

(Enter Dennis).

DENNIS. The Saints be betune us an harum! I'll see what's in it.

MR. Y. Captain Dashley, what does all this mean? What the Devil—don't keep us choking with suspense any longer.

CAPT. D. Mean? Why it means, that I am not Captain Dashley at all.

MR. Y. Who are you then? Captain, who?

CAPT. D. No Captain at all, but simply Bob Silkie. And simple enough too, faith, just at this time. Damnation! Here's an end to my frolics.

L. Heaven be praised!

MRS. Y. Oh Laura, my dear cousin, what an escape!

MR. Y. What? How? By Jingo, I don't understand all this.

SP. Oh, my dear Madam, (*advancing towards Mrs. Silkie*) allow me to congratulate you on the discovery of this congenial spirit, whom you supposed the too cruel Fates had separated from you forever. May you long live to enjoy sweet communion among the beauties of nature.

MRS. S. Sir! (*turning away.*) But my mouth is closed—my own words flung in my teeth. Oh, I shall die of mortification!

SP. And as for you, my martial friend, (*to Capt. D.*) one word of advice. Since this lady—now my wife—seems disposed to survive your loss, notwithstanding the passionate feelings which, it appears, she entertained for you yesterday, I would suggest that you still follow up the determination which I so lately heard you express. Settle down into domestic habits with the wife which kind fortune presents to you, without submitting you to the excitement of a second marriage ceremony. She has long deplored your separation—I have her own words for it. Evince the same zeal in making for yourself and her an honourable livelihood, which you have shown in leading your friends to ruin, and all may yet be well.

CAPT. D. 'Cod, yes—if one had the tin.

SP. Shameless villain. (*aside.*)

MR. Y. Ho! Now I understand. Ha, ha, ha—'Od zounds, a'nt it capital?

*Enter Mr. and Mrs. Topton.*

HO! That's right, old folks. Help us laugh at the fun, ha, ha, ha!

MRS. TOPTON. Laugh, indeed? What is there to laugh at?

MR. Y. Cleverest thing that ever I knew. Little Moll did the whole thing, I'm blessed if she didn't. Capital, faith, capital.

MRS. T. Am I to believe, Mr. Younghusband, that you are an abettor in my niece's shameful elopement? Can it be possible?

MR. Y. Faith, I am—but I didn't think you would make such a fuss about it.

MRS. T. Ungrateful wretch! But I trust we are yet in time. Mr. Topton, must I remind you of your duties?

MR. T. Madam—I will not be dictated to. (*advancing towards Laura.*) Miss Medwin, how dare you abscond from the roof of your lawfully appointed guardian.

SP. (*advancing before her.*) No longer Miss Medwin, if you please. I am now her lawfully confirmed husband. If you have any charges to make—

MRS. T. What! Are we then too late? Oh, the baseness—the ingratitude of the rising generation! And you too (*to Mrs. Silkie*) must be a party to the plot—you, of all persons! Oh, the deceit of the world!

L. You wrong Mrs. Silkie. You were not more ignorant of my intention than she was.

CAPT. D.—Fact is, Julia came here, on her own hook, looking for a husband—and found one. She is my wife. Never mind, Julia dear, let's make it up—dem it yes—and be friends again.

MRS. T. A second clandestine marriage?

MR. T. Pooh, pooh! I always knew how it would turn out. I saw it from the very first.

MRS. T. Oh, that I should live to see this day! Am I the dupe of everybody? And pray, who is Mr. Greenish married to?

MR. T. Yes, Mr. Greenish—my young friend—what of him?