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THE TRAGEDY OF PAULO GIORDANO

Ursini Duke of Brachiano, and Vittoria
Corombona.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Rome. A Street.

Enter Count Lodovico, Antonelli and Gasparo.

LODOVICO.

Banisht! ANTO. It greev'd me much to heare the senten-
LODO. Ha, Ha, 6 *Democntus* thy Gods
That governe the whole world ! Courtly reward
And punishment. Fortunes a right whore.
If she give ought, she deales it in smal percells,
That she may take away all at one swope.
This tis to have great enemies, God quite them :
Your wolfe no longer seemes to be a wolfe
Then when shees hungry. GAS. You terme those enemies
Are men of Princely ranke. LOD. Oh I pray for them.
The violent thunder is adored by those
Are pasht in peeces by it. ANTO. Come my Lord,
You are justly dom'd ; looke but a little backe
Into your former life : you have in three yeares
Ruin'd the noblest Earldome. GAS. Your followers
Have swallowed you like Mummia, and being sicke
Wiith such unnaturall and horrid Phisicke
Vomityou up ith kennell. ANTO. All the damnable degrees
Of drinkings have you staggerd through—one Cittizen
Is Lord of two faire Manors cald you master,
Only for Caviare. GAS. Those noblemen
Which were invited to your prodigall feastes,

Wherin the Phaenix scarce could scape your throtes,
 Laugh at your misery, as fore-deeming you
 An idle Meteor which drawne forth the earth
 Would bee soone lost ith aire. ANTO. Jeast upon you,
 And say you were begotten in an Earthquake,
 You have ruin'd such faire Lordships. LODO. Very good,
 This Well goes with two buckets, I must tend
 The powring out of eather. GAS. Worse then these,
 You have acted certaine Murders here in Rome,
 Bloody and full of horror. LOD.' Las they were flea-bytinges :
 Why tooke they not my head then ? GAS. O my Lord
 The law doth somtimes mediate, thinkes it good
 Not ever to steepe violent sinnes in blood,
 This gentle pennance may both end your crimes,
 And in the example better these bad times.

LOD. So—but I wonder then some great men scape
 This banishment, ther's *Paulo Giordano Orsini*,
 The Duke of *Brachiano*, now lives in Rome,
 And by close pandarisme seekes to prostitute
 The honour of *Vittoria Corombona*,
Vittona, she that might have got my pardon
 For one kisse to the Duke. ANTO. Have a full man within you,
 Wee see that Trees beare no such pleasant fruite
 There where they grew first, as where they are new set.
 Perfumes the more they are chaf'd the more they render
 Their pleasing sents, and so affliction
 Expresseth vertue, fully, whether trew,
 Or ells adulterate. LOD. Leave your painted comforts,
 He make Italian cut-works in their guts
 If ever I returne. GASP. O Sir. LODO. I am patient,
 I have scene some ready to be executed
 Give pleasant lookes, and money, and growne familiar
 With the knave hangman—so do I, I thanke them,
 And would account them nobly mercifull
 Would they dispatch me quicklie—ANTO. Fare you well,
 Wee shall find time I doubt not to repeale
 Your banishment. LOD. I am ever bound to you :
 This is the worlds almes; pray make use of it—
 Great men sell sheep thus, to be cut in peeces,
 When first they have shorne them bare and sold their fleeces.

Enter
Sennet.

Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Rome. Camilla's House.

*Enter Brachiano, Camillo, Flamineo, Vittoria
Corombona.*

BRA. Your best of rest! VIT. Unto my Lord the Duke,
The best of wellcome—More lights, attend the Duke.

Exeunt Camillo & Vittoria.

BRA. *Flamineo.* FLA. My Lord. BRA. Quite lost, *Flamineo.*

FLA. Pursue your noble wishes, I am prompt
As lightning to your service, 6 my Lord 1
The faire *Vittoria*, my happy sister
Shall give you present audience—gentlemen (whisper
Let the caroach go on—and 'tis his pleasure
You put out all your torches and depart.

BRA. Are wee so happy ? FLA. Can't be otherwise ?
Observ'd you not to-night my honor'd Lord
Which way so ere you went shee threw her eyes ?
I have dealt already with her chamber-maid
Zanche the More, and she is wondrous proud
To be the agent for so high a spirit.

BRA. Wee are happie above thought, because 'bove merrit.

FLA. 'bove merrit! wee may now talke freely: 'bove merrit!
what ist you doubt ? her coynesse ? thats but the superficies of lust
most women have; yet why should Ladyes blush to heare that
nam'd, which they do not feare to handle ? O they are poliiticke,
They know our desire is increased by the difficultie of injoying;
whereas satiety is a blunt, weary and drowsie passion—if the
buttery hatch at Court stood continually open their would be
nothing so passionat crouding, nor hot suit after the beverage—

BRA. O but her jealous husband.

FLA. Hang him, a guilder that hath his braynes perisht with
quicke-silver is not more could in the liver. The great Barriers
moulted not more feathers then he hath shed haire, by the con-
fession of his doctor. An Irish gamster that will play himselfe
naked, and then wage all downeward, at hazard, is not more
venerous. So un-able to please a woman that like a dutch doublet
all his backe is shrunk into his breeches.

Shrowd you within this closet, good my Lord,
Some tricke now must be thought on to deuide
My brother in law from his faire bed-fellow—

BRA. O should she faile to come—

FLA. I must not have your Lordship thus unwisely amorous
—I my selfe have loved a lady and peursued her with a great deale
of under-age protestation, whom some 3. or 4. gallants that have
enjoyed would with all their harts have bin glad to have bin rid
of: 'Tis just like a summer bird-cage in a garden, the birds that
are without, despaire to get in, and the birds that are within despaire
and are in a consumption for feare they shall never get out: away
away my Lord !— *Exit Brachiano. Enter Camilla.*

See here he comes, this fellow by his apparell
Some men would judge a pollititian,
But call his wit in question, you shall find it
Merely an Asse in's foot-cloath—How now brother !—
What, travailing to bed to your kind wife ?

CAM. I assure you brother no. My voyage lyes
More northerlie, in a farre colder clime,
I do not well remember I protest
When I last lay with her.

FLA. Strange you should loose your Count.

CAM. Wee never lay together but eare morning
Their grew a flaw betweene us. FLA. 'T had byn your part
To have made up that flaw.

CAM. Trew, but shee loathes
I should be scene in't.

FLA. Why Sir, what's the matter ?

CAM. The Duke your maister visits me—I thanke him,
And I perceave how like an earnest bowler
Hee very passionatellie leanes that way,
He should have his boule runne.

FLA. I hope you do not thinke—

CAM. That noble men boule bootie ? Faith his cheeke
Hath a most excellent Bias, it would faine
Jumpe with my mistris. FLA. Will you be an asse,
Despight your *Aristotle* or a Cocould
Contrary to your *Ephemerides*
Which shewes you under what a smiling planet
You were first swadled ?—

CAM. Pew wew, Sir tell not me
Of planets nor of *Ephemerides*—
A man may be made Cocould in the day time
When the Stars eyes are out. FLA. Sir God boy you,
I do commit you to your pittifull pillow
Stuft with horne-shavings. CAM. Brother ! FLA. God refuse me,
Might I advise you now, your onlie course
Weare to locke up your wife. CAM. 'Tweare very good.
FLA. Bar her the sight of revels. CAM. Excellent.
FLA. Let her not go to Church, but like a hounde
In Leon at your heeles. CAM. Tweare for her honour.
FLA. And so you should be certayne in one fortnight,
Despight her chastity or innocence
To bee Cocoulded, which yet is in suspence :
This is my counsell and I aske no fee for't.

CAM. Come you know not where my night-cap wringes mee.

FLA. Weare it ath' old fashion, let your large eares come through,
it will be more easy—nay I will be bitter—barre your wife of her
entertainment: women are more willingie & more gloriouslie
chast, when they are least restrayned of their libertie. It seemes
you would be a fine Capricious Mathematically jealous Coxcombe,
take the height of your owne homes with a *Jacobs* staffe afore they
are up. These polliticke inclosures for paltry mutton, makes
more rebellion in the flesh then all the provocative electuaries
Doctors have uttered sence last Jubilee.

CAM. This doth not phisicke me—

FLA : It seemes you are Jealous, ile shew you the error of it by
a familiar example—I have scene a paire of spectacles fashiond
with such perspective art, that lay downe but one twelvepence
ath' bord twill appeare as if there were twenty—now should you
weare a paire of these spectacles, and see your wife tying her shooe,
you would Imagine twenty hands were taking up of your wives
clothes, and this would put you into a horrible causlesse fury—

CAM. The fault there Sir is not in the eye-sight.

FLA. True, but they have the yellow Jaundeise, thinke all objects
they looke on to bee yellow. Jealousy is worsen, her fits present
to a man, like so many bubbles in a Bason of water, twenty severall
crabbed faces—many times makes his owne shadow his cocould-
maker*. See she comes, what reason have you to be jealous of
this creature ? what an ignorant asse or flattering knave might

* *Enter Corombona,*

he be counted, that should write sonnets to her eyes, or call her brow the snow of Ida, or Ivorie of Corinth, or compare her haire to the blacke birds bill, when 'tis liker the blacke birds feather. This is all: Be wise, I will make you freinds and you shall go to bed together, marry looke you, it shall not be your seeking, do you stand upon that by any meanes, walk you a loofe, I would not have you scene in't—sister (my Lord attends you in the banquetting house), your husband is wondrous discontented.

VIT. I did nothing to displease him, I carved to him at supper-time.

FLA. (You need not have carved him infaith, they say he is a capon already. I must now seemingly fall out with you.) Shall a gentleman so well descended as *Camilla*——(a lousy slave that within this twenty yeares rode with the blacke guard in the Dukes cariage mongst spits and dripping-pannes)——

CAM. Now he begins to tickle her.

FLA. An excellent scholler, (one that hath a head filld with calves braynes without any sage in them),——come crouching in the hams to you for a nights lodging?——(that hath an itch in's hams, which like the fier at the glasse house hath not gone out this seaven yeares)——is hee not a courtly gentleman?——(when he weares white sattin one would take him by his blacke mussel to be no other creature then a maggot), you are a goodly Foie, I confesse, well set out——(but coverd with a false stone, yon conterfaite dyamond).

CAM. He will make her know what is in mee.

FLA. Come, my Lord attends you, thou shalt go to bed to my Lord. CAM. Now he comes to't.

FLA. With a relish as curious as a vintner going to taste new wine—to *Camillo* I am opening your case hard.

CAM. A vertuous brother, a my credit.

FLA. He will give thee a ringe with a philosophers stone in it.

CAM. Indeede I am studying Alcumye.

FLA. Thou shalt lye in a bed stuf with turtles feathers, swoone in perfumed lynnens like the fellow was smothered in roses—so perfect shall be thy happinesse, that as men at Sea thinkg land and trees and shippes go that way they go, so both heaven and earth shall seeme to go your voyage. Shalt meete him, tis fixt with nayles of dyamonds to inevitable necessitie.

VITTO. (How shals rid him hence ?)

FLA. (I will put breees in's tayle, set him gadding presentlie.)
to *Camillo* I have almost wrought her to it, I find her comming,
but might I advise you now, for this night I would not lye with
her, I would crosse her humor to make her more humble.

CAMIL. Shall I, shall I ?

FLA. It will shew in you a supremacie of Judgement.

CAMIL. Trew, and a mind differing from the tumultuary opinion,
for *quae negata grata*.

FLA. Right, you are the Adamant shall draw her to you, though
you keepe distance off.

CAMIL. A philosophical reason.

FLA. Walke by her a'the noble mans fashion, and tell her you
will lye with her at the end of the Progresse.

CAMIL. *Vittoria*, I cannot be induc'd, or as a man would say
incited—VITTO. To do what Sir ?

CAMIL. To lye with you to-night; your silkeworme useth to
fast every third day, and the next following spinnes the better.
Tomorrow at night I am for you.

VITTO. Youle spinne a faire thread, trust to't.

FLA. But do you heare, I shall have you steale to her chamber
about midnight.

CAMIL. Do you thinke so ?—why looke you brother, because
you shall not thinke ile gull you, take the key, locke me into the
chamber, and say you shall be sure of me. *Gives key.*

FLA. Introth I will, ile be your jaylor once,
But have you nere a false dore ?

CAM. A pox on't, as I am a Christian—tell mee to-morrow
how scurvelie shee takes my unkind parting.

FLA. I will, CAM. Didst thou not marke the jeast of the
silk-worme ? good night; in faith I will use this tricke often—

FLA. Do, do, do. *Exit Camillo.*

So now you are safe. Ha ha ha, thou intanglest thy selfe in thine
gwne worke like a silke-worme. *Enter Brachiano.*

Come sister, darkenesse hides your blush, women are like cursf
dogges, civilitie keeps them tyed all day time, but they are let
loose at midnight, then they do most good or most mischeefe—
my Lord, my Lord !

VIT. Deere my Lord.

COR. Where is thy Dutchesse now, adulterous Duke ?
Thou little dreamd'st this night shee is come to *Rome*.

FLAM. How ? come to *Rome*— VIT. The Dutchesse—

BRAC. She had bene better—

COR. The lives of Princes should like dyals move,
Whose regular example is so strong,
They make the times by them go right or wrong.

FLAM. So, have you done ? COR. Unfortunate *Camilla* !

VIT. I do protest if any chaste deniall,
If any thing but blood could have alayed
His long suite to me . . .

COR. I will joyne with thee,
To the most wofull end e'er mother kneel'd—
If thou dishonour thus thy husbands bed,
Bee thy life short as are the funerall teares
In great mens . . . BRAC. Fye, fye, the woman's mad.

COR. Bee thy act *Judas-like*, betray in kissing—
Maiest thou be envied during his short breath,
And pittied like a wretch after his death.

VIT. O me accurst!

Exit Vittoria.

FLAM. Are you out of your wits, my Lord ?
He fetch her backe againe. BRAC. No Fie to bed.
Send Doctor *Julio* to me presently—
Uncharitable woman, thy rash tongue
Hath rais'd a fearefull and prodigious storme,
Bee thou the cause of all ensuing harme.

Exit Brachiano.

FLAM. Now, you that stand so much upon your honour,
Is this a fitting time a night thinke you,
To send a Duke home without ere a man ?
I would faine know where lies the masse of wealth
Which you have whoorded for my maintenance,
That I may beare my beard out of the levell
Of my Lords Stirop. COR. What ? because we are poore,
Shall we be vitious ? FLAM. Pray what meanes have you
To keepe me from the gallies, or the gallowes ?
My father prov'd himselfe a Gentleman,
Sold al's land, and like a fortunate fellow,
Died ere the money was spent. You brought me up,
At *Padua* I confesse, where I protest
For want of meanes, the University judge me,

I have bene faine to heele my Tutors stockings
At least seven yeares : Conspiring with a beard
Made me a Graduate—then to this Dukes service—
I visited the Court, whence I return'd
More courteous, more letcherous by farre,
But not a suite the richer; and shall I,
Having a path so open and so free
To my preferment, still retaine your milke
In my pale forehead ? no this face of mine
I'le arme and fortifie with lusty wine,
'Gainst shame and blushing.

COR. O that I ne're had borne thee !

FLAM. So would I.

I would the common'st Courtezan in *Rome*,
Had bene my mother rather than thy selfe.
Nature is very pittifull to whoores
To give them but few children, yet those children
Plurality of fathers—they are sure
They shall not want. Go, go,
Complaine unto my great Lord Cardinall,
Yet may be he will justifie the act.
Lycurgus wondred much, men would provide
Good stalions for their Mares, and yet would suffer
Their faire wives to be barren—

COR. Misery of miseries !

Exit Cornelia.

FLAM. The Dutchesse come to Court, I like not that—
Wee are ingag'd to mischief and must on.
As Rivers to finde out the Ocean
Flow with crooke bendings beneath forced bankes,
Or as wee see to aspire some mountaines top,
The way ascends not straight, but Imitates
The suttile fouldings of a Winters snake,
So who knowes policy and her true aspect,
Shall finde her waies winding and indirect.

Exit.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Rome. Francisco's Palace.

Enter Francisco de Medicis, Cardinall Mountcelso, Marcello, Isabella, young Giovanni, with little Jaques the Moore.

FRAN. Have you not scene your husband since you arrived ?

ISAB. Not yet sir. FRAN. Surely he is wondrous kind—
If I had such a Dove-house as *Camillo's*
I would set fire on't, wer't but to destroy
The Pole-cats that haunt to't . . . my sweet cossin.

Gio. Lord unkle you did promise mee a horse
And armour. FRAN. That I did my pretty cossin,
Marcello see it fitted. MAR. My Lord, the Duke is here.

FRAN. Sister away, you must not yet bee scene.

ISAB. I do beseech you
Intreate him mildely, let not your rough tongue
Set us at louder variance—all my wrongs
Are freely pardoned, and I do not doubt
As men to try the precious Unicornes home
Make of the powder a preservative Circle
And in it put a spider, so these armes
Shall charme his poyson, force it to obeying
And keepe him chast from an infected straying.

FRAN. I wish it may. Be gone.

Exit Isabella.

Enter Brachiano, and Flamineo.

Void the chamber— *Exeunt Flamineo, Marcello, Giovanni,*
You are welcome, will you sit?—I pray my Lord *and Jaques.*
Bee you my Orator, my hearts too full,
Fie second you anon. MONT. E're I beginne
Let me entreat your grace forgo all passion
Which may be raised by my free discourse.

BRAC. As silent as i'th Church—you may proceed.

MONT. It is a wonder to your noble friends,
That you that have as 'twere entred the world,
With a free Scepter in your able hand,
And have to th'use of nature well applied
High gifts of learning, should in your prime-age

Neglect your awfull throne, for the soft downe
Of an insatiate bed. oh my Lord,
The Drunkard after all his lavish cuppes,
Is dry, and then is sober—so at length,
When you awake from this lascivious dreame,
Repentance then will follow; like the sting
Plac't in the Adders tayle : wretched are Princes
When fortune blasteth but a pretty flower
Of their unweldy crownes; or ravesheth
But one pearle from their Scepter : but alas !
When they to wilfull shipwrake loose good Fame
All Princely titles perish with their name.

BRAC. You have said my Lord—MON. Inough to give you tast
How farre I am from flattering your greatnesse ?

BRAC. Now you that are his second, what say you ?
Do not like yong hawkes fetch a course about,
Your game flies faire and for you—FRAN. Do not feare it:
Tie answere you in your owne hawking phrase—
Some Eagles that should gaze upon the Sunne
Seldome soare high, but take their lustful! ease,
Since they from dunghill birds their prey can ceaze—
You know *Vittoria*—BRA. Yes.

FRAN. You shift your shirt there
When you retire from Tennis. BRAC. Happely.

FRAN. Her husband is Lord of a poore fortune
Yet she wears cloth of Tissue—BRAC. What of this ?
Will you urge that my good Lord Cardinall
As part of her confession at next Shrift,
And know from whence it sailes ? FRAN. She is your Strumpet—

BRAC. Uncivill sir ther's Hemlocke in thy breath
And that blacke slander—were she a whore of mine,
All thy loud Cannons, and thy borrowed Switzers
Thy Gallies, nor thy sworne confederates,
Durst not supplant her. FRAN. Let's not talke on thunder—
Thou hast a wife, our sister; would I had given
Both her white hands to death, bound and lockt fast
In her last winding sheete, when I gave thee
But one. BRAC. Thou hadst given a soule to God then.

FRAN. True,
Thy ghostly father with al's absolution,

Shall ne're do so by thee. BRAC. Spit thy poyson—

FRAN. I shall not need, lust carries her sharpe whippe
At her owne girdle; looke to't, for our anger
Is making thunder-bolts. BRAC. Thunder ! infaith,
They are but crackers. FRAN. Wee'le end this with the Cannon.

BRAC. Thou'lt get nought by it but iron in they wounds,
And gunpowder in thy nostrels. FRAN. Better that
Then change perfumes for plaisters—BRAC. Pitty on thee,
'Twere good you'ld shew your slaves or men condemned
Your new-plow'd fore-head. Defiance !—and I'le meete thee,
Even in a thicket of thy ablest men.

MON. My Lords, you shall not word it any further
Without a milder limit. FRAN. Willingly.

BRAC. Have you proclaimed a Triumph that you baite
A Lyon thus? MON. My Lord. BRAC: I am tame, I am tame sir.

FRAN. We send unto the Duke for conference
Bout leavyes 'gainst the Pyrates; my Lord Duke
Is not at home; we come our selfe in person,
Still my Lord Duke is busied; but we feare
When Tyber to each proling passenger
Discovers flockes of wild-duckes, then my Lord
'Bout moulting time, I meane wee shall be certaine
To finde you sure enough and speake with you.

BRAC. Ha!

FRAN. A meere tale of a tub, my wordes are idle—
But to expresse the Sonnet by naturall reason, *Enter Giovanni.*
When Stagges grow melancholike you'le finde the season.

MON. No more my Lord, heare comes a Champion,
Shall end the difference betweene you both;
Your sonne the Prince *Giovanni*—see my Lords
What hopes you store in him—this is a casket
For both your Crowns, & should be held like deere :
Now is he apt for knowledge, therefore know
It is a more direct and even way
To traine to vertue those of Princely blood,
By examples then by precepts : if by examples,
Whom should he rather strive to imitate
Then his owne father ? be his patterne then,
Leave him a stocke of vertue that may last,
Should fortune rend his sailes, and split his mast.

BRA. Your hand boy—growing to a souldier ? ~~Gio.~~ Give me a pike.

FRAN. What, practising your pike so yong, faire cous ?

Gio. Suppose me one of *Homers* frogges, my Lord,
Tossing my bul-rush thus—pray sir tell mee
Might not a child of good descretion
Be leader to an army ? FRAN. Yes cousin a yong Prince
Of good descretion might. Gio. Say you so ?
Indeed I have heard 'tis fit a Generall
Should not endanger his owne person oft.
So that he make a noyse, when hee's a horsebacke
Like a danske drummer—6 'tis excellent.
Hee need not fight, me thinkes his horse as well
Might lead an army for him; if I live
Fie charge the French foe, in the very front
Of all my troupes, the formost man. FRA. What, what!

Gio. And will not bid my Souldiers up and follow
But bid them follow me. BRAC. Forward Lap-wing,
He flies with the shell on's head. FRAN. Pretty cousin !

Gio. The first yeare unkle that I go to warre,
All prisoners that I take I will set free
Without their ransom. FRAN. Ha, without their ransom ?
How then will you reward your souldiers
That tooke those prisoners for you ? Gio. Thus my Lord,
Fie marry them to all the wealthy widowes
That fals that yeare. FRAN. Why then the next yeare following
You'll have no men to go with you to warre.

Gio. Why then Tie presse the women to the war,
And then the men will follow. MON. Witty Prince I

FRAN. See a good habite makes a child a man,
Whereas a bad one makes a man a beast:

Come you and I are friends. BRAC. Most wishedly,
Like bones which broke in sunder and well set

Knit the more strongly. FRAN. Call *Camilla* hither.

You have received the rumor, how Count *Lodowicke*

Is turn'd a Pyrate ? BRAC. Yes. FRA. We are now preparing,

Some shippes to fetch him in : behold your Dutchesse—

Wee now will leave you and expect from you

Nothing but kind intreaty. BRAC. You have charm'd mee.

Exeunt Fr. Mon. Giov.

*Exit
Serv.*

*Enter
Isabella.*

You are in health we see. ISA. And above health
To see my Lord well—BRAC. So !—I wonder much,
What amorous whirlwind hurried you to *Ronie*

ISA. Devotion my Lord. BRAC. Devotion ?
Is your soule charg'd with any grievous sinne ?

ISA. 'Tis burdened with too many; and I thinke
The oftner that we cast our reckonings up,
Our sleepes will be the sounder. BRAC. Take your chamber.

ISA. Nay my deere Lord I will not have you angry,
Doth not my absence from you two moneths,
Merit one kisse ? BRAC. I do not use to kisse—
If that will dispossesse your jealousy,
Fie sweare it to you. ISA. O my loved Lord,
I do not come to chide; my jealousy !
I am to learne what that *Italian* meanes—
You are as welcome to these longing armes,
As I to you a Virgine. BRAC. O your breath !
Out upon sweete meates, and continued Physicke !
The plague is in them. ISA. You have oft for these two lippes
Neglected *Cassia* or the naturall sweetes
Of the Spring-violet—they are not yet much withered—
My Lord I should be merry—these your frownes
Shew, in a Helmet, lovely, but on me,
In such a peacefull enterveiw, me thinkes
They are too too roughly knit. BRA. O dissemblance !
Do you bandy factions 'gainst me ? have you learn't
The trick of impudent basenes to complaine
Unto your kindred ? ISA. Never my deere Lord.

BRAC. Must I be haunted out, or was't your trick
To meete some amorous gallant heere in Rome,
That must supply our discontinuance ?

ISA. I pray sir burst my heart, and in my death
Turne to your antient pitty, though not love.

BRA. Because your brother is the corpulent Duke,
That is, the great Duke, S'death I shall not shortly
Rackit away five hundreth Crownes at Tennis,
But it shall rest upon record : I scorne him
Like a bhav'd Pollake; all his reverent wit
Lies in his wardrope, hee's a discret fellow
When hee's made up in his roabes of state—

Your brother the great Duke, because h'as gallies,
And now and then ransackes a Turkish flye-boate,
(Now all the hellish furies take his soule,)

First made this match—accursed be the Priest
That sang the wedding Masse, and even my Issue.

ISA. O too too far you have curst. BRA. Your hand I'll kisse,

This is the latest ceremony of my love,
Hence-forth I'll never lye with thee—by this,
This wedding-ring : Fie ne're more lye with thee.

And this divorce shall be as truly kept,
As if the Judge had doom'd it: fare you well,
Our sleeps are sever'd. ISA. Forbid it the sweet union

Of all things blessed; why the Saints in heaven
Will knit their browes at that. BRA. Let not thy love

Make thee an unbeliever—this my vow

Shall never, on my soule, be satisfied

With my repentance : let thy brother rage

Beyond a horred tempest or sea-fight,

My vow is fixed. ISA. O my winding sheet,

Now shall I need thee shortly—deere my Lord,

Let me heare once more, what I would not heare—

Never? BRA. Never!

ISA. O my unkind Lord may your sins find mercy,

As I upon a woefull widowed bed,

Shall pray for you, if not to turne your eyes

Upon your wretched wife, and hopefull sonne,

Yet that in time you'll fix them upon heaven.

BRAC. No more, go, go, complaine to the great Duke.

ISA. No my deere Lord, you shall have present wnesse,

How Fie worke peace betweene you; I will make

My seife the author of your cursed vow.

I have some cause to do it, you have none;

Conceale it I beseech you, for the weale

Of both your Dukedomes, that you wrought the meanes

Of such a separation—let the fault

Remaine with my supposed jealousy—

And thinke with what a pittous and rent heart,

I shall performe this sad insuing part.

Enter Francisco, Flamineo, Monticelso, Marcello.

BRAC. Well, take your course. My honourable brother !

FRAN. Sister—this is not well my Lord—why sister—
She merits not this welcome. BRAC. Welcome, say ?
Shee hath given a sharpe welcome. FRAN. Are you foolish ?
Come dry your teares, is this a modest course
To better what is nought, to raile and weepe ?

Grow to a reconcilement, or by heaven,
Tie nere more deale betweene you. ISA. Sir you shall not—
No though *Vittoria* upon that condition
Would become honest. FRAN. Was your husband loud,
Since we departed ? ISA. By my life sir no,
I swear by that I do not care to loose.

Are all these ruines of my former beauty,
Laid out for a whores triumph ? FRA. Do you heare ?—
Looke upon other women, with what patience
They suffer these slight wrongs, with what justice
They study to requite them—take that course.

ISA. O that I were a man, or that I had power
To execute my apprehended wishes,
I would whip some with scorpions. FRAN. What? turn'd fury ?

ISA. To dig the strumpets eyes out, let her lye
Some twenty monethes a-dying, to cut off
Her nose and lippes, pull out her rotten teeth,
Preserve her flesh like *Mummia*, for trophies
Of my just anger : Hell to my affliction
Is meere snow-water : by your favour sir—
Brother draw neere, and my Lord Cardinal—
Sir let me borrow of you but one kisse,
Hence-forth Fie never lye with you, by this,
This wedding-ring. FRA. How ? nere more lie with him ?

ISA. And this divorce shall be as truly kept,
As if in thronged Court, a thousand eares
Had heard it, and a thousand Lawyers hands
Sealed to the separation. BRAC. Nere lie with me ?

ISA. Let not my former dotage,
Make thee an unbelever, this my vow
Shall never on my soule be satisfied
With my repentance, *manet alia mente repostum.*

FRAN. Now by my birth you are a foolish, mad,
And jealous woman. BRA. You see 'tis not my seeking.

FRAN. Was this your circle of pure Unicorne's home,
You said should charme your Lord ? now homes upon thee,
For jealousy deserves them—keepe your vow,
And take your chamber. ISA. No sir I'l presently to *Padua*,
I will not stay a minute. MONT. O good Madame.

BRAC. 'Twere best to let her have her humor,
Some halfe daies journey will bring downe her stomacke,
And then she'll turne in post. FRAN. To see her come
To my Lord Cardinall for a dispensation
Of her rash vow will beget excellent laughter.

ISA. " Unkindnesse do thy office, poore heart breake,
" Those are the killing greifes which dare not speake. *Exit.*

MAR. *Camilla's* come my Lord. *Enter Camilla.*

FRAN. Where's the commission ? MAR. 'Tis here.

FRAN. Give me the Signet.

FLAM. *To Brae.* My Lord do you marke their whispering, I
will compound a medicine out of their two heads, stronger then
garlick, deadlier then stibium—the Cantarides which are scarce
scene to sticke upon the flesh when they work to the heart, shall
not do it with more silence or invisible cunning. *Enter Doctor.*

BRAC. About the murder.

FLAM. They are sending him to *Naples*, but Fie send him to
Candy, here's another property too. BRAC. O the Doctor !

FLA. A poore quackesalving knave, my Lord, one that should
have bene lasht for's letchery, but that he confest a judgement,
had an execution laid upon him, and so put the whip to a *non-plus*.

Doer. And was cosin'd, my Lord, by an arranter knave
then my selfe, and made pay all the coulourable execution.

FLAM. He will shoot pils into a mans guts, shall make them
have more ventages then a cornet or a lamprey, hee will poyson
a kisse, and was once minded, for his Master-peece, because *Ire-*
land breeds no poyson, to have prepared a deadly vapour in a
Spaniards fart that should have poison'd all *Dublin*.

BRAC. O Saint *Anthony* fire !

DOCT. Your Secretary is merry my Lord :

FLAM. O thou cursed antipathy to nature—looke, his eye's
bloud-shed like a needle a Chirurgeon stitcheth a wound with—
let me embrace thee toad, & love thee ô thou abominable loth-

some gargarisme, that will fetch up lungs, lights, heart, and liver by scruples.

BRAC. No more—I must employ thee honest Doctor,
You must to *Padua* and by the way,
Use some of your skil for us. Doc. Sir I shall.

BRAC. But for *Camilla* ?

FLAM. He dies this night by such a polliticke straine,
Men shall suppose him by's owne engine slaine.
But for your Dutchesse death ? Doer. Tie make her sure.

BRAC. Small mischiefes are by greater made secure.

LAM. Remember this you slave, when knaves come to preferment they rise as gallouses are raised i'th low countries, one 'upon another's shoulders. *Exeunt.*

MONT. Here is an Embleme nephew pray peruse it.
'Twas throwne in at your window—CAM. At my window ?
Here is a Stag my Lord hath shed his homes,
And for the losse of them the poore beast weepes—
The word, *Inopem me copia fecit.* MON. That is.
Plenty of homes hath made him poore of homes.

CAM. What should this meane ? MON. He tell you, 'tis given out
You are a Cocould. CAM. Is it given out so ?
I had rather such report as that my Lord,
Should keepe within dores. FRAN. Have you any children ?

CAM. None my Lord. FRA. You are the happier—
He tell you a tale. CAM. Pray my Lord. FRAN. An old tale.
Uppon a time *Phoebus* the God of light
Or him wee call the Sunne would neede be married.
The Gods gave their consent, and *Mercury*
Was sent to voice it to the generall world.
But what a pitious cry their straight arose
Amongst Smiths, & Felt-makers, Brewers & Cooks,
Reapers and Butter-women, amongst Fishmongers
and thousand other trades, which are annoyed
By his excessive heate ! twas lamentable,
They came to *Jupiter* ail in a sweat
And do forbid the banes; a great fat Cooke
Was made their Speaker, who intreates of *Jove*
That *Phoebus* might be goulded, for if now
When there was but one Sunne, so many men
Weare like to perish by his violent heate,

What should they do if hee were married
 And should beget more, and those children
 Make fier-workes like their father ? so say I,
 Only I will apply it to your wife,
 Her issue, should not providence prevent it,
 Would make both nature, time, and man repent it.

MON. Looke you cossin.

