

*B E L L ' s*  
**BRITISH THEATRE.**

**VOLUME THE FOURTH.**

*Bell's*  
**BRITISH THEATRE;**  
*COMEDIES.*



*Page 56.*

*L O N D O N*

*Printed for John Bell near Coater Exchange in the  
 Strand and C. Etherington at York Dec<sup>r</sup> 1<sup>st</sup> 1776.*

126. C. 257  
BELL's  
BRITISH THEATRE,

Consisting of the most esteemed  
ENGLISH PLAYS.

VOLUME THE FOURTH.

Being the Second VOLUME of COMEDIES.

CONTAINING

RULE A WIFE AND HAVE A WIFE, by BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

The WONDER, by Mrs. CENTLIVRE.

The CONSCIOUS LOVERS, by Sir R. STEELE.

The RECRUITING OFFICER, by Mr. FARQUHAR.

The SUSPICIOUS HUSBAND, by Dr. HOADLEY.

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L O N D O N :

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

M DCC LXXX.



Published for Balls & Singing, Theatre, Sep. 20<sup>th</sup> 1770.

*M<sup>rs</sup> ARINGTON in the Character of ESTIFANIA.  
And here's a Chair of Whittings Eyes for Pearls,  
A Musell monger would have made a better.*



BELL'S EDITION.

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R U L E A W I F E  
A N D  
H A V E A W I F E.

*A COMEDY, BY BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.*

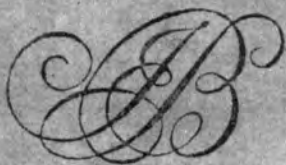
AS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.

Regulated from the Prompt-Book,

*BY PERMISSION OF THE MANAGERS,*

BY MR. HOPKINS, PROMPTER



LONDON:

PRINTED BY C. ETHERINGTON, for J. BELL,  
*at the BRITISH LIBRARY, in the STRAND.*

1781.



*A. Musell monger would not*

## P R O L O G U E.

**PLEASURE** attend ye, and about ye sit  
 The springs of mirth, fancy, delight, and wit,  
 To stir you up; do not your looks let fall,  
 Nor to remembrance our late errors call,  
 Because this day we're Spaniards all again;  
 The story of our play, and our scene Spain:  
 The errors too, do not for this cause hate,  
 Now we present their wit, and not their state.  
 Nor, ladies, be not angry, if you see  
 A young fresh beauty wanton, and too free,  
 Seek to abuse her husband, still 'tis Spain;  
 No such gross errors in your kingdom reign:  
 You're Vestals all, and though we blow the fire,  
 We seldom make it flame up to desire:  
 Take no example neither to begin,  
 For some by precedent delight to sin;  
 Nor blame the poet if he slip aside  
 Sometimes lasciviously, if not too wide.  
 But hold your fans close, and then smile at ease;  
 A cruel scene did never lady please.  
 Nor, gentlemen, pray be not you displeas'd,  
 Though we present some men fool'd, some diseas'd,  
 Some drunk, some mad; we mean not you, you're free,  
 We tax no farther than our comedy,  
 You are our friends, sit noble then and see.

---

 DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

## M E N.

*Drury-Lane. Covent-Garden.*

DUKE OF MEDINA,	MR. AICKIN. MR. GARDENER.
DON JUAN DE CASTRO,	MR. PACKER. MR. HULL.
<i>a Spanish Colonel,</i>	
SANCHIO, } <i>Officers in</i>	MR. HURST. MR. FOX.
ALONZO, } <i>the army,</i>	MR. USHER. MR. WEWITZER.
MICHAEL PEREZ, <i>the</i>	MR. KING. MR. WOODWARD.
<i>Copper Captain,</i>	
LEON, <i>Brother to Al-</i>	
<i>tea, and by her con-</i>	MR. GARRICK. MR. SMITH.
<i>trivance married to</i>	
<i>Margaritta,</i>	
MACAFEGO, <i>a rich</i>	MR. MOODY. MR. DUNSTALL.
<i>Usurer,</i>	

## W O M E N.

MARGARITTA, <i>a wan-</i>	
<i>ton Lady, married to</i>	MISS SHERRY. MRS. BAKER.
<i>Leon, by whom she is</i>	
<i>reclaimed,</i>	
ALTEA, <i>her Servant,</i>	MRS. LOVE. MRS. GARDENER.
CLARA, <i>a Spanish Lady,</i>	MRS. WHITEFIELD. M. HELME.
ESTIFANIA, <i>a Woman</i>	MRS. ABING-
<i>of intrigue,</i>	TON. MISS BARSANTI.
AN OLD WOMAN,	MR. BADDELEY. MRS. PITT.
MAID,	MR. WALDRON. MRS. WHITE.
<i>Visiting Ladies.</i>	

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 SCENE, SPAIN.
 

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RULE

## R U L E A W I F E

• A N D

## H A V E A W I F E.

## A C T I.

SCENE, a Chamber.

*Enter Juan de Castro and Michael Perez.*

MICHAEL.

A R E your companies full, Colonel?

*Juan.* No, not yet, Sir.

Nor will not be this month yet, as I reckon.

How rises your command?

*Mich.* We pick up still,

And as our monies hold out, we have men come.

About that time, I think, we shall be full too:

Many young gallants go.

*Juan.* And unexperienc'd.

'The wars are dainty dreams to young hot spirits;

'Time and experience will allay those visions.

'We have strange things to fill our numbers:

There's one Don Leon, a strange goodly fellow,

Commended to me from some noble friends,

For my Alferes.

*Mich.* I've heard of him, and that he hath serv'd before too.*Juan.* But no harm done, nor ever meant, Don Michael,

That came to my ears yet: ask him a question,

He blushes like a girl, and answers little,

To the point less. 'He wears a sword, a good one,

'And good cloaths too; he's whole skinn'd, has no hurt yet;

'Good promising hopes.' I never yet heard certainly,

Of any gentleman that saw him angry.

*Mich.* Preserve him, he'll conclude a peace if need be;

Many as stout as he will go along with us,

That swear as valiantly as heart can wish.

# RULE A WIFE AND HAVE A WIFE.

Their mouths charg'd with six oaths at once, and whole  
ones,

That make the drunken Dutch creep into mole-hills.

*Juan.* 'Tis true, such we must look for. But, Michael  
Perez,

When heard you of Donna Margaritta, the great heiress?

*Mich.* I hear every hour of her, though I ne'er saw her;  
She is the main discourse. Noble Don Juan de Castro,

How happy were that man could catch this wench up,

And live at ease! She's fair and young, and wealthy,

Infinite wealthy, and as gracious too

In all her entertainments, as men report.

*Juan.* But she is proud, Sir, that I know for certain,

And that comes seldom without wantonness:

He that shall marry her, must have a rare hand.

*Mich.* Wou'd I were married; I would find that wisdom,

With a light rein to rule my wife. If e'er woman

Of the most subtil mould went beyond me,

Let give boys leave to hoot me out o' the parish.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Ser.* Sir, there be two gentlewomen attend to speak  
with you.

*Juan.* Wait on 'em in.

*Mich.* Are they two handsome women?

*Ser.* They seem so, very handsome; but they're veil'd,  
Sir.

*Mich.* Thou puttest sugar in my mouth. How it melts  
with me!

I love a sweet young wench,

*Juan.* Wait on them in, I say.

*[Exit Servant.]*

*Mich.* Don Juan.

*Juan.* Michael, how you burnish?

Will not this foldier's heat out of your bones yet?

*Mich.* There be two.

*Juan.* Say honest, what shame have you then?

*Mich.* I would fain see that;

I've been in the Indies twice, and have seen strange things;

But for two honest women:—one I read of once.

*Juan.* Pr'ythee, be modest.

*Mich.* I'll be any thing.

*Enter Servant, Donna Clara and Estifania, veil'd.*

*Juan.* You're welcome, Ladies.

*Mich.*

*Mich.* Both hooded! I like 'em well though:  
They came not for advice in law fore hither:  
'May be they'd learn to raise the pike; I'm for 'em.'  
They're very modest; 'tis a fine prelude.

*Juan.* With me, or with this gentleman, would you  
speak, Lady?

*Cla.* With you, Sir, as I guess, Juan de Castro.

*Mich.* Her curtain opens; she is a pretty gentle woman.

*Juan.* I am the man, and shall be bound to fortune,  
I may do any service to your beauties.

*Cla.* Captain, I hear you're marching down to Flanders,  
To serve the Catholic king.

*Juan.* I am, sweet Lady.

*Cla.* I have a kinsman, and a noble friend,  
Employ'd in those wars; may be, Sir, you know him;  
Don Campusano, captain of carbines,  
To whom I would request your nobleness  
To give this poor remembrance.

[Gives a letter.

*Juan.* I shall do it:

I know the gentleman, a most worthy captain.

*Cla.* Something in private.

*Juan.* Step aside: I'll serve thee.

[Exeunt Juan and Clara.

*Mich.* Pr'ythee, let me see thy face.

*Estif.* Sir, you must pardon me;  
Women of our sort, that maintain fair memories,  
And keep suspect off from their chastities,  
Had need wear thicker veils.

*Mich.* I am no blaffer of a lady's beauty,  
Nor bold intruder on her special favours:  
I know how tender reputation is,  
And with what guards it ought to be preserv'd.  
Lady, you may to me—

*Estif.* You must excuse me, Signior, I come  
Not here to sell myself.

*Mich.* As I'm a gentleman; by the honour of a soldier.

*Estif.* I believe you.—

I pray be civil: I believe you'll love me,  
And when you've seen me, I believe you'll like me;  
But in a strange place, to a stranger too,  
As if I came on purpose to betray you,  
Indeed I will not.

*Mich.*

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*Mich.* I shall love you dearly,  
And 'tis a sin to fling away affection;  
I have no mistress; no desire to honour  
Any but you.  
I know not, you have struck me with your modesty  
So deep, and taken from me  
All the desire I might bestow on others—  
Quickly before they come.

*Estif.* Indeed I dare not.  
But since I see you're so desirous, Sir,  
To view a poor face that can merit nothing  
But your repentance—

*Mich.* It must needs be excellent.  
*Estif.* And with what honesty you ask it of me,  
When I am gone let your man follow me,  
And view what house I enter. Thither come,  
For there I dare be bold to appear open;  
And as I like your virtuous carriage, then

*Enter Juan, Clara, and Servant.*  
I shall be able to give welcome to you.  
She hath done her business, I must take my leave, Sir.

*Mich.* I'll kiss your fair white hand, and thank you,  
lady.

My man shall wait, and I shall be your servant.  
Sirrah, come near, hark.

*Ser.* I shall do it faithfully. [Exit.

*Juan.* You will command me no more services?

*Clara.* To be careful of your noble health, dear Sir,  
That I may ever honour you.

*Juan.* I thank you,  
And kiss your hands. Wait on the ladies down there.

[Exit Ladies and Servant.

*Mich.* You had the honour to see the face that came to  
you?

*Juan.* And 'twas a fair one. What was yours, Don  
Michael?

*Mich.* Mine was i'th'eclipse, and had a cloud drawn  
over it.

But I believe well, and I hope 'tis handsome.  
She had a hand would stir a holy hermit.

*Juan.* You know none of 'em?

*Mich.* No.

*Juan.*



# RULE A WIFE AND HAVE A WIFE.

*Juan.* Then I do, Captain:  
But I'll say nothing till I see the proof on't.  
Sit close, Don Perez, or your worship's caught.

*Mich.* Were those she brought love letters?  
[*Juan.* A packet to a kinsman now in Flanders.  
Yours was very modest, methought.

*Mich.* Some young unmanaged thing:  
But I may live to see.

*Juan.* 'Tis worth experience.  
Let's walk abroad and view our companies. [Exit.

' SCENE, a Street.

' Enter Sanchio and Alonzo.

' *San.* What, are you for the wars, Alonzo?

' *Alon.* It may be ay,  
' It may be no, e'en as the humour takes me.  
' If I find peace among the female creatures,  
' And easy entertainment, I'll stay at home.  
' I'm not so far oblig'd yet to long marches  
' And mouldy biscuits, to run mad for honour.  
' When you're all gone, I have my choice before me.

' *San.* Ay, of which hospital thou'lt sweat in: wilt  
' Thou never leave whoring?  
' *Alon.* There is less danger in't than gunning, Sanchio.  
' Though we be shot sometimes, the shot's not mortal;  
' Besides, it breaks no limbs.

' *San.* But it disables 'em.  
' Dost see how thou pullest thy legs after thee,  
' As if they hung by points?  
' *Alon.* Better to pull 'em thus, than walk on wooden  
ones;

' Serve bravely for a billet to support me.  
' *San.* Fie, fie, 'tis base.  
' *Alon.* Dost count it base to suffer?  
' Suffer abundantly? 'Tis the crown of honour.  
' You think it nothing to lie twenty days  
' Under a surgeon's hand that has no mercy.

' *San.* As thou hast done, I'm sure: but I perceive now  
' Why you desire to stay; the orient heirs,  
' The Margaritta, Sir.

' *Alon.* I would I had her.  
' *San.* They say she'll marry.

' *Alon.*

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- 'Alon. Yes, I think she will.  
 'San. And marry suddenly, as report goes, too.  
 'She fears her youth will not hold out, Alonzo.  
 'Alon. I would I had the sheathing on't.  
 'San. They say too,  
 'She has a greedy eye, that must be fed  
 'With more than one man's meat.  
 'Alon. Wou'd she were mine,  
 'I'd eater for her well enough: but, Sanchio,  
 'There be too many great men that adore her;  
 'Princes, and princes' fellows, that claim privilege.  
 'San. Yet those stand off the way of marriage;  
 'To be tied to a man's pleasure is a second labour.  
 'Alon. She has bought a brave house here in town.  
 'San. I've heard so.  
 'Alon. If she convert it now to pious uses,  
 'And bid poor gentlemen welcome.  
 'San. When comes she to it?  
 'Alon. Within these two days: she's in the country  
 yet,  
 'And keeps the noblest house.  
 'San. Then there's some hope of her.  
 'Wilt thou go my way?  
 'Alon. No, no, I must leave you,  
 'And repair to an old gentlewoman that  
 'Has credit with her, that can speak a good word.  
 'San. Send thee good fortune, but make thy body sound  
 first,  
 'Alon. I am a soldier,  
 'And too sound a body becomes me not;  
 'So farewell, Sanchio. [Exit.]

SCENE, another Street, *Estifania crosses the Stage.*

*Enter a Servant of Michael Perez after her.*

Ser. 'Tis this or that house, or I've lost my aim;  
 They're both fair buildings;—she walk'd plagu'y fast.

*Enter Estifania, Courtesies, and exit.*

And hereabouts I lost her. Stay, that's she;  
 'Tis very she;—she makes me a 'ow court'fy:—  
 Let me note the place, the street I well remember.

SCENE,

RULE A WIFE AND HAVE A WIFE. 11

SCENE, a Chamber in Margaritta's House.

*Enter three old Ladies.*

1 *Lady.* What shou'd it mean, that in such haste we're sent for?

2 *Lady.* Belike the Lady Margaret has some business She'd break to us in private.

3 *Lady.* It shou'd seem so.

'Tis a good lady, and a wise young lady.

2 *Lady.* And virtuous enough too, that I warrant ye, For a young woman of her years: 'tis a pity To load her tender age with too much virtue.

3 *Lady.* 'Tis more sometimes than we can well away with.

*Enter Altea.*

*Alt.* Good-morrow, Ladies.

*All.* 'Morrow, my good Madam.

1 *Lady.* How does the sweet young beauty, Lady Margaret?

2 *Lady.* Has she slept well after her walk last night?

1 *Lady.* Are her dreams gentle to her mind?

*Alt.* All's well,

She's very well: she sent for you thus suddenly, To give her counsel in a business That much concerns her.

2 *Lady.* She does well and wisely,

'To ask the counsel of the ancientst. Madam,

'Our years have run through many things she knows not. *Alt.* She wou'd fain marry.

1 *Lady.* 'Tis a proper calling,

And well befits her years. Who wou'd she yoke with?

*Alt.* That's left to argue on. I pray come in And break your fast; drink a good cup or two, To strengthen your understandings, then she'll say ye.

2 *Lady.* And good wine breeds good counsel, we'll yield to ye. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE, a Street.

*Enter Juan de Castro and Leon.*

*Juan.* Have you seen any service?

*Leon.* Yes.

*Juan.* Where?

*Leon.*

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*Leon.* Every where.

*Juan.* What office bore ye?

*Leon.* None, I was not worthy.

*Juan.* What captains know you?

*Leon.* None, they were above me.

*Juan.* Were you ne'er hurt?

*Leon.* Not that I well remember;

But once I stole a hen, and then they beat me.

Pr'y ask me no long questions, I've an ill memory.

*Juan.* This is an ass. Did you ne'er draw your sword yet?

*Leon.* Not to do any harm, I thank Heav'n for't.

*Juan.* Nor ne'er ta'en prisoner?

*Leon.* No, I ran away;

For I ne'er had no money to redeem me.

*Juan.* Can you endure a drum?

*Leon.* It makes my head ache.

*Juan.* Are you not valiant when you're drunk?

*Leon.* I think not; but I am loving, Sir.

*Juan.* What a lump is this man!

Was your father wife?

*Leon.* Too wise for me, I'm sure;

For he gave all he had to my younger brother.

*Juan.* That was no foolish part, I'll bear you witness.

Canst thou lie with a woman?

*Leon.* I think I could make shift, Sir;

But I am bashful.

*Juan.* In the night?

*Leon.* I know not.

Darkness indeed may do some good upon me.

*Juan.* Why art thou sent to me to be my officer,

Ay, and commended too, when thou dar'st not fight?

*Leon.* There be more officers of my opinion,

Or I'm ozen'd, Sir; men that talk more too.

*Juan.* How wilt thou 'scape a bullet?

*Leon.* Why by chance.

They aim at honourable men; alas, I'm none, Sir.

*Juan.* This fellow has some doubts in his talk that strike me.

*Enter Alonso.*

He cannot be all fool. Welcome, Alonso.

*Alon.*

*Alon.* What have you got there, Temperance into your company?

The spirit of peace? we shall have wars by the ounce then.

*Enter Cacafogo.*

Oh, here's another pumpion, the cramm'd son of a starv'd usurer, Cacafogo.

Both their brains butter'd, cannot make too spoonfuls.

*Caca.* My father's dead, I am a man of war too; Monies, demefnes; I've ships at sea too, captains.

*Juan.* Take heed o'the Hollanders, your ships may leak else.

*Caca.* I scorn the Hollanders, there are my drunkards.

*Alon.* Put up your gold, Sir, I will borrow it else.

*Caca.* I'm satisfied you shall not.

Come out, I know thee, meet mine anger instantly.

*Leon.* I never wrong'd ye.

*Caca.* Thou'lt wrong'd mine honour.

Thou look'lt upon my mistress thrice lasciviously, I'll make it good.

*Juan.* Do not heat yourself, you will surfeit.

*Caca.* Thou want'lt my money too, with a pair of base bones,

In whom there was no truth, for which I beat thee, I beat thee much; now I will hurt thee dangerously.

This shall provoke thee. *[He strikes.]*

*Alonz.* You struck too low by a foot, Sir.

*Juan.* You must get a ladder, when you would beat this fellow.

*Leon.* I cannot choose but kick again; pray pardon me.

*Caca.* Hadst thou not ask'd my pardon, I had killed thee. I leave thee, as a thing despis'd, *baso las manos a vossa*

*Signora.*

*[Exit Caca.]*

*Alon.* You've 'scap'd by miracles, there is not in all Spain A spirit of more fury than this fire-drake.

*Leon.* I see he's hasty, and I'd give him leave To beat me soundly, if he'd take my bond.

*Juan.* What shall I do with this fellow?

*Alon.* Turn him off,

He will infect the camp with cowardice, If he go with thee.

*Juan.* About some week hence, Sir,

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If I can hit upon noabler officer,  
You shall hear from me.

*Leon.* I desire no better.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, a Chamber in Margaritta's House.

*Enter Estifania and Perez.*

*Per.* You've made me now too bountiful amends, Lady,  
For your strict carriage when you saw me first.  
These beauties were not meant to be conceal'd;  
It was a wrong to hide so sweet an object;  
I could now chide ye, but it shall be thus:  
No other anger ever touch your sweetness.

*Estif.* Y<sup>e</sup> appear to me so honest, and so civil,  
Without a blush, Sir, I dare bid you welcome.

*Per.* Now, let me ask your name.

*Estif.* 'Tis Estifania, the heir of this poor place.

*Per.* Poor, do you call it?

There's nothing that I cast mine eyes upon,  
But shews both rich and admirable; all the rooms  
Are hung as if a princess were to dwell here;  
The gardens, orchards, every thing so curious,  
Is all that plate your own too?

*Estif.* 'Tis but little,  
Only for present use; I've more, and richer,  
When need shall call, or friends compel me use it;  
The suits you see of all the upper chambers,  
Are those that commonly adorn the house;  
I think I have besides, as fair as Sevil,  
Or any town in Spain, can parallel.

*Per.* Now if she be not married, I have some hopes.  
Are you a maid?

*Estif.* You make me blush to answer;  
I ever was accounted so to this hour,  
And that's the reason that I live retir'd, Sir.

*Per.* Then wou'd I counsel you to marry presently,  
(If I can get her I am made for ever) [*Aside.*]  
For every year you lose, you lose a beauty.  
A husband now, an honest, careful husband,  
Were such a comfort. Will ye walk above stairs?

*Estif.* This place will suit our talk, 'tis fitter far, Sir;  
Above there are day-beds, and such temptations  
I dare not trust, Sir.

*Per.*

*Per.* She's excellent wife withal, too.

*Estif.* You nam'd a husband; I am not so strict, Sir,  
Nor ty'd unto a virgin's solitariness,  
But if an honest, and a noble one,  
Rich, and a soldier, for so I've vow'd he shall be,  
Were offer'd me, I think I should accept him.  
But above all, he must love.

*Per.* He were base else.

There's comfort ministr'd in the word soldier.  
How sweetly should I live!

*Estif.* I'm not so ignorant,  
But that I know well how to be commanded,  
And how again to make myself obey'd, Sir.  
I waste but little; I have gather'd much:  
My rial not less worth when it is spent,  
If spent by my direction. To please my husband,  
I hold it as indifferent in my duty,  
To be his maid i' th' kitchen, or his cook,  
As in the hall to know myself the mistress.

*Per.* Sweet, rich, and provident; now, fortune, stick to  
I am a soldier, and a bachelor, Lady; [me.  
And such a wife as you I could love infinitely.  
They that use many words, some are deceitful:  
I long to be a husband, and a good one;  
For 'tis most certain I shall make a precedent  
For all that follow me, to love their ladies.  
I'm young, you see, able I'd have you think too;  
If't please you know, try me before you take me.  
'Tis true, I shall not meet in equal wealth with ye;  
But jewels, chains, such as the war has given me,  
A thousand ducats too in ready gold,  
As rich clothes, too, as any he bears arms, Lady.

*Estif.* You're a gentleman, and fair, I see by ye,  
And such a man I'd rather take——

*Per.* Pray do so.

I'll have a priest o' the sudden.

*Estif.* And as suddenly  
You will repent too.

*Per.* I'll be hang'd or drown'd first,  
By this, and this, and this kiss.

*Estif.* You're a flatterer.

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But I must say, there was something when I saw you  
First, in that noble face, that stirred my fancy.

*Per.* I'll stir it better ere you sleep, sweet Lady.  
I'll send for all my trunks, and give up all to ye,  
Into your own dispose, before I bed ye;  
And then, sweet wench.

*Elisf.* You have the art to cozen me.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE, an Apartment in Margaritta's House.

*Enter Margaritta, three Ladies, and Alia.*

MARGARITTA.

COME in, and give me your opinions seriously.

*1 Lad.* You say you have a mind to marry, Lady.

*Mar.* 'Tis true, I have, for to preserve my credit,  
Yet not so much for that, as to preserve my state, Ladies.  
Conceive me right, there lies the main o' th' question.  
Credit I can redeem, money will imp it;  
But when my money's gone, when the law shall  
Seize that, and for incontinency, strip me  
Of all.

*1 Lad.* Do you find your body so malicious that way?

*Mar.* I find it as all bodies are, that are young and  
Lazy; and high fed. [lusty,

I desire my pleasure, and pleasure I must have.

*2 Lad.* 'Tis fit you should have,  
Your years require it, and 'tis necessary;  
As necessary as meat to a young lady;  
Sleep cannot nourish more.

*1 Lad.* But might not all this be, and keep ye single?  
You take away variety in marriage,  
Th' abundance of your pleasure you are barr'd then;  
Is't not abundance that you aim at?

*Mar.* Yes; why was I made a woman?

*2 Lad.* And ev'ry day a new?

*Mar.* Why fair and young, but to use it? [then?

*1 Lad.* You're still i' th' right; why would you marry  
*Al.*



*Alt.* Because a husband stops all doubts in this point,  
And clears all passages.

*2 Lad.* What husband mean ye?

*Alt.* A husband of an easy faith, a fool,  
Made by her wealth, and moulded to her pleasure;  
One, though he see himself become a monster,  
Shall hold the door, and entertain the maker.

*2 Lad.* You grant there may be such a man.

*1 Lad.* Yes, marry; but how to bring 'em to this rare  
perfection.

*2 Lad.* They must be chosen so, things of no honour,  
Nor outward honesty.

*Mar.* No, 'tis no matter;  
I care not what they are, so they be comely.

*2 Lad.* Methinks now, a rich lawyer, some such fellow,  
That carries credit, and a face of awe,  
'But lies with nothing but his client's business.'

*Mar.* No, there's no trusting them, they are too subtle;  
The law has moulded them of natural mischief.

*1 Lad.* Then some grave governor,  
Some man of honour, yet an easy man.

*Mar.* If he has honour I'm undone; I'll none such.

*Alt.* With search, and wit, and labour,  
I've found one out, a right one, and a perfect.

*Mar.* Is he a gentleman?

*Alt.* Yes, and a soldier; but as gentle as you'd wish  
him. A good fellow, and has good clothes, if he knew  
how to wear 'em.

*Mar.* Those I'll allow him;  
They are for my credit. Does he understand  
But little.

*Alt.* Very little.

*Mar.* 'Tis the better.

Have not the wars bred him up to anger?

*Alt.* No, he won't quarrel with a dog that bites him;  
Let him be drunk or sober, he's one silence.

*Mar.* He's no capacity what honour is;  
For that's a soldier's good?

*Alt.* Honour's a thing too subtle for his wisdom;  
If honour lie in eating, he's right honourable.

*Mar.* Is he so goodly a man, do you say?

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*Alt.* As you shall see, Lady;  
But to all this he's but a trunk.

*Mar.* I'd have him so;  
'I shall add branches to adorn him.'  
Go, find me out this man, and let me see him;  
If he be that motion that you tell me of,  
And make no more noise, I shall entertain him.  
Let him be here.

*Alt.* He shall attend your Ladyship.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, a Street.

*Enter Juan, Alonzo, and Perce.*

*Juan.* Why thou'rt not married indeed?

*Per.* No, no, pray think so.

Alas, I am a fellow of no reckoning!  
Nor worth a lady's eye.

*Alon.* Wou'dst steal a fortune,  
And make none of thy friends acquainted with it,  
Nor bid us to thy wedding?

*Per.* No indeed.

There was no wisdom in't, to bid an artist,  
An old seducer, to a female banquet.  
I can cut up my pie without your instructions.

*Juan.* Was it the wench i' the veil?

*Per.* Basta, 'twas she.

The prettiest rogue that e'er you look'd upon;  
The loving'st thief.

*Juan.* And is she rich withal too?

*Per.* A mine, a mine; there is no end of wealth, Colonel.  
I am an ass, a bawful fool. Pr'ythee, Colonel,  
How do thy companies list now?

*Juan.* You're merry, Sir;  
You intend a safer war at home, belike, now?

*Per.* I do not think I shall fight much this year, Colonel;  
I find myself given to my ease a little.  
I care not if I sell my foolish company;  
They're things of hazard.

*Alon.* How it angers me,  
This fellow, at first sight, shou'd win a lady,  
A rich young wench——And I, that have consum'd  
'My time and art in searching out their subtleties,

Like

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' Like a fool'd alchymist, blow up my hopes still.  
When shall we come to thy house, and be freely merry?

*Per.* When I have manag'd her a little more.  
I have an house to maintain an army.

*Alon.* If thy wife be fair, thou'lt have few less come  
to thee.

*Per.* Where they'll get entertainment is the point;  
Signior, I beat no drum.

' May be I'll march, after a month or two,  
' To get a fresh stomach. I find, Colonel,  
' A wantonness in wealth, methinks I agree not with.  
' 'Tis such a crouble to be married too,  
' And have a thousand things of great importance,  
' Jewels and plate, and fooleries molest me,  
' To have a man's brains whimfied with his wealth.  
' Before, I walk'd contentedly.'

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* My mistress, Sir, is sick, because you're absent.  
She mourns, and will not eat.

*Per.* Alas, my jewel!  
Come, I'll go with thee. Gentlemen, your fair leaves,  
You see I'm ty'd a little to my yoke;  
Pray, pardon me; wou'd ye had both such loving wives.  
[*Exeunt Per. and Servant.*]

*Juan.* I thank ye  
For your old boots. Never be blank, Alonzo,  
Because this fellow has out-stripp'd thy fortune.  
' Tell me, ten days hence, what he is, and how  
' The gracious state of matrimony stands with him.  
Come, let's to dinner; when Margaritta comes,  
We'll visit both; it may be then your fortune. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, a Chamber.

*Enter Margaritta, Altea, and Ladies.*

*Mar.* Is he come?

*Alt.* Yes, Madam, he has been here this half hour.  
I've question'd him of all that you can ask him,  
And find him fit as you had made the man.

*Mar.* Call him in, Altea. [*Exit Alt.*]

*Enter Leon and Alex.*

' A man of a comely countenance. Pray ye come this way.  
Is his mind so tame?

*Alt.*

*Alt.* Pray question him, and if you find him not  
Fit for your purpose, shake him off, there's no harm done.

*Mar.* Can ye love a young lady? How he blushes!

*Alt.* Leave twirling of your hat, and hold your head up,  
And speak to th' lady.

*Leon.* Yes, I think I can;

I must be taught; I know not what it means, Madam.

*Mar.* You shall be taught. And can you, when she  
Go ride abroad, and stay a week or two? [pleases,  
You shall have men and horses to attend ye,  
And money in your purse.

*Leon.* Yes, I love riding;

And when I am from home I am so merry.

*Mar.* Be as merry as you will. Can you as handsomely,  
When you are sent for back, come with obedience,  
And do your duty to the lady loves you?

*Leon.* Yes, sure, I shall.

*Mar.* And when you see her friends here,  
Or noble kinsmen, can you entertain  
Their servants in the cellar, and be busied,  
And hold your peace, whate'er you see or hear?

*Leon.* 'Twere fit I were hang'd else.

*Mar.* Come, salute me.

*Leon.* Ma'am!

*Mar.* How the fool shakes! I will not eat you, Sir.  
Can't you salute me?

*Leon.* Indeed I know not; but if your Ladyship will  
please to instruct me, sure I shall learn.

*Mar.* Come on, then.

*Leon.* Come on, then.

[He kisses her.

*Mar.* Beshrew my heart, he kisses wond'rous manly!

'Can you do any thing else?

*Leon.* Indeed I know not; but if your Ladyship will  
please to instruct me, sure I shall learn.

*Mar.* You shall then be instructed.

If I should be this Lady that affects ye;  
Nay, say I marry ye?

*Alt.* Hark to the lady.

*Mar.* What money have ye?

*Leon.* None, Madam, nor no friends.

I would do any thing to serve your Ladyship.

*Mar.* You must not look to be my master, Sir.

Not

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Nor talk i' the house as though you wore the breeches ;  
No, nor command in any thing.

*Leon.* I will not ;

Alas, I am not able ! I've no wit, Madam.

*Mar.* Nor do not labour to arrive at any ;

'Twill spoil your head. I take ye upon charity,

And like a servant ye must be unto me.

As I behold your duty, I shall love you ;

And as you observe me, I may chance lie with ye.

Can you mark these ?

*Leon.* Yes indeed, forsooth.

*Mar.* There is one thing,

That if I take ye in, I put ye from me,

Utterly from me ; you must not be faucy,

No, nor at any time familiar with me,

Scarce know me, when I call ye not.

*Leon.* I will not. Alas, I never knew myself sufficiently !

*Mar.* Nor must not now.

*Leon.* I'll be a dog to please ye.

*Mar.* Indeed you must fetch and carry as I appoint ye.

*Leon.* I were to blame else.

*Mar.* Kifs me again.

[*Kisses her.*]

'A strong fellow ; there is vigour in his lips.'

If you see me

Kifs any other, twenty in an hour, Sir,

You must not start, nor be offended.

*Leon.* No, if you kifs a thousand, I shall be contended,

It will the better teach me how to please ye.

*Alt.* I told ye, Madam.

*Mar.* 'Tis the man I wish'd for ; the less you speak—

*Leon.* I'll never speak again, Madam,

But when you charge me ; then I'll speak softly too.

*Mar.* Get me a priest ; I'll wed him instantly.

But when you're married, Sir, you must wait on me,

And see ye observe my laws.

*Leon.* Else you shall hang me.

*Mar.* I'll give ye better clothes when you deserve 'em.  
Come in, and serve for witness.

*Omnes.* We shall, Madam.

*Mar.* And then away to the city presently ;

I'll to my new house, and new company.

*Leon.* A thousand crowns are thine ; I'm a made man.

*Alt.*

*Alt.* Do not break out too soon.

*Leon.* I know my time, wench.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, a grand Saloon.

*Enter Clara and Estifania with a Paper.*

*Clara.* What, have you caught him?

*Estif.* Yes.

*Clara.* And do you find him

A man of those hopes that you aim'd at?

*Estif.* Yes too, and the most kind man;

And the ablest, also,

To give his wife content: he is sound as old wine,

And to his soundness rises on the pallet;

And there's the man.

I find him rich too, Clara.

*Clara.* Hast thou married him?

*Estif.* What dost thou think, I fish without a bait,  
wench?

I bob for fools. He is mine own. I have him.

I told thee what would tickle him like a trout;

And as I cast it, so I caught him daintily;

And all he has I've stow'd at my devotion.

*Clara.* Does the lady know this? she's coming now to  
town:

Now, to live here, in this house.

*Estif.* Let her come,

She shall be welcome, I am prepar'd for her;

She's inad sure, if she be angry at my fortune,

For what I have made bold.

*Clara.* Dost thou not love him?

*Estif.* Yes, entirely well,

As long as there he stays and looks no farther

Into my ends; but when he doubts, I hate him;

And that wife hate will teach me how to cozen him;

How to decline their wives, and curb their manners;

To put a stern and strong rein to their natures:

And holds he is an ass not worth acquaintance,

That cannot mould a devil into obedience.

I owe him a good turn for these opinions;

And as I find his temper, I may pay him.

*Enter Perez.*

O here he is; now you shall see a kind man.

*Pez.*

*Per.* My Estifania, shall we to dinner, lamb?  
I know thou stay'it for me.

*Estif.* I cannot eat else.

*Per.* I never enter, but methinks a paradise  
Appears about me.

*Estif.* You're welcome to it, Sir.

*Per.* I think I have the sweetest seat in Spain, wench.  
Methinks the richest too. We'll eat i' the garden,  
In one of the arbours, there 'tis cool and pleasant;  
And have our wine cool'd in the running fountain.  
Who's that?

*Estif.* A friend of mine, Sir.

*Per.* Of what breeding?

*Estif.* A gentlewoman, Sir.

*Per.* What business has she?

Is she a woman learned i' the mathematics?  
Can she tell fortunes?

*Estif.* More than I know, Sir.

*Per.* Or has she e'er a letter from a kinswoman,  
That must be delivered in my absence, wife?  
Or comes she from the doctor to salute ye,  
And learn your health? she looks not like a confessor.

*Estif.* What needs all this? why are you troubled, Sir?  
What do you suspect? she cannot cuckold ye;  
She is a woman, Sir, a very woman.

*Per.* Your very woman may do very well, Sir,  
Towards the matter; for though she cannot perform it  
In her own person, she may do it by proxy.  
Your rarest jugglers work still by conspiracy.

*Estif.* Cry ye mercy, husband, you are jealous then,  
And haply suspect me.

*Per.* No, indeed, wife.

*Estif.* Methinks you should not, till you have more  
cause  
And clearer too. I'm sure you've heard say, husband,  
A woman forc'd will free herself through iron:  
A happy, calm, and good wife discontented,  
May be caught by tricks.

*Per.* No, no: I do but jest with ye.

*Estif.* To-morrow, friend, I'll see you.

*Cl.* I shall leave ye.

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Till then, and pray all may go sweetly with ye. [*Exit.*

*Estif.* Why, where's the girl? who's at the door? [*Knocking.*

*Per.* Who knocks there? [*Knock.*

Is't for the king you come, ye knock so boisterously?  
Look to the door.

*Enter Maid.*

*Maid.* My Lady, as I live, mistress, my Lady's come;  
She's at the door; I peep'd through, I saw her,  
And a stately company of ladies with her.

*Estif.* This was a week too soon, but I must meet with  
And set a new wheel going; and a subtle one [*her,*  
Must blind this mighty Mars, or I am ruin'd. [*Aside.*

*Per.* What, are they at the door!

*Estif.* Such, my Michael,  
As you may bless the day they enter'd here;  
Such for our good.

*Per.* 'Tis well.

*Estif.* Nay, 'twill be better  
If you will let me but dispose the business,  
And be a stranger to't, and not disturb me.  
What have I now to do but advance your fortune?

*Per.* Do, I dare trust thee; I am asham'd I was angry.  
I find thee a wise young wife.

*Estif.* I'll wise your worship  
Before I leave ye. [*Aside.*] Pray ye walk by, and say no-  
thing,

Only salute them, and leave the rest to me, Sir;  
I was born to make ye a man.

