

The Wonder:

*A Woman Keeps a
Secret*

Susanna Centlivre

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SUSANNA CENTLIVRE

THE WONDER:

A WOMAN keeps a SECRET.

A COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the
THEATRE-ROYAL in *DRURY-LANE*.

By His MAJESTY'S Servants.

PROLOGUE

Spoken by Mr. MILLS.

*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, O! 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 shou'd refuse:
If she succeeds, a Woman gains Applause,
What Female but must favour such a Cause?
Her Faults,—whate'er they are—e'en pass 'em by
And only on her Beauties fix your Eye.
In Plays, like Vessels floating on the Sea,
There's none so wise to know their Destiny.
In this, howe'er, the Pilot's Skill appears,*

*While by the Stars his constant Course he steers:
Rightly our Author does her Judgment shew,
That for her Safety she relies on You.
Your Approbation, Fair ones, can't but move,
Those stubborn Hearts, which first you taught to love:
The Men must all applaud this Play of Ours,
For who dares see with other Eyes, than Yours.*

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

Don Lopez, a Grandee of Portugal.

Mr. Norris.

Don Felix his Son, in Love with Violante.

Mr. Wilks.

Frederick, A Merchant.

Mr. Bickerstaff.

Don Pedro, Father to Violante.

Mr. Bullock, Jun.

Col. Britton, A Scotchman.

Mr. Mills.

Gibby, His Footman.

Mr. Bullock, Sen.

Lissardo, Servant to *Felix*.
Mr. *Pack*.

WOMEN.

Donna Violante, Designed for a Nun by her Father,
in Love with *Felix*.
Mrs. *Oldfield*.

Donna Isabella, Sister to *Felix*.
Miss *Santlow*.

Inis, Her Maid.
Mrs. *Cox*.

Flora, Maid to *Violante*.
Mrs. *Saunders*.

Alguazil, Attendants, Servants, &c.

SCENE, *Lisbon*.

THE WONDER.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter Don Lopez meeting Frederick.

Fred. My Lord *Don Lopez*.

Don 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* is 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, 'tis some Comfort not to owe one's Misfortunes to one's self, yet 'tis impossible not to regret the want of noble Birth.

D. Lop. 'Tis pity indeed such excellent Parts as you are Master of, should be eclipsed by mean Extraction.

Fred. Such Commendation wou'd make me vain, my Lord, did you not cast in the Allay of my Extraction.

D. Lop. There is 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 'tis past Prevention, all my Concern is now, how he may escape the Punishment; if *Antonio* dies, *Felix* shall for *England*. You have been there, what sort of People are the *English*?

Fred. My Lord, the *English* are by Nature, what the ancient *Romans* were by Discipline, courageous, bold, hardy, and in love with Liberty. Liberty is the Idol of the *English*, under whose Banner all the Nation lists; give but the Word for Liberty, and straight more armed Legions wou'd 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 oblig'd 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 sure sacrifice the lovely *Isabella* to Age, 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 don't conceive how that can be any Blot in a Husband, who is already possess'd 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 to 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 enquire 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 were 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 cou'd 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 everything, 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, therefore resolve to venture to thy House this Evening, impatient to see *Violante*, and embrace my Friend. Yours,

Felix.

Pray Heaven he comes undiscover'd.—Ha! Colonel *Britton*.

Enter Colonel Britton 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 resolve 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, an like yer Honour, they will tack cold gin they stand in the Causeway.

Fred. Oh! I'll take care of them, what hoa *Vasquez*!

Enter Vasquez.

Put those Horses which that honest Fellow will show you into my Stable, do you hear? and feed them well.

Vas. Yes, Sir.—Sir, by my Master's Order, I am, Sir, your most obsequious humble Servant. Be pleas'd to lead the Way.
[*bowing.*]

Gib. S'bled gang yer gat, Sir, and I sall follow ye: Ise tee hungry to feed on Compliments.

[*Exit.*

Fred. Ha, ha, a comical Fellow.—Well, how do you like our Country, Colonel?

Col. Why Faith, *Frederick*, a Man might pass his Time agreeable enough with-inside 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 Temptation to plunder. Ah *Frederick* your Priests are wicked Rogues. They immure Beauty for their own proper Use, and show it only to the Laity to create Desires, and inflame Accompts, 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 one even in fourscore. Don't I know the Constitution of the *Spanish Ladies*?

Fred. And of all Ladies where you come, Colonel, you were ever a Man of Gallantry.

Col. Ah *Frederick*, the *Kirk* half starves us *Scotchmen*. We are kept so sharp at home, that we feed like Cannibals abroad. Hark ye, hast thou never a pretty Acquaintance now, that thou would'st 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 e'en marry, and sacrifice my Body for the Good of my Soul. Wilt thou recommend me to a Wife then, one that is willing to exchange her *Moydores* 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 choak me—I confess *Frederick*, Women are the prettiest Play-things in Nature; but Gold, substantial Gold, gives 'em the Air, the Mien, the Shape, the Grace, and Beauty of a Goddess.

Fred. And has not Gold the same Divinity in their Eyes, Colonel?

Col. Too often.—Money is the very God of Marriage; the Poets dress him in a Saffron Robe, by which they figure out the golden Deity, and his lighted Torch blazons those mighty Charms, which encourage us to list under his Banner.

*None marry now for Love, no, that's a Jest.
The self same Bargain, serves for Wife, and Beast.*

Fred. You are always gay, Colonel; come, shall we take a refreshing Glass at my House, and consider what has been said?

Col. I have two or three Compliments to discharge for some Friends, and then I shall wait on you with Pleasure: Where do you live?

Fred. At yon Corner House with the green Rails.

Col. In the Close of the Evening I will endeavour to kiss your Hand. Adieu.

[*Exit.*

Fred. I shall expect you with Impatience.

[*Exit.*

Enter Isabella and Inis her Maid.

Inis. For Goodness sake, Madam, where are you going in this Pet?

Isab. Any where to avoid Matrimony; the Thought 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 Ideot, a sneaking, snivling, drivling, 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 in the Green-Sickness in a Month.

Isab. What care I, there will be no Man to plague me.

Inis. No, nor what's much worse, to please you neither—Ad'slife, Madam, you are the first Woman that e'er despair'd in a Christian Country—Were I in your Place—

Isab. Why, what would your Wisdom do if you were?

Inis. I'd imbark with the first fair Wind with all my Jewels, and seek my Fortune on t'other side the Water; no Shore can treat you worse than your own; there's ne'er a Father in *Christendom* should make me marry any Man against my Will.

Isab. I am too great a Coward to follow your Advice. I must contrive some way to avoid *Don Guzman*, and yet stay in my own Country.

Enter Don Lopez.

Lop. Must you so, Mistress? but I shall take Care to prevent you. (*Aside.*) *Isabella*, whither are you going, my Child.

Isab. Ha! my Father! to Church, Sir.

Inis. The old Rogue has certainly over-heard 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 arriv'd in the River, and I expect him ashore To-morrow.

Isab. Ha, To-morrow!

Lop. He writes me Word, That his Estate in *Holland* is worth 12000 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 whatever 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 Arm full 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 lye, you lye.

Isab. My frighted 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 turn'd into blank Verse, it would serve for a *Tragedy*; why, thou hast more Wit than I thought thou hadst, Child.—I fancy this was all

extempore, I don't believe thou did'st ever think of one Word on't before.

Inis. Yes, but she has, my Lord, for I have heard her say the same Things a thousand Times.

Lop. How, how? What do you top your second-hand Jests upon your Father, Hussy, who knows better what's good for you than you do yourself? remember 'tis your Duty to obey.

Isab. (*Rising.*) I never disobey'd before, and wish I had not Reason now; but Nature has got the better of my Duty, and makes me loath the harsh Commands you lay.

Lop. Ha, ha, very fine! Ha, ha.

Isab. Death itself wou'd be more welcome.

Lop. Are you sure of that?

Isab. I am your Daughter, my Lord, and can boast as strong a Resolution as yourself; I'll die before I'll marry *Guzman*.

Lop. Say you so? I'll try that presently. (*Draws.*) Here let me see with what Dexterity you can breathe a Vein now (*offers her his Sword.*) The Point is pretty sharp, 'twill do your Business I warrant you.

Inis. Bless me, Sir, What do you mean to put a Sword into the Hands of a desperate Woman?

Lop. Desperate, ha, ha, ha, you see how desperate she is; what art thou frighted 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* comes; go, get you 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.

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 Accompt six hundred

Years; when it is dark, expect the wonted Signal at thy Window, till when, adieu, thine more than his own.

Felix.

Flo. Who wou'd 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; I wou'd 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 threatned to disinherit him, for refuting *Don Antonio's* Sister, from whence sprung this unhappy Quarrel, did it shake his Love for me? And now, tho' strict Enquiry 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, 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 enter with *Lissardo*.

Vio. Well, and how do you do, *Lissardo*?

Liss. Ah, very weary, Madam—Faith thou look'st wondrous pretty, *Flora*. (*Aside to Flora*.)

Vio. How came you?

Liss. *En Cavalier*, Madam, upon a Hackney-Jade, which they told me formerly belong'd to an *English* Colonel. But I should have rather thought she had been bred a good *Roman Catholick* all her Life-time; for she down on her Knees to every Stock and Stone we came along by. My Chaps waters 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 House-Wife, I'd show you how fond I cou'd be—(*Aside to Flora*) 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 Liss*.)

Liss. No, every Body knows I counterfeit very ill. (*to Flora*.)

Vio. How say you? Is *Felix* ill? What's his Distemper? Ha!

