

The COUNTRY BURIAL. 41

ter so well, that he dares not disoblige the Father. Ay, there's a Girl, who, tho' but the Daughter of a poor Farmer, by her Prudence in keeping the Fellows at a Distance, has as many Admirers as there are Gentlemen in the County. Upon that single Point turns the Happiness or Misery of a Woman's Life. But how few of us have the Wit to find this out 'till it is too late!

AIR XXXVII. Room, Room for a Rover.



*Frail's the Bliss of Woman,
Fleeting as a Shade;
While we pity no Man,
Goddesses we're made:
If our Favours wanting,
To their Wants we're kind;
Ruin'd by our granting,
We no Favour find.
Birds, for kind complying,
Love their Females more;
We're lov'd for denying,
Scorn'd when we implore.
While on ev'ry Tree,
Cherry, Cherry, sing the small Birds;
Terry, Terry, sing the black Birds;
Happier far than we.*

SCENE XV. Sir John and Welford.

Wel. Sir John, tho' from your late Behaviour I'm convinc'd that you look upon me as a Wretch, whom in the Wantonness of your Wealth and Power you may injure without Danger, yet, I must tell you, that 'tis base to wrong a poor Man,
meerly

meerly because he is so; and not always so safe as you may imagine.

Sir John. I little expected such an Accusation from any Man, much less, *Welford*, from you; whatever other Faults I may have, Pride and Cruelty, I thank Heav'n, are Strangers to my Nature. If you are uneasy that your Lease is unrenow'd, the Fault is in your self, you might have had it done at any time, upon your applying to me.

Wel. It is not that which I complain of; tho' your refusing it be the Ruining me and my whole Family, yet as it is a Matter of Courtesy, not Right, you are at your Liberty.—— But that is not what I now come to speak of.

Sir John. My Love of Pleasure has not so far wasted my Estate, or debauched my Principles, as to tempt me to wrong any Man, much less the Poor. The less they have a Right to, the greater Necessity there is of preserving them in the quiet Possession of that Right.

Wel. Are not our Children the best and dearest Part of our Properties? Is there a Monarch in the Universe that does not esteem an Heir to his Crown dearer than the Crown he wears? Nature is alike in all. The meanest Wretch, who daily labours for the Bread with which he feeds his poor Offspring, loves them as much as the greatest King can his.

AIR XXXVIII. On yonder high Mountain.



*The powerful Law of Nature
Doth Savage Tygers bind;
What fierce or cruel Creature,
But to its Young is kind*

*By Hunger strong oppress'd,
They forgoe their needful Prey;*

Love confessing,

Still careſſing:

Shall Man do leſs than they?

Sir John, I have a Daughter.

Sir John. You have, a fair one.

Wel. True, ſhe is fair; but her Beauty is her leaſt Perfection.

Sir John. In the Bloom of Youth ſhe hath Wiſdom, Prudence, and Modeſty, beyond what I have obſerv'd in the moſt venerable Old Age.

Wel. And to crown all, an inflexible Virtue, that ſets her as much above Temptation from Flattery, Wealth, or Power, as they are beneath her true Value.

Sir John. She is, indeed, the *Phoenix* of her Sex.

Wel. 'Tis no Boaſting, but modeſt Truth in a Father to ſay ſhe is. Then where is your Judgment, or Gratitude? Have I not preferr'd you to many Gentlemen of ſuperior Merit and Fortune, in your Addreſſes to my *Silvia*?

Sir John. I own the Obligation, and — but that I am reſolv'd never to marry.

Wel. Not marry, Sir! Why 'tis a Debt due to your Anceſtors — you are the Medium 'twixt them and Poſterity, which in you muſt fail unleſs prevented by a prudent and timely Choice; and an ample Eſtate, obtain'd by their Industry, be poſſeſs'd by Strangers to their Blood.

Sir John. As to my Anceſtors, they have had their time, as I now have mine; they liv'd to pleaſe themſelves, and ſo will I. As to Poſterity, I ſhall not trouble my ſelf about what I know nothing of, and which may or may not be, notwithstanding all the Care we can take about it.

Wel. Since I find, what I hop'd had been only the Warmth of Youth, to be Principles with you, you are juſtly accountable for their Conſequences.

Sir John. Notwithstanding your preſent Circumſtances, I look upon you as a Gentleman. In your Youth, as a Soldier of Fortune, you had Opportunities of knowing the World beyond moſt Men; which, join'd to your good Senſe and juſt Obſervation, qualifies you to give Advice the beſt of any Man I know. And I appeal to your own Experience, whether Marriage be not a ſtate of Life, attended with innumerable Cares, Diſappointments, and Inquietudes?

Wel. 'Tis true I have found it ſo; and you, by your living ſo many Years in my Houſe in your Youth, was frequently an Eye-witneſs

witness of this sad Truth: And I further confess that my secret Troubles (which were the greater for being so), far exceeded all that ever were visible; but those are not essential to a married State, but might have been prevented by a more prudent Choice. But as it was, one darling Child, not only made them easy, but far o'er-paid them all. [Tho' Heaven knows that Child is now my greatest Trouble.] [Aside.

Sir John. It is not the Lot of every Man to be Father to a *Silvia*. The ill Conveniences of Marriage are certain, the Advantages precarious, therefore I determine to persevere in my Freedom.

AIR XXXIX. A Country Life is sweet.



*Free from Confinement, and Strife,
I'll plow thro' the Ocean of Life,
To seek new Delights,
Where Beauty invites,
But ne'er be confin'd to a Wife.
The Man that is free,
Like a Vessel at Sea,
After Conquest and Plunder may roam;
But when either's confin'd,
By Wife, or by Wind,
Tho' for Glory design'd,
No Advantage they find,
But rot in the Harbour at home.*

Wel. How falsely do you reason? Lewdness is a Gulph which swallows up the Lives and Fortunes of all who venture into it. And such will be your Fate, if you pursue the Course you are now engag'd in.

Sir

Sir John. I shall run the Hazard, spite of your wise Admonitions.

Wel. At your own Peril be it then. Have I suppress'd my just Resentment thus long, to expostulate with thee for this? You would be thought a Man of Humanity and Honour — was not your late villanous Attempt upon my Daughter's Virtue a notorious Instance of both? Nay, Sir, you may start, and frown, and bite your Lips, if you please, — I repeat it again, your villanous Attempt.

Sir John. Considering who I am, and what you are, supposing I had been to blame, 'twou'd have become you to have cloath'd your Complaints in softer Language.

Wel. No Words are strong enough to express your Baseness and my Wrongs.

Sir John. Had the worst you seem to apprehend been accomplish'd —

Wel. Confound thy prophane Tongue for such a Supposition.

Sir John. Your Insolence and Outrage would tire the Patience of an Angel. Is not your Daughter virtuous and chaste as ever?

Wel. The Excellency of her Virtue, whom you would have ruin'd, but aggravates thy Guilt.

Sir John. The mighty Ruin you talk of was but to have devoted my Life and Fortune to her Pleasure, which sure was sufficient to have kept her from Contempt, and her Beauty would still have been as much admir'd as ever.

