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2

COMEDY
OF
THE MISTAKE.

BY SIR JOHN VANBRUGH.

ADAPTED FOR THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

As performed at the
THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

Regulated from the Prompt Book,

By Permission of the Manager.

WITH A CRITIQUE,

By R. CUMBERLAND, Esq.

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

Cooke's Edition.



SUPERBLY EMBELLISHED.



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CRITIQUE

ON

THE MISTAKE.

FOR the credit of English literature, I trust, it does not often happen that any writer of celebrity should expose himself to the disgrace of being convicted of the felonious embezzlement and appropriation of another author's work. This is a crime of such magnitude, and so directly contrary to the *Magna Charta* of Parnassus, that to pass it over, when discovered, is as bad as compounding felony. Every liege subject of Apollo and the Muses is bound to raise the hue and cry against an offender of this description, and to lay hold of him, that he may be dealt with according to law. That I may, in my humble capacity, fulfil my share of this duty, I hereby charge, before the inquisitorial court of Helicon, Sir John Vanbrugh, Knight, with having stolen from one Moliere, a Frenchman, an entire comedy called "*Le Depot Amoureux*;" with having converted the same and the whole thereof to his own use; and with having published the same, with his own name affixed thereto, as his own proper work, knowing that the same was the sole and exclusive property of the said Moliere.

To substantiate this charge, nothing more will be necessary than to compare the two plays. Every scene, and every speech in every scene, are precisely the same. *Non est simile, est idem.*

From evidence like this, conviction must follow of course. How far general character may plead in his favour, to save him from execution, is a question foreign to our present purpose.

But, though we have thus restored to Moliere that which Sir John had no right to take from him, it may not be amiss to enquire how far this same comedy of the *Depot Amoureux* fairly belongs to Moliere, and

whether he himself is quite clear of the imputation of having laid violent hands upon the property of a foregoing wit. That he did make use of such a liberty, it may not be difficult to prove; but a great deal will depend upon the manner of his doing this. There is a great difference between borrowing and stealing; between openly and avowedly taking a plot, or even certain situations and passages from a preceding writer, and palming an entire play on the public as an original work. Moliere was much above committing such an offence, though he seems to have made no scruple of converting to his own use such particular parts of other plays as chanced to suit his purpose; we are bound, however, to confess, that, if such conduct is ever allowable, he, of all comic writers, had the best right to do so, as he had the happiest talent of improving whatever came in his way, and, like king Midas in the fable, of converting every thing he touched into gold.

The *Depit Amoureux* was one of Moliere's earliest plays, and it is not considered as one of his best. It had been acted for some years before he took possession of the Petit Bourbon Theatre at Paris, where it was represented in 1658. Though the subjects of it (for there are evidently two) were then new on the French stage, they were familiar to that of Italy; for Nicolo Secchi had published a comedy, entitled *Gl' Interesse*, and there was another, called *Gli Sdegni Amorosi*, the name of whose author is, I believe, at present unknown. From the latter, Moliere drew that part of his plot respecting the quarrel and reconciliation of his lovers and their servants, together with the title of his piece: the former gave him the idea of the girl disguised as a boy, and, as its name imports, the interested policy of his two old men. Several of the scenes in this part of the play are evidently copied from Secchi, though they are all considerably improved in point of interest and humour. Among these may be particularly pointed out the meeting between the two old men at the beginning of the

third act, the long soliloquy at the commencement of the fifth, and the farcical conversation between the old gentleman and the pedant Metaphrastus; all of which are so perfectly in the Italian caricato style, that they can hardly be mistaken.

Having thus pointed out the origin and progress of the play which Sir John Vanbrugh so unwarrantably brought forward as his own, it may not be superfluous to trace its course a little farther. After holding its station for some time, as a regular comedy, both on the French and English stage, it appears gradually to have lost its attraction, and to have dwindled into an after-piece. In 1716 *La Fille crue Garçon* was acted at Paris, and every season we are invited to the farce of *Lovers' Quarrels*.

The comedy of *The Mistake* is, on the whole, an entertaining and interesting performance. Though the audience is let into the secret almost from the beginning, and consequently the catastrophe is rendered too evident not to be foreseen, there is nothing to tire us, and we enjoy the perplexity into which the characters are thrown, though we are at the same time sensible of the extreme improbability of the leading incidents. It is almost out of the verge of possibility, that a young woman should have been educated under the disguise of a manly habit, without some suspicion at least arising of a deception having been practised. But if this can be got over, what can be said of her secret marriage? How could she, without confidant or assistant, nay, even without the knowledge of any person in a large family, contrive to supplant her sister, manage to have repeated and long meetings with a gentleman in her father's house, and finally to marry and to consummate her marriage with him there? This is too strong a circumstance ever to have happened; and, probably, it would have been thought of by no one but an Italian, accustomed to the forced and unnatural incidents introduced on his own stage, though not often transferred to ours.

There is another great objection to the conduct of this comedy, arising from Moliere's too scrupulous adherence to the mistaken rule of unity of place. The whole of it is transacted on one spot, in the open street before Alvarez's door. The quarrel and reconciliation of Lorenzo and Leonora—the discovery of Camillo's marriage—the interview between Alvarez and Felix—the scene with Metaphrastus—all of them, in their nature, secret, or at least such as could not, with any appearance of probability, have been transacted in a place where secrecy was impossible. Nor should the excessive familiarity and offensive interference of footmen with their superiors be tolerated on the English stage. It might have been conceived natural in a Greek or Roman theatre; and the French, who appear to have servilely followed that model, may have become reconciled to that as well as to many other violences upon good taste in their dramatic representations; but it is totally irreconcilable to English manners, and, as such, ought never to be introduced into any thing a degree above a farce.

We shall look in vain for any moral inference to be drawn from this performance. The good and the bad are alike made happy at the end of the fifth act. Nor can we speak very favourably of the diction, which is full of Gallicisms, as might be expected from a composition, which, to say the best of it, is nothing more than a free translation from the French.

B



PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN BY MR. STEELE.

*OUR author's wit and raillery to-night
Perhaps might please, but that your stage-delight
No more is in your minds, but ears and sight.
With audiences compos'd of belles and beaux,
The first dramatic rule is,—have good clothes;
To charm the gay spectator's gentle breast,
In lace and feather tragedy's express'd,
And heroes die unpity'd if ill-dress'd.*

*The other style you full as well advance;
If 'tis a comedy you ask—Who dance?
For, Oh! what dire convulsions have of late
Torn and distracted our dramatic state
On this great question, which house first should sell
The new French steps imported by Ruel?
Desbarques can't rise so high, we must agree:
They've half a foot in height more wit than we.
But though the genius of our learned age
Thinks fit to dance and sing quite off the stage
True action, comic mirth, and tragic rage,
Yet, as your taste now stands, our author draws
Some hopes of your indulgence and applause.
For that great end this edifice he made,
Where humble swain at lady's feet is laid;
Where the pleas'd nymph her conquer'd lover spies,
Then to glass pillars turns her conscious eyes,
And points anew each charm for which he dies.*

*The muse, before nor terrible nor great,
Enjoys by him this awful gilded seat;
By him theatric angels mount more high,
And mimic thunders shake a broader sky.*

*Thus all must own our author has done more
For your delight, than ever bard before.
His thoughts are still to raise your pleasures fill'd;
To write, translate, to blazon, or to build.*

*Then take him in the lump, nor nicely pry
Into small faults that 'scape a busy eye ;
But kindly, sirs, consider, he to-day
Finds you the house, the actors, and the play ;
So, though we stage mechanic rules omit,
You must allow it in a wholesome hit.*



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Men.

DON ALVAREZ, *father to Leonora.*
DON FELIX, *father to Lorenzo.*
DON CARLOS, *in love with Leonora.*
DON LORENZO, *in love with Leonora.*
METAPHRASTUS, *tutor to Camillo.*
SANCHO, *servant to Carlos.*
LOPEZ, *servant to Lorenzo.*
A Bravo.

Women.

LEONORA, *daughter to Alvarez.*
CAMILLO, *supposed son to Alvarez.*
ISABELLA, *her friend.*
JACINTA, *servant to Leonora.*



THE MISTAKE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Street. CARLOS and SANCHE enter.

Carlos. I tell thee, I am not satisfied: I'm in love enough to be suspicious of every body.

San. And yet methinks, sir, you should leave me out.

Car. It may be so; I can't tell; but I'm not at ease. If they don't make a knave, at least they'll make a fool of thee.

San. I don't believe a word on't. But, good faith, master, your love makes somewhat of you; I don't know what 'tis; but, methinks, when you suspect me, you don't seem a man of half those parts I used to take you for. Look in my face, 'tis round and comely, not one hollow line of a villain in it. Men of my fabric don't use to be suspected for knaves; and when you take us for fools, we never take you for wise men.—For my part, in this present case, I take myself to be mighty deep. A stander-by, sir, sees more than a gamester. You are pleased to be jealous with your poor mistress without a cause; she uses you but too well, in my humble opinion; she sees you, and talks with you, till I am quite tired on't sometimes; and your rival, that you are so scared about, forces a visit upon her about once in a fortnight.

Car. Alas! thou art ignorant in these affairs; he that's the civilly'st received, is often the least cared

for. Women appear warm to one, to hide a flame for another. Lorenzo, in short, appears too composed of late to be a rejected lover; and the indifference he shews upon the favours I seem to receive from her, poisons the pleasure I else should taste in them, and keeps me on a perpetual rack. No—I would fain see some of his jealous transports, have him fire at the sight of me, contradict me whenever I speak, affront me wherever he meets me, challenge me, fight me——

San. Run you through the guts——

Car. But he's too calm, his heart's too much at ease, to leave me mine at rest.

San. But, sir, you forget that there are two ways for our hearts to get at ease; when our mistresses come to be very fond of us, or we—not to care a fig for them. Now, suppose, upon the rebukes you know he has had, it should chance to be the latter.

Car. Again thy ignorance appears. Alas! a lover who has broke his chain will shun the tyrant that enslav'd him. Indifference never is his lot: he loves or hates for ever; and if his mistress prove another's prize, he cannot calmly see her in his arms.

San. For my part, master, I'm not so great a philosopher as you be, nor (thank my stars) so bitter a lover; but what I see, that I generally believe; and when Jacinta tells me she loves me dearly, I have good thoughts enough of my person never to doubt the truth on't. See, here the baggage comes.

JACINTA enters with a letter.

Hist! Jacinta! my dear.

Jacin. Who's that? Blunderbuss! Where's your master?

San. Hard by.

[*Shewing him.*

Jacin. Oh, sir, I'm glad I have found you at last! I believe I have travelled five miles after you, and could neither find you at home nor in the walks, nor at church, nor at the opera, nor——

San. Nor any where else where he was not to be found. If you had looked for him where he was, 'twas ten to one but you had met with him.

Jacin. I had, Jack-a-dandy!

Car. But, pr'ythee, what's the matter? Who sent you after me?

Jacin. One who's never well but when she sees you; I think 'twas my lady.

Car. Dear Jacinta, I fain would flatter myself, but am not able. The blessing's too great to be my lot. Yet 'tis not well to trifle with me; how short soe'er I am in other merit, the tenderness I have for Leonora claims something from her generosity. I should not be deluded.

Jacin. And why do you think you are? Methinks she's pretty well above-board with you. What must be done more to satisfy you?

San. Why, Lorenzo must hang himself, and then we are content.

Jacin. How! Lorenzo?

San. If less will do, he'll tell you.

Jacin. Why, you are not mad, sir, are you? Jealous of him! Pray, which way may this have got into your head? I took you for a man of sense before. Is this your doings, log? [To Sancho.

San. No, forsooth, pert, I'm not much given to suspicion, as you can tell, Mrs. Forward—If I were, I might find more cause, I guess, than your mistress has given our master here. But I have so many pretty thoughts of my own person, housewife, more than I have of yours, that I stand in dread of no man.

