, the height of the roof should bear a proportion to the area; so, in the heightenings of poetry, the strength and vehemence of figures should be suited to the occasion, the subject, and the persons. All beyond this is monstrous; 'tis out of nature, 'tis an excrescence, and not a living part of poetry. I had not said thus much, if some young gallants, who pretend to criticism, had not told me that this tragi-comedy wanted the dignity of style: but as a man who is charged with a crime of which he thinks himself innocent, is apt to be eager in his own defence, so perhaps I have vindicated my play with more partiality than I ought, or than such a trifle can deserve. Yet, whatever beauties it may want, 'tis free at least from the grossness of those faults I mentioned: what credit it has gained upon the stage, I value no farther than in reference to my profit, and the satisfaction I had in seeing it represented with all the justness and gracefulness of action.

But as it is my interest to please my audience, so it is my ambition to be read; that I am sure is the more lasting and the nobler design: for the propriety of thoughts and words, which are the hidden beauties of a play, are but confusedly judged in the vehemence of action: all things are there beheld, as in a hasty motion, where the objects only glide before the eye and disappear. The most discerning critic can judge no more of these silent graces in the action, than he who rides post through an unknown country can distinguish the situation of places, and the nature of the soil. The purity of phrase, the clearness of conception and expression, the boldness maintained to majesty, the significancy and sound of words, not strained into bombast, but justly elevated; in short, those very words and thoughts which cannot be changed but for the worse, must of necessity escape our transient view upon the theatre; and yet, without all these, a play may take. For if either the story move us, or the actor help the lameness of it with his performance, or now and then a glittering beam of wit or passion strike through the obscurity of the poem, any of those are sufficient to effect a present liking, but not to fix a lasting admiration; for nothing but truth can long continue; and time is the surest judge of truth. I am not vain enough to think I have left no faults in this, which that touchstone will not discover; neither indeed is it possible to avoid them in a play of this nature. There are evi-

dently two actions in it: but it will be clear to any judicious man, that with half the pains, I could have raised a play from either of them: for this time I satisfied my own humour, which was to tack two plays together; and to break a rule for the pleasure of variety. The truth is, the audience are grown weary of continued melancholy scenes: and I dare venture to prophesy, that few tragedies, except those in verse, shall succeed in this age, if they are not enlightened with a course of mirth. For the feast is too dull and solemn without the fiddles. But how difficult a task this is, will soon be tried: for a several genius is required to either way; and without both of them, a man, in my opinion, is but half a poet for the stage. Neither is it so trivial an undertaking, to make a tragedy end happily; for 'tis more difficult to save than it is to kill. The dagger and the cup of poison are always in a readiness; but to bring the action to the last extremity, and then by probable means to recover all, will require the art and judgment of a writer; and cost him many a pang in the performance.

And now, my lord, I must confess that what I have written, looks more like a preface than a dedication; and truly it was thus far my design, that I might entertain you with somewhat in my own art, which might be more worthy of a noble mind, than the stale exploded trick of fulsome panegyric. 'Tis

difficult to write justly on any thing, but almost impossible in praise. I shall therefore wave so nice a subject; and only tell you, that in recommending a Protestant play to a Protestant patron, as I do myself an honour, so I do your noble family a right, who have been always eminent in the support and favour of our religion and liberties. And if the promises of your youth, your education at home, and your experience abroad, deceive me not, the principles you have embraced are such as will no way degenerate from your ancestors, but refresh their memory in the minds of all true Englishmen, and renew their lustre in your person; which, my lord, is not more the wish, than is it the constant expectation of your lordship's

Most obedient, faithful servant,

JOHN DRYDĒN.

THE
SPANISH FRYAR.

THIS is one of the few dramatic productions, which may be supposed to have satisfied the taste of JOHN DRYDEN. Our critics, with a sentence assuredly hypercritical, have repeatedly overwhelm'd it with the censure of incongruity of parts; of being dramatically a monster, a *discordia concors*, by the union of the tragic and comic species.

This may be said; that the grand object of this and of every other kind of poetry is to please; and to give that pleasure by the most easy and *natural* means.—The Drama is, or ought to be, a picture of life, and why the shifting varieties of success and miscarriage, of joy and of sorrow, to be found therein, should not enter into *one* PLAY as well as one circle of men, it is not easy to account for. The mixture of personages, of which necessarily the consequence and the sentiments must vary, from their condition, in a world where all is dependancy, must be reflected by the Stage, or the mirror is partial and unfaithful.—It would moreover be strange, indeed, if the Drama alone, contrary to the experience of all other things, should not be allowed to profit by contrast.

PROLOGUE.

NOW luck for us, and a kind hearty pit ;
For he who pleases, never fails of wit :
Honour is yours ;
And you, like kings at city-treats, bestow it ;
The writer kneels, and is bid rise a poet :
But you are fickle sovereigns, to our sorrow,
You dubb to-day, and hang a man to-morrow ;
You cry the same sense up, and down again,
Just like brass-money once a year in Spain :
Take you i' th' mood, whate'er base metal come,
You coin as fast as groats at Birmingham :
Though 'tis no more like sense in ancient plays,
Than Rome's religion's like St. Peter's days.
In short, so swift your judgments turn and wind,
You cast our fleetest wits a mile behind.
'Twere well your judgments but in plays did range,
But ev'n your follies and debauches change
With such a whirl, the poets of your age
Are tir'd, and cannot score them on the stage,
Unless each vice in short-hand they indite,
Ev'n as notcht 'prentices whole sermons write.
The heavy Hollanders no vices know,
But what they us'd a hundred years ago ;
Like honest plants, where they were stuck, they grow.

*They cheat, but still from cheating sires they come ;
They drink, but they were christ'ned first in mum.
Their patrimonial sloth the Spaniards keep,
And Philip first taught Philip how to sleep.
The French and we still change, but here's the curse,
They change for better, and we change for worse ;
They take up our old trade of conquering,
And we are taking theirs, to dance and sing :
Our fathers did, for change, to France repair,
And they, for change, will try our English air ;
As children, when they throw one toy away,
Strait a more foolish gewgaw comes in play :
So we, grown penitent, on serious thinking,
Leave whoring, and devoutly fall to drinking.
Scow'ring the watch grows out-of-fashion wit :
Now we set up for tilting in the pit,
Where 'tis agreed by bullies, chicken-hearted,
To fright the ladies first, and then be parted,
A fair attempt has twice or thrice been made,
To hire night-murd'ers, and make death a trade.
When murder's out, what vice can we advance ?
Unless the new-found pois'ning trick of France :
And when their art of rats-bane we have got,
By way of thanks, we'll send them o'er our plot.*

Dramatis Personae.

DRURY-LANE.

Men.

TORRISMOND,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Holland.
BERTRAN,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Lee.
ALPHONSO,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Packer.
LORENZO, <i>his son,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Palmer.
RAYMOND,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Bransby.
PEDRO,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Wright.
GOMEZ,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Yates.
DOMINICK, <i>the Spanish Fryar,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Love.

Women.

LEONORA, <i>Queen of Arragon,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Yates.
TERESA, <i>woman to Leonora,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Bennet.
ELVIRA, <i>wife of Gomez,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Cibber.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Men.

TORRISMOND,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Wroughton.
BERTRAN,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Whitfield.
ALPHONSO,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Fearon.
LORENZO, <i>his son,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Lewis.
RAYMOND,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Hull.
PEDRO,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Thompson.
GOMEZ,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Quick.
DOMINICK,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Henderson.

Women.

LEONORA, <i>Queen of Arragon,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Inchbald.
TERESA, <i>woman to Leonora,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Poussin.
ELVIRA, <i>wife of Gomez,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Mattocks.



THE
SPANISH FRYAR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*ALPHONSO and PEDRO meet, with soldiers on each side,
drums, &c.*

Alphonso.

STAND! give the word.

Ped. The queen of Arragon.

Alph. Pedro;—how goes the night?

Ped. She wears apace.

Alph. Then welcome day-light; we shall have
warm work on't:

The Moor will gage

His utmost forces on this next assault,

To win a queen and kingdom.

Ped. Pox o' this lion-way of wooing, though:
Is the queen stirring yet?

Alph. She has not been a-bed, but in her chapel
All night devoutly watch'd, and brib'd the saints
With vows for her deliverance.

Ped. Oh, Alphonso,
I fear they come too late : her father's crimes
Sit heavy on her, and weigh down her prayers.
A crown usurp'd, a lawful king depos'd,
In bondage held, debarr'd the common light ;
His children murder'd, and his friends destroy'd ;
What can we less expect than what we feel ?
And what we fear will follow.

Alph. Heav'n avert it.

Ped. Then Heav'n must not be Heav'n. Judge the
event

By what has pass'd. Th' usurper 'joy'd not long
His ill-got crown ! 'Tis true, he dy'd in peace :
(Unriddle that, ye Pow'rs ;) but left his daughter,
Our present queen, engag'd upon his death-bed,
To marry with young Bertran, whose curs'd father
Had help'd to make him great.

Hence, you well know, this fatal war arose ;
Because the Moor Abdallah, with whose troops
Th' usurper gain'd the kingdom, was refus'd,
And, as an infidel, his love despis'd.

Alph. Well, we are soldiers, Pedro, and, like
lawyers,
Plead for our pay.

Ped. A good cause would do well though ;
It gives my sword an edge. You see this Bertran

Has now three times been beaten by the Moors:
 What hope we have is in young Torrismond,
 Your brother's son.

Alph. He's a successful warrior,

“ And has the soldiers hearts. Upon the skirts
 “ Of Arragon our squadron'd troops he rallies :”
 Our watchmen from the tow'rs with longing eyes
 Expect his swift arrival.

Ped. It must be swift, or it will come too late.

Alph. No more:—Duke Bertran.

Enter BERTRAN *attended.*

Bert. Relieve the centries that have watch'd all
 night. [*To Ped.*

Now, colonel, have you dispos'd your men,
 That you stand idle here?

Ped. Mine are drawn off,
 To take a short repose.

Bert. Short let it be,
 For, from the Moorish camp, this hour and more,
 There has been heard a distant humming noise,
 Like bees disturb'd, and arming in their hives.
 What courage in our soldiers? Speak! what hope?

Ped. As much as when physicians shake their heads,
 And bid their dying patient think of heaven.

“ Our walls are thinly mann'd : our best men slain :
 “ The rest, an heartless number, spent with watching,
 “ And harrass'd out with duty.”

Bert. Good-night all then.

Ped. Nay, for my part, 'tis but a single life

I have to lose: I'll plant my colours down
 In the mid-breach, and by them fix my foot;
 Say a short soldier's pray'r, to spare the trouble
 Of my few friends above; and then expect
 The next fair bullet.

“ *Alph.* Never was known a night of such distraction;
 tion;

“ Noise so confus'd and dreadful; justling crowds,
 “ That run, and know not whither; torches gliding,
 “ Like meteors, by each other in the streets.

“ *Ped.* I met a reverend, fat, old gouty fryar;
 “ With a paunch swoll'n so high, his double chin
 “ Might rest upon't: a true son of the church;
 “ Fresh colour'd, and well thriven on his trade,
 “ Came puffing with his greasy bald-pate choir,
 “ And fumbling o'er his beads, in such an agony,
 “ He told them false for fear: about his neck
 “ There hung a wench, the label of his function,
 “ Whom he shook off, i'faith, methought, unkindly.
 “ It seems the holy stallion durst not score
 “ Another sin before he left the world.”

Enter a Captain.

Capt. To arms, my lord, to arms!
 From the Moors' camp the noise grows louder still:
 “ Rattling of armour, trumpets, drums and ataballes;
 “ And sometimes peals of shouts that rend the
 heav'ns,
 “ Like victory: the groans again, and howlings,

“ Like those of vanquish'd men ; but every echo
 “ Goes fainter off ; and dies in distant sounds.”

Bert. Some false attack : expect on th' other side ;
 One to the gunners on St. Jago's tow'r ; bid them for
 shame,

Level their cannon lower : on my soul,
 They're all corrupted with the gold of Barbary
 To carry over, and not hurt the Moor.

Enter a second Captain.

2d Capt. My lord, here's fresh intelligence arriv'd ;
 Our army, led by valiant Torrismond,
 Is now in hot engagement with the Moors ;
 'Tis said, within their trenches.

Bert. I think all fortune is reserv'd for him.
 He might have sent us word though ;
 And then we could have favour'd his attempt
 With sallies from the town——

Alph. It could not be :
 We were so close block'd up, that none could peep
 Upon the walls and live ; but yet 'tis time——

Bert. No, 'tis too late ; I will not hazard it :
 On pain of death, let no man dare to sally.

Ped. [*Aside.*] Oh, envy, envy, how it works within
 him !

How now ! what means this show ?

Alph. 'Tis a procession :
 The queen is going to the great cathedral,
 To pray for our success against the Moors.

Ped. Very good : she usurps the throne ; keeps the

old king in prison ; and, at the same time, is praying for a blessing : oh, religion and roguery, how they go together. [Shout and a flourish of trumpets.

“ A procession of priests and choristers in white, with tapers, followed by the queen and ladies, goes over the stage : the choristers singing.

“ Look down, ye bless'd above, look down.

“ Behold our weeping matrons tears,

“ Behold our tender virgins fears,

“ And with success our armies crown.

“ Look down, ye bless'd above, look down :

“ Oh, save us, save us, and our state restore ;

“ For pity, pity, pity, we implore ;

“ For pity, pity, pity, we implore.

“ [The procession goes off, and shout within.]”

Enter LORENZO, who kneels to ALPHONSO.

Bert. [To Alph.] A joyful cry ; and see your son, Lorenzo : good news, kind Heav'n !

Alph. [To Lor.] Oh, welcome, welcome ! Is the general safe ?

How near our army ? When shall we be succour'd ?

Or, are we succour'd ? Are the Moors remov'd ?

Answer these questions first, and then a thousand more ;

Answer them all together.

Lor. Yes, when I have a thousand tongues, I will.

The general's well; his army too is safe
 As victory can make them: the Moors' king
 Is safe enough, I warrant him, for one.
 At dawn of day our general cleft his pate,
 Spite of his woollen night-cap: a slight wound;
 Perhaps he may recover.

Alph. Thou reviv'st me.

Ped. By my computation now, the victory was
 gained before the procession was made for it; and
 yet it will go hard but the priests will make a miracle
 of it.

Lor. Yes, faith we came, like bold intruding guests,
 And took them unprepar'd to give us welcome.
 Their scouts we kill'd, then found their body sleep-
 ing;

And as they lay confus'd, we stumbled o'er them,
 And took what joint came next, arms, heads, or legs,
 Somewhat undecently. But when men want light,
 They make but bungling work.

Bert. I'll to the queen,
 And bear the news.

Ped. That's young Lorenzo's duty.

Bert. I'll spare his trouble——
 This Torrismond begins to grow too fast;
 He must be mine, or ruin'd.

[*Aside.*

Lor. Pedro, a word. [*Whisper.*] [*Exit Bertran.*

Alph. "How swift he shot away! I find it stung
 him,

"In spite of his dissembling."

To *Lor.*] How many of the enemy are slain?

Lor. Troth, sir, we were in haste, and could not stay

To score the men we kill'd. But there they lie;
Best send our women out to take the tale;
There's circumcision in abundance for them.

[*Turns to Pedro again.*]

Alph. How far did you pursue them?

Lor. Some few miles.

To Ped.] Good store of harlots, say you, and dog-
cheap?

Pedro; they must be had, and speedily.

I've kept a tedious fast. [*Whispers again.*]

Alph. When will he make his entry? He deserves
Such triumphs as were giv'n by ancient Rome.

Ha, boy, what say'st thou?

Lor. As you say, sir, that Rome was very ancient—

To Ped.] I leave the choice to you; fair, black, tall,
low;

Let her but have a nose. And you may tell her
I'm rich in jewels, rings, and bobbing pearls
Pluck'd from Moors' ears.

Alph. Lorenzo.

Lor. Somewhat busy

About affairs relating to the public——

A seasonable girl, just in the nick now. [*To Ped.*]

[*Trumpets within.*]

Ped. I hear the general's trumpet. Stand and mark
How he will be receiv'd: I fear, but coldly;
There hung a cloud, methought, on Bertran's brow.

Lor. Then look to see a storm on Torrismond's.

Looks fright not men : the general has seen Moors
With as bad faces, no dispraise to Bertran's.

Ped. 'Twas rumour'd in the camp he loves the
queen.

Lor. He drinks her health devoutly.

Alph. That may breed bad blood 'twixt him and
Bertran.

Ped. Yes, in private.

But Bertran has been taught the arts of courts,
To gild a face with smiles, and leer a man to ruin.
Oh, here they come——

*Enter TORRISMOND and Officers on one side, BERTRAN
attended, on the other; "they embrace, BERTRAN
bowing low.*

"Just as I prophesy'd.

"*Lor.* Death and hell, he laughs at him! in's face
too.

"*Ped.* Oh, you mistake him! 'twas an humble
grin,

"The fawning joy of courtiers and of dogs."

Lor. [*Aside.*] Here are nothing but lies, to be ex-
pected; I'll e'en go lose myself in some blind alley,
and try if any courteous damsel will think me worth
the finding. [*Exit Lo*

"*Alph.* Now he begins to open."

Bert. Your country rescu'd, and your queen
liev'd!

A glorious conquest, noble Torrismond
The people rend the skies with loud applause

And Heav'n can hear no other name but yours.
The thronging crouds press on you as you pass,
And with their eager joy make triumph slow.

Tor. My lord, I have no taste
Of popular applause ; the noisy praise
Of giddy crouds, as changeable as winds,
Still vehement, and still without a cause ;
Servants to chance, and blowing in the tide
Of swol'n success ; but veering with its ebb,
It leaves the channel dry.

Bert. So young a stoic !

Tor. You wrong me, if you think I'll sell one drop
Within these veins for pageants : but let honour
Call for my blood, and sluice it into streams ;
Turn fortune loose again to my pursuit,
And let me hunt her through embattled foes,
In dusty plains, amidst the cannons roar,
There will I be the first.

Bert. I'll try him farther—— [*Aside.*
Suppose th' assembled states of Arragon
Decree a statue to you, thus inscrib'd,
To Torrismond, who freed his native land.

“ *Alph.* [*To Ped.*] Mark how he sounds and fa-
thoms him, to find
“ The shallows of his soul !
“ *Bert.* The just applause
“ Of godlike senates, is the stamp of virtue,
“ Which makes it pass unquestion'd through the world.
“ These honours you deserve ; nor shall my suffrage
“ Be last to fix them on you. If refus'd,

“ You brand us all with black ingratitude ;
 “ For times to come shall say, Our Spain, like Rome,
 “ Neglects her champions after noble acts,
 “ And lets their laurels wither on their heads.”

Tor. A statue for a battle blindly fought,
 Where darkness and surprise made conquest cheap !
 Where virtue borrow'd but the arms of chance,
 And struck a random blow ! 'Twas fortune's work,
 And fortune take the praise.

Bert. Yet happiness
 Is the first fame. Virtue, without success,
 Is a fair picture shewn by an ill light.
 But lucky men are favourites of Heaven :
 And whom should kings esteem above Heaven's dar-
 lings ?

The praises of a young and beauteous queen
 Shall crown your glorious acts.

Ped. [To Alph.] There sprung the mine.

Tor. The queen ! that were a happiness too great !
 Nam'd you the queen, my lord ?

Bert. Yes. You have seen her, and you must con-
 fess,

A praise, a smile, a look from her is worth
 The shouts of thousand amphitheatres.
 She, she shall praise you ; for I can oblige her :
 To-morrow will deliver all her charms
 Into my arms, and make her mine for ever.
 Why stand you mute ?

Tor. Alas, I cannot speak !

Bert. Not speak, my lord ! How were your thoughts
 employ'd ?

Tor. Nor can I think ; for I am lost in thought.

Bert. Thought of the queen, perhaps ?

Tor. Why, if it were,

Heav'n may be thought on, though too high to climb.

Bert. Oh, now I find where your ambition drives !

You ought not to think of her.

Tor. So I say too,

I ought not : madmen ought not to be mad ;

But who can help his frenzy ?

Bert. Fond young man !

The wings of your ambition must be clipp'd.

Your shame-fac'd virtue shunn'd the people's praise,

And senate's honours : but 'tis well we know

What price you hold yourself at. You have fought

With some success, and that has seal'd your pardon.

Tor. Pardon from thee ! Oh, give me patience,
Heaven !

Thrice vanquish'd Bertran, if thou dar'st, look out

Upon yon slaughter'd host, that field of blood ;

There seal my pardon, where thy fame was lost.

Ped. He's ruin'd, past redemption !

Alph. [*To Tor.*] Learn respect

To the first prince o' the blood.

Bert. Oh, let him rave,

I'll not contend with madmen.

Tor. I have done,

I know 'twere madness to declare this truth ;

And yet 'twere baseness to deny my love.

'Tis true, my hopes are vanishing as clouds,

Lighter than children's bubbles blown by wind..

My merit's but the rash result of chance ?
 My birth unequal ; all the stars against me ;
 Pow'r, promise, choice, the living and the dead ;
 Mankind my foes, and only love my friend ;
 But such a love, kept at such awful distance,
 As, what it loudly dares to tell, a rival
 Shall fear to whisper there. Queens may be lov'd,
 And so may gods ; else why are altars rais'd ?
 Why shines the sun, but that he may be view'd ?
 But, oh, when he's too bright, if then we gaze,
 'Tis but to weep, and close our eyes in darkness ! [*Ex.*

“ *Bert.* 'Tis well ; the goddess shall be told, she
 shall,

“ Of her new worshipper. [*Exit.*”

Ped. So, here's fine work !

“ He supply'd his only foe with arms

“ For his destruction. Old Penelope's tale

“ Inverted : h' has unravell'd all by day,

“ That he has done by night.” What, planet-struck !

Alph. I wish I were, to be past sense of this !

Ped. Would I had but a lease of life so long,
 As till my flesh and blood rebell'd this way,

Against our sovereign lady ! Mad for a queen,
 With a globe in one hand, and a sceptre in t'other !

A very pretty moppet !

Alph. Then to declare his madness to his rival,
 His father absent on an embassy,

Himself a stranger almost, wholly friendless !

A torrent, rolling down a precipice,

Is easier to be stopp'd, than is his ruin.

Ped. 'Tis fruitless to complain: haste to the court; Improve your interest there, for párdon from the queen.

Alph. Weak remedies;
But all must be attempted. [*Exit.*

Enter LORENZO.

Lor. Well, I am the most unlucky rogue! I have been ranging over half the town, but have sprung no game. Our women are worse infidels than the Moors: I told them I was one of their knights-errant, that delivered them from ravishment; and I think in my conscience that's their quarrel to me.

Ped. Is this a time for fooling? Your cousin is run honourably mad in love with her majesty: he is split upon a rock; and you, who are in chace of harlots, are sinking in the main ocean. I think the devil's in the family. [*Exit.*

Lor. My cousin ruined, says he!—Hum!—Not that I wish my cousin's ruin; that were unchristian: but if the general's ruined, I am heir; there's comfort for a christian. Money I have, I thank the honest Moors for't; but I want a mistress. I am willing to be lewd; but the tempter is wanting on his part.

Enter ELVIRA *veiled.*

Elv. Stranger! cavalier! Will you not hear me, you Moor-killer, you *matador*?

Lor. Meaning me, madam?

Elv. Face about, man; you a soldier, and afraid of the enemy!

Lor. I must confess, I did not expect to have been charged first. I see souls will not be lost for want of diligence in this devil's reign. [*Aside.*—Now, Madam Cynthia, behind a cloud, your will and pleasure with me?

Elv. You have the appearance of a cavalier; and if you are as deserving as you seem, perhaps you may not repent of your adventure. If a lady like you well enough to hold discourse with you at first sight, you are gentleman enough, I hope, to help her out with an apology, and to lay the blame on stars, or destiny, or what you please, to excuse the frailty of a woman.

Lor. Oh, I love an easy woman! there's such a-do to crack a thick-shell'd mistress; we break our teeth, and find no kernel. 'Tis generous in you to take pity on a stranger, and not to suffer him to fall into ill hands at his first arrival.

Elv. You have a better opinion of me than I deserve. You have not seen me yet; and therefore I am confident you are heart-whole.

Lor. Not absolutely slain, I must confess; but I am drawing on apace. You have a dangerous tongue in your head, I can tell you that; and if your eyes prove of as killing metal, there's but one way with me. Let me see you, for the safeguard of my honour: 'tis but decent the cannon should be drawn down upon me before I yield.

Elv. What a terrible similitude have you made,

Colonel, to shew that you are inclining to the wars! I could answer you with another in my profession. Suppose you were in want of money; would you not be glad to take a sum upon content in a sealed bag, without peeping?—But, however, I will not stand with you for a sample. [*Lifts up her veil.*]

Lor. What eyes were there! how keen their glances! you do well to keep them veiled: they are too sharp to be trusted out of the scabbard.

Elo. Perhaps, now, you may accuse my forwardness: but this day of jubilee is the only time of freedom I have had; and there is nothing so extravagant as a prisoner, when he gets loose a little, and is immediately to return to his fetters.

Lor. To confess freely to you, madam, I was never in love with less than your whole sex before: but now I have seen you, I am in the direct road of languishing and sighing; and, if love goes on as it begins, for aught I know, by to-morrow morning you may hear of me in rhyme and sonnet. I tell you truly, I do not like these symptoms in myself. Perhaps I may go shufflingly at first; for I was never before walked in trammels: yet I shall drudge and moil at constancy, till I have worn off the hitching in my pace.

Elo. Oh, Sir, there are arts to reclaim the wildest men, as there are to make spaniels fetch and carry! chide them often, and feed them seldom. Now I know your temper, you may thank yourself if you are kept to hard meat—you are in for years, if you make love to me.

Lor. I hate a formal obligation, with an *anno domini* at the end on't: there may be an evil meaning in the word years, call'd matrimony.

Elv. I can easily rid you of that fear: I wish I could rid myself as easily of the bondage.

Lor. Then you are married?

Elv. If a covetous, and a jealous, and an old man be a husband.

Lor. Three as good qualities for my purpose as I could wish. Now, love be praised!

Enter ELVIRA'S Duenna, and whispers to her.

Elv. [*Aside.*] If I get not home before my husband, I shall be ruin'd—[*To him.*] I dare not stay to tell you where—Farewell—Could I once more—[*Exit.*

Lor. This is unconscionable dealing: to be made a slave, and not know whose livery I wear—Who have we yonder?

Enter GOMEZ.

By that shambling in his walk, it should be my rich old banker, Gomez, whom I knew at Barcelona. As I live 'tis he! [*To Gom.*] What, old Mammon here?

Gom. How! young Belzebub?

Lor. What devil has set his claws in thy haunches, and brought thee hither to Saragossa? Sure he meant a farther journey with thee.

Gom. I always remove before the enemy: when

the Moors are ready to besiege one town, I shift my quarters to the next; I keep as far from the infidels as I can.

Lor. That's but a hair's breadth at farthest.

Gom. Well, you have got a famous victory; all true subjects are overjoyed at it: there are bonfires decreed; and the times had not been so hard, my billet should have burnt too.

Lor. I dare say for thee, thou hast such a respect for a single billet, that thou would'st almost have thrown on thyself to save it; thou art for saving every thing but thy soul.

Gom. Well, well, you'll not believe me generous till I carry you to the tavern, and crack half a pint with you at my own charge.

Lor. No; I'll keep thee from hanging thyself for such an extravagance; and instead of it, thou shalt do me a mere verbal courtesy: I have just now seen a most incomparable young lady.

Gom. Whereabouts did you see this most incomparable young lady?—My mind misgives me plaguily. [*Aside.*

Lor. Here, man, just before this corner house: pray Heaven it prove no bawdy-house.

Gom. [*Aside.*] Pray Heaven he does not make it one.

Lor. What dost thou mutter to thyself? Hast thou any thing to say against the honesty of that house?

Gom. Not I, Colonel, the walls are very honest stone, and the timber very honest wood, for ought I

know ; but for the woman I cannot say, till I know her better. Describe her person, and if she live in this quarter I may give you tidings of her.

Lor. She's of a middle stature, dark-colour'd hair, the most bewitching leer with her eyes, the most roguish cast ; her cheeks are dimpled when she smiles, and her smiles would tempt an hermit.

Gom. [*Aside.*] I am dead, I am buried, I am damned. —Go on—Colonel—have you no other marks of her ?

Lor. Thou hast all her marks, but that she has an husband, a jealous, covetous, old huncks : speak, canst thou tell me news of her ?

Gom. Yes, this news, colonel, that you have seen your last of her.

Lor. If thou helpst me not to the knowledge of her, thou art a circumcised Jew.

Gom. Circumcise me no more than I circumcise you, Colonel Hernando. Once more, you have seen your last of her.

Lor. [*Aside.*] I am glad he knows me only by that name of Hernando, by which I went at Barcelona ; now he can tell no tales of me to my father. [*To him.*] Come, thou wert ever good-natured, when thou could'st get by it. Look here, rogue, 'tis of the right damning colour : thou art not proof against gold, sure ! Do not I know thee for a covetous——

Gom. Jealous old huncks ; those were the marks of your mistress's husband, as I remember, colonel.

Lor. O the devil! what a rogue in understanding was I, not to find him out sooner! [*Aside.*

Gom. Do, do, look sillily, good colonel; 'tis a decent melancholy after an absolute defeat.

Lor. Faith, not for that, dear Gomez:—but—

Gom. But—no pumping, my dear colonel.

Lor. Hang pumping; I was—thinking a little upon a point of gratitude: we two have been long acquaintance; I know thy merits, and can make some interest; go to; thou wert born to authority; I'll make thee Alcaide, mayor of Saragossa.

Gom. Satisfy yourself; you shall not make me what you think, colonel.

Lor. Faith but I will; thou hast the face of a magistrate already.

Gom. And you would provide me with a magistrate's head to my magistrate's face; I thank you, colonel.

Lor. Come, thou art so suspicious upon an idle story—that woman I saw, I mean that little crooked, ugly woman, for t'other was a lie—is no more thy wife—as I'll go home with thee, and satisfy thee immediately, my dear friend.

Gom. I shall not put you to that trouble; no, not so much as a single visit; not so much as an embassy by a civil old woman, nor a serenade of twinkledum twinkledum under my windows: nay, I will advise you, out of tenderness to your person, that you walk not near yon corner house by night; for to my certain knowledge, there are blunderbusses planted in every

loop-hole, that go off constantly of their own accord at the squeaking of a fiddle, and the thrumming of a guittar.

Lor. Art thou so obstinate? Then I denounce open war against thee: I'll demolish thy citadel by force; or, at least, I'll bring my whole regiment upon thee; my thousand red locusts, that shall devour thee in free quarter.——Farewell, wrought night-cap. [*Exit.*

Gom. Farewell, Buff! free quarter for a regiment of red-coat locusts! I hope to see them all in the Red Sea first!——But oh, this Jezabel of mine! I'll get a physician that shall prescribe her an ounce of camphire every morning for her breakfast, to abate incontinency. She shall never peep abroad, no, not to church for confession! and for never going, she shall be condemned for a heretic. She shall have stripes by troy-weight, and sustenance by drachms and scruples: nay, I'll have a fasting almanack printed on purpose for her use, in which

No carnival nor Christmas shall appear,

But Lents and Ember-weeks shall fill the year. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Queen's Antichamber. “ALPHONSO and PEDRO.

“*Alphonso.*

“WHEN saw you my Lorenzo?

“*Ped.* I had a glimpse of him; but he shot by me

“ Like a young hound upon a burning scent :

“ He’s gone a harlot hunting.

“ *Alph.* His foreign breeding might have taught
him better.

“ *Ped.* ’Tis that has taught him this.

“ What learn our youth abroad, but to refine

“ The homely vices of their native land ?

“ Give me an honest home-spun country clown

“ Of our own growth ; his dulness is but plain,

“ But theirs embroidered ; they are sent out fools,

“ And come back fops.

“ *Alph.* You know what reasons urg’d me ;

“ But now I have accomplish’d my designs,

“ I should be glad he knew them. His wild riots

“ Disturb my soul ; but they would sit more close,

“ Did not the threaten’d downfall of our house,

“ In Torrismond, o’erwhelm my private ills.

“ *Enter BERTRAN attended, and whispering with a
Courtier aside.*

“ *Bert.* I would not have her think he dar’d to love
her ;

“ If he presumes to own it, she’s so proud,

“ He tempts his certain ruin.

“ *Alph.* [*To Ped.*] Mark how disdainfully he throws
his eyes on us.

“ Our old imprison’d king wore no such looks.

“ *Ped.* O, would the general shake off his dotage
to th’ usurping queen,

“ And re-inthrone good venerable Sancho ;

“ I’ll undertake, should Bertran sound his trumpets,
 “ And Torrismond but whistle through his fingers,
 “ He draws his army off.

“ *Alph.* I told him so;

“ But had an answer louder than a storm.

“ *Ped.* Now plague and pox on his smock-loyalty;

“ I hate to see a brave, bold fellow sotted,

“ Made sour and senseless, turn’d to whey, by love;

“ A driveling hero, fit for a romance.

“ O, here he comes: what will their greeting be?”

*Enter TORRISMOND attended. BERTRAN and he meet
 and juggle.*

Bert. Make way, my lords, and let the pageant pass.

Tor. I make my way where’er I see my foe:

But you, my lord, are good at a retreat.

I have no Moors behind me.

Bert. Death and hell!

Dare to speak thus when you come out again.

Tor. Dare to provoke me thus, insulting man.

Enter TERESA.

Ter. My lords, you are too loud so near the queen;

You, Torrismond, have much offended her.

’Tis her command you instantly appear,

To answer your demeanour to the prince.

[Exit Teresa; Bertran with his company following her.]

Tor. O, Pedrol! O, Alphonso! pity me!

A grove of pikes,

Whose polish'd steel from far severely shines,
Are not so dreadful as this beauteous queen.

Alph. Call up your courage timely to your aid,
And, like a lion press'd upon the toils,
Leap on your hunters. Speak your actions boldly.
There is a time when modest virtue is
Allow'd to praise itself.

Ped. Heart, you were hot enough, too hot, but
now :

Your fury then boil'd upward to a foam :
But since this message came, you sink and settle,
As if cold water had been pour'd upon you.

Tor. Alas, thou know'st not what it is to love !
When we behold an angel, not to fear,
Is to be impudent : no, I'm resolv'd,
Like a led victim, to my death I'll go,
And, dying, bless the hand that gave the blow.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Draws, and shews the Queen sitting in state : BERTRAN standing next her ; then TERESA, &c. She rises, and comes to the front.

Qu. [To Ber.] I blame not you, my lord ; my father's will,

Your own deserts, and all my people's voice,
Have plac'd you in the view of sov'reign power.
But I would learn the cause, why Torrismond,

Within my palace walls, within my hearing,
 Almost within my sight, affronts a prince
 Who shortly shall command him.

Bert. He thinks you owe him more than you can
 pay,
 And looks as he were lord of human kind.

*Enter TORRISMOND, ALPHONSO, and PEDRO. TOR-
 RISMOND bows low, then looks earnestly on the Queen,
 and keeps at a distance.*

Ter. Madam, the general.—

Qu. Let me view him well.

My father sent him early to the frontiers.
 I have not often seen him; if I did,
 He pass'd unmark'd by my unheeding eyes.
 But where's the fierceness, the disdainful pride,
 The haughty port, the fiery arrogance?
 By all these marks, this is not sure the man.

Bert. Yet this is he who fill'd your court with tu-
 mult,
 Whose fierce demeanour, and whose insolence,
 The patience of a god could not support.

Qu. Name his offence, my lord, and he shall have
 Immediate punishment.

Bert. 'Tis of so high a nature, should I speak it,
 That my presumption then would equal his.

Qu. Some one among you speak.—

Ped. [*Aside.*] Now my tongue itches.

Qu. All dumb! On your allegiance, Torrismond,
By all your hopes, I do command you, speak.

Tor. [*Kneeling.*] O seek not to convince me of a
crime

Which I can ne'er repent, nor can you pardon;
Or, if you needs will know it, think, oh think,
That he who thus commanded dares to speak,
Unless commanded, would have dy'd in silence.
But you adjur'd me, madam, by my hopes!
Hopes I have none, for I am all despair;
Friends I have none, for friendship follows favour;
Desert I have none, for what I did was duty:
Oh, that it were! that it were duty all!

Qu. Why do you pause? Proceed.

Tor. As one condemn'd to leap a precipice,
Who sees before his eyes the depth below,
Stops short, and looks about for some kind shrub
To break his dreadful fall—so I—
But whither am I going? If to death,
He looks so lovely sweet in beauty's pomp,
He draws me to his dart.—I dare no more.

Bert. He's mad beyond the cure of Hellebore.
Whips, darkness, dungeons for this insolence.

Tor. Mad as I am, yet I know when to bear.

Qu. You're both too bold. You, Torrismond, with-
draw;
I'll teach you all what's owing to your queen.
For you, my lord—
The priest to-morrow was to join our hands;

I'll try if I can live a day without you.

So both of you depart, and live in peace.

Alph. Who knows which way she points?

Doubling and turning like an hunted hare.

Find out the meaning of her mind who can.

Ped. Who ever found a woman's? Backward and forward. The whole sex in every word. In my conscience, when she was getting, her mother was thinking of a riddle.

[*Exeunt all but the Queen and Teresa.*]

Qu. Haste, my Teresa, haste, and call him back.

Ter. Whom, madam?

Qu. Him.

Ter. Prince Bertran?

Qu. Torrismond;

There is no other he.

Ter. [*Aside.*] A rising sun,

"Or I am much deceiv'd."

[*Exit Teresa.*]

Qu. A change so swift what heart did ever feel!

It rush'd upon me like a mighty stream,

And bore me in a moment far from shore.

I've lov'd away myself; in one short hour

Already am I gone an age of passion.

Was it his youth, his valour, or success?

These might perhaps be found in other men.

'Twas that respect, that awful homage paid me;

That fearful love which trembled in his eyes,

And with a silent earthquake shook his soul.

But, when he spoke, what tender words he said!

So softly, that, like flakes of feather'd snow,
They melted as they fell.—

Enter TERESA with TORRISMOND.

Ter. He waits your pleasure.

Qu. 'Tis well; retire—Oh, Heav'ns, that I must
speak

So distant from my heart——

[*Aside.*

[*To Tor.*] How now! What boldness brings you back
again?

Tor. I heard 'twas your command.

Qu. A fond mistake,
To credit so unlikely a command.
And you return full of the same presumption,
T' affront me with your love?

Tor. If 'tis presumption, for a wretch condemn'd,
To throw himself beneath his judge's feet;
A boldness more than this I never knew;
Or, if I did, 'twas only to your foes.

Qu. You would insinuate your past services,
And those, I grant, were great; but you confess
A fault committed since, that cancels all.

Tor. And who could dare to disavow his crime,
When that for which he is accus'd and seiz'd,
He bears about him still! My eyes confess it;
My every action speaks my heart aloud:
But, oh, the madness of my high attempt
Speaks louder yet! and all together cry,
I love and I despair.

Qu. Have you not heard,

My father, with his dying voice, bequeath'd
My crown and me to Bertran? And dare you,
A private man, presume to love a queen?

Tor. That, that's the wound! I see you set so high,
As no desert or services can reach:

Good Heav'ns, why gave you me a monarch's soul,
And crusted it with base Plebeian clay?

Why gave you me desires of such extent,
And such a span to grasp them? Sure my lot
By some o'er-hasty angel was misplac'd

In Fate's eternal volume!—But I rave,
And, like a giddy bird in dead of night,
Fly round the fire that scorches me to death.

Qu. Yes, Torrismond, you've not so ill deserv'd,
But I may give you counsel for your cure.

Tor. I cannot, nay, I wish not to be cur'd.

Qu. [*Aside.*] Nor I, Heav'n knows!

Tor. There is a pleasure sure

In being mad, which none but madmen know!

Let me indulge it; let me gaze for ever!

And, since you are too great to be belov'd,

Be greater, greater yet, and be ador'd.

Qu. These are the words which I must only hear
From Bertran's mouth; they should displease from
you;

I say they should; but women are so vain

To like the love, though they despise the lover.

Yet, that I may not send you from my sight

In absolute despair—I pity you.

Tor. Am I then pity'd! I have liv'd enough!

Death, take me in this moment of my joy ;
 But when my soul is plung'd in long oblivion,
 Spare this one thought, let me remember pity ;
 And so deceiv'd, think all my life was bless'd.

Qu. What if I add a little to my alms ?
 If that would help, I could cast in a tear
 To your misfortunes.

Tor. A tear! you have o'erbid all my past sufferings,
 And all my future too!

Qu. Were I no queen——
 Or you of royal blood——

Tor. What have I lost by my fore-fathers' fault!
 Why was not I the twentieth by descent
 From a long restive race of droning kings ?
 Love, what a poor omnipotence hast thou,
 When gold and titles buy thee ?

Qu. [*Sighs.*] Oh, my torture!

Tor. Might I presume, but, oh, I dare not hope
 That sigh was added to your alms for me!

Qu. I give you leave to guess, and not forbid you
 To make the best construction for your love.
 Be secret and discreet; these fairy favours
 Are lost when not conceal'd;—provoke not Ber-
 tran—

Retire; I must no more but this—Hope, Torrismond.

[*Exit.*

Tor. She bids me hope; Oh, Heav'ns, she pities me!
 And pity still foreruns approaching love,
 As lightning does the thunder! Tune your harps,
 Ye angels, to that sound; and thou, my heart,

Make room to entertain thy flowing joy.
 Hence all my griefs and every anxious care ;
 One word, and one kind glance, can cure despair.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

A Chamber. A table and wine set out. Enter LORENZO.

Lor. This may hit, 'tis more than barely possible ; for fryars have free admittance into every house. This Jacobin, whom I have sent to, is her confessor ; and who can suspect a man of such reverence for a pimp ? I'll try for once ; I'll bribe him high ; for commonly none love money better than they who have made a vow of poverty.

Enter Servant.

Serv. There's a huge, fat, religious gentleman coming up, sir ; he says he's but a fryar, but he's big enough to be a pope ; his gills are as rosy as a turkey-cock's ; his great belly walks in state before him like an harbinger ; and his gouty legs come limping after it : never was such a tun of devotion seen.

Lor. Bring him in, and vanish. [*Exit Serv.*]

Enter Father DOMINICK.

Lor. Welcome, father.

Dom. Peace be here : I thought I had been sent for to a dying man, to have fitted him for another world.

Lor. No, faith, father, I was never for taking such long journies. Repose yourself, I beseech you, sir, if those spindle legs of yours will carry you to the next chair.

Dom. I am old, I am infirm, I must confess, with fasting.

Lor. 'Tis a sign by your wan complexion, and your thin jowls, father. Come, to our better acquaintance: here's a sovereign remedy for old age and sorrow. [*Drinks.*]

Dom. The looks of it are indeed alluring: I'll do you reason. [*Drinks.*]

Lor. Is it to your palate, father?

Dom. Second thoughts, they say, are best: I'll consider of it once again. [*Drinks.*] It has a most delicious flavour with it. Gad, forgive me, I have forgotten to drink your health, son, I am not used to be so unmannerly. [*Drinks again.*]

Lor. No, I'll be sworn, by what I see of you, you are not. To the bottom, I warrant him, a true church-man. Now, father to our business; 'tis agreeable to your calling; I intend to do an act of charity.

Dom. And I love to hear of charity; 'tis a comfortable subject.

Lor. Being in the late battle, in great hazard of my life, I recommended my person to good St. Dominick.

Dom. You could not have pitched upon a better: he's a sure card: I never knew him fail his votaries.

Lor. Troth, I e'en made bold to strike up a bargain

with him, that if I 'scap'd with life and plunder, I would present some brother of his order with part of the booty taken from the infidels, to be employed in charitable uses.

Dom. There you hit him; St. Dominick loves charity exceedingly; that argument never fails with him.

Lor. The spoils were mighty; and I scorn to wrong him of a farthing. To make short my story; I enquired among the Jacobins for an almoner, and the general has pointed out your reverence as the worthiest man: here are fifty pieces in this purse.

Dom. How! fifty pieces? 'tis too much, too much in conscience.

Lor. Here, take them, father.

Dom. No, in troth, I dare not: do not tempt me to break my vow of poverty.

Lor. If you are modest, I must force you; for I am strongest.

Dom. Nay, if you compel me, there's no contending; but will you set your strength against a decrepid, poor, old man: [*Takes the purse.*] As I said 'tis too great a bounty? But St. Dominick shall owe you another 'scape; I'll put him in mind of you.

Lor. If you please, father, we will not trouble him 'till the next battle. But you may do me a greater kindness, by conveying my prayers to a female saint.

Dom. A female saint! good now, good now, how your devotions jump with mine! I always loved the female saints.

Lor. I mean a female, mortal, married-woman saint. Look upon the superscription of this note; you know Don Gomez's wife. [*Gives him a letter.*]

Dom. Who, Donna Elvira? I think I have some reason; I am her ghostly father.

Lor. I have some business of importance with her, which I have communicated in this paper; but her husband is so horribly given to be jealous.

Dom. Ho, jealous! he's the very quintessence of jealousy: he keeps no male creature in his house; and from abroad he lets no man come near her.

Lor. Excepting you, father.

Dom. Me, I grant you: I am her director and her guide in spiritual affairs. But he has his humours with me too; for t'other day, he called me false apostle.

Lor. Did he so? that reflects upon you all; on my word, father, that touches your copyhold. If you would do a meritorious action, you might revenge the church's quarrel. My letter, father.

Dom. Well, so far as a letter, I will take upon me; for what can I refuse to a man so charitably given?

Lor. If you bring an answer back, that purse in your hand has a twin-brother, as like him as ever he can look; there are fifty pieces lie dormant in it, for more charities.

Dom. That must not be: not a farthing more, upon my priesthood. But what may be the purport and meaning of this letter; that, I confess, a little troubles me.

Lor. No harm, I warrant you.

Dom. Well, you are a charitable man; and I'll take your word: my comfort is, I know not the contents; and so far I am blameless. But an answer you shall have; though not for the sake of your fifty pieces more; I have sworn not to take them, they shall not be altogether fifty: your mistress—forgive me that I should call her your mistress, I meant Elvira, lives but at next door: I'll visit her immediately: but not a word more of the nine and forty pieces.

Lor. Nay, I'll wait on you down stairs. Fifty pounds for the postage of a letter! to send by the church is certainly the dearest road in Christendom.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A Chamber. Enter GOMEZ and ELVIRA.

Gom. Henceforth I banish flesh and wine: I'll have none stirring within these walls these twelve months.

Elv. I care not; the sooner I am starved, the sooner I am rid of wedlock. I shall learn the knack to fast a days: you have used me to fasting nights already.

Gom. How the gipsey answers me! Oh, 'tis a most notorious hilding.

Elv. [*Crying.*] But was ever poor innocent creature so hardly dealt with, for a little harmless chat?

Gom. "Oh, the impudence of this wicked sex!" Lascivious dialogues are innocent chat with you!

Elv. Was it such a crime to inquire how the battle passed?

Gom. But that was not the business, gentlewoman; you were not asking news of a battle passed; you were engaging for a skirmish that was to come.

Elv. An honest woman would be glad to hear, that her honour was safe, and her enemies were slain.

Gom. [*In her tone.*] And to ask, if he were wounded in your defence; and, in case he were, to offer yourself to be his surgeon; then you did not describe your husband to him, for a covetous, jealous, rich, old hunk.

Elv. No, I need not: he describes himself sufficiently: but, in what dream did I do this?

Gom. You walk'd in your sleep, with your eyes broad open, at noon-day; and dreamed you were talking to the aforesaid purpose with one Colonel Hernando——

Elv. Who, dear husband, who?

Gom. What the devil have I said? You would have farther information, would you.

Elv. No, but my dear, little old man, tell me now; that I may avoid him for your sake.

Gom. Get you up into your chamber, cockatrice; and there immure yourself: be confined, I say, dur-

ing our royal pleasure: but, first, down on your marrow-bones, upon your allegiance, and make an acknowledgment of your offences; for I will have ample satisfaction. *[Pulls her down.]*

Elv. I have done you no injury, and therefore I'll make you no submission: but I'll complain to my ghostly father.

Gom. Ay; there's your remedy: when you receive condign punishment, you run with open mouth to your confessor; that parcel of holy guts and garbage: he must chuckle you and moan you: but I'll rid my hands of his ghostly authority one day,

Enter DOMINICK.

and make him know he's the son of a——*[Sees him.]* So;——no sooner conjure, but the devil's in the circle.

Dom. Son of what, Don Gomez.

Gom. Why, a son of a church; I hope there's no harm in that, father?

Dom. I will lay up your words for you till time shall serve; and to-morrow I enjoin you to fast, for penance.

Gom. *[Aside.]* There's no harm in that; she shall fast too; fasting saves money.

Dom. *[To Elv.]* What was the reason that I found you upon your knees, in that unseemly posture?

Gom. *[Aside.]* Oh, horrible! to find a woman upon her knees, he says, is an unseemly posture; there's a priest for you!

Elv. [*To Dom.*] I wish, father, you would give me an opportunity of entertaining you in private: I have somewhat upon my spirits that presses me exceedingly.

Dom. [*Aside.*] This goes well: Gomez, stand you at a distance,—farther yet,—stand out of ear-shot—I have somewhat to say to your wife in private.

Gom. [*Aside.*] Was ever man thus priest-ridden? Would the steeple of his church were in his belly: I am sure there's room for it.

Elv. I am ashamed to acknowledge my infirmities; but you have been always an indulgent father; and therefore I will venture to—and yet I dare not.

Dom. Nay, if you are bashful; if you keep your wound from the knowledge of your surgeon.

Elv. You know my husband is a man in years; but he's my husband, and therefore I shall be silent; but his humours are more intolerable than his age: he's grown so froward, so covetous, and so jealous, that he has turned my heart quite from him; and, if I durst confess it, has forced me to cast my affections on another man.

Dom. Good!—hold, hold; I meant abominable.—Pray Heaven, this be my colonel. [*Aside.*]

Elv. I have seen this man, father; and have encouraged his addresses: he's a young gentleman, a soldier, of a most winning carriage; and what his courtship may produce at last, I know not; but I am afraid of my own frailty.

Dom. [*Aside.*] 'Tis he for certain: she has saved

the credit of my function, by speaking first; now I must take gravity upon me.

Gom. [*Aside.*] This whispering bodes me no good for certain; but he has me so plaguily under the lash, that I dare not interrupt him.

Dom. Daughter, daughter, do you remember your matrimonial vow?

Elv. Yes, to my sorrow, father, I do remember it; a miserable woman it has made me: but you know, father, a marriage vow is but a thing of course, which all women take, when they would get a husband.

Dom. A vow is a very solemn thing; and it is good to keep it:—but, notwithstanding, it may be broken upon some occasions. Have you striven with all your might against this frailty?

Elv. Yes, I have striven: but I found it was against the stream. Love, you know, father, is a great vow maker; but he's a great vow breaker.

Dom. 'Tis your duty to strive always: but, notwithstanding, when we have done our utmost, it extenuates the sin.

Gom. I can hold no longer—Now, gentlewoman, you are confessing your enormities; I know it, by that hypocritical, down-cast look: enjoin her to sit bare upon a bed of nettles, father; you can do no less in conscience.

Dom. Hold your peace; are you growing malapert? Will you force me to make use of my authority?

Your wife's a well-disposed and a virtuous lady; I say it, *in verbo sarcedotis*.

Elv. I know not what to do, father; I find myself in a most desperate condition; and so is the colonel for love of me.

Dom. The colonel, say you! I wish it be not the same young gentleman I know; 'tis a gallant young man, I must confess, worthy of any lady's love in Christendom; in a lawful way, I mean: of such a charming behaviour, so bewitching to a woman's eye; and furthermore, so charitably given; by all good tokens, this must be my Colonel Hernando.

Elv. Ay, and my colonel too, father: I am overjoyed; and are you then acquainted with him?

Dom. Acquainted with him! Why, he haunts me up and down; and, I am afraid, it is for love of you; for he pressed a letter upon me, within this hour, to deliver to you: I confess, I received it, lest he should send it by some other; but with full resolution never to put it into your hands.

Elv. Oh, dear father, let me have it, or I shall die.

Gom. Whispering still! A pox of your close committee! I'll listen, I'm resolved. [*Steals nearer.*]

Dom. Nay, if you are obstinately bent to see it, use your discretion, but for my part, I wash my hands on't. What makes you listening there? Get farther off, I preach not to thee, thou wicked eves-dropper.

Elv. I'll kneel down, father, as if I were taking absolution, if you'll but please to stand before me.

Dom. At your peril be it then. I have told you the

ill consequences ; & *liberavi animam meam*.—Your reputation is in danger, to say nothing of your soul. Notwithstanding, when the spiritual means have been applied, and fail ; in that case, the carnal may be used.—You are a tender child, you are ; and must not be put into despair : your heart is as soft and melting as your hand.

[*He strokes her face ; takes her by the hand ; and gives the letter.*]

Gom. Hold, hold, father, you go beyond your commission ; palming is always held foul play amongst gamblers.

Dom. Thus good intentions are misconstrued by wicked men ; you will never be warned 'till you are excommunicated.

Gom. [*Aside.*] Ah, devil on him ? there's his hold ! if there were no more in excommunication than the church's censure, a wise man would lick his conscience whole with a wet finger ; but, if I am excommunicated, I am outlawed ; and then there's no calling in my money.

Elv. [*Rising.*] I have read the note, father, and will send him an answer immediately ; for I know his lodging by his letter.

Dom. I understand it not, for my part ; but I wish your intentions be honest. Remember, that adultery, though it be a silent sin, yet it is a crying sin also. Nevertheless, if you believe absolutely he will die, unless you pity him, to save a man's life is a point of charity ; and actions of charity do alleviate, as I may

say, and take off from the mortality of the sin. Farewell, daughter—Gomez, cherish your virtuous wife; and thereupon I give you my benediction.

[*Going.*

Gom. Stay; I'll conduct you to the door, that I may be sure you steal nothing by the way. Fryars wear not their long sleeves for nothing.—Oh, it is a Judas Iscariot.

[*Exit after the Fryar.*

Elv. This fryar is a comfortable man! He will understand nothing of the business, and yet does it all.

Pray, wives, and virgins, at your time of need,

For a true guide, of my good father's breed,

[*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Street. Enter LORENZO in a Fryar's habit, following DOMINICK.

Lorenzo.

FATHER Dominick, father Dominick! Why in such haste, man?

Dom. It should seem a brother of our order.

Lor. No, faith, I am only your brother in iniquity; my holiness, like yours, is mere outside.

Dem. What! my noble colonel in metamorphosis! On what occasion are you transformed?

Lor. Love; almighty love; that which turned Jupiter into a town-bull, has transformed me into a

fryar; I have had a letter from Elvira, in answer to that I sent by you.

Dom. You see I have delivered my message faithfully; I am a fryar of honour where I am engaged.

Lor. Oh, I understand your hint: the other fifty pieces are ready to be condemned to charity.

Dom. But this habit, son, this habit!

Lor. 'Tis a habit, that in all ages has been friendly to fornication: you have begun the design in this cloathing, and I'll try to accomplish it. The husband is absent; that evil counsellor is removed; and the sovereign is graciously disposed to hear my grievances.

Dom. Go to: go to? I find good counsel is but thrown away upon you: fare you well, fare you well, son, ah!—

Lor. How! will you turn recreant at the last cast? You must along to countenance my undertaking: we are at the door, man.

Dom. Well, I have thought on't, and I will not go.

Lor. You may stay, father; but no fifty pounds without it; that was only promised in the bond: but the condition of this obligation is such, that if the above-named father, father Dominick, do not well and faithfully perform—

Dom. Now I better think on't, I will bear you company; for the reverence of my presence may be a curb to your exorbitances.

Lor. Lead up your myrmidon, and enter. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ELVIRA in her Chamber.

Elv. He'll come, that's certain; young appetites are sharp, and seldom need twice bidding to such a banquet. Well, if I prove frail, as I hope I shall not, till I have compassed my design, never woman had such a husband to provoke her, such a lover to allure her, or such a confessor to absolve her? "Of what
" am I afraid, then? Not my conscience, that's safe
" enough; my ghostly father has given it a dose of
" church opium to lull it. Well, for soothing sin,
" I'll say that for him, he's a chaplain for any court
" in Christendom.

Enter LORENZO and DOMINICK.

Oh, Father Dominick, what news? How! a companion with you! What game have you in hand, that you hunt in couples?

Lor. [*Lifting up his hood.*] I'll shew you that immediately.

Elv. Oh, my love!

Lor. My life!

Elv. My soul!

[*They embrace.*]

Dom. I am taken on the sudden with a grievous swimming in my head, and such a mist before my eyes, that I can neither hear nor see.

Elv. Stay, and I'll fetch you some comfortable water.

Dom. No, no, nothing but the open air will do me good. I'll take a turn in your garden; but remem-

ber that I trust you both, and do not wrong my good opinion of you. [Exit.

Elv. This is certainly the dust of gold which you have thrown in the good man's eyes, that on the sudden he cannot see; for my mind misgives me, this sickness of his is but apocryphal.

Lor. 'Tis no qualm of conscience, I'll be sworn. You see, madam, 'tis interest governs all the world. He preaches against sin: why? Because so much more is bidden for his silence.

Elv. And so much for the Fryar.

Lor. Oh, those eyes of yours reproach me justly, that I neglect the subject which brought me hither.

Elv. Do you consider the hazard I have run to see you here? If you do, methinks it should inform you, that I love not at a common rate.

Lor. Nay, if you talk of considering, let us consider why we are alone. Do you think the Fryar left us together to tell beads? Love is a kind of penurious god, very niggardly of his opportunities: he must be watched like a hard-hearted treasurer; for he bolts out on the sudden, and if you take him not in the nick, he vanishes in a twinkling.

Elv. Why do you make such haste to have done loving me? "You men are like watches, wound up for striking twelve immediately; but, after you are satisfied, the very next that follows, is the solitary sound of single one."

Lor. How, madam; do you invite me to a feast, and then preach abstinence?

“ *Elv.* No, I invite you to a feast where the dishes
 “ are served up in order. You are for making a
 “ hasty meal, and for chopping up your entertain-
 “ ment like a hungry clown. Trust my manage-
 “ ment, good colonel, and call not for your desert
 “ too soon.” Believe me, that which comes last, as
 it is the sweetest, so it cloyes the soonest.

Lor. I perceive, madam, by your holding me at this distance, that there is somewhat you expect from me. What am I to undertake or suffer, ere I can be happy?

Elv. I must first be satisfied that you love me.

Lor. By all that’s holy, by these dear eyes——

Elv. Spare your oaths and protestations: I know you gallants of the time have a mint at your tongue’s end, to coin them.

Lor. You know you cannot marry me; but, by heavens, if you were in a condition——

Elv. Then you would not be so prodigal of your promises, but have the fear of matrimony before your eyes. In few words, if you love me, as you profess, deliver me from this bondage, take me out of Egypt, and I’ll wander with you as far as earth, and seas, and love can carry us.

Lor. I never was out at a mad frolic, though this is the maddest I ever undertook. Have with you, lady mine, I take you at your word; and if you are for a merry jaunt, I’ll try, for once, who can foot it farthest. There are hedges in summer, and barns in winter to be found: I with my knapsack, and you

with your bottle at your back. We'll leave honour to madmen, and riches to knaves; and travel till we come to the ridge of the world, and then drop together into the next.

Elv. Give me your hand, and strike a bargain.

[*He takes her hand; and kisses it.*]

Lor. In sign and token whereof, the parties interchangeably, and so forth——When should I be weary of sealing upon this soft wax?

Elv. Oh, heavens, I hear my husband's voice!

Enter GOMEZ.

Gom. Where are you, gentlewoman? There's something in the wind, I'm sure; because your woman would have run up stairs before me; but I have secured her below, with a gag in her chops——Now, in the devil's name, what makes this fryar here again? I do not like these frequent conjunctions of the flesh and the spirit; they are boding.

Elv. Go hence, good father; my husband, you see, is in an ill humour, and I would not have you witness of his folly.

[*Lorenzo going.*]

Gom. [*Running to the door.*] By your reverence's favour, hold a little; I must examine you something better before you go. Hey-day! who have we here? Father Dominick is shrunk in the wetting two yards and a half about the belly. What are become of those two timber-logs, that he used to wear for legs, that stood strutting like the two black posts before a door? I am afraid some bad body has been setting him over

a fire in a great cauldron, and boiled him down half the quantity for a receipt. This is no Father Dominick, no huge overgrown abbey-lubber; this is but a diminutive sucking fryar. “As sure as a gun, now, Father Dominick has been spawning this young slender antichrist.”

Elv. [*Aside.*] He will be found out; there’s no prevention!

Gom. Why does he not speak? What, is the fryar possessed with a dumb devil? If he be, I shall make bold to conjure him.

Elv. He is but a novice in his order, and is enjoined silence for a penance.

Gom. A novice, quoth-a! you would make a novice of me too, if you could. But what is his business here? Answer me that, gentlewoman, answer me that.