Wel. After the Loss of Virtue, Beauty and Fortune, like a fair and sumptuous Monument erected upon a bad Man's Grave, serve only to perpetuate Infamy, and make it more extensive.

Sir John. What is it that you'd wish your Daughter?

Wel. I wish her Innocence, Peace, Fortune with Fame on Earth, and Everlasting Happiness hereafter; but you'd make them all impossible to her.

Sir John. She may still be happy.

Wel. And shall, in spite of thee. Fond Fool that I was! I thought to have made you the happy Instrument to have advanced her to that Lustre and Rank in Life her Merit claims; but you have render'd your self unworthy of that Happiness and Honour; and notwithstanding all my Dotage on thee, you now force me to curse the Parent that begot thee, the Womb that bore thee, and the Hour that gave thee to the Light; for thou hast added to the Wrongs of *Silvia*, hast pierc'd her Heart with new unthought of Sorrows. — I have seen her flowing Tears, heard her sad Sighs and soft Complaints for thy Ingratitude, unworthy as thou art.

Sir John. O *Welford*! Father! did she weep and sigh for me? O let me fly to throw me at her Feet! I cannot bear to
hear

hear her Sorrows told. But oh! to see her — surely I shall die with Tenderness before her! I could not have thought I had been so happy, or so wretched.

A I R XL. Draw, Cupid, draw.



Reign, Silvia, Reign;
 The Rebel quits his Arms:
 Your Power's compleat,
 And I submit
 To your Victorious Charms.
 The pleasing Pain,
 The gentle Chain,
 That constant Hearts unite,
 Such Joy bestows,
 That Freedom knows
 No such sincere Delight.
 I shiver, and I burn,
 I triumph, and I mourn,
 I faint, I die,
 Until I fly
 Her Passion to return;
 But O, I fear,
 Too fierce to bear
 The mighty Joy will be,
 And Love's keen Dart,
 Fixt in my Heart,
 Prove that of Death to me.

Wel.

Wel. Whither would you go ?

Sir John. Whither but to *Silvia*? to *Silvia* much wrong'd,
but more belov'd ; to the loving, mourning *Silvia*.

Wel. To what end ?

Sir John. To implore her Pardon, to expell her Griefs, to
vow eternal Love, eternal Truth.

Wel. And if she consents to ratify those Vows by marry-
ing — Ha! he starts; a crimson Blush o'erspreads his guilty
Face. Wouldst thou again abuse my fond Credulity? I here
renounce all Friendship with thee, and forbid all future Con-
verse with my *Silvia*. If by my Consent you ever see her Face
again, may Heaven renounce me ; if to revenge her Wrongs
and punish you, I spare my self, may —

Sir John. O stop thy Imprecations, thou rash old Man; for
know, I cannot, will not live without my *Silvia*'s Sight. Un-
say what thou hast sworn — I never will again abuse my
Trust — never again will I repeat my Offence,

Wel. With me you've sinn'd past all Forgiveness.

Sir John. Tho' I ever lov'd thy charming Daughter, yet till
this Hour I never knew how much. Make me not desperate,
for if you do, by all the Pains I feel, there's no Revenge so
cruel, but I'll pursue, to make thy Misery, if possible, to equal
mine ; eject thee from thy Farm; expose thee to Want, and
Wretchedness, and —

Wel. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir John. Fury and Madness! my Submission rejected! my
Pains insulted! and my just Resentment laugh'd at!

AIR XLI. *Gillian of Croydon.*



Since you despise my Power,
Tho' doubly press'd with Want and Age,
I'll make you curse the fatal Hour,
You scorn'd my Love, and urg'd my Rage.
Shall I to my Vassal bend?
When the weak with the strong contend,
On his own Head he plucks the Ruin;
So I my just Revenge pursuing,
Will crush you, before I end.

AIR XLII. Heigh Boys up go we.



Wel. *In vain you storm, and threaten high ;
 He's weak, whose Cause is wrong :
 When we your boastive Power shall try,
 You'll find that Right is strong.
 A virtuous Maid,
 Wrong'd and betray'd,
 Shall thy Destruction prove ;
 There's no Defence,
 Like Innocence,
 Nor Curse like lawless Love.*

SCENE XVI. Welford's House.

Silvia, and Betty.

Betty. Nay, for that matter, I've told your Father already, and he seem'd so little concern'd at it, that it put me out of all Patience. So thought I, perhaps he won't tell Mrs. *Silvia*, and, just as I thought, so it happen'd ; so thought I, I'll e'en go and tell Mrs. *Silvia* my self.

Sil. Oh!

[*Aside*

Betty. Madam,

Sil. Alas!

Betty. What did you say?

Sil. Did I say any thing?

Betty. I thought you did.

Sil. Not that I know of. Oh! how shall I conceal my Tortures from this busy, prying Creature? [*Aside.*

Betty. But Mrs. *Silvia*, don't you think this Sir *John* a horrible sort of Man?

Sil. All appear such to me, who fall from Virtue.

Betty. Virtue! Why he minds me no more than we do an old Sweetheart, when we have got a new one.

Sil. The tiresome Impertinent! When shall I have Freedom to complain? [*Aside*

Betty. And then he's so fond of her — Madam must have this, and Madam must have that, and Madam must have t'other; and this isn't good enough, and that isn't fine enough, and

and t'other isn't rich enough for her. O it would make one
 attracted to see it! The impudent Strumpet — I could tear
 her Eyes out.

AIR XLIII. Young Corydon and Phillis.



*My Rage is past conceiving;
 I storm and curse my Fate,
 To think she's still receiving
 Such Wealth and Pleasures great,
 And something else, but what I dare not,
 What I dare not, what I dare not name.*

But our *Jonathan*, by the way, is as bad as his Master; — O
 there's a precious Couple of 'em! — but as I was saying, our
Jonathan, who is Sir *John's* Cabinet-Counsellor, says my Ma-
 ster loves no body from his Heart but you; and therefore the
 best of it is, her Reign is like to be but short.

Sil. When Women do those things, for which upon Re-
 flection they ought to hate themselves, they can't expect that
 Men will love them long.

Betty. Why as you say, Mrs. *Silvia*, that Woman that a, a —
 (I don't very well understand her tho', but I suppose that
 means that Sir *John* should love no body but her self) [*Aside.*] —
 But what were you saying, Mrs. *Silvia*?

Sil. That she who parts with her Virtue, parts with the only
 Charm, that makes a Woman truly lovely; and she may well
 expect, for she deserves, to be despis'd.

Betty. She speaks plain enough now truly. [*Aside.*] — Yes,
 as you say, one can't hate that impudent Creature too
 much.

Sil. If she be such, as you have describ'd her, she is misera-
 ble, and, whatever she may deserve, as such I sincerely pity
 her.