Liss. A pies on't, I hate to be interrupted—Love, Madam, Love—In short, Madam, I believe he has thought of nothing but your Ladyship ever since he left *Lisbon*. I am sure he could not, if I may judge of his Heart by my own.

[*Looking lovingly upon Flora.*]

Vio. How came you so well acquainted with your Master's Thoughts, *Lissardo*?

Liss. By an infallible Rule, Madam; Words are the Pictures of the Mind, you know; now to prove he thinks of nothing but you, he talks of nothing but you—for Example, Madam, coming from shooting t'other Day, with a Brace of Partridges, *Lissardo*, said he, go bid the Cook roast me these *Violante's*—I flew into the Kitchin, full of Thoughts of thee, cry'd, here Cook, roast me these *Florella's*. (*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 call'd out hastily, *Lissardo*, said he, bring a *Violante* for my Father to sit down on;—then he often mistook my Name, Madam, and call'd me *Violante*; in short, I heard it so often, that it became as familiar to me as my Prayers.

Vio. You liv'd very merrily then it seems.

Liss. Oh, exceeding merry, Madam.

[*Kisses Flora's Hand.*

Vio. Ha! exceeding merry; had you Treats and Balls?

Liss. Oh! Yes, yes, Madam, several.

Flo. You are mad, *Lissardo*, you don't mind what my Lady says to you. (*Aside to Lissardo.*)

Vio. Ha! Balls—Is he so merry in my Absence? And did your Master dance, *Lissardo*?

Liss. Dance Madam! Where Madam?

Vio. Why, at those Balls you speak of.

Liss. Balls! What Balls Madam?

Vio. Why, sure you are in Love, *Lissardo*; did not you say, but now, you had Balls where you have been?

Liss. Balls, Madam! Od'slife, I ask your Pardon, Madam! I, I, I, had mislaid some Wash-Balls of my Master's t'other day; and because I could not think where I had laid them, just when he ask'd for them, he very fairly broke my Head, Madam, and now it seems I can think of nothing else. Alas! He dance, Madam! No, no, poor Gentleman, he is as melancholy as an unbrac'd 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 Vio.*

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 shap'd Hand—and becomes a Diamond Ring, as well as the first Grandee's in *Portugal*.

Flo. The Man's transported! Is this your Love! This your Impatience!

Liss. (*Takes Snuff.*) Now in my Mind—I take Snuff with a very *Jantee* Air—Well, I am persuaded I want nothing but a Coach, and a Title, to make me a very fine Gentleman. (*Struts about.*)

Flo. Sweet Mr. *Lissardo*, (*curtesying*) if I may presume to speak to you, without affronting your little Finger.—

Liss. Odso Madam, I ask your Pardon—Is it to me, or to the Ring—you direct your Discourse, Madam?

Flo. Madam! Good lack! How much a Diamond Ring improves one!

Liss. Why, tho' I say it—I can carry myself as well as any Body—But what wer't thou going to say Child?

Flor. Why I was going to say, that I fancy you had best let me keep that Ring; it will be a very pretty Wedding-Ring, *Lissardo*, would it not?

Liss. Humph! Ah! But—but—but—I believe I shan't marry yet a while.

Flo. You shan't you say—Very well! I suppose you design that Ring for *Inis*.

Liss. No, no, I never bribe an old Acquaintance—Perhaps I might let it sparkle in the Eyes of a Stranger a little, till we come to a right Understanding—But then like all other mortal Things, it would return from whence it came.

Flor. Insolent—Is that your Manner of dealing?

Liss. With all but thee—Kiss me, you little Rogue you.
(*Hugging her.*)

Flor. Little Rogue! Prithee Fellow, don't be so familiar, (*pushing him away*) if I mayn't keep your Ring, I can keep my Kisses.

Liss. You can, you say! Spoke with the Air of a Chambermaid.

Flor. Reply'd with the Spirit of a serving Man.

Liss. Prithee, *Flora*, don't let you and I fall out, I am in a merry Humour, and shall certainly fall in somewhere.

Flor. What care I, where you fall in.

Enter Violante.

Vio. Why do you keep *Lissardo* so long, *Flora*? When you don't know how soon my Father may awake, his Afternoon Naps are never long.

Flor. Had *Don Felix* been with her, she wou'd 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.

Liss. I fly, Madam.

[*Exit Liss. and Flora.*]

Vio. The Day draws in, and Night,—the Lover's Friend—advances. Night more welcome than the Sun to me, because it brings my Love.

Flor. (*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! Heaven grant it do's not prove my *Felix*.

Flor. Here they are, Madam.

Enter Colonel with Isabella in his Arms.

Vio. I'll retire till you discover the Meaning of the Accident.

[*Exit.*

Col. (*Sets Isabella down in the Chair, and addresses himself to Flora.*)

Madam. The Necessity this Lady was under, of being convey'd 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; wou'd I were so to her Beauty too. (*Aside*) I commit her Madam, to your Care, and fly to make her Retreat secure, if the Streets 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 call'd?

Flor. Violante, Senior—He is a handsome *Cavalier*, and promises well. (*Aside.*)

Col. Are you she, Madam?

Flor. Only her Woman, *Senior*.

Col. Your humble Servant, Mrs. Pray be careful of the Lady—(*gives her two Moydores.*)

[*Exit Col.*]

Flor. Two Moydores! 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! defend me Heaven, 'tis *Isabella*, Sister to my *Felix*, what has befall'n her? Pray Heaven he's safe—Run and fetch some cold Water, (*Exit Flora, and enters with Water*) *Isabella*, Friend, speak to me, Oh! speak to me, or I shall die with Apprehension.

Flor. 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 preserv'd, and lodg'd me here?

Flor. 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 Thoughts ran so much upon the Danger I escap'd, I had 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 the arms of *Don Guzman*, who it seems is just return'd from *Holland*, and expected ashore to-morrow, the Day that he has set to celebrate our Nuptials; upon my refusing to obey him, he lock'd me into my Chamber, vowing to keep me there till he arriv'd, and force me to consent. I know my Father to be positive, never to be won from his Design; and having no hope left me, to escape the Marriage, I leap'd from the Window, into the Street.

Vio. You have not hurt yourself I hope.

Isab. No, a Gentleman passing by, by Accident caught me in his Arms; at first my Fright made me apprehend it was my

Father, till he assur'd me to the contrary.

Flor. He is a very fine Gentleman I promise you, Madam, and a well bred Man I warrant him. I think I never saw a Grandee put his Hand into his Pocket with a better Air in my whole Life Time; then he open'd his Purse with such a Grace, that nothing but his Manner of presenting me the Gold could equal.

Vio. There is but one common Road to the Heart of a Servant, and 'tis impossible for a generous Person to mistake it.—But how came you hither *Isabella*?

Isab. I know not, I desir'd the Stranger to convey me to the next *Monastery*, but e'er I reach'd thy 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 remember: Ha! What's here (*takes up a Letter*) *For Colonel Britton, to be left at the Post-House in Lisbon*; this must be drop'd by the Stranger which brought me hither.

Vio. Thou art fallen into the Hands of a Soldier, take care he does not lay thee under Contribution, Girl.

Isab. I find he is a Gentleman; and if he be but unmarried I cou'd be content to follow him all the World over.—But I shall never see him more I fear. (*Sighs and Pauses.*)

Vio. What makes you sigh, *Isabella*?

Isab. The fear of falling into my Father's Clutches again.

Vio. Can I be serviceable to you?

Isab. Yes, if you'll conceal me two or three Days.

Vio. You command my House and Secrecy.

Isab. I thank you *Violante*,—I wish you wou'd oblige me with Mrs. *Flora* a while.

Vio. I'll send for her to you—I must watch if Dad be still asleep, or here will be no room for *Felix*.

[*Exit.*

Isab. Well, I don't know what ails me, but methinks I wish I cou'd find this Stranger out.

Enter Flora.

Flor. Does your Ladyship want me, Madam?

Isab. Ay, Mrs. *Flora*, I resolve to make you my Confident.

Flor. 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.

Flora. O dear *Senjora*, I shou'd have been your humble Servant, without a Fee.

Isab. I believe it—But to the Purpose—Do you think if you saw the Gentleman which brought me hither, you shou'd know him again?

Flor. From a Thousand, Madam, I have an excellent Memory where a handsome Man's concern'd; 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, cou'd not you contrive to give him a Letter?

Flor. 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.

Flor. 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 Chamber-maid—Do you write the Letter, and leave the rest to me—Here, here, here's Pen, Ink and Paper.

Isab. I'll do't in a Minute.

[*Sits down to write.*

Flor. So! This is 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

t'other two Moydores 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!

Flor. If he shou'd not—I warrant I'll find him if he's in *Lisbon*.

[*Puts the Letter into her Bosom.*]

Enter Violante.

Vio. *Flora*, watch my Papa; he's fast asleep in his Study—If you find him stir, give me Notice.—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 Vertue 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 wou'd restore me to my Father, or kill me, therefore dear, dear Girl.

Vio. Depend upon my Friendship, nothing shall draw thy 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.

Vio. When I betray thee, may I share thy Fate.

Enter Flora with Felix.

Vio. My *Felix*. My everlasting Love. (*runs into his Arms.*)

Fel. My Life, my Soul! My *Violante*!

Vio. What Hazards dost thou run for me; Oh, how shall I requite thee?

Fel. If during this tedious painful Exile, thy Thoughts have never wander'd from thy *Felix*, thou hast made me more than Satisfaction.

Vio. Can there be room within this Heart for any but thyself. No, if the God of Love were lost to all the rest of Human Kind, thy Image 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 would be no where found: And yet *Violante* I'm in doubt.

Vio. Did I ever give thee Cause to doubt, my *Felix*.

