

**VECINOS DE AL LADO;**

*UNA COMEDIA;*

**IN TRES ACTOS.**

*DESDE EL*

*Dramas franceses L'Indigent & Le Dissipateur.*

*TAL COMO SE REALIZA EN EL*

***TEATRO-ROYAL, HAY-MARKET.***

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**Por**

**SEÑORA INCHBALD.**

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***Londres:***

***IMPRESO PARA G. G. J. Y J. ROBINSON,  
PATER-NOSTER-ROW.***

M,DCC,XCI.

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*Prólogo*

***POR T. VAUGHAN, ESQ.***

HABLADO POR EL SEÑOR BANNISTER, JUN.

Para PUFF, o no a Puff

—esa es la pregunta— Puff por todos los medios, digamos yo, ayuda a la digestión.

Para probar mi máxima verdadera,  
rezad los Papeles— De *Quacks of State*, a los que curan a los Vapores.

Usted

los encontrará, uno y todos, soplar alto su habilidad, Tho' nueve en diez, son oft'ner encontrado para matar.-

Sin embargo, Puff es la palabra, que da al menos un nombre,

Y a menudo gana la fama *inmerecida*:

O por lo tanto leer nosotros del gusto de Lord *Fanny*,

De *mí*—un actor —*maravillosamente casto*!

Y sin embargo, tan aprensiva

es nuestra Señora elfo, Ella prefiere morir, que párrafo a sí misma;

Así que fix'd en mí- el

*prólogo hablando Hack, Parar, con Puff-directo, el*

paquete de críticos,

Que grita, y espuma, ladrar de la mañana a la noche,

Y cuando corras duro—gira la cola—entonces apriétete y }  
muerde;

Poniendo al tímido Hare como-Bard a volar.

Para tal, el mejor y único Puff para golpear,

Es lo que El honesto CANDOUR debe admitir, }

Un garabato femenino es un ingenio inofensivo;

Y que tan inofensivo como nuestro  
actual

Bard, Reclamando ninguna

recompensa mayor o distinta, Que

de la traducción gratuita es su

debido, que aquí en la más plena confianza que te deja:

Con este comentario— Que poseen sus deudas con  
orgullo, tienen bien derecho a la parte de crédito.

Y en cuanto a aquellos

con los que hace tan libre que ne'er se quejan de la  
libertad inglesa;

Pero gloria para contemplar su

brillo Tinsel, a través de la rica lingotes de la línea inglesa.

¡Miedo entonces avañt! Confía en un jurado británico — Con ellos, un veredicto honesto te aseguraré: Deja que Echo capte el sonido — 'Tis Pratte <sup>1</sup>promulga, Eres *jueces de la ley, así como hechos*.

En esto ella descansa su Causa, y espera encontrar, Como Amigos, y *Vecinos de al lado*, serás amable; Al menos, este único castigo se produce, *A Frown*, y eso es lo suficientemente grave, de ti.

*Así puff'd*—yo libremente a la Corte la comprometo, sin dudar, como mujer, la *absome*—

Y ahora se unen al número, señores, sin demora—

A juzgar por la *Evidencia escrita* nuestra Obra,

*Y. enviarle una buena liberación*, rezo.

}

<sup>1</sup> Vide, el célebre discurso y opinión constitucional de Earl Camden sobre el tema de las difamaciones.

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*PERSONA DRAMATIS*

*Hombres.*

Sir George Splendorville	Palmer .
Sr. Manly	KEMBLE.
Sr. Blackman	Señor BADDELEY.
Sr. Lucre	Sr. R. PALMER.
Lord Hazard	Evatt .
Willford	Señor AICKIN.
Henry	Palmer, Jun.
Sin rodeos	BANNISTER, Jun.

*Mujeres.*

Lady Caroline Seymour	La señora BROOKS.
Lady Bridget Squander	Señorita HEARD.
Evans	Señora EDWARDS.
Eleanor	Señora KEMBLE.

Otras damas, caballeros, sirvientes, &c.

SCENE—LONDRES.

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**VECINOS DE AL LADO.**

*UNA COMEDIA.*

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**ACTO I.**

SCENE I. *An Antichamber at Sir George  
SPLENDORVILLE'S, contiguo a un salón de baile.*  
Ingrese Bluntly , conocer a un sirviente en la librea .

Sin rodeos.

Ven, vamos, ¿no está todo listo?  
¿Aún no está preparado el salón de baile? Son  
más de las diez.

Servidor.

Sólo tenemos que arreglar la nueva lámpara de araña.

Sin rodeos.

No tendré lámparas de araña nuevas.

Servidor.

Mi amo dijo que la última  
bola que dio, la compañía estaba en la oscuridad.

BLUNTLY.

And if you blind them with too much light,  
they will be in the dark still.

SERVANT.

The musicians, sir, wish for some wine.

BLUNTLY.

What, before the ball begins? No, tell them  
if they are tipsy at the end of it, it will be quite  
soon enough.

SERVANT.

Bluntly, cuando  
mi amo va a tener compañía.

Sin rodeos.

¿No tengo derecho a ser enfadado? Porque  
mientras toda la casa está de  
buen humor, si no hubiera  
una cruz lo suficiente como  
para tener un poco de cuidado, cada cosa se desperdiciaría y  
se arruinaría a través de muy buen temperamento. (*Un  
hombre cruza el escenario.*)  
Aquí, usted —señor— ¿Rezas para que seas la persona  
que fue enviada con el candelabro?

SHOPMAN.

Sí, señor.

Sin rodeos.

Entonces, por favor, re tómallo  
de nuevo— No lo queremos.

SHOPMAN.



¿Cuál es su objeción, señor?

Sin rodeos.

Costará demasiado.

SHOPMAN.

Bluntly, todos los comerciantes-gente están más asustados con usted que en su amo.—¡Señor George, el cielo lo bendiga! nunca le importa cuánto cuesta una cosa.

Sin rodeos.

Es decir, porque nunca le importa si lo paga o no, pero si lo hiciera, depende de ello, sería muy particular. Todos los comerciantes desean que les paguen por su vajilla, ¿no?

SHOPMAN.

Por supuesto, señor.

Sin rodeos.

Entonces, ¿por qué forzarán tantas cosas innecesarias.y  
harán tantos cargos extravagantes  
como para poner todo el poder de pago fuera de  
la cuestión?

*Ingrese EVANS:—El comerciante se apaga en  
la puerta opuesta.*

Sin rodeos.

¿Cómo está, señora Evans? [*Suculente.*

Evans.

¿Qué le hace suspirar, señor Bluntly?

Sin rodeos.

¿Qué te hace sonreír?

Evans.

Para ver todos los grandes  
preparativos para el baile de esta noche. Anticipo la alegría

que  
mi señora tomará aquí, y sonrió por *ella*.

Sin rodeos.

Y suspiro por mi amo.—Preveo todos  
los proyectos de  
ley que se traerán, por  
la experiencia de esta noche, y preveo el dolor que algún día  
será para *él*.

Evans.

Pero considere, señor Bluntly,  
su amo tiene la fortuna de mi señora para tomar.

Sin rodeos.

Sí, pero considero que tiene  
a su señora para llevar junto con él; y profetizaré que  
uno se quede a su lado algún tiempo después de que el otro  
se haya ido.

Evans.

Por desgracia.—Mi señora, no tengo  
ninguna duda, pronto curará a Sir George de su

extravagancia.

Sin rodeos.

Entonces será quitando los medios.-  
¿Por qué, Lady Caroline es tan extravagante como él mismo.

Evans.

Te equivocas.—Ella nunca da  
routs, mascaradas, pelotas  
o entretenimientos de ningún tipo.

Sin rodeos.

Pero ella va constantemente  
a ellos cada vez que es invitada.

Evans.

Eso, yo llamo sólo una ligera  
imprudencia.-Ella no tiene indiscreciones derrochadas como  
Sir George.  
Por ejemplo, ella nunca hace un regalo lujoso.

Sin rodeos.

No, pero *ella toma* un regalo lujoso, tan fácilmente como si lo hiciera.

Evans.

¿Y seguro que no puedes llamar a eso imprudencia?

Sin rodeos.

No, lo llamo algo peor.

Evans.

Luego, aunque le encanta jugar a la distracción, y juega profundo, sin embargo, nunca pierde.

Sin rodeos.

No, pero ella siempre gana, y eso yo llamo algo peor.

*[Un fuerte rap en la puerta de la calle.]*

Evans.

Aquí está la compañía. Bluntly,

pararme en una esquina y echarle un vistazo?

Sin rodeos.

Por favor. (*Rapping de nuevo.*) Qué espíritu hay en eso, Rata, tat, tat, tat.—Y qué vida, diversión y alegría, toda la casa va a experimentar excepto a mí mismo. En cuanto a mí, estoy listo para llorar por los pensamientos de todo.

[*Salida.*]

*Ingrese* LADY CAROLINE.

LADY CAROLINE.

Aquí, el primero de la compañía. Lo siento. (EVANS *se presenta* .) Evans, ¿qué te ha traído hasta aquí?

Evans.

Vine, mi señora, a ver los preparativos que se hacen en *su* cuenta, porque es sólo en su cuenta, que Sir George le

da esta gran *fête*.

LADY CAROLINE.

¿Pero dónde  
está él? ¿Qué es en punto?—Era  
imposible permanecer en la estúpida ópera.—¿Cómo me  
veo? Una  
vez tuve la intención  
de usar ese juego  
de diamantes que Sir George me presentó la otra mañana —  
pero luego, reflexioné de nuevo, que si——

Evans.

Ah, mi señora, qué cosa  
tan encantadora tener un amante  
así —Sir George impide todos los deseos— debe hacer lo  
mejor de los maridos.