AIR XLIV. *Strephon, when you see me fly.*

*Where can gentle Pity meet
So fit a Subject for her Grief?
Sure that Misery's compleat,
When Time, and Death yields no Relief.
Death from lesser Ills may save;
Shame extends beyond the Grave.*

Betty. Well, I'll stay no longer; she's enough to put one out of Conceit with ones self. [*Aside.*] *Mrs. Silvia,* I hope you believe that what I have told you is nothing but the Truth.

Sil. Wou'd I cou'd not. [*Aside.*]

Betty. But I beg you to take no manner of Notice.

Sil. You may be assured I never will. May it ever remain unknown; if they are guilty, they may yet repent; which if they do, Heaven innocent and gracious will forgive; the equally guilty World, never will; if they are innocent, what Injury shall I do, what Guilt contract, by propagating Falshood?

Betty. Yes, yes, as you say — besides I should be turn'd out of Doors; and you know 'twould vex a body to lose ones Place for such a, a, a — but I've told you what she is, and so *Mrs. Silvia* your Servant. — What a way she has of talking? She gives one such Rubs, and yet does not seem to know it neither. I don't like her; but if she does but hold her Tongue I'm safe enough. I've made a pure deal of Mischiefe, I don't doubt, for I'm sure she's nettled, for all her Gravity.

AIR XLV. A Wealthy Merchant's Son.



*She who, when she'd please,
Finds she's mistaken,
Others Pain gives her Ease,
Tho' she's forsaken.*

Since

*Since he disdains my Love,
New Beauties courting,
His lasting Plague I'll prove,
I'll spoil his Sporting.*

SCENE XVII. Silvia.

Sil. She's gone, the busy Impertinent is gone, whose painful Presence check'd my struggling Griefs; and now my swollen Heart, and ready Eyes, may burst with sighing, and o'erflow with Tears! O *Freeman, Freeman!* I thought thy former Baseness, thy vile Attempt upon my injur'd Honour, had giv'n me all the Pains you could inflict, or I endure; but Jealousy, that burning Caustick to a Mind wounded by Love and Injuries before, to Torture adding Torture, Pain to Pain, gives Agonies never to be conceiv'd till they are felt.

AIR XLVI. Whilst I gaze on *Chloe*.



*Still to sigh, to pine, and languish,
Still to weep and wish in vain,
Still to bear increasing Anguish,
Ever hopeless to complain!
Thus to Sorrow never ceasing,
I a helpless Victim prove;
Ever full, and still increasing,
Are the Pains of jealous Love.*



A C T III. S C E N E I.

S C E N E *A Grove.*

Silvia, Welford.

A I R XLVII. *Midsummer With.*

Sil. **W**HEN flatt'ring Love, and stern Despair,
 At once invade the Virgin's Breast,
 The meeting Tydes raise Tempests there,
 The rolling Storm destroys her Rest.
 Bright Innocence, unerring Guide,
 Lead me where Peace serenely reigns;
 If gloomy Death her Mansions hide,
 I'll seek her there, to lose my Pains.

Wel.

Wel. Still sighing! — Still in Tears! — In soft and gentle Murmurs still complaining! Yet she, innocent even in Thought of any Guilt, that might deserve a Punishment so severe, accuses not the Heavens, nor Me, nor Him, the cruel Author of her Woes. No Storm of Rage ruffles her lovely Face; no Thought of Vengeance swells her beating Breast; Virtue, Love, and Grief, so amply fill her Mind, there is no Room for any ruder Guest. Never did Passion in a Female Breast run with so deep, so strong, so smooth a Stream.

Sil. My Father here!

Wel. Weeping, my *Silvia*! Could'st thou think how deep thy Sorrows wound me, I know thou would'st endeavour to subdue them.

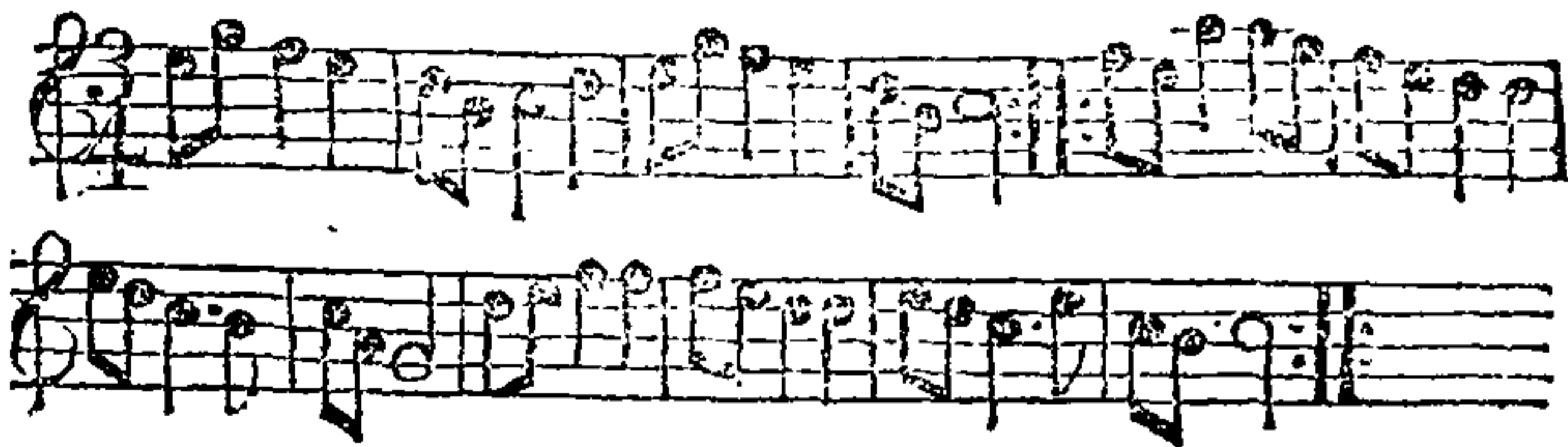
Sil. I did not know you was so nigh. — I had not else indulg'd this Burst of Grief: It adds to my Unhappiness, to afflict so tender, and so good a Father.

Wel. Thy more than Child-like Duty and Affection; thy yielding Sweetness, and determin'd Virtue, of which each Hour you give me fresh Examples, do so affect me, that I am torn 'twixt Joy and Wonder, Sorrow and Remorse, when-e'er I look upon thee. I, I, wretched as I am, have contributed to all the Wrongs you suffer.

Sil. My dearest Father, do not thus aggravate our common Grief; let not your Affection for me, cause you to wrong your self. If you have permitted me to love, and I have been deceiv'd, were not you deceiv'd too?

Wel. Indeed I was; but all shall yet be well; shortly you shall be convinc'd, that he's so far unworthy of your Love, that gentle Peace and Joy shall fill your Breast, and he be scorn'd at first, and soon forgot.

AIR XLVIII. How happy are young Lovers.



*On some Rock, by Seas surrounded,
Distant far from Sight of Shore;
When the shipwreck'd Wretch, confounded,
Hears the bellowing Tempests roar;
Hopes of Life do then forsake him,
When in this deplor'd Extream,
Then his own loud Shrieks awake him,
And he finds it all a Dream.*

Such

Such are your Afflictions; and they, from their excessive Greatness, shall, like some dreadful Vision, find their End.