Elv. What should it be, but to give me some spiritual instructions?

Gom. Very good! and you are like to edify much from a dumb preacher. This will not pass; I must examine the contents of him a little closer. Oh, thou confessor, confess who thou art, or thou art no fryar of this world!

[*He comes to Lorenzo, who struggles with him; his habit flies open, and discovers a sword; Gomez starts back.*]
As I live, this is a manifest member of the church militant!

Lor. [*Aside.*] I am discovered—Now, impudence be my refuge—Yes, faith, ’tis I, honest Gomez.—

Thou seest I use thee like a friend. This is a familiar visit.

Gom. What, Colonel Hernando turned fryar! Who could have suspected you of so much godliness?

Lor. E'en as thou seest, I make bold here.

Gom. A very frank manner of proceeding! But I do not wonder at your visit, after so friendly an invitation as I made you. Marry, I hope you'll excuse the blunderbusses for not being in readiness to salute you; but let me know your hour, and all shall be mended another time.

Lor. Hang it, I hate such ripping up old unkindness. I was upon the frolic this evening, and came to visit thee in masquerade.

Gom. Very likely; and not finding me at home, you were forced to toy away an hour with my wife, or so.

Lor. Right; thou speakest my very soul.

Gom. Why, am I not a friend then, to help you out? you would have been fumbling half an hour for this excuse. But, as I remember, you promised to storm my citadel, and bring your regiment of red locusts upon me, for free quarter: I find, colonel, by your habit, there are black locusts in the world, as well as red.

Elv. [*Aside.*] When comes my share of the reckoning to be called for?

Lor. Give me thy hand; thou art the honestest kind man—I was resolved I would not go out of the house till I had seen thee.

Gom. No, in my conscience, if I had staid abroad till midnight. But, colonel, you and I shall talk in another tone hereafter; I mean, in cold friendship, at a bar before a judge, by way of plaintiff and defendant. Your excuses want some grains to make them current: hum and haw will not do the business. There's a modest lady of your acquaintance; she has so much grace to make none at all, but silently to confess the power of dame Nature working in her body to youthful appetite.

Elv. How he got in I know not, unless it were by virtue of his habit.

Gom. Ay, ay, the virtues of that habit are known abundantly.

Elv. I could not hinder his entrance; for he took me unprovided.

Gom. To resist him.

Elv. I'm sure he has not been here above a quarter of an hour.

Gom. And a quarter of that time would have served thy turn. Oh, thou epitome of thy virtuous sex! Madam Messalina the second, retire to thy apartment; I have an assignation there to make with thee.

Elv. I'm all obedience.

[*Exit.*

Lor. I find, Gomez, you are not the man I thought you. We may meet before we come to the bar, we may; and our differences may be decided by other weapons than by lawyers tongues. In the mean time, no ill treatment of your wife, as you hope to die a

natural death, and go to hell in your bed. Bilbo is the word; remember that, and tremble——

[*He is going out.*]

Enter DOMINICK.

Dom. Where is this naughty couple? Where are you, in the name of goodness? My mind misgave me, and I durst trust you no longer by yourselves. Here will be fine work, I'm afraid, at your next confession!

Lor. [*Aside.*] The devil is punctual, I see: he has paid me the shame he owed me; and now the fryar is coming in for his part too.

Dom. [*Seeing Gom.*] Bless my eyes! what do I see?

Gom. Why, you see a cuckold of this honest gentleman's making, I thank him for his pains.

Dom. I confess, I am astonished!

Gom. What, at a cuckoldom of your own contrivance! your head-piece and his limbs have done my business—Nay, do not look so strangely: remember your own words, Here will be fine work at your next confession! What naughty couple were they, whom you durst not trust together any longer, when the hypocritical rogue had trusted them a full quarter of an hour? And, by the way, horns will sprout in less time than mushrooms.

Dom. Beware how you accuse one of my order upon light suspicions. The naughty couple that I meant, were your wife and you, whom I left together with great animosities on both sides. Now, that was the occasion, mark me, Gomez, that I thought it con-

venient to return again, and not to trust your enraged spirits too long together. You might have broken out into revilings and matrimonial warfare, which are sins; and new sins make work for new confessions.

Lor. [*Aside.*] Well said, i'faith, fryar; thou art come off thyself, but poor I am left in limbo.

Gom. Angle in some other ford, good father; you shall catch no gudgeons here. Look upon the prisoner at the bar, fryar, and inform the court what you know concerning him: he is arraigned here by the name of Colonel Hernando.

Dom. What colonel do you mean, Gomez? I see no man, but a reverend brother of our order, whose profession I honour, but whose person I know not, as I hope for Paradise.

Gom. No, you are not acquainted with him; the more's the pity; you do not know him, under this disguise, for the greatest cuckold-maker in all Spain.

Dom. Oh, impudence! Oh, rogue! Oh, villain!—Nay, if he be such a man, my righteous spirit rises at him! Does he put on holy garments, for a cover-shame of lewdness?

Gom. Yes, and he's in the right on't, father: when a swinging sin is to be committed, nothing will cover it so close as a fryar's hood; for there the devil plays at bo-peep, puts out his horns to do a mischief, and then shrinks them back for safety, like a snail into her shell.

Lor. [*Aside.*] It's best marching off while I can re-

treat with honour. There's no trusting this fryar's conscience; he has renounced me already more heartily than he e'er did the devil, and is in a fair way of prosecuting me for putting on these holy robes. "This is the old church-trick: the clergy is ever at the bottom of the plot; but they are wise enough to slip their own necks out of the collar, and leave the laity to be fairly hanged for it." [Exit Lor.

Gom. Follow your leader, fryar; your colonel is trooped off; but he had not gone so easily, if I durst have trusted you in the house behind him. Gather up your gouty legs, I say, and rid my house of that huge body of divinity.

Dom. I expect some judgment should fall upon you, for your want of reverence to your spiritual director. Slander, covetousness, and jealousy will weigh thee down.

Gom. Put pride, hypocrisy, and gluttony into your scale, father, and you shall weigh against me: nay, if sins come to be divided once, the clergy puts in for nine parts, and scarce leaves the laity a tithe.

Dom. How darest thou reproach the tribe of Levi?

Gom. Marry, because you make us laymen of the tribe of Issachar. You make asses of us, to bear your burdens. When we are young, you put panniers upon us with your church-discipline; and when we are grown up, you load us with a wife: after that, you procure for other men, and then you load our wives too. A fine phrase you have amongst you to draw us into marriage: you call it settling of a man;

just as when a fellow has got a sound knock upon the head, you say he is settled—marriage is a settling blow indeed. They say every thing in the world is good for something, as a toad, to suck up the venom of the earth; but I never knew what a fryar was good for, till your pimping shewed me.

Dom. Thou shalt answer for this, thou slanderer! Thy offences be upon thy head.

Gom. I believe there are some offences there of your planting. [Exit Dom.]

Lord, lord, that men should have sense enough to set snares in their warrens to catch pole-cats and foxes! And yet——

*Want wit a priest-trap at their door to lay,
For holy vermin that in houses prey.*

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

A Palace. QUEEN and TERESA.

Ter. You are not what you were since yesterday;
Your food forsakes you, and your needful rest;
You pine, you languish, love to be alone;
Think much, speak little, and, in speaking, sigh.
When you see Torrismond, you are unquiet;
But when you see him not, you are in pain.

Qu. Oh, let them never love, who never try'd!
They brought a paper to me to be sign'd;
Thinking on him, I quite forgot my name
And writ, for Leonora, Torrismond,

" I went to bed, and to myself I thought
 " That I would think on Torrismond no more ;
 " Then shut my eyes, but could not shut out him.
 " I turn'd, and try'd each corner of my bed,
 " To find if sleep were there, but sleep was lost.
 " Fev'rish, for want of rest, I rose, and walk'd,
 " And, by the moonshine, to the windows went ;
 " There thinking to exclude him from my thoughts."

I cast my eyes upon the neighbouring fields,
 And, ere I was aware, sigh'd to myself,
 There fought my Torrismond.

Ter. What hinders you to take the man you love?
 The people will be glad, the soldiers shout,
 And Bertran, tho' repining, will be aw'd.

" *Qu.* I fear to try new love ;
 " As boys to venture on the unknown ice,
 " That crackles underneath them while they slide.
 " Oh, how shall I describe this growing ill !
 " Betwixt my doubt and love, methinks I stand
 " Falt'ring, like one that waits an ague-fit :
 " And yet, would this were all !

" *Ter.* What fear you more ?

" *Qu.* I am asham'd to say ; 'tis but a fancy.
 " At break of day, when dreams, they say, are true,
 " A drowsy slumber, rather than a sleep,
 " Seiz'd on my senses, with long watching worn.
 " Methought I stood on a wide river's bank,
 " Which I must needs o'erpass, but knew not how ;
 " When, on a sudden, Torrismond appear'd,
 " Gave me his hand, and led me lightly o'er,

“ Leaping and bounding on the billows heads,

“ ’Till safely we had reach’d the farther shore.

“ *Ter.* This dream portends some ill which you shall ’scape.

“ Would you see fairer visions, take, this night,

“ Your Torrismond within your arms to sleep:

“ And, to that end, invent some apt pretence

“ To break with Bertran. ’Twould be better yet,

“ Could you provoke him to give you th’ occasion,

“ And then to throw him off.”

Enter BERTRAN at a distance.

Qu. My stars have sent him ;

For see, he comes. How gloomily he looks !

If he, as I suspect, have found my love,

His jealousy will furnish him with fury,

And me with means to part.

Bert. [*Aside.*] Shall I upbraid her ? Shall I call her false ?

If she be false, ’tis what she most desires.

My genius whispers me, Be cautious, Bertran ;

Thou walk’st as on a narrow mountain’s neck,

A dreadful height, with scanty room to tread.

Qu. What bus’ness have you at the court, my lord ?

Bert. What bus’ness, madam !

Qu. Yes, my lord, what bus’ness ?

’Tis somewhat sure of weighty consequence

That brings you here so often, and unsent for.

Bert. [*Aside.*] ’Tis what I fear’d ; her words are cold enough

To freeze a man to death——May I presume
To speak, and to complain?

Qu. They who complain to princes, think them
tame.

“What bull dares bellow, or what sheep dares bleat,
“Within the lion’s den?”

Bert. Yet men are suffer’d to put Heav’n in mind
Of promis’d blessings; for they then are debts.

Qu. My lord, Heav’n knows its own time when to
give;

But you, it seems, charge me with breach of faith.

Bert. I hope I need not, madam.

But as when men in sickness ling’ring lie,
They count the tedious hours by months and years,
So every day deferr’d to dying lovers,
Is a whole age of pain.

Qu. What if I ne’er consent to make you mine?
My father’s promise ties me not to time;
And bonds without a date, they say, are void.

Bert. Far be it from me to believe you bound:
Love is the freest motion of our minds;
Oh, could you see into my secret soul,
There you might read your own dominion doubled,
Both as a queen and mistress! If you leave me,
Know, I can die, but dare not be displeas’d.

Qu. Sure you affect stupidity, my lord,
Or give me cause to think, that when you lost
Three battles to the Moors, you coldly stood
As unconcern’d as now.

Bert. I did my best ;
Fate was not in my power.

Qu. And with the like tame gravity you saw
A raw young warrior take your baffled work,
And end it at a blow.

Bert. I humbly take my leave ; but they who blast
Your good opinion of me, may have cause
To know I am no coward. [*He is going.*]

Qu. Bertran, stay——
[*Aside.*] This may produce some dismal consequence
To him whom dearer than my life I love.

[*To him.*] Have I not manag'd my contrivance well,
To try your love, and make you doubt of mine ?

Bert. Then was it but a trial ?
Methinks I start as from some dreadful dream,
And often ask myself if yet I wake.

[*Aside.*] This turn's too quick to be without design :
I'll sound the bottom of 't, ere I believe.

Qu. I find your love, and would reward it too ;
But anxious fears solicit my weak breast.
I fear my people's faith,
That hot-mouth'd beast that bears against the curb,
Hard to be broken even by lawful kings,
But harder by usurpers.
Judge, then, my lord, with all these cares oppress'd,
If I can think of love.

Bert. Believe me, madam,
These jealousies, however large they spread,
Have but one root, the old imprison'd king,

Whose lenity first pleas'd the gaping crowd ;
 But when long try'd, and found supinely good,
 Like Æsop's log, they leap'd upon his back.

Your father knew them well, and when he mounted,
 He rein'd them strongly, and he spurr'd them hard ;
 And, but he durst not do it all at once,
 He had not left alive this patient saint,
 This anvil of affronts, " but sent him hence,
 " To hold a peaceful branch of palm above,
 " And hymn it in the choir."

Qu. You've hit upon the very string, which, touch'd,
 Echoes the sound, and jars within my soul :
 There lies my grief.

Bert. So long as there's a head,
 Thither will all the mounting spirits fly ;
 Lop that but off, and then——

Qu. My virtue shrinks from such a horrid act.

Bert. This 'tis to have a virtue out of season.

" Mercy is good, a very good dull virtue ;
 " But kings mistake its timing, and are mild
 " When manly courage bids them be severe."
 Better be cruel once, than anxious ever.

Remove this threat'ning danger from your crown,
 And then securely take the man you love.

Qu. [*Walking aside.*] Hal let me think of that—
 the man I love !

'Tis true, this murder is the only means
 That can secure my throne to Torrismond ;
 Nay, more, this execution done by Bertran,
 Makes him the object of the people's hate.

Bert. [*Aside.*] The more she thinks, 'twill work the stronger in her.

Qu. [*Aside.*] How eloquent is mischief to persuade!

Few are so wicked as to take delight
In crimes unprofitable; nor do I.
If then I break divine and human laws,
No bribe but love could gain so bad a cause.

Bert. You answer nothing.

Qu. 'Tis of deep concernment,
And I a woman ignorant and weak.
I leave it all to you: think, what you do,
You do for him I love.

Bert. [*Aside.*] For him she loves!
She nam'd not me; that may be Torrismond,
Whom she has thrice in private seen this day.
Then I am finely caught in my own snare——
I'll think again——Madam, it shall be done;
And mine be all the blame. [*Exit.*

Qu. Oh, that it were! I would not do this crime;
And yet, like Heaven, permit it to be done.
“The priesthood grossly cheat us with free-will;
“Will to do what, but what Heaven first decreed?
“Our actions then are neither good nor ill,
“Since from eternal causes they proceed:
“Our passions, fear and anger, love and hate,
“Mere senseless engines that are mov'd by fate;
“Like ships on stormy seas without a guide,
“Tost by the winds, are driven by the tide.”

Enter TORRISMOND.

Tor. Am I not rudely bold, and press too often
Into your presence, madam? If I am——

Qu. No more, lest I should chide you for your stay.
Where have you been, and how could you suppose
That I could live these two long hours without you?

Tor. Oh, words to charm an angel from his orb!
Welcome as kindly showers to long-parch'd earth!
But I have been in such a dismal place,
Where joy ne'er enters, which the sun ne'er cheers,
Bound in with darkness, overspread with damps;
Where I have seen (if I could say I saw)
The good old king, majestic in his bonds,
And midst his griefs most venerably great;
By a dim winking lamp, which feebly broke
The gloomy vapours, he lay stretch'd along
Upon th' unwholesome earth, his eyes fix'd upward;
And ever and anon a silent tear
Stole down and trickled from his hoary beard.

Qu. Oh, Heaven! what have I done? My gentle
love,
Here end thy sad discourse; and, for my sake,
Cast off these fearful melancholy thoughts.

Tor. My heart is wither'd at that piteous sight,
As early blossoms are with eastern blasts.
He sent for me, and while I rais'd my head,
He threw his aged arms about my neck;
And, seeing that I wept, he press'd me close:

So, leaning cheek to cheek, and eyes to eyes,
We mingled tears in a dumb scene of sorrow.

Qu. Forbear; you know not how you wound my
soul.

Tor. Can you have grief, and not have pity too?
He told me, when my father did return,
He had a wond'rous secret to disclose.
He kiss'd me, bless'd me, nay, he call'd me son;
He prais'd my courage; pray'd for my success;
He was so true a father to his country,
To thank me for defending e'en his foes,
Because they were his subjects.

Qu. If they be, then what am I?

Tor. The sovereign of my soul, my earthly Heaven.

Qu. And not your queen.

Tor. You are so beautiful,
So wond'rous fair, you justify rebellion;
As if that faultless face could make no sin,
But Heaven, with looking on it, must forgive.

Qu. The king must die, he must, my Torris-
mond:

Though pity softly plead within my soul,
Yet he must die, that I may make you great,
And give a crown in dowry with my love.

Tor. Perish that crown, on any head but yours!
Oh, recollect your thoughts!
Shake not his hour-glass, when his hasty sand
Is ebbing to the last.
A little longer, yet a little longer,

And nature drops him down without your sin,
Like mellow fruit without a winter storm.

Qu. "Let me but do this one injustice more :"
His doom is past, and for your sake he dies.

Tor. Would you for me have done so ill an act,
And will not do a good one ?
Now, by your joys on earth, your hopes in heaven,
Oh, spare this great, this good, this aged king,
And spare your soul the crime !

Qu. The crime's not mine ;
'Twas first propos'd, and must be done by Bertran,
Fed with false hopes to gain my crown and me.
I, to enhance his ruin, gave no leave ;
But barely bade him think, and then resolve.

Tor. In not forbidding, you command the crime.
Think, timely think on the last dreadful day ;
How will you tremble, there to stand expos'd,
And foremost in the rank of guilty ghosts,
That must be doom'd for murder ! Think on mur-
der :

That troop is plac'd apart from common crimes ;
The damn'd themselves start wide, and shun that
band,

As far more black, and more forlorn than they.

Qu. 'Tis terrible ; it shakes, it staggers me.
"I knew this truth, but I repell'd that thought.
"Sure there is none but fears a future state :
"And when the most obdurate swear they do not,
"Their trembling hearts belie their boasting
tongues."

Enter TERESA.

Send speedily to Bertran; charge him strictly
Not to proceed, but wait my further pleasure.

Ter. Madam, he sends to tell you, 'tis perform'd.

[Exit.

Tor. Ten thousand plagues consume him! furies
drag him!

Fiends tear him! Blasted be the arm that struck,
The tongue that order'd! only she be spar'd,
That hinder'd not the deed! Oh, where was then
The power that guards the sacred lives of kings?
Why slept the lightning and the thunder-bolts,
Or bent their idle rage on fields and trees,
When vengeance call'd them here?

Qu. Sleep that thought too.

'Tis done: and since 'tis done, 'tis past recall;
And since 'tis past recall, must be forgotten.

Tor. Oh, never, never shall it be forgotten!
High Heaven will not forget it; after ages
Shall with a fearful curse remember ours,
And blood shall never leave the nation more.

“ *Qu.* His body shall be royally interr'd,
“ And the last funeral pomps adorn his herse:
“ I will myself (as I have cause too just)
“ Be the chief mourner at his obsequies;
“ And yearly fix, on the revolving day,
“ The solemn mark of mourning, to atone,
“ And expiate my offences.

“ *Tor.* Nothing can,

“ But bloody vengeance on that traitor’s head,
 “ Which, dear departed spirit, here I vow.”

Qu. Here end our sorrows, and begin our joys.

“ Love calls, my Torrismond: though hate has
 rag’d,

“ And rul’d the day, yet love will rule the night.

“ The spiteful stars have shed their venom down,

“ And now the peaceful planets take their turn.

“ This deed of Bertran’s has remov’d all fears,

“ And giv’n me just occasion to refuse him.”

What hinders now, but that the holy priest

In secret join our mutual vows? “ And then

“ This night, this happy night is yours and mine.”

Tor. Be still my sorrows, and be loud my joys:

Fly to the utmost circles of the sea.

Thou furious tempest, that hath toss’d my mind,

And leave no thought but Leonora there——

What’s this?—I feel a boding in my soul,

As if this day were fatal—Be it so.

Fate shall but have the leavings of my love.

My joys are gloomy, but withal are great.

The lion, though he sees the toils are set,

Yet, pinch’d with raging hunger, scow’rs away,

Hunts in the face of danger all the day,

At night, with sullen pleasure, grumbles o’er his
 prey. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Before GOMEZ's door. Enter LORENZO, DOMINICK, and two Soldiers at a distance.

Dominick.

I'LL not wag an ace farther: the whole world will not bribe me to it; for my conscience will digest these gross enormities no longer.

Lor. How, thy conscience not digest them! There's ne'er a fryar in Spain can shew a conscience that comes near it for digestion. It digested pimping, when I sent thee with my letter; and it digested perjury, when thou swore'st thou didst not know me: I'm sure it has digested me fifty pounds of as hard gold as is in all Barbary: pr'ythee, why should'st thou discourage fornication, when thou knowest thou lovest a sweet young girl?

Dom. Away; away; I do not love them;—phau; no,—[*Spits.*] I do not love a pretty girl—you are so waggish. [*Spits again.*]

Lor. Why, thy mouth waters at the very mention of them.

Dom. You take a mighty pleasure in defamation, colonel; but I wonder what you find in running restless up and down, breaking your brains, emptying your purse, and wearing out your body, with hunting after unlawful game.

Lor. Why, there's the satisfaction on't.

Dom. This incontinency may proceed to adultery, and adultery to murder, and murder to hanging; and there's the satisfaction on't.

Lor. I'll not hang alone, fryar; I'm resolved to peach thee before thy superiors, for what thou hast done already.

Dom. I am resolved to forswear it if you do: let me advise you better, colonel, than to accuse a churchman to churchmen: in the common cause we are all of a piece; we hang together.

Lor. [*Aside.*] If you don't, it were no matter if you did.

Dom. Nay, if you talk of peaching, I'll peach first, and see whose oath will be believed; I'll trounce you for offering to corrupt my honesty, and bribe my conscience; you shall be summoned by an host of paritors; you shall be sentenced in the spiritual court; you shall be excommunicated; you shall be out-lawed;—and—[*Here Lorenzo takes a purse, and plays with it, and at last, lets the purse fall chinking on the ground; which the fryar eyes.*] [*In another tone.*] I say, a man might do this now, if he were maliciously disposed, and had a mind to bring matters to extremity; but, considering, that you are my friend, a person of honour, and a worthy good charitable man, I would rather die a thousand deaths than disoblige you. [*Lorenzo takes up the purse, and pours it into the fryar's sleeve.*] Nay, good sir; nay, dear colonel; Oh, Lord, sir, what are you doing

now! I profess this must not be: without this I would have served you to the uttermost; pray command me. A jealous, foul-mouthed rogue this Gomez is: I saw how he used you, and you marked how he used me too: Oh, he's a bitter man; but we'll join our forces; ah, shall we, colonel? We'll be revenged on him with a witness.

Lor. But how shall I send her word to be ready at the door, (for I must reveal it in confession to you,) that I mean to carry her away this evening, by the help of these two soldiers? I know Gomez suspects you, and you will hardly gain admittance.

Dom Let me alone; I fear him not; I am armed with the authority of my cloathing; yonder I see him keeping centry at his door: "have you never seen a
" citizen, in a cold morning, clapping his sides, and
" walking forward and backward, a mighty pace be-
" fore his shop? But I'll gain the pass, in spite of his
" suspicion;" stand you aside, and do but mark how I accost him.

Lor. If he meet with a repulse, we must throw off the fox's skin, and put on the lion's: come, gentlemen, you'll stand by me.

Sold. Do not doubt us, colonel.

[*They retire all three to a corner of the stage, Dominick goes to the door where Gomez stands.*]

Dom. Good even, Gomez, how does your wife?

Gom. Just as you'd have her, thinking on nothing, but her dear, colonel, and conspiring cuckoldom against me.

Dom. I dare say, you wrong her, she is employing her thoughts how to cure you of your jealousy.

Gom. Yes, by certainty.

Dom. By your leave, Gomez; I have some spiritual advice to impart to her on that subject.

Gom. You may spare your instructions, if you please, father, she has no further need of them.

Dom. How, no need of them! Do you speak in riddles?

Gom. Since you will have me speak plainer; she has profited so well already by your counsel, that she can say her lesson, without your teaching: do you understand me now?

Dom. I must not neglect my duty, for all that; once again, Gomez, by your leave.

Gom. She's a little indisposed, at present, and it will not be convenient to disturb her.

[Dominick offers to go by him, but t' other stands before him.]

Dom. Indisposed, say you? Oh, it is upon those occasions that a confessor is most necessary; I think, it was my good angel that sent me hither so opportunely.

Gom. Ay, whose good angel sent you hither, that you best know, father.

Dom. A word or two of devotion will do her no harm, I'm sure.

Gom. A little sleep will do her more good, I'm sure: you know she disburdened her conscience but this morning to you.

Dom. But, if she be ill this afternoon, she may have new occasion to confess.

Gom. Indeed as you order matters with the colonel, she may have occasion of confessing herself every hour.

Dom. Pray how long has she been sick?

Gom. Lord, you will force a man to speak; why ever since your last defeat.

Dom. This can be but some light indisposition, it will not last, and I may see her.

Gom. How, not last! I say, it will last, and it shall last; she shall be sick these seven or eight days, and perhaps longer, as I see occasion. What! I know the mind of her sickness, a little better than you do.

Dom. I find then, I must bring a doctor.

Gom. And he'll bring an apothecary, with a chargeable long bill of Ana's: those of my family have the grace to die cheaper; in a word, Sir Dominick, we understand one another's business here; I am resolved to stand like the Swiss of my own family, to defend the entrance; you may mumble over your *pater nosters*, if you please, and try if you can make my doors fly open, and batter down my walls, with bell, book, and candle; but I am not of opinion, that you are holy enough to commit miracles.

Dom. Men of my order are not to be treated after this manner.

Gom. I would treat the pope and his cardinals in the same manner, if they offered to see my wife, without my leave.

Dom. I excommunicate thee from the church, if thou dost not open, there's promulgation coming out.

Gom. And I excommunicate you from my wife, if you go to that; there's promulgation for promulgation, and bull for bull; and so I leave you to recreate yourself with the end of an old song—"and sorrow came to the old fryar." [Exit.

Enter LORENZO and Soldiers.

Lor. I will not ask you your success; for I overheard part of it, and saw the conclusion; I find we are now put upon our last trump; the fox is earthed, but I shall send my two terriers in after him.

Sold. I warrant you, colonel, we'll unkennel him.

Lor. And make what haste you can, to bring out the lady: what, say you, father? Burglary is but a venial sin among the soldiers.

Dom. I shall absolve them, because he is an enemy of the church—There is a proverb, I confess, which says, that dead men tell no tales; but let your soldiers apply it at their own perils.

Lor. What, take away a man's wife, and kill him too! The wickedness of this old villain startles me, "and gives me a twinge for my own sin, though it comes far short of his:" hark you, soldiers, be sure you use as little violence to him as possible.

Dom. Hold a little, I have thought better how to secure him, with less danger to us.

Lor. Oh, miracle! the fryar is grown conscientious!

Dom. The old king, you know, is just murdered, and the persons that did it are unknown; let the soldiers seize him for one of the assassins, and let me alone to accuse him afterwards.

Lor. I cry thee mercy with all my heart, for suspecting a fryar of the least good-nature; what, would you accuse him wrongfully?

Dom. I must confess, 'tis wrongful *quoad hoc* as to the fact itself; but 'tis rightful *quoad hunc*, as to this heretical rogue, whom we must dispatch: he has railed against the church, which is a fouler crime than the murder of a thousand kings; *omne majus continet in se minus*: he that is an enemy to the church is an enemy unto heaven; and he that is an enemy to heaven, would have killed the king if he had been in the circumstances of doing it; so it is not wrongful to accuse him.

Lor. I never knew a churchman, if he were personally offended, but he would bring in heaven by hook or crook into his quarrel. Soldiers, do as you were first ordered. [Exeunt Soldiers.]

Dom. What was't you ordered them? Are you sure it is safe, and not scandalous?

Lor. Somewhat near your own design, but not altogether so mischievous; the people are infinitely discontented, as they have reason; and mutinies there are, or will be, against the queen; now I am content

to put him thus far into the plot, that he should be secured as a traitor; but he shall only be prisoner at the soldiers quarters; and when I am out of reach, he shall be released.

Dom. And what will become of me then? For when he is free, he will infallibly accuse me.

Lor. Why then, father, you must have recourse to your infallible church-remedies, lie impudently, and swear devoutly; and, as you told me but now, let him try whose oath will be first believed. Retire, I hear them coming. [*They withdraw.*]

Enter the Soldiers with GOMEZ struggling on their backs.

Gom. Help, good Christians, help neighbours; my house is broken open by force, and I am ravished, and am like to be assassinated. What do you mean, villains? Will you carry me away like a pedlar's-pack upon your backs? Will you murder a man in plain day-light.

1st Sol. No; but we'll secure you for a traitor, and for being in a plot against the state.

Gom. Who, I in a plot? Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! I never durst be in a plot. Why, how can you in conscience, suspect a rich citizen of so much wit as to make a plotter? There are none but poor rogues, and those that can't live without it, that are in plots.

2d Sold. Away with him, away with him.

Gom. Oh, my gold! my wife! my wife! my gold!

As I hope to be saved now, I know no more of the plot than they that made it.

[They carry him off, and exeunt.]

Lor. Thus far have we sailed with a merry gale, now we have the Cape of good Hope in sight; the trade-wind is our own, if we can but double it. *[He looks out.] [Aside.]* Ah, my father and Pedro stand at the corner of the street with company, there's no stirring 'till they are past!

Enter ELVIRA with a casket.

Elv. Am I come at last into your arms?

Lor. Fear nothing; the adventure's ended, and the knight may carry off the lady safely.

Elv. I'm so overjoyed, I can scarce believe I am at liberty; "but stand panting, like a bird that has often beaten her wings in vain against her cage, and at last dares hardly venture out, though she sees it open."

Dom. Lose no time, but make haste while the way is free for you; and thereupon I give you my benediction.

Lor. 'Tis not so free as you suppose; for there's an old gentleman of my acquaintance that blocks up the passage at the corner of the street.

Dom. What have you gotten there under your arm, daughter? somewhat, I hope, that will bear your charges in your pilgrimage.

Lor. The fryar has an hawk's eye to gold and jewels.

Elv. Here's that will make you dance without a fiddle, and provide a better entertainment for us than hedges in summer and barns in winter. Here's the very heart, and soul, and life-blood of Gomez; pawns in abundance, old gold of widows, and new gold of prodigals; and pearls and diamonds of court ladies, till the next bribe helps their husbands to redeem them.

Dom. They are the spoils of the wicked, and the church endows you with them.

Lor. And, faith, we'll drink the church's health out of them. But all this while I stand on thorns; pr'ythee, dear, look out, and see if the coast be free for our escape; for I dare not peep for fear of being known.

[*Elvira goes to look out, and Gomez comes running in upon her; she shrieks out.*

Gom. Thanks to my stars, I have recovered my own territories—What do I see! I'm ruined! I'm undone! I'm betrayed!

Dom. [*Aside.*] What a hopeful enterprize is here "spoiled!"

Gom. Oh, colonel, are you there? and you, fryar? nay, then I find how the world goes.

Lor. Cheer up, man, thou art out of jeopardy; I heard thee crying out just now, and came running in full speed with the wings of an eagle and the feet of a tiger to thy rescue.

Gom. Ay, you are always at hand to do me a cour

tesy with your eagle's feet and your tiger's wings; and, what were you here for, fryar?

Dom. To interpose my spiritual authority in your behalf.

Gom. And why did you shriek out, gentlewoman?

Elv. 'Twas for joy at your return.

Gom. And that casket under your arm, for what end and purpose?

Elv. Only to preserve it from the thieves.

Gom. And you came running out of doors——

Elv. Only to meet you, sweet husband.

Gom. A fine evidence summed up among you: thank you heartily; you are all my friends. The colonel was walking by accidentally, and hearing my voice, came in to save me; the fryar, who was hobbling the same way too, accidentally again, and not knowing of the colonel, I warrant you he comes in to pray for me; and my faithful wife runs out of doors to meet me with all my jewels under her arm, and shrieks out for joy at my return. But if my father-in-law had not met your soldiers, colonel, and delivered me in the nick, I should neither have found a friend nor a fryar here, and might have shrieked out for joy myself, for the loss of my jewels and my wife.

Dom. Art thou an infidel; Wilt thou not believe us?

Gom. Such churchmen as you would make any man an infidel. Get you into your kennel, gentlewoman! I shall thank you within doors for your safe custody

of my jewels, and your own. [*He thrusts his wife off the stage.*] [*Exit Elvira.*] As for you, colonel Huffcap, we shall try before a civil magistrate who's the greatest plotter of us two, I against the state, or you against the petticoat.

Lor. Nay, if you will complain, you shall for something. [*Beats him.*]

Gom. Murder! murder! I give up the ghost! I am destroyed! Help! murder! murder!

Dom. Away, colonel, let us fly for our lives: the neighbours are coming out with forks, and fire-shovels, and spits, and other domestic weapons; the militia of a whole alley is raised against us.

Lor. This is but the interest of my debt, master usurer, the principal shall be paid you at our next meeting.

Dom. Ah, if your soldiers had but dispatched him, his tongue had been laid asleep, colonel; but this comes of not following good counsel; ah——

[*Exeunt Lor. and Fryar severally.*]

Gom. I'll be revenged of him, if I dare; but he's such a terrible fellow, that my mind misgives me; I shall tremble when I have him before the judge: all my misfortunes come together: I have been robbed and cuckolded, and ravished, and beaten, in one quarter of an hour; my poor limbs smart, and my poor head aches; ay, do, do, smart limb, ach head, and sprout horns; but I'll be hanged before I'll pity you: you must needs be married, must ye? There's

for that, [*Beats his own head.*] and to a fine, young, modish lady, must ye? There's for that too; and, at threescore, you old, doting cuckold, take that remembrance—A fine time of day for a man to be bound 'prentice, when he is past using his trade: to set up an equipage of noise, when he has most need of quiet; instead of her being under covert-baron, to be under covert-femme myself; to have my body disabled, and my head fortified; and lastly, to be crowded into a narrow box with a shrill treble,

*That with one blast, through the whole house does bound,
And first taught speaking-trumpets how to sound.* [Exit.]

SCENE II.

The Court. Enter RAYMOND, ALPHONSO, and PEDRO.

Ray. Are these, are these, ye Powers, the promis'd joys,

With which I flatter'd my long, tedious absence,
To find, at my return, my master murder'd?
Oh, that I could but weep, to vent my passion!
But this dry sorrow burns up all my tears.

Alph. Mourn inward, brother; 'tis observ'd at court,

Who weeps, and who wears black; and your return
Will fix all eyes on every act of yours,
To see how you resent king Sancho's death.

Ray. What generous man can live with that constraint

Upon his soul, to bear, much less to flatter
 A court like this! can I soothe tyranny!
 Seem pleas'd to see my royal master murder'd,
 His crown usurp'd, a distaff in a throne,
 A council made of such as dare not speak,
 And could not, if they durst; whence honest men
 Banish themselves, for shame of being there:
 A government, that, knowing not true wisdom,
 Is scorn'd abroad, and lives on tricks at home?

Alph. Virtue must be thrown off, 'tis a coarse garment,

Too heavy for the sun-shine of a court.

Ray. Well then, I will dissemble for an end
 So great, so pious, as a just revenge:
 You'll join with me?

Alph. No honest man but must.

Ped. What title has this queen but lawless force?
 And force must pull her down.

Alph. Truth is, I pity Leonora's case;
 Forc'd, for her safety, to commit a crime
 Which most her soul abhors.

Ray. All she has done, or e'er can do, of good,
 This one black deed has damn'd.

Ped. You'll hardly join your son to our design.

Ray. Your reason for't?

Ped. I want time to unriddle it:

Put on your t' other face; the queen approaches.

Enter the QUEEN, BERTRAN, and Attendants.

Ray. And that accursed Bertran
Stalks close behind her, like a witch's fiend,
Pressing to be employ'd. Stand, and observe them.

Qu. [To Bert.] Bury'd in private, and so suddenly!
It crosses my design, which was to allow
The rites of funeral fitting his degree,
With all the pomp of mourning.

Bert. It was not safe:
Objects of pity, when the cause is new,
Would work too fiercely on the giddy croud.
Had Cæsar's body never been expos'd,
Brutus had gain'd his cause.

Qu. Then was he lov'd?

Bert. O, never man so much, for saint-like goodness.

“ *Ped.* [Aside.] Had bad men fear'd him but as
good men lov'd him,

“ He had not yet been sainted.

“ *Qu.* I wonder how the people bear his death.

“ *Bert.* Some discontents there are; some idle murmurs.

“ *Ped.* How, idle murmurs! let me plainly speak:
“ The doors are all shut up; the wealthier sort,
“ With arms a-cross, and hats upon their eyes,
“ Walk to and fro before their silent shops:
“ Whole droves of lenders crowd the bankers' doors,
“ To call in money; those who have none, mark
“ Where money goes; for when they rise, 'tis plunder:

“ The rabble gather round the man of news, .

“ And listen with their mouths :

“ Some tell, some hear, some judge of news, some
make it :

“ And he who lies most loud, is most believ'd.”

Qu. This may be dangerous.

Ray. [*Aside.*] Pray Heaven it may.

Bert. If one of you must fall ;

Self-preservation is the first of laws ;

And if, when subjects are oppress'd by kings,

They justify rebellion by that law :

As well may monarchs turn the edge of right

To cut for them, when self-defence requires it.

Qu. You place such arbitrary power in kings,

That I much fear, if I should make you one,

You'll make yourself a tyrant. Let these know

By what authority you did this act.

Bert. You much surprise me to demand that ques-
tion :

But since truth must be told, 'twas by your own.

Qu. Produce it ; or, by Heaven, your head shall
answer

The forfeit of your tongue.

Ray. [*Aside.*] Brave mischief towards.

Bert. You bade me.

Qu. When, and where ?

Bert. No, I confess, you bade me not in words,

The dial spoke not, but it made shrewd signs,

And pointed full upon the stroke of murder :

Yet this you said,

You were a woman ignorant and weak,
So left it to my care.

Qu. What, if I said,

I was a woman ignorant and weak,
Were you to take th' advantage of my sex,
And play the devil to tempt me? " You contriv'd,
" You urg'd, you drove me headlong to your toils ;
" And if, much tir'd, and frighten'd more, I paus'd ;
" Were you to make my doubts your own commission ;
" *Bert.* This 'tis to serve a prince too faithfully ;
" Who, free from laws himself, will have that done,
" Which, not perform'd, brings us to sure disgrace ;
" And, if perform'd, to ruin.

" *Qu.* This 'tis to counsel things that are unjust ;
" First, to debauch a king to break his laws,
" (Which are his safety) and then seek protection
" From him you have endanger'd ; but, just Heaven,
" Where sins are judg'd, will damn the tempting
" devil,
" More deep than those he tempted."

Bert. If princes not protect their ministers,
What man will dare to serve them ?

Qu. None will dare

To serve them ill, when they are left to laws ;
But, when a counsellor, to save himself,
Would lay miscarriages upon his prince,
Exposing him to public rage and hate,
O, 'tis an act as infamously base,
As, should a common soldier skulk behind,
▲nd thrust his general in the front of war :

It shews, he only serv'd himself before,
 And had no sense of honour, country, king ;
 But center'd on himself ; and us'd his master,
 As guardians do their wards, with shews of care,
 But with intent to sell the public safety,
 And pocket up his prince.

Ped. [*aside.*] Well said, i'faith.

This speech is e'en too good for an usurper.

Bert. I see for whom I must be sacrific'd ;
 And had I not been sotted with my zeal,
 I might have found it sooner.

Qu. From my sight !

The prince who bears an insolence like this,
 Is such an image of the powers above,
 As is the statue of the thundering god,
 Whose bolts the boys may play with.

Bert. Unreveng'd

I will not fall, nor single.

[*Exit cum suis.*]

Qu. [*To Ray. who kisses her hand.*] Welcome, welcome :

I saw you not before : one honest lord
 Is hid with ease among a crowd of courtiers :
 How can I be too grateful to the father
 Of such a son as Torrismond ?

Ray. His actions were but duty.

Qu. Yet, my lord,

All have not paid that debt, like noble Torrismond.
 You hear, how Bertran brands me with a crime,
 Of which, your son can witness, I am free ;
 I sent to stop the murder, but too late ;

“ For crimes are swift, but penitence is slow,”
 The bloody Bertran, diligent in ill,
 Flew to prevent the soft returns of pity.

Ray. O cursed haste, of making sure a sin!
 Can you forgive the traitor?

Qu. Never, never:
 'Tis written here in characters so deep,
 That seven years hence, (till then should I not meet
 him)

And in the temple then, I'll drag him thence,
 Ev'n from the holy altar to the block.

Ray. [*Aside.*] She's fir'd, as I would wish her. Aid
 me, Justice,

As all my ends are thine, to gain this point;
 And ruin both at once.—It wounds indeed, [*To her.*
 To bear affronts, too great to be forgiven,
 And not have power to punish. Yet one way
 There is to ruin Bertran.

Qu. O, there's none;
 “ Except an host from Heaven can make such haste
 “ To save my crown, as he will do to seize it.”
 You saw, he came surrounded with his friends,
 And knew besides, our army was remov'd
 To quarters too remote for sudden use.

Ray. Yet you may give commission
 To some bold man, whose loyalty you trust,
 And let him raise the train-bands of the city.

Qu. Gross feeders, lion-talkers, lamb-like fighters.

Ray. You do not know the virtues of your city,
 What pushing force they have: some popular chief,

More noisy than the rest, but cries halloo,
 And in a trice, the bellowing herd come out ;
 The gates are barr'd, the ways are barricado'd,
 And one and all's the word ; true cocks o'th' game,
 That never ask, for what, or whom, they fight ;
 But turn 'em out, and shew 'em but a foe,
 Cry liberty, and that's a cause for quarrel.

Qu. There may be danger, in that boist'rous rout ;
 Who knows, when fires are kindled for my foes,
 But some new blast of wind may turn those flames
 Against my palace-walls ?

Ray. But still their chief
 Must be some one, whose loyalty you trust.

Qu. And who more proper for that trust than you,
 Whose interests, though unknown to you, are mine ?
 Alphonso, Pedro, haste to raise the rabble,
 He shall appear to head 'em.

Ray. [*Aside to Alph. and Ped.*] First seize Bertran,
 And then insinuate to them, that I bring
 Their lawful prince to place upon the throne.

Alph. Our lawful prince ?

Ray. Fear not: I can produce him.

Ped. [*To Alph.*] Now we want your son Loren-
 zo: what a mighty faction

“ Would he make for us of the city wives,
 “ With, O, dear husband, my sweet honey husband,
 “ Wo'n't you be for the colonel ? If you love me,
 “ Be for the colonel ? O, he's the finest man !” [*Exit.*

Ray. [*Aside.*] So, now we have a plot behind the
 plot ;

She thinks, she's in the depth of my design,
 And that it's all for her; but time shall show,
 She only lives to help me ruin others,
 And last, to fall herself.

Qu. Now to you, Raymond: can you guess no
 reason

Why I repose such confidence in you?

You needs must think,

There's some more powerful cause than loyalty:

Will you not speak, to save a lady's blush?

Must I inform you, 'tis for Torrismond,

That all this grace is shewn?

Ray. [*Aside*]. By all the powers, worse, worse than
 what I fear'd.

Qu. And yet, what need I blush at such a choice?

I love a man whom I am proud to love,

And am well pleas'd my inclination gives

What gratitude would force. "O pardon me;

"I ne'er was covetous of wealth before;

"Yet think so vast a treasure as your son,

"Too great for any private man's possession;

"And him too rich a jewel to be set

"In vulgar metal, or for vulgar use.

"*Ray* Arm me with patience, Heaven!

"*Qu.* How, patience, Raymond?

"What exercise of patience have you here?

"What find you in my crown to be contemn'd,

"Or in my person loath'd? Have I, a queen,

"Pass'd by my fellow-rulers of the world,

"Whose vying crowns lay glittering in my way,

" As if the world were pav'd with diadems ?
 " Have I refus'd their blood, to mix with yours,
 " And raise new kingdoms from so obscure a race,
 " Fate scarce knew where to find them when I call'd ?
 " Have I heap'd on my person, crown and state,
 " To load the scale, and weigh'd myself with earth,
 " For you to spurn the balance ?

Ray. Bate the last, and 'tis what I would say :

" Can I, can any loyal subject, see
 " With patience such a stoop from sovereignty,
 " An ocean pour'd upon a narrow brook ?
 " My zeal for you must lay the father by,
 " And plead my country's cause against my son.
 " What tho' his heart be great, his actions gallant,
 " He wants a crown to poise against a crown,
 " Birth to match birth, and power to balance power.

Qu. All these I have, and these I can bestow.

" But he brings worth and virtue to my bed ;
 " And virtue is the wealth which tyrants want.
 " I stand in need of one, whose glories may
 " Redeem my crimes, ally me to his fame,
 " Dispel the factions of my foes on earth,
 " Disarm the justice of the powers above——"

Ray. The people never will endure this choice.

Qu. If I endure it, what imports it you ?

Go raise the ministers of my revenge,
 Guide with your breath this whirling tempest round,
 And see its fury fall where I design ;
 " At last a time for just revenge is given ;
 " Revenge, the darling attribute of Heav'n :

“ But man, unlike his Maker, bears too long ;
 “ Still more expos'd, the more he pardons wrong ;
 “ Great in forgiving, and in suffering brave,
 “ To be a saint, he makes himself a slave.” [Exit.

Ray. Marriage with Torrismond ! it must not be ;
 By Heaven, it must not be ; or, if it be,
 Law, justice, honour bid farewell to earth,
 For Heaven leaves all to tyrants.

Enter TORRISMOND, who kneels to him.

Tor. O, ever welcome, sir,
 But doubly now ! You come in such a time,
 As if propitious Fortune took a care,
 To swell my tide of joys to their full height,
 And leave me nothing farther to desire.

Ray. I hope I come in time, if not to make,
 At least, to save your fortune and your honour :
 Take heed you steer your vessel right, my son ;
 This calm of Heaven, this mermaid's melody,
 Into an unseen whirlpool draws you fast,
 And in a moment sinks you.

Tor. Fortune cannot,
 And Fate can scarce ; I've made the port already,
 And laugh securely at the lazy storm
 That wanted wings to reach me in the deep.
 Your pardon, sir ; my duty calls me hence ;
 I go to find my queen, my earthly goddess,
 To whom I owe my hopes, my life, my love.

Ray. You owe her more perhaps than you imagine ;
 Stay, I command you stay, and hear me first.

This hour's the very crisis of your fate,
Your good or ill, your infamy or fame,
And all the colour of your life depends
On this important now.

Tor. I see no danger;
The city, army, court espouse my cause,
And, more than all, the queen, with public favour,
Indulges my pretensions to her love.

Ray. Nay, if possessing her can make you happy,
'Tis granted, nothing hinders your design.

Tor. If she can make me blest? she only can:
Empire, and wealth, and all she brings beside,
Are but the train and trappings of her love:
The sweetest, kindest, truest of her sex,
In whose possession years roll round on years,
And joys in circles meet new joys again:
Kisses, embraces, languishing, and death,
Still from each other to each other move,
To crown the various seasons of our love:
And doubt you if such love can make me happy?

Ray. Yes, for I think you love your honour
more.

Tor. And what can shock my honour in a queen?

Ray. A tyrant, an usurper!

Tor. Grant she be.

When from the conqueror we hold our lives,
We yield ourselves his subjects from that hour:
For mutual benefits make mutual ties.

Ray. Why, can you think I owe a thief my life,
Because he took it not by lawless force?

“ What, if he did not all the ill he could ?

“ Am I oblig'd by that t' assist his rapines,
And to maintain his murders ?

“ *Tor.* Not to maintain, but bear them unreveng'd.

“ Kings' titles commonly begin by force,

“ Which time wears off, and mellows into right :

“ So power, which in one age is tyranny,

“ Is ripen'd in the next to true succession :

“ She's in possession.

“ *Ray.* So diseases are :

“ Should not a ling'ring fever be remov'd,

“ Because it long has rag'd within my blood ?

“ Do I rebel when I would thrust it out ?

“ What, shall I think the world was made for one,

“ And men are born for kings, as beasts for men,

“ Not for protection, but to be devour'd ?

“ Mark those who doat on arbitrary power,

“ And you shall find them either hot-brain'd youth,

“ Or needy bankrupts, servile in their greatness,

“ And slaves to some, to lord it o'er the rest,

“ O' baseness, to support a tyrant throne,

“ And crush your free-born brethren of the world !

“ Nay, to become a part of usurpation ;

“ T' espouse the tyrant's person and her crimes,

“ And on a tyrant get a race of tyrants,

“ To be your country's curse in after-ages.

“ *Tor.* I see no crime in her whom I adore,

“ Or if I do, her beauty makes it none :

“ Look on me as a man abandon'd o'er

“ To an eternal lethargy of love ;

“ To pull, and pinch, and wound me, cannot cure,
 “ And but disturb the quiet of my death.”

Ray. Oh, Virtue, Virtue! what art thou become,
 That man should leave thee for that toy, a woman,
 “ Made from the dross and refuse of a man?
 “ Heaven took him sleeping when he made her, too:
 “ Had man been waking, he had ne'er consented.”

Now, son, suppose
 Some brave conspiracy were ready form'd,
 To punish tyrants and redeem the land,
 Could you so far belie your country's hope,
 As not to head the party?

Tor. How could my hand rebel against my heart?

Ray. How could your heart rebel against your
 reason?

Tor. No honour bids me fight against myself;
 The royal family is all extinct,
 And she who reigns bestows her crown on me.
 So, must I be ungrateful to the living,
 To be but vainly pious to the dead;
 While you defraud your offspring of their fate.

Ray. Mark who defraud their offspring, you or I;
 For, know, there yet survives the lawful heir
 Of Sancho's blood, whom, when I shall produce,
 I rest assur'd to see you pale with fear,
 And trembling at his name.

Tor. He must be more than man who makes me
 tremble:

I dare him to the field, with all the odds
 Of justice on his side, against my tyrant.

Produce your lawful prince, and you shall see
How brave a rebel love has made your son.

Ray. Read that ; 'tis with the royal signet sign'd,
And given me by the king, when time should serve,
To be perus'd by you.

Tor. [*Reads.*] " I the king :
My youngest and alone surviving son,
Reported dead t' escape rebellious rage,
Till happier times shall call his courage forth
To break my fetters, or revenge my fate,
I will that Raymond educate as his,
And call him Torrismond."——
If I am he, that son, that Torrismond,
The world contains not so forlorn a wretch.
Let never man believe he can be happy ;
For when I thought my fortune most secure,
One fatal moment tears me from my joys ;
And when two hearts were join'd by mutual love,
The sword of justice cuts upon the knot,
And severs them for ever.

Ray. True, it must.

Tor. Oh, cruel man, to tell me that it must !
If you have any pity in your breast,
Redeem me from this labyrinth of fate,
And plunge me in my first obscurity.
The secret is alone between us two ;
And though you would not hide me from myself,
Oh, yet be kind, conceal me from the world,
And be my father still.

Ray. Your lot's too glorious, and the proofs too
plain.

Now, in the name of honour, sir, I beg you,
 (Since I must use authority no more)
 On these old knees I beg you, ere I die,
 That I may see your father's death reveng'd.

Tor. Why, 'tis the only bus'ness of my life ;
 My order's issu'd to recall the army,
 And Bertran's death resolv'd.

Ray. And not the queen's ? Oh, she's the chief of-
 fender !

Shall justice turn her edge within your hand ?
 No, if she 'scape, you are yourself the tyrant,
 And murderer of your father.

Tor. Cruel fates,
 To what have you reserv'd me ?

Ray. Why that sigh ?

Tor. Since you must know, (but break, Oh, break
 my heart,

Before I tell my fatal story out !)

Th' usurper of my throne, my house's ruin,
 The murderer of my father, is my wife.

Ray. Oh, horror, horror !—After this alliance,
 Let tigers match with hinds, and wolves with sheep,
 And every creature couple with his foe.
 How vainly man designs, when Heav'n opposes !
 I bred you up to arms, rais'd you to power,
 Permitted you to fight for this usurper,
 Indeed, to save a crown, not her's, but your's ;
 All to make sure the vengeance of this day,
 Which even this day has ruin'd. One more question
 Let me but ask, and I have done for ever :

Do you yet love the cause of all your woes,
Or is she grown (as sure she ought, to be)
More odious to your sight than toads and adders?

Tor. Oh, there's the utmost malice of my fate,
That I am bound to hate, and born to love!

Ray No more—Farewell, my much-lamented king!
“ [*Aside.*] I dare not trust him with himself so far,
“ To own him to the people as their king,
“ Before their rage has finish'd my designs
“ On Bertran and the queen. But, in despite
“ Ev'n of himself, I'll save him.” [*Exit Ray.*

Tor. 'Tis but a moment since I have been king,
And weary on't already. I'm a lover,
And lov'd, possess; yet all these make me wretched;
And Heav'n has giv'n me blessings for a curse.
With what a load of vengeance am I press'd!
Yet never, never can I hope for rest;
For when my heavy burden I remove,
The weight falls down, and crushes her I love.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Bed-chamber. Enter TORRISMOND.

Torrismond.

Love, justice, nature, pity, and revenge,
Have kindled up a wild-fire in my breast,
And I am all a civil war within.

Enter QUEEN and TERESA at a distance.

My Leonora there!

Mine! is she mine? My father's murderer mine?

Oh, that I could, with honour, love her more,
Or hate her less, with reason!—See, she weeps;
Thinks me unkind, or false, and knows not why
I thus estrange my person from her bed.

Shall I not tell her? No; 'twill break her heart:
She'll know too soon her own and my misfortunes.

[*Exit.*

Qu. He's gone, and I am lost! Didst thou not see
His sullen eyes, how gloomily they glanc'd?
He look'd not like the Torrismond I lov'd.

“*Ter.* Can you not guess from whence this change
proceeds?

“*Qu.* No, there's the grief, Teresa. Oh, Teresa!
“Fain would I tell thee what I feel within,
“But shame and modesty have ty'd my tongue!
“Yet I will tell, that thou may'st weep with me,
“How dear, how sweet his first embraces were;
“With what a zeal he join'd his lips to mine,
“And suck'd my breath at every word I spoke,
“As if he drew his inspiration thence;
“While both our souls came upward to our mouths,
“As neighbouring monarchs at their borders meet.
“I thought—Oh, no, 'tis false, I could not think!
“'Twas neither life nor death, but both in one.

“*Ter.* Then sure his transports were not less than
yours.

“ *Qu.* More, more! for by the high-hung tapers’
light

“ I could discern his cheeks were glowing red,

“ His very eye-balls trembled with his love,

“ And sparkled through their casements humid fires:

“ He sigh’d, and kiss’d, breath’d short, and would
have spoke,

“ But was too fierce to throw away the time;

“ All he could say, was love and Leonora.

“ *Ter.* How then can you suspect him lost so soon?

“ *Qu.* Last night he flew not with a bridegroom’s
haste,

“ Which eagerly prevents th’ appointed hour.

“ I told the clocks, and watch’d the wasting light,

“ And list’ned to each softly-treading step,

“ In hope ’twas he; but still it was not he.

“ At last he came, but with such alter’d looks,

“ So wild, so ghastly, as if some ghost had met him.

“ All pale, and speechless, he survey’d me round;

“ Then with a groan, he threw himself in bed,

“ But far from me, as far as he could move,

“ And sigh’d, and toss’d, and turn’d, but still from me.

“ *Ter.* What, all the night?

“ *Qu.* Ev’n all the live-long night.

“ At last (for, blushing, I must tell thee all)

“ I press’d his hand, and laid me by his side;

“ He pull’d it back, as if he touch’d a serpent.

“ With that I burst into a flood of tears,

“ And ask’d him how I had offended him?

“ He answer’d nothing but with sighs and groans;

“ So restless pass'd the night ; and at the dawn,

“ Leap'd from the bed, and vanish'd.

“ *Ter.* Sighs and groans,

“ Paleness and trembling, all are signs of love.

“ He only fears to make you share his sorrows.

“ *Qu.* I wish 'twere so, but love still doubts the
worst.

“ My heavy heart, the prophetess of woes,

“ Forbodes some ill at hand. To sooth my sadness,

“ Sing me the song which poor Olympia made,

“ When false Bireno left her.

“ S O N G.

“ *Farewell, ungrateful traitor,*

“ *Farewell, my perjur'd swain ;*

“ *Let never injur'd creature*

“ *Believe a man again.*

“ *The pleasure of possessing*

“ *Surpasses all expressing,*

“ *But 'tis too short a blessing,*

“ *And love too long a pain.*

“ *'Tis easy to deceive us,*

“ *In pity of your pain ;*

“ *But when we love you leave us*

“ *To rail at you in vain.*

“ *Before we have descry'd it,*

“ *There is no bliss beside it ;*

“ *But she that once has try'd it,*

“ *Will never love again.*

- “ *The passion you pretended,*
 “ *Was only to obtain ;*
 “ *But when the charm is ended,*
 “ *The charmer you disdain.*
 “ *Your love by ours we measure,*
 “ *’Till we have lost our treasure ;*
 “ *But dying is a pleasure,*
 “ *When living is a pain.”*

Re-enter TORRISMOND.

Tor. Still she is here, and still I cannot speak ;
 But wander, like some discontented ghost,
 That oft appears, but is forbid to talk. [*Going again.*]

Qu. Oh, Torrismond, if you resolve my death,
 You need no more but to go hence again !
 Will you not speak ?

Tor. I cannot.

Qu. Speak, Oh, speak !

Your anger would be kinder than your silence.

“ *Tor.* Oh !

“ *Qu.* Do not sigh, or tell me why you sigh.

“ *Tor.* Why do I live, ye powers ?

“ *Qu.* Why do I live to hear you speak that word ?

“ Some black-mouth’d villain has defam’d my virtue.

“ *Tor.* No, no ! pray, let me go.

“ *Qu.* [*Kneeling.*] You shall not go.

“ By all the pleasures of our nuptial bed,

“ If ever I was lov’d, though now I’m not,

“ By these true tears, which, from my wounded heart,

“ Bleed at my eyes——

“ *Tor.* Rise.

“ *Qu.* I will never rise ;

“ I cannot choose a better place to die.

“ *Tor.* Oh, I would speak, but cannot !

“ *Qu.* [*Rising.*] Guilt keeps you silent then ; you love me not.

“ What have I done ? Ye pow’rs, what have I done,

“ To see my youth, my beauty, and my love,

“ No sooner gain’d, but slighted and betray’d ;

“ And like a rose just gather’d from the stalk,

“ But only smelt, and cheaply thrown aside,

“ To wither on the ground ?

“ *Ter.* For Heav’n’s sake, madam, moderate your passion.

“ *Qu.* Why nam’st thou heav’n ? There is no heav’n for me :

“ Despair, death, hell have seiz’d my tortur’d soul.

“ When I had rais’d his groveling fate from ground,

“ To pow’r and love, to empire and to me ;

“ When each embrace was dearer than the first ;

“ Then, then to be contemn’d ! then, then thrown off !

“ It calls me old, and wither’d, and deform’d,

“ And loathsome : Oh, what woman can bear loathsome !

“ The turtle flies not from his billing mate ;

“ He bills the closer : but ungrateful man,

“ Base, barbarous man, the more we raise our love,

“ The more we pall, and cool, and kill his ardour.

“ Racks, poisons, daggers, rid me of my life ;

“ And any death is welcome.”

Tor. Be witness, all ye pow'rs that know my heart,
I would have kept the fatal secret hid,
But she has conquer'd, to her ruin conquer'd.
Here, take this paper; read our destinies:

“ Yet do not; but, in kindness to yourself,

“ Be ignorantly safe.

“ *Qu.* No, give it me,

“ Even though it be the sentence of my death.

“ *Tor.* Then see how much unhappy love has
made us.

“ Oh, Leonora! Oh!

“ We two were born when sullen planets reign'd;

“ When each the other's influence oppos'd,

“ And drew the stars to factions at our birth.

“ Oh, better, better had it been for us,

“ That we had never seen, or never lov'd!

“ *Qu.* There is no faith in Heav'n, if Heav'n
says so.

“ You dare not give it.

“ *Tor.* As unwillingly,

“ As I would reach out opium to a friend

“ Who lay in torture, and desir'd to die.”

[*Gives the paper.*]

But, now you have it, spare my sight the pain

Of seeing what a world of tears it costs you.

Go, silently enjoy your part of grief,

And share the sad inheritance with me.

Qu. I have a thirsty fever in my soul;

Give me but present ease, and let me die.

[*Exeunt Queen and Teresa.*]

Enter LORENZO.

Lor. Arm, arm, my lord; the city bands are up,
Drums beating, colours flying, shouts confus'd,
All clust'ring in a heap, like swarming hives,
And rising in a moment.

Tor. With design
To punish Bertran, and revenge the king;
'Twas order'd so.

Lor. Then you're betray'd, my lord.
'Tis true, they block the castle kept by Bertran;
But now they cry, Down with the palace, fire it,
Pull out th' usurping queen.