Jacin. That's the way to prosper: however, so far I'll confess the truth to thee, at least, if that don't do, nothing else will. Men are mighty simple in love-matters, sir. When you suspect a woman's falling off, you fall a plaguing her to bring her on again, attack her with reason and a sour face. Ud'slife, sir, attack her with a fiddle! double your good humour, give her a ball, powder your periwig at her, let her cheat you at cards a little, and I'll warrant all's right again. But to come upon a poor woman with the gloomy face of jealousy, before she gives the least occasion for it, it is to set a complaisant rival in

too favourable a light. Sir, sir, I must tell you, I have seen those have owed their success to nothing else.

Car. Say no more. I have been to blame; but there shall be no more on't.

Jacin. I should punish you but justly, however, for what's past, if I carried back what I have brought you. But I'm good-natured; so, here 'tis; open it, and see how wrong you timed your jealousy.

[*Gives the letter.*]

Car. [*Reads.*] 'If you love me with that tenderness you have made me long believe you do, this letter will be welcome; 'tis to tell you, you have leave to plead a daughter's weakness to a father's indulgence; and if you prevail with him to lay his commands upon me, you shall be as happy as my obedience to them can make you.'

LEONORA.

Then I shall be what man was never yet. [*Kissing the letter.*] Ten thousand blessings on thee for thy news. I could adore thee as a deity. [*Embracing her.*]

Jacin. True flesh and blood, every inch of her, for all that.

Car. [*Reads again.*] 'And if you prevail with him to lay his commands upon me, you shall be as happy as my obedience to them can make you.'—Oh, happy, happy Carlos!—But what shall I say to thee for this welcome message? [*To Jacinta.*] Alas, I want words! But let this speak for me, and this, and this, and—

[*Giving her his ring, watch, and purse.*]

San. Hold, sir; pray leave a little something for our board wages. You can't carry them all, I believe. [*To Jacinta.*] Shall I ease you of this?

[*Offering to take the purse.*]

Jacin. No; but you may carry that, sirrah.

[*Giving him a box on the ear.*]

San. The jade's grown purse-proud already.

Car. Well, dear Jacinta, say something to your charming mistress, that I am not able to say myself; but, above all, excuse my late unpardonable folly, and offer her my life to expiate my crime.

Jacin. The best plea for pardon will be never to repeat the fault.

Car. If that will do, 'tis sealed for ever.

Jacin. Enough. But I must be gone. Success attend you with the old gentleman. Good bye t'ye; sir. *[Exit.*

Car. Eternal blessings follow thee.

San. I think she has taken them all with her; the jade has got her apron full.

Car. Is not that Lorenzo coming this way?

San. Yes, 'tis he. For my part, now, I pity the poor gentleman.

Enter LORENZO.

Car. I'll let him see at last I can be chearful too. *[Aside.]* Your servant, Don Lorenzo—How do you do this morning?

Lor. I thank you, Don Carlos: perfectly well, both in body and mind.

Car. What, cured of your love then?

Lor. No, nor I hope I never shall. May I ask you how 'tis with yours?

Car. Increasing every hour. We are very constant both.

Lor. I find so much delight in being so, I hope I never shall be otherwise.

Car. Those joys I am well acquainted with, but should lose them soon, were I to meet a cool reception.

Lor. That's every generous lover's case, no doubt; an angel could not fire my heart, but with an equal flame.

Car. And yet you said you still loved Leonora.

Lor. And yet I said I loved her.

Car. Does she then return you—

Lor. Every thing my passion can require.

Car. Its wants are small, I find.

Lor. Extended as the heavens.

Car. I pity you.

Lor. He must be a deity that does so.

Car. Yet I'm a mortal, and once more can pity

you. Alas, Lorenzo! 'tis a poor cordial to an aching heart, to have the tongue alone announce it happy;—besides, 'tis mean: you should be more a man.

Lor. I find I have made you an unhappy one, so can forgive the boilings of your spleen.

Car. This seeming calmness might have the effect your vanity proposes by it, had I not a testimony of her love would (should I shew it) sink you to the centre.

Lor. Yet still I'm calm as ever.

Car. Nay then, have at your peace. Read that, and end the farce. [*Gives him Leonora's letter.*]

Lor. [*Reads.*] I have read it.

Car. And know the hand?

Leo. 'Tis Leonora's; I have often seen it.

Car. I hope you then at last are satisfied.

Lor. I am. [*Smiling.*] Good-morrow, Carlos. [*Exit.*]

San. Sure he's mad, master.

Car. Mad, say'st thou?

San. And yet, by'r lady, that was a sort of a dry, sober smile at going off.

Car. A very sober one! Had he shewn me such a letter, I had put on another countenance.

San. Ay, o' my conscience had you.

Car. Here's mystery in this. I like it not.

San. I see his man and confident there, Lopez.—Shall I draw him on a Scotch pair of boots, master, and make him tell all?

Car. Some questions I must ask him; call him hither.

San. Hem! Lopez, hem!

LOPEZ enters.

Lop. Who calls?

San. I and my master.

Lop. I can't stay.

San. You can indeed, sir. [*Laying hold on him.*]

Car. Whither in such haste, honest Lopez? What, upon some love errand?

Lop. Sir, your servant; I ask your pardon; but I was going—

Car. I guess where ; but you need not be so shy of me any more ; thy master and I are no longer rivals ; I have yielded up the cause ; the lady will have it so, so I submit.

Lop. Is it possible, sir ? Shall I then live to see my master and you friends again ?

“ *San.* Yes, and what's better, thou and I shall be friends too. There will be no more fear of Christian bloodshed. I give thee up Jacinta ; she's a slippery housewife ; so master and I are going to match ourselves elsewhere.

“ *Lop.* But is it possible, sir, your honour should be in earnest ?” I'm afraid you are pleased to be merry with your poor humble servant.

Car. I'm not at present much disposed to mirth ; my indifference in this matter is not so thoroughly formed ; but my reason has so far mastered my passion, to shew me 'tis in vain to pursue a woman whose heart already is another's. 'Tis what I have so plainly seen of late, I have roused my resolution to my aid, and broke my chains for ever.

Lop. Well, sir, to be plain with you, this is the joyfullest news I have heard this long time ; for I always knew you to be a mighty honest gentleman : and good faith, it often went to the heart o' me, to see you so abused. Dear, dear, have I often said to myself (when they have had a private meeting just after you have been gone)——

Car. Ha !

San. Hold, master, don't kill him yet.

[*Aside to Carlos.*

Lop. I say, I have said to myself, what wicked things are women, and what a pity it is they should be suffered in a Christian country ! what a shame they should be allowed to play Will-in-the-wisp with men of honour, and lead them through thorns and briars, and rocks and rugged ways, till their hearts are torn in pieces, like an old coat in a fox-chase ! I say, I have said to myself——

Car. Thou hast said enough to thyself, but say a

little more to me. Where were these secret meetings thou talkest of.

Lop. In sundry places, and by divers ways; sometimes in the cellar, sometimes in the garret, sometimes in the court, sometimes in the gutter; but the place where the kiss of kisses was given, was——

Car. In hell.

Lop. Sir!

Car. Speak, fury! what dost thou mean by the kiss of kisses?

Lop. The kiss of peace, sir, the kiss of union, the kiss of consummation.

Car. Thou liest, villain!

Lop. I don't know but I may, sir—What the devil's the matter now? [*Aside.*]

Car. There's not one word of truth in all thy cursed tongue has uttered.

Lop. No, sir—I—I believe there is not.

Car. Why then didst thou say it, wretch?

Lop. Oh!——only in jest, sir.

Car. I am not in a jesting condition.

Lop. Nor I——at present, sir.

Car. Speak then the truth, as thou wouldst do it at the hour of death.

Lop. Yes, at the gallows, and be turned off as soon as I've done. [*Aside.*]

Car. What's that you murmur?

Lop. Nothing but a short prayer.

Car. I am distracted, and fright the wretch from telling me what I am upon the rack to know. [*Aside.*] Forgive me, Lopez; I am to blame to speak thus harshly to thee. Let this obtain my pardon. [*Giving him money.*] Thou seest I am disturbed.

Lop. Yes, sir, I see I have been led into a snare; I have said too much.

Car. And yet thou must say more; nothing can lessen my torment but a farther knowledge of what causes my misery. Speak then, have I any thing to hope.

Lop. Nothing, but that you may be a happier bachelor, than my master may probably be a married man.

Car. Married, say'st thou?

Lop. I did, sir, and I believe he'll say so too in a twelvemonth.

Car. Oh, torment!—But give me more on't; when? how? to whom? where?

Lop. Yesterday, to Leonora, by the parson, in the pantry.

Car. Look to 't, if this be false, thy life shall pay the torment thou hast given me. Begone!

Lop. With the body and the soul o' me. [*Exit.*

San. Base news, master.

Car. Now my insulting rival's smile speaks out.—Oh, cursed, cursed woman!

JACINTA enters.

Jacin. I'm come in haste to tell you, sir, that as soon as the moon's up, my lady will give you a meeting in the close walk by the back-door of the garden; she thinks she has something to propose to you; will certainly get her father's consent to marry you.

Car. Past sufferance! this aggravation is not to be borne. Go, thank her—with my curses—Fly—and let them blast her while their venom's strong.

[*Exit.*

Jacin. Won't thou explain? What's this storm for?

San. And dar'st thou ask me questions, smooth-fac'd iniquity, crocodile of Nile, syren of the rocks?—Go, carry back the too gentle answer thou hast received; only let me add with the poet:

We are no fools, trollop, my master nor me;

And thy mistress may go—to the devil with thee.

[*Exit.*

Jacin. Am I awake?—I fancy not. A very idle dream this. Well, I'll go talk in my sleep to my lady about it; and when I awake, we'll try what interpretation we can make on't.

[*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

CAMILLO and ISABELLA enter.

Isabella. How can you doubt my secrecy? Have you not proofs of it?

Cam. Nay, I am determined to trust you. But are we safe here? Can nobody overhear us?

Isab. "Safer much than in a room." Nobody can come within hearing, before we see them.

Cam. And yet how hard 'tis for me to break silence!

Isab. Your secret, sure, must be of great importance.

Cam. You may be sure it is, when I confess 'tis with regret I own it ev'n to you; and were it possible you should not know it.

Isab. 'Tis frankly own'd, indeed; but 'tis not kind, perhaps not prudent, after what you know I already am acquainted with. Have I not been bred up with you? And am I ignorant of a secret, which, were it known——

Cam. Would be my ruin—I confess it would. I own you know why both my birth and sex are thus disguised; you know how I was taken from my cradle to secure the estate, which had else been lost by young Camillo's death. "but which is now safe in my supposed father's hands, by my passing for his son; and 'tis because you know all this, I have resolved to open farther wonders to you." But before I say any more, you must resolve one doubt, which often gives me great disturbance, whether Don Alvarez ever was himself privy to the mystery which has disguised my sex, and made me pass for his son?

Isab. What you ask me, is a thing has often perplexed my thoughts, as well as yours, nor could my mother ever resolve the doubt. You know when that young child Camillo died, in whom was wrapped up so much expectation, from the great estate his uncle's will (even before he came into the world) had left him; his mother made a secret of his death to her husband Alvarez, and readily fell in with a proposal made her, to take you (who then was just Camillo's

age) and bring you up in his room. You have heard how you were then at nurse with my mother, and how your own was privy and consenting to the plot; but Don Alvarez was never let into it by them.

Cam. Don't you then think it probable his wife might after tell him?

Isab. 'Twas ever thought, nothing but a death-bed repentance could draw it from her to any one, and that was prevented by the suddenness of her exit to t'other world, "which did not give her even time to call heaven's mercy on her. And yet, now I have said all this, "I own the correspondence and friendship I observe "he holds with your real mother, gives me some suspicion, and the presents he often makes her (which "people seldom do for nothing) confirm it. But "since this is all I can say to you on that point, pray "let us" come to the secret, which you have made me impatient to hear.