*Per.* The rogue speaks heartily;  
Her goodwill colours in her cheeks; I'm born to love her.  
I must be gentle to the tender natures;  
A soldier's rude harsh words besit not ladies;  
Nor must we talk to them, as we talk to  
Our officers. I'll give her way, for 'tis for me she  
Works now; I am husband, heir, and all she has.

*Enter Margarita, Leon, Altea, and Ladies.*  
Who're these? I hate such flaunting things.  
A woman of rare presence! excellent fair;  
This is too big sure for a bawdy-house;  
Too open seated too.

*Estif.*



*Estif.* My husband, Lady.

*Mar.* You've gain'd a proper man.

*Per.* Whate'er I am, I am your servant, Lady. [*Kisses.*]

*Estif.* Sir, be rul'd now, [*Apart to Peres.*]

And I shall make you rich: this is my cousin;

That gentleman douts on her, even to death.

See how he observes her.

*Per.* She is a goodly woman.

*Estif.* She is a mirror.

But she is poor, she were for a prince's side else.

This house she has brought him to as to her own,

And presuming upon me, and on my courtesy—

Conceive me short; he knows not but she's wealthy;

Or if he did know otherwise, 'twere all one,

'He's so far gone.'

*Per.* Forward; she's a rare face.

*Estif.* This we must carry with discretion, husband,  
And yield unto her for four days.

*Per.* Yield our house up, our goods and wealth!

*Estif.* All this is but seeming.—Do you see this writing?

Two hundred pounds a-year, when they are married,  
Has she seal'd to for our good—The time is unfit now;  
I'll shew it you to-morrow.

*Per.* All the house?

*Estif.* All, all; and we'll remove too, to confirm him.  
They'll into the country suddenly again,

'After they're match'd, and then she'll open to him.'

*Per.* The whole possession, wife? Look what you do.  
A part o' the house.

*Estif.* No, no, they shall have all,  
And take their pleasure too; tis for our 'vantage.  
Why, what's four days? Had you a sister, Sir,  
A niece, or mistress, that requir'd this courtesy,  
And should I make a scruple to do you good?

*Per.* If easily it would come back.

*Estif.* I swear, Sir, as easily as it came on.  
'Is't not pity

'To let such a gentlewoman for a little help—'

You give away no house.

*Per.* Clear but that question.

*Estif.* I'll put the writings into your hand.

*Per.* Well then.

*Esif.* And you shall keep them safe.

*Per.* I'm satisfied.—Wou'd I had the wench too.

*Esif.* When she has married him,

So infinite his love is link'd unto her,

You, I, or any one that helps at this pinch,

May have Heav'n knows what.

*Per.* I'll remove my trunks straight,

And take some poor house by, 'tis but for four days.

*Esif.* I have a poor old friend; there we will be.

*Per.* 'Tis well then.

*Esif.* Go handsome off, and leave the house clear.

*Per.* Well.

*Esif.* That little stuff we'll use shall follow after;

And a boy to guide ye. Peace, and we are made both.

*Mar.* Come, let's go in. Are all the rooms kept sweet, wench?

*Esif.* They're sweet and neat.

[*Exit Per.*]

*Mar.* Why, where's your husband?

*Esif.* Gone, Madam.

When you come to your own, he must give place, Lady.

*Mar.* Well, send you joy, you would not let me

Yet I shall not forget ye.

[*know't,*]

*Esif.* Thank your Ladyship.

*Mar.* Come, lead me.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

### ACT III.

SCENE, a Chamber.

*Enter Margarita and Altea.*

ALTEA.

**A**R E you at ease now? Is your heart at rest,

Now you have got a shadow, an umbrella,

To keep the scorching world's opinion

From your fair credit?

*Mar.* I am at peace, Altea.

If he continue but the same he shews,

And be a master of that ignorance

He outwardly professes, I am happy.

‘The

' The pleasure I shall live in, and the freedom  
' Without the squint eye of the law upon me,  
' Or prating liberty of tongues that envy !'

*Alt.* You're a made woman.

*Mar.* But if he should prove now  
A crafty and dissembling kind of husband,  
Once read in knavery, and brought up in the art  
Of villany conceit'd.

*Alt.* My life, an innocent.

*Mar.* That's it I aim at.

That's it I hope too, then I'm sure I rule him :

' For innocents are like obedient children,  
' Brought up under a hard mother-in-law, a cruel,  
' Who being not us'd to breakfasts and collations,  
' When they have coarse bread offered, are thankful,  
' And take it for a favour too.'

Are the rooms made ready

To entertain my friends ? I long to dance now,

' And to be wanton. Let me have a song. Is the great  
couch up

' The Duke of Medina sent ?

*Alt.* 'Tis up and ready.

*Mar.* And day-beds in all chambers ?

*Alt.* 'In all, Lady.'

Your house is nothing now but various pleasures,  
The gallants begin to gaze too.

*Mar.* Let 'em gaze on.

I was brought up a courtier, high and happy ;

And company is my delight and courtship ;

And handsome servants at my will. Where's my good  
Where does he wait ? [husband ?

*Alt.* He knows his distance, Madam.

I warrant ye he is busy in the cellar

Among his fellow servants, or asleep,

Till your commands awake him.

*Enter Leon and Lorenzo.*

*Mar.* 'Tis well, Altea,

It should be so ; my ward I must preserve him.

Who sent for him ? How dare he come uncall'd for ?

His bonnet on too !

*Alt.* Sure he sees you not.

*Mar.* How scornfully he looks !

*Leon.* Are all the chambers  
Deck'd and adorn'd thus for my Lady's pleasure?  
New hangings every hour for entertainment?  
And new plate bought, new jewels to give lustre?

*Serv.* They are, and yet there must be more and richer;  
It is her will.

*Leon.* Hum, is it so? 'Tis excellent.  
Is it her will too, to have feasts and banquets,  
Revels and masques?

*Serv.* She ever lov'd 'em dearly;  
And we shall have the bravest house kept now, Sir.  
I must not call ye master; she has warn'd me;  
Nor must not put my hat off to you.

*Leon.* 'Tis no fashion  
What though I be her husband, I'm your fellow;  
I may cut first?

*Serv.* That's as you shall deserve, Sir.

*Leon.* I thank you, Sir.—' And when I lie with her—

' *Serv.* May be I'll light ye:

' On the same point you may do me that service.'

*Enter a Lady.*

1 *Lady.* Madam, the Duke Medina, with some cap-  
tains,

Will come to dinner, and have sent rare wine,  
And their best services.

*Mar.* They shall be welcome.

See all be ready in the noblest fashion;

' The house perfum'd.

' Now I shall take my pleasure,

' And not my neighbour justice maunder at me.'

Go, get your best clothes on; but till I call ye,

Be sure you be not seen. Dine with the gentlewomen,

And behave yourself handsomely, Sir, 'tis for my credit.

*Enter a second Lady.*

2 *Lady.* Madam, the Lady Julia—

*Leon.* That's a bawd;

A three-pil'd bawd; bawd major to the army.

2 *Lady.* Has brought her coach to wait upon your  
Ladyship,

And to be inform'd if you will take the air this morning.

*Leon.* The neat air of her nunnery.

*Mar.* Tell her no; i' the afternoon I'll call on her.

2 *Lady.*

2 *Lady*. I will, Madam. [Exit.]

\* *Mar*. Why, are you not gone to prepare yourself?

\* May be you shall be fewer to the first course.

\* A portly presence. Altea, he looks lean—

\* 'Tis a vain knave, he will not keep his flesh well.

\* *Alt*. A willing, Madam, one that needs no spurring.

\* *Leon*. Faith, Madam, in my little understanding,

You'd better entertain your honest neighbours,

Your friends about ye, that may speak well of ye,

And give a worthy mention of your bounty.

*Mar*. How now, what this?

*Leon*. 'Tis only to persuade ye

Courtiers are tickle things to deal withal,

A kind of march-pane men that will not last, Madam;

An egg and pepper goes farther than their potions;

And in a well-knit body, a poor parsnip

Will play his prize above their strong potables.

*Mar*. The fellow's mad!

*Leon*. He that shall counsel ladies,

That hath both liquorish and ambitious eyes,

Is either mad or drunk, let him speak gospel.

*Alt*. He breaks out modestly.

*Leon*. Pray ye be not angry;

My indiscretion has made bold to tell ye

What you'll find true.

*Mar*. Thou dar'st not talk?

*Leon*. Not much, Madam;

You have a tie upon your servant's tongue,

He dare not be so bold as reason bids him;

'Twere fit there were a stronger on your temper.

Ne'er look so stern upon me, I'm your husband:

But what are husbands? Read the new world's wonders,

Such husbands as this monstrous world produces,

And you will scarce find such strange deformities;

They're shadows to conceal your venal virtues;

Sails to your mills, that grind with all occasions;

Balls that lie by you, to wash out your stains;

And bills nail'd up with horns before your doors,

To rent out wantonness.

*Mar*. Do you hear him talk!

*Leon*. I've done, Madam:

An ox once spoke, as learned men deliver;

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Shortly I shall be such, then I'll speak wonders.

'Till when I tie myself to my obedience. [Exit.

*Mar.* First I'll untie myself. Did you mark the gentleman,

How boldly and how saucily he talk'd,  
And how unlike the lump I took him for!

'The piece of ignorant dough, he stood up to me,  
'And rated my commands.'

'This was your providence,  
Your wisdom, to elect this gentleman,  
Your excellent forecast in the man, your knowledge;  
What think ye now?

*Alt.* I think him an ass still.

This boldness some of your people have blown into him,  
This wisdom too, with strong wine; 'tis a tyrant,  
And a philosopher also, and finds out reasons.

*Mar.* I'll have my cellar lock'd, no school kept there,  
Nor no discovery. I'll turn my drunkards,  
Such as are understanding in their draughts,  
And dispute learnedly the whys and wherefores,  
To grass immediately: I'll keep all fools,  
Sober or drunk, still fools that shall know nothing.  
Nothing belongs to mankind but obedience,  
And such a hand I'll keep over this husband.

*Alt.* He'll fall again: my life, he cries by this time:  
Keep him from drink, he's a high constitution.

*Enter Leon.*

*Leon.* Shall I wear my new suit, Madam?

*Mar.* No, your old cloaths.

And get you into the country presently,  
And see my hawks well train'd: you shall have victuals,  
Such as are fit for saucy palates, Sir,  
And lodgings with the hinds, it is too good too.

*Leon.* Good Madam, be not so rough with repentance.

*Alt.* You see how he's come round again.

*Mar.* I see not what I expect to see.

*Leon.* You shall see, Madam, if it please your Ladyship.

*Alt.* He's humbled;

Forgive, good Lady.

*Mar.* Well, go get you handsome,  
And let me hear no more.

*Leon.*

*Leon.* Have ye yet no feeling?

I'll pinch you to the bones than, my proud Lady. [*Exit.*]

*Mar.* See you preserve him thus, upon my favour.

You know his temper, tie him to the grindstone;

The next rebellion I'll be rid of him.

I'll have no needy rascals I tie to me

Dispute my life! Come in, and see all handsome.

*Alt.* I hope to see you so too, I've wrought ill else.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, an ordinary Apartment.

*Enter Perez.*

*Per.* Shall I

Never return to mine own house again?

We're lodg'd here in the miserablest dog-hole,

A conjuror's circle gives content above it;

A hawk's mew is a princely palace to it:

We have a bed no bigger than a basket,

And we lie like butter clapt together,

And sweat ourselves to sauce immediately;

The fumes are infinite inhabit here too,

'And to that so thick they cut like marmalade;'

So various too, they'll pose a gold finder.

Never return to mine own paradise—

Why, wife, I say; why, Eustifania!

*Eustif.* [*within.*] I'm going presently.

*Per.* Make haste, good jewel.

I'm like the people that live in the sweet islands:

I die, I die, if I stay but one day more here.

'My lungs are rotten with the damps that rise,

'And I cough nothing now but stinks of all sorts.'

The inhabitants we have are two starv'd rats,

For they're not able to maintain a cat here,

And those appear as fearful as two devils;

They've eat a map o' the whole world up already,

And if we stay a night, we're gone for company.

There's an old woman that's now grown to marble,

Dry'd in this brick-kilo, and she sits i' the chimney,

(Which is but three riles rais'd, like a house of cards)

The true proportion of an old smoak'd Sybil.

There is a young thing too, that nature meant

For a maid servant, but 'tis now a monster;

She has a huff about her like a chesnut,

With

With laziness; and living under the line here;  
And these two make a hollow sound together,  
Like frogs, or winds between two doors that murmur.

*Enter Estifania.*

Mercy deliver me. Oh, are you come, wife?  
Shall we be free again?

*Estif.* I am now going,  
And you shall presently to our own house, Sir:  
The remembrance of this small vexation  
Will be argument of mirth for ever.  
By that time you have said your orisons,  
And broke your fast, I shall be back, and ready  
To usher you to your old content, your freedom.

*Per.* Break my fast, break my neck rather. Is there  
any thing here to eat.  
But one another, like a race of cannibals?  
A piece of butter'd wall you think is excellent.  
Let's have our house again immediately,  
And pray ye take heed unto the furniture,  
None be embezzled.

*Estif.* Not a pin, I warrant ye.

*Per.* And let 'em instantly depart.

*Estif.* They shall both; there's reason in all courtesy;  
For by this time I know she has acquainted him,  
And has provided too: she sent me word, Sir,  
And will give over gratefully unto you.

*Per.* I will walk i' the churchyard;  
The dead cannot offend more than these living.  
An hour hence I'll expect ye.

*Estif.* I'll not fail, Sir.

*Per.* And, do you hear? let's have a handsome dinner,  
And see all things be decent as they have been;  
And let me have a strong bath to restore me;  
I stink like a stale-fish shambles, or an oil-shop.

*Estif.* You shall have all, which some interpret nothing.  
I'll send ye people for the trunks afore-hand,  
'And for the stuff.'

*Per.* Let 'em be known and honest;  
And do my service to your niece.

*Estif.* I shall, Sir:  
But if I come not at my hour, come thither,

That



That they may give you thanks for your fair'courtesy,  
And pray you, be brave for my sake.

*Per.* I observe ye. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, a Street.

*Enter Juan de Castro, Sanebo, and Cacafofo.*

*San.* Thou'rt very brave.

*Caca.* I've reason, I have money.

*San.* Is money reason?

*Caca.* Yes, and rhyme too, Captain.  
If you've no money, you're an ass.

*San.* I thank ye.

*Caca.* Ye've manners, ever thank him that has money.

*San.* Wilt thou lend me any?

*Caca.* Not a farthing, Captain:

Captains are casual things.

*San.* Why so are all men. Thou sha't have my bond.

*Caca.* Nor bonds nor fetters, Captain.

My money is my own, I make no doubt on't.

*Juan.* What dost thou do with it?

*Caca.* Put it to pious uses.

Buy wine and wenches, and undo young coxcombs  
That would undo me.

*Juan.* Are those hospitals?

*Caca.* I first provide to fill my hospitals  
With creatures of mine own, that I know wretched,  
And then I build: those are more bound to pray for me:  
Besides, I keep th' inheritance in my name still.

*Juan.* A provident charity. Are you for the wars, Sir?

*Caca.* I am not poor enough to be a soldier,  
Nor have I faith enough to ward a bullet;  
This is no lining for a trench, I take it.

*Juan.* Ye have said wisely.

*Caca.* Had you but my money,  
You'd swear it, Colonel. I had rather drill at home  
A hundred thousand crowns, and with more honour,  
Than exercise ten thousand fools with nothing.  
A wife man safely feeds, fools cut their fingers.

*San.* A right stare usurer. Why dost not marry,  
And live a reverend justice?

*Caca.* Is it not nobler to command a reverend justice  
than to be one?

And for a wife, what need I marry, Captain,

When

When every courteous fool that owes me money,  
Owes me his wife too, to appease my fury?

*Juan.* Wilt thou go to dinner with us?

*Caca.* I will go, and view the pearl of Spain, the orient  
Fair one, the rich one too; and I will be respected.  
I bear my patent here; I will talk to her;  
And when your captainships shall stand aloof,  
And pick your noses, I will pick the purse  
Of her affection.

*Juan.* The Duke dines there to-day too, the Duke of

*Caca.* Let the King dine there, [Medina.

He owes me money, and so far's my creature,  
And certainly I may make bold with mine own, Captain.

*San.* Thou wilt eat monstrously.

*Caca.* Like a true born Spaniard:

Eat as I were in England, where the beef grows:

And I will drink abundantly, and then

Talk ye as wantonly as Ovid did,

To stir the intellectuals of the ladies;

I learnt it of my father's amorous scrivener.

*Juan.* If we shou'd play now, you must supply me.

*Caca.* You must pawn a horse troop,

And then have at ye, Colonel.

*San.* Come, let's go.

This rascal will make rare sport. How the ladies

Will laugh at him!

*Juan.* If I light on him I'll make his purse sweat too.

*Caca.* Will ye lead, gentlemen? [Exit.

SCENE, an ordinary Apartment.

*Enter Perez, Old Woman, and Maid.*

*Per.* Nay, pray ye come out, and let me understand ye,  
And tune your pipe a little higher, Lady;

I'll hold ye fast. How came my trunks open?

And my goods gone? What pick-lock spirit—

*Old Wom.* Ha! what would ye have?

*Per.* My goods again. How came my trunks all open?

*Old Wom.* Are you're trunks all open?

*Per.* Yes, and cloaths gone,

And chains and jewels. How she smells, like hung beef!

The palsy, and pick-locks. Fye, how she belches

The spirit of garlick!

*Old*

*Old Wom.* Where's your gentlewoman?  
The young fair woman?

*Per.* What's that to my question?  
She is my wife, and gone about my business.

*Maid.* Is she your wife, Sir?

*Per.* Yes, Sir: is that a wonder?

Is the name of wife unknown here?

*Old Wom.* Is she duly and truly your wife?

*Per.* Duly and truly my wife! I think so,  
For I married her. It was no vision sure!

*Maid.* She has the keys, Sir.

*Per.* I know she has; but who has all my goods, spirit?

*Old Wom.* If you be married to that gentlewoman,  
You are a wretched man: she has twenty husbands.

*Maid.* She tells you true.

*Old Wom.* And she has cozen'd all, Sir.

*Per.* The devil she has! I had a fair house with her,  
That stands hard by, and furnish'd royally.

*Old Wom.* You've cozen'd too, 'tis none of her's, good  
gentleman,  
It is a lady's.

*Maid.* The Lady Margaritta; she was her servant,  
And kept the house; but going from her, Sir,  
For some lewd tricks she play'd.

*Per.* Plague o' the devil;  
Am I, i' the full meridian of my wisdom,  
Cheated by a stale quean! What kind of lady  
Is that that owns the house?

*Old Wom.* A young sweet lady.

*Per.* Of low stature.

*Old Wom.* She's indeed but little, but she's wondrous  
fair.

*Per.* I feel I'm cozen'd:

Now I am sensible I am undone.

This is the very woman sure, that cousin,

She told me would entreat but for four days

To make the house hers—I am entreated sweetly.

*Maid.* When she went out this morning, I saw, Sir,  
She had two women at the door attending,

And there she gave 'em things, and loaded 'em:

But what they were—I heard your trunks too open,  
If they be yours.

*Per.*

*Per.* They were mine while they were laden;  
But now they've cast their calves, they're not worth own-  
ing.

Was she her mistress, say you?

*Old Wom.* Her own mistress, her very mistress, Sir;  
and all you saw

About and in that house was hers

*Per.* No plate, no jewels, nor no hangings?

*Maid.* Not a farthing; she's poor, Sir, a poor shifting  
thing.

*Per.* No money?

*Old Wom.* Abominable poor, as poor as we are,  
Money as rare to her, unless she steal it.

But for one single gown her lady gave her,  
She might go bare, good gentlewoman.

*Per.* I'm mad now:

I think I am as poor as she, I'm wild else.

One single suit I have left too, and that's all,

And if she steals that she must slay me for it.

Where does she use?

*Old Wom.* You may find the truth as soon.

Alas, a thousand conceal'd corners, Sir, she lurks in;

And here she gets a fleece, and there another,

And lives in mists and smokes where none can find her.

*Per.* Is she a whore too?

*Old Wom.* Little better, gentleman:

I dare not say she is so, Sir, because

She's yours, Sir: these five years she has fir'd

A pretty living. 'Until she came to serve,

'I fear he will knock my brains out for lying.'

*Per.* She has fir'd me finely.

A whore and thief; two excellent moral learnings

In one she saint. I hope to see her legend.

Have I been fear'd for my discoveries,

And been courted by all women to conceal 'em;

Have I so long studied the art of this sex,

And read the warning to young gentlemen;

Have I profess'd to tame the pride of ladies,

And make them bear all tests; and am I trick'd now?

Caught in my own noose? Here's a rial left yet,

There's for your lodging, and your meat for a week;

A silk-worm lives at a more plentiful ordinary,

And

And sleeps in a sweeter box,

Farewell, great grandmother.

If I do find you were an accessory,

'Tis but the cutting off two smoking minutes!

I'll hang ye presently.

*Old Wom.* And I deserve it—I tell you truth.

*Per.* Not I, I am an ass, mother.

*Old Wom.* O the rogue, the villain! Is this usage for  
the fair sex. [Exit.]

SCENE, a grand Apartment.

Enter the Duke of Medina, Juan de Castro, Alonzo, Sanchio,  
Cacafogo, and Attendants.

*Duke.* A goodly house.

*Juan.* And richly furnish'd too, Sir.

*Alon.* Hung wantonly; I like that preparation;  
It stirs the blood unto a hopeful banquet,  
And intimates the mistress free and jovial;  
I love a house where pleasure prepares welcome.

*Duke.* Now, Cacafogo, how like you this mansion?  
'Twere a brave pawn.

*Caca.* I shall be master of it;  
'Twas built for my bulk, the rooms are wide and spacious,  
Airy and full of ease, and that I love well.  
'I'll tell you when I taste the wine, my Lord;  
And take the height of her table with my stomach,  
How my affection stands to the young lady.

Enter Margaritta, Altea, Ladies, and Servants.

*Mar.* All welcome to your Grace, and to these soldiers,  
You honour my poor house with your fair presence;  
Those few slight pleasures that inhabit here, Sir,  
I do beseech your Grace command, they're yours,  
Your servant but preserves 'em to delight ye.

*Duke.* I thank ye, Lady, I am bold to visit ye,  
Once more to bless mine eyes with your sweet beauty,  
'T has been a long night since you left the court,  
For 'till I saw you now, no day broke to me.

*Mar.* Bring in the Duke's meat.

*San.* She's most excellent.

*Juan.* Most admirable fair as e'er I look'd on;  
I rather would command her than my regiment.

*Caca.* I'll have a fling, 'tis but a thousand ducats,  
Which I can cozen up in ten days.

D

And

- And some few jewels to justify my knavery.
- Say, shall I marry her, she'll get more money
- Than all my usury put my knavery to it ;
- She appears the most infallible way of purchase.
- I could wish her a size or two stronger for the encounter,
- For I am like a lion where I lay hold :
- But these lambs will endure a plaguy load
- And never bleat neither ; that, Sir, time has taught us.
- I am so virtuous now I cannot speak to her,
- The errantest shame-fac'd afs ; I broil away too.

*Enter Leon.*

*Mar.* Why, where's this dinner ?

*Leon.* 'Tis not ready, Madam,  
Nor shall it be, until I know the guests too,  
Nor are they fairly welcome 'till I bid 'em.

*Juan.* Is not this my Alferes ? he looks another thing ;  
Are miracles afoot again ?

*Mar.* Why, firrah ; why, firrah, you !

*Leon.* I hear you, saucy woman ;  
And as you are my wife, command your absence,  
And know your duty ; 'tis the crown of modesty.

*Duke.* Your wife !

*Leon.* Yes, good my Lord, I am her husband,  
And, pray take notice, that I claim that honour,  
And will maintain it.

*Caca.* If thou beest her husband,  
I am determin'd thou shalt be my cuckold ;  
I'll be thy faithful friend.

*Leon.* Peace, dirt and dunghill,  
I will not lose my anger on a rascal.  
Provoke me more, I'll beat thy blown up body  
'Till thou rebound'st again like a tennis ball.

*Caca.* I'll talk with you another time.

[*Exit.*]

*Alon.* This is miraculous !

*San.* Is this the fellow  
That had the patience to become a fool,  
• A flutter'd fool, and on a sudden break,  
• As if he would shew a wonder to the world,  
• Both in bravery and fortune too ?  
I am astonish'd !

• *Mar.* I'll be divorc'd immediately !

*Leon.*

*Leon.* You shall not.

You shall not have so much will to be wicked.

I am more tender of your honour, Lady.

You took me for a shadow,

You took me to gloss over your discredit,

To be your fool,

You had thought you had found a cockcomb,

I'm innocent of any foul dishonour-I mean to ye.

Only I will be known to be your lord now,

And be a fair one too, or I will fall for't.

*Mar.* I do command ye from me, thou poor fellow,  
Thou cozen'd fool.

*Leon.* Thou cozen'd fool,

I will not be commanded: I'm above ye.

You may divorce me from your favour, Lady,

But from your state you never shall. I'll hold that,

*And hold it to my use, the law allows it.*

And then maintain your wantonness, I'll wink at it.

*Mar.* Am I brav'd thus in mine own house?

*Leon.* 'Tis mine, Madam,

You are deceiv'd, I'm lord of it, I rule it,

And all that's in't; you've nothing to do here, Madam,

But as a servant to sweep clean the lodgings,

And at my farther will to do me service,

And so I'll keep it.

*Mar.* 'Tis well.

*Leon.* It shall be better.

*Mar.* As you love me, give way.

*Leon.* I will give none, Madam;

I stand upon the ground of my own honour,

And will maintain it; you shall know me now

To be an understanding, feeling man,

And sensible of what a woman aims at;

A young proud woman, that has will to sail with;

A wanton woman that her blood provokes too.

I cast my cloud off, and appear myself,

The master of this little piece of mischief,

And I will put a spell about your feet, Lady;

They shall not wander but where I give way now.

*Duke.* Is this the fellow that the people pointed at,

For the mere sign of man, the walking image?

He speaks wondrous highly.

*Leon.* As a husband ought, Sir,  
In his own house, and it becomes me well too.  
I think your Grace would grieve if you were put to it,  
To have a wife or servant of your own,  
(For wives are reckon'd in the rank of servants)  
Under your own roof to command ye.

\* *Juan.* Brave! a strange conversion; 'thou shalt lead  
In chief now.'

*Duke.* Is there no difference betwixt her and you, Sir?

*Leon.* Not now, my Lord, my fortune makes me ev'n,  
And as I am an honest man, I'm nobler.\*

*Mar.* Get me my coach.

*Leon.* Let me see who dares get it  
Till I command; I'll make him draw your coach  
And eat your coach too (which will be hard diet)  
That executes your will; or take your coach, Lady,  
I give you liberty; and take your people  
Which I turn off; and take your will abroad with ye,  
Take all these freely, but take me no more,  
And so farewell.

*Duke.* Nay, Sir, you shall not carry it  
So bravely off; you shall not wrong a lady  
In a high huffing strain, and think to bear it.  
We shall not stand by as bawds to your brave fury.  
To see a lady weep—*Draw, Sir.*

*Leon.* They're tears of anger,  
Wrung from her rage, because her will prevails not.  
She would e'en now swoon if she could not cry,

\* Else they were excellent, and I should grieve too;

\* But falling thus, they shew nor sweet nor orient.\*

Put up, my Lord, this is oppression,  
And calls the sword of justice to relieve me,  
The law to lend her hand, the king to right me,  
All which shall understand how you provoke me.  
In mine own house to brave me, is this princely?  
Then to my guard, and if I spare your Grace,  
And do not make this place your monument,  
Too rich a tomb for such a rude behaviour,  
Mercy forsake me.

I have a cause will kill a thousand of ye.

*Juan.* Hold, fair Sir, I beseech ye,  
The gentleman but pleads his own right nobly.

*Leon.*



*Leon.* He that dares strike against the husband's freedom,  
The husband's curse stick to him, a tam'd cuckold,  
His wife be fair and young, but most dishonest,  
Most impudent, and he have no feeling of it,  
'No conscience to reclaim her from a monster;  
Let her lie by him like a flattering ruin,  
And at one instant kill both name and honour:  
'Let him be lost, no eye to weep his end,  
'Nor find no earth that's base enough to bury him,'  
Now, Sir, fall on, I'm ready to oppose ye.

*Duke.* I've better thought. I pray, Sir, use your wife well.

*Leon.* Mine own humanity will teach me that, Sir.  
And now, you're welcome all, and we'll to dinner;  
This is my wedding day.

*Duke.* I'll cross your joy yet.

*Juan.* I've seen a miracle, hold thine own, soldier.  
Sure they dare fight in fire that conquer women.

*San.* He has beaten all my loose thoughts out of me,  
'As if he had thresh'd 'em out of the husk.'

*Enter Perez.*

*Per.* 'Save ye, which is the lady of the house?

*Leon.* That's she, Sir, that good-natur'd pretty lady,  
If you'd speak with her.

*Juan.* Don Michael!

*Per.* Pray do not know me, I am full of business.  
When I have more time I'll be merry with ye.

It is the woman. Good, Madam, tell me truly,  
Had you a maid call'd Estifania!

*Mar.* Yes, truly, had I.

*Per.* Was she a maid, d'you think?

*Mar.* I dare not swear for her. ———  
For she had but a scant fame.

*Per.* Was she your kinswoman?

*Mar.* Not that I ever knew; now I look better,  
I think you married her, give you much joy, Sir.

*Per.* Give me a halter.

*Mar.* You may reclaim her; 'twas a wild young girl.

*Per.* Is not this house mine, Madam?  
Was not she owner of it? 'Pray, speak truly.'

*Mar.* No, certainly, I'm sure my money paid for it,  
And ne'er remember yet I gave it you, Sir.

*Per.* The hangings and the plate too?

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*Mar.* All are mine, Sir,  
And every thing you see about the building,  
She only kept my house when I was absent;  
And so I'll keep it, I was weary of her.

*Per.* Where is your maid?

*Mar.* Do you not know that have her?  
She's yours now, why shou'd I look after her?  
Since that first hour I came I never saw her.

*Per.* I saw her later, wou'd the devil had had her.  
It is all true, I find; a wild-fire take her.

*Juan.* Is thy wife with child, Don Michael? Thy excellent wife.

Art thou a man yet?

*Alon.* When shall we come and visit thee?

*San.* And eat some rare fruit? Thou has admirable orchards.

You are so jealous now! Pox o' your jealousy,  
How sourly you look.

*Per.* Pr'ythee leave fooling,  
I'm in no humour now to fool and prattle.  
Did she ne'er play the wag with you?

*Mar.* Yes, many times,  
So often that I was-asham'd to keep her.  
But I forgave her, Sir, in hopes she'd mend still;  
And had not you o' the instant married her,  
I'd put her off.

*Per.* I thank ye; I am blest still;  
Which way so'er I turn I'm a made man.  
Miserably gull'd beyond recovery.

*Juan.* You'll stay and dine?

*Per.* Certain I cannot, Captain.  
Hark in thine ear, I am the arrant'st puppy,  
The miserablest ass!—But I must leave ye.  
I am in haste, in haste. Bless you, good Madam,  
And may you prove as good as my wife.

*Leon.* What then, Sir?

*Per.* No matter if the devil had one to fetch the other.

[Exit *Perce*.]

*Leon.* Will you walk in, Sir, will your Grace but honour me,

And sit our dinner? You are nobly welcome,  
All anger's past I hope, and I shall serve ye. [Exit.]

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE, a Street.

*Enter Perez.*

PEREZ.

I'LL to a conjurer, but I'll find this pol-cat,  
This pilfering whore. A plague of veils, I cry,  
And covers for the impudence of women,  
Their sanctity in show will deceive devils.  
It is my evil angel, let me bless me.

*Enter Estifania, with a casket.*

*Estif.* 'Tis he! I'm caught. I must stand to it stoutly,  
And show no shake of fear. I see he's angry,  
Vex'd at the uttermost.

*Per.* My worthy wife,  
I have been looking of your modesty  
All the town over.

*Estif.* My most noble husband,  
I'm glad I have found ye; for in truth I'm weary,  
Weary and lame with looking out your Lordship.

*Per.* I've been in bawdy-houses——

*Estif.* I believe you, and very lately too.

*Per.* 'Pray ye, pardon me;  
To seek your Ladyship, I have been in cellars,  
In private cellars where the thirsty bawds  
Hear your confessions; I have been at plays,  
To look you out among the youthful actors;  
At puppet-shews, you are mistress of the motions;  
' At gossiping I hearken'd after you,  
' But amongst those confusions of lewd tongues,  
' There's no distinguishing beyond a Babel;  
' I was amongst the nuns, because you sing well,  
' But they say yours are bawdy songs, and they mourn  
for ye;

And last, I went to church to seek you out,  
'Tis so long since you were there, they have forgot you.

*Estif.* You've had a pretty progress; I'll tell mine now.  
To look you out, I went to twenty taverns——

*Per.* And are you sober?

*Estif.* Yes, I reel not yet, Sir;  
Where I saw twenty drunk, most of 'em soldiers,

There

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There I had great hope to find you disguis'd too;  
 From hence to the dicing-house, there I found quarrels  
 Needleless and fenceless, swords, pots, and candlesticks,  
 Tables, and stools, and all in one confusion,  
 And no man knew his friend. I left this chaos,  
 And to the surgeon's went, he will'd me stay,  
 For, says he, learnedly, if he be tippled,  
 Twenty to one he whores, and then I hear of him;  
 If he be mad, he quarrels, then he comes too.  
 I sought ye where no safe thing wou'd have ventur'd,  
 Amongst diseases, base and vile, vile women,  
 For I remember'd your old Roman axiom,  
 The more the danger, still the more the honour.  
 Last, to your confessor I came, who told me,  
 You were too proud to pray; and here I've found ye.

*Per.* She bears up bravely, and the rogue is witty,  
 But I shall dash it instantly to nothing.

Here leave we off our wanton languages,  
 And now conclude we in a sharper tongue.

Why am I cozen'd?—

*Estif.* Why am I abused?

*Per.* Thou most vile, base, abominable—

*Estif.* Captain.

*Per.* Thou stinking, over-stew'd, incorrigible—

*Estif.* Captain.

*Per.* Do you echo me?

*Estif.* Yes, Sir, and go before ye,  
 And round about ye, why do you rail at me,  
 For that was your own sin, your own knavery.

*Per.* And brave me too?

*Estif.* You'd best now draw your sword, Captain!  
 Draw it upon a woman; do, brave Captain,  
 Upon your wife, Oh, most renown'd Captain!

*Per.* A plague upon thee, answer me directly;  
 Why didst thou marry me?

*Estif.* To be my husband;  
 I thought you had had infinite, but I'm cozen'd.

*Per.* Why didst thou flatter me, and shew me wonders?  
 A house and riches, when they are but shadows.  
 Shadows to me?

*Estif.* Why did you work on me,  
 It was but my part to requite you, Sir,  
 With your strong soldier's wit, and swore you'd bring me  
So

So much in chains, so much in jewels, husband,  
So much in right rich clothes?

*Per.* Thou hast 'em rascal;

I gave 'em to thy hands, my trunks and all,  
And thou hast open'd them, and sold my treasure.

*Estif.* Sir, there's your treasure, sell it to a tinker  
To mend old kettles! Is this noble usage?

Let all the world view here the Captain's treasure.

A man would think now these were worthy matters;

Here's a shoeing-horn chain gilt over, how it scenteth,

Worse than the dirty mouldy heels it serv'd for;

And here's another of a lesser value,

So little I would shame to tie my dog in't,

These are my jointure; blush and save a labour,

Or these else will blush for ye.

*Per.* A fire subtle ye, are ye so crafty?

*Estif.* Here's a goodly jewel,

Did not you win this at Goletta, Captain?

Or took it in the field from some brave bushaw?

See how it sparkles——Like an old lady's eyes;

And fills each room with light like a close lanthorn,

This would do rarely in an abbey window,

To cozen pilgrims.

*Per.* Pr'ythee leave prating.

*Estif.* And here's a chain of whittings eyes for pearls,

A muscle monger would have made a better.

*Per.* Nay, pr'ythee wife, my clothes, my clothes.

*Estif.* I'll tell ye,

Your clothes are parallels to these, all counterfeit.

Put these and them on, you're a man of copper,

A kind of candlestick,

A copper, a copper captain; these you thought, my husband,

To have cozen'd me withal, but I am quit with you.

*Per.* Is there no house then, nor no grounds about it?

No plate nor hangings?

*Estif.* There are none, sweet husband.

Shadow for shadow is as equal justice.

[*Perce sings.—Estif. sings.*

Can you rail now? Pray put your fury up, Sir,

And speak great words, you are a soldier, thunder.

*Per.* I will speak little, I have play'd the fool,

And so I am rewarded.

*Estif.*

*Estif.* You have spoke well, Sir;  
 And now I see you're so conformable,  
 I'll heighten you again. Go to your house,  
 They're packing to be gone, you must sup there,  
 I'll meet you, and bring clothes and clean linen after,  
 And all things shall be well. I'll colt you once more,  
 And teach you to bring copper.

*Per.* Tell me one thing,  
 I do beseech thee tell me truth, wife;  
 However, I forgive thee; art thou honest?  
 The beldam swore——

*Estif.* I bid her tell you so, Sir,  
 It was my plot; alas, my credulous husband;  
 The Lady told you too——

*Per.* Most strange things of thee.

*Estif.* Still 'twas my way, and all to try your suff'rance.  
 And she denied the house?

*Per.* She knew me not,  
 No, nor no title that I had.

*Estif.* 'Twas well carried;  
 No more, I'm right and straight.

*Per.* I wou'd believe thee,  
 But, Heaven knows, how my heart is; will ye follow me?

*Estif.* I'll be there straight.

*Per.* I'm fool'd, yet dare not find it. [*Exit Perez.*]

*Estif.* Go, silly fool! thou may'st be a good soldier  
 In open fields, but for our private service  
 Thou art an ass. 'I'll make thee so, or miss else.'

*Enter Cacafogo.*

Here comes another trout that I must tickle,  
 And tickle daintily, I've lost my end else.  
 May I crave your leave, Sir?