LADY CAROLINE.

Y sin embargo, mi padre  
desea romper el matrimonio —habla de su  
prodigalidad— y, sin duda, Sir George vive por encima de  
sus ingresos.

Evans.

Pero entonces, señora, también lo hace todo el cuerpo.

LADY CAROLINE.

Pero Sir George debe,  
sin duda, cambiar su  
conducta, y no estar  
continuamente dando pelotas y  
entretenimientos, e invitando a su conocido de mesa, que no  
sólo vienen a devorar sus cenas y cenas, sino él.

Evans.

Y hay gente lo  
suficientemente maliciosa como para llamar a su señoría uno  
de sus devoradores también.

LADY CAROLINE.

As a treaty of marriage is so nearly concluded  
between us, I think, Mrs. Evans, I am at liberty  
to visit Sir George, or to receive his presents, without  
having my character, or my delicacy called  
in question. (*A loud rapping.*) The company  
are coming: is it not strange he is not here to  
receive them.



[Exit EVANS.]

*Enter two Ladies and a Gentleman, who curtsy and bow to LADY CAROLINE.—SIR GEORGE enters at the opposite door, magnificently dressed.*

SIR GEORGE.

Ladies, I entreat your pardon; dear Lady Caroline excuse me. I have been in the country all the morning, and have had scarce time to return to town and dress for your reception.

[Another rapping.]

*Enter MR. LUCRE, LORD HAZARD, LADY BRIDGET SQUANDER, &c.*

SIR GEORGE.

Dear Lucre, I am glad to see you.

MR. LUCRE.

My dear Sir George, I had above ten engagements this evening, but they all gave place to your invitation.

SIR GEORGE.

Thank you.—My dear Lady Bridget—

LADY BRIDGET.

It is impossible to resist an invitation from the most polished man alive. (*Sir GEORGE bows.*)  
What a superb dress! (*in his hearing, as he turns away*) and what an elegant deportment.

MR. LUCRE.

[*After speaking apart with SIR GEORGE.*]

No, I am not in a state to take any part at Pharo—I am ruin'd.—Would you believe it Sir George, I am not worth a farthing in the world.

SIR GEORGE.

Yes, I believed it long ago.

MR. LUCRE.

Now we are on that subject—could you lend me a hundred pounds?

SIR GEORGE.

*[Taking out his pocket-book.*

I have about me, only this bill for two hundred.

MR. LUCRE.

That will do as well—I am not circumstantial. *(Takes it.)* And my dear Sir George command my purse at any time—all it contains, will ever be at your service.

SIR GEORGE.

I thank you.

MR. LUCRE.

Nay, though I have no money of my own, yet you know I can always raise friends—and by

heaven! my dear Sir George, I often wish to see you reduced to my circumstances, merely to prove how much I could, and *would*, do to serve you.

SIR GEORGE.

I sincerely thank you.

MR. LUCRE.

And one can better ask a favour for one's friend than for one's-self, you know: for when one wants to borrow money on one's own account, there are so many little delicacies to get the better of—such as I felt just now.—I was as pale as death, I dare say, when I asked you for this money—did not you perceive I was?

SIR GEORGE.

I can't say I did.

MR. LUCRE.

But you must have observed I hesitated, and looked very foolish.

SIR GEORGE.

I thought for my part, that I looked as foolish.  
—But I hope I did not hesitate.

MR. LUCRE.

Nor ever will, when a friend applies to you,  
I'll answer for it—Nor ever shall a friend hesitate  
when you apply.

LORD HAZARD.

*[Taking SIR GEORGE aside.]*

The obligations I am under to you for extricating  
me from that dangerous business—

SIR GEORGE.

Never name it.

LORD HAZARD.

Not only name it, Sir George, but shortly I  
hope to return the kindness; and, if I do but

live——

SIR GEORGE.

*[To the company.]*

Permit me to conduct you to the next apartment.

LADY CAROLINE.

Most willingly, Sir George. I was the first who arrived; which proves my eagerness to dance.

SIR GEORGE.

*[Aside to her.]*

But let me hope, passion for dancing was not the only one, that caused your impatience.

*[As the company move towards the ball-room,  
Mr. LUCRE and LORD HAZARD come  
forward.]*

MR. LUCRE.

Oh! there never was such a man in the world as the master of this house; there never was such a friendly, generous, noble heart; he has the best heart in the world, and the best taste in dress.

*[The company Exeunt, and the music is heard to begin.]*

ENE II. *An Apartment, which denotes the Poverty of the Inhabitants.* HENRY and ELEANOR discovered.

ELEANOR.

It is very late and very cold too, brother; and yet we have neither of us heart to bid each other good night.

HENRY.

No, las camas estaban hechas para descansar.

Eleanor.

Y ese ruido de carruajes  
y chicos de enlace en Sir George  
Splendorville, al lado, nos mantendría despiertos, si nuestras  
penas no lo hicieran.

Henry.

Los pobres aún tienen  
más de qué quejarse, cuando  
el azar los arroja  
así cerca de los ricos, —obliga sobre sus mentes una  
comparación podría llevarlos a la desesperación, si—

Eleanor.

—Si no tienen el  
sentido suficiente para reflexionar, que todo  
este bullicio y espectáculo de placer, puede quedarse muy  
corto de felicidad; como toda  
la angustia *que sentimos*, todavía  
no, gracias Cielo, llegó a la miseria.

Henry.

¿Cómo lo llamas entonces?



Eleanor.

Un juicio; enviado para hacernos pacientes.

Henry.

Puede que así seas, pero yo no. Buenos días.

[Va.

Eleanor.

No, ya es de noche. ¿A dónde vas?

Henry.

No lo sé.—Dar un paseo.—Las calles no son más incómodas que este lugar, y apenas más frías.

Eleanor.

¡Oh, mi querido hermano! No puedo expresar la mitad de la inquietud que siento cuando te separas de mí, pero por el espacio más corto.

Henry.

¿por qué?

Eleanor.

Porque conozco tu temperamento; usted está impaciente bajo la adversidad; usted precipitadamente piensa que la providencia es cruel; y arrebatarías esos favores, que sólo son valiosos cuando se otorgan.

HENRY.

What do you mean?

ELEANOR.

Nay, do not be angry; but every time you go out into this tempting town, where superfluous riches continually meet the eye of the poor, I tremble lest you should forfeit your honesty for that, which Heaven decreed should not belong to you.

HENRY.

And if I did, you would despise and desert me?

ELEANOR.

No: not desert you; for I am convinced you would only take, to bring to me; but this is to assure you, I do not want for any thing.

Henry.

¿Tampoco quieres?

Eleanor.

Apenas, mientras lo visitamos. Cada vez que nos ve lo hacemos feliz; pero nunca nos volvería a contemplar si nos comportáramos indigno de él.

Henry.

¡Qué! ¿Nos destierren de una prisión?

Eleanor.

Y aunque es una prisión, no

podrías ser feliz bajo tal restricción.

Henry.

¡Feliz!—¿Cuándo fui feliz por última vez?

Eleanor.

Ayer, cuando tu padre te agradeció tu amabilidad con él. ¿No lloramos los tres con afecto el uno por el otro? y no era esa felicidad?

Henry.

Fue —ni renunciaré a tal satisfacción, por cualquier tentación que pueda ofrecer— Se contenta, Eleanor,— por tu bien y el de mi padre,

seré honesto.—No más—Estaré escrupulosamente orgulloso— y esa línea de conducta que mi propio honor no podría obligarme a seguir, mi amor a *usted* y a *él*, me obligará a.— Cuando, por necesidad, tenga la tentación de saquear, sus rubores y la angustia de mi padre me tomarán de la mano.—Y cuando se me urge por impaciencia, a quitarme mi propia vida,

su muerte persistente y la suya, comprobará la horrible sugerencia, y viviré por ustedes.

Eleanor.

Entonces nunca confíes en ti mismo, al menos de uno de nosotros.

Henry.

¡Querida hermana! ¿Te imaginas que tu poder es menos cuando está separado de mí? ¿Crees que pienso con menos frecuencia en mi padre y su triste prisión, porque no siempre estamos juntos? ¡Oh! ¡No! viene aún más a la fuerza a mis pensamientos en su ausencia, y entonces, más amargamente siento su miseria, que mientras el anciano paciente, ante mis ojos, me habla de sus consuelos; sus comodidades internas de una conciencia pura, una mente sin malicia, y un corazón, donde toda virtud ocupa un lugar.— Por lo tanto, no teman que yo lo olvide a él o a usted, aunque yo podría olvidarme a mí mismo.

[Salida.]

ELEANOR.

If before him I am cheerful, yet to myself I must complain. [*Weeps*] And that sound of festivity at the house adjoining is insupportable! especially when I reflect that a very small portion of what will be wasted there only this one night, would be sufficient to give my dear father liberty.

[*A rapping at the door of her chamber, on the opposite entrance.*]

ELEANOR.

Who's there?

MR. BLACKMAN.

Open the door. [*Without.*]

ELEANOR.

The voice of our landlord. [*Goes to the door.*]  
Is it you, Mr. Blackman?

BLACKMAN.

Yes, open the door. [*Rapping louder.*

[*She opens it: BLACKMAN enters, followed  
by BLUNTLY.*]

BLACKMAN.

What a time have you made me wait!—And in the name of wonder, why do you lock your door? Have you any thing to lose? Have not you already sold all the furniture you brought hither? And are you afraid of being stolen yourself?

[*ELEANOR retires to the back of the Stage.*

BLUNTLY.

Is this the chamber?

BLACKMAN.

Yes, Sir, yes, Mr. Bluntly, this is it.

[*BLACKMAN assumes a very different tone of*

*voice in speaking to BLUNTLY and ELEANOR;  
to the one he is all submissive humility,  
to the other all harshness.]*

BLUNTLY.

