

As Doricourt stands in a musing posture, Letitia enters, and sings.

SONG.

Wake! thou Son of Dullness, wake!
From thy drowsy senses shake
All the spells that Care employs,
Cheating Mortals of their joys.

II.

Light-wing'd Spirits, hither haste!
Who prepare for mortal taste
All the gifts that Pleasure sends,
Every bliss that youth attends.

III.

Touch his feelings, rouse his soul,
Whilst the sparkling moments roll;
Bid them wake to new delight,
Crown the magic of the night.

Dor.

By Heaven, the same sweet creature!

Let.

You have chosen an odd situation for study. Fashion and Taste preside in this spot:—they throw their spells around you: — ten thousand delights spring up at their command;—and you, a Stoic—a being without senses, are wrapt in reflection.

Dor.

And you, the most charming being in the world, awake me to admiration. Did you come from the Stars?

Let.

Yes, and I shall reascend in a moment.

Dor.

Pray shew me your face before you go.

Let.

Beware of imprudent curiosity; it lost Paradise.

Dor.

Eve's curiosity was rais'd by the Devil;—'tis an Angel tempts mine.—So your allusion is not in point.

Let.

But why would you see my face?

Dor.

To fall in love with it.

Let.

And what then?

Dor.

Why, then—Aye, curse it! there's the rub.

Aside.

Let.

Your Mistress will be angry;—but, perhaps, you have no Mistress?

Dor.

Yes, yes; and a sweet one it is!

Let.

What! is she old?

Dor.

No.

Let.

Ugly?

Dor.

No.

Let.

What then?

Dor.

Pho! don't talk about her; but shew me your face.

Let.

My vanity forbids it;—'twould frighten you.

Dor.

Impossible! Your Shape is graceful, your Air bewitching, your Bosom transparent, and your Chin would tempt me to kiss it, if I did not see a pouting red Lip above it, that demands—

Let.

You grow too free.

Dor.

Shew me your face then—only half a glance.

Let.

Not for worlds.

CUT TO

Dor.

By Heavens! I never was charm'd till now.— English beauty—French vivacity—wit—elegance. Your name, my Angel!—tell me your name, though you persist in concealing your face.

Let.

My name has a spell in it.

Dor.

I thought so; it must be Charming.

Let.

But if reveal'd, the charm is broke.

Dor.

I'll answer for its force.

Let.

Suppose it Harriet, or Charlotte, or Maria, or—

Dor.

Hang Harriet, and Charlotte, and Maria—the name your Father gave ye!

Let.

That can't be worth knowing, 'tis so transient a thing.

Dor.

How, transient?

Let.

Heav'n forbid my name should be lasting till I am married.

Dor.

Married! The chains of Matrimony are too heavy and vulgar for such a spirit as yours.—
The flowery wreaths of Cupid are the only bands you should wear.

Let.

They are the lightest, I believe: but 'tis possible to wear those of Marriage gracefully.—
Throw 'em loosely round, and twist 'em in a True-Lover's Knot for the Bosom.

Dor.

An Angel! But what will you be when a Wife?

Let.

A Woman.—If my Husband should prove a Churl, a Fool, or a Tyrant, I'd break his heart,
ruin his fortune, elope with the first pretty Fellow that ask'd me— and return the
contempt of the world with scorn, whilst my feelings prey'd upon my life.

Dor.

Amazing!

Aside

What if you lov'd him, and he were worthy of your love?

Let.

Why, then I'd be any thing—and all!—Grave, gay, capricious — the soul of whim, the spirit of variety—live with him in the eye of fashion, or in the shade of retirement—change my country, my sex,— feast with him in an Esquimaux hut, or a Persian pavilion—join him in the victorious war-dance on the borders of Lake Ontario, or sleep to the soft breathings of the flute in the cinnamon groves of Ceylon—dig with him in the mines of Golconda, or enter the dangerous precincts of the Mogul's Seraglio—cheat him of his wishes, and overturn his empire to restore the Husband of my Heart to the blessings of Liberty and Love.

Dor.

Delightful wildness! Oh, to catch thee, and hold thee for ever in this little cage!

Attempting to clasp her.

Let.

Hold, Sir! Though Cupid must give the bait that tempts me to the snare, 'tis Hymen must spread the net to catch me.

Dor.

'Tis in vain to assume airs of coldness—Fate has ordain'd you mine.

Let.

How do you know?

Dor.

I feel it here. I never met with a Woman so perfectly to my taste; and I won't believe it form'd you so, on purpose to tantalize me.

Let.

This moment is worth my whole existence.

Aside

Dor.

Come, shew me your face, and rivet my chains.

Let.

To-morrow you shall be satisfied.

Dor.

To-morrow! and not to-night?

Let.

No.

Dor.

Where then shall I wait on you to-morrow?— Where see you?

Let.

You shall see me in an hour when you least expect me.

Dor.

Why all this mystery?

Let.

I like to be mysterious. At present be content to know that I am a Woman of Family and Fortune. Adieu!