Fel. True Love has many Fears, and Fear as many Eyes as Fame; yet sure I think they see no Fault in thee—What's that?

[*The Colonel pats at the Window without.*

Vio. What? I heard nothing.

[*He pats again.*

Fel. Ha! What means this Signal at your Window?

Vio. Some Body perhaps, in passing by, might accidentally hit it, it can be nothing else.

Col. (Within) Hist, hist, *Donna Violante, Donna Violante.*

Fel. They use your Name by Accident too, do they, Madam?

Enter Flora.

Flo. There is a Gentleman at the Window, Madam, which I fancy to be him who brought *Isabella* hither; shall I admit him? (*Aside to Violante.*)

Vio. Admit Distraction rather, thou art the Cause of this, unthinking Wretch! (*Aside to Flora.*)

Fel. What has Mistress *Scout* brought you fresh Intelligence? Death, I'll know the Bottom of this immediately! (*offers to go.*)

Flor. Scout, I scorn your Words, *Senior*.

Vio. Nay, nay, nay, nay, you must not leave me.

[*runs and catches hold of him.*

Fel. Oh! 'Tis not fair, not to answer the Gentleman, Madam. It is none of his Fault, that his Visit proves unseasonable; pray let me go, my Presence is but a Restraint upon you.

[*struggles to get from her.*

The Colonel pats again.

Vio. Was ever Accident so mischievous? (*Aside.*)

Flor. It must be the Colonel, now to deliver my Letter to him.

[*Exit.*

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 lye 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 Heavens! Whall 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—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. Whoe'er you are that with such Insolence dare use my Name, and give the

Neighbourhood Pretence to reflect upon my Conduct: I charge you instantly be gone, or expect the Treatment you deserve.

[*goes to the Window, and throws up the Sash.*]

Col. I ask your 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 is 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 Assignment before my Face
—No, he shall not live to meet your Wishes.

[Takes out a Pistol and goes towards the Window; she catches hold of him.]

Vio. Ah! (*Shrieks*) Hold, I conjure you!

Col. To-morrow's an Age, Madam! May I not be admitted to Night?

Vio. If you be a Gentleman, I command your 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 deceiv'd! S'Death, cou'd not you have impos'd upon me for this one Night? Cou'd neither my faithful Love, nor the Hazard I have run to see you, make me worthy to be cheated on?

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 'tis in your
keeping—Damnation!—How ugly she appears!

[*Looking on 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! O *Violante,* lost and
abandon'd 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 necessary. I'll oblige you. (*going*)

Vio. Oh, let me undeceive you first!

[*takes hold of him.*

Fel. Impossible!

Vio. 'Tis very probable if I durst.

Fel. Durst! Ha, ha, ha, durst quotha.

Vio. But another Time I'll tell the all.

Fel. Nay, now or never.—

Vio. Now it cannot be.

Fel. Then it shall never be—Thou most ungrateful of thy Sex, farewell.

[Breaks from her and Exit.

Vio. Oh exquisite Tryal 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.

Enter Don Lopez.

Lop. Was ever Man thus plagu'd! Od'sheart, I cou'd swallow my Dagger for Madness; I know not what to think, sure *Frederick* had no Hand in her Escape—She must get out of the Window; and she could not do that without a Ladder; and who cou'd bring it her, but him? Ay, it must be so. The Dislike he shew'd to *Don Guzman* in our Discourse to Day, Confirms my Suspicion, and I will charge him home with it; sure Children were given me for a Curse! Why, what innumerable Misfortunes attend us Parents, when we have employ'd our whole Care to educate, 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 *Frederick* immediately. I'll take the Alguazil with me, and search his House; and if I find her, I'll use her—by St. *Anthony*, I don't know how I'll use her.

[*Exit.*

The Scene changes to the Street.

Enter Colonel with Isabella's Letter in his Hand, and Gibby following.

Col. Well, tho' I cou'd 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 receiv'd from a Lady in a Veil—Some *Duenna!* Some necessary Implement of *Cupid?* I suppose the Stile 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 me at five o'Clock in the Morning upon the *Terriero de passa*, half an Hours 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 am sure I shall do nothing unbecoming a Gentleman. Well, if I must not see her Face, it shall go hard if I don't know where she lives.—*Gibby.*

Gib. Here, an lik yer Honour.

Col. Follow me at a good Distance, do you hear, *Gibby?*

Gib. In truth dee I, weel eneugh, Sir.

Col. I am to meet a Lady upon the *Terreira de passa*.

Gib. The Deel an mine Eye gin I kenn her, Sir.

Col. But you will when we come there, Sirrah.

Gib. Like eneugh, Sir; I have as sharp and Eyn tul a bony 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, 'tis pretty near the Time.—I like a Woman that rises early to pursue her Inclination.

*Thus we improve the Pleasures of the Day,
Whilst tastless Mortals sleep their Time away.*

[Exit.

Scene changes to Frederick's House.

Enter Inis and Lissardo.

Liss. Your Lady ran away, and you not know whither? Say you?

Inis. She never greatly car'd for me after finding you and me together; but you are very grave, methinks, *Lissardo*.

Liss. (*Looking upon 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 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. Oh 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. You 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 thou 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?

Liss. Why do you doubt it?

Flo. So, so, very well! I thought there was an Intrigue between him and *Inis*, for all he has forsworn it so often. (*Aside.*)

Inis. Nor han't you seen *Flora* since you came to Town.

Flo. Ha! How dares she name my Name? (*Aside.*)

Liss. No, by this Kiss I han't. (*Kisses her.*)

Flo. Here's a dissembling Varlet. (*Aside.*)

Inis. Nor don't you love her at all?

Liss. Love the Devil; why did not I always tell thee she was my Aversion?

Flo. Did you so, Villain?

[*Strikes him a Box on the Ear.*]

Liss. Zounds, she here! I have made a fine Spot of Work on't. (*Aside.*)

Inis. What's that for? Ha.

[*Brushes up to her.*]

Flo. I shall tell you by and by, Mrs. *Frippery*, if you don't get about your Business.

Inis. Who do you call *Frippery*, Mrs. *Trollop*! Pray get about your Business: If you go to that, I hope you pretend to no Right and Title here.

Liss. What the Devil do they take me for, an Acre of Land, that they quarrel about Right and Title to me? (*Aside.*)

Flo. Pray what Right have you, Mistress, to ask that Question?

Inis. No matter for that, I can show a better Title to him than you, I believe.

Flo. What, has he given thee nine Months earnest for a living Title? Ha, ha.

Inis. Don't fling your flaunting Jest at me, Mrs. *Boldface*, for I won't take 'em, I assure you.

Liss. So! Now am I as great as the fam'd *Alexander*. But my dear *Statira* and *Roxana*, don't exert yourselves so much about me: Now, I fancy, if you wou'd agree lovingly together, I might, in a modest Way, satisfy both your Demands upon me.

Flo. You satisfy! No, Sirrah, I am not to be satisfy'd so soon as you think, perhaps.

Inis. No, nor I neither—What, do you make no Difference between us?

Flo. You pityful 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, Sirrah—It was to detect your Treachery.—How often have you sworn to me that you hated *Inis*, and only carried fair for the good Chear she gave you; but that you could never like a Woman with crooked Legs, you said.

Inis. How, how, Sirrah, crooked Legs! Ods; I cou'd find in my Heart.

[*Snatching up her Petticoat a little.*]

Liss. Here's a lying young Jade now! Prithee, my Dear, moderate thy Passion. (*Coaxingly.*)

Inis. I'd have you to know, Sirrah, my Legs was never—your Master, I hope, understands Legs better than you do, Sirrah. (*passionately.*)

Liss. My Master, so, so.

[*Shaking his Head and winking.*]

Flo. I am glad I have done some Mischief, however.
(*Aside.*)

Liss. (*To Inis.*) Art thou really so foolish to mind what an enrag'd Woman says? Don't you see she does it on purpose to part you and me? (*runs to Flora*) cou'd not you find the Joke without putting yourself in a Passion! You silly Girl you? why I saw you follow us plain enough, Mun, and said all this, that you might not go back with only your Labour for your Pains—But you are a revengeful young Slut tho'. I tell you that, but come kiss, and be Friends.

Flo. Don't think to coax me, hang your Kisses.

Fel. (*Within*) *Lissardo.*

Liss. Od'sheart, 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 wou'd 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 Cloaths Press together, and stay where you are, and face it out—there is no help for it!

Flo. Put me any where, rather than that; come, come, let me in.

[He opens the Press, and she goes in.]

Inis. I'll see her hang'd, before I'll go into the Place where she is.—I'll trust Fortune with my Deliverance: Here us'd to be a Pair of back Stairs, I'll try to find them out.

[Exit.]

Enter Felix and Frederick.

Fel. Was you asleep, Sirrah, that you did not hear me call?

Liss. I did hear you, and answer'd you, I was coming, Sir.

Fel. Go get the Horses ready, I'll leave *Lisbon* to Night, never to see it more.

Liss. Hey dey! 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, my Ears convey'd the Truth into my Heart, and Reason justifies my Anger: *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 am ignorant. Oh, That some Miracle would reveal him to me, that I might thro' his Heart punish her Infidelity.

Enter Lissardo.

Liss. Oh! Sir, here's your Father *Don Lopez* coming up.

Fel. Does he know that I am here?

Liss. I can't tell, Sir, he ask'd for *Don Frederick*.

Fred. Did he see you?

Liss. I believe not, Sir, for as soon as I saw him, I ran back to give my Master Notice.

Fel. Keep out of his Sight then.—And dear *Frederick*, permit me to retire into the next Room, for I know the old

Gentleman will be very much displeas'd at my Return without his Leave.

[*Exit.*

Fred. Quick, quick, be gone, he is here.