Go change the aire for shame, see if your absence,
 Will blast your *Cornucopia*—*Marcello*
 Is chosen with you joint commissioner
 For the relieving our Italian coast
 From pirats. MAR. I am much honord int. CAM. But sir
 Ere I return the stages hornes may be sprouted,
 Greater then these Tare shed. MONT. Do not feare it,
 I'll be your ranger. CAM. You must watch i'th nights,
 Then's the most danger. FRAN. Farewell good *Marcello*.
 All the best fortunes of a Souldiers wish,
 Bring you a ship-board.

CAM. Were I not best now I am turn'd Souldier,
 E're that I leave my wife, sell all shee hath,
 And then take leave of her ? MONT. I expect good from you,
 Your parting is so merry.

CAM. Merry, my Lord, a'th Captaines humor right;
 I am resolved to be drunke this night. *Exeunt Camilla and*

FRA. So, 'twas well fitted, now shall we descerne, *Marcello*.
 How his wisht absence will give violent way
 To Duke *Brachiano's* lust—MONT. Why that was it;
 To what scorn'd purpose else should we make choice
 Of him for a sea Captaine ? and besides,
 Count *Lodowicke* which was rumor'd for a pirate,
 Is now in *Padua*. FRAN. Is't true ? MONT. Most certaine.
 I have letters from him, which are suppliant
 To worke his quicke repeale from banishment—
 He meanes to adresse himselfe for pention,
 Unto our sister Dutchesse. FRAN. O 'twas well.
 We shall not want his absence past sixe daies.
 I faine would have the Duke *Brachiano* run
 Into notorious scandale, for their's nought
 In such curst dotage, to repaire his name,
 Onely the deepe sence of some deathlesse shame.

MON. It may be objected I am dishonourable,
To play thus with my kinsman, but I answere,
For my revenge Fde stake a brothers life,
That being wrong'd durst not avenge himselfe.

FRA. Come to observe this Strumpet. MON. Cursse of
greatnes,

Sure hee'le not leave her. FRAN. There's small pittie in't—
Like mistle-tow on scare Elmes spent by weather,
Let him cleave to her and both rot together.

Exeunt.

SCENE IT.

Rome. Camilla's House.

Enter Brachiano with one in the habite of a Conjurer.

BRAC. Now sir I claime your promise, His dead midnight,
The time prefixt to shew me by your Art,
How the intended murders of *Camillo*,
And our loathed Dutchesse grow to action.

CON. You have won me by your bounty to a deed,
I do not often practise— some there are,
Which by Sophisticke tricks, aspire that name
Which I would gladly loose, of Nigromancer;
As some that use to juggle upon cardes,
Seeming to conjure, when indeed they cheate,
Others that raise up their confederate spirits,
'Bout wind-mils, and indanger their owne neckes,
For making of a squib, and some their are
Will keepe a curtail to shew juggling trickes
And give out 'tis a spirit: besides these
Such a whole reame of Almanacke-makers, figure-flingers,
Fellovves indeed that onely live by stealth,
Since they do meerely lie about stolne goods—
Thei'd make me thinke the divell were fast and loose,
With speaking fustian Lattine : pray sit downe,
Put on this night-cap sir, 'tis charm'd, and now
Fie shew you by my strong-commanding Art
The circumstance that breakes your Dutchesse heart.

A DUMBE SHEW.

Enter suspiciously-, Julio and Christophero, they draw a curtaine wher Brachiano's picture is, they put on spectacles of glasse, which cover their eyes and noses, and then burne perfunnes afore the picture, and wash the lips of the picture, that done, quenching the fire, and putting off their spectacles they depart laughing.

Enter Isabella in her night-gowne as to bed-ward, with lights after her, Count Lodovico, Giovanni, Guid-antonio and others waighting on her, shee kneeles downe as to prayers, then drawes the curtaine of the picture, doe's three reverences to it, and kisses it thrice, shee faints and zwill not suffer them to come nere it, dies, sorrow exprest in Giovanni and in Count Lodovico, shees conveid out solemnly.

BRAC. Excellent, then shec's dead—CON. She's poysoned,
By the fum'd picture—'twas her custome nightly,
Before shee went to bed, to go and visite
Your picture, and to feed her eyes and lippes
On the dead shadow—Doctor *Julio*
Observing this, infects it with an oile
And other poison'd stufte, which presently
Did suffocate her spirits. BRAC. Me thought I saw
Count *Lodowicke* there. CON. He was, and by my art
I finde hee did most passionately doate
Upon your Dutchesse—now turne another way,
And veiw *Camillo's* farre more polliticke fate-
Strike louder musicke from this charmed ground,
To yeeld, as fits the act, a Tragicke sound.

THE SECOND DUMBE SHEW.

Enter Flamineo, Marcello, Camillo, with foure more as Captaiues, they drinke healths and dance, a vaulting horse is brought into the roome; Marcello and two more whispered out of the roome, while Flamineo and Camillo strip themselves into their shirts, as to vault', complement who shall beginne; as Camillo is about to vault, Flamineo pitcheth him upon his necke, and with the help of the rest, wriths his necke about, seemes to see if it be broke, and layes him foulded double as 'twere under the horse, makes shewe to call for helpe, Marcello comes in, laments, sends

for the Cardinall and Duke, who comes forth with armed men, wonders at the act, commands the bodie to be carried home, apprehends Flamineo, Marcello, and the rest, and goes as 'twere to apprehend Vittoria.

BRAC. 'Twas quaintly done, but yet each circumstance
 I tast not fully. CON. O 'twas most apparant,
 You saw them enter charged with their deepe helthes
 To their boone voyage, and to second that,
Flamineo cals to have a vaulting horse
 Maintaine their sport. The vertuous *Marcello*,
 Is innocently plotted forth the roome,
 Whilst your eye saw the rest, and can informe you
 The engine of all. BRAC. It seemcs *Marcello*, and *Flamineo*
 Are both committed. CON. Yes, you saw them guarded,
 And now they arc come with purpose to apprehend
 Your Mistresse, faire *Vittoria*; wee are now
 Beneath her roofe : 'twere fit we instantly
 Make out by some backe posterne : BRAC. Noble friend.
 You bind me ever to you—this shall stand
 As the firme scale annexed to my hand.
 It shall inforce a payment. CON. Sir I thanke you. *Exit Brae.*
 Both flowers and weedes, spring when the Sunne is warme,
 And great men do great good, or else great harme. *Exit Con.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Rome. The Ante-chamber of a Court of Justice.

*Enter Francisco, and Monticelso, their Chancellor
 and Register.*

FRAN. You have dealt discreetly to obtaine the presence
 Of all the grave Leiger Embassadors
 To heare *Vittorias* triall. MON. Twas not ill,
 For sir you know we have nought but circumstances
 To charge her with, about her husbands death,
 Their approbation therefore to the proofes
 Of her blacke lust, shall make her infamous
 To all our neighbouring Kingdomes—I wonder
 If *Brachiano* will be here. FRA. O rye
 'Twere impudence too palpable.

Exeunt.

Enter Flamineo and Marcello guarded, and a Lawyer.

LAW. What, are you in by the weeke ? So—I will try now whether thy wit be close prisoner—mee thinke's none should sit upon thy sister but old whoore-maisters—

FLAM. Or cocoulds, for your cocould is your most terrible tickler of lechery : whoore-maisters would serve, for none are judges at tilting, but those that have bene old Tilters.

LAW. My Lord Duke and shee have bene very private :

FLAM. You are a dull asse, 'tis threatned they have bene very publicke.

LAW. If it can be proved they have but kist one another . .

FLAM. What then ? LAW. My Lord Cardinall will ferit them—

FLAM. A Cardinall I hope will not catch conyes.

LAW. For to sowe kisses (marke what I say) to sowe kisses, is to reape lechery, and I am sure a woman that will endure kissing is halfe won.

FLAM. True, her upper part by that rule—if you will win her nether part too you know what followes.

LAW. Harke the Embassadors are lighted—

FLAM, aside I do put on this feigned Garbe of mirth, To gull suspicion.

MAR. O my unfortunate sister !
I would my daggers point had cleft her heart
When she first saw *Brachiano* : You 'tis said,
Were made his engine, and his stauking horse
To undo my sister. FLAM. I made a kind of path,
To her & mine owne preferment. MAR. Your ruine.

FLAM. Hum ! thou art a souldier,
Followest the great Duke, feedest his victories,
As witches do their serviceable spirits,
Even with thy prodigall bloud—what hast got
But like the wealth of Captaines, a poore handfull ?—
Which in thy palme thou bear'st, as men hold water—
Seeking to gripe it fast, the fraile reward
Steales through thy fingers. MAR. Sir !

FLAM. Thou hast scarce maintenance
To keepe thee in fresh shamoyes. MAR. Brother !

FLAM. Heare me,

And thus when we have even powred our selves,
 Into great fights, for their ambition
 Or idle spleene, how shall we find reward ?
 -But as we seldome find the mistle-towe
 Sacred to physicke on the builder Oke,
 Without a Mandrake by it, so in our quest of gaine.
 Alas the poorest of their forc'd dislikes
 At a limbe proffers, but at heart it strikes :
 This is lamented doctrine. MAR. Come, come.

FLAM. When age shall turne thee,
 White as a blooming hauthorne . . . MAR. Tie interrupt you.
 For love of vertue beare an honest heart,
 And stride over every polliticke respect,
 Which where they most advance they most infect.
 Were I your father, as I am your brother,
 I should not be ambitious to leave you
 A better patrimony. FLA. Tie think on't—
 The Lord Embassadors. *Enter Savoy Embassador.*

*Here there is a passage of the Lieger Embassadors
 over the Stage severally. Enter French Embassador.*

LAW. O my sprightly Frenchman, do you know him ?—
 he's an admirable Tilter.

FLAM. I saw him at last Tilting, he shewed like a peuter
 candlestickte fashioned like a man in armour, houlding a Tilting
 staffe in his hand, little bigger then a candle of twelve i'th pound.

LAW. O but he's an excellent horseman.

FLAM. A lame one in his lofty trickes, hee sleepes a horse-
 backe like a poultre— *Enter English and Spanish*

LAW. Lo you my Spaniard. *Embassadors.*

FLAM. He carries his face in's ruffe, as I have scene a serving-
 man carry glasses in a cipres hat-band, monstrous steddy for feare
 of breaking—He lookes like the claw of a black-bird, first salted
 and then broyled in a candle. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Court of Justice.

THE ARAIGNEMENT OF VITTORIA.

*Enter Francisco, Monticelso, the sixe lieger Embassadors,
Brachiano, Vittoria, Zanche, Flamineo, Mat-cello,
Lawyer, and a guard.*

MONT. Forebeare my Lord, here is no place assigned you,
This businesse by his holinesse is left
To our examination.

BRA. May it thrive with you.

Laies a rich gowne

FRAN. A Chaire there for his Lordship.

under him.

BRA. Forbeare your kindnesse, an unbidden guest
Should travaile as dutch-women go to Church :
Beare their stooles with them. MON. At your pleasure Sir.
Stand to the table gentlewoman : now Signior
Fall to your plea.

LAW. *Domine Index convene oculos in hanc pestem
mulierum corruptissimam.* VIT. Whats he ?

FRAN. A Lawyer, that pleades against you.

VIT. Pray my Lord, Let him speake his usuall tongue
He make no answer else. FRAN. Why you understand lattin

VIT. I do Sir, but amongst this auditory
Which come to heare my cause, the halfe or more
May bee ignorant in't. MON. Go on Sir :

VIT. By your favour,
I will not have my accusation clouded,
In a strange tongue : All this assembly
Shall heare what you can charge mee with. FRAN. Signior,
You need not stand on't much ; pray change your language.

MON. Oh for God sake : gentlewoman, your credit
Shall bee more famous by it.

LAW. Well then have at you.

VIT. I am at the marke Sir, He give aime to you,
And tell you how neare you shoote.

LAW. Most literated Judges, please your Lordships,
So to connive your Judgements to the view
Of this debausht and diversivolent woman

Who such a blacke concatenation
Of mischief hath effected, that to exterpe
The memory oft, must be the consummation
Of her and her projections—VIT. What's all this ?

LAW. Hould your peace.

Exorbitant sinnes must have exulceration.

VIT. Surely my Lords this lawier here hath swallowed
Some Poticaryes bils, or proclamations.
And now the hard ana¹ undegestable wordes,
Come up like stones wee use give Haukes for phisickc.
Why this is welch to Lattin. LAW. My Lords, the woman
Know's not her tropes nor figures, nor is perfect
In the accademick derivation

Of Grammaticall elocution. FRAN. Sir your paynes
Shall bee well spared, and your deepe eloquence
Bee worthely applauded amongst those
Which understand you. LAW. My good Lord ! FRAN. Sir,
Put up your papers in your fustian bag— *Francisco speakes this*
Cry mercy Sir, tis buckeram—and accept *as in scorne.*
My notion of your learn'd verbosity.

LAW. I most graduatically thanke your Lordship.
I shall have use for them elsewhere.

Exit Lawyer.

MON. I shall bee playner with you, and paint out
Your foies in more naturall red and white,
Then that upon your cheek. VIT. O you mistake.
You raise a blood as noble in this cheek
As ever was your mothers.

MON. I must spare you till prooffe cry whore to that;
Observe this creature here my honoured Lords,
A woman of a most prodigious spirit
In her effected. VIT. Honorable my Lord,
It doth not sute a reverend Cardinal!
To play the Lawier thus.

MON. Oh your trade instructs your language !
You see my Lords what goodly fruit she seemes,
Yet like those apples travellers report
To grow where *Sodom* and *Gomora* stood,
I will but touch her and you straight shall see
Sheele fall to soote and ashes. VIT. Your invenom'd
Poticary should doo't. MON. I am resolved

Were there a second Paradice to loose
This Devell would betray it. VIT. O poore charity !
Thou art seldome found in scarlet.

MON. Who knowes not how, when severall night by night
Her gates were choak'd with coaches, and her roomes
Out-brav'd the stars with severall kind of lights,
When shee did counterfet a Princes Court,
In musicke banquets and most ryotous surfets
This whore, forsooth, was holy ?

VIT. Ha ? whore—what's that ?

MON. Shall I expound whore to you ? sure I shal;
He give their perfect character. They are first,
Sweete meates which rot the eater : In mans nostrill
Poison'd perfumes. They are coosning Alcumy,
Shipwrackes in Calmest weather. What are whores ?
Cold Russian winters, that appeare so barren,
As if that nature had forgot the spring.
They are the trew matteriall fier of hell,
Worse then those tributes ith low countries payed,
Exactions upon meat, drinke, garments, sleepe,
I even on mans perdition, his sin.
They are those brittle evidences of law
Which forfait all a wretched mans estate
For leaving out one sillabie. What are whores ?
They are those flattering bells have all one tune
At weddings, and at funerals : your ritch whores
Are only treasures by extortion fild,
And emptied by curs'd riot. They are worse,
Worse then dead bodies, which are beg'd at gallowes
And wrought upon by surgeons, to teach man
Wherin hee is imperfect. Whats a whore ?
Shees like the guilty counterfett'd coine
Which who so eare first stampe it, brings in trouble
All that receive it. VIT. This carracter scapes me.

MON. You, gentlewoman!
Take from all beasts, and from all mineralls
Their deadly poison—VIT. Well what then ? MON. He tell thee—
He find in thee a Poticaries shop
To sample them all. FR. EMB. Shee hath lived ill.
ENG. EMB. Trew, but the Cardinals too bitter.

MON. You know what Whore is; next the devell, Adultry,
Enters the devell, Murder. FRAN. Your unhappy
Husband is dead. VIT. O hee's a happy husband—
Now hee owes Nature nothing.

FRAN. And by a vaulting engine ! MON. An active plot—
Hee jumpt into his grave. FRAN, what a prodigy was't,
That from some two yardes height a slender man
Should breake his necke ! MON. Ith' rushes. FRA. And what's
more,

Upon the instant loose all use of speach,
All vitall motion, like a man had laine
Wound up three dayes. Now marke each circumstance.

MON. And looke upon this creature was his wife.
Shee comes not like a widow : shee comes arm'd
With scorne and impudence : Is this a mourning habit ?

VIT. Had I forknowne his death as you suggest,
I would have bespoke my mourning.

MON. O you are conning.

VIT. You shame your wit and Judgement
To call it so; What, is my just defence
By him that is my Judge cal'd impudence ?
Let mee appeale then from this Christian Court
To the uncivill Tartar. MON. See my Lords.
Shee scandals our proceedings. VIT. Humbly thus,
Thus low, to the most worthy and respected
Leigier Embassadors, my modesty
And womanhood I tender; but withall
So intangled in a cursed accusation
That my defence of force like *Perseus*,
Must personate masculine vertue—To the point!
Find mee but guilty, sever head from body :
Weele part good frindes : I scorne to hould my life
At yours or any mans intreaty, Sir.

ENG. EMB. Shee hath a brave spirit.

MON. Well, well, such counterfet Jewels
Make trew ones oft suspected. VIT. You are deceived.
For know that all your strickt-combined heads,
Which strike against this mine of diamondes,
Shall prove but glassen hammers, they shall breake—
These are but fained shadowes of my evels.

Terrify babes, my Lord, with painted devils,
I am past such needlesse palsy—for your names,
Of Whoore and Murdresse they proceed from you,
As if a man should spit against the wind,
The filth returne's in's face.

MON. Pray you Mistresse satisfy me one question :
Who lodg'd beneath your roofe that fatall night
Your husband brake his necke ? BRA. That question

Brachiano springs to his feet.

Inforceth me breake silence—I was there.

MONT. Your businesse ? BRAC. Why I came to comfort her,
And take some course for setling her estate,
Because I heard her husband was in debt
To you my Lord. MONT. He was.

BRAC. And 'twas strangely fear'd,
That you would cosen her. MONT. Who made you over-seer ?

BRAC. Why my charity, my charity, which should flow
From every generous and noble spirit,
To orphans and to widdows. MONT. Your lust!

BRA. Cowardly dogs barke loudest. Sirrah Priest,
He talke with you hereafter,——Do you heare ?
The sword you frame of such an excellent temper,
Tie sheath in your owne bowels :
There are a number of thy coate resemble
Your common post-boyes. MONT. Ha ?

BRAC. Your mercinary post-boyes—
Your letters carry truth, but 'tis your guise
To fill your mouth's with grosse and impudent lies.

*He makes
for the door.*

SER. My Lord your gowne.

BRAC. Thou liest 'twas my stoole.
Bestow't upon thy maister that will challenge
The rest a'th houshold-stuffe—for *Brachiano*
Was nere so beggarly, to take a stoole
Out of anothers lodging : let him make
Valence for his bed on't, or a demy foote-cloth,
For his most reverent moile—*Monticelso*,
Nemo me Impune lacessit.

Exit Brachiano.

MON. Your Champions gon.

VIT. The wolfe may prey the better.

FRA. My Lord there's great suspicion of the murder,

But no sound prooffe who did it: for my part
I do not thinke she hath a soule so blacke
To act a deed so bloudy—if shee have,
As in cold countries husband-men plant Vines,
And with warme blood manure them, even so
One summer she will beare unsavory fruite,
And ere next spring wither both branch and roote.
The act of blood let passe, onely descend
To matter of incontinence. VIT. I decerne poison,
Under your gilded pils.

MON. Now the Duke's gone, I wil produce a letter,
Wherein 'twas plotted, he and you should meete,
At an Apotiecaries summer-house,
Downe by the river Tiber : veiw't my Lords :
Where after wanton bathing and the heat
Of a lascivious banquet——1 pray read it,
I shame to speak the rest. VIT. Grant I was tempted,
Temptation to lust proves not the act—
Casta est quam nemo rogavit—

You reade his hot love to me, but you want

My frosty answeare. MON. Frost i'th dog-daies ! strange I

VIT. Condemne you me for that the Duke did love mee ?
So may you blame some faire and christall river
For that some melancholike distracted man,
Hath drown'd himselfe in't. MON. Truly drown'd indeed.

VIT. Summe up my faults I pray, and you shall finde,
That beauty and gay clothes, a merry heart,
And a good stomacke to a feast, are all,
All the poore crimes that you can charge me with :
Infaiht my Lord you might go pistoll flyes,
The sport would be more noble. MON. Very good.

VIT. But take you your course, it seemes you have beggerd
me first
And now would faine undo me—I have houses,
Jewels, and a poore remnant of Crusado's,
Would those would make you charitable ! MON. If the devill
Did ever take good shape behold his picture.

VIT. You have one vertue left,
You will not flatter me. FRA. Who brought this letter ?

VIT. I am not compePd to tell you.

MON. My Lord Duke sent to you a thousand duckets,
The twelfth of August. VIT. 'Twas to keepe your cosen
From prison, I paid use for't. MON. I rather thinke
'Twas Interest for his lust.

VIT. Who saies so but your selfe ? if you bee my accuser
Pray cease to be my Judge, come from the Bench,
Give in your evidence 'gainst me, and let these
Be moderators : my Lord Cardinall,
Were your intelligencing eares as long
As to my thoughts, had you an honest tongue
I would not care though you proclaimed them all.

MONT. Go to, go to.
After your goodly and vaine-glorious banquet,
Fie give you a choake-peare. VIT. A' your owne grafting ?

MON. You were borne in *Venice*, honourably descended,
From the *Vittelli*, 'twas my cossins fate—
Ill may I name the hower—to marry you,
Hee bought you of your father. VIT. Ha ?

MON. Hee spent there in sixe monthes,
Twelve thousand Dukets, and to my acquaintance
Received in dowry with you not one *Julio* :
'Twas a hard peny-worth, the ware being so light.
I yet but draw the curtaine—now to your picture,
You came from thence a most notorious strumpet,
And so you have continued. VIT. My Lord !

MON. Nay heare me,
You shall have time to prate—my Lord *Brachiano*—
Alas I make but repetition,
Of what is ordinary and Ryalto talke,
And ballated, and would bee plaid a'th stage,
But that vice many times findes such loud freinds,
That Preachers are charm'd silent.

You Gentlemen *Flamineo* and *Marcello*,
The Court hath nothing now to charge you with,
Onely you must remaine upon your suerties,
For your appearance. FRA. I stand for *Marcello*

FLA. And my Lord Duke for me.

MON. For you *Vittoria*, your publicke fault,
Joyn'd to'th condition of the present time,
Takes from you all the fruits of noble pitty.

Such a corrupted triall have you made
Both of your life and beauty, and bene stil'd
No lesse in ominous fate then biasing starres
To Princes; heare your sentence—you are confin'd
Unto a house of convertites and your baud—

FLA. *aside* Who I ? MON. The Moore.

FLA. *aside* O I am a sound man againe.

VIT. A house of convertites, what's that ?

MON. A house

Of penitent vvhoores. VIT. Do the Noblemen in Rome.
Erect it for their wives, that I am sent

To lodge there ? FRAN. You must have patience.

VIT. I must first have vengeance.

I faine would know if you have your salvation

By patent, that you proceed thus. MON. Away with her.
Take her hence.

VIT. A rape, a rape ! MON. How ? VIT. Yes you have
ravisht justice,

Forc't her to do your pleasure. MON. fy slice's mad—

VIT. Dye with those pils in your most cursed mawe,
Should bring you health, or while you sit a'th Bench,
Let your owne spittle choake you. MON. She's turn'd fury.

VIT. That the last day of judgement may so find you,
And leave you the same devill you were before—

Instruct me some good horse-lech to speak Treason,

For since you cannot take my life for deeds,

Take it for wordes—ô womans poore revenge

Which dwels but in the tongue—I will not weepe,

No I do scorne to call up one poore teare

To fawne on your injustice—beare me hence,

Unto this house of—what's your mittigating Title ?

MON. Of convertites.

VIT. It shal not be a house of convertites—

My minde shall make it honester to mee

Then the Popes Pallace, and more peaceable

Then thy soule, though thou art a Cardinall—

Know this, and let it somewhat raise your spight,

Through darkenesse Diamonds spred their ritchest light.

Exit Vittoria.

Enter Brachiano.

BRA. Now you and I are friends sir, wee'le shake hands,
In a friends grave, together—a fit place,
Being the embleme of soft peace, t'attone our hatred.

FRA. Sir, what's the matter ?

BRA. I will not chase more blood from that lov'd cheek,
You have lost too much already, fare-you-well. *Exit.*

FRA. How strange these words sound ! what's the interpretation ?

FLA. *aside* Good, this is a preface to the discovery of the
Dutches death : Hee carries it well: because now I cannot counter-
feit a whining passion for the death of my Lady, I will faine
a madde humor for the disgrace of my sister, and that will keepe
off idle questions—Treasons tongue hath a villanous palsy in't,
I will talk to any man, heare no man, and for a time appeare a
polliticke mad-man. *Exit.* *Enter Giovanni, Count Lodovico.*

FRA. How now my Noble cossin—what in blacke !

Gio. Yes Unckle, I was taught to imitate you
In vertue, and you must imitate mee
In coloures for your garments—my sweete mother
Is—FRA. How ? Where ?

Gio. Is there—no yonder—indeed sir Tie not tell you,
For I shall make you weepe. FUA. Is dead ?

Gio. Do not blame me now,
I did not tell you so. LOD. She's dead my Lord.

FRA. Dead ? MON. Blessed Lady; thou are now above thy
woes—

Wilt please your Lordships to with-draw a little ?

Gio. What do the dead do, uncle ? do they eate,
Heare musicke, goe a-hunting, and bee merrie,
As wee that live ?

FRAN. No, cose; they sleepe.

Gio. Lord, Lord, that I were dead,
I have not slept these sixe nights. When doe they wake ?

FRAN. When God shall please.

Gio. Good God let her sleepe ever.
For I have knowne her wake an hundreth nights,
When all the pillow, where shee laid her head,
Was brine-wet with her teares. I am to complaine to you Sir.

He tell you how they have used her now shees dead:
 They wrapt her in a cruel! fould of lead,
 And would not let mee kisse her. FRAN. Thou didst love her ?

Gio. I have often heard her say shee gave mee sucke,
 And it should seeme by that shee deerely lov'd mee,
 Since Princes seldome doe it.

FRAN. O, all of my poore sister that remaines !
 Take him away for Gods sake. MON. How now my Lord ?

FRAN. Beleeve mee I am nothing but her grave,
 And I shall keepe her blessed memorie,
 Longer then thousand Epitaphs.

Exeunt.

SCENE III.

The Ante-chamber.

Enter Flamineo as distracted, Marcello, and Lodovico.

FLA. Wee indure the strokes like anviles or hard steele,
 Till paine it selfe make us no paine to feele.
 Who shall doe mee right now ? Is this the end of service ? Ide
 rather go weede garlick; travaile through France, and be mine
 owne ostler; weare sheepe-skin lininges; or shoos that stinke of
 blacking; bee entred into the list of the fourtie thousand pedlars
 in Poland.

Enter Savoy Ambassador.

Would I had rotted in some Surgeons house at Venice, built upon
 the Pox as well as on piles, ere I had serv'd *Btachiano*.

SAV. You must have comfort.

FLA. Your comfortable wordes are like honie. They rellish
 well in your mouth that's whole; but in mine that's wounded
 they go downe as if the sting of the Bee were in them. Oh they
 have wrought their purpose cunningly, as if they would not seeme
 to doe it of malice. In this a Polititian imitates the devill, as
 the devill imitates a Canon. Wheresoever he comes to doe mis-
 chiefe, he comes with his backside towards you.

Enter the French Ambassador.

FRE, EMB. The proofes are evident.

FLA. Proofs ! 'twas corruption. O Gold, what a God art thou !
 and ô man, what a devill art thou to be tempted by that cursed
 Minerall! Yon diversivolent Lawyer; marke him, knaves
 turne informers, as maggots turne to flies, you may catch gudgions

with either. A Cardinall; would hee would heare mee, theres nothing so holie but mony will corrupt and putrifie it, like vittell under the line.

Enter English Ambassador.

You are happie in England, my Lord; here they sell justice with those weights they presse men to death with. O horrible salariet

ENG. EMB. Fie, fie, *Flamineo*.

FLA. Bels nere ring well, till they are at their full pitch, and I hope yon Cardinall shall never have the grace to pray well, till he come to the scaffold.

If they were rackt now to know the confederacie ! But your Noblemen are priviledged from the racke; and well may. For a little thing would pull some of them a peeces afore they came to their arraignment. Religion; oh how it is commeddled with policie. The first bloudshed in the world happened about religion. Would I were a Jew. MAR. O, there are too many.

FLA. You are deceiv'd. There are not Jewes enough, Priests enough, nor gentlemen enough. MAR. How ?

FLA. He prove it. For if there were Jewes enough, so many Christians would not turne usurers; if Priests enough, one should not have sixe Benefices; and if gentlemen enough, so many earlie mushromes, whose best growth sprang from a dunghill, should not aspire to gentilitie. Farewell. Let others live by begging. Bee thou one of them practize the art of *Wolnor* in England to swallow all's given thee; and yet let one purgation make thee as hungrie againe as fellowes that worke in a saw-pit. He go heare the scritch-owle.

Exit.

LOD. *aside* This was *Brachiano's* Pandar, and 'tis strange That in such open and apparant guilt Of his adulterous sister, hee dare utter So scandalous a passion. I must wind him.

Enter Flamineo.

FLA. *aside* How dares this banisht Count returne to Rome, His pardon not yet purchast ? I have heard The deceast Dutchesse gave him pension, And that he came along from Padua I'th' traine of the yong Prince. There's somewhat in't. Phisitians, that cure poisons, still doe worke With counterpoisons.

MAR. Marke this strange incounter.

FLA. The God of Melancholic turne thy gall to poison,

And let the stigmaticke wrinces in thy face,
 Like to the boisterous waves in a rough tide
 One still overtake another. LOD. I doe thanke thee
 And I doe wish ingeniously for thy sake
 The dog-daies all yeare long.

FLA. How crokes the raven ?
 Is our Good Dutchesse dead ? LOD. Dead. FLA. O fate !
 Misfortune comes like the Crowners businesse,
 Huddle upon huddle.

LOD. Shalt thou and I joyne housekeeping ? FLA. Yes, content.
 Let's bee unsociably sociable.

LOD. Sit some three daies together, and discourse.

FLA. Onely with making faces; lie in our clothes.

LOD. With faggots for our pillowes. FLA. And bee lowsie.

LOD. In taffeta lininges; that's gentile melancholic—
 Sleepe all day. FLA. Yes : and like your melancholike hare
 Feed after midnight. *Enter Antone Hi and Casparo, laughing.*

Wee are observed : see how yon couple greve.

LOD. What a strange creature is a laughing foole,
 As if man were created to no use
 But onely to shew his teeth. FLA. lie tell thee what,
 It would doe well in stead of looking glasses
 To set ones face each morning by a sawcer
 Of a witches congealed bloud. LOD. Pretious !
 Weel never part. FLA. Never : till the beggerie of Courtiers,
 The discontent of church-men, want of souldiers,
 And all the creatures that hang manacled,
 Worse then strappado'd, on the lowest fellie
 Of fortunes wheeie be taught in our two lives
 To scorne that world which life of meanes deprives.

AN. My Lord, I bring good newes. The Pope on's death-bed,
 At th' earnest suit of the great Duke of Florence,
 Hath sign'd your pardon, and restor'd unto you——

LOD. I thanke you for your newes. Look up againe
Flamineo, see my pardon. FLAM. Why do you laugh ?
 There was no such condition in our covenant. LOD. Why ?

FLAM. You shall not seeme a happier man then I,
 You know our vow sir, if you will be merry,
 Do i'th like posture, as if some great man
 Sate while his enemy were executed :
 Though it be very letchery unto thee,

Doo't with a crabbed Polititians face.

LOD. Your sister is a damnable whore. FLAM. Ha ?

LOD. Looke you; I spake that laughing.

FLAM. Dost ever thinke to speake againe ?

LOD. Do you heare ?

Wilt sel me fourty ounces of her bloud,

To water a mandrake ? FL. Poore Lord, you did vow

To live a lowzy creature. LOD. Yes : FLA. Like one

That had for ever forfeited the day-light,

By being in debt— LOD. Ha, ha !

FLAM. I do not greatly wonder you do breake :

Your Lordship learn't long since. But He tell you—

LOD. What ? FLA. And't shall sticke by you.

LOD. I long for it.

FLAM. This laughter scurvily becomes your face,

If you will not be melancholy, be angry.

Strikes him.

See, now I laugh too.

MAR. You are to blame—He force you hence.

LOD. Unhand me :

Exit Mar. & Flam.

That e'er I should be forc't to right my selfe,

Upon a Pandar ! ANT. My Lord !

LOD. H'had bene as good met with his fist a thunderbolt.

GAS. How this shewes !

LOD. Uds' death, how did my sword misse him ?

These rogues that are most weary of their lives,

Still scape the greatest dangers—

A pox upon him : all his reputation ;

Nay all the goodnesse of his family ;

Is not worth halfe this earthquake.

I learnt it of no fencer to shake thus ;

Come, Tie forget him, and go drinke some wine.

Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Rome. Francisco's Palace.**Enter Francisco and Monticelso.*

MON. Come, come my Lord, untie your fouled thoughts,
And let them dangle loose as a bride's haire.
Your sister's poisoned.