Cam. Know then, that though Cupid is blind, he is not to be deceived: "I can hide my sex from the "world, but not from him;" his dart has found the way through the manly garb I wear, to pierce a virgin's tender heart. I love——

Isab. How!

Cam. Nay, be not surprised at that; I have other wonders for you.

Isab. Quick, let me hear 'em.

Cam. I love Lorenzo.

Isab. Lorenzo! Most nicely hit. The very man from whom your imposture keeps this vast estate; and who, on the first knowledge of your being a woman, would enter into possession of it. This is indeed a wonder.

Cam. Then wonder farther still, I am his wife.

Isab. Ha! his wife!

Cam. His wife, Isabella; and yet thou hast not all my wonders, I am his wife without his knowledge; he does not even know that I'm a woman.

Isab. Madam, your humble servant; if you please to go on, I won't interrupt you, indeed I won't.

Cam. Then hear how these strange things have past. Lorenzo, bound unregarded in my sister's chains, seemed in my eyes a conquest worth her care; nor could I see him treated with contempt, without growing warm in his interest: I blamed Leonora for not being touched with his merit; I blamed her so long, till I grew touched with it myself; and the reasons I urged to vanquish her heart, insensibly made a conquest of my own: "'twas thus, my friend, I fell. "What was next to be done my passion pointed out: my heart I felt was warm'd to a noble enterprize; I gave it way, and boldly on it led me." Leonora's name and voice, in the dark shades of night, I borrowed, to engage the object of my wishes.—"I met him, Isabella, and so deceived him; he cannot blame me, sure, for much I blest him. But to finish this strange story: in short, I own, I long had loved; but finding my father most averse to my desires, I at last had forced myself to this secret correspondence; I urged the mischiefs would attend the knowledge on't, I urg'd them so, he thought them full of weight, so yielded to observe what rules I gave him: they were, to pass the day with cold indifference, to avoid even signs or looks of intimacy, but gather for the still, the secret night, a flood of love to recompense the losses of the day." I will not trouble you with lovers' cares, "nor what contrivances we formed to bring this toying to a solid bliss." Know only, when three nights we thus had passed, the fourth it was agreed should make us one for ever; each kept their promise, and last night has joined us.

Isab. Indeed your talents pass my poor extent; you serious ladies are well formed for business; what wretched work a poor coquet had made on't! But still there's that remains will try your skill; you have your man, but——

Cam. Lovers think no farther; the object of that passion possesses all desire. "However I have opened to you my wondrous situation; if you can advise

"me in my difficulties to come, you will." But see
—My husband!

LORENZO enters..

Lor. You look as if you were busy; pray tell me, if I interrupt you, I'll retire.

Cam. No, no, you have a right to interrupt us, since you were the subject of our discourse.

Lor. Was I?

Cam. You were; nay, I'll tell you how you entertained us, too.

Lor. Perhaps I had as good avoid hearing that.

Cam. You need not fear; it was not to your disadvantage. I was commending you, and saying, if I had been a woman, I had been in danger; nay, I think I said I should infallibly have been in love with you.

Lor. While such an *if* is in the way, you run no great risque in declaring; but you'd be finely caught now, should some wonderful transformation give me a claim to your heart.

Cam. Not sorry for't at all; for I ne'er expect to find a mistress please me half so well as you would do if I were yours.

Lor. Since you are so well inclined to me in your wishes, sir, I suppose (as the fates have ordained it) you would have some pleasure in helping me to a mistress, since you can't be mine yourself.

Cam. Indeed I should not.

Lor. Then my obligation is but small to you.

Cam. Why, would you have a woman, that is in love with you herself, employ her interest to help you to another?

Lor. No, but you being no woman might.

Cam. Sir, 'tis as a woman I say what I do, and I suppose myself a woman when I design all these favours to you: therefore, out of that supposition, I have no other good intentions to you than you may expect from any one that says, he's—Sir, your humble servant.

Lor. So unless heaven is pleased to work a miracle

and from a sturdy young fellow, make you a kind-hearted young lady, I'm to get little by your good opinion of me.

Cam. Yes ; there is one means left (on this side a miracle) that would perhaps engage me, if with an honest oath you could declare, were I a woman, I might dispute your heart, even with the first of my pretending sex.

Lor. Then solemnly and honestly I swear, that had you been a woman, and I the master of the world, I think I should have laid it at your feet.

Cam. Then honestly and solemnly I swear, hence-forwards all your interest shall be mine.

Lor. I have a secret to impart to you will quickly try your friendship.

Cam. I have a secret to unfold to you, will put you even to a fiery trial.

Lor. What do you mean, Camillo ?

Cam. I mean that I love, where I never durst yet own it, yet where 'tis in your power to make me the happiest of——

Lor. Explain, Camillo ; and be assured, if your happiness is in my power, 'tis in your own.

Cam. Alas ! you promise me you know not what.

Lor. I promise nothing but what I will perform ; name the person.

Cam. 'Tis one who is very near to you.

Lor. If 'tis my sister, why all this pain in bringing forth the secret ?

Cam. Alas ! it is your——

Lor. Speak !

Cam. I cannot yet ; farewell.

Lor. Hold ! Pray speak it now.

Cam. I must not : but when you tell me your secret, you shall know mine.

Lor. Mine is not in my power, without the consent of another.

Cam. Get that consent, and then we'll try who best will keep their oaths.

Lor. I am content.

Cam. And I. Adieu.

Lor. Farewell.

[*Exit Lorenzo.*]

LEONORA and JACINTA enter.

Leo. 'Tis enough: I will revenge myself this way: if it does but torment him, I shall be content to find no other pleasure in it. Brother, you'll wonder at my change, after all my ill usage of Lorenzo, I am determined to be his wife.

Cam. How, sister! so sudden a turn! This inequality of temper indeed is not commendable.

Leo. Your change, brother, is much more justly surprising; you hitherto have pleaded for him strongly, accused me of blindness, cruelty, and pride; and now I yield to your reasons, and resolve in his favour, you blame my compliance, and appear against his interest.

Cam. I quit his service for what's dearer to me, yours: I have learned from sure intelligence, the attack he made on you was but a feint, and that his heart is in another's chain; I would not therefore see you so exposed, to offer up yourself to one who must refuse you.

Leo. If that be all, leave me my honour to take care of; I am no stranger to his wishes; he won't refuse me, brother, nor, I hope, will you, to tell him of my resolution: if you do, this moment with my own tongue (through all a virgin's blushes) I'll own to him I am determined in his favour—You paused as if you'd let the task lie on me.

Cam. Neither on you, nor me; I have a reason you are yet a stranger to: know then, there is a virgin, young and tender, whose peace and happiness so much are mine, I cannot see her miserable; she loves him with that torrent of desire, that were the world resigned her in his stead, she'd still be wretched. I will not pique you to a female strife, by saying, you have not charms to tear him from her: but I would move you to a female softness, by telling you her death would wait your conquest. What I have more to plead is as a brother; I hope that gives me some

small interest in you? Whatever it is, you see how I'd employ it.

Leo. "You ne'er could put it to a harder service." I beg a little time to think: pray leave me to myself awhile.

Cam. I shall; I only ask that you would think, and then you won't refuse me. [*Exit Cam.*]

Jacin. Indeed, madam, I am of your brother's mind, though for another cause; but sure 'tis worth twice thinking on for your own sake: you are too violent.

Leo. A slighted woman knows no bounds. Vengeance is all the cordial she can have, so snatches at the nearest. Ungrateful wretch! to use me with such insolence.

Jacin. You see me as much enraged at it as you are yourself, yet my brain is roving after the cause, for something there must be. Never letter was received by a man with more passion and transport; I was almost as charming a goddess as yourself, only for bringing it. Yet, when in a moment after I came with a message worth a dozen on't, never was witch so handled: something must have passed between one and t'other, that's sure.

Leo. Nothing could pass worth my enquiring after, since nothing could happen that can excuse his usage of me; he had a letter under my hand, which owned him master of my heart; and till I contradicted it with my mouth, he ought not to doubt the truth on't.

Jacin. Nay, I confess, madam, I ha'n't a word to say for him. I'm afraid he's but a rogue at bottom, as well as my Shameless that attends him; we are bit, by my troth, and haply well enough served, for listening to the glib tongues of the rascals. But be comforted, madam; they'll fall into the hands of some foul sluts or other, before they die, that will set our accounts ev'n with 'em.

Leo. Well, let him laugh; let him glory in what he has done: he shall see I have a spirit can use him as I ought.

Jacin. And let one thing be your comfort, by th way, madam, that in spite of all your dear affections to him, you have had the grace to keep him at arm's end. You ha'n't thanked me for't; but, good faith, 'twas well I did not stir out of the chamber that foud night; for there are times the stoutest of us are in danger, the rascals wheedle so.

Leo. In short, my very soul is fired by this treatment: and if ever that perfidious monster should relent, though he would crawl like a poor worm beneath my feet, nay, plunge a dagger in his heart, to bleed for pardon; I charge thee strictly, charge thee on thy life, thou do not urge a look to melt me towards him, but strongly buoy me up in brave resentment; and if thou see'st (which heaven avert) a glance of weakness in me, rouse to my memory the vile wrongs I've borne, and blazon 'em with skill in all their glaring colours.

Jacin. Madam, never doubt me; I am charged to the mouth with fury, and if ever I meet that fat traitor of mine, such a volley will I pour about his ears. —Now Heaven prevent all hasty vows; but in the humour I am, methinks I'd carry my maidenhead to my cold grave with me, before I'd let it simper at the rascal. But soft, here comes your father.

ALVAREZ enters.

Alv. Leonora, I'd have you retire a little, and send your brother's tutor to me, Metaphrastus.

[*Exeunt Leonora and Jacinta.*
I'll try if I can discover by his tutor, what it is that seems so much to work his brain of late; for something more than common there plainly does appear, yet nothing that can disturb his soul, like what I have to torture mine on his account. "Sure nothing in
" this world is worth a troubled mind: what racks
" has avarice stretched me on! I wanted nothing;
" kind Heaven hath given me a plenteous lot, and
" seated me in great abundance." Why then approve I of this imposture? What have I gained by it? Wealth and misery. I have bartered peaceful days for

restless nights ; a wretched bargain ! and he that merchandizes thus, must be undone at last.

METAPHRASTUS enters.

Metaph. *Mandatum tuum curo diligenter.*

Alv. Master, I had a mind to ask you——

Metaph. The title Master comes from *Magis* and *Ter*, which is as much as to say, *thrice worthy*.

Alv. I never heard so much before, but it may be true for aught I know : but, master——

Metaph. Go on.

Alv. Why so I will if you'll let me ; but don't interrupt me, then.

Metaph. Enough, proceed.

Alv. Why then, master, for the third time, my son Camillo gives me much uneasiness of late ; you know I love him, and have many careful thoughts about him.

Metaph. 'Tis true, *Filio non potest præferri nisi filius.*——

Alv. Master, when one has business to talk on, these scholastic expressions are not of use : I believe you a great Latinist ; possibly you may understand Greek ; those who recommended you to me, said so, and I am willing it should be true : but the thing I want to discourse you about at present, does not properly give you an occasion to display your learning. Besides, to tell you truth, 'twill at all times be lost upon me : my father was a wise man, but he taught me nothing beyond common sense ; I know but one tongue in the world, which luckily being understood by you as well as me, I fancy whatever thoughts we have to communicate to one another, may reasonably be conveyed in that, without having recourse to the language of Julius Cæsar.

Metaph. You are wrong, but may proceed.

Alv. I thank you : what is the matter I do not know, but though it is of the utmost consequence to me to marry my son, what match soever I propose to him, he still finds some pretence or other to decline it.

Metaph. He is perhaps of the humour of a brother of Marcus Tullius, who——

Alv. Dear master, leave the Greeks and the Latins, and the Scotch and the Welch, and let me go on in my business. What have those people to do with my son's marriage?

