

BETTY.

But Mrs. Silvia, don't you think this Sir John a horrible sort of man?

SILVIA.

All appear such to me, who fall from virtue.

BETTY.

Virtue! why he minds me no more than we do an old sweetheart, when we have got a new one.

SILVIA.

The tiresome impertinent! when shall I have freedom to complain? [Aside.]

BETTY.

And then he's so fond of her—Madam must have this, and madam must have that, and madam must have t'other; and this isn't good enough, and that isn't fine enough, and t'other isn't rich enough for her. O it would make one distracted to see it! the impudent strumpet—I could tear her eyes out.

A I R XLIII. (Young Corydon and Phillis.)

*My rage is past conceiving;
I storm and curse my fate,
To think she's still receiving
Such wealth and pleasures great,
And something else, but what I dare not,
What I dare not, what I dare not name.*

But our Jonathan, by the way, is as bad as his master;—O there's a precious couple of 'em!—but as I was saying, our Jonathan, who is Sir John's cabinet-counsellor, says my master loves no body from