FRA. Farre bee it from my thoughts
To seeke revenge.

MON. What, are you turn'd all marble ?

FRA. Shall I defye him, and impose a warre
Most burthensome on my poore subjects neckes,
Which at my will I have not power to end ?
You know; for all the murders, rapes, and thefts,
Committed in the horred lust of warre,
He that unjustly caus'd it first proceed,
Shall finde it in his grave and in his seed.

MON. That's not the course I'de wish you : pray, observe me,
We see that undermining more prevailes
Then doth the Canon. Beare your wrongs conceal'd,
And, patient as the Tortoise, let this Cammell
Stalke o're your back unbruis'd : sleep with the Lyon,
And let this brood of secure foolish mice
Play with your nostrils, till the time bee ripe
For th'bloody audit, and the fatall gripe :
Aime like a cunning fowler, close one eie,
That you the better may your game espy.

FRA. Free me, my innocence, from treacherous actes :
I know ther's thunder yonder: and I'll stand,
Like a safe vallie, which low bends the knee
To some aspiring mountaihe : since I know
Treason, like spiders weaving nets for flies,
By her foule worke is found, and in it dies.
To passe away these thoughts—my honour'd Lord,
It is reported you possesse a booke
Wherein you have quoted, by intelligence,
The names of all notorious offenders
Lurking about the Citty— MON. Sir I do;

And some there are which call it my blacke booke
Well may the title hold : for though it teach not
The Art of conjuring, yet in it lurke
The names of many devils. FRAN. Pray let's see it.

MON. Tie fetch it to your Lordship.

FRA. *Monticeko,*

Exit Monticelso.

Fie not trust thee, but in all my plots
Tie rest as jealous as a Towne besieg'd.
Thou canst not reach what I intend to act.
Your flax soone kindles, soone is out againe,
But gold slow heat's, and long will hot remaine.

Enter Mont.

MON. 'Tis here my Lord.

presents Fra. with a booke.

FRA. First your Intelligencers pray let's see.

MON. Their number rises strangely,
And some of them
You'd take for honest men.
Next are Pandars.

These are your Pirats : and these following leaves,
For base rogues that undo yong Gentlemen
By taking up commodities : for pollicit bankroupts :
For fellowes that are bawdes to their owne wives,
Onely to put off horses and slight jewels,
Clockes, defac't plate, and such commodities,
At birth of their first children. FRA. Are there such ?

MON. These are for Impudent baudes,
That go in mens apparell: for usurers
That share with scriveners for their good reportage :
For Lawyers that will antedate their writtes :
And some Divines you might find foulded there;
But that I slip them o're for conscience sake.
Here is a generall catalogue of knaves.

A man might study all the prisons o're,
Yet never attaine this knowledge. FRA. Murderers.
Fould downe the leafe I pray,
Good my Lord let me borrow this strange doctrine.

MON. Pray use't my Lord.

FRAN. I do assure your Lordship,
You are a worthy member of the State,
And have done infinite good in your discovery
Of these offenders. MON. Some-what Sir. FR4. O God !
Better then tribute of wolves paid in *England*.

'Twill hang their skinnies o'th hedge.

MON. I must make bold
To leave your Lord-ship. FRA. Deerely, sir, I thanke you,
If any aske for me at Court, report
You have left me in the company of knaves. *Exit Mont.*
I gather now by this, some cunning fellow
That's my Lords Officer, one that lately skipt,
From a Clerkes deske up to a Justice chaire,
Hath made this knavish summons; and intendes,
As th' Irish rebels wont were to sell heads,
So to make prize of these. And thus it happens,
Your poore rogues pay for't, which have not the meanes
To present bribe in fist: the rest o'th'band
Are raz'd out of the knaves record; or else
My Lord he winkes at them with easy will,
His man growes rich, the knaves are the knaves still.
But to the use Fie make of it; it shall serve
To point me out a list of murderers,
Agents for any villany. Did I want
Ten leash of Curtisans, it would furnish me;
Nay lawndresse three Armies. That in so little paper
Should lie th'undoing of so many men !
'Tis not so big as twenty declarations.
See the corrupted use some make of bookes :
Divinity, wrested by some factious bloud,
Draws swords, swels battels, & orethrowes all good.
To fashion my revenge more seriously,
Let me remember my dead sisters face :
Call for her picture : no; Fie close mine eyes,
And in a melancholicke thought Fie frame

Enter Isabella's Ghost

Her figure 'fore me. Now I——d' foot how strong
Imagination workes ! how she can frame
Things which are not! me thinks she stands afore me;
And by the quicke Idea of my minde,
Were my skill pregnant, I could draw her picture.
Thought, as a subtile Jugler, makes us deeme
Things, supernaturall, which have cause
Common as sicknesse. 'Tis my melancholy—
How cam'st thou by thy death ?——how idle am I
To question mine owne idlenesse ! . . . did ever

Man dreame awake till now ? . . . remove this object—

Out of my braine with't! what have I to do

With tombes, or death-beds, funerals, or teares,

That have to meditate upon revenge ?

Exit Ghost.

So now 'tis ended, like an old wives story.

States-men thinke often they see stranger sights

Then mad-men. Come, to this waighly businesse.

My Tragedy must have some idle mirth in't,

Else it will never passe. I am in love,

In love with *Corombona*; and my suite

Thus haltes to her in verse.——— *he writes.*

I have done it rarely : 6 the fate of Princes !

I am so us'd to frequent flattery,

That being alone I now flatter my selfe;

But it will serve, 'tis seal'd; beare this

Enter servant.

To th'house of Convertites; and watch your leisure

To give it to the hands of *Corombona*,

Or to the Matron, when some followers

Of *Brachiano* may be by. Away—

Exit servant.

He that deales all by strength, his wit is shallow :

When a mans head goes through each limbe will follow.

The engine for my busines, bold Count *Lodowicke* . . .

'Tis gold must such an instrument procure,

With empty fist no man doth falcons lure.

Brachiano, I am now fit for thy encounter.

Like the wild Irish I'll nere thinke thee dead,

Till I can play at footeball with thy head.

Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo.

Exit.

SCENE II.

Hall of the House of Convertites.

Enter the Matron, and Flamineo.

MAT. Should it be knowne the Duke hath such recourse

To your imprison'd sister, I were like

jT'incur much damage by it. FLA. Not a scruple.

The Pope lies on his death-bed, and their heads

Are troubled now with other businesse
Than guarding of a Ladie.

Enter servant

SER. *aside* Yonder's *Flaminese* in conference
With the Matrona. *to the Matrona* Let mee speake with you.
I would intreat you to deliver for mee
This letter to the faire *Vittoria*.

MAT. I shall Sir.

Enter Brachiano.

SER. With all care and secrecie—
Hereafter you shall know mee, and receive
Thankes for this curtesie. FLA. How now ? what's that ?

Exit servant.

MAT. A letter. FLA. To my sister: He see't delivered.

BRA. What's that you read *Flaminese* ? FLA. Looke.

BRA. Ha ? To the most unfortunate his best respected *Vittoria*.
Who was the messenger ? FLA. I know not.

BRA. No ! Who sent it ?

FLA. Ud's foot you speake, as if a man
Should know what foule is coffind in a bak't meate
Afore you cut it up.

BRA. He open't, were't her heart. What's heere subscribed ?
Florence ? This jugling is grosse and palpable.
I have found out the conveyance; read it, read it.

FLA. *Your teares He turne to triumphes, bee but mine,* *Reades*
Your prop is fall'n; I pittie that a vine *the letter.*
Which Princes heretofore have long'd to gather,
Wanting supporters, now should fade and wither.
Wine yfaith, my Lord, with lees would serve his turne.
Your sad imprisonment lie soone uncharme,
And with a princelie uncontrolled arme
Lead you to Florence, where my love and care
Shall hang your wishes in my silver haire.
A halter on his strange aequivocation !
Nor for my yeares returne mee the sad willow—
Who prefer blossomes before fruit that's mellow ?
Rotten on my knowledge with lying too long i'th bed-straw.
And all the lines of age this line convinces :
The Gods never wax old, no more doe Princes.
A pox on't—teare it, let's have no more Atheists
For Gods sake.

BRA. Udsdeath, He cut her into Atomies
And let th'irregular North-winde sweepe her up
And blow her int' his nostrhils. Where' this whore ?

FLA. What ? what doe you call her ?

BRA. Oh, I could bee mad,
Prevent the curst disease shee'l bring mee to;
And teare my haire off. Where's this changeable stuffe ?

FLA. Ore head and eares in water, I assure you,
Shee is not for your wearing. BRA. In you Pandar !

FLA. What mee, my Lord, am I your dog ?

BRA. A bloud-hound : doe you brave ? doe you stand mee ?

FLA. Stand you ? let those that have diseases run;
I need no plaisters. BRA. Would you bee kickt ?

FLA. Would you have your necke broke ?

I tell you Duke, I am not in Russia;

My shinnes must be kept whole. BRA. Do you know mee ?

FLA. O my Lord ! methodically.

As in this world there are degrees of evils :

So in this world there are degrees of devils.

You'r a great Duke; I your poore secretarie.

I doe looke now for a Spanish fig, or an Italian sallet daily.

BRA. Pandar, plie your convoy, and leave your prating.

FLA. All your kindnesse to mee is like that miserable curtesie
of *Polyphemus* to *Ulisses*, you reserve mee to be devoured last,
you would dig turves out of my grave to feed your Larkes: that
would bee musicke to you. Come, lie lead you to her.

Flamideo retreats backwards before him.

BRA. Do you face mee ?

FLA. O sir I would not go before a Pollitique enemie with
my backe towards him, though there were behind mee a whirle-
poole.

Enter Vittoria to Brachiano and Flamideo.

BRA. Can you read Mistresse ? looke upon that letter;
There are no characters nor Hieroglyphicks.

You need no comment—I am growne your receiver—

Gods pretious, you shall bee a brave great Ladie,

A statelie and advanced whore. VIT. Say Sir ?

BRA. Come, come, let's see your Cabinet, discover

Your treasure of love-letters. Death and furies,

He see them all. VIT. Sir, upon my soule,

I have not any. Whence was this directed ?

BRA. Confusion on your politicke ignorance ! *gives her the letter.*
You are reclaimed, are you ? Ile give you the bells
And let you flie to the devill. FLA. Ware hawke, my Lord.

VIT. Florence ! This is some treacherous plot, my Lord—
To mee, he nere was I protest,
So much as in my sleepe. BRA. Right: they are plots.
Your beautie ! ô, ten thousand curses on't.
How long have I beheld the devill in christall!
Thou hast lead mee, like an heathen sacrifice,
With musicke, and with fatall yokes of flowers
To my eternall ruine. Woman to man
Is either a God or a wolfe. VIT. My Lord. BRA. Away.
We'll bee as differing as two Adamants;
The one shall shunne the other. What ? do'st weepe ?
Procure but ten of thy dissembling trade,
Wee'd furnish all the Irish funeralls
With howling, past wild Irish. FLA. Fie, my Lord.

BRA. That hand, that cursed hand, which I have wearied
With doting kisses ! O my sweetest Dutchesse
How lovelie art thou now ! *to Vittoria* Thy loose thoughtes
Scatter like quicke-silver, I was bewitch'd;
For all the world speakes ill of thee. VIT. No matter.
He live so now lie make that world recant
And change her speeches. You did name your Dutchesse.

BRA. Whose death God pardon.

VIT. Whose death God revenge
On thee most godlesse Duke. FLA. Now for whirlewindes.

VIT. What have I gain'd by thee but infamie ?
Thou hast stain'd the spotlesse honour of my house,
And frighted thence noble societie :
Like those, which sicke o'th' Palsie, and retaine
Ill-senting foxes 'bout them, are still shun'd
By those of choicer nostrills. What doe you call this house ?
Is this your palace ? did not the Judge stile it
A house of penitent whores ? who sent mee to it ?
Who hath the honour to advance *Vittoria*
To this incontinent colledge ? is't not you ?
Is't not your high preferment ? Go, go brag
How many Ladies you have undone, like mee.
Fare you well Sir; let me heare no more of you.

I had a limbe corrupted to an ulcer,
 But I have cut it off: and now lie go
 Weeping to heaven on crutches. For your giftes,
 I will returne them all; and I do wish
 That I could make you full Executor
 To all my sinnes—ô that I could tosse my selfe
 Into a grave as quickly : for all thou art worth
 He not shed one teare more;—He burst first.

*She throwes her
 selfe upon a bed.*

BRA. I have drunke Lethe.

Vittoria ! My dearest happinesse ! Vittoria !
 What doe you aile my Love ? why doe you weepe ?

VIT. Yes, I now weepe poniardes, doe you see ?

BRA. Are not those matchlesse eies mine ? VIT. I had rather
 They were not matches. BRA. Is not this lip mine ?

VIT. Yes : thus to bite it off, rather than give it thee.

FLA. Turne to my Lord, good sister.

VIT. Hence you Pandar.

FLA. Pandar ! Am I the author of your sinne ?

VIT. Yes : Hee's a base theif that a theif lets in.

FLA. Wee're blowne up, my Lord—

BRA. Wilt thou heare mee ?

Once to bee jealous of thee is t'expresse
 That I will love thee everlastingly,
 And never more bee jealous. VIT. O thou foole,
 Whose greatnesse hath by much oregrowne thy wit!
 What dar'st thou doe, that I not dare to suffer,
 Excepting to bee still thy whore ? for that . . .

In the seas bottome sooner thou shalt make
 |A bonfire. FLA. O, no othes for gods sake !

BRA. Will you heare mee ? VIT. Never.

FLA. What a damn'd impostume is a womans will I
 Can nothing breake it ? *aside* fie, fie, my Lord.

Weomen are caught as you take Tortoises,
 Shee must bee turn'd on her backe. *to Vittoria* Sister, by this hand
 I am on your side. Come, come, you have wrong'd her

What a strange credulous man were you, my Lord,
 To thinke the Duke of Florence would love her !

Will any Mercer take anothers ware

When once't is tows'd and sullied ? And yet, sister,

How scurvily this frowardnesse becomes you !
Yong Leverets stand not long; and womens anger
Should, like their flight, procure a little sport;
A full crie for a quarter of an hower;
And then bee put to th' dead quat. BRA. Shall these eies,
Which have so long time dwelt upon your face,
Be now put out ? FLA. No cruell Land-ladie i'th' world,
Which lend's forth grotes to broome-men, & takes use for them,
Would doe't.

Hand her, my Lord, and kiasse her : be not like
A ferret to let go your hold with Slowing.

BRA. Let us renew right handes. VIT. Hence !

BRA. Never shall rage, or the forgetfull wine,
Make mee commit like fault.

FLA. Now you are ith' way on't, follow't hard.

BRA. Bee thou at peace with mee; let all the world
Threaten the Cannon. FLA. Marke his penitence.
Best natures doe commit the grossest faultes,
When they're giv'n ore to jealousie; as best wine
Dying makes strongest vinneger. He tell you;
The Sea's more rough and raging than calme rivers,
But nor so sweet nor wholeseome. A quiet woman
Is a still water under a great bridge.

A man may shoot her safely.

VIT. O yee dissembling men ! FLA. Wee suckt that, sister,
From womens brestes, in our first infancie.

VIT. To ad miserie to miserie. BRA. Sweetest!

VIT. Am I not low enough ?

I, I, your good heart gathers like a snow-ball
Now your affection's cold. FLA. Ud'foot, it shall melt
To a hart againe, or all the wine in Rome
Shall run o'th lees for't.

VIT. Your dog or hawke should be rewarded better
Then I have bin. He speake not one word more.

FLA. Stop her mouth, with a sweet Juse, my Lord
So—now the tide's turned the vessel's come about.
Hee's a sweet armefull. O wee curl'd-haird men
Are still most kind to women. This is well.

BRA. That you should chide thus !

FLA. O, sir, your little chimnies
Doe ever cast most smoke. I swet for you.

Couple together with as deepe a silence,
As did the Grecians in their wodden horse.
My Lord supplie your promises with deeds.
You know that painted meat no hunger feedes.

BRA. Stay—ingratefull Rome ! FLA. Rome ! it deserves
To be cal'd Barbaric, for our villainous usage.

BRA. Soft; the same project which the Duke of Florence,
(Whether in love or gullerie I know not)
Laid downe for her escape, will I pursue.

FLA. And no time fitter than this night, my Lord;
The Pope being dead; and all the Cardinals entred
The Conclave for th' electing a new Pope;
The Cittie in a great confusion;
Wee may attire her in a Pages suit,
Lay her post-horse, take shipping, and amaine
For Padua.

BRA. He instantly steale forth the Prince *Giovanni*,
And make for Padua. You two with your old Mother
And yong *Marcello* that attendes on Florence,
If you can worke him to it, follow mee.
I will advance you all: for you *Vittoria*,
Thinke of a Dutchesse title. FLA. Lo you sister !

Stay, my Lord; Fie tell you a tale. The crocodile, which lives
in the river *Nilus*, hath a worme breeds i'th teeth oft, which puts
it to extreame anguish : a little bird, no bigger then a wren, is
barbor-surgeon to this crocodile; flies into the jawes oft; pickes
out the worme; and brings present remedy. The fish, glad of ease
but ingratefull to her that did it, that the bird may not talke
largely of her abroad for non-payment, closeth her chaps inten-
ding to swallow her, and so put her to perpetuall silence. But
nature loathing such ingratitude, hath arm'd this bird with a quill
or pricke on the head, top o'th which wounds the crocodile i'th
mouth; forceth her open her bloody prison; and away flies the
pretty tooth-picker from her cruell patient.

BRAG. Your application is, I have not rewarded
The service you have done me. FLAM. No, my Lord;
You sister are the crocodile: you are blemisht in your fame, My
Lord cures it. And though the comparison hold not in every
panicle; yet observe, remember, what good the bird with the
pricke i'th head hath done you; and scorne ingratitude.

It may appear to some ridiculous

aside

Thus to talke knave and madman; and sometimes

Come in with a dried sentence, stufte with sage.

But this allows my varying of shapes,

Knaves do grow great by being great mens apes.

Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Without the Vatican.

Enter Lodovico, Gasper, and sixe Embassadors.

At another dore the Duke of Florence.

FRA. So, my Lord, I commend your diligence—

Guard well the conclave, and, as the order is,

Let none have conference with the Cardinals.

LOD. I shall, my Lord : roome for the Embassadors—

GAS. They're wondrous brave to-day : why do they weare
These severall habits ? LOD. O sir, they'r Knights
Of severall Orders.

That Lord i'th blacke cloak with the silver crosse
Is Knight of *Rhodes*; the next, Knight of *S. Michael*;
That, of the golden fleece; the *French-man* there,
Knight of the Holy-Ghost; my Lord of *Savoy*,
Knight of th'Annuntiation; the *Englishman*
Is Knight of th'honoured Garter, dedicated
Unto their Saint, *S. George*. I could describe to you
Their severall institutions, with the lawes
Annexed to their Orders; but that time
Permits not such discovery.

FRAN. Where's Count *Lodowicke* ?

LOD. Here my Lord. FRA. 'Tis o'th point of dinner time,
Marshall the Cardinals service— LOD. Sir I shall.

Stand, let me search your dish, who's this for ?

Enter ser-
vants with

SER. For my Lord Cardinall *Monticelso*.

severall

LOD. This . . . ?

dishes covered.

SER. For my Lord Cardinall of *Burbon*.

FRE. EMB. Why doth he search the dishes—to observe
What meate is drest ? ENG. EMB. No Sir, but to prevent,
Least any letters should be convey'd in

To bribe or to sollicite the advancement
Of any Cardinall—when first they enter
'Tis lawfull for the Embassadors of Princes
To enter with them, and to make their suit
For any man their Prince affecteth best;
But after, till a generall election,
No man may speake with them.

LOD. You that attend on the Lord Cardinals
Open the window, and receive their viands.

A CAR. You must returne the service; the L. Cardinals
Are busied 'bout electing of the Pope,
They have given o're scrutinie, and are fallen
To admiration. LOD. Away, away.

FRAN. Fie lay a thousand Duckets you here news *A Card-
Of a Pope presently—Hearke; sure he's elected, inal on the
Behold ! my Lord of Arragon appears, Tarras.
On the Church battlements.*

ARRAGON. *Denuntio vobis gaudium magnum. Reverendissimus
Cardinalis Lorenzo de Monticelso electus est in sedem Apostolicam,
& elegit sibi nomen Paulum quartum.*

OMNES. *Vivat sanctus Pater Paulus Quartus.* *Enter Servant.*

SER. Vittoria my Lord—

FRAN. Wei: what of her ? SER. Is fled the Citty— FRA. Ha ?
SER. With Duke *Brachiano*. FRA. Fled ? Where's the Prince
Giovanni ?

SER. Gone with his father.

FRAN. Let the Matrona of the Convertites
Be apprehended : fled—ô damnable ! *Exit Servant.*

How fortunate are my wishes. Why ? 'twas this
I onely laboured. I did send the letter
T'instruct him what to doe. Thy fame, fond Duke,
I first have poison'd; directed thee the way
To marrie a whore; what can be worse ? This followes.
The hand must act to drowne the passionate tongue,
I scorne to weare a sword and prate of wrong.

Enter Monticelso in state.

MON. *Concedimus vobis Apostolicam benedictionem & remissionem
peccatorum.* *Francisco whispers to him.*
My Lord reportes Vittoria Corombona
Is stol'ne from forth the house of Convertites

By *Brachiano*, and they're fled the *Cittie*.
 Now, though this bee the first daie of our seate,
 Wee cannot better please the divine power,
 Than to sequester from the holie Church
 These cursed persons. Make it therefore knowne,
 Wee doe denounce excommunication
 Against them both : all that are theirs in Rome
 Wee likewise banish. Set on. *Exeunt all except Francisco and*
FRAN. Come deare Lodovico. Lodavico.

You have tane the sacrament to prosecute
 Th'intended murder ? LOD. With all constancie.
 But, Sir, I wonder you'l ingage your selfe,
 In person, being a great Prince. FRAN. Divert mee not.
 Most of his Court are of my faction,
 And some are of my councell. Noble freind,
 Our danger shall be 'like in this designe,
 Give leave, part of the glorie may bee mine.
 * *Exit Fran. Enter Monticelso.*

MON. Why did the Duke of Florence with such care
 Labour your pardon ? say.

LOD. Italian beggars will resolve you that
 Who, begging of an almes, bid those they beg of
 Doe good for their owne sakes; or't may bee
 Hee spreades his bountie with a sowing hand,
 Like Kinges, who many times give out of measure;
 Not for desert so much as for their pleasure.

MON. I know you're cunning. Come, what devill was that
 That you were raising ? LOD. Devill, my Lord ? MONT. I aske
 you.

How doth the Duke imploy you, that his bonnet
 Fell with such complement unto his knee,
 When hee departed from you ? LOD. Why, my Lord,
 Hee told mee of a restie Barbaric horse
 Which he would faine have brought to the carreere,
 The 'sault, and the ring galliard. Now, my Lord,
 I have a rare French Rider. MONT. Take you heede :
 Least the Jade breake your necke. Doe you put mee off
 With your wild horse-trickes ? Sirra you doe lie.
 O, thou'rt a foule blacke cloud, and thou do'st threat
 A violent storme. LOD. Stormes are i'th aire, my Lord;

I am too low to storme. MONT. Wretched creature !
 I know that thou art fashion'd for all ill,
 Like dogges, that once get bloud, they'l ever kill.
 About some murder ? was't not ? LOD. He not tell you;
 And yet I care not greatly if I doe;
 Marry with this preparation. Holie father,
 I come not to you as an Intelligencer,
 But as a penitent sinner. What I utter
 Is in confession meerely; which you know
 Must never bee reveal'd. MONT. You have oretanc mee.

LOD. Sir I did love *Brachiano's* Dutchesse deerely;
 Or rather I pursued her with hot lust,
 Though shee nere knew on't. Shee was poyson'd;
 Upon my soule shee was : for which I have sworne
 T'avenge her murder. MONT. To the Duke of Florence ?

LOD. To him I have. MON. Miserable Creature !
 If thou persist in this, 't is damnable.

Do'st thou imagine thou canst slide on bloud
 And not be tainted with a shamefull fall ?
 Or like the blacke, and mQlancholicke Eugh-tree,
 Do'st thinke to roote thy selfe in dead mens graves,
 And yet to prosper ? Instruction to thee
 Comes like sweet showers to over-hardned ground :
 They wet, but peirce not deepe. And so I leave thee
 With all the Furies hanging bout thy necke,
 Till by thy penitence thou remove this evill,
 In conjuring from thy breast that cruell Devill.

Exit Man.

LOD. Fie give it o're. He saies 'tis damnable :
 Besides I did expect his suffrage, by reason
 Of *Camilla's* death.

Enter servant & Francisco.

FRA. Do you know that Count ? SER. Yes, my Lord.

FRA. Beare him these thousand Duckets to his lodging;
 Tell him the Pope hath sent them. Happily
 That will confirme him more then all the rest.

Exit.

SER. Sir. LOD. To me sir ?

SER. His holinesse hath sent you a thousand Crownes,
 And wils you if you travaile, to make him
 Your Patron for intelligence. LOD. His creature
 Ever to be commanded.

Exit servant.

Why now 'tis come about. He rail'd upon me;
 And yet these Crownes were told out and laid ready,

Before he knew my voiage. O the Art,
The modest forme of greatnesse ! that do sit
Like Brides at wedding dinners, with their looks turn'd
From the least wanton jests, their puling stomacke
Sicke of the modesty, when their thoughts are loose. . .
Even acting of those hot and lustfull sports
Are to ensue about midnight: such his cunning 1
Hee soundes my depth thus with a golden plummet,
I am doubly arm'd now. Now to th'act of bloud,
There's but three furies found in spacious hell;
But in a great mans breast three thousand dwell.

Exit.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Padua. Brachiano's Palace.

*A passage over the stage of Brachiano, Flamineo, Marcello, Hortensio, Corombona, Cornelia, Zanche and others.
Flamineo, Marcello and Hortensio remain.*

FLA. In all the weary minutes of my life,
Day nere broke up till now. This manage
Confirme me happy. HOR. 'Tis a good assurance.
Saw you not yet the Moore that's come to Court ?

FLA. Yes, and confer'd with him i'th Dukes closet,
I have not seen a goodlier personage,
Nor ever talkt with man better experienc't
In State-affaires or rudiments of warre.
Hee hath by report, serv'd the *Venetian*
In *Candy* these twice seven yeares, and bene cheife
In many a bold designe. HOR. What are those two,
That beare him company ?

FLA. Two Noblemen of *Hungary*, that living in the Emperours
service as commanders, eight yeares since, contrary to the expectation
of all the Court entred into religion, into the strickt order
of Capuchins: but being not well settled in their undertaking
they left their Order and returned to Court: for which being
after troubled in conscience, they vowed their service against
the enemies of Christ; went to *Malta*] were there knighted; and
in their returne backe, at this great solemnity, they are resolved

for ever to forsake the world, and settle themselves here in a house of Capuchines in *Padua*. HOR. Tis strange.

FLA. One thing makes it so. They have vowed for ever to weare next their bare bodies those coates of maile they served in.

HOR. Hard penance. Is the Moore a Christian ?

FLA. Hee is.

HOR. Why proffers hee his service to our Duke ?

FLA. Because he understands ther's like to grow
Some warres betweene us and the Duke of Florence,
In which hee hopes employment.

I never saw one in a sterne bold looke
Weare more command, nor in a lofty phrase
Expresse more knowing, or more deepe contempt
Of our slight airy Courtiers. Hee talkes
As if hee had travail'd all the Princes Courts
Of Christendome; in all things strives t'expresse,
That all that should dispute with him may know,
Glories, like glow-wormes, afarre off shine bright
But lookt to neare, have neither heat nor light.
The Duke!

*Enter Brachiano, Florence disguised like Mulinassar; Lodovico
disguised as Carlo, Antonelli, Caspar disguised as Pedro,
Farnese bearing their swordes and helmets.*

BRA. You're nobly welcome. Wee have heard at full
Your honourable service 'gainst the Turke.
To you, brave *Mulinassar*, wee assigne
A competent pension : and are inly some,
The vowes of those two worthie gentlemen,
Make them incapable of our proffer'd bountie.
Your wish is you may leave your warlike swordes
For Monuments in our Chappell. I accept it
As a great honour done mee, and must crave
Your leave to furnish out our Dutchesse revells.
Onely one thing—as the last vanitie
You ere shall view, denie mee not to stay
To see a Barriers prepared to-night;
You shall have private standings : It hath pleas'd
The great Ambassadors of severall Princes
In their returne from Rome to their owne Countries

To grace our marriage, and to honour mee
 With such a kind of sport. FRAN. I shall perswade them
 To stay, my Lord.

BRA. Set on there to the presence.

Exeunt Brachiano, Flamineo, Hortensio, and Marcello.

LOD. Noble my Lord, most fortunately wellcome,

The Conspirators here imbrace.

You have our vowes seal'd with the sacrament
 To second your attempts. GAS. And all things readie.
 Hee could not have invented his owne mine,
 Had hee despaired, with more proprietie.

LOD. You would not take my way. FRA. 'Tis better ordered.

LOD. T'have poison'd his praier booke, or a paire of beades,
 The pummell of his saddle, his looking-glasse,
 Or th'handle of his racket—6 that, that!
 That while he had bin bandying at Tennis,
 He might have sworne himselfe to hell, and strooke
 His soule into the hazzard ! O my Lord !

I would have our plot bee ingenious,
 And have it hereafter recorded for example
 Rather than borrow example. FRAN. There's no way
 More speeding than this thought on. LOD. On then.

FRAN. And yet mee thinkes that this revenge is poore,
 Because it steales upon him like a theif—
 To have tane hime by the Caske in a pitcht feild,
 Led him to Florence ! LOD. It had bin rare.——And there
 Have crown'd him with a wreath of stinking garlicke,
 T'have showne the sharpnesse of his government;
 And rancknesse of his lust.

Flamineo comes.

Exeunt Lodovico, Antonelli, and Gasparo.

Enter Flamineo, Marcello, and Zanche.

MAR. Why doth this devill haunt you ? say.

FLA. I know not.

For by this light I doe not conjure for her.
 'Tis not so great a cunning as men thinke
 To raise the devill: for heeres one up allreadie,
 The greatest cunning were to lay him downe.

MAR. Shee is your shame. FLA. I prethee pardon her.
 In faith you see, women are like to burrese; "

Where their affection throwes them, there they'l sticke.

ZAN. That is my Countiy-man, a goodly person;
When hee's at leisure He discourse with him

In our owne language. **FLA.** I beseech you doe—

How is't brave souldier ? ô that I had scene

Some of your iron daies ! I pray relate

Some of your service to us.

*Exit
Zanche.*

FRAN. 'Tis a ridiculous thing for a man to bee his owne
Chronicle—I did never wash my mouth with mine owne praise
for feare of getting a stincking breath.

MAR. You're too Stoicall. The Duke will expect other discourse
from you.

FRAN. I shall never flatter him, I have studied man too much
to do that: What difference is betweene the Duke and I ? no more
than betweene two bricke : all made of one clay. Onely 't may
bee one is plac't on the top of a turret; the other in the bottom
of a well by meere chance; if I were plac't as high as the Duke,
I should sticke as fast; make as faire a shew; and beare out weather
equally.

FLA. *aside* If this souldier had a patent to beg in Churches,
then hee would tell them stories— **MAR.** I have bin a souldier too.

FRAN. How have you thriv'd ? **MAR.** Faith poorely.

FRAN. That's the miserie of peace. Onely outsides are then
respected: As shippes seeme verie great upon the river, which
shew verie little upon the Seas: So some men i'th Court seeme
Colossusses in a chamber, who if they came into the field would
appeare pittiful Pigmies.

FLA. Give mee a faire roome, yet hung with Arras, and some
great Cardinall to lug mee by th' eares as his endeared Minion.

FRA. And thou maist doe—the devill knowes what vilanie.

FLA. And safely.

FRA. Right; you shall see in the Countrie in harvest time,
pigeons, though they destroy never so much corne, the farmer
dare not present the fowling peece to them! why ? because they
belong to the Lord of the Manner; whilst your poore sparrows
that belong to the Lord of heaven, they go to the pot for't.

FLA. I will now give you some polliticke instruction. The
Duke saies hee will give you pension; that's but bare promise:
get it under his hand. For I have knowne men that have come

from serving against the Turke; for three or foure moneths they have had pension to buy them new woodden legges and fresh plaisters; but after 'twas not to bee had. And this miserable curtesie shewes, as if a Tormenter should give hot cordiall drinkes to one three quarters dead o'th' racke, onely to fetch the miserable soule againe to indure more dogdaies. *Exit Francisco.*

Enter Hortensio, a yong Lord, Zanche, and two more.

How now, Gallants; what, are they readie for the Barriers ?

Y. LORD. Yes : the Lordes are putting on their armour.

HOR. What's hee ?

FLA. A new up-start: one that sweares like a Falckner, and will lye in the Dukes eare day by day like a maker of Almanacks; And yet I knew him since hee came to th' Court smell worse of sweat than an under-tennis-court-keeper.