Tor. The queen, Lorenzo! durst they name the
queen!

Lor. If railing and reproaching be to name her.

Tor. Oh, sacrilege! Say, quickly, who commands
This vile blaspheming rout?

Lor. I'm loth to tell you;
But both our fathers thrust them headlong on,
And bear down all before them.

Tor. Death and hell!
Somewhat must be resolv'd, and speedily.
How say'st thou, my Lorenzo? Dar'st thou be
A friend, and once forget thou art a son,
To help me save the queen?

Lor. [*Aside.*] Let me consider —
Bear arms against my father! He begat me;
That's true: but for whose sake did he beget me:
For his own, sure enough; for me he knew not.

Oh, but, says Conscience, fly in Nature's face!

But how, if Nature fly in my face first?

Then Nature's the aggressor—Let her look to't—

He gave me life, and he may take it back—

No, that's boy's play, say I.

'Tis policy for son and father to take different sides;

For then lands and tenements commit no treason.

[*To Tor.*] Sir, upon mature consideration, I have found my father to be little better than a rebel; and therefore I'll do my best to secure him for your sake, in hope you may secure him hereafter for my sake.

Tor. Put on thy utmost speed to head the troops,
Which every moment I expect t'arrive.

Proclaim me, as I am, the lawful king.

I need not caution thee for Raymond's life,

Though I no more must call him father now.

Lor. [*Aside.*] How, not call him father! I see preferment alters a man strangely: this may serve me for a use of instruction, to cast off my father, when I am great. Methought, too, he call'd himself the lawful king, intimating sweetly, that he knows what's what with our sovereign lady. Well, if I rout my father, as I hope in Heaven I shall, I am in a fair way to be a prince of the blood—Farewell, general; I'll bring up those that shall try what mettle there is in orange-tawny. . . .

[*Exit.*

Tor. [*At the door.*] Haste, there, command the
guards be all drawn up

Before the palace gate. By Heaven, I'll face

This tempest, and deserve the name of king.

" Oh, Leonora, beauteous in thy crimes,
 " Never were hell and heaven so match'd before !
 " Look upward, fair, but as thou look'st on me ;
 " Then all the bless'd will beg that thou may'st live.
 " And ev'n my father's ghost his death forgive."

[Exit.

SCENE II.

" *The Palace-yard. Drums and trumpets within. Enter*

" RAYMOND, ALPHONSO, PEDRO, and their Party.

" *Ray.* Now, valiant citziens, the time is come,
 " To show our courage, and your loyalty.
 " You have a prince of Sancho's royal blood,
 " The darling of the heav'n's, and joy of earth :
 " When he's produc'd, as soon he shall among you,
 " Speak, what will you venture to re-seat him
 " Upon his father's throne ?
 " *Omnes.* Our lives and fortunes.
 " *Ray* What then remains to perfect our success,
 " But o'er the tyrant's guards to force our way ?
 " *Omnes.* Lead on, lead on.

" [*Drums and trumpets on the other side.*

" *Enter TORRISMOND and his Party. As they are going to fight, he speaks.*

" *Tor.* [*To his.*] Hold, hold your arms.

" *Ray.* Retire. What means this pause ?

“ *Ped.* Peace; nature works within them.

“ [*Tor. and Ray. go apart.*

“ *Tor.* How comes it, good old man, that we two meet

“ On these harsh terms? Thou very reverend rebel,

“ Thou venerable traitor, in whose face

“ And hoary hairs treason is sanctified,

“ And sin’s black dye seems blanch’d by age to virtue.

“ *Ray.* What treason is it to redeem my king,

“ And to reform the state?

“ *Tor.* That’s a stale cheat;

“ The primitive rebel, Lucifer, first us’d it,

“ And was the first reformer of the skies.

“ *Ray.* What! if I see my prince mistake a poison,

“ Call it a cordial, am I then a traitor,

“ Because I hold his hand, or break the glass?

“ *Tor.* How dar’st thou serve thy king against his will?

“ *Ray.* Because ’tis then the only time to serve him.

“ *Tor.* I take the blame of all upon myself.

“ Discharge thy weight on me.

“ *Ray.* Oh, never, never!

“ Why, ’tis to leave a ship toss’d in a tempest

“ Without the pilot’s care.

“ *Tor.* I’ll punish thee,

“ By Heav’n, I will, as I would punish rebels,

“ Thou stubborn loyal man.

“ *Ray.* First let me see

“ Her punish’d, who misleads you from your fame;

“ Then burn me, hack me, hew me into pieces,

“ And I shall die well pleas'd.

“ *Tor.* Proclaim my title,

“ To save th' effusion of my subjects' blood, and thou shalt still

“ Be as my foster-father, near my breast,

“ And next my Leonora.

“ *Ray.* That word stabs me ;

“ You shall be still plain Torrismond with me,

“ Th' abetter, partner, (if you like that name)

“ The husband of a tyrant; but no king,

“ Till you deserve that title by your justice.

“ *Tor.* Then, farewell pity ; I will be obey'd.

“ [*To the people.*] Hear, you mistaken men, whose loyalty

“ Runs headlong into treason ; see your prince ;

“ In me behold your murder'd Sancho's son :

“ Dismiss your arms, and I forgive your crimes.

“ *Ray.* Believe him not ; he raves : his words are loose

“ As heaps of sand, and scattering, wide from sense.

“ You see he knows not me, his natural father ;

“ But, aiming to possess th' usurping queen,

“ So high he's mounted in his airy hopes,

“ That now the wind is got into his head,

“ And turns his brains to frenzy.

“ *Tor.* Hear me yet ; I am——

“ *Ray.* Fall on, and hear him not :

“ But spare his person for his father's sake.

“ *Ped.* Let me come ! if he be mad, I have that shall

“ cure him ; there’s not a surgeon in all Arragon has
 “ so much dexterity as I have, at breathing of the
 “ temple-vein.

“ *Tor.* My right for me !

“ *Ray.* Our liberty for us !

“ *Omnes.* Liberty, liberty !

[*As they are ready to fight.*]

Enter LORENZO and his Party.

“ *Lor.* On forfeit of your lives, lay down your
 arms.

“ *Alph.* How, rebel ! art thou there ?

“ *Lor.* Take your rebel back again, father mine.

“ The beaten party are rebels to the conquerors. I

“ have been at hard-head with your butting citizens ;

“ I have routed your herd ; I have dispersed them ;

“ and now they are retreated quietly, from their ex-

“ traordinary vocation of fighting in the streets, to

“ their ordinary vocation of cozening in their shops.

“ *Tor.* [*To Ray.*] You see ’tis vain contending with
 the truth.

“ Acknowledge what I am.

“ *Ray.* You are my king ; would you would be
 your own ;

“ But, by a fatal fondness, you betray

“ Your fame and glory to th’ usurper’s bed ;

“ Enjoy the fruits of blood and parricide.

“ Take your own crown from Leonora’s gift,

“ And hug your father’s murderer in your arms.

“ Enter QUEEN, TERESA, and Woman.

“ *Alph.* No more: behold the queen.

“ *Ray.* Behold the basilisk of Torrismond,

“ That kills him with her eyes. I will speak on.

“ My life is of no further use to me:

“ I would have chaffer'd it before for vengeance;

“ Now let it go for failing.

“ *Tor.* [*Aside.*] My heart sinks in me while I hear
him speak,

“ And every slacken'd fibre drops its hold,

“ Like nature letting down the springs of life;

“ So much the name of father awes me still.

“ Send off the crowd. For you, now I have conquer'd,

“ I can hear with honour your demands.

“ *Lor.* [*To Alph.*] Now, sir, who proves the traitor?

“ My conscience is true to me; it always whispers

“ right when I have my regiment to back it.

“ [*Exeunt all but Tor. Ray. and Queen.*

“ *Tor.* Oh, Leonora! what can love do more?

“ I have oppos'd your ill fate to the utmost,

“ Combated heav'n and earth to keep you mine;

“ And yet, at last, that tyrant, Justice—Oh!—

“ *Qu.* 'Tis past, 'tis past, and love is ours no more.

“ Yet I complain not of the pow'rs above;

“ They made m' a miser's feast of happiness,

“ And could not furnish out another meal.

“ Now, by yon stars, by heav'n, and earth, and men;

“ By all my foes at once, I swear, my Torrismond,

“ That to have had you mine for one short day,

“ Has cancell'd half my mighty sum of woes.

“ Say but you hate me not.

“ *Tor.* I cannot hate you.

“ *Ray.* Can you not? Say that once more,

“ That all the saints may witness it against you.

“ *Qu.* Cruel Raymond!

“ Can he not punish me, but he must hate?

“ Oh, 'tis not justice, but a brutal rage,

“ Which hates th' offender's person with his crimes?

“ I have enough to overwhelm one woman;

“ To lose a crown and lover in a day.

“ Let pity lend a tear when rigour strikes.

“ *Ray.* Then, then you should have thought of tears
and pity,

“ When virtue, majesty, and hoary age

“ Pleaded for Sancho's life.

“ *Qu.* My future days shall be one whole contrition.

“ A chapel will I build, with large endowment,

“ Where every day an hundred aged men

“ Shall all hold up their wither'd hands to Heav'n,

“ To pardon Sancho's death.

“ *Tor.* See, Raymond, see, she makes a large
amends.

“ Sancho is dead: no punishment of her

“ Can raise his cold stiff limbs from the dark grave;

“ Nor can his blessed soul look down from heaven,

“ Or break the eternal sabbath of his rest,

“ To see, with joy, her miseries on earth.

“ *Ray.* Heaven may forgive a crime to penitence;

- " For Heaven can judge if penitence be true ;
 " But man, who knows not hearts, should make ex-
 amples ;
 " Which, like a warning-piece, must be shot off,
 " To fright the rest from crimes.
 Qu. Had I but known that Sancho was his father,
 " I would have pour'd a deluge of my blood,
 " To save one drop of his.
 Tor. Mark that, inexorable Raymond ; mark,
 " 'Twas fatal ignorance that caus'd his death..
 Ray. What if she did not know he was your fa-
 ther ?
 " She knew he was a man, the best of men,
 " Heaven's image double-stamp'd, as man and king.
 Qu. He was, he was, ev'n more than you can say ;
 " But yet——
 Ray. But yet you barbarously murder'd him.
 Qu. He will not hear me out !
 Tor. Was ever criminal forbid to plead ?
 " Curb your ill-manner'd zeal.
 Ray. Sing to him, syren ;
 " For I shall stop my ears. Now mince the sin,
 " And mollify damnation with a phrase :
 " Say, you consented not to Sancho's death ;
 " But barely not forbade it.
 Qu. Hard-hearted man ! I yield my guilty cause ;
 " But all my guilt was caus'd by too much love.
 " Had I for jealousy of empire sought
 " Good Sancho's death, Sancho had dy'd before.
 " 'Twas always in my power to take his life ;

" But interest never could my conscience blind,
 " 'Till love had cast a mist before my eyes,
 " And made me think his death the only means
 " Which could secure my throne to Torrismond.

" *Tor.* Never was fatal mischief meant so kind;
 " For all she gave has taken all away.

" Malicious pow'rs! is this to be restor'd?
 " 'Tis to be worse depos'd than Sancho was.

" *Ray.* Heav'n has restor'd you, you depos'd your-
 self.

" Oh, when young kings begin with scorn of justice,
 " They make an omen to their after-reign,
 " And plot their annals in the foremost page!

" *Tor.* No more; lest you be made the first ex-
 ample,

" To show how I can punish.

" *Ray.* Once again,

" Let her be made your father's sacrifice,
 " And after make me her's.

" *Tor.* Condemn a wife!

" That were t' atone for parricide with murder.

" *Ray.* Then let her be divorc'd: we'll be content

" With that poor scanty justice. Let her part.

" *Tor.* Divorce! that's worse than death; 'tis death
 of love.

" *Qu.* The soul and body part not with such pain,

" As I from you: but yet 'tis just, my lord:

" I am th' accurst of Heav'n, the hate of earth,

" Your subjects' detestation, and your ruin:

" And therefore fix this doom upon myself.

“ *Tor.* Heav’n! can you wish it? to be mine no more?

“ *Qu.* Yes, I can wish it, as the dearest proof,

“ And last that I can make you of my love.

“ To leave you blest, I would be more accurst

“ Than death can make me; for death ends our woes,

“ And the kind grave shuts up the mournful scene:

“ But I would live without you; to be wretched long;

“ And hoard up every moment of my life,

“ To lengthen out the payment of my tears,

“ Till ev’n fierce Raymond, at the last shall say,

“ Now let her die for she has griev’d enough.

“ *Tor.* Hear this, hear this, thou tribune of the people:

“ Thou zealous, public blood-hound, hear, and melt.

“ *Ray.* [*Aside.*] I could cry now, my eyes grow womanish,

“ But yet my heart holds out.

“ *Qu.* Some solitary cloyster will I choose,

“ And there with holy virgins live iminur’d:

“ Coarse my attire, and short shall be my sleep,

“ Broke by the melancholy midnight-bell:

“ Now, Raymond, now be satisfy’d at last,

“ Fasting and tears, and penitence and prayer,

“ Shall do dead Sancho justice every hour.

“ *Ray.* [*Aside.*] By your leave, manhood!

“ [*Wipes his eyes.*]

“ *Tor.* He weeps, now he is vanquish’d.

“ *Ray.* No; ’tis a salt rheum that scalds my eyes.

“ *Qu.* If he were vanquish’d, I am still unconquer’d.

- " I'll leave you in the height of all my love,
 " Ev'n when my heart is beating out its way,
 " And struggles to you most.
 " Farewell, a last farewell! my dear, dear lord,
 " Remember me; speak, Raymond, will you let him?
 " Shall he remember Leonora's love,
 " And shed a parting tear to her misfortunes?
 " *Ray.* [*Almost crying.*] Yes, yes, he shall; pray go.
 " *Tor.* Now, by my soul, she shall not go: why,
 Raymond,
 " Her every tear is worth a father's life;
 " Come to my arms; come, my fair penitent,
 " Let us not think what future ills may fall,
 " But drink deep draughts of love, and lose them all.
 " [*Exit Tor. with the Queen.*]
 " *Ray.* No matter yet, he has my hook within him.
 " Now let him frisk and flounce, and run and roll,
 " And think to break his hold: he toils in vain.
 " This love, the bait he gorg'd so greedily,
 " Will make him sick, and then I have him sure.

 " *Enter ALPHONSO and PEDRO.*

- " *Alph.* Brother, there's news from Bertran; he
 desires
 " Admittance to the king, and cries aloud,
 " This day shall end our fears of civil war;
 " For his safe conduct he entreats your presence,
 " And begs you would be speedy.
 " *Ray.* Though I loath
 " The traitor's sight, I'll go: attend us here."

 [*Excunt.*]

Enter GOMEZ, ELVIRA, DOMINICK, with Officers, to make the stage as full as possible.

Ped. Why, how now, Gomez; what makest thou here with a whole brotherhood of city-bailiffs? Why, thou lookest like Adam in Paradise, with his guard of beasts about him.

Gom. Ay, and a man had need of them, Don Pedro? for here are the two old seducers, a wife and a priest, that's Eve and the serpent, at my elbow.

Dom. Take notice how uncharitably he talks of churchmen.

Gom. Indeed you are a charitable belswagger: my wife cried out fire, fire; and you brought out your church buckets, and called for engines to play against it.

Alph. I am sorry you are come hither to accuse your wife; her education has been virtuous, her nature mild and easy.

Gom. Yes; she's easy with a vengeance, there's a certain colonel has found her so.

Alph. She came a spotless virgin to your bed.

Gom. And she's a spotless virgin still for me—she's never the worse for my wearing, I'll take my oath on't: I have lived with her with all the innocence of a man of threescore; like a peaceable bedfellow as I am.

Elv. Indeed, sir, I have no reason to complain of him for disturbing of my sleep.

Dom. A fine commendation you have given yourself; the church did not marry you for that.

Ped. Come, come, your grievances, your grievances.

Dom. Why, noble sir, I'll tell you.

Gom. Peace, fryar! and let me speak first. I am the plaintiff. Sure you think you are in the pulpit, where you preach by hours.

Dom. And you edify by minutes.

Gom. Where you make doctrines for the people, and uses and applications for yourselves.

Ped. Gomez, give way to the old gentleman in black.

Gom. No! the t'other old gentleman in black shall take me if I do; I will speak first; nay, I will, fryar, for all your *verbum sacerdotis*, I'll speak truth in few words, and then you may come afterwards, and lie by the clock, as you use to do: for, let me tell you, gentlemen, he shall lie and forswear himself with any fryar in all Spain; that's a bold word now.

Dom. Let him alone; let him alone; I shall fetch him back with a *circum-bendibus*, I warrant him.

Alph. Well, what have you to say against your wife, Gomez?

Gom. Why, I say, in the first place, that I and all men are married for our sins, and that our wives are a judgment; that a bachelor-cobler is a happier man than a prince in wedlock; and that we are all visited with a household plague, and "Lord have mercy upon us" should be written on all our doors.

Dom. Now he reviles marriage, which is one of the seven blessed sacraments.

Gom. 'Tis liker one of the seven deadly sins: but make your best on't, I care not; 'tis but binding a man neck and heels for all that! But, as for my wife, that crocodile of Nilus, she has wickedly and traitorously conspired the cuckoldom of me her anointed sovereign lord; and with the help of the aforesaid fryar, whom heaven confound, and with the limbs of one Colonel Hernando, cuckold-maker of this city, devilishly contrived to steal herself away, and under her arm feloniously to bear one casket of diamonds, pearls, and other jewels, to the value of thirty thousand pistoles. Guilty, or not guilty; how sayest thou, culprit?

Dom. False and scandalous! Give me the book. I'll take my corporal oath point-blank against every particular of this charge.

Elv. And so will I.

Dom. As I was walking in the streets, telling my beads, and praying to myself, according to my usual custom, I heard a foul out-cry before Gomez's portal; and his wife my penitent, making doleful lamentations; thereupon, making what haste my limbs would suffer me, that are crimped with often kneeling, I saw him spurning and fisting her most unmercifully; whereupon, using Christian arguments with him to desist, he fell violently upon me, without respect to my sacerdotal orders, pushed me from him, and turned me about with a finger and a thumb, just as a

man would set up a top. Mercy, quoth I. Damme, quoth he. And still continued labouring me, 'till a good-minded colonel came by, whom, as Heaven shall save me, I had never seen before.

Gom. Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!

Dom. Ay, and, Oh, Lady! Oh, Lady too! I redouble my oath, I had never seen him. Well, this noble colonel, like a true gentleman, was for taking the weaker part you may be sure—whereupon this Gomez flew upon him like a dragon, got him down, the devil being strong in him, and gave him bastinado upon bastinado, and buffet upon buffet, which the poor meek colonel, being prostrate, suffered with a most Christian patience.

Gom. Who? he meek? I'm sure I quake at the very thought of him; why, he's as fierce as Rhodoment; he made assault and battery upon my person, beat me into all the colours of the rainbow: and every word this abominable priest has uttered is as false as the Alcoran. But if you want a thorough-paced liar, that will swear through thick and thin, commend me to a fryar.

Enter LORENZO, who comes behind the company, and stands at his father's back unseen, over against GOMEZ.

Lor. [*Aside.*] How now! What's here to do? My cause a trying as I live, and that before my own father: now fourscore take him for an old bawdy magistrate, "that stands like the picture of Madam Justice, "with a pair of scales in his hands, to weigh lechery "by ounces."

Alph. Well—but all this while, who is this colonel Hernando?

Gom. He's the first begotten of Beelzebub, with a face as terrible as Demogorgon. [*Lorenzo peeps over Alphonso's head, and stares at Gomez.*] No; I lie; I lie; he's a very proper handsome fellow! well proportioned, and clean shaped, with a face like a cherubine.

Ped. What, backward and forward. Gomez, dost thou hunt counter?

Alph. Had this colonel any former design upon your wife? for, if that be proved, you shall have justice.

Gom. [*Aside.*] Now I dare speak; let him look as dreadful as he will. I say, sir, and will prove it, that he had a lewd design upon her body, and attempted to corrupt her honesty. [*Lorenzo lifts up his fist clenched at him.*] I confess, my wife was as willing—as himself; and, I believe, 'twas she corrupted him; for I have known him formerly, a very civil and modest person,

Elv. You see, sir, he contradicts himself at every word: he's plainly mad.

Alph. Speak, boldly, man! and say what thou wilt stand by: did he strike thee?

Gom. I will speak boldly: he struck me on the face before my own threshold, that the very walls cried shame on him. [*Lorenzo holds up again.*] 'Tis true, I gave him provocation, for the man's as peaceable a gentleman as any is in all Spain.

Dem. Now the truth comes out, in spite of him.

Ped. I believe the fryar has bewitched him.

Alph. For my part, I see no wrong that has been offered him.

Gom. How? no wrong? why, he ravished me with the help of two soldiers, carried me away *vi & armis*, and would have put me into a plot against the government. [*Lorenzo holds up again.*] I confess, I never could endure the government, because it was tyrannical: but my sides and shoulders are black and blue, as I can strip and shew the marks of them. [*Lorenzo again.*] But that might happen too by a fall that I got yesterday upon the pebbles. [*All laugh.*]

Dom. Fresh straw, and a dark chamber; a most manifest judgment; there never comes better of railing against the church.

Gom. Why, what will you have me say? I think you'll make me mad: truth has been at my tongue's end this half hour, and I have not power to bring it out, for fear of this bloody-minded colonel.

Alph. What colonel?

Gom. Why, my colonel: I mean, my wife's colonel, that appears there to me like my *malus genius*, and terrifies me.

Alph. [*Turning.*] Now you are mad indeed, Gomez; this is my son Lorenzo.

Gom. How? Your son, Lorenzo! It is impossible.

Alph. As true as your wife, Elvira, is my daughter.

Lor. What, have I taken all this pains about a sister?

Gom. No, you have taken some about me: I am sure, if you are her brother, my sides can shew the tokens of our alliance.

Alph. [To Lor.] You know I put your sister into a nunnery, with a strict command not to see you, for fear you should have wrought upon her to have taken the habit, which was never my intention; and, consequently, I married her without your knowledge, that it might not be in your power to prevent it.

Elv. You see, brother, I had a natural affection to you.

Lor. What a delicious harlot have I lost! Now, pox upon me, for being so near a-kin to thee.

Elv. However, we are both beholden to fryar Dominick; "the church is an indulgent mother, she never fails to do her part."

Dom. Heaven! what will become of me?

Gom. Why, you are not like to trouble heaven; those fat guts were never made for mounting.

Lor. I shall make bold to disburden him of my hundred pistoles, to make him the lighter for his journey; indeed 'tis partly out of conscience, that I may not be accessory to his breaking his vow of poverty.

Alph. I have no secular power to reward the pains you have taken with my daughter; but I shall do it by proxy, fryar: your bishop's my friend, and is too honest, to let such as you infect a cloyster.

Gom. Ay, do, father-in-law, let him be stripped of his habit, and disordered—I would fain see him walk in quерpo, like a cased rabbet, without his holy furr upon his back, that the world may once behold the inside of a fryar.

"*Dom.* Farewell, kind gentlemen: I give you all my blessing before I go.—May your sis-

“ters, wives and daughters, be so naturally lewd,
 “that they may have no occasion for a devil to tempt,
 “or a fryar to pimp for them”

[Exit, with a rabble pushing him.]

Enter TORRISMOND, LEONORA, BERTRAN, RAY-
 MOND, TERESA, &c.

Tor. He lives! he lives! my royal father lives!
 Let every one partake the general joy.
 Some angel with a golden trumpet sound,
 King Sancho lives! and let the echoing skies
 From pole to pole resound, king Sancho lives!
 Oh, Bertran, Oh, no more my foe, but brother:
 One act like this blots out a thousand crimes.

Bert. Bad men, when 'tis their interest, may do good;
 I must confess, I counsel'd Sancho's murder;
 And urg'd the Queen by specious arguments;
 But still, suspecting that her love was chang'd,
 I spread abroad the rumour of his death,
 To sound the very soul of her designs:
 Th' event you know was answering to my fears:
 She threw the odium of the fact on me,
 And publickly avow'd her love to you.

Ray. Heaven guided all to save the innocent.

Bert. I plead no merit, but a bare forgiveness.

Tor. Not only that, but favour: Sancho's life,
 Whether by virtue or design preserv'd,
 Claims all within my power.

Qu. My prayers are heard?
 And I have nothing farther to desire,
 But Sancho's leave to authorize our marriage.

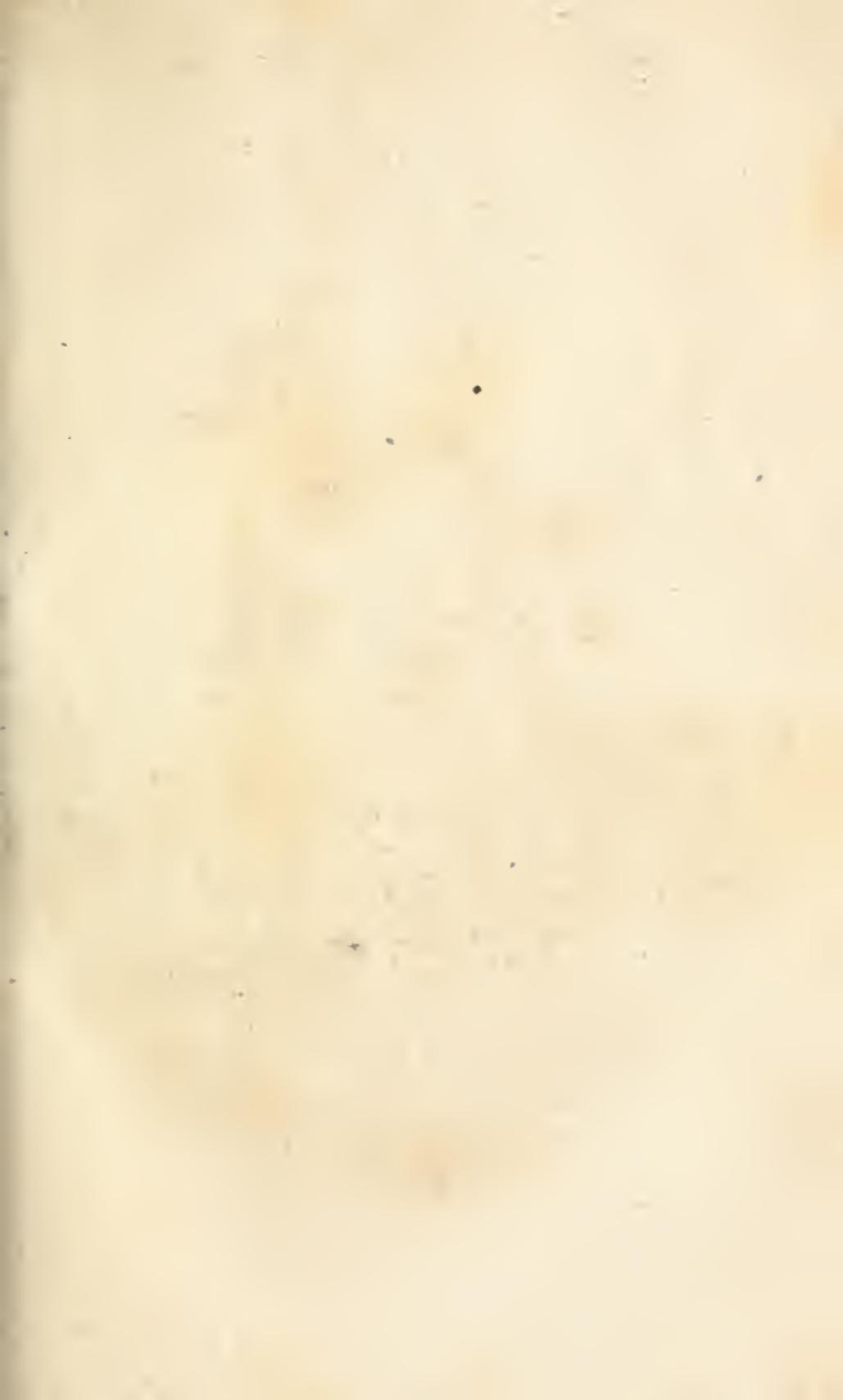
Tor. Oh, fear not him! pity and he are one;
 So merciful a king did never live;
 Loth to revenge, and easy to forgive:
 But let the bold conspirator beware,
 For Heaven makes princes its peculiar care. [*Exeunt.*]

EPILOGUE.

BY A FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR.

THERE's none, I'm sure, who is a friend to love,
 But will our fryar's character approve:
 The ablest spark among you sometimes needs
 Such pious help, for charitable deeds.
 Our church, alas! (as Rome objects) does want
 These ghostly comforts for the falling saint:
 This gains them their whore-converts, and may be
 One reason of the growth of Popery.
 So Mahomet's religion came in fashion
 By the large leave it gave to fornication.
 Fear not the guilt, if you can pay for't well;
 There is no Dives in the Roman hell.
 Gold opens the straight gate, and lets him in;
 But want of money is a mortal sin.
 For all besides you may discount to heaven,
 And drop a bead to keep the tallies even.
 How are men cozen'd still with shows of good!
 The bawd's best mask is the grave fryar's hood.
 Though vice no more a clergyman displeases,
 Than doctors can be thought to hate diseases.

'Tis by your living ill, that they live well ;
By your debauches their fat paunches swell.
'Tis a mock war between the priest and devil ;
When they think fit, they can be very civil.
As some, who did French counsels most advance,
To blind the world, have rail'd in print at France.
Thus do the clergy at your vices bawl,
That with more ease they may engross them all.
By damning yours, they do their own maintain,
A churchman's godliness is always gain.
Hence to their prince they will superior be ;
And civil treason grows church loyalty.
They boast the gift of heaven is in their power ;
Well may they give the god they can devour.
Still to the sick and dead their claims they lay ;
For 'tis on carrion that the vermin prey.
Nor have they less dominion on our life,
They trot the husband, and they pace the wife.
Rouze up, you cuckolds of the northern climes,
And learn from Sweden to prevent such crimes.
Unman the fryar, and leave the holy drone
To hum in his forsaken hive alone ;
He'll work no honey when his sting is gone.
Your wives and daughters soon will leave the cells,
When they have lost the sound of Aaron's bells.





De Wilde pinxt

Thornthwaite

Mrs POWELL. BOADICEA.

Not the wealth
 which lords the palaces of sumptuous Rome
 shall bribe my jury.

BOADICEA.

A

TRAGEDY,

BY MR. GLOVER.

ADAPTED FOR

THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOK,

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,

STRAND,

Bookseller to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

MDCCXCI.



GLOVER,

THE author of this play, was bred a merchant, and distinguished himself much in that character—yet in fortune he made no advances towards affluence. He was a patriot of the most independent cast, and scorning to bind himself about any one political party, was by all alike neglected.

However, there is a fame not resulting from so perishable a means as the contention of parties, which it is alike out of their power to confer or to take away—that fame will long flourish around the name of GLOVER—he was a POET.

His LEONIDAS has been illustrated by the learned commentaries of Dr. PEMBERTON, in a volume which, perhaps, best unfolds the mysteries of verse.

Mr. GLOVER was the author of two plays, both performed with much applause.

1 *Boadicea.* 2 *Medea.*

He had also projected a second part of the latter, not yet performed.

BOADICEA

Has more poetic than histrionic powers—The descriptive passages are extremely fine—but there is small scope for passion.

It has been well observed by a venerable Prelate, that those universal robbers, the Romans, are treated in this piece with too much respect:—the observation from the same authority is also just respecting the languor of the three first acts—the last act is bold, fine, animated diction, and the events well arranged.

PROLOGUE.

*BESIDE his native Thames our poet long
Hath hung his silent harp, and hush'd his song.
Kind Commerce whisper'd, " See my blissful state,
And to no smiles but mine resign thy fate ;
Beneath the pregnant branches rest a while,
Which by my culture spread this favour'd isle ;
On that fair tree the fruits of ev'ry coast,
All which the Ganges and the Volga boast,
All which the sun's luxuriant beam supplies,
Or slowly ripens under frozen skies,
In mix'd variety of growth arise.
The copious leaves beneficence diffuse,
Which on affliction drops restoring dews,
And birds of hope among the loaded sprays,
Tune with enchantment their alluring lays,
To cheer despondence and th' inactive raise.
Rest here, she cry'd, and smiling time again
May string the lyre, and I approve the strain."*
*At length his muse from exile he recalls,
Urg'd by his patrons in Augusta's walls.
Those gen'rous traders, who alike sustain
Their nation's glory on th' obedient main,
And bounteous raise affliction's drooping train ;*

*They, who benignant to his toils afford
Their shelt'ring favour, have his muse restor'd.
They in her future fame will justly share,
But her disgrace herself must singly bear ;
Calm hours of learned teisure they have giv'n,
And could no more, for genius is from heav'n.
To open now her long-hid roll she tries,
Where vary'd forms of pictur'd passions rise.
Revenge and pride their furies first unfold,
By artless virtue fatally controll'd.
Scenes, wrought with gentler pencils, then succeed,
Where love persuades a faithful wife to bleed ;
Where, join'd to public cares, domestic woe
Is seen from manly fortitude to flow.
But if her colours mock the candid eye
By spurious tincts, unmix'd with nature's dye,
Ye friendly hands, restrain your fruitless aid,
And with just censure let her labours fade.*

Dramatis Personae.

DRURY - LANE.

Men.

DUMNORIX	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Garrick.
TENANTIUS	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Burton.
EBRANCUS	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Mozeen.
FLAMINIUS	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Havard.
ÆNOBARBUS	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Mossop.

Women.

BOADICEA	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Pritchard.
VENUSIA	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Cibber.

Roman *Ambassador*, Icenians, and Trinobantians.

SCENE, *the British Camp before the Tent of Dumnorix.*



BOADICEA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

BOADICEA, DUMNORIX, *Icenians, Trinobantians, and*
Roman Ambassador.

Roman Ambassador.

SUETONIUS, leader of the Roman arms,
With gentlest greetings to th' Icenian queen,
And Dumnorix, the Trinobantian chief,
Sends health, and proffers friendship. Let the wrongs,
The mutual wrongs sustain'd by Rôme and Britain—

Boad. May stern Andate, war's victorious goddess,
Again resign me to your impious rage,
If e'er I blot my suff'rings from remembrance;
If e'er relenting mercy cool my vengeance,
Till I have driv'n you to our utmost shores,
And cast your legions on the crimson'd beach.
Your costly dwellings shall be sunk in ashes,
Your fields be ravag'd, your aspiring bulwarks

O'erturn'd and levell'd to the meanest shrub ;
 Your gasping matrons, and your children's blood,
 With mingled streams, shall dye the British sword ;
 Your captive warriors, victims at our altars,
 Shall croud each temple's spacious round with death :
 Else may each pow'r, to whom the Druids bend,
 Annul my hopes of conquest and revenge !

Dum. [To the Ambassador.] You come to offer terms.

Stand forth and answer.

Did not Prasutagus, her dying lord,
 On your insatiate emperor bestow
 Half of his rich possessions, vainly deeming
 The rest might pass unpillag'd to his children ?
 What did ye then, ye savage sons of rapine ?
 You seiz'd the whole inheritance by force,
 Laid waste our cities ; with the servile scourge
 Disgrac'd a royal matron ; you deflow'r'd
 Her spotless daughters, stole our noblest youth
 To serve your pride and luxury in Rome ;
 Our priests you butcher'd, and our hoary elders ;
 Profan'd our altars, our religious groves,
 And the base image of your Cæsar thrust
 Among the gods of Britain ; and, by heav'n !
 Do you repair to these victorious tents
 With proffer'd peace and friendship ?

Rom. Am. Yes, to treat,

As faith, benevolence, and justice dictate.

Dum. How shall we treat with those, whose impious
 hands

Have rent the sacred bands of mutual trust ?

How shall we treat with those, whose stony hearts
Compassion cannot melt, nor shame control,
Nor justice awe, nor piety restrain,
Nor kindness win, nor gratitude can bind ?

Rom. Am. Thou art a stranger to our gen'ral's virtues.

No pillager, like Catus, but a soldier,
To calm and sober discipline inur'd,
He would redress, not widen your complaints.

Dum. Can he restore the violated maid
To her untainted purity and fame ?
Can he persuade inexorable death
To yield our slaughter'd elders from the grave ?
No, nor by soothing tales elude our vengeance.

Rom. Am. Yet hear us calmly, ere from yonder hills
You call the legions of imperial Rome,
And wake her eagles, which would sleep in peace.

Boad. Begone, and bear defiance to your legions.
Tell them, I come, that Boadicea comes,
Fierce with her wrongs, and terrible in vengeance,
To roll her chariot o'er their firmest ranks,
To mix their soaring eagles with the dust,
And spurn their pride beneath her horses' hoofs.

Rom. Am. Then be prepar'd for war.

Boad. We are prepar'd.

Come from your hills, ye fugitive remains
Of shatter'd cohorts, by their fear preserv'd.
Th' embattled nations of our peopled isle,
Yet fresh from seventy thousand slaughter'd Romans,
Shall add yon refuse to the purple heap.

And yet amid triumphant desolation,
 Though flames each Roman colony devour,
 Though each distracted matron view her infant
 Grasp with its tender hands the piercing spear,
 Though your grey fathers to the falchion's edge
 Each feeble head surrender, my revenge
 Will pine unsated, and my greatness want
 Redress proportion'd to a queen's disgrace.

Dum. Go, and report this answer to Suetonius:
 Too long have parents' sighs, the cries of orphans,
 And tears of widows, signaliz'd your sway,
 Since your ambitious Julius first advanc'd
 His murd'rous standard on our peaceful shores.
 At length, unfetter'd from his patient sloth,
 The British genius lifts his pond'rous hands,
 To hurl with ruin his collected wrath,
 For all the wrongs a century hath borne,
 In one black period, on the Roman race.

Rom. Am. Yet ere we part, your price of ransom
 name

For the two captive Romans.

Boad. Not the wealth
 Which loads the palaces of sumptuous Rome
 Shall bribe my fury. Hence, and tell your legions,
 The hungry ravens, which inhabit round
 The chalky cliffs of Albion, shall assemble
 To feast upon the limbs of these your captains,
 Shall riot in the gore of Roman chiefs,
 These masters of the world. Produce the pris'ners.

[To an Icenian.

Enter ÆNOBARBUS and FLAMINIUS, in Chains.

Boad. Stay, if thou wilt, and see our victims fall.

[*To the Ambassador.*]

Ænob. [*To Boad.*] Dart not on me thy fiery eyes,
barbarian!

Vain are thy efforts to dismay a Roman.

Life is become unworthy of my care;

And these vile limbs, by galling chains dishonour'd,

I give most freely to the wolves and thee.

Rom. Am. Mistaken queen! the Romans do not
want

These instigations, nor thy proud defiance

To meet your numbers in the vale below.

Ænob. [*To the Ambas.*] Then wherefore dost thou
linger here in vain?

Commend us to Suetonius; bid him straight

Arrange his conquering legions in the field,

There teach these rash barbarians to repent

Of their disdain, and wish for peace too late.

Rom. Am. [*To the prisoners.*] Yes, to Suetonius and
the Roman camp

These heavy commendations will we bear:

That, for two gallant countrymen, our love

And indignation at their fate may sharpen

Each weapon's point, and strengthen ev'ry nerve,

Till humbled Britain have appeas'd their shades.

[*Exit.*]

Ænob. Come, let us know our fate.

Boad. Prepare for death.

Ænob. Then cease to loiter, savage.

Dum. [To *Ænob.*] Now, by Heaven,
Wert thou no Roman, I could save and love thee.
That dauntless spirit in another breast,
And in a blameless cause, were truly noble,
But shews in thee the murderer and ruffian.

Ænob. Thy hate or favour are alike to me.

Flam. [To *Dum.*] May I demand, illustrious Tri-
nobantian,

Why must we fall, because uncertain war
Hath made us captives?

Dum. If in open battle,
With gen'rous valour to have fac'd our arms,
Were all our charge against thee, thou might'st rest
Secure of life; but leading thee to die
Is execution on a gen'ral robber.

Ænob. [To *Flam.*] And dost thou meanly sue to
these barbarians?

Flam. [To *Dum.*] Though our rapacious country-
men have drawn

Your just resentment, we are guiltless both.

Boad. [To *Flam.*] So are ten thousand infants,
whom the name,

The single name of Roman shall condemn,
Like thee, to perish by th' unsparing sword.

Flam. Yet more than guiltless, we may plead desert
With Boadicea.

Boad. Insolent pretension!

A Roman plead desert with Boadicea!

This shall enlarge the portion of thy suff'rings;

For this not only shall thy blood embrue
Andate's shrine, but torture shall be added,
And fury wanton in thy various pains.

Ænob. [To Boad.] Produce thy tortures; them and
thee we scorn.

Ten. Fall back with rev'rence, Trinobantian soldiers,
See who advances from your gen'ral's tent.

Enter VENUSIA.

Ven. Victorious sister, may th' unresting labour
Of fortune weave new honours to adorn thee,
And Dumnorix, thy colleague, and my lord,
But if, amid these warlike consultations,
Ere yet the order'd pomp of battle moves,
A supplicating sound may reach thy ear,
Stoop from thy glory to an act of mercy.
Thy doom pronounc'd on these unhappy captives——

Boad. Ha!

Ven. Their deservings, and thy daughter's pray'r,
Mix'd with my own compassion, from the tent
Have call'd me forth a suitor to thy pity,
That thou wouldst hear and spare them.

Boad. Spare these captives!

Dum. Why this request, Venusia?

Ven. Give them hearing:

They can unfold a story which demands
Your whole attention.

Dum. Let us hear. Proceed. [To Flam.]

Flam. The Romans' late injustice we abhorr'd,
Nor join'd the band of spoilers. In that season

We chanc'd one day to wander through the forest
Which parts our confines from th' Icenian land.
We found a beauteous virgin in our way.

Boad. Wretch ! dost thou hope to barter with our
sister

For thy base life ?

Flam. I fear not death, Oh, Queen !
But dread dishonour ev'n among my foes.

Ænob. Death is thy terror ; reason else would teach
thee,

No gratitude with cruelty can dwell.

Flam. Deep in that wood we met the lovely maid,
Chas'd by a brutal souldier. At our threats
He soon retreated. To our home we led her,
From insult guarded, sent her back with honour :
Nor was she less than Boadicea's daughter.

Ven. Now, dearest sister, whose successful standard
Not valour more than equity upholds ;
And thou, my husband, who dost rise in arms,
Oppressive deeds in others to chastise,
From your own guiding justice will you stray,
And blend deservers with the herd of guilt ?

Dum. And are you Romans ? Yes, we will, Venusia,
Repay their worthy deed. Strike off their fetters.

Boad. What do I hear ! A British chief's command !
Whoe'er unchains a Roman, on mankind
Lets loose oppression, insolence and rapine,
Sets treason, falsehood, vice, and murder free.

Ven. Yet these preserv'd thy Emmeline from shame.

Boad. Not less the victim of eternal shame

Was she conducted to their hateful mansion,
 To guard her honour, and be less than ruffians,
 Had been repugnant to their name and race ;
 But fear of me compell'd them to release her.
 Then shall two Romans, nurs'd in fraud and falsehood,
 From childhood train'd to each flagitious deed,
 By colour'd pleas to shun the fate they merit,
 Here find regard against the thousand mouths
 Of Boadicea's suff'rings ? No, this moment
 Shall they expire in torture.

Ven. Yet reflect ;

Of all the paths which lead to human bliss,
 The most secure and grateful to our steps
 With mercy and humanity is mark'd.
 The sweet-tongu'd rumour of a gracious deed
 Can charm from hostile hands th' uplifted blade,
 The gall of anger into milk transform,
 And dress the brows of enmity in smiles.

Boad. Still dost thou dare, Venusia——

Dum. Gently, sister :

And, trust me these resemble virtuous men.

Boad. Was I not virtuous, whom the Romans lash'd ?
 Were not my violated children virtuous ?
 Bear them this instant to the fiercest rack ;
 And, while their trembling limbs are strain'd with
 torture,

While, through the cruel agony of pain,
 The bloody drops bedew their shiv'ring cheeks,
 Tell them how gentle are the pangs they feel,
 To those the soul of Boadicea prov'd,

When Roman rage her naked limbs expos'd,
And mark'd her flesh with ever-during shame;

Dum. [To the Britons.] Withhold your hand.

Boad. What means the Trinobantian?

Dum. To save thy benefactors, and proclaim,
Whate'er by valour we extort from fortune,
We yet deserve by justice.

“ *Boad.* To contend

“ With Boadicea, and protect her foes,

“ Did she awaken thy ignoble sloth,

“ Which else without resentment of thy wrongs

“ Had slept obscure at home?

“ *Dum.* Forbear; be calm.

“ *Boad.* Yes, under bondage thou hadst tamely
bow'd,

“ Had not I fir'd thy slow, inactive soul.

“ *Dum.* Not with unbridled passion, I confess,

“ I wield the sword and mount the warlike car.

“ With careful eyes I view'd our suff'ring isle,

“ And meditated calmly to avenge her.

“ Unmov'd by rage, my soul maintains her purpose

“ Through one unalter'd course; and oft before

“ As I have guided thy unruly spirit,

“ Against its wildness will I now protect thee,

“ And from a base, inhuman action save thee.”

Boad. Thy boasted calmness is the child of fear;
Thou tremblest to exasperate the foe.

Well was it, Britons, in our former conquests,

That I presided o'er the scene of slaughter;

Else had those thousands of the Roman youth,

Whose bodies lie extended on our fields,
 Stood at this hour a threat'ning host against you.
 Come, then, ye warriors, follow your conductress,
 And drag these slaves to death.

Dum. They will not move,
 Fix'd with amazement at thy matchless frenzy.
 Do thou revere these warriors, who with scorn
 Observe thy folly.

Ven. Husband, sister, hear!
 Oh, if my humbled voice, my prostrate limbs,
 If tears and sighs of anguish, may atone
 For this pernicious discord I have rais'd——

Boad. [To *Ven.*] Hence with thy despicable sighs
 and tears. [To *Dum.*

And thou, presumptuous, what invidious power,
 Foe to thy safety, animates thy pride
 Still to contend with Boadicea's wrath?

Dum. No, by Andate, I contend not with thee.
 At this important season, when the soldier
 Thirsts for the conflict, it would ill become me
 To trifle here in discord with a woman.
 Nay, do not swell that haughty breast in vain:
 When once the sacred evidence of justice
 Illuminates my bosom, on a rock,
 Which neither tears can soften, nor the gusts
 Of passion move, my resolution stands.

Boad. Now Heav'n fulfil my curses on thy head!
 May ev'ry purpose of thy soul be frustrate,
 May infamy and ruin overtake thee,
 May base captivity and chains o'erwhelm thee,

May shameful crimson from thy shoulders start,
 Like mine, dishonour'd with a servile scourge!
 With pain all shiv'ring, and thy flesh contracting,
 Low may'st thou crouch beneath th' expected stroke,
 Ev'n from the hands thou sav'st!

Tenan. Alas, great Princess!

Divert this wrath against th' impending foe,
 Whose formidable ranks will soon descend
 From yonder hill.

Boad. [*To the Britons.*] Ungrateful and perfidious!
 Now would I draw my spirit from your camp,
 Leave you with him defenceless and expos'd;
 Then should your shatter'd chariots be o'erthrown,
 Your jav'lines broken, and in hasty flight
 Far from your trembling hands the buckler cast,
 Did not th' insatiate thirst which burns my soul
 To empty ev'ry vein of Roman blood
 Protect you, traitors, from my indignation.
 But, by th' ensanguin'd altars of Andate,
 Thou, Dumnorix, be sure, shalt rue this day;
 For thou henceforward, art to me a Roman. [*Exit.*]

Ven. Oh, Dumnorix!

Dum. Let not this frantic woman
 Grieve thy mild nature—Romans, cease to fear.
 These are my tents; retire in safety thither.

[*Exeunt Flam. and Ænob.*]

Do thou go forth this instant and command

[*To Tenan.*]

Each ardent youth to gird his falchion round him,
 His pond'rous spear to loosen from the turf,

And brace the target firmly on his arm,
His car let ev'ry charioteer prepare,
His warlike seat each combatant assume,
That ev'ry banner may in battle wave,
Ere the sun reaches his meridian height. [*Ex. Tenan.*

Ven. My lord and husband!

Dum. Wherefore dost thou hold' me,
And in my passage thy endearments plant?
I must prepare this moment to confront
The foul and ghastly face of cruel war:
And, by the gods, I rather court at present
That shape of horror, than thy beauteous form,
Then go, thou dear intruder, and remove
Thy softness from me.

Ven. I will stay no longer

Than brave Tenantius hath perform'd thy orders.
Long have I known thy valour skill'd to throw
The rapid dart, and lift th' unconquer'd shield.
A confidence, like this, hath still diffus'd
Enough of firmness through my woman's heart,
Ne'er to molest thee with a woman's fears,
This day excepted; now my weakness governs,
And terror, too importunate, will speak.
Hast thou encounter'd yet such mighty powers
As down that mountain suddenly will rush?
From ev'ry part the Romans are assembled,
All vers'd in arms, and terrible in valour.

Dum. Tell me, thou lovely coward, am not I
As terrible; or falls the Roman sword
On the tough buckler, and the crested helm,

With deadlier weight than mine? Away, and fear
not;

Secure and calm, repose thee in thy tent;

Think on thy husband, and believe he conquers:

Amid the rage of battle he will think

On thee; for thee he draws the martial blade,

For thy lov'd infants gripes the pointed ash.

Go, and expect me to return victorious;

Thy hand shall dress my wounds, and all be well.

Ven. Far better be our fortune, than for thee

To want that office from my faithful hand,

Or me to stain thy triumphs with my tears.

Dum. Fear not. I tell thee, when thou seest my
limbs

With dust bespread, my brows with glorious sweat,

And some distinguish'd wound to grace my breast,

Thou, in the fulness of thy love, shalt view me,

And swear, I seem most comely in thy sight.

Thy virtue then shall shew me worthier of thee,

Than did thy fondness on our nuptial day.

Ven. It shall be so. All wounded thou shalt find

My heart prepar'd to stifle its regret,

And smooth my forehead with obedient calmness.

Yet hear me further; something will I offer

More than the weak effects of female dread;

Thou go'st to fight in discord with thy colleague:

It is a thought which multiplies my fears.

Dum. Well urg'd, thou dearest counsellor, who best

Canst heal this mischief. Let thy meekness try

The soft persuasion of a private conf'rence,

To win from error a bewilder'd sister,
While none are present to alarm her pride.

Ven. I go, but, trembling, doubt my vain attempt;
Unless, commission'd with thy dear injunctions,
My soul, exerted to perform thy pleasure,
Could give persuasion all my force of duty. [*Exit.*

Dum. Hark! we are summon'd.

Enter TENANTIUS

Tenan. Ev'ry band is form'd:

The Romans too in close arrangement stand.

Dum. Ye warriors, destin'd to begin the onset,
My Trinobantians, it is time to seek

Th' embattled foe. And you, all-judging gods!
Look down benignant on a righteous cause.

Indeed we cannot give you, like the Romans,
A proud and sumptuous offering: we abound not
In marble temples, or in splendid altars:

Yet though we want this vain, luxurious pomp,
Rough though we wander on the mountain's head,
Through the deep vale, and o'er the craggy rock,
We still demand your favour; we can shew

Hands which for justice draw th' avenging steel,
Firm hearts, and manners undebas'd by fraud.

To you, my dauntless friends, what need of words?
Your cities have been sack'd, your children slain,

Your wives dishonour'd—Lo! on yonder hills
You see the spoilers; there the ruffians stand.

Your hands are arm'd; then follow, and revenge.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter FLAMINIUS and ÆNOBARBUS.

Flaminius.

Ho! Ænobarbus, thou may'st now come forward.
What has thy angry soul been brooding o'er?

Ænob. Well thou hast sued, and hast obtain'd thy
suit;

Of these barbarians meanly hast implor'd
Thy wretched life, and hast it. Must I thank thee
For this uncommon privilege to stand
A tame spectator of the Roman shame,
To see exulting savages o'erturn
Our walls and ramparts, see them with the spoils
Of our waste dwellings, with our captive eagles
And ancient trophies, ravish'd from our temples,
March in rude triumph o'er the gods of Rome?

Flam. What, thou hadst rather die!

Ænob. And thou hadst rather
Live, like a dog, in chains, than die with courage,
Thou most unworthy of the Roman name.

Flam. Did those, who now inhabit Rome, deserve
The name of Romans, did the ancient spirit
Of our forefathers still survive among us,
I should applaud this bold contempt of life.
Our ancestors, who liv'd while Rome was free,
Might well prefer a noble fate to chains;
They lost a blessing we have never known:

Born and inur'd to servitude at home,
 We only change one master for another,
 And Dumnorix is far beyond a Nero.

Ænob. Mean'st thou to mock me ?

Flam. No, I mean to shew

Thy stern opinions suit not with the times.

Ænob. Still by our valour we control the world,
 And in that duty will I match the foremost.

If our forefathers' manners be neglected,
 Free from that blame, I singly will maintain them.
 My sentiments are moulded by my spirit,
 Which wants thy pliant qualities to yield
 With ev'ry gust of fortune, rude or mild,
 And crouch beneath example, base or worthy.

Flam. Well, if thou canst not brook a British
 master——

Ænob. No, nor thy wanton folly will I brook,
 Which sports alike with slavery or freedom,
 Insensible of shame.

Flam. Suppose I free thee.

Ænob. Free me !

Flam. This day, if fortune be propitious.

Ænob. Hal do not cheat me with delusive fables,
 And trifle with my bonds.

Flam. By all my hopes,
 I do not trifle.

Ænob. Wilt thou give my bosom
 Once more to buckle on the soldier's harness,
 And meet in battle our insulting foes ?

Shall my keen falchion gore the flying rout,
 And raise a bleeding trophy to revenge,
 For each indignity which Rome hath borne ?
 Hold me no longer in suspense ; instruct me
 From whence these hopes proceed.

Flam. Thou know'st I lov'd
 The British princess.

Ænob. Hast thou rais'd my hopes
 To freedom, future victory, and honour,
 And dost thou talk of love ?

Flam. That love shall save us.
 Thou saw'st the gentle Emmeline but now
 Stole to our tent, and gave the tend'rest welcome.
 Unchang'd I found her, soft and artless still.
 The gen'rous maid already hath suggested
 The means of flight. The battle once begun,
 While ev'ry Briton is intent on war,
 Herself will guide us to a place of safety.

Ænob. Now I commend thee.

Flam. Thou approv'st then.

Ænob. Ay.

Flam. And see, the joyful moment is approaching ;
 See, where th' unnumber'd Trinobantians spread
 In rude disorder o'er the vale beneath,
 Whose broad extent this eminence commands.
 Mark their wide-waving multitude, confus'd
 With mingling standards, and tumultuous cars :
 But far superior to the rest behold,
 The brave and gen'rous Dumnorix, erect
 With eager hope, his lofty jav'lin shakes,

And with unpolish'd majesty adorns
The front of war.

Ænob. I mark the rabble well ;

And soon shall view the Romans from their station
Between those woods, which shade the adverse hills,
Sweep with resistless ardour to the vale,
And trample o'er the savages like dust. [*A march.*

“ *Flam.* That smiling vale with pity I contemplate,
“ And wish more gentle footsteps might be seen
“ To press its verdure, and that softer notes,
“ Than war's terrific clamours, might be tun'd
“ From those surrounding shades, to join the murmurs
“ Of that fair channel, whose sonorous bed
“ Receives the stream, descending from this grove
“ To form the limpid maze, which shines below.

“ *Ænob.* I see it glist'ning in the noon-day sun.
“ But British gore will change its glassy hue.

“ *Flam.* Oh! might we rather on its friendly banks
“ Erect a grateful monument to Peace ;
“ That she, her sway resuming, might afford me
“ To clasp the gallant Dumnorix, and style him
“ My friend, my benefactor, and preserver.—”
Stand from before this tempest, while it passes.

Enter BOADICEA and Icenians.

Boad. Oh! I could drive this jav'lin through my
heart

To ease its tortures. Disobey'd! Control'd!
Ev'n in my army's sight! Malignant pow'rs,
If such there be, who o'er revenge preside,

Who steel the breast with ever-during hate,
 And aid black rancour in its purpos'd mischief,
 Be present now, and guide my indignation! [*Pauses.*
 The Trinobantians are advanc'd before me.
 Let them sustain the onset; let the Romans
 On Dumnorix with ev'ry cohort press,
 Till he intreat for Boadicea's aid,
 Then shall my eager eyes enjoy his ruin;
 And when th' insulting boaster is o'erthrown,
 His bands dispers'd, or gasping in the dust,
 Then will I rush exulting in my car,
 Like fierce Andate, on the weary'd foe
 Lead rout and slaughter, through a tide of gore
 Impel my clotted wheels, redeem the day,
 And, from the mouth of danger snatching conquest,
 Crown my revenge with glory.

Enter VENUSIA.

Ven. Stand apart,
 At my request, Icenians. O, unbend [*To Boad.*
 That louring brow, and hear a suppliant sister!
 So prone to error is our mortal frame,
 Time could not step without a trace of horror,
 If wary nature on the human heart,
 Amid its wild variety of passions,
 Had not impress'd a soft and yielding sense,
 That, when offences give resentment birth,
 The kindly dews of penitence may raise
 The seeds of mutual mercy and forgiveness.

Boad. Weak wretch, and yet whose impotence aspires

To mix in warlike councils, and determine
The fate of captives, won in fields of death.
Thou wouldst do better to reserve thy tears;
Thou shalt have cause for penitential torrents.

Ven. They will not wait a second birth of woe;
At thy severity they burst already.

“ Why turns on me that formidable aspect,
“ Wont with commanding sternness to behold
“ Its foes abash’d, and victory its vassal?
“ Yet how much brighter is the wreath of glory,
“ When interwove with clemency and justice?
“ Thou go’st to battle, there obtain renown;
“ But learn compassion from my tears, nor think
“ Benignity enfeebles, or dishonours
“ The most exalted valour.

“ *Boad.* Shall the tears
“ Of abject importunity detain me,
“ While vengeance, striding from his grisly den,
“ With fell impatience grinds his iron teeth,
“ And waits my nod to satisfy his hunger?
“ Hence to th’ employment of thy feeble distaff!

“ *Ven.* Not skill’d, like thee, in war’s ennobling
toils,
“ Inferior praise, and humbler tasks I court,
“ And own my safety in thy loftier virtues;
“ Yet not like thee, with unforgiving wrath,
“ Could I resign a sister to her grief
“ At this tremendous hour, so near deciding

" The fate of both. One gentle word bestow,
 " And I will leave thee with obedient haste;
 " Nay, I will seek the altars, and request,
 " That in the future triumphs of this day,
 " Heav'n may refuse to Dumnorix a share,
 " And give thee all."

Boad. Does Dumnorix consent

To sacrifice the Romans? Art thou mute?
 Still does he brave me? But your favour'd captives
 Shall not escape. They soon shall join the victims,
 Which this unconquer'd jav'lin shall reserve
 To solemnize the fall of Rome's dominion.
 Then to my glory Dumnorix shall bend.
 In sight of Britain shall his baffled pride
 The pomp of public sacrifice behold,
 Behold and pine. You take a band of soldiers,

[*To an Icenian,*

Watch well around the Trinobantian tents,
 And guard these Romans, as your lives. I tell thee,
 [*To Ven,*

Their gore shall yet besmear Andate's altar.

Ven. In silent awe I heard thy first resentment,
 Yet hop'd, the well-known accents of affection,
 In kindness whisper'd to thy secret ear,
 Might to thy breast recall its exil'd pity,
 That gentle inmate of a woman's heart.

Boad. Durst thou, presumptuous; entertain a
 thought

To give this bosom, nerv'd with manly strength,
 The weak sensations of a female spirit.

Ven. When I remind thy elevated soul,
That we by mutual int'rest are but one,
And by th' indissoluble ties of birth;
Are those sensations weak, which nature prompts?
With justice strengthen'd, can her pow'ful voice
Find no persuasion:——

Boad. None. Provoke no more
With plaintive murmurs my indignant ear.
Thou, and thy husband, authors of my shame,
Before th' assembled chiefs, may rest assur'd,
No pray'rs shall soften, no atonement bribe,
And no submission shall appease the wrong.
May desolation trample on my dwelling
A second time, rapacious force again,
And insult revel through my inmost chambers,
If I forgive you. Thou hast food for anguish;
Go, and indulge its appetite at leisure.

Ven. Yes, I will hasten to the holy shrine,
There wring my hands, and melt in copious sorrow,
Not for my injur'd self, but thee remorseless,
To mourn thy faded honours, which, deform'd
By harsh injustice to thy blameless friends,
Ne'er will revive in beauty. Not success,
Not trophies rising round thee, not the throng
Of circling captives, and their conquer'd standards,
Nor glorious dust of victory, can hide
From just reproach thy unrelenting scorn,
While none deplore thee, but the wrong'd Venusia.

[Exit.