Sil. Good Man! He knows not that all has been discover'd to me already. [*Aside.*] Shall I deceive the best of Fathers, and by Hypocrisy make that my Crime, which is but my Misfortune? No. Whatever Discovery you make of his Faults, forgive me, if I say, that I must love him still. True, Virtue forbids all Converse with him, and I—obey; his Crimes I hate; his Fall from Virtue I lament; his Person, tho' I never see, nor wish to see again, 'tis still certain I must ever, ever love.

AIR XLIX. One Night, when all the Village slept.



*You happy Maids, who never knew
The Pains of constant Love,
Be warn'd by me, and never do
The ling'ring Torture prove.*

*Wisdom, here, brings no Relief,
And Resolution's vain;
Opposing, we increase our Grief,
And faster bind the Chain.*

SCENE

SCENE II. Goody Busy, Goody Costive, &c.

G. Busy. A good Day to you, Mr. *Welford*; I have brought with me all my Neighbours, as you requested; and hearing you were here, with your Daughter, I left them at your House, and chose with *Goody Costive* and *Goody Gabble*, to come to you, that we might have the Pleasure of seeing Mrs. *Silvia*.

Wel. 'Tis kindly done of you; there is my Daughter; I'll leave you with her, and go and bid your Friends welcome.— You may follow at your Leisure.

SCENE III. Silvia, Goody Busy, Goody Costive, &c.

G. Busy. Do so, do so; I must have a little Talk with her. It is some Years ago since I saw her, ——— never since she was Christened, as I remember. It is a great way, and I (Heaven help me) grow old, I don't use to be so sparing of my Visits else. ——— Dost not know me, pretty one?

Sil. I don't remember to have seen you before; but, as my Father's Friend, I am pleased to have the Opportunity to know you now.

G. Busy. Pretty Sweetness! thou'rt grown out of my Knowledge too, to be sure; but we have been better acquainted; I was thy Mother's Midwife. ——— Let me see ——— you will be Eighteen come the Time, and not married yet! Now out upon thy Father, for a naughty Man! it must have been his Fault, for you are so pretty, that you must have had Offers enow.

Sil. It is soon enough to know Care and Trouble.

G. Busy. Now out upon it! we have never had any good Times since People talk'd so. ——— Was not I young my self? and don't I know that the most troublesome and careful Part of a Woman's Life, is from the time that she is fit for a Husband, till she has got one? Our greatest Care and Trouble is over then, for the Men, who seldom take any before, are bound to do it then.

A I R L. A Dame of Honour.



*A Maid, tho' beautiful and chaste,
Like a Cypher stands alone;
Man, like a Figure, by her plac'd,
Makes her Worth and Value known.*

*The Tyrant, Man, fast bound for Life,
To rule she takes upon her;
Whene'er a Maid is made a Wife,
She becomes a Dame of Honour.*

G. Cost. Goody Busy, you are always talking to People in praise of Marriage; now I suspect you, being a Midwife, do it for your own Ends. ———

G. Busy. Suppose I did, Goody Costive, where is the Harm of that? I am sure, Times are so bad, that what with one thing, and what with another, an honest Woman, in my way of Business, can hardly get Bread; and I never expect to see it otherwise, while Matrimony is so much despised as it is; why, the Men are grown so horrible cunning, that few of them will marry at all; and the Women are grown so forward, that they won't stay till they are married. ——— But you are melancholy, Mrs. Silvia.

Sil. A little thoughtful; I hope you'll excuse me.

G. Gabble. Why truly, Neighbour Busy, these must needs be great Hardships upon you; for no Marriages, no Lyings-Inn.

G. Busy. It is not that which I complain of; for, to say the Truth, I don't find but that single People have as many Children as those that are married; but then they are such Infidels, as to let their Children dye without Christening, and what signifies, to the Midwife, a Lying-in, without a Christening? — I had once some Thoughts of going to London, but I am informed that it is worse there than here; for there are, it seems,

Number of Women who get their Livelihood by being naught with any Man that will pay them for it, and yet never have any Children at all.

Sil. I can't guess what my Father designs by sending for these People. [Aside.

G. Cost. Good lack-a-day! then they have no need of a Midwife, for certain.

G. Busy No, no; the Surgeons do all their Business.

SCENE IV. Silvia, Goody Busy, Goody Costive, Goody Gabble, and Jonathan.

Sil. Jonathan! What comes he for?

Jon. Madam!

Sil. To me?

Jon. Yes, Madam; Sir John Freeman, by me, begs your Perusal of this Letter.

Sil. I am sorry Sir John has given himself the Trouble, since I am under the Necessity of refusing it.

Jon. My Master commanded me to tell you, that it concern'd the Happiness of your Father.

Sil. Since such is the Case, I'll this Instant to my Father, and acquaint him of this important Letter — wait you here my Return.

SCENE V. Jonathan, Goody Busy, Goody Costive, &c.

Jon. Well, she's an agreeable Lady, faith. I wonder what Sir John means, by employing me in this Affair? If his Design be honourable, he knows I can be of no manner of use to him, 'tis quite out of my way; and if he has any other Thoughts of her, he has less Sense than I imagin'd he had ——— But who have we here! my old Acquaintance, and former Neighbour, Goody Busy!

G. Busy. Bless me; Mr. Jonathan! is it you! why you are strangely grown; almost out of my Knowledge. But I am glad to see thee, with all my Heart.

Jon. I beg your Pardon, but I must salute you.

G. Busy. 'Tis what we are us'd to at Christenings. — Pray let it go round.

Jon. With all my Heart.

[Kisses the rest.

G. Cost. A pretty civil young Man truly. I have known some squeamish ill-bred Fellows, refuse to do their Duty by a Woman, because she was in Years.

G. Busy. But where hast been all this while; and what Business dost follow?

Jon.

Jon. As you see, I serve a Gentleman.

G. Busy. Are you Married?

Jon. My Master is a single Man, and won't keep any Body that is married in his Family.

G. Busy. Ay, Shame take these Gentlefolks; they would have every Body as bad as themselves. That must be a sad House, that has never an honest Woman in it.

Jon. We live as they do in most Batchelors Families, very lovingly. While my Master is entertaining the House-keeper in his Chamber, I am as civil to the Cook-maid in the Garret.

G. Busy. O sad, O sad! what pity it is that young Men should spend their Time unfruitfully with naughty Women; when, were they honestly married, they might in a lawful way do much good in their Generation. If you have any Thoughts of Marriage, I have a Widow in my Eye, that would do very well for you. She has something to bring you to, and is under Thirty I assure you. While her Husband was in Health, she brought him a Child every Year; but I don't know how it fell out, he grew weary of her, and, as it is suppos'd, thought to have kill'd her with Kindness: but as it always happens in those Cases, he did his own Business instead of hers, he fell into a Consumption — and dy'd about a Month ago.