Metaph. Again you are wrong; but go on.

Alv. I say then, that I have strong apprehensions, from his refusing all my proposals; that he may have some secret inclination of his own; and to confirm me in this fear, I yesterday observed him (without his knowing it) in a corner of the grove, where nobody comes——

Metaph. A place out of the way, you would say; a place of retreat.

Alv. Why, the corner of a grove, where nobody comes, is a place of retreat, is it not?

Metaph. In Latin, *Secessus*.

Alv. Ha!

Metaph. As Virgil has it, *Est in secessus locus*.

Alv. How could Virgil have it, when I tell you no soul was there but he and I.

Metaph. Virgil is a famous author; I quote his saying as a phrase more proper to the occasion than that you use, and not as one who was in the wood with you.

Alv. And I tell you, I hope to be as famous as any Virgil of 'em all, when I have been dead as long, and have no need of a better phrase than my own to tell you my meaning.

Metaph. You ought, however, to make choice of the words most used by the best authors. *Tu vivendo bonos*, as they say, *scribendo sequare peritos*.

Alv. Again!

Metaph. 'Tis Quintilian's own precept.

Alv. Oons——

Metaph. And he has something very learned upon it, that may be of service to you to hear.

Alv. You son of a whore, will you hear me speak?

Metaph. What may be the occasion of this un-

manly passion? What is it you would have with me?

Alv. What you might have known an hour ago, if you had pleased.

Metaph. You would then have me hold my peace—I shall.

Alv. You will do very well.

Metaph. You see I do; well, go on.

Alv. Why then, to begin once again, I say, my son Camillo——

Metaph. Proceed; I shan't interrupt you.

Alv. I say, my son Camillo——

Metaph. What is it you say of your son Camillo?

Alv. That he has got a dog of a tutor, whose brains I'll beat out, if he won't hear me speak.

Metaph. That dog is a philosopher, contemns passion, and yet will hear you.

Alv. I don't believe a word on't, but I'll try once again; I have a mind to know from you, whether you have observed any thing in my son——

Metaph. Nothing that is like his father. Go on.

Alv. Have a care.

Metaph. I do not interrupt you; but you are long in coming to a conclusion.

Alv. Why, thou hast not let me begin yet.

Metaph. And yet 'tis high time to have made an end.

Alv. Dost thou know thy danger? I have not—— thus much patience left. [*Shewing the end of his finger.*]

Metaph. Mine is already consumed. I do not use to be thus treated; my profession is to teach and not to hear, yet I have hearkened like a school-boy, and am not heard although a master.

Alv. Get out of the room.

Metaph. I will not. If the mouth of a wise man be shut, he is, as it were, a fool; for who shall know his understanding? Therefore, a certain philosopher said well—Speak, that thou may'st be known: great talkers, without knowledge, are as the winds that whistle; but they who have learning, should speak aloud. If this be not permitted, we may expect to see the whole

Act III.

THE MISTAKE.

21

order of nature o'erthrown ; hens devour foxes, and lambs destroy wolves ; nurses suck children, and children give suck ; generals mend stockings, and chambermaids take towns ; we may expect, I say—

Alv. That, and that, and that, and——

[Strikes him, and kicks him, and then follows him off with a bell at his ear.]

Metaph. O tempora ! O mores !

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Street. LOPEZ enters.

Lopez. SOMETIMES fortune seconds a bold design ; and when folly has brought us into a trap, impudence brings us out on't. I have been caught by this hot-headed lover here ; and have been told, like a puppy, what I shall be beaten for like a dog. Come, courage, my dear Lopez ; fire will fetch out fire. Thou hast told one body thy master's secret, e'en tell it to half a dozen more, and try how that will thrive. Go, tell it to the two old Dons, the lovers' fathers. The thing's done, and can't be retrieved. Perhaps, they'll lay their two ancient heads together, club a pennyworth of wisdom a-piece, and, with great penetration, at last find out, that 'tis best to submit, where 'tis not in their power to do otherwise. This being resolved, there's no time to be lost.

[Knocks at Alvarez's door.]

Alv. Who knock's ?

[Within.]

Lop. Lopez.

Alv. What dost want ?

[Looking out.]

Lop. To bid you good-morrow, sir.

Alv. Well, good-morrow to thee again. *[Retires.]*

Lop. What a——I think he does not care for my company. *[Knocks again.]*

Alv. Who knocks ?

Lop. Lopez.

Alv. What wouldst have ?

[Looks out.]

Lop. My old master, sir, gives his service to you, and desires to know how you do.

D

Alv. How I do! Why well. How should I do?—
Service to him again.

[Retires.]

Lop. Sir.

Alv. [Returning.] What the deuce wouldst thou have with me, with thy good-morrows and thy services?

Lop. This man does not understand good-breeding, I find. [Aside.]—Why, sir, my master has some very earnest business with you.

Alv. Business! About what? What business can he have with me?

Lop. I don't know; but 'tis some very important matter: he has just now, as I hear, discovered some great secret, which he must talk with you about.

Alv. Ha! a secret, say'st thou?

Lop. Yes; and bid me bring him word, if you were at home, he'd be with you presently. Sir, your humble servant.

[Exit.]

Alv. A secret, and must speak with me about it!—Heavens, how I tremble! What can this message mean? I have very little acquaintance with him;—what business can he have with me? An important secret 'twas, he said, and that he had just discovered it. Alas! I have in the world but one; if it be that—I'm lost; an eternal blot must fix upon me. How unfortunate am I, that I have not followed the honest counsels of my heart, which have often urged me to set my conscience at ease, by rendering to him the estate which is his due, and which, by a foul imposture, I keep from him. But 'tis now too late, my villainy is out, and I shall not only be forced, with shame, to restore him what is his, but shall be, perhaps, condemned to make him reparation with my own. Oh, terrible view!

DON FELIX enters.

Don Fel. My son to go and marry her without her father's knowledge! This can never end well. I don't know what to do. He'll conclude I was privy to it; and his power and interest are so great at court, he may with ease contrive my ruin. I tremble at

his sending to speak with me—Mercy on me! there he is.

[*Aside.*

Alv. Ah! shield me, kind Heaven! There's Don Felix come. How I am struck with the sight of him! Oh, the torment of a guilty mind!

[*Aside.*

Don Fel. What shall I say to soften him?

[*Aside.*

Alv. How shall I look him in the face?

[*Aside.*

Don Fel. 'Tis impossible he can forgive it.

[*Aside.*

Alv. He'll certainly expose me to the whole world.

[*Aside.*

Don Fel. I see his countenance change.

[*Aside.*

Alv. With what contempt he looks upon me!

[*Aside.*

Don Fel. I see, Don Alvarez, by the disorder of your face, you are but too well informed of what brings me here.

Alv. 'Tis true.

Don Fel. The news may well surprise you; 'tis what I have been far from apprehending.

Alv. Wrong, very wrong, indeed.

Don Fel. The action is certainly, to the last point, to be condemned, and I think nobody should pretend to excuse the guilty.

Alv. They are not to be excused, though Heaven may have mercy.

Don Fel. That's what I hope you will consider.

Alv. We should act as Christians.

Don Fel. Most certainly.

Alv. Let mercy then prevail.

Don Fel. It is indeed of heavenly birth.

Alv. Generous Don Felix!

Don Fel. Too indulgent Alvarez!

" *Alv.* I thank you on my knee.

" *Don Fel.* 'Tis I ought to have been there first.

[*They kneel.*

" *Alv.* Is it possible we are friends?

" *Don Fel.* Embrace me to confirm it.

" [*They embrace.*

" *Alv.* Thou best of men!

" *Don Fel.* Unlook'd for bounty!"

Alv. Did you know the torment [*Rising.*] this unhappy action has given me——

Don Fel. 'Tis impossible it could do otherwise; nor has my trouble been less.

Alv. But let my misfortune be kept secret.

“ *Don Fel.* Most willingly. My advantage is sufficient by it, without the vanity of making it public to the world.

“ *Alv.* Incomparable goodness! That I should thus have wrong'd a man so worthy! [*Aside.*] My honour then is safe?”

Don Fel. For ever, even for ever let it be a secret; I am content.

Alv. Noble gentleman! [*Aside.*] As to what advantages ought to accrue to you by it, it shall be all to your entire satisfaction.

Don Fel. Wonderful bounty! [*Aside.*] As to that, Don Alvarez, I leave it entirely to you, and shall be content with whatever you think reasonable.

Alv. I thank you, from my soul I must; you know I must.—This must be an angel, not a man.

[*Aside.*

“ *Don Fel.* The thanks lie on my side, Alvarez, for this unexpected generosity; but may all faults be forgot, and Heaven ever prosper you.

“ *Alv.* The same prayer I, with a double fervour, offer up for you,

“ *Don Fel.* Let us then once more embrace, and be forgiveness sealed for ever.

“ *Alv.* Agreed; thou best of men, agreed.

“ [*They embrace.*”

Don Fel. This thing then being thus happily terminated, let me own to you, Don Alvarez, I was in extreme apprehension of your utmost resentment on this occasion; for I could not doubt but you had formed more happy views in the disposal of so fair a daughter as Leonora, than my poor son's inferior fortune e'er can answer; but since they are joined, and that——

Alv. Ha!

Don Fel. Nay, 'tis very likely to discourse of it may not be very pleasing to you, though your Christianity and natural goodness have prevailed on you so generously to forgive it. But to do justice to Leonora, and screen her from your too harsh censure in this unlucky action, 'twas that cunning wicked creature that attends her, who, by unusual arts, wrought her to this breach of duty; for her own inclinations were disposed to all the modesty and resignation a father could ask from a daughter. My son I can't excuse, but since your bounty does so, I hope you'll quite forget the fault of the less guilty Leonora.

Alv. What a mistake have I lain under here! And from a groundless apprehension of one misfortune, find myself in the certainty of another. [*Aside.*]

Don Fel. He looks disturbed! What can this mean? [*Aside.*]

Alv. My daughter married to his son! Confusion! But I find myself in such unruly agitation, something wrong may happen if I continue with him; I'll therefore leave him. [*Aside.*]

Don Fel. You seem thoughtful, sir; I hope there's no——

Alv. A sudden disorder I am seiz'd with; you'll pardon me, I must retire. [*Exit.*]

Don Fel. I don't like this—He went oddly off—I doubt he finds this bounty difficult to go through with. His natural resentment is making an attack upon his acquired generosity. Pray Heaven it be'n't too strong for it. "The misfortune is a great one, and can't but touch him nearly. It was not natural to be so calm: I wish I don't yet drive him to be my ruin." But here comes this young hot-brained coxcomb, who, with his midnight amours, has been the cause of all this mischief to me.

LORENZO enters.

So, sir, are you come to receive my thanks for your noble exploit? You think you have done bravely now, ungracious offspring, to bring perpetual trouble on me. Must there never pass a day, but I must

drink some bitter portion or other of your preparation for me?

Lor. I am amazed, sir! Pray, what I have done to deserve your anger?

Don Fel. Nothing: no manner of thing in the world; nor never do. I am an old testy fellow, and am always scolding, and finding fault for nothing; complaining that I have got a coxcomb of a son that makes me weary of my life, fancying he perverts the order of nature, turning day into night, and night into day; getting whims in my brain, that he consumes his life in idleness, unless he rouses now and then to do some noble stroke of mischief; and having an impertinent dream at this time, that he has been making the fortune of the family, by an underhand marriage with the daughter of a man who will crush us all to powder for it. Ah, ungracious wretch! to bring an old man into all this trouble. The pain thou gavest thy mother to bring thee into the world, and the plague thou hast given me to keep thee here, make the getting thee (though 'twas in our honeymoon) a bitter remembrance to us both. [*Exit.*]

Lor. So—all's out—Here's a noble storm arising, and I'm at sea in a cock-boat. But which way could this business reach him? By this traitor Lopez—It must be so, it could be no other way; for only he and the priest that married us, know of it. The villain will never confess though. I must try a little address with him, and conceal my anger. Oh! here he comes.