HOR. Looke you, yonder's your sweet Mistresse.

FLA. Thou art my sworne brother, Fie tell thee, I doe love that Moore, that Witch very constrainedly: shee knowes some of my villanny; I do love her, just as a man holds a wolfe by the eares. But for feare of turning upon mee, and pulling out my throate, I would let her go to the Devill.

HOR. I heare she claimes marriage of thee.

FLA. 'Faith, I made to her some such darke promise, and in seeking to flye from't I run on, like a frighted dog with a bottle at's taile, that faine would bite it off and yet dares not looke behind him. Now my pretious Gipsie !

ZAN. I, your love to me rather cooles then heates.

FLA. Marry, I am the sounder lover, we have many wenches about the Towne heate too fast.

HOR. What do you thinke of these perfum'd Gallants then ?

FLAM. Their fattin cannot save them. I am confident They have a certaine spice of the disease,
For they that sleep with dogs; shall rise with fleas.

ZAN. Beleeve it! A little painting and gay clothes
Make you loath me.

FLA. How ? love a Lady for painting or gay apparell ? Tie unkennell one example more for thee. *Esop* had a foolish dog that let go the flesh to catch the shadow. I would have Courtiers bee better *Diners*. ZAN. You remember your oathes ?

FLA. Lovers oathes are like Marriners prayers, uttered in extremity; but when the tempest is o're, and that the vessell leaves

tumbling, they fall from protesting to drinking. And yet amongst Gentlemen protesting and drinking go together, and agree as well as Shooemakers and West-phalia bacon. They are both drawers on: for drinke drawes on protestation; and protestation drawes on more drinke. Is not this discourse better now then the morality of your sun-burnt Gentleman ? *Enter Cornelia.*

COR. Is this your pearch, you haggard ? flye to'th stewes.

Strikes Zanche.

FLA. You should be clapt by th'heelles now: strike i'th Court!

Exit Cornelia.

ZAN. She's good for nothing but to make her maids Catch cold a nights; they dare not use a bedstaffe, For feare of her light fingers. MAR. You're a strumpet.

Kicks Zanche.

An impudent one. FLA. Why do you kicke her ? say—

Do you thinke that she's like a walnut-tree ?

Must she be cudgell'd ere shee beare good fruite ?

MAR. Shee brags that you shall marry her. FLA. What then ?

MAR. I had rather she were pitcht upon a stake

In some new-seeded garden, to affright

Her fellow crowes thence. FLA. You're a boy, a foole,

Be guardian to your hound; I am of age.

MAR. If I take her neere you Fie cut her throate.

FLA. With a fan of feathers ? MAR. And for you . . . Fie whip This folly from you. FLAM. Are you cholericke ?

Fie purg't with Rubarbe. HOR. O your brother! FLA. Hang him!

Hee wrongs me most that ought t'offend mee least—

I do suspect my mother plaid foule play,

When she conceiv'd thee. MAR. Now by all my hopes,

Like the two slaughtred sonnes of *Oedipus*,

The very flames of our affection,

Shall turne two waies. Those words Fie make thee answer

With thy heart blood. FLA. Doe like the geesse in the progresse,

You know where you shall finde mee—*Exit.* MAR. Very good,

And thou beest a noble, friend, beare him my sword,

And bid him fit the length on't. Y. LORD. Sir I shall.

Exeunt, except Zanche.

ZAN. *aside* He comes. Hence petty thought of my disgrace !—

I neere lov'd my complexion till now,

Enter Francisco the

Cause I may boldly say without a blush,

Duke of Florence.

I love you. FRA. Your love is untimely sown,

Ther's a Spring at Michaelmas, but 'tis but a faint one, I am
sunck in yeares, and I have vowed never to marry.

ZAN. Alas! poore maides get more lovers then husbands—
Yet you may mistake my wealth. For, as when Embassadours
are sent to congratulate Princes, there's commonly sent along
with them a rich present; so that though the Prince like not the
Embassadours person nor words, yet he likes well of the present-
ment. So I may come to you in the same manner, & be better loved
for my dowry then my vertue. FRA. Fie thinke on the motion.

ZAN. Do, Fie now detain you no longer. At your better
leasure Fie tell you things shall startle your blood.

Nor blame me that this passion I reveale;
Lovers dye ioward that their flames conceale.

FRA. *aside* Of all intelligence this may prove the best,
Sure I shall draw strange fowle, from this foule nest. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Same.

Enter Marcello and Cornelia.

COR. I heare a whispering all about the Court,

You are to fight, who is your opposite ?

What is the quarrell ? MAR. 'Tis an idle rumour.

COR. Will you dissemble ? sure you do not well

To fright me thus—you never look thus pale,

But when you are most angry. I do charge you

Upon my blessing; nay Fie call the Duke,

And he shall schoole you. MAR. Publish not a feare

Which would convert to laughter; 'tis not so—

Was not this Crucifix my fathers ? COR. Yes.

MAR. I have heard you say, giving my brother sucke,

Hee tooke the Crucifix betweene his hands, *Enter Flammeo.*

And broke a limbe off. COR. Yes : but 'tis mended.

FLA. I have brought your weapon backe. *Flamineo runnes*

COR. Ha, O my horror!

Marcello through.

MAR. You have brought it home indeed.

COR. Helpe, oh he's murdered.

FLA. Do you turne your gaule up ? Fie to sanctuary,

And send a surgeon to you. HOR. How ? o'th ground ? *Exit Flam.*

MAR. O mother now remember what I told,
Of breaking off the Crucifix : farewell—

*Enter Hort.
Lod. Gasp.*

There are some sinnes which heaven doth duly punish,
In a whole family. This it is to rise

By all dishonest meanes. Let all men know

That tree shall long time keepe a steddy foote

Whose branches spread no wider then the roote.

Dies.

COR. O my perpetual! sorrow ! HOR. Vertuous *Marcello*.

Hee's dead : pray leave him Lady; come, you shall.

COR. Alas he is not dead : hee's in a trance.

Why here's no body shall get any thing by his death. Let me call
him againe for Gods sake. LOD. I would you were deceiv'd.

COR. O you abuse mee, you abuse me, you abuse me. How
many have gone away thus for lacke of tendance; reare up's head,
reare up's head; His bleeding inward will kill him.

HOR. You see hee is departed.

COR. Let mee come to him; give mee him as hee is, if hee bee
turn'd to earth; let mee but give him one heartie kisse, and you
shall put us both into one coffin; fetch a looking-glasse, see if
his breath will not staine it; or pull out some feathers from my
pillow, and lay them to his lippes—will you loose him for a little
paines-taking ? HOR. Your kindest office is to pray for him.

COR. Alas! I would not pray for him yet. Hee may live to
lay mee ith' ground, and pray for mee, if you'l let mee come to
him.

*Enter Brachiano all armed, save the beaver, with
Flamino, Page, & Francisco.*

BRA. Was this your handy-worke ?

FLA. It was my misfortune.

COR. Hee lies, hee lies, hee did not kill him : these have kill'd
him, that would not let him bee better look't to.

BRA. Have comfort my give'd Mother,.

COR. O you scritch-owle ! HOR. Forbeare, good Madam.

COR. Let mee goe, let mee goe. *Shee runnes to Flamino*
The God of heaven forgive thee. Do'st not wonder *with her*
I pray for thee ? He tell thee what's the reason, *knif drawne*
I have scarce breath to number twentie minutes; *and camming*
Ide not spend that in cursing. Fare thee well, *to him lets it*
Halfe of thy selfe lies there : and maist thou live *fall*
To fill an howre-glasse with his mouldred ashes,
To tell how thou shouldst spend the time to come

In blest repentance. BRA. Mother, pray tell mee
How came hee by his death ? what \Was the quarreil ?

COR. Indeed my yonger boy presum'd too much
Upon his manhood; gave him bitter wordes;
Drew his sword first; and so I know not how,
For I was out of my wits, hee fell with's head
Just in my bosome. PAGE. This is not trew Madam.

COR. *aside* I pray thee peace.
One arrow's graz'd allready; it were vaine
T'lose this : for that will nere bee found againe.

BRA. Go, beare the bodie to *Cornelia's* lodging :
And wee commaund that none acquaint pur Dutchesse
With this sad accident: for you *Flamineo*,
Hearke you, I will not graunt your pardon. FLA. No ?

BRA. Onely a lease of your life. And that shall last
But for one day. Thou shalt be forc't each evening
To renew it, or be hang'd. FLA. At your pleasure.

Lodovico sprinckles Brachiano's bever with a poison.
Your will is law now—lie not meddle with it.

BRA. You once did brave mee in your sisters lodging;
Fie now keepe you in awe for't. Where's our beaver ?

FRAN, *aside* Hee cal's for his destruction. Noble youth,
I pittie thy sad fate. Now to the barriers.

This shall his passage to the blacke lake further,
The last good deed hee did, he pardon'd murther. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Same.

*Charges and shoutes—They fight at Barriers]
first single paires, then three to three.*

Enter Brachiano, Francisco & Flamineo with others.

BRA. An Armorer ! uds' death an Armorer !

FLA. Armorer; where's the Armorer ?

BRA. Teare off my beaver. FLA. Are you hurt, my Lord ?

BRA. O my braine's on fire, *Enter Armorer.*
The helmet is poison'd. ARM. My Lord upon my soule—

BRA. Away with him to torture.

There are some great ones that have hand in this, *Enter Vitt.*
And neere about me. VIT. O my loved Lord, poisoned ?

FLA. Remove the barre : heer's unfortunate revels,
Call the Physitions; a plague upon you; *Ent. 2 Physitians.*
Wee have too much of your cunning here already.
I feare the Embassadors are likewise poyson'd.

BRA. Oh I am gone already : the infection
Flies to the braine and heart. O thou strong heart!
There's such a covenant 'twene the world and it, *Enter Giov.*
They're loath to breake. Gio. O my most loved father!

BRA. Remove the boy away,
Where's this good woman ? had I infinite worlds
They were too little for thee. Must I leave thee ?
What say yon scritch-owls, is the venomne mortall ?

PHYS. Most deadly. BRA. Most corrupted pollitick hangman !
You kill without booke; but your art to save
Failes you as oft, as great mens needy friends.

I that have given life to offending slaves
And wretched murderers, have I not power
To lengthen mine owne a twelve-month ?
Do not kisse me, for I shall poyson thee. *To Vittoria.*
This unction is sent from the great Duke of Florence.

FRA. Sir bee of comfort.

BRA. O thou soft naturall death, that art joint-twin
To sweetest slumber : no rough-bearded Comet,
Stares on thy milde departure : the dull Owle
Beates not against thy casement: the hoarse wolfe
Sents not thy carion. Pitty windes thy coarse,
Whilst horror waights on Princes. VIT. I am lost for ever.

BRAC. How miserable a thing it is to die, *Enter Lod. & Gasp.*
'Mongst women howling! What are those ? FLA. *Franciscans.*
They have brought the extreame unction.

BRA. On paine of death, let no man name death to me,
It is a word infinitely terrible—

Withdraw into our Cabinet. *Exeunt but Francisco and Flamineo.*

FLA. To see what solitarinesse is about dying Princes! As
heretofore they have unpeopled Townes; divorst friends, and
made great houses unhospitable: so now, 6 justice! where are
their flatterers now ? Flatterers are but the shadowes of Princes
bodies, the least thicke cloud makes them invisible.

FRA. There's great moane made for him.

FLA. 'Faith, for some few howers salt water will runne most plentifully in every Office o'th Court. But beleeve it; most of them do but weepe over their step-mothers graves.

FRA. How meane you ?

FLA. Why ? They dissemble, as some men doe that live within compasse o'th verge.

FRA. Come you have thriv'd well under him.

FLA. 'Faith, like a wolfe in a womans breast; I have beene fed with poultry; but for money, understand me, I had as good a will to cosen him, as e're an Officer of them all. But I had not cunning enough to doe it.

FRAN. What did'st thou thinke of him ? 'faith speake freely.

FLA. Hee was a kinde of States-man, that would sooner have reckond how many Cannon bullets he had discharged against a Towne, to count his expence that way, than how many of his valiant and deserving subjects hee lost before it.

FRAN. O, speake well of the Duke. FLA. I have done.

Wilt heare some of my Court wisdomes ? *Enter Lodovico.*
To reprehend Princes is dangerous: and to over-commend some of them is palpable lying. FRAN. How is it with the Duke ?

LOD. Most deadly ill.

Hee's fall'n into a strange distraction.

Hee talkes of Battailes and Monopolies,

Levyng of taxes, and from that descends

To the most brain-sicke language. His minde fastens

On twentie severall objects, which confound

Deepe Sence with follie. Such a fearefull end

May teach some men that beare too loftie crest,

Though they live happiest, yet they dye not best.

Hee hath conferr'd the whole State of the Dukedome

Upon your sister, till the Prince arrive

At mature age. FLA. There's some good lucke in that yet.

* FRAN. See heere he comes. *Enter Brachiano, presented in a bed, Vittoria and others.*
There's death in's face allready.

VIT. O my good Lord! BRA. Away, you have abus'd mee.
You have convayd coyne forth our territories;

Bought and sold offices; oppres'd the poore,

And I nere dreamt on't. Make up your accountes;

He now bee mine owne Steward. FLA. Sir, have patience.

BRA. Indeed I am to blame.

* *These speeches are severall kinds of distractions and in the action should appeare.*

For did you ever heare the duskie raven
Chide blacknesse ? or was't ever knowne, the divell
Raild against cloven Creatures ? VIT. O my Lord !

BRA. Let mee have some quailles to supper. FLA. Sir, you shal.

BRA. No: some fried dog-fish. Your Quailles feed on poison—
That old dog-fox, that Polititian Florence—
lie forswear hunting and turne dog-killer;
Rare ! He bee frindes with him. for marke you, sir, one dog
Still sets another a-barking : peace, peace,
Yonder's a fine slave come in now. FLA. Where ?

BRA. Why there.

In a blew bonnet, and a paire of breeches
With a great codpeeceT Ha, ha, ha,
Looke you his cojlpeece is stucke full of pinnes
With pearles o'th head of them. Doe not you know him ?

FLA. No, my Lord. BRA. Why 'tis the Devill.

I know him by a great rose he weares on's shooe
To hide his cloven foot. He dispute with tyim.
Hee's a rare linguist. VIT. My Lord heer's nothing.

BRA. Nothing ? rare ! nothing ! when I want monie,
Our treasure is emptie; there is nothing,
lie not bee us'd thus. VIT. O ! 'ly still, my Lord.

BRA. See, see, *Flamineo* that kiird his brother,
Is dancing on the ropes there : and he carries
A monie-bag in each hand, to keepe him even,
For feare of breaking's necke. And there's a Lawyer
In a gowne whipt with velvet, stares and gapes *
When the mony will fall. How the rogue cuts capers !
It should have bin in a halter.

'Tis there; what's shee ? FLA. *Vittoria*, my Lord.

BRA. Ha, ha, ha. Her haire is sprinckled with Arras powder,
That makes her looke as if she had sinn'd in the Pastrie.
What's hee ? FLA. A Divine my Lord.

BRA. Hee will bee drunke : Avoid him : th' argument
Is fearefull when Church-men stagger in't.
Looke you; six gray rats that have lost their tails,
Crall up the pillow—send for a Rat-catcher.
He doe a miracle : He free the Court
From all foule vermin. Where's *Flamineo* ?

* *Brachiano seemes heare neare his end, Lodovico & Gasparo in the habit
of Capuchins, present him in his bed with a Crucifix and hallowed candle.*

FLA. I doe not like that hee names mee so often,
 Especially on's death-bed : 'tis a signe
 I shall not live long : see hee's neere his end.

LOD. Pray give us leave; *Attende Domine Brachiane*—

FLA. See, see, how firmly hee doth fixe his eye
 Upon the Crucifix. VIT. O hold it constant.
 It settles his wild spirits; and so his eies
 Melt into teares.

*LOD. *Domine Brachiane, solebas in bello tutus esse tuo clypeo, nunc hunc clypeum hosti tuo opponas infernali.*

GAS. *Olim hasta valuisti in bello; nunc hone sacram hastam vibrabis contra hostem animarum.*

LOD. *Attende Domine, Brachiaite, si nunc quoque probas ea quæ acta sunt inter nos, flecte Caput in dextrum.*

GAS. *Esto securus Domine Brachiane : cogita quantum habeas meritum, denique memineris meam animam pro tua oppignoratam si quid esset periculi.*

LOD. *Si nunc quoque probaj ea quæ acta sunt inter nos, flecte caput in Icevum.*

Hee is departing : pray stand all apart,
 And let us onely whisper in his eares

Some private meditations, which our order *Heare the rest being*
 departed Lodovico and Gasparo discover themselves.

Permits you not to heare. GAS. *Brachiano !*

LOD. Devill *Brachiano*,
 Thou art damn'd. GAS. Perpetually.

LOD. A slave condemned, and given up to the gallows
 Is thy great Lord and Master. GAS. True : for thou
 Art given up to the devill. LOD. O you slave !

You that were held the famous Pollitian;
 Whose art was poison. GAS. And whose conscience murder.

LOD. That would have broke your wives necke downe the
 staires

Ere she was poison'd. GAS. That had your villanous sallets.

LOD. And fine imbrodered bottles,
 And perfumes

Equally mortall with a winter plague.

GAS. Now there's Mercarie— LOD. And copperesse—

GAS. And quicke-silver—

LOD. With other develish potticarie stuffe

* *By the Crucifix. By the Hallowed taper.*

A-melting in your polliticke braines : do'st heare ?

GAS. This is Count *Lodovico*. LOD. This, *Gasparo*.
And thou shalt die like a poore rogue. GAS. And stinke
Like a dead flie-blowne dog.

LOD. And be forgotten before thy funerall sermon.

BRA. *Vittoria ! Vittoria !* LOD. O the cursed devill,
Come to himselfe againe ! Wee are undone.

Enter Vittoria and the attendants.

GAS. Strangle him in private. What! will you call him againe
To live in treble torments ? for charitie,
For Christian charitie, avoid the chamber. *Exeunt.*

LOD. You would prate, Sir. This is a true-love knot
Sent from the Duke of Florence. *Brachiano is strangled.*

GAS. What, is it done ?

LOD. The snuffe is out. No woman-keeper i'th world,
Though shee had practised seven yere at the Pest-house,
Could have done't quaintlyer. My Lordes hee's dead.

Enter Vittoria, Francisco, and Flamineo.

OMN. Rest to his soule.

VIT. O mee 1 this place is hell. *Exit Vittoria.*

FRA. How heavily she takes it. FLA. O yes, yes;
Had women navigable rivers in their eies
They would dispend them all; surely I wonder
Why wee should wish more rivers to the Cittie,
When they sell water so good cheape. lie tell thee,
These are but Moonish shades of greifes or feares,
There's nothing sooner drie than womens teares.
Why heere's an end of all my harvest, hee has given mee nothing.
Court promises ! Let wisemen count them curst,
For while you live hee that scores best paies worst.

FRA. Sure, this was Florence doing. FLA. Very likelie.
Those are found waightie strokes which come from th'hand,
But those are killing strokes which come from th'head.
O the rare trickes of a Machivillian !

Hee doth not come like a grosse plodding slave
And buffet you to death : No, my quaint knave—
Hee tickles you to death; makes you die laughing;
As if you had swallow'd downe a pound of saffron.
You see the feat—'tis practised in a trice—
To teach Court-honestie it jumpes on Ice.

FRA. Now have the people libertie to talke

And descant on his vices. FLA. Miserie of Princes,
That must of force bee censur'd by their slaves !
Not onely blam'd for doing things are ill,
But for not doing all that all men will.
One were better be a thresher.

lids' death, I would faine speake with this Duke yet.

FRA. Now hee's dead ?

FLAM. I cannot conjure; but if praiers or oathes
Will get to th'speech of him : though forty devils
Waight on him in his livery of flames,

Tie speake to him, and shake him by the hand,
Though I bee blasted. FRA. Excellent *Lodovico*

What ? did you terrific him at the last gaspe ?

*Exit
Flamimeo.*

LOD. Yes; and so idely, that the Duke had like
T'have terrified us. FRA. How ?

Enter the Moore, Tranche.

LOD. You shall heare that heereafter—
See ! yon's the infernal!, that would make us sport.
Now to the revelation of that secret,
Shee promis't when she fell in love with you.

FRA. You're passionately met in this sad world.

ZAN. I would have you look up, Sir; these Court teares
Claime not your tribute to them. Let those weepe
That guiltily pertake in the sad cause.

I knew last night by a sad dreame I had
Some mischief would insue; yet to say truth
My dreame most concern'd you.

LOD. Shal's fall a-dreaming ?

FRA. Yes, and for fashion sake He dreame with her.

ZAN. Mee thought sir, you came stealing to my bed.

FRA; Wilt thou beleewe me sweeting ?—by this light
I was a-dreampt on thee too : for me thought
I saw thee naked. ZAN. Fy sir! as I told you,
Me thought you lay downe by me.

FRA. So drempt I;

And least thou should'st take cold, I cover'd thee
With this Irish mantle. ZAN. Verily I did dreame,
You were somewhat bold with me; but to come to't—

LOD. How ? how ? I hope you will not go to it here.

FRA. Nay: you must heare my dreame out.

ZAN. Well, sir, forth.

FRA. When I threw the mantle ore thee, thou didst laugh
Exceedingly me thought. ZAN. Laugh ?

FRA. And cridst out,
The haire did tickle thee. ZAN. There was a dreame indeecf .

LOD. Marke her I prethee, shee simpers like the suddes
A Collier hath bene washt in.

ZAN. Come, sir; good fortune tends you; I did tell you
I would reveale a secret—*Isabella*

The Duke of Florence sister was impoison'd,
By a 'fum'd picture : and *Camilla's* necke
Was broke by damn'd *Flamineo*\ the mischance
Laid on a vaulting horse. FRA. Most strange ! ZAN. Most true!

LOD. The bed of snakes is broke.

ZAN. I sadly do confesse I had a hand
In the blacke deed.

FRA. Thou keptst their counsell ? ZAN. Right,
For which, urg'd with contrition, I intend
This night to rob *Vittoria*. LOD. Excellent penitence !
Usurers dreame on't while they sleepe out Sermons.

ZAN. To further our escape, I have entreated
Leave to retire me, till the funerall,
Unto a friend i'th country. That excuse
Will further our escape—In coine and jewels
I shall, at least, make good unto your use
An hundred thousand crowns. FRA. O noble wench !

LOD. Those crownes we'le share. ZAN. It is a dowry,
Me thinkes, should make that sun-burnt proverbe false,
And wash the Ethiop white. Fra. It shall, away!

ZAN. Be ready for our flight. FRA. An howre 'fore day.
O strange discovery ! why till now we knew not *Exit the Moore*.
The circumstance of either of their deaths. *Enter Moore*.

ZAN. You'le waight about midnight in the Chappel ? FRA.
There.

LOD. Why now our action's justified.

FRA. Tush for Justice !
What harmes it Justice ? we now, like the partridge,
Purge the disease with lawrell: for the fame
Shall crowne the enterprise and quit the shame.

Exeunt.

SCENE IV,

The Same.

*Enter Flam, and Gasp, at one dore, another way
Giovanni attended.*

GAS. The yong Duke: Did you e're see a sweeter Prince ?

FLA. I have knowne a poore womans bastard better favor'd—this is behind him: Now, to his face—all comparisons were hateful: Wise was the Courtly Peacocke, that being a great Minion, and being compared for beauty, by some dottrels that stood by, to the Kingly Eagle, said the Eagle was a farre fairer bird then herselfe, not in respect of her feathers, but in respect of her long Tallants. His will grow out in time—

My gracious Lord. Gio. I pray leave mee Sir.

FLA. Your Grace must be merry: 'tis I have cause to mourne—for wot you what said the little boy that rode behind his father on horsebacke ? Gio. Why, what said hee ?

FLA. When you are dead, father, (said he) I hope then I shall ride in the saddle—O 'tis a brave thing for a man to sit by himselfe: he may stretch himselfe in the stirrops, looke about, and see the whole compasse of the Hemisphere—you're now, my Lord, ith saddle. Gio. Study your praiers, sir, and be penitent, 'Twere fit you'd thinke on what hath former bin—

I have heard grieffe nam'd the eldest child of sinne. ! *Exit Giov.*

FLA. Study my praiers ? he threatens me divinely, I am falling to peeces already, I care not, though like *Anaxarchus* I were pounded to death in a mortar. And yet that death were fitter for Usurers—gold and themselves to be beaten together, to make a most cordiall chullice for the devill.

He hath his unckles villanous looke already, *Enter Courtier.*
In decimo sexto. Now sir, what are you ?

COUR. It is the pleasure sir of the yong Duke
That you forbear the Presence, and all roomes
That owe him reverence.

FLAM. So—the wolfe and the raven
Are very pretty fools when they are yong.
Is it your office, sir, to keepe me out ?

COUR. So the Duke wils.

FLA. Verely, Maister Courtier, extreamity is not to bee used
in all offices: Say that a gentlewoman were taken out of her

bed about midnight, and committed to Castle Angelo, to the Tower yonder, with nothing about her, but her smocke : would it not shew a cruell part in the gentleman porter to lay clame to her upper garment, pull it ore her head and eares; and put her in nak'd ? COUR. Very good : you are merrie. *Exit.*

FLA. Doth hee make a Court ejectment of mec ? A flaming firebrand casts more smoke without a chimney, then within't. He smoores some of them. *Enter Florence.*

How now ? Thou art sad.

FRAN. I met even now with the most pitious sight.

FLA. Thou meetst another heere—a pittifuli Degraded Courtier. FRAN. Your reverend mother Is growne a very old woman in two howers. I found them winding of *MarceUo's* coarse; And there is such a solemne melodic 'Tweene dolefull songes, teares, and sad elegies : Such, as old grandames, watching by the dead, Were wont t'out-weare the nights with; that beleieve me I had no eies to guide mee forth the roome, They were so ore-charg'd with water. FLA. I will see them.

FRAN. 'Twere much uncharety in you: for your sight Will adde unto their teares. FLA. I will see them.

They are behind travers. He discover Their superstitious howling.

Draws the traverse.

Cornelia, the Moore and 3 other Ladies discovered, winding Marcello's Coarse. A song.

COR. This rosemarie is withered, pray get fresh; I would have these herbes grow up in his grave When I am dead and rotten. Reach the bayes, He tye a garland heere about his head : 'Twill keepe my boy from lightning. This sheet I have kept this twentie yere, and everie daie Hallow'd it with my praiers, I did not thinke Hee should have wore it. ZAN. Looke you; who arc yonder ?

COR. O reach mee the flowers.

ZAN. Her Ladiships foolish. WOM. Alas ! her grief Hath turn'd her child againe. COR. You're very wellcome. There's Rosemarie for you, and Rue for you, *to Flamineo.* Hearts-ease for you. I pray make much of.it. I have left more for my selfe. FRAN. Ladie, who's this ?

COR. You are, I take it, the grave-maker. FLA. So.

ZAN. 'T is *Flamineo*.

Cornelia takes his hand.

COR. Will you make mee such a foole ? heere's a white hand :
 Can bloud so soone bee washt out ? Let mee see,
 When scritch-howles croke upon the chimney tops,
 And the strange Cricket ith oven singes and hoppes,
 When yellow spots doe on your handes appeare,
 Bee certaine then you of a Course shall heare.
 Out upon't, how 'tis speckled ! h'as handled a toad sure.
 Couslep-water is good for the memorie :
 Pray buy mee 3 ounces oft.

FLA. I would I were from hence. COR. Do you heere, sir ?
 He give you a saying which my grandmother
 Was wont, when she heard the bell tolle, to sing ore
 Unto her lute. FLA. Doe, and you will, doe.

COR. *Call for the Robin-Red-brest and the wren,
 Since ore shadie groves they hover,* *Cornelia doth this*
And with leaves and flowres doe cover *in sever all formes*
The friendlesse bodies of unburied men. *of distraction.*
Call unto his funerall Dole
The Ante, the field-mouse, and the mole
To reare him hillockes, that shall keepe him warme,
And (when gay tombes are rob'd) sustaine no harme,
But keepe the wolfe far thence, that's foe to men,
For with his nailes hee'I dig them up agen.
 They would not bury him 'cause hee died in a quarrel!
 But I have an answer for them.
Let holie Church receive him duly
Since hee payd the Church tithes truly.
 His wealth is sum'd, and this is all his store :
 This poore men get; and great men get no more.
 Now the wares are gone, wee may shut up shop.
 Blesse you all good people. *Exeunt Cornelia and Ladies.*

FLA. I have a strange thing in mee, to th' which
 I cannot give a name, without it bee
 Compassion—I pray leave mee.
 This night He know the utmost of my fate,
 lie bee resolv'd what my rich sister meanes
 T'assigne mee for my service : I have liv'd
 Riotously ill, like some that live in Court.

Exit Francisco.

And sometimes, when my face was full of smiles,
 Have felt the mase of conscience in my brest.
 Oft gay and honour'd robes those tortures trie,
 " Wee thinke cag'd birds sing, when indeed they crie.
 Ha ! I can stand thee. Neerer, neerer yet.

* *Enter Brachiano's Ghost.*

What a mockerie hath death made of thee ! thou look'st sad.
 In what place art thou ? in yon starrie gallerie,
 Or in the cursed dungeon ? No ? not speake ?
 Pray, Sir, resolve mee, what religions best
 For a man to die in ? or is it in your knowledge
 To answere mee how long I have to live ?
 That's the most necessarie question.
 Not answere ? Are you still like some great men
 That onely walke like shadowes up and downe,
 And to no purpose ? say :—
 What's that ? O fatall ! hee throwes earth upon mee. †
 A dead mans scull beneath the rootes of flowers.
 I pray speake Sir, our Italian Church-men
 Make us beleve, dead men hold conference
 With their familiars, and many times
 Will come to bed to them, and eat with them.
 Hee's gone; and see, the scull and earth are vanisht. *Exit Ghost.*
 This is beyond melancholic. I doe dare my fate
 To doe its worst. Now to my sisters lodging,
 And summe up all these horroures; the disgrace
 The Prince threw on mee; next the pitious sight
 Of my dead brother; and my Mothers dotage;
 And last this terrible vision. All these
 Shall with *Vittoria's* bountie turne to good,
 Or I will drowne this weapon in her blood. *Exit.*

SCENE v.

The Same.

Enter Francisco, Lodovico, and Hortensio overhearing them.

LOD. My Lord upon my soule you shall no further :
 You have most ridiculously ingag'd your selfe

* *In his leather Cassock & breeches, bootes, a coule; in his hand a pot of lilly-flowers with a scull in't.*

† *The Ghost throwes earth upon him and shewes him the scull.*

Too far allready. For my part, I have payd
 All my debts, so if I should chance to fall
 My Creditours fall not with mee; and I vow
 To quite all in this bold assemblie
 To the meanest follower. My Lord leave the Cittie,
 Or He forswear the murder. FRAN. Farewell *Lodovico*.
 If thou do'st perish in this glorious act,
 lie reare unto thy memorie that fame
 Shall in the ashes keepe alive thy name.

Exeunt.

HOR. There's some blacke deed on foot. He presently
 Downe to the Citadell, and raise some force.
 These strong Court factions that do brooke no checks,
 In the cariere oft breake the Riders neckes.

Exit.

SCENE VI.

The Same. Vittoria's Chamber.

*Enter Vittoria with a booke in her hand, Zanche,
 Flamineo following them.*

FLA. What are you at your prayers ? Give o're.

VIT. How Ruffin ?

FLA. I come to you 'bout worldly businesse :
 Sit downe, sit downe : Nay stay, blouze, you may heare it,
 The dores are fast inough. VIT. Ha, are you drunke ?

FLA. Yes, yes, with wormewood water, you shall tast
 Some of it presently. VIT. What intends the fury ?

FLA. You are my Lords Executrix, and I claime
 Reward, for my long service. VIT. For your service ?

FLA. Come therefore, heere is pen and Inke, set downe
 What you will give me.

Shee writes.

VIT. There— FLA. Ha ! have you done already ?—
 'Tis a most short conveyance. VIT. I will read it.
 I give that portion to thee, and no other
 Which *Caine* gron'd under having slaine his brother.

FLA. A most courtly Pattent to beg by.

VIT. You are a villaine.

FLA. Is't come to this ? they say affrights cure agues :
 Thou hast a Devill in thee; I will try
 If it can scarre him from thee : Nay sit still:

My Lord hath left me yet two case of Jewells
Shall make me scorne your bounty; you shall see them. *Exit.*

VIT. Sure hee's distracted. ZAN. O he's desperate—
For your owne safety give him gentle language. *He enters*

FLA. Looke, these are better far at a dead lift, *with two*
Then all your Jewell house. VIT. And yet mee thinkes, *case of*
These stones have no faire lustre, they are ill set. *pistols.*

FLA. Fie turne the right side towards you : you shall see
How they will sparkle. VIT. Turne this horror from mee :
What do you want ? what would you have mee doe ?
Is not all mine, yours ? have I any children ?