Jon. No, Goody *Busy*, that will never do for me; a wanton young Widow for a Wife, and a skittish Horse for a long Journey, are two the most troublesome things a Man can meet withal.

G. Busy. Perhaps you would rather have a Maid. Truly they are ticklish things, and I don't much care to meddle or make with 'em. But I do know of a Farmer's Daughter, that will fit you to a Hair. Her Father is a sufficient Man, and will stock a Farm for you. 'Tis true, indeed, she has had one Child; for I am a Woman of Integrity, and would not deceive any Body in these matters for the World. They did not marry her soon enough. But she'll make an excellent stirring Wife, I'll warrant her.

Jon. A Maid that has had a Child, is worse than a Widow that's past it. I don't like any Body that you have propos'd half so well as yourself.

G. Busy. Now out upon you, for an idle Pack. Why thou naughty, wanton, young Knave, what wouldst thou do with me? Heaven help me, I am old, and fit for nothing.

Jon. Let me ask you a few Questions, and you'll find you are fit for every thing.

G. Busy. Well, come on then.

AIR LI. Canst thou not weave Bonelace.



Jon. *Thou canst do Housewife's Work!*
 G. Busy. *Yea, by'r Lady, that I can.*
 Jon. *Whip and stich with a Jerk?*
 G. Busy. *Yea, as well as any one.*
 Jon. *Canst thou not bake and brew?*
 G. Busy. *Yea, by'r Lady, that I can.*
 Jon. *And do the other thing too?*
 G. Busy. *Out, you're naughty: get you gone.*
 Jon. *Thou canst break Fests, and sing?*
 G. Busy. *Yea, by'r Lady, that I can.*
 Jon. *Caper and Dance with a Spring?*
 G. Busy. *Yea, as well as any one.*

SCENE VI. Welford, Silvia, Jonathan, Goody Busy, Goody Costive, &c.

G. Busy. Come Neighbours, our Friends at Farmer *Welford's* expect us. — There is something of Consequence to be done; he would'n't send for us for nothing. — A Wedding, I hope; old Folks drop off apace, but if the young Ones would Marry, and be industrious, the World might still be increasing.

By honest Love alone the World's upheld,
 Death can't destroy so fast, as Love can build.

SCENE VII. Welford, Silvia, and Jonathan.

Sil. I have obtained my Father's Leave to receive the Letter you have brought. Whether the Contents may require or deserve an Answer, I shall take Time to consider. I have no more to say.

SCENE VIII. Welford, and Jonathan.

[Silvia gives the Letter to Welford, who reads it.]

Wel. See, my *Silvia*, the Picture of a Mind struggling between a Sense of Virtue, and the Love of Vice. Yet he entreats to see thee in such Terms, as might move weak Minds to pity him.

[Gives her the Letter.

Sil.

Sil. If Pity be a Weakness, I am, sure, the weakest of my Sex; but yet I fear to see him.

Wel. His base Attempt on thee, his avow'd Aversion to Marriage, and the Ruin of the Daughter of that honest Stranger whom we entertain'd, all shew the Justice of thy Fear.

Sil. That Men should know Vice to be an Evil, by the Pain it gives, and yet cherish the Monster that destroys their Peace!

Wel. I have sworn never to expose thee to be again insulted by that licentious Man. Yet I cannot but wish he had not render'd himself utterly unworthy of thee. But I have given him up. You shall have ample Satisfaction for all the Wrongs you have suffer'd.

Sil. If you can entertain a Thought of Vengeance, how are you chang'd, my Father!

Wel. Hereafter thou wilt know me better.

Sil. Whither have you sent the Stranger and his Wife? whither are you going with the People that you sent for? O Sir, forgive my Fears. Urg'd by your Love for me, you rush on to certain Ruin.

Wel. Whatever becomes of me, you are the Care of Heaven. [Exit.

Sil. I never knew him transported thus before. He's going to Sir John, and will certainly provoke him to his Undoing. Instruct me, Heaven, what I shall do to save him.

A I R LII. When *Flora* she had deck'd.



O gracious Heaven, lend a friendly Ray,
To guide my Steps, in Darkness lost;
From Virtue's Precepts never let me stray,
But guide me safely thro' this dreary Coast.

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*My Love betray'd,
My Duty paid,
A spotless Maid,
Let me resign
My useless Breath, into the hands of Death;
For while I live there is no Grief like mine.*

SCENE IX. *A Room in Sir John's House. Sir John reading at a Table.*

'Tis hard a rooted Love to dispossess;
'Tis hard, but you may do it ne'ertheless.
In this your Safety does consist alone:
If possible, or not, it must be done.

A Poem on a Dwarf! what strange stuff is here! Hey ho!

SCENE X. *Sir John, and Betty.*

Betty. There he sits, poring o'er a Book, which he no more minds, than he does me. ——— Sir, did you call?

[Sir John throws the Book away.]

Sir John. Who's there; *Betty?* Come hither. Why you look very amiable to-day, *Betty.*

Betty. O Laud, Sir, you make me blush.

Sir John. *Betty,* fill me some Wine. The large Glass, and fill it up.

Betty. Yes, Sir.

Sir John. My Love to you, *Betty.*

Betty. Thank you, Sir.

Sir John. Fill your self, and pledge me.

Betty. He's coming about again, I see. ——— Your Health, Sir. ——— If he would but drink a few more Bumpers; for when he had drank most he always took most notice of me. *[Aside.]*

Sir John. Leave me; and send the Lady that came home with me last Night.

Betty. Sir, cou'd n't I-- I-- I ———

Sir John. What is it you would say!

Betty. Why, Sir, that, that, — I don't know where to find her.

Sir John. Must I be plagu'd with your Impertinence too! go, send her to me, or leave the House your self.

Betty. O Fathers! I can't bear it! I would I could send the Devil to fetch you both. *[Aside.]*

SCENE

SCENE XI. *Sir John.*AIR LIII. *In Kent, so fam'd of old.*

*In vain, in vain I rove,
Wine, Wit, and Women prove,
My Anguish to remove,
I'm still a Lover.*

*And if, to ease my Pains,
I put on Marriage Chains,
Love, that Constraint disdains,
Will soon be over.*

SCENE XII. *Sir John, and Jonathan.*

Jon. Sir, I delivered your Letter to Mrs. *Silvia*.
Sir John. 'Tis well.

SCENE XIII. *Sir John, Jonathan, and Betty.*

Sir John. You need give your self no farther Trouble to look for the Lady. I'll go and find her my self.

SCENE XIV. *Jonathan, and Betty.*

Betty. How, *Jonathan* here! This Fool loves me however. I'll divert my self, by teasing him. — So Sir.

Jon. So Madam.

Betty. Captain, methinks you look very scurvily after your last Defeat.

Jon. Now I think you look like a Dealer in Second-hand Goods, who having outstood your Market, repents, and wou'd fain be turning the Penny at any rate.

Betty.

Betty. Ha, ha, how vex'd he is! but it would fret any Man, who going with flying Colours to take Possession of a Fort, should find the Gates shut against him.