This! [*Contemptuously.*]

BLACKMAN.

Why yes, sir,—this is the only place I have left in my own house, since your master has been pleased to occupy that next door, while his own magnificent one has been repairing.—Lock yourself up, indeed! (*Looking at ELEANOR.*)—You have been continually asking me for more rooms, Mr. Bluntly, and have not I made near half a dozen doors already from one house to the other, on purpose to accommodate your good family.—Upon my honour, I have not now a single chamber but what I have let to these lodgers, and what I have absolute occasion for myself.

Sin rodeos.

Y si usted se pone a



un pequeño inconveniente, el señor Blackman, sin duda mi amo—

Blackman.

Bluntly, es un hombre muy bueno —un hombre muy generoso— y espero que al menos me haya encontrado muy afortunado; para la buena suerte es toda la recomendación a la que, en mi humilde estación, aspiro a— y como he sido el abogado de Sir George, le he ganado nada menos que dos demandas legales.

Sin rodeos.

Lo sé. También sé que lo has perdido cuatro.

Blackman.

Dejaremos el tema.—Y con respecto a esta habitación, señor, no es adecuado, ¿usted dice?

Sin rodeos.

No, porque siento que  
el viento frío sopla a través de cada grieta.

Blackman.

¿Pero supongamos que lo iba  
a poner un poco reparado? Esa ventana, por ejemplo, tendrá  
un panel o dos de vidrio puestos; las grietas  
de la puerta se detendrán; y entonces  
cada cosa tendrá una apariencia muy diferente.

Sin rodeos.

¿Y por qué no se ha hecho esto antes?

Blackman.

¿Quieres que ponga mi  
dinero.mientras sólo deajo el lugar  
a un precio insignificante.a la  
gente a la que estoy obligado a amenazar con convertirme en  
las calles cada trimestre.antes de que pueda obtener mi  
alquiler de ellos?

Sin rodeos.

¿Esa es la situación de sus inquilinos en la actualidad?

Blackman.

Sí.—Pero hicieron una mejor aparición cuando llegaron por primera vez, o no había llevado a esas personas a vivir así cerca de su amo.

Sin rodeos.

Esa chica(*mirando a ELEANOR*) parece muy bonita, y me atrevo a decir que a mi amo no le importaría si estuviera más cerca de ella.

BLACKMAN.

Pshaw, pshaw—she is a poor creature—she is in great distress. She is misery itself.

BLUNTLY.

I feel quite charmed with misery.—Who belongs to her?

BLACKMAN.

A young man who says he is her brother—  
very likely he is not—but that I should not enquire  
about, if they could pay my rent. If  
people will pay me, I don't care what they are.  
(*Addressing himself to ELEANOR*) I desire you  
will tell your brother when he comes in, that I  
have occasion for the money which will be due  
to me to-morrow—and if I don't receive it before  
to-morrow night, he must seek some other  
habitation.

BLUNTLY.

Hush, Mr. Blackman—if you speak so loud,  
you will have our company in the next house  
hear you.

BLACKMAN.

And if they did, do you think it would spoil  
their dancing? No, Mr. Bluntly.—And in that  
respect, I am a person of fashion.—I never suffer  
any distress to interfere with my enjoyments.

ELEANOR.

[*Coming to him.*]

Dear sir, have but patience a little while longer.—Indeed, I hope you will lose nothing.

BLACKMAN.

I *won't* lose any thing. [*Going.*

ELEANOR.

[*Following him.*

Sir, I would speak a single word to you, if you will be so good as to hear me?

BLUNTLY.

Ay, stay and hear her.

ELEANOR.

[*Mirando Bluntly .*

Pero deseo hablar con él por nosotros mismos.

Sin rodeos.

Entonces me retiraré.

Blackman.

¿Qué tienes que decir? [*En cólera.*

Sin rodeos.

Blackman, o que ninguno de  
sus sexos te escuche.

[*Salida.*

Blackman.

Si sólo es para suplicarme  
que te deje continuar aquí, me he  
ido en un instante.—Venid, hablad rápido, porque no  
tengo tiempo que perder.—Ven,  
habla, habla.

Eleanor.

¿Pero estás decidido a no tener piedad? Sabes  
en lo indefensos  
que somos, y en el deplorable estado de mi pobre padre.

[*Llorando.*

Blackman.

Pensé que lo que tenías que decir: llana,  
llana.

Eleanor.

*[Ponerle en atencion.]*

¡Oh! no nos sumerja en más angustia  
de la que podemos soportar; pero abre tu corazón a la  
compasión.

Blackman.

No puedo, es algo que nunca hice en mi vida.

*[Yendo, conoce a BLUNTLY, quien lo detiene.]*

Sin rodeos.

Bueno, ¿has concedido su petición?

Blackman.

Haría mucho para obligarlo, señor

Bluntly, y si sólo da  
su palabra para el poco de alquiler debido, por qué, no soy  
tan  
duro pero sufriré que se quede.

Sin rodeos.

Bueno, bueno,—daré mi palabra.

Blackman.

But remember, it is not to be put down to  
your master's account, but to your own.—I am  
not to give credit.

ELEANOR.

Nor am I to lay my brother under an obligation  
of this nature. (*To BLUNTLY*) I thank you  
for your offer, sir, but I cannot accept it.

BLACKMAN.

*[In extreme anger.]*

What do you mean by that?



BLUNTLY.

Perhaps she is right.

ELEANOR.

My brother would resent my acceptance of a favour from a stranger.

BLACKMAN.

Your brother resent! A poor man resent! Did you ever hear of any body's regarding a poor man's resentment?

ELEANOR.

No—nor a poor woman's prayers.

BLACKMAN.

Yes, I will regard your prayers, if you will suffer this gentleman to be your friend.

ELEANOR.

Any acquaintance of your's, Mr. Blackman,

I must distrust.

BLACKMAN.

Do you hear with what contempt she treats us both?

BLUNTLY.

But perhaps she is right—at least, in treating one of us so, I am sure she is—and I will forgive her wronging the one, for the sake of her doing justice to the other.

*Enter HENRY: he starts at seeing BLACKMAN and BLUNTLY.*

HENRY.

Who are these?

BLACKMAN.

"Who are these?" Did you ever hear such impertinence? (*Going up to him*) Pray who are

you, sir?

HENRY.

I am a man.

BLACKMAN.

Yes—but I am a lawyer.

HENRY.

Whatever you are, this apartment is mine, not your's—and I desire you to leave it.

BLACKMAN.

But to-morrow it will be mine, and then I shall desire *you* to leave it, and force you to leave it.

HENRY.

Eleanor, retire to the other chamber; I am sorry I left you.

*[Leads her off.]*

BLACKMAN.

And I am sorry that I and my friend should come here to be affronted.

BLUNTLY.

Mr. Blackman, I won't be called names.

BLACKMAN.

Names, sir! What names did I call you?

BLUNTLY.

Did not you call me your friend? I assure you, sir, I am not used to be called names. I am but a servant whose character is every thing—and I'll let you know that I am *not* your friend.

BLACKMAN.

Why, you blockhead, does not your master call himself my friend?

BLUNTLY.

Yes, my master is a great man, and he can get a place without a character,—but if I lose mine, I am ruined; therefore take care how you misal me for the future, for I assure you I won't bear it. I am not your friend, and you shall find I am not.

*[Exit (in great anger), BLACKMAN following.]*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

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## ACT II.

SCENE I. *An Apartment at SIR GEORGE  
SPLENDORVILLE'S.*

*Enter SIR GEORGE, followed by BLUNTLY.*

SIR GEORGE.

What's o'clock? [*Rubbing his eyes.*]

BLUNTLY.

Just noon, sir.

SIR GEORGE.

Why was I waked so early?

BLUNTLY.

You were not waked, sir—You rung.

SIR GEORGE.

Then it was in my sleep—and could not you suppose so?—After going to bed at five, to make me rise at noon! (*in a violent passion*) What am I to do with myself, sir, till it is time to go out for the evening?

BLUNTLY.

You have company to dinner you know, sir.

SIR GEORGE.

No, it is to supper—and what am I to do with myself till that time?

BLUNTLY.

Company again to supper, Sir?

SIR GEORGE.

Yes, and the self-same company I had last night—I invited them upon Lady Caroline's account—to give her an opportunity of revenge, for the money she lost here yesterday evening—and I am all weariness—I am all lassitude and fretfulness till the time arrives.—But now I call to mind, I have an affair that may engage my attention a few hours. You were giving me an account, Bluntly, of that beautiful girl I saw enter at Blackman's?

BLUNTLY.

Yes, sir, I saw her late last night in Mr. Blackman's house—she lodges there.

SIR GEORGE.

Indeed? In Blackman's house? I am glad to hear it.

BLUNTLY.

And he has assured me, sir, that she and her family are in the greatest poverty imaginable.

SIR GEORGE.

I am glad to hear it.

BLUNTLY.

They have been it seems above a twelvemonth in London, in search of some rich relations; but instead of meeting with them, the father was seen and remembered by an old creditor who has thrown him into prison.

SIR GEORGE.

I am very glad to hear it.



BLUNTLY.

But the young woman, Sir, has been so short a time in town, she has, seemingly, a great deal of modesty and virtue.

SIR GEORGE.

And I am very glad to hear of that too—I like her the better—you know I do—for I am weary of that ready compliance I meet with from the sex.

BLUNTLY.

But if I might presume to advise, sir—as you are so soon to be married to her ladyship, whom you love with sincere affection, you should give up this pursuit.

SIR GEORGE.

And I *shall* give it up, Bluntly, before my marriage takes place—for, short as that time may be, I expect this passion will be over and forgotten, long before the interval has passed away.—  
But that brother you were mentioning——

BLUNTLY.