*Caca.* Pr'ythee be answer'd, thou shalt crave no leave,  
 I'm in my meditations, do not vex me,  
 A beaten thing, but this hour a most bruised thing,  
 That people had compassion on, 'it look'd so:  
 'The next Sir Palmerin. Here's fine proportion!  
 'An ass, and then an elephant. Sweet justice!  
 'There's no way left to come at her now, no craving,  
 'If money cou'd come near, yet I would pay him;  
 I have a mind to make him a huge cuckold,

And

And money may do much; a thousand ducats!  
'Tis but the letting blood of a rank heir.

*Estif.* Pray you, hear me.

*Caca.* I know thou hast some wedding-ring to pawn now,  
Of silver gilt, with a blind posy in't:

Love and a mill-horse shou'd go round together;

Or thy child's whistle, or thy squirrel's chain.

I'll none of 'em. I wou'd she did but know me.

Or wou'd this fellow had but use of money,

That I might come in any way.

*Estif.* I'm gone, Sir;

And I shall tell the beauty sent me to ye;

The lady Margaritta——

*Caca.* Stay, I pr'ythee.

What is thy will? I turn me wholly to ye;

And talk now till thy tongue ake, I will hear ye.

*Estif.* She wou'd entreat you, Sir.

*Caca.* She shall command, Sir;

Let it be so; I beseech thee, my sweet gentlewoman,

Do not forget thyself.

*Estif.* She does command then

This courtesy, because she knows you're noble.

*Caca.* Your mistress by the way?

*Estif.* My natural mistress.

Upon these jewels, Sir, they're fair and rich,

And view 'em right.

*Caca.* To doubt 'em is an heresy.

*Estif.* A thousand ducats; 'tis upon necessity

Of present use; her husband, Sir, is stubborn.

*Caca.* Long may he be so.

*Estif.* She desires withal

A better knowledge of your parts and person,

And when you please to do her so much honour——

*Caca.* Come let's dispatch.

*Estif.* In truth I've heard her say, Sir,

Of a fat man she has not seen a sweeter.

But in this business, Sir.

*Caca.* Let's do it first,

And then dispute; the Lady's use may long for't.

*Estif.* All secrecy she wou'd desire. She told me

How wise you are.

*Caca.* We are not wise to talk thus.

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Carry her the gold, I'll look her out a jewel  
 Shall sparkle like her eyes, and thee another.  
 Come, pr'ythee come, I long to serve the Lady;  
 Long monst'rously. Now, valour, I shall meet ye,  
 You that dare dukes.

'*Exit*. Green goose, you are now in fippets.' [*Exeunt*.]

SCENE, a Chamber.

*Enter the Duke, Sanchio, Juan, and Alonso.*

*Duke.* He shall not have his will, I shall prevent him.  
 I have a toy here that will turn the tide,  
 And suddenly and strangely. Here, Don Juan,  
 Do you present it to him.

*Juan.* I am commanded, [*Exit*.]

*Duke.* A fellow founded out of charity,  
 'And moulded to the height, condemn his maker,  
 'Curb the free hand that fram'd him!'  
 It must not be.

*San.* That such an oyster-shell should hold a pearl,  
 And of so rare a price, in prison!  
 'Was she made to be the matter of her own undoing,  
 'To let a slovenly unwieldy fellow,  
 'Unruly and self-will'd, dispose her beauties?  
 'We suffer all, Sir, in this sad eclipse;  
 'She should shine, where she might show like herself,  
 'An absolute sweetness, to comfort those admire her,  
 'And shed her beams upon her friends.  
 'We are gull'd all,  
 'And all the world will grumble at your patience,  
 'If she be ravish'd thus.'

*Duke.* Ne'er fear it, Sanchio;  
 We'll have her free again, and move at court  
 In her clear orb. But one sweet handsomeness  
 To bless this part of Spain, and have that flubber'd!

*Alon.* 'Tis every good man's cause, and we must stir  
 in it.

*Duke.* I'll warrant ye, he shall be glad to please us,  
 'And glad to share too; we shall hear anon  
 'A new song from him; let's attend a little.' [*Exeunt*.]

SCENE,



SCENE, another Chamber.

*Enter Leon, and Juan with a commission.*

*Leon.* Col'nel, I am bound to you for this nobleness.  
I should have been your officer, 'tis true, Sir;  
And a proud man I shou'd have been to've serv'd you.  
'T has pleas'd the King, out of his boundless favours,  
To make me your companion: this commission  
Gives me a troop of horse.

*Juan.* I do rejoice at it,  
And am a glad man we shall gain your company.  
I'm sure the King knows you are newly married,  
And out of that respect gives you more time, Sir.

*Leon.* Within four days I'm gone, so he commands me,  
And 'tis not mannerly for me to argue it.

The time grows shorter still—Are your goods ready?

*Juan.* They are aboard.

*Leon.* Who waits there?

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Sir.

*Leon.* Do you hear, ho? Go carry this unto your mistress, Sir,

And let her see how much the King has honour'd me;  
Bid her be lusty, she must make a soldier.

Go, take down all the hangings,  
And pack up all my cloaths, my plate and jewels,  
And all the furniture that's portable.

Sir, when we lie in garrison, 'tis necessary  
We keep a handsome port, for the King's honour.  
And, do you hear? let all your lady's wardrobe  
Be safely placed in trunks; they must along too.

*Serv.* Whither must they go, Sir?

*Leon.* To the wars, Lorenzo.

*Serv.* Must my mistress go, Sir?

*Leon.* Ay, your mistress, and you, and all must go.  
I will not leave a turnspit behind me

'That has one dram of spleen against a Dutchman:'  
All must go.

*Serv.* Why Pedro, Vasco, Dego, come, help me, boys.  
[Exit]

*Juan.* H'as taken a brave way to save his honour,  
'And cross the Duke; now I shall love him dearly.'  
By the life of credit thou'rt a noble gentleman.

E

*Enter*

50      **RULE A WIFE AND HAVE A WIFE.**

*Enter Margaritta, led by two Ladies.*

*Leon.* Why how now, wife; what, sick at my prefer-  
This is not kindly done. [ment?

*Mar.* No sooner love ye,  
Love ye entirely, Sir; brought to consider  
The goodness of your mind and mine own duty,  
But lose you instantly, be divorc'd from ye!  
This is a crueky. I'll to the King,  
And tell him 'tis unjust to part two souls,  
Two minds so nearly mix'd.

*Leon.* By no means, sweet-heart.

*Mar.* If he were married but four days, as I am——

*Leon.* He'd hang himself the fifth, or fly his country.  
[Aside.

*Mar.* He'd make it treason for that tongue that durst  
But talk of war, or any thing to vex him.  
You shall not go.

*Leon.* Indeed I must, sweet wife.  
What, should I lose the King for a few kisses?  
We'll have enough.

*Mar.* I'll to the Duke, my cousin; he shall to th' King.

*Leon.* He did me this great office;  
I thank his Grace for't: should I pray him now  
T'undo't again? Fie, 'twere a base discredit.

*Mar.* Would I were able, Sir, to bear you company;  
How willing should I be then, and how merry!  
I will not live alone.

*Leon.* Be in peace, you shall not. [Knocking within.

*Mar.* What knocking's this? Oh, Heaven, my head!

Why, rascal,  
I think the war's begun i'the house already.

*Leon.* The preparation is, they're taking down  
And packing up the hangings, plate and jewels,  
And all those furnitures that shall besit me  
When I lie in garrison.

*Enter Lorenzo.*

*Lor.* Must the coach go too, Sir?

*Leon.* How will your lady pass to the sea else easily?  
We shall find shipping for't there to transport it.

*Mar.* I go? Alas!

*Leon.* I'll have a main care of ye:

I know

I know you are sickly, he shall drive the easier,  
And all accommodation shall attend ye.

*Mar.* Wou'd I were able.

*Leon.* Come, I warrant ye.

Am not I with ye, sweet? Are her cloaths packt up,  
And all her linen? Give your maids direction:

'You know my time's but short, and I'm commanded.

*Mar.* Let me have a nurse,  
And all such necessary people with me;  
An easy bark.

*Leon.* It shall not trot, I warrant ye;  
Curvet it may sometimes.

*Mar.* I am with child, Sir.

*Leon.* At four days warning! This is something  
speedy.

Do you conceive as our jennets do, with a west-wind?  
My heir will be an arrant fleet one, Lady.

'I'll swear you were a maid when I first lay with ye.

*Mar.* Pray do not swear. I thought I was a maid too:

'But we may both be cozen'd in that point, Sir.

*Leon.* In such a strait point, sure I could not err,  
Madam.

*Juan.* This is another tendernefs to try him.

'Fetch her up now.'

*Mar.* You must provide a cradle, and what a trouble's

*Leon.* The sea shall rock it; [that!

'Tis the best nurse; 'twill roar and rock together.

A swinging storm will sing you such a lullaby!

*Mar.* Faith, let me stay; I shall but shame you, Sir.

*Leon.* An you were a thousand shames you shall along  
with me:

At home I'm sure you'd prove a million.

Every man carries the bundle of his sins

Upon his back: you are mine; I'll sweat for ye.

*Enter Duke, Alonzo, and Sancho.*

*Duke.* What, Sir, preparing for your noble journey?

'Tis well, and full of care.

I saw your mind was wedded to the war,

And knew you'd prove some good man for your country;

Therefore, fair cousin, with your gentle pardon,

I got this place. What moun't at his advancement!

You are to blame; he'll come again, sweet cousin:

Meantime, like sad Penelope and sage,  
Among your maids at home, and housewifely—

*Leon.* No, Sir, I dare not leave her to that solitariness :  
She's young, and grief or ill news from those quarters,  
May daily cross her : she shall go along, Sir.

*Duke.* By no means, Captain.

*Leon.* By all means, an't please ye.

*Duke.* What, take a young and tender-body'd lady,  
And expose her to those dangers, and those tumults !  
A sickly lady too !

*Leon.* 'Twill make her well, Sir ;  
There's no such friend to health as wholesome travel.

*San.* Away, it must not be.

*Alon.* It ought not, Sir.

Go hurry her ! It is not humane, Captain.

*Duke.* I cannot blame her tears—Fright her with tem-  
With thunder of the war ! [pests,  
I dare swear if she were able——

*Leon.* She's most able :

And, pray ye, swear not : she must go, there's no remedy :  
Nor greatness, nor the trick you had to part us,  
Which smells too rank, too open, too evident,  
Shall hinder me. Had she but ten hours life,  
Nay less, but two hours, I would have her with me ;  
I would not leave her fame to so much ruin,  
To such a desolation and discredit, as  
Her weakness and your hot will wou'd work her to.  
*Fie, fie, for shame !*

*Enter Perez.*

What mask is this now ?

More tropes and figures to abuse my suff'rance !

What cousin's this ?

*Juan.* Michael Van Owle, how dost thou ?

In what dark barn, or tod of aged ivy,

Hast thou lain hid ?

*Per.* Things must both ebb and flow, Colonel,  
And people must conceal and shine again.

You're welcome hither, as your friend may say, gentle-  
men ;

A pretty house, ye see, handsomely seated,  
Sweet and convenient walks, the waters crystal.

*Alon.* He's certain mad.

*Juan.*

*Juan.* As mad as a French taylor, that  
Has nothing in his head but ends of fustians.

*Per.* I see you're packing now, my gentle cousin,  
And my wife told me I should find it so;  
'Tis true I do: you were merry when I was 'st here;  
But 'twas your will to try my patience, Madam.  
I'm sorry that my swift occasions  
Can let you take your pleasure here no longer;  
Yet I would have you think, my honoured cousin,  
This house, and all I have, are all your servants.

*Leon.* What house, what pleasure, Sir? what do you  
mean?

*Per.* You hold the jest so stiff, 'twill prove discourteous.  
This house, I mean; the pleasures of this place.

*Leon.* And what of them?

*Per.* They're mine, Sir, and you know it:  
My wife's, I mean, and so conferr'd upon me.  
The hangings, Sir, I must entreat your servants,  
That are so busy in their offices,  
Again to minister to their right uses.  
I shall take view o'th' plate anon, and furnitures  
That are of under place. You're merry still, cousin,  
And of a pleasant constitution:  
Men of great fortunes make their mirths *ad placitum*.

*Leon.* Pr'ythee, good stubborn wife, tell me directly;  
Good evil wife, leave fooling, and tell me honestly,  
Is this my kinsman?

*Mar.* I can tell ye nothing.

*Leon.* I've many kinsmen, but so mad a one,  
And so fantastic——all the house?

*Per.* All mine,  
And all within it. I will not bate you an ace o't.  
Can't you receive a noble courtesy,  
And quietly and handsomely as ye ought, coz,  
But you must ride o'the top o'it?

*Leon.* Canst thou fight?

*Per.* I'll tell ye presently? I cou'd have done, Sir.

*Leon.* For you must law and claw before ye get it.

*Juan.* Away, no quarrels.

*Leon.* Now I am more temperate,  
I'll have it prov'd you were ne'er yet in Bedlam;  
Never in love, for that's a lunacy;

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No great 'state left ye, that ye never look'd for,  
Nor cannot manage, that's a rank distemper;  
That you were christen'd, and who answered for you,  
And then I yield—*Do but look at him.*

*Per.* He's half persuaded me I was bred i'th' moon:  
I have ne'er a brush at my breech—Are not we both mad?

And is not this a fantastic house we are in,  
And all a dream we do? Will you walk out?

And if I do not beat thee presently  
Into a sound belief, as sense can give thee,  
Brick me into that wall there for a chimney-piece,  
And say, I was one o' th' Cæsars done by a seal-cutter.

*Leon.* I'll talk no more; come, we'll away immediately.

*Mar.* Why then the house is his, and all that's in it:  
I'll give away my skin, but I'll undo ye:  
I gave it to his wife. You must restore, Sir;  
And make a new provision.

*Per.* Am I mad, now,  
Or am I christen'd? You, my pagan cousin,  
My mighty Mahound kinsman, what quirk now?  
You shall be welcome all. I hope to see, Sir,  
Your Grace here, and my coz: we are all soldiers,  
And must do naturally for one another.

*Duke.* Are you blank at this? Then I must tell ye, Sir,  
Ye've no command; now you may go at pleasure,  
And ride your ass troop. 'Twas a trick I used  
' To try your jealousy, upon entreaty,  
' And saving of your wife.

*Leon.* All this not moves me,  
Nor stirs my gall, nor alters my affections.  
You have more furniture, more houses, Lady,  
And rich ones too; I will make bold with those;  
And you have land i' th' Indies, as I take it;  
Thither we'll go, and view a while those climates,  
Visit your factors there, that may betray ye.  
'Tis done, we must go.

*Mar.* Now thou'rt a brave gentleman;  
And by this sacred light I love thee dearly. Hark ye, Sir,  
The house is none of your's; I did but jest, Sir;  
You are no coz of mine; I beseech ye, vanish.  
' I tell you plain, you have no more right than he  
' Has, that senseless thing. Your wife has once more  
' Go ye and consider.' [fool'd ye, Sir.

*Leon.*

*Leon.* Good-morrow, my sweet Mahound cousin.  
You are welcome—welcome all—my cousin too—  
*We are soldiers, and should naturally do for one another.*

*Per.* By this hand, she dies for't,  
Or any man that speaks for her.  
‘These are fine toys.’ [Exit *Perce.*]

*Mar.* Let me request you stay but one poor month;  
You shall have a commission, and I’ll go too.  
Give me but will so far.

*Leon.* Well, I will try ye.  
Good-morrow to your Grace; we’ve private business.

‘*Duke.* If I miss thee again, I’m an arrant bungler.’

‘*Juan.* Thou shalt have my command, and I’ll march  
under thee,

‘Nay, be thy boy, before thou shalt be baffled;

‘Thou art so brave a fellow.

‘*Alon.* I have seen visions.’ [Exit.

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE, Margaritta’s House.

*Enter Leon with a letter, and Margaritta.*

‘LEON.

‘COME hither, wife. Do you know this hand?’

‘*Mar.* I do, Sir; ’tis Estifania’s, that was once my  
woman.

‘*Leon.* She writes to me here, that one Cucafogo,

‘An usuring jeweller’s son, I know the rascal,

‘Is mortally fallen in love with you.

‘*Mar.* He is a monster; deliver me from mountains.

‘*Leon.* Do you go a birding for all sorts of people?

‘And this evening will come to ye, and shew ye jewels,

‘And offers any thing to get access to you.

‘If I can make or sport or profit on him,

‘(For he is fit for both) she bids me use him,

‘And so I will. Be you conformable, and follow but my

‘*Mar.* I shall not fail, Sir. [will.

‘*Leon.* Will the Duke come again, do you think?

‘*Mar.*

*Mar.* No, sure, Sir.

*H*'as now no policy to bring him hither.

*Leon.* Nor bring you to him, if my wit hold, fair wife.

*Let's in to dinner.* [Exeunt.

SCENE, a Street.

*Enter Perce.*

*Per.* Had I but lungs enough to bawl sufficiently,  
That all the queans in Christendom might hear me,  
That men might run away from the contagion,  
I had my wish. Wou'd it were made high treason,  
Most infinite high, for any man to marry;  
I mean, for a man that would live handsomely,  
And like a gentleman, in's wits and credit.  
What torments shall I put her to? *'Phalaris' bull now?*  
*'Pox!* they love bulling too well, tho' they smoke for't.  
Cut her in pieces, every piece will live still,  
And every morsel of her will do mischief.  
They have so many lives, there's no hanging of 'em;  
They are too light to drown, they're cork and feathers;  
To burn too cold, they live like salamanders:  
Under huge heaps of stones to bury her,  
And so depress her as they did the giants,  
She will move under more than built old Babel.  
I must destroy her.

*Enter Cacasago, with a casket.*

*Caca.* Be cozen'd by a thing of clours! a she moth,  
That ev'ry silkman's shop breeds! To be cheated,  
And of a thousand ducats, by a whim-wham!

*Per.* Who's that is cheated? Speak again, thou vision.  
But art thou cheated? Minister some comfort.  
Tell me, I conjure thee, 'art thou cheated bravely?

*'Come, pry'thee come; art thou so pure a coxcomb,  
'To be undone? Do not dissemble with me.'*

*Caca.* Then keep thy circle;  
For I'm a spirit wild that flies about thee;  
And whosoe'er thou art, if thou be'st human,  
I'd let thee plainly know, I'm cheated damnably.

*Per.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Caca.* Dost thou laugh? Damnably, I say, most damnably.

*Per.* By whom, good spirit? Speak, speak! Ha, ha, ha!

*Caca.*



*Caca.* I'll utter; laugh till thy lungs crack; by a misal  
'A lewd, abominable, and plain woman!' [woman!]  
Dost thou laugh still?

*Per.* I must laugh, pr'ythee pardon me,  
I shall laugh terribly.

*Caca.* I shall be angry,  
Terribly angry; I have cause.

*Per.* That's it;  
And 'tis no reason but thou shouldst be angry,  
Angry at heart; yet I must laugh still at thee.  
By a woman cheated! Art sure it was a woman?

*Caca.* I shall break thy head; my valour itches at thee.

*Per.* It is no matter. By a woman cozen'd  
A real woman!

*Caca.* By a real devil.  
Plague of her jewels, and her copper chains,  
How rank they smell.

*Per.* Sweet, cozen'd Sir, let's see them.  
I have been cheated too, I would have you note that,  
And lewdly cheated, by a woman also,  
A scurvy woman. I am undone, sweet Sir,  
Therefore I must have leave to laugh.

*Caca.* Pray ye take it;  
You are the merriest undone man in Europe.  
What need we fiddles, bawdy songs, and sherry,  
When our own miseries can make us merry?

*Per.* Ha, ha, ha!  
I've seen these jewels: what a notable pennyworth  
Have you had! You will not take, Sir,  
Some twenty ducats—

*Caca.* Thou'rt deceiv'd; I will take—

*Per.* To clear your bargain, now.

*Caca.* I'll take some ten,

Some any thing, some half ten, half a ducat.

*Per.* An excellent lapidary set these stones, sure:  
D'ye mark their waters?

*Caca.* Quicksand choke their waters,  
And her's that brought 'em too: but I shall find her.

*Per.* And so shall I, I hope; but do not hurt her.

'If you had need of cozening, as you may have,

'(For such gross natures will desire it often,

'Tis, at sometimes too, a fine variety)

You cannot find in all this kingdom,

A woman

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A woman that can cozen ye so neatly.  
 She has taken half mine anger off with this trick. [*Exit.*  
*Caca.* If I were valiant now, I'd kill this fellow.  
 I've money enough lies by me, at a pinch,  
 To pay for twenty rascals lives that vex me.  
 I'll to this lady; there I shall be satisfied. [*Exit.*

SCENE, a Street.

*Enter Perez and Esfisanía, meeting.*

*Per.* Why, how dar'st thou meet me again, thou rebel,  
 And know'st how thou hast us'd me thrice, thou rascal?  
 Were there not ways enough to fly my vengeance,  
 No holes nor vaults to hide thee from my fury,  
 But thou must meet me face to face to kill thee?  
 I would not seek thee to destroy thee willingly,  
 But now thou com'st t'invite me, com'st upon me.  
 How like a sheep-biting rogue, taken i' the manner,  
 And ready for a halter, dost thou look now?  
 Thou hast a hanging look, thou scurvy thing!  
 Hast ne'er a knife,  
 Nor e'er a string to lead thee to Elysium?  
 Be there no pitiful 'potheecaries in this town,  
 That have compassion upon wretched women,  
 That dare administer a dram of ratsbane,  
 But thou must fall to me?

*Esfif.* I know you've mercy.

*Per.* If I had tons of mercy, thou deserv'st none.  
 What new tricks now a-foot, and what new houses  
 Have you i' the air? What orchards in apparition?  
 What canst thou say for thy life?

*Esfif.* Little or nothing.  
 I know you'll kill me, and I know 'tis useless  
 To beg for mercy. Pray let me draw my book out,  
 And pray a little.

*Per.* Do, a very little;  
 For I have farther business than thy killing.  
 I have money yet to borrow. Speak when you're ready.

*Esfif.* Now, now, Sir, now [*Shows a pistol.*  
 Come on. Do you start off from me?

Do you sweat, great captain? Have you seen a spirit?

*Per.* Do you wear guns?

*Esfif.* I am a soldier's wife, Sir,

And

And by that privilege I may be arm'd.  
Now, what's the news? And let's discourse more friendly,  
And talk of our affairs in peace.

*Per.* Let me see,

Pr'ythee let me see thy gun; 'tis a very pretty one.

*Estif.* No, no, Sir, you shall feel.

*Per.* Hold, hold, ye villain! what, would you  
Kill your own husband?

*Estif.* Let mine own husband, then,  
Be in's own wits. There, there's a thousand ducats.  
Who must provide for you? And yet you'll kill me.

*Per.* I will not hurt thee for ten thousand millions.

*Estif.* When will you redeem your jewels? I have  
You see for what, we must keep touch. [paw'd 'em,

*Per.* I'll kiss thee;

And get as many more, I'll make thee famous.  
Had we the house now!

*Estif.* Come along with me;

If that be vanish'd, there be more to hire, Sir.

*Per.* I see I am an ass when thou art near me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, a Chamber.

*Enter Leon and Margaritta.*

*Leon.* Come, we'll away unto your country house,  
And there we'll learn to live contentedly.  
This place is full of charge, and full of hurry;  
No part of sweetness dwells about these cities.

*Mar.* Whither you will, I wait upon your pleasure:  
Live in a hollow tree, Sir, I'll live with ye.

*Leon.* Ay, now you strike a harmony, a true one,  
When your obedience waits upon your husband.  
Why, now I doat upon you, love ye dearly;  
And my rough nature falls, like roaring streams,  
Clearly and sweetly into your embraces.  
Oh, what a jewel is a woman excellent,  
A wife, a virtuous, and a noble woman!  
' When we meet such, we bear our stamps on both sides,  
' And through the world we hold our current virtues.  
' Alone we are single medals, only faces,  
' And wear our fortunes out in useless shadows.'  
Command you now, and ease me of that trouble;  
I'll be as humble to you as a servant.

*Bid*

Bid whom you please, invite your noble friends,  
 They shall be welcome all, now experience  
 Has bound you fast unto the chain of goodness.  
*[Clashing swords, a cry within.]* Down with their swords!  
 What noise is this? what dismal cry?

*Mar.* 'Tis loud too.

Sure there's some mischief done i' th' street; look out; here.

*Leon.* Look out, and help.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Oh, Sir, the Duke Medina—

*Leon.* What of the Duke Medina?

*Serv.* Oh, sweet gentleman, is almost slain!

*Mar.* Away, away, and help him;

All the house help. *[Exit Servant.]*

*Leon.* How! slain? Why, Margaritta,  
 Wife, sure some new device they have a-foot again,  
 Some trick upon my credit; I shall meet it.  
 I'd rather guide a ship imperial,  
 Alone, and in a storm, than rule one woman.

*Enter Duke, Sancho, Alonzo, and Servant.*

*Mar.* How came you hurt, Sir?

*Duke.* I fell out with my friend, the noble Colonel.  
 My cause was naught, for 'twas about your Honour;  
 And he that wrongs the innocent ne'er prospers,  
 'And he has left me thus;' for charity,  
 Lend me a bed to ease my tortur'd body,  
 That ere I perish I may shew my penitence.  
 I fear I'm slain.

*Leon.* Help, gentlemen, to carry him.  
 There shall be nothing in this house, my Lord,  
 But as your own.

*Duke.* I thank ye, noble Sir.

*Leon.* To bed with him; and, wife, give your attendance.

*[Exit Duke, Sancho, Alonzo, Marg., and Serv.]*

*Enter Juan.*

*Leon.* Afore me,  
 'Tis rarely counterfeited.

*Juan.* True, it is so, Sir;

'And take you heed this last blow do not spoil ye.'  
 He is not hurt, only we made a scuffle,  
 As tho' we purpos'd anger: that same scratch,  
 On's hand he took, to colour all, and draw compassion,  
 That

RULE A WIFE AND HAVE A WIFE. 61

That he might get into your house more cunningly.  
I must not stay; stand now, and you're a brave fellow.

*Leon.* I thank ye, noble Colonel, and I honour ye.

Never be quiet! *[Exit Juan.]*

*Enter Margaritta.*

*Mar.* He's most desperate ill, Sir;

I do not think these ten months will recover him.

*Leon.* Does he hire my house to play the fool in,  
Or does it stand on fairy ground? We're haunted.

Are all men and their wives troubled with dreams thus?

*Mar.* What ail you, Sir?

*Leon.* Nay, what ail you, sweet wife,  
To put these daily pastimes on my patience?  
What dost thou see in me, that I shou'd suffer this?

Have I not done my part like a true husband,

And paid some desperate debts you never look'd for?

*Mar.* You have done handsomely, I must confess, Sir;

*Leon.* Have I not kept thee waking like a hawk,

And watch'd thee with delights, to satisfy thee,

The very tithes of which had won a widow?

*Mar.* Alas, I pity ye.

*Leon.* Thou'lt make me angry;  
Thou never saw'st me mad yet.

*Mar.* You are always;

You carry a kind of bedlam still about ye.

*Leon.* If thou pursu'st me farther, I run stark mad.

If you have more hurt dukets, or gentlemen,

To lie here on your cure, I shall be desperate.

I know the trick, and you shall feel I know it.

Are ye so hot, that no hedge can contain ye?

I'll have thee let blood in all the veins about thee;

I'll have thy thoughts found too, and have them open'd,

Thy spirits purg'd, for those are they that fire ye.

The maid shall be thy mistress, thou the maid,

And all her servile labours thou shalt reach at,

And go through cheerfully, or else sleep empty.

That maid shall lie by me, to teach you duty;

You in a pallet by, to humble ye,

And grieve for what you lose, *thou foolish, wicked woman.*

*Mar.* I've lost myself, Sir,

And all that was my base self, disobedience; *[Kneels.]*

My wantonness, my stubbornness I've lost too,

62 RULE A WIFE AND HAVE A WIFE.

And now, by that pure faith good wives are crown'd with,  
By your own nobleness——

Leon. Beware, beware——have you no fetch now?

Mar. No, by my repentance, no.

Leon. And art thou truly, truly honest?

Mar. These tears will show it.

Leon. I take you up, and wear you next my heart;  
See you be worth it.——

*Enter Altea.*

Now, what with you?

Alt. I come to tell my Lady,

There is a fullsome fellow would fain speak with her.

Leon. 'Tis Cacafogo; keep him from the Duke,  
The Duke from him; anon he'll yield us laughter.

Alt. Where is it, please you, that we shall detain him?  
He seems at war with reason, full of wine.

Leon. To the cellar with him; 'tis the drunkard's den,  
Fit cover for such beasts. Should he be resty,  
Say I'm at home; unwieldy as he is,  
He'll creep into an auger-hole to shun me.

Alt. I'll dispose him there.

[Exit.

Leon. Now, Margaritta, comes your trial on:  
The Duke expects you; acquit yourself to him;  
I put you to the test; you have my trust,  
My confidence, my love.

Mar. I will deserve 'em.

[Exit.

Leon. My work is done, and now my heart's at ease.  
I read in ev'ry look, she meant me fairly;  
And nobly shall my love reward her for't.  
He who betrays his rights, the husband's rights,  
To pride and wantonness; or who denies  
Affection to the heart he has subdu'd,  
Forfeits his claim to manhood and humanity.

[Exit.

\*S C E N E. A Chamber:

*Duke discover'd in a Night-gown.*

Duke. Why, now this is most excellent invention.  
I shall succeed, spite of this huffing husband.

\* This scene is entirely, and very judiciously, altered for representation; and is given to the reader in preference to the original, which it was thought necessary to omit, in order to prevent confusion.

I can

I can but smile to think most wary spouses  
The soonest are deceiv'd.

*Enter Margaritta.*

Who's there? My love?

*Mar.* 'Tis I, my Lord.

*Duke.* Are you alone, sweet friend?

*Mar.* Alone, and come to inquire how your wounds are.

*Duke.* I have none, Lady; not a hurt about me;  
My damages I did but counterfeit,  
And feign'd the quarrel to enoy you, Lady.  
I am as lusty; and as full of health,  
As high in blood——

*Mar.* As low in blood, you mean:  
Dishonest thoughts debase the greatest birth;  
The man that acts unworthily, tho' ennobled,  
Sullies his honour.

*Duke.* Nay, nay, my Margaritta;  
Come to my couch, and there let's list love's language.

*Mar.* Would you take that which I've no right to give?  
Steal wedlock's property; and in his house,  
Beneath the roof of him that entertains you,  
Would you his wife betray?—Will you become  
Th' ungrateful viper, who, restor'd to life,  
Venom'd the breast which sav'd him?

*Duke.* Leave these dull thoughts to mortifying penance;  
Let us, while love is lusty, prove its power.

*Mar.* Ill wishes, once, my Lord, my mind debas'd;  
You found my weakness, wanted to ensnare it:  
Shameful, I own my fault, but 'tis repented.  
No more the wanton Margaritta now,  
But the chaste wife of Leon. His great merit,  
His manly tenderness, his noble nature,  
Commands from me affection in return,  
Pure as esteem can offer. He has won me;  
I owe him all my heart.

*Duke.* Indeed, fair Lady,  
This jesting well becomes a sprightly beauty.  
Love prompts to celebrate sublimer sights.  
No more mementos; let me press you to me,  
And hille with my kisses——

*Mar.* Nay, then, within, there!

*Enter Leon, Juan, Alonzo, and Sancho.*

Leon. Did you call, my wife; or you, my Lord?  
Was it your Grace that wanted me?—No answer!  
How do you, my good Lord? What, out of bed?  
Methinks you look but poorly on this matter.  
Has my wife wounded you? You were well before.

Duke. More hurt than ever; spare your reproach;  
I feel too much already.

Leon. I see it, Sir—And now your Grace shall know,  
I can as readily pardon as revenge.  
Be comforted; all is forgotten.

Duke. I thank you, Sir.

Leon. Wife, you are a right one;  
And now, with unknown nations I dare trust ye.  
No more feign'd fights, my Lord, they never prosper.

*Enter Lorenzo.*

Lor. Please you, Sir,  
We cannot keep this gross fat man in order;  
He swears he'll have admittance to my Lady,  
And reels about and clamours most outrageously.

Leon. Let him come up—Wife, here's another suiter  
We forgot; has been sighing in the cellar,  
Making my casks his mistresses.  
Will your Grace permit us to produce a rival?

Duke. No more on that theme, I request, Don Leon.

Leon. Here comes the porpus; he's devilish drunk.  
Let me stand by.

*Enter Cacafogo drunk.*

Caca. Where is my bona roba? Oh, you're all here. Why,  
I don't fear snap-dragons—Impotential, powerfully potion'd  
—I can drink with Hector, and beat him too. Then what  
care I for captains; I'm full of Greek wine; the true, an-  
cient courage.—Sweet Mrs. Margaritta, let me kiss thee—  
Your kisses shall pay me for his kicking.

Leon. What would you?

Caca. Sir!

Leon. Lead off the wretch.

Duke. Most filthy figure, truly.

Caca. Filthy! Oh, you're a prince; yet I can buy all of  
you, your wives and all.

Juan. Sleep, and be silent.

Caca.



*Caca.* Speak you to your creditors, good Captain Half-pay;  
I'll not take thy pawn in.

*Leon.* Which of the butts is thy mistress?

*Caca.* Butt in thy belly.

*Leon.* There are two in thine, I'm sure, it is grown so monstrous.

*Caca.* Butt in thy face.

*Leon.* Go, carry him to sleep; [Exit Caca.  
When he is sober, let him out to rail,  
Or hang himself; there will be no loss of him.

*Enter Perez and Estifania.*

*Leon.* Who's this; my Mahound cousin?

*Per.* Good Sir, 'tis very good: wou'd I'd a house too,  
For there's no talking in the open air.  
You have a pretty feat, you have the luck on't,  
A pretty lady too, I have mis'd both;  
My carpenter built in a mist, I thank him.  
Do me the courtesy to let me see it,  
See it once more. But I shall cry for anger.  
I'll hire a chandler's shop close under ye,  
And for my foolery, sell soap and whip-cord.  
Nay, if you do not laugh now, and laugh heartily,  
You are a fool, Coz.

*Leon.* I must laugh a little;  
And now I've done. Coz, thou shalt live with me,  
My merry Coz, the world shall not divorce us:  
'Thou art a valiant man, and thou shalt never want.  
Will this content thee?

*Per.* I'll cry, and then be thankful,  
Indeed I will, and I'll be honest to ye;  
I'd live a swallow here, I must confess.  
Wife, I forgive thee all if thou be honest,  
And at thy peril, I believe thee excellent.

*Estif.* If I prove otherwise, let me beg first.

*Mar.* Hold, this is yours, some recompence for service,  
Use it to nobler ends than he that gave it.

*Duke.* And this is yours, your true commission, Sir.  
Now you're a captain.

*Leon.* You're a noble Prince, Sir;  
And now a soldier.

*Juan.* Sir, I shall wait upon you through all fortunes.

*Alon.* And I.

*Alt.* And I must needs attend my mistress.

*Leon.* Will you go, Sister?

*Alt.* Yes, indeed, good brother:

I have two ties, mine own blood, and my mistress.

*Mar.* Is she your sister?

*Leon.* Yes, indeed, good wife,

And my best sister, for she prov'd so, wench,  
When she deceiv'd you with a loving husband.

*Alt.* I wou'd not deal so truly for a stranger.

*Mar.* Well, I cou'd chide ye, but it must be lovingly,  
And like a sister.

I'll bring you on your way, and feast ye nobly,

For now I have an honest heart to love ye,

And then deliver you to the blue Neptune.

*Juan.* Your colours you must wear, and wear 'em  
proudly,

Wear 'em before the bullet, and in blood too.

And all the world shall know we're virtue's servants.

*Duke.* And all the world shall know, a noble mind,  
Makes women beautiful, and envy blind.

*Leon.* All you who mean to lead a happy life,  
First learn to rule, and then to have a wife.

END OF THE FIFTH ACT.

## EPILOGUE.

**G**OOD night, our worthy friends, and may you part  
Each with as merry and as free a heart  
As you came hither; to those noble eyes,  
That deign to smile on our poor faculties,  
And give a blessing to our labouring ends,  
As we hope many to such fortune send  
Their own desires, wives fair as light, as chaste;  
To those that live by spite, wives made in haste.



Designed for Better Engraving Than any before 1776.

*MR KING in the Character of LISSARDO..*  
*"methinks a Diamond Ring is a vast addition*  
*to the little Finger of a Gentleman."*

Bell's Characteristical Edition.

# THE WONDER A WOMAN KEEPS A SECRET!

A COMEDY BY MRS. CENTLIVRE.

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL DRURY-LANE.

*Regulated from the Prompt-Book, by permission of the Managers,*

BY MR. HOPKINS PROMPTER.

## CHARACTERISTICS.

As for his being a fool, I do not conceive how that can be any blot in a husband who is already possessed of a good estate.—For Don Guzman, I know I can rule him as I think fit.—This is acting the politick part.—Money—that will purchase every thing. LOPEZ.

My heart is the proper sphere where Love resides; could he quit that he would be no where found; and yet Violante I am in doubt [Col. Brit. taps.] What's that? FELIX.

I am not conscious of any dishonourable action to any man, much less to your Lordship.—The woman you look for is not here; but there is something in this room which I'll preserve from your sight at the hazard of my life. FREDERICK.

Now a small part of this twenty thousand pounds provides for her in a nunnery, and the rest is my own.—There is nothing to be got in this life without policy.—Adieu! I'll show he trick'd of my daughter and money too, that's worth of all. PEDRO.

The Kirk half serves us Scottmen. We are kept so sharp at home that we feed like Cannibals abroad.—Ha, ha, ha! a philosophical wench! This is the first time I ever knew a woman had any business with the mind of a man.—Methinks these intrigues which relate to the mind are very insipid.—The conversation of bodies is much more diverting.—I have a natural tendency in me to the flesh. COL. BRITON.

