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from his heart but you; and therefore the best of it is, her reign is like to be but short.

SILVIA.

When women do those things, for which upon reflection they ought to hate themselves, they can't expect that men will love them long.

BETTY.

Why as you say, Mrs. Silvia, that woman that a, a—(I don't very well understand her tho', but I suppose that means that Sir John should love no body but herself) [*Aside.*—But what were you saying, Mrs. Silvia?

SILVIA.

That she who parts with her virtue, parts with the only charm that makes a woman truly lovely; and she may well expect, for she deserves, to be despis'd.

BETTY.

She speaks plain enough now truly. [*Aside*].—Yes, as you say, one can't hate that impudent creature too much.

SILVIA.

If she be such, as you have describ'd her, she is miserable, and, whatever she may deserve, as such I sincerely pity her.

A I R XLIV. (Strephon, when you see me fly.)

*Where can gentle pity meet*

*So fit a subject for her grief?*

*Sure that misery's compleat,*

*When time and death yields no relief.*

*Death from lesser ills may save;*

*Shame extends beyond the grave.*

B E T-