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MARPLOT

IN

LISBON.

Or, the Second PART of the

BUSY BODY.

A

COMEDY.

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Drawn from

THE

WORKS
OF THE CELEBRATED
Mrs. CENTLIVRE.

VOLUME TWO

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Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

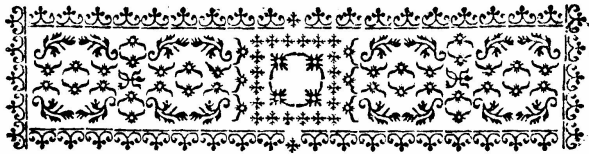
MARPLOT,	Mr. WOODWARD.
<i>Colonel Ravelin</i> , an English Officer,	Mr. DEXTER.
<i>Charles</i> ,	Mr. JEFFERSON.
<i>Don Lopez</i> , a Grandee of Portugal,	Mr. REED.

<i>Don Perriera</i> , a Merchant,	Mr. HAYS.
<i>Lorenzo</i> , his Servant,	Mr. HAMILTON.
<i>Corregidor</i> ,	Mr. KNIPE.
<i>Servants, Bravoes, &c.</i>	

WOMEN.

<i>Donna Perriera</i> , Wife to D. Perriera,	Mrs. DANCER.
<i>Margaritta</i> , her Duenna,	Mrs. WALKER.
<i>Madem. Joneton</i> , An affected French Lady of Fortune,	Mrs. KENNEDY.
<i>Marton</i> , her Sister,	Miss OSBORNE.
<i>Susan</i> , her Maid,	Mrs. PACKENHAM.

SCENE, *the Terriera de Passa*, in Lisbon.



MARPLO T

IN

LISBON.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *the Terriera de Passa in Lisbon.*

Enter Don Lopez, and Don Perriera.

Don Per. Why, Brother, you are distracted; how often have you fill'd my Brain with these Chimeras? Why shou'd I murder my Wife without a Cause?

Don Lop. A Cause! Does a Cuckold want a Cause?

Don Per. Look ye, Senior, keep that Word Cuckold between your Teeth, 'till you can prove me such, or by *St. Anthony* you shall feel what Mettle my Spado is made of.

[Laying his Hand to his Sword.]

Don Lop. Name your Spado again, and I'll shake thee into Dust, thou feeble Dotard. Your Spado! Employ it against the

Man that robs you of your Honour, and not against him that would preserve it. I say, my Sister, your Wife, is a Strumpet, the Strumpet of a damn'd Heretick: I saw the Looks, nay the Signs, she gave some of the *English* Officers, as she came from Church this Morning.

Don Per. *English* Officers!

Don Lop. *English* I'm sure they were, I can't swear they were all Officers, nor cou'd I perceive which she signed to, or he shou'd not live to meet her Wishes.—Now, if you don't like the Name of Cuckold, find another for the Husband of a Whore, if you can.—For my Part, I know of none, but this I know, if you won't punish her as a Wife, I will as a Sister; she shall not stain the Honour of my House this Way; she injur'd it too much in marrying you. I shall pursue my own Method, and so farewell.
[*Going.*]

Don Per. So, there's the Blessing of matching into an honourable Family: now must I bear all Affronts patiently, because I am but a Merchant, forsooth.—Oh, give me any Curse but this—Pray, Senior, give me Leave to speak one Word to you: I am convinced of my too much Indulgence for this very Cockatrice, and there remains nothing to quicken my Revenge, but certain Demonstration.

Don Lop. Certain Demonstration! must you have ocular Proof? Must your Coward Heart be animated with the Sight? A Curse of your Equivocations.—

Don Per. No, any other Sense will serve; let me hear 'em, feel

'em, nay smell 'em, and sure Cuckoldom is so rank a Scent, that tho' I lived in *England*, where they scarce breathe any other Air, I cou'd distinguish it.

Don Lop. Now you talk like a *Portuguese*; keep up this Passion, and secure the Honour of your House and mine, and deserve the Alliance of my Blood; it shall be my Care to fix them.

[*Exit.*]

Don Per. And when they are so, mine to execute.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Charles meeting Colonel Ravelin.

Cha. Colonel *Ravelin*!

Rav. *Charles Gripe!* honest *Charles*, how dost thou do, Boy? Why, what brought thee to *Lisbon*?

Cha. Part of the Cause that brought you, Colonel.

Rav. What? art thou in the Army?

Cha. No, Colonel, I leave Honour to you. Interest brought me.

Rav. They are Twin-Brothers, *Charles*; if Interest did not drive, Honour wou'd come slowly on: Art thou turn'd Merchant then?

Cha. No, Faith, not I; but it pleased Heaven to take my Wife's Father out of the Way, who left me Executor, and his Concerns here oblig'd me to take this Voyage.

Rav. So then, old Sir *Jealous Traffick* is dead at last. How long do you intend to stay?

Cha. Longer than I expected when I embark'd: I came away in such a Hurry, the Ship sailing sooner than I thought she would, I forgot to put up some Papers, without which I can't adjust my Accounts with some Merchants here; I have writ to my Wife to send them.

Rav. That was very unlucky; prithee, how dost thou spend thy Time?

Cha. Very insipidly: How do you pass yours? what Company have you here?

Rav. All Sorts; the Women, I'll say that for 'em, are kind enough, and won't put you to the Expence of swearing and lying to gain them: But I have got acquainted in a *French* Family, which are not altogether so dangerous one way, but much more so another.

Cha. Ay! how's that, Colonel?

Rav. Why I'm fearful of dwindling into an honourable Amour there. This *French* Woman has found the way to unite my jarring Inclinations, and tune 'em to the Pitch of Constancy, and I am very apprehensive of becoming that tame Monster, called a Husband. Ah! I find I am caught, for I can name that terrible

Word without starting.

Cha. Ha, ha, ha! I shall have you in my Class: Sure the Lady that can make such an entire Conquest over your Heart, must be a Person of extraordinary Parts, Colonel.

Rav. Yes, Faith, her Ladyship has very extraordinary Parts; she's airy to Affectation, and changeable as the Winds: She has Tongue enough for a Lawyer, but as hard to be understood as an Apothecary: She begins as many Stories as a Romance, and ends them as intricately, or, to speak more properly, seldom ends them at all: She's as whimsical as a Projector, as obstinate as a Physician, and as faithful as the Monarch of her Country.

Cha. Admirable Qualities for a Wife; and can you forsake the whole Sex for this Woman?

Rav. Humph! that I won't swear; but I find I can't forsake her for the whole Sex. To be plain with you, I have try'd the Strength of Variety, and at this Time am in Prospect of the Favour from as fine a Woman as any in *Lisbon*; yet this Medley of Womankind triumphs over all, and in the midst of my Raptures I murmur *Joneton*.

Cha. But may I not see this wondrous Engineer, who can countermine her whole Sex, and blow up the Magazine of your Affections, Colonel?

Rav. You shall, but you must give me your Honour not to rival me.

Cha. The Description you have given me, Colonel, secures

you from that Fear; besides, you know I am marry'd, neither am I destitute of a Mistress, tho' in a strange Place. I this Morning was assur'd, by a Sign from a Lady's Handkerchief, that my Wants shou'd be supply'd upon Occasion. I did not rightly understand her, till the good old *Duenna* explained her Meaning.

Rav. You are a Stranger to these Affairs, *Charles*; take Heed, proceed with Caution, for the Women here are as warm in their Revenge as in their Inclinations; bare Suspicion justifies Murder; if you manage your Intrigue so closely to escape the Husband and Relations, 'tis odds but your Mistress find some Pretence to employ her Bravoes, Fellows that will dispatch a Dozen Men for a Moidore.

Cha. I go well arm'd; understand the Language, and will not easily fall a Victim, but resolve to see the Event of this Intrigue: The old Matron told me that the Lady was young and beautiful, her Husband a Merchant, rich, covetous, old, and ugly; that she hated him worse than Penance, and lov'd me better than her Prayers; shall I be such a Poltroon to decline a Lady's Summons? No, for the Honour of *Britain*, it shall never be said that an *Englishman* fled either from the Wars of *Mars*, or *Venus*; let her bring me on; if I discharge not myself with Honour, and make my Retreat secure, may I forfeit the Embraces of the Sex.

[*A Noise of clashing of Swords, and Murder cry'd within.*]

Rav. Ha! what Noise is that?

Cha. 'Tis *Marplot's* Voice; his damn'd Curiosity has brought him into some Mischief, I'll lay my life on't. [*Draws.*]

Rav. The Devil's in that Fellow; what made you bring him with you?

[*Murder cry'd again within.*

Mar. Murder, Murder.

[*Mar. running, pursued by two Bravoes.*

Ah *Charles*, help me, dear *Charles*, for Heav'n's sake.

[*They beat off the Bravoes.*

Cha. A Curse on your Paper-scul, what have you been doing now?

Mar. Nothing at all, as I hope to be sav'd; only I had a mind to see where that Lady liv'd that shook her Handkerchief at you, and out of no other Design than to inform you, I protest, *Charles*, when immediately these two Scoundrels came slap upon me, I know no more for what than the Child that's unborn; but I am sure I shall feel their Blows this Month; Pox take 'em.

Rav. For what? why you took the only Method in the World to have your Guts let out: Ha, ha! watch a Woman in *Lisbon*! Hark you young Gentleman, suppress that natural Curiosity of diving into other People's Affairs, or never hope to see old *England* again.

Mar. I wish I were safe in it;—Colonel *Ravelin*! the duce take me if I saw you before; my Senses were all in such a hurry with these unconscionable Villains, that—

Cha. That you over-look'd your Friends, I warrant.

Mar. You have said it, *Charles*, but I hope the Colonel will forgive me.

Rav. To be plain with you, Mr. *Marplot*, I shall take these kind of Over-sights for particular Favours, if you don't shake off that Temper of yours.

Mar. Pish, prithee, Colonel, don't put on those grave Airs; why what harm is there in't?

Rav. There's ill Manners in't, I am sure, and have a Care you han't your Bones broke for it.

Cha. Look ye, *Marplot*, you must either resolve to quit this inquisitive Humour, or forfeit my Acquaintance.

Rav. A Man may be ruined by your foolish Quarrels.

Mar. Upon my Soul, Colonel, I never quarrel'd with any Man, out of design to hurt him in my Life: *Charles* can witness for me, that I hate fighting.

Cha. So can every body else that knows you; I wish you hated Impertinence as much, for the good of Society.

Mar. Well, you of all men living have the least Reason to complain; I have run the Hazard of my Life many a Time for you, and in my Conscience I believe I shall fall your Martyr one Time or another.

Cha. Your own you mean, you'll certainly be canoniz'd by all the Busy-bodies about Town.

Mar. Is this all the Thanks I get for my Friendship? well, *Charles*, well, you shall see I can prefer Safety, and sacrifice my Curiosity too, as you call it.

Rav. That's the Way to oblige your Friends. Mr. *Marplot*, never desire to know more than they are willing to tell you, readily comply with a reasonable Demand, and never meddle with any body's Business but your own, this will render you agreeable to all Companies.

Mar. Ay! but that will make all Companies very disagreeable to me. [*Aside.*]

But, Colonel, is there nothing due from one Friend to another? One ought to be let into the Bosom Secrets of a Friend.

Rav. Not always, for there are some Secrets of such a Nature that will not admit of that Freedom; for Example, suppose your Friend had an Affair with another Man's Wife, or Daughter, where's the Advantage of your knowing it?

Mar. Why I wou'd watch the Husband or Father in the mean Time, prevent his being surpriz'd, and perhaps save his Life.

Cha. But how would you save his Honour? A Man of Honour must have no Confidants in those Cases.

Mar. Then hang Honour, I say, 'tis good for nothing but to spoil Conversation. Shall I beg a Pinch of your Snuff, Colonel?

Enter Colonel Ravelin's Servant with a Letter.

Rav. With all my Heart.

[Gives him his Box.]

Ser. The Messenger stays for your Answer, Sir.

Mar. A Letter! wou'd I were a Fly now, that I might swoop down upon the Paper and read it before his Face: Lord, Lord, what wou'd I give for an universal Knowledge! *[Aside.]*

Rav. Tell the Messenger I'll observe Orders to a Second.

Mar. Orders! why what, have you Orders to march, Colonel!

[Exit Ser.]

Rav. From this Place I have. Sir *Charles*, I'd be glad to drink a Bottle with you and Mr. *Marplot* in the Evening at my Lodgings: there's the Directions.

[Tears the Superscription of a Letter, and gives Charles.]

Mar. I'll wait on you home, Colonel, that I may know the House exactly.

Rav. Excuse me, Sir, I am not going Home perhaps. *Charles*, I'll expect you.

[Exit.]

Cha. I'll do myself the Honour to wait on you; adieu.

[*Exit.*

Mar. Perhaps! but perhaps I won't believe you: He has a World of Manners to a Gentleman in a strange Place, I'll be sworn; ha! *Charles* is gone, nay, then I have a rare Opportunity, egad he has forgot his Snuff-box, an excellent Excuse to follow him: The Devil take his Letter for me, it has given me the Cholick.

[*Exit.*

SCENE, *a Chamber in Don Perriera's House.*

Enter Donna Perriera and Margaritta.

Donna Per. Are you sure the *Englishman* will come? what said he?

Marg. He answerd me in Transport, I warrant him a Man every Inch of him. Come, *Seniora*? Yes, yes, he'll come, tho' a thousand Dangers threatened him; these *Englishmen* are brave Fellows if they were not Hereticks.

Donna Per. If he has but the Faith of a Lover, no matter for his Religion, *Margaritta*. But what came of the busy Fellow that watch'd us? Did you obey my Orders?