Huly, huly, mon! The deil gize out yer een, and then ye'll see the baster, ye Portigie tike.—Gin I hear mair o' yer din, deil o' my faul Sir but he crack yer crown.—Gin ye dinna understand a Scottman's tongue, he see gin ye can understand a Scottman's grip.—Wha's the baster mon now Sir?—Gin I be w rang Sir, the mon that tald me Jed; and gin he did, the deil be my landlord, hell my winter-quarters, and a rape my winding-sheet, gin I do not like him as lang as I can haud a stick in my hand.—Say na mair mon. O my faul here's twa to twa. Dinna fear Sir, Gibby bonds by ye for the honour of Scotland. GIBBY.

Methinks a diamond ring is a vail addition to the little finger of a gentleman.—Egad methinks I have a very pretty hand—and very white—and the shape!—In my opinion it is a very fine shaped hand, and becomes a diamond ring as well as the first grandee in Portugal.—Now in my mind I take snuff with a very jaunter air.—Well, I am persuaded I want nothing but a coach and a title to make me a very fine gentleman. LISSARDO.

If I get but the five hundred pounds my Lord—it is the same thing to me whether your son be hang'd or not my Lord. ALGUAZIL.

I am all truth, all love, all faith, and know no jealous fears.—There is a cause which I must not reveal. Oh think how far honour can oblige your sex, then allow a Woman may be bound by the same rule to Keep a Secret. VIOLANTE.

I find he is a gentleman, and if he is but unmarried I could be content to follow him all the world over.—Puk! tea! is that the best treat you can give a lady at your lodgings Colonel.—If I take a lease it must be for life Colonel. ISABELLA.

If I knew who gave you that ring I'd tear her eyes out, so I wou'd.—Crooked legs! I'd have you to know Sirrah! my legs was never.—Your matter I hope understands legs better than you do Sirrah! INIS.

In my opinion nothing charms that does not change.—What! do you take me for a novice in love affairs? Tho' I have not practised the art since I have been to Donna Violante's service, yet I have not lost the theory of a chambermaid. FLORA.



EDINBURG:

At the Apollo Press, by THE MARTINS, for Bell, LONDON, 1781.

## P R O L O G U E.

*OUR Author fears the criticks of the stage,  
 Who like Barbarians spare nor sex nor age;  
 She trembles at those censors in the pit  
 Who think good nature shews a want of wit.  
 Such malice oh! what Muse can undergo it?  
 To save themselves they always damn the poet.  
 Our Author flies from such a partial jury,  
 As wary lovers from the nymphs of Drury:  
 To the few candid judges for a smile  
 She humbly sues to recompense her toil;  
 To the bright circle of the fair she next  
 Commits her cause, with anxious doubts perplex.  
 Where can she with such hopes of favour kneel  
 As to those judges who her frailties feel?  
 A few mistakes her sex may well excuse,  
 And such a plea no woman should refuse:  
 If she succeeds a woman gains applause;  
 What female but must favour such a cause?  
 Her faults—what's'er they are—e'en pass 'em by,  
 And only on her beauties fix your eye.  
 In plays, like vessels floating on the sea,  
 There's none so wise to know their destiny:  
 In this howe'er the pilot's skill appears  
 While by the stars his constant course he steers:  
 Rightly our Author does her judgment shew,  
 That for her safety she relies on you.  
 Your approbation Fair Ones! can't but move  
 Those stubborn hearts which first you taught to love.  
 The men must all applaud this play of ours;  
 For who dare see with other eyes than yours?*

*Dramatis Personne.*

MEN.

	<i>Drury-Lane.</i>	<i>Covent-Garden.</i>
DON LOPEZ, a grandee of Portugal,	Mr. Baddeley.	Mr. Dunstall.
DON FELIX, his son, in love with Violante,		
FREDERICK, a merchant,	Mr. Garrick.	Mr. Lewis.
DON PEDRO, father to Violante,	Mr. Packer.	Mr. Booth.
Colonel BRITON, a Scotsman,	Mr. Parsons.	Mr. Quick.
GIBBY, his footman,	Mr. Smith.	Mr. Wroughton.
LISSARDO, footman to Felix,	Mr. Moody.	Mr. Wilton.
	Mr. King.	Mr. Woodward.

WOMEN.

DONNA VIOLANTE, designed for a nun by her father, in love with Felix,	Mrs. Yates.	Mrs. Barry.
DONNA ISABELLA, sister to Felix,		
INIS, her maid,	Miss Hopkins.	Mrs. Mattocks.
FLORA, maid to Donna Violante,	Mrs. Bradshaw.	Mrs. Green.
	Mrs. Wrighten.	Mrs. Pitt.

*Alguazil, Attendants, Servants, &c.*

SCENE LISBON.

# THE WONDER.

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## ACT I.

### SCENE, a street.

*Enter DON LOPEZ meeting FREDERICK.*

FREDERICK.

MY Lord, Don Lopez.

*D. Lop.* How d' ye Frederick?

*Fred.* At your Lordship's service. I am glad to see you look so well my Lord. I hope Antonio's out of danger?

*D. Lop.* Quite contrary; his fever increases they tell me; and the surgeons are of opinion his wound is mortal.

*Fred.* Your son Don Felix is safe I hope.

*D. Lop.* I hope so too; but they offer large rewards to apprehend him.

*Fred.* When heard your Lordship from him?

*D. Lop.* Not since he went: I forbid him writing till the publick news gave him an account of Antonio's health. Letters might be intercepted, and the place of his abode discovered.

*Fred.* "Your caution was good my Lord. Tho' I am impatient to hear from Felix, yet his safety is my chief concern. Fortune has maliciously struck a bar between us in the affairs of life, but she has done me the honour to unite our souls."

*D. Lop.* "I am not ignorant of the friendship between my son and you: I have heard him commend your morals, and lament your want of noble birth."

*Fred.* "That's Nature's fault my Lord. It is some comfort not to owe one's misfortunes to one's self; yet it is impossible not to regret the want of noble birth."



*D. Lop.* " 'Tis a pity indeed such excellent parts as you are master of should be eclipsed by mean extraction."

*Fred.* " Such commendation would make me vain my Lord did you not cast in the alloy of my extraction."

*D. Lop.* " There's no condition of life without its cares, and it is the perfection of a man to wear 'em as easy as he can: this unfortunate duel of my son's does not pass without impression; but since it is past prevention all my concern is now how he may escape the punishment." If Antonio dies Felix shall for England. You have been there; what sort of people are the English?

*Fred.* My Lord, the English are by nature what the ancient Romans were by discipline, courageous, bold, hardy, and in love with Liberty. Liberty is the idol of the English, under whose banner all the nation lifts: give but the word for Liberty, and straight more armed legions would appear than France and Philip keep in constant pay.

*D. Lop.* I like their principles: who does not wish for freedom in all degrees of life? tho' common prudence sometimes makes us act against it, as I am now obliged to do; for I intend to marry my daughter to Don Guzman, whom I expect from Holland every day, whither he went to take possession of a large estate left him by his uncle.

*Fred.* You will not surely sacrifice the lovely Isabella to rage, avarice, and a fool; pardon the expression my Lord; but my concern for your beauteous daughter transports me beyond that good manners which I ought to pay your Lordship's presence.

*D. Lop.* I can't deny the justness of the character Frederick; but you are not insensible what I have suffered by these wars; and he has two things which render him very agreeable to me for a son-in-law, he is rich and well born: as for his being a fool, I do not conceive how that can be any blot in a husband who is already possessed of a good estate.---A poor fool indeed is a very scandalous thing, and so are your poor wits in my opinion, who have nothing to be vain of but the inside of their skulls. Now for Don Guzman, I know I can rule him as I think fit. This is acting the politick part Frederick, without which it is impossible to keep up the port of this life

*Fred.* But have you no consideration for your daughter's welfare my Lord?

*D. Lop.* Is a husband of twenty thousand crowns a-year no consideration? now I think it a very good consideration.

*Fred.* One way my Lord. But what will the world say of such a match?

*D. Lop.* Sir, I value not the world a button.

*Fred.* I cannot think your daughter can have any inclination for such a husband!

*D. Lop.* There I believe you are pretty much in the right, tho' it is a secret which I never had the curiosity to inquire into, nor I believe ever shall.—Inclination quotha! Parents would have a fine time on't if they consulted their childrens' inclinations! "I'll venture you a wager that in all the garrison towns in Spain and Portugal during the late war there was not three women who have not had an inclination to every officer in the whole army; does it therefore follow that their fathers ought to pimp for them?" No, no, Sir; it is not a father's business to follow his childrens' inclinations till he makes himself a beggar.

*Fred.* But this is of another nature my Lord.

*D. Lop.* Look ye Sir, I resolve she shall marry Don Guzman the moment he arrives. Tho' I could not govern my son I will my daughter I assure you.

*Fred.* This match my Lord is more preposterous than that which you proposed to your son, from whence arose this fatal quarrel.—Don Antonio's sister Elvira wanted beauty only, but Guzman every thing but—

*D. Lop.* Money—and that will purchase every thing; and so adieu. *[Exit.]*

*Fred.* Monstrous! these are the resolutions which destroy the comforts of matrimony.—He is rich and well-born; powerful arguments indeed! could I but add them to the friendship of Don Felix what might I not hope? But a merchant and a grandee of Spain are inconsistent names.—Lissardo! from whence came you?

*Enter LISSARDO in a riding habit.*

*Liss.* That letter will inform you Sir.

*Fred.* I hope your master's safe?

*Liss.* I left him so; I have another to deliver which requires haste.—Your most humble servant Sir. [*Bowing.*

*Fred.* To Violante I suppose.

*Liss.* The same.

[*Exit*

*Fred. reads.*] “Dear Frederick! the two chief blessings of this life are a friend and a mistress; to be debarred the sight of those is not to live. I hear nothing of Antonio’s death, and therefore resolve to venture to thy house this evening, impatient to see Violante, and embrace my friend. Yours. FELIX.”

Pray Heaven he comes undiscovered.—Ha! Colonel Briton!

*Enter Colonel BRITON in a riding habit.*

*Col.* Frederick, I rejoice to see thee.

*Fred.* What brought you to Lisbon Colonel?

*Col.* *La fortune de la guerre*, as the French say. I have commanded these three last years in Spain, but my country has thought fit to strike up a peace, and give us good Protestants leave to hope for Christian burial; so I resolved to take Lisbon in my way home.

*Fred.* If you are not provided of a lodging Colonel, pray command my house while you stay.

*Col.* If I were sure I should not be troublesome I wou’d accept your offer Frederick.

*Fred.* So far from trouble Colonel, I shall take it as a particular favour. What have we here?

*Col.* My footman: this is our country dress you must know, which for the honour of Scotland I make all my servants wear.

*Enter GIBBY in a Highland dress.*

*Gib.* What mun I de with the horses, and like yer Honour? They will tack cald gin they stand in the causewey.

*Fred.* Oh, I’ll take care of them. What ho! Vasquez!

*Enter VASQUEZ.*

Put those horses which that honest fellow will shew you into my stable, do you hear, and feed them well.

*Vas.* Yes Sir.—Sir, by my master’s orders I am, Sir, your most obsequious humble servant. Be pleased to lead the way.

*Gib.* ’Sbleed! gang yer gate Sir, and I sall follow ye. He tee hungry to feed on compliments. [*Exit.*

*Fred.* Ha, ha! a comical fellow.—Well, how do you like our country Colonel?

*Col.* Why faith Frederick, a man might pass his time agreeably enough withinside of a nunnery; but to behold such troops of soft, plump, tender, melting, wishing, nay, willing, girls too, thro' a damn'd grate, gives us Britons strong temptations to plunder. Ah Frederick! your priests are wicked rogues; they immure Beauty for their own proper use, and shew it only to the laity to create desires and inflame accounts, that they may purchase pardons at a dearer rate.

*Fred.* I own wenching is something more difficult here than in England, where womens' liberties are subservient to their inclinations, and husbands seem of no effect but to take care of the children which their wives provide.

*Col.* And does restraint get the better of inclination with your women here? No, I'll be sworn not even in fourscore. Do n't I know the constitution of the Spanish ladies?

*Fred.* And of all the ladies where you come Colonel; you were ever a man of gallantry.

*Col.* Ah Frederick! the Kirk half starves us Scotsmen. We are kept so sharp at home that we feed like Cannibals abroad. Hark ye, hast thou never a pretty acquaintance now that thou wouldst consign over to a friend for half an hour, ha?

*Fred.* Faith Colonel I am the worst pimp in Christendom; you had better trust to your own luck: the women will soon find you out I warrant you.

*Col.* Ay, but it is dangerous foraging in an enemy's country; and since I have some hopes of seeing my own again I had rather purchase my pleasure than run the hazard of a stiletto in my guts. "Egad I think I must 'em marry, and sacrifice my body for the good of my soul." Wilt thou recommend me to a wife then, one that is willing to exchange her maidores for English liberty? ha, friend?

*Fred.* She must be very handsome I suppose.

*Col.* The handsomer the better—but be sure she has a nose.

*Fred.* Ay, ay, and some gold.

*Col.* Oh, very much gold; I shall never be able to swallow the matrimonial pill if it be not well gilded.

*Fred.* Puh! beauty will make it slide down nimbly.

*Col.* At first perhaps it may; but the second or third dose will choke me.——I confess Frederick women are the prettiest playthings in nature; but gold, substantial gold! gives 'em the air, the mien, the shape, the grace, and beauty, of a goddess.

*Fred.* And has not gold the same divinity in their eyes Colonel?

*Col.* Too often——“Money is the very god of Marriage; the poets dress him in a saffron robe, by which they figure out the golden deity, and his lighted torch blazons those mighty charms which encourage us to lift under his banner.”

None marry now for love, no, that's a jest:

The selfsame bargain serves for wife and beast.

*Fred.* You are always gay Colonel. Come, shall we take a refreshing glass at my house, and consider what has been said?

*Col.* I have two or three compliments to discharge for some friends, and then I shall wait on you with pleasure. Where do you live?

*Fred.* At yon' corner-house with the green rails.

*Col.* In the close of the evening I will endeavour to kiss your hand. Adieu. [Exit.]

*Fred.* I shall expect you with impatience. [Exit.]

SCENE, a room in DON LOPEZ's house.

*Enter ISABELLA and INIS her maid.*

*Inis.* For goodness sake Madam where are you going in this pet?

*Isab.* Anywhere to avoid matrimony. The thoughts of a husband is as terrible to me as the sight of a hobgoblin.

*Inis.* Ay, of an old husband; but if you may chuse for yourself I fancy matrimony would be no such frightful thing to you.

*Isab.* You are pretty much in the right Inis; but to be forc'd into the arms of an idiot, “a sneaking, faivelling, “drivelling, avaricious, fool!” who has neither person to please the eye, sense to charm the ear, nor generosity to

supply those defects. Ah Inis! what pleasant lives women lead in England, where duty wears no fetter but inclination! The custom of our country enslaves us from our very cradles, first to our parents, next to our husbands, and when Heaven is so kind to rid us of both these our brothers still usurp authority, and expect a blind obedience from us; so that maids, wives, or widows, we are little better than slaves to the tyrant man; therefore to avoid their power I resolve to cast myself into a monastery. —

*Inis.* That is, you 'll cut your own throat to avoid another's doing it for you. Ah Madam! those eyes tell me you have no nun's flesh about you. A monastery quotha! where you 'll wish yourself into the greensickness in a month.

*Ifab.* What care I, there will be no man to plague me.

*Inis.* No, nor, what 's much worse, to please you neither. — Oddsife Madam! you are the first woman that ever despair'd in a Christian country. — Were I in your place —

*Ifab.* Why, what would your wisdom do if you were?

*Inis.* I 'd embark with the first fair wind with all my jewels, and seek my fortune on t' other side the water: no shore can treat you worse than your own. There 's ne'er a father in Christendom should make me marry any man against my will.

*Ifab.* I am too great a coward to follow your advice. I must contrive some way to avoid Don Guzman, and yet stay in my own country.

*Enter Don LOPEZ.*

*Lop.* Must you so Mistress? but I shall take care to prevent you. [*Aside.*] Isabella, whither are you going my child?

*Ifab.* "Ha! my father!" To church Sir.

*Inis.* The old rogue has certainly overheard her. [*Aside.*

*Lop.* Your devotion must needs be very strong or your memory very weak my dear. Why, vespers are over for this night. Come, come, you shall have a better errand to church than to say your prayers there. Don Guzman is arrived in the river, and I expect him ashore to-morrow.

*Ifab.* Ha! to-morrow!

*Lop.* He writes me word that his estate in Holland is worth twelve thousand crowns a-year, which together with what he had before will make thee the happiest wife in Lisbon.

*Isab.* And the most unhappy woman in the world.— Oh Sir! if I have any power in your heart, if the tenderness of a father be not quite extinct, hear me with patience.

*Lop.* No objection against the marriage, and I will hear whatsoever thou hast to say.

*Isab.* That's torturing me on the rack and forbidding me to groan. Upon my knees I claim the privilege of flesh and blood. [Kneels.]

*Lop.* I grant it; thou shalt have an armfull of flesh and blood to-morrow. Flesh and blood quotha! Heaven forbid I should deny thee flesh and blood my girl.

*Inis.* Here's an old dog for you. [Aside.]

*Isab.* Do not mistake Sir. The fatal stroke which separates soul and body is not more terrible to the thoughts of sinners than the name of Guzman to my ear.

*Lop.* Puh, Puh! you lie, you lie.

*Isab.* My frightened heart beats hard against my breast, as if it sought a passage to your feet to beg you'd change your purpose.

*Lop.* A very pretty speech this; if it were turned into blank verse it would serve for a tragedy. Why thou hast more wit than I thought thou hadst child.—I fancy this was all *extempore*; I do n't believe thou didst ever think one word on't before.

*Inis.* Yes but she has my Lord, for I have heard her say the same things a thousand times.

*Lop.* How, how? What, do you top your secondhand jests upon your father Hussy! who knows better what's good for you than you do yourself? Remember't is your duty to obey.

*Isab. rising.* I never disobeyed before, and wish I had not reason now; but nature has got the better of my duty, and makes me loathe the harsh commands you lay.

*Lop.* Ha, ha! very fine! Ha, ha!

*Isab.* Death itself would be more welcome.

*Lop.* Are you sure of that?

*Isab.* I am your daughter my Lord, and can boast as

strong a resolution as yourself. I'll die before I'll marry Guzman.

*Lop.* Say you so? I'll try that presently. [*Draws.* Here let me see with what dexterity you can breathe a vein now. [*Offers her his sword.*] The point is pretty sharp, it will do your business I warrant you.

*Inis.* Bless me Sir! what do you mean to put a sword into the hands of a desperate woman?

*Lop.* Desperate! ha, ha, ha! you see how desperate she is. What, art thou frightened little Bell? ha!

*Isab.* I confess I am startled at your morals Sir.

*Lop.* Ay, ay, child, thou hadst better take the man, he'll hurt thee the least of the two.

*Isab.* I shall take neither Sir; Death has many doors, and when I can live no longer with pleasure I shall find one to let him in at without your aid.

*Lop.* Say'st thou so my dear Bell? Ods, I'm afraid thou art a little lunatick Bell. I must take care of thee child. [*Takes hold of her, and pulls out of his pocket a key.*] I shall make bold to secure thee my dear; I'll see if locks and bars can keep thee till Guzman come. Go, get into your chamber;

There I'll your boasted resolution try.

And see who'll get the better, you or I.

[*Pushes her in, and locks the door.*]

## ACT II.

SCENE, a room in DON PEDRO's house.

*Enter DONNA VIOLANTE reading a letter, and FLORA following.*

FLORA.

WHAT, must that letter be read again?

*Vio.* Yes, and again, and again, and again, a thousand times again; a letter from a faithful lover can ne'er be read too often; it speaks such kind, such soft, such tender, things—

[*Kisses it.*]

*Flo.* But always the same language.

*Vio.* It does not charm the less for that.

B



*Flo.* In my opinion nothing charms that does not change; and any composition of the four-and-twenty letters, after the first essay, from the same hand, must be dull, except a bank note or a bill of exchange.

*Vio.* Thy taste is my aversion.—[*Reads.*] “My all that’s charming! since life’s not life exil’d from thee, this night shall bring me to thy arms. Frederick and thee are all I trust. These six weeks absence has been in love’s account six hundred years. When it is dark expect the wonted signal at thy window, till when adieu.” *Time more than his own.* *FELIX.*”

*Flo.* Who would not have said as much to a lady of her beauty and twenty thousand pounds?—Were I a man methinks I could have said a hundred finer things.

\* *Vio.* *What would you have said?*

*Flo.* I would have compar’d your eyes to the stars, your teeth to ivory, your lips to coral, your neck to alabaster, your shape to——

*Vio.* No more of your bombast; truth is the best eloquence in a lover.—What proof remains ungiven of his love? When his father threaten’d to disinherit him for refusing Don Antonio’s sister, from whence sprung this unhappy quarrel, did it shake his love for me? and now tho’ strict inquiry runs thro’ every place, with large rewards to apprehend him, does he not venture all for me?

*Flo.* But you know Madam your father Don Pedro designs you for a nun—to be sure you look very like a nun!—and says your grandfather left you your fortune upon that condition.

*Vio.* Not without my approbation girl when I come to one-and-twenty, as I am inform’d. But however, I shall run the risk of that. Go, call in Lissardo.

*Flo.* Yes Madam. Now for a thousand verbal questions:  
[*Exit, and reenter with Lissardo.*]

*Vio.* Well, and how do you do Lissardo?

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\* The lines printed in Italicks are not in the original, but are given to the reader as added in the representation at Drury-Lane theatre.

*Liss.* Ah, very weary Madam.—Faith thou look'st wondrous pretty Flora. [*Aside to Flora.*]

*Vio.* How came you?

*Liss.* En Chevalier Madam, upon a hackney jade, which they told me formerly belonged to an English Colonel; but I should have rather thought she had been bred a good Roman Catholick all her lifetime, for she down'd on her knees to every stock and stone we came along by.—My chops water for a kiss, they do Flora.

[*Aside to Flora.*]

*Flo.* You 'd make one believe you are wondrous fond now.

*Vio.* Where did you leave your master?

*Liss.* Od if I had you alone housewife, I 'd show you how fond I cou'd be—— [*Aside to Flora.*]

*Vio.* Where did you leave your master?

*Liss.* At a little farm-house Madam, about five miles off. He 'll be at Don Frederick's in the evening——Od, I will so revenge myself of those lips of thine.

[*To Flora.*]

*Vio.* Is he in health?

*Flo.* Oh, you counterfeit wondrous well. [*To Lissardo.*]

*Liss.* No, every body knows I counterfeit very ill.

[*To Flora.*]

*Vio.* How say you? Is Felix ill? What 's his distemper? ha!

*Liss.* A pias on 't, I hate to be interrupted.——Love Madam, love——In short Madam, I believe he has thought of nothing but your ladyship ever since he left Lisbon. I am sure he cou'd not, if I may judge of his heart by my own. [*Looking lovingly upon Flora.*]

*Vio.* How came you so well acquainted with your master's thoughts Lissardo?

*Liss.* By an infallible rule Madam; words are the pictures of the mind you know: new to prove he thinks of nothing but you, he talks of nothing but you.——For example Madam, coming from shooting the other day with a brace of partridges, Lissardo, said he, go bid the cook roast me these Violantes.——I flew into the kitchen full of thoughts of thee, cry'd, Here cook, roast me these Floras.

[*To Flora.*]

*Flo.* Ha, ha, excellent!—You mimick your master then it seems.

*Liss.* I can do every thing as well as my master, you little rogue.—Another time Madam the priest came to make him a visit he called out hastily, Lissardo, said he, bring a Violante for my father to sit down on.—Then he often mistook my name Madam, and called me Violante: in short I heard it so often, that it became as familiar to me as my prayers.

*Vio.* You live very merrily then it seems.

*Liss.* Oh! exceeding merry Madam.

[*Kisses Flora's hand.*]

*Vio.* Ha! exceeding merry: had you treats and balls?

*Liss.* Oh! yes, yes, Madam, several.

*Flo.* You are mad Lissardo, you do n't mind what my lady says to you.

[*Aside to Lissardo.*]

*Vio.* Ha! balls—Is he so merry in my absence? And did your master dance Lissardo?

*Liss.* Dance Madam! where Madam?

*Vio.* Why, at those balls you speak of.

*Liss.* Balls! what balls Madam?

*Vio.* Why, sure you are in love Lissardo; did not you say, but now, you had balls where you have been?

*Liss.* Balls Madam! Oddlife, I ask your pardon Madam! I, I, I, had mislaid some washballs, my master's t' other day; and because I could not think where I had laid them just when he ask'd for them, he very fairly broke my head Madam, and now it seems I can think of nothing else. Alas! he dance Madam! No, no, poor gentleman! he is as melancholy as an unbraced drum.

*Vio.* Poor Felix! There, wear that ring for your master's sake, and let him know I shall be ready to receive him.

[*Exit Violante.*]

*Liss.* I shall Madam.—[*Puts on the ring.*] Methinks a diamond ring is a vast addition to the little finger of a gentleman.

[*Admiring his hand.*]

*Flo.* That ring must be mine.—Well Lissardo, what haste you make to pay off arrears now? Look how the fellow stands!

*Liss.* Egad methinks I have a very pretty hand—and very white—and the shape!—Faith I never

minded it so much before——In my opinion it is a very fine shaped hand——and becomes a diamond ring as well as the first grandee's in Portugal.

*Flo.* The man's transported! Is this your love, this your impatience?

*Liff. Takes snuff.* Now in my mind——I take snuff with a very jantee air——Well, I am persuaded I want nothing but a coach and a title to make me a very fine gentleman. *[Struts about.]*

*Flo.* Sweet Mr. Liffardo! *[Curtsyng.]* if I may presume to speak to you without affronting your little finger——

*Liff.* Odsó Madam, I ask your pardon——Is it to me or to the ring——you direct your discourse Madam?

*Flo.* Madam! Good lack! how much a diamond ring improves one!

*Liff.* Why, tho' I say it—I can carry myself as well as any body——But what wer't thou going to say child?

*Flo.* Why, I was going to say that I fancy you had best let me keep that ring; it will be a very pretty wedding-ring Liffardo, would it not?

*Liff.* Humph! ah! But—but—but—I believe I sha' n't marry yet a while.

*Flo.* You sha' n't you say——Very well! I suppose you design that ring for Inis.

*Liff.* No, no; I never bribe an old acquaintance——Perhaps I might let it sparkle in the eyes of a stranger a little till we come to a right understanding——but then, like all other mortal things, it would return from whence it came.

*Flo.* Insolent!——Is that your manner of dealing?

*Liff.* With all but thee——Kiss me you little rogue you. *[Hugging her.]*

*Flo.* Little rogue! Prithee fellow do n't be so familiar; *[Pushing him away.]* if I may n't keep your ring I can keep my kisses.

*Liff.* You can you say! Spoke with the air of a chambermaid.

*Flo.* Reply'd with the spirit of a serving man.

*Liff.* Prithee Flora do n't let you and I fall out; I am in a merry humour, and shall certainly fall in somewhere.

*Flo.* What care I where you fall in?

*Enter VIOLANTE.*

*Vio.* Why do you keep Lissardo so long Flora when you do n't know how soon my father may awake? his afternoon naps are never long.

*Flo.* Had Don Felix been with her she would not have thought the time long. These ladies consider no body's wants but their own. [*Aside.*

*Vio.* Go, go, let him out, and bring a candle.

*Flo.* Yes Madam.

*Liss.* I fly Madam.

[*Exit Liss. and Flo.*

*Vio.* The day draws in, and night, the lover's friend, advances—night more welcome than the sun to me, because it brings my love.

*Flo. Shrieks within.]* Ah, thieves, thieves! Murder, murder!

*Vio. Shrieks.]* Ah! defend me Heaven! What do I hear? Felix is certainly pursu'd and will be taken.

*Enter FLORA running.*

*Vio.* How now? why dost stare so? Answer me quickly; what's the matter?

*Flo.* Oh Madam! as I was letting out Lissardo a gentleman rushed between him and I, struck down my candle, and is bringing a dead person in his arms into our house.

*Vio.* Ha! a dead person! Heav'n gear! it does not prove my Felix.

*Flo.* Here they are Madam.

*Vio.* I'll retire till you discover the meaning of this accident. [*Exit.*

*Enter COLONEL with ISABELLA in his arms, sets her down in a chair, and addresses himself to FLORA.*

*Col.* Madam, the necessity this lady was under of being conveyed into some house with speed and secrecy will I hope excuse any indecency I might be guilty of in pressing so rudely into this—I am an entire stranger to her name and circumstances—would I were so to her beauty too. [*Aside.*] I commit her Madam to your care, and fly to make her retreat secure if the street be clear: permit me to return, and learn from her own mouth if I can be farther serviceable. Pray Madam, how is the lady of this house called?

*Flo.* Violante, Senior—"He is a handsome cavalier,  
"and promises well. [Aside,

"*Col.* Are you she Madam?

"*Flo.* Only her woman, Senior."

*Col.* Your humble servant Mistress. Pray be careful of  
the lady.— [Gives her two moidores, and exit.

*Flo.* Two moidores! Well, he is a generous fellow.  
This is the only way to make one careful. "I find all  
"countries understand the constitution of a chamber-  
maid."

Enter VIOLANTE.

*Vio.* Was you distracted Flora, to tell my name to a  
man you never saw! Unthinking wench! who knows  
what this may turn to?—What, is the lady dead? Ah! I  
defend me Heaven! 't is Isabella, sister to my Felix. What  
has befallen her? Pray Heaven he's safe.—Run and fetch  
some cold water.—Stay, stay, Flora.—Isabella, friend,  
speak to me; oh! speak to me, or I shall die with apprehension.

"*Flo.* See, she revives."

*Isab.* Oh! hold my dearest father; do not force me, indeed I cannot love him.

*Vio.* How wild she talks!—

*Isab.* Ha! where am I?

*Vio.* With one as sensible of thy pain as thou thyself canst be.

*Isab.* Violante! what kind star preserved and lodged me here?

*Flo.* It was a terrestrial star call'd a Man, Madam; pray Jupiter he proves a lucky one.

*Isab.* Oh! I remember now. Forgive me dear Violante! my thought ran so much upon the danger I escap'd I forgot.

*Vio.* May I not know your story?

*Isab.* Thou art no stranger to one part of it. I have often told thee that my father design'd to sacrifice me to Don Guzman, who it seems is just return'd from Holland, and expected ashore to-morrow, the day that he has set to celebrate our nuptials. Upon my refusing to obey him he lock'd me into my chamber, vowing to keep me there till he arriv'd, and force me to consent. I know my father to be positive, never to be win from his design; and

having no hope left me to escape the marriage I leap'd from the window into the street.

*Vio.* You have not hurt yourself I hope?

*Ifab.* No; a gentleman passing by by accident caught me in his arms: at first my fright made me apprehend it was my father, till he assured me to the contrary.

*Flo.* He is a very fine gentleman I promise you Madam, and a wellbred man I warrant him. I think I never saw a grandee put his hand into his pocket with a better air in my whole lifetime; then he open'd his purse with such a grace, that nothing but his manner of presenting me with the gold cou'd equal.

*Vio.* "There is but one common road to the heart of a  
"servant, and 't is impossible for a generous person to  
"mistake it."—Go leave us Flora.—But how came you  
hither Isabella?

*Ifab.* I know not; I desired the stranger to convey me to the next monastery, but ere I reach'd the door I saw, or fancy'd that I saw, Lissardo, my brother's man, and the thought that his master might not be far off flung me into a swoon, which is all that I can remember.—Ha! what 's here? [*Takes up a letter.*] "For Colonel Briton, to be left at the posthouse in Lisbon." This must be dropt by the stranger which brought me hither.

*Vio.* Thou art fallen into the hands of a soldier; take care he does not lay thee under contribution girl.

*Ifab.* I find he is a gentleman, and if he is but unmarried I could be content to follow him all the world over.—But I shall never see him more I fear. [*Sighs and pauses.*]

*Vio.* What makes you sigh Isabella?

*Ifab.* The fear of falling into my father's clutches again.

*Vio.* Can I be serviceable to you?

*Ifab.* Yes, if you conceal me two or three days.

*Vio.* You command my house and secrecy.

*Ifab.* I thank you Violante. I wish you would oblige me with Mrs. Flora a while.

*Vio.* I'll send her to you.—I must watch if dad be still asleep, or here will be no room for Felix. [*Exit.*]

*Ifab.* Well, I do n't know what ails me; methinks I wish I could find this stranger out.

*Enter FLORA.*

*Flo.* Does your Ladyship want me Madam?

*Isab.* Ay, Mrs. Flora; I resolve to make you my confidant.

*Flo.* I shall endeavour to discharge my duty Madam.

*Isab.* I doubt it not, and desire you to accept this as a token of my gratitude.

*Flo.* Oh, dear Seniors! I should have been your humble servant without a fee.

*Isab.* I believe it—But to the purpose—Do you think if you saw the gentleman which brought me hither you should know him again?

*Flo.* From a thousand Madams; I have an excellent memory where an handsome man is concerned. When he went away he said he would return again immediately. I admire he comes not.

*Isab.* Here, did you say? You rejoice me—tho' I'll not see him if he comes. Could not you contrive to give him a letter?

*Flo.* With the air of a duenna—

*Isab.* Not in this house—you must veil and follow him—He must not know it comes from me.

*Flo.* What, do you take me for a novice in love affairs? Tho' I have not practis'd the art since I have been in Donna Violante's service, yet I have not lost the theory of a chambermaid.—Do you write the letter and leave the rest to me.—Here, here, here, 's pen, ink, and paper.

*Isab.* I'll do it in a minute. [*Sits down to write.*]

*Flo.* So! this is a business after my own heart. Love always takes care to reward his labourers, and Great Britain seems to be his favourite country.—Oh! I long to see the other two moidores with a British air—Methinks there's a grace peculiar to that nation in making a present.

*Isab.* So I have done. Now if he does but find this house again!

*Flo.* If he should not—I warrant I'll find him if he's in Lisbon; for I have a strong possession that he has two moidores as good as ever was told.

[*Put the letter into her bosom.*]

*Enter VIOLANTE.*

*Vio.* Flora, watch my papa; he's fast asleep in his study: if you find him stir give me notice. [*Colonel taps at*



*the window.*] Hark, I hear Felix at the window; admit him instantly, and then to your post. [*Exit Flora.*]

*Isab.* What say you Violante? is my brother come?

*Vio.* It is his signal at the window.

*Isab. Kneels.*] Oh Violante! I conjure thee by all the love thou bear'st to Felix, by thy own generous nature, nay more, by that unspotted virtue thou art mistress of, do not discover to my brother I am here.

*Vio.* Contrary to your desire be assur'd I never shall. But where 's the danger?

*Isab.* Art thou born in Lisbon and ask that question? He'll think his honour blemish'd by my disobedience, and would restore me to my father or kill me; therefore dear, dear girl—

*Vio.* Depend upon my friendship; nothing shall draw the secret from these lips, not even Felix, tho' at the hazard of his love. I hear him coming; retire into that closet.

*Isab.* Remember Violante, upon thy promise my very life depends. [*Exit.*]

*Vio.* When I betray thee may I share thy fate.

*Enter FELIX.*

My Felix, my everlasting love! [*Runs into his arms.*]

*Fel.* My life! my soul! my Violante!

*Vio.* What hazards dost thou run for me? Oh, how shall I requite thee?

*Fel.* If during this tedious painful exile thy thoughts have never wander'd from thy Felix, thou hast made me more than satisfaction.

*Vio.* Can there be room within this heart for any but thyself? No; if the god of Love were lost to all the rest of humankind thy image wou'd secure him in my breast: I am all truth, all love, all faith, and know no jealous fears.

*Fel.* My heart 's the proper sphere where Love resides: could he quit that he wou'd be no where found; and yet Violante I 'm in doubt.

*Vio.* Did I ever give thee cause to doubt my Felix?

*Fel.* True love has many fears, and Fear as many eyes as Fame, yet sure I think they see no fault in thee. [*Colonel taps again.*] What 's that? [*Taps again.*]

*Vio.* What? I heard nothing. [Again.

*Fel.* Ha! What means this signal at your window?

*Vio.* Somewhat perhaps in passing by might accidentally hit it; it can be nothing else.

*Col. Within.]* Hift, hift, Donna Violante, Donna Violante!

*Fel.* They use your name by accident too, do they Madam?

*Enter FLORA.*

*Flo.* There is a gentleman at the window Madam, which I fancy to be him who brought Isabella hither. Shall I admit him? [Aside to Violante.

*Vio.* Admit distraction rather! Thou art the cause of this, unthinking wretch! [Aside to Flora.

*Fel.* What, has Mrs. Scout brought you fresh intelligence? Death! I'll know the bottom of this immediately. [Offens to go.

*Flo.* Scout! I scorn your words Senior.

*Vio.* Nay, nay, you must not leave me.

[Runs and catches hold of him.

*Fel.* Oh! 't is not fair not to answer the gentleman Madam; it is none of his fault that his visit proves unreasonable. Pray let me go, my presence is but a restraint upon you. [Struggles to get from her. The Colonel pats again.

*Vio.* Was ever accident so mischievous! [Aside.

*Flo.* It must be the Colonel—Now to deliver my letter to him. [Exit. The Colonel taps louder.

*Fel.* Hark! he grows impatient at your delay.—Why do you hold the man whose absence wou'd oblige you? Pray let me go Madam. Consider the gentleman wants you at the window. Confusion! [Struggles still.

*Vio.* It is not me he wants.

*Fel.* Death! not you! Is there another of your name in the house? But come on, convince me of the truth of what you say; open the window. If his business does not lie with you your conversation may be heard. This, and only this, can take off my suspicion.—What, do you pause? Oh, guilt, guilt! Have I caught you? Nay, then I'll leap the balcony. If I remember this way leads to it.

[Breaks from her, and goes to the door where Isabella is.

*Vio.* "Oh Heaven! what shall I do now!" Hold, hold, hold, hold; not for the world—you enter there.—Which way shall I preserve his sister from his knowledge? [*Aside.*]

*Fel.* What, have I touch'd you? Do you fear your lover's life?