Boad. Stern pow'r of war, my patroness and guide,

To thee each captive Roman I devote.
 Come then, vindictive goddess, in thy terrors;
 O'erwhelm with wrath his sacrilegious head,
 Who would defraud thy altars: O confound
 His ranks, his steeds, his chariots, and thy favour
 To me, thy martial votaress, confine,
 In sex like thee, and glowing with thy fires.

[*Exeunt all but Ænobarbus and Flaminius.*]

Æno. Do thou come forward now, and say, what
 terrors

Has thy dejected soul been brooding o'er?
 Yon furious dame, who fill'd thee so with dread,
 Is marching onward. Raise thy head, and look;
 See, where ev'n now with sullen pride she mounts
 Her martial seat; yet wondrous slow, by Heav'n,
 Her car descends, nor soon will reach the vale.
 Thou look'st desponding. Art thou still dismay'd?
 Think'st thou yon dreadful woman will return?
 From us she moves, though slowly; then take com-
 fort.

Flam. Far other care, than terrors, fill my breast.

Ænob. What means this languor? Wherefore heaves
 that sigh?

Flam. O Ænobarbus, wilt thou bear my weakness;
 I see the moment of deliv'rance near,
 Yet pine with grief.

Ænob. Whate'er the folly be,
 With which thy bosom teems, the gods confound it.

Flam. To see the dearest object of my soul,
 Just see her after such a tedious absence,

Then vanish from her sight perhaps for ever;
When these reflections rise, the sweet exchange
From bonds to freedom, which to her I owe,
Is mix'd with bitterness, and joy subsides.

Ænob. Why didst thou leave the fair Italian fields,
Thou silken slave of Venus? What could move
Thee to explore these boist'rous northern climes,
And change yon radiant sky for Britain's clouds?
What dost thou here, effeminate? By Heav'n,
Thou shouldst have loiter'd in Campania's villas,
And in thy garden nurs'd, with careful hands,
The gaudy-vested progeny of Flora;
Or indolently pac'd the pebbled shore,
And ey'd the beating of the Tuscan wave
To waste thy irksome leisure. Wilt thou tell me,
What thou dost here in Britain? Dost thou come
To sigh and pine? Could Italy afford
No food for these weak passions? Must thou traverse
Such tracts of land, and visit this cold region
To love and languish? Answer me, what motive
First brought thee hither? But forbear to urge
It was in quest of honour; for the god
Of war disclaims thee.

Flam. Well, suppose I answer,
That friendship drew me from the golden Tiber,
With thee to combat this inclement sky,
Will it offend thee?

Ænob. No, I am thy friend,
And I will make a Roman of thee still;

But let me see no languishing dejection
 More on thy brow, nor hear unmanly sighs.
 Gods! canst thou dream of love, when yonder see,
 The Roman legions, all array'd for battle,
 Are now descending; see their dreaded eagles,
 Their dazzling helmets, and their crimson plumes:
 A grove of jav'lines glitters down the steep;
 They point their terrors on th' astonish'd foe;
 Soon will they charge the Britons in the vale,
 And with the auspicious glories of this day
 Enrich the annals of imperial Rome.
 O curst captivity! with double weight
 I feel thee now! malicious fate! to suffer
 A Roman thus to stand confin'd in bondage,
 And see the triumphs, which he cannot share.
 By Heav'n, Flaminius! I will never bear it.
 Where is thy Briton? Will she lead us hence?
 Else, by the god of war, unarm'd I rush
 To join the glorious scene, which opens there.

Flam. I see her coming, and will fly to meet her.

[*Exit.*

Ænob. Our time is short, remember, do not dally.
 "I have a thought, lies rip'ning in my breast,
 "And teems with future glory; if the fight
 "Prove undecisive, and these tents subsist,"
 Soon will I bid thee, hostile camp, farewell.
 Thou saw'st me come in thralldom; I depart
 A fugitive: if ever I return,
 Thou shalt receive me in another guise;

Then shalt thou feel me ; when my shining helm
 Shall strike cold terror through thy boldest guards,
 And from its lofty crest destruction shake. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter FLAMINIUS and ÆNOBARBUS.

Flaminius.

OUR lovely guide attends us. Thy impatience
 Hath call'd me loit'rer.

Ænob. Thou may'st loiter still.

Thou canst not hasten, nor retard our fate,
 Which is irrevocably fix'd.

Flam. What say'st thou ?

Ænob. I say, prepare to die. If Boadicea
 Return once more, our destiny is fix'd.
 Whate'er her merciless revenge may purpose,
 Elate with conquest, or incens'd by loss,
 If on the rack to strain our bursting sinews,
 If from the bleeding trunks to lop our limbs,
 Or with slow fires protract the hours of pain,
 We must abide it all. Collect thy spirit,
 And, like a Roman, dauntless wait thy doom.

Flam. I hear thee, but thy meaning—

Ænob. Hear again :

Before the tent some paces as I stood,
 And joyful saw the Trinobantian guard,
 Of us neglectful, from this quarter drawn

To view the impending battle; on a sudden
 A curs'd Icenian cast his jealous eye
 Athwart my steps, then call'd a num'rous band,
 Who prowl around us, as a destin'd prey.

Flam. Malicious fortune!

Ænob. Now thou seest my meaning.

Flam. Our flight were vain, while these observe us.

Ænob. True.

What has thy tame submission now avail'd,
 Thy abject supplication to barbarians?
 Hadst thou with courage met thy fate at first,
 We had been dead, ere now.

Flam. To view the sun

Through his gay progress from the morn, till even,
 Possess my friends, my parents, and my love,
 Within the circle of my native walls,
 Were joys I deem'd well worthy of my care;
 But since that care is fruitless, I can leave
 This light, my friends, my parents, love, and country,
 As little daunted at my fate as thou,
 Though not so unconcern'd.

Ænob. Oh, Mars and Vesta!

Is it a vision, which you raise before me
 To charm my eyes? Behold a scene, Flaminius,
 To cheer a Roman in the gasp of death.
 The Britons are defeated; look, Flaminius,
 Back from the vale in wild tumultuous flight
 Behold their numbers sweeping tow'rd the hill:
 Already some are swarming up its side
 To reach their camp for shelter; pale dismay

With hostile rage pursues their broken rear,
 While massacre, unhidden, cloy's his famine,
 And quaffs the blood of nations. Oh, in vain
 Dost thou oppose thy bosom to the tide
 Of war, and brandish that recover'd standard;
 "Vain is thy animating voice to those,
 "Whom fear makes deaf;" Oh, Dumnorix, thy toils
 Are fruitless, Britain in the scale of fate
 Yields to the weight of Rome. Now, life, farewell:
 "Shine on, bright Phœbus; those who rest behind
 "To share thy splendors, while I sink in darkness,
 "Are far beneath my envy;" I resign
 These eyes with pleasure to eternal shades,
 They now have seen enough.

Flam. Whence this despair?

A blind confusion fills the spacious camp.
 Already consternation hath dispers'd
 Our guard. Ev'n Dumnorix retires—He comes;
 Avoid him—Trust me, I am well instructed,
 And will conduct thee to a safe retreat. [Exeunt.

Enter DUMNORIX with a standard.

Dum. Thou hard-kept remnant of our shatter'd
 fortune,
 Stand there before the partial eye of Heav'n,
 Which has prefer'd the Romans' splendid altars,
 To the plain virtue of a British heart.
 Presumptuous frenzy! Why is Heav'n reproach'd?
 Oh, Boadicea, thou perfidious mischief!

Enter VENUSIA.

Ven. Now let my duty o'er my fear prevail,
Fill my whole breast with tenderness, and heal
With sweetest comfort thy distress.

Dum. My wife!

Thou most unlike to yon degen'rate woman,
Her country's bane!

Ven. I tremble at thy words.

Dum. Be not dismay'd; the camp is still our own.
Night is impending, and the Romans halt.

Ven. But what of Boadicea?

Dum. Hear and mourn.

The Trinobantians scarce had fill'd the vale,
When from a narrow pass between the woods
Forth burst the Romans, wedg'd in deep array.
I found our struggle vain, and sent for aid
To Boadicea; she with scorn reply'd,
I did not want th' assistance of a woman;
Nor left her station, till my broken ranks
Were driv'n among th' Icenians; in a moment
All was confusion, slaughter, and defeat.

Enter BOADICEA.

Dum. Gods! art thou safe?

Ven. Oh! most unhappy sister!

When last we parted, cruel were thy words,
A sure presage of endless grief to me;
Yet my desponding spirit ne'er forboded,

That thou couldst deviate from a prosp'rous course,
When ev'ry gale conspir'd to swell thy glory.

Boad. Throw not on me the crime of envious fortune.

Dum. Dost thou blame fortune, traitress?

Boad. Then the blame

Take on thy single head.

Dum. Avoid my sight.

Boad. Thou led'st the van.

Dum. Avaunt!

Boad. Thou fled'st the first.

Now find'st too late th' importance of a woman.

Dum. Too true I find a woman curs'd with pow'r
To blast a nation's welfare. Heavenly rulers!

How have the Britons merited this shame?

Have we with fell ambition, like the Romans,

Unpeopled realms, and made the world a desert?

Have we your works defac'd; or how deserv'd

So large a measure of your bitt'rest wrath,

That you should clothe this spirit of a wolf

In human form, and blend her lot with ours?

Boad. Beset with perils, as I am, pursu'd

By rout and havoc to th' encircl'ing toil;

Untam'd by this reverse, my lofty soul,

Upbraiding still thy arrogance, demands,

Who spar'd the captive Romans? Who provok'd

My just resentment? Who, in pow'r, in name

And dignity inferior, but elate

With blind presumption, and by envy stung,

Dar'd to dispute with me supreme command,
Then pale and trembling turn'd his back on danger?

Ven. Oh, on e united by the friendliest ties,
And leaders both of nations, shall this land
Still view its bulwarks, tott'ring with disunion,
Enhance the public and their own misfortunes?
Thou, my complacent lord, wert wont to smooth
That manly front at pity's just complaint;
And thou, entrusted with a people's welfare,
A queen and warrior, let disdain no more
Live in the midst of danger—See Venusia
Upon her knees——

Dum. Shall thy perfections kneel
To this——

Ven. Oh! stop, nor give resentment itt'rance.
In such a cause the proudest knee might sue
To less than Boadicea—— Turn not from me!

[To Boadicea.

Look on a prostrate sister; think, thou hear'st
Our children's plaintive notes enforce my pray'r,
And Albion's genius mix his solemn moan;
That lamentations through thy ears resound
From all the wives and mothers of those thousands,
Whose limbs lie stretch'd on yonder fields of death;
“ Those wretched wives and mothers, oh! reflect,
“ But for the fatal discord of this day,
“ With other looks, with other cries and gestures,
“ With different transports, and with different tears,
“ Might have receiv'd their sons and husbands home,
“ Than they will now survey their pale remains,

“ Which there lie mangled by the Roman sword”
 To feed the raven’s hunger—yet relent I
 Yet let restoring union close our wounds,
 And to repair this ruin be thy praise I

Dum. Rise, rise. Thy mildness, whose persuasive
 charm

No cruelty, but hers, could hear unmov’d,
 In vain would render placable and wise
 That malice, inhumanity and frenzy,
 Which have already wasted such a store
 Of glory and success.

Boad. Oh I

Dum. Dost thou groan?

Boad. No, no, I do not feel a moment’s pain.

Dum. Thy words are false. Thy heart o’erflows
 with anguish.

Boad. No, I despise both thee and fortune still.

Dum. By Heav’n, I know distraction rends thy soul,
 And to its view presents th’ approaching scene
 Of shame and torture, when th’ indignant Romans
 Exact a tenfold vengeance for their suff’rings;
 And when thou passest through their streets in chains,
 The just derision of insulting foes,
 A frantic woman, who resign’d her hopes,
 And to indulge an empty pride, betray’d
 Her children, friends, and country; then recal,
 What once was Boadicea, fall’n how low
 From all her honours, by her folly fall’n
 From pow’r, from empire, victory, and glory,
 To vilest bonds, and ignominious stripes.

My pregnant soul ; the mighty plan is forming ;
It grows, it labours in my ardent bosom ;
It springs to life, and calls for instant action ;
Lead on, exert thee, goddess, till the furies,
Which heretofore have thunder'd at thy heels,
Start at the new-born horrors of this night. [Exit.

Ven. Oh ! Dumnorix, how virtue hath recoil'd
Upon itself ! my interposing pity,
Thy manly firmness in a gen'rous act
Gave these disasters being.

Dum. I forbid thee
To blame thy virtues, which the gods approve,
And I revere. Now leave me to concert
With our surviving chiefs the means of safety.

Ven. Oh ! that, like me, compliant, at thy word
Peace a benign companion would attend,
And moderate thy cares, while I depart.

Dum. Have I been guilty ? answer me, my heart,
Who now wouldst burst my agonizing breast,
Hath Dumnorix been guilty ? Wilt thou, Britain,
To me impute the horrors of this day ?
Perhaps a Roman's policy had yielded,
And to a colleague's cruelty and pride
Had sacrific'd humanity and justice ?
I did not so, and Albion is destroy'd.
Yet, oh, be witness, all ye gen'rous spirits,
So lately breathing in those heaps of death,
That in this day's extremity and peril,
Your Dumnorix was mindful of his charge ;
My shiver'd javelin, my divided shield,

And blunted sword, be witness for your master,
 You were not idle in that dreadful hour ;
 Nor ev'n amid the carnage pil'd around me,
 Will I relinquish my pursuit of hope——
 Hope may elude me——For myself I fear not——
 But my Venusia——Ha ! prepare, my soul——
 There is thy struggle, on her tender mind
 To graft thy firmness, which can welcome death,
 And hold it gain, when liberty is lost. [*Excunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter DUMNORIX.

Dumnorix.

TILL good Tenantius and the rest return,
 I have been led by solitary care
 To yon dark branches, spreading o'er the brook,
 Which murmurs through the camp; this mighty
 camp,
 Where once two hundred thousand sons of war
 With restless dins awak'd the midnight hour.
 Now horrid stillness in the vacant tents
 Sits undisturb'd; and these incessant rills,
 Whose pebbled channel breaks their shallow stream,
 Fill with their melancholy sound my ears,
 As if I wander'd like a lonely hind,
 O'er some dead fallow far from all resort :

Unless that ever and anon a groan
 Bursts from a soldier, pillow'd on his shield
 In torment, or expiring with his wounds,
 And turns my fix'd attention into horror.
 Venusia comes——The hideous scene around me
 Now prompts the hard but necessary duty.——
 Yet how to name thee, death, without thy terrors!

Enter VENUSIA.

Ven. Thou didst enjoin my absence. I departed.
 With ill-tim'd care if now returning.——

Dum. No.

Ven. Alas! deep-plung'd in sadness still I find thee.

Dum. Dost thou? Come nearer. Thou hast seen
 this day,

How thy perfidious, thy invet'rate sister
 Hath stain'd my glory, and my fortune baffled;
 Thou hast receiv'd me vanquish'd, who before
 Was us'd to greet thee with the sound of conquest.
 Now tell me truly; am I still the same
 In my Venusia's eyes?

Ven. What means my lord?

Dum. Am I still lov'd and honour'd, as before?

Ven. Canst thou suspect that fortune rules my love?
 Thy pow'r and honours may be snatch'd away,
 Thy wide possessions pass to other lords,
 And frowning heav'n resume whate'er it gave,
 All but my love, which ne'er shall know decay,
 But ev'n in ruin shall augment its fondness.

Dum. Then will my dictates be regarded still.

Ven. Impart this moment thy rever'd commands ;
 And if it prove within my slender pow'r
 To ease thy troubles, I will bless the gods,
 And, unrepining, to our fate submit.

Dum. Think not my own calamities distress me ;
 I can encounter fortune's utmost malice :
 But, Oh! for thee, Venusia——

Ven. Do not fear.
 While in these faithful arms I hold my lord,
 I never shall complain. Let ev'ry ill,
 Let ruin and captivity o'ertake me,
 With thee I will be happy.

Dum. Ha! Venusia!
 Could thou and I find happiness together,
 Depriv'd of freedom? Dost thou mark?

Ven. I do.

Dum. Thou art most fair ; but could thy lovely face
 Make slavery look comely? Could the touch
 Of that soft hand convey delight to mine
 With servile fetters on?

Ven. Why dost thou gaze
 Thus stedfastly upon me?

Dum. I would have thee
 Reflect once more upon the loss of freedom.

Ven. It is the heaviest sure of human woes.

Dum. “Learn one thing more, and, though re-
 lentless Heav'n
 “Its care withdraws from this ill-destin'd isle,
 “Thou, in the fall of nations, shalt be safe.”
 Oh! heed, Venusia! never did thy welfare

Raise in my breast such tender cares before ;
“ Else from the public danger would I spare
“ These precious moments to assist thy virtue.”

Ven. Thou mak'st me all attention.

Dum. Reach thy hand.

Now, while I hold thee, do I bless Andate,
That this free hand, protected by my sword,
Hath not yet known the shameful doom of bondage.

Ven. Nor shall I know it ; thy unshaken valour
Will be my safeguard still.

Dum. If fate confounds

My utmost efforts, can I then protect thee ?

Ven. Why dost thou lead me to despair ? Why fill
My breast with terrors ? Never did I see thee,
Till this sad hour, thus hopeless and dejected.
Oh ! how shall I, a woman weak and fearful,
Sustain my portion of the gen'ral woe ;
If thou, in perils exercis'd and war,
Dost to ill fortune bow thy gallant spirit ?

Dum. Think not, Venusia, I abandon hope.

No, on the verge of ruin will I stand,
And, dauntless, combat with our evil fate ;
Nor till its rancour bear me to the bottom,
My soul shall ever entertain despair :
But as the wisest, and the best resolv'd,
Cannot control the doubtful chance of war,
I would prepare thee for the worst event.

Ven. Fly where thou wilt, my faithful steps shall
follow.

“ I can pursue thy course with naked feet,

" Though roaring o'er the rough and pointed crags,
 " Or through the pathless tract of deepest woods ;
 " By thy dear hand supported, would I pass
 " Thro' the cold snow, which hides the mountain's
 brow,
 " And o'er the frozen surface of the vale."

Dum. " Thou best of women, I believe thou
 wouldst,

" Believe thy constant heart would teach those
 limbs,

" Thus soft and gentle, to support all hardship,
 " And hold with me society in toil."

But should we want the wretched pow'r to fly,
 What then ?

Ven. What then ?

Dum. The Romans may surround us.

Ven. How wouldst thou act in such a dreadful
 season ?

Dum. Ne'er shall the hands of Dumnorix endure
 The shame of fetters ; ne'er shall Rome behold
 This breast, which honourable war hath seam'd,
 Pant with the load of bondage : gen'rous wounds,
 Ye deep engraven characters of glory,
 Ye faithful monitors of Albion's cause,
 Oft, when your midnight anguish hath rebuk'd
 Oblivious slumber from my watchful pillow,
 And in her danger kept my virtue waking :
 You, when that office can avail no more,
 Will look more graceful on my death-cold bosom,
 Than to be shewn before the scoffing Romans,

Should they behold that Dumnorix in shackles,
Whom once they dreaded in the field of war.

Ven. Assist me, Heav'n!

Dum. Speak out. I watch to hear thee.

My pow'rs are all suspended with attention.

Ven. What shall I do?

Dum. Explain thy thoughts.

Ven. I cannot.

Dum. Why canst thou not? Remember who thou
art,

And who thy husband is.

Ven. The first of men,

Join'd to the least deserving of her sex.

Dum. View thy own heart; be conscious of thy
merit;

And, in its strength confiding, be secure,
That thou art worthy of the greatest man,
And not unequal to the noblest task.

Ven. Oh, I will struggle to assert that claim!
Yet, dearest lord, extend thy whole indulgence,
Nor undeserving of thy love esteem me,
While trembling thus.

Dum. I know thy native softness.

Yet wherefore dost thou tremble? Speak, my love.

Ven. Oh, I have not thy courage, not been us'd,
Like thee, to meet the dreadful shape of death;
I never felt the anguish of a wound;
Thy arm hath still kept danger at a distance:
If now it threatens, and my heart no more
Must treat with safety, it is new to me.

Dum. It is, my love. My tenderness implies
 No expectation, that thy gentle mind
 Should be at once familiariz'd with fate.
 Not insurmountable I hold our danger.
 But to provide against delusive fortune,
 "That thou may'st bear, unterrify'd, the lot,
 "Which best shall suit thy dignity and name,"
 Demands thy care; take counsel of thy virtue.

Ven. I will.

Dum. And arm thy breast with resolution.

Ven. Indeed I will, and ask the gracious gods
 To fill my heart with constancy and spirit,
 And shew me worthy of a man, like thee:
 "Perhaps their succour, thy rever'd injunction,
 "And high example, may control my terrors."
 But, Oh! what pow'r shall sooth another care,
 Than life more precious, and a keener pang,
 Than death's severest agony, relieve;
 The sad remembrance of my helpless infants,
 Our love's dear pledges, who before me rise
 In orphan woe, defenceless and forsaken,
 And all my borrow'd fortitude dissolve.

Dum. Thou perfect pattern of maternal fondness,
 And conjugal compliance, rest assur'd,
 That care was never absent from my soul.
 Confide in me; thy children shall be safe.

Ven. How safe?

Dum. Shall live in safety. Thou shalt know.
 Mean time retire. Our anxious chiefs, return'd,
 Wait my commands, and midnight is advancing.

[Exit Venusia.]

She goes——her love and duty will surmount
 This hideous task—Oh, morning bright in hope,
 Clos'd by a night of horror, which reduces
 This poor——dear woman, yet in blooming years,
 Bless'd in her husband, in her offspring bless'd,
 Perhaps to cut her stem of being short
 With her own tender hand——If ever tears
 Might sort with valour, nor debase a soldier,
 It would be now——Ha! whither do I plunge?

Enter EBRANCUS, TENANTIUS, and Trinobantians.

Dum. Well, my brave friends, what tidings?

Ebran. Through thy quarter

With weary steps and mourning have we travers'd
 A silent desert of unpeopled tents,
 Quite to the distant station of th' Icenians.
 Their chiefs we found in council round their queen;
 The multitude was arming: twenty thousand
 Were yet remaining, and unhurt by war,
 Unlike our Trinobantians, who, unaided,
 The fatal onset bore. Those huge battalions,
 Which Rome so dreaded, are, alas! no more.

Dum. Be not dejected. Far the greater part
 Are fled for shelter to their native roofs,
 And will rejoin us, when with force repair'd
 We may dispute our island still with Rome.
 But have you gain'd access to Boadicea?

Ebran. We have.

Dum. What said she?

Ebran. She approv'd thy counsel.

Dum. You told her then my purpose to retreat
Through yonder forest.

Ebran. To herself alone

We told it.

Dum. I commend you. You have sav'd us
A conference, both needless and displeasing.

Ebran. She further bade us note, how all th' Ice-
nians

Were then in arms, and ready to advance.

Dum. Return, and tell her, (let thy phrase, Ebran-
cus,

Be soft and humble) ere two hours be wasted,

We must begin our march. Do you explore

[*To the other Trinobantians.*

The secret passage, and with winged haste

Bring back your tidings. Thou, Tenantius, wait.

[*Exeunt Ebrancus and Trinobantians.*

To thee my inmost bosom I must open,

And to thy friendship trust my tend'rest cares.

Thou must pursue thy journey, heed me well,

Quite through the forest—Dost thou know the pass?

Tenan. Yes, where those gushing waters leave the
grove

To seek the valley, deeper in the shade

From the same fountain flows a smaller brook,

Whose secret channel through the thicket winds,

And will conduct me farther down the vale—

Dum. Which once attain'd, proceed and gain my
dwelling.

Give me thy honest hand.—Come nearer, soldier,

Thy faithful bosom would I clasp to mine—
 Perhaps thy general and thou may never
 Embrace again.

Tenan. What means my fearless chief?
 Why hast thou call'd this unaccustom'd moisture
 Into thy soldier's eyes?

Dum. Thou dost not weep,
 My gallant vet'ran—I have been to blame.
 A tenderness resulting from a care,
 Which struggles here, subdu'd me for a moment.
 This shall be soon discharg'd, and all be well.
 I have two boys—If after all my efforts,
 (I speak not prompted by despair, but caution)
 Rome should prevail against me, and our hopes
 Abortive fall, thou take these helpless infants;
 With thee transport them to our northern frontiers,
 And hide them deep in Caledonian woods.
 There, in their growing years, excite and cherish
 The dear remembrance of their native fields;
 That, to redeem them from th' Italian spoiler,
 If e'er some kind occasion should invite,
 Forth from their covert they may spring undaunted.
 “Ne'er let the race of Dumnorix divert
 “One thought from Albion to their own repose.
 “Remind them often of their father's toils,
 “Whom thou leav'st grappling to the last with for-
 tune.”

And if beneath this island's mould'ring state
 I, to avoid disgraceful chains, must sink,
 Fain would my spirit in the hope depart,

That on the ruins, which surround my fall,
 A new-born structure may hereafter stand,
 Rais'd by my virtue, living in my sons. [Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter VENUSIA.

Venusia.

A Hollow sound of tumult strikes my ear;
 Perhaps the howl of some night-roaming wolves,
 Who, wak'd by hunger, from their gloomy haunts
 Are trooping forth to make their fell repast
 On my fresh-bleeding countrymen, whose limbs
 O'erspread the valley. Shall I mourn your fall,
 Lost friends, who, couch'd in death, forget your
 cares,

I, who may shortly join your ghastly band,
 Unless that forest yield its promis'd aid?
 O hope, sweet flatt'rer, whose delusive touch
 Sheds on afflicted minds the balm of comfort,
 Relieves the load of poverty, sustains
 The captive, bending with the weight of bonds,
 And smooths the pillow of disease and pain,
 Send back th' exploring messenger with joy,
 And let me hail thee from that friendly grove.

Enter DUMNORIX.

Dum. Why hast thou left thy couch?

Ven. I heard a sound,
Like tumult at a distance.

Dum. So did I,
As near the op'ning pass I stood, to watch
Our messenger's return.

Enter EBRANCUS.

What means this haste?

Why look'st thou pale?

Ebran. With thy instructions charg'd,
I sought th' Icenian quarter. All around
Was solitude and silence. When I call'd,
No voice reply'd. To Boadicea's tent
With fearful haste I trod. Her daughters there
I found in consternation. I enquir'd
The cause: they answer'd only with their tears;
Till from the princess Emmeline at last
I learn'd, that all th' Icenians were that hour
In silent march departed; but their course
She could not tell me: that her furious mother
Had with a fell, determin'd look enjoin'd them
To wait her pleasure, which should soon be known;
Mean time to rest immoveable and mute.

Enter an Icenian carrying a Bowl.

Ven. My Dumnorix, defend me.

Dum. Ha! what means

This wild demeanour—wilt thou speak, Icenian?—

Fear not, my love; thy Dumnorix is near.

What is that bowl, thou carry'st?

Icen. Honour'd chief,
 If ought appears disorder'd in my gesture,
 Which ill becomes the reverence I owe thee,
 Charge that demerit to my horrid errand,
 And not to me.

Ven. What will befall us now !

Dum. [To the *Icen.*] Wilt thou begin ?

Icen. I come from Boadicea.

Dum. Where is she ?

Icen. Far advanc'd o'er yonder vale.

Dum. With what intention ?

Icen. To assail the Romans.

Dum. Assail the Romans ?

Icen. To surprise their camp,

At this dead hour, with unexpected slaughter.
 Before she march'd, to me this secret charge
 In words, like these, she gave.—Observe our course ;
 When I have pass'd the camp's extremest verge,
 Back to my daughters and Venusia speed :
 Tell them, I go our fortune to restore,
 If unsuccessful, never to return.

Should that stern doom attend me, bid them take
 The last, best gift, which dying I can leave them ;
 That of my blood no part may prove dishonour'd.
 The Trinobantian, of his Roman friends
 So well deserving, may accept their grace.—
 This said, with wild emotion in her breast,
 Her visage black'ning with despair and horror,
 She straight committed to my trembling hands
 Two fatal bowls, which flow with poison'd stream :

I have accomplish'd half my horrid task
With Boadicea's daughters.

Dum. Frantic woman!

“ Who hopes with fury and despair to match

“ The vigilance and conduct of Suetonius.

“ *Icen.* From this ill-fated hand receive the draught,

“ Whose hue and odour warrant it the juice

“ Of that benumbing plant the Druids gather ;

“ That plant, whose drowsy moisture lulls the sense,

“ And with a silent influence expels

“ The unresisting spirit from her seat.”

Dum. Mistaken woman! did she deem Venusia
Was unprovided of this friendly potion——
Perform thy orders; bear it to my tent.——
Thou may'st not want it yet—take comfort, love.

Enter a second Icenian.

2d Icen. Oh! Dumnorix!

Dum. Icenian, spare thy voice.

Thy flight, thy terror, and thy wounds interpret
Too plainly.

2d Icen. We are vanquish'd.

Dum. I believe thee.

2d Icen. Oh! I have much to tell thee—but I faint.

Dum. [*To Ebrancus.*] Conduct him hence, and
learn the whole event.

[*Exit Icenian with Ebrancus.*]

Ven. On you, celestial arbiters, we call.

Now as we stand environ'd by distress,

Now weigh our actions past, deform'd, or fair,

If e'er oppression hath defil'd his valour,
 In help and pity to the woes of others,
 Our hearts been scanty, and our hands reserv'd,
 Let our transgressions ratify our doom:
 Else with your justice let out merits plead,
 To hold its shield before us, and repel
 These undeserv'd misfortunes.

Dum. Heav'n may hear,
 And through that forest lead us still to safety.
 Hal' no; each pow'r against us is combin'd;
 What but their anger, levell'd at our heads,
 Could bring Tenantius back, so strictly charg'd
 To seek our home—The intercepting foes
 Have seiz'd the secret pass.

Ven. Whose guardian care
 Now to the gloomy shelter of a desert,
 To solitary innocence and peace
 Will guide our friendless orphans?

Dum. True, Venusia.
 Through ev'ry trial Heav'n is pleas'd to lead us,
 Droop not—one comfort never can forsake us.
 The mind, to virtue train'd, in ev'ry state
 Rejoicing, grieving, dying, must possess
 Th' exalted pleasure to exert that virtue.

Enter TENANTIUS.

Ven. Speak, speak, Tenantius.

Tenan. We pursu'd our course,
 But had not travell'd far, before we heard
 The sound of footsteps dashing thro' the brook,

Whose winding channel marks the secret way.
 Not long we stood in wonder, ere a troop
 Of Romans sally'd forth, and made us captives.

Dum. Why then, farewell to what was left of
 hope.

Tenan. Not so, my lord.

Ven. Speak. What resource is left?

Tenan. We were conducted to the Roman leaders;
 One fierce and haughty, gentler far the other,
 Who calm'd his stern companion, gave us comfort,
 Nam'd thee with rev'rence, then an earnest zeal
 Disclosing for thy safety, and requesting
 A short, but friendly conference between you,
 With courtesy dismiss'd us.

Ven. Is he near?

Tenan. Hard by he waits impatient for an answer,
 Just where the pass is open to the tent.

Dum. What would the Roman?

Ven. Hasten back, Tenantius,

And say, that Dumnorix consents to parley.

Dum. Ha! trust our freedom in a Roman's pow'r?

Tenan. Unarm'd and single will the Roman join
 thee.

Dum. Oh, ineffectual effort!

Ven. Only see him,

If but to parley for thy children's safety.

Weak as I am, unequal to these conflicts,

I would embrace destruction ere request thee

Once to comply with ought below thy greatness.

Dum. Let him approach.

Enter EBRANCUS.

What hast thou learnt, my soldier ?

Ebran. Like ours, th' Icenian force is all de-
stroy'd.

Dum. And Boadicea.

Ebran. Nought of her I know,

But that she found the Roman host embattled,
Which she had fondly deem'd immers'd in sleep.

Dum. And so is fall'n a victim to her folly.

Retire. [*Exit* Ebrancus.]

Enter FLAMINIUS.

Tenan. [*To Flam.*] Thy helmet cast aside, restores
thee

To my remembrance. Lo! thy benefactors.

Flam. Brave Dumnorix !

Dum. My captive !

Flam. Yes, Flaminius,

Who owes to thy humanity his life.

Dum. Where hast thou hid thee from my notice ?

Rather,

Whence now return'st, ennobled with command,
No more in thralldom, but a Roman leader ?

Flam. Amid the tumult of your late defeat
We sought th' adjacent forest ? thence we pass'd
The vale below, and reach'd the Roman tents.

Dum. And now are masters of our late retreat—
Had I been cruel, Britain had been safe.

Flam. Was this an act unworthy of a soldier ?

Dum. Our woes are all the progeny of folly,
Not charg'd to thee or fortune.

Ven. Heav'n, well pleas'd,
Perhaps ordain'd this unforeseen event,
That our benevolence to brave Flaminius
Its due return of gratitude should find.

Flam. The life you gave me, to your mutual welfare
I here devote. My influence, my pow'r,
My thoughts, my care, to soften your afflictions,
Shall all combine. Surrender to your friend,
Before Suetonius with his legions pours
On your defenceless camp, who long in arms
Hath stood, expecting the appointed signal,
Which he enjoin'd us with the dawn to rear.

Dum. Though thou didst well, accepting life from
me,
That gift from thee must Dumnorix refuse.

Flam. Thou wilt not rob my gratitude of pow'r.
To shew how well thy goodness was bestow'd.

Dum. Thou canst not shew it. If thou sav'st my
life,
Canst thou from bonds protect me, and a triumph?

Flam. Alas, I cannot!

Dum. Wouldst thou see me led
A sullen captive, and through haughty Rome,
Inglorious, count my paces to the clink
Of my own chains? This faithful woman too——

Ven. Like thee, disdains a being so preserv'd.

Flam. Oh, let me water with my tears your feet!
“If ev'ry drop which issues from my heart,

“ Could from the doom you justly scorn secure you,
 “ Before you now the purple sluice should open ;”
 And let my knees, in humblest adoration,
 Before such elevated virtue bend.

Oh, god-like Britons ! my acknowledg'd patrons
 And benefactors, if my soul retain not
 Your memory for ever dear and sacred,
 May disappointment, poverty, and shame,
 Deform my life, and pining sickness close
 My youthful eyes untimely in the grave !

Dum. Thou seem'st, of all the Romans, to possess
 A heart which feels for others. Rise and hear.
 Though we reject the wretched boon of life,
 Thou may'st, Flaminius, yet repay our bounty.

Flam. Then will I ask no other grace from Heav'n.

Dum. We have two children——

Ven. Oh, my bleeding heart !

My poor, deserted infants, whom these arms
 No more must cherish, nor my lulling voice
 Hush in the quiet of my shelt'ring bosom !

Dum. [*Aside.*] Yet shall not this unman me. I will
 feel

A father's anguish, but conceal the pain.

[*To Flam.*] Know then, I meant this faithful friend,
 Tenantius,

Should traverse yonder wood to reach my dwelling,
 Which lies remote, and thence convey my sons
 Far from these borders, to extremest north,
 Where they might rest secure, nor share the ills
 Doom'd to their parents. Wilt thou let him pass ?

Flam. I will, and Jove be witness to my word.

Dum. Give thy last charge, Venusia, to Tenantius.

One word apart with thee, my Roman friend.

As thou art gen'rous, answer me with truth.

When must thou make thy signal ?

Flam. At the dawn,

Whose beams, though faint, already tinge the east.

Dum. What time will bring your legions near this tent ?

Flam. An hour at farthest.

Dum. I have heard, Flaminius,

Of your forefathers' spirit, how they fell

Oft on their swords to shun ignoble bondage.

This part have we to act ; and, friendly Roman,

When thou shalt see our cold remains—my own

Are little worth attention—Oh, remember

Venusia's goodness, and her gentle clay

Defend from shame and insult !

Flam. Thou dost pierce

My heart—I cannot answer—But believe

These tears sincere.

Dum. Enough. Perform thy promise.

Thy obligations will be then discharg'd.

Farewell. Fulfil thy general's commands.

[*Exit Flam.*

Ven. [*To Tenan.*] Thou future parent of my orphan babes,

Soon as their gen'rous minds imbibe thy precepts,

And thy example warms their budding virtues,

Do not forget to tell them, that no perils,

Nor death in all its terrors, can efface
 Maternal love ; that their ill-fated mother,
 Amid this awful season of distress,
 Wept but for them, and lost her fears in fondness.

Dum. We have been long companions, brave Te-
 nantius,

Thy leader I, once fortunate and great,
 And thou my faithful and intrepid soldier.
 Nay, do not weep ; we have not time for wailing.
 By thy approv'd fidelity and love,
 Thy chief, just ent'ring death's unfolded gates,
 Stops, and once more conjures thee to retain
 This his last charge in memory—his children.

[*Exit* Tenantius.

The sun is risen. All hail ! thou last of days
 To this nigh-finish'd being. Radiant pow'r !
 Thou through thy endless journey may'st proclaim
 That Dumnorix died free, for thou shalt view it.
 Behold th' appointed signal from the grove,
 Just as Flaminius warn'd us, is uprear'd,
 To call Suetonius and his legions on.
 " Come, Desolation, Tyranny, resort
 " To thy new seat ; come, Slavery, and bend
 " The neck of Albion, all her sons debase,
 " And ancient virtue from their hearts expel !"
 Now, then, ye honour'd mansions of our fathers,
 Ye hallow'd altars, and ye awful groves,
 The habitation of our gods, farewell !
 " And yet the guilty auth'ress of these woes
 " Deserves a share of praise, who, still retaining

“ One unextinguish'd spark of gen'rous honour,
 “ Scorn'd to remain spectatress or partaker
 “ Of Albion's fall, and, dying, still is free.
 “ Need I say more, Venusia ?”

This last embrace. And now prepare, Venusia.

Ven. Oh, my lord !

Dum. Why heaves that sigh ?

Ven. Alas, I am a woman !

Dum. True, a detenceless woman, and expos'd
 To keener sorrow by thy matchless beauty ;
 That charm, which captivates the victor's eye,
 Yet, helpless to withstand his savage force,
 Throws wretched woman under double ruin.
 But wherefore this ? Thy virtue knows its duty.

Ven. Stay but a little.

Dum. Would I might for years !

But die that thought !—False tenderness, away !
 Thou British genius, who art now retiring
 From this lost region, yet suspend thy flight,
 And in this conflict lend me all thy spirit—
 We only ask thee to be free, and die.

[*Aside.*

Well, my Venusia, is thy soul resolv'd,
 Or shall I still afford a longer pause ?

Ven. Though my weak sex by nature is not arm'd
 With fortitude like thine, of this be sure,
 That dear subjection to thy honour'd will,
 Which hath my life directed, ev'n in death
 Shall not forsake me ; and thy faithful wife
 Shall with obedience meet thy last commands.
 But canst thou tell me ? Is it hard to die ?

Dum. Oh! rather ask me, if to live in shame,
Captivity, and sorrow, be not hard?

Ven. Oh, miserable!

Dum. In a foreign land
The painful toils of servitude to bear
From an imperious mistress?

Ven. Dreadful thought!

Dum. Or be insulted with the hateful love
Of some proud master?

Ven. Oh, proceed
No further!

Dum. From thy native-seat of dwelling,
From all the known endearments of thy home,
From parents, children, friends, and—husband torn.

Ven. Stop there, and reach the potion; nor to drink
The cure of troubles will I longer pause. [*Ex. Dum.*
For ev'ry pass'd possession of delight,
Both in my offspring and their godlike sire,
A dying matron bends her grateful knee.
Ye all-disposing pow'rs! as now these blessings
Must reach their period, to my sons transfer
That copious goodness I have shar'd so long!
Through my resigning soul that promise breathe,
And my last moments comfort thus with peace!

Re-enter DUMNORIX with a bowl.

Dum. [*Aside, seeing Venusia on her knees.*] Hold, re-
solution; now be doubly arm'd,

[*He gives her the bowl, and she drinks.*

“ Now stand a while before the fanning breeze;

“ So with its subtle energy the potion,
 “ Less rudely stealing on the pow’rs of life,
 “ Will best perform its office, to remove
 “ Pain, fear, and grief for ever from thy breast.”

*Dost thou not feel already ev’ry terror
 Begins to lessen, that a calm succeeds
 Within thy bosom, banishing the sense
 Of present pain, and fear of future woes?
 How dost thou fare, Venusia?*

Ven. I perceive

No alteration; every sense remains
 Yet unimpair’d. Then while these moments last,
 Let me on thee direct my eyes to gaze,
 While unobstructed still their sight endures;
 Let me receive thee to my faithful bosom,
 Before my heart is motionless and cold.
 Speak to me, Dumnorix, my lord, my husband I
 Give one kind accent to thy dying wife,
 Ere yet my ears be frozen, and thy voice
 Be heard no longer; join thy lip to mine,
 While I can feel thy last and tend’rest kisses.

Dum. Yes, I will utter to thy dying ear
 All my fond heart, sustain thee on my bosom,
 And cheer thy parting spirit in its flight.
 Oh, wheresoe’er thy fleeting breath shall pass,
 Whate’er new body, as the Druids sing,
 Thou shalt inform hereafter, still thy soul,
 Thou gentle, kind, and ever-pleasing creature,
 Shall bear its own felicity along,
 Still in its native sweetness shall be bless’d,
 And in its virtue, which can thus subdue

The fear of death, still brave the pow'r of fortune!
But thou begin'st to droop!

Ven. My eyes grow dizzy.

Dum. Keep firm, my heart.

[*Aside.*

Ven. A heaviness, like sleep,
O'ercomes my senses—Every limb is faint—
Thy voice is scarce distinguish'd in my ears.

Dum. Indeed!

Ven. Alas, thou look'st so kindly on me!
My weak and darken'd sight deceives me sure,
Or thy fond eye did never yet o'erflow
With tenderness like this.

Dum. I never view'd thee
For the last time.

Ven. Look, look upon me still—
Why dost thou turn thy face away?

Dum. For nothing.

Ven. Nay, thou art weeping, Dumnorix—And
wherefore

Wouldst thou conceal thy tears?

Dum. I cannot hide them.

Ven. And dost thou weep?

Dum. I do.

Ven. Then didst thou love me
With such excess of fondness? For Venusia
Do these soft streams bedew that awful face?

Dum. Love thee! Behold, when Albion groans
around me,

Yet thou these springs of tenderness canst open,
To wet the cheeks of British Dumnorix.

Ven. Oh, ecstasy! which stops my parting soul,

And gives it vigour to enjoy these transports!—
Once more receive me to thy breast.

Dum. Venusia!

Ven. Thy tenderness makes death delightful to me—
Oh, I would speak!—would answer to thy kindness—
My falt'ring tongue—

Dum. What say'st thou?

Ven. Cease to grieve—
No pain molests me—every thought is calm—
Support my drowsy burthen to that couch—
Where death—serenely smiles. [He bears her off.]

*Enter FLAMINIUS, speaking to the Romans behind the
Scene.*

Flam. My warlike friends,
Keep back—Our troops on ev'ry side advance;
I cannot long control them. Yet I tremble
To enter there—By Heav'n, he lives, and sees me!

Re-enter DUMNORIX with his Sword drawn.

Dum. Importunate Flaminius! art thou come
To rob my dying moments of their quiet?

Flam. Forgive the crime of ignorance—Forgive,
Since accident hath join'd us once again,
If strong compassion at thy fate, yet pleads—

Dum. What, when Venusia is no more?

Flam. No more!

Dum. No; and be further lesson'd by a Briton, }
Who, since his union with the best of women,
Hath never known an interval from love,

And at this solemn pause yet melts in fondness ;
 While death's black curtain shrouds my cold Venusia,
 Of dearer value doth my soul esteem her,
 Than should those eyes rekindle into lustre,
 And ev'ry charm revive with double pow'r
 Of winning beauty, if alone to shine
 Amid the gloom of bondage.

Flam. I will urge

No more. Farewell—our legions hover nigh. [*Exit.*

Dum. Now in my breast resume thy wonted seat,
 Thou manly firmness, which so oft has borne me
 Through ev'ry toil and danger. Oh, return,
 Rise o'er my sorrow, and complete thy last,
 Thy highest task, to close a life of glory—
 They come!—Be swift, my sword—By thee to fall,
 Near that dear clay extended, best becomes
 A soldier's courage, and a husband's love. [*Exit.*

Enter ÆNOBARBUS, FLAMINIUS, and Romans.

Ænob. To Boadicea's quarter I advanc'd,
 At thy request, who, since her last defeat,
 Blind with despair and disappointed fury,
 Fled to her tent ; expiring there I found her,
 With one ill-fated daughter, both by poison :
 Nor had the friendly Emmeline escap'd,
 But by the swift prevention of my hand.
 Dost thou not thank me, whose suggestion prompted
 Our quick return to seize the secret pass ?
 Thou gav'st me freedom ; love and fame repay thee.

Flam. If thou couldst add, that Dumnorix surviv'd——

Ænob. [*Looking into the tent.*] Thou seest the gods have otherwise decreed.

Forbear to mingle vain regret with conquest.

He hath done nobly. Fair befall his urn.

Death is his triumph, which a captive life

Had forfeited to Rome, with all the praise

Now from the virtuous to his ashes due.

Flam. Then art thou fall'n at last, thou mighty tow'r,

And more than Roman edifice of glory?

See, too, Venusia, pale in death's embrace,

Presents her faded beauties. Lovely ruin!

Of ev'ry grace and virtue once the seat,

The last kind office from my hand receive,

Which shall unite thee to thy husband's side,

And to one grave your mingling reliques trust.

There soon a hallow'd monument shall rise;

Insculptor'd laurel with the myrtle twin'd,

The well-wrought stone adorning, shall proclaim

His gen'rous valour, and thy faithful love.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by FLAMINIUS.

*NOW we have shewn the fatal fruits of strife,
A hero bleeding with a virtuous wife,
A field of war embru'd with nations' gore,
Which to the dust the hopes of Albion bore:
If weak description, and the languid flow
Of strains unequal to this theme of woe,
Have fail'd to move the sympathising breast,
And no soft eyes their melting sense express'd,
Not all the wit this after scene might share
Can give success where you refus'd a tear;
Much less, if happ'ly still the poet's art
Hath stol'n persuasive to the feeling heart,
Will he with fancy's wanton hand efface
From gen'rous minds compassion's pleasing trace;
Nor from their thoughts, while pensive they pursue
This maze of sorrow, snatch the moral clue.
If yet to him those pow'rs of sacred song
To melt the heart, and raise the mind, belong,
Dar'd he to hope this sketch of early youth
Might stand th' award of nature and of truth,
Encourag'd thus, hereafter might he soar
With double strength, and loftier scenes explore,
And, following fortune through her various wiles,
Shew struggling virtue, dress'd in tears, or smiles;
Perhaps his grateful labours would requite
With frequent off'rings one propitious night.*

THE END.





De Wilde pinx.

Levy sc.

M^r. ANGELO as M^{rs}. COLE.

*All shall have their call as, M^r. Squintum says,
sooner or later.*

London Printed for J. Bell British Library, Strand, Sept^r 29. 1792.

THE MINOR.

A

COMEDY,

By SAMUEL FOOTE, 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.

MDCXCII.

TO HIS GRACE,
WILLIAM

DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

Lord Chamberlain of His Majesty's Household.

MY LORD,

THE MINOR, who is indebted for his appearance on the Stage to your Grace's indulgence, begs leave to desire your further protection, at his entering into the world.

Though the allegiance due from the whole dramatic people to your Grace's station, might place this address in the light of a natural tribute; yet, my Lord, I should not have taken that liberty with the Duke of Devonshire, if I could not at the same time, plead some little utility in the design of my piece; and add, that the public approbation has stamped a value on the execution.

The law, which threw the Stage under the absolute government of a Lord Chamberlain, could not fail to fill the minds of all the objects of that power with very gloomy apprehensions; they found themselves (through their own licentiousness, it must be confessed) in a more precarious dependent state, than any other of His Majesty's subjects. But when their direction was lodged in the hands of a nobleman, whose ancestors had so successfully struggled for national liberty, they ceased to fear for their own.

It was not from a patron of the liberal arts they were to expect an oppressor; it was not from the friend of freedom, and of man, they were to dread partial monopolies, or the establishment of petty tyrannies.

Their warmest wishes are accomplished; none of their rights have been invaded, except what, without the first poetic authority, I should not venture to call a right, the Jus Nocendi.

Your tenderness, my Lord, for all the followers of the Muses, has been in no instance more conspicuous, than in your late favour to me, the meanest of their train; your Grace has thrown open (for those who are denied admittance into the Palaces of Parnassus) a cottage on its borders, where the unhappy migrants may be, if not magnificently, at least, hospitably entertained.

I shall detain your Grace no longer, than just to echo the public voice, that, for the honour, progress, and perfection of letters, your Grace may long continue their candid CENSOR, who have always been their generous protector.

I have the honour, my Lord, to be, with the greatest respect, and gratitude,

Your Grace's most dutiful,

Most obliged,

And obedient Servant,

Ellestre,

SAMUEL FOOTE.

July 8, 1760.

T H E M I N O R.

THE Dramas of this Writer, having been founded upon the floating incidents and the characters of his own time, have no other claims upon posterity than what their keenness of wit and fertility of humour may give. Few of them are like Shakspeare's Representations of General Nature. The Characters are not those of the Class, but the Individual, and when the original is snatched from our recollection, the copy is thereby abated of its principal power to please. They therefore depend more upon mimicry than just conception, and his personages will continue to be traditionally played in the manner that Foote, their creator, performed them.

This bar to his perpetuity of Fame affects the present Play less than most of his Collection. The Minor can be scarcely out of vogue while we have a BAWD in the Stews, an AUCTIONEER in the Rostrum, or a METHODIST in the Pulpit.

It may be desirable to transmit, that the Characters sketched under the appellations of *Mother Cole*, *Smirk*, and *Shift*, were very just imitations of the well-known Mother DOUGLAS, Mr. LANGFORD the Auctioneer, and GEORGE WHITFIELD, the Enthusiast.

The present Play was happily conducive to opening the eyes of Men upon the pernicious principles of the wretched Devotees of the Tabernacle. It is at all times dangerous to attack any mode of piety, but true devotion suffered little, it is believed, on the present occasion.

Dramatis Personae.

DRURY-LANE.

PERSONS IN THE INTRODUCTION.

Men.

FOOTE,	-	-	-	-	-	_____
CANKER,	-	-	-	-	-	_____
SMART,	-	-	-	-	-	_____
PEARSE,	-	-	-	-	-	_____

IN THE COMEDY.

Men.

Sir WILLIAM WEALTHY,	-	-	Mr. Baddeley.
Mr. RICHARD WEALTHY,	-	-	Mr. Packer.
Sir GEORGE WEALTHY,	-	-	Mr. Whitfield.
SHIFT,	-	-	Mr. Bannister, jun.
LOADER,	-	-	Mr. R. Palmer.
DICK,	-	-	Mr. Burton.
TRANSFER,	-	-	_____
SMIRK,	-	-	Mr. Bannister, jun.

Women.

Mrs. COLE,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Bannister.
LUCY,	-	-	-	-	-	Miss Collins.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Men.

Sir WILLIAM WEALTHY,	-	-	Mr. Wewitzer.
Mr. RICHARD WEALTHY,	-	-	Mr. Usher.
Sir GEORGE WEALTHY,	-	-	Mr. Iliff.
SHIFT,	-	-	Mr. Bannister, jun.
LOADER,	-	-	Mr. R. Palmer.
DICK,	-	-	Mr. Burton.
TRANSFER,	-	-	_____
SMIRK,	-	-	Mr. Bannister, jun.

Women.

Mrs. COLE,	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Bannister.
LUCY,	-	-	-	-	-	Miss Heard.



THE MINOR.

INTRODUCTION.

Enter CANKER and SMART.

Smart.

BUT are you sure he has leave ?

Cank. Certain.

Smart. I'm damn'd glad on't. For now we shall have a laugh either with him, or at him, it does not signify which.

Cank. Not a farthing.

Smart. D'you know his scheme ?

Cank. Not I.—But is not the door of the Little Theatre open ?

Smart. Yes.—Who is that fellow that seems to stand centry there ?

Cank. By his tattered garb, and meagre visage, he must be one of the troop.

Smart. I'll call him.—Halloo, Mr.—

Enter PEARSE.

What, is there any thing going on over the way?

Pearse. A rehearsal.

Smart. Of what?

Pearse. A new piece.

Smart. Foote's?

Pearse. Yes.

Cank. Is he there?

Pearse. He is.

Smart. Zounds, let us go and see what he is about.

Cank. With all my heart.

Smart. Come along then. [*Exeunt.*

Enter FOOTE, and an Actor.

Foote. Sir, this will never do; you must get rid of your high notes, and country cant. Oh, 'tis the true strolling.——

Enter SMART and CANKER.

Smart. Ha, ha, ha! what, hard at it, my boy!—— Here's your old friend Canker and I come for a peep. Well, and hey, what is your plan?

Foote. Plan!

Smart. Ay, what are your characters? Give us your groupe; how is your cloth fill'd?

Foote. Characters!

Smart. Ay.——Come, come, communicate. What, man, we will lend thee a lift. I have a damned fine original for thee, an aunt of my own, just come from

the North, with the true Newcastle bur in her throat ; and a nose and a chin.—I am afraid she is not well enough known : but I have a remedy for that. I'll bring her the first night of your piece, place her in a conspicuous station, and whisper the secret to the whole house. That will be damned fine, won't it?

Foote. Oh, delicious !

Smart. But don't name me.—For if she smokes me for the author, I shall be dashed out of her codicil in a hurry.

Foote. Oh, never fear me. But I should think your uncle Tom a better character.

Smart. What, the politician ?

Foote. Aye ; that every day, after dinner, as soon as the cloth is removed, fights the battle of Minden, batters the French with cherry-stones, and pursues them to the banks of the Rhine, in a stream of spilt port.

Smart. Oh, damn it, he'll do.

Foote. Or what say you to your father-in-law, Sir Timothy ? who, though as broken-winded as a Hounslow post-horse, is eternally chaunting Venetian ballads. *Kata tore cara higlia.*

Smart. Admirable ! by Heavens !—Have you got 'em ?

Foote. No.

Smart. Then in with 'em my boy.

Foote. Not one.

Smart. Pr'ythee why not ?

Foote. Why look'e, Smart, though you are in the language of the world, my friend, yet there is one thing you, I am sure, love better than any body.

Smart. What's that?

Foote. Mischief.

Smart. No, pr'ythee——

Foote. How now am I sure that you, who so readily give up your relations, may not have some design upon me?

Smart. I don't understand you.

Foote. Why, as soon as my characters begin to circulate a little successfully, my mouth is stopped in a minute, by the clamour of your relations.——Oh, damme,—'tis a shame, it should not be,—people of distinction brought upon the stage.——And so out of compliment to your cousins, I am to be beggared for treating the public with the follies of your family, at your own request.

Smart. How can you think I would be such a dog? What the devil, then, are we to have nothing personal? Give us the actors, however.

Foote. Oh, that's stale. Besides, I think they have, of all men, the best right to complain.

Smart. How so?

Foote. Because, by rendering them ridiculous in their profession, you, at the same time, injure their pockets.——Now as to the other gentry, they have providentially something besides their understanding to rely upon; and the only injury they can receive, is,—that the whole town is then diverted with

what before, was only the amusement of private parties.

Cank. Give us then a national portrait: a Scotchman or an Irishman.

Foote. If you mean merely the dialect of the two countries, I can't think it either a subject of satire or humour; it is an accidental unhappiness, for which a man is no more accountable, than the colour of his hair. Now affectation I take to be the true comic object. If, indeed, a North Briton, struck with a scheme of reformation, should advance from the banks of the Tweed, to teach the English the true pronunciation of their own language, he would, I think, merit your laughter: nor would a Dublin mechanic, who, from heading the Liberty-boys, in a skirmish on Ormond Quay, should think he had a right to prescribe military laws to the first commander in Europe, be a less ridiculous object.

Smart. Are there such?

Foote. If you mean that the blunders of a few peasants, or the partial principles of a single scoundrel, are to stand as characteristic marks of a whole country; your pride may produce a laugh, but, believe me, it is at the expence of your understanding.

Cank. Heyday, what a system is here! Laws for laughing!—And pray, sage sir, instruct us when we may laugh with propriety?

Foote. At an old beau, a superannuated beauty, a military coward, a stuttering orator, or a gouty dan-

cer. In short, whoever affects to be what he is not, or strives to be what he cannot, is an object worthy the poet's pen, and your mirth.

Smart. Psha, I don't know what you mean by your is nots, and cannots—damned abstruse jargon.—Ha, Canker!

Cank. Well, but if you will not give us persons, let us have things. Treat us with a modern amour, and a state intrigue, or a——

Foote. And so amuse the public ear at the expence of private peace. You must excuse me.

Cank. And with these principles, you expect to thrive on this spot?

Smart. No, no, it won't do. I tell thee the plain roast and boiled of the Theatres will never do at this table. We must have high seasoned *ragoûts*, and rich sauces.

Foote. Why, perhaps, by way of dessert, I may produce something that may hit your palate.

Smart. Your bill of fare?

Foote. What think you of one of those itinerant field Orators, who, though at declared enmity with common sense, have the address to poison the principles, and at the same time pick the pockets of half our industrious fellow subjects?

Cank. Have a care. Dangerous ground. *Ludere cum sacris*, you know.

Foote. Now I look upon it in a different manner. I consider these gentlemen in the light of public performers, like myself; and whether we exhibit at Tot-

tenham-Court, or the Hay-Market, our purpose is the same, and the place is immaterial.

Cank. Why, indeed, if it be considered——

Foote. Nay, more, I must beg leave to assert, that ridicule is the only antidote against this pernicious poison. This is a madness that argument can never cure: and should a little wholesome severity be applied, persecution would be the immediate cry: where then can we have recourse, but to the comic muse? Perhaps, the archness and severity of her smile may redress an evil, that the laws cannot reach, or reason reclaim.

Cank. Why, if it does not cure those already dis-tempered, it may be a means to stop the infection.

Smart. But how is your scheme conducted?

Foote. Of that you may judge. We are just going upon a repetition of the piece.—I should be glad to have your opinion.

Smart. We will give it you.

Foote. One indulgence: As you are Englishmen, I think, I need not beg, that as from necessity most of my performers are new, you will allow for their inexperience, and encourage their timidity.

Smart. But reasonable.

Foote. Come, then, prompter, begin.

Pearse. Lord, sir, we are all at a stand.

Foote. What's the matter?

Pearse. Mrs. O'Schohnesy has returned the part of the bawd; she says she is a gentlewoman, and it

would be a reflection on her family to do any such thing!

Foot. Indeed!

Pearse. If it had been only a whore, says she, I should not have minded it; because no lady need be ashamed of doing that.

Foot. Well, there is no help for it; but these gentlemen must not be disappointed. Well, I'll do the character myself. [*Exeunt.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Sir WILLIAM WEALTHY, and Mr. RICHARD WEALTHY.

Sir William.

COME, come, brother, I know the world. People who have their attention eternally fixed upon one object, can't help being a little narrow in their notions.

R. Weal. A sagacious remark that, and highly probable, that we merchants, who maintain a constant correspondence with the four quarters of the world, should know less of it than your fashionable fellows, whose whole experience is bounded by Westminster-bridge.

Sir Will. Nay, brother, as a proof that I am not blind to the benefit of travelling, George, you know, has been in Germany these four years.

R. Weal. Where he is well grounded in gaming and gluttony; France has furnished him with fawning and flattery; Italy equipp'd him with capriols and cantatas: and thus accomplished, my young gentleman is returned with a cargo of whores, cooks, valets de chambre, and fiddlesticks, a most valuable member of the British commonwealth.

Sir Will. You dislike then my system of education

R. Weal. Most sincerely.

Sir Will. The whole ?

R. Weal. Every particular.

Sir Will. The early part, I should imagine, might merit your approbation.

R. Weal. Least of all. What, I suppose, because he has run the gauntlet through a public school, where, at sixteen, he had practised more vices than he would otherwise have heard of at sixty.

Sir Will. Ha, ha, prejudice !

R. Weal. Then, indeed, you removed him to the University ; where, lest his morals should be mended, and his understanding improved, you fairly set him free from the restraint of the one, and the drudgery of the other, by the privileged distinction of a silk gown and a velvet cap.

Sir Will. And all these evils, you think, a city education would have prevented ?

R. Weal. Doubtless.—Proverbs, proverbs, brother William, convey wholesome instruction. Idleness is the root of all evil. Regular hours, constant employment, and good example, can't fail to form the mind.

Sir Will. Why truly, brother, had you stuck to your old civic vices, hypocrisy, couzenage, and avarice, I don't know whether I might not have committed George to your care ; but you cockneys now beat us suburbians at our own weapons. What, old boy, times are changed since the date of thy indentures ; when the sleek, crop-eared 'prentice used to

dangle after his mistress, with the great bible under his arm, to St. Bride's, on a Sunday; bring home the text, repeat the divisions of the discourse, dine at twelve, and regale upon a gaudy day with buns and beer at Islington, or Mile End.