Marg. Yes, marry did I, and the Bravoes assur'd me they had taught him to look another Way for the future.

Donna Per. They dispatch'd him, I hope.

Marg. No, he was rescu'd upon the *Terriera de Passa*.

Donna Per. Ill Fate; he did not see where I enter'd?

Marg. No, no, Madam, you are safe; hush, here's my Master *Don Perriera*.

Donna Per. Then there's my Jaylor. This *Englishman* runs in my Head so much, that methinks I hate the Sight of my Husband.

Enter Don Perriera.

Don Per. So, you have been at Church to-day, my Dear, have you not?

Donna Per. Yes, my Dear.

Don Per. And who did you see there, Wife?

Donna Per. Do you think I pass my time in Observation at Church, my Dear? I hope I have other Business to do there.

Don Per. And you are basely bely'd, if you have not other Business to do elsewhere too, Wife.

Donna Per. What do you mean, my Dear?

Don Per. Nay, ask your Brother *Don Lopez*, who will have it that you send your Eyes a maroding for *English* Forage; my Dear, have a Care of an Ambuscade; for the whole Artillery of

his Senses are drawn down upon you, and Jealousy leads the Force of his Invention; and though I love you, Wife, yet if his Spies bring certain Intelligence of your holding Correspondence with those Heretick Dogs, the *English* Officers, I shall infallibly treat you like a Traitress to your Lord and Husband.

Donna Per. Ha! I fear I'm betray'd. [*Aside.*]

Marg. My Lady a Traitress to her Lord and Husband! *Don Lopez* is a Traitor to his own Flesh and Blood for saying so, by my Virginity—

Don Per. Away, away; that's so stale an Oath, 'twill not be credited.

Donna Per. The Accusation's false; I do not know one *English* Officer in *Lisbon*, by this Kiss, [*Kisses him.*] For my *Duenna* assures, my Lover is no Officer; so far I'm not forsworn. [*Aside.*] I thought, my Dear had promis'd me never more to mind the Insinuations of that cruel Brother; his Prejudice is founded on our Marriage; his proud, impetuous Temper scorns your Alliance, and racks his Soul to find a Cause to ruin you: And must it be by blasting of my Fame? Will not my Life suffice? and dares he not employ his own Hand? but wou'd he make you guilty of my Murder? Oh, barbarous inhuman Thought! [*Weeps.*]

Marg. Cruel *Don Lopez*, now do I wish I may die a Maid; a terrible Wish, were I not out of danger of the Curse falling upon me; if I believe my Lady ever thought of any Man but yourself, Senior. Poor Creature, I'm sure her Heart is full of Fears about you, when you are absent.

Don Per. Ay, lest I shou'd come back before she'd have me.

Marg. He is the Devil of a Guesser. [*Aside.*]

Donna Per. Unkindly urg'd, Deary; I'm sure, by my own Consent, I wou'd never have you——

Don Per. In your Sight.

Marg. The Man is certainly a Witch. [*Aside.*]

Donna Per. Out of my Sight, I meant, Deary.

Don Per. That wou'd be as bad on the other Side.

Donna Per. For my Part, Deary, I'm never happier than when thou art in my Arms, and cou'd be content to have thee always there.

Don Per. Yes, I shou'd have a fine Life, truly, to be always in your Arms.

Marg. Look ye there now, the Dog in the Manger.

Donna Per. What wou'd you have me say, my Dear, to convince you of my Love?

Don Per. Look ye, Wife, 'tis no matter what you say, take care what you do: No regaling your Palate with foreign Dishes, they are very dangerous. Take my Word for't, you'll live longer upon your own Food, and with less Danger of your Health.

Donna Per. I know not what you'd have me say, my Dear; but if you think me false, confine me to my Chamber, or send me to a Monastery. Grant, Heaven, he does not take me at my Word.
[*Aside.*]

Marg. I wou'd not give a Crusada for my Place, if he shou'd; a cloister'd Mistress brings no Grist to the Servant's Mill. [*Aside.*]

Don Per. Sure *Don Lopez* does belye her; I always found her thus pliable, kind, and modest; however, I'll watch her narrowly. In the mean time to take off her Suspicion, I'll seem to believe her. [*Aside.*]

Marg. So, all's right once more, I see by that Ogle of his.
[*Aside.*]

Don Per. Come, my Love, dry thy Eyes; I am not jealous, nor shall thy Brother make me so; I'll be an *Englishman* to thee. Come, buss thy own Husband then: Do, Deary.

Marg. That Buss secures me a Moidore before I sleep; for the *English* are the most generous Men living, in their Love Affairs.
[*Aside.*]

Donna Per. And won't you be jealous of me no more indeed, and indeed? nor let that naughty Brother vex you, 'till you fright me out of my Wits again? Will you promise me that?

Don Per. Yes, indeed, and indeed I will, you little coaxing Thief you. By St. *Anthony*, thou dost look wondrous handsome methinks. Od! if I were not to meet some Merchants about Business——

Donna Per. What, then you are going to leave me, my Jewel?

Don Per. But for two or three Hours, my Dear; and then I will so buss it, and love it, and hug it, and squeeze it.

[*Kisses and embraces her.*]

Donna Per. Ah! the very Apprehension makes me sick.
[*Aside.*]

Don Per. What makes my Dear sick?

Donna Per. The Duce take his Ears——the Apprehension of losing my dear, little, old Man.

Marg. Well turn'd. [*Aside.*]

Don Per. Thou shall quickly have me again, my Jewel.

Marg. Too soon, I dare swear. [*Aside.*]

Don Per. My Deary, go make much of thyself 'till I come back. Here, Seniora *Margaritta*, take care of your Lady.

[*Exit.*]

Marg. Yes, Senior, a better care than you think for. Come, Madam, now prepare to receive the charming *Englishman*.

Donna Per. I think I had better let it alone; do you consider the Hazard which I run?

Marg. Hazard! are you born in *Portugal*, and talk of Hazard?

Why, there is not a Woman in *Lisbon* that wou'd not run twice as much for such a Fellow—Do you consider the Difference between him and your old Husband?

Donna Per. Yes, and what I must suffer too, if I am caught.

Marg. Nay, nay, if Fear throws so many Bug-bears in your Way, follow your own Fancy: I'm like to make a fine Penny on't truly—Pray send me on no more Fools Errands; I'll carry no more Challenges, if you do not mean to engage: I trifle my Time away sweetly.

Donna Per. Nay, don't be angry, *Margret*; 'tis not but that I have as much Inclination for that handsome Man as ever; were I sure not to be discover'd, I shou'd not alter my Resolution.

Marg. That shall be my Care, I warrant you, Madam; he comes in by a Rope-ladder at your Closet-window, by which he may return with Secrecy and Expedition upon the least Surprize.

Donna Per. My Closet-window looks upon the River, how can he come that Way?

Marg. By a Boat that shall wait to receive him again.

Donna Per. Let him come then.

When Inclination pleads, Fears quickly fly,
And powerful Love can Reason's Force defy.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to Colonel Ravelin's Lodgings.*

The Colonel looking on his Watch.

Rav. 'Tis within two Minutes of the Time; I must be punctual; for Women here forgive not the least Omission. Let me see, is my Trap-door unbolted? Not yet?

[Goes to the Chimney, and seems to pull at a Trap-door.]

Enter Servant.

Serv. Here's a Gentleman to wait on you, Colonel.

Rav. I'll see nobody: Did I not tell you so, Blockhead?

[Gives him a Box on the Ear.]

Enter Marplot.

Mar. Nay, 'tis only I, Colonel; don't be angry, you forgot your Snuff-box, and I thought you wou'd want it, so I brought it you, that's all, Sir.

Rav. Oh, Sir, you need not have given yourself the Trouble.

Mar. I think it no Trouble, upon my Soul, Sir. Ad! you have very pretty Lodgings here, Colonel; what a very fine Collection of Pictures you have got! Pray who is this at length, Colonel?

Rav. I can't tell indeed, Sir, they belong to the House. Pox take this Coxcomb. [*Aside.*]

Mar. Ho, do they so? pray what do you give a Week for these Lodgings?

Rav. Prithee ask me no Questions; I don't know, I have forgot. Ha! the Door unbolts, which way shall I get rid of this Puppy? [*Aside.*]

Mar. Hey day! forgot! that's impossible.

Rav. Look ye, Sir, I perceive it is impossible for me to answer all the Questions you may possibly ask at this Time; but in the Evening I promise to solve all your Interrogatories.

Mar. Nay, nay, Colonel, if I am troublesome, I'll begone—this Uneasiness has a Meaning. [*Aside.*]

Rav. You'll oblige me in so doing, Mr. *Marplot*; for I have a Visit to make this Moment.

Mar. Is it to Man or Woman, Colonel. Come, hang it, you may tell me that.

Rav. Why then, it is to a Lady: Now I hope you'll leave me.

Mar. Ay, ay, with all my Heart; but I may go with you to the Door, may I not?

Rav. Go to the Devil, Sir,—Death, how shall I shift him off? [*Aside.*]

Mar. How snappish he is—how the Duce shall I manage to find out this Intrigue? Well, well, don't be angry, Colonel: I'll leave you below Stairs.

Rav. Confound his Impertinence. Death, Sir, suppose I don't go down Stairs, how then?

Mar. How then? Why how then do you intend to make your Visit, Colonel: you don't go out at the Window, do you?

Rav. No more of your Impertinence, Sir, but be gone, or I shall fling you out at the Window.

Mar. Nay, if you be so cholerick, your humble Servant. Egad, I'll secure the Key; I'll know the Bottom of this, if I die for't.

[Snatches the Key of the Door and puts it in his Pocket, and Exit. The Colonel slaps the Door after him, then runs to the Trap-door, pulls it up and descends, and pulls it down after him.]

Rav. This is the most intolerable Dog I ever saw: Pox take him, there's half a Minute elaps'd.

[Marplot opens the Door softly and peeps.]

Mar. Egad, he's not come out yet, what is he a doing? Ha! I don't see him—nor hear him neither—Od, I'll venture in—upon my Soul here's nobody: Why sure he deals with the Devil—here's no Door but this that I can see—Is there any Way out at Window?—No, Faith, that's impossible, they have all Iron Bars.—What can become of him? O! I have it now,

before *George* he's gone up the Chimney, for there's no other Passage——It must be so. [*Peeps up the Chimney.*] Egad the Chimney is large, and easy enough to mount; now I have a strong Inclination to follow him——troth and I will too——sure the greatest Pleasure in the World lies in discovering what other People take such Pains to conceal——now they may call me impertinent Blockhead——inquisitive Fool——and ill-bred Puppy——and what they please, but I'd not quit the Pleasure of knowing this Secret, for the finest Breeding in *France*.——I'm afraid I shall spoil my Coat——rot him, what a cursed dirty Contrivance has he found out; hold, well thought on——I'll, I'll turn the wrong Side outwards——Ay, that will do. [*Turns his Coat.*] So, now for the Art of Chimney-sweeping. Egad, Colonel, in spite of all your Caution, ten to one but I know your Haunts; Lord, how I shall laugh at Night, when we meet, how I will joke upon him. Ha, ha, ha!

[*Goes into the Chimney, and the Scene shuts.*]



ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Donna Perriera's Apartment.*

Enter Margaritta and Charles.

Marg. Come, Courage, Senior *Englise*, fear nothing.

Cha. I hope you have a better Opinion of my Country,

Seniora, than to think me afraid; but where is the Lady? the beautiful young Lady, which you told me of, my Dear?

Marg. She's forth-coming, Sir—So, see what it is to be stricken in Years now, he looks over me, as if I were not a thing of his own Species. Well, Senior, I assure you, I have done you no small Service with my Lady, poor young thing, she had so many Scruples, but I told her a thousand Things in your Favour: *Seniora*, said I, the Cavalier is a fine Cavalier, he is——

Cha. Oh the Devil, if this Jade's Clack sets a going, there will be no End.—I understand you, *Seniora*, pray give me leave to thank you; and to engage you more heartily in my Interest, be pleased to accept this Token of my Esteem.

Marg. Ah, Senior, you *English* have excellent Faculties to please us Women; I'll swear they have exceeding good natural Parts, and readily conceive our Meaning. [*Aside.*] I'll acquaint my Lady that you are here, Senior.

[*Exit.*

Cha. Prithee do—So, I am enter'd, but how I shall come off, I am not able to determine: If instead of a Lady, there shou'd come an old surly Dog, with half a Dozen Bravoes at his Back, it wou'd give a strange Turn to my Inclinations; how foolishly a Man must look upon such an Occasion; egad suppose somebody shou'd be doing me the same Favour in *England* now with my Wife, cou'd I be angry? no Faith; if a man is born to be a Cuckold, 'tis none of his Wife's Fault, and therefore, *Senior*, *Don*, what d'ye call 'um, by your Leave, if your Wife be

handsome——

Enter Donna Perriera.

Ha! here she comes; a thousand Darts issue from her Eyes——what a Forehead's there! her Lips exceed the Redness of the Coral——'tis sure the Queen of Love—Ay, 'tis she, those Dimples in her Cheeks are *Cupid's* bathing Tubs, and that snowy Bosom the Plain he keeps his Revels on——*Seniora* [*Going towards her.*] The Duce take me, if I can speak to her.

Donna Per. You seem surpriz'd, Senior.

Cha. Who can look on such amazing Brightness, without Astonishment of Sense? *Semele*, when *Jove* approach'd her in all his Glory, had not more Cause to be surpriz'd.

Donna Per. You begin as if we had Years to waste in Courtship, Senior; pray descend from your high-flown Raptures; the Gods are no Example, let us talk like Mortals.