I have some reason to think, that with all his poverty, he has a notion of honour.

SIR GEORGE.

*[Laughing.]*

Oh! I have often tried the effect of a purse of gold with people of honour.—Have you desired them to be sent for as I ordered.

BLUNTLY.

I have, Sir.

SIR GEORGE.

See if they are come. [*Exit* BLUNTLY.] Ah! my dear Lady Caroline, it is you, and only you, whom I love with a sincere passion! but in waiting this long expected event of our marriage, permit me to indulge some less exalted wishes.

*Enter* BLUNTLY.

SIR GEORGE.

Are they come?

BLUNTLY.

The young man is in the anti-chamber, sir, but his sister is not with him. (*Speaking to HENRY who is without*) Please to walk this way—my master desires to see you.

SIR GEORGE.

No, no, no—I do not desire to see him, if his sister is not there.—Zounds you scoundrel what did you call him in for?

*Enter* HENRY, and bows.

[SIR GEORGE *looks at him with a careless familiarity*—  
BLUNTLY *leaves the room.*]

SIR GEORGE.

Young man, I am told you are very poor—you may have heard that I am very rich—and I suppose you are acquainted with the extensive meaning of the word—generosity.

HENRY.

[*After an hesitation.*] Perhaps not, sir.

SIR GEORGE.

The meaning of it, as I comprehend, is, for the rich to give to the poor.—Have you any thing to ask of me in which I can serve you?

HENRY.

Your proposal is so general, I am at a loss what to answer—but you are no doubt acquainted with the extensive meaning of the word, *pride*,—and that will apologize for the seeming indifference with which I receive your offer.

SIR GEORGE.

Your pride seems extensive indeed.—I heard

your father was in prison, and I pitied him.

HENRY.

Did you, Sir?—Did you pity my father:—  
I beg your pardon—if I have said any thing to  
offend you pray forgive it—nor let my rudeness  
turn your companion away from him, to any  
other object.

SIR GEORGE.

Would a small sum release him from confinement?  
Would about a hundred pounds——

HENRY.

I have no doubt but it would.

SIR GEORGE.

Entonces tome esa nota.—No  
se sorprenda — Me refiero  
a deshacerse de mil guineas  
de esta manera, en lugar de montar un teatro en mi propia  
casa.— Eso(*darle la nota*) es un mero poco; mi  
caja en la ópera, o mi cena; Me refiero

a cenar solo para el día de mañana, en lugar de invitar a la compañía.

Henry.

Sir George, al principio le hablé tan groseramente. que no conozco otra manera de descongelar mi humildad. que aceptar su presente sin renuencia.- Por lo tanto, lo hago, como el don de la benevolencia, no como el insulto de una mejor fortuna.

SIR GEORGE.

Tienes un hermano, ¿verdad?

Henry.

No, señor, y sólo una hermana.

SIR GEORGE.

¿Es una hermana? Bueno, déjame ver a tu padre y a tu hermano— tu hermana, ¿no lo dijiste?—dijiste una hermana, ¿no?

Henry.

Sí, señor.

SIR GEORGE.

Bueno, déjame ver a tu padre y a ella; se regocijarán por su buena fortuna imagino, y deseo ser testigo de su alegría.

Henry.

Este momento iré a ver a nuestro abogado, sacaré a mi padre, y todos regresaremos y te convertiremos en el espectador de la felicidad que has concedido.

Perdone mi afán por revelar su generosidad, señor, si, antes de haber dicho la mitad que siento, vuelo para revelarlo a mi padre; a quien puedo expresar más poderosamente mis sensaciones que en su presencia.

*[Salida.*

SIR GEORGE.

Ese cebo ha tomado, y

ahora, si la hermana sólo estará tan agradecida.

*Introduzca* BLUNTLY.

Sin rodeos.

Querido señor, ¿qué le puede haber dicho al joven? ¡Nunca vi a una persona tan afectada!

SIR GEORGE.

¿De qué manera?

BLUNTLY.

The tears ran down his cheeks as he passed along, and he held something in his hand which he pressed to his lips, and then to his heart, as if it was a treasure.

SIR GEORGE.

It is a treasure, Bluntly—a hundred Guineas.



BLUNTLY.

But for which, I believe, you expect a greater treasure in return.

SIR GEORGE.

Dost think so Bluntly?—dost think the girl is worth a hundred pounds?

BLUNTLY.

If she refuses, she is worth a thousand—but if she complies, you have thrown away your money.

SIR GEORGE.

Just the reverse.

BLUNTLY.

But I hope, sir, you do not mean to throw away any more thus—for although this sum, by way of charity, may be well applied, yet indeed, sir, I know some of your creditors as much in want as this poor family.

SIR GEORGE.

How!—You are in pay by some of my creditors I suppose?

BLUNTLY.

No, Sir, you must pay them, before they can pay any body.

SIR GEORGE.

You are impertinent—leave the room instantly, and go in search of this sister; now, while the son is gone to release his father.—Tell her, her brother is here, and bring her hither immediately.

BLUNTLY.

But, sir, if you will only give me leave to speak one word—

SIR GEORGE.

Do, speak; [*Goes to the chimney-piece and takes down a pistol*] only speak a single syllable, and I'll send a ball instantly through your head.

BLUNTLY.

I am dumb, Sir—I don't speak indeed, Sir—  
upon my life I don't. I wish I may die if I speak a word.

SIR GEORGE.

Go on the errand I told you; and if you dare  
to return without the girl this is your fate.

*[Holding up the pistol.]*

BLUNTLY.

Yes, Sir.

*[Exit.]*

SIR GEORGE.

*[Laying the pistol on the table.]*

Impertinent puppy; to ruffle the temper of a  
man of fashion with hints of prudence and morality,  
and paying his debts—all this from a servant  
too. The insolent, chattering——

*Enter* BLUNTLY.

BLUNTLY.

May I speak now, sir?

SIR GEORGE.

What have you to say?

BLUNTLY.

Mr. Blackman, sir.

SIR GEORGE.

Bid him come in.

*Enter* BLACKMAN. *Exit* BLUNTLY.

SIR GEORGE.

Good morning, Mr. Blackman; come, sit down.

BLACKMAN.

*[Bowing respectfully.]*

I am glad, Sir George, I have found you alone, for I come to speak to you on important business.

SIR GEORGE.

Business!—no—not now if you please.

BLACKMAN.

But I must, sir—I have been here ten times before, and have been put off, but now you must hear what I have to say.

SIR GEORGE.

Don't be long then—don't be tedious, Mr. Blackman—for I expect a, a—in short, I expect a pretty woman.

BLACKMAN.

When she comes, I will go.

SIR GEORGE.

Very well, speak quickly then. What have you to say?

BLACKMAN.

I come to speak upon the subject of your father's will; by which you know, you run the hazard of losing great part of what he left behind.

SIR GEORGE.

But what am I to do?

BLACKMAN.

There is no time to be lost. Consider, that Mr. Manly, the lawyer, whom your father employed, is a man who pretends to a great deal of morality; and it was he who, when your father found himself dying, alarmed his conscience, and persuaded him to make this Will in favour of a second person. Now, I think that you and

I both together, ought to have a meeting with this conscientious lawyer.

SIR GEORGE.

But I should imagine, Mr. Blackman, that if he is really a conscientious man, you and he will not be upon good terms.

BLACKMAN.

Oh! people of our avocation differ in respect to conscience. Puzzle, confound, and abuse each other, and yet are upon good terms.

SIR GEORGE.

But I fear——

BLACKMAN.

Fear nothing.—There are a vast number of resources in our art.—It is so spacious, and yet so confined—so sublime, and yet so profound—so distinct, and yet so complicated—that if ever this person with whom your fortune is divided should be found, I know how to envelope her

in a labyrinth, where she shall be lost again in a hurry.—But your father's lawyer being a very honest—I mean a very particular man in his profession,—I have reason to fear we cannot gain him over to our purpose.—If, therefore,—

*Enter* BLUNTLY.

SIR GEORGE.

My visitor is come, as I told you.

BLACKMAN.

*[Rising.*

And I am gone, as I told you.

*[Going.*

*Enter* ELEANOR.

BLACKMAN.



[*Aside.*

My lodger! ah! ah! (*To her in a whisper*)  
You may stay another quarter.

[*Exit.*

SIR GEORGE.

(*To Eleanor*) I am glad to see you.—Bluntly—  
[*Makes a sign to him to leave the room.*

BLUNTLY.

Sir?

[SIR GEORGE *waves his hand and nods  
his head a second time.*

BLUNTLY.

Sir?—

[*Still affecting not to understand him.*

SIR GEORGE.

I bid you go. [*Angrily.*]

BLUNTLY.

You bid me go, sir?—Oh yes, sir.—Very well, sir.—But indeed, sir, I did not hear you before, sir.—Indeed I did not.

[*Bows, and exit with reluctance, which ELEANOR observes.*]

ELEANOR.

Pardon me, sir.—I understood my brother was here, but I find he is not.

SIR GEORGE.

He is but this instant gone, and will return immediately.—Stay then with me till he comes. (*Takes her hand.*) Surely you cannot refuse to remain with me a few moments; especially as I have a great deal to say to you that may tend to your advantage.

Why do you cast your eyes with such impatience on that door? (*Goes and locks it.*) There, now you may look at it in vain.

ELEANOR.

For heaven sake, why am I locked in?

SIR GEORGE.

Because you should not escape.

ELEANOR.

That makes me resolve I will—Open the door, sir.

*[Going to it.]*

SIR GEORGE.

Nay, listen to me. Your sentiments, I make no doubt, are formed from books.

ELEANOR.

No, from misfortunes—yet more instructive.