R. Weal. Wonderfully facetious!

Sir Will. Our modern lads are of a different metal. They have their gaming clubs in the Garden, their little lodgings, the snug depositories of their rusty swords, and occasional bag-wigs; their horses for the turf; ay, and their commissions of bankruptcy too, before they are well out of their time.

R. Weal. Infamous aspersion!

Sir Will. But the last meeting at Newmarket, Lord Lofty received at the hazard-table the identical note from the individual taylor to whom he had paid it but the day before, for a new set of liveries.

R. Weal. Invention!

Sir Will. These are anecdotes you will never meet with in your weekly travels from Cateaton-street to your boarded box in Clapham, brother.

R. Weal. And yet that boarded box, as your prodigal spendthrift proceeds, will soon be the only seat of the family.

Sir Will. May be not. Who knows what a reformation our project may produce!

R. Weal. I do. None at all.

Sir Will. Why so?

R. Weal. Because your means are ill-proportioned to their end. Were he my son, I would serve him—

Sir Will. As you have done your daughter—Discard him. But consider, I have but one.

R. Weal. That would weigh nothing with me : for, was Charlotte to set up a will of her own, and reject the man of my choice, she must expect to share the fate of her sister. I consider families as a smaller kind of kingdoms, and would have disobedience in the one as severely punished as rebellion in the other. Both cut off from their respective societies.

Sir Will. Poor Lucy ! But surely you begin to relent. Mayn't I intercede ?

R. Weal. Look'e, brother, you know my mind. I will be absolute. If I meddle with the management of your son, it is at your own request ; but if directly or indirectly you interfere with my banishment of that wilful, headstrong, disobedient hussy, all ties between us are broke ; and I shall no more remember you as a brother, than I do her as a child.

Sir Will. I have done. But to return. You think there is a probability in my plan ?

R. Weal. I shall attend the issue.

Sir Will. You will lend your aid, however ?

R. Weal. We shall see how you go on.

Enter Servant.

Serv. A letter, sir.

Sir Will. Oh, from Capias, my attorney. Who brought it ?

Serv. The person is without, sir.

Sir Will. Bid him wait. [*Reads.*]

[*Exit Serv.*]

‘ WORTHY SIR,

‘ The bearer is the person I promised to procure. I thought it was proper for you to examine him in *viva voce*. So if you administer a few interrogatories, you will find, by cross-questioning him, whether he is a competent person to prosecute the cause you wot of. I wish you a speedy issue: and as there can be no default in your judgment, am of opinion it should be carried into immediate execution. I am,

‘ Worthy Sir, &c.

‘ TIMOTHY CAPIAS.

‘ P. S. The party’s name is Samuel Shift. He is an admirable mime, or mimic, and most delectable company; as we experience every Tuesday night at our club, the Magpye and Horse-shoe, Fetter-lane.’

Very methodical indeed, Mr. Capias! — John —

Enter Servant.

Bid the person who brought this letter walk in. [*Exit Servant.*] Have you any curiosity, brother?

R. *Weal.* Not a jot. I must to the Change. In the evening you may find me in the counting-house, or at Jonathan’s. [*Exit R. Wealthy.*]

Sir *Will.* You shall hear from me.

Enter SHIFT and Servant.

Shut the door, John, and remember, I am not at home. [*Exit Serv.*] You came from Mr. Capias?

Shift. I did, sir.

Sir Will. Your name, I think, is Shift?

Shift. It is, sir.

Sir Will. Did Mr. Capias drop any hint of my business with you?

Shift. None. He only said, with his spectacles on his nose, and his hand upon his chin, Sir William Wealthy is a respectable personage, and my client; he wants to retain you in a certain affair, and will open the case, and give you your brief himself: if you adhere to his instructions, and carry your cause, he is generous, and will discharge your bill without taxation.

Sir Will. Ha! ha! my friend Capias to a hair! Well, sir, this is no bad specimen of your abilities. But see that the door is fast. Now, sir, you are to—

Shift. A moment's pause, if you please. You must know, Sir William, I am a prodigious admirer of forms. Now Mr. Capias tells me, that it is always the rule to administer a retaining fee before you enter upon the merits.

Sir Will. Oh, sir, I beg your pardon!

Shift. Not that I question your generosity; but forms you know——

Sir Will. No apology, I beg. But as we are to have a closer connection, it may not be amiss, by way of introduction, to understand one another a little. Pray, sir, where was you born?

Shift. At my father's.

Sir Will. Hum!—— And what was he?

Shift. A gentleman.

Sir Will. What was you bred ?

Shift. A gentleman.

Sir Will. How do you live ?

Shift. Like a gentleman.

Sir Will. Could nothing induce you to unbosom yourself ?

Shift. Look'e, Sir William, there is a kind of something in your countenance, a certain openness and generosity, a *je ne sçai quoi* in your manner, that I will unlock : You shall see me all.

Sir Will. You will oblige me.

Shift. You must know then, that Fortune, which frequently delights to raise the noblest structures from the simplest foundations ; who from a taylor made a pope, from a gin-shop an empress, and many a prime minister from nothing at all, has thought fit to raise me to my present height, from the humble employment of Light your Honour——A link boy.

Sir Will. A pleasant fellow.——Who were your parents ?

Shift. I was produced, sir, by a left-handed marriage, in the language of the news papers, between an illustrious lamp-lighter and an eminent itinerant cat and dog butcher.—Cat's meat, and dog's meat.——I dare say, you have heard my mother, sir. But as to this happy pair I owe little besides my being, I shall drop them where they dropt me—in the street.

Sir Will. Proceed.

Shift. My first knowledge of the world I owe to a

school, which has produced many a great man—the avenues of the play-house. There, sir, leaning on my extinguished link, I learned dexterity from pick-pockets, connivance from constables, politics and fashions from footmen, and the art of making and breaking a promise from their masters. Here, sirrah, light me a-cross the kennel.—I hope your honour will remember poor Jack.—You ragged rascal, I have no halfpence—I'll pay you the next time I see you—But, lack-a-day, sir, that time I saw as seldom as his tradesmen.

Sir Will. Very well.

Shift. To these accomplishments from without the theatre, I must add one that I obtained within.

Sir Will. How did you gain admittance there?

Shift. My merit, sir, that, like my link, threw a radiance round me.—A detachment from the head quarters here took possession, in the summer, of a country corporation, where I did the honours of the barn, by sweeping the stage and clipping the candles. There my skill and address was so conspicuous, that it procured me the same office, the ensuing winter, at Drury-Lane, where I acquired intrepidity; the crown of all my virtues.

Sir Will. How did you obtain that?

Shift. By my post. For I think, sir, he that dares stand the shot of the gallery in lighting, snuffing, and sweeping, the first night of a new play, may bid defiance to the pillory, with all its customary compliments.

Sir Will. Some truth in that.

Shift. But an unlucky crab-apple, applied to my right eye by a patriot gingerbread-baker from the Borough, who would not suffer three dancers from Switzerland because he hated the French, forced me to a precipitate retreat.

Sir Will. Poor devil!

Shift. Broglio and Contades have done the same. But as it happened, like a tennis-ball, I rose higher than the rebound.

Sir Will. How so?

Shift. My misfortune, sir, moved the compassion of one of our performers, a whimsical man, he took me into his service. To him I owe what I believe will make me useful to you.

Sir Will. Explain.

Shift. Why, sir, my master was remarkably happy in an art, which, however disesteemed at present, is, by Tully, reckoned amongst the perfections of an orator—mimicry.

Sir Will. Why you are deeply read, Mr. Shift!

Shift. A smattering—But as I was saying, sir, nothing came amiss to my master. Bipeds, or quadrupeds; rationals, or animals; from the clamour of the bar to the cackle of the barn-door; from the soporific twang of the tabernacle of Tottenham-Court, to the melodious bray of their long-eared brethren in Bunhill-Fields; all were objects of his imitation, and my attention. In a word, sir, for two whole years, under this professor, I studied and starved,

impoverished my body, and pampered my mind; till thinking myself pretty near equal to my master, I made him one of his own bows, and set up for myself.

Sir Will. You have been successful, I hope.

Shift. Pretty well, I can't complain. My art, sir, is a *pass par-tout*. I seldom want employment. Let's see how stand my engagements. [*Pulls out a pocket-book.*] Hum—hum, Oh! Wednesday at Mrs. Gammut's, near Hanover-square; there, there, I shall make a meal upon the Mingotti; for her ladyship is in the opera interest; but, however, I shall revenge her cause upon her rival Mattei. Sunday evening at Lady Sustinuto's concert. Thursday I dine upon the actors, with ten Templars, at the Mitre in Fleet-street. Friday I am to give the amorous parly of two intriguing cats in a gutter, with the disturbing of a hen-roost, at Mr. Deputy Sugarsops, near the Monument. So, sir, you see my hands are full. In short, Sir William, there is not a buck or a turtle devoured within the bills of mortality, but there I may, if I please, stick a napkin under my chin.

Sir Will. I'm afraid, Mr. Shift, I must break in a little upon your engagements; but you shall not be a loser by the bargain.

Shift. Command me.

Sir Will. You can be secret as well as serviceable?

Shift. Mute as a mackrel.

Sir Will. Come hither then. If you betray me to my son—

Shift. Scalp me.

Sir Will. Enough.—You must know then, the hopes of our family are, Mr. Shift, centered in one boy.

Shift. And I warrant he is a hopeful one.

Sir Will. No interruption, I beg. George has been abroad these four years, and from his late behaviour I have reason to believe, that had a certain event happened, which I am afraid he wished,—my death——

Shift. Yes; that's natural enough.

Sir Will. Nay, pray,—there would soon be an end to an ancient and honourable family.

Shift. Very melancholy indeed. But families, like besoms, will wear to the stumps, and finally fret out, as you say.

Sir Will. Pr'ythee, peace for five minutes.

Shift. I am tongue-ty'd.

Sir Will. Now I have projected a scheme to prevent this calamity.

Shift. Ay, I should be glad to hear that.

Sir Will. I am going to tell it you.

Shift. Proceed.

Sir Will. George, as I have contrived it, shall experience all the misery of real ruin, without running the least risque.

Shift. Ay, that will be a *coup de maitre*.

Sir Will. I have prevailed upon his uncle, a wealthy citizen——

Shift. I don't like a city plot.

Sir Will. I tell thee it is my own.

Shift. I beg pardon.

Sir Will. My brother, I say, some time since wrote him a circumstantial account of my death; upon which he is returned, in full expectation of succeeding to my estate.

Shift. Immediately.

Sir Will. No; when at age. In about three months.

Shift. I understand you.

Sir Will. Now, sir, guessing into what hands my heedless boy would naturally fall, on his return, I have, in a feigned character, associated myself with a set of rascals, who will spread every bait that can flatter folly, inflame extravagance, allure inexperience, or catch credulity. And when, by their means, he thinks himself reduced to the last extremity; lost even to the most distant hope——

Shift. What then?

Sir Will. Then will I step in like his guardian-angel, and snatch him from perdition. If mortified by misery, he becomes conscious of his errors, I have saved my son; but if, on the other hand, gratitude can't bind, nor ruin reclaim him, I will cast him out as an alien to my blood, and trust for the support of my name and family to a remoter branch.

Shift. Bravely resolved. But what part am I to sustain in this drama?

Sir Will. Why George, you are to know, is already stript of what money he could command by

two sharpers: but as I never trust them out of my sight, they can't deceive me.

Shift. Out of your sight!

Sir Will. Why, I tell thee, I am one of the knot: an adept in their science, can slip, shuffle, cog, or cut with the best of them.

Shift. How do you escape your son's notice?

Sir Will. His firm persuasion of my death, with the extravagance of my disguise.—Why, I would engage to elude your penetration, when I am beau'd out for the baron. But of that by and by. He has recourse, after his ill success, to the cent. per cent. gentry, the usurers, for a further supply.

Shift. Natural enough.

Sir Will. Pray do you know—I forget his name—a wrinkled old fellow, in a thread-bare coat? He sits every morning, from twelve till two, in the left corner of Lloyd's Coffee-house; and every evening, from five till eight, under the clock at the Temple-Exchange.

Shift. What, little Transfer the broker!

Sir Will. The same. Do you know him?

Shift. Know him!—Ay, rot him. It was but last Easter Tuesday, he had me turned out at a feast, in Leather-seller's Hall, for singing 'Room for Cuck-olds' like a parrot; and vowed it meant a reflection upon the whole body corporate.

Sir Will. You have reason to remember him.

Shift. Yes, yes, I recommended a minor to him myself, for the loan only of fifty pounds; and would

you believe it, as I hope to be saved, we dined, supped, and wetted, five and thirty guineas upon tick, in meetings at the Cross-keys, in order to settle the terms; and after all, the scoundrel would not lend us a stiver.

Sir Will. Could you personate him?

Shift. Him! Oh, you shall see me shift into his shamble in a minute: and, with a withered face, a bit of a purple nose, a cautionary stammer, and a sleek silver head, I would undertake to deceive even his banker. But to speak the truth, I have a friend that can do this inimitably well. Have not you something of more consequence for me?

Sir Will. I have.—Could not you, master Shift, assume another shape? You have attended auctions.

Shift. Auctions! a constant puff. Deep in the mystery; a professed *connoisseur*, from a Niger to a Nautilus, from the Apollo Belvidere to a Butterfly.

Sir Will. One of these insinuating, oily orators I will get you to personate: for we must have the plate and jewels in our possession, or they will soon fall into other hands.

Shift. I will do it.

Sir Will. Within I will give you farther instructions.

Shift. I'll follow you.

Sir Will. [*Going, returns.*] You will want materials.

Shift. Oh, my dress I can be furnished with in five minutes. [*Exit Sir Will.*]—A whimsical old blade

this. I shall laugh if this scheme miscarries. I have a strange mind to lend it a lift—never had a greater——Pho, a damped unnatural connection this of mine! What have I to do with fathers and guardians I a parcel of preaching, prudent, careful, curmudgeonly—dead to pleasures themselves, and the blasters of it in others.—Mere dogs in a manger——No, no, I'll veer, tack about, open my budget to the boy, and join in a counter-plot. But hold, hold, friend Stephen, see first how the land lies. Who knows whether this Germanized genius has parts to comprehend, or spirit to reward thy merit. There's danger in that, ay, marry is there. 'Egad, before I shift the helm, I'll first examine the coast; and then if there be but a bold shore, and a good bottom, have a care, old Square Toes, you will meet with your match. [*Exit.*]

Enter Sir GEORGE, LOADER, and Servant.

Sir Geo. Let the Martin pannels for the vis a vis be carried to Long-Acre, and the pye-balls sent to Hall's to be bitted——You will give me leave to be in your debt till the evening, Mr. Loader——I have just enough left to discharge the baron; and we must, you know, be punctual with him, for the credit of the country.

Load. Fire him, a snub-nosed son of a bitch. Levant me, but he got enough last night to purchase a principality amongst his countrymen, the High dutchians and Hussarians.

Sir Geo. You had your share, Mr. Loader.

Load. Who, I?—Lurch me at four, but I was marked to the top of your trick, by the baron, my dear. What, I am no cinque and quarter man. Come, shall we have a dip in the history of the Four Kings this morning?

Sir Geo. Rather too early. Besides, it is the rule abroad, never to engage a-fresh, till our old scores are discharged.

Load. Capot me, but those lads abroad are pretty fellows, let them say what they will. Here, sir, they will vowel you from father to son, to the twentieth generation. They would as soon, now-a-days, pay a tradesman's bill, as a play debt. All sense of honour is gone, not a stiver stirring. They could as soon raise the dead as two pounds two; nick me, but I have a great mind to tie up, and ruin the rascals—
What, has Transfer been here this morning?

Enter DICK.

Sir Geo. Any body here this morning, Dick?

Dick. No body, your honour.

Load. Repique the rascal. He promised to be here before me.

Dick. I beg your honour's pardon. Mrs. Cole from the Piazza was here, between seven and eight.

Sir Geo. An early hour for a lady of her calling.

Dick. Mercy on me! The poor gentlewoman is mortally altered since we used to lodge there, in our jaunts from Oxford; wrapt up in flannels: all over the rheumatise.

Load. Ay, ay, old Moll is at her last stake.

Dick. She bade me say, she just stopt in her way to the tabernacle; after the exhortation, she says, she'll call again.

Sir Geo. Exhortation!—Oh, I recollect. Well, whilst they only make proselytes from that profession, they are heartily welcome to them. She does not mean to make me a convert?

Dick. I believe she has some such design upon me; for she offered me a book of hymns, a shilling, and a dram, to go along with her.

Sir Geo. No bad scheme, Dick. Thou hast a fine, sober, psalm-singing countenance; and when thou hast been some time in their trammels, may'st make as able a teacher as the best of them.

Dick. Laud, sir; I want learning.

Sir Geo. Oh, the spirit, the spirit, will supply all that, Dick, never fear.

Enter Sir WILLIAM, as a German Baron.

My dear baron, what news from the Hay-Market? What says the Florenza? Does she yield? Shall I be happy? Say yes, and command my fortune.

Sir Will. I was never did see so fine a woman since I was leave Hamburgh; dere was all de colour, all red and white, dat was quite natural; point d'artifice. Then she was dance and sing—I vow to Heaven, I was never see de like!

Sir Geo. But how did she receive my embassy?—What hopes?

Sir Will. Why dere was, monsieur le chevalier, when I first enter, dree or four damned queer people; ah, ah, dought I, by gad I guess your business. Dere was one fat big woman's, dat I know long time: le valet de chambre was tell me dat she came from a grand marchand; ha, ha, dought I, by your leave, stick to your shop; or, if you must have de pritty girl, dere is de play-hous, dat do very well for you; but for de opera, pardonnez, by gar dat is meat for your master.

Sir Geo. Insolent mechanic!—But she despised him?

Sir Will. Ah, may foy, he is damned rich, has beaucoup de guineas; but after de fat woman was go, I was tell the signora, madam, dere is one certain chevalier of dis country, who has travelled, see de world, bien fait, well made, beaucoup d'Esprit, a great deal of monies, who beg, by gar, to have de honour to drow himself at your feet.

Sir Geo. Well, well, baron.

Sir Will. She aska your name; as soon as I tell her, aha, by gar, dans an instant, she melt like de lomp of sugar: she run to her bureau, and, in de minute, return wid de paper.

Sir Geo. Give it me.

[*Reads.*

Les preliminaries d'une traite entre le chevalier Wealthy, and la signor Diamanti.

A bagatelle, a trifle: she shall have it.

Lord. Hark'e, knight, what is all that there outlandish stuff?

Sir Geo. Read, read! The eloquence of angels, my dear baron!

Load. Slam me, but the man's mad! I don't understand their gibberish—What is it in English?

Sir Geo. The preliminaries of a subsidy treaty, between Sir G. Wealthy, and Signora Florenza. That the said signora will resign the possession of her person to the said Sir George, on the payment of three hundred guineas monthly, for equipage, table, domestics, dress, dogs, and diamonds; her debts to be duly discharged, and a note advanced of five hundred by way of entrance.

Load. Zounds, what a cormorant! She must be devilish handsome.

Sir Geo. I am told so.

Load. Told so! Why, did you never see her?

Sir Geo. No; and possibly never may, but from my box at the opera.

Load. Hey-day! Why what the devil—

Sir Geo. Ha, ha, you stare, I don't wonder at it. This is an elegant refinement, unknown to the gross voluptuaries of this part of the world. This is, Mr. Loader, what may be called a debt to your dignity: for an opera girl is as essential a piece of equipage for a man of fashion, as his coach.

Load. The devil!

Sir Geo. 'Tis for the vulgar only to enjoy what they possess: the distinction of ranks and conditions are, to have hounds, and never hunt; cooks, and

dine at taverns ; houses, you never inhabit ; mistresses, you never enjoy——

Load. And debts, you never pay. Egad, I am not surprized at it ; if this be your trade, no wonder that you want money for necessaries, when you give such a damn'd deal for nothing at all.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Mrs. Cole, to wait upon your honour.

Sir Geo. My dear baron, run, dispatch my affair, conclude my treaty, and thank her for the very reasonable conditions.

Sir Will. I sall.

Sir Geo. Mr. Loader, shall I trouble you to introduce the lady ? She is, I think, your acquaintance.

Load. Who, old Moll ? Ay, ay, she's your market-woman. I would not give six-pence for your signoras. One armful of good, wholesome British beauty, is worth a ship-load of their trappings, tawdry trollops. But hark'e, baron, how much for the table ? Why she must have a devilish large family, or a monstrous stomach.

Sir Will. Ay, ay, dere, is her moder, la complaisante to walk in de Park, and to go to de play ; two broders, deux valets, dree Spanish lap-dogs, and de monkey.

Load. Strip me, if I would set five shillings against the whole gang. May my partner renounce with the game in his hand, if I were you, knight, if I would not——

[*Exit Bar.*

Sir Geo. But the lady waits — [*Exit Load.*]—A strange fellow this! What a whimsical jargon he talks! Not an idea abstracted from play! To say truth, I am sincerely sick of my acquaintance: But, however, I have the first people in the kingdom to keep me in countenance. Death and the dice level all distinctions.

Enter Mrs. COLE, supported by LOADER and DICK.

Mrs. Cole. Gently, gently, good Mr. Loader.

Load. Come along, old Moll. Why, you jade, you look as rosy this morning; I must have a smack at your muns. Here, taste her, she is as good as old hock to get you a stomach.

Mrs. Cole. Fye, Mr. Loader, I thought you had forget me.

Load. I forget you! I would as soon forget what is trumps.

Mrs. Cole. Softly, softly, young man. There, there, mighty well. And how does your honour do? I han't seen your honour, I can't tell the— Oh! mercy on me, there's a twinge—

Sir Geo. What is the matter, Mrs. Cole?

Mrs. Cole. My old disorder, the rheumatise; I han't been able to get a wink of— Oh! what, you have been in town these two days?

Sir Geo. Since Wednesday.

Mrs. Cole. And never once called upon old Cole. No, no, I am worn out, thrown by and forgotten, like a tattered garment, as Mr. Squintum says. Oh, he

is a dear man! But for him I had been a lost sheep ; never known the comforts of the new birth ; no.— There's your old friend, Kitty Carrot, at home still. What, shall we see you this evening ? I have kept the green room for you ever since I heard you were in town.

Load. What shall we take a snap at old Moll's.— Hey, beldam, have you a good batch of burgundy abroach ?

Mrs. Cole. Bright as a ruby ; and for flavour ! You know the colonel—He and Jenny Cummins drank three flasks, hand to fist, last night.

Load. What, and bilk thee of thy share ?

Mrs. Cole. Ah, don't mention it, Mr. Loader. No, that's all over with me. The time has been, when I could have earned thirty shillings a day by my own drinking, and the next morning was neither sick nor sorry : But now, O laud, a thimbleful turns me topsy-turvy.

Load. Poor old girl !

Mrs. Cole. Ay, I have done with these idle vanities ; my thoughts are fixed upon a better place. What, I suppose, Mr. Loader, you will be for your old friend the black-ey'd girl from Rosemary-lane. Ha, ha ! Weil, 'tis a merry little tit. A thousand pities she's such a reprobate!—But she'll mend ; her time is not come : all shall have their call, as Mr. Squintum says, sooner or later ; regeneration is not the work of a day. No, no, no,—Oh !

Sir Geo. Not worse, I hope.

Mrs. Cole. Rack, rack, gnaw, gnaw, never easy, a-bed or up, all's one. Pray, honest friend, have you any clary, or mint-water in the house?

Dick. A case of French drams.

Mrs. Cole. Heaven defend me! I would not touch a dram for the world.

Sir Geo. They are but cordials, *Mrs. Cole.* Fetch them, you blockhead. [Exit *Dick.*

Mrs. Cole. Ay, I am a going; a wasting, and a wasting, *Sir George.* What will become of the house when I am gone, Heaven knows.—No.—When people are missed, then they are mourned. Sixteen years have I lived in the Garden, comfortably and creditably; and, though I say it, could have got bail any hour of the day: reputable tradesmen, *Sir George,* neighbours, *Mr. Loader* knows; no knock-me-down doings in my house. A set of regular, sedate, sober customers. No rioters. Sixteen did I say—Ay, eighteen years I have paid scot and lot in the parish of *St. Paul's,* and during the whole time nobody have said, *Mrs. Cole,* why do you so? Unless twice that I was before *Sir Thomas De Val,* and three times in the round-house.

Sir Geo. Nay, don't weep, *Mrs. Cole.*

Load. May I lose deal, with an honour at bottom, if old *Moll* does not bring tears into my eyes.

Mrs. Cole. However, it is a comfort after all, to think one has pass'd through the world with credit and character. Ay, a good name, as *Mr. Squintum* says, is better than a gallipot of ointment.

Enter DICK, with a Dram.

Load. Come, haste, Dick, haste; sorrow is dry. Here, Moll, shall I fill thee a bumper?

Mrs. Cole. Hold, hold, Mr. Loader! Heaven help you, I could as soon swallow the Thames. Only a sip, to keep the gout out of my stomach.

Load. Why then, here's to thee.—Levant me, but it is supernaculum.—Speak when you have enough.

Mrs. Cole. I won't trouble you for the glass; my hands do so tremble and shake, I shall but spill the good creature.

Load. Well pulled. But now to business. Pr'y-thee, Moll, and not I see a tight young wench in a linen gown knock at your door this morning?

Mrs. Cole. Ay; a young thing from the country.

Load. Could we not get a peep at her this evening?

Mrs. Cole. Impossible! She is engaged to Sir Timothy Totter. I have taken earnest for her these three months.

Load. Pho, what signifies such a fellow as that! Tip him an old trader, and give her to the knight.

Mrs. Cole. Tip him an old trader!—Mercy on us, where do you expect to go when you die, Mr. Loader?

Load. Crop me, but this Squintum has turned her brains.

Sir Geo. Nay, Mr. Loader, I think the gentleman has wrought a most happy reformation.

Mrs. Cole. Oh, it was a wonderful work. There

had I been tossing in a sea of sin, without rudder or compass. And had not the good gentleman piloted me into the harbour of grace, I must have struck against the rocks of reprobation, and have been quite swallowed up in the whirlpool of despair. He was the precious instrument of my spiritual sprinkling.— But however, Sir George, if your mind be set upon a young country thing, to-morrow night I believe I can furnish you.

Load. As how?

Mrs. Cole. I have advertised this morning in the register-office for servants under seventeen; and ten to one but I light on something that will do.

Load. Pillory me, but it has a face.

Mrs. Cole. Truly, consistently with my conscience, I would do any thing for your honour.

Sir Geo. Right, Mrs. Cole, never lose sight of that monitor. But pray how long has this heavenly change been wrought in you?

Mrs. Cole. Ever since my last visitation of the gout. Upon my first fit, seven years ago, I began to have my doubts and my waverings; but I was lost in a labyrinth, and nobody to shew me the road. One time I thought of dying a Roman, which is truly a comfortable communion enough for one of us: but it would not do.

Sir Geo. Why not?

Mrs. Cole. I went one summer over to Boulogne to repent; and, would you believe it, the bare-footed, bald-pate beggars would not give me absolution with-

out I quitted my business—Did you ever hear of such a set of scabby——Besides, I could not bear their barbarity. Would you believe it, Mr. Loader, they lock up for their lives, in a nunnery, the prettiest, sweetest, tender, young things!——Oh, six of them, for a season, would finish my business here, and then I should have nothing to do but to think of hereafter.

Load. Brand me, what a country!

Sir Geo. Oh, scandalous!

Mrs. Cole. O no, it would not do. So, in my last illness, I was wished to Mr. Squintum, who stept in with his saving grace, got me with the new birth, and I became as you see, regenerate, and another creature.

Enter DICK.

Dick. Mr. Transfer, sir, has sent to know if your honour be at home.

Sir Geo. Mrs. Cole, I am mortified to part with you. But business, you know——

Mrs. Cole. True, Sir George, Mr. Loader, your arm——Gently, oh, oh!

Sir Geo. Would you take another thimbleful, Mrs. Cole?

Mrs. Cole. Not a drop———I shall see you this evening?

Sir Geo. Depend upon me.

Mrs. Cole. To-morrow I hope to suit you——We are to have at the tabernacle an occasional hymn,

with a thanksgiving sermon for my recovery. After which, I shall call at the register-office, and see what goods my advertisement has brought in.

Sir Geo. Extremely obliged to you, Mrs. Cole.

Mrs. Cole. Or if that should not do, I have a tid bit at home will suit your stomach. Never brushed by a beard. Well, Heaven bless you—Softly, have a care, Mr. Loader—Richard, you may as well give me the bottle into the chair, for fear I should be taken ill on the road. Gently—so, so!

[*Exit Mrs. Cole and Loader.*]

Sir Geo. Dick, shew Mr. Transfer in. [*Exit Dick.*]
—Ha, ha, what a hodge podge! How the jade has jumbled together the carnal and the spiritual; with what ease she reconciles her new birth to her old calling!—No wonder these preachers have plenty of proselytes, whilst they have the address so comfortably to blend the hitherto jarring interests of the two worlds.

Enter LOADER.

Load. Well, knight, I have housed her; but they want you within, sir.

Sir Geo. I'll go to them immediately.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter DICK, introducing TRANSFER.

Dick.

My master will come to you presently.

Enter Sir GEORGE.

Sir Geo. Mr. Transfer, your servant.

Trans. Your honour's very humble. I thought to have found Mr. Loader here.

Sir Geo. He will return immediately. Well, Mr. Transfer—but take a chair—you have had a long walk. Mr. Loader, I presume, opened to you the urgency of my business.

Trans. Ay, ay, the general cry, money, money! I don't know, for my part, where all the money is flown to. Formerly a note, with a tolerable endorsement, was as current as cash. If your uncle Richard now would join in this security——

Sir Geo. Impossible.

Trans. Ay, like enough. I wish you were of age.

Sir Geo. So do I. But as that will be considered in the premium.——

Trans. True, true,——I see you understand business——And what sum does your honour lack at present?

Sir Geo. Lack!——How much have you brought?

Trans. Who, I? Dear me! none.

Sir Geo. Zounds, none!

Trans. Lack-a-day, none to be had, I think. All the morning have I been upon the hunt. There, Ephraim Barebones, the tallow-chandler, in Thames-street, used to be a never-failing chap; not a guinea to be got there. Then I tottered away to Nebuchadnezzar Zebulon in the Old Jewry, but it happened to be Saturday; and they never touch on the sabbath, you know.

Sir Geo. Why what the devil can I do?

Trans. Good me, I did not know your honour had been so pressed.

Sir Geo. My honour pressed! Yes, my honour is not only pressed, but ruined, unless I can raise money to redeem it. That blockhead Loader, to depend upon this old doating——

Trans. Well, well, now I declare I am quite sorry to see your honour in such a taking.

Sir Geo. Damn your sorrow.

Trans. But come, don't be cast down: though money is not to be had, money's worth may, and that's the same thing.

Sir Geo. How, dear Transfer?

Trans. Why I have at my warehouse in the city, ten casks of whale-blubber, a large cargo of Dantzic dowlas, with a curious sortment of Birmingham hafts, and Witney blankets for exportation.

Sir Geo. Hey!

Trans. And stay, stay, then, again, at my country-house, the bottom of Gray's-inn-lane, there's a

hundred ton of fine old hay, only damaged a little last winter-for want of thatching; with forty load of flint stones.

Sir Geo. Well.

Trans. Your honour may have all these for a reasonable profit, and convert them into cash.

Sir Geo. Blubber and blankets! Why, you old rascal, do you banter me?

Trans. Who I? O law, marry, Heaven forbid.

Sir Geo. Get out of my—you stuttering scoundrel.

Trans. If your honour would but hear me—

Sir Geo. Troop, I say, unless you have a mind to go a shorter way than you came. [*Exit Trans.*] And yet there is something so uncommonly ridiculous in his proposal, that were my mind more at ease—

Enter LOADER.

So, sir, you have recommended me to a fine fellow.

Load. What's the matter?

Sir Geo. He cannot supply me with a shilling! and wants, besides, to make me a dealer in dowlas.

Load. Ay, and a very good commodity too. People that are upon ways and means, must not be nice, knight.—A pretty piece of work you have made here!—Thrown up the cards, with the game in your hands.

Sir Geo. Why, pr'ythee, of what use would his—

Load. Use! of every use. Procure you the spankers, my boy. I have a broker, that, in a twinkling, shall take off your bargain.

Sir Geo. Indeed!

Load. Indeed!—Ay, indeed.—You sit down to hazard and not know the chances! I'll call him back.—Halloo, Transfer.—A pretty little, busy, bustling——You may travel miles, before you will meet with his match. If there is one pound in the city, he will get it. He creeps like a ferret into their bags, and makes the yellow boys bolt again.

Enter TRANSFER.

Come hither, little Transfer; what, man, our Minor was a little too hasty; he did not understand trap: knows nothing of the game, my dear.

Trans. What I said was to serve Sir George; as he seemed——

Load. I told him so; well, well, we will take thy commodities, were they as many more. But try, pr'ythee, if thou couldst not procure us some of the ready for present spending.

Trans. Let me consider.

Load. Ay, do, come: shuffle thy brains; never fear the baronet. To let a lord of lands want shiners; 'tis a shame.

Trans. I do recollect, in this quarter of the town, an old friend, that used to do things in this way.

Load. Who?

Trans. Statute, the scrivener.

Load. Slam me, but he has nicked the chance.

Trans. A hard man, master Loader!

Sir Geo. No matter.

Trans. His demands are exorbitant.

Sir Geo. That is no fault of ours.

Load. Well said, knight!

Trans. But to save time, I had better mention his terms.

Load. Unnecessary.

Trans. Five per cent. legal interest.

Sir Geo. He shall have it.

Trans. Ten, the premium.

Sir Geo. No more words.

Trans. Then, as you are not of age, five more for insuring your life.

Load. We will give it.

Trans. As for what he will demand for the risque—

Sir Geo. He shall be satisfied.

Trans. You pay the attorney.

Sir Geo. Amply, amply; Loader, dispatch him.

Load. There, there, little Transfer; now every thing is settled. All things shall be complied with, reasonable or unreasonable. What, our principal is a man of honour. [*Exit Trans.*] Hey, my knight, this is doing business. This pinch is a sure card.

Re-enter TRANSFER.

Trans. I had forgot one thing. I am not the principal; you pay the brokerage.

Load. Ay, ay; and a handsome present into the bargain, never fear.

Trans. Enough, enough.

Load. Hark'e, Transfer, we'll take the Birmingham hafts and Witney wares.

Trans. They shall be forthcoming.—You would not have the hay with the flints?

Load. Every pebble of 'em. The magistrates of the baronet's borough are infirm and gouty. He shall deal them as new pavement. [*Exit Trans.*] So, that's settled. I believe, knight, I can lend you a helping hand as to the last article. I know some traders that will truck: fellows with finery, not commodities of such clumsy conveyance as old Transfer's.

Sir Geo. You are obliging.

Load. I'll do it, boy; and get you into the bargain, a bonny auctioneer, that shall dispose of them all in a crack. [*Exit.*]

Enter DICK.

Dick. Your uncle, sir, has been waiting some time.

Sir Geo. He comes in a lucky hour. Shew him in. [*Exit Dick.*] Now for a lecture. My situation sha'n't sink my spirits, however.—Here comes the musty trader, running over with remonstrances. I must banter the cit.

Enter RICHARD WEALTHY.

R. Weal. So, sir, what, I suppose, this is a spice of your foreign breeding, to let your uncle kick his heels in your hall, whilst your presence chamber is crowded with pimps, bawds, and gamesters.

Sir Geo. Oh, a proof of my respect, dear nuncle.— Would it have been decent now, nuncle, to have introduced you into such company ?

R. Weal. Wonderfully considerate!—Well, young man, and what do you think will be the end of all this? Here I have received by the last mail, a quire of your draughts from abroad. I see you are determined our neighbours should taste of your magnificence.

Sir Geo. Yes, I think I did some credit to my country.

R. Weal. And how are these to be paid ?

Sir Geo. That I submit to you, dear nuncle.

R. Weal. From me!—Not a souze to keep you from the counter.

Sir Geo. Why then let the scoundrels stay. It is their duty. I have other demands, debts of honour, which must be discharged.

R. Weal. Here's a diabolical distinction! Here's a prostitution of words!—Honour!—'Sdeath, that a rascal, who has picked your pocket, shall have his crime gilded with the most sacred distinction, and his plunder punctually paid, whilst the industrious mechanic, who ministers to your very wants, shall have his debt delayed, and his demand treated as insolent.

Sir Geo. Oh! a truce to this thread-bare trumpery, dear nuncle.

R. Weal. I confess my folly; but make yourself easy; you won't be troubled with many more of my

visits. I own I was weak enough to design a short expostulation with you; but as we in the city know the true value of time, I shall take care not to squander away any more of it upon you.

Sir Geo. A prudent resolution.

R. Weal. One commission, however, I cannot dispense with myself from executing. — It was agreed between your father and me, that as he had but one son, and I one daughter——

Sir Geo. Your gettings should be added to his estate, and my cousin Margery and I squat down together in the comfortable state of matrimony.

R. Weal. Puppy! Such was our intention. Now his last will claims this contract.

Sir Geo. Dispatch, dear nuncle.

R. Weal. Why then, in a word, see me here demand the execution.

Sir Geo. What d'ye mean? — For me to marry Margery?

R. Weal. I do.

Sir Geo. What, moi-me?

R. Weal. You, you — Your answer, ay or no?

Sir Geo. Why then, concisely and briefly, without evasion, equivocation, or further circumlocution, — No.

R. Weal. I am glad of it.

Sir Geo. So am I.

R. Weal. But pray, if it would not be too great a favour, what objections can you have to my daughter?

Not that I want to remove 'em, but merely out of curiosity—What objections?

Sir Geo. None. I neither know her, have seen her, enquired after her, or ever intend it.

R. Weal. What, perhaps, I am the stumbling block?

Sir Geo. You have hit it.

R. Weal. Ay, now we come to the point. Well, and pray——

Sir Geo. Why, it is not so much a dislike to your person, though that is exceptionable enough, but your profession, dear nuncle, is an insuperable obstacle.

R. Weal. Good lack!—And what harm has that done, pray?

Sir Geo. Done!—So stained, polluted, and tainted the whole mass of your blood, thrown such a blot on your 'scutcheon, as ten regular successions can hardly efface.

R. Weal. The dence!

Sir Geo. And could you now, consistently with your duty as a faithful guardian, recommend my union with the daughter of a trader?

R. Weal. Why, indeed, I ask pardon; I am afraid I did not weigh the matter as maturely as I ought.

Sir Geo. Oh, a horrid, barbarous scheme!

R. Weal. But then I thought her having the honour to partake of the same flesh and blood with yourself, might prove in some measure, a kind of fullers-

earth, to scour out the dirty spots contracted by commerce.

Sir Geo. Impossible!

R. Weal. Besides, here it has been the practice even of peers.

Sir Geo. Don't mention the unnatural intercourse! Thank Heaven, Mr. Richard Wealthy, my education has been in another country, where I have been too well instructed in the value of nobility, to think of intermixing it with the offspring of a Bourgeois. Why, what apology could I make to my children, for giving them such a mother?

R. Weal. I did not think of that. Then I must despair, I am afraid.

Sir Geo. I can afford but little hopes.—Though, upon recollection—Is the Grisette pretty!

R. Weal. A parent may be partial. She is thought so.

Sir Geo. *Ah la jolie petite Bourgeoise!*—Poor girl, I sincerely pity her. And I suppose, to procure her emersion from the mercantile mud, no consideration would be spared.

R. Weal. Why, to be sure, for such an honour, one would strain a point.

Sir Geo. Why then, not totally to destroy your hopes, I do recollect an edict in favour of Brittany that when a man of distinction engages in commerce his nobility is suffered to sleep.

R. Weal. Indeed!

Sir Geo. And upon his quitting the contagious connexion, he is permitted to resume his rank.

R. Weal. That's fortunate.

Sir Geo. So, nuncle Richard, if you will sell out of the stocks, shut up your counting house, and quit St. Mary Ax for Grosvenor-Square——

R. Weal. What then ?

Sir Geo. Why, when your rank has had time to rouse itself, for I think your nobility, nuncle, has had a pretty long nap, if the girl's person is pleasing, and the purchase-money is adequate to the honour, I may in time be prevailed upon to restore her to the right of her family.

R. Weal. Amazing condescension !

Sir Geo. Good-nature is my foible. But, upon my soul, I would not have gone so far for any body else.

R. Weal. I can contain no longer. Hear me, spend-thrift, prodigal, do you know, that in ten days your whole revenue won't purchase you a feather to adorn your empty head ?——

Sir Geo. Heyday, what's the matter now ?

R. Weal. And that you derive every acre of your boasted patrimony from your great uncle, a soap-boiler !

Sir Geo. Infamous aspersion !

R. Weal. It was his bags, the fruits of his honest industry, that preserved your lazy, beggarly nobility. His wealth repaired your tottering hall, from the ruins of which, even the rats had run.

Sir Geo. Better our name had perished! Insupportable! soap-boiling, uncle!

R. Weal. Traduce a trader in a country of commerce! It is treason against the community; and, for your punishment, I would have you restored to the sordid condition from whence we drew you; and like your predecessors, the Picts, stript, painted, and fed upon hips, haws, and blackberries.

Sir Geo. A truce, dear haberdasher.

R. Weal. One pleasure I have, that to this gaol you are upon the gallop; but have a care, the sword hangs but by a thread. When next we meet, know me for the master of your fate. [Exit.

Sir Geo. Insolent mechanic! But that his Bourgeois blood would have soil'd my sword——

Enter Sir WILLIAM, and LOADER.

Sir Will. What is de matter?

Sir Geo. A fellow, here, upon the credit of a little affinity, has dared to upbraid me with being sprung from a soap-boiler.

Sir Will. Vat, you from the boiler of soap!

Sir Geo. Me.

Sir Will. Aha, begar, dat is anoder ting.— And harka you, mister monsieur, ha——how dare a you have d'affrontary——

Sir Geo. How!

Sir Will. De impertinence to sit down, play wid me?

Sir Geo. What is this?

Sir Will. A beggarly Bourgeois vis-a-vis, a baron of twenty descents.

Load. But baron——

Sir Will. Bygar, I am almost ashamed to win of such a low, dirty——Give me my monies, and let me never see your face.

Load. Why, but baron, you mistake this thing, I know the old buck this fellow prates about.

Sir Will. May be.

Load. Pigeon me, as true a gentleman as the grand signior. He was, indeed, a good-natured, obliging, friendly fellow; and being a great judge of soap, tar, and train-oil, he used to have it home to his house, and sell it to his acquaintance for ready money, to serve them.

Sir Will. Was dat all?

Load. Upon my honour.

Sir Will. Oh, dat, dat is anoder ting. Bygar I was afraid he was negotiant.

Load. Nothing like it.

Enter DICK.

Dick. A gentleman to enquire for Mr. Loader.

Load. I come—A pretty son of a bitch, this baron! pimps for the man, picks his pocket, and then wants to kick him out of company, because his uncle was an oilman. [Exit.

Sir Will. I beg pardon, chevalier, I was mistake.

Sir Geo. Oh, don't mention it: had the slam been fact, your behaviour was natural enough.

Enter LOADER.

Load. Mr. Smirk, the auctioneer.

Sir Geo. Shew him in, by all means. [*Exit* Load.]

Sir Will. You have affair.

Sir Geo. If you'll walk into the next room, they will be finished in five minutes.

Enter LOADER, *with* SHIFT *as* SMIRK.

Load. Here, master Smirk, this is the gentleman. Hark'e, knight, did I not tell you, old Moll was your mark? Here she has brought a pretty piece of man's meat already; as sweet as a nosegay, and as ripe as a cherry, you rogue. Dispatch him, mean time we'll manage the girl. [*Exit.*]

Smirk. You are the principal.

Sir Geo. Even so. I have, Mr. Smirk, some things of a considerable value, which I want to dispose of immediately.

Smirk. You have?

Sir Geo. Could you assist me?

Smirk. Doubtless.

Sir Geo. But directly?

Smirk. We have an auction at twelve. I'll add your cargo to the catalogue.

Sir Geo. Can that be done?

Smirk. Every day's practice: it is for the credit of the sale. Last week, amongst the valuable effects of a gentleman, going abroad, I sold a choice collection of china, with a curious service of plate; though the

real party was never master of above two delft dishes, and a dozen of pewter, in all his life.

Sir Geo. Very artificial. But this must be concealed.

Smirk. Buried here. Oh, many an aigrette and solitaire have I sold, to discharge a lady's play-debt. But then we must know the parties; otherwise it might be knock'd down to the husband himself. Ha, ha—Hey ho!

Sir Geo. True. Upon my word, your profession requires parts.

Smirk. No body's more. Did you ever hear, Sir George, what first brought me into the business?

Sir Geo. Never.

Smirk. Quite an accident, as I may say. You must have known my predecessor, Mr. Prig, the greatest man in the world, in his way, ay, or that ever was, or ever will be; quite a jewel of a man; he would touch you up a lot; there was no resisting him. He would force you to bid, whether you would or no. I shall never see his equal.

Sir Geo. You are modest, Mr. Smirk.

Smirk. No, no, but his shadow. Far be it from me, to vie with great men. But as I was saying, my predecessor, Mr. Prig, was to have a sale as it might be on a Saturday. On Friday at noon, I shall never forget the day, he was suddenly seized with a violent cholic. He sent for me to his bed-side, squeezed me by the hand; Dear Smirk, said he, what an accident! You know what is to-morrow; the

greatest shew this season ; prints, pictures, bronzes, butterflies, medals, and minionettes ; all the world will be there ; Lady Dy Joss, Mrs. Nankyn, the Dutchess of Dupe, and every body at all : You see my state, it will be impossible for me to mount. What can I do ? —It was not for me, you know, to advise that great man.

Sir Geo. No, no.

Smirk. At last looking wishfully at me, Smirk, says he, d'you love me i—Mr. Prig, can you doubt it ?—I'll put it to the test, says he ; supply my place, to-morrow.—I, eager to shew my love, rashly and rapidly replied, I will.

Sir Geo. That was bold.

Smirk. Absolute madness. But I had gone too far to recede. Then the point was, to prepare for the awful occasion. The first want that occurred to me, was a wig ; but this was too material an article to depend on my own judgment. I resolved to consult my friends. I told them the affair——You hear, gentlemen, what has happened ; Mr. Prig, one of the greatest men in his way, the world ever saw, or ever will, quite a jewel of a man, taken with a violent fit of the cholic ; to-morrow, the greatest shew this season ; prints, pictures, bronzes, butterflies, medals, and minionettes ; every body in the world to be there ; Lady Dy Joss, Mrs. Nankyn, Dutchess of Dupe, and all mankind ; it being impossible he should mount, I have consented to sell——They stared—it is true, gentlemen. Now I should be glad to have your opinions

as to a wig. They were divided : some recommended a tye, others a bag : one mentioned a bob, but was soon over-ruled. Now, for my part, I own, I rather inclined to the bag ; but to avoid the imputation of rashness, I resolved to take Mrs. Smirk's judgment, my wife, a dear good woman, fine in figure, high in taste, 'a superior genius, and knows old china like a Nabob.

Sir Geo. What was her decision ?

Smirk. I told her the case—My dear, you know what has happened. My good friend, Mr. Prig, the greatest man in the world, in his way, that ever was, or ever will be, quite a jewel of a man, a violent fit of the cholic—the greatest shew this season, tomorrow, pictures, and every thing in the world ; all the world will be there : now, as it is impossible he should, I mount in his stead. You know the importance of a wig : I have asked my friends—some recommended a tye, others a bag—what is your opinion ? Why, to deal freely, Mr. Smirke, says she, a tye for your round, regular, smiling face would be rather too formal, and a bag too boyish, deficient in dignity for the solemn occasion ; were I worthy to advise, you should wear a something between both. I'll be hanged, if you don't mean a major, I jumped at the hint, and a major it was.

Sir Geo. So, that was fix'd.

Smirke. Finally. But next day, when I came to mount the rostrum, then was the trial. My limbs shook, and my tongue trembled. The first lot was a chamber-

utensil, in Chelsea china, of the pea-green pattern. It occasioned a great laugh; but I got through it. Her grace, indeed, gave me great encouragement. I overheard her whisper to Lady Dy, Upon my word, Mr. Smirk does it very well. Very well, indeed, Mr. Smirk, addressing herself to me. I made an acknowledging bow to her grace, as in duty bound. But one flower flounced involuntarily from me that day, as I may say. I remember, Dr. Trifle called it enthusiastic, and pronounced it a presage of my future greatness.

Sir Geo. What was that?

Smirk. Why, sir, the lot was a Guido; a single figure, a marvellous fine performance; well preserved, and highly finished. It stuck at five and forty: I, charmed with the picture, and piqued at the people, A going for five and forty, no body more than five and forty?—Pray, ladies and gentlemen, look at this piece, quite flesh and blood, and only wants a touch from the torch of Prometheus, to start from the canvass and fall a bidding. A general plaudit ensued, I bowed, and in three minutes knocked it down at sixty-three, ten.

Sir Geo. That was a stroke at least equal to your master.

Smirk. O dear me! You did not know the great man, alike in every thing. He had as much to say upon a ribbon as a Raphael. His manner was inimitably fine. I remember they took him off at the play-house, some time ago; pleasant, but wrong. Public

characters should not be sported with—They are sacred.—But we lose time.

Sir Geo. Oh, in the lobby on the table, you will find the particulars.

Smirk. We shall see you, there will be a world of company. I shall please you. But the great nicety of our art is, the eye. Mark how mine skims round the room. Some bidders are shy, and only advance with a nod; but I nail them. One, two, three, four, five. You will be surprised—Ha, ha, ha!—Heigh ho!

[*Exit.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Sir GEORGE, and LOADER.

Sir George.

A MOST infernal run. Let's see, [*Pulls out a card.*] Loader a thousand, the baron two, Tally—Enough to beggar a banker. Every shilling of Transfer's supply exhausted! nor will even the sale of my moveables prove sufficient to discharge my debts. Death and the devil! In what a complication of calamities has a few days plunged me! And no resource!

Load. Knight, here's old Moll come to wait on you; she has brought the tid-bit I spoke of. Shall I bid her send her in?

Sir Geo. Pray do.

[*Exit Loader.*]

Enter Mrs. COLE, and LUCY.

Mrs. Cole. Come along, Lucy. You bashful baggage, I thought I had silenced your scruples. Don't you remember what Mr. Squintum said? A woman's not worth saving, that won't be guilty of a swinging sin; for then they have matter to repent upon. Here, your honour, I leave her to your management. She is young, tender, and timid; does not know what is for her own good: but your honour will soon teach her. I would willingly stay, but I must not lose the lecture. [Exit.]

Sir Geo. Upon my credit, a fine figure! Awkward—Can't produce her publicly as mine; but she will do for private amusement—Will you be seated, miss?—Dumb! quite a picture! she too wants a touch of the Promethean torch—Will you be so kind, ma'am, to walk from your frame and take a chair?—Come, pr'ythee, why so coy? Nay, I am not very adroit in the custom of this country. I suppose I must conduct you—Come, miss.

Lucy. O, sir.

Sir Geo. Child!

Lucy. If you have any humanity, spare me.

Sir Geo. In tears! what can this mean? Artifice. A project to raise the price, I suppose. Look'e, my dear, you may save this piece of pathetic for another occasion. It won't do with me; I am no novice—So, child, a truce to your tragedy, I beg.

Lucy. Indeed you wrong me, sir; indeed you do.

Sir Geo. Wrong you! how came you here, and for what purpose?

Lucy. A shameful one. I know it all, and yet believe me, sir, I am innocent.

Sir Geo. Oh, I don't question that. Your pious patroness is a proof of your innocence.

Lucy. What can I say to gain your credit? And yet, sir, strong as appearances are against me, by all that's holy, you see me here, a poor distrest involuntary victim.

Sir Geo. Her stile's above the common class; her tears are real.—Rise, child.—How the poor creature trembles!

Lucy. Say then I am safe.

Sir Geo. Fear nothing.

Lucy. May heaven reward you. I cannot.

Sir Geo. Pr'ythee, child, collect yourself, and help me to unravel this mystery. You came hither willingly? There was no force?

Lucy. None.

Sir Geo. You know Mrs. Cole.

Lucy. Too well.

Sir Geo. How came you then to trust her?

Lucy. Mine, sir is a tedious, melancholy tale.

Sir Geo. And artless too?

Lucy. As innocence.

Sir Geo. Give it me.

Lucy. It will tire you.

Sir Geo. Not if it be true. Be just, and you will find me generous.

Lucy. On that, sir, I relied in venturing hither.

Sir Geo. You did me justice. Trust me with all your story. If you deserve, depend upon my protection.

Lucy. Some months ago, sir, I was considered as the joint heiress of a respectable wealthy merchant; dear to my friends, happy in my prospects, and my father's favourite.

Sir Geo. His name.

Lucy. There you must pardon me. Unkind and cruel though he has been to me, let me discharge the duty of a daughter, suffer in silence, nor bring reproach on him who gave me being.

Sir Geo. I applaud your piety.

Lucy. At this happy period, my father, judging an addition of wealth must bring an increase of happiness, resolved to unite me with a man sordid in his mind, brutal in his manners, and riches his only recommendation. My refusal of this ill-suited match, though mildly given, enflamed my father's temper, naturally choleric, alienated his affections, and banished me his house, distressed and destitute.

Sir Geo. Would no friend receive you?

Lucy. Alas, how few are friends to the unfortunate! Besides, I knew, sir, such a step would be considered by my father as an appeal from his justice. I therefore retired to a remote corner of the town, trusting, as my only advocate, to the tender calls of nature in his cool reflecting hours.

Sir Geo. How came you to know this woman?

Lucy. Accident placed me in a house, the mistress of which professed the same principles with my infamous conductress. There, as enthusiasm is the child of melancholy, I caught the infection. A constant attendance on their assemblies procured me the acquaintance of this woman, whose extraordinary zeal and devotion first drew my attention and confidence. I trusted her with my story, and in return, received the warmest invitation to take the protection of her house. This I unfortunately accepted.

Sir Geo. Unfortunately indeed!

Lucy. By the decency of appearances, I was some time imposed upon. But an accident, which you will excuse my repeating, revealed all the horror of my situation. I will not trouble you with a recital of all the arts used to seduce me: happily they hitherto have failed. But this morning I was acquainted with my destiny; and no other election left me, but immediate compliance or a jail. In this desperate condition, you cannot wonder, sir, at my choosing rather to rely on the generosity of a gentleman, than the humanity of a creature insensible to pity, and void of every virtue.

Sir Geo. The event shall justify your choice. You have my faith and honour for your security. For though I cannot boast of my own goodness, yet I have an honest feeling for afflicted virtue; and, however unfashionable, a spirit that dares afford it protection. Give me your hand. As soon as I have dispatched some pressing business here, I will lodge

you in an asylum, sacred to the distresses of your sex; where indigent beauty is guarded from temptations, and deluded innocence rescued from infamy.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter SHIFT:

Shift. Zooks, I have toiled like a horse; quite tired, by Jupiter. And what shall I get for my pains? The old fellow here talks of making me easy for life. Easy! And what does he mean by easy? He'll make me an exciseman, I suppose; and so with an ink-horn at my button-hole, and a taper switch in my hand, I shall run about gauging of beer-barrels. No, that will never do. This lad here is no fool. Foppish, indeed. He does not want parts, no, nor principles neither. I overheard his scene with the girl. I think I may trust him. I have a great mind to venture it. It is a shame to have him duped by this old don. It must not be, I'll in and unfold—Ha!—Egad, I have a thought too, which, if my heir apparent can execute, I shall still lie concealed, and perhaps be rewarded on both sides.

I have it,—'tis engender'd, piping hot,

And now, Sir Knight, I'll match you with a plot:

[*Exit.*

Enter Sir WILLIAM, and RICHARD WEALTHY.

R. Weal. Well, I suppose by this time you are satisfied what a scoundrel you have brought into the world, and are ready to finish your foolery.

Sir Will. Got to the catastrophe, good brother.

R. Weal. Let us have it over then.

Sir Will. I have already alarmed all his tradesmen. I suppose we shall soon have him here, with a legion of bailiffs and constables.—Oh, you have my will about you?

R. Weal. Yes, yes.

Sir Will. It is almost time to produce it, or read him the clause that relates to his rejecting your daughter. That will do his business. But they come. I must return to my character.

Enter SHIFT.

Shift. Sir, sir, we are all in the wrong box; our scheme is blown up; your son has detected Loader and Tally, and is playing the very devil within.

Sir Will. Oh, the bunglers!

Shift. Now for it, youngster.

Enter Sir GEORGE, driving in LOADER and another.

Sir Geo. Rascals, robbers, that, like the locust, mark the road you have taken, by the ruin and desolation you leave behind you.

Load. Sir George!

Sir Geo. And can youth, however cautious, be guarded against such deep-laid, complicated villany? Where are the rest of your diabolical crew? your auctioneer, usurer, and—O sir, are you here?—I am glad you have not escaped us, however.

Sir Will. What de devil is de matter?

Sir Geo. Your birth, which I believe an imposition, preserves you, however, from the discipline those rogues have received. A baron, a nobleman, a sharper! O shame! It is enough to banish all confidence from the world. On whose faith can we rely, when those, whose honour is held as sacred as an oath, unmindful of their dignity, descend to rival pick-pockets in their infamous arts. What are these [*Pulls out dice.*] pretty implements? The fruits of your leisure hours! They are dexterously done. You have a fine mechanical turn.—Dick, secure the door.

Mrs. COLE, speaking as entering.

Mrs. Cole. Here I am, at last. Well, and how is your honour, and the little gentlewoman?—Bless me! what is the matter here?

Sir Geo. I am, madam, treating your friends with a cold collation, and you are opportunely come for your share. The little gentlewoman is safe, and in much better hands than you designed her. Abominable hypocrite! who, tottering under the load of irreverent age and infamous diseases, inflexibly proceed in the practice of every vice, impiously prostituting the most sacred institutions to the most infernal purposes.

Mrs. Cole. I hope your honour——

Sir Geo. Take her away. As you have been singular in your penitence, you ought to be distinguished

in your penance; which, I promise you, shall be most publicly and plentifully bestowed.

[*Exit Mrs. Cole.*]

Enter DICK.

Dick. The constables, sir.

Sir Geo. Let them come in, that I may consign these gentlemen to their care. [*To Sir Will.*] Your letters of nobility you will produce in a court of justice. Though, if I read you right, you are one of those indigent, itinerant nobles of your own creation, which our reputation for hospitality draws hither in shoals, to the shame of our understanding, the impairing of our fortunes, and, when you are trusted, the betraying of our designs. Officers, do your duty.

Sir Will. Why, don't you know me?

Sir Geo. Just as I guessed. An impostor. He has recovered the free use of his tongue already.

Sir Will. Nay, but George.

Sir Geo. Insolent familiarity! away with him.

Sir Will. Hold, hold a moment. Brother Richard, set this matter to rights.

R. Weal. Don't you know him?

Sir Geo. Know him! The very question is an affront.

R. Weal. Nay, I don't wonder at it. 'Tis your father, you fool.

Sir Geo. My father! Impossible!

Sir Will. That may be, but 'tis true.

Sir Geo. My father alive ! Thus let me greet the blessing.

Sir Will. Alive ! Ay, and I believe I sha'n't be in a hurry to die again.

Sir Geo. But, dear sir, the report of your death—and this disguise—to what——

Sir Will. Don't ask any questions. Your uncle will tell you all. For my part, I am sick of the scheme.

R. Weal. I told you what would come of your politics.

Sir Will. You did so. But if it had not been for those clumsy scoundrels, the plot was as good a plot—O, George ! such discoveries I have to make.—Within I'll unravel the whole.

Sir Geo. Perhaps, sir, I may match 'em.

Shift. Sir. [Pulls him by the sleeve.

Sir Geo. Never fear. It is impossible, gentlemen, to determine your fate, till this matter is more fully explained ; till when, keep 'em in safe custody.—Do you know them, sir ?

Sir Will. Yes, but that's more than they did me. I can cancel your debts there, and, I believe, prevail on those gentlemen to refund too—but you have been a sad profligate young dog, George.

Sir Geo. I can't boast of my goodness, sir, but I think I could produce you a proof, that I am not so totally destitute of——

Sir Will. Ay ! Why then pr'ythee do.

Sir Geo. I have, sir, this day, resisted a temptation,

that greater pretenders to morality might have yielded to.—But I will trust myself no longer, and must crave your interposition and protection.

Sir Will. To what?

Sir Geo. I will attend you with the explanation in an instant. [Exit.

Sir Will. Pr'ythee, Shift, what does he mean?

Shift. I believe I can guess.

Sir Will. Let us have it.

Shift. I suppose the affair I overheard just now, a prodigious fine elegant girl, faith, that, discarded by her family for refusing to marry her grandfather, fell into the hands of the venerable lady you saw, who being the kind caterer for your son's amusements, brought her hither for a purpose obvious enough.—But the young gentleman, touched with her story, truth, and tears, was converted from the spoiler of her honour to the protector of her innocence.