*Vio.* I fear for none but you.—For goodness' sake do not speak so loud my Felix. If my father hear you I am lost for ever; that door opens into his apartment. What shall I do if he enters? There he finds his sister—If he goes out he'll quarrel with the stranger—Felix, Felix!—"Nay, do not struggle to be gone my Felix,—"—"If I open the window he may discover the whole intrigue, and yet of all evils we ought to chuse the least." Your curiosity shall be satisfied. [*Goes to the window and throws up the shutters.*] Whe'er you are that with such insolence dare use my name, and give the neighbourhood pretence to reflect upon my conduct, I charge you instantly to be gone, or expect the treatment you deserve.

*Col.* I ask pardon Madam, and will obey; but when I left this house to-night—

*Fel.* Good!

*Vio.* It is most certainly the stranger. What will be the event of this Heaven knows. [*Aside.*] You are mistaken in the house I suppose Sir.

*Fel.* No, no, he's not mistaken.—Pray Madam let the gentleman go on.

*Vio.* "Wretched misfortune!" Pray be gone Sir, I know of no business you have here.

*Col.* I wish I did not know it neither—But this house contains my soul, then can you blame my body for hovering about it?

*Fel.* Excellent!

*Vio.* "Distraction! He will infallibly discover Isabella." I tell you again you are mistaken; however, for your own satisfaction call to-morrow.

*Fel.* Matchless impudence! An assignation before my face!—No, he shall not live to meet your wishes.

[*Takes out a pistol and goes towards the window; she catches hold of him.*]

*Vio.* Ah! [*Shricks*] hold, I conjure you.

*Col.* To-morrow's an age Madam! may I not be admitted to-night?

*Vio.* If you be a gentleman I command your absence. Unfortunate! what will my stars do with me? [*Aside.*]

*Col.* I have done—only this—be careful of my life, for it is in your keeping. [*Exit from the window.*]

*Fel.* Pray observe the gentleman's request Madam.

[*Walking off from her.*]

*Vio.* I am all confusion.

[*Aside.*]

*Fel.* You are all truth, all love, all faith! oh, thou all woman!—How have I been deceived? 'Sdeath, cou'd you not have impos'd upon me for this one night? Cou'd neither my faithful love, nor the hazard I have run to see you, makeme worthy to be cheated on. Oh, thou—

*Vio.* Can I bear this from you?

[*Weeps.*]

*Fel. Repeats.]* When I left this house to-night—To-night! the devil! return so soon!

*Vio.* Oh Isabella! what hast thou involv'd me in!

[*Aside.*]

*Fel. Repeats.]* This house contains my soul.

*Vio.* Yet I resolve to Keep the Secret.

[*Aside.*]

*Fel. Repeats.]* Be careful of my life, for it is in your keeping.—Damnation!—How ugly she appears!

[*Looking at her.*]

*Vio.* Do not look so sternly on me, but believe me Felix, I have not injur'd you, nor am I false.

*Fel.* Not false, not injur'd me! Oh Violante, lost and abandoned to thy vice! Not false! oh monstrous!

*Vio.* Indeed I am not.—There is a cause which I must not reveal.—Oh, think how far honour can oblige your sex—then allow a Woman may be bound by the same rule to Keep a Secret.

*Fel.* Honour! what hast thou to do with honour, thou that canst admit plurality of lovers? A Secret! ha, ha, ha! his affairs are wondrous safe who trusts his secret to a woman's keeping. But you need give yourself no trouble about clearing this point Madam, for you are become so indifferent to me that your truth and falsehood are the same.

"*Vio.* My love!

[*Offers to take his hand.*]

"*Fel.* My torment!"

[*Turns from her.*]

*Enter FLORA.*

*Flo.* "So I have deliver'd my letter to the Colonel and  
"receiv'd my fee." [*Aside.*] Madam, your father bad me  
see what noise that was.—For goodness sake Sir why do  
you speak so loud!

*Fel.* I understand my cue mistress; my absence is ne-  
cessary; I'll oblige you. [*Going, she takes hold of him.*]

*Vio.* Oh let me undeceive you first!

*Fel.* Impossible!

*Vio.* 'Tis very possible if I durst.

*Fel.* Durst! ha, ha, ha! Durst, quotha!

*Vio.* But another time I'll tell thee all.

*Fel.* Nay, now or never——

*Vio.* Now it cannot be.

*Fel.* Then it shall never be—Thou most ungrateful of  
thy sex farewell. [*Breaks from her, and exits.*]

*Vio.* Oh exquisite trial of my friendship! Yet not even  
this shall draw the Secret from me.

That I'll preserve let Fortune frown or smile,  
And trust to Love my love to reconcile.

[*Exit.*]

### ACT III.

SCENE, a chamber in DON LOPEZ's house.

*Enter DON LOPEZ.*

DON LOPEZ.

WAS ever man thus plagu'd? Odsheart I cou'd swal-  
low my dagger for madness. I know not what to think:  
sure Frederick had no hand in her escape.—She must get  
out of the window, and she could not do that without a  
ladder, and who could bring it to her but him? Ay, it must  
be so. "The dislike he shew'd to Don Guzman in our dis-  
"course to-day confirms my suspicion, and I will charge  
"him home with it. Sure children were given me for a  
"curse! Why, what innumerable misfortunes attend us  
"parents! when we have employ'd our whole care to edu-  
"cate and bring our children up to years of maturity, just  
"when we expect to reap the fruits of our labour, a man  
"shall, in the tinkling of a bell, see one hang'd and t' other  
"whor'd." This graceless baggage!—But I'll to Frede-

rick immediately; I 'll take the Alguazil with me and search his house, and if I find her I 'll use her——by St. Anthony I do n't know how I 'll use her. [Exit.

*The Scene changes to the street.*

Enter COLONEL with ISABELLA's letter in his hand, and GIBBY following.

Col. Well, tho' I could not see my fair incognita Fortune, to make me amends, has flung another intrigue in my way. Oh! how I love these pretty kind coming females that won't give a man the trouble of racking his invention to deceive them.—“Oh Portugal! thou dear garden of “pleasure—where Love drops down his mellow fruit, and “every bough bends to our hands, and seems to cry Come, “pull and eat: how deliciously a man lives here without “fear of the stool of repentance!”—This letter I received from a lady in a veil——some duenna, some necessary implement of Cupid: I suppose the style is frank and easy, I hope like her that writ it. [Reads.] “Sir, I have seen “your person and like it”——very concise——“and if you 'll “meet at four o'clock in the morning upon the *Terriero de passa*, half an hour's conversation will let me into your “mind.”——Ha, ha, ha! a philosophical wench! This is the first time I ever knew a woman had any business with the mind of a man.—“If your intellects answer your outward appearance the adventure may not displease you. I expect “you 'll not attempt to see my face; nor offer any thing unbecoming the gentleman I take you for.”——Humph, the gentleman she takes me for! I hope she takes me to be flesh and blood, and then I 'm sure I shall do nothing unbecoming a gentleman. Well, if I must not see her face it shall go hard if I do n't know where she lives.——Gibby.

Gib. Here an lik yer honour.

Col. Follow me at a good distance, do you hear Gibby?

Gib. In troth dee I, weel enough Sir.

Col. I am to meet a lady upon the *Terriero de passa*.

Gib. The deel an mine cyn gin I ken her Sir.

Col. But you will when you come there sirrah.

Gib. Like enough Sir; I have as sharp an cyn tull a bonny lass as ere a lad in aw Scotland. And what mun I dee wi' her Sir?

*Col.* Why, if she and I part you must watch her home, and bring me word where she lives.

*Gib.* In troth sal I Sir-gin the deel tak her not.

*Col.* Come along then, it is pretty near the time.—I like a woman that rises early to pursue her inclination.

Thus we improve the pleasures of the day

Whilst tasteless mortals sleep their time away.

[*Exit.*]

*Scene changes to FREDERICK'S house.*

*Enter INIS and LISSARDO.*

*Liss.* Your lady run away, and you know not whither, say you?

*Inis.* She never greatly car'd for me after finding you and I together. But you are very grave methinks Lissardo.

*Liss.* [Looking on the ring.] Not at all—I have some thoughts indeed of altering my course of living: there is a critical minute in every man's life, which if he can but lay hold of he may make his fortune.

*Inis.* Ha! what do I see? A diamond ring! Where the deuce had he that ring? You have got a very pretty ring there Lissardo.

*Liss.* Ay, the trifle is pretty enough—but the lady which gave it to me is a *bona roba* in beauty I assure you.

[*Cocks his hat and struts.*]

*Inis.* I can't bear this.—The lady! what lady pray?

*Liss.* O fy! there's a question to ask a gentleman.

*Inis.* A gentleman! why the fellow's spoil'd! Is this your love for me? Ungrateful man! you'll break my heart, so you will.

[*Bursts into tears.*]

*Liss.* Poor tender-hearted fool!—

*Inis.* If I knew who gave you that ring I'd tear her eyes out, so I wou'd.

[*Sobs.*]

*Liss.* So now the jade wants a little coaxing. Why, what dost weep for now my dear? ha!

*Inis.* I suppose Flora gave you that ring; but I'll—

*Liss.* No, the devil take me if she did: you make me swear now.—So they are all for the ring, but I shall bob 'em.—I did but joke; the ring is none of mine, it is my master's; I am to give it to be new set, that's all; therefore prithee dry thy eyes and kiss me; come.

*Enter FLORA.*

*Inis.* And do you really speak truth now?

*Liff.* Why, do you doubt it?

*Flo.* So so, very well! I thought there was an intrigue between him and Inis, for all he has forsworn it so often.

[*Aside.*

*Inis.* Nor ha' n't you seen Flora since you came to town.

*Flo.* Ha! how dares she name my name? [*Aside.*

*Liff.* No, by this kiss I ha' n't. [*Kisses her.*

*Flo.* Here's a dissembling varlet! [*Aside.*

*Inis.* Nor do n't you love her at all?

*Liff.* Love the devil! Why, did I not always tell thee she was my aversion?

*Flo.* Did you so, villain? [*Strikes him a box on the ear.*

*Liff.* Zounds, she here! I have made a fine spot of work on 't. [*Aside.*

*Inis.* What's that for? ha! [*Brushes up to her.*

*Flo.* I shall tell you by and by Mrs. Frippery, if you do n't get about your business.

*Inis.* Who do you call Frippery, Mrs. Trollop? Pray get about your business if you go to that. I hope you pretend to no right and title here.

*Liff.* What the devil! do they take me for an acre of land that they quarrel about right and title to me? [*Aside.*

*Flo.* Pray what right have you mistress to ask that question?

*Inis.* No matter for that, I can shew a better title to him than you I believe.

*Flo.* What, has he given thee nine months earnest for a living title? ha, ha!

*Inis.* Do n't sling your flaunting jests at me Mrs. Bold-face, for I won't take 'em I assure you.

*Liff.* So! now I am as great as the fam'd Alexander. But my dear Statira and Roxana, do n't exert yourselves so much about me. Now I fancy if you wou'd agree lovingly together I might in a modest way satisfy both your demands upon me.

*Flo.* You satisfy! no firrah, I am not to be satisfied so soon as you think perhaps.

*Inis.* No, nor I neither.—What! do you make no difference between us?

*Flo.* You pitiful fellow you! What! you fancy I warrant that I gave myself the trouble of dogging you out of love to your filthy person, but you are mistaken firrah—



it was to detect your treachery.—How often have you sworn to me that you hated Inis, and only carried fair for the good cheer she gave you, but that you could never like a woman with crooked legs you said?

*Inis.* How, how firrah, crooked legs! Ods I could find in my heart—— [*Snatching up her petticoat a little.*]

*Liss.* Here's a lying young jade now! Prithce my dear moderate thy passion. [*Coaxingly.*]

*Inis.* I'd have you to know firrah my legs was never—Your master I hope understands legs better than you do firrah. [*Passionately.*]

*Liss.* My master! so, so. [*Shaking his head and winking.*]

*Flo.* I am glad I have done some mischief however.

[*Aside.*]

*Liss.* To *Inis.*] Art thou really so foolish to mind what an enrag'd woman says! Do n't you see she does it on purpose to part you and I? [*Runs to Flora.*] Could not you find the joke without putting yourself in a passion, you silly girl you! Why, I saw you follow us plain enough mun, and said all this that you might not go back with only your labour for your pains.—But you are a revengeful young flat though, I tell you that; but come, kifs and be friends.

*Flo.* Do n't think to coax me; hang your kisses.

*Fel. within.*] Lissardo.

*Liss.* Odsheart here's my master. The devil take both these jades for me; what shall I do with them?

*Inis.* Ha! 'tis Don Felix's voice; I would not have him find me here with his footman for the world. [*Aside.*]

*Fel. within.*] Why, Lissardo, Lissardo!

*Liss.* Coming Sir. What a pox will you do?

*Flo.* Bless me, which way shall I get out?

*Liss.* Nay, nay, you must e'en set your quarrel aside, and be content to be mew'd up in this clothes-press together, or stay where you are and face it out—there is no help for it.

*Flo.* Put me any where rather than that; come, come, let me in. [*He opens the press and she goes in.*]

*Inis.* I'll see her hang'd before I'll go into the place where she is.—I'll trust Fortune with my deliverance. Here us'd to be a pair of back stairs, I'll try to find them out. [*Exit.*]

*Enter FELIX and FREDERICK.*

*Fel.* Was you asleep sirrah, that you did not hear me call?

*Liff.* I did hear you, and answer'd you I was coming Sir.

*Fel.* Go, get the horses ready; I'll leave Lisbon to-night, never to see it more.

*Liff.* Hey day! what 's the matter now? [Exit.

*Fred.* Pray tell me Don Felix what has ruffled your temper thus?

*Fel.* A woman—Oh friend! who can name woman and forget inconstancy!

*Fred.* This from a person of mean education were excusable; such low suspicions have their source from vulgar conversation; men of your politer taste never rashly censure.—Come, this is some groundless jealousy.—Love raises many fears.

*Fel.* No, no; my ears convey'd the truth into my heart, and reason justifies my anger. Oh my friend! Violante 's false, and I have nothing left but thee in Lisbon which can make me wish ever to see it more, except revenge upon my rival, of whom I 'm ignorant. Oh that some miracle wou'd reveal him to me, that I might through his heart punish her infidelity!

*Enter LISSARDO.*

*Liff.* Oh Sir! here 's your father Don Lopez coming up.

*Fel.* Does he know that I am here?

*Liff.* I can't tell Sir, he ask'd for Don Frederick.

*Fred.* Did he see you?

*Liff.* I believe not Sir, for as soon as I saw him I ran back to give my master notice.

*Fel.* Keep out of his sight then—and dear Frederick permit me to retire into the next room, for I know the old gentleman will be very much displeased at my return without his leave. [Exit.

*Fred.* Quick, quick, begone, he is here.

*Enter DON LOPEZ, speaking as he enters.*

*Lop.* Mr. Alguazil, wait you without till I call for you. Frederick, an affair brings me here—which—requires privacy—so that if you have any body within earshot pray order them to retire.

*Fred.* We are private my Lord, speak freely.

*Lop.* Why then Sir I must tell you that you had better have pitch'd upon any man in Portugal to have injur'd than myself.

"*Fel. peeping.* ] What means my father?"

*Fred.* I understand you not my Lord.

*Lop.* Tho' I am old I have a son—Alas! why name I him? he knows not the dishonour of my house.

"*Fel.* I am confounded! The dishonour of his house!"

*Fred.* Explain yourself my Lord, I am not conscious of any dishonourable action to any man, much less to your Lordship.

*Lop.* 'Tis false; you have debauch'd my daughter.

"*Fel.* Debauch'd my sister! impossible! he could not, durst not, be that villain?"

*Fred.* My Lord I scorn so foul a charge.

*Lop.* You have debauch'd her duty at least, therefore instantly restore her to me, or by St. Anthony I'll make you.

*Fred.* Restore her my Lord! where shall I find her?

*Lop.* I have those that will swear she is here in your house.

"*Fel.* Ha! in this house!"

*Fred.* You are misinform'd my Lord! Upon my reputation I have not seen Donna Isabella since the absence of Don Felix.

*Lop.* Then pray Sir—if I am not too inquisitive, what motive had you for those objections you made against her marriage with Don Guzman yesterday?

*Fred.* The disagreeableness of such a match I fear'd would give your daughter cause to curse her duty if she comply'd with your demands; that was all my Lord.

*Lop.* And so you help'd her thro' the window to make her disobey.

"*Fel.* Ha, my sister gone! oh scandal to our blood!"

*Fred.* This is insulting me my Lord, when I assure you I have neither seen nor know any thing of your daughter. —If she is gone the contrivance was her own, and you may thank your rigour for it.

*Lop.* Very well Sir; however, my rigour shall make bold to search your house. Here, call in the Alguazil—

*Flo. peeping.*] The Alguazil! What in the name wonder will become of me?

*Fred.* The Alguazil! My Lord you 'll repent this.

*Enter ALGUAZIL and Attendants.*

*Lop.* No Sir, 't is you that will repent it. I charge you in the king's name to assist me in finding my daughter.—Be sure you leave no part of the house unsearch'd. Come, follow me.

*[Gets towards the door where Felix is: Frederick draws, and plants himself before the door.]*

*Fred.* Sir, I must first know by what authority you pretend to search my house before you enter here.

*Alg.* How! Sir, dare you presume to draw your sword upon the representative of majesty? I am Sir, I am his majesty's Alguazil, and the very quintessence of authority—therefore put up your sword, or I shall order you to be knock'd down—for know Sir the breath of an Alguazil is as dangerous as the breath of a demi-culverin.

*Lop.* She is certainly in that room by his guarding the door.—If he disputes your authority knock him down I say.

*Fred.* I shall shew you some sport first. The woman you look for is not here; but there is something in this room which I 'll preserve from your sight at the hazard of my life.

*Lop.* Enter I say, nothing but my daughter can be there.—Force his sword from him.

*[Felix comes out and joins Frederick.]*

*Fel.* Villains, stand off! assassinate a man in his own house!

*Lop.* Oh, oh, oh, misericordia! what do I see? my son!

*Alg.* Ha, his son! Here 's five hundred pounds good my brethren if Antonio dies, and that 's in the surgeon's power, and he 's in love with my daughter you know, so seize him.—“Don Felix, I command you to surrender yourself into the hands of justice in order to raise me and my posterity; and in consideration you lose your head to gain me five hundred pounds, I 'll have your generosity recorded on your tombstone—at my own proper cost and charge—I hate to be ungrateful.”

*Lop.* Hold, hold! Oh that ever I was born!

*Fred.* Did I not tell you you would repent my Lord?

What, ho! within there. [*Enter servants.*] Arm yourselves, and let not a man in nor out but Felix.

*Fel.* Generous Frederick!

*Fred.* Look ye Alguazil, when you would betray my friend for filthy lucre I shall no more regard you as an officer of justice, but as a thief and robber thus resist you.

*Fel.* Come on Sir, we'll shew you 'play for the five hundred pounds.

"*Alg.* Fall on, seize the money, right or wrong, ye rogues."

[*They fight.*]

*Lop.* Hold, hold, Alguazil, I'll give you the five hundred pounds, that is, my bond to pay upon Antonio's death, and twenty pistoles, however things go, for you and these honest fellows to drink my health.

*Alg.* Say you so my Lord! Why, look ye my Lord, I bear the young gentleman no illwill my Lord. If I get but the five hundred pounds my Lord—why, look ye my Lord—'tis the same thing to me whether your son be hang'd or not my Lord.

*Fel.* Scoundrels!——

*Lop.* Ay, well thou art a good-natur'd fellow, that is the truth on't.—Come then, we'll to the tavern, and sign and seal this minute. Oh Felix! why wouldst thou serve me thus—But I cannot upbraid thee now, nor have I time to talk. Be careful of thyself, or thou wilt break my heart.

[*Exit Lopez, Alguazil, and Attendants.*]

*Fel.* Now Frederick, though I ought to thank you for your care of me, yet till I am satisfied as to my father's accusation, for I overheard it all, I can't return the acknowledgments I owe you. Know you aught relating to my sister?

*Fred.* I hope my faith and truth are known to you—and here by both I swear I am ignorant of every thing relating to your father's charge.

*Fel.* Enough, I do believe thee. Oh Fortune! where will thy malice end?

*Enter VASQUEZ.*

*Vasq.* Sir, I bring you joyful news.

*Fel.* What's the matter?

*Vasq.* I am told that Don Antonio is out of danger, and now in the palace.

*Fel.* I wish it be true, then I'm at liberty to watch my rival and pursue my sister. Prithce Frederick inform thyself of the truth of this report.

*Fred.* I will this minute.—Do you hear, let nobody in to Don Felix till my return. [Exit.

*Vasq.* I'll observe Sir. [Exit.

*Flo. Peeping.]* They have almost frighted me out of my wits—I'm sure—Now Felix is alone, I have a good mind to pretend I came with a message from my lady; but how then shall I say I came into the cupboard?

*Enter VASQUEZ, seeming to oppose the entrance of somebody.*

*Ser.* I tell you Madam, Don Felix is not here.

*Vio. within.]* I tell you Sir he is here, and I will see him.

*Fel. What noise is that?*

*Vio. breaking in.]* You are as difficult of access Sir as a first minister of state.

*Flo.* My stars! my Lady here! [Shuts the press close.

*Fel.* If your visit was design'd to Frederick Madam, he is abroad.

*Vio.* No Sir, the visit is to you.

*Fel.* You are very punctual in your ceremonies Madam.

*Vio.* Tho' I did not come to return your visit, but to take that which your civility ought to have brought me.

*Fel.* If my ears; my eyes, and my understanding, ly'd, then I am in your debt, else not Madam.

*Vio.* I will not charge them with a term so gross to say they ly'd, but call it a mistake, nay, call it any thing to excuse my Felix.—Cou'd I, think ye, cou'd I put off my pride so far poorly to dissemble a passion which I did not feel, or seek a reconciliation with what I did not love? “Do but consider, if I had entertained another shou'd not I rather embrace this quarrel, pleas'd with the occasion that rid me of your visits, and gave me freedom to enjoy the choice which you think I have made? Have I any interest in thee but my love? or am I bound by “ought but inclination to submit and follow thee?”—No law whilst single binds us to obey; but your sex are, “by nature and education,” obliged to pay a deference to all womankind.

*Fel.* These are fruitless arguments. 'Tis most certain

thou wert dearer to these eyes than all that Heav'n e'er gave to charm the sense of man; but I would rather tear them out than suffer them to delude my reason and enslave my peace.

*Vio.* Can you love without esteem? and where is the esteem for her you still suspect? Oh Felix! there is a delicacy—in love which equals even a religious faith! True love never doubts the object it adores, and skepticks there will disbelieve their sight.

\* *Fel.* Your notions are too refined for mine Madam.

*Enter VASQUEZ.*

*Fel.* How now sirrah, what do you want?

*Vasq.* Only my master's cloak out of this press Sir, that is all.

*Fel.* Make haste then.

*[Vasq. opens the press, sees Flora, and roars out.*

Oh! the devil! the devil!

*[Exit.*

*Flo.* Discover'd! nay, then, legs befriend me.

*[Flora runs out.*

*Vio.* Ha! a woman conceal'd! very well Felix!

*Fel.* A woman in the press! *[Enter Lissardo.]* How the devil came a woman there sirrah?

*Liss.* What shall I say now?

*Vio.* Now Lissardo, shew your wit to bring your master off.

*Liss.* Off Madam! Nay, nay, nay, there, there needs no great wit to, to, to, bring him off Madam; for she did, and she did not come as, as, as, a, a, a, man may say directly to, to, to, to, speak with my master Madam.

*Vio.* I see by your stammering, Lissardo, that your invention is at a very low ebb.

*Fel.* 'Sdeath, rascal! speak without hesitation, and the truth too, or I shall stick my spado in your guts.

*Vio.* No, no, your master mistakes; he wou'd not have you speak the truth.

*Fel.* Madam, my sincerity wants no excuse.

*Liss.* I am so confounded between one and the other that I can't think of a lie. *[Aside.*

*Fel.* Sirrah! fetch me this woman back instantly; I'll know what business she had here.

*Vio.* Not a step; your master shall not be put to the

blush.—Come, a truce Felix. Do you ask me no more questions about the window and I'll forgive this.

*Fel.* I scorn forgiveness where I own no crime; but your soul, conscious of its guilt, wou'd fain lay hold of this occasion to blend your treason with my innocence.

*Vio.* Insolent! Nay, if instead of owning your fault you endeavour to insult my patience, I must tell you Sir you do n't behave yourself like that man of honour you wou'd be taken for; you ground your quarrel with me upon your own inconstancy; 't is plain you are false yourself, and wou'd make me the aggressor.—It was not for nothing the fellow opposed my entrance.—This last usage has given me back my liberty, and now my father's will shall be obeyed without the least reluctance; and so your servant. [*Exit.*]

*Fel.* Oh, stubborn, stubborn, heart! what wilt thou do? Her father's will shall be obeyed; ha! that carries her to a cloyster, and cuts off all my hopes at once.—By Heaven she shall not, must not, leave me. No, she is not false, at least my love now represents her true, because I fear to lose her. Havillain! art thou here? [*Turns upon Liffardo.*] tell me this moment who this woman was, and for what intent she was here concealed—or—

*Liff.* Ay, good Sir! forgive me, and I'll tell you the whole truth. [*Falls on his knees.*]

*Fel.* Out with it then——

*Liff.* It, it, it, was Mrs. Flora Sir, Donna Violante's woman. You must know Sir we have had a sneaking kindness for one another a great while—she was not willing you should know it, so when she heard your voice she ran into the clothes-press. I wou'd have told you this at first, but I was afraid of her lady's knowing it. This is the truth, as I hope for a whole skin Sir.

*Fel.* If it be not I'll not leave you a whole bone in it sirrah.—Fly, and observe if Violante goes directly home.

*Liff.* Yes Sir, yes.

*Fel.* Fly you dog, fly. [*Exit Liff.*] I must convince her of my faith. Oh! how irresolute is a lover's heart! "My" "repentments cool'd when her's grew high—nor can I" "struggle longer with my fate; I cannot quit her, no, I



"cannot, so absolute a conquest has she gained."—How absolute a woman's power!

In vain we strive their tyranny to quit,  
In vain we struggle, for we must submit.

[Exit Felix.]

SCENE, *the Terriero de passa.*

*Enter COLONEL, and ISABELLA veil'd, GIBBY at a distance.*

*Col.* Then you say it is impossible for me to wait of you home Madam.

*Ifab.* I say it is inconsistent with my circumstances Colonel, and that way impossible for me to admit of it.

*Col.* Consent to go with me then.—I lodge at one Don Frederick's, a merchant just by here; he is a very honest fellow, and I dare confide in his secrecy.

*Ifab.* Ha! does he lodge there? Pray Heaven I am not discover'd!

[*Aside.*]

*Col.* What say you my charmer? shall we breakfast together? I have some of the best tea in the universe.

*Ifab.* Puh! tea! is that the best treat you can give a lady at your lodgings Colonel?

*Col.* Well hinted———No, no, no, I have other things at thy service child.

*Ifab.* What are those things pray?

*Col.* My heart, soul, and body, into the bargain.

*Ifab.* Has the last no encumbrance upon it? Can you make a clear title Colonel?

*Col.* All freehold child, and I'll afford thee a very good bargain.

[*Embraces her.*]

*Gib.* O' my fal! they mak muckle words about it. He fair weary with standing, he e'en tak a sleep. [*Lies down.*]

*Ifab.* If I take a lease it must be for life Colonel.

*Col.* Thou shalt have me as long or as little time as thou wilt my dear. Come, let's to my lodging, and we'll sign and seal this minute.

*Ifab.* Oh, not so fast Colonel! there are many things to be adjusted before the lawyer and the parson comes.

*Col.* The lawyer and parson! No, no, ye little rogue, we can finish our affairs without the help of the law——or the gospel.

*Ifab.* Indeed but we can't Colonel.

*Col.* Indeed! why hast thou then trepann'd me out

of my warm bed this morning for nothing? Why, this is shewing a man half-famish'd a well-furnish'd larder, then clapping a padlock on the door till you starve him quite.

*Isab.* If you can find in your heart to say grace Colonel you shall keep the key.

*Col.* I love to see my meat before I give thanks Madam; therefore uncover thy face child and I'll tell thee more of my mind——if I like you——

*Isab.* I dare not risk my reputation upon your *ifs* Colonel, and so adieu. [Going.]

*Col.* Nay, nay, nay, we must not part.

*Isab.* As you ever hope to see me more suspend your curiosity now; one step farther loses me for ever.——Shew yourself a man of honour, and you shall find me a woman of honour. [Exit.]

*Col.* Well, for once I'll trust to a blind bargain Madam—[*Kisses her hand and parts.*] But I shall be too cunning for your ladyship if Gibby observes my orders. Methinks these intrigues which relate to the mind are very insipid.——The conversation of bodies is much more diverting.——Ha! what do I see? my rascal asleep! Sirrah, did not I charge you to watch the lady? and is it thus you observe my orders ye dog? [*Kicks him all this while, and he struggles, and rubs his eyes, and yawns.*]

*Gib.* That's true an like yer honour; but I thought that when yence ye had her in yer ane hands ye might a' ordered her yer sel weel enough without me, en ye ken, an like yer honour.

*Col.* Sirrah, hold your impertinent tongue, and make haste after her. If you do n't bring me some account of her never dare to see my face again. [Exit.]

*Gib.* Ay, this is bonny wark indeed! to run three hundred mile to this wicked town, and before I can weel fill my weam to be sent a whore-hunting after this black she devil,—What gate sal I gang to speer for this wutch now? Ah for a ruling elder—or the kirk's treasurer—or his mon—I'd gar my master mak twa o' this—but I am sure there's na sick honest people here, or there wud na be sa mickle sculdudrie\*.

\* Fornication.

*Enter an English Soldier passing along.*

*Gib.* Geud mon did you see a woman, a lady, ony gate hereawa e'en now?

*Eng. man.* Yes, a great many. What kind of a woman is it you inquire after?

*Gib.* Geud troth she's na ken-speckle, she's aw in a cloud.

*Eng. man.* What! 't is some Highland monster which you brought over with you I suppose; I see no such, not I. Ken-speckle quotha!

*Gib.* Huly, huly, mon; the deil pike out yer een, and then ye'll see the bater, ye Portigife tike.

*Eng. man.* What says the fellow? [*Turning to Gibby.*]

*Gib.* Say! I say I am a bater fellow than e'er stude upon yer shanks——and gin I heer mair o' yer din deil o' my faul Sir but Ise crack yer croon.

*Eng. man.* Get you gone you Scotch rascal, and thank your Heathen dialect, which I do n't understand, that you ha' n't your bones broke.

*Gib.* Ay! an ye dinna understand a Scotsman's tongue, He see gin ye can understand a Scotsman's gripe. Wha's the bater mon now Sir? [*Lays hold of him, strikes up his heels, and gets astride over him.*]

*Here Violante crosses the stage, Gibby jumps up from the man, and brushes up to Violante.*

*Gib.* I vow Madam but I am glad that ye and I are foregather'd.

*Vio.* What wou'd the fellow have?

*Gib.* Nothing; away Madam; wo worthy yer heart, what a muckle deal o' mischief had you like to bring upon poor Gibby!

*Vio.* The man's drunk——

*Gib.* In troth am I not——And gin I had na found ye Madam, the Laird knows when I should; for my maister bad me ne'er gang hame without tydings of ye Madam.

*Vio.* Sirrah! get about your business, or I'll have your bones drubb'd.

*Gib.* Geud faith my maister has e'en done that t' yer honnds Madam.

*Vio.* Who is your master Sir?

*Gib.* Mony a nee speers the gate they ken right weel; it is no fa lang sen ye parted wi' him. I wish he ken ye hafe as weel as ye ken him.

*Vio.* Pugh! the creature's mad, or mistakes me for somebody else; and I should be as mad as he to talk to him any longer.

[*Violante enters Don Pedro's house*

*Enter LISSARDO at the upper end of the stage.*

*Liss.* So she's gone home I see. What did that Scots fellow want with her? I'll try to find it out; perhaps I may discover something that may make my master friends with me again.

*Gib.* Are ye gone Madam? a deil scope in yer company, for I'm as weese as I was. But I'll bide and see wha's house it is, gin I can meet with ony civil body to speer at.—“Weel, of aw men in the world I think our  
“Scotsmen the greatest feuls to leave their weel-favour'd  
“honest women at hame to rin walloping after a pack of  
“gycarlings here that shame to shew their faces, and peur  
“men like me are forc'd to be their pimps. A pimp!  
“Godswarbit, Gibby's ne'er be a pimp—and yet in  
“troth it's a thriving trade; I remember a countrimon  
“o' my anc that by ganging o' sick like errants as I am  
“now came to get preferment.” My lad, wot ye wha lives here?

[*Turns and sees Lissardo.*

*Liss.* Don Pedro de Mendosa.

*Gib.* And did you see a lady gang in but now?

*Liss.* Yes I did.

*Gib.* And d' ye ken her tee?

*Liss.* It was Donna Violante, his daughter. What the devil makes him so inquisitive? here is something in it, that is certain. [*Aside.*] 'Tis a cold morning brother, what think you of a dram?

*Gib.* In troth very weel Sir.

*Liss.* You seem an honest fellow; prithee let's drink to our better acquaintance.

*Gib.* Wi' aw my heart Sir; gang your gate to the next house and I'll follow ye.

*Liss.* Come along then.

[*Exit.*

*Gib.* Don Pedro de Mendosa!—Donna Violante, his daughter!—that's as right as my leg now—I'll need na mare; I'll tak a drink, and then to my maister.—

I'll bring him news will mak his heart full blee;

Gin he rewards it not deil pimp for me!

[*Exit.*

## ACT IV.

SCENE, VIOLANTE'S lodgings.

*Enter ISABELLA in a gay temper, and VIOLANTE out of humour.*

ISABELLA.

MY dear! I have been seeking you this half hour to tell you the most lucky adventure.

*Vio.* And you have pitched upon the most unlucky hour for it that you could possibly have found in the whole four-and-twenty.

*Ifab.* Hang unlucky hours! I wont think of them; I hope all my misfortunes are past.

*Vio.* And mine all to come.

*Ifab.* I have seen the man I like.

*Vio.* And I have seen the man that I could wish to hate.

*Ifab.* And you must assist me in discovering whether he can like me or not.

*Vio.* You have assisted me in such a discovery already, I thank ye.

*Ifab.* What say you my dear?

*Vio.* I say I am very unlucky at discoveries *Ifabella*; I have too lately made one pernicious to my case: your brother is false.

*Ifab.* Impossible!

*Vio.* Most true.

*Ifab.* Some villain has traduc'd him to you.

*Vio.* No, *Ifabella*; I love too well to trust the eyes of others; I never credit the illjudging world, or form suspicions upon vulgar censures; no, I had ocular proof of his ingratitude.

*Ifab.* Then I am most unhappy. My brother was the only pledge of faith betwixt us; if he has forfeited your favour I have no title to your friendship.

*Vio.* You wrong my friendship *Ifabella*; your own merit entitles you to every thing within my power.

*Ifab.* Generous maid!—But may I not know what grounds you have to think my brother false?

*Vio.* Another time.—But tell me *Ifabella*, how can I serve you?

*Ifab.* Thus then—The gentleman that brought me hither I have seen and talk'd with upon the *Terriera de passa*

this morning, and I find him a man of sense, generosity, and good humour; in short he is every thing that I could like for a husband, and I have dispatch'd Mrs. Flora to bring him hither: I hope you 'll forgive the liberty I have taken.

*Vio.* Hither! to what purpose?

*Ifab.* To the great universal purpose, matrimony.

*Vio.* Matrimony! why, do you design to ask him?

*Ifab.* No Violante, you must do that for me.

*Vio.* I thank you for the favour you design me, but desire to be excus'd: I manage my own affairs too ill to be trusted with those of other people; "besides, if my father should find a stranger here it might make him hurry me into a monastery immediately." I can't for my life admire your conduct, to encourage a person altogether unknown to you.—'Twas very imprudent to meet him this morning, but much more so to send for him hither, knowing what inconveniency you have already drawn upon me.

*Ifab.* I am not insensible how far my misfortunes have embarrass'd you; and if you please sacrifice my quiet to your own.

*Vio.* Unkindly urg'd!—Have I not preferr'd your happiness to every thing that 's dear to me?

*Ifab.* I know thou hast—then do not deny me this last request, when a few hours perhaps may render my condition able to clear thy fame, and bring my brother to thy feet for pardon.

*Vio.* I wish you do n't repent of this intrigue. I suppose he knows you are the same woman that he brought in here last night.

*Ifab.* Not a syllable of that; I met him veil'd, and to prevent his knowing the house I order'd Mrs. Flora to bring him by the backdoor into the garden.

*Vio.* The very way which Felix comes; if they should meet there would be fine work.—Indeed my dear I can't approve of your design.

*Enter FLORA.*

*Flo.* Madam, the Colonel waits your pleasure.

*Vio.* How durst you go upon such a message Mistress without acquainting me?

*Flo.* So I am to be buff'd for every thing.

*Ifab.* 'Tis too late to dispute that now dear Violante; I acknowledge the rashness of the action—but consider the necessity of my deliverance.

*Vio.* That indeed is a weighty consideration: well, what am I to do?

*Ifab.* In the next room I'll give you instructions.—In the mean-time Mrs. Flora shew the Colonel into this.

[*Exit Flora one way, and Isabella and Violante another.*]

*Reenter FLORA with the COLONEL.*

*Flo.* The lady will wait on you presently Sir. [*Exit.*]

*Col.* Very well—This is a very fruitful soil. I have not been here quite four-and-twenty hours, and I have three intrigues upon my hands already; but I hate the chase without partaking of the game. [*Enter Violante veil'd.*] Ha! a fine siz'd woman—pray Heaven she proves handsome—I am come to obey your ladyship's commands.

*Vio.* Are you sure of that Colonel?

*Col.* If you be not very unreasonable indeed Madam. A man is but a man. [*Takes her hand and kisses it.*]

*Vio.* Nay, we have no time for compliments Colonel.

*Col.* I understand you Madam—*Montrez moi votre chambre.* [*Takes her in his arms.*]

*Vio.* Nay, nay, hold Colonel; my bedchamber is not to be enter'd without a certain purchase.

