

Saville

Thy skull, Courtall, is a Lady's thimble:—no, an egg-shell.

Courtall

Nay, then you are gone too; you never aspire to similes, but in your cups.

Sav.

No, no; I am steady enough—but the fumes of the wine pass directly through thy egg-shell, and leave thy brain as cool as—Hey! I am quite sober; my similes fail me.

Court.

Then we'll sit down here, and have one sober bottle.—Bring a table and glasses.

Sav.

I'll not swallow another drop; no, though the juice should be the true Falernian.

Court.

By the bright eyes of her you love, you shall drink her health.

Sav.

Ah!

sitting down

Her I loved is gone

sighing.

— She's married!

Court.

Then bless your stars you are not her Husband! I would be Husband to no Woman in Europe, who was not dev'lish rich, and dev'lish ugly.

Sav.

Wherefore ugly?

Cou•••

Because she could not have the conscience to exact those attentions that a Pretty Wife expects; or, if she should, her resentments would be perfectly easy to me, nobody would undertake to revenge her cause.

Sav.

Thou art a most licentious fellow!

Court.

I should hate my own wife, that's certain; but I have a warm heart for those of other people; and so here's to the prettiest Wife in England—Lady Frances Touchwood.

Sav.

Lady Frances Touchwood! I rise to drink her.

drinks

How the devil came Lady Frances in your head? I never knew you give a Woman of Chastity before.

Court.

That's odd, for you have heard me give half the Women of Fashion in England.—But, pray now, what do you take a Woman of Chastity to be?

sneer|ingly.

Sav.

Such a woman as Lady Frances Touchwood, Sir.

Court.

Oh, you are grave, Sir; I remember you was an Adorer of her's—Why didn't you marry her?

Sav.

I had not the arrogance to look so high—Had my fortune been worthy of her, she should not have been ignorant of my admiration.

Court.

Precious fellow! What, I suppose you would not dare tell her now that you admire her?

Sav.

No, nor you.

Court.

By the Lord, I have told her so.

Sav.

Have! Impossible!

Court.

Ha! ha! ha!—Is it so?

Sav.

How did she receive the declaration?

Court.

Why, in the old way; blushed, and frowned, and said she was married.

Sav.

What amazing things thou art capable of! I could more easily have taken the Pope by the beard, than prophaned her ears with such a declaration.

Court.

I shall meet her at Lady Brilliant's to-night, where I shall repeat it; and I'll lay my life, under a mask, she'll hear it all without blush, or frown.

Sav.

rising

'Tis false, Sir!—She won't.

Court.

She will!

rising

Nay, I'd venture to lay a round sum, that I prevail on her to go out with me— only to taste the fresh air, I mean.

Sav.

Preposterous vanity! From this moment I suspect that half the victories you have boasted, are false and slanderous, as your pretended influence with Lady Fran|ces.

Court.

Pretended!—How should such a Fellow as you, now, who never soared beyond a cherry—cheeked Daugh|ter of a Ploughman in Norfolk, judge of the influence of a Man of my Figure and Habits? I could shew thee a list, in which there are names to shake thy faith in the whole sex!—and, to that list I have no doubt of adding the name of Lady —

Sav.

Hold, Sir! My ears cannot bear the profanation; —you cannot—dare not approach her!—For your soul you dare not mention Love to her! Her look would freeze the word, whilst it hovered on thy licentious lips!

Court.

Whu! whu! Well, we shall see—this evening, by Jupiter, the trial shall be made—If I fail—I fail.

Sav.

I think thou darest not!—But my life, my honour on her purity.

Exit Saville.

Court.

Hot-headed fool! But since he has brought it to this point, by Gad I'll try what can be done with her Ladyship

musing

—

rings

She's frost-work, and the prejudices of education yet strong: ergo, passionate pro|fessions will only inflame her pride, and put her on her guard.—For other arts then!