SIR GEORGE.

You shall never know misfortune more—you, nor your relations.—But this moment I presented your brother with a sum of money, and he left me with professions of the deepest gratitude.

ELEANOR.

My brother!—Has he received money from you? Ah! he promised me he'd not disgrace his family.

SIR GEORGE.

How! Family, indeed!

ELEANOR.

I cannot remain here a moment longer. Open the door, sir—open it immediately.

*[Raising her voice.]*

BLUNTLY.

*[Without.]*

Sir, sir, sir,—open the door, if you please—  
you are wanted, sir.

SIR GEORGE.

S'death! who can want me in such haste?

*[Opens the door, and appears confounded.]*

*Enter* BLUNTLY.

SIR GEORGE.

Well, sir!

BLUNTLY.

—Did you call, sir?

SIR GEORGE.

It was *you* who called, sir.

BLUNTLY.

Who, I, sir?

SIR GEORGE.

Yes, sir, you—Who wants me?

BLUNTLY.

*[Looking at ELEANOR.]*

Perhaps it was *you* that called, Ma'am.

ELEANOR.

It *was* I that called: and pray be so kind as to conduct me to my own lodgings.

*[BLUNTLY offers her his hand.]*

SIR GEORGE.

Dare not to touch her—or to stay another moment in the room.—Begone.

*[BLUNTLY looks at ELEANOR aside, and points to the pistol; then bows humbly, and retires.]*

SIR GEORGE.

And now, my fair Lucretia——

*[He is going to seize her—she takes up  
the pistol and presents it.]*

ELEANOR.

No, it's not *myself* I'll kill—'Tis you.

SIR GEORGE.

*[Starting.]*

Nay, nay, nay, lay it down.—Lay that foolish thing down; I beg you will. (*Trembling.*) It is charged—it may go off.

ELEANOR.

I mean it to go off.

SIR GEORGE.

But no jesting—I never liked jesting in my

life.

ELEANOR.

Nor I—but am always serious.—Dare not, therefore, insult me again, but let me go to my wretched apartments.

*[Passes by him, presenting the pistol.*

SIR GEORGE.

Go to the——

*[She turns short at the door, and presents it again.*

SIR GEORGE.

What would you do?—Here Bluntly! Bluntly!

*[Exit ELEANOR.*

*Enter BLUNTLY.*

BLUNTLY.



Did you call or no, sir?

SIR GEORGE.

Yes, sir, I did call now. (*In a threatening accent.*) Don't you think you have behaved very well this morning?

BLUNTLY.

Yes, sir, I think I have.

SIR GEORGE.

I am not joking.

BLUNTLY.

Nor am I, sir.

SIR GEORGE.

And do not you think I should behave very well, if I was to discharge you my service?

BLUNTLY.

As well as can be expected, sir.

SIR GEORGE.

Why did you break in upon me just now?  
Did you think I was going to murder the girl?

BLUNTLY.

No, sir, I suspected neither love nor murder.

SIR GEORGE.

What then did you suspect?

BLUNTLY.

Why, sir, if I may make bold to speak—I  
was afraid the poor girl might be robbed: and  
of all she is worth in the world.

SIR GEORGE.

Blockhead! I suppose you mean her virtue?

*[Smiling with contempt.]*

BLUNTLY.

Why, to say the truth, sir, virtue is a currency that grows scarce in the world now-a-days—and some men are so much in need of it, that they think nothing of stopping a harmless female passenger in her road through life, and plundering her of it without remorse, though its loss, embitters every hour she must afterwards pass in her journey.

*Enter HENRY.*

HENRY.

Sir George, my father, liberated from prison by your bounty, is come gratefully to offer——

*Enter WILLFORD and ELEANOR.*

ELEANOR.

*[Holding her father by the hand, to prevent his going forward.]*

Oh, my father! whither are you going? Turn back—turn back.

HENRY.

*[To his father.]*

This is your benefactor—the man whose benevolence has put an end to your sufferings.

*[ELEANOR bursts into tears and retires up the stage.]*

WILLFORD.

How, sir, can I ever repay what I owe to you?—or how describe those emotions, which your goodness at this moment makes me feel?

SIR GEORGE.

*[In confusion.]*

Very well—very well—'tis all very well. *(Aside)* I wish it was.—*(To him)* I am glad I have been of service to you.

WILLFORD.

You have been like mercy to us all. My daughter's gratitude overflows in tears.—But why, my child, do you keep apart from us? Can you be too timid to confess your obligation?

SIR GEORGE.

Let her alone—let her indulge her humour.

WILLFORD.

Speak, Eleanor.

SIR GEORGE.

No, I had rather she would be silent.

WILLFORD.

You offend me by this obstinacy.

ELEANOR.

*[Going to WILLFORD and taking his hand.]*

Oh, my father!—Oh! I cannot—I cannot speak.

WILLFORD.

Wherefore?—Explain this moment, what agitates you thus.

ELEANOR.

You must return to confinement again.

WILLFORD.

How?

ELEANOR.

The money that has set you free, was given for the basest purposes—and by a man as far beneath you in principle, as you are beneath him in fortune. Disdain the obligation—and come my father, return to prison.

WILLFORD.

Yes.—And with more joy than I left it. (*To SIR GEORGE*) Joy, in my daughter's virtuous contempt of thee. (*To his children*) Leave the house instantly.

[*Exit HENRY and ELEANOR.*

WILLFORD.

[*Addressing himself to SIR GEORGE.*

Your present is but deposited in a lawyer's hands, whose word gained me my liberty—he shall immediately return it to you, while I return to imprisonment.

SIR GEORGE.

If the money is in a lawyer's hands, my good friend, it may be some time before you get it returned.

[*Going.*

WILLFORD.

Stay, Sir George—(*he returns*) And look me

in the face while you insult me. (SIR GEORGE *looks on the floor.*) You cannot.—I therefore triumph, while you stand before me abashed like a culprit.—Yet be assured, unthinking, dissipated man, that with all your insolence and cruelty towards me and mine, I have still the charity to rejoice, even for your sake, at seeing you thus confounded. This shame is at least one trait in your favour; and while it revenges my wrongs, gives me joy to find, you are not a *hardened* libertine.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

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### ACT III.

SCENE I. *The apartment at SIR GEORGE SPLENDORVILLE'S, where the night has been passed at play—Several card-tables with company playing—SIR GEORGE and*



LADY CAROLINE *at the same table.* SIR  
GEORGE *risés furiously.*

SIR GEORGE.

Never was the whole train of misfortunes so united to undo a man, as this night to ruin me. The most obstinate round of ill luck——

MR. LUCRE.

*[Waking from a sleep.]*

What is all that? You have lost a great deal of money, I suppose?

SIR GEORGE.

Every guinea I had about me, and fifteen thousand besides, for which I have given my word.

MR. LUCRE.

Fifteen thousand guineas! and I have not won one of them.—Oh, confusion upon every

thing that has prevented me.

SIR GEORGE.

*[Taking LADY CAROLINE aside.]*

Lady Caroline, you are the sole person who has profited by my loss.—Prove to me that your design was not to ruin me; to sink me into the abyss of misfortune,—prove to me, you love me in return for all my tender love to you. And *(taking up the cards)* give me my revenge in one single cut.

LADY CAROLINE.

If this is the proof you require, I consent.

SIR GEORGE.

Thank you.—And it is for double or quit.—  
Thank you.

*[She shuffles and cuts.]*

SIR GEORGE.

Ay, it will be mine—thank you.—I shall be

the winner—thank you. (*He cuts—then tears the cards and throws them on the floor.*) Destruction!—Furies of the blackest kind conspire against me, and all their serpents are in my heart.—Cruel, yet beloved woman! Could you thus abuse and take advantage of the madness of my situation?

LADY CAROLINE.

Your misfortunes, my dear Sir George—make you blind.

SIR GEORGE.

*[Taking her again aside.]*

No, they have rather opened my eyes, and have shown me what you are.—Still an object I adore; but I now perceive you are one to my ruin devoted.—If any other intention had directed you, would you have thus decoyed me to my folly?—You know my proneness to play, your own likelihood of success, and have palpably allured me to my destruction. Ungrateful woman, you never loved me, but taught me to believe so, in order to partake of my prodigality.—Do not be suspicious, madam; the debt shall be discharged within a week.

LADY CAROLINE.

*[With the utmost indifference.]*

That will do, sir—I depend upon your word;  
and that will do.

*[Exit curtsying.]*

SIR GEORGE.

Ungrateful—cruel—she is gone without giving  
me one hope.—She even insults—despises  
me.

MR. LUCRE.

*[Coming forward.]*

Indeed, my dear friend, I compassionate your  
ill luck most feelingly; and yet I am nearly as  
great an object of compassion on this occasion as  
yourself; for I have not won a single guinea of  
all your losses: if I had, why I could have borne  
your misfortune with some sort of patience.

LADY BRIDGET.

My dear Sir George, your situation affects me so extremely, I cannot stay a moment longer in your presence. [*Goes to the door, and returns.*] But you may depend upon my prayers.

[*Exit.*

LORD HAZARD.

Sir George, if I had any consolation to offer, it should be at your service—but you know—you are convinced—I have merely a sufficiency of consolation—that is, of friends and of money to support myself in the rank of life I hold in the world. For without that—without that rank—I sincerely wish you a good morning.

[*Exit* LORD HAZARD.

SIR GEORGE.

Good morning.

[*The company by degrees all steal out of the room, except Mr. LUCRE.*

SIR GEORGE.

*[Looking around.]*

Where are all my guests?—the greatest part gone without a word in condolence, and the rest torturing me with insulting wishes. Here! behold! here is the sole reliance which I have prepared for the hour of misfortune; and what is it?—words—compliments—desertion—and from those, whose ingratitude makes their neglect still more poignant. *[Turns and perceives Mr. LUCRE.]*  
| Lucre, my dear Lucre, are not you amazed at what you see?