Jon. Now you want to be attack'd, only for an Excuse to surrender. But you may keep your tottering Tenement 'till it tumbles about your Ears, for *Jonathan*.

Betty. Poor Fellow! I see he's horrible uneasy. But what Woman can deny herself the Pleasure of tyrannizing, when she has it in her Power? To be sure, *Jonathan*, you can never forget your last Disappointment.

A I R L I V. There was a Knight was drunk with Wine.



*He seiz'd the Lass, trembling all o'er,
On storming bent, no Doubt, Sir;
But she slipt herself within the Door,
And the Fool was shut without, Sir.*

Jon. *But soon repents she e'er said Nay,
And finds herself the Fool, Sir.*

*For she that wou'd not when she may,
She shall not when she wou'd, Sir.*

[Going.

Betty. But *Jonathan*, *Jonathan*.

Jon. *But she that wou'd not when she may,
She shall not when she wou'd, Sir.*

Betty. Sure you be'nt in Earnest.

Jon. *But she that wou'd not when she may,
She shall not when she wou'd, Sir.*

S C E N E X V. *Betty.*

Betty. O the impudent, pert, conceited Puppy! to leave me before he has had me! why he's worse than *Sir John*. I am like to have a fine time on't truly, between 'em both!

A I R L V. The Sun was just setting.



*How kind was I us'd, e'er this Lettice came here!
 But to be refus'd, sure no Woman can bear.
 By the Master forsaken, I'm scorn'd by the Man;
 How was I mistaken in trusting Sir John?
 For he kiss'd me, I grumbl'd,
 He press'd me, I stumbl'd,
 He push'd me, I tumbl'd,
 But still he push'd on.*

*But since that Slut's coming I'm left and undone.
 But since, &c.*

*But if I don't plague him for serving me so,
 May I be worse tumbl'd, worse push'd, and worse jambl'd,
 Where-ever, where-ever I go.*

SCENE XVI. *Another Room in Sir John's House.
 Sir John, Timothy, Ploughshare, and Dorothy.*

Sir John. Perhaps it mayn't be agreeable to the Lady, to be expos'd to gratify your Curiosity.

Tim. Sir, the Happiness of our Lives depends on finding our Child. And, as we are inform'd, she is here.

SCENE XVII. *Sir John, Timothy, Ploughshare,
 Dorothy, and Lettice Singing.*

Let. My Father, Mother, and Ploughshare here! What will become of me!

Sir John. Stay, Child; whither are you going?

Let. O dear, dear Sir; —

Tim. Ay, here she is; and no doubt but all the rest we have been told is as true.

Plough. Ah *Lettice*, *Lettice*, what have you been doing? You've spun a fine Thread truly. We shall have the whole Parish ring of you shortly.

Tim. O Child, you'll break my Heart.

Dor. Will she? but I'll break her Neck first.

Let. O dear Sir *John*, save me, save me, or I shall be torn to Pieces.

Plough. How fine the Slut is! and how familiar with the Justice!

Dor. Ay, ay, 'tis certainly so. Oh you impudent Carrion, I'll be the Death of you.

Tim. To find my Girl ruin'd, is worse than never to have found her at all.

A I R LVI. Hear me weep and wail.



*Welcome endless Grief,
Farewell my Goose and Sheers forever, ever.
Can I find Relief? No never, never.
For Grief, from Shame arising,
New Pains is still devising:
All Arts must fail,
Distraction prevail,
My Brain 'tis now surprizing — prizing.*

Sir John. Friends, have Patience. What's past can't be recall'd, but I'm ready to make you any Satisfaction that's in my Power.

Dor. Look ye, Sir, you have utterly ruin'd the Wench. The Blame and Shame must now fall all upon her own Head; whereas, had she been married, you know 'twou'd have fall'n upon her Husband's.

Plow. But who do you think will have her now?

AIR LVII. Send home my long-stray'd Eyes.



*Could you return her true and chaste,
 I'd meet her with a Bridegroom's Haste;
 But since, from you, she's learn'd such Ill,
 To hate her Spouse,
 Or arm his Brows,
 Keep her, for me, Sir, keep her still.*

Let. O dear! what must I do? My Father will break his Heart; my Mother will beat my Brains out; and that Monster, *Ned Ploughshare*, will make me the May-game of the whole Parish.

Plou. Don't call me Monster: I'm none of your Husband: So keep your Tongue to your Self.

Let. I won't; 'tis all along of you that this has happen'd. You always knew that I hated you, and yet you would have had me, whether I would or no.

Dor. Yes, Huffy, he would have made an honest Woman of you; but you must be a Gentlewoman, must you?

AIR LVIII. A Nymph of the Plain.



*So true, and so kind,
 To whate'er you inclin'd,
 To whate'er you inclin'd,
 He had never deny'd ;
 But with Joy had comply'd,
 To have made you his Wife,
 And obey'd all his Life ;
 In a manner so soft, so engaging, and sweet,
 As well might perswade you his Passion to meet.*

Tim. Wife, I never approv'd of your forcing the Girl's Inclinations, and now you see what it's come to.

Sir John. Friend, you seem an honest inoffensive Man, which aggravates my Remorse for having wrong'd you.

AIR LIX. Young *Philoret* and *Celia* met.

Let. *Regard my Tears, dispel my Fears,
I'll ne'er offend you more.*

Tim. *The simple Groom, the Steed being gone,
So shuts the Stable Door.*

Let. *Pity my Pain.* Tim. *My Pity's vain.*

Let. *My Folly I deplore.*

Tim. *Fame that's lost, and Time that's past,
What Power can restore?*

Ambo. *Fame that's lost, and Time that's past,
What Power can restore?*

Sir John. What good-natur'd Man, that was but a Spectator in this Scene, but must be mov'd? I thought, 'till now, the general Love of Women consistent with Generosity, Honour, and Humanity. — False and destructive Principle! By this single Act of mine, how many innocent Persons have I injur'd? The Woman, too — the Easiness with which she gave up her Honour, makes her, tho' pitied, yet despis'd, even by me, the Author of her Ruin.

SCENE XVIII. *To them, Jonathan; whispers
Sir John.*

Sir John. Ha! *Silvia*, said you? Sure you mistake!

Jon. No, Sir; she's in the next Room, and desires to see you.

Sir John. Fly then, and conduct her in. — Good People, an Affair of Consequence obliges me to beg you would
leave

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leave me for the present. If you please to wait in the next Room, when that's dispatch'd, I'll send for you again.

SCENE XIX. *Sir John and Silvia.*

Sir John. She's here, whom most I wish to see; and yet, such is the Power of Guilt, I dare not look upon her. Could I have thought her Sight wou'd ever give me Pain? ——— But, like a Wretch remov'd at once from impenetrable Darknefs, into the mid-day Blaze, I ficken at the cheerful Light, and fain would shun a Brightnefs, that glads all Eyes but mine.

Sil. O Sir! pardon and pity an unhappy Maid: Had Heaven requir'd me to have dy'd, to have shewn my Duty to the best of Parents, the Pain had been far less; but filial Piety commands me to live, and interpose between your Power, and the Weakness of my good, but incens'd Father.