Enter Don Lopez, speaking as he enters.

Lop. Mr. *Alguazil*, wait you without till I call for you. *Frederick*, an *Affair* brings me here—which—requires *Privacy*—So that if you have any *Body* within *Ear-shot*, pray order them to retire.

Fred. We are private, my Lord, speak freely.

Lop. Why then Sir, I must tell you, that you had better have pitch'd upon any Man in *Portugal* to have injur'd, than myself.

Fel. (*Peeping*) What means my Father?

Fred. I understand you not, my Lord!

Lop. Tho' I am old, I have a Son.—Alas! Why name I him? He knows not the Dishonour of my House.

Fel. I am confounded! The Dishonour of his House.

Fred. Explain yourself my Lord! I am not conscious of any dishonourable Action to any Man, much less to your Lordship.

Lop. 'Tis false! you have debauched my Daughter.

Fel. Debauch'd my Sister! Impossible! He cou'd 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, wou'd give your Daughter cause to curse her Duty, if she comply'd with your Demand, that was all, my Lord!

Lop. And so you help'd her thro' the Window to make her disobey.

Fel. Ha, my Sister gone! Oh Scandal to our Blood!

Fred. This is insulting me, my Lord, when I assure you I have neither seen, nor know any thing of your Daughter—If she is gone, the Contrivance was her own, and you may thank your Rigour for it.

Lop. Very well, Sir; however, my Rigour shall make bold to search your House: Here, call in the Alguazil.—

Flo. (Peeping) The Alguazil? What in the Name of Wonder will become of me!

Fred. The Alguazil! My Lord, you'll repent this.

Enter Alguazil and Attendants.

Lop. No Sir, 'tis you that will repent it, I charge you, in the King's Name, to assist me in finding of my Daughter.—Be sure you leave no Part of the House unsearch'd; come, follow me.

[Goes 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 *Demy-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 show 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—*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.

Fred. Here's a generous Dog now—

Lop. Oh that ever I was born—Hold, hold, hold.

Fred. Did I not tell you, you wou'd repent, my Lord. What ho! Within there (*Enter Servants*) Arm yourselves, and let not a Man in, nor out, but *Felix*—Look ye, *Alguazil*, when you wou'd 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. Generous *Frederick*! Come on, Sir, we'll show 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 it upon *Antonio's* Death, and twenty Pistoles however Things go, for you and these honest Fellows to drink my Health.

Alg. Say you so, my Lord! Why look ye, my Lord, I bear the young Gentleman no ill Will, my Lord, if I get but the five hundred Pounds, my Lord—Why, look ye, my Lord—'Tis the same Thing to me whether your Son be hanged or not, my Lord.

Fel. Scoundrels.—

Lop. Ay, well, thou art a good-natur'd Fellow, that is the Truth on't—Come then, we'll to the Tavern, and sign and seal this Minute: Oh *Felix*! be careful of thyself, or thou wilt break my Heart.

[Exit Lopez, Alguazil and Attendants.]

Fel. Now *Frederick*, tho' I ought to thank you for your Care of me, yet, till I am satisfied about my Father's Accusation, I can't return the Acknowledgments I owe you: Know you ought 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 Servant.

Ser. Sir, I bring you joyful News; 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? Prithee *Frederick*, inform thyself of the Truth of this Report.

Fred. I will this Minute—Do you hear, let no body in to *Don Felix* till my Return.

[Exit.]

Ser. I'll observe, Sir.

[Exit.]

Flo. (Peeping) They have almost frightened me out of my Wits—I'm sure—Now *Felix* is alone, I have a good Mind to pretend I came with a Message from my Lady; but then how shall I say I came into the Cupboard. (*Aside.*)

Enter Servant, 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.
(*breaks in*) You are as difficult of Access, Sir, as a first Minister of State.

Flo. My Stars! My Lady here!

[*Shuts the Press close.*

Fel. If your Visit was designed to *Frederick*, Madam, he is abroad.

Vio. No, Sir, the Visit is to you.

Fel. You are very punctual in your Ceremonies, Madam.

Vio. 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 entertain'd another, shou'd I not 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 aught but Inclination to submit and follow thee—No Law whilst single binds us to obey, but you by Nature and Education, are oblig'd to pay a Deference to all Woman-kind.

Fel. These are fruitless Arguments. 'Tis most certain thou wert dearer to these Eyes than all that Heaven e're gave to charm the Sense of Man; but I wou'd rather tear them out, than suffer 'em 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 n'e'er doubts the Object it adores, and Scepticks there, will disbelieve their Sight.

Enter Servant.

Fel. Your Notions are too refin'd for mine, Madam. How now, what do you want?

Ser. Only my Master's Cloak out of this Press, Sir, that's all—Oh! the Devil, the Devil.

[*Opens the Press, sees Flora, and roars out.*]

Vio. Ha, a Woman conceal'd! Very well, *Felix!*

Flo. Discover'd! Nay then Legs befriend me. (*runs out.*)

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, as, 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 Stiletto 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 Lye.— (*Aside.*)

Fel. Sirrah, fetch me this Woman back instantly, I'll know what Business she had here!

Vio. Not a step; your Master shan't be put to the Blush—Come a Truce, *Felix!* Do you ask me no more Questions about the Window, and I'll forgive this.

Fel. I scorn Forgiveness where I own no Crime, but your Soul, conscious of its Guilt, would fain lay hold of this Occasion to blend your Treason with my Innocence.

Vio. Insolent! Nay, if instead of owning your Fault you endeavour to insult my Patience, I must tell you, Sir, you don't behave yourself like that Man of Honour you wou'd be taken for, you ground your Quarrel with me upon your own Inconstancy; 'tis plain you are false yourself, and wou'd make me the Aggressor—It was not for nothing the Fellow oppos'd my Entrance—This last Usage has given me back my Liberty, and now my Father's Will shall be obey'd without the least Reluctance.

[*Exit.*

Fel. Oh, stubborn, stubborn Heart, what wilt thou do? Her Father's Will shall be obey'd? 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: Ha! Villain, art thou here: (*turns upon Lissardo*) tell me this Moment who this Woman was, and for what Intent she was here conceal'd—Or—

Liss. Ah, good Sir, forgive me, and I'll tell you the whole Truth.

[falls on his Knees.

Fel. Out with it then—

Liss. It, it, it, was Mrs. *Flora*, Sir, *Donna Violante's* Woman—you must know, Sir, we have had a sneaking Kindness for one another a great while—She was not willing you should know it, so when she heard your Voice, she ran into the Cloaths-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.

Liss. Yes, Sir; yes.

Fel. I must convince her of my Faith: Oh! how irresolute is a Lover's Heart! My Resentment cool'd when hers grew high—Nor can I struggle longer with my Fate; I cannot quit her, no I cannot, so absolute a Conquest has she gain'd—Woman's the greatest sovereign Power on Earth.

*In vain Men strive their Tyranny to quit,
Their Eyes command, and force us to submit.
So have I seen a mettled Courser fly,
Tear up the Ground, and toss his Rider high,*

*Till some experienc'd Master found the Way,
With Spur and Rein to make his Pride obey.*

Scene the Terreiro 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.

Isab. I say it is inconsistent with my Circumstance, Colonel, and that Way impossible for me to admit of it.

Col. Consent to go with me then—I lodge at one *Don Frederick's*, a Merchant just by here, he is a very honest Fellow, and I dare confide in his Secrecy.

Isab. Ha, does he lodge there? Pray Heaven I am not discover'd. (*Aside.*)

Col. What say you, my Charmer? shall we breakfast together; I have some of the best Bohea in the Universe.

Isab. Pu! Bohea! Is that the best Treat you can give a Lady at your Lodgings—Colonel!

Col. Well hinted—No, no, no, I have other Things at thy Service, Child.

Isab. What are those Things pray?

Col. My Heart, Soul, and Body into the Bargain.

Isab. Has the last no Incumbrance 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. Au my Sol, they mak muckle Wards about it, Ise seer weary with standing, Ise e'en tak a Sleep. (*Lies down.*)

Isab. If I take a Lease it must be for Life, Colonel.

Col. Thou shalt have me as long, or as little Time as thou wilt; my Dear, come, let's to my Lodging, and we'll Sign and Seal this Minute.

Isab. Oh, not so fast, Colonel, there are many Things to be adjusted before the Lawyer and the Parson comes.

Col. The Lawyer, and Parson! No, no, ye little Rogue, we can finish our Affairs without the Help of the Law—or the Gospel.

Isab. Indeed, but we can't, Colonel.

Col. Indeed! Why hast thou then trappan'd me out of my warm Bed this Morning for nothing! Why, this is showing 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.—Show 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 I not charge you to watch the Lady? And is it thus you observe my Orders, ye Dog.

[*Kicks him all this while, and he shrugs, and rubs his Eyes, and yawns.*

Gib. That's true, and lik your Honour; but I thought that when ence ye had her in yer awn Honds, yee mite a orderd her yer fal weel enough without me, en ye keen, and lik her Honour.

Col. Sirrah, hold your impertinent Tongue, and make haste after her; if you don't bring me some Account of her, never dare to see my Face again.

[*Exit.*

Gib. Ay! This is bony Wark indeed, to run three hundred Mile to this wicked Town, an before I can weel fill my Wem, to be sent a Whore-hunting after this black shee Devil.—What sal I gang to speer for this Wutch now? Ah, for a ruling Elder—or the Kirk's Treaserer—or his Mon—Id gar, my Master make twa oh this;—But I'm seer ther's na sike honest People here, or there wou'd na be so muckle Sculdudrie 1.

Enter an English Soldier passing along.

Gib. Geud Mon, did ye see a Woman, a Lady, ony gate her away enow?