Sir Will. Look'e there, brother, did not I tell you that George was not so bad at the bottom!

R. Weal. This does indeed atone for half the——
But they are here.

Enter Sir GEORGE and LUCY.

Sir Geo. Fear nothing, madam, you may safely rely on the——

Lucy. My father!

R. Weal. Lucy!

Lucy. O, sir, can you forgive your poor distress'd unhappy girl? You scarce can guess how hardly I've

been used, since my banishment from your paternal roof. Want, pining want, anguish and shame, have been my constant partners.

Sir Will. Brother !

Sir Geo. Sir !

Lucy. Father !

R. Weal. Rise, child, 'tis I must ask thee forgiveness. Canst thou forget the woes I've made thee suffer? Come to my arms once more, thou darling of my age.—What mischief had my rashness nearly compleated. Nephew, I scarce can thank you as I ought, but——

Sir Geo. I am richly paid, in being the happy instrument——Yet might I urge a wish——

R. Weal. Name it.

Sir Geo. That you would forgive my follies of to-day ; and, as I have been providentially the occasional guardian of your daughter's honour, that you would bestow on me that right for life.

R. Weal. That must depend on Lucy ; her will, not mine, shall now direct her choice——What says your father ?

Sir Will. Me! Oh, I'll shew you in an instant.—Give me your hands. There children, now you are joined, and the devil take him that wishes to part you.

Sir Geo. I thank you for us both.

R. Weal. May happiness attend you.

Sir Will. Now, brother, I hope you will allow me

to be a good plotter. All this was brought to bear by my means.

Shift. With my assistance, I hope you'll own, sir.

Sir Will. That's true, honest Shift, and thou shalt be richly rewarded; nay, George shall be your friend too. This Shift is an ingenious fellow, let me tell you, son.

Sir Geo. I am no stranger to his abilities, sir. But, if you please, we will retire. The various struggles of this fair sufferer require the soothing softness of a sister's love. And now, sir, I hope your fears for me are over; for had I not this motive to restrain my follies, yet I now know the town too well to be ever its bubble, and will take care to preserve, at least,

*Some mere estate, and principles, and wit,
Than brokers, bawds, and gamesters shall think fit.*

SHIFT addressing himself to Sir GEORGE.

And what becomes of your poor servant Shift?

Your father talks of lending me a lift——

A great man's promise, when his turn is serv'd!

Capons on promises wou'd soon be starv'd:

No, on myself alone, I'll now rely:

'Gad I've a thriving traffic in my eye——

Near the mad mansions of Moorfields I'll bawl;

Friends, fathers, mothers, sisters, sons, and all,

Shut up your shops, and listen to my call.

With labour, toil, all second means dispense,

And live a rent-charge upon Providence.

*Prick up your ears ; a story now I'll tell,
Which once a widow, and her child befel,
I knew the mother, and her daughter well ;
Poor, it is true, they were ; but never wanted,
For whatsoever they ask'd, was always granted :
One fatal day, the matron's truth was try'd,
She wanted meat and drink, and fairly cry'd.*

[Child.] *Mother, you cry !* [Moth.] *Oh, child, I've got
no bread.*

[Child.] *What matters that ? Why Providence an't dead !
With reason good, this truth the child might say,
For there came in at noon, that very day,
Bread, greens, potatoes, and a leg of mutton,
A better sure a table ne'er was put on :
Ay, that might be, ye cry, with those poor souls ;
But we ne'er had a rasher for the coals.
And d'ye deserve it ? How d'ye spend your days ?
In pastimes, prodigality, and plays !
Let's go see Foote ! ah, Foote's a precious limb !
Old-nick will soon a foot-ball make of him !
For foremost rows in side-boxes you shove,
Think you to meet with side-boxes above ?
Where gigling girls and powder'd fops may sit,
No, you will all be cramm'd into the pit,
And croud the house for Satan's benefit.
Oh, what you snivel ? well, do so no more,
Drop, to atone, your money at the door,
And, if I please——I'll give it to the poor.*

[Exeunt omnes,











De Wilde pinx^t

Thornthwaite scul

*M^r MACKLIN as SIR GILBERT WRANGLE.
 'Here's one now, from an Irish 'relation of my own!'*

London. Printed for J. Bell. British Library. Strand, Nov^r 3. 1792.

THE REFUSAL;

OR,

THE LADIES PHILOSOPHY.

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 XCII.



THE REFUSAL.

WHAT MOLIERE had drawn in his *Femmes Sçavantes*, and WRIGHT had worked up into *Female Virtuosi*, COLLEY CIBBEY formed into a part of the present play. This Gentleman, however obnoxious to some reigning Wits of his own age, was possessed every way of great theatric talents—what he took from others he usually made better than he found it.

This Comedy appeared at Drury-Lane Theatre in the year 1720, and taking advantage of the unhappy South Sea madness, he sketched in his Sir GILBERT WRANGLE a Director of the Company.—This character, strongly drawn, and well coloured, has been performed by the veteran MACKLIN with great excellence.—GARRICK, in 1747, opened his first year's management at Drury-Lane with this Play. At first the *Refusal* was rejected by the audiences which his *Nonjuror* had offended; CIBBER did not receive justice from his contemporaries.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by the Author.

GALLANTS! behold before your eyes the wight,
Whose actions stand accountable to-night,
For all your dividends of profit or delight.
New plays resemble bubbles, we must own,
But their intrinsic value soon is known,
There's no imposing pleasure on a town.
And when they fail, count o'er his pains and trouble,
His doubts, his fears, the poet is a bubble.
As heroes by the tragic muse are sung;
So to the comic, knaves and fools belong:
Follies, to-night, of various kinds we paint,
One, in a female philosophic saint,
That would by learning nature's laws repeal,
Warm all her sex's bosoms to rebel,
And only with platonic raptures swell.
Long she resists the proper use of beauty,
But flesh and blood reduce the dame to duty.
A coxcomb too, of modern stamp we show,
A wit——but impudent——a South-Sea beau.
Nay, more——our muses fire (but, pray, protect her)
Roasts, to your taste, a whole South-Sea director.
But let none think we bring him here in spite,
For ll their actions, sure, will bear the light;

*Besides, he's painted here in height of power,
Long ere we laid such ruin at his door:
When he was levee'd, like a statesman, by the town,
And thought his heap'd-up millions all his own.
No, no; stock's always at a thousand here,
He'll almost honest on the stage appear.
Such is our fare, to feed the mind our aim,
But poets stand, like warriors, in their fame;
One ill day's work brings all their past to shame.
Thus having tasted of your former favour,
The chance seems now for deeper stakes than ever.
As after runs of luck, we're most accurst,
To lose our winnings, than have lost at first;
A first stake lost has often sav'd from ruin,
But on one cast to lose the tout—is hard undoing.
But be it as it may—the dye is thrown,
Fear now were folly—Pass the Rubicon.*

Dramatis Personae,

COVENT-GARDEN.

Men.

Sir GILBERT WRANGLE,	- - - -	Mr. Macklin.
FRANKLY,	- - - -	Mr. Lewis.
GRANGER,	- - - -	Mr. Mahon.
WITLING,	- - - -	Mr. Lee Lewes.
Cook,	- - - -	Mr. Dunstall.

Women.

Lady WRANGLE,	- - - -	Mrs. Green.
SOPHRONIA,	- - - -	Mrs. Lessingham.
CHARLOTTE,	- - - -	Miss Macklin.
Maid,	- - - -	Miss Ambrose.

Servants, &c.



THE REFUSAL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Westminster-Hall. FRANKLY and GRANGER meeting.

Frankly.

Is it possible!

Gran. Frankly!

Frank. Dear Granger! I did not expect you these ten days: how came you to be so much better than your word?

Gran. Why, to tell you the truth, because I began to think London better than Paris.

Frank. That's strange: but you never think like other people.

Gran. I am more apt to speak what I think than other people: though, I confess, Paris has its charms; but to me they are like those of a coquette, gay and gaudy; they serve to amuse with, but a man would not choose to be married to them. In short, I am to pass my days in Old England, and am therefore resolved not to have an ill opinion of it.

Frank. These settled thoughts, Ned, make me hope that if ever you should marry, you will be as partial to the woman you intend to pass your days with.

Gran. Faith, I think every man's a fool that is not :
“ but it's very odd ; you see the grossest fools have
“ generally sense enough to be fond of a fine house,
“ or a fine horse, when they have bought them : they
“ can see the value of them at least ; and why a poor
“ wife should not have as fair play for one's inclina-
“ tion, I can see no reason, but downright ill-nature
“ or stupidity.

“ *Frank.* What do you think of avarice ? when
“ people purchase wives, as they do other goods, only
“ because they are a pennyworth : then too, a woman
“ has a fine time on't.

“ *Gran.* Ay, but that will never be the case of my
“ wife : when I marry, I'll do it with the same con-
“ venient views as a man would set up his coach ;
“ because his estate will bear it, its easy, and keeps
“ him out of dirty company.

“ *Frank.* But, what ! would you have a wife have
“ no more charms than a chariot ?

“ *Gran.* Ah, friend, if I can but pass as many easy
“ hours at home with one, as abroad in t'other, I will
“ take my chance for her works of supererogation ;
“ and I believe at worst should be upon a par with
“ the happiness of most husbands about town.

“ *Frank.* But at this rate you would marry before
“ you are in love.

“ *Gran.* Why not ? Do you think happiness is en-

“tailed upon marrying the woman you love? No
 “more than reward is upon public merit: it may
 “give you a title to it indeed; but you must depend
 “upon other people’s virtue to find your account in
 “either. For my part, I am not for building castles
 “in the air;” when I marry, I expect no great mat-
 ters; none of your angels, a mortal woman will do
 my business, as you’ll find, when I tell you my
 choice. “All I desire of a wife is, that she will do
 “as she is bid, and keep herself clean.”

Frank. “Would you not have her a companion,
 “though, as well as a bedfellow?”

“*Gran.* You mean, I suppose, a woman of sense.

“*Frank.* I should not think it amiss for a man of
 “sense.

“*Gran.* Nor I; but, ’sdeath! where shall I get
 “her? In short, I am tired with the search, and will
 “ev’n take up with one as nature has made her,
 “handsome, and only a fool of her own making.

“*Frank.* Was ever so desperate an indifference?”
 I am impatient till I know her.

Gran. Even the sage and haughty prude, Sophronia.

Frank. Sophronia! “I hope you don’t take her for
 “a fool, sir:” why, she thinks she has more sense
 than all her sex together.

Gran. “You don’t tell me that as a proof of her
 “wit, I presume, sir.”

“*Frank.* No: but I think your humour’s a little
 “extraordinary, that can resolve to marry the woman
 “you laugh at.

“ *Gran.* It’s at least a sign I am in no great danger
 “ of her laughing at me, Tom; the case of many a
 “ prettier fellow. But I take Sophronia to be only
 “ a fool of parts, that is, however, capable of think-
 “ ing right; and a man must be nice indeed, that
 “ turns up his nose at a woman who has no worse
 “ imperfection than setting too great value upon her
 “ understanding.” I grant it she is half mad with
 her learning and philosophy: what then? so are most
 of our great men, when they get a little too much
 on’t. Nay, she is so rapt in the pride of her ima-
 ginary knowledge, that she almost forgets she is a
 woman, and thinks all offers of love to her person a
 dishonour to the dignity of her soul; but all this
 does not discourage me: she may fancy herself as
 wise as she pleases; but unless I fail in my measures,
 I think I shall have hard luck if I don’t make that
 fine flesh and blood of hers as troublesome as my own
 in a fortnight.

Frank. You must have better luck than I had then;
 I was her fool for above five months together, and
 did not come ill-recommended to the family; but
 could make no more impression than upon a vestal
 virgin; and yet “ how a man of your cool reflection
 “ can think of attempting her, I have no notion.

“ *Gran.* Pshal I laugh at all her airs: a woman of
 “ a general insensibility, is only one that has never
 “ been rightly attacked.

“ *Frank.* Are you then really resolved to pursue
 “ her?

“ *Gran.* Why not? Is not she a fine creature? Has
 “ not she parts? Would not half her knowledge,
 “ equally divided, make fifty coquettes all women of
 “ sense? Is not her beauty natural, her person lovely,
 “ her mien majestic?—Then such a constitution—

“ *Frank.* Nay, she has a wholesome look, I grant
 “ you: but then her prudery, and Platonic principles,
 “ are insupportable.

“ *Gran.* Now to me they are more diverting than
 “ all the levity of a coquette: Oh, the noble conflicts
 “ between nature and a proud understanding, make
 “ our triumphs so infinitely above those petty con-
 “ quests—Besides, are not you philosopher enough
 “ to know, my friend, that a body continent holds
 “ most of the thing contained? 'Tis not your wasting
 “ current, but reservoirs, that make the fountain
 “ play; not the prodigal's, but the miser's chest that
 “ holds the treasure. No, no, take my word, your
 “ prude has thrice the latent fire of a coquette. Your
 “ prude's flask hermetically sealed, all's right within,
 “ depend upon't; but your coquette's a mere bottle
 “ of plague-water, that's open to every body.

“ *Frank.* Well, sir, since you seem so heartily in
 “ earnest, and, I see, are not to be disgusted at a lit-
 “ tle female frailty, I think I ought in honour to let
 “ you into a little more of her. You must know
 “ then,” this marble-hearted lady, who could not
 bear my addresses to herself, has, notwithstanding,
 flesh and blood enough to be confoundedly uneasy
 that I now pay them to her sister.

Gran. I am glad to hear it. Pr'ythee, let me know all; for 'tis upon these sort of weaknesses that I am to strengthen my hopes.

“*Frank.* You know I writ you word that I thought
“the safest way to convey my real passion for her
“sister Charlotte, would be to drop my cold preten-
“sions to Sophronia insensibly; upon which account
“I rather heightened my respect to her: but as you
“know 'tis harder to disguise a real inclination than
“to dissemble one we have not, Sophronia, it seems,
“has so far suspected the cheat, that, since your
“absence, she has broke into a thousand little impa-
“tiences at my new happiness with Charlotte.”

“*Gran.* Good.”

Frank. But the jest is, she can't yet bring down her vanity to believe I am in earnest with Charlotte neither; but really fancies my addresses there are all grimace; the mere malice of a rejected lover, to give her scorn a jealousy.

Gran. Admirable! “but I hope you are sure of
“this.”

“*Frank.* 'Twas but yesterday she gave me a proof
“of it.”

“*Gran.* Pray, let's hear.”

“*Frank.* Why, as Charlotte and I were whispering
“at one end of a room, while we thought her wrapt
“up in one of Horace's odes at the other, of a sud-
“den I observed her come sailing up to me, with
“an insulting smile, as who should say—I laugh
“at all these shallow arts—Then turned short,

“ and looking over her shoulder, cried aloud,—

“ ————— *Ah, miser!*

“ *Quantâ laboras in Charybdi!*

“ *Gran.* *Digne puer meliore flammâ*—Ah! methinks
 “ I see the imperious hussy in profile, waving her
 “ snowy neck into a thousand lovely attitudes of scorn
 “ and triumph! Oh, the dear vanity!” Well, when
 all’s said, the coxcomb’s vastly handsome.

“ *Frank.* ‘Egad, thou art the oddest fellow in the
 “ world, to be thus capable of diverting yourself
 “ with your mistress’s jealousy of another man.

“ *Gran.* Psha! Thou’rt too refined a lover; I am
 “ glad of any occasion that proves her more a woman
 “ than she imagines.

“ *Frank.* But pray, sir, upon what foot did you
 “ stand with her before you went to France?

“ *Gran.* Oh, I never pretended to more than a Pla-
 “ tonic passion; I saw, at first view, she was inac-
 “ cessible by love.

“ *Frank.* Yet, since you were resolved to pursue
 “ her, how came you to think of rambling to Paris?

“ *Gran.* Why, the last time I saw her, she grew
 “ so fantastically jealous of my regarding her more as
 “ a woman than an intellectual being, that my pa-
 “ tience was half tired; and having, at that time, an
 “ appointment with some idle company to make a
 “ trip to Paris, I slyly took that occasion, and told
 “ her, if I threw myself into a voluntary banishment
 “ from her person, I hoped she would then be con-
 “ vinced I had no other views of happiness than what

“ her letters might, even in absence, as well gratify
 “ from the charms of her understanding.

“ *Frank.* Most solemnly impudent.

“ *Gran.* In short, her vanity was so blind to the
 “ banter, that she insisted upon my going, and made
 “ me a conditional promise of answering all my let-
 “ ters; in which I have flattered her romantic folly
 “ to that degree, that in her last she confesses an
 “ entire satisfaction in the innocent dignity of my in-
 “ clinations (as she stiles it), and therefore thinks
 “ herself bound in gratitude to recall me from exile:
 “ which gracious boon (being heartily tired at Paris)
 “ I am now arrived to accept of.

“ *Frank.* The merriest amour that ever was!
 “ Well,” and, Frank, why don't you visit her?

Gran. Oh! I do all things by rule—not till she has
 dined; for our great English philosopher, my Lord
 Bacon, tells you, that then the mind is generally most
 ductile.

Frank. Wisely considered.

Gran. Besides, I want to have a little talk first with
 the old gentleman her father.

Frank. Sir Gilbert! If I don't mistake, yonder he
 comes.

Gran. Where, pr'ythee?

Frank. There, by the bookseller's; don't you see
 him, with an odd crowd after him?

Gran. Oh! now I have him—he's loaded with
 papers, like a solicitor.

Frank. Sir, he is at this time a man of the first con-

sequence, and receives more petitions every hour than the court of chancery in a whole term.

Gran. What! is he lord treasurer?

Frank. A much more considerable person, I can assure you; he is a South Sea director, sir.

Gran. Oh, I cry you mercy! and those about him, I presume, are bowing for subscriptions.

Frank. That's their business, you may be sure; but see, at last he has broke from them. *Let's—*

“*Gran.* No: there's one has got him by the sleeve
“again.”

Frank. “What if we should” stand off, and observe a little?

Gran. With all my heart.

Sir Gilb. [*To a Man at the door.*] Pr'ythee, be quiet, fellow! I tell you I'll send the Duke an answer to-morrow morning.

[*Within.*] It's very well, Sir——

Sir GILBERT speaks, entering with a great Parcel of open Letters in his Hand, and others stuffing his Pockets.

Sir Gilb. Very well! aye, so it is, if he gets it then—Why! what! these people of quality, sure, think they do you a favour when they ask one——Huh, let him come for it himself! I am sure I was forced to do so at his house, when I came for my own, and could not get it neither—and he expects I should give him two thousand pounds only for sending a footman to me. Why! what! Does his Grace think I don't

know which side my bread's buttered on? Let's see!

“ who are these from? [Reads to himself.

“ *Gran.* The old gentleman's no blind admirer of
“ a man of quality, I see.

“ *Frank.* Oh, sir! he has lately taken up a mortal
“ aversion to any man that has a better title than himself.

“ *Gran.* How so pray?

“ *Frank.* As he grows rich, he grows proud; and
“ among friends, had lately a mind to be made a lord
“ himself; but applying to the wrong person, it seems
“ he was disappointed; and ever since piques himself
“ upon despising any nobleman who is not as rich as
“ himself.

“ *Gran.* Hah! the right plebeian spirit of Old
“ England: but I think he's counted an honest man.

“ *Frank.* Umph! Yes, well enough—a good sort
“ of a mercantile conscience: he is punctual in bar-
“ gains, and expects the same from others; he will
“ neither steal nor cheat, unless he thinks he has the
“ protection of the law: then indeed, as most
“ thriving men do, he thinks honour and equity are
“ chimerical notions.

“ *Gran.* That is, he bluntly professes what other
“ people practise with more breeding—But let's ac-
“ cost him.

“ *Frank.* Stay a little.

“ *Enter a Footman, with a Letter.*

“ *Sir Gilb.* To me, friend!—What, will they
“ never have done?

“ *Foot.* Sir, my Lady Double-chin presents her service, and says she’ll call for your honour’s answer to-morrow morning.

“ *Sir Gilb.* Very well; tell my lady, I’ll take care — [*Exit Footman.*] to be exactly out of the way when she comes.

“ *Gran.* Hah! he’ll keep that part of his word, I warrant him.

“ *Sir Gilb.* Let’s see: the old story, I suppose—
 “ [*Reads.*] Um—um—yes, yes—only two thousand—
 “ Hah! Does the woman take me for a fool? Does she think I don’t know that a two thousand subscription is worth two thousand guineas? And because she is not worth above fourscore thousand already, she would have me give them to her for nothing. To a poor relation, she pretends, indeed; as if she loved any body better than herself. A drum! and a fiddle! I’ll grease none of your fat sows, not I.”—No, no; get you into the negative pocket—Bless my eyes! Mr. Granger!

Gran. Sir Gilbert, I am your most humble servant.

Sir Gilb. In troth, I am glad to see you in England again—Mr. Frankly, your humble servant.

Frank. Sir, your most obedient.

Sir Gilb. Well, how goes Mississippi, man? What, do they bring their money by waggon loads to market still? Hay? ha, ha, ha!

Gran. Oh, all gone! Good for nothing, sir! Your South Sea has brought it to waste paper.

Sir Gilb. Why, ay, ha'n't we done glorious things here, ha? We have found work for the coachmakers as well as they, boy.

Gran. Ah, sir, in a little time we shall reduce those who kept them there, to their original of riding behind them here.

Sir Gilb. Huh, huh! you will have your joke still, I see—Well, you have not sold out, I hope.

Gran. Not I, faith, sir; the old five thousand lies snug as it was. I don't see where one can move it and mend it; so e'en let it lie, and breed by itself.

Sir Gilb. You're right, you're right—hark you—keep it—the thing will do more still, boy.

Gran. Sir, I am sure it's in hands that can make it do any thing.

Sir Gilb. Have you got any new subscriptions?

Gran. You know, sir, I have been absent; and it is really now grown so valuable a favour, I have not the confidence to ask it.

Sir Gilb. Pshal pr'ythee, never talk of that, man.

Gran. If I thought you were not full, Sir——

Sir Gilb. Why, if I were as full as a bumper, sir, I'll put my friends in, let who will run over for it.

Frank. Sir Gilbert always doubles his favours by his manner of doing them.

Sir Gilb. Frankly, you are down for five thousand pounds already, and you may depend upon every shilling of it—Let me see—what have I done with my list?—Granger has a good estate, and had an eye upon my eldest daughter before he went to France.

I must have him in ; it may chance to bring the matter to bear. [*Aside.*

Gran. Where did you get all these letters, Sir Gilbert ?

Sir Gilb. Why, ay, this is the trade every morning ; all for subscriptions. Nay, they are special stuff— Here, pr'ythee, read that.

Frank. Who is it from, sir ?

Sir Gilb. Oh, a North-Briton ! a bloody, squabbling fellow, who owes me a thousand pounds for difference, and that's his way of paying me. Read it.

Gran. [*Reading.*] ' Wuns, sir, de ye no tack me for a man of honour ! Ye need no send to my ludging so often for yeer pimping thousand pound. An ye'll be but civil a bit, Ise order the bearer, my brocker, to mack up year balance ; an if ye wull but gee yoursel the trouble to put his name intull your own list for a thousand subscription, he'se pay ye aw down upo' the nail : but an ye wunna do this smaw jubb, the deedom me an ye e'er see a groat from me, as long as my name is GEORGE BLUNDERBUSS.'

Frank. What can you do with such a fellow, sir ?

Sir Gilb. Do with him ! why, I'll let him have it, and get my money. I had better do that than be obliged to fight for it, or give it to the lawyers.

Frank. Nay, that's true top.

Sir Gilb. Here's another now from one of my wife's hopeful relations ; an extravagant puppy, that has rattled a gilt chariot to pieces before it was paid for, But he'll die in jail.

Frank. [*Reading.*]—‘ Dear knight.’—I see he is familiar.

Sir Gilb. Nay, it’s all of a piece.

Frank. [*Reading.*] ‘ Not to mince the matter; yesterday, at Marybone, they had me all bob as a Robin: In short, being out of my money, I was forced to come the caster, and tumbled for five hundred, dead: besides which, I owe Crop, the lender, a brace; and if I have a single Simon to pay him, rot me. But the queer cull promises to advance me t’other three, and bring me home, provided you will let him sneak into your list for a cool thousand. You know it’s a debt of honour in me, and will cost you nothing.

‘ Yours in haste,

‘ ROBERT RATTLE.’

The stile is extraordinary.

Gran. And his motives irresistible.

Sir Gilb. Nay, I have them from all nations; here’s one now from an Irish relation of my own.

Frank. Oh! pray, let’s see.

Sir Gilb. There. [*Frankly reads.*

‘ Loving cousin, and my dear life,

‘ There is only my brother Patrick, and dat is two of us; and because we would have a great respect for our relations, we are come post from Tipperary, with a loving design to put both our families upon one anoder. And though we have no acquaintance with your brave daughters, we saw them yesterday at the cathedral church, and find they vil sharve us vel enough. And to shew our sincere affections, we vil

taak dem vidout never a penny of money; only, as a small token of shivility upon your side, we desire the favour of both of us each ten thousand in this same new subscription. And because, in our haste, some of our clothes and bills of exchange were forgot, prydee be so grateful as to send us two score pounds, to put us into some worship for the meantime. So dis was all from, my dear life,

‘ Your humble sarvant,

‘ And loving relation,

‘ OWEN MAC OGLE.’

Frank. A very modest epistle, truly!

Sir Gilb. Oh, here’s my list—Now, Mr. Granger, we’ll see what we can do for you. Hold, here are some people that have no business here, I am sure—ay, here is Dr. Bullanbear, one thousand—Why, ay, I was forced to put him down to get rid of him. The man has no conscience. Don’t I know he’s in every court-list under a sham name? Indeed, Domine Doctor, you can’t be here. [*Scratches him out.*] Then here’s another favourite of my wife’s too; Signor Caponi da Capo—two thousand—What, because he can get as much for a song, does he think to have it for whistling too?—Huh, huh, huh! not I, troth; I am not for sending out money into popish countries. [*Blots him out.*]

Frank. Rightly considered, sir.

Sir Gilb. Let’s see who’s next—“ Sir James Baker,
“ Knt. one thousand.

“ *Gran.* Who’s he, sir?

“ *Sir Gilb.* Oh, a very ingenious person! he’s well
 “ known at court; he must stand; besides, I believe
 “ we shall employ him in our Spanish trade—Oh!
 “ here we can spare you one, I believe—*Sir Isaac*
 “ *Bickerstaff*, Knt. one thousand.

“ *Frank.* What, the fam’d censor of Great Britain?

“ *Sir Gilb.* No, no, he was a very honest, pleasant
 “ fellow; this is only a relation, a mere whimsical,
 “ that will draw nobody’s way but his own, and is
 “ always wiser than his betters. I don’t understand
 “ that sort of wisdom, that’s for doing good to every
 “ body but himself. Let those list him that like
 “ him; he shall ride in no troop of mine, odsheart-
 “ likins! [*Blots him.*

“ *Gran.* How he damns them with a dash, like a
 “ proscribing triumvir!

“ *Sir Gilb.* Let’s see.”—I would fain have another
 for you—Oh, here! *William Penkethman*, one
 thousand. Ha, a very pretty fellow, truly! What,
 give a thousand pounds to a player! why, it’s enough
 to turn his brain: we shall have him grow’ proud, and
 quit the stage upon it. No, no, keep him poor, and
 let him mind his business; if the puppy leaves off
 playing the fool, he’s undone. No, no, I won’t hurt
 the stage; my wife loves plays, and whenever she is
 there, I am sure of three hours quiet at home—
 [*Blots, &c.*]—Let’s see; one, three, four, five, ay,
 just *Frankly’s* sum—Here’s five thousand for you,
Mr. Granger, with a wet finger.

Gran. Sir, I shall ever be in your debt.

Sir Gilb. Pooh ! you owe me nothing.

Frank. You have the happiness of this life, Sir Gilbert, the power of obliging all about you.

Sir Gilb. Oh, Mr. Frankly, money won't do every thing ! I am uneasy at home for all this.

Frank. Is that possible, sir, while you have so fine a lady ?

Sir Gilb. Ay, ay, you are her favourite, and have learning enough to understand her ; but she is too wise and too wilful for me.

Frank. Oh, sir ! learning's a fine accomplishment in a fine lady.

Sir Gilb. Ay, it's no matter for that, she's a great plague to me. Not but my lord bishop, her uncle, was a mighty good man ; she lived all along with him ; I took her upon his word ; 'twas he made her a scholar ; I thought her a miracle ; before I had her, I used to go and hear her talk Latin with him an hour together ; and there I—I—I played the fool—I was wrong, I was wrong—I should not have married again—and yet, I was so fond of her parts, I begged him to give my eldest daughter the same fine education ; and so he did—but, to tell you the truth, I believe both their heads are turned.

Gran. A good husband, sir, would set your daughter right, I warrant you.

Sir Gilb. He must come out of the clouds, then ; for she thinks no mortal man can deserve her. What think you, Mr. Frankly, you had soon enough of her.

Frank. I think still, she may deserve any mortal man, sir.

Gran. I cann't boast of my merit, Sir Gilbert; but I wish you would give me leave to take my chance with her.

Sir Gibb. Will you dine with me?

Gran. Sir, you shall not ask me twice.

Sir Gibb. And you, Mr. Frankly?

Frank. Thank you, sir, I have had the honour of my lady's invitation before I came out.

Sir Gibb. Oh, then, pray don't fail; for when you are there, she is always in humour.

Gran. I hope, sir, we shall have the happiness of the young lady's company too.

Sir Gibb. Ay, ay, after dinner I'll talk with you.

Frank. Not forgetting your favourite, Charlotte, sir.

Sir Gibb. Look you, Mr. Frankly, I understand you; you have a mind to my daughter Charlotte, and I have often told you, I have no exceptions to you; and therefore you may well wonder why I yet scruple my consent.

Frank. You have a right to refuse it, no doubt, sir; but I hope you cann't blame me for asking it.

Sir Gibb. In troth, I don't; and I wish you had it, with all my heart.—But so it is—there's no comfort, sure, in this life; for, though, by this glorious state of our stocks, I have raised my poor single plumb to a pomgranate, yet if they had not risen quite so high, you and I, Mr. Frankly, might possibly have been both happier men than we are.

Frank. How so, sir?

Sir Gilb. Why, at the price it now is, I am under contract to give one of the greatest coxcombs upon earth the refusal of marrying which of my daughters he pleases.

Gran. Hey-day! What, is marriage a bubble too?

[*Aside.*

Sir Gilb. Nay, and am bound in honour even to speak a good word for him. You know young Witting.

Frank. I could have guessed your coxcomb, sir; but I hope he has not yet named the lady.

Sir Gilb. Not directly; but I guess his inclinations, and expect every hour to have him make his call upon my consent according to form.

“*Frank.* Is this possible?”

Gran. Sir, if he should happen to name Sophronia, will you give me leave to drub him out of his contract?

Sir Gilb. By no means; credit's a nice point, and people won't suppose that would be done without my connivance: “beside, I believe Sophronia's in no danger. But because one can be sure of nothing, gentlemen, I demand both your words of honour, that, for my sake, you will neither of you use any acts of hostility.

“*Frank.* Sir, in this case, you have a right to command us.

“*Sir Gilb.* Your hands upon't.

“*Both.* And our words of honour.

“*Sir Gilb.* I am satisfied.”—If we can find a way to outwit him, so; if not—Odsol here he comes—I beg your pardon, gentlemen; but I won’t be in his way, till I cannot help it. Hum, hum! [*Exit.*]

Gran. A very odd circumstance.

Frank. I am afraid there’s something in it; and begin to think, now, my friend, Witling (in his railery yesterday with Charlotte) knew what he said himself, though he did not care whether any body else did.

Gran. Sure it cannot be real! I always took Witling for a beggar.

Frank. So he was, or very near it, some months ago; but since fortune has been playing her tricks here, she has rewarded his merit, it seems, with about an hundred thousand pounds out of Change-alley.

Gran. Nay, then he may be dangerous indeed.

Frank. I long to know the bottom of it.

Gran. That you can’t fail of; for you know he is vain and familiar—and here he comes.

Enter WITLING.

Wit. Ha, my little Granger! how dost thou do, child? Where the devil hast thou been this age?—What’s the reason you never come among us?—Frankly, give me thy little finger, my dear.

Gran. Thou art a very impudent fellow, Witling.

Wit. Ay, it’s no matter for that; thou art a pleasant one, I am sure; for thou always makest us laugh.

Frank. Us! what the devil dost thou mean by us, now?

Wit. Why, your pretty fellows, my dear; your *bons vivants*; your men of wit and taste, child.

Gran. I know very few of those; but I come from a country, sir, where half the nation are just such pretty fellows as thou art.

Wit. Ha! that must be a pleasant place indeed!—What, dost thou come from Paradise, child?—Ha, ha, ha!

“*Fran.* Don’t you know he is just come from France, sir?”

“*Wit.* You jest!

“*Gran.* Why, ay—Now you see, Witling, your vanity has brought you into a fool’s Paradise.

“*Wit.* Oh, you pleasant cur! What, Paris, *quasi par diis*, or Paradise. Ha! I wish I had been with you: I am sure you would have thought it Paradise then.

“*Gran.* Nay, now he’s fairly in.

“*Wit.* ’Tis impossible to be out on’t, sir, in your company; wherever you are, it is always Paradise to me, depend upon’t. Ha, ha!”

Frank. Faith, Granger, there I think he came up with you.

Gran. Nay, since the rogue has money, we must, of course, allow him wit: but I think he is one of your good-natured ones: he does not only find the jest, but the laugh too.

Wit. Ay, and to hear thee talk, child, how is it possible to want either? Ha, ha!

Frank. Good again! Well said, Witling! Why thou art as sharp to-day——

Wit. As a glover's needle, my dear; I always dart it into your leather heads with three edges, ha, ha!

Gran. Pr'ythee, Witling, does not thy assurance sometimes meet with a repartee that only lights upon the outside of thy head?

Wit. Oh, your servant, sir! What, now your fire's gone, you would knock me down with the butt-end, would you? Ha! it's very well, sir; I ha' done, sir, I ha' done; I see it's a folly to draw bills upon a man that has no assets.

Gran. And to do it upon a man that has no cash of thine in his hands, is the impudence of a bankrupt.

Wit. Psha! a mere flash in the pan—"Well, well, it's all over."—Come, come, a truce, a truce; I have done; I beg pardon.

Gran. Why, thou vain rogue, thy good-nature has more impudence than thy wit. Dost thou suppose I can ever take any thing ill of thee?

Wit. Psha! fie! what dost thou talk, man?——
 "Why, I know thou canst not live without me.—
 "Dost think I don't know how to make allowances?
 "Tho' if I have too much wit, and thou hast too little, how the devil can either of us help it, you know? Ha, ha!

“ *Frank.* Ha, ha! honest Witling is not to be put
“ out of humour, I see.

“ *Gran.* No, faith, nor out of countenance——

“ *Wit.* Not I, faith, my friend; and a man of turn
“ may say any thing to me—Not but I see by his hu-
“ mour, something has gone wrong—I’ll hold six to
“ four, now, thou hast been crabbed at Paris in the
“ Mississippi.

“ *Gran.* Not I, faith, sir; I would no more put my
“ money into the stocks there, than my legs into the
“ stocks here. There’s no getting home again, when
“ you have a mind to it.

“ *Wit.* Ha! very good.——But, pr’ythee, tell us;
“ what, is the Quinquinois as pleasant as our Change-
“ alley here?

“ *Gran.* Much the same comedy, sir, where poor
“ wise men are only spectators, and laugh to see fools
“ make their fortune.

“ *Wit.* Ay, but there we differ, sir; for there are
“ men of wit too, that have made their fortunes among
“ us, to my knowledge.

“ *Gran.* Very likely, sir; when fools are flush of
“ money, men of wit won’t be long without it. I hear
“ you have been fortunate, sir.

“ *Wit.* Humph—’Egad I don’t know whether he
“ calls me a wit or a fool.

“ *Gran.* Oh, fie! every body knows you have got a
“ great deal of money.

“ *Frank.* And I don’t know any man pretends to
“ more wit,

“*Wit.* Nay, that’s true too: but—’Egad I believe
“he has me.”

Gran. But, pr’ythee, *Witling*, how came a man of thy parts ever to think of raising thy fortune in Change-Alley? How didst thou make all this money thou art master of?

Wit. Why, as other men of wit and parts often do, by having little or nothing to lose.—I raised my fortune, sir, as *Milo* lifted the bull, by sticking to it every day, when ’twas but a calf. I soused them with premiums, child, and laid them on thick when the stock was low; and did it all from a brass nail, boy.—In short, by being dirty once a day for a few months, taking a lodging at my broker’s, and rising at the same hour I used to go to bed at this end of the town. I have at last made up my accounts, and now wake every morning master of five-and-twenty hundred a year, *terra firma*, and pelf in my pocket: I have fun in my fob, beside, child.

Gran. And all this out of Change-Alley?

Wit. Every shilling, sir; all out of stocks, puts, bulls, rams, bears, and bubbles.

“*Gran.* These frolics of fortune do some justice at
“least; they sufficiently mortify the proud and envi-
“ous, that have not been the better for them.

“*Frank.* Oh, I know some are ready to burst even
“at the good fortune of their own relations!

“*Wit.* ’Egad, and so do I; there’s that surly put,
“my uncle, the counsellor, won’t pull off his hat to
“me now. A poor slaving cur, that is not worth

“above a thousand a year, and minds nothing but his
“business——

“*Frank.* And so is out of humour with you, be-
“cause you have done that in a twelvemonth, that he
“has been drudging for these twenty years.

“*Wit.* But I intend to send him word, if he does
“not mend his manners now, I shall disinherit him.”

Gran. What are we to think of this, Frankly!—Is
Fortune really in her wits, or is the world out of
them?

Frank. Much as it used to be; she has only found
a new channel for her tides of favour.

Wit. Pr’ythee, why dost not come into the Alley,
and see us scramble for them? If you have a mind to
philosophize there, there’s work for your speculation!
’Egad, I never go there, but it puts me in mind of the
poetical regions of death, where all mankind are upon
a level: “there you’ll see a duke dangling after a di-
“rector; here a peer, and a ’prentice haggling for an
“eighth; there a Jew and a parson making up differ-
“ences; here a young woman of quality buying bears
“of a quaker; and there an old one selling refusals
“to a lieutenant of grenadiers.

“*Frank.* What a medley of mortals has he jumbled
“together?

“*Wit.*” Oh, there’s no such fun in the universe!—
’Egad, there’s no getting away. Perish me, if I have
had time to see my mistress, but of a Sunday, these
three months.

Gran. Thy mistress! What dost thou mean? Thou speakest as if thou hadst but one.

Wit. Why, no more I have not, that I care a farthing for: I may perhaps have a stable of scrubs, to mount my footmen, when I rattle into town, or so; but this is a choice pad, child, that I design for my own riding.

Frank. Pr'ythee, who is she?

Wit. I'll shew you, my dear—I think I have her here in my pocket.

Gran. What dost thou mean?

Wit. Look you, I know you are my friends; and therefore, since I am sure it is in nobody's power to hurt me, I'll venture to trust you.—There! that's whoo, child.

[*Shews a paper.*

Fran. What's here?

[*Reads.*

‘ To Sir GILBERT WRANGLE.

‘ Sir,

‘ According to your contract of the eleventh of February last, I now make my election of your younger daughter, Mrs. Charlotte Wrangle; and do hereby demand your consent, to be forthwith join'd to the said Charlotte in the sober state of matrimony. Witness my hand, &c.

‘ WILLIAM WITLING.’

What a merry world do we live in!

Gran. This indeed is extraordinary.

Wit. I think so: I assure you, gentlemen, I take this to be a *coup de maître* of the whole Alley. This is

a call now, that none of your thick-sculled calculators could ever have thought on.

Gran. Well, sir, and does this contract secure the lady's fortune to you too?

Wit. Oh, pox! I knew that was all rug before: he had settled three thousand a-piece upon them in the South-Sea, when it was only about par, provided they married with his consent, which by this contract, you know, I have a right too. So there's another thirty thousand dead, my dear.

Frank. But pray, sir, has not the lady herself a right of refusal, as well as you, all this while?

Wit. A right! aye, who doubts it? Every woman has a right to be a fool, if she has a mind to it, that's certain; but Charlotte happens to be a girl of taste, my dear; she is none of those fools that will stand in her own light, I can tell you.

Frank. Well, but do you expect she should blindly consent to your bargain?

Wit. Blindly, no, child: but dost thou imagine any citizen's daughter can refuse a man of my figure and fortune with her eyes open.

Gran. Impudent rogue!

[*Aside.*

Frank. Nay, I grant your security's good, sir: but I mean, you have still left her consent at large in the writing.

Wit. Her consent! Didst thou think I minded that, man? I knew, if the stock did but whip up, I should make no more of her than a poached egg. But to let

you into the secret, my dear, I am secure of that already; for the slut's in love with me, and does not know it: ha, ha, ha!

Frank. How came you to know it, then?

Wit. By her ridiculous pretending to hate me, child: for we never meet, but 'tis a mortal war, and never part, till one of us is rallied to death: ha, ha, ha!

Frank. Nay then, it must be a match; for, I see, you are resolved to take no answer.

Wit. Not I, faith! I know her play too well for that: in short, I am this very evening to attack her in form; and to shew you I am a man of skill, I intend to make my first breach from a battery of Italian music, in which I design to sing my own Io Pæan, and enter the town in triumph.

Frank. You are not going to her now?

Wit. No, no, I must first go and give the governor my summons here.—I must find out Sir Gilbert; he's hereabouts: I long to make him growl a little; for I know he'll fire when he reads it, as if it were a *scire facias* against the company's charter. Ha, ha, ha!

[*Exit.*

“*Frank.* When all's said, this fellow seems to feel his fortune more than most of the fools that have been lately taken into her favour.”

Gran. “Pox on him! I had rather have his constitution than his money.” Pr'ythee let's follow; and see how the old gentleman receives him.

Frank. No; excuse me; I can't rest till I see

Charlotte: you know my affairs now require attendance.

Gran. That's true; I beg you take no notice to Sophronia of my being in town; I have my reasons for it.

Frank. Very well; we shall meet at dinner. Adieu.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Sir GILBERT'S House. Enter SOPHRONIA and CHARLOTTE.

Charlotte.

HA, ha, ha!

Soph. Dear sister, don't be so boisterous in your mirth: you really overpower me! So much vociferation is insupportable.

Char. Well, well, I beg your pardon—but, you know laughing is the wholsomest thing in the world; and when one has a hearty occasion——

Soph. To be vulgar, you are resolved to appear so.

Char. Oh, I cannot help it, I love you dearly; and, pray, where's the harm of it?

Soph. Look you, sister, I grant you, that risibility is only given to the *animal rationale*; but you really indulge it, as if you could give no other proof of your species.

Char. And if I were to come into your sentiments,

dear sister, I am afraid the world would think I were of no species at all.

Soph. The world, sister, is a generation of ignorants: and, for my part, I am resolved to do what in me lies to put an end to posterity.

Char. Why, you don't despair of a man, I hope?

Soph. No; but I will have all mankind despair of me.

Char. You'll positively die a maid!

Soph. You, perhaps, may think that dying a martyr; but I shall not die a brute, depend upon't.

Char. Nay, I don't think you'll die either, if you can help it.

Soph. What do you mean, madam?

Char. Only, madam, that you are a woman, and may happen to change your mind; that's all.

Soph. A woman! That's so like your ordinary way of thinking; as if souls had any sexes—No—when I die, madam, I shall endeavour to leave such sentiments behind me, that—(*non omnis moriar*) the world will be convinced my purer part had no sex at all.

“*Char.* Why truly, it will be hard to imagine that any one of our sex could make such a resolution; though, I hope, we are not bound to keep all we make neither.

“*Soph.* You'll find, madam, that an elevated soul may be always master of its perishable part.”

Char. But, dear madam, do you suppose our souls are crammed into our bodies merely to spoil sport, that a virtuous woman is only sent hither of a fool's

errand? What's the use of our coming into the world, if we are to go out of it, and leave nobody behind us?

Soph. "If our species can be only supported by those gross mixtures, of which cook-maids and footmen are capable, people of rank and erudition ought certainly to detest them." Oh, what a pity 'tis the divine secret should be lost! I have somewhere read of an ancient naturalist, whose laborious studies had discovered a more innocent way of propagation; but, it seems, his tables unfortunately falling into his wife's hands, the gross creature threw them into the fire.

Char. Indeed, my dear sister, if you talk thus in company, people will take you for a mad woman.

"*Soph.* I shall be even with them, and think those mad that differ from my opinion.

"*Char.* But I rather hope the world will be so charitable, as to think this is not your real opinion."

Soph. I shall wonder at nothing that's said or thought by people of your sullied imagination.

Char. Sullied! I would have you to know, madam, I think of nothing but what's decent and natural.

Soph. Don't be too positive, nature has its independencies.

Char. That may be; but I don't think of them.

Soph. No! Did not you own to me, just now, you were determined to marry?

Char. Well; and where's the crime, pray?

Soph. What! you want to have me explain? But I

shall not defile my imagination with such gross ideas.

“*Char.* But, dear madam, if marriage were such
 “ an abominable business, how comes it that all the
 “ world allows it to be honourable? And I hope you
 “ won’t expect me to be wiser than any of my an-
 “ cestors, by thinking the contrary.

“*Soph.* No; but if you will read history, sister,
 “ you will find that the subjects of the greatest em-
 “ pire upon earth were only propagated from violated
 “ chastity: the Sabine ladies were wives, ’tis true,
 “ but glorious ravished wives. Vanquished they
 “ were indeed, but they surrendered not: they
 “ screamed, and cried, and tore, and as far as their
 “ weak limbs would give them leave, resisted and ab-
 “ horred the odious joy——

“*Char.* And yet, for all that niceness, they brought
 “ a chopping race of rakes, that bullied the whole
 “ world about them.

“*Soph.* The greater still their glory, that though
 “ they were naturally prolific, their resistance proved
 “ they were not slaves to appetite.

“*Char.* Ah, sister! if the Romans had not been
 “ so sharp set, the glorious resistance of these fine
 “ ladies might have been all turned into coquetry.

“*Soph.* There’s the secret, sister: had our modern
 “ dames but the true Sabine spirit of disdain, man-
 “ kind might be again reduced to those old Roman
 “ extremities; and our shameless brides would not

“ then be led, but dragged to the altar; their *spon-*
 “ *salia* not called a marriage, but a sacrifice: and the
 “ conquered beauty, not the bridal virgin, but the
 “ victim.

“ *Char.* Oh, ridiculous! and so you would have no
 “ woman married that was not first ravished, ac-
 “ cording to law?

“ *Soph.* I would have mankind owe their conquest
 “ of us rather to the weakness of our limbs than of
 “ our souls. And if defenceless women must be mo-
 “ thers, the brutality, at least, should lie all at their
 “ door.”

Char. Have a care of this over-niceness, dear sister,
 lest some agreeable young fellow should seduce you
 to the confusion of parting with it. You'd make a
 most rueful figure in love!

Soph. Sister, you make me shudder at your free-
 dom! I in love! I admit a man! What, become the
 voluntary, the lawful object of a corporeal sensu-
 ality? Like you, to choose myself a tyrant! a de-
 spoiler! a husband! Ugh.

Char. I am afraid; by this disorder of your
 thoughts, dear sister, you have got one in your head
 that you don't know how to get rid of.

Soph. I have, indeed; but it's only the male crea-
 ture that you have a mind to.

Char. Why, that's possible too; for I have often
 observed you uneasy at Mr. Frankly's being par-
 ticular to me.

Soph. If I am, 'tis upon your account, because I know he imposes upon you.

Char. You know it?

“*Soph.* I know his heart, and that another is mistress of it.

“*Char.* Another!

“*Soph.* Another; but one that to my knowledge will never hear of him; so don't be uneasy, dear sister, all in my power you may be assured of.

“*Char.* Surprisingly kind, indeed!

“*Soph.* And you know too I have a great deal in my inclination——

“*Char.* For me or him, dear sister?

“*Soph.* Nay, now you won't suffer me to oblige you; I tell you, I hate the animal; and for half a good word would give him away.

“*Char.* What! before you have him?

“*Soph.* This affected ignorance is so vain, dear sister, that I now think it high time to explain to you.

“*Char.* Then we shall understand one another.”

Soph. You don't know, perhaps, that Mr. Frankly is passionately in love with me?

Char. I know, upon his treating with my father, his lawyer once made you some offers.

Soph. Why then you may know too, that upon my slighting those offers, he fell immediately into a violent despair.

Char. I did not hear of its violence.

“ *Soph.* So violent, that he has never since dared
“ to open his lips to me about it; but to revenge the
“ secret pains I gave him, has made his public ad-
“ dresses to you.

“ *Char.* Indeed, sister, you surprise me: and 'tis
“ hard to say, that men impose more upon us than
“ we upon ourselves.

“ *Soph.* Therefore, by what I have told you, you
“ may now be convinced he is false to you.

“ *Char.* But is there a necessity, my dear Sophro-
“ nia, that I must rather believe you than him? Ha,
“ ha, ha!”

Soph. How, madam! Have you the confidence to
question my veracity, by supposing me capable of an
endeavour to deceive you?

Char. No hard words, dear sister: I only suppose
you as capable of deceiving yourself as I am.

Soph. Oh, mighty probable, indeed! You are a
person of infinite penetration! Your studies have
opened to you the utmost recesses of human nature;
but let me tell you, sister, that vanity is the only
fruit of toilette lucubrations. I deceive myself: ha,
ha, ha!

Char. One of us certainly does! Ha, ha!

Soph. There I agree with you. Ha, ha!

Char. Till I am better convinced then on which
side the vanity lies, give me leave to laugh in my
turn, dear sister.

Soph. Oh, by all means, sweet madam! Ha, ha!

Both. Ha, ha, ha!

Char. Oh, here's mamma; she perhaps may decide the question. Ha, ha!

Enter Lady WRANGLE.

L. Wrang. So, Mrs. Charlotte! what wonderful nothing, pray, may be the subject of this mighty merriment?

Soph. Nothing, indeed, madam; or, what's next to nothing; a man, it seems. Ha, ha!

L. Wrang. Charlotte, wilt thou never have any thing else in thy head?

Char. I was in hopes, nothing, that was in my sister's head, would be a crime in mine, madam.

L. Wrang. Your sister's! What? How? Who is it you are laughing at?

Char. Only at one another, madam; but, perhaps, your ladyship may laugh at us both; for it seems my sister and I both insist that Mr. Frankly is positively in love but with one of us.

L. Wrang. Who, child?

Soph. Mr. Frankly, madam.

L. Wrang. Mr. Frankly in love with one of you!

Soph. Ay, madam; but it seems we both take him to ourselves.

L. Wrang. Then Charlotte was in the right in one point.

Soph. In what, dear madam?

L. Wrang. Why, that for the same reason you have been laughing at one another, I must humbly beg leave to laugh at you both—Ha, ha!

Char. So, this is rare sport. [*Aside.*

L. Wrang. But pray, ladies, how long has the chimaera of this gentleman's passion for you been in either of your heads?

Soph. Nay, madam, not that I value the conquest; but your ladyship knows he once treated with my father upon my account.

L. Wrang. I know he made that his pretence to get acquainted in the family.

Soph. Perhaps, madam, I have more coercive reasons, but am not concerned enough at present to insist upon their validity.

L. Wrang. Sophronia, you have prudence. [*Sophronia walks by and reads.*] But what have you to urge, sweet lady? How came this gentleman into your head, pray?

Char. Really, madam, I can't well say how he got in, but there he is, that's certain: what will be able to get him out again, Heaven knows.

L. Wrang. Oh, I'll inform you then; think no more of him than he thinks of you, and I'll answer for your cure. Ha, ha, ha!

Char. I shall follow your prescription, madam, when I am once sure how little he thinks on me.

L. Wrang. Then judge of that, when I assure you that his heart is utterly and solely given up to me.

Soph. Well! I did not think my lady had been capable of so much weakness. [*Aside.*

Char. How! to you, madam? How is that possible, unless he makes you dishonourable offers?

L. Wrang. There's no occasion to suppose that neither; there are passions you have no notion of: he knows my virtue is impregnable: but that—preserves him mine.

Char. Nay, this does puzzle me indeed, madam.

Soph. If you had ever read Plato, sister, you might have known, that passions of the greatest dignity have not their source from veins and arteries.

L. Wrang. Sophronia, give me leave to judge of that; perhaps I don't insist that he is utterly Platonic neither: the mansion of the soul may have its attractions too; he is as yet but *udum & molle lutum*—and may take what form I please to give him.

Char. Well, madam, since I see he is so utterly at your ladyship's disposal, and that 'tis impossible your virtue can make any use of him in my vulgar way; shall I beg your good word to my father, only to make me mistress of his mortal part?

L. Wrang. Heavens! what will this world come to? “This creature has scarce been two years from school, and yet is impatient for a husband?” No, madam, you are too young as yet; but—*Cruda marito.* Your education is not yet finished; first cultivate your mind, “correct and mortify these sallies of your blood;” learn of your sister here, to live a bright example of your sex; refine your soul; give your happier hours up to science, arts, and letters; enjoy the raptures of philosophy, subdue your passions, and renounce the sensual commerce of mankind.

Char. Oh, dear madam, I should make a piteous philosopher; indeed your ladyship had much better put me out to the business I am fit for: here's my sister has learning enough o' conscience for any one family; and, of the two, I had much rather follow your ladyship's example, and use my humble endeavours to increase it.

L. Wrang. My example! Do you suppose then, if I had been capable of gross desires, I would have chosen your father for the gratificator of them?

Char. Why not, madam; my papa's a hale man, and though he has twice your ladyship's age, he walks as straight, and leads up a country dance as brisk as a beau at a ball.

L. Wrang. Come, none of your sensual inferences from thence; I was governed by my parents, I had other views in marrying Mr. Wrangle.

Char. Yes, a swinging jointure. [*Aside.*

L. Wrang. When you have gone through my studies, madam, philosophy will tell you, 'tis possible a well-natured mind, though fated to a husband, may be at once a wife and virgin.

Char. Prodigious! [*Aside.*

L. Wrang. What is't you smile at, madam?

Char. Nothing, madam, only I don't understand these philosophical mysteries; but if your ladyship will indulge me in marrying Mr. Frankly, as for dying a maid afterwards, I'll take my chance for it.

L. Wrang. What a giddy confidence! But thou art strangely vain, Charlotte, to be so importunate for a

man, that, as I have told thee, has the misfortune to be passionately in love with me.

Char. Indeed, indeed, madam; if your ladyship would but give him leave to open his mind freely, he would certainly tell you another story.

L. Wrang. I will send for him this minute, and convince you of your error.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, Mr. Frankly.

L. Wrang. He never came more opportunely: desire him to walk in.

Enter Mr. FRANKLY.

L. Wrang. Oh, Mr. Frankly, the welcomest man alive.

Frank. Then I am the happiest, I am sure, madam.

L. Wrang. Oh, fye! is there any one of this company could make you so?

Frank. There's one in the company, madam, has a great deal more in her power than I'm afraid she'll part with to me.

Soph. Are you this hard-hearted lady, sister? Does this description reach you, pray? [*Aside.*

Char. The power does not describe you, I'll answer for it. [*Aside.*

L. Wrang. Nay, now you grow particular——You have something to say to one of these ladies, I'm sure. [*To Frankly.*

Frank. I have something, madam, to say to both of them.

Soph. Shall we let him speak, sister?

Char. Freely.

L. Wrang. Which of these two now, if you were free to choose, could you really give up your heart to?

Frank. Oh, madam! as to that, I dare only say as Sir John Suckling did upon the same occasion.

Soph. Pray, what was that?

Frank. He sure is happiest that has hopes of either;
Next him is he that sees you both together.

L. Wrang. Perfectly fine—Nor is there more wit in the verses themselves, than in your polite application of them—Mr. Frankly, I must beg your pardon—I know it's rude to whisper; but you have good-nature; and, to oblige a woman——

Frank. Is the business of my life, madam—What the devil can all this mean? I have been oddly catechised here—Sure they have not all agreed to bring me to a declaration for one of them—It looks a little like it—“But then, how comes Charlotte into so vain a project? Nay, so hazardous! She can't but know, my holding the other two in play has been the only means of my getting admittance to her—Perhaps they may have piqued her into this experiment—not unlikely.” But I must be cautious.

[*Aside.*

L. Wrang. Nay, ladies, you can't but say I laid you fairly in his way. [*Apart to Soph. and Char.*] And yet you see from how palpable a regard to me he has ingeniously avoided a declaration for either of you at least.

Soph. Your ladyship won't be offended; if, for a moment, we should suspend your conclusion.

L. Wrang. Not in the least; if suspense can make you happy, live always in it.

Char. But pray, madam, let him go on a little.

L. Wrang. Oh, you shall have enough of him. Well, you are a horrid tyrant, Mr. Frankly. Don't you plainly see, here are two ladies in this company that have a mind you should declare in favour of one of them?

Frank. Yes, madam; but I plainly see there are three ladies in the company.

L. Wrang. What then?

Frank. Why then, madam, I am more afraid of offending that third person than either of the other two.

L. Wrang. [To *Soph.* and *Char.*] Observe his diffidence, his awe; he knows I love respect.

Soph. With submission, madam, I never was familiar with him.

“*L. Wrang.* Come, now, do you both ask the question as I have done, each exclusive of herself.

“*Char.* Your ladyship's in the right—[*Aside.* “Sir, without any apology then, I am obliged to ask you, whether it be my lady or my sister you are really in love with?

“*Frank.* So, now it's plain. [*Aside.*] When either of them ask me, you'll be out of the question I can assure you, madam.

“*L. Wrang.* Ha, ha!

“ *Soph.* Who’s in the question now, sister ?

“ *Char.* If I had put myself in, you would not have
“ been there, I’ll answer for him. [*Aside.*

“ *Soph.* Then I’ll do you that favour, madam.

“ *Frank.* So, now the other—but I am ready for
“ her too.

“ *Soph.* You see, sir, the humour we are in : though
“ don’t suppose, if I ask you the same question, ’tis
“ from the same motive ; but since these ladies have
“ obliged me to it—Which of them is it you sin-
“ cerely are a slave to ?

“ *Frank.* Since I find your motive is only com-
“ plaisance to them, madam, I hope you will not
“ think it needs an answer.

“ *Soph.* I am satisfied—Your ’ladyship was pleased
“ to mention respect—I think there’s respect and de-
“ monstration too, madam. [*Aside to L. Wrang.*”

L. Wrang. I grant it ; “ but both to me, child.”
But I will speak once more for all of us—Sir, that
you may not be reduced to farther ambiguities, sup-
pose we are all agreed you should have leave to de-
clare which of us then your heart is utterly in the
disposal of ?

Frank. Then I must suppose, madam, that one of
you have a mind I should make the other two my
enemies.

L. Wrang. All your friends, depend upon us.

Frank. So were all the three goddesses to Paris,
madam, ’till he presumed to be particular, and rashly

gave the apple to Venus—You know, madam, Juno was his immortal enemy ever after.

————— *Manet altâ mente repôstum*

Judicium Paridis, spretæque injuria formæ.

L. Wrang. Sir, you are excus'd ; the modesty and elegance of your reply has charm'd me.

Soph. Now, sister, was this delicacy of his taste and learning shewn to recommend himself to me or you, think you ?

Char. Oh, I don't dispute its recommending him to you.

Soph. He thinks it does, depend upon't.

Char. Though I can hardly think that of him, yet I can't say indeed, he has taken much pains to recommend himself to me all this while. I see no reason, because they are to be respected, forsooth, that I may not be pleased in my turn too. [To herself.

Frank. And now, ladies, give me leave to ask you a question.

L. Wrang. You may command us, sir.

Frank. Then, whose cruel proposal was it to urge me to a declaration of my heart, when you all knew there was not one of you, from the disposition of whose mind or circumstances I could hope the least favour or mercy.

L. Wrang. Explain yourself.

Frank. Why, first, madam, as to your ladyship, you are honourably disposed of ; from you my utmost vanity could no more form a hope, than could your

virtue give it—And here, [*To Soph.*] if possible, my fate were harder still—here I must have to encounter rivals numberless and invincible.

Soph. Rivals!

Frank. Ay, madam, is not every volume in your library a rival? Do you not pass whole days, nay, sometimes happier nights, with them alone? “The living and the dead promiscuous in your favour?” Old, venerable sages, even in their graves, can give you raptures, from whose divine enjoyment no mortal lover can persuade you.

Soph. [*To Char.*] Is this to please you, sister?

Char. Truly, I think not—he has mistaken the way, at least.

Frank. [*Turning to Char.*] And here, madam—

L. Wrang. Hold, sir; a truce with your negatives, lest they grow too vehement in their affirmation. You have hitherto my esteem, preserve it by your discretion, and force me not to revoke the freedom I have this day given you. Sophronia, I have carried this matter to the very utmost limits of discretion. I hope you and your sister are now delivered from your error; if not, I'll instantly withdraw, and leave you to a full conviction. [*Exit.*]

Frank. I am afraid my lady takes something ill of me.