FLA. Pray thee good woman doe not trouble mee
With this vaine worldly businesse; say your prayers,
I made a vow to my deceased Lord,
Neither your selfe, nor I should out-live him,
The numbring of foure howers. VIT. Did he enjoyne it ?

FLA. He did, and 'twas a deadly jealousy,
Least any should enjoy thee after him,
That urg'd him vow me to it: For my death—
I did propound it voluntarily, knowing
If hee could not be safe in his owne Court
Being a great Duke, what hope then for us ?

VIT. This is your melancholy and dispaire. FLA. Away—
Foole that thou art to thinke that Polititians
Do use to kill the effects of injuries
And let the cause live : shall we groane in irons,
Or be a shamefull and a waighty burthen
To a publicke scaffold ? This is my resolve'
I would not live at any mans entreaty

Nor dye at any's bidding. VIT. Will you heare me ?

FLA. My life hath done service to other men,
My death shall serve mine owne turne; make you ready.

VIT. Do you meane to die indeed ?

FLA. With as much pleasure
As e're my father gat me. VIT. *aside* Are the dores lockt ?

ZAN. *aside* Yes Madame.

VIT. Are you growne an Atheist ? will you turne your body,
Which is the goodly pallace of the soule
To the soules slaughter house ? 6 the cursed Devill
Which doth present us with all other sinnes
Thrice candied ore ; Despaire with gaule and *stibium*,

Yet we carouse it off ; *aside* Cry out for helpe !—
Makes us forsake that which was made for Man,
The world, to sinke to that was made for devils,
Eternall darknesse. ZAN. Helpe, helpe ! FLA. Tie stop your
throat

With Winter plums— VIT. I prethee yet remember,
Millions are now in graves, which at last day
Like Mandrakes shall rise shreeking. FLA. Leave your prating,
For these are but grammaticall laments,
Feminine arguments, and they move me
As some in Pulpits move their Auditory
More with their exclamation then sence
Of reason, or sound Doctrine. ZAN. *aside* Gentle Madam
Seeme to consent, onely perswade him teach
The way to death; let him dye first.

VIT. 'Tis good, I apprehend it—
To kill one's selfe is meale that we must take
Like pils, not chew't, but quickly swallow it—
The smart a'th wound, or weakenesse of the hand
May else bring trebble torments. FLA. I have held it
A wretched and most miserable life,
Which is not able to dye. VIT. O but frailty !
Yet I am now resolv'd, farewell affliction;
Behold *Brachtano*, I that while you liv'd
Did make a flaming Altar of my heart
To sacrifice unto you . . . Now am ready
To sacrifice heart and all. Fare-well *Zanche*.

ZAN. How Madam ! Do you thinke that Fie out-live you ?
Especially when my best selfe *Flamineo*
Goes the same voiage. FLA. O most loved Moore !

ZAN. Onely by all my love let me entreat you ;
Since it is most necessary one of us
Do violence on our selves; let you or I
Be her sad taster, teach her how to dye.

FLA. Thou dost instruct me nobly, take these pistols,
Because my hand is stain'd with bloud already :
Two of these you shall levell at my brest,
Th'other gainst your owne, and so we'll dye,
Most equally contented : But first sweare
Not to out-live me. VIT. & ZAN. Most religiously.

FLA. Then here's an end of me : fare-well day-light
And ô contemptible Physike! that dost take

So long a study, onely to preserve

So short a life, I take my leave of thee.

These are two cupping-glasses, that shall draw

All my infected bloud out—

*Shewing
the pistols.*

Are you ready ? BOTH. Ready.

FLA. Whither shall I go now ? O *Lucian* thy ridiculous
Purgatory—to finde *Alexander* the great cobling shooes, *Pompey*
tagging points, and *Julius Ccesar* making haire buttons, *Haniball*
selling blacking, and *Augustus* crying garlike, *Charlemaigne* selling
lists by the dozen, and King *Pippin* crying Apples in a cart drawn
with one horse!

Whether I resolve to Fire, Earth, water, Aire,

Or all the Elements by scruples; I know not

Nor greatly care,———Shoote, shoote,

Of all deaths the violent death is best,

For from our selves it steales our selves so fast

The paine once apprehended is quite past.

*They shoot
and run
to him*

VIT. What, are you drop't ?

FLA. I am mixt with Earth already. As you are Noble

Performe your vov'es, and bravely follow mee.

*& tread
upon him.*

VIT. Whither—to hell ? ZAN. To most assured damnation.

VIT. O thou most cursed devill. ZAN. Thou art caught—

VIT. In thine owne Engine, I tread the fire out

That would have bene my ruine.

FLA. Will you be perjur'd ? What a religious oath was Stix that
the Gods never durst sweare by and violate! 6 that wee had such
an oath to minister, and to be so well kept in our Courts of Justice.

VIT. Thinke whither thou art going. ZAN. And remember

What villanies thou hast acted. VIT. This thy death

Shall make me like a blazing ominous starre,

Looke up and tremble. FLA. O I am caught with a springe I

VIT. You see the Fox comes many times short home,

'Tis here prov'd true. FLA. Kild with a couple of braches.

VIT. No fitter offering for the infernall furies
Then one in whom they raign'd while hee was living.

FLA. O the waies darke and horrid ! I cannot see,

Shall I have no company ? VIT. O yes thy sinnes,

Do runne before thee to fetch fire from hell,

To light thee thither. FLA. O I smell soote,

Most stinking soote, the chimneis a-fire,
 My liver's purboiPd like scotch holly-bread;
 There's a plumber laying pipes in my guts, it scalds;
 Wilt thou out-live mee ? ZAN. Yes, and drive a stake
 Through thy body; for we'll give it out,
 Thou didst this violence upon thy selfe.

FLA. O cunning Devils ! now I have tri'd your love,
 And doubled all your reaches. I am not wounded : *Flamineo*
 The pistols held no bullets ; 'twas a plot *riseth.*
 To prove your kindnesse to mee; and I live
 To punish your ingratitude—I knew
 One time or other you would finde a way
 To give me a strong potion—6 Men
 That lye upon your death-beds, and are haunted
 With howling wives, neere trust them, they'le re-marry
 Ere the worme p'eirce your winding sheete : ere the Spider
 Make a thinne curtaine for your Epitaphes.

How cunning you were to discharge ! Do you practise at the
 Artillery yard ? Trust a woman ? never, never; *Brachiano* bee
 my precedent: we lay our soules to pawne to the Devil! for a little
 pleasure, and a woman makes the bill of sale. That ever man
 should marry! For one *Hypermnestra* that sav'd her Lord and
 husband, forty nine of her sisters cut their husbands throates ail
 in one night. There was a shole of vertuous horse-leeches.

Here are two other Instruments. *Enter Lod. Gasp, disguised.*
 VIT. Helpe, helpe!

FLA. What noise is that ? hah ? falce keies i'th Court.

LOD. We have brought you a Maske. FLA. A matachine it
 seemes,

By your drawne swords. Church-men turn'd revellers !
 GAS. *Isabella, Isabella!*

LOD. Doe you know us now ? FLA. *Lodovico and Casparo !*

LOD. Yes and that Moore the Duke gave pention to
 Was the great Duke of Florence. VIT. O wee are lost.

FLA. You shall not take Justice from forth my hands,
 O let me kill her.——He cut my safty
 Through your coates of steele : Fate's a Spaniell,
 Wee cannot beat it from us : what remaines now ?
 Let all that doe ill, take this precedent:
Man may his Fate foresee, but not prevent.

And of all Axiomes this shall winne the prise,
'Tis better to be fortunate then wise.

GAS. Bind him to the pillar. VIT. O your gentle pittie
I have scene a black-bird that would sooner fly
To a mans bosome, then to stay the gripe
Of the feirce Sparrow-hawke. GAS. Your hope deceives you.

VIT. If Florence be ith Court, would hee would kill mee !

GAS. Foole ! Princes give rewards with their owne hands,
But death or punishment by the handes of others.

LOD. Sirha you once did strike mee, Ile strike you
Into the Center.

FLA. Thou'lt doe it like a hangeman; a base hangman;
Not like a noble fellow, for thou seest
I cannot strike againe. LOD. Dost laugh ?

FLA. Wouldst have me dye, as I was borne, in whining ?

GAS. Recommend your seife to heaven.

FLA. Noe I will carry mine owne commendations thither.

LOD. Oh could I kill you forty times a day
And us't foure yeere together; tware too little :
Nought greev's but that you are too few to feede
The famine of our vengeance. What dost thinke on ?

FLA. Nothing; of nothing : leave thy idle questions,
I am ith way to study a long silence,
To prate were idle, I remember nothing.

Thers nothing of so infinit vexation

As mans owne thoughts. LOD. O thou glorious strumpet,
Could I devide thy breath from this pure aire
When't leaves thy body, I would sucke it up
And breath't upon some dunghill. VIT. You, my Deathsman !
Me thinkes thou doest not looke horrid enough,
Thou hast too good a face to be a hang-man,
If thou be, doe thy office in right forme;
Fall downe upon thy knees and aske forgivenessse.

LOD. O thou hast bin a most prodigious comet,
But lie cut off your traine : kill the Moore first.

VIT. You shall not kill her first, behould my breast,
I will be waited on in death; my servant
Shall never go before mee. GAS. Are you so brave ?

VIT. Yes I shall wellcome death
As Princes doe some great Embassadors;

He meete thy weapon halfe way. LOD. Thou dost tremble,
Mee thinkes feare should dissolve thee into ayre.

VIT. O thou art deceiv'd, I am too true a woman :
Conceit can never kill me : He tell thee what,
I will not in my death shed one base teare,
Or if looke pale, for want of blood, not feare.

GAS. Thou art my taske, blacke fury. ZAN. I have blood
As red as either of theirs; wilt drinke some ?
'Tis good for the falling sicknesse : I am proud
Death cannot alter my complexion,
For I shall neere looke pale. LOD. Strike, strike,
With a Joint motion. *They strike.* VIT. 'Twas a manly blow,
The next thou giv'st, murder some sucking Infant,
And then thou wilt be famous. FLA. O what blade ist ?
A Toledo, or an English Fox ?
I ever thought a Cutler should distinguish
The cause of my death, rather then a Doctor.
Search my wound deeper: tent it with the steele
That made it. VIT. O my greatest sinne lay in my blood.
Now my blood paies for't. FLA. Th'art a noble sister,
I love thee now; if woeman doe breed man,
Shee ought to teach him manhood : Fare thee well.
Know many glorious woemen that are fam'd
For masculine vertue, have bin vitious,
Onely a happier silence did betyde them.
Shee hath no faults, who hath the art to hide them.

VIT. My soule, like to a ship in a blacke storme,
Is driven I know not whither. FLA. Then cast ancor.
" Prosperity doth bewitch men seeming cleere,
" But seas doe laugh, shew white, when Rocks are neere.
" Wee cease to grieve, cease to be fortunes slaves,
" Nay cease to dye by dying. Art thou gonne
And thou so neare the bottom ? fake reporte
Which saies that woemen vie with the nine Muses
For nine tough durable lives : I doe not looke
Who went before, nor who shall follow mee;
Noe, at my selfe I will begin and end.
" While we looke up to heaven wee confound
" Knowledge with knowledge. 6 I am in a mist.
VIT. O happy they that never saw the Court,

" Nor ever knew great Man but by report.

Vittoria dyes.

FLA. I recover like a spent taper, for a flash
And instantly go out.

Let all that belong to Great men remember th'ould wives tradition,
to be like the Lyons ith Tower on Candlemas day, to mourne
if the Sunne shine, for feare of the pittifuii remainder of winter
to come.

'Tis well yet there's some goodnesse in my death,'

My life was a blacke charnell: I have caught

An everlasting could. I have lost my voice

Most irrecoverably : Farewell glorious villaines,

" This busie trade of life appeares most vaine,

" Since rest breeds rest, where all seeke paine by paine.

Let no harsh flattering Bels resound my knell,

Strike thunder, and strike lowde to my farewell.

Dyes.

Enter Embassad: and Giovanni.

ENG. E. This way, this way, breake ope the doores, this way.

LOD. Ha, are wee betraid ?

Why then lets constantly dye all together,

And having finisht this most noble deede,

Defy the worst of fate; not feare to bleed.

ENG. E. Keepe backe the Prince, shoot, shoot—

LOD. O I am wounded.

I feare I shall be tane. Gio. You bloudy villaines,

By what authority have you committed

This Massakre ? LOD. By thine. Gio. Mine ? LOD. Yes, thy
unkle,

Which is a part of thee, enjoyn'd us to't:

Thou knowst me I am sure, I am Count *Lodowicke*,

And thy most noble unkle in disguise

Was last night in thy Court. Gio. Ha ! GAS. Yes, that Moore

Thy father chose his pentioner.

Gio. He turn'd murderer !

Away with them to prison, and to torture;

All that have hands in this, shall tast our justice,

As I hope heaven. LOD. I do glory yet,

That I can call this act mine owne : For my part,

The racke, the gallowes, and the torturing wheele

Shall bee but sound sleepes to me, here's my rest—

" I limb'd this night-peece and it was my best.

Gip. Remove the bodies—see my honoured Lord,
What use you ought make of their punishment.

*Let guilty men remember their blacke deedes,
Do leane on crutches, made of slender reedes.*

Exeunt.

FINIS.

THE DUCHESS OF MALFI

*Oh this gloomy world
In what a shadow or deepe pit of darknesse
Doth mankind live*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

- ♂ BOSOLA
- . FERDINAND
- . CARDINALL
- ANTONIO
- DELIO
- FOROBOSCO
- MALATESTA
- The Marquesse of Pescara*
- SILVIO
- CASTRUCHIO
- RODERIGO
- GRISOLAN
- The severall mad men*
- *The* DUTCESSE
- The* CARDINALS
- The* DOCTOR
- ' CARIOLA
- COURT OFFICERS
- Old Lady*
- . *Three young Children*
- Two Pilgrimes*
- Ladies, Executioners, and Attendants*

The Duchess of Malfi

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Amalfi. The Palace of the Duchess.

Enter Antonio and Delia.

DELIO.

YOU are wel-come to your Country (deere *Antonio*)
You have bin long in *France*, and you returne
A very formall French-man, in your habit.
How doe you like the French Court ?

ANT. I admire it—

In seeking to reduce both State, and People
To a fix'd Order, their juditious King
Begins at home : Quits first his Royall Pallace
Of flattrng Sicophants, of dissolute,
And infamous persons—which he sweetely termes
His Masters Master-peece (the worke of Heaven)
Considring duely, that a Princes Court
Is like a common Fountaine, whence should flow
Pure silver-droppes in generall: But if't chance
Some curs'd example poyson't neere the head,
" Death, and diseases through the whole land spread.

And what is't makes this blessed government,
But a most provident Councell, who dare freely
Informe him the corruption of the times ?

Though some oth'Court hold it presumption
To instruct Princes what they ought to doe,
It is a noble duety to informe them

What they ought to fore-see: Here comes *Bosola*
The onely Court-Gall: yet I observe his rayling
Is not for simple love of Piety :

Enter Bosola.

Indeede he rayles at those things which he wants,
Would be as leacherous, covetous, or proud,
Bloody, or envious, as any man,

If he had meanes to be so : Here's the Cardinall.

Enter Cardinal.

Bos. I doe haunt you still.

CAR. So.

Bos. I have done you better service then to be slighted thus : miserable age, where onely the reward of doing well, is the doing of it!

CAR. You inforce your meritt too much.

Bos. I fell into the Gallies in your service, where, for two yeares together, I wore two Towells in stead of a shirt, with a knot on the shoulder, after the fashion of a Romaine Mantle : Slighted thus ? I will thrive some way : black-birds fatten best in hard weather : why not I, in these dogge dayes ?

CAR. Would you could become honest —

Bos. With all your divinity, do but direct me the way to it — I have knowne many travell farre for it, and yet returne as arrant knaves, as they went forth ; (because they carried themselves alwayes along with them); *Exit Cardinal.* Are you gon ? Some fellowes (they say) are possessed with the divell, but this great fellow, were able to possesse the greatest Divell, and make him worse.

ANT., He hath denied thee some suit ?

Bos. He, and his brother, are like Plum-trees (that grow crooked over standing-pooles) they are rich, and ore-laden with Fruite, but none but Crowes, Pyes, and Catter-pillers feede on them : Could I be one of their flattring Panders, I would hang on their eares like a horse-leach, till I were full, and then droppe off : I pray leave me.

Who wold relie upon these miserable dependances, in expectation to be advanc'd to-morrow ? what creature ever fed worse, then hoping *Tantalus* ? nor ever died any man more fearefully, then he that hop'd for a pardon : There are rewards for hawkes, and dogges, when they have done us service; but for a Souidier, that hazards his Limbes in a battaile, nothing but a kind of Geometry, is his last Supportation,

DEL. Geometry ?

Bos. I, to hang in a faire paire of slings, take his latter-swinge in the world, upon an honorable pare of Crowtches, from hospitall to hospitall — fare ye well Sir. And yet do- not you scorne us, for places in the Court, are but like beds in the hospkall, where this mans head lies at that mans foote, and so lower, and lower.

Exit.

DEL. I knew this fellow (seven yeares) in the Gallies, For a notorious murther, and 'twas thought

The Cardinall suborn'd it: he was releas'd
By the French Generall (*Gaston de Foux*)
When he recover'd *Naples*.

ANT. 'Tis great pitty
He should be thus neglected—I have heard
He's very valiant: This fouie mellancholly
Will poyson all his goodnesse, for (i'le tell you)
If too immoderate sleepe be truly sayd
To be an inward rust unto the soule;
It then doth follow want of action
Breeds all blacke male-contents, and their close rearing
(Like mothes in clbath) doe hurt for want of wearing.

Enter Silvio, Castruchio, Roderigo, & Grisolan.

DEL. The Presence 'gins to fill, you promised me
To make me the partaker of the natures
Of some of your great Courtiers,

ANT. The Lord Cardinali's
And other strangers', that are now in Court ?—
I shall: here comes the great *Calabrian Duke*. *Enter Ferdinand.*

FERD. Who tooke the Ring oftneſt ?

SIL. *Antonio Bologna* (my Lord.)

FERD. Our Sister Duchesse' great Master of her household ?
Give him the Jewell: when shall we leave this sportive-action,
and fall to action indeed ?

CAST. Me thinkes (my Lord) you should not desire to go to
war, in person.

FERD. Now, for some gravity : why (my Lord ?)

CAST. It is fitting a Souldier arise to be a Prince, but not necessary
a Prince descend to be a Captaine.

FERD. Noe ?

CAST. No, (my Lord) he were far better do it by a Deputy.

FERD. Why should he not as well sleepe, or eate, by a Deputy ?
This might take idle, offensive, and base office from him, whereas
the other deprives him of honour.

CAST. Beleeve my experience: that Realme is never long in
quiet, where the Ruler, is a Souldier.

FERD. Thou toldst me thy wife could not endure fighting.

CAST. True (my Lord.)

FERD. And of a jest, she broke of a Captaine she met, full of wounds : I have forgot it.

CAST. She told him (my Lord) he was a pittifull fellow, to lie, like the Children of *Ismael*, all in Tents.

FERD. Why, there's a wit were able to undoe all the Chyrurgeons o'the City, for although Gallants should quarrell, and had drawne their weapons, and were ready to goe to it; yet her perswasions would make them put up.

CAST. That she would (my Lord)—How doe you like my Spanish Gennit ?

ROD. He is all fire.

FERD. I am of *Pliny's* opinion, I thinke he was begot by the wind, he runs, as if he were ballass'd with Quick-silver.

SIL. True (my Lord) he reeles from the Tilt often.

ROD. GRIS. Ha, ha, ha.

FERD. Why do you laugh ? Me thinks you that are Courtiers should be my touch-wood, take fire, when I give fire; that is, laugh when I laugh, were the subject never so why—

CAST. True (my Lord) I my selfe have heard a very good jest, and have scorn'd to seeme to have so silly a wit, as to understand it.

FERD. But I can laugh at your Foole (my Lord.)

CAST. He cannot speake (you know) but he makes faces, my lady cannot abide him.

FERD. Noe ?

CAST. Nor endure to be in merry Company: for she saies too much laughing, and too much Company, fils her too full of the wrinkle.

FERD. I would then have a Mathematicall Instrument made for her face, that she might not laugh out of compasse: I shall shortly visit you at *Millaine* (Lord *Silvio*.)

SIL. Your Grace shall arrive most wel-come.

FERD. You are a good Horse-man (*Antonio*) you have excellent Riders in *France*—what doe you thinke of good Horse-man-ship ?

ANT. Nobly (my Lord)—as out of the Grecian-horse, issued many famous Princes: So, out of brave Horseman-ship, arise the first Sparkes of growing resolution, that raise the minde to noble action.

FERD. You have be-spoake it worthely.

SIL. Your brother, the Lord Cardinall, and sister Dutchesse.
Enter Cardinal, Duchess, Cariola, & Julia.

CARD. Are the Gallies come about ?

GRIS. They are (my Lord.)

FERD. Here's the Lord *Silvio*, is come to take his leave.

DEL. Now (Sir) your promise : what's that Cardinall ?
I meane his Tempej ? they say he's a brave fellow,
Will play his five thousand crownes, at Tennis, Daunce,
Court Ladies, and one that hath fought single Combats.

ANT. Some such flashes superficially hang on him, for forme:
but observe his inward Character: he is a mellancholly Church-
man : The Spring in his face, is nothing but the Ingendring of
Toades : where he is jealous of any man, he laies worse plots
for them, then ever was impos'd on *Hercules* : for he strewes in
his way Flatterers, Panders, Intelligencers, Athiests, and a thousand
such politicall Monsters: he should have beene Pope: but in
stead of comming to it by the primative decensie of the church,
he did bestow bribes, so largely, and so impudently, as if he would
have carried it away without heavens knowledge. Some good
he hath done.

DEL. You have given too much of him : what's, his brother ?

ANT. The Duke there ? a most peryerse, and turbulent Nature -
What appears in him mirth, is meerely outside,
If he laugh hartely, it is to laugh
All honesty out of fashion.

DEL. Twins ?

ANT. In qualitie:
He speakes with others Tongues, and heares mens suites,
With others Eares : will seeme to sleepe o'th bench
Onely to intrap offenders, in their answeres;
Doombes men to death, by information,
Rewards, by heare-say.

DEL. Then the Law to him
Is like a fowle blacke cob-web, to a Spider—
He makes it his dwelling, and a prison
To entangle those shall feede him.

ANT. Most true:
He nev'r paies debts, unlesse they be shrewd turnes,
And those lie will confesse that he doth owe.

Last: for his brother, there, (the Cardinall)
They that doe flatter him most, say Oracles
Hang at his lippes : and verely I beleeeve them:
For the Divell speakes in them,
But for their sister, (the right noble Duchesse)
You never fix'd your eye on three faire Meddalls,
Cast in one figure, of so different temper:
For her discourse, it is so full of Rapture,
You onely will begin, then to be sorry
When she doth end her speech : and wish (in wonder)
She held it lesse vaine-glory, to talke much,
Then your pennance, to heare her : whilst she speakes,
She throwes upon a man so sweet a looke,
That it were able raise one to a Galliard
That lay in a dead palsey; and to doate
On that sweete countenance : but in that looke,
There speaketh so divine a continence,
As cuts off all lascivious, and vaine hope
Her dayes are practis'd in such noble vertue,
That sure her nights nay more her very Sleepes)
Are more in Heaven, then other Ladies Shrifts.
Let all sweet Ladies breake their flattring Glasses,
And dresse themselves in her.

DEL. Fye *Antonio*,

You play the wire-drawer with her commendations.

ANT. I'll case the picture up : onely thus much—

All her particular worth growes to this somme :

, She staines the time past: lights the time to come—

CARIOLA. You must attend my Lady, in the gallery',
Some halfe an houre hence.

ANT. I shall.

Exeunt Antonio & Delia.

FERD. Sister, I have a suit to you :

DUCH. To me, Sir ?

FERD. A Gentleman here : *Daniel de Bosola* :

One, that was in the Gallies.

DUCH. Yes, I know him :

FERD. A worthy fellow h'is : pray let me entreat for
The provisorship of your horse.

DUCH. Your knowledge of him,
Commends him, and prefers him.

FERD. Call him neither,

Exit Servant.

Wee are now upon parting: Good Lord *Silvio*
Do us commend to all our noble friends
At the Leaguer.

SIL. Sir, I shall.

DUCH. You are for *Millaine* ?

SIL. I am:

DUCH. Bring the Carroches: we'll bring you down to the
Haven. *Exeunt, except Card. & \Ferd.*

CARD. Be sure you entertaine that *Bosola*
For your Intelligence : I would not be scene in't.
And therefore many times I have slighted him,
When he did court our furtherance : as this Morning.

FERD. *Antonio*, the great Master of her household
Had beene farre fitter :

CARD. You are deceiv'd in him,
His Nature is too honest for such businesse,
He comes : I'll leave you : *Exit. Enter Bosola.*

Bos. I was lur'd to you.

FERD. My brother here (the Cardinall) could never abide you.

Bos. Never since he was in my debt.

FERD. May be some oblique character in your face,
Made him suspect you ?

Bos. Doth he study Phisiognomie ?
There's no more credit to be given to th'face,
Then to a sicke mans uryne, which some call
The Physitians whore, because she cozens him :
He did suspect me wrongfully :

FERD. For that
You must give great men leave to take their times :
Distrust, doth cause us seldome be deceiv'd;
You see, the oft shaking of the Cedar-Tree
Fastens it more at roote.

Bos. Yet take heed: ,
For to suspect a friend unworthely,
Instructs him the next way to suspect you,
And prompts him to deceive you.

FERD. There's gold.

Bos. So:

What followes ? (Never rained such showres as these
Without thunderbolts i'th taile of them;) whose throat must I cut ?

FERD. Your inclination to shed blood rides post
Before my occasion to use you : I give you that
To live i'th Court, here : and observe the Duchesse,
To note all the particulars of her haviour :
What suitors doe sollicite her for marriage
And whom she best affects : she's a yong widowe,
I would not have her marry againe.

Bos. No, Sir?

FERD. Doe not you aske the reason : but be satisfied,
I say I would not.

Bos. It seemes you would create me
One of your familiars.

FERD. Familiar ? what's that ?

Bos. Why, a very quaint invisible Divell, in flesh :
An Intelligencer.

FERD. Such a kind of thriving thing
I would wish thee : and ere long, thou maist arrive
At a higher place by't.

Bos. Take your Divels. .
Which Hell calls Angels : these curs'd gifts would make
You a corrupter, me an impudent traitor,
And should I take these, they'll'd take me to Hell.

FER. Sir, I'll take nothing from you, that I have given :
There is a place, that I procur'd for you
This morning : (the Provisor-ship o'th' horse)—
Have you heard on't ?

Bos. Noe.

FER. 'Tis yours, is't not worth thankses ?

Bos. I would have you curse your selfe now, that your bounty
(Which makes men truly noble) ere should make
Me a villaine : oh, that to avoid ingratitude
For the good deed you have done me, I must doe
All the ill man can invent: Thus the Divell
Candies all sinnes o'er : and what Heaven termes vild,
That names he complementall.

FER. Be your selfe :
Keepe your old garbe of melencholly : 'twill expresse
You envy those that stand above your reach,
Yet strive not to come neere'em : This will gaine

Accesse, to private lodgings, where your selfe
May (like a pollitique dormouse—¹

Bos. As I have scene some,
Feed in a Lords dish, halfe asleepe, not seeming
To listen to any talke : and yet these Rogues
Have cut his throat in a dreame : whats my place ?
The Provisor-ship o'th horse ? say then my corruption
Grew out of horse-doong : I am your creature.

FERD. Away!

Bos. Let good men, for good deeds, covet good fame,
feince place, and riches oft are bribes of shame—
Sometimes the Divell doth preach.

Exit Bosola.

Enter Cardinal', Duchess, & Cariola.

CARD. We are to part from you : and your owne discretion
Must now be your director.

FERD. You are a Widowe :
You know already what man is : and therefore
Let not youth . . . high promotion, eloquence—

CARD. No, nor any thing without the addition. *Honor*,
Sway your high blood.

FERD. Marry ? they are most luxurious,
Will wed twice.

CARD. O fie!

FERD. Their livers are more spotted '
Then *Labans* sheepe.

DUCH. Diamonds are of most value
They say,' that have past through most Jewellers hands.

FERD. Whores, by that rule, are precious :

DUCH. Will you heare me ?
I'll never marry:

CARD. So most Widowes say :
But commonly that motion lasts no longer
Then the turning of an houre glasse—the funeral Sermon,
And it, end both together.

FERD. Now heare me :
You live in a ranke pasture here, i'th Court—
There is a kind of honney-dew, that's deadly :
'Twill poyson your fame; looke to't: be not cunning :
For they whose faces doe belye their hearts,
Are Witches, ere they arrive at twenty yeeres,

I: and give the divell sucke.

DUCH. This is terrible good counceili:

FERD. Hypocrisie is woven of a fine small thred,
Subtler, then *Vulcans* Engine: yet (beleev't)
Your darkest actions : nay, your privat'st thoughts,
Will come to light.

CARD. You may flatter your selfe,
And take your owne choice : privately be married
Under the Eaves of night. . .

FERD. Think't the best voyage
That ere you made; like the irregular Crab,
Which thought't goes backward, thinks that it goes right,
Because it goes its owne way : but observe;
Such weddings, may more properly be said
To be executed, then celibrated.

CARD. The marriage night
Is the entrance into some prison.

FERD. And those joyes,
'Those lustfull pleasures, are like heavy sleepes
Which doe fore-run mans mischief.

CARD. Fare you well. : .
Wisdome begins at the end : remember it. *Exit.*

DUCH. I thinke this speech between you both was studied,
It came so roundly off.

FERD. You are my sister,
This was my Fathers poyniard : doe you see,
I'll'd be loth to see't looke rusty, 'cause 'twas his :
I would have you to give ore these chargeable Revels;
A Vizer, and a Masque are whispering roomes
That were nev'r built for goodnesse : fare ye well:
And woemen like that part, which (like the Lamprey)
Hath nev'r a bone in't.

DUCH. Fye Sir!

FERD. Nay,
I meane the Tongue : varietie of Courtship;
What cannot a neate knave with a smooth tale,
Make a woman beleve ? farewell, lusty *Wid^{er} Exit.*

DUCH. Shall this move me ? if all my royall kindred
Lay in my way unto this marriage :
I'll'd make them my low foote-steps : And even now,

Even in this hate (as men in some great battailes
 By apprehending danger, have atchiev'd
 Almost impossible actions : I have heard Souldiers say so),
 So I, through frights, and threatnings, will assay.
 This dangerous venture : Let old wives report
 I wincked, and chose a husband : *Cariola*,
 To thy knowne secricy, I have given up
 More then my life, my fame :

CARIELA, Both shall be safe :
 For I'll conceale this secret from the world
 As warily as those that trade in poyson,
 Keepe poyson from their children.

DUCH. Thy protestation
 Is ingenious, and hearty : I beleeeve it.
 Is *Antonio* come ?

CARIELA. He attends you :

DUCH. Good deare soule,
 Leave me : but place thy selfe behind the Arras,
 Where thou maist over-heare us : wish me good speed *Cariola*
 For I am going into a wilderness, *withdraws behind*
 Where I shall find nor path, nor friendly clewe *the arras.*
 To be my guide—I sent for you, Sit downe : *The Duchess*
 Take Pen and Incke, and write : are you ready ? *draws the*
 ANT. Yes: *traverse*
 DUCH. What did I say ? *revealing Antonio.*

ANT. That I should write some-what.

DUCH. Oh, I remember :

After these triumphs, and this large expence
 It's fit (like thrifty husbands) we enquire
 What's laid up for to-morrow :

ANT. So please your beauteous Excellence.

DUCH. Beauteous ?

Indeed I thank you : I look yong for your sake.
 You have tane my cares upon you.

ANT. Fie fetch your Grace
 The particulars of your revinew, and expence.

DUCH. Oh, you are an upright treasurer: but you mistooke,
 For when I said I meant to make enquiry,
 What's layd up for to-morrow: I did meane
 What's layd up yonder for me.

ANT. Where ?

DUCH. In Heaven,

I am making my will, (as 'tis fit Princes should

In perfect memory) and I pray Sir, tell me

Were not one better make it smiling, thus ?

Then in deepe groanes, and terrible ghastly looks,

As if the guifts we parted with, procured

That violent distraction ?

ANT. Oh, much better.

DUCH. If I had a husband now, this care were quit:

But I intend to make you Over-seer;

What good deede, shall we first remember ? say.

ANT. Begin with that first good deed began i'th'world,

After mans creation, the Sacrament of marriage—

I'd have you first provide for a good husband,

Give him all.

DUCH. All ?

ANT. Yes, your excellent selfe.

DUCH. In a winding sheete ?

ANT. In a cople.

DUCH. St. *Winifrid*, that were a strange will.

ANT. 'Twere strange

If there were no will in you to marry againe.

DUCH. What doe you thinke of marriage ?

ANT. I take't, as those that deny Purgatory,

It locally containes, or heaven, or hell,

There's no third place in't.

DUCH. How doe you affect it ?