AIR LX. *I'm Ormond the Brave.*



Your heaviest Resentment, ah! let me, let me bear.

In Pity to his Age, my reverend Father spare:

Toil, Want, and all you can inflict, I will not shun;

*But when I think that he may be, for wretched me, undone,
Oh, oh!*

SCENE XX. *Sir John, Silvia, and Welford.*

Welf. O *Silvia!* Never, 'till now, had I Cause to blush for any Act of thine. ——— Rise, nor offer that Incense to an Idol, which Heaven alone is worthy of, and which, were he not lost to Shame, as well as Honour, he must blush to receive.

Sil. Condemn me not: Can any Submission be too low to save from Ruin such a Parent? Still let me kneel.

Welf. Heaven, and all that's just on Earth, forbid it.

Sir John. Confounded and amaz'd, I had not Power to raise her from the Earth. ——— O *Silvia!* ——— *Welford!* ——— cou'd you

you see my Heart! how deep my Contrition! how sincere my Sorrow! you would no longer fear, [*To Silvia.*] nor you be angry, [*To Welford.*] Vice, in all its genuine Deformities, I've just beheld. Virtue, in all its Charms, I see in you — Receive a returning Prodigal to your Arms; forgive, and make me happy. — Let the Priest, by honourable, holy Marriage, give me a just Possession of thy Charms, and join me to Virtue, and to thee, for ever.

Sil. I came to beg your Favour for my Father, not a Husband for my self. You once thought me mean enough to barter my Innocence and Virtue, for your Wealth; should I now consent to marry you, might it not be justly suspected that my former Resentment was not from the Love of Virtue, and Contempt of Riches, but Artifice, to make the better Terms? Virtue is Heaven's best Gift: Nor have they more than the Appearance of it, who submit to the least Imputation on their Fame, for Wealth, or Power, or Love, more tempting to a generous Mind. Think it not Pride in me, to refuse an Obligation to the Man who would have robb'd me, of all that distinguish'd me from the vilest of my Sex.

Sir John. To have my Love and Admiration increas'd, by what gives me Despair, is a Punishment (tho' just) that's insupportable.

A I R LXI. Minuet.



*With Pity, gracious Heav'n possess'd,
Taught Mortals how 'twould be address'd:
Celestial Fair,
O sooth my Care!
And, as my Heaven on Earth I view thee;
Lovely Creature,
Pride of Nature,
Teach me (like Heaven) how to woo thee.*

Sil. I pardon, pity, and I love thee — — —

Sir John.

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Sir John. O charming Sounds! — So Heaven cheers a despairing Sinner, with the sweet Voice of Mercy.

Sil. But Heaven, when it pardons, appears above Reward, by conferring Obligations. That is not in my Power. — To refuse them is, and in that I am determined. — Farewel, for ever. — 'Tis hard — but Virtue, Prudence, and my Fame require it. Therefore, farewel for ever. — If your Return to Virtue be sincere, you have a Mistress who will ne'er forsake you; but, ever blooming, crown your Days and Nights with Joy, — when I am Dust.

Sir John. [*Falling on Welford's Neck.*] O *Welford, Welford!* must I lose her? You lov'd me once. Is there no Remains of Pity left? Can you behold me sinking, and yet refuse a friendly Hand to save me?

Wel. [*Embracing him.*] Heaven forbids me not to pity, love, and in the Anguish of my Soul, weep o'er thee, my now dearer than ever, tho' too unhappy Son.

Sir John. Did not you call me Son? O that I were! To be your Son, is all the Happiness my Soul aspires to.

Wel. Too soon you'll find that Name includes the worst of Miseries, certain Despair. — But, to the Business of my coming.

SCENE XXI. *Sir John, Silvia, Welford, Goody Busy, Goody Costive, Jonathan, Betty, &c.*

Wel. *Goody Busy*, and the rest of my Friends who came with me, pray, walk in. Now let all here attend and witness to the Truths I am about to utter; and you, unhappy Youth, prepare to bear the most surprizing Change of Fortune, like a Man. — You are not whom you seem, and whom you think your self, *Sir John Freeman*, Baronet, and rightful Possessor of a fair Estate, but an innocent Impostor, and Usurper of another's Right, and my unhappy Son indeed.

Sil. What can my Father mean!

G. Busy. This is the strangest Story that ever I heard of.

Sir John. *Welford*, to invent a Tale so vile, and so absurd, to make me despair of *Silvia*, as being her Brother, is unworthy of your good Sense and former Probity.

Wel. I will not thank you for your Assent to the Truth of what I affirm. This excellent Lady is not my Daughter, but the much wrong'd *Angelica Freeman*, the sole surviving Child of the late *Sir John Freeman*, and Heiress to his large Estate. — I read Wonder and Surprize in every Face. — You look for Proofs. — *Goody Busy*, you serv'd *Sir John Freeman's* Lady, and my Wife, as Midwife.

G. Busy. That I did to be sure.

Wel. How many Children had each?

G. Busy. Two, a Son and a Daughter, I shall never forget it: they Lay-in both times together, and your Wife nurs'd both Sir *John's* Children.

Wel. All this is true; but was there any thing remarkable upon the Body of Sir *John's* Son when born?

G. Busy. No, but yours was mark'd under the left Breast with a bunch of Grapes, the Fruit, Leaves and Stalks all in their proper Shape and Colour, as if they had been growing on the Vine.

Sir John. [*Opening his Breast.*] Here is the indelible Mark, visible and fair, as when the Seal of Heaven impress'd it first, to distinguish the Impostor from the rightful Heir.

Wel. Too well I know it.

Sil. If this Gentleman be your Son, how could his Birth have been conceal'd so long?

Wel. That — with my own Shame, I am now to discover. — My Wife, while unmarried, attended on the Mother of this Lady, then a Virgin, and so far was she honour'd with her Confidence, that she liv'd with her rather as a Sister or Companion than a Servant; after her Marriage to Sir *John*, and my Wife's to me, the Honour of their Friendship was continu'd; for I was happy in Sir *John's*, as my Wife was in his Lady's. — That we had the same number of Children, and of the same Age and Sex, and that my Wife was entrusted with the Care of theirs, you have heard already. — Soon after the Birth of this Lady, a War breaking out, Sir *John*, who had an honourable Post in the Army, went for *Flanders*: I attended him thither, and (as I had formerly done) serv'd under him as a Volunteer. — In this our Absence, a Fever made dreadful Ravage in this part of the Country. — Of it dy'd Sir *John's* Lady, and quickly after his Son, (who was then at my House) and my Daughter. — My Wife taking the Advantage of the Lady's Death, and our Absence, reported, that the Son who dy'd was ours; and the surviving one (truly ours) was Sir *John's*. — Our Daughter who dy'd was bury'd as his; and his, this Lady, was reputed and educated as our own — The Fraud was never so much as suspected by Sir *John*, nor any other Person, my self excepted — I indeed, by Observations, which none else had opportunity to make, soon found it out, and charg'd my Wife with it; she confess'd it, and to my Shame prevail'd upon me to conceal what I could never approve. — She dy'd before Sir *John*, and never liv'd to see her Son possess'd of the Honour and Wealth, which she by such wicked Means had endeavour'd to procure for him. — Thro' Heav'n's Mercy I hope she rests in Peace. But what have been my Tortures e'er since I consented to conceal the guilty

guilty Secret! — Stung hourly with Remorse, I attempted to do her Justice and conceal my Shame, by effecting a Marriage between her and my Son; but Heaven, that refus'd the imperfect Satisfaction, and condemn'd the Fraud, has, you see, made vain the fond Attempt, nor would suffer her to receive that as another's Gift, which is her own proper Right.