*Col.* Purchase! humph, this is some kept mistress I suppose, who industriously lets out her leisure hours. [*Aside.*] Look ye Madam, you must consider we soldiers are not overstock'd with money—but we make ample satisfaction in love; we have a world of courage upon our hands now you know—then prithee use a conscience, and I'll try if my pocket can come up to your price.

*Vio.* Nay, do n't give yourself the trouble of drawing your purse Colonel, my design is levell'd at your person, if that be at your own disposal.

*Col.* Ay, that it is faith Madam! and I'll settle it as firmly upon thee—

*Vio.* As law can do it.

*Col.* Hang law in love affairs; thou shalt have right and title to it out of pure inclination.—A matrimonial hint again. “Gad, I fancy the women have a project on foot “to transplant the union into Portugal.” [*Aside.*]

*Vio.* Then you have an aversion to matrimony Colonel. Did you never see a woman in all your travels that you could like for a wife?

• *Col.* A very odd question.—Do you really expect that I should speak truth now?

*Vio.* I do, if you expect to be dealt with Colonel.

-- • *Col.* Why then———Yes.

*Vio.* Is she in your country or this?

*Col.* This is a very pretty kind of a catechism: “but I don’t conceive which way it turns to edification.” In this town I believe Madam.

*Vio.* Her name is———

*Col.* Ay, how is she call’d Madam?

*Vio.* Nay, I ask you that Sir?

*Col.* Oh, oh, why she is call’d—Pray Madam how is it you spell your name?

*Vio.* Oh Colonel I am not the happy woman, nor do I wish it.

*Col.* No; I’m sorry for that.—What the devil does she mean by all these questions? [*Aside.*]

*Vio.* Come Colonel, for once be sincere—perhaps you may not repent it.

*Col.* This is like to be but a silly adventure, here’s so much sincerity required. [*Aside.*] Faith Madam I have an inclination to sincerity, but I’m afraid you’ll call my manners in question.

• *Vio.* Not at all; I prefer truth before compliment in this affair.

*Col.* Why then, to be plain with you Madam, a lady last night wounded my heart by a fall from a window, whose person I could be content to take, as my father took my mother, till death do us part—but whom she is, or how distinguish’d, whether maid, wife, or widow, I can’t inform you; perhaps you are she.

*Vio.* Not to keep you in suspense, I am not she, but I can give you an account of her. That lady is a maid of condition, has ten thousand pounds, and if you are a single man her person and fortune are at your service.

*Col.* I accept the offer with the highest transports; but say, my charming angel! art thou not she? [*Offers to embrace her.*] “This is a lucky adventure.” [*Aside.*]



*Vio.* Once again Colonel I tell you I am not she—but at six this evening you shall find her on the *Terriero de passa* with a white handkerchief in her hand. Get a priest ready, and you know the rest.

*Col.* I shall infallibly observe your directions Madam.

*Enter FLORA hastily, and whispers VIOLANTE, who starts and seems surpris'd.*

*Vio.* Ha! Felix crossing the garden say you; what shall I do now?

*Col.* You seem surpris'd Madam.

*Vio.* Oh Colonel my father is coming hither, and if he finds you here I am ruin'd.

*Col.* Odlife Madam, thrust me any where. Can't I go out this way?

*Vio.* No, no, no, he comes that way. How shall I prevent their meeting? Here, here, step into my bedchamber—

*Col.* Oh, the best place in the world Madam!

*Vio.* And be still, as you value her you love. Do n't stir till you 'ave notice, as ever you hope to have her in your arms.

*Col.* On that condition I'll not breathe. [*Exit Col.*  
*Enter FELIX.*

*Fel.* I wonder where this dog of a servant is all this while—but she is at home I find—How coldly she regards me.—You look Violante as if the sight of me were troublesome to you.

*Vio.* Can I do otherwise when you have the assurance to approach me after what I saw to-day?

*Fel.* Assurance! rather call it good nature, after what I heard last night. But such regard to honour have I in my love to you I cannot bear to be suspected, “nor suffer you to entertain false notions of my truth without “endeavouring to convince you of my innocence;” so much good nature have I more than you Violante.—Pray give me leave to ask your woman one question; my man assures me she was the person you saw at my lodgings.

*Flo.* I confess it Madam, and ask your pardon.

*Vio.* Impudent baggage! not to undeceive me sooner; what business cou'd you have there?

*Fel.* Lissardo and she it seems imitate you and I.

*Flo.* I love to follow the example of my betters Madam.

*Fel.* I hope I am justified—

*Vio.* Since we are to part Felix, there needs no justification.

*Fel.* Methinks you talk of parting as a thing indifferent to you. Can you forget how I have lov'd?

*Vio.* I wish I could forget my own passion, I shou'd with less concern remember your's.—But for Mistress Flora—

*Fel.* You must forgive her.—Must, did I say? I fear I have no power to impose, though the injury was done to me.

*Vio.* 'Tis harder to pardon an injury done to what we love than to ourselves; but at your request Felix I do forgive her. Go watch my father Flora, lest he should awake and surprise us.

*Flo.* Yes Madam.

[Exit Flora.

*Fel.* Dost thou then love me Violante?

*Vio.* What need of repetition from my tongue when every look confesses what you ask?

*Fel.* Oh, let no man judge of love but those who feel it; what wondrous magick lies in one kind look!—One tender word destroys a lover's rage, and melts his fiercest passion into soft complaint. Oh, the window Violante, wouldst thou but clear that one suspicion!

*Vio.* Prithce no more of that my Felix; a little time shall bring thee perfect satisfaction.

*Fel.* Well Violante, on condition you think no more of a monastery I'll wait with patience for this mighty secret.

*Vio.* Ah Felix, love generally gets the better of religion in us women. Resolutions made in the heat of passion ever dissolve upon reconciliation.

*Enter FLORA hastily.*

*Flo.* Oh Madam, Madam, Madam! my lord your father has been in the garden, and lock'd the backdoor, and comes muttering to himself this way.

*Vio.* Then we are caught. Now Felix we are undone.

*Fel.* Heavens forbid! This is most unlucky! Let me slip into your bedchamber, he won't look under the bed;

there I may conceal myself. [*Runs to the door, and pushes it open a little.*]

*Vio.* My stars! if he goes in there he'll find the Colonel.——No, no, Felix, that 's no safe place; my father often goes thither, and should you cough or sneeze we are lost.

*Fel.* Either my eye deceiv'd me or I saw a man within; I'll watch him close.

*Flo.* Oh invention, invention! I have it Madam. Here, here, Sir, off with your sword, and I'll fetch you a disguise. [*Exit Flora.*]

*Fel.* She shall deal with the devil if she conveys him out without my knowledge.

*Vio.* Bless me, how I tremble!

*Enter FLORA with a riding hood.*

*Flo.* Here Sir put on this.

*Fel.* Ay, ay, any thing to avoid Don Pedro.

[*She puts it on.*]

*Vio.* Oh, quick, quick! I shall die with apprehension.

*Flo.* Be sure you do n't speak a word.

*Fel.* Not for the Indies——but I shall observe you closer than you imagine. [*Aside.*]

*Pedro. within.]* Violante, where are you child? [*Enter Don Pedro.*] Why, how came the garden-door open? Ha! how now! who have we here?

*Vio.* Humph, he'll certainly discover him. [*Aside.*]

*Flo.* 'Tis my mother and please you Sir.

[*She and Felix both courtesy.*]

*Pedro.* Your mother! by St. Andrew she 's a strapper! why you are a dwarf to her.——How many children have you good woman?

*Vio.* Oh! if he speaks we are lost. [*Aside.*]

*Flo.* Oh! dear senior, she cannot hear you; she has been deaf these twenty years.

*Ped.* Alas, poor woman!——Why, you muffle her up as if she were blind too.

*Fel.* Would I were fairly off. [*Aside.*]

*Ped.* Turn up her hood.

*Vio.* Undone for ever!——St. Anthony forbid. Oh Sir, she has the dreadfulest unlucky eyes——pray do n't look upon them; I made her keep her hood shut on purpose.——Oh, oh, oh, oh!

*Ped.* Eyes! why, what's the matter with her eyes?

*Flo.* My poor mother Sir is much afflicted with the cholick, and about two months ago she had it grievously in her stomach, and was over-persuaded to take a dram of filthy English Geneva—which immediately flew up into her head, and caused such a defluxion in her eyes that she could never since bear the daylight.

*Ped.* Say you so?—poor woman!—well, make her sit down Violante, and give her a glass of wine.

*Vio.* Let her daughter give her a glass below Sir; for my part, she has frightened me so I sha' n't be myself these two hours. I am sure her eyes are evil eyes.

*Fel.* Well hinted."

*Ped.* Well, well, do so.—Evil eyes! there are no evil eyes child.

*Flo.* Come along mother.

[*Speaks loud.*

[*Exit Felix and Flora.*

*Vio.* I'm glad he's gone.

[*Aside.*

*Ped.* Hast thou heard the news Violante?

*Ped.* What news Sir?

*Ped.* Why, Vasquez tells me that Don Lopez's daughter Isabella is run away from her father: that lord has very ill fortune with his children.—Well, I'm glad my daughter has no inclination to mankind, that my house is plagued with no suitors.

[*Aside.*

*Vio.* This is the first word ever I heard of it: I pity her frailty—

*Ped.* Well said Violante.—Next week I intend thy happiness shall begin.

*Enter FLORA.*

*Vio.* I do n't intend to stay so long; thank you papa.

[*Aside.*

*Ped.* My Lady Abbess writes word she longs to see thee, and has provided every thing in order for thy reception. Thou wilt lead a happy life my girl—fifty times before that of matrimony, where an extravagant coxcomb might make a beggar of thee, or an illnatur'd fury dog break thy heart.

*Flo.* Break her heart! she had as good have her bones broke as to be a nun; I am sure I had rather of the two. You are wondrous kind Sir! but if I had such a father I know what I would do.

*Ped.* Why, what wou'd you do minx? ha!

*Flo.* I would tell him I had as good a right and title to the law of nature and the end of the creation as he had.——

*Ped.* You wou'd Mistress! who the devil doubts it? A good assurance is a chambermaid's coat of arms, and lying and contriving the supporters.——Your inclinations are on tiptoe it seems.——If I were your father housewife, I'd have a penance enjoin'd you so strict that you should not be able to turn you in your bed for a month.——You are enough to spoil your lady housewife, if she had not abundance of devotion.

*Vio.* Fy Flora! are you not ashamed to talk thus to my father? you said yesterday you would be glad to go with me into the monastery.

*Flo.* Did I? I told a great lie then!

*Ped.* She go with thee! no, no; she's enough to debauch the whole convent.——Well child, remember what I said to thee: next week——

*Vio.* Ay, and what I am to do this too.—— [*Aside.* I am all obedient Sir: I care not how soon I change my condition.

*Flo.* But little does he think what change she means.

[*Aside.*

*Ped.* “Well said Violante.——I am glad to find her so willing to leave the world; but it is wholly owing to my prudent management. Did she know that she might command her fortune when she came at age, or upon day of marriage, perhaps she'd change her note.——But I have always told her that her grandfather left it with this proviso, that she turn'd nun. Now a small part of this twenty thousand pounds provides for her in the nunnery, and the rest is my own. There is nothing to be got in this life without policy.” [*Aside.*] Well child, I am going into the country for two or three days to settle some affairs with thy uncle, and when I return we'll proceed for thy happiness child.——Good bye Violante; take care of thyself.

[Exit *Ped.* and *Vio.*

*Flo.* So, now for the Colonel. Hift, hift, Colonel.

Enter COLONEL.

*Col.* Is the coast clear?

*Flo.* Yes, if you can climb; for you must get over

the washhouse, and jump from the garden-wall into the street.

*Col.* Nay, nay, I do n't value my neck, if my incognita answers but thy lady's promise. [*Exeunt Col. and Flora.*]

*Enter FELIX.*

*Fel.* I have lain perdué under the stairs till I watch'd the old man out. [*Violante opens the door.*] 'Sdeath! I am prevented. [*Exit Felix.*]

*Enter VIOLANTE.*

*Vio.* Now to set my prisoner at liberty. [*Goes to the door where the Colonel is hid.*] Sir, Sir, you may appear.

*Enter FELIX following her.*

*Fel.* May he so Madam? I had cause for my suspicion I find. Treacherous woman!

*Vio.* Ha, Felix here! nay, then all's discover'd.

*Fel. draws.*] Villain! whoever thou art come out I charge thee, and take the reward of thy adulterous errand.

*Vio.* What shall I say?—Nothing but the Secret which I have sworn to Keep can reconcile this quarrel. [*Aside.*]

*Fel.* A coward! Nay, then I'll fetch you out; think not to hide thyself; no, by St. Anthony an altar should not protect thee; "even there I'd reach thy heart tho' all the saints were arm'd in thy defence." [*Exit.*]

*Vio.* Defend me Heaven! what shall I do? I must discover Isabella or here will be murder.—

*Enter FLORA.*

*Fls.* I have help'd the Colonel off clear Madam.

*Vio.* Say'st thou so my girl? then I am arm'd.

*Reenter FELIX.*

*Fel.* Where has the devil, in compliance to your sex, convey'd him from my resentment?

*Vio.* Him! whom do you mean, my dear inquisitive spark? Ha, ha, ha, ha! you will never leave these jealous whims.

*Fel.* Will you never cease to impose upon me?

*Vio.* You impose upon yourself my dear! do you think I did not see you? yes I did, and resolved to put this trick upon you.

*Fel. Trick!*

*Vio. Yes, trick.* I knew you'd take the hint, and soon

relapse into your wonted error. How easily your jealousy is fired! I shall have a blessed life with you!

*Fel.* Was there nothing in it then but only to try me?

*Vio.* Won't you believe your eyes?

*Fel.* *My eyes! no, nor my ears, nor any of my senses, for they have all deceiv'd me.* Well, I am convinc'd that faith is as necessary in love as in religion, for the moment a man lets a woman know her conquest he resigns his senses; and sees nothing but what she'd have him.

*Vio.* And as soon as that man finds his love return'd she becomes as errant a slave as if she had already said after the priest.

*Fel.* The priest, Violante, would dissipate those fears which cause these quarrels. When wilt thou make me happy?

*Vio.* To-morrow I will tell thee; my father is gone for two or three days to my uncle's; we have time enough to finish our affairs.—But prithee leave me now lest some accident should bring my father.

*Fel.* To-morrow then—

Fly swift ye Hours and bring to-morrow on!—  
But must I leave you now my Violante?

*Vio.* You must my Felix. *We soon shall meet to part no more?*

*Fel.* *Oh rapturous sounds! Charming woman!  
Thy words and looks have fill'd my heart  
With joy, and left no room for jealousy.  
Do thou like me each doubt and fear remove,  
And all to come be confidence and love.*

[Exit.

*Enter ISABELLA.*

*Isab.* I am glad my brother and you are reconciled  
“my dear! and the Colonel escap'd without his know-  
“ledge; I was frighted out of my wits when I heard him  
“return.—I know not how to express my thanks woman,  
“—for what you suffered for my sake; my grateful ac-  
“knowledgment shall ever wait you, and to the world  
“proclaim the faith, truth, and honour, of a woman.—

*Vio.* Prithee do n't compliment thy friend Isabella.  
“—You heard the Colonel I suppose.

*Isab.* Every syllable, and am pleas'd to find I do not  
“love in vain.

"*Vio.* Thou hast caught his heart it seems, and an hour  
 "hence may secure his person.—Thou hast made hasty  
 "work on't girl.  
 " "*Isab.* From thence I draw my happiness; we shall  
 "have no accounts to make up after consummation.  
 " "She who for years protracts her lover's pain,  
 " "And makes him wish, and wait, and sigh, in vain,  
 " "To be his wife when late she gives consent,  
 " "Finds half his passion was in courtship spent,  
 " "Whilst they who boldly all delays remove  
 " "Find ev'ry hour a fresh supply of love." [Exeunt]

# ACT V.

SCENE, *FREDERICK'S house.*

*Enter FELIX and FREDERICK.*

FELIX.

THIS hour has been propitious; I am reconcil'd to Violante, and you assure me Antonio is out of danger.

*Fred.* Your satisfaction is doubly mine.

*Enter LISSARDO.*

*Fel.* What haste you made sirrah to bring me word if Violante went home.

*Liss.* I can give you very good reasons for my stay Sir.

—Yes Sir, she went home.

*Fred.* Oh! your master knows that; for he has been there himself Lissardo.

*Liss.* Sir, may I beg the favour of your ear?

*Fel.* What have you to say?

[*Whispers, and Felix seems uneasy.*]

*Fred.* Ha! Felix changes colour at Lissardo's news! What can it be?

*Fel.* A Scotch footman that belongs to Colonel Briton, an acquaintance of Frederick's, say you? The devil! If she be false, by Heaven I'll trace her. Pristhree Frederick, do you know one Colonel Briton, a Scotsman?

*Fred.* Yes; why do you ask me?

*Fel.* Nay, no great matter; but my man tells me that



he has had some little differences with a servant of his, that's all.

*Fred.* He is a good harmless innocent fellow: I am sorry for it. The Colonel lodges in my house; I knew him formerly in England, and met him here by accident last night, and gave him an invitation home. He is a gentleman of good estate besides his commission; of excellent principles and strict honour I assure you.

*Fel.* Is he a man of intrigue?

*Fred.* Like other men I suppose. Here he comes.—

*Enter COLONEL.*

Colonel, I began to think I had lost you.

*Col.* And not without some reason, if you knew all.

*Fel.* There's no danger of a fine gentleman's being lost in this town Sir.

*Col.* That compliment do n't belong to me Sir; but I assure you I have been very near being run away with.

*Fred.* Who attempted it?

*Col.* Faith I know not——only that she is a charming woman, I mean as much as I saw of her.

*Fel.* My heart swells with apprehension—some accidental rencounter.——

*Fred.* A tavern I suppose adjusted the matter.

*Col.* A tavern! no, no, Sir; she is above that rank I assure you: this nymph sleeps in a velvet bed, and lodgings every way agreeable.

*Fel.* Ha! a velvet bed!—I thought you said but now Sir you knew her not.

*Col.* No more I do n't Sir.

*Fel.* How came you then so well acquainted with her bed?

*Fred.* Ay, ay; come, come, unfold.

*Col.* Why then, you must know gentlemen that I was convey'd to her lodgings by one of Cupid's emissaries, call'd a Chambermaid, in a chair, thro' fifty blind alleys, who by the help of a key let me into a garden.

*Fel.* Sdeath! a garden! this must be Violante's garden.

*[Aside.]*

*Col.* From thence conducted me into a spacious room, then dropt me a courtesy, told me her lady would wait on me presently; so without unveiling modestly withdrew.

*Fel.* Damn her modesty! this was Flora. [*Aside.*

*Fred.* Well, how then Colonel?

*Col.* Then Sir, immediately from another door issued forth a lady arm'd at both eyes, from whence such showers of darts fell round me, that had I not been cover'd with the shield of another beauty I had infallibly fallen a martyr to her charms, for you must know I just saw her eyes—Eyes did I say? no, no, hold; I saw but one eye, though I suppose it had a fellow equally as killing.

*Fel.* But how came you to see her bed Sir?—'Sdeath! this expectation gives a thousand racks. [*Aside.*

*Col.* Why, upon her maid's giving notice her father was coming she thrust me into the bedchamber.

*Fel.* Upon her father's coming!

*Col.* Ay, so she said; but putting my ear to the key-hole of the door I found it was another lover.

*Fel.* Confound the jilt! 't was she without dispute.

[*Aside.*

*Fred.* Ah, poor Colonel! Ha, ha, ha!

*Col.* I discover'd they had had a quarrel, but whether they were reconcil'd or not I can't tell, for the second alarm brought the father in good earnest, and had like to have made the gentleman and I acquainted, but she found some other stratagem to convey him out.

*Fel.* Contagion seize her, and make her body ugly as her soul! There is nothing left to doubt of now—'Tis plain 't was she.—Sure he knows me, and takes this method to insult me. 'Sdeath! I cannot bear it. [*Aside.*

*Fred.* So when she had dispatch'd her old lover she paid you a visit in her bedchamber; ha! Colonel?

*Col.* No, pos take the impertinent puppy! he spoil'd my diversion; I saw her no more.

*Fel.* Very fine! Give me patience Heaven, or I shall burst with rage. [*Aside.*

*Fred.* That was hard.

*Col.* Nay, what was worse—But Sir, dear Sir! do hearken to this; [*To Felix.*] the nymph that introduced me conveyed me out again over the top of a high wall, where I ran the danger of having my neck broke, for the father it seems had locked the door by which I enter'd.

*Fel.* That way I miss'd him.—Damn her invention!  
*[Aside.]* Pray Colonel—*ha, ha, ha!* it's very pleasant,  
*ha, ha!*—Was this the same lady you met upon the *Terriero de passa* this morning?

*Col.* Faith I can't tell Sir; I had a design to know who that lady was, but my dog of a footman, whom I had order'd to watch her home, fell fast asleep.—I gave him a good beating for his neglect, and I have never seen the rascal since.

*Fred.* Here he comes.

*Enter GIBBY.*

*Col.* Where have you been sirrah?

*Gib.* Troth I've been seeking ye, an like yer honour, these two hours and mair. I bring ye glad teedings Sir.

*Col.* What, have you found the lady?

*Gib.* Geud faith ha I Sir—and she's called Donna Violante, and her parent Don Pedro de Mendosa, and gin ye will gang wi' me, an like yer honour, I'll mak ye ken the haose right weel.

*Fel.* Oh torture! torture!

*[Aside.]*

*Col.* Ha! Violante! that's the lady's name of the house where my incognita is: sure it could not be her, at least it was not the same house I'm confident.

*[Aside.]*

*Fred.* Violante! 't is false; I would not have you credit him Colonel.

*Gib.* The deil burst my bladder Sir gin I lee.

*Fel.* Sirrah, I say you do lie, and I'll make you eat it you dog; *[Kicks him.]* and if your master will justify you—

*Col.* Not I faith Sir—I answer for nobody's lies but my own: if you please kick him again.

*Gib.* But gin he does I'll tak it Sir, gin he was a thousand Spaniards.

*[Walks about in a passion.]*

*Col.* I ow'd you a beating sirrah, and I'm oblig'd to this gentleman for taking the trouble off my hands; therefore say no more; d'ye hear Sir?

*[Aside to Gibby.]*

*Gib.* Troth de I Sir, and feel tee.

*Fred.* This must be a mistake Colonel, for I know Violante perfectly well, and I am certain she would not meet you upon the *Terriero de passa*.

*Col.* Don't be too positive Frederick: now I have some reasons to believe it was that very lady.

*Fel.* You'd very much oblige me Sir if you'd let me know these reasons.

*Col.* Sir!

*Fel.* Sir, I say I have a right to inquire into these reasons you speak of.

*Col.* Ha, ha! really Sir, I cannot conceive how you or any man can have a right to inquire into my thoughts.

*Fel.* Sir, I have a right to every thing that relates to Violante—and he that traduces her fame, and refuses to give his reasons for 't, is a villain. [*Draws.*]

*Col.* What the devil have I been doing! Now blisters on my tongue by dozens! [*Aside.*]

*Fred.* Prithee Felix, do n't quarrel till you know for what: this is all a mistake I'm positive.

*Col.* Look ye Sir, that I dare draw my sword I think will admit of no dispute.—But tho' fighting's my trade, I'm not in love with it, and think it more honourable to decline this business than pursue it. This may be a mistake; however, I'll give you my honour never to have any affair, directly or indirectly, with Violante, provided she is your Violante; but if there should happen to be another of her name, I hope you would not engross all the Violantes in the kingdom.

*Fel.* Your vanity has given me sufficient reasons to believe I'm not mistaken. I'll not be impos'd upon Sir.

*Col.* Nor I be bully'd Sir.

*Fel.* Bully'd! 'Sdeath! such another word, and I'll nail thee to the wall.

*Col.* Are you sure of that Spaniard? [*Draws.*]

*Gib. draws.* Say na mair mon. O' my faul here's twa to twa. Dinna fear Sir, Gibby stonds by ye for the honour of Scotland. [*Vapours about.*]

*Fred.* By St. Anthony you sha' n't fight [*Interposes.*] on bare suspicion: be certain of the injury, and then—

*Fel.* That I will this moment; and then Sir—I hope you are to be found—

*Col.* Whenever you please Sir. [*Exit Felix.*]

*Gib.* 'Sbleed Sir! there ne'er was a Scotsman yet that sham'd to show his face. [Strutting about.]

*Fred.* So quarrels spring up like muskrooms, in a minute. Violante and he were but just reconcil'd, and you have furnish'd him with fresh matter for falling out again; and I am certain Colonel, Gibby is in the wrong.

*Gib.* Gin I be Sir the mon that tald me leed, and gin he did, the deel be my landlord, hell my winter-quarters, and a rape my winding-sheet, gin I dee not lick him as lang as I can hand a stick in my hond, now see ye.

*Col.* I am sorry for what I have said for the lady's sake: but who could divine that she was his mistress? Prithee, who is this warm spark?

*Fred.* He is the son of one of our grandees, nam'd Don Lopez de Pimentell, a very honest gentleman, but something passionate in what relates to his love. He is an only son, which may perhaps be one reason for indulging his passion.

*Col.* When parents have but one child they either make a madman or a fool of him.

*Fred.* He is not the only child, he has a sister; but I think, thro' the severity of his father, who would have married her against her inclination, she has made her escape, and notwithstanding he has offered five hundred pounds he can get no tidings of her.

*Col.* Ha! how long has she been missing?

*Fred.* Nay, but since last night it seems.

*Col.* Last night! the very time! How went she?

*Fred.* Nobody can tell; they conjecture through the window.

*Col.* I'm transported! this must be the lady I caught. What sort of a woman is she?

*Fred.* Middle-sized, a lovely brown, a fine pouting lip, eyes that roll and languish, and seem to speak the exquisite pleasure her arms could give.

*Col.* Oh! I am fir'd with this description——'t is the very she.——What's her name?

*Fred.* Isabella.——You are transported Colonel.

*Col.* I have a natural tendency in me to the flesh thou know'st, and who can bear of charms so exquisite and yet remain unmov'd?——Oh, how I long for the appointed hour! I'll to the *Terriero de passa*, and wait my

happiness; if she fails to meet me I'll once more attempt to find her at Violante's in spite of her brother's jealousy. [*Aside.*] Dear Frederick! I beg your pardon; but I had forgot I was to meet a gentleman upon business at five: I'll endeavour to dispatch him, and wait on you again as soon as possible.

*Fred.* Your humble servant Colonel. [*Exit.*

*Col. Gibby*, I have no business with you at present.

[*Exit Colonel.*

*Gib.* That's well. — Now will I gang and seek this loon, and gar him gang with me to Don Pedro's shoof. — Gin he'll no gang of himself I'll gar him gang by the lug Sir. Godswarbit! Gibby hates a leer. [*Exit.*

*Scene changes to VIOLANTE'S lodging.*

*Enter VIOLANTE and ISABELLA.*

*Isab.* The hour draws on Violante, and now my heart begins to fail me; but I resolve to venture for all that.

*Vio.* What, does your courage sink Isabella?

*Isab.* Only the force of resolution a little retreated, but I'll rally it again for all that.

*Enter FLORA.*

*Flo.* Don Felix is coming up Madam.

*Isab.* My brother! which way shall I get out? — dispatch him as soon as you can dear Violante.

[*Exit into the closet.*

*Vio.* I will.

*Enter FELIX in a furly humour.*

Felix, what brings you home so soon? did I not say to-morrow?

*Fel.* My passion choaks me; I cannot speak — oh, I shall burst! [*Aside. Throws himself into a chair.*

*Vio.* Bless me! are you not well my Felix?

*Fel.* Yes — No — I do n't know what I am.

*Vio.* Hey day! what's the matter now? another jealous whim!

*Fel.* With what an air she carries it! — I sweat at her impudence. [*Aside.*

*Vio.* If I were in your place Felix, I'd chuse to stay at home when these fits of spleen are upon me, and not trouble such persons as are not obliged to bear with them.

[*Here he affects to be careless of her.*

*Fel.* I am very sensible Madam of what you mean: I

disturb you no doubt, but were I in a better humour I should not incommode you less: I am but too well convinced you could easily dispense with my visit.

*Vio.* When you behave yourself as you ought to do no company so welcome—but when you reserve me for your illnature I wave your merit, and consider what's due to myself.—And I must be free to tell you Felix, that these humours of your's will abate if not absolutely destroy the very principles of love.

*Fel. rising.]* And I must be so free to tell you Madam, that since you have made such ill returns to the respect that I have paid you, all you do shall be indifferent to me for the future, and you shall find me abandon your empire with so little difficulty, that I'll convince the world your chains are not so hard to break as your vanity would tempt you to believe.—I cannot brook the provocation you give.

*Vio.* This is not to be borne—insolent! you abandon! you! whom I have so often forbid ever to see me more! Have you not fall'n at my feet? implored my favour and forgiveness? did you not trembling wait, and wish, and sigh, and swear, yourself into my heart? Ungrateful man! if my chains are so easily broke as you pretend, then you are the silliest coxcomb living you did not break them long ago; and I must think him capable of brooking any thing on whom such usage could make no impression.

*Isab. peeping.]* A deuce take your quarrels! she'll never think on me."

*Fel.* I always believed Madam, my weakness was the greatest addition to your power; you would be less imperious had my inclination been less forward to oblige you.—You have indeed forbid me your sight, but your vanity even then assured you I would return, and I was fool enough to feed your pride.—Your eyes, with all their boasted charms, have acquired the greatest glory in conquering me—and the brightest passage of your life is wounding this heart with such arms as pierce but few persons of my rank. *[Walks about in a great pet.]*

*Vio.* Matchless arrogance! True Sir, I should have kept measures better with you if the conquest had been worth preserving; but we easily hazard what gives us no pain

to lose. — As for my eyes, you are mistaken if you think they have vanquished none but you : there are men above your boasted rank who have confess'd their power, when their misfortune in pleading you made them obtain such a disgraceful victory.

*Fel.* Yes Madam, I am no stranger to your victories.

*Vio.* And what you call the brightest passage of my life is not the least glorious part of your's.

*Fel.* Ha, ha ! do n't put yourself in a passion Madam, for I assure you after this day I shall give you no trouble — you may meet your sparks on the *Terriero de passa* at four in the morning without the least regard to me — for when I quit your chamber the world sha' n't bring me back.

*Vio.* I am so well pleas'd with your resolution I do n't care how soon you take your leave. — But what you mean by the *Terriero de passa* at four in the morning I can't guess.

*Fel.* No, no no, not you. — You was not upon the *Terriero de passa* at four this morning.

*Vio.* No, I was not ; but if I was, I hope I may walk where I please, and at what hour I please, without asking your leave.

*Fel.* Oh, doubtless Madam ! and you might meet Colonel Briton there, and afterwards send your emissary to fetch him to your house — and upon your father's coming in thrust him into your bedchamber — without asking my leave. 'Tis no business of mine if you are exposed among all the footmen in town — nay, if they ballad you, and cry you about at a halfpenny apiece — they may without my leave.

*Vio.* Audacious ! do n't provoke me — do n't ; my reputation is not to be sported with [*Going up to him.*] at this rate — no Sir, it is not. [*Bursts into tears.*] Inhuman Felix ! — Oh Isabella ! what a train of ills thou hast brought on me !

[*Aside.*

*Fel.* Ha ! I cannot bear to see her weep — a woman's tears are far more fatal than our swords. [*Aside.*] Oh Violante — 'Sdeath ! what a dog am I ! now have I no power to stir. — Dost not thou know such a person as Colonel Briton ? Pristhee tell me, didst not thou meet him at four this morning upon the *Terriero de passa* ?



*Vio.* Were it not to clear my fame I would not answer thee, thou black ingrate!—but I cannot bear to be reproached with what I even blush to think of, much less to act. By Heaven I have not seen the *Terriero de passa* this day.

*Fel.* Did not a Scotch footman attack you in the street neither Violante?

*Vio.* Yes, but he mistook me for another, or he was drunk, I know not which.

*Fel.* And do not you know this Scotch Colonel?

*Vio.* Pray ask me no more questions; this night shall clear my reputation, and leave you without excuse for your base suspicions. More than this I shall not satisfy you, therefore pray leave me.

*Fel.* Didst thou ever love me Violante?

*Vio.* I'll answer nothing—You was in haste to be gone just now; I should be very well pleas'd to be alone Sir. *[She sits down and turns aside.]*

*Fel.* I shall not long interrupt your contemplation.—Stubborn to the last. *[Aside.]*

*Vio.* Did ever woman involve herself as I have done?

*Fel.* Now would I give one of my eyes to be friends with her, for something whispers to my soul she is not guilty.—*[He pauses, then pulls a chair, and sits by her at a little distance, looking at her some time without speaking, then draws a little nearer to her.]* Give me your hand at parting however Violante, won't you, *[He lays his hand upon her knee several times.]* won't you—won't you—won't you?

*Vio.* *half regarding him.* Won't I do what?

*Fel.* You know what I would have Violante. Oh my heart!

*Vio.* *smiling.* I thought my chains were easily broke.

*[Lays her hand into his.]*

*Fel.* *draws his chair close to her, and kisses her hand in a rapture.* Too well thou knowest thy strength.—Oh! my charming angel! my heart is all thy own. Forgive my hasty passion, 't is the transport of a love sincere. Oh Violante, Violante!

DON PEDRO *within.*

*Ped.* Bid Sancho get a new wheel to my chariot presently.

*Vio.* Bless me, my father return'd! what shall we do now Felix? we are ruin'd past redemption.

*Fel.* No, no, no, my love, I can leap from the closet window. [*Runs to the door where Isabella is, who claps to the door, and bolts it withinside.*]

*Isab. peeping.*] "Say you so; but I shall prevent you."

*Fel.* Confusion! Somebody bolts the door withinside. I'll see who you have conceal'd here if I die for't. Oh Violante! hast thou again sacrific'd me to my rival?

[*Dravos.*]

*Vio.* By Heav'n thou hast no rival in my heart, let that suffice—nay sure you will not let my father find you here—Distraction!

*Fel.* Indeed but I shall, except you command this door to be opened, and that way conceal me from his sight.

[*He struggles with her to come at the door.*]

*Vio.* Here me Felix—Though I were sure the refusing what you ask would separate us for ever, by all that's powerful you shall not enter here. Either you do love me or you do not; convince me by your obedience.

*Fel.* That's not the matter in debate—I will know who is in this closet let the consequence be what it will. Nay, nay, nay, you strive in vain; I will go in.

*Vio.* Thou shall not go in——

*Enter DON PEDRO.*

*Ped.* Hey day! what's here to do? I will go in, and you sha'n't go in—and I will go in—Why, who are you Sir?

*Fel.* 'Sdeath! what shall I say now?

*Ped.* Don Felix, pray what's your business in my house? Ha Sir?

*Vio.* Oh Sir, what miracle return'd you home so soon? some angel 't was that brought my father back to succour the distress'd.—This ruffian, he, I cannot call him gentleman—has committed such an uncommon rudeness as the most profligate wretch would be ashamed to own.

*Fel.* Ha, what the devil does she mean! [*Aside.*]

*Vio.* As I was at my devotion in my closet I heard a loud knocking at my door, mix'd with a woman's voice, which seem'd to imply she was in danger——

*Fel.* I am confounded!

[*Aside.*]

*Vio.* I flew to the door with the utmost speed, where a lady veil'd rush'd in upon me, who, falling on her knees, begged my protection from a gentleman who she said pursued her. I took compassion on her tears, and lock'd her into this closet; but in the surprise having left open the door, this very person whom you see with his sword drawn ran in, protesting if I refus'd to give her up to his revenge he'd force the door.

*Fel.* What in the name of goodness does she mean to do! hang me! [*Aside.*]

*Vio.* I strove with him till I was out of breath, and had you not come as you did he must have enter'd—But he's in drink I suppose, or he could not have been guilty of such an indecorum. [*Leering at Felix.*]

*Ped.* I'm amaz'd!

*Fel.* The devil never fail'd a woman at a pinch: what a tale has she form'd in a minute!—In drink quotha! a good hint; I'll lay hold on 't to bring myself off. [*Aside.*]

*Ped.* Fy Don Felix! no sooner rid of one broil but you are commencing another—To assault a lady with a naked sword derogates much from the character of a gentleman I assure you.

*Fel.* *counterfeits drunkenness.*] Who, I assault a lady—upon honour the lady assaulted me Sir, and would have seized this body politic upon the king's highway—Let her come out and deny it if she can.—Pray Sir command the door to be open'd, and let her prove me a liar if she knows how. I have been drinking claret, and Champaign, and Burgundy, and other French wines, Sir, but I love my own country for all that.

*Ped.* Ay, ay, who doubts it Sir? Open the door Violante, and let the lady come out. Come, I warrant thee he sha'n't hurt her.

*Fel.* *No, no, I won't hurt the dear creature!* Now which way will she come off? [*Aside.*]

*Vio.* *unlocks the door.*] Come forth Madam, none shall dare to touch your veil—I'll convey you out with safety, or lose my life.—I hope she understands me. [*Aside.*]

*Enter ISABELLA veil'd, and crosses the stage.*

*Isab.* Excellent girl!

[*Exit.*]

*Fel.* The devil! a woman! I'll see if she be really so.

*Via. to Felix.]* Get clear of my father, and follow me to the *Terriero de passa*, when all mistakes shall be rectified.

*[Exit with Isabella.]*

*[Felix offers to follow her.]*

*Ped. drawing his sword.]* Not a step Sir till the lady be past your recovery; I never suffer the laws of hospitality to be violated in my house Sir.—I'll keep Don Felix here till you see her safe out Violante.—Come Sir, you and I will take a pipe and bottle together.

*Fel.* Damn your pipe, and damn your bottle! I hate drinking and smoking, and how will you help yourself old Wilkers?

*Ped.* As to smoking or drinking you have your liberty, but you shall stay Sir.

*Fel.* But I won't stay—for I do n't like your company; besides, I have the best reason in the world for my not staying.

*Ped.* Ay!—what's that?