Eng. Man. Yes, a great many. What kind of a Woman is it you enquire after.

Gib. Geud troth, she's ne Kenspekle, she's aw in a Clowd.
—

Eng. Man. What! it's some High-land Monster which you brought over with you, I suppose, I see no such, not I,

kenspekle quotha!

Gib. Huly, huly, Mon, the Deel pike out yer Eyn, and then you'll see the bater, ye *English* bag Pudín Tike.

Eng. Man. What says the Fellow? (*Turning to Gibby.*)

Gib. Say! I say I am a better Fellow than e'er stude upon yer Shanks—an gin I heer meer a yer din, deal a my Sol, Sir, but Ise crak your Crown.

Eng. Man. Get you gone, you *Scotch* Rascal, and thank your Heathen Dialect, which I don't understand, that you han't your Bones broke.

Gib. Ay! an ye do no understand a *Scots* Man's Tongue — Ise se gin ye can understand a *Scots* Man's Gripe: Wha's the batter Man 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 yee and I are foregather'd.

Vio. What wou'd the Fellow have?

Gib. Nothing, away Madam, wo worth yer Heart, what a muckle deel a Mischief had yee like to bring upon poor

Gibby.

Vio. The Man's drunk.—

Gib. In troth am I not.—An gin I had not fond ye, Madam, the Laird knows when I shou'd; for my Master bad me nere gang Heam, without Tydings of yee, Madam.

Vio. Sirrah, get about your Business, or I'll have your Bones drubb'd.

Gib. Geud Faith, my Master has e'en dun that te yer Honds, Madam.

Vio. Who is your Master, Friend?

Gib. Mony e'en Spiers the gat, they ken right weel—It is no so long sen yee parted wi' him, I wish he ken yee haafe as weel as yee ken him.

Vio. Pugh, the Creature's mad or mistakes me for some Body else; and I shou'd be as mad as he, to talk to him any longer.

[*Exit.*

Enter Lissardo at the upper end of the Stage.

Liss. So, she's gone Home, I see. What did that *Scotch* 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 gaune Madam, a deel scope in your Company, for I'm as weese as I was; but I'll bide and see whase House it is, gin I can meet wi ony Civil Body to spier at.—Weel of aw Men in the Warld, I think our *Scots* men the greatest Feuls, to leave their weel favour'd honest Women at Heam, to rin walloping after a Pack of Gyrcarlings here, that shame to show their Faces, and peer 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 is a Threving Trade; I remember a Countryman aw mi ean, that by ganging a sike like Errants as I am now, come to gat Preferment: My Lad, wot yee wha lives here?

[*Turns and sees* Lissardo.

Liss. *Don Pedro de Mendosa.*

Gib. An did ye see a Lady gang in but now?

Liss. Yes I did.

Gib. An dee ken her te?

Liss. It was *Donna Violante* his Daughter; what the Devil makes him so inquisitive? Here is something in it, that's certain. '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 yer gat to the next House,
and Ise follow ye.—

Liss. Come along then.

[*Exit.*

Gib. *Don Pedro de Mendosa*—*Donna Violante* his
Daughter; that's as right as my Leg now—Ise need na meer,
I'll tak a Drink, an then to my Master.—

*Ise bring him News will mak his Heart full Blee;
Gin he rewards it not, Deel pimp for me.*

[*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, *Violante's Lodgings.*

Enter Isabella in a gay Temper, and Violante out of Humour.

Isab. 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 cou'd possibly have found in the whole four and Twenty.

Isab. Hang unlucky Hours, I won't think of them; I hope all my Misfortunes are past.

Vio. And mine all to come.

Isab. I have seen the Man I like.

Vio. And I have seen the Man I cou'd wish to hate.

Isab. And you must assist me in discovering whether he can like me, or not.

Vio. You have assisted me in such a Discovery already, I thank ye.

Isab. What say you, my Dear?

Vio. I say I am very unlucky at Discoveries, *Isabella*; I have too lately made one pernicious to my Ease; your Brother is false.

Isab. Impossible!

Vio. Most true.

Isab. Some Villain has traduc'd him to you.

Vio. No, *Isabella*, I love too well to trust the Eyes of others; I never credit the ill-judging World, or form Suspicions upon vulgar Censures; no, I had ocular Proof of his Ingratitude.

Isab. Then I am most unhappy; my Brother was the only Pledge of Faith betwixt us; if he has forfeited your Favour, I have no Title to your Friendship.

Vio. You wrong my Friendship, *Isabella*; your own Merit intitles you to every Thing within my Power.

Isab. Generous Maid—But may I not know what Grounds you have to think my Brother false.

Vio. Another time—But tell me, *Isabella*, how can I serve you?

Isab. Thus then—The Gentleman that brought me hither, I have seen and talk'd with upon the *Terreiro de passa* this Morning, and find him a Man of Sense, Generosity, and good

Humour; in short, he is every Thing that I cou'd like for a Husband, and I have dispatch'd Mrs. *Flora* to bring him hither; I hope you'll forgive the Liberty I have taken.

Vio. Hither, to what Purpose?

Isab. To the great universal Purpose, Matrimony.

Vio. Matrimony! Why, do you design to ask him?

Isab. No, *Violante*, you must do that for me.

Vio. I thank you for the Favour you design me, but desire to be excus'd: I manage my own Affairs too ill, to be trusted with those of other People; besides; if my Father shou'd find a Stranger here, it might make him hurry me into a *Monastery* immediately; I can't for my Life admire your Conduct, to encourage a Person altogether unknown to you. —'Twas very imprudent to meet him this Morning, but much more so, to send for him hither, knowing what Inconveniency you have already drawn upon me.

Isab. I am not insensible how far my Misfortunes have embarrast you; and, if you please, sacrifice my Quiet to your own.

Vio. Unkindly urg'd—Have I not preferr'd your Happiness to every Thing that's dear to me?

Isab. I know thou hast—Then do not deny me this last Request, when a few Hours perhaps, may render my

Condition, able to clear thy Fame, and bring my Brother to thy Feet for Pardon.

Vio. I wish you don't repent of this Intrigue. I suppose he knows you are the same Woman that he brought in here last Night.

Isab. Not a Syllable of that; I met him veil'd, and to prevent his knowing the House, I ordered Mrs. *Flora* to bring him by the back Door into the Garden.

Vio. The very Way which *Felix* comes; if they should meet, there would be fine Work—Indeed, my Dear, I can't approve of your Design.

Enter Flora.

Flor. Madam, the Colonel waits your Pleasure.

Vio. How durst you go upon such a Message, Mistress, without acquainting me?

Isab. 'Tis too late to dispute that now, dear *Violante*, I acknowledge the Rashness of the Action—But consider the Necessity of my Deliverance.

Vio. That is indeed a weighty Consideration; well, what am I to do?

Isab. In the next Room I'll give you Instructions; in the mean time, Mrs. *Flora*, show the Colonel into this.

[Exit Flora one Way,
and Isab. and Vio. another.

Re-enter Flora with the Colonel.

Flo. The Lady will wait on you presently, Sir. (Exit. *Flo.*)

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 the Game. (*Enter Violante veil'd*) Ha, a fine sized Woman—Pray Heaven she proves handsome—I am come to obey your Ladyship's Commands.

Vio. Are you sure of that, Colonel?

Col. If you be not very unreasonable indeed, Madam; a Man is but a Man.

[*Takes her Hand and kisses it.*

Vio. Nay, nay, we have no Time for Compliments, Colonel.

Col. I understand you, Madam—*Montre moy votre Chambre.*

[*Takes her in his Arms.*

Vio. Nay, nay, hold Colonel, my Bed-chamber is not to be enter'd without a certain Purchase.

Col. Purchase! Humph: This is some kept Mistress, I suppose, who industriously lets out her leisure Hours. (*Aside*) Look ye, Madam, you must consider we Soldiers are not over-stocked 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.

[*Puts his Hand into his Pocket.*]

Vio. Nay, don't give yourself the Trouble of drawing your Purse, Colonel, my design is level'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*.

Vio. Then you have an Aversion to Matrimony, Colonel; did you ever see a Woman, in all your Travels, that you cou'd like for a Wife?

Col. A very odd Question—Do you really expect that I shou'd speak Truth now?

Vio. I do, if you expect to be so dealt with, Colonel.

Col. Why then—Yes.

Vio. Is she in your own 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 am 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. Faith, Madam, I have an Inclination to Sincerity, but I'm afraid you'll call my Manners in Question: This is like to be but a silly Adventure, here's so much Sincerity required. (*Aside.*)

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 cou'd be contented to take, as my Father took my
Mother, till Death us doth part.—But who 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 Suspence, 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 *Terreira de passa*,
with a white Handkerchief in her Hand; get a Priest ready,
and you know the rest.

Col. I shall infallibly observe your Directions, Madam.

*Enter Flora hastily, and whispers Violante, who starts and
seems surprised.*

Vio. Ha, *Felix* crossing the Garden, say you, what shall I do
now?

Col. You seem surpriz'd, Madam.

Vio. Oh, Colonel, my Father is coming hither, and if he finds you here, I am ruin'd!

Col. Od'slife, Madam, thrust me any where; can't I go out this Way?

Vio. No, no, no, he comes that Way; how shall I prevent their Meeting? Here, here, step into my Bed-chamber and be still, as you value her you love; don't stir till you've Notice, as ever you hope to have her in your Arms.

Col. On that Condition I'll not breathe.

[*Exit.*

Enter Felix.

Fel. I wonder where my 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.

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 me.

Flo. I love to follow the Example of my Betters, Madam.

Fel. I hope I am justify'd—

Vio. Since we are to part, *Felix*, there needed no justification.