LOPEZ enters.

Lor. Lopez.

Lop. Do you call, sir?

Lor. I find all's discovered to my father; the secret's out; he knows my marriage.

Lop. He knows your marriage! How the pest should that happen, sir? 'Tis impossible, that's all.

Lor. I tell thee, 'tis true; he knows every particular of it.

Lop. He does! Why then, sir, all I can say is,

that Satan and he are better acquainted than the devil and a good Christian ought to be.

Lor. Which way he has discovered it I can't tell, nor am I much concerned to know, since, beyond all my expectations, I find him perfectly easy at it, and ready to excuse my fault with better reasons than I can find to do it myself.

Lop. Say you so? I am very glad to hear that: then all's safe.

Lor. 'Tis unexpected good fortune; but it could never proceed purely from his own temper; there must have been pains taken with him to bring him to this calm: I'm sure I owe much to the bounty or some friend or other. I wish I knew where my obligation lay, that I might acknowledge it as I ought.

Lop. Are you thereabouts, i'faith? Then sharp's the word; I'gad I'll own the thing, and receive his bounty for it. [*Aside.*—Why, sir—not that I pretend to make a merit of the matter, for, alas! I am but your poor hireling, and therefore bound in duty to render you all the service I can—but—'tis I have done it.

Lor. What hast thou done?

Lop. What no man else could have done—the job, sir; told him the secret, and then talk'd him into a liking on't.

Lor. 'Tis impossible; thou dost not tell me true.

Lop. Sir, I scorn to reap any thing from another man's labours; but if this poor piece of service carries any merit with it, you now know where to reward it.

Lor. Thou art not serious.

Lop. I am; or may hunger be my mess-mate.

Lor. And may famine be mine, if I don't reward thee for it, as thou deservest—Dead—

[*Making a pass at him.*

Lop. Have a care there. [*Leaping on one side.*] What do you mean, sir? I bar all surprise.

Lor. Traitor! is this the fruit of the trust I placed in thee! Villain! [*Making another thrust at him.*

Lop. Take heed, sir ; you'll do one a mischief before y'are aware.

Lor. What recompence canst thou make me, wretch, for this piece of treachery? Thy sordid blood can't expiate the thousandth—But I'll have it, however. [*Thrusts again.*]

Lop. Look you there again. Pray, sir, be quiet. Is the devil in you? 'Tis bad jesting with edged tools. I'gad, that last push was within an inch of me. I don't know what you make all this bustle about, but I'm sure I've done all for the best ; and I believe 'twill prove for the best too at last, if you'll but have a little patience. But if gentlemen will be in their airs in a moment—Why, what the deuce—I'm sure I have been as eloquent as Cicero in your behalf ; and I don't doubt to good purpose too, if you'll give things time to work. But nothing but foul language and naked swords about the house ; sa, sa ; run you through, you dog ; why nobody can do business at this rate.

Lor. And suppose your project fail, and I am ruined by it, sir.

Lop. Why, 'twill be time enough to kill me then, sir, won't it? What should you do it for now? Besides, I a'n't ready, I'm not prepared, I might be undone by't.

Lor. But what will Leonora say to her marriage being known, wretch?

Lop. Why, may be she'll draw—her sword too.—[*Shewing his tongue.*] But all shall be well with you both, if you will but let me alone.

Lor. Peace ; here's her father.

Lop. That's well : we shall see how things go presently.

DON ALVAREZ enters.

Alv. The more I recover from the disorder this discourse has put me in, the more strange the whole adventure appears to me. Leonora maintains there is not a word of truth in what I have heard ; that she knows nothing of marriage : and, indeed, she tells me

this with such a naked air of sincerity, that for my part I believe her. What then must be their project? Some villainous intention, to be sure; though which way I am yet ignorant. But here's the bridegroom; I'll accost him.—I am told, sir, you take upon you to scandalize my daughter, and tell idle tales of what can never happen.

Lop. Now, methinks, sir, if you treated your son-in-law with a little more civility, things might go just as well in the main.

Alv. What means this insolent fellow by my son-in-law? I suppose 'tis you, villain, are the author of this impudent story.

Lop. You seem angry, sir—perhaps without cause.

Alv. Cause, traitor! Is a cause wanting where a daughter's defamed, and a noble family scandalized?

Lop. There he is, let him answer you.

Alv. I should be glad he'd answer me. Why, if he had any desires to my daughter, did he not make his approaches like a man of honour?

Lop. Yes; and so have had the doors bolted against him like a house-breaker. [*Aside.*

Lor. Sir, to justify my proceedings, I have little to say: but to excuse it, I have much; if any allowance may be made for a passion which, in your youth, you have yourself been swayed by; I love your daughter to that excess——

Alv. You would undo her for a night's lodging.

Lor. Undo her, sir!

Alv. Yes, that's the word: you knew it was against her interest to marry you, therefore you endeavoured to win her to it in private; you knew her friends would make a better bargain for her, therefore you kept your designs from their knowledge; and yet you love her to that excess——

Lor. I'd readily lay down my life to serve her.

Alv. Could you readily lay down fifty thousand pistoles to serve her, your excessive love would come with better credentials. An offer of life is very proper for the attack of a counterscarp; but a thousand

ducats will sooner carry a lady's heart: you are a young man, but will learn this when you are older.

Lop. But since things have succeeded better this once, sir, and that my master will prove a most incomparable good husband (for that he'll do I'll answer for him) and that 'tis too late to recall what's already done, sir——

Alv. What's done, villain?

Lop. Sir, I mean, that since my master and my lady are married, and——

Alv. Thou ly'st; they are not married.

Lop. Sir! I say, that since they are married, and that they love each other so passing dearly, indeed I fancy that——

Alv. Why, this impudence is beyond all bearing. Sir, do you put your rascal upon this?

Lor. "Sir, I am in a wood;" I don't know what it is you mean.

Alv. "And I am in a plain, sir, and I think I may be understood." Do you pretend that you are married to my daughter?

Lor. Sir, 'tis my happiness on one side, as it is my misfortune on another.

Alv. And do you think this idle project can succeed? Do you believe your affirming you are married to her will induce both her and me to consent it shall be so?

Lop. Sir, I see you make my master almost out of his wits to hear you talk so; but I, who am but a stander-by now, as I was at the wedding, have mine about me, and desire to know whether you think this project can succeed? Do you believe your affirming they are not married, will induce both him and I to give up the lady? One short question to bring this matter to an issue, why do you think they are not married?

Alv. Because she utterly renounces it.

Lop. And so she will her religion, if you attack it with that dreadful face. D'ye hear, sir? the poor lady is in love, heartily; and I wish all poor ladies

that are so, would dispose of themselves so well as she has done ; but you scare her out of her senses : bring her here into the room, speak gently to her, tell her you know the thing is done, that you have it from a man of honour, me ; that may be you wish it had been otherwise, but are a Christian, and profess mercy, and therefore have resolved to pardon her : say this, and I shall appear a man of reputation, and have satisfaction made me.

Alv. Or an impudent rogue, and have all your bones broke.

Lop. Content.

Alv. Agreed. Leonora ! Who's there ? Call Leonora.

Lop. All will go rarely, sir ; we shall have shot the gulf in a moment. [*Aside to Lorenzo.*]

LEONORA enters.

Alv. Come hither, Leonora.

Lop. So, now we shall see.

Alv. I called you to answer for yourself : here's a strong claim upon you ; if there be any thing in the pretended title, conceal it no farther ; it must be known at last, it may as well be so now. Nothing is so uneasy as uncertainty ; I would therefore be gladly freed from it : if you have done what I am told you have, 'tis a great fault indeed ; but as I fear 'twill carry much of its punishment along with it, I shall rather reduce my resentment into mourning your misfortune, than suffer it to add to your affliction ; therefore speak the truth.

Lop. Well, this is fair play : now I speak, sir. You see, fair lady, the goodness of a tender father, nothing need therefore hinder you from owning a most loving husband. We had like to have been altogether by the ears about this business, and pails of blood were ready to run about the house ; but, thank Heaven, the sun shines out again, and one word from your sweet mouth makes fair weather for ever, My master has been forc'd to own your marriage, he begs you'll do so too.

Leo. What does this impudent rascal mean?

Lop. Ha! madam——

Leo. Sir, I should be very glad to know [*To Lorenzo.*] what can have been the occasion of this wild report: sure you cannot be yourself a party in it.

Lop. He! he!

Lor. Forgive me, dear Leonora; I know you had strong reasons for the secret being longer kept; but 'tis not my fault, our marriage is disclosed.

Leo. Our marriage, sir!

Lor. 'Tis known, my dear, though much against my will; but since 'tis so, 'twould be in vain for us to deny it any longer.

Leo. Then, sir, I am your wife! I fell in love with you, and married you without my father's knowledge?

Lor. I dare not be so vain to think 'twas love; I humbly am content to owe the blessing to your generosity; you saw the pains I suffered for your sake, and in compassion eased them.

Leo. I did, sir! Sure this exceeds all human impudence.

Lop. Truly, I think it does. She'd make an incomparable actress. [*Aside.*]

Lor. I begin to be surpris'd, madam, at your carrying this thing so far; you see there's no occasion for it; and for the discovery, I have already told you 'twas not my fault.

Lop. My master's! no, 'twas I did it: why what a bustle's here! I knew things would go well, and so they do, if folks would let them. But if ladies will be in their merriment, when gentlemen are upon serious business, why, what a deuce can one say to them?

Leo. I see this fellow is to be an evidence in your plot: where you hope to drive, it is hard to guess; for if any thing can exceed its impudence, it is its folly. A noble stratagem indeed to win a lady by! I could be diverted by it, but that I see a face of villainy requires a rougher treatment: I could almost, methinks, forget my sex, and be my own avenger.

Lor. Madam, I am surprised beyond all——

Lop. Pray, sir, let me come to her : you are so surprised, you make nothing on't : she wants a little snubbing. Look you, madam, I have seen many a pleasant humour amongst ladies, but you out-cut them all. Here's contradiction with a vengeance ! You ha'n't been married eight and forty hours, and you are slap—at your husband's beard already. Why, do you consider who he is ? who this gentleman is, and what he can do——by law ? Why, he can lock you up—knock you down—tie you neck and heels——

Lor. Forbear, you insolent villain, you.

[*Offering to strike him.*]

Leo. That's for what's past, however.

[*Giving him a box on the ear.*]

Lop. I think she gave me a box o' th' ear : ha !

[*Exit Leonora.*]

Sir, will you suffer your old servants to be used thus by new comers ? It's a sham, a mere sham. Sir, will you take a poor dog's advice for once ? She denies she's married to you : take her at her word ; you have seen some of her humours——Let her go.

Alv. Well, gentlemen, thus far you see I've heard all with patience ; are you content ? Or how much farther do you design to go with this business ?

Lop. Why truly, sir, we are near at a stand.

Alv. 'Tis time, you villain, you.

Lop. Why, an' I am a villain now, if every word I've spoke be not as true as——as the gazette : and your daughter's no better than a——a——a whimsical young woman, for making disputes among gentlemen. And if every body had their deserts, she'd have a good—I won't speak it out to inflame reckonings ; but let her go, master.

Alv. Sir, I don't think it well to spend any more words with your impudent and villainous servant here.

Lop. Thank you, sir : but I'd let her go.

Alv. Nor have I more to say to you than this, that you must not think so daring an affront to my family can go unresented. Farewell. [*Exit Alvarez.*]

Lor. Well, sir, what have you to say for yourself now?

Lop. Why, sir, I only have to say, that I'm a very unfortunate—middle-aged man; and that I believe all the stars upon heaven and earth have been concerned in my destiny. Children now unborn will hereafter sing my downfall in mournful lines, and notes of doleful tune: I am at present troubled in mind; despair around me, signified in appearing gibbets, with a great bundle of dog-whips by way of preparation.