Sir John. And long may she enjoy it. — I have not so ill profited by her bright Example, as to repine at a Change of Fortune, so just, and so much to the Advantage of this wondrous Pattern of all that's excellent in Womankind.

Sil. Your Justice, and the Moderation of your Son, affects me more than these unthought of, undesired Riches: can I ever forget your more than paternal Kindness and Affection?

Wel. Spare me the Confusion, that your Goodness gives me; look not so tenderly, nor speak so kindly, but treat me as your Injuries and my Crimes deserve.

Sil. The Crime was another's. — Your former Tenderness and present Justice, tho' to the Disadvantage of your Son, is all your own. — If you forsake me now, I am indeed an Orphan — Riches have Snares, and Youth without a Guide is expos'd to many Dangers — Be still my Father.

Wel. Thy own worthy Father, were he living, could never love thee more. — But to be thy Father is impossible.

Sil. This is your Son. — Let me be his, and you are still my Father.

Sir John. Do I indeed behold her heavenly Face, all clad in Smiles, and kindly bent on me? Do I indeed hear her harmonious Voice pronounce me happy? — Or does my flatt'ring Fancy, to sooth Despair, form Images that have no real Existence?

Wel. Bless her, bless her, Heaven! and as you have made her the best, make her the happiest of her Sex. — Never did I taste Joys sincere till now.

Sil. This surprizing Discovery unmade, — had I consented to have been yours, — the Disinterestedness of my Love and Virtue could never have been known. — Heaven has made our Duty and our Interest one. I may now without Reproach give my Hand, where before I had given my Heart.

[Betty Weeps.

Jon. What, in Tears, Betty!

Betty. What have I lost for want of reflecting sooner? I'd rather have that Lady's Virtue, than her Beauty and Estate.

Jon. Poor Girl! — Why this is to have it. — I remember on a certain Occasion I made you a Promise of Marriage, if you think it worth claiming, give me your Hand.

Betty. There it is; if you can forget what's past, you shall have no Reason to complain of my Conduct for the future.

A I R

AIR LXII. Ah how sweet's the cooling Breeze.



Sir John.

*Oh how sweet,
All over Charms,
To bless my Arms,*

Thy generous Virtue all Vice defeating.

Sil.

*All compleat and pure's my Joy,
Without Alloy;*

With Transport unusual my Bosom is beating.

Sir John.

Dearest Treasure!

Sil.

O Joy beyond measure!

Sir John.

This truly is Pleasure.

Ye Follies adieu.

Both.

O Dearest!

All compleat and pure's my Joy,

Without Alloy;

With Transport unusual my Bosom is beating.

Sil.

Love gently firing,

And softly inspiring,

Sir John. *Panting, desiring, I'll Virtue pursue.*

Both.

Oh Dearest!

All compleat and pure's my Joy,

Without Alloy;

White Hours approach, and the black are retreating.

G. Busy. Ay, this is as it should be — I could even cry for Joy, to see that there is so much honest Love left in the World.

Sir John. Reclaim'd by your Virtue, and restored to Fortune by your Generosity, I hope you'll take it as a Proof of my Sincerity, that I confess my self concern'd for the Distress brought upon an honest Man and his Family by my Folly.

Sil. Your Concern is just and generous, like the Man I hope ever to find you — but have I given my self to you, and not my Fortune? All is yours; dispose of it as you please.

Sir John. *Jonathan*, send *Lettice* and her Friends hither. — O Madam, the longest Life wou'd be too short to pay my Obligation.

SCENE XXII. *Sir John*, *Silvia*, *Welford*, *Goody Busy*, *Goody Costive*, &c. *Timothy*, *Lettice*, *Dorothy*, &c.

Sir John. Unhappy Girl, I wish it was in my Power to make you ample Satisfaction for the Injury I've done you; but since that is impossible, I will settle something on your Father, in Trust for you, that, managed with Prudence, may secure you from the Fears of Poverty, the Rock on which you split before. — You, Sir, I hope will continue with us. — The Farm lately Tenanted by my Father, with your Consent, Madam, I bestow on this honest Man, for the Purposes before-mentioned.

Sil. And may it answer your Intentions, which if it does, we may hereafter give 'em farther Proofs of our regard for their Welfare.

Tim. Dor. Let. Heaven bless you both.

Sir John. *Lettice*, as I shall never see you more, take this Advice with you. — Keep this Lady's Example in view, and you may yet excell in Virtue many of your Sex, who having never err'd in the manner you have done, look on your Fault as unpardonable. — Nor shall you, *Betty*, or *Jonathan*, be forgot.

Jon. Sir, if you approve of it, *Betty* and I have resolv'd to take one another for better for worse.

Sir John. That I do approve it, you shall find by the handsome Provision I'll make for you.

Wel. Son, not foreseeing this happy Event, I sent for the Tenants to attend, that upon making the Discovery they might be ready to pay their Duties to this Lady, upon her taking Possession of her Estate.

Sir John. Madam, what think you of inviting 'em in, to partake of the general Joy?

Sil. By all means.

A D A N C E.

AIR LXIII. *Dutch Skipper.*

Gaff. Gabb. *Such Virtue possessing,
Includes ev'ry Blessing,
Ev'ry Blessing,
Our mortal State can know.*

Wel. *Such bright Examples firing,
Each gen'rous Soul inspiring,
Inspiring,
We scorn the World below.*

Plough. *With Pleasure while we gaze,
Transform'd, our Souls we raise,
For Virtue beheld the Mind renews.*

Tim. *So the Sun, for ever bright,
Communicates his Light,
And adorns every Object that he views.*

CHORUS.

*Since Truth to the Mind her own Likeness reflects,
Makes known our Defects, makes known our Defects;
Since Truth to the Mind her own Likeness reflects,
Let none the just Mirror despise.
What Virtue so bright but Reflection improves,
Or Folly so stubborn, but what it removes?
Reflect, be happy, and wise.*

F I N I S.



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☞ The FIFTH and SIXTH Volumes, which are design'd to conclude this COLLECTION, will go to the Press very speedily; therefore all GENTLEMEN and LADIES who are willing to Contribute any NEW SONGS to this Collection, are desired to send 'em as soon as possible, directed for John Watts, and Care will be taken to have 'em set to Musick by the best MASTERS.

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October 28, 1729.

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