Cha. But are you sure, Madam, that you are mortal?

Donna Per. I'm afraid he'll find me so; he's a charming handsome Fellow. [*Aside.*] By your Distance one wou'd imagine that you took me for a Shadow, but you may venture to approach, I am Flesh and Blood, I shan't vanish. Ha, ha, ha!

Cha. Say you so, Madam? why then have at you, I was never afraid of Flesh and Blood in my Life——Ha! the Devil! a Dagger!

[Runs to catch her in his Arms, she holds up a Dagger, he starts back.

Donna Per. Ha, ha, ha! what, do you start at a Dagger, Senior?

Cha. Yes, in a Female Hand, those Limbs were made for softer Uses; and we *Britons* are not wont to see our Ladies arm'd with Steel. Love's Combats are fought with Kisses in my Country, I know not what his Laws are here.

Donna Per. The Engagements are the same, only a little Difference in the Preparation; a Wound in the Reputation of an *English* Woman, they say, only lets in Alimony, but with us it lets out Life: And therefore, tho' we proceed with Caution, a Lover ought to think us sincere, when we run such hazards to receive him.

Cha. But to what End is the Dagger, Madam? is it to dispatch your Lover by Way of keeping the Secret—faith he'll have but small Stomach to eat, that knows he must die as soon as he has din'd.

Donna Per. No, Senior, by this I wou'd imprint in your Mind the Danger which we are both expos'd to, if we are not both discreet; favours in *Portugal* must not be boasted of.

Cha. Nor any where else, Madam; a Man of Honour scorns so poor a Piece of Treachery; he that owns he ever had a Favour, proclaims himself both lewd and foolish, but he that points the Woman out is a Villain, and ought to have that Dagger in his Heart.

Donna Per. Nobly said. [*Throws away the Dagger.*] That sentence has disarm'd and left me at your Mercy.

Cha. Then thus I seize, and thus I will revenge the Arts you took to fright me. Ha! her Kisses wou'd warm the Dead, I'm all Extasy. I fancy the next Room is more private, Madam, and I have a Secret to impart of mighty Consequence, therefore prithee let's withdraw.

Donna Per. Oh happy *English* Women, that have such Men as these plenty. Oh my Heart, I find I have not Power to deny him——Open that Door, *Margaritta*.

[*Opens the Door, Marplot flaps down the Chimney, the Women shriek, Charles draws his Sword, Marplot roars out, the Women run off.*]

Mar. Ah, Zounds I have broke my Leg.

Marg. Ah! Thieves, Thieves.

[*Exit.*]

Donna Per. Ah! Murder, Murder.

[*Exit.*]

Cha. *Marplot!* Which way got you hither? I have a good mind to stab you, you Rascal.

Mar. [*Falls on his Knees.*] Ah, dear *Charles* is it you? Oh forgive me for Heaven's sake, this was pure Accident, as I hope

to be sav'd; the Devil take me, if I thought of finding you.

[*Within.*] Thieves! Murder! Murder!

Cha. Death, they'll raise the House, and I shall be taken for a Thief, the Women will swear they know nothing of me, I warrant 'em. Rogue, Dog, Poltroon.

[*Beats Marplot and Exit into the Closet.*]

Mar. Nay, good *Charles*,—Oh, oh, oh, what shall I do? Oh Lord, Oh Lord, dear *Charles* take me out with you. [*Exit after Charles, and returns.*] Oh, woe's me that ever I was born, he has leapt into the River; was there ever such an unfortunate Dog as I am, to be in Quest of one, and tumble upon t'other? tho' if I cou'd but get safe out, and *Charles* 'scape with his Life, the Accident wou'd not displease me neither; but if *Charles* be drown'd, I shall hang myself, that's certain.

[*Within.*] Thieves! Thieves! *Lorenzo, Pedro, Sancho!* where are you all?

Mar. Oh frightful! the whole House is up in Arms, which way shall I escape? ah! methinks I feel a Spado thro' my Guts already: Egad, there is no way but up the Chimney again.

[*Runs into the Chimney.*]

Enter Don Perriera and his Wife, Margaritta, and other Servants arm'd.

Don Per. Where are these Rogues, my Dear? I'll swinge 'em. How many were there?

Marg. We saw ten at least.

[*Exit into the Closet, and returns.*]

Donna Per. Yes indeed did we——with Pistols and Spadoes, and Heaven knows what. Is my Lover got off clear? [*Aside to Marg.*]

Marg. Without Dispute, for the Ladder is gone.

Donna Per. What cou'd that Fellow be? I wish he was no Spy from my Brother *Don Lopez*. [*Aside.*]

Don Per. Why, where are they all? and which way got they in?

Marg. They all came down the Chimney, Senior.

Don Per. Down the Chimney? Here, Rascal, search the Chimney.

Marg. Take heed, *Lorenzo*, and kill the first you light on—the Dead can discover nothing. [*Aside.*]

Lor. Here's one of 'em.

[*Pulls Marplot out.*]

Don Per. Take him alive, I charge you.

Donna Per. Ah! then all will out, and I am ruined. [*Aside.*]

Don Per. How now, Sir, what are you?

Mar. I can't tell what I am, Sir, not I.

Donna Per. 'Tis an *Englishman*, and can't belong to *Don Lopez*. [*Aside.*]

Don Per. Can't you so, Sir——Death! how came you here?

Mar. Nay, I know as little of that too, for my Part. What will become of me? These Fellows have damn'd murdering Faces. [*Aside.*]

Don Per. Where are the rest of your Gang, Sirrah?

Mar. Nay, Heav'n knows; wou'd I were with 'em.

Don Per. Zounds, Sirrah, answer without these Equivocations, or by *St. Anthony*, I'll have you rack'd to Death.

Mar. I can't think of any tolerable Lie to save my Life now. [*Aside.*]

Don Per. Why don't you speak, I say? where are the other nine? here were ten of you just now.

Mar. Ten! as I hope for Mercy from your Hands, Sir, I saw but one; and how he came here, may I be castrated if I know. 'Tis true he is a Friend of mine, but I won't answer for his Virtue for all that, when there is a handsome Woman in the Case; for Beauty is a Temptation, you know, Sir.

Donna Per. Undone! this Fellow knew the other. [*Aside.*]

Don Per. How's this? a handsome Woman——I wish my Wife has not a Hand in the Plot. [*Aside.*]

Marg. [*Aside to Marplot.*] Recall what you have said; not one Word more of the Man you saw here, as you hope to live two Hours.

Mar. Ah, wretched *Marplot!* what will become of thee? [*Aside.*]

Don Per. Did you not tell me you saw ten armed Men come down the Chimney, Wife?

Donna Per. For my Part I was so frightened, my Dear, that I durst have sworn I saw twenty.

Marg. Ay, so did I too, Senior; for People in a Fright see double.

Don Per. Pray Heav'n somebody had no Design to be double. [*Aside.*] Where is this Friend of yours, Sir?

Mar. What Friend, Sir?

Don Per. Why him you said you saw just now.

Mar. Ah! that was all a Mistake, Sir; I did not know what I said, Sir, nor, I believe, did not know what I meant, and I am sure I did not neither, except I meant myself, Sir. Nay, now I think on't, I did mean myself, Sir.—Oh Lord, Oh Lord, which Way shall I come off? [*Aside.*]

Don Per. Don't stammer so, Rascal; I shall have no Mercy on you presently——Did you not say you saw a Friend of yours here?

Mar. Why, if I did, Sir, I meant myself; and there needs no Logic to prove a Man's best Friend is himself; tho' I am sure I am my own worst Foe. Oh! I shall swoon away with Fright. [*Aside.*]

Don Per. You said, you knew not how he came here neither.

Mar. Myself, again, Sir; for as I hope to get safe out, I had no more Design to come into your House than I had to eat it, Sir.

Don Per. And dare not you swear for your own Virtue neither, Scoundrel?

Mar. No really, Sir, no Man knows his own Strength; and I confess ingenuously, Sir, that a pretty Woman has Power to dissolve my Resolutions of Virtue at any Time.

Don Per. Say you so, Sir? why then there are Things to be used to preserve Virtue, which I'll take Care to administer. I'll engage you shall attempt no Man's Wife for the future. Here, bind his Hands.

Marg. 'Tis a handsome young Man, and no Fool. I wish I cou'd tell how to save him. [*Aside.*]

Mar. Ah, dear Sir! what do you mean? I design upon a Man's Wife! Upon my Soul, Sir, I never had any such damnable Design in my Days, Sir.

Don Per. Sirrah, Sirrah, you wou'd not have come down my Chimney for nothing; you are a Rogue I see by your Disguise, Sirrah. Bind him, I say.

Mar. Disguise! hold, hold, if the Truth must out, it must; then to deal ingenuously——

Donna Per. Ah! now it comes out, I am ruin'd past Redemption. [*Aside.*]

Mar. I am very subject to an itching in my Nature, to know every body's concerns; and being thrust out of an Officer's Lodging of my Acquaintance, for my Impertinence, (as he called it) I suspected he had some Intrigue on foot; so I watch'd his coming out, but finding he shut himself up, I imagin'd he had got his Mistress with him. So, Sir, I found Means to get in again; but not meeting with him, I fancy'd he had some private Way up the Chimney. So, Sir, my confounded Curiosity, with a pox to't, must needs try to smell him out.—So, Sir, I turn'd my Coat here, to save it clean, and up I scrambled; but when I came without-side, I saw nobody there then: Sir, something whispered me in my Ear, that he might be got down the next Chimney: So, Sir, that develish Desire of mine brought me down hither, as you see, Sir; and this is the Truth, and nothing but the Truth, as I hope for your Pardon, Sir.—Ah! poor *Marplot!* if this brings thee not off, thou art undone for ever. [*Aside.*]

Don Per. A well compact Lie. I'll officer you, with the Devil to you. I suppose your Countrymen think they have a Licence for Cuckoldom. Do you hear? search the whole House; for this Rogue in Red may lurk in some Corner or other, and watch the

Opportunity to press my Wife to the Service, and think to raise Recruits out of my Family: And for you, sweet Senior Sweep-chimney, the Corrigidore shall let you into the Secrets of our Laws in *Portugal*.

Mar. The Devil take all Secrets for me.

Don Per. *Lorenzo*, go, let him know his Presence is required. Come, Sir! I shall put you into a safer Place till he comes, where there is no Chimney to get out at. *Margaritta*, take care of my Wife——Hold, now I think on't, I'll ease you of that Trouble, and do it myself. Go, get in there.

Donna Per. What Fault have I committed, my Dear, to be immur'd? If I had not cry'd out, you had not taken this Villain.

Mar. I wish you had been dumb with all my Blood.

Don Per. When he is gone, and the House found to be clear, you shall have your Liberty again; therefore no Dispute, but in, I say. [*Exit Donna Per.*] Now bring him along into the next Chamber.

Mar. O you malignant Stars!——Oh, take Pity upon me, and let me go, or I shall die with Vexation, and you'll be accessory to my Murder, and that will trouble your Conscience.

Don Per. Conscience! you Heretic Dog! Do you talk of Conscience? Drag him along.

Mar. Heretic Dog! A good Hint, ad, I'll pretend to turn Papist. Oh! hear me one Moment, Sir; I do confess I am a Heretic, and

my Conscience tells me very unfit to die. Ah! dear Sir, be so charitable to afford me a little Instruction, and recommend me to some Saint that may take care of me in the other World.

Don Per. Oh, *Anthony!* thou hast touch'd his Heart, and put me upon a meritorious Action—I must have Regard to his poor Soul——Well, young Man, since I find thou art become the Care of Heaven, I think thee worthy my Regard. I'll send for a Priest that shall instruct thee in the Mysteries of our Religion. Come, come along.

[*Exit.*

Mar. Ah, for some Instructions now to get out; here's a little Time gain'd, however.

[*Exit guarded.*

Marg. Well, by *St. Anthony*, I am much concern'd for him, methinks I feel a more than ordinary Motion about my Heart. Ha! my Pulses beat quicker than they used to do; I am much disorder'd, but I believe my Distemper wou'd not prove dangerous were he my Physician; well, if I thought he wou'd be grateful I'd release him. I have a Key will open that Door; besides he knows my Lady's Gallant, and perhaps they may force him to discover who he is, and where he lodges: and if he falls into *Don Lopez's* Hands, fare him well, and farewell my Fees too; now if I convey him out, I may prevent future Mischief, and may be get a Love of my own, or at least I cannot fail of Rewards from all Sides. I'll do't, I'm resolv'd.

[*Exit.*

Enter again with Marplot.

Marg. Well Senior *Englise*, what think you of finding out Secrets again?

Mar. For my Part I shall hate every thing that is but spell'd with any one Letter that belongs to it: Have you no Bowels of Mercy for one neither? Ah! Seniors, for honest *Charles's* Sake let me go; you see I brought you off, then prithee take some Pity on me.

Marg. Fie, Senior, a Lady may compassionate your Person for your own Sake. To do you Justice, you are a clever young Man, and may make your Fortune.

Mar. I wish I cou'd make my Escape.

Marg. Suppose a Lady should take a liking to you, cou'd you be kind?

Mar. Kind! ods heart, is it possible for a Man to think of Kindness, when the Knife's at his Throat——What the Devil does this old Hag mean? [*Aside.*]

Marg. But set the Case a Woman shou'd procure the Liberty of your Person, what Charms must she be Mistress of to captivate your Heart?

Mar. Charms! Egad if she had never a Nose, I shou'd think myself bound in Honour to be grateful.

Marg. Tho' she was not altogether so young?