*I therefore will go seek some mountain high,
If high enough some mountain may be found,
With distant valley, dreadfully profound,
And from the horrid cliff—look calmly all around.*

Farewell.

[*Aside.*

Lor. No, sirrah: I'll see your wretched end myself. Die here, villain. [*Drawing his sword.*

Lop. I can't, sir, if any body looks upon me.

Lor. Away, you trifling wretch! "but think not
"to escape, for thou shalt have thy recompence."

[*Exit Lorenzo.*

Lop. Why, what a mischievous jade is this, to make such an uproar in a family the first day of her marriage. Why my master won't so much as get a honeymoon out of her. 'Egad, let her go. If she be thus in her soft and tender youth, she'll be rare company at three-score. Well, he may do as he pleases; but were she my dear, I'd let her go—Such a foot at her tail, I'd make the truth bounce out at her mouth like a pellet from a pop-gun. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

CAMILLO and ISABELLA.

Isabella. 'Tis an unlucky accident, indeed.

Cam. Ah, Isabella! fate has now determined my undoing. This thing can ne'er end here. Leonora and Lorenzo must soon come to some explanation; the dispute is too monstrous to pass over, without farther inquiry, which must discover all, "and what

“ will be the consequence, I tremble at: for whether Don Alvarez knows of the imposture, or whether he is deceived, with the rest of the world, when once it breaks out, and that the consequence is the loss of that great wealth he now enjoys by it, what must become of me? All paternal affections then must cease, and, regarding me as an unhappy instrument in the trouble which will then o’erload him, he will return me to my humble birth, and then I am lost for ever.” But what, alas! will the deceived Lorenzo say? A wife, with neither fortune, birth, nor beauty, instead of one most plenteously endowed with all. O heavens! what a sea of misery have I before me!

Isab. Indeed you reason right; but these reflections are ill-timed; why did not you employ them sooner?

Cam. Because I loved.

Isab. And don’t you do so now?

Cam. I do, and therefore ’tis I make these cruel just reflections.

Isab. So that love, I find, can do any thing.

Cam. Indeed it can: its powers are wondrous great, its pains no tongue can tell, its bliss no heart conceive; crowns cannot recompense its torments, heaven scarce supply its joys. My stake is of this value: O, counsel me how I shall save it.

Isab. Alas! that counsel’s much beyond my wisdom’s force, I see no way to help you.

Cam. And yet ’tis sure there’s one.

Isab. What?

Cam. Death.

Isab. There possibly may be another; I have a thought this moment—Perhaps there’s nothing in it; yet a small passage comes to my remembrance, that I regarded little when it happened—I’ll go and search for one may be of service. But hold; I see Don Carlos: he’ll but disturb us now; let us avoid him.

[*Exeunt.*

Don CARLOS and SANCHO enter.

Car. Repulsed again! This is not to be borne.

What though this villain's story be a falsehood, was I to blame to hearken to it? This usage cannot be supported. How was it she treated thee?

San. Never was ambassador worse received. Madam, my master asks ten thousand pardons, and humbly begs one moment's interview:—Begone, you rascal, you. Madam, what answer shall I give my master?—Tell him he's a villain.—Indeed, fair lady, I think this is hasty treatment—Here, my footman, toss me this fellow out at the window: and away she went to her devotions.

Car. Did you see Jacinta?

San. Yes, she saluted me with half-a-score rogues and rascals, too. I think our destinies are much alike sir: and o' my conscience, a couple of scurvy jades we are hampered with.

Car. Ungrateful woman, to receive with such contempt, so quick a return of a heart so justly alarmed.

San. Ha, ha, ha!

Car. What, no allowance to be made to the first transports of a lover's fury, when rous'd by so dreadful an appearance? As just as my suspicions were, have I long suffered them to arraign her?

San. No.

Car. Have I waited for oaths or imprecations to clear her?

San. No.

Car. Nay, even now, is not the whole world still in suspense about her, whilst I alone conclude her innocent?

San. 'Tis very true.

Car. She might, methinks, through this profound respect, observe a flame another would have cherished; she might support me against groundless fears, and save me from a rival's tyranny; she might release me from these cruel racks, and would, no doubt, if she could love as I do.

San. Ha, ha, ha!

Car. But since she don't, what do I do whining here? Curse on the base humilities of love!

San. Right.

Car. Let the children kiss the rod that flays them ;
let dogs lie down and lick the shoe that spurns them.

San. Ay.

Car. I am a man, by nature meant for power ; the sceptre's given us to wield, and we betray our trust whenever we meanly lay it at a woman's feet.

San. True, we are men ; boo !—Come, master, let us both be in a passion ; here's my sceptre. [*Shewing a cudgel.*] Subject Jacinta, look about you. Sir, was you ever in Muscovy ? The women there love the men dearly. Why ? Because—[*Shaking his stick.*] There's your love-powder for you. Ah, sir, were we but wise and stout, what work should we make with them ! But this humble love-making spoils them all. A rare way indeed to bring matters about with them ! we are persuading them all day they are angels and goddesses, in order to use them at night like human creatures. We are like to succeed, truly.

Car. For my part, I never yet could bear a slight from any thing, nor will I now. There's but one way, however, to resent it from a woman, and that's to drive her bravely from your heart, and place a worthier in her vacant throne.

San. Now, with submission to my betters, I have another way, sir ; I'll drive my tyrant from my heart, and place myself on her throne. Yes ; I will be lord of my own tenement, and keep my household in order. Would you would do so too, master ; for, look you, I have been servitor in a college at Salamanca, and read philosophy with the doctors ; where I found that a woman, in all times, has been observed to be an animal hard to understand, and much inclined to mischief. Now, as an animal is always an animal, and a captain always a captain, so a woman is always a woman ; whence it is, that a certain Greek says, her head is like a bank of sand ; or, as another, a solid rock ; or, according to a third, a dark lanthorn. Pray, sir, observe, for this is close reasoning ; and so,

as the head is the head of the body; and that the body without a head, is like a head without a tail; and that where there is neither head nor tail, 'tis a very strange body: so I say, a woman is by comparison, do you see, (for nothing explains things like comparisons) I say, by comparison, as Aristotle has often said before me, one may compare her to the raging sea; for, as the sea, when the wind rises, knits its brow like an angry bull, and that waves mount upon rocks, and rocks mount upon waves; that porpoises leap like trouts, and whales skip about like gudgeons; that ships roll like beer-barrels, and mariners pray like saints; just so, I say, a woman—a woman, I say, just so, when her reason is ship-wrecked upon her passion, and the hulk of her understanding lies thumping against the rock of her fury; then it is, I say, that by certain emotions, which—um—cause, as one may suppose, a sort of convulsive—yes—hurricanous—um—like—in short, a woman is like the devil, sir.

Car. Admirably reasoned, indeed, Sancho.

San. Pretty well, I thank heaven; but here comes the crocodiles to weep us into mercy.

LEONORA and JACINTA enter.

Master, let us shew ourselves men, and leave their briny tears to wash their dirty faces.

Car. It is not in the power of charms to move me.

San. Nor me, I hope; and yet I fear those eyes will look out sharp to snatch up such a prize.

[*Pointing to Jacinta.*

Jacin. He's coming to us, madam, to beg pardon; but sure you'll never grant it him?

Leo. If I do, "may Heaven ne'er grant me mine."

Jacin. That's brave.

Car. You look, madam, upon me, as if you thought I came to trouble you with my usual importunities; I'll ease you of that pain, by telling you, my business now is calmly to assure you—but I assure it you with heaven and hell for seconds; for may the joys of one

fly from me, whilst the pains of t'other overtake me, if all your charms displayed e'er shake my resolution—I'll never see you more.

San. Bon.

Leo. You are a man of that nice honour, sir, I know you'll keep your word; I expected this assurance from you, and came this way only to thank you for't.

Jacin. Very well.

Car. You did, imperious dame, you did! How base is woman's pride! How wretched are the ingredients it is formed of. If you saw cause for just disdain, why did you not at first repulse me? Why lead a slave in chains, that could not grace your triumphs? If I am thus to be contemned, think on the favours you have done the wretch, and hide your face for ever.

San. Well argued.

Leo. I own you have hit the only fault the world can charge me with: the favours I have done to you I am indeed ashamed of; but since women have their frailties, you'll allow me mine.

Car. 'Tis well, extremely well, madam. I'm happy, however, you at last speak frankly; I thank you for it; from my soul I thank you; but don't expect me groveling at your feet again; don't, for if I do——

Leo. You'll be treated as you deserve—trod upon.

Car. Give me patience;—but I don't want it; I am calm. Madam, farewell; be happy, if you can; by heavens, I wish you so; but never spread your net for me again; for if you do——

Leo. You'll be running into it.

Car. Rather run headlong into fire and flames; rather be torn with pincers bit from bit; rather be broiled like martyrs upon gridirons——But I am wrong: this sounds like passion, and Heaven can tell I am not angry. Madam, I think we have no farther business together; your most humble servant.

Leo. Farewell t'ye sir.

Car. Come along. [*To Sancho.*]—[*Goes to the scene*]

and returns.] Yet once more before I go (lest you should doubt my resolution) may I starve, perish, rot, be blasted, dead, damned, or any other thing that men or gods can think on, if on any occasion whatever, civil or military, pleasure or business, love or hate, or any other accident of life, I, from this moment, change one word or look with you.

[Going off, Sancho claps him on the back.

Leo. Content. Come away, Jacinta.

CARLOS returns.

Car. Yet one word, madam, if you please: I have a little thing here belongs to you, a foolish bauble I once was fond of. *[Twitching her picture from his breast.]* Will you accept a trifle from your servant?

Leo. Willingly, sir: I have a bauble too, I think you have some claim to; you'll wear it for my sake?

[Breaks a bracelet from her arm, and gives it him.

Car. Most thankfully: this too I should restore you, it once was yours—*[Giving her a table-book.]*—By your favour, madam—there is a line or two in it, I think you once did me the honour to write with your own fair hand. Here it is. *[Reads.*

You love me, Carlos, and would know

The secret movements of my heart;

Whether I give you mine or no,

With yours, methinks, I'd never, never part.

Thus you have encouraged me, and thus you have deceived me.

San. Very true.

Leo. I have some faithful lines, too; I think I can produce them. *[Pulls out a table-book; reads, and then gives it him.*

How long soe'er to sigh in vain,

My destiny may prove,

My fate (in spite of your disdain)

Will let me glory in your chain,

And gine me leave eternally to love.

There, sir, take your poetry again. *[Throwing it at his feet.]* 'Tis not much the worse for my wearing;—'twill serve again upon a fresh occasion.

Jacin. Well done.

Car. I believe I can return the present, madam, with—a pocket full of your prose—There—

[*Throwing a handful of letters at her feet.*]

Leo. Jacinta, give me his letters. There, sir, not to be behind-hand with you.

[*Takes a handful of his letters out of a box, and throws them in his face.*]

Jacin. And there, and there, and there, sir.

[*Jacinta throws the rest at him.*]

San. 'Cods my life, we want ammunition; but for a shift—There, and there, you saucy slut, you.

[*Sancho pulls a pack of dirty cards out of his pocket, and throws them at her; then they close, he pulls off her head-clothes, and she his wig, and then part, she running to her mistress, he to his master.*]

Jacin. I think, madam, we have clearly the better on't.

Leo. For a proof, I resolve to keep the field.

Jacin. Have a care he don't rally, and beat you yet, though. Pray walk off.

Leo. Fear nothing.

San. How the armies stand and gaze at one another after the battle! What think you, sir, of shewing yourself a great general, by making an honourable retreat.

Car. I scorn it. Oh, Leonora! Leonora! A heart like mine should not be treated thus.

Leo. Carlos! Carlos! I have not deserved this usage.

Car. Barbarous Leonora! but 'tis useless to reproach you; she that is capable of what you have done, is formed too cruel ever to repent of it. Go on, then tyrant; make your bliss complete; torment me still, for still, alas! I love enough to be tormented.