MR. LUCRE.

No, not at all—'tis the way of the world—we caress our acquaintances whilst they are happy and in power, but if they fall into misfortune, we think we do enough if we have the good nature to pity them.

SIR GEORGE.

And are you, one of these friends?

MR. LUCRE.

I am like the rest of the world.—I was in the number of your flatterers; but at present you have none—for you may already perceive, we are grown sincere.

SIR GEORGE.

But have not you a thousand times desired me, in any distress, to prove you?

MR. LUCRE.

And you do prove me now, do you not?—Heaven bless you. [*Shaking hands with him*] I shall always have a regard for you—but for any thing farther—I scorn professions which I do not mean to keep.

[*Going.*

SIR GEORGE.

Nay, but Lucre! consider the anguish in which you leave me!—consider, that to be forsaken by my friends is more affecting than the loss of all my fortune. Though you have nothing else to give me, yet give me your company.

MR. LUCRE.

My dear friend I *cannot*. Reflect that I am under obligations to you—so many indeed that I am ashamed to see you.—I am naturally bashful; and do not be surprised if I should never have the confidence to look you in the face again.

[*Exit.*

SIR GEORGE.

This is the world, such as I have heard it described, but not such as I could ever believe it to be.—But I forgive—I forget all the world except Lady Caroline—her ingratitude fastens to my heart and drives me to despair. She, on whom I have squandered so much—she, whom I loved—and whom I still love, spite of her perfidy!

(*Enter* BLUNTLY.)

Well, Bluntly—behold the friendship of the friends I loved! This morning I was in prosperity and had many—this night I am ruined, and I have not one.



BLUNTLY.

Ruined, sir?

SIR GEORGE.

Totally: and shall be forced to part with every thing I possess to pay the sums I owe.—Of course, I shall part with all my servants—and do you endeavour to find some other place.

BLUNTLY.

But first, sir,—permit me to ask a favour of you?

SIR GEORGE.

A favour of me? I have no favours now to grant.

BLUNTLY.

I beg your pardon, sir—you have one—and I entreat it on my knees.

SIR GEORGE.

What would you ask of me?

BLUNTLY.

To remain along with you still.—I will never quit you; but serve you for nothing, to the last moment of my life.

SIR GEORGE.

I have then one friend left. (*Embracing him.*)  
And never will I forget to acknowledge the obligation.

*Enter* BLACKMAN.

BLACKMAN.

Pardon me—sir—I beg ten thousand pardons—pray excuse me, (*In the most servile manner,*) for entering before I sent to know if you were at leisure—but your attendants are all fast asleep on the chairs of your antichamber.—I could not wake a soul—and I imagined you yourself were not yet up.

SIR GEORGE.

On the contrary, I have not yet been in bed.  
And when I do go there, I wish never to rise  
from it again.

BLACKMAN.

Has any thing unexpected happened?

SIR GEORGE.

Yes.—That I am ruined—inevitably ruined  
—Behold (*Shewing the cards*) the only wreck  
of my fortune.

BLACKMAN.

(*Starting.*) Lost all your fortune?

SIR GEORGE.

All I am worth—and as much more as I am  
worth.

[BLACKMAN *draws a chair, sits down with*

*great familiarity, and stares SIR GEORGE  
rudely in the face.*

BLACKMAN.

Lost all you are worth? He, he, he, he!  
(*Laughs maliciously.*) Pretty news, truly! Why  
then I suppose I have lost great part of what I  
am worth? all which you are indebted to me?  
—However there is a way yet to retrieve you.  
But—please to desire your servant to leave the  
room.

SIR GEORGE.

Bluntly, leave us a moment. (*Exit BLUNTLY.*)  
Well, Mr. Blackman, what is this grand secret?

BLACKMAN.

Why, in the state to which you have reduced  
yourself, there is certainly no one hope  
for you, but in that portion, that half of your  
fortune, which the will of your father keeps  
you out of.

SIR GEORGE.

But how am I to obtain it? The lawyer in whose hands it is placed, will not give it up, without being insured from any future demand by some certain proofs.

BLACKMAN.

And suppose I should search, and find proofs? Suppose I have them already by me?—But upon this occasion, you must not only rely implicitly on what I say, but it is necessary you should say the same yourself.

SIR GEORGE.

If you advance no falsehood, I cannot have any objection.

BLACKMAN.

Falsehood!—falsehood!—I apprehend, Sir George, you do not consider, that there is a particular construction put upon words and phrases in the practice of the law, which the rest of the world, out of that study, are not clearly acquainted with. For instance, *falsehood*

with *us*, is not *exactly* what it is with other people.

SIR GEORGE.

How! Is truth, immutable truth, to be corrupted and confounded by men of the law?

BLACKMAN.

I was not speaking of truth—that, we have nothing to do with.

SIR GEORGE.

I, must not say so, however, sir.—And in this crisis of my sufferings, it is the only comfort, the only consolatory reflection left me, that truth and I, will never separate.

BLACKMAN.

Stick to your truth—but confide in me as usual.—You will go with me, then, to Mr. Manly, your father's lawyer, and corroborate all that I shall say?

SIR GEORGE.

Tell me, but what you intend to say?

BLACKMAN.

I can't do that. In the practice of the law, we never know what we intend to say—and therefore our blunders, when we make them, are in some measure excusable—and if I should chance to make a blunder or two, I mean any trivial mistake, when we come before this lawyer, you must promise not to interfere, or in any shape contradict me.

SIR GEORGE.

A mere lapse of memory, I have nothing to do with.

BLACKMAN.

And my memory grows very bad; therefore you must not disconcert me.

SIR GEORGE.

Come, let us begone—I am ready to go with

you this moment.

BLACKMAN.

I must first go home, and prepare a few writings.

SIR GEORGE.

But call to mind that I rely upon your honour.

BLACKMAN.

Do you think Bluntly, your servant, is an honest man?

SIR GEORGE.

I am sure he is.

BLACKMAN.

Then, to quiet your fears, I will take him along with us; and you will depend on what he shall say, I make no doubt?



SIR GEORGE.

I would stake my being upon his veracity.

BLACKMAN.

Call him in, then, and bid him do as I command him.

SIR GEORGE.

Here, Bluntly. (*Enter BLUNTLY.*) Mr. Blackman has some business with you—listen to him with attention, and follow his directions.

[*Exit.*

BLACKMAN.

You know, I suppose, the perilous situation of your master?

[*BLUNTLY shakes his head, and wipes his eyes.*

BLACKMAN.

Good fellow! good fellow!—and you would, I dare say, do any thing to rescue him from the

misery with which he is surrounded?

BLUNTLY.

I would lay down my life.

BLACKMAN.

You can do it for less. Only put on a black coat, and the business is done.

BLUNTLY.

What's that all? Oh! if I can save him by putting on a black coat, I'll go buy mourning, and wear it all my life.

BLACKMAN.

There's a good fellow. I sincerely thank you for this attachment to your master.

*[Shaking him by the hand.]*

BLUNTLY.

My dear Blackman, I beg your pardon for

what I am going to say; but as you behave thus friendly on this unfortunate occasion, I must confess to you—that till now I always hated you.—I could not bear the sight of you.—For I thought you (I wish I may die if I did not) one of the greatest rogues in the world. I fancied you only waited on, and advised my master to make your market of him.—But now your attention to him in his distress, when all his friends have forsaken him, is so kind—Heaven bless you—Heaven bless you—I'll go buy a black coat.

*[Going.]*

BLACKMAN.

I have something more to say to you.—When you have put on this coat, you must meet your master and me at Mr. Manly's, the lawyer; and when we are all there, you must mind and say, exactly what I say.

BLUNTLY.

And what will that be?

BLACKMAN.

Oh! something.

BLUNTLY.

I have no objection to say something—but I hope you won't make me say any thing.

BLACKMAN.

You seem to doubt me once more, sir?

BLUNTLY.

No, I am doubting you now for the first time; for I always thought I was *certain* before.

BLACKMAN.

And will you not venture to say yes, and no, to what I shall advance?

BLUNTLY.

Why—I think I may venture to say yes to your no, and no to your yes, with a safe conscience.

BLACKMAN.

If you do not instantly follow me and do all that I shall propose, your master is ruined.— Would you see him dragged to prison?

BLUNTLY.

No, I would sooner go myself.

BLACKMAN.

Then why do you stand talking about a safe conscience. Half my clients would have been ruined if I had shewn my zeal as you do. Conscience indeed! Why, this is a matter of law, to serve your master in his necessity.

BLUNTLY.

I have heard necessity has no law—but if it has no conscience, it is a much worse thing than I took it for.—No matter for that—come along.—Oh my poor master!—I would even tell a *lie* to save him.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A lawyer's study.*

MR. MANLY *discovered at his writing-desk—a  
Servant attending.*

MANLY.

Who do you say wants to speak with me?

SERVANT.

Mr. Lucre, sir.

MANLY.

And who else?

SERVANT.

A person who says his name is Willford, he looks as if he came from the country, and seems in mean circumstances.

MANLY.

Show him to me directly. And take Mr. Lucre, or any other person of fashion that may call, to my clerks. [*Exit Servant.*] But for the poor, let them be under *my* protection.

*Enter WILLFORD and ELEANOR.*

MANLY.

Come in—walk in, and let me know what I can do to serve you.

WILLFORD.

I deposited, sir, in your clerk's hands, a sum of money to set me free from confinement for debt.—On his word, I was discharged—he owns he has not yet paid away this money, still he refuses to restore it to me, though in return I again render up my person.

