

THE COUNTRY BURIAL. 55

SIR JOHN.

Your insolence and outrage would tire the patience of an angel. Is not your daughter virtuous and chaste as ever?

WELFORD.

The excellency of her virtue, whom you would have ruin'd, but aggravates thy guilt.

SIR JOHN.

The mighty ruin you talk of was but to have devoted my life and fortune to her pleasure, which sure was sufficient to have kept her from contempt, and her beauty would still have been as much admir'd as ever.

WELFORD.

After the loss of virtue, beauty and fortune, like a fair and sumptuous monument erected upon a bad man's grave, serve only to perpetuate infamy, and make it more extensive.

SIR JOHN.

What is it that you'd wish your daughter?

WELFORD.

I wish her innocence, peace, fortune, with fame on earth, and everlasting happiness hereafter; but you'd make them all impossible to her.

SIR JOHN.

She may still be happy.

WELFORD.

And shall, in spite of thee. Fond fool that I was! I thought to have made you the happy instrument to have advanced her to that lustre and rank in life her merit claims; but you have render'd