ANT. My banishment, feeding my mellancholly,

Would often reason thus.

DUCH. Pray let's heare it.

ANT. Say a man never marry, nor have children,

What takes that from him ? onely the bare name

Of being a father, or the weake delight

To see the little wanton ride a cocke-horse

Upon a painted sticke, or heare him chatter

Like a taught Starling.

DUCH. Fye, fie, what's all this ?

One of your eyes is blood-shot, use my Ring to't,

They say 'tis very soveraigne, 'twas my wedding Ring,

And I did vow never to part with, it.
But to my second husband.

ANT. You have parted with it now.

DUCH. Yes, to helpe your eye-sight.

ANT. You have made me starke blind.

DUCH. How ?

ANT. There is a sawcy, and ambitious diveil
Is dauncing in this circle.

DUCH. Remoove him.

ANT. How ?

DUCH. There needs small conjuration, when your finger
May doe it: thus, is it fit ?

ANT. What sayd you ?

he kneeles.

DUCH. Sir,

This goodly roofoe of yours, is too low built,
I cannot stand upright in't, nor discourse,
Without I raise it higher : raise your selfe,
Or if you please, my hand to helpe you : so

ANT. Ambition (Madam) is a great mans madnes,
That is not kept in chaines, and close-pent-rooms,
But in faire lightsome lodgings, and is girt
With the wild noyce of prating visitants,
Which makes it lunatique, beyond all cure—
Conceive not, I am so stupid, but I ayme
Whereto your favours tend : But he's a foole
That (being a-cold) would thrust his hands i'th fire
To warme them.

DUCH. So, now the ground's broake,
You may discover what a wealthy Mine,
I make you Lord of.

ANT. Oh my unworthinesse.

DUCH. You were ill to sell your selfe,
This darkning of your worth, is not like that
Which trades-men use i'th'City—their false lightes
Are to rid bad wares off: and I must tell you
If you will know where breathes a compleat man,
(I speake it without flattery) turne your eyes,
And progresse through your selfe.

ANT. Were there nor heaven, nor hell,
should be honest: I have long serv'd vertue

And nev'r tane wages of her.

DUCH. Now she paies it—

The misery of us, that are borne great!—
 We are forc'd to woo, because none dare woo us :
 And as a Tyrant doubles with his words,
 And fearefully equivocates : so we
 Are forc'd to expresse our violent passions
 In riddles, and in dreames, and leave the path
 Of simple vertue, which was never made
 To seeme the thing it is not: Goe, go brag
 You have left me heartlesse—nune is in your bosome,
 I hope 'twill multiply love there : You doe tremble :
 Make not your heart so dead a peece of flesh
 To feare, more then to love me : Sir, be confident,
 What is't distracts you ? This is flesh, and blood, (Sir,)
 'Tis not the figure cut in Allablaster
 Kneeles at my husbands tombe. Awake, awake (man)
 I do here put off all vaine ceremony,
 And onely doe appeare to you a yong widow
 That claimes you for her husband, and like a widow,
 I use but halfe a blush in't.

ANT. Truth speake for me,
 I will remaine the constant Sanctuary
 Of your good name.

DUCH. I thanke you (gentle love)
 And 'cause you shall not come to me in debt,
 (Being now my Steward) here upon your lippes
 I signe your *Quietus est*: This you should have beg'd now,
 I have scene children oft eate sweete-meates thus,
 As fearefull to devoure them too soone.

ANT. But for your Brothers ?

DUCH. Do not thinke of them,
 All discord, without this circumference,
 Is onely to be pittied, and not fear'd:
 Yet, should they know it, time will easily
 Scatter the tempest.

*she puts her arms
 about him.*

ANT. These words should be mine,
 And all the parts you have spoke, if some part of it
 Would not have savour'd flattery.

DUCH. Kneele.

Cariola shows herself.

ANT. Hah ?

DUCH. Be not amaz'd, this woman's of my Councill,
I have heard Lawyers say, a contract in a Chamber,
(*Per verba de presenti*) is absolute marriage :
Blesse (Heaven) this sacred Gordian, which let violence
Never untwine.

ANT. And may our sweet affections, (like the Sphears)
Be still in motion.

DUCH. Quickning, and make
The like soft Musique.

ANT. That we may imitate the loving Palmes
(Best Embleme of a peacefull marriage)
That nev'r bore fruite devided.

DUCH. What can the Church force more ?

ANT. That Fortune may not know an accident
Either of joy, or sorrow, to devide
Our fixed wishes.

DUCH. How can the Church build faster ?
We now are man, and wife, and 'tis the Church
That must but eccho this : Maid, stand apart,
I now am blinde.

ANT. What's your conceit in this ?

DUCH. I would have you leade your Fortune by the hand,
Unto your marriage bed :
(You speake in me this, for we now are one)
We'll onely lie, and talke together, and plot
T'appease my humorous kindred; and if you please
(Like the old tale, in *Alexander and Lodowicke*)
Lay a naked sword betweene us, keepe us chast:
Oh, let me shrowd my blushes in your bosome,
Since 'tis the treasury of all my secrets.

CAR. Whether the spirit of greatnes, or of woman
Raigne most in her, I know not, but it shewes
A fearefull madnes. I owe her much of pittie.

Exeunt.

ACTUS II. SCENA 1.

*The Same**Enter Bosola- & Castruchio.*

Bos. 'You say you would faine be taken—for an eminent Courtier ?

CAST. Tis the very maine of my ambition.

Bos. Let me see, you have a reasonable good face for't already, and your night-cap expresses your eares sufficient largely—I would have you learne to twirle the "strings of your band with a good grace; and in a set speech, (at th'end of every sentence,) to hum, three, or foure times, or blow your nose (till it smart againe,) to recover your memory-twhen you come to be a president in criminall causes, if you smile upon a prisoner, hang him, but if you frowne upon him, and threaten him, let him be sure to scape the Gallowes.

CAST. I would be a very merrie president—

Bos. Do not sup a nights, 'twill beget you an admirable wit.

CAST. Rather it would make me have a good stomake to quarrel, for they say, your roaring-boyes eate meate seldome, and that makes them so valiant: but how shall I know whether the people take me for an eminent fellow ?

Bos. I will teach a trick to know it—give out you lie a-dying, and if you heare the common people curse you, be sure you are taken for one of the prime night-caps—

Enter Old Lady.

You come from painting now ?

OLD LADY. From what ?

Bos. Why, from your scurvy face-physicke—to behold thee not painted enclines somewhat neere a miracle: These ... in thy face here, were deepe rutts, and foule sloughes the last progresse: There was a Lady in *France*, that having had the small pockes, flead the skinne off her face, to make it more levell; and whereas before she look'd like a Nutmeg-grater, after she resembled an abortive hedge-hog.

OLD LADY. Do you call this painting ?

Bos. No, no, but I call it carreening of an old morphew'd Lady,

to make her disembody againe—There's rough-cast phrase to your plastique.

OLD LADY. It seemes you are well acquainted with my closset ?

Bos. One would suspect it for a shop of witch-craft, to finde in it the fat of Serpents; spawne of Snakes, Jew^w/spittje, and their yong children's ordures—and all these for the face: I would sooner eate a dead pidgeon, taken from the soles of the feete of one sicke of the plague, then kisse one of you fasting: here are two of you, whose sin of your youth is the very patrimony of the Physition, makes him renew his foote-cloth with the Spring, and change his high-priz'd curtezan with the fall of the leafe: I do wonder YOU doe not loath your selves—observe my meditation now:

What thing is in this outward forme of man

To be belov'd ? we account it ominous,

If Nature doe produce a Colt, or Lambe,

A Fawne, or Goate, in any limbe resembling

A Man; and flye from't as a prodegy.

Man stands amaz'd to see his deformity,

In any other Creature but himselfe.

But in our owne flesh, though we beare diseases

Which have their true names onely tane from beasts,

As the most ulcerous Woolfe, and swinish Meazeall;

Though we are eaten up of lice, and wormes,

And though continually we beare about us

A rotten and dead body, we delight

To hide it in rich tissey—all our feare,

(Nay all our terrour) is, least our Phisition

Should put us in the ground, to be made sweete.

Your wife's gone to *Rome* : you two cople, and get you

To the wels at *Leuca*, to recover your aches.

Exeunt Castruchio

I have other worke on foote : I observe our Duchesse

& old

Is sicke a dayes, she puykes, her stomacke seethes,

Lady.

The fins of her eie-lids looke most teeming blew,

She waines i'th'cheeke, and waxes fat i'th'flanke;

And (contrary to our *Italian* fashion,)

Weares a loose-bodied Gowne—there's somewhat in't,

I have a trick, may chance discover it

(A pretty one)—I have bought some Apricocks,

The first our Spring yeelds.

Enter Delia & Antonio.

DEL. And so long since married ?

You amaze me.

ANT. Let me scale your lipps for ever,
For did I thinke, that any thing but th'ayre
Could carry these words from you, I should wish
You had no breath at all: to *Bosola* Now Sir, in your contempla-
tion ?

You are studdying to become a great wise fellow ?

Bos Oh Sir, the opinion of wisdom is a foule tetter, that
runs all over a mans body: if simplicity direct us to have no evill,
it directs us to a happy being : For the subtlest folly proceeds
from the subtlest wisdom : Let me be simply honest.

ANT. I do understand your in-side.

Bos. Do you so ?

ANT. Because you would not seeme to appeare to th'world
Puff'd up with your preferment: You continue
This out of fashion mellancholly,—leave it, leave it.

Bos, Give me leave to be honest in any phrase, in any com-
plement whatsoever—shall I confesse my selfe to you ? I looke
no higher then I can reach : they are the gods, that must ride on
winged horses, a Lawyers mule of a slow pace will both suit my
disposition, and businesse: For (marke me) when a mans mind
rides faster then his horse can gallop, they quickly both tyre.

ANT. You would looke up to Heaven, but I thinke
The Divell, that rules i'th'aire, stands in your light.

Bos. Oh (Sir) you are Lord of the ascendant, chiefe man with
the Duchesse, a Duke was your cosen German, remov'd : Say
you were lineally descended from King *Pippin*, or he himselfe,
what of this ? search the heads of the greatest rivers in the World,
you shall finde them but bubbles of water: Some would thinke
the soules of Princes were brought forth by some more weighty
cause, then those of meaner persons—they are deceiv'd, there's
the same hand to them: The like passions sway them, the same
reason, that makes a Vicar goe to Law for a tithe-pig, and undoe
his neighbours, makes them spoile a whole Province, and batter
downe goodly Cities, with the Cannon. *Enter Duchess & Ladies.*

DUCH. Your arme *Antonio*, do I not grow fat ?
I am exceeding short-winded : *Bosola*,
I would have you (Sir) provide for me a Littor,
Such a one, as the Duchess of *Florence* rode in.

Bos. The Duchesse us'd one, when shfi Was great with childe.

DUCH. I thinke she did : come hether, mend my ruffe—
Here, when ? thou art such a tedious Lady; and
Thy breath smells of Lymmon pills, would thou hadst done—
Shall I sound under thy fingers ? I ajusa.troubled
With the mother.

Bos. *aside* I feare too much.

DUCH. I have heard you say, that the French Courtiers
Weare their hats on fore the King.

ANT. I have seene it.

DUCH. In the Presence ?

ANT. Yes:

DUCH. Why should not we bring up that fashion ?
'Tis ceremony more then duty, that consists
In the remooving of a peece of felt:
Be you the example to the rest o'th' Court,
Put on your hat first.

ANT. You must pardon me :
I have seene, in colder countries then in *France*,
Nobles stand bare to thTrince; and the distinction
Methought show'd reverently.

Bos. I have a present for your Grace.

DUCH. For me sir ?

Bos. Apricocks (Madam.)

DUCH. O sir, where are they ?

I have heard of none to yeare.

Bos. *aside* Good, her colour rises.

DUCH. Indeed I thanke you : they are wondrous faire ones :
What an unskilfull fellow is our Gardiner !
We shall have none this moneth.

Bos. Will not your Grace pare them ?

DUCH. No, they tast of muske (me thinkes) indeed they doe :

Bos. I know not: yet I wish your Grace had parde 'em :

DUCH. Why ?

Bos. I forgot to tell you the knave Gardner,
(Onely to raise his profit by them the sooner)
Did ripen them in horse-doung.

DUCH. O you jest:

You shall judge : pray tast one.

ANT. Indeed Madam,

I doe not love the fruit.

DUCH. Sir, you are loath
To rob us of our dainties : 'tis a delicate fruit,
They say they are restorative ?

Bos. 'Tis a pretty
Art: this grafting.

DUCH. Tis so : a bettring of nature.

Bos. To make a pippin grow upon a crab,
A dampson on a black thorne : (*aside*) how greedily she eats them !
A whirlwinde strike off these bawd-farthingalls,
For, but for that, and the loose-bodied gowne,
I should have discover'd apparently
The young spring-hall cutting a caper in her belly.

DUCH. I thanke you (*Bosola* :) they were right good ones,
If they doe not make me sicke.

ANT. How now Madame ?

DUCH. This greene fruit . . . and my stomake are not friends—
How they swell me !

Bos. *aside* Nay, you are too much swell'd already.

DUCH. Oh, I am in an extreame cold sweat.

Bos. I am very sorry :

Exit.

DUCH. Lights to my chamber : O, good Antonio,
I feare I am undone.

Exit Duchesse.

DEL. Lights there, lights !

ANT. O my most trusty *Delia*, we are lost :
I feare she's falne in labour : and ther's left
No time for her remove.

DEL. Have you prepar'd
Those Ladies to attend her ? and procur'd
That politique safe conveyance for the Mid-wife
Your Duchesse plotted ?

ANT. I have:

DEL. Make use then of this forc'd occasion :
Give out that *Bosola* hath poyson'd her,
With these Apricocks : that will give some colour
For her keeping close.

ANT. Fye, fie, the Physitians
Will then flocke to her.

DEL. For that you may pretend
She'll use some prepar'd Antidote of her owne,

Least the Physitians should repoyson her.

ANT. I am lost in amazement: I know not what to think on't.
Exeunt.

SCENA II.

The Same.

Enter Dosola & old Lady.

Bos. *aside* So, so : ther's no question but her teatchines and most vulerous eating of the Apricocks, are apparant signes of breeding—to the old Lady now ?

OLD LADY. I am in hast (Sir.)

Bos. There was a young wayting-woman, had a monstrous desire to see the Glasse-house.

OLD LADY. Nay, pray let me goe :

Bos. And it was onely to know what strange instrument it was, should swell up a glasse to the fashion of a womans belly.

OLD LADY. I will heare no more of the Glasse-house—you are still abusing woemen ?

Bos. Who—I ? no, onely (by the way now and then) mention your frailties. The Orrenge tree bears ripe and greene fruit, and blossoms altogether: And some of you give entertainment for pure love : but more, for more precious reward. The lusty Spring smels well: but drooping Autumne tastes well: If we have the same golden showres, that rained in the time of *Jupiter* the Thunderer: you have the same *Danaes* still, to hold up their laps to receive them : didst thou never study the *Mathematiques* ?

OLD LADY. What's that (Sir) ?

Bos. Why, to know the trick how to make a many lines meete in one center : Goe, goe, give your foster-daughters good councell: tell them, that the Divell takes delight to hang at a womans girdle, like a false rusty watch, that she cannot discern how the time passes.

Exit Old Lady. Enter Antonio, Delia, Roderigo, & Grisolan.

ANT. Shut up the Court gates :

ROD. Why sir ? what's the danger ?

ANT. Shut up the Posternes presently : and call All the Officers o'th' Court.

GRIS. I shall instantly :

Exit.

ANT. Who keeps the key o'th' Parke-gate ?

ROD, *Forobosco.*

ANT. Let him bring't presently.

Re-enter Grisolan with Servants.

SERVANT. Oh, Gentlemen o'th' Court, the fowlest treason.

Bos. *aside* If that these Apricocks should be poysond, now;
Without my knowledge!

SERV. There was taken even now

A Switzer in the Duchesse Bed-chamber.

2. SERV. A Switzer ?

SERV. With a Pistoll in his great cod-piece.

Bos. Ha, ha, ha.

SERV. The cod-piece was the case for't.

2 SERV. There was a cunning traitor.

Who would have search'd his cod-piece ?

SERV. True, if he had kept out of the Ladies chambers :
And all the mowldes of his buttons, were leaden bullets.

2 SERV. Oh wicked Caniball: a fire-lock in's cod-piece ?

SERV. 'Twas a French plot, upon my life.

2 SERV. To see what the Divell can doe !

ANT. All the Officers here ?

SERV. We are:

ANT. Gentlemen,

We have lost much Plate you know; and but this evening
Jewels, to the value of foure thousand Duckets
Are missing in the Dutchesse Cabinet-
Are the Gates shut ?

SER. Yes.

ANT. 'Tis the Duchesse pleasure
Each Officer be lock'd into his chamber
Till the Sun-rysing : and to send the keyes
Of all their chests, and of their outward doores
Into her bed-chamber : She is very sicke.

ROD. At her pleasure.

ANT. She intreates you take't not ill: The Innocent
Shall be the more approved by it.

Bos. Gentleman o'th' Wood-yard, where's your Switzer now ?

SERV. By this hand, 'twas creadably reported by one o'th'
Black-guard.

Exeunt except Antonio & Delio.

DEL. How fares it with the Dutchesse ?

ANT. She's expos'd

Unto the worst of torture, paine, and feare;

DEL. Speake to her all happy comfort.

ANT. How I do play the foole with mine own danger !
You are this night (deere friend) to poast to Rome,
My life lies in your service.

DEL. Doe not doubt me—

ANT. Oh, 'Tis farre from me : and yet feare presents me
Somewhat that looks like danger.

DEL. Beleeve it,

'Tis but the shadow of your feare, no more :

How superstitiously we mind our evils !

The throwing downe salt, or crossing of a Hare;

Bleeding at nose, the stumbling of a horse :

Or singing of a Criket, are of powre

To daunt whole man in us : Sir, fare you well:

I wish you all the joyes of a bless'd Father;

And (for my faith) lay this unto your brest,

Old friends (like old swords) still are trusted best. *Exit.*

Enter

CARİOLA. Sir, you are the happy father of a sonne,

Car.

Your wife commends him to you.

with a child.

ANT. Blessed comfort:

For heaven-sake tend her well: I'll presently

Goe set a figure for's Nativitie.

Exeunt.

SCENA III.

The Same. Outside the Palace.

Enter Bosola, with a dark lanthorn.

Bos. Sure I did heare a woman shreike : list, hah !

And the sound came (if I received it right)

From the Dutchesse lodgings : ther's some stratagem

In the confyning all our Courtiers

To their severall wards : I must have part of it,

My Intelligence will freize else : List againe—

It may be 'twas the mellencholly bird,

(Best friend of silence, and of solitarines)

The Oowle, that schream'd so : hah ? *Antonio ?*

Enter Antonio with a candle, his sword drawn.

ANT(I heard some noyse : who's there ? what art thou ? speake.

Bos. *Antonio* ? Put not your face; nor body
To such a forc'd expression of feare—
I am *Bosola*; your friend.

ANT. *Bosola* ?

(This Moale do's undermine me) heard you not
A noyce even now ?

Bos. From whence ?

ANT. From the *Duchesse* lodging.

Bos. Not I: did you ?

ANT. I did : or else I dream'd.

Bos. Let's walke towards it.

ANT. No : It may be, 'twas
But the rising of the winde :

Bos. Very likely:

Me thinkes 'tis very cold, and yet you sweat.
You looke wildly.

ANT. I have bin setting a figure
For the *Duchesse* Jewells;

Bos. Ah : and how falls your question ?
Doe you find it radicall ?

ANT. What's that to you ?

'Tis rather to be question'd what designe
(When all men were commanded to their lodgings)
Makes you a night-walker.

Bos. In sooth I'll tell you :
Now all the Court's asleepe, I thought the Divell
Had least to doe here; I came to say my prayers,
And if it doe offend you I doe so,
You are a fine Courtier.

ANT. *aside* This fellow will undoe me;
You gave the *Duchesse* Apricocks to-day,
Pray heaven they were not poysond ?

Bos. Poysond ? a Spanish figge
For the imputation.

ANT. Traitors are ever confident,
Till they are discover'd : There were Jewels stolne too—
In my conceit, none are to be suspected
More then your selfe.

Bos. You are a false steward.

ANT. Sawcy slave ! I'll pull thee up by the rootes;

Bos. May be the ruyne will crush you to peeces.

ANT. You are an impudent snake indeed (sir)—
Are you scarce warme, and doe you shew your sting ?

Bos

ANT. You Libell well (sir.)

Bos. No (sir,) copy it out:
And I will set my hand to't.

ANT. My nose bleedes :

One that were superstitious, would count
This ominous : when it meerely comes by chance.
Two letters, that are wrought here, for my name
Are drown'd in blood :
Meere accedent: for you (sir) I'll take order :
Fth morne you shall be safe : *aside* 'tis that must colour
Her lying-in : sir, this doore you passe not:
I doe not hold it fit, that you come neere
The Dutchesse lodgings, till you have your selfe;
aside The Great are like the Base; nay, they are the same,
When they seeke shamefull waies, to avoid shame.

Exit.

Bos. Antonio here about, did drop a Paper—
Some of your helpe (falce-friend)—oh, here it is :)
What's here ? a childes Nativitie calculated !

*The Dutchesse was deliver'd of a Sonne, 'twene the houres
twelve, and one, in the night : Anno Dom: 1504. (that's this
yeere) decimo nono Decembris, (that's this night) taken according
to the Meridian of Malfy (that's our Dutchesse: happy discovery !).
The Lord of the first house, being combust in the ascendant, signifies
short life : and Mars being in a human signe, joyn'd to the taile
of the Dragon, in the eight house, doth threaten a violent death;
Caetera non scrutantur.*

Why now 'tis most apparant: This precise fellow!
Is the Dutchesse Bawde : I have it to my wish :
This is a parcell of Intelligency
Our Courtiers were cas'de-up for ? It needes must follow,
That I must be committed, on pretence
Of poysoning her : which I'll endure, and laugh at:
If one could find the father now ! but that
Time will discover; Old *Castruchio*
I'th morning poasts to Rome; by him I'll send
A Letter, that shall make her brothers Galls

Ore-flowe their Livours—this was a thrifty way.
*Though Lust doe masque in ne'er so strange disguise,
She's oft found witty, but is never wise.*

Exit.

SCENA nil.

Rome. The Cardinal's Palace.

Enter Cardinal and Julia.

CARD. Sit: thou art my best of wishes—pre-thee tell me
What tricke didst thou invent to come to Rome,
Without thy husband ?

JUL. Why, (my Lord) I told him
I came to visit an old Anchorite
Heare, for devotion.

CARD. Thou are a witty false one :
I meane to him.

JUL. You have prevailed with me
Beyond my strongest thoughts : I would not now
Find you inconstant

CARD. Doe not put thy selfe
To such a voluntary torture : which proceedes
Out of your owne guilt.

JUL. How (my Lord ?)

CARD. You feare
My constancy, because you have approov'd
Those giddy and wild turnings in your selfe.

JUL. Did you ere find them ?

CARD. Sooth generally for woemen,
A man might strive to make glasse male-able,
Ere he should make them fixed.

JUL. So, (my Lord)!—

CARD. We had need goe borrow that fantastique glasse
Invented by *Galileo* the Florentine,
To view another spacious world i'th' Moone,
And looke to find a constant woman there.

JUL. This is very well (my Lord.)

CARD. Why do you weepe ?
Are teares your justification ? the selfe-same teares
Will fall into your husbands bosome, (Lady)

With a loud protestation, that you love him
Above the world : Come, I'll love you wisely
That's jealously, since I am very certaine.
You cannot me make cuckold.

JUL. I'll go home
To my husband.

CARD. you may thanke me, (Lady)
I have taken you off your mellancholly pearch,
Boare you upon my fist, and shew'd you game,
And let you fiie at it: I pray thee kisse me—
When thou wast with thy husband, thou wast watch'd
Like a tame Ellephant: (still you are to thanke me)
Thou hadst onely kisses from him, and high feeding,
But what delight was that ? 'twas just like one
That hath a little fmgring on the Lute,
Yet cannot tune it: (still you are to thanke me.)

JUL. You told me of a piteous wound i'th'heart,
And a sicke livour, when you woed me first,
And spake like one in physicke.

CARD. Who's that ?
Rest firme, for my affection to thee,
Lightning mooves slow to't.

Enter Servant.

SER. (Madam) a Gentleman
That's come post from *Malfy*, desires to see you.

CAR. Let him enter, I'll with-draw.

Exit.

SER. He sayes,
Your husband (old *Castruchio*) is come to *Rome*,
Most pittifully tyr'd with riding post.

Exit. Enter Delio.

JUL. Signior *Delio* ? 'tis one of my old Suitors.

DEL. I was bold to come and see you.

JUL. Sir, you are wel-come.

DEL. Do you lie here ?

JUL. Sure, your owne experience
Will satisfie you no—our Romane Prelates
Do not keepe lodging, for Ladies.

DEL. Very well :
I have brought you no comendations from your husband,
For I know none by him.

JUL. I heare he's come to *Rome* ?

DEL. I never knew man, and beast, of a horse, and a knight,

So weary of each other—if he had had a good backe,
He would have undertooke to have borne his horse,
His breech was so pittifully sore.

JUL. Your laughter,
Is my pitty.

DEL. Lady, I know not whether
You want mony, but I have brought you some.

JUL. From my husband ?

DEL. No, from mine owne allowance.

JUL. I must heare the condition, ere I be bound to take it.

DEL. Looke on't, 'tis gold, hath it not a fine colour ?

JUL. I have a Bird more beautifull.

DEL. Try the sound on't.

JUL. A Lute-string far exceeds it,
It hath no smell, like Cassia, or Cyvit,
Nor is it phisicall, though some fond Doctors
Perswade us seeth't in Cullisses—I'll tell you,

This is a Creature bred by———*Enter Servant.*

SER. Your husband's come,
Hath deliver'd a letter to the Duke of *Calabria*,
That, to my thinking hath put him out of his wits. *Exit.*

JUL. Sir, you heare,
Tray let me know your busines, and your suite,
As briefly as can be.

DEL. With good speed, I would wish you
(At such time, as you are non-resident
With your husband) my mistris.

JUL. Sir, Fie go aske my husband if I shall,
And straight returne your answer. *Exit.*

DEL. Very fine—
Is this her wit, or honesty that speakes thus ?
I heard one say the Duke was highly mov'd
With a letter sent from *Malfy*: I doe feare
Antonio is betray'd: how fearefully
Shewes his ambition now, (unfortunate Fortune)!—
" They passe through whirle-pooles, and deepe woes doe shun,
Who the event weigh, ere the action's done. *Exit.*

SCENA v.

The Same.

Enter Cardinall, and Ferdinand, with a letter.

FERD. I have this night digfd up a man-drake._

CAR. Say you ?

FERD. And I am growne mad with't.

CARD. What's the prodegy ?

FERD. Read there—a sister dampn'd—she's loose i'th'hilts :
Growne a notorious Strumpet.

CAR. Speake lower.

- FERD. Lower ?

Rogues do not whisper't now, but seeke to publish't,
(As servants do the bounty of their Lords)
Aloud; and with a covetuous searching eye,
To marke who note them : Oh confusion sease her,
She hath had most cunning baudes to serve her tune,
And more secure conveyances for lust,
Then Townes of garrison, for Service.

CARD. Is't possible ?

Can this be certaine ?

FERD. Rubarbe, oh, for rubarbe
To purge this choller—here's the cursed day
To prompt my memory, and here'it shall sticke
Till of her bleeding heart, I make a sponge
To wipe it out.

CARD. Why doe you make your selfe
So wild a Tempest ?

FERD. Would I could be one,
That I might tosse her pallace 'bout her eares,
Roote up her goodly forrests, blast her meades,
And lay her generall territory as wast,
As she hath done her honors.

CARD. Shall our blood^{the} "the"
(The royall blood of Arragon, and Castile)
Be thus attaincted ?

FERD. Apply desperate physicke—
We must not now use Balsamum, but fire,
The smarting cupping-glasse, for that's" the meane

To purge infected blood, (such blood as hers :)
There is a kind of pittie in mine eie,
I'll give it to my hand-kercher; and now 'tis here,
I'll bequeath this to her Bastard.

CARD. What to do ?

FERD. Why, to make soft lint for his mother's wounds,
When I have hewed her to peeces.

CARD. Curs'd creature—
Unequall nature, to place womens hearts
So farre upon the left-side !

FERD. Foolish men,
That ere will trust their honour in a Barké,
Made of so slight, weake bull-rush, as is woman,
Apt every minnit to sinke it !
" CAR. Thus Ignorance, when it hath purchas'd honour,
It cannot weild it.

(FERD. Me thinkes I see her laughing,
Excellent *Hyenna*—talke to me somewhat, quickly,
Or my imagination will carry me
To see her, in the shamefull act of sinne

CARD. With whom ?

FERD. Happily, with some strong-thigh'd Bargeman;
Or one o'th'wood-yard, that can quoit the sledge,
Or tosse the barre, or else some lovely Squire
That carries coles up, to her privy lodgings.

CARD. You flie beyond your reason.

FERD. Goe to (Mistris.)
'Tis not your whores milke, that shall quench my wild-fire,
But your whores blood.

CARD. How idly shewes this rage !—which carries you,
As men convai'd by witches, through the ayre,
On violent whirle-windes—this intemperate noyce,
Fitly resembles deafe-mens shrill discourse,
Who talke aloud, thinking all other men
To have their imperfection.

FERD. Have not you,
My palsey?

CARD. Yes—I can be angry
Without this rupture—there is not in nature
A thing, that makes man so deform'd, so beastly,

As doth intemperate anger: chide your selfe—
 You have divers men, who never yet exprest
 Their strong desire of rest, but by unrest,
 By vexing of themselves : Come, put your selfe
 In tune.

FERD. So—I will onely study to seeme
 The thing I am riof: I could kill her now,.
 In you, or in my selfe, for I do thinke
 It is some sinnejn us, Heaven doth revenge
 By her.

CARD. Are you starke mad ?

FERD. I would have their bodies
 Burn't in a coale-pit, with the ventage stop'd,
 That their curs'd smoake might not ascend to Heaven :
 Or dippe the sheetes they lie in, in pitch or sulphure,
 Wrap them in't, and then light them like a match :
 Or else to boile their .Bastard to a culiisse,
 And give't his leacheceus father, fo renew
 The sinne of his backe.

CARD. I'll leave you.

FERD. Nay, I have done,
 I am confident, had I bin danm'd in hell,
 And should have heard of this, it would have put me
 Into a cold sweat: In, in, I'll go sleepe—•
 Till I know who leapes my sister, i'll not stirre :
 That knowne, i'll finde Scorpions to string my whips,
 And fix her in a generall ecclipse.

Exeunt.

ACTUS III. SCENA I.

Amalfi. The Palace of the Duchess.

Enter Antonio and Delio.

ANT. Our noble friend (my most beloved *Delio*)
 Oh, you have bin a stranger long at Court,
 Came you along with the Lord *Ferdinand* ?

DEL. I did Sir, and how faires your noble *Duchesse* ?

ANT. Right fortunately well: She's an excellent
 Feeder of pedigrees : since you last saw her,
 She hath had two children more, a sonne, and daughter.

DEL. Me thinkes 'twas yester-day: Let me but wincke,
And not behold your face, which to mine eye
Is somewhat leaner, verily I should dreame
It were within this halfe houre.

ANT. You have not bin in Law, (friend *Delio*)
Nor in prison, nor a Suitor at the Court
Nor beg'd the reversion of some great mans place,
Nor troubled with an old wife, which doth make
Your time so insensibly hasten.

DEL. Tray Sir tell me,
Hath not this newes arriv'd yet to the eare;
Of the Lord *Cardinall* ?

ANT. I feare it hath,
The Lord *Ferdinand*, (that's newly come to Court,)
Doth beare himselfe right dangerously.

DEL. Pray why ?

ANT. He is so quiet, that he seemes to sleepe
The tempest out (as *Donnise* do in Winter)—
Those houses, that are haunted, are most still,
Till the devili be up.

DEL. What say the common people ?

ANT. The common-rable, do directly say
She is a Strumpet.

DEL. And your graver heades,
(Which would be pollitique) what censure they ?

ANT. They do observe, I grow to infinite purchase
The leaft-hand way, and all suppose the Duchesse
Would amend it, if she could : For, say they,
Great Princes, though they grudge their Officers
Should have such large, and unconfined meanes
To get wealth under them, will not complaine
Least thereby they should make them odious
Unto the people—for other obligation
Of love, or marriage, betweene her and me,
They never dreame of.

Enter Ferdinand, Duchess, & Bosola.

DEL. The Lord *Ferdinand*
Is going to bed.

FERD. I'll instantly to bed,
For I am weary : I am to be-speake
A husband for you.

DUCH. For me (Sir ?)—'pray who is't ?

FERD. The great Count *Mcdateste*.

DUCH. Fie upon him,

A Count! he's a meere sticke of sugar-candy,
(You may looke quite thorough him)—when I choose
A husband, I will marry for your honour.