Mar. Nay, tho' she were as old again as thou art, I wou'd love her monstrously. I fancy 'tis herself she means; egad I begin to conceive Hopes of Liberty. [*Aside.*]

Marg. Indeed! and do you really think you cou'd love me, Senior?

Mar. Do you really think you can let me out?

Marg. It lies in my Power.

Mar. Why then t'other shall lie in my Will: And to prove my Love, there's Gold for thee, old Girl.

Marg. This is as it shou'd be now, nothing like Earnest, to bind a Bargain——Well, Senior, upon Condition you'll meet me whenever I shall give you Notice, I'll take Pity on you, and let you escape.

Mar. My Angel, my Life, my Soul, odd I'm wondrous full of Raptures of a sudden.

Marg. Hark, I hear somebody coming, follow me quickly.

[*Exit.*]

Mar. With all my Spirit.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Don Perriera and Don Lopez.

Don Lop. Stupidity! Give a Villain fair Play for his Life, that wou'd rob you of your Honour! What Business cou'd this Fellow have in your House? and by so clandestine a Way as the Chimney? where is he? give him to my Revenge.

Don Per. Not for the World; you wou'd not kill him now, when he is willing to be converted; just when his Eyes are opening? that wou'd be to destroy his Soul with his Body.

Don Lop. His Soul! I'd rather give a hundred Moidores to have it pray'd out of Purgatory, than lose my Revenge. Open the Door, I say, or I will force it open.

Don Per. I say you shall not see him 'till the Corrigidore comes, I'll deliver him into the Hands of Justice; I will not have a Man murder'd without a just Cause: Touch the Door if you dare, I'd have you know I am Master of my own Lodgings.

Don Lop. And I'd have you to know, Sir, that I'll batter your Lodgings about your Ears, before I'll suffer in my Honour: Where is this Salacious Woman, this adulterous Sister, this contaminated Fair-one, this Viper of our Family?

Don Per. Safe enough out of your Reach. I know she's innocent of this, and therefore will preserve her. Pray mitigate your Passion, Senior, and you shall have all the Satisfaction in this Matter you can desire from a Brother.

Don Lop. Brother! Damn the Alliance, I scorn the Title.

Don Per. Right, just as my Wife said——he does hate me heartily——

Enter Servant.

How now, is the Corrigidore come?

Serv. Yes, Sir, he's without.

Don Per. Bring him in.

Enter Corrigidore and Guards.

I charge you, Senior *Don Garcia Pedro Compostello*, to keep the Peace, and protect the Prisoner which I shall deliver into your Hands from the Fury of Senior *Don Lopez*, whose fiery Temper hurries him on to execute, before he knows the Nature of the Offence.

Cor. Sure you mistake, Senior; Rashness has no Connection with true Courage; and I look upon *Don Lopez* to be a Person of a singular good Conduct.

Don Lop. Rot your fawning Praise—Do Justice, demand your Prisoner; let me see the *English Dog*.

Cor. Nay, Senior, if you are in Earnest, I am oblig'd by my Office to keep the Peace: disarm him.

Don Lop. A Curse of your Authority.

Cor. Now, *Don Perriera*, bring out the offender.

Don Per. That I will. Here, open that Door, and bring him hither.

[*Gives a Key to a Servant; who exits, and returns.*]

Serv. Here is nobody within, Sir.

Don Per. How! Nobody within? Ah, thou art a blind Booby.

[*Goes in and returns hastily.*]

Mercy upon me! The Rogue was in the right, there is no body there, 'twas certainly the Devil, and he's gone through the Key-hole; for no human Creature cou'd get out; bless me how I tremble!

Don Lop. The Devil! I wish I had met with that Devil, I'd have tried to have made him mortal for the good of Mankind.

Cor. Pray let's see this Room from whence he escap'd, perhaps he may be hid somewhere.

[*Exit Corrigidore with Don Lopez.*]

Don Per. O, it is to no Purpose, there is nothing to be seen.

Corrigidore, and Don Lopez return.

Don Lopez. Hark ye, *Don Perriera*, if your Wife be not vanish'd too, prithee ask her what Species he was compos'd of; I warrant she can tell you, he had no sulphurous Scent about him.

Cor. 'Tis very odd; was the Door lock'd are you sure?

Serv. Yes, Senior, I'm sure I unlock'd it.

Don Per. I lock'd it myself, and have had the Key in my Pocket ever since.

Don Lop. But all your Locks are not secur'd, by carrying the Key about you, I doubt Senior; I hope I may put on my Spado again.

Cor. Pray be certain of your Criminals, Senior, the next Time you send for me.

[*Exit.*

Don Per. S'death! am I flouted—I have lost all Patience, I'd give my whole Estate to know which Way this Dog escap'd, if he were Flesh and Blood.

Don Lop. Ask your Wife that,—Confusion.

[*Exit in a Passion.*

Don Per. My Wife! If I shou'd find my Wife guilty, I'd practise such unheard of Cruelties on her, as shou'd out-do our Inquisition.

[*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *the Terriera de Passa.*

Enter Col. Ravelin and Charles.

Rav. Ha, ha! certainly this Fellow is the most mischievous Rogue that ever liv'd; which Way got he down the Chimney?

Cha. Nay, that's past finding out, as also what's become of him: I could have cut his Throat with all my Soul just then, and yet I can't help being concern'd for him now; I fear he is kill'd.

Rav. I shou'd be sorry for that, tho' in my Conscience he deserves it: this busy Humour of his is as natural to him as his Food; he follow'd me home this Morning. I was forc'd to use him very roughly to get rid of him; for you must know, I have a Trap-door in my Chimney, thro' which I descend into a back Street, where I am conducted by an old Negro to an Angel of a Woman; I had her Summons; and the Hour of Assignation was come when he enter'd my Chamber.

Cha. A very unseasonable Visit faith, Colonel.

Rav. Ay, was it not? but I quickly dispatch'd him, tho' how he stumbled upon you afterwards, and in so odd a Manner, is a Miracle.

Cha. If he lives we shall know when next we meet; I never catch'd him in a Lie, which is the best Qualification he has. But, Colonel, did not you promise to introduce me to your *French*

Mistress? What, this Lady incog. has not beat her out by the by, has she, Colonel?

Rav. No, no, she maintains her Ground too well; there's more Danger of my raising the Siege, than her beating the Chamade; she has so many Retreats of Pride, Vanity, and Affectation, that without some lucky Accident toss a Granade into the Magazine of her Inclination, there'll be no Hopes of the Town.

Cha. Storm, then, Colonel, storm.

Rav. I rather choose to block her up and starve her out, suffer no Admirer to enter; and if once a Woman of her Temper want the Provision of Vanity, she surrenders of Course.

Cha. An admirable Stratagem, but prithee let me see her before you put it in Practice.

Rav. It shall be now, if you please, *Charles*.

Cha. With all my Heart: Is it far?

Rav. At that House yonder.

Cha. Lead the Way, then.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Marplot.

Mar. Lead the Way——where the Devil are you going? Now can't I help having a violent Desire to follow them, tho' I escap'd

so narrowly in my last Project: Yonder they go; ha! they are enter'd already, that is no publick House I'm sure: Egad, may be it is some private Bourdel, or what Business can both of them have at one House? Well, *Charles*, tho' you were so barbarous to desert me in my Afflictions, I won't serve you so, I'll not stir from this Place 'till I see you safe out—Od, upon second Thoughts I'll knock at the Door, and ask for him, perhaps three may be as welcome as two.

[*As he is going to knock, enter Isabinda in Boy's Cloaths.*]

Isab. Ha! *Marplot* here, this is lucky. [*Aside.*] Mr. *Marplot*, fortunately met.

Marp. That's more than I can tell yet, for I don't know you, Sir.

Isab. Nor wou'd I have you. [*Aside.*] But you know those that do; can you tell me where Mr. *Charles Gripe* is to be found?

Marp. Ha! my Mind misgives me plaguily that this is an Envoy from the old Man's Wife; pray Heaven he has never a Summons from my old Matron too; for tho' I comply'd with all she ask'd to purchase my Liberty, I am sure I shall have no Stomach to perform Articles. [*Aside.*]

Isab. Don't you hear me, Sir?

Marp. Yes, yes, Sir, I hear you—what the Duce shall I say to him? he must not know that *Charles* is gone into yon House; for Women here, they say, are cursed jealous, and that may be a Means to have his Throat cut. [*Aside.*]

Isab. Why don't you answer? where does he lodge?

Marp. Where does he lodge?—this must be some new Intrigue, for doubtless t'other knows his Lodgings: Look ye, Sir, one good Turn deserves another; let me know what Business you have with him, and according as I like it, your Question shall be answer'd.

Isab. *Marplot* still, I find he's no Changeling. [*Aside.*] Why then, Sir, if you must know, I have a Letter for him from a Lady who is desperately in Love with him.

Mar. So here's another Intrigue popt into my Mouth. In Love with him? Prithee, dear Youth, who is she? where does she live? what's her Name? is she Maid, Wife? or Widow? young, or old? black, brown, or fair? short or tall? fat or lean? this Country, or a Foreigner? quick, quick, quick, my dear little Rogue, let me into the Secret, and I'll carry you to his Lodgings immediately—Egad this Discovery will make my Peace with *Charles* compleatly.

Isab. I can only answer him these Questions, Sir; I am no Blab, you must excuse me if I'm silent.

Marp. So must you me, Sir, I'm no Blab neither, Sir, if you go to that, I'd have you to believe I can keep my Friend's Secrets when intrusted; I don't know his Lodgings; find them out if you can.

Isab. You are very short, Sir; I have nothing to say against your Secrecy, but it wou'd be Impudence in me to run the

Hazard, besides forestalling your Friend's Generosity, he ought to have the Disposal of his own Secrets.

Marp. Ay, if it comes into his Hands once, 'twill cost me more Pains to find it out, than 'tis worth.

Isab. Pains to find out? I hope you never endeavour to find out what other People wou'd conceal?

Marp. No? Yes to chuse; why the Duce shou'd any Man know more than myself? We came into the World alike, and I can see no Occasion for his superior Knowledge.

Isab. I admire you are not for leveling Estates too; how can you bear any Man to be richer than yourself?

Marp. Oh with Ease, my Wealth lies in my Mind; I had rather fathom the Depth of a Man's Thoughts, than his Pocket; yet to show you I can suppress my Curiosity, let me read the Letter, and I'll excuse the rest.

Isab. It is as much as my Life is worth to open the Letter.

Marp. Pox take his Life—tell me what's in't then, or may I be carbonado'd if you know his Lodgings. I'd give a Finger to have this Intrigue rightly. [*Aside.*]

Isab. I must not let this Fellow know me, if I intend to conceal my being in *Lisbon*; I'll humour him a little, and try what Discovery I can make. [*Aside.*] Well, Sir, if you'll promise to be secret, I'll let you into this Affair.

Marp. Secret as a Priest, Child—Egad, I shall have it; pray Heav'n *Charles* does not come out before he has done; if he shou'd, I should be undone. [*Aside.*]

Isab. Why then, the Lady I belong to is a rich Merchant's Daughter near the Convent of *Santo Ficiente*; her Name is *Donna Cephisa*, she saw your Friend at Church, is extremely charm'd with him, and resolves to marry him.

Marp. Marry him! ha, ha, ha, ha! poor Lady! why now to return Secret for Secret, he's married already; but perhaps he may prick her down amongst the rest of his Mistresses: You understand me?

Isab. Too well—the rest of his Mistresses? has he such Store then?

Marp. As many as he can well manage, I believe.

Isab. Oh my Heart! the Danger of intriguing in this Place alarms my Fears, and shocks my very Soul.

Marp. What I have said makes you thoughtful, I perceive; will nobody do but *Charles*? what think you of me?

Isab. Why, really, Sir, were I a Woman, I shou'd prefer you before him, but I can't answer for my Lady; if you please I'll mention you.

Marp. Your most humble Servant, Sir——Egad there may be new Pleasure in having an Intrigue of one's own, for aught I know, for I never had one in my Life. [*Aside.*]

Isab. But, Sir, there's one Article in our Agreement which you have not perform'd.

Marp. What's that?

Isab. Where your Friend lodges?

Marp. Why he lodges at yon green Windows, where if you have any Service from your Lady for your humble Servant, you'll find me there also.

Isab. I kiss your Hand, I'll do my best to serve you.

[*Exit.*

Marp. Sir, I kiss yours—I'm glad he's gone before *Charles* came out; this is a nonsensical Secret, tho' methinks I'd rather know what the Colonel and he is doing in yon House—shall I knock at the Door or not? If I shou'd, ten to one but I do Mischief—and shall be beaten again: To prevent which I'll wait within sight for their coming out, so when they are pass'd by, I may with more Security make my Enquiry.

[*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to Mademoiselle Joneton's Lodgings.*

She drest fantastically modish, with her Sister Marton, and Susan.

Mad. Susan, bring me the Glass.

Susan. Yes, Madam.

Mad. Don't I look wretchedly to-day, Sister?

Mart. Your Looks are the same to-day they always are, I see no Difference.

Mad. How do you mean that, Sister? that I always look shockingly, or how?

Mart. She looks too well for my Ease, since she's belov'd by Colonel Ravelin. [*Aside.*] I'm sure your Vanity and Affectation does not put that Construction upon my Words, Sister.