Soph. Sir, what you have done was from her own desire; and since I partly am the occasion, it is but just I stand engaged for your reconciliation.

Frank. Then give me leave to hope, madam—

Soph. From what pretension, sir? From any weak-

ness of my behaviour? Hope! Do you consider the licentious and extensive consequences of that odious word? Hope! You make me tremble at the thought.

Frank. Madam, I only mean——

Soph. I know your meaning, sir: and therefore must not hear it.

Frank. This is new with a vengeance! [*Aside.*

Soph. Sister, “I am sorry our argument has reduced me to stand so outrageous an instance of your conviction; but you may profit from the insult:” you may now learn to moderate your vanity, and to know yourself. Oh, ’tis a heavenly lesson!——

E cælo descendit gnothe seauton. [*Exit.*

Frank. What a solid happiness is now crept into her mind through the crack of her brain!—I hope you are not going too, madam?

Char. I don’t know any business I have here.

Frank. So—’Egad, I have disoblighed them all, I believe. [*Aside.*] You are not out of humour?

Char. I don’t know whether I am or no.

Frank. So cold, Charlotte, after I have had my wits upon the stretch this half hour to oblige you.

Char. What, in blowing up other people’s vanity at my expence?

Frank. Would you have had me blown up their jealousy at the expence of my being well with you?

Char. You, that are so dexterous in imposing upon others, may impose upon me too, for aught I know.

“*Frank.* Come, come, don’t impose upon yourself, Charlotte, by this groundless, this childish resentment.”

Char. She that has no resentment at all may be “under-treated as long as she lives, I find.”

Frank. Pray, think a little. Is my having made them ridiculous by your own consent, exposing you to them, or them to you?

Char. I don't know how the matter's contrived; but I certainly find myself uneasy, and you can't persuade me I am not so.

Frank. Well, well; since you can't justify your being in an ill humour, it's a fair step, at least, to your coming into a good one.

Char. Come, I will not be wheedled now.

Frank. Nay, but hear me.

SOPHRONIA enters unseen, while FRANKLY seems to entertain CHARLOTTE apart.

Soph. What can these creatures be doing alone together? “I thought I left my sister in too ill a humour to retire with him; but I see these carnage lovers have such a meanness in their souls, they'll overlook the grossest usage to accommodate their sensual concorporation.” 'Tis so—her eyes have lost all resentment already. But I must not be seen, lest they mistake my innocent curiosity for jealousy.

Char. Well, but you might have thrown in a civil thing to me in my turn too.

Frank. Alas, poor lady! Pray, what one civil thing did I mean to any body but yourself? Besides, was not you one of the three goddesses, Miss Char-

lotte? Which of the company do you suppose I meant by Venus, pray?

Char. How silly you make me?

Frank. Nay, I was going to say a great deal more to you, if my lady had not stopped my mouth.

Soph. Is it possible! [*Aside.*]

Char. Why, then, I beg your pardon; for, in short, I find I have only been fool enough to be uneasy, because they had not sense enough to be mortified.

Frank. A pretty innocent confession, truly.

Soph. Have I my senses?

Char. Well, but tell me, what was it you had a mind to say to me?

Frank. Nothing to what I now could say—Oh, Charlotte, my heart grows full of you; the least look of kindness softens me to folly!—Indeed I love you.

Soph. Soh——

Char. And for what, after all? [*Smiling.*]

Frank. For that, and for a thousand charms beside. [*Pressing her hand.*] There's something in your looks so soft, so gentle, so resign'd, and plaintive; I loved before I knew it, and only thought I gave the pity that I wanted.

Char. What transport's in the passion, when the tenderness is mutual!

Soph. Oh, the enormous creature! but I'll begone, lest her intoxication should know no bounds—No, on second thoughts, I'll stay: “this odious object
“may be useful; vipers, if rightly taken, are preser-
“vatives: and as the Spartans taught their children

“to abhor intemperance, by shewing them their slaves
 “exposed, and senseless in their wine; so I, in con-
 “templation of this folly, may be fortified against it.”
 — Oh, the abandoned wantons! — “What a rio-
 “tous disorder now must run through every vein of
 “her whole system?—How can they thus deface the
 “dignity of human being?”—[*During this Frankly
 and Charlotte seem in an amorous dispute, till he kisses
 her.*]—A kiss! nay, then, ’tis insupportable. [*She goes
 to them.*] Sister, I am amazed you can stand trifling
 here, when my father is come home, and you know he
 wants you.

Char. She has certainly seen us. [*Aside to Frank.*

Frank. No matter; seem easy, and take no notice.

[*Apart to Char.*

Soph. Shall I tell him you will not come, madam?

Char. Well, do not be in a passion, dear sister.

Frank. Oh, fye! why should you think so?—But is
 Sir Gilbert come in, madam? I have a little business
 with him. If you please, madam, I’ll wait upon you
 to him.

Char. With all my heart.

“*Frank. Amante sposo, &c.*

[*Singing.*”

[*Exeunt Frank. and Char.*

Soph. What means this turbulence of thought?—
 “Why am I thus disordered!” It cannot, nay, I will
 not have it jealousy—No, if I were capable of folly,
 Granger might mislead me; yet still I am disturbed
 —“Yes, ’tis plain, I am incensed, provoked at him;”
 but can I not assign the cause?—Oh, I have found

it!—Having first offered up his heart to me, his giving it to another, without my leave, is an insult on my merit, and worthy my resentment—that's all—How, then, shall I punish him?—By securing her to his rival.—Witling shall have her; I will work it by my lady; she seems his friend——“Yes, yes, that will entirely ease my heart. How I rejoice to find 'tis only decent pride that has disturbed me.—“Yes, I'll certainly resent it, to their mutual disappointment.”

*Thus both shall suffer, doom'd to different fates,
His be despair; be hers, the man she hates.* [Exit.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Lady WRANGLE, and SOPHRONIA.

Lady Wrangle.

IMPOSSIBLE! You amaze me! Kiss her, say you? What, as a lover, amorously, voluptuously?

Soph. Infamously, with all the glowing fervour of a libertine.

L. Wrang. Then I am deceived indeed. “I thought that virtue, letters, and philosophy, had only charms for him: I have known his soul all rapture in their praises; nay, and believed myself the secret object of them all.—But is he vulgar, brutal, then at last? No Punic faith so false.—’Tis well; he has

“deceived me, and I hate him. Oh, that forward creature!

“*Soph.* She warms as I could wish. [*Aside.*

“*L. Wrang.*” But, tell me, dear Sophronia, how did that naughty girl behave to him? Was the shame chiefly his?—Did she resist, or—“how was this odious kiss obtained?—Were his persuasions melting, or her allurements artful?—Was he ensnared, or did his wiles seduce her?”—Oh, tell me all his baseness! I burn to know, yet wish to be deceived.

Soph. —*Speratque miserrima falli*—Directly jealous of him; but I’ll make my uses of it. [*Aside.*]—Nay, madam, I must own the guilty part was chiefly hers. Had you but seen the warm advances that she made him, “the looks, the smiles, the toying glances; “Oh, such wanton blandishments to allure him!” you would think his crime, compared to her’s, but frailty.

L. Wrang. Oh, the little sorceress!—But I shall stop her in her loose career: I’ll have her know, forward as she is, her inclinations shall wait upon my choice; and since she will run riot, I’ll have her clogged immediately. I’ll marry her, Sophronia; but where I think fit. No, Mr Witling is her man, or she’s a maid for ever.

Soph. That, madam, I doubt, she will never be brought too; she mortally hates him.

L. Wrang. So much the better; I do not design him, therefore, as her happiness, but her punishment.

Soph. This is fortunate; she even prevents my purpose. [Aside.]

L. Wrang. Oh, that a man of his sublime faculties could fall from such a height! Was ever any thing so mean, Sophronia?

Soph. I am surprised indeed. My sister, too, is so illiterate, madam.

L. Wrang. To contaminate his intellects with such a chit of an animal; *O tempora!*

Soph. *O mores!* 'Tis a degenerate age, indeed, madam.

“*L. Wrang.* Nothing but noise and ignorance; girls and vanity have their attractions now.”

“*Soph.* Oh, there's no living, madam, while coquettes are so openly tolerated among a civilized people!”

“*L. Wrang.* I protest, they are so insolently insidious, they are become mere nuisances to all innocent society.”

“*Soph.* I am amazed the government should not set the idle creatures to work.”

“*L. Wrang.* The wisdom of our ancestor restrained such horrid licences; and, you see, the laws they made, described them all by the modest term of spinsters only.”—But I'll take care of her, “at least; and since she is become a public mischief, to humble her will be a public good.” I'll send to Mr. Witling this moment, and invite him to dine here. I desire you will be in the way, child, and assist me in bringing this matter to a speedy conclusion. [Exit.]

Soph. Yes, I shall assist you, madam; though not to gratify your resentments, but my own. Poor lady! is this then all the fruit of your philosophy? “Is this her conduct of the passions, not to endure another should possess what she pretends to scorn? Are these her self-denials? Where, where was her self-examination all this while? The least inquiry there had shewn these passions as they are: then had she seen, that all this anger at my sister was but envy: those reproaches on her lover, jealousy; even that jealousy, the child of vanity, and her avowed resentment, malice!”—Good Heaven!—Can she be this creature, and know it not?—And yet ’tis so—so partial’s Nature to herself.

*“That charity begins, where knowledge shou’d,
 “And all our wisdom’s counsell’d by the blood:”
 The faults of others we with ease discern,
 But our own frailties are the last we learn.*

[*Going off, she meets Frankly and Charlotte.*

Ha! perpetually together!

Char. In contemplation, sister? I am afraid we disturb you: come, Mr. Frankly, we’ll go into the next room.

Soph. No, madam, if you have any secrets, I’ll retire.

Char. Nay, we have none now, sister, but what I dare swear you are certainly let into; ha, ha, ha!

Frank. So she must have a gentle insult, I find; but it will be prudent in me to keep the peace.

[*Aside.*

Soph. These taunts are insupportable ! but to confess the smart, were adding to her triumph. [*Aside.*

Char. Why so grave, Sophronia ?

Soph. Why that question, madam ? Do you often see me otherwise ?

Char. No ; but I thought, upon your supposing we had secrets, you drew up a little.

Soph. 'Tis possible, I might not be in a laughing humour, without thinking any of your secrets important.

Frank. People, madam, that think much, always wear a serious aspect. [*To Char.*

Soph. As the contrary, sister, may be a reason for your continual mirth.

Char. Well, well ; so I am but happy, sister, I am content you should be wise as long as you live.

Soph. You have one sign of wisdom, I see : a little thing contents you.—There's no bearing her.

[*Aside and exit.*

Char. She's in a high miff.

Frank. I am afraid there is no good towards us : I observed my lady, as she passed too, had much the same cloud upon her brow.

Char. Then she has certainly told her how she caught us fooling together.

Frank. No doubt on't ; therefore we must expect all the mischief that either of them can do us.

Char. My sister can't do us much, at least.

Frank. She can blow up my lady ; and, you know, my lady governs your father.

Char. She does a little overbear him indeed; not but he will make his party good with her upon occasion: I have known it come to a drawn battle between them, especially when he has any body to stand by him. A sad life though, Mr. Frankly, when conjugal engagements are only battles; does not their example frighten you?

Frank. I can see no hazard in taking my chance with you, madam.

SOPHRONIA returns, and stops short, seeing FRANKLY taking CHARLOTTE's Hand.

Soph. So! closing again the minute they are alone; but I shall make bold with them. [*Goes forward.*] Pray, sister, what did you do with that book of mine you took up this morning?

Char. What book?

Soph. The Confucius, you know, in my chamber.

Char. Oh, I did not mind it; I left it upon the green table.

Soph. Very well—that's all—I beg your pardon. What a melancholy sight she is!

[*Exit, and drops her handkerchief.*]

Frank. This book was only a pretence to break in upon us.

Char. Plainly—she haunts us like the ghost in Hamlet. But pray, what talk had you with my father just now?

Frank. A great deal; we are upon very good terms there, I can tell you: but his conscience, it seems, is

under the most ridiculous dilemma sure that ever was.

Char. What do you mean ?

Frank. If you will have patience to hear it, I'll tell you.

Char. I shall have no patience till I do hear it.

Frank. You must know then, some time ago, " Sir Gilbert happened in a mixed company in Change-Alley, to join in a laugh at Mr." Witling, " for his folly (as it was then thought) in giving out premiums for the refusal of South-Sea stock at an extravagant price : the beau being piqued to an intemperance, to see his bargains a jest, offered, in heat of blood, to back his judgment with more money, for a harder bargain, and ten times as chimerical.

" *Char.* Ay, now let's hear.

" *Frank.* Thus it was : he" told an hundred guineas into your father's hand ; in consideration of which, (if Witling could prove himself worth fifty thousand pounds within the year, and the South-Sea stock should in that time mount to a thousand per cent. why then, and on those conditions only) your father was to give him the refusal of you, or your sister, in marriage. " This whimsical offer turned the laugh of the company to the beau's side, at which Sir Gilbert, impatient of his triumph, and not being in the least apprehensive either of the stocks rising to that price, or that this rattle-headed fellow could possibly make such a fortune in that

“time, fairly took the money, and signed the contract.” Now the stock, it seems, is come up to his price, and the spark has actually proved himself worth near double the sum he conditioned for.

Char. For Heaven’s sake I am I to take all this seriously?

Frank. Upon my life ’tis true: but don’t mistake the matter; Sir Gilbert has left his daughter’s inclinations free: there is no force to be put upon them in the bargain.

“*Char.* Oh, then I can take my breath again.

“*Frank.* No, no; you are safe as to that point: you may do as you please; he has only tied up his own consent. - But Witting having this call upon it, Sir Gilbert is incapable, as he says, of giving it at present to me.

“*Char.* Well; but in the mean time, suppose he should give it to you; what’s the penalty?

“*Frank.* That’s true; I had like to have forgot it: the penalty is this; if Sir Gilbert refuses his consent, then he is to give Witting an alternative of the three thousand pounds stock only at two hundred. So low, it seems, was the price when this bargain was made.

“*Char.* A pinching article: I am afraid my good father has not distaste enough for a coxcomb, to part with his stock, and not toss him a daughter in the bargain.

“*Frank.* Ay, but consider; Sir Gilbert is not to

“part with his stock neither, if you refuse to marry
“the gentleman.”

Char. Why then the fool has given his money for nothing; at least I am sure he has, if he makes his call upon me.

“*Frank.* Ay, but here’s the misfortune; the fool
“has been wise enough to do that already: Sir Gil-
“bert tells me, he has insisted upon you; and you
“may be sure my lady, and your sister, will do all
“in their power to hold your father to his bargain:
“so that, while the contract’s valid, it will not be
“even in your power, Charlotte, to complete my
“happiness this half year.

“*Char.* It gives me at least occasion to shew you a
“new proof of my inclination; for I confess I shall
“be as uneasy as you ’till, one way or other, this ri-
“diculous bargain is out of that coxcomb’s hands
“again.”

Frank. Oh, Charlotte! lay your hand upon my heart, and feel how sensibly it thanks you.

Char. Foolish!

SOPHRONIA enters, as looking for her Handkerchief,
and observes them.

Soph. Monstrous! actually embracing him! What have her transports made her blind too? Sure she might see me.

Char. Be but ruled, and I’ll engage to manage it.

“*Frank.* I have a lucky thought, that certainly—”

Char. Peace! break thee off! Lo! where it comes again.

Frank. Speak to it, Horatio—— [*Seeing Soph.*

Char. Do you want any thing, sister?

Soph. Ay! did not I drop an handkerchief here?

Char. I did not see any——Oh, here——I believe this is it. [*Gives it her.*

[*They all stand gravely mute for some time, at last, Charlotte, as uneasy at her company, speaks.*

Do you want any thing else, sister?

Soph. [*Turning short upon her.*]——Yes, madam——Patience——to support me under your injurious assurance.

Char. Keep your temper, sister, lest I should suspect your philosophy to be only an affectation of knowledge you never could arrive at.

Soph. There are some surprises, madam, too strong for all the guards of human constancy.

Char. Yet I have heard you say, madam, 'tis a narrowness of mind to be surprised at any thing.

Soph. To be amazed at the actions of the unjust, and the abandoned, is a weakness that often arises from innocence and virtue: you must therefore pardon me, if I am astonished at your behaviour.

“*Frank.* So! I suppose I shall have my share presently.” [*Aside.*

Char. My behaviour, madam, is not to be aspersed by outrage; and if I am not astonished at yours, 'tis because the folly of it ought to move no passion but laughter.

Soph. This to me! to me, Mrs. Charlotte?

Char. Ay, ay! to you, Mrs. Sophronia.

Frank. I beg your pardon, ladies, I see you have private business. [Going.]

Soph. No, sir,——hold——you are at least an accomplice, if not the principal, in the injury I complain of.

Frank. You do me a great deal of honour, madam, in supposing any thing in my power could disturb you; but pray, madam, wherein have I been so unhappy as to injure you?

“*Soph.* In the tenderest part; my fame, my sense, my merit, and (as the world esteems it) in my sex’s glory.”

“*Frank.* Accumulated wrongs, indeed! But really, madam, I am yet in the dark; I must beg you to explain a little farther.”

Soph. Then plainly thus, sir: you have robbed me of my right; the vows of love you once preferred to me, are by the laws of honour, without my consent, irrevocable: but, like a vile apostate, you have since presumed to throw your scornful malice on my attractions, by basely kneeling to another.

Char. Oh, the painful conflicts of prudery! [Aside.]

Frank. “This is hard indeed, madam, that the loss of what you never thought worth your acceptance, should be worth your resentment.” If a beggar should ask your charity, would you call it an injury, if upon refusing it, the wretch should beg of the next passenger?

Char. Well ; is not that prettily said now, sister ?

Soph. The case is different—You owe me tribute as your rightful conqueror ; and though I have declined the tasteless triumph of your homage, that's no remittance of the duty : nor can you pay it to the usurper of my right, without rebellious perjury to me.

Frank. Hoyty ! toyty ! 'Egad there will be no end of this—I must even talk downright to her. [*Aside.*

Soph. Oblations vowed to a peculiar power, are to its peculiar altars only due ; and though the offering might be ill-received, yet should the murmuring suppliant dare to invoke another's aid, his vows are then become profane and impious to the Deity.

Char. So ! since he would not make her a goddess, I find she's resolved to make one of herself. [*Aside.*

Frank. Now really, madam, if I were to put all this into plain English, the translation would amount to no more than this, that your offended deity is a mere dog in a manger : what the deuce, because you don't love oats, must nobody else eat them ! Ha, ha !

Char. Ha, ha, ha !

Soph. Amazement ! horror ! I am shocked and shivered to a thousand atoms ! Oh, my violated ears !

Frank. Ay, ay ! Madam, you may give yourself as many romantic airs as you please ; but, in short, I can play the civil hypocrite no longer.

Soph. Ye powers above, he triumphs in brutality !

Frank. That is, madam, because you will always take civility for adoration. But however, to clear up

this whole matter ; if, for once, you can reduce yourself from a deity to what nature has made you, a woman of sense, I'll beg pardon for my brutality, and speak to you like a gentleman.

Soph. You may suppose me then to have the sense you speak of.

Fran. Why then I own, madam, when first I came from travel, my good father, on whom I then depended, recommended me to an alliance in this family : I thought myself honoured in his commands ; “ and being equally a stranger to you and your sister, “ I judged, as being the elder, you had a natural “ right to the preference of my addresses :” I saw you, saw your person lovely, adorned with all those charms that usually inspire the lover's tongue to bend the ear of beauty——

Char. How she drops her eyes at it ! [*Aside.*

Fran. But on a nearer converse, I found you scarce a mortal in your sentiments ; “ so utter a disdain of love had you imbibed from your romantic “ education : no wonder I succeeded not : I shall not “ reproach you with my peculiar treatment : you “ pleased yourself, and I retreated.” On this I thought my heart at liberty to try its better fortune here. Here I am fixed, and justify my love ; where then is the injury to you, in laying at your sister's feet a heart, which your disdain rejected !

Soph. 'Tis true, while offered with impure desires : while sensually, and as a woman only, you pursued me : but had you greatly sought the marriage of the

mind, the social raptures of the soul ; I might perhaps have cherished an intellectual union.

Fran. Ah ! but dear, dear madam, those raptures in the air would not do my business ; I want an heir to my family, and in plain terms my case requires one that will give a little bodily help to it.

Soph. Nay then again, I must disclaim you ; a heart so tainted would but sully the receiver : the shrine's dishonoured by a polluted sacrifice.

Char. So ! she's at her old flights again. [*Aside.*

Soph. Thus then I fly for ever from your hopes—

*Thus Daphne triumph'd o'er Apollo's flame,
And to his Heav'n prefer'd a virgin's name :
The vanquish'd God pursu'd, but to despair,
While deathless laurels crown'd the flying fair.* [Exit.

Fran. So ! there's one plague over ; I have discharged my conscience upon her at least.

Char. Ha ! ha ! what a pretty way, though, my good sister has, of turning a slight into a triumph !— But she has a great heart.

Fran. O ! 'twould be hard to deny her that satisfaction ; “ beside the greatest heart in the world did just the same : we have known the late Grand Monarque lose many a battle ; but it was bloody hard to beat him out of a *Te Deum*.”

Char. Well, but now, how shall we manage my father ?

Frank. Here he comes.

Enter Sir GILBERT.

Sir. Gilb. So, Mr. Frankly ! you see I give you fair play——and, troth, I have a great respect for you——But——a——a bargain's a bargain ; if another man has really paid for my consent, you must not take it ill, if I don't refuse him.

Frank. I cannot pretend to ask it, sir : I think it favour enough, if you don't oblige your daughter to refuse me.

Sir Gilb. Not I, not I, man ; that's out of the question : she may please herself, and if Witling should not please her ; troth ! I cannot say it would not please me too : in short, if you two have wit enough to make up the difference, and bring me off——why there's no more to be said——If not——accounts must be made up——I have taken the premium, and must stand to my contract : for let me tell you, sir, we citizens, are as tender of our credit in Change-Alley, as you fine gentlemen are of your honour at court.

Frank. Sir, depend upon it, your credit shall not suffer by me, whatever it may by your comparison.

Sir Gilb. Why, what ails the comparison ?——Sir, I think the credit of the city may be compared to that of any body of men in Europe.

Frank. Yes, sir ; but you mistake me : I question if any bodies may be compared to that of the city.

Sir Gilb. O ! your humble servant, sir ; I did not take you——ay, ay, you're right ! you're right ! Ay,

ay, ay, live and learn, Mr. Frankly : you'll find 'tis not your court, but city politicians must do the nation's business at last. Why, what did your courtiers do all the last reigns, but borrow money to make war, and make war to make peace, and make peace to make war : and then to be bullies in one, and bubbles in t'other ? A very pretty account truly ; but we have made money, man : money ! money ! there's the health and life-blood of a government : and therefore I insist upon it, that we are the wisest citizens in Europe ; for we have coined more cash in an hour, than the tower of London in twenty years.

Frank. Nay, you govern the world now, its plain, sir, and truly that makes us hope its upon the mending hand : for since our men of quality are got so thick into Change-Alley, who knows but in time a great man's word may go as far as a tradesman's ?

Sir Gilb. Ah ! a wag, a wag ! In troth, Mr. Frankly, the more I know you, the more I like you : I see you know the world, you judge of men by their intrinsic value ; and you're right ! you're right ! titles are empty things. A wise man will always be a wise man, whether he has any title or no.

Frank. Ay, ay, sir, and when a fool gets one, he's only known to be a greater fool.

Sir Gilb. You're right again : besides, sir, shall any man value himself upon a thing that another may buy for his money as well as he ? Ridiculous —— a very pretty business truly, to give ten or twenty

thousand pounds, only to be called out of one's name :
Ha, ha, ha !

Frank. Nay, sir, and perhaps too, losing the privilege of a private subject, that of being believed upon your honour, or trusted upon your word.

Sir Gilb. Honour's a joke ! Is not every honest man a man of honour ?

Frank. Ay, but the best joke is, that every man of honour is not an honest man, sir.

Sir Gilb. Odsbodlikins, Mr. Frankly, you are an ingenious gentleman, and I must have you into my family, though it cost me twenty thousand pounds to keep that pragmatistical fellow out on't.

Frank. " If I have any pretence to your favour, sir, " I will take care your family shall not suffer by my " coming into it : for if the worst must happen, " 'tis but waiting till the other half year of Witling's contract is expired. I dare answer your daughter won't run away with him in the mean time.

Sir Gilb. Ay, but there's the question : is the girl staunch ? Are you sure now, that like a young hound, she may not gallop away with the rank scent of a coxcomb, and so spoil your sport ?

Frank. " I dare say she will take this fear for a " favour"—best examine her yourself, sir.

Sir Gilb. Come hither, Charlotte.

Char. Your pleasure, sir ?

Sir Gilb. Are you sure you are as wise as other fine ladies of your age, that know more of mankind than

their fathers, and consequently have a natural aversion to all husbands of their choosing? In short have you learnt enough of the world, to be heartily disobedient upon occasion?

Char. When you please to give me the occasion, sir, I will try what I can do.

Sir Gilb. Humph! she promises fair.—[*To Frankly aside.*]—The girl has wit—But now, child, the question is whether you have common sense or no, (for they don't always go together.) Are you smoky? Have you all your eye-teeth yet? Are you peery, as the cant is? In short do you know what I would be at now?

Char. Will you give me leave to guess, sir?

Sir Gilb. Out with it.

Char. Why then, (I hope at least, sir) you have a mind to make Witling believe, you are doing all in your power to bring his bargain to bear; and at the same time wish I would do all in my power to bring it to nothing.

Sir Gilb. [*Aside.*] It will do! it will do! Mr Frankly; tell her she's right; you know it is not honest for me to say so: a-hum!

Char. In short, sir, if you'll leave the matter to my discretion, I'll engage to bring you off.

Sir Gilb. Bring me off, hussy! why; have you the confidence to suppose I won't do the fair thing by the gentleman?

Char. I have not the confidence to suppose you

would do a hard thing by this gentleman, indeed papa! [Takes Frankly's hand.]

Sir Gilb. "D'ye hear! d'ye hear!" What a sensible assurance the slut has! Ah! it's a wheedling toad! [*Aside.*] Adod! I'll have a little more of her — But do you know, lady, that Mr. Witling has demanded my consent, and that it will cost me above twenty thousand pounds to refuse it?

Char. Yes, sir, I do know it; and if I were to give him my consent, I know that I should have much the worst bargain of the two.

Sir Gilb. Your consent! Why sure, madam, when I say, do so, do you pretend to have a will of your own?

Char. Umph! a little! a small pulse, you know, papa. [Fawning on *Sir Gilb.*]

Sir Gilb. Ah, the coaxing gipsey! why, you confident, abominable — Odsheart! I could kiss her —

Frank. Faith, do, sir; that's no breach of your contract.

Sir Gilb. No! no! that's not fair neither; I am to be angry with her — besides, I don't keep my word if I don't speak a good one for him.

Char. That's not in your power, sir; 'tis impossible any one can give him a good word, at least to me.

Sir Gilb. How! how! will not a handsome young fellow, with an hundred thousand pounds in his pocket, go down with you? Will not a full plumb melt in your mouth, Mistress Dainty?

Char. Thank you, sir; but I don't love trash!

Sir Gilb. Trash! Mr. Witling, trash!

Char. A coxcomb.

Sir Gilb. I say he is——

Char. My aversion.

Sir Gilb. Bear witness, Mr. Frankly, she refuses him; you see all I say signifies nothing: but I say again and again, that I am resolved, madam, you shall marry him, and that articles shall be drawn this very morning.

Char. But do you think you can't persuade him to stay a little, sir?

Sir Gilb. Stay! yes; yes; a reasonable time, that is.

Char. You'll think it a reasonable one, I am sure, sir.

Sir Gilb. Well! well! how long?

Char. Only till I have done hating him, that's all.

Sir Gilb. Pshah! fiddle faddle! Marry him first, and you'll have time enough to hate him afterwards.

Char. Well, sir, then I have but one favour to beg of you——

Sir Gilb. Come, what is't, what is't?

Char. Only, sir, that in the draught of the articles, you will be pleased to leave a blank for the gentleman's name; and if I don't fill it up to your mind, say I know nothing of my own.

Sir Gilb. Fye! fye! you wicked thing you——Mr. Frankly, it will do! it will do! the girl has all her goings! keep her right, keep her right and tight; and I'll warrant thee all safe, boy.

Frank. Never fear, sir—Now there's but one difficulty behind; were it but possible to make my lady our friend in this matter——

Sir Gilb. Pshaw! waw! never mind her; am not I master of my own family? Does she not know that my will's a law? and if I once say the word——

Frank. That's true, sir; "but you know one "would not make her a needless enemy:" she'll think herself affronted, take it as an insult to her understanding, not to be let into the secret at all.

Char. Indeed, sir, I am afraid we shall have a foul house, if she is not consulted in the business.

Sir Gilb. Nay, nay, with all my heart, but the foolish woman always loves to dispute about nothing; and such a spirit of contradiction runs away with her, I had as lief sit in the stocks as talk to her; however, for your private satisfaction——

Frank. Indeed, sir, I think it will be better so.

Sir Gilb. Well, well, then I'll tell her my resolution instantly.

Char. Ah, poor papa! what a wicked distress have we brought him to! Now will he rather run upon the mouth of a cannon, than let us see he is afraid of gunpowder.

Frank. How my lady will bounce when he mentions it. [*Aside.*

Sir Gilb. Oh, here's my lady; I'll speak to her now.

Frank. If you please, we'll retire, that you may have no interruption.

Sir Gilb. Do so, you're right.

[*Exeunt Frank. and Char.*

*Enter Lady WRANGLE, driving a Maid Servant in
before her.*

L. Wrang. Out of my doors, you dunce! you illiterate monster! What! could you not read? Could not you spell? Where were your eyes, you brainless idiot?

Sir Gilb. Hey-day! hey-day! What's the matter now?

L. Wrang. Go, you eleventh plague of Egypt.

Maid. Indeed, madam, I did not know it was of any use, it was so blotted and blurred, I took it for waste paper.

L. Wrang. Blurred! you driveler! Was ever any piece perfect, that had not corrections, rasures, interlineations, and improvements? Does not the very original shew, that when the mind is warmest, it is never satisfied with its words?

*Incipit, & dubitat; scribit, damnatque tabellas,
Et notat, & delet; mutat, culpatque probatque.*

Sir Gilb. Oh, lord! Now the learned fit's upon her, the devil won't be able to deal with her. [Aside.

L. Wrang. What have you done with it, you dolt-head? Where is it? Fetch it; let me see it, I say.

Sir Gilb. Pray, my Lady Wrangle, what is all this rout about?

L. Wrang. Oh, nothing, to be sure! I am all, always unreasonable.

Sir Gilb. Why, look you now, did I say any such thing?

L. Wrang. I don't care if you did.

Sir Gilb. It's very hard a man may not ask a civil question in his own house.

L. Wrang. Ay, do, side with her, take her part; do, do, uphold her in her impudence.

Sir Gilb. Why, my lady, did I say a word to her?

L. Wrang. Pray, Mr. Wrangle, give me leave to govern my own servants. Don't you know, when I am out of temper, I won't be talked to?

Sir Gilb. *Very true, my lady.*

L. Wrang. Have not I plague enough here, do you think?

Sir Gilb. Why ay, that's true too—Why, you confident jade! how dare you put my lady into such a violent passion?

Maid. Indeed, sir, I don't know, not I.

[Whimpering.]

L. Wrang. Pray, Mr. Wrangle, meddle with your own business; the fault's to me, and sure I am old enough to correct her myself.

Sir Gilb. Why, what a dickens, mayn't I be of your mind neither? 'Sheart! I can't be in the wrong on both sides.

L. Wrang. I don't know any business you have on either side.

Sir Gilb. Nay, if a man must not speak at all, it's another case.

L. Wrang. Lord! you are strangely teasing—well,

come speak—what, what, what is it you would say now ?

Sir Gilb. Nay, nothing, not I ; I only asked what's the matter ?

L. Wrang. I can't tell you, the provocation's too great for words.

Sir Gilb. Well, well, well.

L. Wrang. What here still ? Am I to have no account of it then ? What have you done with it, you monster ?

Maid. Madam, the cook took it out of my hand, as I was coming down stairs with it ; he said he wanted it.

L. Wrang. The cook ! run, fly, and bid the villain send it me this moment. [Exit Maid.

Sir Gilb. Why, what the dickins ! the senseless jade has not given him a Flanders laced head to boil his cabbage in, has she ?

L. Wrang. Psha ! Do you ever see me concerned for such trifles ?

Sir Gilb. Or has she let the rascal singe his fowls with a bank bill ?

L. Wrang. If she had, do you think I would give myself such pain about either ?

Sir Gilb. Hah ! this must be some abominable thing indeed then.

L. Wrang. The loss, for aught I know, may be irreparable.

Sir Gilb. Oh ! then she has lost your diamond necklace, I suppose.

L. Wrang. Pray don't plague me; 'tis impossible to express the wickedness of it.

Sir Gilb. What, the devil! the cook has not got the slut with child, has he?

L. Wrang. Worse! worse a thousand times!

Sir Gilb. Worse! What than playing the whore, or thief? Then the jade has certainly committed murder.

L. Wrang. The most barbarous that ever was——

Sir Gilb. Hoh! then she has broke pug's neck, to be sure. [*Aside.*

L. Wrang. The changeling innocent has given that savage beast, the cook, my whole new translation of the passion of Byblis for waste paper, to be torn or tortured to a thousand sordid uses.

Sir Gilb. Nay then——

L. Wrang. And I have not another copy in the world, if it were to save mankind from extirpation.

Sir Gilb. I'm glad on it with all my heart; now could I laugh, if I durst, most immoderately. [*Aside.*

L. Wrang. Now, mistress, have you brought it?

Re-enter Maid.

Maid. Madam, the cook says he has skewer'd it on to the roast-beef, and he cann't take it off: he won't burn his meat for nobody, not he, he says.

L. Wrang. Here! call the footman. He won't! Bid them drag the rascal hither by the ears, or I'll have them nailed down to the dresser for his impudence——I'll turn the villain out of my house this moment. [*Exit Maid.*

Sir Gilb. Come, come, my lady, don't be in a heat about a trifle; I am glad to find it's no worse.

L. Wrang. Worse! had he robbed the house, and after fired it, I could sooner have forgiven him.

Sir Gilb. Hah! thank you for that, madam; but I should not.

L. Wrang. You! you should not! What would be your injury compared with mine? What I'm concerned for, the whole learned world, even to posterity, may feel the loss of.

Sir Gilb. Well, well; have a little patience; may be she may get it again. And now you talk of posterity, my Lady Wrangle, I have some thoughts of marrying my daughter Charlotte; as for Sophronia, you know——

L. Wrang. I know that one won't, and t'other sha'n't marry; she is a pert forward thing, and has disobliged me, and therefore I'll punish her as I think fit. I desire you won't name her to me, you see I have other things in my head—all greased, and burnt to ashes, I suppose.

Sir Gilb. I had better talk to her another time, I believe.

Enter the Maid, with the Cook.

L. Wrang. Oh! are you come at last, sir? Pray, how durst you send me such an impudent answer?

Cook. I did not send an impudent answer, madam; I only said the meat would be spoiled: but here she

comes, and makes a noise, and a rout, and a clatter about nothing at all—and so every impertinent jade here takes upon her—Oons! a man can't do his business in quiet for them.

L. Wrang. Hold your nonsensical tongue, sir, and give me the paper I sent for.

Cook. Paper! This is what she gave me.

[*Holds it on a skewer, all greasy.*]

L. Wrang. Oh, my heavens! what a spectacle! not one line legible, though an empire were to purchase it. Look, look, look, you monster! [*Holding him.*]

Sir Gilb. So! here will be rare doings.

Cook. Oons! what a life's here about a piece of foul paper?

L. Wrang. A life, you villain! your whole life can't make amends for what you have done. I'll have you beat out of this house, till every bone in your body is broken for this, sirrah.

Cook. Beat, madam! Blood! I won't be beat. I did not come here for that: I'll be out of your house presently; I'll see who will break my bones then; and so there's one of your napkins, madam: as for your sheet of paper, there's a half-penny for it; and now take your course. I know how to get my wages, I'll warrant you—There's a law for servants as well as other people. [*Exit Cook.*]

Sir Gilb. Go, go, mind your business, you silly Tom Ladle you.

L. Wrang. Ay; this is always the effect of your indulgence; no wonder I have no power over them.

If you had the least grain of spirit, you would have broke the rascal's head for me.

Sir Gib. Pshah! there's no occasion for it—let's see, let's see! [*Takes up the paper.*] Come, come, this matter may be made up without bloodshed still—ay, here; umph! umph!—by the way, I believe this beef's enough, it smells bravely of the gravy.

L. Wrang. What! then I am your jest, it seems.

Sir Gib. Pooh! pr'ythee, be quiet; I tell you I am serious—ay, it's plain to be read still. [*Reads.*

All a poor maid could do (the gods, I'm sure,
Can tell) I've suffer'd to complete my cure—Cure!
Ah, poor soul—got the foul disease, I suppose.

L. Wrang. Your obscene comment, Mr. Wrangle, is more provoking than the insolence of your servants: but I must tell you, sir, I will never eat or sleep in your house more, if that rascal is not turned out of it this moment.

Maid. I hope your ladyship is not in earnest, madam.

L. Wrang. What, do you prate, Mrs. Minx?

Maid. Indeed, madam, if John's to be turned away, I sha'n't stay in the family: for though he is sometimes a little hasty to a body, yet I have reason to know he is an honest hearted man in the main; and I have too much kindness for him to stay in any service where he is to be abused.

L. Wrang. What, you are in love with him, Mrs. Trollop, are you? [*Cuffs her.*

Maid. Ods my life! Madam, I won't be struck by

no body: and if I do love him, what's that to any body? and I don't know why poor folks mayn't be in love as well as their betters.

Sir Gilb. Come, come, hold your tongue, hussy.

Maid. Sir, I can't hold my tongue; though I can't say but your worship's a very kind master: but as for my lady, the devil would not live with her; and so, madam, I desire you will provide yourself.

[Flings off.

Sir Gilb. Odzines, madam, at this rate I shall have neither dinner to eat, nor bed to lie on. What servants will bear this life, do you think? You have no more temper than a——Why how should a silly wench know what your impertinent poetry was good for?

L. Wrang. Impertinent! I'd have you to know, Mr. Ignorant, there's not a line in the whole that has not the true Attic salt in it.

Sir Gilb. Well, and now there's English salt in it; and I think the relish of one's as good as t'other.

L. Wrang. Mr. Wrangle, if you have no sense of the soul's diviner faculties, know, I have, and can resent these vulgar insults. You shall find, sir, that a superior understanding has a proportioned spirit to support its dignity. Let me have instant reparation, or, by my injured genius, I'll set you, house, and family in a blaze.

[Exit L. Wrang.

Sir Gilb. Why then, blaze and burn by yourself; for I'll go out of the house.

[Going.

Enter FRANKLY and CHARLOTTE.

Frank. Have you seen my lady, sir?

Sir Gilb. Yes, yes, I have seen her—but—I don't know——she——she——

Frank. Don't come into it, I suppose.

Sir Gilb. Umph! no, not readily——in short, the house is all untiled.

Char. Lord, sir! what filthy thing's this?

[*Seeing the paper.*]

Sir Gilb. Ay, there's the business——a brat of my lady's brain, that has got a mischance: that's all.

Frank. Some roasted poetry, I presume.

Sir Gilb. Ay, ay; the, the, the passion of Bible Babble; I don't know what she calls it: but she has been in such a fume here, that half the servants are going to leave the house about it. Charlotte, you can wheedle upon occasion: pr'ythee step into the hall, and see if you can make up this matter among them.

Char. I'll do my best, sir.

[*Exit Char.*]

Frank. Poor lady! she is a little apt to be over-concerned for her poetry.

Sir Gilb. Concerned! Odsblews! if a line on't happens to be mislaid, she's as mad as a blind mare that has lost her foal; she'll run her head against a stone wall to recover it. All the use I find of her learning is, that it furnishes her with more words to scold with.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Mr. Granger's come, and Mr. Witling.

Sir Gilb. Oh, that's well. Come, Mr. Frankly, let's all go into the dining-room together; mayhap she may ashamed to be in a passion before company.

Frank. At least we may keep her within bounds, sir.

Sir Gilb. You're right! you're right! Ah! it's a very hard case! there's no condition of life without plague and trouble——Why, most people think now I have fortune enough to make ten men of quality happy——

And yet you see how oddly things are carried;

'Tis true, i'm worth a million, but I'm married.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter GRANGER and FRANKLY.

Frankly.

IN one word, Granger, thou art a very dangerous fellow; "I did not believe it possible thy blunt humour could have concealed so exquisite a flatterer;" why, thou art more in my lady's favour in half an hour, than all my art could make me in half a year.

Gran. Have I not always told you, Frankly, that

one civil thing from a downright dealer goes farther than a thousand from a man of general complaisance? “How do you think I first gained credit with Sophronia? Not (as you expected to do it) by an implicit admiration; but the contrary, insolently laughing at her pretending to principles, which I would not allow her capable to comprehend or practise. Now this naturally piqued her into an impatience to mend my opinion of her; so the more difficult I seemed to be convinced of her virtues, the more easy I made it to mend her opinion of me.”

Frank. And if thou hast not done it effectually, I know nothing of the sex: why, she blush'd, man, like a damask rose, when you first came into the room.

Gran. Did not I tell you too, her quarrel and spleen to you would be of service to me?

Frank. O! palpably! I was ready to burst to see her bridle, and smile at me, upon your growing particular to her.

Gran. And what pains she took, to make you observe, that she overlooked you! ha, ha!

“*Frank.* Yes, I did observe, indeed, that the whole dinner-time she was never two minutes without stealing a glance at you.

“*Gran.* O bless me! I can't bear the insolence of my own imagination! What a dear confusion will she feel? What a vermilion shame will spread through all that lovely form——if ever her flesh and blood should happen to mutiny?

Frank. Which, to tell you the truth, I think it
“does already.”

Gran. But the misfortune is, I have flattered my lady into so good a humour, by engaging to make out a fair copy of her basted verses there, that I doubt, she won't be able to leave me alone with Sophronia.

Frank. Never fear; her malice is too busy, in setting Witling against me, to interrupt you.

Gran. There, indeed, I have some hopes.

Frank. I believe I shall be able to assist them, and in part to return the favour you have done me with Sir Gilbert.

Gran. Any thing in my power you may be sure of
—but see, he's here!

Enter Sir GILBERT.

Sir Gilb. O! your servant, gentlemen; I thought we had lost you.

Gran. Your pardon, sir, we had only a word or two in private.

Frank. We were just coming into the company.

Sir Gilb. In troth, I can tell you, the sooner the better: for there's my lady and Charlotte are going to play all the game upon us.

Frank. Never fear, sir; as long as you have given me leave to go Charlotte's halves, she'll make the most of her cards, I'll warrant you.

Sir Gilb. I don't know that, but I am sure Witling yonder is making the most of his time: his wit, or his impudence have got him into such high favour with

my lady, that she is railing at you like a fury, and crying him up for an angel : in short, Charlotte has discovered all your affair with her, and has plainly told him you are his rival. But it seems, sir, your pretensions are so ridiculous, that they are all three cracking their sides in a full chorus of laughing at you.

Frank. Sir, I am obliged to you for your concern ; but in all this, Charlotte is acting no wrong part, I can assure you.

Sir Gilb. No wrong part ! Odsheart ! I tell you she's coquetting to him, with every wicked limb about her—and is as full of her airs there, as a handsome widow to a young lord in the Lobby, when she has a suit depending in the House of Peers.

Frank. Better still, the more likely to carry her cause, sir.

Sir Gilb. Carry her cause ! carry her coxcomb, sir ; for, you'll see, that will be the end on't : she'll be carry'd off herself, sir. Why, man, he is going to beleaguer her with a whole army of fiddlers yonder ; “ there are six coach loads of them now at the door, “ all stowed fore and aft, with nothing but cases of “ instruments :” Such a concourse of cat-guts, you'd swear one of their squalling eunuchs were roasting alive here.

Frank. Believe me, sir, there is no terror in all this preparation ; “ for since you are pleased to think Mr. “ Granger's security and mine sufficient against any “ damage you can suffer from your contract with “ Witling,” do you but stand it out stoutly with my

lady, and I'll engage to dismount his musical battery with a child's whistle.

Sir Gilb. My lady! Pshaw waw? What dost thou talk of her, man? Why I tell you, I'll put her into a mouse-hole, provided you engage to bring me off with Witling.

Gran. Your security shall be signed the minute it can be drawn, sir.

Sir Gilb. That's enough; "I have ordered my lawyer to send his clerk with it, before he brings the deed of consent that I am to sign to Witling:" but give me leave to tell you again, gentlemen, I really don't understand the girl's way of proceeding all this while.

Frank. Why, sir——don't you know that Witling is the vainest rogue upon earth.

Sir Gilb. I grant it.

"*Frank.* And consequently, that the pride of outwitting you in your daughter, gives him more pleasure than either her person or her portion?"

"*Sir Gilb.* Not unlikely.

"*Frank.* And can you think, that from the same natural insolence, he would not rather seem to owe his triumph over a rival too, rather to his own merit, than any accident of fortune?"

"*Sir Gilb.* I grant you that too."

Frank. Why, sir, then, if Charlotte were to despise him, we are sure he would then insist upon his bargain; but while she flatters him, and you and I only laugh at him, he may be vain enough to trust his triumph to her choice and inclination only.

Sir Gilb. O! now I begin to take you: so that, if he is rightly handled among us, you propose that Charlotte will be able to coquette him out of his contract.

Frank. Nay, it's her own project, sir: and I cannot really think we have an ill chance for it at worst: but we must leave it all to her now. In love affairs, you know, sir, women have generally wiser heads than we.

Sir Gilb. Troth! I don't wholly dislike it; and if I don't handle him roundly on my part——

Gran. Hush! my lady——

Frank. Anon I'll tell you more, sir.

Enter Lady WRANGLE, and SOPHRONIA.

L. Wrang. Well, Sophronia, since I see this giddy girl is neither to be formed by precept or example; it is at least some consolation, to find her natural inconstancy so effectually mortifies that vile apostate, Frankly.

Soph. Yet I am amazed he should not be more moved at her infidelity.

L. Wrang. You know he's vain, and thinks his merit may sleep in full security. But now! to rouse him from his dream—Oh, Mr. Granger! I am sorry you left us; I am perfectly killed with laughing! There's Mr. Witing has had such infinite humour? He has entertained us more than ten comedies.

Gran. O! Pray, madam, let us go in and participate.

L. Wrang. By no means; he's now alone with his mistress, and 'twould be barbarous to interrupt them.

Gran. His mistress, madam!

L. Wrang. Ay! with Charlotte; and, you know, lovers so near their happiness are apt to like no company so well as their own.

Frank. D'ye hear, sir? [To *Sir Gilb.* apart.

Sir Gilb. I told you how it was. [To *Frank.* apart.

L. Wrang. Beside, he is to give us a little music; and I think this room will be more convenient.

Gran. He is a fortunate man indeed, madam, to be so well acquainted with the young lady already.

L. Wrang. There's no accounting for that idle passion in uncultivated minds: I am not surprised at her forwardness, considering the vulgar education Mr. Wrangle has given her.

Sir Gilb. Odsheart, madam! don't disparage my girl: she has had a more useful education than your ladyship.

L. Wrang. O! no doubt! she has shewn most hopeful effects on it, indeed! by hanging upon every young fellow's neck, that does but ask her the question.

Frank. Whatever faults Charlotte may have, madam, I never knew her take pleasure in exposing those of other people.

“*L. Wrang.* O! cry you mercy, sir: you have
“great reason to defend her, I don't question: she is
“a saint in your eye, to be sure.

“*Frank.* Were she weak enough to imagine a su-

“perſhial learning could make her one, ’tis poſſible,
 “her failings then, like other people’s, might have
 “been more conſpicious.”

L. Wrang. What do you mean, ſir ?

Frank. I mean, madam, that as ſhe does not read
 Ariſtoteles, Plato, Plutarch, or Seneca, ſhe is neither
 romantic or vain of her pedantry; and as her learning
 never went higher than Bickerſtaff’s Tatlers, her man-
 ners are conſequently natural, moſt, and agreeable.

Sir Gilb. Ah ! well ſaid, Frankly. [*Aside.*

L. Wrang. Since I am told you were once in love
 with her, I ſhall ſay no more, but leave her own im-
 mediate behaviour to confirm your good opinion of
 her virtues. Ha, ha ! [*Exit.*

“*Gran.* While the lovers of this age, madam, have
 “ſo depraved a taſte, we muſt not wonder, if our
 “modern fine ladies are apt to run into coquetry :
 “they are now forced to it in their defence ; if they
 “don’t make advances, they ſtand as lonely and uſe-
 “leſs as untenanted houſes : ſo that coquetry, it
 “ſeems, is no more than ſetting a bill upon their
 “door, that lovers in diſtreſs may read as they paſs
 “—Here are night’s lodgings to be let.

“*L. Wrang.* O ! they are moſt hophitable dames
 “indeed : after this, methinks, the more proper ap-
 “pellation for coquettes ſhould be that of landladies.

[*A ſervant whiſpers L. Wrang.*

“I’ll come and give orders myſelf. [*Exit.*

Soph. I don’t know any man alive, that looks upon
 the degeneracy of mankind with ſo diſcerning an eye

as Mr. Granger; but I am afraid it will therefore draw him into my misfortune, of being as odious to the illiterate of his sex, as I am to those of mine.

Gran. If that were as just a reason, madam, for your having a favourable opinion of me, as it is for my perfect admiration of you, we should each of us have still as many friends as any wise man or woman ought to desire.

Fran. Do you mind that, sir? [Apart.

Sir Gilb. A sly rogue! he knows how to tickle her up, I see. [Apart.

Soph. And yet the rude world will say, perhaps, that our mutual enmity to them has reduced us to a friendship for one another.

Gran. That's a reproach can never reach you, madam; so much beauty cannot but have its choice of friends and admirers: a form so bright and perfect, like a comet in the hemisphere, wherever it comes, must set mankind a gazing.

Soph. Fye! Mr. Granger!

Sir Gilb. What, a dickens! will she swallow that blazing star now? [Apart.

Fran. Ay, as he has dress'd it, and drink after it too, sir. [Apart.

Soph. I mind not multitudes.

Gran. Pardon me, I know you have a soul above them; and I really think it the misfortune of your person, to have been so exquisitely fair, that where your virtue would preservè, your eyes destroy; they give involuntary love; where'er you pass, in spite of

all your innocence, they wound——*Juvenumque prodis publica cura.*

Soph. Alas! my eyes are turn'd upon myself: “and so little do I mind the follies of other people, that I sometimes find myself alone in the midst of a public circle.

“*Gran.* I cannot wonder at that, madam, since our best assemblies are generally made up of illiterate beings, that when they are alone, find themselves in the worst company, and so are reduced to come abroad, though merely to meet, and hate one another.”

Soph. What charms, then, can you suppose, I could have for a world, that has so few for me? Beside, at most, the men of modern gallantry gaze upon a woman of real virtue, only as athiests look into a fine church, from curiosity, not devotion: “they may admire its ornaments and architecture; but have neither grace nor faith for farther adoration.”

Gran. All men are not infidels; of me, at least, you have a convert: and tho' the sensual practice of the world had made me long despair of such perfection in a mortal mould; yet when the rays of truth celestial broke in upon my sense, my conscious heart at once confessed the deity; I prostrate fell a proselyte to virtue; and now its chaste desires enlarge my soul, and raise me to seraphic joy.

Soph. Harmonious sounds, celestial transports!

[*Aside.*

Sir Gilb. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! was ever such a wicked thief? Odsheart, he'll make her go to prayers with him, presently! [Aside.]

Soph. No more; we are observed. These heaven-born emanations of the soul desire not vulgar ears. Some fitter time may offer—till when——

Gran. Till then, be hush'd our joys.

[*Gran. leaves her, and joins the men, while Soph. walks apart, musing.*]

Soph. Our joys, indeed! such was, in Paradise, our first parents joy, before they fell from innocence to shame.

Frank. [To *Gran.*] Why did you not go on with her? We thought you were in a fine way. Sir Gilbert and I were just going to steal off.

Gran. Soft and fair, sir. A lady of her delicacy must be carried, like a taper new-lighted, gently forward; if you hurry her, out she goes.

Sir Gilb. You're right, you're right. Now you shall see me manage her a little. I'll speak a good word for you—a-hum—

Gran. Hush! not for the world, sir—Death, you'll spoil all! Don't you see she is in contemplation?

Sir Gilb. What if she be, man? We must not humour her till she is stark mad, neither. Sophronia, how dost thou do, child?

Soph. [Repeating.]————The earth
Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill:
Joyous the birds; fresh gales and gentle airs

Whisper'd it to the woods, and from their wings
 Flung rose, flung odours, from the juicy shrub
 Disporting——

Sir Gilb. Very pretty, I protest; very pretty.
 These amorous scraps of fancy in thy head, make me
 hope that love is not far from thy heart, Sophy.

Soph. Love, sir, was ever in my heart; but such
 a love, as the blind Homer of this British isle, in
 rhymeless harmony, sublimely sings——

Sir Gilb. Well, and, pr'ythee, what does he say
 of it?

Soph. —————Love refines

The thought, and heart enlarges; has his seat
 In reason, and is judicious, is the scale,

By which to heavenly love thou may'st ascend.

Sir Gilb. Very good again; and troth, I'm glad to
 hear thou art so heartily reconciled to it.

Soph. Easier than air with air, if spirits embrace,
 Total they mix, union of pure with pure
 Desiring——

Sir Gilb. Ah! there, I doubt, we are a little crazy.

[*Aside.*]

Soph. This iron age, so fraudulent and bold,
 Touch'd with this love, would be an age of gold.

Sir Gilb. Oh, lud! Oh, lud! this will never do.

[*Aside.*]

Gran. So, she has given the old gentleman his
 belly-full, I see. Well, sir, how do you find her?

Sir Gilb. Ah, poor soul, piteous bad! all upon the
 tantivy again! You must e'en undertake her your-

self; for I can do no good upon her. But here comes love of another kind.

Enter CHARLOTTE, WITLING, and Lady WRANGLE.

Char. Oh, sister! here's Mr. Witling has writ the prettiest cantata, sure, that ever made music enchanting.

Soph. I am glad, sister, you are reconciled to any of his performances.

Wit. Oh, fie, madam, she only rallies—A mere trifle.

Frank. That I dare swear it is.

Wit. Ha, ha! no doubt on't; if you could like it, it must be an extraordinary piece, indeed, Tom. You see, my little rogue, we have crabbed him already.

[*Aside to Char.*

L. Wrang. Mr. Frankly is a mere modern critic, that makes personal inclination the rule of his judgment; but to condemn what one never saw, is making short work, indeed.

Frank. With submission, madam, I can see no great rashness in presuming that a magpye can't sing like a nightingale.

Wit. No, nor an owl look like a peacock, neither. Ha, ha!

L. Wrang. and Char. Ha, ha, ha!

L. Wrang. Perfectly pleasant.

Char. Oh, wit to an infinity!

Frank. Much good may do you with your Canary-bird, madam.

[*To Char.*

Char. Oh, sir, I am sorry you are exhausted! but when wit is upon the lee, no wonder it runs into rudeness.

Frank. I don't wonder at my not hitting your taste, madam, when such stuff as this can go down with you.

Wit. My stuff, dear Tom, was composed purely for the entertainment of this lady; and since she likes it, I will allow, that you, of all mankind, have most reason to find fault with it. Ha, ha!

Char. Nay, if he should like it, even I will then give it up to the world as good for nothing.

Frank. Then it's in danger, I can tell you, madam; for I shall certainly like it; because I am sure it will be good for nothing.

Char. A pleasant paradox.

Frank. None at all, madam; for since I find your heart is, like stock, to be transferred upon a bargain, it will be some pleasure, at least, to see the grossness of your choice revenge me on your infidelity.

Wit. Poor Tom! What, are the grapes sour, my dear? Ha, ha, ha!

Char. Pshah! never mind him." The cantata, dear Mr. Witling, the cantata.

L. Wrang. Oh, by all means! "Pray oblige us, sir.

Wit. Immediately, madam; but all things in order. First give me leave to regale the good company with a small crash of instrumental.

“ *L. Wrang.* As you please, sir.

“ *Wit.* Hey, Signor Carbonelli! *Vi pace d'intrare!*

[*The music enter.*

“ *L. Wrang.* Mr. Granger, won't you please to sit ?

“ *Sir Gilb.* Ay, ay, come, gentlemen; but, in earnest, does this puppy really pretend to sing ?

“ *Frank.* Much as he pretends to wit, sir; he can make a noise, at least.

“ *Sir Gilb.* But the whelp has no voice.

“ *Frank.* Oh, sir, that's out of fashion! Your best masters seldom have any.

“ *Sir Gilb.* Then I would not give a fig for their music, sir; I would as lief see a cripple dance. But let's hear what the fiddles can do. [*They play a sonata*] Well, and what, we are to suppose this is very fine, now, ha ?

“ *Frank.* No doubt on't, sir; at least it will not be safe to say the contrary.

“ *Sir Gilb.* Well, well, for a quiet life, then, very fine let it be; but I wish I could hear a Lancashire hornpipe for all that.”

L. Wrang. Come, dear sir, no more apologies.

[*To Witling.*

Gran. See, sir, Mr. Witling is going to entertain us.

Sir Gilb. Ay, that must be rare stuff indeed.

“ *Wit.* Upon my life, madam, I have no more voice than a kettle-drum; beside, this is for a treble, and out of my compass.

Char. Oh, no matter; feign it, dear Mr. Witting.

Wit. I would fain oblige you, madam; but yet, methinks, nothing done to please you should be feign'd, neither, madam.

Frank. Ha! He would fain be witty, I see; but don't trouble yourself, madam; he has as much mind to sing as you have to hear him: tho', Heaven knows, his voice is like his modesty, utterly forced; nature has nothing to do with either of them.

Wit. Whatever my modesty is, dear Tom, thy uneasiness I am sure is natural; that comes from thy heart, I dare answer for it. Ha, ha, ha!

Frank. Oh, thou happy rogue!"

Wit. But, madam, if I sing, you shall promise me to dance, then.

Char. Oh, any composition! I'll do it with all my heart.

L. Wrang. But the words "first, dear sir, read them out."

Wit. Well, ladies, since you will have it——

Sir Gilb. He is a cursed while about it, methinks——

Wit. You must know, then, this cantata is of a different species from the passion generally expressed in our modern operas; for there you see your lover usually approaches the fair lady with sighs, tears, torments, and dying. Now, here I shew you the way of making love like a pretty fellow; that is, like a man of sense, all life, and gaiety——As for example——

Char. Pray, mind.

Wit. [*Reading.*]

Thus to a pensive swain,
 Who long had lov'd in vain,
 Thyrsis, the secret arts
 Of gaining hearts
 From cold disdain,
 To his despairing friend imparts.

So far recitative—Now for the air—A-hum, hum!

“*Soph.* Don't you think, Mr. Granger, that the
 “double dative cases of ‘to a pensive swain, to his
 “despairing friend,’ almost reduce this to nonsense?”

“*Gran.* Justly observed, madam; but, you know,
 “nonsense and harmony are reconciled of late.”

Wit. Would you woo her
 With success?
 Up to her,
 Pursue her
 With life and address.
 If gay,
 Shew her play;
 If colder,
 Be bolder:

Now seize her,
 And tease her,
 And kiss her,
 And please her,
 Till ripe for the joy;

You warm her,
 Alarm her,
 Disarm her,
 You charm her,
 I warrant thee, boy.

PART II.

But to pine and languish,
 Or sigh your anguish
 To the air,
 Is fruitless pain,
 Endur'd in vain:
 Silent woes, and looks of care,
 Will never, never, win the fair.

[End with the first strain.

Ah, you little rogue! [To Char.

L. Wrang. Infinitely pretty! “ Nothing, sure, was
 “ ever so musical.

“ *Char.* Sing it, sing it, dear Mr. Witling. I am
 “ on tiptoe to hear it.

“ *Wit.* Well, madam, if you can bear it in a fal-
 “ setto. [Sings.

“ *Char.* *O caro! caro!*

“ *Wit.* *Anima mia*—

“ *Soph.* [To Gran.] How happy are the self con-
 “ ceited! and yet, if he had not sung, now, this
 “ wretch's folly and ignorance had been less conspi-
 “ cuous.

“*Gran.* Right, madam; but, you know, a man
 “ must have variety of parts, to make an accomplished
 “ coxcomb.

“*Soph.* I scarce think poetry is more abused than
 “ music, by its vain pretenders.

“*Gran.* And yet it is hard to say, madam, whether
 “ those pretenders, or the false taste of our modern
 “ admirers, have more contributed to the abuse of
 “ either.”