Fel. Methinks you talk of parting as a Thing indifferent to you; can you forget how you have lov'd?

Vio. I wish I could forget my own Passion; I shou'd with less Concern remember yours—But for Mrs. *Flora*—

Fel. You must forgive her;—Must, did I say? I fear I have no Power to impose, tho' 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 shou'd awake and surprize us.

Flo. Yes, Madam.

[*Exit* Flora.]

Fel. Dost thou then love me, *Violante*?

Vio. What need of Repetition from my Tongue, when every Look confesses what you ask?

Fel. Oh! let no Man judge of Love but those who feel it; what wondrous Magic lies in one kind Look.—One tender Word destroys a Lover's Rage, and melts his fiercest Passion into soft Complaint. Oh the Window, *Violante*, would'st thou but clear that one Suspicion!

Vio. Prithee, no more of that, my *Felix*, a little Time shall bring thee perfect Satisfaction.

Fel. Well, *Violante*, on that 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 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 back Door, and comes muttering to himself this Way.

Vio. Then we are caught: Now, *Felix*, we are undone.

Fel. Heavens forbid, this is most unlucky! let me step into your Bed-chamber, he won't look under the Bed; there I may conceal myself.

[runs to the Door, and pushes it open a little.

Vio. My Stars! If he goes in there he'll find the Colonel.—No, no, *Felix*, that's no safe Place, my Father often goes thither; and shou'd you cough, or sneeze, we are lost.

Fel. Either my Eyes deceiv'd me, or I saw a Man within; I'll watch him close—She shall deal with the Devil, if she conveys him out without my Knowledge. (*Aside*) What shall I do then?

Vio. Bless me, how I tremble!

Flo. Oh, Invention! Invention!—I have it, Madam; here, here, here, Sir, off with your Sword, and I'll fetch you a Disguise.

[Runs in and fetches out a Riding-Hood.

Fel. Ay, ay, any thing to avoid *Don Pedro*.

Vio. Oh! Quick, quick, quick, I shall die with Apprehension.

[Flora puts the Riding-Hood on Felix.

Flo. Be sure you don't speak a Word!

Fel. Not for the *Indies*.—But I shall observe you closer than yon 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 curtesy.*)

Pedro. Your Mother! By St. *Anthony* 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 can't hear you; she has been deaf these twenty Years.

Pedro. Alas, poor Woman.—Why you muffle her up as if she were blind too.

Fel. Wou'd I were fairly off. (*Aside.*)

Pedro. Turn up her Hood.

Vio. Undone for ever.—St. *Anthony* forbid: Oh, Sir, she has the dreadfullest unlucky Eyes.—Pray don't look upon them; I made her keep her Hood shut on purpose.—Oh, oh, oh!

Pedro. 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 caus'd such a Defluxion in her Eyes, that she cou'd never since bear the Day-light.

Pedro. Say you so—Poor Woman!—Well, make her sit down, *Violante*, and give her a Glass of Wine.

Vio. Let her Daughter give her a Glass below, Sir; for my part she has frighted me so, I shan't be myself these two Hours. I am sure her Eyes are evil Eyes.

Fel. Well hinted.

Pedro. Well, well, do so; evil Eyes, there is no evil Eyes, Child.

[*Exit Felix and Flora.*]

Vio. I am glad he's gone.

Pedro. Hast thou heard the News, *Violante*?

Vio. What News, Sir?

Pedro. 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 plagu'd with no Suitors. (*Aside.*)

Vio. This is the first Word I ever heard of it; I pity her Frailty.—

Pedro. Well said, *Violante.*—Next week I intend thy Happiness shall begin.

Enter Flora.

Vio. I don't intend to stay so long, I thank you Papa. (*Aside.*)

Pedro. My Lady *Abbess* writes Word she longs to see thee, and has provided every Thing in order for thy Reception.—Thou wilt lead a happy Life, my Girl.—Fifty Times before that of Matrimony; where an extravagant Coxcomb might make a Beggar of thee, or an ill-natur'd surly Dog break thy Heart.

Flo. Break her Heart! She had as good have her Bones broke as to be a Nun; I am sure I had rather of the two.—You are wondrous kind, Sir; but if I had such a Father, I know what I would do.

Pedro. Why, what wou'd you do Minx, ha?

Flo. I wou'd tell him I had as good Right and Title to the Laws of Nature, and the End of the Creation, as he had.—

Pedro. You wou'd, Mistress; who the Devil doubts it? A good Assurance is a Chamber-maid's Coat of Arms; and lying, and contriving, the Supporters.—Your Inclinations are on the Tip-toe it seems—If I were your Father, Housewife, I'd have a Pennance enjoyn'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. Fye, *Flora*; Are not you asham'd to talk thus to my Father? You said, Yesterday, you wou'd be glad to go with me into the Monastery.

Pedro. 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 am I to do this too.—(*Aside.*) I am all Obedience, Sir; I care not how soon I change my Condition.

Flo. But little does he think what Change she means.
(*Aside.*)

Pedro. 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 the Day of Marriage, perhaps she'd change her Note.—But I have always told her that her Grandfather left it with this Proviso, that she turned Nun; now a small Part of this twenty thousand Pounds provides for her in the Nunnery, and the rest is my own; there

is nothing to be got in this Life without Policy. (*Aside.*) Well, Child, I am going into the Country for two or three Days, to settle some Affairs with thy Uncle.—And then—Come help me on with my Cloak, Child.

Vio. Yes, Sir.

[*Exit Pedro and Violante.*]

Flo. So now for the Colonel. (*Goes to the Chamber-Door*)
Hist, hist, Colonel. (*Colonel peeping.*)

Col. Is the Coast clear?

Flo. Yes, if you can climb; for you must get over the Wash-House, and jump from the Garden-Wall into the Street.

Col. Nay, nay, I don't value my Neck if my Incognita answers but thy Lady's Promise.

[*Exit Col. and Flora.*]

Re-enter Pedro and Violante.

Pedro. Good by, *Violante*, take care of thyself, Child.

Vio. I wish you a good Journey, Sir,—Now to set my Prisoner at Liberty.

Enter Felix behind Violante.

Fel. I have lain perdue under the Stairs, till I watch'd the old Man out.

Vio. So, Sir, you may appear.

[*Goes to the Door.*]

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, whoe'er 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.

Flo. I have help'd the Colonel off clear, Madam.

Vio. Say'st thou so, my Girl? then I am arm'd.

Re-enter Felix.

Fel. Where has the Devil in Compliance to your Sex convey'd him from my just Resentments?

Vio. Him, who do you mean, my dear inquisitive Spark? Ha, ha, ha, will you 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; 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. No, because I find they have deceived 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, for I expect some Ladies to visit me.

Fel. If you command it.—Fly swift ye Hours, and bring To-morrow on.—You desire I wou'd leave you, *Violante*.

Vio. I do at present.

Fel.

*So much you reign the Sovereign of my Soul,
That I obey without the least Controul.*

[Exit.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. I am glad my Brother and you are reconcil'd, my Dear, and the Colonel escap'd without his Knowledge; I was frighted out of my Wits when I heard him return.—I know not how to express my Thanks, Woman—for what you suffer'd for my Sake, my grateful Acknowledgments shall ever wait you; and to the World proclaim the Faith, Truth, and Honour of a Woman.—

Vio. Prithee don'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 hence 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 every Hour a fresh Supply of Love.*

ACT V.

SCENE, Frederick's *House*.

Enter Felix and Frederick.

Fel. 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. O! Your Master knows that, for he has been there himself, *Lissardo*.

Liss. Sir, may I beg the Favour of your Ear?

Fel. What have you to say?

[*Whispers, and Felix seems uneasy.*]

Fred. Ha, *Felix* changes Colour at *Lissardo's* News. What can it be?

Fel. A *Scots* Footman, that belongs to Colonel *Britton*, an Acquaintance of *Frederick's*, say you? the Devil! If she be false, by Heaven I'll trace her. Prithee, *Frederick*, do you know one Colonel *Britton*, a *Scotsman*?

Fred. Yes, why do you ask me?

Fel. Nay, no great Matter; but my Man tells me that he has had some little Difference 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 Gentlemen of a 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 Reasons, if you knew all.

Fel. There's no Danger of a fine Gentleman's being lost in this Town, Sir.

Col. That Compliment don't belong to me, Sir. But I assure you I have been very near being run away with.

Fred. Who attempted it?

Col. Faith, I know her not—Only that she is a charming Woman, I mean as much as I saw of her.

Fel. My Heart swells with Apprehension.—Some accidental Rencounter.

Fred. A Tavern, I suppose, adjusted the Matter.—

Col. A Tavern! No, no, Sir, she is above that Rank, I assure you; this Nymph sleeps in a Velvet Bed, and Lodgings every Way agreeable.

Fel. Ha, a Velvet Bed!—I thought you said but now, Sir, you knew her not.

Col. No more I don't, Sir.

Fel. How came you then so well acquainted with her Bed?

Fred. Ay, ay, come, come, unfold.

Col. Why then you must know, Gentlemen, that I was convey'd to her Lodgings, by one of Cupid's Emissaries, call'd a Chambermaid, in a Chair, thro' fifty blind Alleys, who, by the help of a Key, let me into a Garden.

Fel. S'Death, 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 unvailing, 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 fall'n 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, tho' I suppose it
had a Fellow, equally as killing.

Fel. But how came you to see her Bed, Sir? S'Death, this
Expectation gives a thousand Racks. (*Aside.*)

Col. Why, upon her Maid's giving Notice her Father was
coming, she thrust me into the Bed-Chamber.

Fel. Upon her Father's coming?

Col. Ay, so she said; but putting my Ear to the Keyhole of
the Door, I found it was another Lover.