Mad. Affectation! pray, what am I affected in? nay, take the Glass away again. [*Enter Susan with the Glass.*] My Sister *Marton* says, I'm affected, so I will not look in't to oblige her: Am I not very complaisant?—One wou'd really think my Sister of *Spanish* Production, she is so formal—I see no Reason why one may not alter and change the Form and Manner of speaking, according to the Company one keeps, as well as the Mode and Fashion of one's Cloaths——Now when I converse with my own Sex, I love to indulge myself, and let my Words fall from me with Indolence and Ease, because their Conversation is insipid, and we only prattle away Time.

Mart. Insipid! Ha, ha, ha! pray what relish have the Men's beyond ours!

Mad. Oh! that Question is preposterous—But you have no

Taste, Sister, you detest Mankind.

Mart. Ay, but the Colonel has found the Way to convert that Notion. [*Aside.*] I confess Sister, I never cou'd see any thing in these lordly Creatures of Force enough to make me submit blindly to their tyrannick Sway.

Mad. But there's a vast Pleasure in making them submit to ours, to make so fine a Gentleman as Colonel *Ravelin* obey my Nod, sigh, weep, and kneel at one's Frown, then give him Raptures with a Smile. The Colonel! Oh! the most engaging Man alive—When he comes next you shall see him, Sister.

Mart. Not for the *Spanish Mines*—I'm too well acquainted with the Colonel, which she must not know. [*Aside.*] Excuse me, Sister, I shou'd only spoil your Conversation.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Here's Colonel *Ravelin*, and another Gentleman to wait on you, Madam.

Mad. Bring 'em up.

[*Rising in a hurry, and running to the Glass.*]

Mart. Ha! the Colonel! oh my Heart: I must be gone; I wou'd not have him know me for the World——Well, Sister, I'll leave you to your desirable Company.

[*Exit.*]

Mad. Adieu, ma Soeur.—

Enter Colonel Ravelin and Charles.

Ah! Monsieur le Colonel!—

Rav. Ah Mademoiselle *Joneton*!—

Mad. Ha, ha, ha! I have a most comical Story to tell you, ha, ha, ha! such an Amour, ha, ha, ha! such a Letter, ha, ha! such a Conquest;—what makes me so merry? I am sure I have Cause enough to the contrary; my poor Paroquet is dead, Colonel.

Rav. Dead!

Mad. Dead, it died upon my Hand, it talk'd and buss'd me till the last Moment; oh my Heart is broke, oh, oh, oh, oh. [*Weeps.*]

Cha. So, she's resolv'd to play over all her Tricks I see. [*Aside.*]

Mad. Oh I can't contain myself when I think on't, oh, oh.

Rav. Oh unlucky Accident; give her Air.

Cha. In my Opinion she has already too much of that.

Rav. Mrs. *Susan*, loose her Lace; within there, bring some cold Water. [*Enter Servant with Water.*] She revives; for Heaven's sake how do you do, Madam? Come I'll procure you another Paroquet.

Mad. Oh not so divertisant, it had a thousand pretty Actions; one Day as Monsieur *le Markee de belle Jambe* was entertaining me with a Recital of his Amours—ha, ha, ha! I have a pleasant Tale to tell you of him too, ha, ha, ha, ha! he's marry'd, ha, ha, ha!

Cha. Upon the Titter again, deliver me from such a Medley I say. [*Aside.*]

Mad. To a thirty thousand Pound Fortune, ha, ha! but the Estate lies in Terra Incognita; I have recommended Imagination for his Steward, and Philosophy for his Equipage, ha, ha, ha!

Rav. The Marquis let me into the Secret, ha, ha! pray who is the Lady that has done him the Favour?

Mad. Oh my Stars, what ails me? ah Maria Mater, the Room goes round.

Rav. A Chair there, Mrs. *Susan*; repose yourself a little, Madam, 'tis only Vapours, and will off again; these Affectations in another I shou'd hate, but here I'm fated to the Folly.

Cha. Most fantastical: the Duce take me if I can bring myself to the Complaisance of asking her how she does. [*Aside.*]

Rav. How do you, Madam?

Mad. Oh much better, Colonel, 'tis impossible any Malady can stay long in your Company; I admire your Friend can be so melancholy with a Companion so diverting.

Cha. I confess the Colonel is of a singular good Humour, Madam, for an *Englishman*; we, generally speaking, are dull, heavy, thinking Animals, not mov'd by the losing of a Father.

Mad. Most unpolite! such a Lover as this, wou'd make me as splenetic as fourscore.

Rav. Alas, Madam, he's married.

Mad. Married! nay then I forgive him;—yet upon second Thoughts, I won't neither, for he ought to have left his dogged Humours at Home, and not stamp Wife in the Forehead of every Woman he meets.

Cha. He's mad that wou'd stamp any thing upon thee I'm sure.
[*Aside.*] Since I offend you, Madam, I humbly take my leave.
[*Going.*]

Rav. I beg you wou'd excuse the Bluntness of my Friend, Madam; he's a very honest Fellow. Oh that I cou'd look upon her with Indifference. [*Aside.*]

Mad. Oh fie, Colonel, why that Request? your Friend is a fine Gentleman—Nay, you shan't go, Monsieur; you being a married Man, must understand every Thing that belongs to our Sex.

[*Runs and pulls him
back by the Coat.*]

Cha. Heav'n deliver me from the Study. [*Aside.*]

Rav. Ha, ha, ha! poor Charles, how he frets. [*Aside.*]

Mad. Here! give me your Opinion, how do you like these Cloaths?

Cha. As I like every thing else that belongs to them, Madam.

Mad. A very odd Expression that—but don't you think our Airs plus Engageant, than the Ladies in *England*, Monsieur? how did your Lady dress to catch your Heart?

Cha. I never minded the Airs of her Person, Madam, she had other Charms for me.

Mad. This Fellow will give me the Hip confoundedly, if he goes on thus—If all his Sex were such mortifying Animals, what a number of fasting Days shou'd we have in the Calendar: we shou'd have no need of Indulgences, Pardons, and Penances, we shou'd live Saints and die without the fear of Purgatory.

Cha. Colonel you'll excuse me, if I leave you, for faith she has tired my Patience. [*Aside to Rav.*]

Rav. No, prithee tarry a little longer.

Mad. What are you two whispering about? You shan't go till you have drank some Tea; *Susan*, get Water for Tea, and set the Table ready.

Susan. 'Tis ready in the next Room, Madam.

Rav. My Friend is a Lover of Tea, and was just enquiring of me where I thought the best was to be got.

Cha. The Devil take his excuse, now there is no getting off.
[*Aside.*]

Mad. That I am Mistress of any Thing worth his Admiration, is no small Pleasure to me; I dare be vain to say, I can recommend him to the best in *Portugal*, along.

[*Sings a Minuet, and dances out.*]

SCENE, *The Terriera de Passa.*

Enter Marplot solus.

Marp. Methinks they stay a cursed while. Egad I'll e'en ask for *Charles*; the Story this young Fellow brought of a Letter will be a rare Excuse.

[*Going up to the Door.*]

Enter Bravo with a Letter.

Bravo. What Countryman are you, Sir?

Marp. Countryman, Sir? why I am an *Englishman*, Sir, I'm not asham'd of my Country.

Bravo. I have a Letter for an *Englishman*, but those that sent it don't know his Name.

Marp. From a Lady I warrant? Egad here's another Intrigue of

somebody's popt in my Way now; I've a good mind to own the Letter, open it and see what's in't; but if should come from an old Woman——Pray, Sir, does it come from Youth or Age?

Bravo. From Youth and Fire I assure you.

Marp. Because I expect a Summons from a very beautiful young Lady myself.

Bravo. Your Description is just, Sir.

Marp. Say you so, Sir? why then I believe it is for your humble Servant, Sir. Discoveries come thick to-day; I am a lucky Dog, faith.

Bravo. Not unlikely; there it is, Sir.

[*Gives him the Letter.*]

Marp. Ah Colonel, ah *Charles*, what wou'd you give to be in my Place now? But hang it, I'm good-natur'd, she shall fall to one of your Shares, for I wou'd not give a Halfpenny for the finest Woman in *Lisbon* for my own Sake. [*Opens and reads.*] What's here? The Reader is a Villain, and deserves to have his Throat cut. Surprizing! upon my Soul, Sir, this Letter does not belong to me. I am a lucky Dog now indeed.

Enter Don Lopez.

Don Lop. Upon my Soul, Sir, you lie. Draw, Sirrah, or I'll rip your Guts up. [*Draws.*]

Marp. Draw, Sir? for what, Sir? Oh bloody-minded Wretch, what will come of me? [*Aside.*]

Don Lop. For opening the Letter, Villain.

Marp. A pox on my curiosity——The Devil take the Letter, 'twas none of my seeking, the Fellow said it was for an *Englishman*, an, an, an I did not know but it might have been for me, as well as another, I ask your Pardon with all my Heart.

Don Lop. Rot your Compliments; if it had come from my Sister, it had been for you, Sir; therefore draw, or by St. *Anthony*——

Marp. Sister! as I hope to be sav'd, Sir, I know never a Man's Sister in the Universe.

Don Lop. Cowardly Dog, [*beats him.*] dare to lie with a Man's Wife, and not dare to fight for her?

Marp. Mercy upon me, I lie with a Man's Wife! Oh, Sir, you are the most mistaken in me that ever you was in your Days, Sir; upon my Faith, I never knew what Woman was, nay, Sir, I never car'd for a Woman, that's more——But indeed here are two or three Gentlemen of my Acquaintance very much given that Way.

Don Lop. Are there so, Sir?

Mar. Oh exceedingly——now I won't swear it is not one of them.——I wish I were fairly rid of him. [*Aside.*]

Don Lop. Your Safety depends upon your Information. Let me

know where to find them, and you shall live.

Enter Col. Ravelin, and Charles behind them.

Marp. Thank you heartily, Sir,—What a cursed Premunire I have brought myself into now, for egad I'll not tell where *Charles* lives, if I die for't—I'll, I'll, I'll tell him a wrong Place, I'm resolv'd.

Don. Lop. Come, where do they lodge? What are you studying for? ha!

[Slaps him.]

Marp. I, I, I, I, can't think of the Name of the Street for my Blood—it is,—it is,—what d'ye call the Street when you turn the Corner of your Right Hand, and then turn again of your Left, and then again of the Right, and so back by the Left, an, an, an, so, an, an, across the what d'ye call call 'em, an, and——

Don Lop. No equivocating, Sirrah.

[Holds the Sword to his Breast.]

Cha. I thought it was *Marplot's* Voice. *[Draws.]*

Rav. Since he lives, we'll preserve him. *[Draws.]*

Mar. Ah, good Sir, I, I, I, I, I,—Ah *Charles*, dear *Charles*.

Rav. Guard your Life, Sir, or cease to affront this Gentleman.

[*They beat off Don Lopez, and the Bravo.*]

Marp. Victoria! Victoria! Faith Gentlemen you came in the lucky Minute, or I had been a dead Man.

Rav. Nay, in my Conscience I believe thou'lt never die in thy Bed. Which of your inquisitive Actions brought this upon you?

Cha. Was this your Chimney Adventure, or another?

Marp. No faith, this was another about a damn'd Letter, and cuckolding somebody, and debauching that *Spaniard's* Sister, and the Devil knows what; I wish one of you two is not at the Bottom of this.

Rav. Ha, ha! Come *Charles*, we'll to your Lodgings, where he shall give us the whole Relation of his Adventures.

Marp. With all Sincerity——and I have something else to tell you, *Charles*; there's a Lady in Love with you, and has sent you a Letter; but mum, you shall promise to let me into the Secret, or you shall know no more on't.

Cha. How brisk the Rogue is again already! I thought you might have had enough of Secrets.

Marp. Oh, the Mind you know is never satisfied.
Were all the Joys that Nature could bestow
Within my Power to taste, I'd rather know
What every Man endeavours still to hide;
And having that, wou'd care for nought beside.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, Charles's Lodgings.

Enter Charles, Col. Ravelin and Marplot.

Rav. A Very pretty Account, ha, ha, ha! what do you expect will be the End of your Curiosity, *Marplot*?

Marp. No good in this Country I fear, yet for my Blood I can't help it.

Cha. What, can't you help dogging People, and opening Letters of no concern to you?

Marp. O' my Soul, I have made Resolutions upon Resolutions to the contrary, but to no Purpose; there is a tickling Desire runs through my Veins, which is always craving as my Stomach—and makes these Discoveries as necessary as my Food. Tho' faith I never mean any Harm——why this Letter now, who the Devil dream'd of a consumed Challenge?

Rav. You should always dream of the worst, Sir.

Marp. That's not my Maxim, Colonel; methinks ill Luck comes

fast enough. Look ye Gentlemen, 'tis as much your Fault as mine, if you wou'd take me with you, or tell me the Bottom of Things, I should trouble my Head no further; but here you leave me in the dark, and nothing to do, but entertain my Fears, which are strong for my Friends; and most of the Mischiefs I do, proceed from my Concern for their Safety; and here I got thump'd and beaten for my good Intentions, and that's all, on every Side.

Cha. And all you deserve; ha, ha, ha!

Enter Servant.

Serv. There's a Gentleman below enquires for you, Sir, he has Business for you from *England*, he says, Sir.

Marp. From *England!* who the Devil can this be now?
[*Aside.*]

Cha. Bring him up.

Enter Isabinda.

Isab. I have a Letter and Packet for Mr. *Charles Gripe*.

Cha. I am the Person, Sir. *Robin*, reach a Chair; pray be pleas'd to sit, Sir.

[*Opens and reads the Letter.*]

Marp. From *England!* Ha, ha! Sir, your humble Servant; why this is the very Gentleman I told you of, *Charles*——So, so, well, well, and how does *Dona Cephisa*? What, she will have

him then? and nobody else? what does she say to you, *Charles*? ha? How does she write? ha? Nay, egad you shall let me into this Business, Mun——for I have been chief Promoter of it I am sure, therefore no shuffling, *Charles*.——

Cha. No, no, I scorn it, *Marplot*; there, read, read.

