

MARIA.

I fear as much, and therefore would never have my father know it.

TRUEMAN.

That's impossible.

MARIA.

What's the sum?

TRUEMAN.

'Tis considerable: I've mark'd it here, to shew it, with the letter, to your father at his return.

MARIA.

If I should supply the money, cou'd you so dispose of that, and the account, as to conceal this unhappy mismanagement from my father?

TRUEMAN.

Nothing more easy. — But can you intend it? will you save a helpless wretch from ruin? Oh! 'twere an act worthy such exalted virtue as Maria's—Sure heaven, in mercy to my friend, inspired the generous thought.

MARIA.

Doubt not but I would purchase so great a happiness at a much dearer price: —but how shall he be found?

TRUEMAN.

Trust to my diligence for that. In the mean time, I'll conceal his absence from your father, or find such excuses for it, that the real cause shall never be suspected.

MARIA.

In attempting to save from shame, one whom we hope may yet return to virtue, to heaven, and you,