

Sir *Fran.* My Consent! what do's my Charmer mean? 15

Miran. Nay, 'tis only a Whim: But I'll have every thing according to form – Therefore when you sign an Authentick Paper, drawn up by an able Lawyer, that I have your Leave to marry, the next Day makes me yours, *Gardee.* 20

Sir *Fran.* Ha, ha, ha, a Whim indeed! why is it not Demonstration I give my Leave when I marry thee.

Miran. Not for your Reputation, *Gardee*; the malicious World will be apt to say, you trick'd me into Marriage, and so take the Merit from my Choice. Now I will have the Act my own, to let the idle Fops see how much I prefer a Man loaded with Years and Wisdom. 25

Sir *Fran.* Humph! Prithee leave out Years, *Chargee*, I'm not so old, as thou shalt find: Adod, I'm young; there's a Caper for ye. 30

Jumps.

Miran. Oh never excuse it, why I like you the better for being old – But I shall suspect you don't love me, if you Refuse me this Formality. 35

Sir *Fran.* Not Love thee, *Chargee!* Adod I do love thee better than, than, than, better than – what shall I say? Egad, better than Money, I faith I do –

Miran. That's false I'm sure [*Aside.*] To prove it do this then. 40

Sir *Fran.* Well, I will do it, *Chargee*, provided I bring a License at the same time.

Miran. Ay, and a Parson too, if you please; Ha, ha, ha, I can't help Laughing to think how all the young Coxcombs about Town will be mortify'd when they hear of our Marriage. 45

Sir *Fran.* So they will, so they will; Ha, ha, ha.

Miran. Well, I fancy I shall be so happy with my *Gardee!*

Sir *Fran.* If wearing Pearls and Jewels, or eating Gold, as the old Saying is, can make thee happy, thou shalt be so, my Sweetest, my Lovely, my Charming, my – verily I know not what to call thee. 50

Scene III

Scene Sir Francis Gripe's House.

Sir Francis and Miranda meeting.

Miran. Well, *Gardee*, how did I perform my Dumb Scene? 100

Sir *Fran.* To Admiration – Thou dear little Rogue, let me buss⁹³ thee for it: Nay, adod, I will, *Chargee*, so muzle, and tuzle, and hug thee; I will, I faith, I will. 5

Hugging and Kissing her.

Miran. Nay, *Gardee*, don't be so lavish; who wou'd Ride Post, when the Journey lasts for Life?⁹⁶

Sir *Fran.* Ah wag, ah wag – I'll buss thee agen for that.

Miran. Faugh! how he stinks of Tobacco! what a delicate Bedfellow I shou'd have! 10

Aside.

Sir *Fran.* Oh I'm Transported! When, when, my Dear, wilt thou Convince the World of thy Happy Day? when shall we marry, ha?

Miran. There's nothing wanting but your Consent, Sir *Francis.*

⁹³ popt that Sham upon me deceived me.

⁹⁴ Sots drunken fools.

⁹⁵ buss kiss.