[*Throws him the Letter.*

Marp. Why that's civil now——Let me see how these *Spanish Dames* express themselves—My dearest Life—Humph——As frank and fond, as if it came from an Inhabitant of *Covent Garden*, egad——I hope this will find you safely arriv'd in *Lisbon*——ha, *Lisbon*——why what the Devil does she mean? Let's see what's at Bottom: from your ever loving Wife, *Isabinda Gripe*. A murrain *Gripe* you——Pish, pox, I wonder'd you was so ready to show it me indeed.

[*Throws it down.*

Cha. Ha, ha! what, does not the Secret please you?

Marp. Please a Fiddlestick; why, what did this young Dog mean? Egad I wish *Charles* wou'd beat him for the Disappointment. [*Aside.*]

Cha. Pardon my Memory, Sir, I have seen your Face somewhere, but cannot recollect where. [*To Isab.*]

Isab. Heav'n continue his Ignorance. [*Aside.*] Very likely, Sir, I have liv'd most of my Time in this Place.

Mar. Ay! why how in the Name of Wonder did he come by this Letter then? [*Aside.*]

Isab. A Factor to my Uncle, Sir *Francis Tradewell*, from whom I receiv'd that, with Orders to deliver it to you.

Marp. Oh, so it came. [*Aside.*]

Cha. I know Sir *Francis* very well, and for his Sake, Sir, I should be proud of being better acquainted with you.

Isab. Sir, you honour me——

Marp. Pies of his Acquaintance, I say. [*Aside.*]

Rav. I hope your Lady's well, *Charles*.

Cha. At your Service, Colonel——she has sent the Papers I told you I forgot; now I shall dispatch my Business very quickly, she longs to see me, she says—'tis a poor good natur'd Tit, and I lov'd her heartily 'till I married her; but whether her overfondness, or the easy Access every Man has to his Wife, takes off the Edge of my Appetite, but methinks I see her not with half that Desire I us'd to do, when I scal'd her Window for a Kiss; the Memory of it is still pleasant.

Marp. Ah! my Shoulders remember that Time too.

Isab. Ungenerous Declaration! 'tis very unjust in my Opinion to slight the Thing that loves you, I'm sure 'tis what I could not do.

Marp. I fancy you never try'd the matrimonial Strength of Inclinations yet, Sir, therefore can be no Judge: Nature abhors Constraint.

Rav. Ay, ay, Inconstancy is a Fault in Nature, and who can help it?

Cha. Right, Colonel! and when you marry Mademoiselle *Flutter* yonder, you'll have a Proof of what I say.

Marp. Mademoiselle *Flutter*, who's she? I never heard of her before. [*Aside.*]

Rav. Let her look to that—I thought *Charles's* Wife had been a Favourite of yours, Mr. *Marplot*, but I don't hear you make the least Enquiry after her Health.

Marp. Look ye, Colonel, I hate to be balk'd, for that puts every thing out of my Head,—Hark ye, what did you mean by telling me such a confounded Story upon the *Terriera de Passa*, of a rich Merchant's Daughter, *Donna Cephisa*, and I can't tell who? What, was it all but a Sham then?

Isab. Why really, Sir, you was so inquisitive, that I had no other Way to dismiss you, and it is not my Custom to let one Man into the Affairs of another.

Rav. Poor *Marplot*, thou art balk'd every way; ha, ha!

Marp. Well, there was never good Times since this shuffling and lying came in fashion.

[*A Letter tyed to a Stone, is toss'd in at the Window; Charles takes it up, and reads to himself.*

Marp. Hey day! where the Devil came that from?

[*Runs to the Window.*

Isab. I fancy it came from that Fellow, which looks up yonder; [*Seeming to look out.*] there is nobody else near—Ha, my Eyes deceive me, or he belongs to somebody in the House where I lodge—I'll home and make the best Observation I can in this Matter. Ah, poor *Charles*, these Courses are more dangerous than thou art aware of; I'll not discover myself yet, perhaps I may satisfy my Curiosity better as I am. [*Aside.*]

Rav. An Assignation, *Charles*; send thee better Fortune than last Time.

Cha. 'Tis from the same Woman, Colonel—No, no, 'tis only some roguish Boy, tossing Stones about in Pieces of his Copy-Book.

Marp. Humph, but that Sham won't take tho'. [*Aside.*]

Isab. Oh well dissembled—Sir, I'm your humble Servant.

Cha. Sir, I hope I shall have the Honour to see you here again.

Isab. Sir, the Honour will be mine.

[*Exit.*

Enter Ravelin's Servant.

Serv. The Trap-door is unbolted, Colonel. [*Half Aside.*]

Marp. What's that of a Trap-door now? Odds Heart here's two confounded intrigues on foot, and I am out at both, and they'll be hang'd before they'll let me into one of them. [*Aside.*]

Rav. I'll be there immediately.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Marp. Where, Colonel? I wish I cou'd split myself in half now, that I might follow them both.

Rav. Again at your Impertinence? ha, ha!

Cha. He can't help it for his Soul.—Tho' we take different Posts, I fancy 'tis one and the same Action. Prosperity to yours.

Rav. The same to thine. Mr. *Marplot*, adieu.

Marp. What shall I do between both? Pox on't, 'tis very unlucky——Then you won't let me into the Secret, Colonel?

Rav. Positively no.

[*Exit.*]

Marp. Nay, nay, nay, *Charles*, you won't both leave me, will you?

[*Catches hold of Charles.*]

Cha. Indeed, *Marplot*, I have extraordinary Business.

Marp. Do but tell me what it is, nay, tell me but something relating to't, and I'm satisfy'd.

Cha. Why then to be ingenuous, the Letter which was toss'd in is a Challenge, and I am going to seek for a Second; now if you cou'd fight, you'd save me the Labour.

Marp. Ah, the Devil take it, that I never learn'd to fence.— Why did you not engage the Colonel?

Cha. Because I saw he had Affairs of his own to pursue.

Marp. What wou'd I give for Courage now!—Pies on't, what is it that makes Men so stout? Egad I'm ready to weep to think I can't serve my Friend; I have the Theory of fighting, methinks—I only want the practic Part.

Cha. So, I have found the Way to drop him at last——well, I hope you are satisfied.

Marp. Satisfied! no faith, *Charles*, I am not satisfied. Ods life, I'll tell you what I can do, I'll charge my Brace of Pocket Pistols, and shoot him—if you will.

Cha. Oh fie, there's a dishonourable Action, indeed.

Marp. The Devil take Honour when Life's concern'd, what will a Man get by it?

Cha. I have not Time at present to clear that Question.

Farewell.

[*Exit.*

Marp. Farewell! Egad 'twou'd be faring very ill tho', if he shou'd be kill'd. I wish I knew where to find Colonel *Ravelin*.— Oh. Lord, oh Lord; I never thought to ask *Charles* where this Duel was to be fought, and then whither cou'd I send him? Well thought on, yonder he goes; I'll follow till I fix him, and then I'll soon call Company enough to part them—Egad I love my Friend, as I love my Life.

[*Exit.*

SCENE *the Street.*

Enter Charles with a Rope-Ladder, Marplot at a Distance.

Cha. Let me see, she has chang'd her Apartment, she has sent me Word—her Window now is over the Door, this must be it.

[*Throws up his Ladder, which falls down again.*

Enter Margaritta.

Marp. Humph, I see what kind of Challenge it is now; a Man must have a rare fighting Stomach, that will scale the Window of his Antagonist.

Marg. Here, here, Senior, the Coast is clear, come in at the Door boldly, my Lady is all Impatience to see you.

Cha. Mine is the greatest; in, in my dear.

[*Exeunt.*]

Marp. [*Sings.*] Ah, put her in mind how her Time steals on——Oh, *Charles*, the Devil a Second did you want; that was only a Sham to get rid of me. Ha, ha, ha! how comically Things jump in my Way! I'll secure the Ladder tho' for him; this is a great House, but whose it is, is the Query? If I thought I shou'd not have my Bones broke, I wou'd make bold to enquire——who——

Enter behind him Don Perriera, and Don Lopez.

——have we here? They seem in deep Consultation——Oh bless me, one of them is the Bloody-minded *Spaniard*; egad it is not safe to be seen.

[*Exit between the Scenes.*]

Don Per. I have done all you order'd me to a Tittle, and have taken Leave of my Wife for three Days, under Pretence of Business at St. *Ubes*.

Don Lop. That's well. I can't find who this Villain is, but I warrant we shall have him fast enough. Now do you return, and cunningly convey yourself into the Antichamber Closet; there lie concealed, he'll not be long absent, if he's not there already; in the mean time I'll wait in the Street, with two or three trusty

Fellows, that shall dispatch him if he falls in our Way.

[*Exit.*

Don Per. And if I find myself a Cuckold, Fire, Blood, and Brimstone, if I catch 'em, I'll send them both to the Devil.

[*Exit into the House.*

Marplot comes forward.

Marpl. Mercy upon me, what an Oath was that? Why certainly, they think Murder a venial Sin here, and make no more of killing a Man, than cracking a Nut. This is certainly *Charles* which they threaten, for the old Cacademon is gone into that House. Which way shall I give *Charles* Notice of his Danger? I have a good mind to cry out Fire; but when they find there is no such Thing, they may burn me perhaps. Hark, I hear somebody coming, 'gad I shall be beat again.

[*Exit. Enter on the other Side.*

My Fear hears double, I think, I can see nobody.—Odd I'll make Use of this Ladder; he talk'd her Apartment was over the Door, so that perhaps I may give him Warning at the Window, and he may come down the same Way.—Oh Lord, which is the House, now? Is it this, or this, I wonder? Choke me if I can tell; what a blundering Sot was I not to take better Notice! this must be it certainly. [*Seems to throw up the Ladder between the Scenes, and Exit.*] Heav'n send me good Luck, for I tremble horribly.

[*Exit.*

SCENE *draws and discovers Marton's Apartment.*

Marton and Colonel Ravelin.

Rav. Nay, this is starving a Man in Sight of Plenty; how many times have you put me off with Excuses and fair Promises of the next Time?

Mart. And how often have you sworn Constancy, Colonel?

Rav. Humph! Look you, Madam, I am a true Protestant, and have a mortal Antipathy to Confession; I bear the Queen's Commission, and will entertain all that will fairly list under me; then let me have no more of these little Jealousies; I'll make as good Provision for thee as for any Lady in *Portugal*, so prithee let's come to a right Understanding: if thou art plagu'd with an old superannuated Husband, who wants a young Fellow to aid and assist him, here he stands; if thou'rt a Widow, and wants one to manage the Affairs of Love, I'll give you my Word you can't have a better; I'm an Arithmetician, as well as a Soldier, and can cast accompts as fast as any Man: And if thou'rt a Virgin, egad I'm as good an Engineer.

[*Embracing her.*]

Mart. You have mistaken your Plan, and may raise the Siege, Colonel, for you'll ne'er carry the Town this Way; I own I love you, and if I said with more Sincerity than she, I fancy I shou'd not injure her Passion; my Birth's as noble, my Fortune not less;

you give me some Proofs indeed, that my Person falls short of her Charms to engage the Heart of Colonel *Ravelin*.

Rav. Thy Person? Thy Person is a charming Person, and my Heart, and all the rest of the Appurtenances, are at thy Service, my Dear; thy Birth and Fortune are Things indifferent, so no more to be said about them.

[*Hugging her.*]

Mart. Will you marry me then?

Rav. Ah! what a Turn's there? Who cou'd have thought, after thy Manner of proceeding, thou would'st have ask'd such Security; why thou art an Usurer in Love, but prithee use Conscience; don't expect a Man to be a Slave all his Life. Marriage! why what confounded Extortion is that! Ods Heart, thou art more mercenary than an Agent; look ye, Madam, I'll give you Heart for Heart, and I think that good lawful Interest, and thou shalt have my Body for Performance of Articles.

Mart. Ah, Colonel, you'll bring a Habeas Corpus, and remove it as soon as the Campaign begins. I don't like these Prisoners at large.

Rav. And great Souls hate Restraint.

Enter Marplot in the Balcony.

Marpl. I have him faith—ah, how close they are! egad, it grieves me to part 'em—but there is no Help for it.—Fly, *Charles*, fly, there's the Devil and all of Plots against you—

here, here, give me your Hand, come this Way through the Window.

Mart. Oh! a Man at my Window! Oh! my Reputation is undone for ever.

[Faints into a Chair.]

Rav. How's that? a Man?

[Looks up and sees Marplot.]

Marp. The Devil! The Colonel!—Zounds, I am certainly bewitch'd—I, I, I, had as good have fall'n into the Hands of *Turks* and *Tartars*. O Lord, O Lord, my Ladder is gone, what shall I do now?

Rav. *Marplot!* 'Sdeath you Son of a Whore, I'll make an Example of you, to all inquisitive Rascals in the Universe.

[Strikes at him with his Sword.]

Marp. Ah, Colonel, for Heav'n's sake save my Life; upon my Soul you'll make me break my Neck, for I hang only by my Hands; may I be slic'd into Collops, if I knew anything of your being here; certainly I am the most unfortunate Fellow breathing.

Rav. Zounds, come down, Sirrah, and cease your bawling, or I'll shoot you thro' the Head.

[Pulls out a Pocket-Pistol.]

Marp. Oh, oh, oh! I will, I will, I will, dear Colonel.

