

WELFORD.

How falsely do you reason? lewdness is a gulf 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 JOHN.

I shall run the hazard, spite of your wise admonitions.

WELFORD.

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 villainous 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 villainous 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.

WELFORD.

No words are strong enough to express your baseness and my wrongs.

SIR JOHN.

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

WELFORD.

Confound thy profane tongue for such a supposition.

SIR