MANLY.

And why would you do this?

WILLFORD.

Because my honour—I mean my conscience—for that's the poor man's honour—is concerned.

MANLY.

Explain yourself.

WILLFORD.

A son of mine, received this sum I speak of, and thought it *given* him; while it was only meant as a purchase—a purchase of what we had no right to sell—and therefore it must be restored to the owner.

MANLY.

And who is he?

WILLFORD.

Sir George Splendorville—I suppose you have heard of him?



MANLY.

He, you mean, who by the desire of his father's will, lately changed his name from Blandford?

WILLFORD.

Sir!

MANLY.

The name, which some part of the family, while reduced, had taken.

WILLFORD.

Good Heaven! Is there such a circumstance in his story?

MANLY.

Why do you ask with such emotion?

WILLFORD.

Because he is the man, in search of whom I left my habitation in the country, to present before him a destitute young woman, a near relation.

MANLY.

What relation?—Be particular in your answer.

WILLFORD.

A sister.

MANLY.

I thank you for your intelligence. You have named a person who for these three years past, I have in vain endeavoured to find.—But did you say she was in poverty?

WILLFORD.

I did.

MANLY.

I give you joy then—for I have in my possession a deed which conveys to a lost daughter of Sir

George's father, the other half of the fortune he bequeathed his son—but as yet, all my endeavours have been in vain to find where she, and an uncle, to whose care she was entrusted in her infancy, are retired.

WILLFORD.

*[Turning to ELEANOR.]*

Now, Eleanor, arm yourself with fortitude—with fortitude to bear not the frowns, but the smiles of fortune. Be humble, collected, and the same you have ever been, while I for the first time inform you—you are not my daughter.—And from this gentleman's intelligence add, you are rich—you are the deceased Blandford's child, and Splendorville's sister.

ELEANOR.

Oh! Heavens! Do I lose a father such as you, to gain a brother such as he is?

MANLY.

*[To WILLFORD.]*

There can be no mistake on this occasion—

And you, if I am not deceived, are the brother of the late Mr. Blandford. Your looks, your person, your very voice confirms it.

WILLFORD.

Tengo escritos a mi cuidado, lo probaré sin lugar a dudas; con toda la narrativa de nuestra separación cuando él con su hijo, entonces un joven, se embarcó hacia la India; donde supongo, las riquezas, pronto tuvo éxito en la pobreza.

*Escriba* SIRVIENTE.

Servidor.

Lady Caroline Seymour, señor, está en la puerta de su carruaje, y no se le negará la admisión. Dice que debe verte en un asunto muy urgente.

Varonil.

[*Por* WILLFORD y ELEANOR.

¿Me harás el favor de

entrar un momento en esta habitación? Lady Caroline no se quedará mucho tiempo. No te detendré.

*[Salga Willford y ELEANOR.]*

*Ingrese* LADY CAROLINE.

LADY CAROLINE.

Estimado Sr. Manly, tengo mil disculpas que hacer —Y sin embargo, estoy seguro de que excusará el tema de mi visita, cuando considere——

Varonil.

Su señoría, por favor, se siente.

*[Dibuja sillas y se sientan.]*

LADY CAROLINE.

No puede ser ignorante, señor Manly —debe saber, los términos de conocimiento en los que Sir George Splendorville y yo hemos sido, durante algún tiempo pasado?— usted era el agente de su padre;

su principal abogado; y aunque usted  
no está empleado por Sir  
George, sin embargo, el estado  
de sus asuntos no se puede ocultar de usted — ¿Tiene o no  
ha venido alguna herencia por venir?

Varonil.

Perdone, señora, aunque no  
lo confie Sir George, guardaré sus secretos.

LADY CAROLINE.

Eso me está diciendo claramente que no vale nada.

Varonil.

De ninguna manera, Sir George,  
a pesar de su profusión, debe seguir siendo rico. Ha  
conservado  
su gran propiedad en Gales; y en cuanto  
al dinero, no lo dudo, pero tiene una suma considerable.

LADY CAROLINE.

Not a guinea. I won it all from him last  
night.

MANLY.

You? You, who are to become his wife?

LADY CAROLINE.

I might, had I not been thus fortunate. But why should I marry him, when his riches are mine, without that ceremony.

MANLY.

Inconsiderate man!—what will be the end of his imprudence! Yet, Heaven be praised! he has still that fine estate, I just now mentioned.

LADY CAROLINE.

Indeed he has not—that has belonged to me these three months.

MANLY.

To you!

LADY CAROLINE.

Yes—Bought for me under another name by agents; and for half its value.

MANLY.

Madman!—Yet your ladyship must excuse me. I know your income stinted, and till the death of the Earl, your father, where could you raise sufficient to make even half the purchase.

LADY CAROLINE.

From Splendorville's own prodigality—from lavish presents made to me by him.

*Enter* SERVANT.

SERVANT.

Sir George Splendorville, sir, desires to speak with you—he is at the door with Mr. Blackman.

LADY CAROLINE.

Oh Heavens! do not let him see me here.



*[She is hastening to the room where WILLFORD  
and his daughter are.]*

MANLY.

I have company there—walk in here, if you  
Please.

*[Shows her another door and she enters.]*

MANLY.

*[To the servant.]*

Desire Sir George to walk in.

*Enter SIR GEORGE and BLACKMAN.*

MANLY.

Sir George, do me the favour to sit down.

*[He looks coolly on BLACKMAN, and pointing to  
a chair says Good morning. They sit.]*

SIR GEORGE.

Mr. Manly, my attorney will let you know the business on which I am come.

BLACKMAN.

Why yes, Mr. Manly, it is extremely hard that Sir George has for so long a time been kept out of a very large part of his fortune; particularly, as he has had occasion for it.

SIR GEORGE.

I have had occasion for it I assure you Mr. Manly; and I have occasion for it at this very time.

MR. MANLY.

But so may the person, sir, from whom you would take it. In a word, Sir George, neither your lawyer nor you, shall prevail on me to give up the trust reposed in me by your father, without certain evidence, that your sister will never come to make her claim.

BLACKMAN.

You are not afraid of ghosts, are you?

MANLY.

No, nor of robbers either:— you cannot frighten me, Mr. Blackman.

BLACKMAN.

Then depend upon it, the sister of Sir George can never appear in any other manner than as a spirit. For, here, sir, (*taking from his pocket a parcel of papers*) here are authentic letters to prove her death. (*SIR GEORGE looks confused.*)

MANLY.

Her death!

BLACKMAN.

Yes, her death. Here is a certificate from the curate of the parish in which she was buried.

MANLY.

Buried too!

BLACKMAN.

Yes, sir, buried. Here is also an affidavit from the sexton of the said village, signed by the overseer and churchwardens, testifying the same.—You see, (*shewing him the paper, and reading at the same time*) "Died Anno Domini, one thousand seven hundred and eighty nine, the seventeenth of June——"

[*Mr. MANLY takes the paper, and while he is reading, SIR GEORGE says apart——*

SIR GEORGE.

How near to the brink of infamy has my imprudence led me! And s'death, my confusion takes from me the power to explain, and expose the scoundrel.

Mr. Manly, I will leave you for the present; but you shall hear from me shortly,—when this matter shall be accounted for clearly—perfectly to your satisfaction, you may depend upon it.—(*Going.*)

MANLY.

Stay, Sir George, and——

BLACKMAN.

Aye, Sir George, stay and see Mr. Manly's objections wholly removed. He seems to doubt the evidence of paper; I must, therefore, beg leave to produce a living witness—the gentleman whom I appointed to meet me here.

MANLY.

And who is he?

BLACKMAN.

The apothecary, who attended Sir George's sister in her dying illness.

[SIR GEORGE *starts*.

MANLY.

Desire him to walk in by all means. What is the matter, Sir George, you look discomposed?

BLACKMAN.

Sir George is something nervous, Mr. Manly;  
and you know the very name of a medical gentleman,  
will affect the nerves of some people.

[BLACKMAN *goes to the door, and leads on*  
BLUNTLY, *dressed in mourning.*

SIR GEORGE.

[*Aside.*

Bluntly!—But I will see the end of this.

MANLY.

(*Bowing to him*). You are an apothecary, I  
think, sir?

[BLUNTLY *looks at* BLACKMAN]

BLACKMAN.

Yes, sir.

BLUNTLY.

*(After seeming inclined to say, No).* Yes, sir.

MANLY.

Pray sir, what disorder took the young lady,  
on whose account you have been brought hither,  
out of the world?

[BLUNTLY *looks at* BLACKMAN.]

BLACKMAN.

Oh! the old disorder, I suppose.

BLUNTLY.

The old disorder.

MANLY.

And pray what may that be, sir? (BLACKMAN  
*offers to reply*). Mr. Blackman, Please to let this  
gentleman speak for himself.—What is it you  
mean, pray sir, by the old disorder?

BLUNTLY.

I—I—mean—Love, sir.

MANLY.

You will not pretend to say, that love, was the cause of her death?

BLUNTLY.

*(Confused and hesitating)*. That—and a few fits of the gout.

MANLY.

I fear, sir, you are not in perfect health yourself—you tremble and look very pale.

BLACKMAN.

That is because the subject affects him.

MANLY.



Do you then never mention the young lady without being affected?

BLUNTLY.

Never, sir—for had you seen her as I did—um—Had you seen her.—She was in very great danger from the first; but after I attended her, she was in greater danger still.—I advised a physician to be called in; on which she grew worse.—We had next a consultation of physicians; and then it was all over with her.

SIR GEORGE.

*(Rising from his chair).* Blackman, this is too much—all my calamities are inferior to this—Desist, therefore, or——

BLACKMAN.