[*Comes down.*]

Rav. For Heaven's sake, Madam, don't be frighted! 'tis an honest foolish Fellow of my Acquaintance; there's no Danger of your Reputation, my Angel.

[*Runs to Marton.*]

Enter Mademoiselle Joneton.

Mad. What Noise was that? ha! what do I see? my Sister and the Colonel? ah, ah! [*Faints.*]

Rav. Confusion! she here? I'm betray'd: What, ho, within there.

Mart. Ha! my Sister! nay then I'm compleatly wretched.
[*Aside.*]

Marp. Nay now we shall be murder'd—Oh Lord, what do you mean by calling out, Colonel?

Rav. 'Sdeath, what do you mean, Rascal, by coming here? This Mischief is all owing to you. I have a good mind to cut your Throat. [*Runs to Marton.*] Madam, Madam; ods Heart was ever Man in this Condition? What shall I do between 'em? Run, Sirrah, and call somebody.

[*Kicks him.*]

Marp. Lord, Colonel, have a little Patience; see, see, she

revives.

Mad. Is this your Reservedness, this your Modesty, this your hating Mankind, Sister?

Rav. How's that, her Sister? I have made a fine Piece of Work, faith: Rascal, I cou'd find in my Heart to break your Bones.

[*Boxes him.*

Mad. You have decent Inclinations for a Nun; you had a mind for a Taste of the World before you left it, Sister.

Mart. The World—the World is surfeited with your Impertinence, and I wou'd avoid tasting what may breed a Fever, but I resolve to let nothing ruffle that Calmness with which my Soul's possest at present, for this Day shuts me from the World and you for ever.

[*Exit.*

Marp. What does she mean by that now? But Colonel, Charles will be kill'd.—Upon my Soul, Colonel, *Charles* is in Danger.

Rav. What do you mean? 'Sdeath I'll toss you out the same Way you came in, you long to spoil all.

Marp. Spoil the Devil—I tell you he is in one of these Houses, I saw him go in, and heard an old Cuckold swear what he'd do if he caught him with his Wife; and then egad went into that very House. My Eagerness to give *Charles* Notice of the Danger, tumbled me a-top of you a Pies on't. Egad I think no

Man meets such barbarous Returns for his Good-nature, as I do.

Rav. Nay, if *Charles* is really in Danger, I beg your Pardon with all my Heart, Mr. *Marplot*.

Mad. What is this Consultation about? Et bien Monsieur, who are you thinking of?

Rav. Of you, Madam; Inclination and Honour holds Dispute, Inclination chains me to your Presence, but Honour calls me to the Rescue of my Friend: And I hope his Distress will excuse my abrupt Departure. Adieu, *ma chere Ange*.

Mad. And will you then precipitate yourself into Danger? This Gentleman will go.—

Marp. She's very charitably inclin'd towards me, I thank her.
[*Aside.*]

Mad. Won't you, Sir?

Marp. Why, look ye, Madam, I, I, I will go with all my Heart, but, but, but, but,—

Rav. But a single Arm is weak Assistance, where the Danger is so strong—besides it wou'd be a Reflection upon my Honour.—You are my Guardian Angel, if you smile I shall return in Safety.

[*Exit.*]

Marp. Faith is the main Point of Religion: Pray take me into

your Protection too, Madam.

[*Exit.*

Mad. So, he is gone then; now wou'd not I give a Dish of Tea for a Lover that I cou'd not make sacrifice every thing to me. These *Englishmen* have too much Sense to make Husbands of:

For only he shou'd to our Sex be dear,
Who from a Look is capable of Fear. }
The Man of Courage lords it every where.

[*Exit.*

SCENE *the inside of Don Perriera's House.*

Enter Donna Perriera, Charles and Margaritta.

Donna Per. I like the Description you have given me of *England* extremely, and envy the pleasant Life your Ladies live. I wish their Husbands cou'd teach ours their Complaisance.

Cha. We had rather teach their Wives, Madam, who have much more Docility.

Donna Per. We! Why, are you in the Number of marry'd Men?

Cha. I have a Breviat to act as one, Madam, in the Absence of your Husband, if it is not your Fault. Come, my Angel, we shall be interrupted again.

Donna Per. Why! you have no more Friends to come down the Chimney, have you?

Marg. If you have, I wash my Hands of him; no more Deliverance from me, I assure him. I hate to have a Scheme balk'd, that is so well laid.

Cha. No, no, *Seniora Margaritta*; what I apprehend is the Return of your Master.

Donna Per. He's safe for three Days, which Time I expect you'll pass with me. I have several Doubts to be resolv'd, and as many Articles to make, ere I give myself entirely to your Power.

Cha. What Agreements are we to make, I wonder? All Secrets, I suppose. The next Room is more private, I fancy; there I'll do my endeavour to solve your Scruples.

Donna Per. Margaritta, bring Wine and Sweetmeats into the next Room.

Cha. Well thought on.

The amorous Feast of *Cupid* soon wou'd cloy,
If *Bacchus* did not join the fainting Boy.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Don Perriera.

Donna Per. Margaritta, bring Wine and Sweetmeats.

Don Per. And is it then true at last? am I a Cuckold? Oh Vengeance! Vengeance! Oh *Anthony*, thou Guardian Saint of *Lisbon*, give me Patience; let me have christian Charity upon their Souls, for I shall have no Mercy upon their Bodies. I have sent for two Priests to take their Confessions, and then they die: Here I'll wait their coming; shou'd I enter, my Eyes wou'd let loose my Revenge too soon: 'Tis enough that I have them secure, and that my Ears have heard a Man's Voice with this vile Adultrous.

[*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to the* Terriera de Passa.

Enter Isabinda sola.

Isab. As I suspected, he is here in this House; thro' the sovereign Power of Gold I have discover'd all; but for my Ease, wou'd I had been ignorant still. O *Charles*, who can boast of Honour, that starts not at the Breach of Vows? Who have we here?

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. Methinks I never went so heavily of an Errand in my Life; I am sorry for this *Englishman*, and heartily sorry for my Mistress; for, to give her her due, she is the best-natur'd Woman to her Servants living: And faith I can't blame her for loving this Gentleman better than that old gouty, pthisicky, crook-back'd covetous Hunks my Master.

Isab. Ha! this is the Servant which I brib'd. Of what Errend is he sent? [*Aside.*]

Lor. What Saint shall I invoke to save this wretched Pair? I know St. *Anthony* is engag'd on Don *Perriera's* Side——Let me see, there is some She-saint that has been a Sinner this Way herself; if I cou'd think of her Name, she'd be the fittest Person to do their Business.

Isab. Their Business! Oh, my boding Heart foretells some Mischief. *Lorenzo*——

Lor. Ha! Who's there?

Isab. 'Tis I, fear not: What is the Cause of your Complaint?

Lor. Oh! is it you, Senior? Oh, your Countryman's undone. My Master pretending to go to St. *Ubes* for three Days, conceal'd himself in the House unknown to every body, and has discover'd all. I am sent this Moment for two Monks from the Convent of Sante *Vincente* to confess the Criminals, and then you know what follows.

Isab. Death! Oh Distraction! Which, oh, which Way, ye Powers, shall I save this perjur'd Man?

Lor. Ay, dear Sir, think, if it be possible.

Isab. Oh *Charles!* little dost thou think how dear thy unlawful Joys are purchas'd; three Lives for a momentary Bliss. For, in spite of all the Cause thou hast given me, thou'rt still as dear as Virtue to my Soul, and Life without thee is not to be borne. Oh,

hear me, Heaven, that knows my chaste Desires, and pity the Distress that tears my Breast; instruct me how to ward this fatal Blow, and save a Man that may return to thee. Ha! methinks I feel the inspiring Thought, and Hope begins to feed the Springs of Life——*Lorenzo*, first bring the Priests to me. If you perform this Business with Success and Secrecy, I'll double twice this Sum.

[*Gives him Money.*]

Lor. May I meet the Fate design'd for them, if I'm not faithful to you.

Isab. If by this Plot I save this perjur'd Man,
I give the greatest Proof of Love that Mortal can.

[*Exit.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Don Perriera solus.

Don Per. What a cursed while this Rascal stays; if he comes not instantly my Rage will get better of my Reason, and I shall dispatch the foul Adulterers without Confession.

Enter Lorenzo, and Isabinda in a Priest's Habit, and one of the Priest's with her.

Lor. I have obey'd your Orders, Senior, here are the Priests.

Don Per. But very slowly, hang-dog.

[*Strikes him.*

Priest. Peace be to you, Son.

[*Exit Lor.*

Don Per. That's not your Business, Father; try if you can administer Peace to my salacious Wife and her young Amouretta within there: but do you hear, Father, dispatch the Business of their Souls as speedily as I will that of their Bodies: But if Heaven has no more Mercy than I shall have, your Labours might have been spar'd.

Priest. Speak not so irreligiously——which is the Room? Keep your Distance.

[*Exit Priest and Isab.*

Don Per. Make haste then, or I shall take your Work out of your Hands. Now let me consult my Instruments of Death, for I'll have no Bounds to my Revenge. I'll, I'll, I'll, flay 'em alive.

SCENE *draws, and discovers Donna Perriera and Charles.*

Donna Per. Is it the Unreasonableness of my Request, or the Smallness of your Respect, that causes this Hesitation, Senior? sure if I give myself entirely to your Arms, I may deserve to be freed from the Embraces of a Wretch I hate. I'll not be

chargeable to you in my Passage, I have Jewels of a considerable Value to defray that Expence; I insist upon a Promise, that you will convey me to *England*, and then I am yours.

Cha. Why then to deal ingenuously, Madam, I am married in *England*, and shan't well know how to bestow you there——But whilst I am here, Child, I am thine.

Enter Isabinda and Priest.

Donna Per. Oh, we're undone, this Hour is our last.

Cha. Ha! what are you?

[*Laying his Hand
to his Sword.*]

Priest. Our Habits shew what we are, and your Guilt what you have need of.

Cha. Priests! Nay, then our Condition is worse than I expected.

Isab. Come, Son, consider the great Work you have to do. Death waits without, therefore examine yourself within.

Cha. The Work must be all my own, Father, I have no Occasion for a Journeyman, so you may spare your Pains.

Priest. How, a Heretick! Alas poor Soul, how much it troubles me.

Cha. Pray Father express your Trouble somewhere else, I have no Faith in your living Doctrine, and resolve to have nothing to do with you in Death, therefore don't trouble me——Is there no Way to escape? and must I die cowardly? No, that I will not. [*Draws.*] The first that advances dies; I'll have Company at least.

Isab. A weak Defence, alas, shou'd I desert him——Put up your Sword, in pity to your Ignorance, and in Hopes of converting you to the true Faith, I'll deliver you from this Hazard.

Cha. But can you save her too?

Isab. How, Son! is this a Time to dream of future Pleasures?

Cha. I'll give you mine Honour, Father, never to see her more; but as I am Partner of the Guilt, I wou'd not have the Punishment be only her's.

Isab. Well, I'll endeavour to preserve her too; observe my Orders well, turn your Face, here put on this Garment, my Brother there will conduct you to a Place of Safety, where I desire you'll wait till I come; look not behind you, nor speak as you pass to the Husband of that Lady.

Cha. This Priest is an honest Fellow. [*Puts on the Cloaths.*] Nothing like the Habit of Sanctity to cover close Designs, I shall observe your Directions most religiously, Father.

Priest. Come, Son, your Hand——Madam, I leave you one to comfort your distress.

[*Exeunt Priest and Charles.*]

SCENE *shuts, then draws and discovers* Don Perriera
listening.

Don Per. How still they are at Confession! I fancy the Penance
I shall enjoin them will quicken their Voice. So,—

[*Enter Priest and Charles.*]

—so, your Parts are done then, Fathers? now for mine.

Priest. Done! I'm afraid, Son, you are not right in your Senses,
you have given us the Trouble of coming to confess two
Adulterers, you said; but how you can make two Women such, I
leave to you, for there is no Male Thing in that Room by my
Priesthood; take care you put no more Affront upon our Cloth.

[*Exit.*]

Don Per. Women! I'm amaz'd! Women! Egad I'm ravish'd,
transported, nay, translated methinks above the Stars; I'm, I'm,
I'm, I'm, od I know not what I am, I'm so glad to find myself no
Cuckold—Ah, but how shall I look my Wife in the Face tho'
for having blam'd her wrongfully? Ay, there's the Devil
now—Pox take her Brother for instilling these Jealousies into
my Head, I fear she will never forgive me—and indeed 'tis
more than I deserve—Oh that ever I shou'd suspect her Virtue.

SCENE *draws and discovers* Donna Perriera *on her Knees to*
Isabinda.

Donna Per. Oh, Madam, you have set Vice and Virtue in their proper Light, from whence I see the Deformity of one, and the Beauty of the other; your generous Forgiveness is all I want, to raise my Soul above a second Fall. I have injur'd you, but——

Isab. No more of that; the good Inclination which you shew wipes out all Faults with me, and your Perseverance will give you as large a Share in my Breast, as if you never had offended. Rise, Madam, I hear the Door unlock, prepare your Husband according to my Direction, and leave the rest to me.

Enter Don Perriera.

Don Per. Ay, there they are—both Women by Saint *Anthony*—that ever I shou'd be such a Dunce to think myself a Cuckold—which Way shall I speak to her now? Oh, my poor dear innocent Lamb is all in Tears, nay thou hast Cause to weep, that is the Truth on't.

Donna Per. What have I done, my Dear, that you shou'd expose me thus?

Don Per. That thou hast done nothing at all to merit it, is my Grief.—Nay do not weep, thou wilt break my Heart, indeed thou wilt; I wish with all my Soul thou had'st cuckolded me; I think in my Conscience I cou'd forgive thee now.