Fel. Confound the jilt! 'Twas she without Dispute. (*Aside.*)

Fred. Ah poor Colonel, ha, ha, ha.

Col. I discover'd they had had a Quarrel, but whether they were reconcil'd or not, I can't tell, for the second Alarm brought the Father in good earnest, and had like to have made the Gentleman and I acquainted, but she found some other Stratagem to convey him out.

Fel. Contagion seize her, and make her Body ugly as her Soul. There's nothing left to doubt of now,—'Tis plain 'twas she—Sure he knows me, and takes this Method to insult me; S'Death, I cannot bear it. (*Aside.*)

Fred. So, when she had dispatched her old Lover, she paid you a Visit in her Bed-Chamber, ha, Colonel?

Col. No, Pox take the impertinent Puppy, he spoil'd my Diversion, I saw her no more.

Fel. Very fine; give me Patience, Heaven, or I shall burst with Rage. (*Aside.*)

Fred. That was hard.

Col. Nay, what was worse, the Nymph that introduced me convey'd 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 lock'd the Door by which I enter'd.

Fel. That Way I miss'd him:—Damn her Invention. (*Aside.*) Pray Colonel, 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 Ise been seeking yee an like yer Honour these twa Hoors an meer, I bring yee glad Teedings, Sir.

Col. What have you found the Lady?

Gib. Geud Faite ha I, Sir—an shee's called *Donna Violante*, and her Parent *Don Pedro de Mendosa*, an gin yee wull gang wa mi, an't like ye'r Honour, Ise mak you ken the Huse right weel.

Fel. O Torture! Torture! (*Aside.*)

Col. Ha! *Violante!* That's the Lady's Name of the House where my Incognita is, sure it could not be her, at least it was not the same House I'm confident. (*Aside.*)

Fred. *Violante!* 'Tis false, I wou'd not have you credit him, Colonel.

Gib. The Deel burst my Blader, Sir, gin I lee.

Fel. Sirrah, I say you do lye, 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 no body's Lyes but my own, if you please, kick him again.

Gib. But gin he dus, Ise ne take 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'm 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 enquire into those Reasons you speak of.

Col. Ha, ha, really Sir I cannot conceive how you, or any Man, can have a Right to enquire 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* don't quarrel, till you know for what; this is all a Mistake I'm positive.

Col. Look ye, Sir, that I dare draw my Sword I think will admit of no Dispute—But 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 shou'd happen to be another of her Name, I hope you wou'd not engross all the *Violantes* in the Kingdom.

Fel. Your Vanity has given me sufficient Reasons to believe I'm not mistaken; I'm not to be impos'd upon, Sir.

Col. Nor I bully'd, Sir.

Fel. Bully'd! S'Death, such another Word, and I'll nail thee to the Wall.

Col. Are you sure of that, *Spaniard*. (*Draws.*)

Gib. (*Draws*) Say ne meer Mon, aw my Sol here's Twa to Twa, donna fear Sir, *Gibby* stonds by ye for the Honor a *Scotland*. (*Vapours about.*)

Fred. By St. *Anthony* you shan'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. S'Bleed, Sir, there neer was *Scotsman* yet that sham'd to shew his Face. (*strutting about.*)

Fred. So, Quarrels spring up like Mushrooms, in a Minute: *Violante*, and he, was 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 dud, the Deel be my Landlard, Hell my Winter Quarters, and a Rope my Winding Sheet, Gin I dee no lik him as lang as I can hold a Stick in my Hond, now see yee.

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 Grantees, nam'd *Don Lopez de Pementell*, a very honest Gentleman, but something passionate in what relates to his Love—He is an only Son, which perhaps may 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 offer'd five hundred Pounds, he can get no Tydings 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. No body can tell, they conjecture thro' the Window.

Col. I'm transported! This must be the Lady I caught; what sort of a Woman is she?

Fred. Middle siz'd, a lovely brown, a fine, pouting Lip, Eyes that roul and languish, and seem to speak the exquisite Pleasure that her Arms could give!

Col. Oh! I'm fir'd with his Description—'Tis the very she—What's her Name?

Fred. Isabella—You are transported, Colonel.

Col. I have a natural Tendency in me to the Flesh, thou know'st, and who can hear of Charms so exquisite, and yet remain unmov'd? Oh, how I long for the appointed Hour! I'll to the *Terriero de passa*, and wait my Happiness; if she fails to meet me, I'll once more attempt to find her at *Violante's* in spite of her Brother's Jealousy. (*Aside*) Dear *Frederick*, I beg your Pardon, but I had forgot, I was to meet a Gentleman upon Business at Five, I'll endeavour to dispatch him, and wait on you again as soon as possible.—

Fred. Your humble Servant, Colonel.

[*Exit.*

Col. Gibby, I have no Business with you at present.

[*Exit* Colonel.

Gib. That's weel—naw will I gang and seek this Loon, and gar him gang with me to *Don Pedro's* Huse—Gin he'll no gang of himsel, Ise gar him gang by the Lug, Sir; Godswarbit *Gibby* hates a Lear.

[*Exit.*

Scene changes to Violante's Lodgings.

Enter Violante and Isabella.

Isab. The Hour draws on, *Violante*, and now my Heart begins to fail me, but I resolve to venture for all that.

Vio. What, does your Courage sink, *Isabella*.

Isab. Only the Force of Resolution a little retreated, but I'll rally it again for all that.

Enter Flora.

Flo. *Don Felix* is coming up, Madam.

Isab. My Brother! Which Way shall I get out—Dispatch him as soon as you can, dear *Violante*.

[Exit into the Closet.]

Vio. I will. (*Enter Felix in a surly Posture.*) *Felix*, what brings you back so soon, did not I 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 don't know what I am.

Vio. Hey Day! What's the Matter now? Another jealous Whim!

Fel. With what an Air she carries it.—I sweat at her Impudence. (*Aside.*)

Vio. If I were in your Place, *Felix*, I'd chuse to stay at home, when these Fits of Spleen were upon me, and not trouble such Persons as are not oblig'd 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 shou'd not incommode you less. I am but too well convinc'd, that you could easily dispense with my Visit.

Vio. When you behave yourself as you ought to do, no Company so welcome—But when you reserve me for your ill Nature, I wave your Merit, and consider what's due to myself—And I must be so free to tell you, *Felix*, that these Humours of yours will abate, if not absolutely destroy, the very Principles of Love.

Fel. (*Rising*) And I must be so free to tell you, Madam, that since you have made such ill Returns to the Respect that I have paid you, all you do shall be indifferent to me for the Future, and you shall find me abandon your Empire with so little Difficulty, that I'll convince the World your Chains are not so hard to break as your Vanity would tempt you to believe—I cannot brook the Provocation you give.

Vio. This is not to be born—Insolent! You abandon! You! Whom I have so often forbad ever to see me more! Have you

not fall'n at my Feet? Implor'd my Favour and Forgiveness—
Did you not trembling wait, and wish, and sigh, and swear
yourself into my Heart? Ingrateful Man! If my Chains are so
easily broke as you pretend, then you are the silliest
Coxcomb living, you did not break 'em long ago; and I must
think him capable of brooking any thing on whom such
Usage could make no Impression.

Isab. (Peeping) A Duce 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 forbad me your Sight, but your
Vanity even then assured you I would return, and I was Fool
enough to feed your Pride.—Your Eyes, with all their
boasted Charms, have acquired the greatest Glory in
conquering me.—And the brightest Passage of your Life is,
wounding this Heart with such Arms as pierce but few
Persons of my Rank.

[*Walks about in a great Pet.*

Vio. Matchless Arrogance! True Sir, I should have kept
Measures better with you, if the Conquest had been worth
preserving, but we easily hazard what gives us no Pain to
lose—As for my Eyes, you are mistaken if you think they
have vanquished none but you; there are Men above your
boasted Rank who have confess'd their Power, when their

Misfortune in pleasing you made them obtain such a disgraceful Victory.

Fel. Yes, Madam, I am no Stranger to your Victories.

Vio. And what you call the brightest Passage of my Life, is not the least glorious Part of yours.

Fel. Ha, ha, do'nt put yourself into 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 of mine—For when I quit your Chamber, the World shan't bring me back.

Vio. I am so well pleas'd with your Resolution, I don't care how soon you take your Leave.—But what you mean by the *Terriero de Passa* at Four in the Morning, I can't guess.

Fel. No, no, no, not you—You was not upon the *Terriero de Passa* at Four this Morning.

Vio. No, I was not; but if I 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 *Britton* there, and afterwards send your Emissary to fetch him to your House—And upon your Father's coming in, thrust him into your Bed-Chamber—without asking my Leave. 'Tis no Business of mine if you are exposed among all

the Footmen in Town—Nay, if they Ballad you, and cry you about at a Halfpenny a-piece—They may, without my Leave.

Vio. Audacious! Don't provoke me—don't; my Reputation is not to be sported with (*Going up to him*) at this Rate—No, Sir, it is not. (*bursts into Tears*) Inhuman *Felix*! Oh, *Isabella*, what a Train of Ills hast thou 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*—S'Death! what a Dog am I? Now have I no Power to stir;—Dost not thou know such a Person as Colonel *Britton*? Prithee 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 reproach'd 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 *Scots* 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 *Scots* Colonel?

Vio. Pray ask me no more Questions, this Night shall clear my Reputation, and leave you without Excuse for your base

Suspicious; 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, (*Here he lays his open upon her Knee several times.*) won't you—won't you—won't you!

Vio. (*Half regarding him*) Won't I do what?

Fel. You know what I would have, *Violante*. Oh, my Heart!