*(To BLUNTLY.)* Desist—He cannot bear to hear the pathetic description. Consider the lady was his sister—and though he had not the pleasure of knowing her—yet, poor thing—*(affecting to weep)*—poor young woman! he cannot help lamenting her loss.

BLUNTLY.

No more can I—for though she was not my relation—yet she was my Patient. (*pretending to weep also*).

SIR GEORGE.

I can bear no more.—Mr. Manly, you are imposed upon. But think not, however appearances may be against me, that I came here as the tool of so infamous a deceit.—Thoughtlessness, Mr. Manly, has embarrassed my circumstances; and thoughtlessness alone, has made me employ a villain to retrieve them.

BLACKMAN.

Mighty fine!

SIR GEORGE.

I have no authority, sir, to affirm, that my sister is not alive; and I am confident the account you have just now heard, of her death, is but an artifice. My indiscretions have reduced me nearly to beggary; but I will perish in confinement

—cheerfully perish—rather than owe  
my affluence to one dishonourable action.

BLACKMAN.

Grief has turned his brain.

MANLY.

Sir George, I honour your feelings; and as for  
the feelings of these gentlemen, I am extremely  
happy, that it is in my power to dry up their  
tears, and calm all their sorrows.

SIR GEORGE.

¡Señor!

Blackman.

¿Cómo? ¿De qué manera?

Varonil.

*(Ir a la puerta donde WILLFORD y  
su sobrina están.)* Salga, jovencita, a los  
brazos de un hermano y relese la angustia de estos

dolientes, que lamentan su muerte.  
(Eleanor y WILLFORD *entran*)—Sí, Sir  
George, aquí está  
esa hermana, a quien esos  
caballeros nos aseguran, está muerta;  
—y este es el hermano de su padre.— Estas son pruebas, tan  
convincientes, espero, como cualquier otro sr. Blackman  
puede producir.

SIR GEORGE.

¡Ella, mi hermana! ¡Su padre  
fingido mi tío también! (*Aparte*) Blackman, usted  
me habría sumergido en una angustia que nunca había  
conocido antes, y  
me habrías sumido en la vergüenza.

Sin rodeos.

Y así me *tienes a mí*.

Blackman.

Pshaw.—Señor Manly, a  
pesar de que usted es  
el vale de estas personas,  
esto parece sólo un esquema.—Estas personas no son más  
que aventureros, y posiblemente tengan acerca de ellas

falsificaciones,  
como un hombre honesto, como yo, se estremecerían.

Varonil.

*[Ir a la puerta.]*

¿Quién está ahí? *[Ingrese al siervo.]* Shew que  
- que el señor Blackman, fuera de mi casa al instante;  
y cuídate de no volver a admitirlo.

Blackman.

Sir George, ¿sufrirá esto?

SIR GEORGE.

Sí, y mucho más.

Sin rodeos.

Mira, Blackman.—Si no te  
arrodillas, y me pides perdón  
en la puerta de la  
calle, por el truco que me  
has puesto, al asegurarme que la  
hermana de mi amo estaba realmente  
muerta, y que no podría hacerle

daño, haciéndole un servicio, si no me pides perdón por esto, te daré un asalto y una batería como nunca tuviste que hacer con ella en tu vida.

BLACKMAN.

Beat me—do, beat me—I'll thank you for beating me—I'd be beat every hour of the day, to recover damages.

[*Exit with* BLUNTLY.]

SIR GEORGE.

My sister—with the sincerest joy I call you by that name—and while I thus embrace you, offer you a heart, that beats with all the pure and tender affection, which our kindred to each other claims.—In you (*embracing his uncle*) I behold my father; and experience an awful fear, mingled with my regard.

WILLFORD.

Continue still that regard, and even that fear—these filial sentiments may prove important; and they shall ever be repaid with my paternal watchings, friendship, and love.

ELEANOR.

My brother——

SIR GEORGE.

I have been unworthy of you—I will be so no more, but imitate your excellence. Yet, when I reflect——

[LADY CAROLINE *comes softly from the inner apartment, and attends to the discourse.*

ELEANOR.

My brother, do not imagine——

SIR GEORGE.

Leave me, leave me to all the agonies of my misconduct.—Where is my fortune? Now *all* irrecoverably gone—My last, my only resource is now to be paid to another—I have lost every thing.

LADY CAROLINE.

*[Coming forward.]*

No, Sir George, *nothing*—since I possess all that was yours.

SIR GEORGE.

How!

LADY CAROLINE.

Behold a friend in your necessities—a mistress whom your misfortunes cannot drive away—but who, experiencing much of your unkindness, still loves you; and knowing your every folly, will still submit to honour, and obey you.

I received your lavish presents, but to hoard them for you—made myself mistress of your fortune, but to return it to you—and with it, all my own.

SIR GEORGE.

Can this be real? Can I be raised in one moment, from the depths of misery to unbounded happiness?



*Enter* SERVANT.

SERVANT.

A young man, who says he is Mr. Willford's son, is called to enquire for him.

MANLY.

Shew him in.

[SIR GEORGE *and* LADY CAROLINE  
*retire to the back part of the stage.*]

*Enter* HENRY.

WILLFORD.

Come, Henry, and take leave of your sister for ever.

HENRY.

How so, sir?—What do you mean? To be parted from her, would be the utmost rigour of fortune.

MANLY.

The affection with which you speak, young gentleman, seems to convey something beyond mere brotherly love.

WILLFORD.

I some years since revealed to him she was *not* his sister.

ELEANOR.

And he, some years since, implied it to me. Yet, in such doubtful terms, I knew not which of us had the sorrow not to be your child.— I now find it is myself—and I aver it to be a sorrow, for which, all the fortune I am going to possess will not repay me.

SIR GEORGE.

Then, my dearest sister, indulge the hope you may yet be his daughter. This young man's merit deserves a reward, and in *time* he may learn to love you by a still nearer tie than that, you have so long known to exist between you;

nay, even by a nearer tie than that of brother.

HENRY.

I am in doubt of what I hear—Eleanor, since our short separation, there cannot surely have been any important discovery—

MANLY.

Be not surprised—great discoveries, which we labour in vain for years to make, are frequently brought about in one lucky moment, without any labour at all.

SIR GEORGE.

Es cierto—porque hasta que surgió este día, había pasado cada hora desde mi nacimiento, sin hacer un descubrimiento a mi favor—mientras esta mañana corta, pero propicia, me ha descubierto toda mi antigua locura —y me ha descubierto— cómo ser feliz en el futuro.

Fin.

---

*Epílogo*

**POR T. VAUGHAN, ESQ.**

HABLADO POR LA SEÑORA KEMBLE.

"Mucho antes del comienzo de esta obra",

Escuché algunos PROFUNDOS en el Green-Room, digamos,

Tenían sus temores y dudas

—mientras algunos temblaban—

Y otros desearían acostarse por ella.

¿Ustedes, nuestros mejores médicos, siempre amables,

Prescribe nuestro verdadero Cefalico para la Mente,

De estos nuestros Vecinos, y *amables Amigos*—detrás,

Y con él, dar un cordial de los mejores,

A uno, con más profunda gratitud impresion.

Para algunos hay —los tengo en el ojo—

Se enfermar y palidecer con celos,

Cuando que garabateamos mujeres empuñan la pluma,

}

O atreverse a invadir los derechos de garabatear a los  
hombres;

Y fir'd con celo, en la matriz de terror aparecen—

Con Tenets del *hemisferio aprendido*;

Thence grito (*almas amables*) "La invención es el único  
arte,

Y mera traducción, pero una segunda parte;

Además, *nosotros, los hombres de gusto*, no podemos  
soportar

¡GARRICK de E'en Nature, así en segunda mano!

Entonces, ¿por qué los Escritores de Cómics viven en  
Theft,

¿Cuando tal Ragouts y Dainties todavía se quedan?

No eran más ricos, en los días DE CONGREVE O BEHN,

Por ahora, los machos son mujeres —mujeres,  
hombres—

No hay algunos tan *varonte*, y tan ortodoxo,

Te llevará cuatro en la mano, o sostendrás la Caja;

Y si por casualidad se lanza la muerte fatal,

Se asalten y jurarán, como cualquier Señor en la Ciudad.

Pero si le susurraría al  
oído de este Censor,  
probaría que sus observaciones  
son demasiado severas —e instaría—"Traducción para  
golpear con habilidad, no es la provincia de cada Quill  
común;  
Pero al mejorar lo que  
estaba escrito antes, Tho ' Genio puede ser menos, nuestro  
juicio es más;  
Y mientras pintamos con  
energía de la vida, el  
marido galante, o *más galante Esposa*, Con tintes de  
retratos vivos del lugar,  
No importa por quién se relacionó , o engendró;  
Y así, mucho más seguro llegaremos al Corazón,  
que toda la pompa *sin vida* del Arte *jactancioso*."  
Como tal, no le niegues ,al menos el mérito  
de dar a *Gallic Froth*—verdadero Espíritu BRITÁNICO.

Y en cuanto a ti, justo, ¿cómo florece la mejilla,  
qué dulce es la tempera que esos ojos se ven?  
Ningún aceite de medianoche tiene e'er destroy'd a Grace,  
o Gaming's Horrors encontrado con usted un lugar;  
Pero Cupido te prestó  
todas esas Artes ganadoras, que de un vistazo pueden  
calentar los corazones más fríos.

Consulta entonces conmigo a estos  
Censores como injustos, que forman sus juicios—  
*mientras viven*—en Trust.  
Ni nunca acrediten lo

que se atreven a decir, a menos que con usted se unan, y como nuestra obra.

Utilízalo para una señal entonces: tu Ventilador Mágico, y toda la Casa seguirá a un Hombre;  
O si hay unos pocos descontentos, *una revolución de contrarreloje*, recae en ti.