*Fel.* Why, I am going to be married, and so good bye.

*Ped.* To be married! it can't be! Why, you are drunk Felix!

*Fel.* Drunk! ay, to be sure; you do n't think I'd go to be married if I was sober—but drunk or sober I am going to be married for all that; and if you won't believe me, to convince you I'll shew you the contract old gentleman.

*Ped.* Ay, do; come, let's see this contract then.

*Fel.* Yes, yes, I'll shew you the contract—I'll shew you the contract—Here Sir—here's the contract.

*[Draws a pistol.]*

*Ped. starting.]* Well, well, I'm convinc'd; go, go—pray go and be married Sir.

*Fel.* Yes, yes; I'll go—I'll go and be married; but sha' n't we take a bottle first?

*Ped.* No, no—pray dear Sir go and be married.

*Fel.* Very well, very well; *[Going.]* but I insist upon your taking one glass tho'.

*Ped.* No, not now—some other time—consider the lady waits.

*Fel.* What a cross old fool! first he will, and then he won't; and then he will, and then he won't.

*[Exit Felix.]*

*F*

*Enter SERVANT.*

*Ser.* Here's Don Lopez de Pimentell to wait on you Senior.

*Ped.* What the devil does he want! he is not going to be married too.—Bring him up; he's in pursuit of his son I suppose.

*Enter DON LOPEZ.*

*Lop.* I am glad to find you at home Don Pedro; I was told that you was seen upon the road to——this afternoon.

*Ped.* That might be my Lord, but I had the misfortune to break the wheel of my chariot, which oblig'd me to return.—What is your pleasure with me my Lord?

*Lop.* I am inform'd that my daughter is in your house.

*Ped.* That's more than I know my Lord; but here was your son just now as drunk as an emperor.

*Lop.* My son drunk! I never saw him in drink in my life. Where is he pray Sir?

*Ped.* Gone to be married.

*Lop.* Married! to whom? I do n't know that he courted any body.

*Ped.* Nay, I know nothing of that—but *I'm sure he shew'd me the contract*—Within there!

*Enter SERVANT.*

Bid my daughter come hither; she'll tell you another story my Lord.

*Ser.* She's gone out in a chair Sir.

*Ped.* Out in a chair! what do you mean Sir?

*Ser.* As I say Sir; and Donna Isabella went in another just before her.

*Lop.* *Isabella!*

*Ser.* And Don Felix followed in another; I overheard them all bid the chair go to the *Terriero de passa*.

*Ped.* Ha! what business has my daughter there? I am confounded, and know not what to think—within there. *[Exit.]*

*Lop.* My heart misgives me plaguily.—Call me an Alguazil, I'll pursue them straight.

*SCENE changes to the street before Don Pedro's house.*

*Enter LISSARDO.*

*Liss.* I wish I could see Flora—methinks I have an

hankering kindness after the flat—We must be reconciled.

*Enter GIBBY.*

*Gib.* Aw my fal Sir but Ise blithe to find yee here now.

*Liss.* Ha brother! give me thy hand boy.

*Gib.* No se fast, se ye me—Brether me ne brethers; I scorn a peer as muckle as a thiefe, se ye now, and ye must gang intul this house with me, and justifie to Donna Violante's face that she was the lady that gang'd in here this morn, se ye me, or the deel ha my fal Sir but ye and I shall be twa folks.

*Liss.* Justify it to Donna Violante's face quotha! for what? Sure you do n't know what you say.

*Gib.* Troth de I Sir, as weel as yee de; therefore come along, and make no mair words about it.

*Liss.* Why, what the devil do you mean? Do n't you consider you are in Portugal? Is the fellow mad?

*Gib.* Fellow! Ise none of yer fellow Sir; and gin the place were hell I'd gar ye de me justice. [*Liss. going.*] Nay, the deel a feet ye gang. [*Lays hold of him and knocks.*]

*Liss.* Ha! Don Pedro himself; I wish I were fairly off. [*Aside.*]

*Enter DON PEDRO.*

*Ped.* How now! what makes you knock so loud?

*Gib.* Gin this be Don Pedro's house Sir, I wou'd speak with Donna Violante his daughter.

*Ped.* Ha! what is it you want with my daughter pray?

*Gib.* An she be your daughter, and lik your honour, command her to come out, and answer for herself now, and either justify or disprove what this chield told me this morn.

*Liss.* So, here will be a fine piece of work. [*Aside.*]

*Ped.* Why, what did he tell you, ha?

*Gib.* By my fal Sir Ise tell you aw the truth. My master got a pratty lady upon the how de call't—Passa—here at five this morn, and he gar me watch her heam—and in troth I lodg'd her here; and meeting this ill favour'd thiefs, se ye me, I speered wha she was—and he tald me her name was Donna Violante, Don Pedro de Mendosa's daughter.

*Ped.* Ha! my daughter with a man, abroad at five in the morning! Death, hell, and Furies! By St. Anthony I'm undone.

*Gib.* Wounds Sir! ye put yer faint intul bonny company.

*Ped.* Who is your master you dog you? "Adsheart! I shall be trick'd of my daughter and money too, that's worst of all."

*Gib.* You dog you! 'Sblead Sir! don't call names—I won't tell you who my master is, se ye me now.

*Ped.* And who are you rascal, that know my daughter so well? ha! [*Holds up his cane.*]

*Liff.* What shall I say to make him give this Scotch dog a good beating? [*Aside.*] I know your daughter Senior! not I; I never saw your daughter in all my life.

*Gib.* *Knocks him down, with his fist.* Deel ha my fal Sar gin ye get no your carich for that lie now.

*Ped.* What, hoa! where are all my servants?

*Enter COLONEL, FELIX, ISABELLA, and VIOLANTE.*  
Raife the house in pursuit of my daughter.

*Ser.* "Here she comes Senior."

*Col.* Hey day! what's here to do?

*Gib.* This is the loonlike tik, an lik your honour, that sent me heam with a lee this mora.

*Col.* Come, come, 't is all well Gibby; let him rise.

*Ped.* I am thunderstruck—and have no power to speak one word.

*Fel.* This is a day of jubilee Liffardo; no quarrelling with him this day.

*Liff.* A pox take his fists!—Egad these Britons are but a word and a blow.

*Enter DON LOPEZ.*

*Lop.* So, have I found you daughter? then you have not hang'd yourself yet I see.

*Col.* But she is married my Lord.

*Lop.* Married! zounds! to whom?

*Col.* Even to your humble servant my Lord. If you please to give us your blessing. [*Kneels.*]

*Lop.* Why, hark ye Mistress, are you really married?

*Isab.* Really so my Lord.

*Lop.* And who are you Sir?

*Col.* An honest North-Briton by birth, and a Colonel by commission, my Lord.

*Lop.* An heretick! the devil! [*Holding up his hands.*]

*Ped.* She has play'd you a slippery trick indeed my Lord.—Well my girl, thou hast been to see thy friend married.—Next week thou shalt have a better husband ~~my~~ dear. [*To Violante.*]

*Fel.* Next week is a little too soon Sir; I hope to live longer than that.

*Ped.* What do you mean Sir? you have not made a rib of my daughter too have you?

*Vio.* Indeed but he has Sir; I know not how, but he took me in an unguarded minute—when my thoughts were not overstrong for a nunnery father.

*Lop.* Your daughter has play'd you a slippery trick too Senior.

*Ped.* But your son shall never be the better for't my Lord; her twenty thousand pounds was left on certain conditions, and I'll not part with a shilling.

*Lop.* But we have a certain thing call'd law shall make you do justice Sir.

*Ped.* Well, we'll try that—my Lord, much good may it do you with your daughter-in-law. [*Exit.*]

*Lop.* I wish you much joy of your rib. [*Exit.*]

*Enter FREDERICK.*

*Fel.* Frederick, welcome!—I sent for thee to be partaker of my happiness, and *pray give me leave to introduce you to the cause of it.*

*Fred.* Your messenger has told me all, and I sincerely share in all your happiness.

*Col.* To the right about Frederick, wish thy friend joy.

*Fred.* I do with all my soul—and Madam, I congratulate your deliverance.—Your suspicions are clear'd now I hope Felix?

*Fel.* They are, and I heartily ask the Colonel pardon, and wish him happy with my sister; for *love* has taught me to know that every man's happiness consists in chusing for himself.

*Liff.* After that rule I fix here. [*To Flora.*]

*Flo.* That's your mistake; I prefer my lady's service,



and turn you over to her that pleaded right and title to you to-day.

*Liss.* Chuse, proud fool! I sha'n't ask you twice.

*Gib.* What say ye now lafs? will ye ge yer hand to poor Gibby?—"What say you," will ye dance the reel of Bogie with me?

*Inis.* That I may not leave my lady—I take you at your word—and tho' our wooing has been short, I'll by her example love you dearly. [*Musick plays.*]

*Fel.* "Hark! I hear the musick; somebody has done us  
"the favour to call them in.

"*A country-dance.*

*Gib.* "Wounds! this is bonny musick!—Haw caw ye  
"that thing that ye pinch by the craig, and tickle the  
"weam, and make it cry grum, grum?

*Fred.* "Oh! that's a guitar Gibby."

*Fel.* Now my Violante, I shall proclaim thy virtues to the world.

Let us no more thy sex's conduct blame,  
Since thou 'rt a proof to their eternal fame  
That man has no advantage but the name.

}

EPILOGUE. WRITTEN BY MR. PHILIPS.

*CUSTOM*, with all our modern laws combin'd,  
 Has given such power despotick to mankind,  
 That we have only so much virtue now  
 As they are pleas'd in favour to allow;  
 Thus like mechanick work we're us'd with scorn,  
 And wound up only for a present turn.  
 Some are for having our whole sex enslav'd,  
 Affirming we've no souls, and can't be sav'd\*:  
 But were the women till of my opinion  
 We'd soon shake off this false usurp'd dominion,  
 We'd make the tyrants own that we cou'd prove  
 As fit for other bus'ness as for love.  
 Lord! what prerogative might we obtain  
 Could we from yielding a few months refrain!  
 How fondly would our dangling lovers dote!  
 What homage wou'd be paid to petticoat!  
 'T wou'd be a jest to see the change of fate;  
 How might we all of politicks debate,  
 Promise and swear what we ne'er meant to do,  
 And, what's still harder, Keep our Secrets too.  
 I marry! Keep a Secret, says a beau,  
 And sneers at some illnatur'd wit below;  
 But faith if we shou'd tell but half we know  
 There's many a spruce young fellow in this place  
 Wou'd never more presume to shew his face.  
 Women are not so weak, whate'er men prate;  
 How many tip top beaux have had the fate  
 To enjoy from mamma's Secrets their estate!  
 Who if her early folly had been known  
 Had rid behind the coach that's now their own.  
 But here the Wondrous Secret you discover,  
 A lady ventures for a friend—a lover.  
 Prodigious! for my part I frankly own  
 I'ad spoil'd the Wonder and the Woman shewn.

\* Alluding to an ironical pamphlet tending to prove that women had no souls.

From the APOLLO PRESS,  
 by the MARTINS,  
 March 1. 1782.

THE END.

Act I.

THE CONSCIOUS LOVERS.

Scene 2.<sup>d</sup>



Engraved by J. G. Smith

Printed for J. G. Smith, Theatre-Street, July 30. 1777.

Designed by J. G. Smith

*MR. REDDISH in the Character of YOUNG BEVILLE*  
*These moral Writers practise Virtue after Death.*

*Dell's Characteristical Edition.*

# THE CONSCIOUS LOVERS.

A COMEDY BY SIR RICHARD STEELE.

AS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL DRURY-LANE.

*Regul'd from the Prompt-Book, by permission of the Managers,*

BY MR. HOPKINS PROMPTER.

## CHARACTERISTICS.

I have myself in some part of my life lived indeed with freedom, but I hope without reproach.—My head and heart are on the rack about my son.—I would not have him surprised in any thing.—To be a father is to be in care for one whom you oftener disoblige than please by that very act.

SIR J. BEVIL.

Cit as you take me for I know the Town and the world.—I do not love to have any part of the account unfolded.—I am a man experienc'd in chances and disasters.

MR. SEALAND.

It is my duty to see my father any where.—Did I ever disobey any command of yours Sir, nay, any inclination that I saw you bent upon!—What I do to please my father! walk in this pageantry of dress, this splendid covering of sorrow!—I can live contented without glory, but I cannot suffer shame.

BEVIL JUN.

I begin to fear I have been too far transported.—O Bevil! with what words shall I—Precipitate wretch!—There is nothing manly but what is conducted by reason, and agreeable to the practice of virtue and justice.

MYRTLE.

I have consider'd it as a most brutal custom that persons of the first character in the world should go as ordinarily, and with as little shame, to bed as to dinner with one another, &c. I have observ'd her; her lively look, her free air, her disengag'd countenance, speak her very—Ha! say, the vermilion of her lip—the pant of her bosom—her forward chest, &c. Now I am considering her on this occasion but as one that is to be pregnant, and pregnant she undoubtedly will be yearly; for I ha' a't for many years have discretion enough to give her one fallow season.

CIMBERTON.

I am sure I have enough to do to be honest, and yet keep well with them both; but they know I love 'em, and that makes the task less painful however.—I must betray neither, and yet deceive both.

HUMPHREY.

I would not in the general be any other than what I am; I would not be a bit wlier, a bit richer, a bit taller, a bit shorter, than I am at this instant.

TOM.

I am not such a country lad neither, Maier, to think she is at home because I see her. I ha' been in Town but a month, and I lost one place already for believing my own eyes.—I begin to know my business a little better than so.

DANIEL.

Oh I had I been a matron of Sparta, our night with less indecency have had ten children according to that modish institution than one under the confusion of our modern barefaced manner.

MRS. SEALAND.

I am now, against my will, what they call an old maid—but I will not let the peevishness of that condition grow upon me; only keep up the suspicion of it, &c.

ISA BELLA.

It is with a bleeding heart I hear you say any thing to the disadvantage of Mr. Bevil.—Oh I could tell you—If he takes me for ever my purpose of life is only to please him; if he leaves me—I shall have nothing to do but to learn to die.

INDIANA.

To love is a passion, it is a desire, and we must have no desire, Oh! I cannot endure the reflection.—This stigmatist fool, forsooth, is too wise, too learned, to have any regard to desires.—Mr. Myrtle, though you have ever had my heart, yet now I find I love you more, because I deserve you less.

LUCINDA.

An art I have, I thank my Stars, beyond all the waiting-maids in Great-Britain.—She will allow no plot—I must therefore do her an acceptable violence, and surprise her into his arms. I am sure I go by the best rule imaginable: if she were my maid I should think her the best servant in the world for doing so by me.—When a man cannot come at his mistress, why exhort you her our house, or the next hour to us, to make us run out, and you take us! PHIL.



EDINBURG:

*At the Apollo Press, by THE MARTINE, for Wells, LONDON 1786.*

# PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN BY MR. WELSTED.

*To win your hearts and to secure your praise  
The comick writers strive by various ways,  
By subtle stratagems they aſſ their game,  
And leave untry'd no avenue to fame;  
One writes the ſpouſe a beating from his wife,  
And ſays each ſtroke was copy'd from the life;  
Some fix all wit and humour in grimace,  
And make a livelihood of Pinkey's face;  
Here one gay ſhew and coſtly habit tries,  
Conſiding to the judgment of your eyes;  
Another ſmuts his ſcene, (a cunning ſhaver)  
Sure of the rakes' and of the wenches' favour.  
Oft have theſe arts prevail'd, and one may gueſs  
If praëtiſ'd o'er again would find ſucceſs;  
But the bold ſage, the poet of to-night,  
By new and deſp'rate rules reſolv'd to write,  
Fain would he give more juſt applauſes riſe,  
And pleaſe by wit that ſcorns the aids of vice;  
The praïſe he ſeeks from worthier motives ſprings,  
Such praïſe as praïſe to thoſe that give it brings.  
Your aid moſt humbly ſought then Britons lend,  
And lib'ral mirth like lib'ral men defend;  
No more let ribaldry, with licence writ,  
Uſurp the name of eloquence or wit,  
No more let lawleſs farce uncenſur'd go,  
The lewd dull gleanings of a Smithfield ſhow;  
'Tis yours with breeding to refine the age,  
To chaſten wit and moralize the ſtage.  
Ye modeſt, wiſe, and good, ye Fair! ye Brave!  
To-night the champion of your virtues ſave,  
Redeem from long contempt the comick name,  
And judge politely for your country's fame.*

Dramatis Personae.

MEN.

	<i>Drury-Lane.</i>	<i>Covent Garden.</i>
Sir JOHN BEVIL,	Mr. Bransby.	Mr. Fearon.
Mr. SEALAND,	Mr. Aickin.	Mr. Clarke.
BEVIL, jun. in love with Indiana,	Mr. Reddish.	Mr. Lewis.
MYRTLE, in love with Lucinda,	Mr. Jefferson.	Mr. Wroughton.
CIMBERTON, a cock- comb,	Mr. Parsons.	Mr. Quick.
HUMPHREY, an old servant to Sir John,	Mr. Usher.	Mr. Thompson.
TOM, servant to Be- vil, jun.	Mr. King.	Mr. Woodward.
DANIEL, a country boy, servant to In- diana,	Mr. Waldron.	Mr. Wewitzer.

WOMEN.

Mrs. SEALAND, se- cond wife to Sea- land,	Mrs. Cross.	Mrs. Pitt.
ISABELLA, sister to Sealand,	Mrs. Johnston.	Mrs. Booth.
INDIANA, Sealand's daughter by his first wife,	Miss Younge.	Mrs. Jackson.
LUCINDA, Sealand's daughter by his se- cond wife,	Miss Hopkins.	Miss Ambrose.
PHILLIS, maid to Lucinda,	Mrs. Abington.	Mrs. Mattocks.

SCENE LONDON.

# THE CONSCIOUS LOVERS.

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## ACT I.

SCENE, Sir JOHN BEVIL's house.

*Enter Sir JOHN BEVIL and HUMPHREY.*

Sir JOHN BEVIL.

HAVE you order'd that I should not be interrupted while I am dressing?

*Humph.* Yes Sir; I believ'd you had something of moment to say to me.

*Sir J. B.* "Let me see Humphrey; I think it is now full forty years since I first took thee to be about myself."

*Humph.* "I think Sir it has been an easy forty years, and I have pass'd 'em without much sickness, care, or labour."

*Sir J. B.* "Thou hast a brave constitution; you are a year or two older than I am sirrah."

*Humph.* "You have ever been of that mind Sir."

*Sir J. B.* "You knave you know it; I took thee for thy gravity and sobriety in my wild years."

*Humph.* "Ah Sir! our manners were form'd from our different fortunes not our different ages; wealth gave a loose to your youth, and poverty put a restraint upon mine."

*Sir J. B.* "Well Humphrey, you know I have been a kind master to you; I have us'd you, for the ingenious nature I observed in you from the beginning, more like an humble friend than a servant."

*Humph.* "I humbly beg you'll be so tender of me as to explain your commands Sir without any farther preparation."

*Sir J. B.* I'll tell you  
ding of my son's in all I  
never be at all.

*Humph.* How Sir? not be at all! fr  
carried on in appearance?

*Sir J. B.* Honest Humphrey, ha  
thee all in order. I have myself in  
lived indeed with freedom, but I hope without reproach  
now I thought liberty would be as little injurious to my  
son, therefore as soon as he grew towards man I indulg'd  
him in living after his own manner. I know not how  
otherwise to judge of his inclination; for what can be con  
cluded from a behaviour under restraint and fear? bu  
what charms me above all expression is, that my son ha  
never in the least action, the most distant hint or word  
valued himself upon that great estate of his mother's whic  
according to our marriage-settlement he has had ever since  
he came to age.

*Humph.* No Sir; on the contrary he seems afraid of ap  
pearing to enjoy it before you or any belonging to you  
—He is as dependent and resign'd to your will as if I  
had not a farthing but what must come from your imme  
diate bounty. —You have ever acted like a good and ge  
nerous father, and he like an obedient and grateful son.

*Sir J. B.* "Nay, his carriage is so easy to all wit  
"whom he converses that he is never assuming, never pr  
"fers himself to others, nor is ever guilty of that roug  
"sincerity which a man is not called to, and certain  
"disobliges most of his acquaintance." To be short Hur  
phrey, his reputation was so fair in the world that o  
Sealand, the great India merchant, has offer'd his only  
daughter, and sole heiress to that vast estate of his, as a  
wife for him. You may be sure I made no difficulties; the  
match was agreed on, and this very day named for the  
wedding.

*Humph.* What hinders the proceeding?

*Sir J. B.* Don't interrupt me. You know I was last  
Thursday at the masquerade; my son, you may remem  
ber, soon found us out——he knew his grandfather's  
habit, which I then wore; and though it was in the mode  
in the last age, yet the maskers you know follow'd us as



# THE CONSCIENCE

A young man of quality in  
was particularly troublesome,  
was too much what he seem'd to  
impertinently he follow'd and  
ow who we were.  
a mind to come into that parti-

cular.

[*Aside.*

*Sir J. B.* Ay, he followed us till the gentleman who  
ed the lady in the Indian mantle presented that gay crea-  
ture to the rustick, and bid him (like Cymon in the fable)  
grow polite, by falling in love, and let that worthy old  
gentleman alone, meaning me. The clown was not re-  
form'd, but rudely persisted, and offered to force off my  
mask; with that the gentleman throwing off his own ap-  
peared to be my son, and in his concern for me tore off  
that of the nobleman: at this they seized each other, the  
company called the guards, and in the surprize the lady  
woun'd away, upon which my son quitted his adversary,  
and had now no care but of the lady—when raising her  
in his arms, “Art thou gone,” cry’d he “for ever—  
“forbid it Heav’n!”—She revives at his known voice—  
and with the most familiar though modest gesture hangs  
in safety over his shoulders weeping, but wept as in the  
arms of one before whom she could give herself a loose,  
were she not under observation: while she hides her face  
in his neck he carefully conveys her from the company.

*Humph.* I have observed this accident has dwelt upon you  
very strongly.

*Sir J. B.* Her uncommon air, her noble modesty, the  
dignity of her person, and the occasion itself, drew the  
whole assembly together; and I soon heard it buzz’d  
about she was the adopted daughter of a famous sea-offi-  
cer who had serv’d in France. Now this unexpected  
and publick discovery of my son’s so deep concern for  
her—

*Humph.* Was what I suppose alarm’d Mr. Sealand, in  
behalf of his daughter, to break off the match.

*Sir J. B.* You are right—he came to me yesterday,  
and said he thought himself disengaged from the bar-

gain, being credibly informed my son was already marry'd, or worse, to the lady at the masquerade. I palliated matters, and insisted on our agreement; but we parted with little less than a direct breach between us.

*Humph.* Well Sir, and what notice have you taken of all this to my young master?

*Sir J. B.* That's what I wanted to debate with you—I have said nothing to him yet—But look ye Humphrey—if there is so much in this amour of his that he denies upon my summons to marry, I have cause enough to be offended; and then by my insisting upon his marrying to-day I shall know how far he is engag'd to this lady in masquerade, and from thence only shall be able to take my measures; in the mean-time I would have you find out how far that rogue his man is let into his secret—he I know will play tricks as much to cross me as to serve his master.

*Humph.* Why do you think so of him Sir? I believe he is no worse than I was for you at your son's age.

*Sir J. B.* I see it in the rascal's looks. But I have dwelt on these things too long: I'll go to my son immediately, and while I'm gone your part is to convince his rogue Tom that I am in earnest. I'll leave him to you.

[*Exit.*]

*Humph.* Well, tho' this father and son live as well together as possible, yet their fear of giving each other pain is attended with constant mutual uneasiness. I am sure I have enough to do to be honest, and yet keep well with them both; but they know I love 'em, and that makes the task less painful however.—Oh, here's the prince of poor coxcombs, the representative of all the better fed than taught!—Ho, ho, Tom! whither so gay and so airy this morning?

*Enter Tom singing.*

*Tom.* Sir, we servants of single gentlemen are another kind of people than you domestick ordinary drudges that do business; we are rais'd above you: the pleasures of boardwages, tavern-dinners, and many a clear gain, vails, alas! you never heard or dreamt of.

*Humph.* Thou hast follies and vices enough for a man of ten thousand a-year, tho' it is but as t' other day that I

put you into Mr. Sealand's family a little before I put you to school, to be gentle for training such a proper obedience.—You were so every one you met in the street, a awkward cub as you were. But when you were a booby, became you much more so, in that dangling stick at your button, now you are a top, that's fit for nothing except to hang there to be ready for your master's hand when you are impertinent.

*Tom.* Uncle Humphrey, you know my master scorns to strike his servants; you talk as if the world was now just as it was when my old master and you were in your youth—when you went to dinner because it was so much a clock, when the great blow was given in the hall at the pantry door, and all the family came out of their holes in such strange dresses and formal faces as you see in the pictures in our long gallery in the country.

*Humph.* Why, you wild rogue!

*Tom.* You could not fall to your dinner till a formal fellow in a black gown said something over the meat, as if the cook had not made it ready enough.

*Humph.* Sirrah, who do you prate after?—despising men of sacred characters! I hope you never heard my young master talk so like a profligate.

*Tom.* Sir, I say you put upon me when I first came to Town about being orderly, and the doctrine of wearing shams to make linen last clean a fortnight, keeping my clothes fresh, and wearing a frock within doors.

*Humph.* Sirrah, I gave you those lessons because I suppos'd at that time your master and you might have din'd at home every day; and cost you nothing; then you might have made you a good family servant; but the gang you have frequented since at chocolatehouses and taverns, in a continual round of noise and extravagance—

*Tom.* I don't know what you heavy humates call noise and extravagance; but we gentlemen who are well fed and cut a figure Sir, think it a fine life, and that we must be very pretty fellows who are kept only to be looked at.

*Humph.* Very well Sir—I hope the fashion of being

lewd and extravagant, despising of decency and order, is almost at an end since it is arrived at persons of your quality.

*Tom.* Master Humphrey, ha, ha! you were an unhappy lad to be sent up to Town in such queer days as you were. Why now Sir, the lacquies are the men of pleasure of the age, the top gamesters, and many a lac'd coat about Town have had their education in our party-colour'd regiment.—We are false lovers, have a taste of musick, poetry, billet-doux, drefs, politicks, ruin damsels; and when we are weary of this lewd Town, and have a mind to take up, whip into our masters' wigs and linen and marry fortunes.

*Humph.* Hey day!

*Tom.* Nay Sir, our order is carried up to the highest dignities and distinctions: step but into the Painted Chamber—and by our titles you'd take us all for men of quality—then again, come down to the Court of Requests, and you shall see us all laying our broken heads together for the good of the nation; and tho' we never carry a question *nemine contradicente*, yet this I can say with a safe conscience, (and I wish every gentleman of our cloth could lay his hand upon his heart and say the same) that I never took so much as a single mug of beer for my vote in all my life.

*Humph.* Sirrah, there is no enduring your extravagance; I'll hear you prate no longer: I wanted to see you to inquire how things go with your master, as far as you understand them: I suppose he knows he is to be married to-day.

*Tom.* Ay Sir, he knows it, and is drefs'd as gay as the Sun; but between you and I my dear! he has a very heavy heart under all that gayety. As soon as he was drefs'd I retir'd, but overheard him sigh in the most heavy manner. He walk'd thoughtfully to andfro in the room, then went into his closet: when he came out he gave me this for his mistress, whose maid you know—

*Humph.* Is passionately fond of your fine person.

*Tom.* The poor fool is so tender, and loves to hear me talk of the world, and the plays, operas, and ridottoes, for the winter, the Parks and Bellize for our summer.

and! says she, you are so wild—but you

ell, but why don't you run with Mrs. Lucinda, as he order'd you? Lucinda is not so easily come at as

come at? why Sir, are not her father and my old agreed that she and Mr. Bevil are to be one flesh before to-morrow morning?

Tom. It's no matter for that: her mother it seems, Mrs. Sealand, has not agreed to it; and you must know Mr. Humphrey, that in that family the gray mare is the better horse.

Humph. What dost thou mean?

Tom. In one word, Mrs. Sealand pretends to have a will of her own, and has provided a relation of her's, a stiff starch'd philosopher, and a wise fool, for her daughter; for which reason for these ten days past she has offer'd no message nor letter from my master to come near her.

Humph. And where had you this intelligence?

Tom. From a foolish fond soul that can keep nothing from me—one that will deliver this letter too if she is rightly manag'd.

Humph. What, her pretty handmaid Mrs. Phillis?

Tom. Even she Sir. This is the very hour you know she usually comes hither, under a pretence of a visit to our housekeeper forsooth, but in reality to have a glance

Humph. Your sweet face I warrant you.

Tom. Nothing else in nature. You must know I love to ret and play with the little wanton——

Humph. Play with the little wanton! what will this world come to!

Tom. I met her this morning in a new manteau and petticoat not a bit the worse for her lady's wearing, and she has always new thoughts and new airs with new clothes——then she never fails to steal some glance or gesture from every visitant at their house, and is indeed the whole Town of coquettes at secondhand.——But here she comes; in one motion she speaks and describes herself better than all the words in the world can.

*Humph.* Then I hope, dear Sir! when your own affair is over you will be so good as to mind your master's with her.

*Tom.* Dear Humphrey! you know my master is my friend, and those are people I never forget—

*Humph.* Sauciness itself! but I'll leave you to do your best for him. [Exit.]

*Enter PHILLIS.*

*Phil.* Oh, Mr. Thomas, is Mrs. Sugarkey at home?—Lard! one is almost ashamed to pass along the streets. The Town is quite empty, and nobody of fashion left in it; and the ordinary people do so stare to see any thing dress'd like a woman of condition, "as it were on the same floor "with them," pass by. Alas! alas! it is a sad thing to walk. Oh Fortune, Fortune!

*Tom.* What! a sad thing to walk! why, Madam Phillis, do you wish yourself lame?

*Phil.* No, Mr. Thomas, but I wish I were generally carry'd in a coach or chair, and of a fortune neither to stand nor go, but to totter, or slide, to be shortsighted, or stare, to flee in the face, to look distant, to observe, to overlook, yet all become me; and if I was rich I could twine and loll as well as the best of them. Oh Tom, Tom! is it not a pity that you should be so great a coxcomb and I so great a coquette, and yet be such poor devils as we are?

*Tom.* Mrs. Phillis, I am your humble servant for that—

*Phil.* Yes, Mr. Thomas, I know how much you are my humble servant, and know what you said to Mrs. Judy upon seeing her in one of her lady's cast manteaus, that any one would have thought her the lady, and that she had ordered the other to wear it till it sat easy—for now only it was becoming—to my lady it was only a covering, to Mrs. Judy it was a habit. This you said after somebody or other. Oh Tom, Tom! thou art as false and as base as the best gentleman of them all: but you wretch! talk to me no more on the old odious subject: don't I say.

*Tom.* I know not how to resist your commands Madam.

[In a submissive tone, retiring.]

*Phil.* Commands about parting are grown mighty easy to you of late.

*Tom.* Oh, I have her! I have nettled and put her into a right temper to be wrought upon and set a prating.  
[*Aside.*]—Why truly, to be plain with you Mrs. Phillis, I can take little comfort of late in frequenting your house.

*Phil.* Pray Mr. Thomas, what is it all of a sudden offends your nicety at our house?

*Tom.* I don't care to speak particulars, but I dislike the whole.

*Phil.* I thank you Sir; I am a part of that whole.

*Tom.* Mistake me not good Phillis.

*Phil.* Good Phillis! saucy enough. But however—

*Tom.* I say it is that thou art a part which gives me pain for the disposition of the whole. You must know Madam, to be serious, I am a man at the bottom of prodigious nice honour. You are too much expos'd to company at your house. To be plain, I don't like so many that would be your mistress's lovers whispering to you.

*Phil.* Don't think to put that upon me. You say this because I wrung you to the heart when I touched your guilty conscience about Judy.

*Tom.* Ah Phillis, Phillis! if you but knew my heart!

*Phil.* I know too much on't.

*Tom.* "Nay then poor Crispo's fate and mine are—  
"therefore give me leave to say, or sing at least, as he  
"does upon the same occasion——"

"*Se vedette, &c.* [*Sings.*]"

"*Phil.* What, do you think I'm to be fobb'd off with  
"a song?—I do n't question but you have sung the same  
"to Mrs. Judy too."

*Tom.* Do n't disparage your charms good Phillis with jealousy of so worthless an object; besides she is a poor huffy; and if you doubt the sincerity of my love you will allow me true to my interest. You are a fortune Phillis—

*Phil.* What would the fop be at now? In good time indeed you shall be setting up for a fortune.

*Tom.* Dear Mrs. Phillis! you have such a spirit that we shall never be dull in marriage when we come together.

But I tell you you are a fortune, and you have an estate in my hands. *[He pulls out a purse, she eyes it.]*

*Phil.* What pretence have I to what is in your hand, Mr. Thomas?

*Tom.* As thus: there are hours you know when a lady is neither pleased nor displeased, neither sick nor well when she lolls or loiters, when she is without desires, from having more of every thing than she knows what to do with.

*Phil.* Well, what then?

*Tom.* When she has not life enough to keep her bright eyes quite open to look at her own dear image in the glass.

*Phil.* Explain thyself, and do not be so fond of thy own prating.

*Tom.* There are also prosperous and goodnatur'd moments, as when a knot or a patch is happily fix'd, when the complexion particularly flourishes.

*Phil.* Well, what then? I have not patience!

*Tom.* Why then—or on the like occasions—we servants who have skill to know how to time business find when such a pretty folded thing as this *[shows a letter]* may be presented, laid, or dropped, as best suits the present humour. And Madam, because it is a long wearisome journey to run through all the several stages of lady's temper, my master, who is the most reasonable man in the world, presents you this to bear your charge on the road. *[Gives her the purse.]*

*Phil.* Now you think me a corrupt buffy.

*Tom.* O fy! I only think you'll take the letter.

*Phil.* Nay, I know you do; but I know my own innocence: I take it for my mistress's sake.

*Tom.* I know it, my pretty one! I know it.

*Phil.* Yes, I say I do it because I would not have my mistress deluded by one who gives no proof of his passion: but I'll talk more of this as you see me on my way home—No, Tom; I assure thee I take this trash of thy master's not for the value of the thing, but as it convinces me he has a true respect for my mistress. I remember a verse to the purpose;

They may be false who languish and complain,  
But they who part with money never feign.

*[Exeunt.]*



## SCENE, BEVIL junior's lodging.

BEVIL junior reading.

*B. jun.* These moral writers practise virtue after death. This charming vision of Mirza! such an author consulted in a morning sets the spirits for the vicissitudes of the day better than the glass does a man's person. But what a day have I to go through! to put on an easy look with an aching heart!—If this lady my father urges me to marry should not refuse me my dilemma is insupportable. But why should I fear it? is not she in equal distress with me? has not the letter I have sent her this morning confess'd my inclination to another? nay, have I not moral assurances of her engagements too to my friend Myrtle? It's impossible but she must give in to it; for sure to be deny'd is a favour any man may pretend to. It must be so.—Well then, with the assurance of being rejected I think I may confidently say to my father I am ready to marry her—then let me resolve upon (what I am not very good at) an honest dissimulation.

*Enter TOM.*

*Tom.* Sir John Bevil Sir is in the next room.

*B. jun.* Dunce! why did you not bring him in?

*Tom.* I told him Sir you were in your closet.

*B. jun.* I thought you had known, Sir, it was my duty to see my father any where. [*Going himself to the door.*]

*Tom.* The devil's in my master! he has always more wit than I have. [*Aside.*]

BEVIL junior introducing Sir JOHN.

*B. jun.* Sir, you are the most gallant, the most complaisant, of all parents.—Sure 'tis not a compliment to say these lodgings are your's.—Why wou'd you not walk in Sir?

*Sir J. B.* I was loath to interrupt you unseasonably on your wedding-day.

*B. jun.* One to whom I am beholden for my birthday might have used less ceremony.

*Sir J. B.* Well son, I have intelligence you have writ to your mistress this morning. It would please my curi-

Bij

sity to know the contents of a wedding-day letter, for courtship must then be over.

*B. jun.* I assure you, Sir, there was no insolence in it upon the prospect of such a vast fortune's being added to our family, but much acknowledgment of the lady's great desert.

*Sir J. B.* But dear Jack, are you in earnest in all this and will you really marry her?

*B. jun.* Did I ever disobey any command of your's Sir? nay, any inclination that I saw you bent upon?

*Sir J. B.* "Why I can't say you have son? but me thinks in this whole business you have not been so warm as I could have wished you; you have visited her it is true but you have not been particular.—Every one knows you can say and do as handsome things as any man but you have done nothing but lived in the general being complaisant only.

*B. jun.* "As I am ever prepared to marry if you bid me, so I am ready to let it alone if you will have me.

[*Humphrey enters unobserved.*]

*Sir J. B.* "Look you there now? why, what am I to think of this so absolute and so indifferent a resignation?

*B. jun.* "I think that I am still your son Sir—Sir—you have been married, and I have not; and you have found the inconvenience there is when a man wed with too much love in his head. I have been told Sir that at the time you married you made a mighty bustle on the occasion—there was challenging and fighting—scaling walls—locking up the lady—and the gallant under an arrest for fear of killing all his rivals. Now Sir, I suppose you having found the ill consequence of these strong passions and prejudices in preference of one woman to another in case of a man's becoming a widower—

*Sir J. B.* "How is this?

*B. jun.* "I say Sir, experience has made you wiser in your care of me; for Sir, since you lost my dear mother your time has been so heavy, so lonely, and so tasteless, that you are so good as to guard me against the like unhappiness, by marrying me prudentially by way of bargain and sale; for as you well judge, a woman that is espoused for a fortune is yet a better bargain

“if she dies; for then a man well enjoys what he did marry, the money, and is disencumbered of what he did not marry, the woman.

*Sir J. B.* “But pray Sir, do you think Lucinda then a woman of such little merit?”

*B. jun.* “Pardon me Sir, I don’t carry it so far neither; I am rather afraid I shall like her too well; she has for one of her fortune a great many needful and superfluous good qualities.

*Sir J. B.* “I am afraid son there’s something I don’t see yet, something that’s smothered under all this rallery.