Wit. But come, madam, now your promise; “ your
 “ airs only;” [*To Char.*] can give a *bonne bouche* to our
 entertainment.

Char. Well, since I gave my word, I’ll use no ce-
 remony.

Soph. “ What, more folly?” I grow tired. Shall
 we walk into my library? There, we may raise our
 thoughts.

Gran. You charm me, madam; I thirst, methinks,
 for a clear draught of Helicon.

Soph. Take no leave, but follow me.

[*Exit Soph. and Gran.*

Wit. “ *Eben sonate*” [*Charlotte dances.*] “ *Eh!*
 “ *viva! viva!*” All enchantment, madam! no ten
 thousand angels ever came up to it.

L. Wrang. It cannot be denied but Charlotte has an
 external genius; she wants no personal accomplish-
 ments; but ’tis great pity the application they have
 cost her, was not laid out upon the improvement of
 her understanding.

Wit. Oh, pardon me, madam! as long as there is a

good understanding between her and me, what matter's which of us has it, you know.

Sir Gilb. Ay, but there's the question, which of you 'tis that has it; for if one of you has it, I am sure you two will never come together.

Frank. Well said ! at him, sir. [*Aside.*

Wit. Look you, Sir Gilbert; you may fancy your fair daughter and I are a couple of fools, if you please; but if one of us had not been wiser than the father, we could never have had a right to come together, in spite of his teeth, that's certain. Ha, ha, ha!

L. Wrang. Pardon me, Mr. Witling, you under-rate your merit: for you had been sure of my consent without your contract.

Wit. Aye, madam, that was only a foolish modesty that I could not shake off; therefore I hope you will excuse me, if I durst not think merit alone was a sufficient bait to bob Sir Gilbert out of his consent. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Gilb. You are a very merry grig, sir: but have a care you are not bobb'd yourself. Stay till you win, before you laugh, for you are not yet married, I presume.

Wit. Why no, nor you have not supped yet; yet I hold gold to silver, we both eat before we sleep.

Sir Gilb. Why! dost thou think the girl is in haste to marry thee to-night?

Wit. I don't say that neither: but, sir, as long as I

have a sufficient deposit of the lady's inclinations, to answer for the rest of her promises, you will give me leave not to be afraid of her looking out for a new chap in the mean time, sir.

Sir Gilb. A deposit! why wouldst thou persuade me the girl can be fool enough to like thee?

Wit. 'Egad, I don't know how it is, but she has wit enough, it seems, to make me think so——but if you won't take my word, let her answer for herself.

Sir Gilb. Aye, that I would be glad to hear.

Wit. Ha, ha! 'Egad, this is a pleasant question indeed——Madam, are not you willing, (as soon as the church-books can be open) to make a transfer of your whole stock of beauty for the conjugal uses of your humble servant?

Char. Indeed, papa, I won't suppose that can be a question.

Wit. A hum! your humble servant, sir.

Char. Beside, are not you obliged to sign a further deed of consent to Mr. Witling?

Sir Gilb. Yes, child; but the same deed reserves to you a right of refusal, as well as to him.

Char. That I understand, sir; and there's one can witness for whom I have reserved that right of refusal.

[*Pointing to Frank.*

Wit. Your humble servant, again, sir; ha, ha, ha!

L. Wrang. I am amazed, Mr. Wrangle, you could think she could be under the least difficulty in the choice.

Frank. And yet, madam, there are very innocent

ladies, that have made a difficulty of changing their inclinations in half an hour.

L. Wrang. A woman of strict virtue, sir, ought to have no inclinations at all: or, if any, those only of being obedient to the will of her parents.

Wit. Oh, let him alone, madam; the more he rails, the more I shall laugh, depend upon't: the pain of a rival is the pleasantest game in the world: his wishing me at the devil, is just the same thing as if he wished me joy! ha, ha, ha!

Sir Gilb. Well, sir, all I shall say, is, that if the girl has common sense, thy contract must still be good for nothing.

Wit. Right! and if you had common sense, I am sure you would never have made it; not but to do you justice, Sir Gilbert, I must own you have wit in your way too, though it's of a very odd turn, I grant you.

“*Sir Gilb.* Sir, I disown my pretensions to any, if ever you had sense enough to find it out.

“*Wit.* Sure you forget, my dear Sir Gilbert.—
 “Don't you remember once I did find it out? Did
 “not I slyly catch you in St. What-d'ye-callum's
 “church-yard, with your table-book, taking dead
 “people's names from the tomb-stones, to fill up
 “your list of your third subscription, that you might
 “be sure of those that would never come to claim it,
 “and then pretended to all your friends you were
 “full? There, at least, you had more wit to keep
 “people out, than any man living had to get in:

“ for I grant you, your list was dead sure!—Ha,
 “ ha, ha!

“ *Sir Gilb.* Why, ay, this nonsensical story now
 “ passes for wit, I warrant, among your cockade and
 “ velvet sparks at Garraway’s; but much good may
 “ do you with your jest, as long as we have your mo-
 “ ney among us: I believe it will be no hard matter
 “ to bite most of your soft heads off before it be long;
 “ and if you drive on as you seem to do, we shall
 “ make bold to set some of you down where we took
 “ you up, odsheartlikins.

“ *Wit.* Nay, I grant you, to do your own business,
 “ you must do other peoples’ too: but if all the
 “ young fellows of dress and pleasure would follow
 “ me, I would undertake to lead you a dance for all
 “ that.

“ *Sir Gilb.* And, pray, what would you have them
 “ do?

“ *Wit.* Why, do as you do: nothing that you pre-
 “ tend to do; or do as I did, every thing as you whis-
 “ pered me not to do. I minded what your broker
 “ did, not what you said, my dear!—And, if every
 “ gentleman would but buy, when you advise him to
 “ sell; or sell when you advise him to buy, ’twould
 “ be impossible to go out of the way: why, ’tis as
 “ plain road, man, as from Hyde-Park corner to Ken-
 “ sington.”

Sir Gilb. Sir, you take a great deal of liberty with
 me; insomuch, that I must tell you I am not sure I
 won’t pay the forfeit of my contract rather than part

with my daughter to a coxcomb—and so take it as you will.

L. Wrang. Mr. Wrangle! what do you mean by this brutality?

Frank. Mr. Witling, madam, will take nothing ill that I think fit to justify, I am sure.

Wit. No, faith! you need not fear it; I'll marry before I'll fight, depend upon't. Ha, ha!

L. Wrang. Mr. Witling, I beg you come away this moment—I'll undertake to do your merit justice. I'll see who dares pretend to govern in this family beside myself. Charlotte, give him your hand—Come, sir—

[*Exit Lady Wrangle.*]

Wit. I am all obedience, madam—your humble servant, Mr. Frankly—“Would you woo her—”

[*Exit, singing with Charlotte.*]

Frank. Admirably well done, sir! “you have worked his insolence to rare order.” Now, if you can but stand it out as stoutly with my lady, our business is done.

Sir Gilb. If!—Will you stand by me?

Frank. Will you give me your authority, sir, to handle her roundly, and make her know who ought to be her master?

Sir Gilb. My authority! ay, and thanks into the bargain—Come along, I'll send for the lawyer now—Mr. Frankly, my blood rises at her; she shall find I'll vindicate the honour of the city, and, from this moment, demolish her petticoat government.

Frank. Well said; I'll warrant you, sir. [*Excunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Sir GILBERT and FRANKLY.

Sir Gilbert.

MY dear Frankly, I could not rest till I had thee alone again; thou hast gained upon me for ever: your vindicating the husband's authority, and taking my wife a peg lower before my face, has tickled my fancy to that degree, that, odzooks! I could wish in my heart thou hadst been married to her.

Frank. Oh, I should be loth to have robbed you, sir, of that happiness.

Sir Gilb. A-hum! you are right, you are right; I did not think of that indeed. Well; it's a very odd thing now, that a wife will sooner be kept under by any man than her husband: why the deuce can't I govern her so?

Frank. There's no great secret in the matter, sir; for take any couple in Christendom, you will certainly find, that the more troublesome of the two is always head of the family.

Sir Gilb. By my troth, I believe you are right; and since the war is begun, I'll make a fair push for it. I am resolved now to thwart her in every thing; and if Granger has but wit enough to talk Sophronia into her senses; that is, if he can but convince her that she is flesh and blood, and born to breed, like other women; odzooks! he shall marry immediately: I'll plague her ladyship that way too.

Frank. That way! Oh, ay, it's true: for I think
 "I have heard you say, sir, that if either of your
 "daughters die unmarried, my lady is to inherit their
 "fortunes.

Sir Gilb. Ay, ay; there the shoe pinches, man;
 "she would be as much an enemy to Granger as she
 "is to you, if she could in the least suspect he would
 "ever make any thing of it with Sophronia."

Frank. And, if I don't mistake, sir, Granger is in
 a fair way there too; for, to my knowledge, he has
 been locked up with her this half hour here in her
 library.

Sir Gilb. The dickens!

Frank. Did not you observe them steal off together
 just before the music?

Sir Gilb. I wondered, indeed, what was become
 of them; by the lord Harry I am glad of it—I must
 have a peep at them. [*Goes to the key-hole.*] Odso!
 they are just a coming forth.

Frank. We had best be out of the way then, that
 we may not disturb them.

Sir Gilb. No, no, I'll warrant you; pr'ythee, let us
 stand "behind this skreen," and observe what passes.

Frank. Quick! quickly then; here they come.

[*They retire.*]

. *Enter GRANGER with SOPHRONIA.*

Soph. Oh, Granger! still preserve this purity,
 And my whole soul will open to receive thee:
 Forget, like me, thy sex, how sweetly may

We pass our days in rational desire !

“ Thou seest I own, without a blush, my love,
 “ For blushes only rise from guilty flames ;
 “ When conscience driven, reluctant to the crime,
 “ Leaps to the face, and marks the cheek with shame :
 “ But the chaste heart sublim'd by purer fires,
 “ Knowing no conscious fear, reserve, or guile,
 “ Gives, with unbounded frankness, all its store,
 “ And only blushes—that it gives no more.”

Gran. Hear this, ye bright immortal choirs above,
 And own that human souls, like you, can love.

Sir Gilb. Hey-dav ! this is downright love in a tra-
 gedy ! Well ; he's a comical thief.

“ *Frank.* Hush ! let him go on, sir.

“ *Soph.* Can you forgive the tedious banishment,
 “ Which my distrust and dread impos'd on you ?

“ *Gran.* Can I reproach you for so just, so kind
 “ A fear ? While through the general race of man,
 “ A sensual and infectious passion rages,
 “ Giving, from sex to sex, the mortal tainture ;
 “ Can I complain, if, to preserve yourself
 “ From the contagion, you've perhaps enjoin'd
 “ The healthy to perform his quarantine ?
 “ But landing thus upon my native soil,
 “ I leave my sufferings past behind, and think
 “ The present now is all that's left of time,
 “ Or worth my care.

“ *Soph.* Blush ! blush ! ye base degenerate world,
 “ That boast the bliss of gross connubial love :
 “ Can you wear human forms, yet see the prone,

“ The brute creation equal your desires ?
 “ Had you or souls or sense refin’d, you’d form
 “ Your wishes worthy your superior being ;
 “ Curb, with imperial reason, lawless nature,
 “ And reach, like us, the joys of love seraphic.”

Gran. Oh, harmony of heart ! Oh, spotless passion !
 Here, on this hand, the altar of my vows,
 I offer up my purer part, my soul
 To thine, and swear inviolable——

Soph. —— ——— ——— Hold !
 Passions, like ours, no formal vows require ;
 For vows suppose distrust, or faithless love,
 The frail security of sensual flames ;
 But where the pure, with the pure soul unites,
 The simple hand, thus given, and receiv’d, suffices.

Gran. Let then this hand my spotless heart resign.

Soph. Thus in exchange I blend my soul with thine.

Sir Gilb. So ; they are got to hand and heart already ; but now, now for a touch at the rest of her premises.

Frank. Nay, dear sir, be easy.

Sir Gilb. Well ! well ! I will.

Soph. And now, no more Sophronia, but thy friend ;
 Be both my name and sex from hence forgotten.

Gran. No :

Let me remember still that thou art fair ;
 For were there no temptation in thy beauty,
 Where were the merit of such hard resistance ?
 Indeed, my friend, ’tis hard ! ’tis hard resistance !
 “ The organs of my sight, my ear, my feeling,

“ As I am made of human mold, in spite
 “ Of me, exert their functions, and are pleas'd :”

I view thee with delight, I hear with transport,
 And thy touch——is rapture——

“ *Soph.* How fares my friend ?

“ *Gran.* Like the poor wretch that parches in a
 fever,

“ With fatal thirst, yet begs for present ease

“ To drink, and die——

“ *Soph.* From whence this new disorder ?

“ *Gran.* Tell me, Sophronia, is my virtue blameful,

“ Because my senses act as nature bids them ?

“ Am I in fault, if the sharp winter's frost

“ Can chill my limbs, or summer's sun will scorch
 them ?

“ What matter can resist the elements ?

“ Rivers will freeze, and solid mountains burn ;

“ What bodies will not change ?—Thus the tall oak——

“ *Though from our meaner flames secure,*

“ *Must that, which falls from Heaven, endure.* . . .

“ *Soph.* Where has he learned this art of unoffend-
 “ ing flattery ? [*Aside.*

“ *Gran.* Canst thou reproach me then, if while thy
 beauties

“ With such a blaze of charms invade my sense,

“ My human heart's not proof against their pow'r ?

“ *Soph.* Reproach thee ! No ; bodies are but the
 shells,

“ Or huts, that cover in the soul, and are,

“ Like other fabrics, subject to mischance :

“ The cells of hermits may be fir’d ; but none
 “ Reproach the wretch that suffers by the flame.”

Gran. Oh, Sophronia ! canst thou forgive me then,
 That my material dross thus burns before thee ?
 That my whole frame thus kindles at thy beauty ?
 And even warms my soul with fond desire ?

“ Like an impatient child it languishes,
 “ And pines for wants unknown, it sighs, it pants,
 “ To be indulg’d upon thy friendly bosom,
 “ To fold thee in my tender arms, to talk,
 “ And gaze, with mutual soft benevolence
 “ Of eyes, as giving were our only pleasure.”

Sir Gilb. Adod ! I believe he’s in earnest, he makes
 me half in love to hear him.

Soph. Is it possible ? Can then
 Such softness mingle with corporeal passion ? [*Apart.*

Gran. But while the soul alone is suffered to
 Possess, and bars my mortal part from joy ;
 My poor repining senses murmur at
 Their fate, and call thy purity unjust,
 “ To starve the body, while the mind knows plenty,
 “ Yet, like a churl, engrosses whole the feast.
 “ My senses claim a share from nature’s law ;
 “ They think, with a more melting softness, they
 “ Could love, and e’en inform the soul with rapture.”

Sir Gilb. Ay ; now we begin to work her.

“ *Gran.* Consider then, as part of me, thy friend,
 “ Thy friend may sure be trusted with your pity !
 “ Oh, relieve them ! give me some sign at least,
 “ One kind embrace, or a chaste sister’s kiss,

“ In certain proof that thou art still my friend,

“ That yet thou hat'st me not—I ask no more.

“ *Soph.* *Pignora certa petis? do pignora certa—Timendo.*

Gran. “ Does then thy fear alone refuse me ?” Oh,
Sophronia !

Why, why must virtue be this foe to nature ?

Why set our senses with our souls at variance,

As Heav'n had form'd thee fair—to kill thy friend.

Soph. What means my throbbing heart ? Oh,
virtue ! now,

Now save me from unequal nature's power !

Now guard me from myself—and hide my shame !

Gran. Must I then perish ? Will my friend forsake
me ?

Soph. Oh, Granger ! I am lost !—thou hast undone
me !

I am fallen, and thou wilt hate me now.

Gran. Oh, Sophronia !

Soph. —Lend me thy arm, support me !

Thy melting plaints have stole upon my heart,

And soften me to wishes never known before.

Gran. Oh, the tumultuous joy !

[*She sinks into his arms.*

Sir Gilb. Ah, dead ! dead ! We have her, boy ! we
have her.

“ *Gran.* See how she pants !

“ How, like a wounded dove, she beats her wings,

“ And, trembling, hovers to her mate for succour.

“ Oh, the dear confusion ! Awake, Sophronia !

“ Now wake to new and unconceiv'd delights,
 “ Which faint philosophy could never reach,
 “ Which nature gave the charms to taste and give.

“ *Soph.* Oh, I could wish, methinks, for ev'ry
 “ power,

“ That might have charms for thee: thy words,
 “ Like Hybla drops, distil upon my sense,
 “ And I could hear thee talk for ever.”

Gran. “ Oh, be but thus for ever kind, thy eyes
 “ Will find new subjects for eternal talk,
 “ And everlasting love:” blush not, my fair,
 That thou art kind: thy heart has only paid
 To love, the tribute due from nature's whole crea-
 tion:

“ For wisdom to his power oppos'd, is folly:”

Hear how the British Virgil sings his sway:

‘ Thus every creature, and of every kind,
 ‘ The secret joys of mutual passion find;
 ‘ Not only man's imperial race, but they
 ‘ That wing the liquid air, or swim the sea,
 ‘ Or haunt the desert, rush into the flame;
 ‘ For love is lord of all, and is in all the same.’

[*Exeunt Gran. and Soph.*

Sir Gilb. Oh, rare philosophy! Oh, fine philosophy!
 dainty philosophy! ho! [*Singing.*

Frank. Ha, ha, ha! that must be a pleasant sort of
 philosophy indeed, sir, that pretends to be wiser than
 nature. Platonic love is a mere philosopher's stone;
 when different sexes once come to lay their heads to-
 gether about it, the projection's sure to fly *in fumo*.

Sir Gilb. Fumo! Ay, I warrant you. A handsome wench, that shuts herself up two or three hours with a young fellow, only out of friendship, is making a hopeful experiment in natural philosophy indeed— Why it's just like spreading a bag of gunpowder before a great fire, only to dry it; ha, ha, ha!

“*Frank.* Right, sir—It puts me in mind of the
“ Irish soldier, who, to steal powder out of a full
“ barrel, cunningly bored a hole in it with a red hot
poker.

“*Sir Gilb.* Ah, very good! ha, ha, ha! As you
“ say, it's hard luck indeed, that her first touch of his
“ hand should blow up all the rest of her body.

“*Frank.* But to do her justice, sir, she was not
“ won without a good deal of art neither: a plain
“ battery of love would have done nothing upon her;
“ you see, he was forced to sap her with his self re-
“ proaches, and put it all upon the point of her com-
“ passion to his senses.

“*Sir Gilb.* Nay, the toad did worm her nicely, that
“ I must needs say.”

Frank. Ha, ha, ha! what a rare welcome too this news will have with my lady! How she will fume at the disappointment!

Sir Gilb. Nay, I have nothing to do with that, you know; this was none of my doing: let every tub stand upon its own bottom; “ I shall e'en leave her
“ ladyship to his management: all I can promise
“ him is, not to hinder the matter.

“*Frank.* That's all he will desire, I dare say, sir:

“be you but as passive in his affair as mine, I’ll
“warrant we will find courage enough between us
“to maintain our pretensions.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, here’s Mr. Delay, the lawyer.

Sir Gilb. Odsol that’s well! Now, Mr. Frankly—

Frank. I believe, sir, you had best keep him out of my lady’s sight, till matters are ripe for execution.

Sir Gilb. You are right, you are right; say no more, I’ll do it. *Ah, the sly rogue! how he tickled her up!*

Frank. *But harkee, harkee, Sir Gilbert—don’t flinch now; don’t be a craven; be sure to stand it out stoutly with my lady.*

Sir Gilb. *Will you and Granger continue to stand by me?*

Frank. *To the last drop of our amorous blood to your daughters, and our amiable blood to you.*

Sir Gilb. *Why then, if I don’t squabble it out with her ladyship to the last drop of a husband’s authority, may I live and die the cock of the hen-peck’d corporation.*

[Exit.]

Frank. So; thus far we stand fair: we have nothing now to combat but my lady; and Granger’s success with Sophronia, at this time, will naturally strengthen our alliance against her. As for my friend Witling, his own assurance and vanity will partly do his business: “but, however, in the mean
“while, it will not be amiss to keep him warm and
“ripe for our design”—*à-propos!* here he comes.

Enter WITLING.

Wit. Ha, ha, ha! dear Tom! I am glad I have found thee, faith! I have a favour to beg of thee.

Frank. Why then, I am glad you have found me too——because, I believe, I shall not grant it.

Wit. Ha, ha! what crabbed still, my dear! But I come to thee from a fair lady, child; and 'tis for her sake I am going to be obliged to thee.

Frank. I am glad of that too. A woman of sense, I warrant her, by her sending thee on a fool's errand.

Wit. Ay, but my dear! the errand happens to be her's now; and so thou hast civilly put the fool upon the woman of sense. Good again! one of thy old blunders, Tom! for, I think thou hast but cursed luck in making thy way to the women.

Frank. When you tell me the lady you come from, I shall be better able to guess, whether she takes me or you for a fool."

Wit. Suppose then it were from a lady, Tom, that designs to take either you or me for a husband? What dost thou think of my little Charlotte, my dear Tommy?

Frank. Why, if she takes thee for a husband, I shall think her a fool; and if I should take thee for a wit, she would think me a fool: but by her sending thee to ask a favour of me, it's a sign she thinks thee a fool.

Wit. Ha, ha! a very pretty parcel of cross purposes; a fool and wit, and wit and fool; and she,

and thee, and me! What! art thou playing at hustle-cap with thy words, child? "Thou dost not expect
 " I should take all thy jingle jumble for wit, dost
 " thou?"

" *Frank.* No, faith! if it be wit, I expect thou
 " shouldst not take it.

" *Wit.* With all my heart—Come, come, it shall
 " be wit then; I will mistake it for once."—But to
 business—the fair lady, my dear Tom—

Frank. Ay, what of her?

○ " *Wit.* Why, poor soul, she desir'd me to come to
 " you, and——

" *Frank.* And leave her to better company, ha!

" *Wit.* Look you, Tom, I know losers ought to
 " have leave to speak, and therefore, at present, you
 " shall have all the wit to yourself, my dear: but
 " don't be uneasy at my happiness, dear Tom; for
 " to tell you the truth, the creature is so cursed fond
 " of me, that she begins to grow troublesome already.
 " Ha, ha, ha!

" *Frank.* Why don't you make yourself easy then,
 " and give her up to me?

" *Wit.* No, no: I must not break the poor fool's
 " heart neither:" for you must know, she is in a ter-
 rible taking about me.

Frank. How so, sir?

Wit. Why, she said, just now, she was afraid to
 marry me so soon as to-night upon thy account.

Frank. Good! then there may be hopes she will
 not marry thee upon any account.

Wit. No, don't flatter thyself neither, my dear Tommy ; for her concern at the bottom was all upon my account.

Frank. How does that appear ?

Wit. Why, you know, says she, after all, poor Frankly has some sort of pretensions to me : I don't know how it was, says she ; but some way or other he got in with my father : so I durst not wholly discourage his addresses. Now, Frankly's of a surly temper, " says she ; and, if I should marry you, in " the heat of his disappointment, he may sav or do " some rash thing upon't : " and I know, says she, Mr. Witling, you are violent in your nature too ; and if matters should rise to a quarrel, nobody knows where the mischief may end ; the world will certainly lay it all at my door—I should be the miserablest creature alive—therefore I beg you, says she, go to him from me, and try to make an amicable end of the business ; and the moment poor Frankly's made easy, says she, I'll marry you the next hour, without any reserve in the whole world.

Frank. Why then, without any reserve in the whole world, pray tell the lady, that she may depend upon it I am certainly easy—because I am sure she imposes upon you.

Wit. Impose upon me, child ! ha, ha ! that's pleasant enough, ha, ha !

Frank. That is, she lets you impose upon yourself, which is the same thing.

Wit. That may be, Tom ; but the devil take me if

I can find it out: "but, however, I am mighty glad
"you do, because then I am sure, as long as you are
"easy, you can't take it ill, if I should burst my ribs
"with laughing at your tancy.

"*Frank.* Oh, not in the least! and to increase your
"mirth, sir, I will be farther bold to tell you, she
"has as hearty a contempt for you, if possible, as I
"have.

"*Wit.* Good again! Ha, ha, ha!

"*Frank.* Thou art a thing so below all human
"consideration, thou hast not wherewithal to give a
"Spaniard jealousy.

"*Wit.* Ah, poor Tom, if thou didst but know all
"now! Ha, ha!

"*Frank.* But to think thyself agreeable to her,
"thou must have the impudence of a French Har-
"lequin.

"*Wit.* Ah, dear Tom, thou charmest me! for
"since I find thou art not, in the least, uneasy at her
"engagement with me, to tell thee the truth, I have
"nothing else at present that can possibly retard my
"happiness.

"*Frank.* Why then, sir, be as happy as you de-
"serve; and pray let the lady know, as to any favour
"she designs you, I am in perfect peace of mind and
"tranquility.

"*Wit.* And you really give me leave to tell her so?

"*Frank.* Tell her, I am more easy than she her-
"self will be, when she has married you.

"*Wit.* Why then," perish me if thou art not one

of the best-bred rivals in the whole world! ha, ha, ha! and here she comes, faith, to thank thee for her part of the consolation. Ha, ha!

Frank. Ha, ha!

Enter CHARLOTTE.

Char. So, gentlemen, I am glad to find you in such good humour.

Wit. O! madam, the dearest friends in the world: I have obey'd your commands, and here's honest Tom is so far from being uneasy at our marriage, that 'egad I can't get him to believe it will ever come to any thing.

Char. O! as to that, Mr. Frankly may think as he pleases; but if he is not uneasy upon your account, that's all I pretend to desire of him.

Wit. No, no, honest Tom will give us no trouble, depend upon it.

Frank. Not I, upon my honour, madam; "for
" though I might be provoked to cut another man's
" throat, that should pretend to you, yet the value I
" have for Mr. Witling, secures him from my least
" resentment.

" *Wit.* Look you there, madam! you see your fears
" are all over; I don't find we have any thing to do
" now, but to send for the parson.

" *Char.* Ay, but I don't well understand him; for
" he seems to be neither jealous of your merit, nor my
" inclination: and that I can scarce think possible.

" *Frank.* You may, upon my soul, madam: for I

“ have so just a sense of both, that if it had not been
 “ in regard to your father’s contract, I am convinced
 “ you would never have endured the sight of him.

“ *Wit.* Ah! poor Tom! he has much ado to
 “ smother it. [*Apart.*

“ *Char.* Very pretty! so you think that my ad-
 “ mitting his addresses is mere grimace, and that I
 “ am all this while taking pains only to deceive Mr.
 “ Witling.

“ *Frank.* Alas! you need not do that, madam; he
 “ takes so much to deceive himself, he really gives
 “ you no trouble about it.

“ *Wit.* You see, child, we may put any thing upon
 “ him.

“ *Char.* Right! you take it as I could wish! Let
 “ me alone with him. And so, sir you really expect
 “ I should be pleased with your having this free
 “ opinion of my conduct?”

Frank. I must be pleased with every thing you un-
 “ dertake in my favour, madam.

Wit. How vain the rogue is too! [*Aside.*

Char. I am amazed! but how naturally a coxcomb
 shews himself. [*Aside.*

Wit. Ay, that’s when he is in your hands, madam;
 “ Ha, ha! ’Egad she plays him nicely off. [*Aside.*

“ *Char.* After this, one should wonder at nothing!
 “ Nay, there are some fools, I see, whose vanity is so
 “ far from being offensive, that they become diverting
 “ even to a rival.

“ *Frank.* Mr. Witling is always entertaining,
“ madam.

“ *Wit.* Ha, prodigious! ’Egad he thinks you mean
“ me all this while. Ha, ha, ha! [*Apart.*

“ *Char.* Well, sure there never was so bright a
“ coxcomb! [*Apart.*

“ *Wit.*” ’Egad I’ll humour him: Ha, ha! [*Apart.*

Char. By all means, you will make him shine to a
miracle. [*Apart.*

Wit. Why then, perish me Tom, if ever I was so
well diverted at a French comedy. [*Shakes his hand.*

Frank. That may very well be, sir; for fools are
apt to be fond of their own parts.

[*Shakes Witling’s hand.*

Char. Ha, ha!

Wit. Ay, so they are, the devil take me; for, I see,
there’s no beating thee out of thine.

Frank. How should I be out, when you play all the
scene yourself.

Wit. No, no, Tom, I only laugh all; but ’tis your
part that makes me, child.

Frank. Right! If you did not laugh, where the
devil should the jest be?

Wit. Why, then, you see, I do the fool justice,
Tom. Ha, ha!

Frank. Ay, the devil take me, dost thou; I never
saw him better acted.

“ *Wit.* Ah! but you don’t know, my dear, that to
“ make a coxcomb shine, requires a little more wit
“ than thou art aware of.

“ *Frank.* I know that he who has least wit of us
“ two, has enough to do that, my dear.

“ *Wit.* Ay, that is when a coxcomb shews himself,
“ Tom.

“ *Frank.* Nay, in that I grant no mortal can come
“ up to thee.

“ *Wit.* Ha, ha, ha! Oh, dear rogue, I must kiss
“ thee.

“ *Omnes.* Ha, ha, ha!”

Enter Lady WRANGLE.

L. Wrang. Your servant, your servant, good people:
whence all this mighty mirth, pray?

Wit. O, madam, here has been such a scene! such
hit and dash upon one another; in short, such bright-
ness o’both sides, the full moon, in a frosty night,
never came up to it.

Char. I must needs say, I never saw Mr. Witling
shine so before.

“ *Frank.* No, madam! Why, he always talks like a
“ lunatic, as you now may judge by his similies.

“ *Wit.* Ah, poor Tom! thy wit indeed is, like the
“ light of the moon, none of thy own: if I don’t mis-
“ take, my dear, I was forced to shine upon thee, be-
“ fore thou wert able to make one reflection.

“ *Frank.* There you are once in the right: for I
“ certainly could not have laughed, if you had not
“ given me a hearty occasion.

“ *Wit.* Ay, but the cream of the jest is, Tom, that
“ at the same time I really gave thee no occasion at all

Frank. Right again, my dear: for your not knowing that, is the only jest that's worth laughing at.

Both. Ha, ha, ha!"

L. Wrang. This must be some extraordinary mistake indeed; for I have no notion that Mr. Frankly and you can have reason to laugh upon the same occasion.

Wit. Why, faith! the occasion is a little extraordinary; for you must know, madam, that honest Tom and I here, are both going to be married to this lady.

L. Wrang. Both!

Wit. Ay both, madam; for, it seems, she has not been able to convince us, that either of us must go without her.

L. Wrang. That's so like Mr. Frankly's vanity, that cannot think his mistress lost, though he sees her just fallen into the arms of his rival.

Frank. My vanity and yours, madam, are much upon a foot; though I think you happened to be first cured of it.

L. Wrang. What do you mean, sir?

Frank. That by this time you are convinced I was never in love with your ladyship.

L. Wrang. I am convinced, that a very little trouble would have made you so.

Frank. It must have been a good deal more than it cost me, to make you believe so.

L. Wrang. If you have still hopes of marrying

“Charlotte, sir, I don’t wonder at your believing
“any thing. Ha, ha, ha!

“*Frank.* Laugh when you see me despair, madam.

“*L. Wrang.* I need not stay for that; your hope
“is ridiculous enough, and I laugh because you can’t
“see.”

Frank. “Yes, yes, I can see,” madam: I have seen
all this day what ’tis you drive at: in short, madam,
you have no mind that either of Sir Gilbert’s daugh-
ters should marry; because if they die maids, you have
secured the chance of succeeding to their fortunes.

“*L. Wrang.* Ay, do make the world believe that,
“if you can: persuade Mr. Witling that I have no
“mind Charlotte should marry him.

“*Frank.* What Mr. Witling thinks, is out of the
“question, madam; but you are sure that she never
“designs to marry him: so that your setting up his
“pretensions is not with the least view of doing him
“good, but of doing me harm; or rather, that while
“you manage the dispute well on both sides, neither
“of us may have her.

“*L. Wrang.* He has guess’d the secret; but that
“shall not hinder my proceeding. [*Aside.*] You are
“in the right to hope as long as you can, sir; but I
“presume you don’t do it for my friendship, nor Mr.
“Wrangle’s consent, or Charlotte’s inclination.

“*Frank.* Be what it will, madam, it has a better
“foundation, than your hope of succeeding either to
“her’s or Sophronia’s fortune; for,” shall I tell you
another secret, madam? Sophronia is going to be

married to Granger; so that you are equally like to be disappointed there too.

L. Wrang. Sophronia married!

Frank. Ay, ay, married, married, madam: wedded, bedded, made a mere wife of: 'tis not half an hour ago since I saw her sink, and melt into his bosom, with all the yielding fondness of a milk-maid.

L. Wrang. Sophronia, do this?

Frank. Sophronia, madam; nay, Sir Gilbert was, at the same time, a secret witness of all; and was glad, glad of it, madam: "and to my certain knowledge, resolves, that Granger shall marry her instantly:" and so, madam, all that fantastic fort philosophy, that you have been building in her brains for seven years together, is (with one honest attack of mere flesh and blood) fairly demolished, and brought to nothing.

L. Wrang. I'll not believe it; I know your ears deceiv'd you; he might perhaps transport her, but never to a sensual thought.

"*Frank.* Oons! madam, I tell you, I heard and saw it all; myself, saw her sighing, blushing, panting in his arms, with mortal, sensual, amorous desire; all her romantic pride reduced, and humbled to the obedience of that universal monarch of mankind, Love, madam; plain, naked, natural Love, Love, madam.

"*L. Wrang.* I am confounded! If this be true, his triumph is insupportable. [*Aside.*] Ha! what do I see!"

Enter GRANGER, leading SOPHRONIA.

“ Frank. Dear Granger, I congratulate thy happiness !

“ Gran. My happiness indeed ! for till I was victorious, I knew not half the value of my conquest.

“ Frank. [To Sophronia.] Give me then leave to hope, madam, that our former difference is forgot ; since the more elevated passion of my friend has now convinced me of my own unworthiness.

“ Soph. I cannot disavow my tenderest sense of Granger’s merit, give it what name you please ; I own ’tis something—*Quod nequeo dicere, & sentio tantum* : but am proud that love alone, unassisted by philosophy, could never have subdued me.

“ L. Wrang.’ Is it possible !

By your leave, madam.

[She breaks through the company, and takes Soph. apart.]

“ Frank. Heyday ! what’s to do now ? [Aside.

“ Gran. O Frankly ! I have such a melting scene to tell thee ! [Aside.

“ Frank. You may spare yourself the trouble, Sir Gilbert and I over-heard every word of it. But I allow you an artist. [Aside.

“ Gran. Was it not very whimsical ? [Aside.

“ Frank. Hush ! [Aside.

“ L. Wrang. [To Soph.”] Look in my face—full upon me.

Soph. Why that severe look, madam ?

L. Wrang. To make you blush at your apostacy.

Soph. Converts to truth are no apostates, madam.

L. Wrang. Is this your self-denial! This your distaste of odious man?

Soph. Madam, I have consider'd well my female state, and am now a proselyte to that philosophy; which says,

Nature makes nought in vain.

L. Wrang. What's then become of your Platonic system?

Soph. Dissolved, evaporated, impracticable, and fallacious all; you'll own I have labour'd in the experiment, but found at last, that to try gold in a crucible of virgin-wax, was a mere female folly.

L. Wrang. But how durst you, madam, entertain a thought of marriage without acquainting me?

Soph. Madam, I am now under this gentleman's protection; and from henceforth, think my actions only cognizable to him.

L. Wrang. Very fine!

Frank. Ay, ay, madam, 'tis but fretting your spleen to no purpose; you have no right to dispose of either of those ladies: Sir Gilbert's consent is what we depend upon; and as far as that can go, we shall make bold to insist upon them both, madam: and so you may as well put your passion in your pocket, madam.

L. Wrang. Insupportable! [Walks in anger.]

Wit. Ha, ha! well said, Tommy! What, art thou crack-brained still, my dear? How the devil didst

thou come by Sir Gill's consent? What, he has not mortgag'd it twice over, has he? But if he has, with all my heart; I fancy we shall find a way to make his first deed stand good, however; and that, I am sure, I have here safe in my pocket, child.

Frank. Oh, that shall be tried presently, sir; and here he comes with the lawyer, for the purpose.

Enter Sir GILBERT, with a Lawyer.

L. Wrang. Mr. Wrangle, what do you mean by this usage: How dare you affront me thus?

Sir Gilb. I affront you, my lady!

L. Wrang. Ay, sir, by bringing these roysters here, to insult me in my own family.

Sir Gilb. Frankly—stand by me.

Gran. Roysters, madam!

L. Wrang. Sir, I am not speaking to you. I say, Mr. Wrangle, how dare you do this?

Sir Gilb. Do, madam! I don't do any thing, not I. If the gentlemen have done any harm, you had best talk to them; I believe they have both tongues in their heads, and will be able to answer you.

Frank. Ay, ay, madam, if you have received any injury from either of us, we are the proper persons to talk with you.

L. Wrang. What, will you stand by, and tamely see me abused in my own house?

Sir Gilb. Odzines, madam, don't abuse yourself! the gentlemen are civil gentlemen, and men of honour; but if you don't know how to behave yourself to them, that's none of their fault.

L. Wrang. Prodigious! behave myself! Do you presume to teach me, you rude, illiterate monster?

Sir Gilb. Hold her fast, pray, gentlemen.

Gran. [*Interposing.*] Come, come, be composed, madam. Consider how these violent emotions dishonour your philosophy.

Sir Gilb. Ay, madam, if you are a philosopher, now, let's see a sample of it.

L. Wrang. Yes, sir, I'll give you one instance of it immediately; before you stir out of this room, I'll make you do justice to this gentleman; I'll make you keep your contract, sir.

Sir Gilb. Why, madam, you need not be in a passion about that; I don't design any other; I'll do him justice immediately.

L. Wrang. Oh, will you so? Come, then, where's the deed, sir?

Wit. A hum! Your humble servant! How dost thou do now, my little Tommy?

Frank. I'll tell you presently, sir.

Wit. Ha, ha! 'Egad, thou art resolved to die hard, I find.

Law. Here, madam, this is the deed; there is nothing wanting but the blanks to be filled up with the bridegroom's name. Pray, which is the gentleman?

L. Wrang. Here, sir, this is he——Put in William Witling, esq.

Sir Gilb. Hold, madam, two words to that bargain that is not the gentleman I have resolved upon.

L. Wrang. Come, come, Mr. Wrangle, don't be fool, I say.

Sir Gilb. And, pray, madam, don't you pretend to be wiser than I am.

L. Wrang. What stupid fetch have you got in your head now ?

Wit. Heyday ! what time of the moon is this ? Why, have not I your contract here in my hand, Sir Gilbert ?

Sir Gilb. With all my heart ; make your best on't ; I'll pay the penalty ; and what have you to say now ? And so, sir, [*To the Lawyer.*] I say, put me in Thomas Frankly, esq.

L. Wrang. Mr. Wrangle, don't provoke me. Do you know that the penalty of your refusing Mr. Witling, is above six-and-twenty thousand pounds difference, sir ?

Sir Gilb. Yes, madam ; but to let you see that I am not the fool you take me for, neither ; there's that will secure me against paying a farthing of it.

[*Sir Gilbert shews a bond.*]

L. Wrang. What do you mean ?

Sir Gilb. Why, that this, madam, is a joint bond from Mr. Graner and Frankly, to indemnify me from all demands, costs, and consequences of Mr. Witling's contract. [*Lady Wrangle peruses the bond.*]

Char. Now, Mr. Witling, you see upon what a shallow foundation Frankly built all his vanity and assurance. But, poor man ! he did not consider it was still in my power to marry you, tho' you had no contract at all with my father.

Wit. Right, my pretty soul—I suppose he thought the merit and frank air of this bond, forsooth, would have made you cock sure to him ; but I'll let him

see, presently, that I know how to pay a handsome compliment to a fair lady, as well as himself. 'Egad, I will bite his head off.

Char. Ay, do, Mr. Witling ; you touch my heart with the very thought of it.

Wit. Ah, you charming devil !

L. Wrang. [To Sir Gilbert.] Is this, then, your expedient ? Is this your sordid way of evading all right and justice ? Go, you vile scandal to the board you sit at ! But you shall find that I have a superior sense of honour : and thus, thus, thus, I'll force you to be just. [Tears the bond.]

Frank. Confusion !

Sir Gilb. Oons, madam ! what do you mean by this outrage ?

L. Wrang. Now, where's your security ? Where is your vile evasion, now, sir ? What trick, what shift have you now to save you ?

Sir Gilb. Frankly——stand by me.

“ *Frank.* Was ever such a devil ? ”

Gran. Fear nothing ; I'll warrant you ; come, sir, don't be disheartened ; your security shall be renewed to your content. Let the lawyer draw it up this instant, and I'll give my word and honour to sign it again before all this company.

Sir Gilb. Say'st thou so, my lad ? Why, then, ods-heartlikins——Frankly, stand by me.

Frank. Generous Granger !

L. Wrang. Let the lawyer draw up any such thing in my house, if he dares.

Gran. Nay, then, madam, I'll see who dares molest him.

Frank. 'Egad, whoever does, shall have more than one to deal with.

Sir Gibb. Well said; stand your ground——Write away, man. [To the Lawyer.

Char. Now, Mr. Witling——

Wit. Nay, nay, if that's your play, gentlemen——Come, come, I'll shew you a shorter way to make an end of this matter——and to let you see you are all in the wrong box, and that now I am secure of the lady's inclination, I think it a dishonour to her beauty to make use of any other advantage, than the naked merit of her humble servant. There, Sir Gilbert, there's your contract back again; tear it, cancel it, or light your pipe with it——And madam—— [To Char.

Char. Ay, now, Mr. Witling, you have made me the happiest creature living. And now, Mr. Lawyer——

Wit. Ay, now, gentlemen——

Char. Put in Thomas Frankly, esq.

Wit. Fire and brimstone!

Frank. Ay, now Mr Witling——

Sir Gibb. Odsheart, in with him——

L. Wrang. Come, come, Mr. Wrangle——

Sir Gibb. Oons, wife, be quiet!

L. Wrang. Wife! What, am I abused, insulted, then?

Sir Gibb. Ah, Charlotte, let me hug thee, and buss thee, and bless thee to death! But, here, hussy,

here's a pair of lips that will make better work with thee.

Wit. Bit, by the powers!

Char. Nay, don't say that of me, Mr. Witling: 'twas even all your own doing: for you can't reproach me with having once told you I ever loved, or liked you. How then could you think of marrying me?

Wit. Not reproach you, madam? Oons, and death! did you not as good as——

Frank. Hold, sir; when you speak to my wife, I must beg you to soften the tone of your voice a little.

Wit. Heyday! what a pox, must not losers have leave to speak, neither?

Frank. No, no, my dear Billy, thou art no loser at all; for you have made your call, you see, and now have fairly had your refusal too.

Wit. Ha, ha! that's pleasantly said, however, 'egad! I can't help laughing at a good thing, though, tho' I am half ready to hang myself.

Frank. Nay, then, Witling, henceforth I'll allow thee a man of parts; "tho', at the same time, you must grant me, there are no fools like your wits." But since thou hast wit enough to laugh at thyself, I think nobody else ought to do it.

"*Wit.* Why, then, dear Tom, I give you joy; for, to say the truth, I believe I was a little over-hasty in this matter. But, as thou sayest, he that has not wit enough to find himself sometimes a fool, is in

“danger of being fool enough to have nobody think
“him a wit but himself.”

Frank. [To *L. Wrang.*] And now, madam, were it but possible to deserve your pardon——

L. Wrang. I see you know my weakness——Submission must prevail upon a generous nature—I forgive you.

Sir Gilb. Why, that’s well said of all sides. And, now you are part of my family, gentlemen, I’ll tell you a secret that concerns your fortunes——Hark you——in one word——sell——sell out as fast as you can; for (among friends) the game’s up——ask no questions——but, I tell you the jest is over——But money down, (d’ye observe me?) money down. Don’t meddle for time; for the time’s a coming, when those that buy will not be able to pay. And so, the devil take the hindmost; and Heaven bless you all together.

Gran. And now, Sophronia, set we forward to the promised land of love.

Soph. *In vain, against the force of nature’s law,
Would rigid morals keep our hearts in awe;
All our lost labours of the brain but prove,
In life there’s no philosophy like love.*

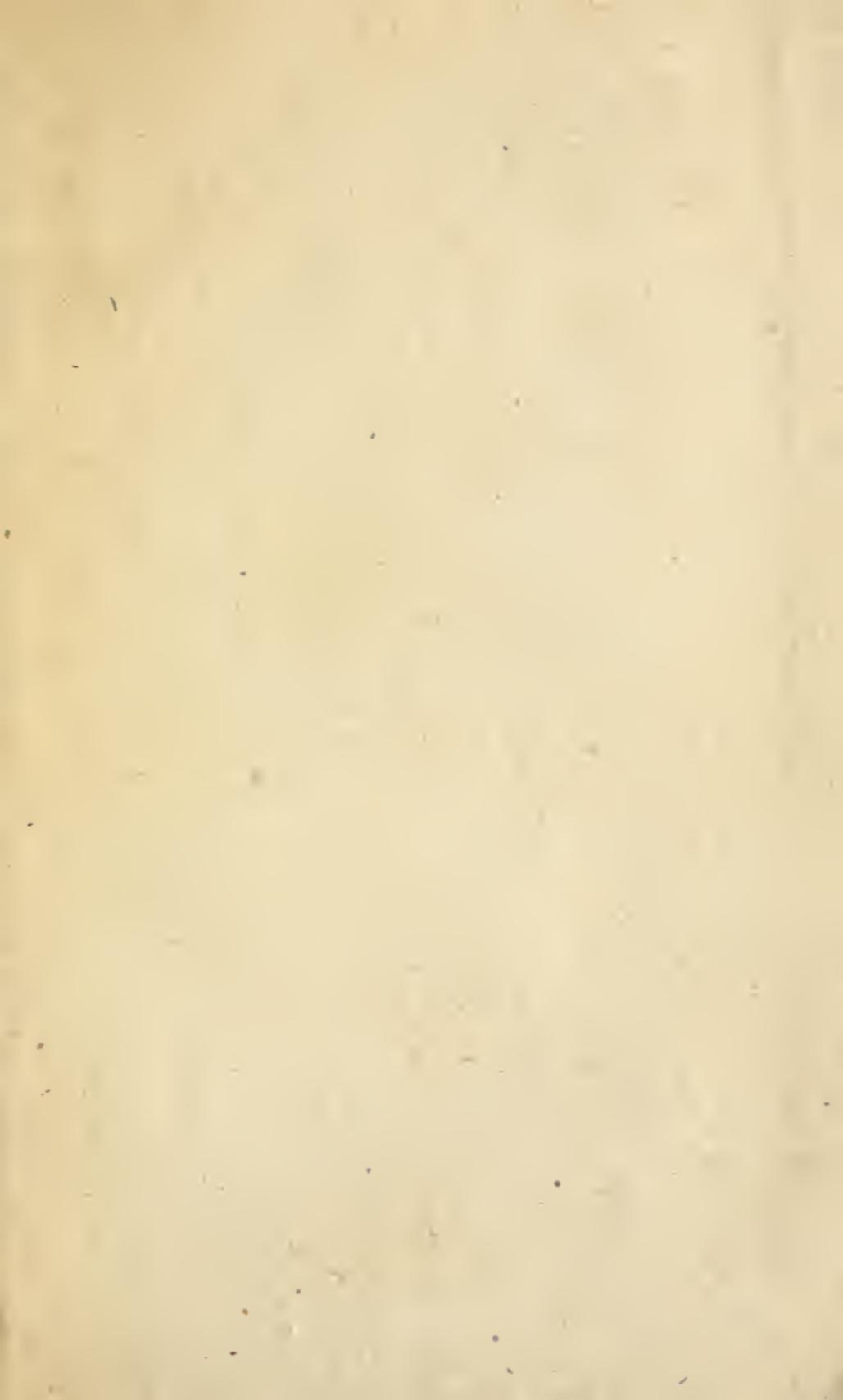
[Exeunt omnes.]

EPILOGUE.

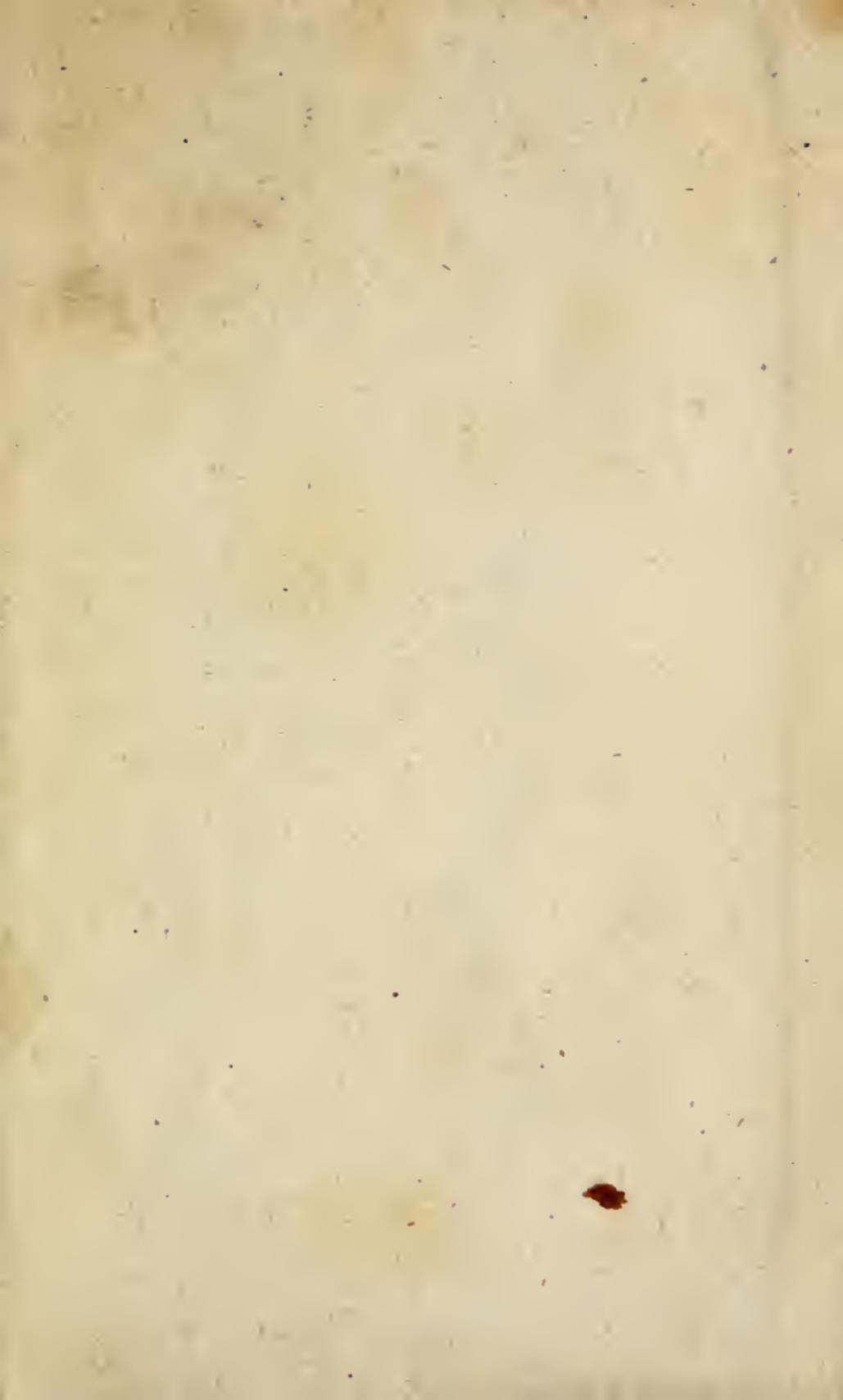
*THE time is come the Roman bard foretold,
A brazen year succeeds an age of gold ;
An age——
When specious books were open'd for undoing,
And English hands, in crowds, subscrib'd their ruin.
Some months ago, whoever could suppose,
A goosequill race of rulers should have rose,
T' have made the warlike Britons groan beneath their blows ?
Evils, that never yet beheld the sun,
To foreign arms, or civil jars, unknown,
These trembling miscreants, by their wiles have done.
Thus the fierce lion, whom no force could foil,
By village-curs is baited in the toil.
Forgive the muse, then, if her scenes were laid
Before your fair possessions were betray'd ;
She took the flitting form as fame then ran,
While a director seem'd an honest man :
But were she from his present form to take him,
What a huge gorging monster must she make him ?
How would his paunch with golden ruin swell ?
Whole families devouring at a meal ?
What motley humour in a scene might flow,
Were we these upstarts in their arts to shew ?*

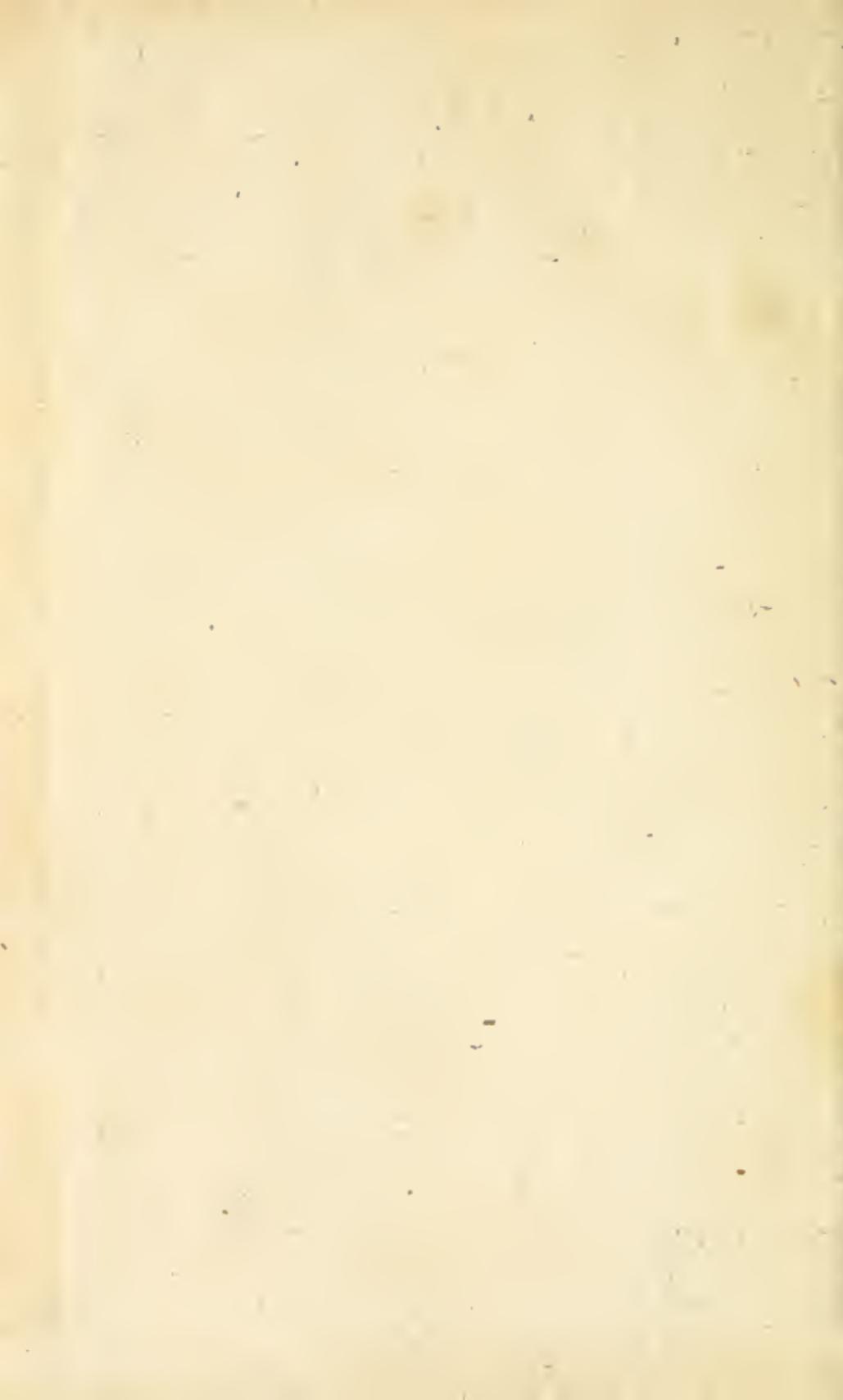
*When their high betters at their gates have waited,
And all to beg the favour to be cheated;
Even that favour, (or they're by fame bely'd)
To raise the value of the cheat, deny'd.
And while Sir John was airing on his prancers,
He'as left his cook-maid to give peers their answers.
Then clerks in Berlins, purchas'd by their cheats,
That splash their walking betters in the streets,
And while, by fraud, their native country's sold,
Cry, Drive, you dog, and give your horses gold :
Even Jews no bounds of luxury refrain,
But boil their christian hams in pure Champaign.
Till then, the guilty, that have caus'd these times,
Feel a superior censure for their crimes,
Let all, whose wrongs the face of mirth can bear,
Enjoy the muse's vengeance on them here.*



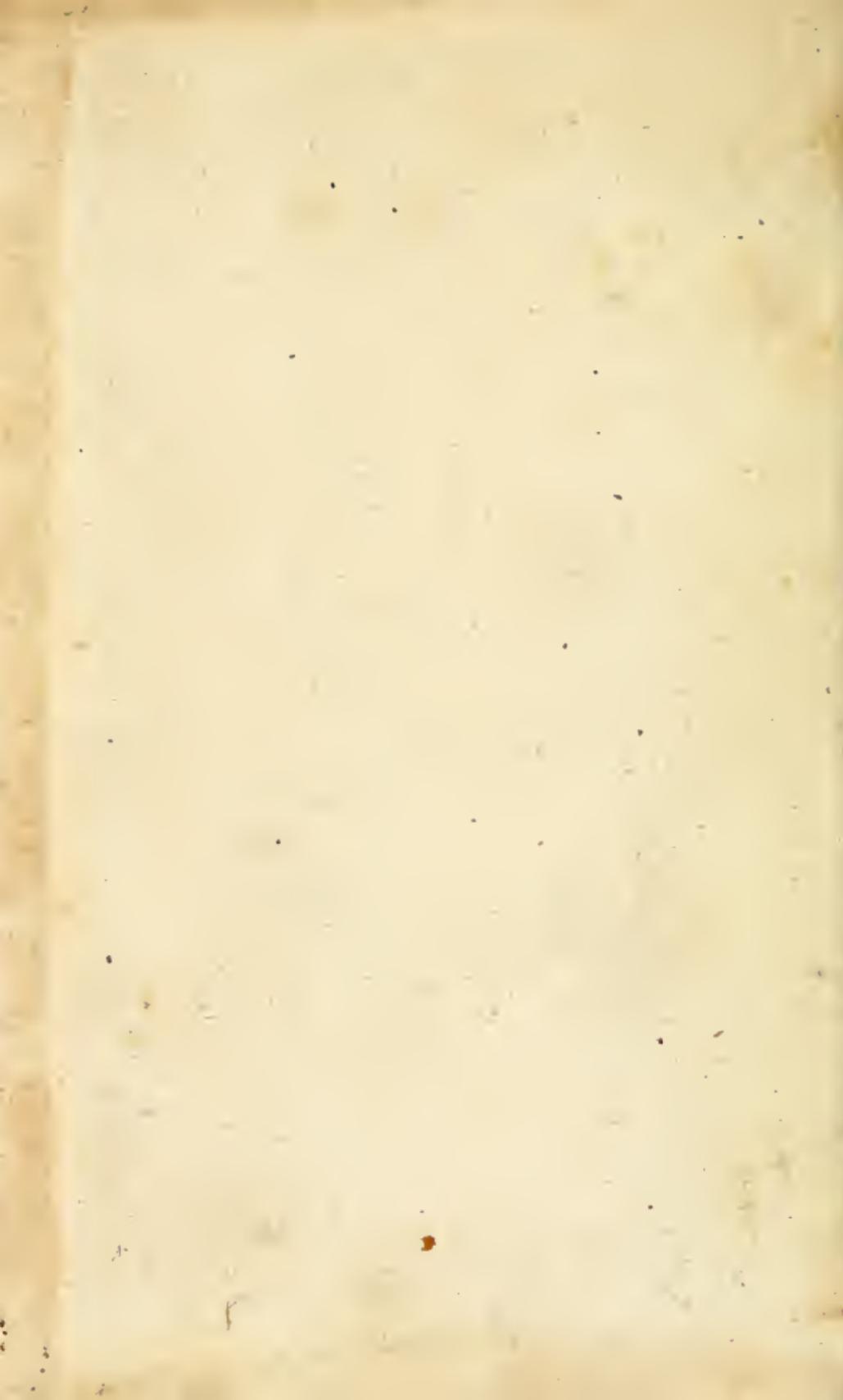












Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Nov. 2005

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