Donna Per. What Reparation can you ever make me, for the Stain you have cast upon my Fame? expos'd me to the Priests! cou'd you have found no other Way?

Don Per. I was to blame indeed, Wife; Oh forgive me, [*Falls*

on his Knees] or my Heart will burst: Oh, oh, oh, oh!

Isab. Nay, now, Madam, you must forgive him.

Don Per. Ay do, dear Madam, intercede for me; I'll never rise, except my dear virtuous spouse will say she pardons me.

Enter Don Lopez with his Sword drawn.

Don Lop. What! Hangman like, are you asking Pardon ere you dispatch her? I'll lend you a helping Hand, since you are not Master of your Resolution.

[Don Per. rises hastily, and catches down a Blunderbuss, and cocks it at Don Lopez.

Don Per. Zounds, put up your Sword, or by Saint *Anthony*, I'll shoot you thro' the Head.

Donna Per. Do you start, Brother? Cou'd you inflict that on me which your own Courage starts at? Cruel Man.

Isab. A Brother shou'd rather reconcile, than blow the Coals of Strife; 'tis barbarous in Strangers, but much more so, in those ally'd to us by Blood: Revenge, tho' just, excludes Religion, and he that pursues it, poisons all his Morals, and impudently affronts that Power which gave him Breath to threaten.

Don Lop. Hey Day! what Philosophy have we here?

Don Per. Out of my Lodgings, I say, without one Question more, and never set Foot into them again, as you hope to keep

your Guts in. I'll be plagu'd with no more of your Jealousies, I warrant you.

Don Lop. Fine! your Lodgings!—but hear me, Don, dare not, for your Soul, say you match'd into my Family, or you Mistress, —boast of any Blood of mine, as you value those Eyes—for from this Day I hold you as a Bastard, and may Perdition seize you both.

[*Exit.*

Don Per. Was ever Man so plagu'd? Come, dry thy Eyes, my Dear, and mind him not; I'm glad I'm rid of him—and if thou dost but forgive me now, by this Kiss I'll ne'er offend again.

[*Kisses her.*

Donna Per. Then I am happy.

Don Per. Pray Wife, who is this Lady?

Donna Per. Heav'ns! what shall I say now? [*Aside.*]

Isab. Hold, Madam,—Let me intreat your Presence, with your's, Sir, in my Apartment; which is directly under this, and that you would suspend your Curiosity 'till that Time.

Donna Per. This is certainly an Angel in Disguise. [*Aside.*]

Don Per. We'll wait on you.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Here's Mademoiselle *Joneton* to wait on you.

Don Per. Bring her up.

Isab. I'll take my leave, and shall expect you with Impatience.

Don Per. The Desire of knowing how to treat you as I ought, Madam, will give me Wings to follow you.

[*Exit Isabinda.*

Enter Mademoiselle Joneton.

Mad. My Dear, I'm glad to see you—O Senior, are you there? Pray, when do you intend to return to your House? will it never be finish'd? It is enough to murder one to come up this high—Positively I'm as much out of Breath as a Trumpeter. Ah pest, it has given me a Colour like a Cook-maid.

Don Per. Thou art more impertinent than a Valet de Chambre—My House will be finish'd next Week, Madam, and 'tis to be hop'd these Disorders which you complain of will cease.

Mad. Very probable they may—I am horribly chagreen'd to-day, my Dear, I have made twenty Visits within this Hour, and can meet with no Conversation to my Goût: the Vanity of the Men gives me the Spleen, and the Insipidness of the Women makes me sleepy—I came just now from my Lady *Betty Trifle's*, where I set the whole Room a Yawning; ha, ha, ha!

Donna Per. Impertinence——a Person of your polite Conversation, must not expect to be diverted every where: How

does your Sister, Madam?

Mad. Alas! she's dead.

Both. Dead!

Mad. Metaphorically speaking, she has inclos'd herself, where she intends to mortify with Hymns and spiritual Songs, and has left me the whole World to range in.

Don Per. And I warrant you think that but a Garden.

Mad. If the Sea cou'd be drain'd, 'twou'd make a very pretty Park, Senior.

Don Per. Humph! this is a Woman of a copious Fancy—Well, my Dear, I'll go before you.

[*Exit.*

Donna Per. Not for the World. Madam, if you please, since you are upon the visiting Pin, I'll introduce you to a new Acquaintance—I'd rather take her with me, than suffer him to go without me.

Mad. With all Satisfaction, I love new Acquaintance extremely; is it a Man?

Donna Per. No; a Lady.

Mad. What has she to recommend her?—But no Matter, I'll wait on you. The Devil take this Colonel, I can't get him out of

my Head; I'm half afraid, I endure him more than I imagin'd.
[*Aside.*]

Donna Per. Madam, will you give me leave to wait on you down?

[*Exeunt.*]

The SCENE draws, and discovers Charles solus, in Isabinda's Apartment, looking about.

Cha. What will be the Issue of this Affair, Heav'n knows. To what End am I order'd to stay here, under the same Roof? and why is this Priest so long a coming? My Mind misgives me, it was no Priest—but some Rival, jealous of her Favours, found the Way to surprize us, and contrary to the Custom of a *Portugueze*, has Honour enough to dispute it with me fairly; faith I wish that may be the worse on't.

Enter Colonel Ravelin, and Marplot.

Marp. Egad, here he is—*Charles*, I'm glad to find you alive with all my Blood——

Cha. The Devil! Ha! Colonel *Ravelin* there too! you surprize me? how did you find me!

Rav. By *Marplot's* Direction, you know he's a very good Finder, he assur'd me you wanted my Assistance——

Marp. Ah, *Charles*, which got the better in the Duel, ha? what Weapons did you fight with.

Rav. I can't tell what Engagement thou hast been in, *Charles*, but by thy Looks, I fancy it hath not pleas'd thee.

Cha. I have run some Hazard since I saw you, Colonel; but if I had caught you dogging me, I'd have hamstring'd you, Rascal——

Marp. Very fine—See what a Man gets for his Good-will now—But if I had not thought you in Danger of Hamstringing, and Heartstringing too, the Devil a Step wou'd I have fetch'd. I'm sure the old Cuckold frighted me out of my Wits with his Threats, and the Colonel here has almost broke my Bones, and all for you——and thus you reward me.

Cha. The old Cuckold? what do you mean?

Marp. Nay, let the Colonel tell you what I mean, for my Part, I'll have nothing to do with you, as long as I live again—Bless me, what do I see? The very old Dog that swore by Fire, Blood and Brimstone, he wou'd send you to the Devil—Oh Lord, oh Lord, draw Gentlemen, draw, put yourself upon your Guard, *Charles*; oh, dear Colonel, stand by him; ods Life I tremble so, I cannot get my Sword out for my Blood——

Enter Don Perriera.

Cha. Ha! what are you, Sir? [*Draws.*]

Rav. Get you behind me, you timorous Puppy. [*Draws.*]

Don Per. What do you mean, Gentlemen, to murder me?

Cha. I mean that you shan't murder me, Sir.

Don Per. You, Sir! I don't know you, Sir.

Marp. Not know him, Sir, what a confounded lying old Thief you are. I'll take my Oath I heard you and that bloody-minded *Spaniard* threaten what you'd do to this Gentleman, if you catch'd him in your House; egad, Charles, knock him down.

Don Per. Oh, Mr. Sweep-chimney, are you here? *St. Anthony* defend me, what Ambuscade am I tumbled into? This was certainly my Wife's Gallant, and has impos'd upon the Priests, as well as me, in Petticoats, and now has trapan'd me here to murder me——Help, Murder, Treason, Murder, Help——

Cha. Cease your Bawling, old Lucifer, or expect no Mercy.

[*Points his Sword to his Breast.*]

Rav. Confess your Design, and produce your villainous Gang, and they shall have Satisfaction equal to their Merits.

Don Per. Gang! By *St. Anthony*, I have no Gang; I came hither to wait on the Lady who belongs to this Apartment, but little thought of meeting with my virtuous Wife's Gallant. I suppose I am decoy'd hither to have my Throat cut, therefore come on both of you, old as I am, I yet can stand a Push. [*Draws.*]

Marp. Oh, oh, Murder, Murder.

[*Runs off.*]

Don Per. I wish I had known you in Petticoats.

Cha. Ha, this must be *Don Perriera*; but what does he mean by Petticoats? Hold, Sir,—what is the Lady's Name of this Apartment?

Don Per. I know not; it was to be informed of that I came, but I suppose you are the Lady, Sir.

Rav. This shallow-brain'd Whelp has made a damn'd Blunder here—this is a very odd Riddle, Sir, pray——

Enter Marplot running.

Marp. Ah! a Ghost, a Ghost, a Ghost——

Don Per. St. *Anthony* defend me, a Ghost? where?

[*Crosses himself.*]

Enter Isabinda, Donna Per., Mademoiselle, and Margaritta.

Oh, Madam, is it you? this is the Lady I came to wait on, Gentlemen.

Cha. Ha! she here!

[*Marg. whispers Charles.*]

Marg. That Lady in the Habit of a Priest, deliver'd you——do you know her?

Cha. Know her? yes—delivered by my Wife!——

Mad. The Colonel here too? I'm not displeas'd with this Visit.
[*Aside.*]

Rav. My Mistress!—a pretty kind of Rencounter.

[*Goes to her.*]

Cha. Oh let me fly into thy Arms, my *Isabinda*, my charming Love, thou holdest more Virtues in thy Breast, than thy whole Sex can boast: Canst thou forgive me, *Isabinda*?

Isab. As freely as thou can'st ask it; but hush, we shall be observ'd; let not the Company know this is our first Meeting. I was loth to trust the Writings with Strangers, so brought them myself.

Cha. Thou art all Goodness.

Isab. I thought I heard Murder cry'd out, as I enter'd, Senior.

Don Per. Why, truly, Madam, if you had not come as you did, I was in Danger of my Life here.

Cha. 'Twas only a Mistake, my Dear: I ask your Pardon, Sir.

Marp. Egad, and so it is; a Pox of my Zeal——

Don Per. Pardon, Sir? This is a very odd Mistake, Sir.

Isab. I hope all Mistakes will be clear'd, Sir. I know you lov'd my Father, Sir *Jealous Traffick*; and so for his sake, I hope you'll know my Husband.

Don Per. What! my old Friend? yes faith will I; Sir, I am yours; but I must kiss your Wife. My Dear, why did not you tell me who she was before?

Donna Per. A good Reason, because I did not know it.
[*Aside.*] You saw she forbad me, my Dear.

Marp. Now, you are all acquainted, I'll tell you how I came to mistake this Matter: I did not know this was a House of Lodgings, and that my Friend had remov'd hither, till I found him out by Accident, upon my Honour, Senior——

Cha. The Rogue will stumble out an Excuse.

Don Per. Honour! Pray, Sir, upon your Honour tell me how you got out of my Room?

Marg. For your Soul, no Squeaking——

[*Aside to Marplot.*]

Marp. No, no; never fear me. Egad, what shall I say now? Why, Sir, you must know I am a Chymist, and have found out a Secret that will open and shut all Locks whatever; that help'd me out, Sir.

Don Per. Say you so, Sir? Pray will you communicate?

Marp. Not for your whole Estate, Sir.

Don Per. I'll have this Fellow sent out of Town, for by the Help of this Secret he'll cuckold all the Men in *Lisbon*.

Cha. Ha, ha, ha! what a Lie has he lit of——Colonel, won't the Lady capitulate upon honourable Terms?

Rav. She desires two Days Consideration, a great while for a Man to fast, that is almost starv'd already.

Mad. Well, Colonel, to shew you that I am good-natur'd, I'll put it to Arbitration.

Cha. Nay, then, Madam, we shall all give it against you.

Don Per. What's here, a Wedding on foot? Prithee let's have it just now to reconcile all Differences, and, tho' I have not danc'd these forty Years, I'll take a Turn among you.

Marp. So! I'll be hang'd if this is not *Mademoiselle Flutter* now. Pox of these matrimonial Intrigues—but egad we will have Dancing—I'm resolv'd.

[*Exit.*

Rav. Faith, Madam, the Cannon of Constancy is a heavy Carriage, and if I shou'd summon my Senses to a Council of War, and make Reason Judge-Advocate, 'tis odds but I raise the Siege.

Mad. Well, Colonel, if I surrender Prisoner of War, remember I expect to be generously us'd.

Rav. You shall have no Cause to complain.

Omnes. We wish you Joy, Colonel.

Don Per. Now for a Dance.

Enter Marplot.

Marp. And I have brought the Musick.

[*A Dance.*

Cha. Come, Colonel, Marriage is the only happy State, when
Virtue is the Guide.

In vain we strive by haughty Ways to prove
Our chaste Affections, and our duteous Love.
To smooth the Husband's rugged Storms of Life,
Is the Design and Business of a Wife;

Isab. Men from Example more than Precept, learn,
And modest Carriage still has Power to charm.
After my Method, wou'd all Wives but move,
They'd soon regain, and keep their Husbands Love:
Our kind Indulgence wou'd their Vice o'ercome,
And with our Meekness strike their Passions dumb.

THE END

TRANSCRIBER'S NOTE

Hyphenation is inconsistent throughout. Archaic spellings have generally been

retained, with two exceptions. These are designed to avoid confusion and can be identified in the body of the text by a grey dotted underline:

I might **swop** down on the paper

I'll **flea** 'em alive

I might **swoop** down on the paper

I'll **flay** 'em alive

[The end of *Marplot in Lisbon* by Susanna Centlivre]