FERD. You shall do well in't: How is't (worthy *Antonio* ?)

DUCH. But (Sir) I am to have private conference with you,
About a scandalous report, is spread
Touching mine honour.

FERD. Let me be ever deafe to't :
One of Pasquils paper-bullets, court calumney,
A pestilent ayre, which Princes pallaces
Are seldome purg'd of: Yet, say that it were true,
I powre it in your bosome, my fix'd love
Would strongly excuse, extenuate, nay deny
Faults, were they apparent in you : Goe be safe
In your owne innocency.

DUCH. *aside* Oh bless'd comfort—
This deadly aire is purg'd. *Exeunt, except Ferdinand & Bosola.*

FERD. Her guilt treads on
Hot burning cultures : Now *Bosola*,
How thrives our intelligence ?

Bos. (Sir) uncertainly—
'Tis rumour'd she hath had three bastards, but
By whom, we may go read i'th'Starres.

FERD. Why some
Hold opinion, all things are written there.
Bos. Yes, if we could find Spectacles to read them—
I do suspect, there hath bin some Sorcery
Us'd on the Duchesse.

FERD. Sorcery ?—to what purpose ?

Bos. To make her doate on some desertles fellow,
She shames to acknowledge.

FERD. Can your faith give way
To thinke there's powre in potions, or in Charmes,
To makes us love, whether we will or no ?

Bos. Most certainly.

FERD. Away, these are meere gulleries, horred things
Invented by some cheating mounte-banckcs

To abuse us : Do you thinke that hearbes, or charmes
Can force the will ? Some trialls have bin made
In this foolish practise; but the ingredients
Were lenative poysons, such as are of force
To make the patient mad; and straight the witch
Sweares (by equivocation) they are in love.
The witch-craft lies in her rancke blood : this night
I will force confession from her : You told me
You had got (within these two dayes) a false key
Into her Bed-chamber.

Bos. I have.

FERD. As I would wish.

Bos. What doe you intend to doe ?

FERD. Can you ghesse ?

Bos. No:

FERD. Doe not aske then :

He that can compasse me, and know my drifts,
May say he hath put a girdle 'bout the world,
And sounded all her quick-sands.

Bos. I doe not
Thinke so.

FERD. What doe you thinke then, pray ?

Bos. That you
Are your owne Chronicle too much : and grosly
Flatter your selfe.

FERD. Give me thy hand, I thanke thee :
I never gave Pention but to flatterers,
Till I entertained thee : farewell,
That Friend a Great mans mine strangely checks,
Who railes into his beliefe, all his defects.

Exeunt.

SCENA II.

The Bed-chamber of the Duchess.

Enter Duchess, Antonio, & Cariola.

DUTCH. Bring me the Casket hither, and the Glasse;
You get no lodging here, to-night (my Lord.)

ANT. Indeed, I must perswade one :

DUCH. Very good !

I hope in time 'twill grow into a custome,
That Noblemen shall come with cap, and knee,
To purchase a nights lodging, of their wives.

ANT. I must lye here.

DUTCH. Must ? you are a Lord of Misse-rule.

ANT. Indeed, my Rule is onely in the night.

DUTCH. To what use will you put me ?

ANT. Wee'll sleepe together :

DUTCH. Alas, what pleasure can two Lovers find in sleepe ?

CAR. My Lord, I lye with her often : and I know
She'll much disquiet you :

ANT. See, you are complain'd of.

CAR. For she's the sprawlingst bedfellow.

ANT. I shall like her the better for that

CAR. Sir, shall I aske you a question ?

ANT. I pray thee *Cariola*.

CAR. Wherefore still when you lie with my Lady
Doe you rise so early ?

ANT. Labouring men

Count the Clocke oft nest *Cariola*,
Are glad when their task's ended.

DUCH. I'll stop your mouth.

kisses him.

ANT. Nay, that's but one, *Venus* had two soft Doves
To draw her Chariot: I must have another :
When wilt thou marry, *Cariola* ?

kisses her.

CAR. Never (my Lord.)

ANT. O fie upon this single life : forgoe it:
We read how *Daphne*, for her peevish flight
Became a fruitlesse Bay-tree : *Sirinx* turn'd
To the pale empty Reede : *Anaxarete*
Was frozen into Marble : whereas those
Which married, or prov'd kind unto their friends
Were, by a gracious influence, transhap'd
Into the Oliffe, Pomgranet, Mulbery :
Became Flowres, precious Stones, or eminent Starres.

CAR. This is a vaine Poetry : but I pray you tell me,
If there were propos'd me, Wisdome, Riches, and Beauty,
In three severall young men, which should I choose ?

ANT. 'Tis a hard question : This was *Paris'* case
And he was blind in't, and there was great cause :

For how was't possible he could judge right,
 Having three amorous Goddesses in view,
 And they starcke naked ? 'twas a Motion
 Were able to be-night the apprehention
 Of the severest Counsellor of Europe.
 Now I looke on both your faces, so well form'd,
 It puts me in mind of a question, I would aske.

CAR. What is't ?

ANT. I doe wonder why hard-favour'd Ladies
 For the most part, keepe worse-favour'd waieting women,
 To attend them, and cannot endure faire-ones.

DUCH. Oh, that's soone answer'd.
 Did you ever in your life know an ill Painter
 Desire to have his dwelling next doore to the shop
 Of an excellent Picture-maker ? 'twould disgrace
 His face-making, and undoe him : I pre-thee
 When were we so merry ? my haire tangles.

ANT. Tray-thee (*Cariola*) let's steale forth the roome,
 And let her talke to her selfe : I have divers times
 Serv'd her the like—when she hath chafde extreemely :
 I love to see her angry : softly *Cariola*. *Exeunt Antonio & Cariola*.

Duch. Doth not the colour of my haire 'gin to change ?

When I waxe gray, I shall have all the Court
 Powder their haire, with Arras, to be like me :

You have cause to, love me, I entred you into my heart

Before you would vouchsafe to call for the keyes.

We shall one day have my brothers take you napping :

Me thinkes his Presence (being now in Court)

Should make you keepe your owne Bed : but you'll say

Love mixt with feare, is sweetest: I'll assure you

You shall get no more children till my brothers

Consent to be your Ghossips : have you lost your tongue ?

Tis welcome :

*She
 turns & sees Ferdinand.*

For know whether I am doomb'd to live, or die,

I can doe both like a Prince.

*Ferdinand gives
 her a ponyard.*

FERD. Die then, quickie :

Vertue, where art thou hid ? what hideous thing

Is it, that doth ecclipeze thee ?

DUCH. 'Pray sir heare me :

FERD. Or is it true, thou art but a bare name,

And no essentiall thing ?

DUCH. Sir!

FERD. Doe not speake.

DUCH. No sir:

I will plant my soule in mine eares, to heare you.

FERD. Oh most imperfect light of humane reason,
That mak'st us so unnappy, to foresee

What we can least prevent: Pursue thy wishes :

And glory in them : there's in shame no comfort,

But to be past all bounds, and sence of shame.

DUCH. I pray sty heare me : I am married—

FERD. So!

DUCH. Happily not to your liking : but for that
Alas : your sheeres doe come untimely now

To clip the birds/wings, that's already flowne :

Will you see my husband ?

FERD. Yes, if I could change

Eyes with a Basilisque :

DUCH. Sure, you came hither
By his confederacy.

FERD. (The howling of a Wolfe
Is musicke to thee (schrech-Owle) pre thee peace :
What ere thou art, that hast enjoy'd my sister,
(For I am sure thou hearst me) for thine owne sake
Let me not know thee : I came hither, prepared
To worke thy discovery : yet am now perswaded
It would beget such violent effects
As would dampne us both : I would not for ten Millions
I had beheld thee : therefore use all meanes
I never may have knowledge of thy name;
Enjoy thy lust still, and a wretched life,
On that condition : And for thee (vilde woman,)
If thou doe wish thy Leacher may grow old
In thy Embracements, I would have thee build
Such a roome for him, as our Anchorites
To holier use enhabite : Let not the Sunne
Shine on him, till he's dead : Let Dogs, and Monkeys
Onely converse with him, and such dombe things
To whom Nature denies use to sound his name.
Doe not keepe a Paraqueto, least she learne it;

If thou doe love him, cut out thine owne tongue
Least it bewray him.

DUCH. Why might not I marry?
I have not gone about, in this, to create
Any new world, or custome.

FERD. Thou art undone :
And thou hast ta'ne that massiy sheete of lead
That hid thy husbands bones, and fouled it
About my heart.

DUTCH. Mine bleedes for't.

FERD. Thine ? thy heart ?
What should I nam't, unlesse a hollow bullet
Fiird with unquenchable wild-fire ?

DUTCH. You are, in this
Too strict: and were you not my Princely brother
I would say too wilfull: My reputation
Is safe, r-

FERD. Dost thou know what reputation is ?
I'll tell thee—to small purpose, since th'instruction
Comes now too late :
Upon a time Reputation, Love, and Death,
Would travell ore the world : and it was concluded
That they should part, and take three severall wayes :
Death told them, they should find him in great Battailes :
Or cities plagu'd with plagues : Love gives them councell'
To enquire for him 'mongst unambitious shepheares,
Where dowries were "not talked of: and sometimes
'Mongst quiet kindred, that had nothing left
By their dead Parents : stay (quoth Reputation)
Doe not forsake me : for it is my nature
If once I part from any man I meete,
I am never found againe : And so, for you :
You have shooke hands with Reputation
And made him invisible : So fare you well.
I will never see you more.

DUTCH. Why should onely I,
Of all the other Princes of the World
Be cas'de-up, like a holy Relique ? I have youth,
And a litle beautie.

FERD. So you have some Virgins,

That are Witches : I will never see thee more. *Exit. Enter Antonio with a Pistol, & Cariola.*

DUTCH. You saw this apparition ?

ANT. Yes : we are
Betraid ; how came he hither ? I should turne *he points the*
This, to thee, for that. *pistol at Cariola.*

CAR. Pray sir doe : and when
That you have cleft my heart, you shall read there,
Mine innocence:

DUTCH. That Gallery gave him entrance.

ANT. I would this terrible thing would come againe,
That (standing on my Guard) I might relate
My warrantable love: ha, what meanes this ?

DUTCH. He left this with me : *she shewes the*

ANT. And it seemes, did wish *poniard.*
You would use it on your selfe ?

DUTCH. His Action seem'd
To intend so much.

ANT. This hath a handle to't,
As well as a point—turne it towards him, and
So fasten the keene edge, in his rancke gall: *Knocking within.*
How now ? who knocks ? more Earthquakes ?

DUTCH. I stand
As if a Myne, beneath my feete, were ready
To be blowne up.

CAR. 'Tis *Bosola*:

DUTCH. Away!—
Oh misery, me thinkes unjust actions
Should weare these masques, and curtaines ; and not we :
You must instantly part hence: I have fashion'd it already.
Exit. Ant. Enter Bosola.

Bos. The Duke your brother is ta'ne up in a whirlwind—
Hath tooke horse, and's rid poast to Rome.

DUTCH. So late ?

Bos. He told me, (as he mounted into th'sadle,)
You were undone.

DUTCH. 'TThdeed, I am very neere it.

Bos. What's the matter ?

DUTCH. *Antonio*, the master of our house-hold
Hath dealt so falsely with me, in's accounts :

My brother stood engag'd with me for money
Ta'ne up for certaine Neopolitane Jewes,
And *Antonio* lets the Bonds be forfeyt.

Bos. Strange : *aside* this is cunning :

DUTCH. And hereupon
My brothers Bills at Naples are protested
Against: call up our Officers.

Bos. I shall.

Exit. Enter Antonio.

DUTCH. The place that you must flye to, is *Ancona* —
Hire a house there. I'll send after you

My Treasure, and my Jewells: our weake safetie
Runnes upon engenous wheeles : short sillables,
Must stand for periods: I must now accuse you
Of such a fained crime, as *Tasso* calls

Magnanima Mensogna : a Noble Lie,

'Cause it must shield our honors : harke they are comming.

Enter Bosola & Officers.

ANT. Will your Grace heare me ?

DUTCH. I have got well by you : you have yeelded me
A million of losse ; I am like to inherit

The peoples curses for your Stewardship :

You had the tricke, in Audit time to be sicke,

Till I had sign'd your *Quietus* ; and that cur'de you

Without helpe of a Doctor. Gentlemen,

I would have this man be an example to you all:

So shall you hold my favour: I pray let him ;

For h'as done that (alas) you would not thinke of,

And (because I intend to be rid of him)

I meane not to publish : use your fortune else-where.

ANT. I am strongly arm'd to brooke my over-throw,

As commonly men beare with a hard yeere :

I will not blame the cause on't ; but doe thinke

The necessitie of my malevolent starre

Procures this, not her humour: O the inconstant,

And rotten ground of service, you may see :

'Tis ev'n like him, that in a winter night

Takes a long slumber, ore a dying fire ;

As loth to part from't: yet parts thence as cold,

As when he first sat downe.

~ DUTCH. We doe confiscate

(Towards the satisfying of your accounts)
All that you have.

ANT. I am all yours: and 'tis very fit
All mine should be so.

DUTCH. So, sir ; you have your Passe.

ANT. You may see (Gentlemen) what 'tis to serve
A Prince with body, and soule.

Exit.

Bos. (Jtfeere's an example, for extortion ; what moysture is
drawne out of the Sea, when fowle weather comes, powres downe,
and runnes into the Sea againe.

DUTCH. I would know what are your opinions
Of this *Antonio*.

2. OFFI. He could not abide to see a Pigges head gaping—
I thought your Grace would finde him a Jew :

3. OFFI. I would you had bin his Officer, for your owne sake.

4. OFFI. You would have had more money.

1. OFFI. He stop'd his eares with blacke wooll: and (to those
came to him for money) said he was thicke of hearing.

2. OFFI. Some said he was an hermophrodite, for he could
not abide a woman.

4. OFFI. How scurvy prowd he would looke, when the
Treasury was full: Well, let him goe :

1. OFFI. Yes, and the chippings of the Buttrey fly after him, to
scowre his gold Chaine.

DUTCH. Leave us : what doe you thinke of these ?

Exeunt

Bos. (That these are Rogues ; that in's prosperitie,
But to have waited on his fortune, could have wish'd
His durty Stirrop rivited through their noses :

Officers.

And follow'd after's Mule, like a Beare in a Ring.

Would have prostituted their daughters, to his Lust:

Made their first-borne Intelligencers: thought none happy

But such as were borne under his bless'd Plannet

And wore his Livory : and doe these Lyce drop off now ?

Well, never looke to have the like againe ;

He hath left a sort of flattring rogues behind him,

Their doombe must follow : Princes pay flatterers,

In their owne money: Flatterers dissemble their vices,

And they dissemble their lies, that's Justice :

Alas, poore gentleman !—

DUCH. Poore ! he hath amply fill'd his cofers.

Bos. Sure he was too honest: *Pluto* the god of riches,
 When he's sent (by *Jupiter*) to any man
 He goes limping, to signifie that wealth
 That comes on god's name, comes slowly, but when he's sent
 On the diveils arrand, he rides poast, and comes in by scuttles:
 Let me shew you, what a most unvalu'd Jewell,
 You have (in a wanton humour) throwne away,
 To blesse the man shall find him : He was an excellent
 Courtier, and most faithfull, a souldier, that thought it
 As beastly to know his owne value too little,
 As devillish to acknowledge it too much,
 Both his vertue, and forme, deserv'd a farre better fortune :
 His discourse rather delighted to judge it selfe, then shew it selfe.
 His breast was fill'd with all perfection,
 And yet it seem'd a private whispering roome.
 It made so little noyse. oft

DUCH. But he was basely descended.

Bos. Will you make your selfe a mercinary herald,
 Rather to examine mens pedegrees, then vertues ?
 You shall want him,
 For know an honest states-man to a Prince,
 Is like a Cedar, planted by a Spring,
 The Spring bathes the trees roote, the gratefull tree
 Rewards it with his shadow : you have not done so—
 I would sooner swim to the *Bermoothes* on
 Two Politisians' rotten bladders, tide
 Together with an Intelligencers hart-string
 Then depend on so changeable a Princes favour.
 Fare-thee-well (*Antonio*) since the mallice of the world
 Would needes downe with thee, it cannot be sayd yet
 That any ill happened unto thee,
 Considering thy fall was accompanied with vertue.

DUCH. Oh, you render me excellent Musicke.

Bos. Say you ?

DUCH. This good one that you speake of, is my husband.

Bos. Do I not dreame ? can this ambitious age
 Have so much goodnes in't, as to prefer
 A man, meerely for worth: without these shadowes
 Of wealth and painted honors ? possible ?

DUCH. I have had three children by him.

Bos. Fortunate Lady,
For you have made your private nuptiall bed
The humble, and faire Seminary of peace,
No question but: many an unbenific'd Scholler
Shall pray for you, for this deed, and rejoyce
That some preferment in the world can yet
Arise from merit. The virgins of your land
(That have nō dowries) shall hope your example
Will raise them to ricji husbands : Should you want
Souldiers 'twould make the very *Turkes* and *Moores*
Turne Christians, and serve you for this act.
Last, the neglected Poets of your time,
In honour of this trophee of a man,
Rais'd by that curious engine, (your white hand)
Shall thanke you, in your grave, for't ; and make that
More reverend then all the Cabinets
Of living Princes : For *Antonio*—
His fame shall likewise flow from many a pen,
When Heralds shall want coates, to sell to men.

DUCH. As I taste comfort, in this friendly speech,
So would I finde concealement.

Bos. (O the secret of my Prince,
Which I will weare on th'in-side of my heart,

DUCH. You shall take charge of all my 'coyne, and jewels,
And follow him, for he retires himselfe
To *Ancona*

Bos. So.

DUCH. Whither, within few dayes,
I meane to follow thee.

Bos. Let me thinke :

I would wish your Grace, to faigne a Pilgrimage
To our Lady of *Loretto*, (scarce seaven leagues
From faire *Ancona*)—so may you depart
Your Country, with more honour, and your flight
Will seeme a Princely progresse, retaining
Your usuall traine about you.

DUCH. Sir, your direction
Shall lead me, by the hand.

CAR. In my opinion,

She were better progresse to the bathes at *Leuca*,
 Or go visit the *Spaw*
 In *Germany*, for (if you will beleeve me)
 I do not like this jesting with religion,
 This faigned Pilgrimage.

DUCH. Thou art a superstitious foole,
 Prepare us instantly for our departure :
 Past sorrowes, let us moderately lament them,
 For those to come, seek wisely, to prevent them.

Exit Duchess,
with

Bos. A Polititian is the divells quilted anvell,
 He fashions all sinnes on him, and the b l o w *Carola.*
 Are never heard—he may worke in a Ladies Chamber
 (As here for prooffe)—what rests, but I reveale
 All to my Lord ? oh, this base quality
 Of Intelligencer ! why, every Quality i'th'world
 Preferres but gaine, or commendation :
 Now for this act, I am certaine to be rais'd,
 " And men that paint weedes, (to the life) are prais'd. *Exit.*

SCENA III.

Rome. The Cardinal's Palace.

Enter Cardinall, Ferdinand, Mallateste, Pescara, Silvio, Delio.

CARD. Must we turne Souldier then ?

MAL. The Emperour,
 Hearing your worth that way, (ere you attain'd
 This reverend garment,) joynes you in commission
 With the right fortunate souldier, the Marquis of *Pescara*,
 And the famous *Lanoy*.

CARD. He that had the honour
 Of taking the *French King* Prisoner ?

MAL. The same—
 Here's a plot drawne, for a new Fortification,
 At *Naples*.

FERD. This great Count *Malateste*, I perceive
 Hath got employment ?

DEL. No employment (my Lord)—
 A marginal! note in the muster-booke, that he is
 A voluntary Lord.

FERD. He's no Souldier ?

DEL. He has worne gun-powder, in's hollow tooth,
For the tooth-ache.

SIL. He comes to the leaguer, with a full intent,
To eat fresh beefe, and garlicke, meanes to stay
Till the sent be gon, and straight returne to Court.

DEL. He hath read all the late service,
As the City Chronicle relates it,
And keepe two Painters going, onely to expresse
Battailes in modell.

SIL. Then he'l fight by the booke.

DEL. By the Almanacke, I thinke,
To choose good dayes, and shun the Criticall.
That's his mistris' skarfe.

SIL. Yes, he protests
He would do much for that taffita—

DEL. I thinke he would run away from a bataille
To save it from taking prisoner.

SIL. He is horribly afraid,
Gun-powder will spoile the perfume on't—

DEL. I saw a Duch-man breake his pate once
For calling him pot-gun—he made his head
Have a boare in't, like a musket.

SIL. I would he had made a touch-hole to't.
He is indeede a guarded sumpter-cloath
Onely for the remoove of the Court.

Enter Bosola.

PES. *Bosola* arriv'd ? what should be the businesse ?
Some falling out amongst the Cardinalls.
These factions amongst great men, they are like
Foxes—when their heads are devided
They carry fire in their tales, and all the Country
About them, goes to wracke for't.

SIL. What's that *Bosola* ?

DEL. I knew him in *Padua*, a fantastical! scholler,
Like such, who studdy to know how many knots
Was in *Hercules* club, of what colour *Achilles* beard was,
Or whether *Hector* were not troubled with the tooth-ach—
He hath studdied himselfe halfe bleare-ei'd, to know
The true semetry of *Cæsars* nose by a shooing-horne,
And this he did

To gaine the name of a speculative man.

PES. Marke Prince *Ferdinand*,

A very *Salamander* lives in's eye,

To mocke the eager violence of fire.

SIL. That Cardinall hath made more bad faces with his oppression

Then ever *Michael Angela* made good ones,

He lifts up's nose, like a fowle Por-pisse before

A storme—

PES. The Lord *Ferdinand* laughs.

DEL. Like a deadly Cannon,

That lightens ere it smoakes.

PES. These are your true pangues of death,

The pangues of life, that strugle with great states-men—

DEL. In such a deformed silence, witches whisper
Their charmes.

CARD. Doth she make religion her riding hood

To keepe her from the sun, and tempest ?

FERD. That: that damnes her: Me thinkes her fault, and
beauty

Blended together, shew like leaprosie—

The whiter, the fowler : I make it a question

Whether her beggerly brats were ever christned.

CARD. I will instantly sollicite the state of *Ancona*
To have them banish'd.

FERD. You are for *Loretto* ?

I shall not be at your Ceremony: fare you well,

Write to the Duke of *Malfy*, my yong Nephew,

She had by her first husband, and acquaint him,

With's mothers honesty.

Bos. I will.

FERD. *Antonio* !

A slave, that onely smell'd of ynce, and coumpters,

And nev'r in's life, look'd like a Gentleman,

But in the audit time—go, go presently,

Draw me out an hundreth and fifty of our horse,

And meete me at the fort-bridge.

Exeunt.

SCENA 1111.

Loretto.

Enter Two Pilgrimes to the Shrine of our Lady of Loretto.

1. PILG. I have not scene a goodlier Shrine then this,
Yet I have visited many.

2. PILG. The Cardinall of Arragon
Is, this day, to resigne his Cardinals hat,
His sister Duchesse likewise is arriv'd
To pay her vow of Pilgrimage—I expect
A noble Ceremony.

1. PILG. No question :—They come.

Here the Ceremony of the Cardinalls enstalment, in the habit of a Souldier: performed in delivering up his Crosse, Hat, Robes, and Ring, at the Shrine ; and investing him with Sword, Helmet, Shield, and Spurs: Then Antonio, the Duchesse, and their Children, (having presented themselves at the Shrine) are (by a forme of Banishment in dumbe-shew, expressed towards them by the Cardinall, and the State of Ancona) banished: During all which Ceremony, this Ditty is sung (to very sollemne Musique) by divers Church-men ; and then Exeunt.

*Armes, and Honors, decke thy story,
To thy Fames eternall glory,
AdverseFortuneeverflie-thee,
No disastrous fate come nigh-thee.*

The Au-
thor dis-
clames
this Ditty
to be his.

*/ alone will sing thy praises,
Whom to honour vertue raises ;
And thy study, that divine-is,
Bent to Marshiall discipline-is :
Lay aside all those robes lie by thee,
Croznv n thy arts, with armes : they'll beautifie thee.*

*O worthy of worthiest name, adorn'd in this manner,
Lead bravely thy forces on, under wars warlike banner :
O mayst thou prove fortunate, in all Marshiall courses.
Guide thou still, by skill, in artes, and forces:*

*Victory attend thee nigh, whilst fame sings loud thy powres,
Triumphant conquest crowne thy head, and blessings powre
dozone shewres.*

1. PILG. Here's a strange turne of state—who would have
thought

So great a Lady, would have match'd her selfe
Unto so meane a person ? yet the Cardinall
Beares himselfe much too cruell.

2. PILG. They are banish'd.

1. PILG. But I would aske what power hath this state
Of *Ancona*, to determine of a free Prince ?

2. PILG. They are a free state sir, and her brother shew'd
How that the Pope fore-hearing of her loosenesse,
Hath seiz'd into th'protection of the Church
The Dukedome, which she held as dowager.

1. PILG. But by what justice ?

2. PILG. Sure I thinke by none,
Only her brothers instigation.

1. PILG. What was it, with such violence he tooke
Off from her finger ?

2. PILG. 'Twas her wedding ring,
Which he vow'd shortly he would sacrifice
To his revenge.

1. PILG. *Alasse Antonio*,
If that a man be thrust into a well,
No matter who sets hand to't, his owne weight
Will bring him sooner to th'bottom : Come, let's hence.
Fortune makes this conclusion generall,
" All things do helpe th'unhappy man to fall.

Exeunt.

SCENA v.

Near Loretto.

Enter Antonio, Duchesse, Children, Cariola, Servants.

DUCH. Banish'd *Ancona*!

ANT. Yes, you see what powre
Lightens in great mens breath.

DUCH. Is all our traine
Shrunke to this poor remainder ?

ANT. These poore men,
(Which have got little in your service) vow
To take your fortune : But your wiser buntings
Now they are fledg'd, are gon.

DUCH. They have done wisely—
This puts me in minde of death, Physitians thus,
With their hands full of money, use to give ore
Their Patients.

ANT. Right the fashion of the world—
From decaide fortunes, every flatterer shrinks,
Men cease to build, where the foundation sinks.

DUCH. I had a very strange dreame to-night.

ANT. What was't ?

DUCH. Me thought I wore my Coronet of State,
And on a sudaine all the Diamonds
Were chang'd to Pearles.

ANT. !jMy Interpretation
Is, you'll weepe shortly, for to me, the pearles
Doe signifie your teares :

DUCH. The Birds, that live i'th field
On the wilde benefit of Nature, live
Happier then we ; for they may choose their Mates,
And carroll their sweet pleasures to the Spring :

*Enter Bosola
with a letter.*

Bos. ,You are happily ore-ta'ne.

DUCH. From my brother ?

Bos. Yes, from the Lord *Ferdinand*. . . your brother,
All love, and safetie—

DUCH. Thou do'st blanch mischief—
Wouldst make it white: See, see ; like to calme weather
At Sea, before a tempest, false hearts speake faire
To those they intend most mischief

Reads A Letter.

Send Antonio to me ; / want his head in a busines :
A politicke equivocation—

He doth not want your councell, but your head ;
That is, he cannot sleepe till you be dead.
And here's annother Pitfall, that's strew'd ore
With Roses : marke it, 'tis a cunning one.

*/ stand ingaged for your husband, for sever all debts at Naples : let
not that trouble him, I had rather have his heart, then his mony.*

And I beleeve so too.

Bos. What doe you beleeve ?

DUTCH. That he so much distrusts my husbands love,
He will by no meanes beleeve his heart is with him
Untill he see it: The Divell is not cunning enough
To circumvent us in Riddles.

Bos. Will you reject that noble, and free league
Of amitie, and love which I present you ?

DUTCH. Their league is like that of some politick Kings
Onely to make themselves of strength, and powre
To be our after-ruine : tell them so ;

Bos. And what from you ?

ANT. Thus tell him : I will not come.

Bos. And what of this ?

ANT. My brothers have dispersed
Blood-hounds abroad ; which till I heare are muzell'd,
No truce, though hatch'd with nere such politick skill
Is safe, that hangs upon our enemies will.
I'll not come at them.

Bos. This proclaimes your breeding.
Every small thing drawes a base mind to feare :
As the Adamant drawes yron : fare you well sir,
You shall shortly heare from's.

Exit.

DUTCH. I suspect some Ambush :
Therefore by all my love. . . I doe conjure you
To take your eldest sonne, and flye towards *Millaine* ;
Let us not venture all this poore remainder
In one unlucky bottom.

" ANT. You councill safely :
Best of my life, farewell: Since we must part,
Heaven hath a hand in't: but no otherwise,
Then as some curious Artist takes in sunder
A Clocke, or Watch, when it is out of frame
To bring't in better order.

DUTCH. I know not which is best,
To see you dead, or part with you : Farewell Boy.
Thou art happy, that thou hast not understanding
To know thy misery :For all our wit
And reading, brings us to a truer sence
Of sorrow : In the eternall Church, Sir,

I doe hope we shall not part thus.

ANT. Oh, be of comfort,
Make Patience a noble fortitude:
And thinke not how unkindly we are us'de:
" Man (like to *Cassia*) is prov'd best, being bruiz'd.

DUTCH, Must I like to a slave-borne Russian,
Account it praise to suffer tyranny ?
And yet (O Heaven) thy heavy hand is in't.
I have scene my little boy oft scourge his top,
And compared my selfe to't: naught made me ere
Go right, but Heavens scourge-sticke.

ANT. Doe not weepe :
Heaven fashion'd us of nothing : and we strive,
To bring our selves to nothing : farewell *Cariola*,
And thy sweet armefull: if I doe never see thee more,
Be a good Mother to your litle ones,
And save them from the Tiger : fare you well.

DUCH. Let me looke upon you once more : for that speech
Came from a dying father : your kiss is colder
Then that I have scene an holy Anchorite
Give to a dead mans skull.

ANT. My heart is turnde to a heavy lump of lead,
With which I sound my danger : fare you well. *Exit, with son.*

DUCH. My Laurell is all withered.

CAR. Looke (Madam) what a troope of armed men
Make toward us. *Enter Bosola with a Guard, with Vizards.*

DUCH. O, they are very welcome :
When Fortunes wheele is over-charg'd with Princes,
The waight makes it move swift. I would have my mine
Be sudden : I am your adventure, am I not ?

Bos. You are, you must see your husband no more—

DUCH. What Divell art thou, that counterfeits heavens
thunder ?

Bos. Is that terrible ? I would have you tell me whether
Is that note worse, that frights the silly birds
Out of the corne ; or that which doth allure them
To the nets ? you have hearkned to the last too much.

DUCH. O misery : like to a rusty ore-charg'd Cannon,
Shall I never flye in peeces ? come : to what Prison ?

Bos. To none:

DUCH. Whither then ?

Bos. To your Pallace.

DUCH. I have heard that *Charons* boate serves to convey
All ore the dismall Lake, but brings none backe againe.

Bos. Your brothers meane you safety, and pitie.

DUTCH. Pitie!

With such a pitie men preserve alive
Pheasants, and Quailes, when they are not fat enough
To be eaten.

Bos. These are your children ?

DUTCH. Yes :

Bos. Can they prattle ?

DUTCH. No:

But I intend, since they were borne accurs'd ;
Curses shall be their first language.

Bos. Fye (Madam)

Forget this base, low-fellow.

DUTCH. Were I a man :

I'll'd beat that counterfeit face, into thy other—

Bos. One of no Birth.

DUTCH. Say that he was borne meane. . .

Man is most happy, when's owne actions
Be arguments, and examples of his Vertue.

Bos. A barren, beggerly vertue.

DUTCH. I pre-thee who is greatest, can you tell ?

Sad tales befit my woe : I'll tell you one.

A Salmon, as she swam unto the Sea,
Met with a Dog-fish ; who encounters her
With this rough language : why art thou so bold
To mixe thy selfe with our high state of floods
Being no eminent Courtier, but one
That for the calmest, and fresh time o'th' yeere
Do'st live in shallow Rivers, rank'st thy selfe
With silly Smylts, and Shrympes ? and darest thou
Passe by our Dog-ship, without reverence ?
O (Quoth the Salmon) sister, be at peace:
Thanke *Jupiter*, we both have pass'd the Net—
Our value never can be truly knowne,
Till in tye Fishers basket we be showne,
I'th' Market tnen my price may be the higher,

Even when I am neerest to the Cooke, and fire.
 So, to Great men, the Morrall may be stretched.
 " Men oft are valued high, when th'are most wretched.
 But come : whither you please : I am arm'd 'gainst misery :
 Bent to all swaies of the Oppressors will.
*There's no deepe Valley, but mere some great **Exit.***

ACTHS 1111. SCEN-I.

Amalfi. The Palace of the Duchess.

Enter Ferdinand & Bosola.

FERD. How doth our sister Dutchesse beare her selfe
 In. her imprisonment ?