Leo. Ah, Carlos! little do you know the tender movements of that thing you name; the heart where love presides, admits no thought against the honour of its ruler.

Car. 'Tis not to call that honour into doubt, if,

conscious of our own unworthiness, we interpret every frown to our own destruction.

Leo. When jealousy proceeds from such humble apprehensions, it shews itself with more respect than yours has done.

Car. And where a heart is guiltless, it easily forgives a greater crime.

Leo. Forgiveness is not now in our debate ; if both have been in fault, 'tis fit that both should suffer for it ; our separation will do justice on us.

Car. But since we are ourselves the judges of our crimes, what if we should inflict a gentler punishment ?

Leo. 'Twould but encourage us to sin again.

Car. And if it should——

Leo. 'Twould give a fresh occasion for the pleasing exercise of mercy.

Car. Right ; and so we act the part of earth and heaven together, of men and gods, and taste of both their pleasures.

Leo. The banquet's too inviting to refuse it.

Car. Then thus let us fall on, and feed upon it for ever.

[Carries her off, embracing her, and kissing her hand.]

Jacin. Ah, woman ! foolish, foolish woman !

San. Very foolish, indeed.

Jacin. But don't expect I'll follow her example.

San. You would, Mopsy, if I'd let you.

Jacin. I'd sooner tear my eyes out ! Ah——that she had had a little of my spirit in her.

San. I believe I shall find thou hast a great deal of her flesh, my charmer ; but 'twon't do ; I am all rock, hard rock, very inarble.

Jacin. A very pumice-stone, you rascal, you, if one would try thee ; but to prevent thy humilities, and shew thee all submission would be vain, to convince thee thou hast nothing but misery and despair before thee, here——take back thy paltry thimble, and be in my debt for the shirts I made thee with it.

San. Nay, if y'are at that sport, mistress, I believe

I shall lose nothing by the balance of thy presents. There, take thy tobacco-stopper, and stop thy——

Jacin. Here—take thy satin pincushion, with thy curious half-hundred of pins in it, thou mad'st such a vapouring about yesterday. Tell them carefully; there's not one wanting.

San. There's thy ivory-hafted knife again; whet it well; 'tis so blunt 'twill cut nothing but love.

Jacin. And there's thy pretty pocket scissars thou hast honoured me with: they'll cut off a leg or an arm, heaven bless them.

San. Here's the enchanted handkerchief you were pleased to endear with your precious blood, when the violence of your love at dinner t'other day, made you cut your fingers—There——

[Blows his nose in it, and gives it to her.]

Jacin. The rascal so provokes me, I won't even keep his paltry garters from him. Do you see these, you pitiful, beggarly scoundrel you?—There, take 'em—there. *[She takes her garters off, and slaps them about his face.]*

San. I have but one thing more of thine. *[Shewing his cudgel.]* I own 'tis the top of all thy presents, and might be useful to me; but that thou may'st have nothing to upbraid me with, ev'n take it again with the rest of them.

[Lifting it up to strike her, she leaps about his neck.]

Jacin. Ah, cruel Sancho!—Now beat me, Sancho, do.

San. Rather, like Indian beggars, beat my precious self. *[Throws away his stick, and embraces her.]* Rather let infants' blood about the streets,
Rather let all the wine about the cellar,
Rather let——Oh, Jacinta, thou hast o'ercome!
How foolish are the great resolves of man;
Resolves which we neither would keep, nor can.
When those bright eyes in kindness please to shine,
Their goodness I must needs return with mine;
Bless my Jacinta in her Sancho's arms——

Jacin. And I my Sancho with Jacinta's charms. *[Ex.]*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Street. LOPEZ enters.

Lopez. As soon as it is night, says my master to me, though it cost me my life, I'll enter Leonora's lodgings; therefore, make haste, Lopez, prepare every thing necessary, three pair of pocket-pistols, two wide-mouthed blunderbusses, some six ells of sword-blade, and a couple of dark lanthorns. When my master said this to me—Sir, said I to my master (that is, I would have said it, if I had not been in such a fright I could say nothing; however, I'll say it to him now, and shall probably have a quiet hearing)
“ Look you, sir, by dint of reason I intend to con-
“ found you. You are resolved, you say, to get into
“ Leonora's lodgings, though the devil stand in the
“ door-way?—Yes, Lopez, that's my resolution—
“ Very well; and what do you intend to do when you
“ are there?—Why, what an injured man should do,
“ make her sensible of—Make her sensible of a pud-
“ ding? Don't you see she's a jade? She'll raise the
“ house about your ears, arm the whole family, set
“ the great dog at you—Were there three legions of
“ devils to repulse me, in such a cause, I could dis-
“ perse them all—Why then you have no occasion
“ for help, sir; you may leave me at home to lay the
“ cloth—No, thou art my ancient friend, my fellow
“ traveller; and to reward thy faithful services, this
“ night thou shalt partake my danger and my glory—
“ Sir, I have got glory enough under you already to
“ content any reasonable servant for his life—Thy
“ modesty makes me willing to double my bounty;
“ this night may bring eternal honour to thee and thy
“ family—Eternal honour, sir, is too much in con-
“ science for a serving-man; besides, ambition has
“ been many a great soul's undoing—I doubt thou
“ art afraid, my Lopez; thou shalt be armed with
“ back, with breast, and head-piece—They will in-
“ cumber me in my retreat—Retreat, my hero? thou

" never shalt retreat—Then, by my troth, I'll never
" go, sir."—But here he comes.

LORENZO enters.

Lor. Will it never be night? Sure 'tis the longest day the sun e'er travelled.

Lop. Would 'twere as long as those in Greenland, sir, that you might spin out your life t'other half-year. I don't like these nightly projects; a man can't see what he does. We shall have some scurvy mistake or other happen; a brace of bullets blunder through your head in the dark, perhaps, and spoil all your intrigue.

Lor. Away, you trembling wretch, away.

Lop. Nay, sir, what I say is purely for your safety; for as to myself—Uds-death! I no more value the losing a quart of blood, than I do drinking a quart of wine. Besides, my veins are too full; my physician advised me, but yesterday, to let go twenty ounces for my health. So, you see, sir, there's nothing of that in the case.

Lor. Then let me hear no other objections; for till I see Leonora, I must lie upon the rack. I cannot bear her resentment, and will pacify her this night, or not live to see to-morrow.

Lop. Well, sir; since you are so determined, I sha'n't be impertinent with any farther advice; but I think you have laid your design to—[*He coughs.*] (I have got such a cold to-day) to get in privately, have you not?

Lor. Yes, and have taken care to be introduced as far as her chamber-door with all secrecy.

Lop. [*He coughs.*] This unlucky cough! I had rather have had a fever at another time. Sir, I should be sorry to do you more harm than good upon this occasion. If this cough should come upon me in the midst of the action, [*Coughs.*] and give the alarm to the family, I should not forgive myself as long as I lived.

Lor. I have greater ventures than that to take my

chance for, and can't dispense with your attendance, sir.

Lop. This 'tis to be a good servant, and make one's self necessary.

TOLEDO enters.

Tol. Sir, I am glad I have found you. I am a man of honour, you know, and do always profess losing my life upon a handsome occasion. Sir, I come to offer you my service. I am informed, from unquestionable hands, that Don Carlos is enraged against you to a dangerous degree; and that old Alvarez has given positive directions to break the legs and arms of your servant Lopez.

Lop. Look you there now; I thought what 'twould come to. What do they meddle with me for? What have I to do with my master's amours? The old Don's got out of his senses, I think. Have I married his daughter?

Lor. Fear nothing; we'll take care o'thee—Sir, I thank you for the favour of your intelligence: 'tis nothing, however, but what I expected, and am provided for.

Tol. Sir, I would advise you to provide yourself with good friends; I desire the honour to keep your back-hand myself.

Lop. 'Tis very kind, indeed. Pray, sir, have you never a servant with you could hold a racket for me too?

Tol. I have two friends fit to head two armies; and yet—a word in your ear—they sha'n't cost you above a ducat a-piece.

Lop. Take 'em, by all means, sir; you were never offered a better pennyworth in your life.

Tol. Ah, sir—little Diego—you have heard of him; he'd been worth a legion upon this occasion. You know, I suppose, how they have served him. They have hanged him; but he made a noble execution; they clapped the rack and the priest to him at once, but could neither get a word of confession, nor a groan of repentance; he died mighty well, truly.

Lor. Such a man is indeed much to be regretted.—
As for the rest of your escorte, Captain, I thank you
for 'em, but shall not use 'em.

Tol. I'm sorry for it, sir, because I think you go in
very great danger; I'm much afraid your rival won't
give you fair play.

Lop. If he does, I'll be hanged; he's a damn'd
passionate fellow, and cares not what mischief he
does.

Lor. I shall give him a very good opportunity; for
I'll have no other guards about me but you, sir. So
come along.

Lop. Why, sir, this is the sin of presumption, set-
ting Heaven at defiance, making a jack-pudding of a
blunderbuss.

Lor. No, more, but follow. Hold! turn this way;
I see Camillo there. I would avoid him, till I see
what part he takes in this odd affair of his sister's.—
For I would not have the quarrel fixed with him, if it
be possible to avoid it. [*Erit.*

Lop. Sir—Captain Toledo, one word, if you please,
Sir; I'm mighty sorry to see my master won't accept
of your friendly offer. Look ye, I'm not very rich;
but as far as the expence of a dollar went, if you'd be
so kind to take a little care of me, it should be at your
service.

Tol. Let me see—A dollar, say you! But suppose
I'm wounded?

Lop. Why, you shall be put to no extraordinary
charge upon that; I have been 'prentice to a barber,
and will be your surgeon myself.

Tol. 'Tis too cheap in conscience; but my land-
estate is so ill paid this war time——

Lop. That a little industry may be commendable.
—So say no more; that matter's fixed. [*Exeunt.*

CAMILLO enters.

Cam. “How miserable a perplexity have I brought
“myself into! Yet why do I complain, since, with
“all the dreadful torture I endure, I can't repent
“of one wild step I've made? Oh, love! what tem-

"pests canst thou raise, what storms canst thou assuage! To all thy cruelties I am resigned; long years through seas of torment I'm content to roll, so thou wilt guide me to the happy port of my Lorenzo's arms, and bless me there with one calm day at last."

ISABELLA enters.

What news, dear Isabella? Methinks there's something cheerful in your looks may give a trembling lover hopes. If you have comfort for me, speak; for I indeed have need of it.

Isab. Were your wants yet still greater than they are, I bring a plentiful supply.

Cam. Oh, Heavens! is't possible?

Isab. New mysteries are out; and if you can find charms to wean Lorenzo from your sister, no other obstacle is in your way to all you wish.

Cam. Kind messenger from Heaven, speak on.

Isab. Know then, that you are daughter to Alvarez.

Cam. How! daughter to Alvarez?

Isab. You are. The truth's this moment come to light; and till this moment, he, although your father, was a stranger to it; nay, did not even know you were a woman. In short, the great estate which has occasioned such uncommon accidents; was left but on condition of a son; great hopes of one there was, when you destroyed them, and to your parents came a most unwelcome guest. To repair the disappointment, you were changed for that young Camillo, who a few months after died. Your father then was absent; but your mother, quick in contrivance, bold in execution, during that infant's sickness, had resolved his death should not deprive her family of those advantages his life had given it; so ordered things with such dexterity, that once again there passed a change between you. Of this, for reasons yet unknown to me, she made a secret to her husband, and took such wise precautions, that till this hour 'twas so to all the world, except the person from whom I now have heard it.

Cam. This news indeed affords a view of no unhappy termination: yet there are difficulties still may be of fatal hindrance.

Isab. None, except that one I just now named to you; for to remove the rest, know, I have already unfolded all, both to Alvarez and Don Felix.

Cam. And how have they received it?

Isab. To your wishes both. As for Lorenzo, he is yet a stranger to all has passed; and the two old fathers desire he may some moments longer continue so. They have agreed to be a little merry with the heat he is in, and engage you in a family quarrel with him.