*B. jun.* “Not in the least Sir.”—If the lady is dress’d and ready you see I am. I suppose the lawyers are ready too.

*Enter HUMPHREY.*

*Humph.* Sir, Mr. Sealand is at the coffeehouse, and has sent to speak with you.

*Sir J. B.* Oh! that’s well! then I warrant the lawyers are ready. Son, you’ll be in the way you say——

*B. jun.* If you please Sir I’ll take a chair and go to Mr. Sealand’s, where the young lady and I will wait your leisure.

*Sir J. B.* By no means—the old fellow will be so vain if he sees——

*B. jun.* Ay—But the young lady Sir will think me so indifferent——

*Humph.* Ay—there you are right—press your readiness to go to the bride—he won’t let you.

*[Aside to Bevil jun.]*

*B. jun.* Are you sure of that?

*[Aside to Humph.]*

*Humph.* How he likes being prevented!

*[Aside.]*

*Sir J. B.* No, no; you are an hour or two too early.

*[Looking on his watch.]*

*B. jun.* “You’ll allow me Sir to think it too late to visit a beautiful, virtuous, young, woman, in the pride and bloom of life, ready to give herself to my arms, and to place her happiness or misery for the future in being agreeable or displeasing to me, is a——Call a chair.”

*Sir J. B.* “No, no, no, dear Jack!” Besides, this Sealand is a moody old fellow. There’s no dealing with some

people but by managing with indifference. We must leave to him the conduct of this day; it is the last of his commanding his daughter.

*B. jun.* Sir, he can't take it ill that I am impatient to be her's

*Sir J. B.* "Pray let me govern in this matter. You can't tell how humourfome old fellows are.—There's no offering reason to some of 'em, especially when they are rich.—If my son should see him before I've brought old Sealand into better temper the gratch would be impracticable. [*Aside.*

*Humph.* "Pray Sir let me beg you to let Mr. Bevil go.—See whether he will not. [*Aside to Sir John.*]—"*[Then to Bevil.]* Pray Sir command yourself; since you see my master is positive it is better you should not go.

*B. jun.* "My father commands me as to the object of my affections, but I hope he will not as to the warmth and height of them.

*Sir J. B.* "So I must even leave things as I found them, and in the mean-time at least keep old Sealand out of his sight."—Well son, I'll go myself and take orders in your affair—You'll be in the way I suppose if I send to you—I'll leave your old friend with you—Humphry—do n't let him stir, d'ye hear. Your servant, your servant. [*Exit Sir John.*

*Humph.* I have a sad time on't Sir between you and my master—I see you are unwilling, and I know his violent inclinations for the match—I must betray neither, and yet deceive you both, for your common good.—Heav'n grant a good end of this matter: but there is a lady Sir that gives your father much trouble and sorrow—You'll pardon me.

*B. jun.* Humphrey, I know thou art a friend to both, and in that confidence I dare tell thee—That lady—is a woman of honour and virtue. You may assure yourself I never will marry without my father's consent; but give me leave to say too this declaration does not come up to a promise that I will take whomsoever he pleases.

*Humph.* "Come Sir, I wholly understand you: you would engage my services to free you from this woman

whom my master intends you, to make way in time for the woman you have really a mind to.

*B. jun.* "Honest Humphrey! you have always been an useful friend to my father and myself; I beg you to continue your good offices, and don't let us come to the necessity of a dispute, for if we should dispute I must either part with more than life or lose the best of fathers."

*Humph.* My dear master! were I but worthy to know his secret that so near concerns you, my life, my all, should be engaged to serve you. This Sir I dare promise, that I am sure I will and can be secret: your trust at worst but saves you where you were; and if I cannot serve you I will at once be plain and tell you so.

*B. jun.* That's all I ask. Thou hast made it now my interest to trust thee. — Be patient then, and hear the story of my heart.

*Humph.* I am all attention-Sir.

*B. jun.* You may remember Humphrey, that in my last travels my father grew uneasy at my making so long a stay at Toulon.

*Humph.* I remember it; he was apprehensive some woman had laid hold of you.

*B. jun.* His fears were just, for there I first saw this lady: she is of English birth: her father's name was Danvers, a younger brother of an ancient family, and originally an eminent merchant of Bristol, who upon repeated misfortunes was reduced to go privately to the Indies. In this great Providence again grew favourable to his industry, and in six years time restored him to his former fortunes. In this he sent directions over that his wife and little family should follow him to the Indies. His wife, impatient to obey such welcome orders, would not wait the leisure of a convoy, but took the first occasion of a single ship, and with her husband's sister only and this daughter, then scarce seven years old, undertook the fatal voyage: for here poor creature she lost her liberty and life: she and her family, with all they had, were unfortunately taken by a privateer from Toulon. Being thus made a prisoner, though as such not ill-treated, yet the fright, the shock, and the cruel disappointment, seized with such violence

upon her unhealthy frame, she sickened, pined, and died at sea.

*Humph.* Poor soul! Oh, the helpless infant!

*B. jun.* Her sister yet survived, and had the care of her: the captain too proved to have humanity, and became a father to her; for having himself married an English woman, and being childless, he brought home into Toulon this her little countrywoman, this orphan I may call her, presenting her with all her dead mother's moveables of value to his wife, to be educated as his own adopted daughter.

*Humph.* Fortune here seemed again to smile on her.

*B. jun.* Only to make her frowns more terrible; for in his height of fortune this captain too, her benefactor, unfortunately was killed at sea, and dying intestate his estate fell wholly to an advocate, his brother, who coming soon to take possession, there found among his other riches this blooming virgin at his mercy.

*Humph.* He durst not sure abuse his power!

*B. jun.* No wonder if his pampered blood was fired at the sight of her.—In short he loved; but when all arts and gentle means had failed to move, he offered too his menaces in vain, denouncing vengeance on her cruelty, demanding her to account for all her maintenance from her childhood, seized on her little fortune as his own inheritance, and was dragging her by violence to prison, when Providence at the instant interposed, and sent me by miracle to relieve her.

*Humph.* 'Twas Providence indeed! But pray Sir, after all this trouble, how came this lady at last to England?

*B. jun.* The disappointed advocate, finding she had so unexpected a support, on cooler thoughts descended to a composition, which I without her knowledge secretly discharged.

*Humph.* That generous concealment made the obligation double.

*B. jun.* Having thus obtained her liberty I prevailed, not without some difficulty, to see her safe to England, where we no sooner arrived but my father, jealous of my being imprudently engaged, immediately proposed this other fatal match that hangs upon my quiet.

*Humph.* I find Sir you are irrecoverably fixed upon this lady.

*B. jun.* As my vital life dwells in my heart—and yet you see—what I do to please my father; walk in this pageantry of dress, this splendid covering of sorrow—but Humphrey, you have your lesson.

*Humph.* Now Sir I have but one material question—

*B. jun.* Ask it freely.

*Humph.* Is it then your own passion for this secret lady, or her's for you, that gives you this aversion to the match your father has proposed you?

*B. jun.* I shall appear, Humphrey, more romantick in my answer than in all the rest of my story; for though I dote on her to death, and have no little reason to believe she has the same thoughts for me, yet in all my acquaintance and utmost privacies with her I never once directly told her that I loved.

*Humph.* How was it possible to avoid it?

*B. jun.* My tender obligations to my father have laid so inviolable a restraint upon my conduct, that till I have his consent to speak I am determin'd on that subject to be dumb for ever.—*An honourable retreat shall always be at least within my power, however Fortune may dispose of me; the lady may repine perhaps, but never shall reproach me.*

*Humph.* Well Sir, to your praise be it spoken you are certainly the most unfashionable lover in Great-Britain.

*Enter TOM.*

*Tom.* Sir, Mr. Myrtle's at the next door, and if you are at leisure will be glad to wait on you.

*B. jun.* When'er he pleases.—Hold Tom; did you receive no answer to my letter?

*Tom.* Sir, I was desir'd to call again; for I was told her mother would not let her be out of her sight; but about an hour hence Mrs. Phillis said I should have one.

*B. jun.* Very well.

*Humph.* Sir, I will take another opportunity; in the mean-time I only think it proper to tell you, that from secret I know you may appear to your father as forward as you please to marry Lucinda, without the least hazard

of its coming to a conclusion.—Sir, your most obedient servant.

*B. jun.* Honest Humphrey! continue but my friend in this exigence and you shall always find me your's.

[*Exit Humph.*]

I long to hear how my letter has succeeded with Lucinda.

“But I think it cannot fail; for at worst, were it possible

“she would take it ill, her resentment of my indifference

“may as probably occasion a delay as her taking it right.”

—Poor Myrtle! what terrors must he be in all this while!

—Since he knows she is offered to me and refused to

him there is no conversing or taking any measures with

him for his own service.—But I ought to bear with my

friend, and use him as one in adversity.

All his disquietudes by my own I prove,

For none exceeds perplexity in love.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

SCENE continues.

*Enter BEVIL jun. and TOM.*

TOM.

SIR, Mr. Myrtle.

*B. jun.* Very well.—Do you step again and wait for an answer to my letter.

[*Exit Tom.*]

*Enter MYRTLE.*

Well Charles, why so much care in thy countenance? is there any thing in this world deserves it? you who used to be so gay, so open, so vacant!

*Myrt.* I think we have of late chang'd complexions. You who us'd to be much the graver man are now all air in your behaviour.—But the cause of my concern may, for ought I know, be the same object that gives you all this satisfaction. In a word, I am told that you are this very day (and your dress confirms me in it) to be married to Lucinda.

*B. jun.* You are not misinform'd.—Nay, put not on the terrors of a rival till you hear me out. I shall dis-



oblige the best of fathers if I don't seem ready to marry Lucinda; and you know I have ever told you you might make use of my secret resolution never to marry her for your own service as you please: but I am now driven to the extremity of immediately refusing or complying, unless you help me to escape the match.

*Myrt.* Escape, Sir! neither her merit nor her fortune are below your acceptance.—Escaping do you call it?

*B. jun.* Dear Sir! do you wish I should desire the match?

*Myrt.* No——but such is my humorous and sickly state of mind since it has been able to relish nothing but Lucinda, that tho' I must owe my happiness to your aversion to this marriage, I can't bear to hear her spoken of with levity or unconcern.

*B. jun.* Pardon me Sir, I shall transgress that way no more. She has understanding, beauty, shape, complexion, wit——

*Myrt.* Nay, dear Bevil! don't speak of her as if you lov'd her neither.

*B. jun.* Why then, to give you ease at once, tho' I allow Lucinda to have good sense, wit, beauty, and virtue, I know another in whom these qualities appear to me more amiable than in her.

*Myrt.* There you spoke like a reasonable and goodnature'd friend. When you acknowledge her merit, and own your prepossession for another, at once you gratify my fondness and cure my jealousy.

*B. jun.* But all this while you take no notice, you have no apprehension, of another man that has twice the fortune of either of us.

*Myrt.* Cimberton! Hang him, a formal, philosophical, pedantick, coxcomb!——for the sot, with all these crude notions of divers things, under the direction of great vanity and very little judgment, shews his strongest bias is avarice, which is so predominant in him that he will examine the limbs of his mistress with the caution of a jockey, and pays no more compliment to her personal charms than if she were a mere breeding animal.

*B. jun.* Are you sure that is not affected? I have known some women sooner set on fire by that sort of negligence than by all the blaze and ceremony of a court.

*Myrt.* No, no; hang him! the rogue has no art; it is pure simple insolence and stupidity.

*B. jun.* Yet with all this I do n't take him for a fool.

*Myrt.* I own the man is not a natural; he has a very quick sense, tho' a very slow understanding—he says indeed many things that want only the circumstances of time and place to be very just and agreeable.

*B. jun.* Well, you may be sure of me if you can disappoint him; but my intelligence says the mother has actually sent for the conveyancer to draw articles for his marriage with Lucinda, tho' those for mine with her are by her father's order ready for signing; but it seems she has not thought fit to consult either him or his daughter in the matter.

*Myrt.* Pshaw! a poor troublesome woman!—Neither Lucinda nor her father will ever be brought to comply with it—besides, I am sure Cimberton can make no settlement upon her without the concurrence of his great-uncle, Sir Geoffry in the West.

*B. jun.* Well Sir, and I can tell you that's the very point that is now laid before her counsel, to know whether a firm settlement can be made without this uncle's actually joining in it.—Now, pray consider Sir, when my affair with Lucinda comes, as it soon must, to an open rupture, how are you sure that Cimberton's fortune may not then tempt her father too to hear his proposals?

*Myrt.* There you are right indeed; that must be provided against.—Do you know who are her counsel?

*B. jun.* Yes, for your service I have found out that too; they are Sergeant Bramble and old Target.—By the way, they are neither of 'em known in the family: now I was thinking why you might not put a couple of false counsel upon her, to delay and confound matters a little—besides, it may probably let you into the bottom of her whole design against you.

*Myrt.* As how pray?

*B. jun.* Why, can't you slip on a black wig and a gown, and be old Bramble yourself?

*Myrt.* Ha! I do n't dislike it—but what shall I do for a brother in the case?

*B. jun.* What think you of my fellow Tom? The rogue's intelligent, and is a good mimick; all his part

will be but to stutter heartily, for that's old Target's case—nay, it would be an immoral thing to mock him, were it not that his impatience is the occasion of its breaking out to that degree.”—The conduct of the scene will chiefly lie upon you.

*Myrt.* I like it of all things; if you'll send Tom to my chambers I will give him full instructions. This will certainly give me occasion to raise difficulties, to puzzle or confound her project for a while at least.

*B. jun.* I warrant, you success; so far we are right then. And now, Charles, your apprehension of my marrying her is all you have to get over.

*Myrt.* Dear Bevil! tho' I know you are my friend, yet when I abstract myself from my own interest in the thing, I know no objection she can make to you or you to her, and therefore hope——

*B. jun.* Dear Myrtle! I am as much oblig'd to you for the cause of your suspicion as I am offended at the effect; but be assured I am taking measures for your certain security, and that all things with regard to me will end in your entire satisfaction.

*Myrt.* Well, I'll promise you to be as easy and as confident as I can, tho' I cannot but remember that I have more than life at stake on your fidelity. [Going.]

*B. jun.* Then depend upon it you have no chance against you.

*Myrt.* Nay, no ceremony; you know I must be going. [Exit Myrtle.]

*B. jun.* Well, this is another instance of the perplexities which arise too in faithful friendship. “We must often in this life go on in our good offices even under the displeasure of those to whom we do them, in compassion to their weaknesses and mistakes.” But all this while poor Indiana is tortured with the doubt of me; “she has no support or comfort but in my fidelity, yet sees me daily press'd to marriage with another. How painful in such a crisis must be every hour she thinks on me! I'll let her see at least my conduct to her is not chang'd:” I'll take this opportunity to visit her; for tho' the religious vow I have made to my father restrains me from ever marrying without his approbation, yet that confines me not from seeing a virtuous woman, that is the pure delight of my

eyes, and the guiltless joy of my heart. But the best condition of human life is but a gentler misery.

To hope for perfect happiness is vain,  
And love has ever its allays of pain.

[Ex.

SCENE, INDIANA'S *lodging*.

*Enter ISABELLA and INDIANA.*

*Isab.* Yes—I say 'tis artifice dear child! I say to thee again and again 'tis all skill and management.

*Ind.* Will you persuade me there can be an ill design supporting me in the condition of a woman of quality attended, dress'd, and lodg'd, like one in my appearance abroad, and my furniture at home, every way in the most sumptuous manner, and he that does it has an artifice, design, in it?

*Isab.* Yes, yes.

*Ind.* And all this without so much as explaining to me that all about me comes from him?

*Isab.* Ay, ay—the more for that—that keeps the tide to all you have the more in him.

*Ind.* The more in him!—he scorns the thought—

*Isab.* Then he—he—he—

*Ind.* Well, be not so eager.—If he is an ill man let's look into his stratagems; here is another of them [Showing a letter.] here's two hundred and fifty pounds in bank-notes, with these words, "To pay for the set dressing-plate which will be brought home to-morrow. Why, dear aunt! now here's another piece of skill for you which I own I cannot comprehend—and it is with a bleeding heart I hear you say any thing to the disadvantage of Mr. Bevil. When he is present I look upon him as one to whom I owe my life and the support of it; then again as the man who loves me with sincerity and honour. When his eyes are cast another way, and I dare survey him, my heart is painfully divided between shame and love—" (I could tell you—

*Isab.* "Oh, you need not; I imagine all this for you."

*Ind.* "This is my state of mind in his presence, and when he is absent you are ever dinning my ears with notions of the arts of men, that his hidden bounty, his respectful conduct, his careful provision for me, after I

preserving me from the utmost misery, are certain signs  
"he means nothing but to make I know not what of me.

*Ifab.* "Oh, you have a sweet opinion of him truly!

*Ind.* "I have, when I am with him, ten thousand things  
besides my sex's natural decency and shame to suppress  
my heart, that yearns to thank, to praise, to say it loves  
"him." I say thus it is with me while I see him, and in  
his absence I am entertain'd with nothing but your en-  
deavours to tear this amiable image from my heart, and  
in its stead to place a base dissembler, an artful invader of  
my happiness, my innocence, my honour.

*Ifab.* Ah, poor soul! has not his plot taken? don't  
you die for him? has not the way he has taken been the  
most proper with you? Oh ho! he has sense, and has judg'd  
the thing right.

*Ind.* Go on then, since nothing can answer you; say  
what you will of him.—Heigh ho!

*Ifab.* Heigh ho! indeed. It is better to say so as you are  
now than as many others are. There are among the de-  
stroyers of women the gentle, the generous, the mild, the  
affable, the humble, who all, soon after their success in  
their designs, turn to the contrary of those characters.  
"I will own to you Mr. Bevil carries his hypocrisy the  
"best of any man living; but still he is a man, and there-  
"fore a hypocrite. They have usurp'd an exemption  
"from shame, from any baseness, any cruelty, towards us."  
They embrace without love, they make vows without con-  
science of obligation; they are partners, nay seducers, to  
the crime, wherein they pretend to be less guilty.

*Ind.* That's truly observ'd. [*Aside.*] But what's all this  
to Bevil?

*Ifab.* This is to Bevil and all mankind. "Trust not those  
"who will think the worse of you for your confidence in  
"them; serpents who lie in wait for doves." Won't you  
be on your guard against those who would betray you?  
won't you doubt those who would condemn you for be-  
lieving 'em? "Take it from me fat and natural dealing  
"is to invite injuries; 'tis bleating to escape wolves who  
"would devour you." Such is the world, and such (since  
the behaviour of one man to myself) have I believed all  
the rest of the sex.

[*Aside.*]

*Ind.* I will not doubt the truth of Bevil, I will not doubt

it: he has not spoken it by an organ that is given to lying: his eyes are all that have ever told me that he was mine. I know his virtue, I know his filial piety, and ought to trust his management with a father to whom he has uncommon obligations. What have I to be concern'd for? My lesson is very short. If he takes me for ever my purpose of life is only to please him. If he leaves me, (which Heaven avert) I know he'll do it nobly; and I shall have nothing to do but to learn to die, after worse than death has happen'd to me.

*Ifab.* Ay, do persist in your credulity! flatter yourself that a man of his figure and fortune will make himself the jest of the Town, and marry a handsome beggar for love.

*Ind.* The Town! I must tell you Madam, the fools that laugh at Mr. Bevil will but make themselves more ridiculous; his actions are the result of thinking, and he has sense enough to make even virtue fashionable.

*Ifab.* "O' my conscience he has turn'd her head!" Come, come; if he were the honest fool you take him for, why has he kept you here these three weeks without sending you to Bristol in search of your father, your family, and your relations?

*Ind.* I am convinc'd he still designs it; "and that no thing keeps him here but the necessity of not coming to an open breach with his father in regard to the match he has propos'd him:" besides, has he not writ to Bristol? and has not he advice that my father has not been heard of there almost these twenty years?

*Ifab.* All sham, mere evasion; he is afraid if he should carry you thither your honest relations may take you out of his hands, and so blow up all his wicked hopes at once.

*Ind.* Wicked hopes! did I ever give him any such?

*Ifab.* Has he ever given you any honest ones? Can you say in your conscience he has ever once offer'd to marry you?

*Ind.* No; but by his behaviour I am convinc'd he will offer it the moment 't is in his power, or consistent with his honour, to make such a promise good to me.

*Ifab.* His honour!

*Ind.* I will rely upon it; therefore desire you will not make my life uneasy by these ungrateful jealousies of on

to whom I am and wish to be oblig'd; for from his integrity alone I have resolv'd to hope for happiness.

*Ifab.* Nay, I have done my duty; if you won't see at your peril be it. —

*Ind.* Let it be. — This is his hour of visiting me. [*Apart.*]

*Ifab.* "Oh! to be sure, keep up your form; do not see him in a bedchamber. This is pure prudence, when she is liable whenever he meets her to be convey'd where'er he pleases!" [*Apart.*]

*Ind.* All the rest of my life is but waiting till he comes! I live only when I'm with him. [*Exit.*]

*Ifab.* Well, go thy way, thou wilful innocent! I once had almost as much love for a man who poorly left me to marry an estate — and I am now, against my will, what they call an old maid — but I will not let the peevishness of that condition grow upon me — only keep up the suspicion of it to prevent this creature's being any other than a virgin, except upon proper terms. [*Exit.*]

*Reenter INDIANA, speaking to a servant.*

*Ind.* Desire Mr. Bevil to walk in. — Design! impossible! a base designing mind could never think of what he hourly puts in practice — and yet since the late rumour of his marriage he seems more reserv'd than formerly — he sends in too before he sees me to know if I am at leisure. — Such new respect may cover coldness in the heart — it certainly makes me thoughtful — I'll know the worst at once; I'll lay such fair occasions in his way that it shall be impossible to avoid an explanation — for these doubts are insupportable. — But see he comes and clears them all.

*Enter BEVIL jun.*

*B. jun.* Madam, your most obedient. — I am afraid I broke in upon your rest last night — 't was very late before we parted, but 't was your own fault; I never saw you in such agreeable humour.

*Ind.* I am extremely glad we were both pleas'd; for I thought I never saw you better company.

*B. jun.* Me! Madam; you rally; I said very little.

*Ind.* But I am afraid you heard me say a great deal; and when a woman is in the talking vein, the most agreeable thing a man can do, you know, is to have patience to hear her.

*B. jun.* Then it's pity Madam you should ever be silent, that we might be always agreeable to one another.

*Ind.* If I had your talent or power to make my actions speak for me I might indeed be silent, and yet pretend to something more than the agreeable.

*B. jun.* If I might be vain of any thing in my power, Madam, it is that my understanding from all your sex has mark'd you out as the most deserving object of my esteem.

*Ind.* Should I think I deserve this, it were enough to make my vanity forfeit the very esteem you offer me.

*B. jun.* How so Madam?

*Ind.* Because esteem is the result of reason, and to deserve it from good sense the height of human glory.—Nay I had rather a man of honour should pay me that than all the homage of a sincere and humble love.

*B. jun.* You certainly distinguish right Madam; love often kindles from external merit only—

*Ind.* But esteem arises from a higher source, the merit of the soul—

*B. jun.* True———and great souls only can deserve it  
[*Bowing respectfully*]

*Ind.* Now I think they are greater still that can so charitably part with it.

*B. jun.* Now Madam you make me vain, since the utmost pride and pleasure of my life is that I esteem you—as I ought.

*Ind. aside.*] As he ought! still more perplexing! he neither saves nor kills my hope.

*B. jun.* But Madam, we grow grave methinks—let's find some other subject.—Pray how did you like the opera last night?

*Ind.* First give me leave to thank you for my tickets.

*B. jun.* Oh! your servant Madam.—“But pray tell me you now who are never partial to the fashion I fancy must be the properest judge of a mighty dispute among the ladies, that is, whether Crispo or Griselda is the more agreeable entertainment.”

*Ind.* “With submission now I cannot be a proper judge of this question.”

*B. jun.* “How so Madam?”



*Ind.* "Because I find I have a partiality for one of them.

*B. jun.* "Pray which is that?

*Ind.* "I do not know—there's something in that rural cottage of Griselda, her forlorn condition, her poverty, her solitude, her resignation, her innocent slumbers, and that lulling *dolce sogno* that's sung over her, it had an effect upon me that—In short, I never was so well deceiv'd at any of them.

*B. jun.* "Oh! now then I can account for the dispute: Griselda it seems is the distress of an injur'd innocent woman, Crispo that only of a man in the same condition, therefore the men are mostly concern'd for Crispo, and by a natural indulgence both sexes for Griselda.

*Ind.* "So that judgment you think ought to be for one, tho' fancy and complaisance have got ground for the other. Well, I believe you will never give me leave to dispute with you on any subject, for I own Crispo has its charms for me too, though in the main all the pleasure the best opera gives us is but a keen sensation.—Me-thinks 't is pity the mind can't have a little more share in the entertainment.—The musick is certainly fine, but in my thoughts there's none of your composers come up to old Shakespeare and Otway.

*B. jun.* "How Madam! why, if a woman of your sense were to say this in a drawingroom—

*Enter SERVANT.*

*Serv.* Sir, here's Signor Carbonelli says he waits your commands in the next room.

*B. jun.* Apropos! you were saying yesterday Madam you had a mind to hear him.—Will you give him leave to entertain you now?

*Ind.* "By all means. Desire the gentleman to walk in.

*[Exit Servant.]*

*B. jun.* "I fancy you will find something in this hand that is uncommon.

*Ind.* "You are always finding ways, Mr. Bevil, to make life seem less tedious to me.

*Enter MUSICMASTER.*

"When the gentleman pleases."

*After a sonata is played Bevil junior waits on the master to the door, &c.*

*B. jun.* You smile Madam to see me so complaisant to

one whom I pay for his visit. Now I own I think it not enough barely to pay those whose talents are superiour to our own (I mean such talents as would become our condition if we had them); methinks we ought to do something more than barely gratify them for what they do at our command, only because their fortune is below us.

*Ind.* You say I smile; I assure you it was a smile of approbation; for indeed I cannot but think it the distinguishing part of a gentleman to make his superiority of fortune as easy to his inferiours as he can. — Now, once more to try him. [*Aside.*] — I was saying just now I believe you would never let me dispute with you, and I dare say it will always be so; however, I must have your opinion upon a subject which created a debate between my aunt and me just before you came hither; she would needs have it that no man ever does any extraordinary kindness or service for a woman but for his own sake.

*B. jun.* Well Madam! indeed I can't but be of her mind.

*Ind.* What, tho' he would maintain and support her, without demanding any thing of her on her part!

*B. jun.* Why, Madam, is making an expense in the service of a valuable woman, (for such I must suppose her) though she should never do him any favour, nay, though she should never know who did her such service, such a mighty heroick business?

*Ind.* Certainly! I should think he must be a man of an uncommon mould.

*B. jun.* Dear Madam! why so? 'tis but at best a better taste in expense. To bestow upon one whom he may think one of the ornaments of the whole creation, to be conscious that from his superfluity an innocent, a virtuous, spirit is supported above the temptations, the sorrows, of life; that he sees satisfaction, health, and gladness, in her countenance, while he enjoys the happiness of seeing her: (as that I will suppose too, or he must be too abstracted, too insensible) I say, if he is allowed to delight in that prospect, alas! what mighty matter is there in all this?

*Ind.* No mighty matter in so disinterested a friendship!

*B. jun.* Disinterested! I can't think him so. Your hero, Madam, is no more than what every gentleman ought to

; and I believe very many are—he is only one who  
keas more delight in reflections than in sensations; he is  
ore pleased with thinking than eating; that's the ut-  
ost you can say of him.—Why, Madam, a greater  
xpense than all this men lay out upon an unnecessary  
able of horses.

*Ind.* Can you be sincere in what you say!

*B. jun.* You may depend upon it if you know any such  
an he does not love dogs inordinately.

*Ind.* No, that he does not.

*B. jun.* Nor cards nor dice.

*Ind.* No.

*B. jun.* Nor bottle companions.

*Ind.* No.

*B. jun.* Nor loose women.

*Ind.* No, I'm sure he does not.

*B. jun.* Take my word then if your admired hero is not  
able to any of these kind of demands there's no such  
preeminence in this as you imagine: nay, this way of ex-  
pense you speak of is what exalts and raises him that has  
a taste for it, and at the same time his delight is inca-  
pable of satiety, disgust, or penitence

*Ind.* But still I insist his having no private interest in the  
action makes it prodigious, almost incredible.

*B. jun.* Dear Madam! I never knew you more mistaken.  
Why, who can be more an usurer than he who lays out his  
money in such valuable purchases? If pleasure be worth  
purchasing, how great a pleasure is it to him who has a  
true taste of life to ease an aking heart, to see the human  
countenance lighted up into smiles of joy on the receipt  
of a bit of ore which is superfluous and otherwise useless  
in a man's own pocket! What could a man do better with  
his cash? This is the effect of a humane disposition, where  
there is only a general tie of nature and common necessity;  
what then must it be when we serve an object of merit, of  
admiration!

*Ind.* Well, the more you argue against it the more I shall  
admire the generosity.

*B. jun.* Nay—then, Madam, 'tis time to fly after a de-  
claration that my opinion strengthens my adversary's ar-  
gument—I had best hasten to my appointment with Mr.

Myrtle, and be gone while we are friends, and—before things are brought to an extremity.— [*Exit carelessly.*]

*Enter ISABELLA.*

*Ifab.* Well Madam, what think you of him now pray?

*Ind.* I protest I begin to fear he is wholly disinterested in what he does for me. On my heart he has no other view but the mere pleasure of doing it, and has neither good or bad designs upon me.

*Ifab.* Ah, dear niece! don't be in fear of both; I'll warrant you you will know time enough that he is not indifferent.

*Ind.* You please me when you tell me so; for if he has any wishes towards me I know he will not pursue them but with honour.

*Ifab.* I wish I were as confident of one as t' other.—I saw the respectful downcast of his eye when you catch'd him gazing at you during the musick. "He I warrant was surpris'd as if he had been taken stealing your watch." Oh the undissembled guilty look!

*Ind.* But did you observe any thing really? I thought he look'd most charmingly graceful. How engaging is modesty in a man when one knows there is a great mind within! "So tender a confusion, and yet in other respects, so much himself, so collected, so dauntless, so deter-min'd!"

*Ifab.* Ah niece! "there is a sort of bashfulness which is the best engine to carry on a shameless purpose." Some mens' modesty serves their wickedness, as hypocrisy gains the respect due to piety. But I will own to you there is one hopeful symptom, if there could be such a thing as a disinterested lover; but till—till—till—

*Ind.* Till what?

*Ifab.* Till I know whether Mr. Myrtle and Mr. Bevil are really friends or foes—and that I will be convinc'd of before I sleep, for you shall not be deceiv'd. [*Exit Isabella.*]

*Ind.* I'm sure I never shall if your fears can guard me. In the mean-time I'll wrap myself up in the integrity of my own heart, nor dare to doubt of his.

As conscious honour all his actions steers,  
So conscious innocence dispels my fears.

[*Exit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE, SEALAND'S house.

Enter TOM, meeting PHILLIS.

TOM.

WELL Phillis!——What! with a face as if you had never seen me before?——What a work have I to do now! She has seen some new visitant at their house whose airs she has catch'd, and is resolv'd to practise them upon me. Numberless are the changes she'll dance thro' before she'll answer this plain question, *videlicet*, Have you deliver'd my master's letter to your lady? Nay, I know her too well to ask an account of it in an ordinary way; I'll be in my airs as well as she. [*Aside.*]——Well Madam, as unhappy as you are at present pleas'd to make me I would not in the general be any other than what I am; I would not be a bit wiser, a bit richer, a bit taller, a bit shorter, than I am at this instant. [*Looking stedfastly at her.*]

Phil. Did ever any body doubt, Master Thomas, but that you were extremely satisfi'd with your sweet self?

Tom. I am indeed.—The thing I have least reason to be satisfi'd with is my fortune, and I am glad of my poverty; perhaps if I were rich I should overlook the finest woman in the world, that wants nothing but riches to be thought so.

Phil. How prettily was that said! But I'll have a great deal more before I'll say one word. [*Aside.*]

Tom. I should perhaps have been stupidly above her had I not been her equal, and by not being her equal never had opportunity of being her slave. I am my master's servant for hire, I am my mistress's from choice, wou'd she but approve my passion.

Phil. I think it is the first time I ever heard you speak of it with any sense of anguish, if you really do suffer any.

Tom. Ah Phillis! can you doubt after what you have seen?

Phil. I know not what I have seen nor what I have heard; but since I am at leisure you may tell me when you fell in love with me, how you fell in love with me, and what you have suffer'd, or are ready to suffer, for me.

*Tom.* Oh the unmerciful jade! when I'm in haste about my master's letter—But I must go thro' it. [*Aside.*—Ah! too well I remember when, and how, and on what occasion, I was first surpris'd. It was on the first of April one thousand seven hundred and fifteen I came into Mr. Sealand's service; I was then a hobble-de-hoy, and you, a pretty little tight girl, a favourite handmaid of the house-keeper.—At that time we neither of us knew what was in us. I remember I was ordered to get out of the window, one pair of stairs, to rub the sashes clean—the person employed on the inner-side was your charming self, whom I had never seen before.

*Phil.* I think I remember the silly accident. What made ye, you oaf, ready to fall down into the street?

*Tom.* You know not I warrant you—you could not guess what surpris'd me—you took no delight when you immediately grew wanton in your conquest, and put your lips close and breath'd upon the glass, and when my lips approach'd, a dirty cloth you rubb'd against my face, and hid your beauteous form; when I again drew near you spit and rubb'd, and smil'd at my undoing.

*Phil.* What silly thoughts you men have!

*Tom.* We were Pyramus and Thisbe—but ten times harder was my fate: Pyramus could peep only thro' a wall; I saw her, saw my Thisbe, in all her beauty, but as much kept from her as if a hundred walls between; for there was more, there was her will against me.—Would she but relent!—Oh Phillis! Phillis! shorten my torment, and declare you pity me.

*Phil.* I believe it's very sufferable; the pain is not so exquisite but that you may bear it a little longer.

*Tom.* Oh my charming Phillis! if all depended on my fair one's will I could with glory suffer—but, dearest creature! consider our miserable state.

*Phil.* How! miserable!

*Tom.* We are miserable to be in love, and under the command of others than those we love—with that generous passion in the heart to be sent to and fro on errands, call'd, check'd, and rated for the meanest trifles—Oh Phillis! you don't know how many China cups and glasses my passion for you has made me break: you have broken my fortune as well as my heart.

*Phil.* Well, Mr. Thomas, I cannot but own to you that I believe your master writes and you speak the best of any men in the world. Never was a woman so well pleas'd with a letter as my young lady was with his, and this is an answer to it. *[Gives him a letter.]*

*Tom.* This was well done my dearest! Consider we must strike out some pretty livelihood for ourselves by closing their affairs: it will be nothing for them to give us a little being of our own, some small tenement, out of their large possessions: whatever they give us it will be more than what they keep for themselves: one acre with Phillis would be worth a whole county without her.

*Phil.* Oh, could I but believe you!

*Tom.* If not the utterance, believe the touch of my lips. *[Kisses her.]*

*Phil.* There's no contradicting you. How closely you argue Tom!

*Tom.* And will closer in due time; but I must hasten with this letter to hasten towards the possession of you—then, Phillis, consider how I must be reveng'd (look to it!) of all your skittishness, shy looks, and at best but coy compliances.

*Phil.* Oh Tom! you grow wanton and sensual, as my lady calls it: I must not endure it. Oh, foh! you are a man, an odious filthy male creature! you should behave, if you had a right sense, or were a man of sense, like Mr. Cimberton, with distance and indifference; “or, let me see, some other becoming hard word, with seeming in—“in—advertency,” and not rush on one as if you were seizing a prey. But hush—the ladies are coming.—Good Tom, don't kiss me above once, and be gone.—Lard! we have been fooling and toying, and not consider'd the main business of our masters and mistresses.

*Tom.* Why, their business is to be fooling and toying as soon as the parchments are ready.

*Phil.* Well remember'd—Parchments—my lady, to my knowledge, is preparing writings between her coxcomb cousin Cimberton and my mistress, though my master has an eye to the parchments already prepar'd between your master, Mr. Bevil, and my mistress; and I believe my mistress herself has sign'd and seal'd in her heart to Mr.

Myrtle.—Did I not bid you kiss me but once and be gone but I know you won't be satisfy'd.

Tom. No, you smooth creature! how should I?

[*Kissing her hand.*]

Phil. Well, since you are so humble, or so cool, as to ravish my hand only, I'll take my leave of you like a great lady, and you a man of quality. [*They salute formally.*]

Tom. Pox of all this state! [*Offers to kiss her more closely.*]

Phil. No, prithee Tom mind your business. "We must follow that interest which will take, but endeavour at that which will be most for us, and we like most.—Oh, here is my young mistress! [*Tom taps her neck behind and kisses his fingers.*]

Go, ye liquorish fool. [*Exit Tom.*]

Enter LUCINDA.

Luc. Who was that you were hurrying away?

Phil. One that I had no mind to part with.

Luc. Why did you turn him away then?

Phil. For your ladyship's service, to carry your ladyship's letter to his master. I could hardly get the rogue away.

Luc. Why, has he so little love for his master?

Phil. No, but he has so much love for his mistress.

Luc. But I thought I heard him kiss you: why do you suffer that?

Phil. Why, Madam, we vulgar take it to be a sign of love. We servants, we poor people, that have nothing but our persons to bestow or treat for, "are forc'd to deal on a bargain by way of sampler and therefore as we have no parchments or wax necessary in our agreements, we squeeze with our hands and seal with our lips to ratify vows and promises.

Luc. But can't you trust one another without such earnest down?

Phil. We don't think it safe, any more than you gentlemen, to come together without deeds executed.

Luc. Thou art a pest merry huffy.

Phil. I wish Madam your lover and you were as happy as Tom and your servant are.

Luc. You grow impertinent.

Phil. I have done Madam; and I won't ask you what you intend to do with Mr. Myrtle, what your father will do with Mr. Bevil, nor what you all, especially my lady, mean by admitting Mr. Cimberton as particularly here as :