Vio. (*Smiling.*) I thought my Chains were easily broke. (*Lays her Hand into his.*)

Fel. (*Draws his Chair close to her, and kisses her Hand in a Rapture.*) Too well thou knowest thy Strength.—Oh my

charming Angel, my Heart is all thy own. Forgive my hasty Passion; 'tis the Transport of a Love sincere!

Don Pedro *within*.

Pedro. 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 thy Closet Window.

[*Runs to the Door where Isabella is, who claps too the Door, and bolts it within side.*]

Isab. (*Peeping.*) Say you so: But I shall prevent you.

Fel. Confusion! Some Body bolts the Door within-side; 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? (*Draws.*)

Vio. By Heaven thou hast no Rival in my Heart, let that suffice—Nay, sure you will not let my Father find you here—Distraction!

Fel. Indeed but I shall—except you command this Door to be open'd, and that Way conceal me from his Sight.

[*He struggles with her to come to the Door.*]

Vio. Hear me, *Felix*—Though I were sure the refusing what you ask would separate us for ever, by all that's powerful you shall not enter here. Either you do love me, or you do not; convince me by your Obedience.

Fel. That's not the Matter in debate—I will know who is in this Closet, let the Consequence be what it will. Nay, nay, nay, you strive in vain; I will go in.

Vio. You shall not go in—

Enter Don Pedro.

Ped. Hey day! What's here to do? I will go in, and you shan'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 'twas 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 asham'd 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 our 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 utmost Speed, where a Lady
vail'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 locked her into this
Closet; but in the Surprize 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 amazed!

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. Fie *Don Felix!* No sooner rid of one Broil, but you are
commencing another.—To assault a Lady with a naked
Sword, derogates much from the Character of a Gentleman, I
assure you.

Fel. (Counterfeits Drunkenness) Who, I assault a Lady — upon Honour the Lady assaulted me, Sir; and would have seiz'd this Body Politick 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 Lyar if she knows how—I have been drinking right *French* Claret, 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 shan't hurt her.

Fel. Ay, now which Way will she come off?

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.

[*Offers to follow her.*

Ped. (Draws) 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*.

Vol. Get clear of my Father, and follow me to the *Terriero de passa*, where all Mistakes shall be rectified. (*Aside to Felix.*)

[*Exit Violante.*

Ped. Come, Sir, you and I will take a Pipe and a Bottle together.

Fel. Damn your Pipe, Sir, I won't smoke—I hate Tobacco—Nor I, I, I, I won't drink, Sir—No, nor I won't stay, neither, and how will you help yourself?

Ped. As to smoking, or drinking, you have your Liberty, but you shall stay, Sir.

[*Gets between him and the Door, Felix strikes up his Heels and Exit.*

Fel. Shall I so, Sir—But I tell you, old Gentleman, I am in haste to be married—And so God be with you.

Ped. Go to the Devil—In haste to get married, quotha, thou art in a fine Condition to get married, truly!

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Here's *Don Lopez de Pementel* to wait on you Senior.

Ped. What the Devil does he want? 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 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, *Don Pedro*.

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 drunk in my Life; where is he, pray, Sir?

Ped. Gone to be married.

Lop. Married! To whom? I don't know that he courted any Body.

Ped. Nay, I know nothing of that—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.

Ser. And *Don Felix* follow'd in another; I over-heard them all bid the Chairs go to *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 strait.

SCENE changes to the Street before Don Pedro's House.

Enter Lissardo.

Liss. I wish I cou'd see *Flora*—Methinks I have an hankering Kindness after the Slut—We must be reconcil'd.

Enter Gibby.

Gibb. Aw my Sol, Sir, but Ise blithe to find yee here now.

Liss. Ha! Brother! Give me thy Hand, Boy.

Gib. Not se sast, se ye me—Brether me ne Brethers, I scorn a Lyar as muckle as a Theife, se ye now, and yee 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 Sol, Sir, but ye and I shall be twa Folks.

Liss. Justify it to *Donna Violante's* Face, quotha, for what? Sure you don't know what you say.

Gib. Troth de I, Sir, as weel as ye dee; therefore come along, and mak no meer Words about it.

[*Knocks hastily at the Door.*]

Liss. Why, what the Devil do you mean? Don't you consider you are in *Portugal*? Is the Fellow mad?

Gib. Fallow! Ise none of your Fallow, Sir, and gin this Place were Hell, id gar ye dee me Justice, (*Liss. going*) nay, the Deel a Feet ye gang.

[*Lays hold of him, and knocks again.*]

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.

Liss. Ha! *Don Pedro* himself! I wish I were fairly off. (*Aside.*)

Ped. Ha! what is it you want with my Daughter, pray?

Gib. An she be your Doughther, and lik yer Honour, command her to come out, and answer for herself now, and either justify or disprove what this Child told me this Morn.

Liss. So, here will be a fine Piece of Work. (*Aside.*)

Ped. Why, what did he tell you ha?

Gib. Be me Sol, Sir, Ise tell you aw the Truth; my Master got a pratty Lady upon the how de yee 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-favoured Theife, se ye me, I spierd wha she was—And he told 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. (*Stamps.*)

Gib. Wunds, Sir, ye put yer Saint intul bony Company.

Ped. Who is your Master, you Dog you? Adsheart, I shall be trick'd of my Daughter, and my Money too, that's worst of all.

Gib. Ye Dog you! 'Sblead, Sir don't call Names—I won't tell you wa my Master is, se ye me now.

Ped. And who are you, Rascal, that knows my Daughter so well? Ha!

[*Holds up his Cane.*]

Liss. What shall I say to make him give this *Scots 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 Sol, Sar, gin ye get no your Carich for that Lye now.

Pedro. What hoa! Where are all my Servants? (*Enter Servants on one Side, Colonel, Felix, Isabella, and Violante on the other Side.*) Raise the House in pursuit of my Daughter.

Serv. Here she comes, *Senior*.

Col. Hey Day! What is here to do?

Gib. This is the Loon lik Tik, and lik yer Honor, that sent me Heam with a Lye this Morn.

Col. Come, 'tis all well, *Gibby*, let him rise.

Pedro. I am Thunder-struck—and have not Power to speak one Word.

Fel. This is a day of Jubilee, *Lissardo*; no quarrelling with him this Day.

Liss. A Pox take his Fists.—Egad, these *Britons* are but a Word and a Blow.

Enter Don Lopez.

Lop. So, have I found you, Daughter; then you have not 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. A Heretick! The Devil! (*Holds up his Hands.*)

Pedro. She has plaid 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.

Pedro. What do you mean, Sir? You have not made a Rib of my Daughter too, have you?

Vio. Indeed but he has, Sir; I know not how, but he took me in an unguarded Minute,—when my Thoughts were not over strong for a *Nunnery*, Father.

Lop. Your Daughter has play'd you a slippery Trick too, *Senior*.

Pedro. But your Son shall be never 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.

Pedro. 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 Witness of my good Fortune, and make one in a Country Dance.

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.

Liss. After that Rule I fix here. (*To Flora.*)

Flo. That's your Mistake; I prefer my Lady's Service, and turn you over to her that pleaded Right and Title to you to Day.

Liss. Chuse, proud Fool; I shan't ask you twice.

Gib. What say you now, Lass; will ye ge yer Maidenhead to poor *Gibby*.—What say you, will ye dance the Reel of Bogye 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.

Music plays.

Fel. Hark! I hear the Musick; somebody has done us the Favour to send them; call them in.

A Country Dance.

Gib. Waunds, this is bonny Musick.—How caw ye that Thing that ye pinch by the Craig, and tickle the Weam, ont make it cry *Grum, Grum.*

Fred. Oh! that's a Guittar, *Gibby.*

Fel. Now, my *Violante*, I shall proclaim thy Vertues to the World.

*No more let us thy Sex's Conduct blame,
Since thou'rt a Proof to their eternal Fame,
That Man has no Advantage but the Name.*

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Miss *SANTLOW*.

Written by MR. PHILIPS.

*Custom with all our Modern Laws combin'd,
Has given such Power despotic to Mankind,
That We have only so much Vertue now,
As they are pleas'd in favour to allow.
Thus like Mechanic Work we're us'd with Scorn,
And wound up only, for a present Turn;
Some are for having our whole Sex enslav'd,
Affirming we've no Souls, ² and can't be sav'd;
But were the Women all of my Opinion,
We'd soon shake off this false usurp'd Dominion;
We'd make the Tyrants own, that we cou'd prove,
As fit for other Business as for Love.
Lord! What Prerogative might we obtain,
Could we from Yielding, a few Months refrain!
How fondly wou'd our dang'ling Lovers doat!
What homage wou'd be paid to Petticoat!
'Twou'd be a Jest to see the Change of Fate,
How we might all of Politicks debate;
Promise and Swear, what we ne'er meant to do,
And what's still harder, Keep our Secrets too.
Ay Marry! Keep a Secret, says a Beau,*

*And sneers at some ill-natur'd Wit below;
But faith, if we shou'd tell but half we know,
There's many a spruce young Fellow in this Place,
Would never more presume to show his Face;
Women are not so weak, whate'er Men prate;
How many tip top Beaus have had the Fate,
T'enjoy from Mamma's Secrets their Estate.
Who, if her early Folly had made known,
Had rid behind the Coach, that's now their own.
But here, the wond'rous Secret you discover;
A Lady ventures for a Friend,—a Lover.
Prodigious. For my Part I frankly own,
I'ad spoiled the Wonder, and the Woman shown.*

1. *Fornication.*

2. Alluding to an ironical Pamphlet tending to prove that *Women had no Souls.*

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M.DCC.LXI.

[The end of *The Wonder: A Woman keeps a Secret* by
Susanna Centlivre]