Cam. I doubt, Isabella, I shall act that part but faintly.

Isab. No matter, you'll make ample amends for it in the scene of reconciliation.

Cam. Pray Heaven it may be my lot to act it with him.

Isab. Here comes Don Felix to wish you joy.

DON FELIX enters.

Don Fel. Come near, my daughter, and with extended arms of great affection let me receive thee.—
[*Kisses her.*] Thou art a dainty wench, good faith thou art, and 'tis a mettled action thou hast done. If Lorenzo don't like thee the better for't, God's my life, he's a pitiful fellow, and I sha'n't believe the bonny old man had the getting of him.

Cam. I'm so encouraged by your forgiveness, sir, methinks I have some flattering hopes of his.

Don Fel. O his! 'Egad and he had best, I believe; he'll meet with his match if he don't. What dost think of trying his courage a little by way of a joke, or so?

Isab. I was just telling her your design, sir.

Don Fel. Why I'm in a mighty witty way upon this whimsical occasion: but I see him coming. You must not appear yet; go your way in to the rest of the people there, and I'll inform him what a squabble he has worked himself into here.

[*Exeunt Camilla and Isabella.*]

LORENZO and LOPEZ enters.

Lop. Pray, sir, don't be so obstinate now, don't affront Heaven at this rate. I had a vision last night about this business, on purpose to forewarn you; I dreamt of goose eggs, a blunt knife, and the snuff of a candle; I'm sure there's mischief towards you.

Lor. You cowardly rascal, hold your tongue.

Don Fel. Lorenzo, come hither, my boy, I was just going to send for thee. The honour of our ancient family lies in thy hands: there is a combat preparing; thou must fight, my son.

Lop. Look you there now, did not I tell you? O, dreams are wondrous things. I never knew that snuff of a candle fail yet.

Lor. Sir, I do not doubt but Carlos seeks my life, I hope he'll do it fairly.

Lop. Fairly, do you hear, fairly! Give me leave to tell you, sir, folks are not fit to be trusted with lives, that don't know how to look better after them. Sir, you gave it him, I hope you'll make him take a little more care on't.

Don Fel. My care shall be to make him do as a man of honour ought to do.

Lop. What will you let him fight then? Let your own flesh and blood fight?

Don Fel. In a good cause, as this is.

Lop. *O monstrum horrendum!* Now I have that humanity about me, that if a man but talks to me of fighting, I shiver at the name on't.

Lor. What you do on this occasion, sir, is worthy of you; and had I been wanting to you in my due regards before, this noble action would have stamped that impression, which a grateful son ought to have for so generous a father.

Lop. Very generous, truly! gives him leave to be run through the guts, for his posterity to brag on a hundred years hence. *[Aside.]*

Lor. I think, sir, as things now stand, it won't be right for me to wait for Carlos's call! I'll, if you please, prevent him.

Lop. Ay, pray, sir, do prevent him by all means; 'tis better made up, as you say, a thousand times.

Don Fel. Hold your tongue, you impertinent Jack-a-napes, I will have him fight, and fight like a fury, too; if he don't, he'll be worsted, I can tell him that. For know, son, your antagonist is not the person you name, it is an enemy of twice his force.

Lop. O dear! O dear! O dear! and will nobody keep them asunder?

Lor. Nobody shall keep us asunder, if once I know the man I have to deal with.

Don Fel. Thy man then is—Camillo.

Lor. Camillo!

Don Fel. 'Tis he; he'll suffer nobody to decide this quarrel but himself.

Lop. Then there are no seconds, sir.

Don Fel. None.

Lop. He's a brave man.

Don Fel. No; he says, nobody's blood shall be spilt on this occasion, but theirs who have a title to it.

Lop. I believe he'll scarce have a law-suit upon the claim.

Don Fel. In short, he accuses thee of a shameful falsehood, in pretending his sister Leonora was thy wife; and has upon it prevailed with his father as thou hast done with thine, to let the debate be ended by the sword 'twixt him and thee.

Lop. And pray, sir, with submission, one short question, if you please: What may the gentle Leonora say of this business?

Don Fel. She approves of the combat, and marries Carlos.

Lop. Why, God a-mercy.

Lor. Is it possible? Sure she's a devil, not a woman.

Lop. I-cod, sir, a devil and a woman both, I think.

Don Fel. Well, thou shalt have satisfaction of some of them. Here they all come.

ALVAREZ, LEONORA, CARLOS, SANCHE, and
JACINTA enter.

Alv. Well, Don Felix, have you prepared your son?
for mine, he's ready to engage.

Lor. And so is his. My wrongs prepare me for a
thousand combats. My hand has hitherto been held
by the regard I've had to every thing of kin to Leo-
nora; but since the monstrous part she acts has driven
her from my heart, I call for reparation from her fa-
mily.

Alv. You'll have it, sir; Camillo will attend you
instantly.

Lop. O lack! O lack! will nobody do a little some-
thing to prevent bloodshed? Why, madam, have you
no pity, no bowels? [*To Leonora.*] Stand and see one
of your husband's slaughter'd before your face? 'Tis
an arrant shame.

Leo. If widowhood be my fate, I must bear it as I
can.

Lop. Why, did you ever hear the like?

Lor. Talk to her no more. Her monstrous impu-
dence is no otherwise to be replied to, than by a dag-
ger in her brother's heart.

Leo. Yonder he's coming to receive it. But have
a care, brave sir, he does not place it in another's!

Lor. It is not in his power. He has a rotten cause
upon his sword; I'm sorry he is engaged in it: but
since he is, he must take his fate. For you, my bravo,
expect me in your turn. [*To Carlos.*]

Car. You'll find Camillo, sir, will set your hand out.

Lor. A beardless boy. You might have match'd
me better, sir: but prudence is a virtue.

Don Fel. Nay, son, I would not have thee despise
thy adversary, neither; thou'lt find Camillo will put
thee hardly to't.

Lor. I wish we were come to the trial. Why does
he not appear?

Jacin. Now do I hate to hear people brag thus.—
Sir, with my lady's leave, I'll hold a ducat he disarms
you. [*They laugh.*]

Lor. Why what!—I think I'm sported with.—Take heed, I warn you all; I am not to be trifled with.

CAMILLO and ISABELLA enter.

Leo. You sha'n't, sir; here's one will be in earnest with you.

Lor. He's welcome: though I had rather have drawn my sword against another. I'm sorry, Camillo, we should meet on such bad terms as these; yet more sorry your sister should be the wicked cause on't: but since nothing will serve her but the blood either of a husband or brother, she shall be glutted with it—Draw!

"Lop. Ah, lard! ah, lard! ah, lard!"

Lor. And yet, before I take this instrument of death into my fatal hand, hear me, Camillo; hear, Alvarez; all; I imprecate the utmost powers of Heaven to shower upon my head the deadliest of its wrath; "I ask, that all hell's torment may unite to "round my soul with one eternal anguish," if wicked Leonora be not my wife.

Omnes. O Lord, O Lord, O Lord!

Leo. Why then, may all those curses pass him by, "and wrap me in their everlasting pains," if ever once I had a fleeting thought of making him my husband.

Lop. O Lord, O Lord, O Lord!

Leo. Nay, more; to strike him dumb at once, and shew what men with honest looks can practise, know, he's married to another.

Alv. and Fel. How!

Leo. The truth of this is known to some that are here.

Jacin. Nay, 'tis certainly so.

Isab. 'Tis to a friend of mine.

Car. I know the person.

Lor. 'Tis false, and thou art a villain for thy testimony.

Cum. 'Then let me speak: what they aver is true, and I myself was, in disguise, a witness of its doing.

Lor. Death and confusion! He a villain, too!—
Have at thy heart.

[*He draws.*]

Lop. Ah!—I can't bear the sight on't.

Cam. Put up that furious thing, there's no business for't.

Lor. There's business for a dagger, stripling; 'tis that should be thy recompence.

Cam. Why then, to shew thee naked to the world, and close thy mouth forever—I am myself thy wife—

Lor. What does the dog mean?

Cam. To fall upon the earth and sue for mercy.

[*Kneels, and lets her periwig fall off.*]

Lor. A woman!—

Lop. I'cod, and a pretty one too; you wags, you.

Lor. I'm all amazement. Rise, Camillo, (if I am still to call you by that name) and let me hear the wonders you have for me.

Isab. That part her modesty will ask from me:—I'm to inform you then, that this disguise hides other mysteries besides a woman; a large and fair estate was covered by it, which, with the lady, now will be resigned to you. 'Tis true, in justice it was yours before; but 'tis the god of love had done you right.—To him you owe this strange discovery; through him you are to know, the true Camillo's dead, and that this fair adventurer is daughter to Alvarez.

Lor. Incredible! but go on; let me hear more.

Don Fel. She'll tell thee the rest herself the next dark night she meets thee in the garden.

Lor. Ha!—Was it Camillo then, that I—

Isab. It was Camillo, who there made you happy: and who has virtue, beauty, wit, and love—enough to make you so, while life shall last you.

Lor. The proof she gives me of her love, deserves a large acknowledgement indeed. Forgive me, therefore, Leonora, if what I owe this goodness and these charms, I with my utmost care, my life, my soul, endeavour to repay.

Cam. Is it then possible you can forgive me?

Lor. Indeed I can; few crimes have such a claim

to mercy ; but join with me then, my dear Camillo, (for still I know you by no other name) join with me to obtain your father's pardon : yours, Leonora, too, I must implore : and yours, my friend, for now we may be such. [*To Carlos.*] Of all I ask forgiveness. And since there is so fair a cause of all my wild mistakes, I hope, I by her interest shall obtain it.

Alv. You have a claim to mine, Lorenzo, I wish I had so strong a one to yours : but if by future services (though I lay down my life amongst them) I may blot out of your remembrance a fault (I cannot name) I then shall leave the world in peace.

Lor. In peace then, sir, enjoy it ; for, from this very hour, whate'er is past with me, is gone for ever.
“ Your daughter is too fair a mediatrix to be refused
“ his pardon, to whom she owes the charms she
“ pleads with for it.”

Car. *From this good day, then let all discord cease ;
Let those to come be harmony and peace ;
Henceforth let all our different interests join,
Let fathers, lovers, friends, let all combine,
To make each other's days as blest as she will
mine.*

[*Exeunt omnes.*]



EPILOGUE

WRITTEN BY MR. MOTTEUX.

*I'M thinking, now good husbands are so few,
To get one like my friend, what must I do.
Camillo ventur'd hard; yet at the worst,
She stole love's honey-moon, and try'd her lover first.
Many poor damsels, if they dar'd to tell,
Have done as much, but have not 'scap'd so well.
'Tis well the scene's in Spain; thus in the dark
I should be loth to trust a London spark.
Some accident might, for a private reason,
Silence a female all this acting season,
Hard fate of woman! any one would vex,
To think what odds you men have of our sex.
Restraint and customs share our inclination;
You men can try, and run o'er half the nation.
We dare not, even to avoid reproach,
When ye're at White's, peep out of hackney-coach;
Nor with a friend at night, our fame regarding,
With glass drawn up, drive about Covent-Garden.
If poor town-ladies steal in here you rail,
Though, like chaste nuns, their modest looks they veil;
With this decorum they can hardly gain
To be thought virtuous ev'n in Drury-Lane.
Though this you'll not allow, yet sure you may
A plot to snap you in an honest way.
In love affairs, one scarce would spare a brother;
All cheat; and married folks may keep a pother,
But look as if they cheated one another.
You may pretend our sex dissembles most;
But of your truth none have much cause to boast.
You promise bravely; but for all your storming,
We find you're not so valiant at performing.
Then sure Camillo's conduct you'll approve:
Would you not do as much for one you love?
Wedlock's but a blind bargain at the best,
You venture more sometimes to be not-half so bless'd;
All soon or late that dangerous venture make,
And some of you may make a worse mistake.*

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