Bos. Nobly: I'll describe her:
 She's sad, as one long us'd to't: and she seemes
 Rather to welcome the end of misery
 Theft shun it: a behaviour so noble,
 As gives a majestic to adversitie:
 You may discern the shape of lovelinesse
 More perfect, in her teares, then in her smiles ;
 She will muse foure houres together: and her silence,
 (Me thinkes) expresseth more, then if she spake.'

FERD. Her mellancholly seemes to be fortifide
 With a strange disdaine.

Bos. 'Tis so : and this restraint
 (Like English Mastiffes, that grow feirce with tying)
 Makes her too passionately apprehend
 Those pleasures she's kept from.

FERD. Curse upon her !
 I will no longer study in the booke
 Of anothers heart: informe her what I told you. *Exit. Enter*

Bos. All comfort to your Grace ; *Duchess & Attendants.*

DUTCH. I will have none:
 Tray-thee, why do'st thou wrap thy poysond Pilles
 In Gold, and Sugar ?

Bos. Your elder brother the Lord *Ferdinand*
 Is come to visite you : and sends you word,
 'Cause once he rashly made a solemne vowe

Never to see you more ; he comes i'th' night:
 And prayes you (gently) neither Torch, nor Taper
 Shine in your Chamber : he will kisse your hand :
 And reconcile himselfe : but, for his vowe,
 He dares not see you:

DUCH. At his pleasure :
 Take hence the lights : he's come. *Exeunt Servants with lights ;*

FERD. Where are you ? DUTCH. Here sir: *enter Ferd.*

FERD. This darkenes suites you well.

DUTCH. 'I would aske you pardon :'

FERD. You have it ;

For I account it the honorabrst revenge
 Where I may kill, to pardon : where are your Cubbs ?

DUCH. Whom! FERD. Call them your children ;
 For though our nationall law distinguish Bastards
 From true legitimate issue : compassionate nature
 Makes them all equall.

DUCH. Doe you visit me for this ?
 You violate a Sacrament o'th' Church
 Shall make you howle in hell for't.

FERD. It had bin well,
 Could you have liv'd thus alwayes : for indeed
 You were too much i'th' light: But no more—
 I come to scale my peace with you : here's a hand, *gives her*
 To which you have vow'd much love : the Ring upon't *a dead*
 You gave. *mans*

DUCH. I affectionately kisse it: *hand.*

FERD. ray doe : and bury the print of it in your heart:
 I will leave this Ring with you, for a Love-token :
 And the hand, as sure as the ring : and doe not doubt
 But you shall have the heart too : when you need a friend,
 Send it to him, that ow'de it: you shall see
 Whether he can ayd you.

DUTCH. You are very cold.
 I feare you are not well after your travell:
 Hah ? lights : oh horrible !

FERD. Let her have lights enough. *Exit. Re-enter.*
Servants with lights.

DUTCH. What witch-craft doth he practise, that he hath left
 A dead-mans hand here ?——~~Here is discovered, (behind a~~

Travers ;) the artificiall figures of Antonio, and his children ;
appearing as if they were dead.

Bos. Looke you : here's the peece, from which 'twas ta'ne ;
He doth present you this sad spectacle,
That now you know directly they are dead,
Hereafter you may (wisely) cease to grieve
For that which cannot be recovered.

DUCH. There is not betweene heaven, and earth one wish
I stay for after this : it wastes me more,
Then were't my picture, fashion'd out of wax,
Stucke with a magicall needle, and then buried
In some fowle dung-hill: and yond's an excellent property
For a tyrant, which I would account mercy—

Bos. What's that ?

DUTCH. If they would bind me to that liveles truncke,
And !cl me freeze to death.

Bos. Come, you must live.

DUTCH. That's the greatest torture soules feele in hell,
In hell: that they must live, and cannot die :
Portia, I'll new kindle thy Coales againc,
And revive the rare, and almost dead example
Of a loving wife,

Bos." O Tye : despaire ? remember
You are a Christian.

DUTCH. The Church enjoynes fasting :
I'll starve my selfe to death.

Bos. Leave this vaine sorrow :
Things being at the worst, begin to mend : the Bee
When he hath shot his sting into your hand
May then play with your eye-lyd.,

DUTCH. Good comfortable fellow
Perswade a wretch that's broke upon the wheele
To have all his bones new set: entreate him live,
To be executed againe: who must dispatch me ?
I account this world a tedious Theatre,
For I doe play a part in' t gainst my will.

Bos. Come, Be of comfort, I will save your life.

DUTCH. Indeed I have not leysure to tend so small a busines.

Bos. Now, by my life, I pittie you.

DUTCH. Thou art a foole then,

To waste thy pitty on a thing so wretch'd
As cannot pitty itself: I am full of daggers :
Puffe: let me blow these vipers from me.

What are you ? *she turns suddenly to a Servant.*

SER. One that wishes you long life.

DUCH. I would thou wert hang'd for the horrible curse
Thou hast given me : I shall shortly grow one
Of the miracles of pitty : I'll goe pray : No,
I'll goe curse:

Bos. Oh fye!

DUTCH. I could curse the Starres.

Bos. Oh fearefull!

DUTCH. And those three smyling seasons of the yeare
Into a Russian winter: nay the world
To its first Chaos.

Bos. Looke you, the Starres shine still :

DUTCH. Oh, but you must remember, my curse hath a great
way to goe :

Plagues, (that make lanes through largest families)
Consume them!

Bos. Fye Lady!

DUTCH. Let them like tyrants
Never be remembred, but for the ill they have done :
Let all the zealous prayers of mortefied
Church-men forget them—

Bos. O uncharitable !

DUTCH. Let heaven, a little while, cease crowning Martirs
To punish them:

Goe, howle them this : and say I long to bleed—

" It is some mercy, when men kill with speed.

Exit, with Servants: re-enter Ferdinand.

FERD. Excellent ; as I would wish: she's plagu'd in Art.
These presentations are but fram'd in wax,
By the curious Master in that Qualitie,
Vincentio Lauriola, and she takes them
For true substantiall Bodies.

Bos. Why doe you doe this ?

FERD. To bring her to "despaire.

Bos. Faith, end here :

And go no farther in your cruelty—)

Send her a penetentiall garment, to put on,
Next to her delicate skinne, and furnish her
With beades, and prayer bookes.

FERD. Damne her, that body of hers,
While that my blood ran pure in't, was more worth
Then that which thou wouldst comfort, (call'd a souie)—
I will send her masques of common Curtizans,
Have her meate serv'd up by baudes, and ruffiang.
And ('cause she'll needes be mad) I am resolved
To remove forth the common Hospitall
All the mad-folke, and place them neere her lodging :
There let them practise together, sing, and daunce,
And act their gambols to the full o'th'moone :
If she can sleepe the better for it, let her,
Your work Is" almost ended."

Bos. Must I see her againe ?

FERD. Yes.

Bos. Never.

FERD. You must.

Bos. Never in mine owne shape,
That's forfeited, by my intelligence,
And this last cruell lie : when you send me next,
The businesse shalbe comfort.

FERD. Very likely !—

Thy pity is nothing of kin to thee : *Antonio*
Lurkes about *Millaine*, thou shalt shortly thither,
To feede a fire, as great as my revenge,
Which nev'r will slacke, till it have spent his fuell—
" Intemperate agues, make Physitians cruell.

Exeunt,

SCENA II.

The Same.

Enter Duchess & Cariola.

DUCH. What hideous noyse was that ?

CARI. Tis the wild consort

Of Mad-men (Lady) which your Tyrant brother
Hath plac'd about your lodging: This tyranny,
I thinke was never practised till this howre.

DUCH. Indeed I thanke him : nothing but noyce, and folly

Can keepe me in my right wits, whereas reason
And silence, make me starke mad : Sit downe,
Discourse to me some dismall Tragedy.

CARI. O 'twill encrease your mellancholly.

DUCH. Thou art deceiv'd,
To heare of greater griefe, would lessen mine—
This is a prison ? CARI. Yes, but you shall live
To shake this durance off. DUCH. Thou art a foole,
The Robin red-brest, and the Nightingale,
Never live long in cages. CARI. Pray drie your eyes.
What thinke you of, Madam ? DUCH. Of nothing :
When I muse thus, I sleepe.

CARI. Like a mad-man, with your eyes open ?

DUCH. Do'st thou thinke we shall know one another,
In th'other world ? CARI. Yes, out of question.

DUCH. O that it were possible we might
But hold some two dayes conference with the dead,
From them, I should learne somewhat, I am sure
I never shall know here : I'll tell thee a miracle—
I am not mad yet, to my cause of sorrow.
Th'heaven ore my head, seemes made of molten brasse,
The earth of flaming sulphure, yet I am not mad :
I am acquainted with sad misery,
As the tan'd galley-slave is with his Oare,
Necessity makes me suffer constantly,
And custome makes it easie—who do I looke like now ?

CARI. Like to your picture in the gallery,
A deale of life in shew, but none in practise :
Or rather like some reverend monument
Whose mines are even pittied. DUCH. Very proper :
And Fortune seemes onely to have her eie-sight,
To behold my Tragedy:

How now, what noyce is that ?

Enter Servant

SERVANT. I am come to tell you,
Your brother hath entended you some sport:
A great Physitian, when the Pope was sicke
Of a deepe mellancholly, presented him
With severall sorts of mad-men, which wilde object
(Being full of change, and sport,) forc'd him to laugh,
And so th'impost-hume broke: the selfe same cure,

The Duke intends on you.

Duc&. Let them come in.

SER. There's a mad Lawyer, and a secular Priest,
A Doctor that hath forfeited his wits
By jealousy : an Astrologian,
That in his workes, sayd such a day o'th'moneth
Should be the day of doome ; and fayling oft,
Ran mad: an English Taylor, craisd i'th'braine,
With the studdy of new fashion : a gentleman usher
Quite beside himselfe, with care to keepe in minde,
The number of his Ladies salutations,
Or " how do you," she employ'd him in each morning :
A Farmer too, (an excellent knave in graine)
Mad, 'cause he was hindred transportation,
And let one Breaker (that's mad) loose to these,
You¹ld thinke the divell were among them.

DUCH. Sit *Cariola*: let them loose when you please,
For I am chain'd to endure all your tyranny. *Enter Madmen.*

*Here (by a Mad-man) this song is sung, to a dismall
kind of Musique.*

*O let us howle, some heavy note,
some deadly-dogged howle,
Sounding, as from the threatning throat,
of beastes, and fatall fowle.
As Ravens, Schrich-owles, Bulls, and Eeares,
We'll bell, and bawle our parts,
Tillyerk-some noyce have cloy'd your eares,
and corasiv'd your hearts.
At last when as our quire wants breath,
our bodies being blest,
We'll sing like Swans, to welcome death,
and die in love and rest.*

1. MAD-MAN. *Astrologer*. Doomes-day not come yet ? I'll draw it neerer by a perspective, or make a glasse, that shall set all the world on fire upon an instant: I cannot sleepe, my pillow is stufft with a littour of Porcupines.

2. MAD. *Lawyer*. Hell is a meere glasse-house, where the divells are continually blowing up womens soules, on hollow yrons, and the fire never goes out.

3. MAD. *Priest.* I will lie with every woman in my parish the tenth night: I will tithe them over, like hay-cockes.

4. MAD. *Doctor.* Shall my Pothecary out-go me, because I am a Cuck-old? I have found out his roguery: he makes allom of his wives urin, and sells it to Puritaines, that have sore throates with over-strayning.

1. MAD. I have skill in Harroldry.

2. Hast?

1. You do give for your creast a wood-cockes head, with the Braines pickt out on't, you are a very ancient Gentleman.

3. Greeke is turn'd Turke, we are onely to be sav'd by the Helvetian translation.

1. Come on Sir, I will lay the law to you.

2. Oh, rather lay a corazive—the law will eate to the bone.

3. He that drinkes but to satisfie nature is damn'd.

4. If I had my glasse here, I would shew a sight should make all the women here call me mad Doctor.

1. What's he, a rope-maker? *pointing at the Priest.*

2. No, no, no, a snuffling knave, that while he shewes the tombes, will have his hand in a wenches placket.

3. Woe to the Caroch, that brought home my wife from the Masque, at thee a clocke in the morning, it had a large Feather-bed in it.

4. I have paired the divells nayles forty times, roasted them in Ravens egges, and cur'd agues with them.

3. Get me three hundred milch bats, to make possets, to procure sleepe.

4. All the Colledge may throw their caps at me, I have made a Soape-boyler costive, it was my master-peece:—*Here the Daunce consisting of 8. Mad-men, with musicke answerable thereunto, after which, Bosola (like an old man) enters.*

DUCH. Is he mad too?

SER. Tray question him: I'll leave you. *Exeunt Servant & Bos. I am come to make thy tombe. Madmen.*

DUCH. Hah, my tombe?

Thou speak'st, as if I lay upon my death bed,
Gasping for breath: do'st thou perceive me sicke?

Bos. Yes, and the more dangerously, since thy sicknesse is insensible.

DUCH. Thou art not mad sure, do'st know me?

Bos. Yes. DUCH. Who am I?

Bos. Thou art a box of worne-seede, at best, but a salvatory of greene mmmey: what's this flesh? a little cruded milke, phantasticall puffed-paste: our bodies are weaker then those paper prisons boyes use to keepe flies in: more contemptible: since ours is to preserve earth-wormes: didst thou ever see a Larke in a cage? such is the soule in the body: this world is like her little turfe of grasse, and the Heaven ore our heades, like her looking glasse, onely gives us a miserable knowledge of the small compasse of our prison.

DUCH. Am not I, thy Duchesse?

Bos. Thou art some great woman sure, for riot begins to sit on thy fore-head (clad in gray haire) twenty yeares sooner, then on a merry milkemaydes. Thou sleep'st worse, then if a mouse should be forc'd to take up her lodging in a cats eare: a little infant, that breedes it's teeth, should it lie with thee, would crie out, as if thou wert the more unquiet bed-fellow

DUCH. I am Duchesse of *Malfy* still)

Bos. That makes thy sleepes so broken:

"Glories (like glowe-wormes) afarre off, shine bright,
But look'd to neere, have neither heate, nor light.

DUCH. Thou art very plaine.

Bos. My trade is to flatter the dead, not the living—
I am a tombe-maker.

DUCH. And thou com'st to make my tombe?

Bos. Yes.

DUCH. Let me be a little merry—
Of what stuffe wilt thou make it?

Bos. Nay, resolve me first, of what fashion?

DUCH. Why, do we grow phantasticall in our death-bed?
Do we affect fashion in the grave?

Bos. Most ambitiously: Princes images on their tombes
Do not lie, as they were wont, seeming to pray
Up to heaven: but with their hands under their cheekes,
(As if they died of the tooth-ache)—they are not carved
With their eies fix'd upon the starres; but as
Their mindes were wholly bent upon the world,
The selfe-same way they seeme to turne their faces.

DUCH. Let me know fully therefore the effect
Of this thy dismall preparation,

This talke, fit for a charnell ?

Bos. Now, I shall— *Enter Executioners with*
 Here is a present from your Princely brothers, *a Coffin,*
 And may it arrive wel-come, for it brings *Cords and*
 Last benefit, last sorrow. *a Bell.*

DUCH. Let me see it—
 I have so much obedience, in my blood,
 I wish it in ther veines, to do them good.

Bos. This is your last presence Chamber.

CARL O my sweete Lady.

DUCH. Peace, it affrights not me.

Bos. I am the common Bell-man, *Takes up the Bell.*
 That usually is sent to condemn'd persons
 The night before they suffer :

DUCH. Even now thou said'st,
 Thou wast a tombe-maker ?

Bos. 'Twas to bring you *Rings his bell.*
 By degrees to mortification : Listen.
Hearke, now every thing is still—
The Scritch-Owle, and the whistler shrilly
Call upon our Dame, aloud,
And bid her quickly don her shrowd :
Much you had of Land and rent,
Your length in clay's now competent.
A long war disturbed your minde,
Here your perfect peace is sigrfd—
Of what is'tfooles make such vaine keeping ?
Sin their conception, their birth, weeping :
Their life, a generall mist of error,
Their death, a hideous storme of terror—
Strew your haire, with powders sweete :
Don cleane linnen, bath your feete,
And (the foule feend more to checke)
A crucifixe let blesse your necke,
'Tis now full tide, 'twene night, and day,
End your groane, and come away.

CARI. Hence villaines, tyrants, murderers : alas !
 What will you do with my Lady ? call for helpe.

DUCH. To whom, to our next neighbours ? they are mad-folkes.

Bos. Remoove that noyse.

DUCH. Farwell *Cariola*,

In my last will, I have not much to give—
A many hungry guests have fed upon me,
Thine will be a poore reversion.

CARI. I will die with her.

DUCH. I pray-thee looke thou giv'st my little boy
Some sirrop, for his cold, and let the girle
Say her prayers, ere she sleepe. Now what you please
What death ? *Cariola
is forced off.*

Bos. Strangling, here are your Executioners.

DUCH. I forgive them :
The apoplexie, cathar, or cough o'th'loongs,
Would do as much as they do.

Bos. Doth not death fright you ?

DUCH. Who would be afraid on't ?
Knowing to meete such excellent company
In v^th'other world,

Bos. Yet, me thinkes,
The manner of your death should much afflict you,
This cord should terrific you ? DUCH. Not a whit—
What would it pleasure me, to have my throate cut
With diamonds ? or to be smothered
With Cassia ? or to be shot to death, with pearles ?
I know death hath ten thousand severail doores
For men, to take their *Exits* : and 'tis found
They go on such strange geometricall hinges,
You may open them both wayes : any way, (for heaven sake)
So I were out of your whispering : Tell my brothers,
That I perceive death, (now I am well awake)
Best guift is, they can give, or I can take—
I would faine put off my last womans-fault,
Fid not be tedious to you.

EXEC. We are ready.

DUCH. Dispose my breath, how please you, but my body
Bestow upon my women, will you ? EXEC. Yes.

DUCH. Pull, and pull strongly, for your able strength,
Must pull downe heaven upon me :
Yet stay, heaven gates are not so highly arch'd
As Princes pallaces—they that enter there

Must go upon their knees : Come violent death,
 Serve for *Mandragora*, to make me sleepe;
 Go tell my brothers, when I am laid out,
 They then may feede in quiet;

She kneels.

*They
 strangle her.*

Bos. Whe're's the waiting woman ?
 Fetch her : Some other strangle the children :
 Looke you, there sleepest your mistris.

*Re-enter Execu-
 tioner with Cariola.*

CARI. Oh you are damn'd
 Perpetually for this : My turne is next,
 Is't not so ordered ? Bos. Yes, and I am glad
 You are so well prepared fort.

CARI. You are deceived Sir,
 I am not prepared for't, I will not die,
 I will first come to my answere; and know
 How I have offended. Bos. Come, dispatch her :
 You kept her counsell, now you shall keepe ours.

CARI. I will not die, I must not, I am contracted
 To a young Gentle-man.

EXEC. Here's your wedding Ring.

CAR. Let me but speake with the Duke : I'll discover
 Treason to his person.

Bos. Delayer : throttle-her.

EXEC. She bites : and scratches :

CAR. If you kill me now
 I am damn'd : I have not bin at Confession
 This two yeeres : Bos. When !

CAR. I am quicke with child. , '

Bos. Why then,
 Your credit's sav'd : beare her into th' next roome :

They strangle her, and bear her away. Enter Ferdinand.
 Let this lie still. FERD. Is she dead ?

Bos. Shee is what

You'ird have her : But here begin your pittie—
 Alas, how have these offended ?

*Shewes the
 children strangled,*

FERD. The death

Of young Wolfes is never to be pittied.

BOS. Fix your eye here : FERD. Constantly.

Bos. Doe you not weepe ?

Other sinnes onely speake; Murther shreikes out:
 The Element of water moistens the Earth.

But blood flies upwards, and bedewes the Heavens.

FERD. Cover her face : Mine eyes dazell : she di'd yong.

Bos. I thinke not so : her infelicities
Seem'd to have yeeres too many.

FERD. She, and I were Twinnes :
And should I die this instant, I had liv'd
Her Time to a Mynute.

Bos. It seemes she was borne first:
You have bloodely approved the auncient truth,
That kindred commonly doe worse agree
Then remote strangers.

FERD. Let me see her face againe;
Why didst not thou pittie her ? what an excellent
Honest man might'st thou have bin
If thou hadst borne her to some Sanctuary !
Or (bold in a good cause) oppos'd thy selfe
With thy advanced sword above thy head,
Betweene her Innocence, and my Revenge !
I bad thee, when I was distracted of my wits,
Goe kill my dearest friend, and thou hast don't.
For let me but examine well the cause :
What was the meanenes of her match to me ?
Onely I must confesse, I had a hope
(Had she continued widow) to have gain'd
An infinite masse of Treasure by her death :
And that was the mayne cause; her Marriage—
That drew a streame of gall quite through my heart;
For thee, (as we observe in Tragedies
That a good Actor many times is curss'd
For playing a villaines part) I hate thee for't:
And (for my sake) say thou hast done much ill, well :

Bos. Let me quicken your memory : for I perceive
You are falling into ingratitude : I challenge
The reward due to my service

FERD. I'll tell thee,
What I'll give thee— Bos. Doe :

FERD. I'll give thee a pardon
For this murther:

Bos. Hah ? FERD. Yes : and 'tis
The largest bounty I can studie to doe thee.

By what authority did'st thou execute
This bloody sentence ? Bos. By yours—

FERD. Mine ? was I her Judge ?

Did any ceremoniall forme of Law,
Doombe her to not-Being ? did a compleat Jury
Deliver her conviction up i'th Court ?

Where shalt thou find this judgement registerd
Unlesse in hell ? See : like a bloody foole
Th'hast forfeyt'd thy life, and thou shalt die for't.

Bos. The Office of Justice is perverted quite
When one Thiefe hangs another : who shall dare
To reveale this ? FERD. Oh, I'll tell thee :
The Wolfe shall finde her Grave, and scrape it up :
Not to devoure the corpes, but to discover
The horrid murther.

Bos. You; not I, shall quake for't.

FERD. Leave me:

Bos. I will first receive my Pention.

FERD. You are a villaine :

Bos. When your Ingratitude
Is Judge, I am so. FERD. O horror !
That not the feare of him, which bindes the divels
Can prescribe man obedience.
Never looke upon me more. Bos. Why fare thee well:
Your brother, and your selfe, are worthy men;
You have a paire of hearts, are hollow Graves,
Rotten, and rotting others : and your vengeance,
(Like two chain'd bullets) still goes arme in arme—
You may be Brothers : for treason, like the plague,
Doth take much in a blood : I stand like one
That long hath ta'ne a sweet, and golden dreame.
I am angry with my selfe, now that I wake.

FERD. Get thee into some unknowne part o'th' world
That I may never see thee. Bos. Let me know
Wherefore I should be thus neglected ? sir,
I serv'd your tyranny : and rather strove,
To satisfie your selfe, then all the world;
And though I loath'd the evill, yet I lov'd
You that did councefl it : and rather sought
To appeare a true servant, then an honest man.

FERD. I'll goe hunt the Badger, by Owle-light:
'Tis a deed of darkenesse.

Exit.

Bos. He's much distracted : *Off* my painted honour !—
While with vaine hopes, our faculties we tyre,
We seeme to sweate in yce, and freeze in fire;
What would I doe, were this to doe againe ?
[would not change my peace of conscience
For all the wealth of Europe : She stirres; here's life :
Returne (faire soule) from darkenes, and lead mine
Out of this sencible Hell: She's warme, she breathes :
Upon thy pale lips I will melt my heart
To store them with fresh colour : who's there ?
Some cordiall drinke ! Alas ! I dare not call:
So, pitty would destroy pitty : her Eye opes,
And heaven in it seemes to ope, (that late was shut)
To take me up to mercy,

DUTCH. *Antonio.*

Bos. Yes (Madam) he is living,
The dead bodies you saw, were but faign'd statues;
He's reconcil'd to your brothers : the Pope hath wrought
The attonement.

DUTCH. *Mercy !*

she dies.

Bos. Oh, she's gone againe : there the cords of life broake :
Oh sacred Innocence, that sweetely sleepes
On Turtles feathers : whil'st a guilty conscience
Is a blacke Register, wherein is writ
All our good deedes, and bad : a Perspective
That shoves us hell; that we cannot be suffer'd
To doe good when we have a mind to it!
This is manly sorrow :
These teares, I am very certaine, never grew
In my Mothers Milke. My estate is suncke below
The degree of feare : where were these penitent fountaines,
While she was living ?
Oh, they were frozen up : here is a sight
As direfull to my soule, as is the sword
Unto a wretch hath slaine his father: Come,
Til beare thee hence,
And execute thy last will; that's deliver
Thy body to the reverend dispose

Of some good women : that the cruell tyrant
 Shall not denie me : Then I'll poast to *Millaine*,
 Where somewhat I will speedily enact
 Worth my dejection.

Exit with the body.

ACTUS V. SCENA I.

Milan.

Enter Antonio & Delio.

ANT. What thinke you of my hope of reconcilment
 To the *Aragonian* brethren ? DEL. I misdoubt it,
 For though they have sent their letters of safe conduct
 For your repaire to *Millaine*^ they appeare
 But Nets, to entrap you : The Marquis of *Pescara*
 Under whom you hold certaine land in Cheit,
 Much 'gainst his noble nature, hath bin mov'd
 To ceize those lands, and some of his dependants
 Are at this instant, making it their suit
 To be invested in your Revenewes.
 I cannot thinke, they meane well to your life,
 That doe deprive you of your meanes of life,
 Your living. ANT. You are still an hcretique
 To any safety, I can shape my selfe.

DEL. Here comes the Marquis : I will make my selfe
 Petitioner for some part of your land,
 To know whither it is flying. ANT. I pray doe.

Enter Pescara : Antonio withdraws.

DEL. Sir, I have a suit to you. PESC. To me ?

DEL. An easie one :

There is the Cittadell of St. *Bennet*,
 With some demeasnes, of late in the possession
 Of *Antonio Bologna*—please you bestow them on me ?

PESC. You are my friend : But this is such a suit,
 Nor fit for me to give, nor you to take.

DEL. No sir ?

PESC. I will give you ample reason for't,
 Soone in private : Here's the Cardinalls Mistris.

Enter Julia.

JUL. My Lord, I am growne your poore Petitioner,
 And should be an ill begger, had I not

A Great mans letter here, (the Cardinalls)
To Court you in my favour.

gives letter.

PESC. *reads* He entreats for you
The Cittadell of Saint *Bennet*, that belonged
To the banish'd *Bologna*. JUL. Yes :

PESO. I could not have thought of a friend I could
Rather pleasure with it: 'tis yours :

JUL. Sir, I thanke you :
And he shall know how doubly I am engag'd
Both in your guift, and speedinesse of giving,
Which makes your graunt, the greater.

Exit.

ANT. *aside* How they fortifie
Themselves with my ruine ! DEL. Sir : I am
Litle bound to you : PESC. Why ?

DEL. Because you denide this suit, to me, and gav't
To such a creature.

PESC. Doc you know what it was ?
It was *Antonios* land : not forfeited
By course of lawe; but ravish'd from his throate
By the Cardinals entreaty : it were not fit
I should bestow so maine a peece of wrong
Upon my friend : 'tis a gratification
Onely due to a Strumpet: for it is injustice;
Shall I sprinckle the pure blood of Innocents
To make those followers, I call my friends
Looke ruddier upon me ? I am glad
This land, (ta'ne from the owner by such wrong)
Returnes againe unto so fowle an use,
As Salary for his Lust. *Learne*, (good *Delio*)
To aske noble things of me, and you shall find
I'll be a noble giver. DEL. You instruct me well:

ANT. *aside* Why, here's a man, now, would fright impudence
From sawciest Beggers.

PESC. Prince *Ferdinand's* come to *Millaine*
Sicke (as they give out) of an Appoplexie :
But some say, 'tis a frenzie; I am going
To visite him.

Exit.

ANT. 'Tis a noble old fellow :

DEL. What course doe you meane to take, *Antonio* ?

ANT. This night, I meane to venture all my fortune

(Which is no more then a poore lingring life)
To the Cardinals worst of mallice : I have got
Private accesse to hfs chamber : and intend
To visit him, about the mid of night.
(As once his brother did our noble Dutchesse.)
It may be that the sudden apprehension
Of danger (for I'll goe in mine owne shape)
When he shall see it fraight with love, and dutie,
May draw the poyson out of him, and worke
A friendly, reconcilement; if it faile . . .
Yet, it shall rid me of this infamous calling,
For better fall once, then be ever falling.
DEL. I'll second you in all danger : and (how ere)
My life keepes rancke with yours.
ANT. You are still my lov'd, and best friend.

Exeunt.

SCENA II.

Milan. The Palace of the Cardinal and Ferdinand.

Enter Pescara and Doctor.

PESC. Now Doctor; may I visit your Patient ?

DOCTOR. If't please your Lordship : but he's instantly
To take the ayre here in the Gallery,
By my direction.

PESC. Tray-thee, what's his disease ?

Doc. A very pestilent disease (my Lord)
They call *Licanthwpiæ*. PESC. What's that ?
I need a Dictionary to't. Doc. I'll tell you :
In those that are possess'd with't there ore-flowes
Such mellencholy humour, they imagine
Themselves to be transformed into Woolves,
Steale forth to Church-yards in the dead of night,
And dig dead bodies up : as two nights since
One met the Duke, 'bout midnight in a lane
Behind *St. Markes Church*, with the leg of a man
Upon his shoulder; and he howl'd fearefully :
Said he was a Woolffe : onely the difference

Was, a Woolffes skinne was hairy on the out-side,
His on the In-side : bad them take their swords,
Rip up his flesh, and trie : straight I was sent for,
And having ministerd to him, found his Grace
Very well recovered. PESC. I am glad on't.

Doc. Yet not without some feare
Of a relaps : if he grow to his fit againe,
I'll goe a neerer way to worke with him
Then ever *Paracelsus* dream'd of: If
They'll give me leave, I'll buffet his madnesse out of him.
Stand aside : he comes.

Enter Ferdinand, Malatesta, Cardinal & Bosola.

FERD. Leave me.

MAL. Why doth your Lordship love this solitarines ?

FERD. Eagles commonly fly alone : They are Crowes, Dawes, and
Sterlings that flocke together: Looke, what's that, followes me ?

MAL. Nothing (my Lord).

FERD. Yes : MAL. 'Tis your shadow.

FERD. Stay it, let it not haunt me.

MAL. Impossible; if you move, and the Sun shine :

FERD. I will throttle it. *Throws himself on the ground.*

MAL. Oh, my Lord : you are angry with nothing.

FERD. You are a foole: How is't possible I should catch my
shadow unlesse I fall upon't ? When I goe to Hell, I meane to
carry a bribe: for looke you good guifts ever-more make way,
for the worst persons.

PESC. Rise, good my Lord.

FERD. I am studying the Art of Patience.

PESC. 'Tis a noble Vertue;

FERD. To drive six Snailles before me, from this towne to *Mosco*
neither use Goad, nor Whip to them, but let them take their owne
time : (the patientst man i'th' world match me for an experiment)
and I'll crawl after like a sheepe-biter.

CARD. Force him up.

FERD. Use me well, you were best:
What I have don :I'll confesse nothing.

DOCTOR. Now let me come to him: Are you mad (my Lord ?)
Are you out of your Princely wits ?

FERD. What's he ? PESC. Your Doctor.

FERD. Let me have his beard saw'd off, and his eye-browes
Fil'd more civill.

DOCT. I must do mad trickes with him,
For that's the onely way on't. I have brought
Your grace a Salamanders skin, to keepe you
From sun-burning.

FERD. I have cruell sore eyes.

DOCT. The white of a Cockatrixes-egge is present remedy.

FERD. Let it be a new-layd one, you were best :
Hide me from him : Phisitians are like Kings,
They brooke no contradiction.

DOCT. Now he begins
To feare me, now let me alone with him. *takes off his gown.*

CARD. How now, put off your gowne ?

DOCT. Let me have some forty urinalls fill'd with Rose-water:
He, and I'll go pelt one another with them—now he begins to
feare me : Can you fetch a friske, sir ? Let him go, let him go,
upon my perrill: I finde by his eye, he stands in awe of me, I'll
make him—as tame as a Dormouse.

FERD. Can you fetch your friskes, sir, I will stamp him into
a Cullice : Flea off his skin, to cover one of the Anatomies, this
rogue hath set i'th'cold yonder, in Barber-Chyrurgeons hall:
Hence, hence, you are all of you, like beasts for sacrifice, *Throws*
the doctor down & beats him there's nothing left of you, but tongue,
and belly, flattery, and leachery. *Exit.*

PES. Doctor, he did not feare you throughly.

DOCT. True, I was somewhat too forward.

Bos. Mercy upon me, what a fatall judgement
Hath falne upon this *Ferdinand* !

PES. Knowes your grace
What accident hath brought unto the Prince
This strange distraction ?

CARD, *aside* I must feigne somewhat: Thus they say it grew.
You have heard it rumor'd for these many yeares,
None of our family dies, but there is scene
The shape of an old woman, which is given
By tradition, to us, to have bin murther'd
By her Nephewes, for her riches : Such a figure
One night (as the Prince sat up late at's booke)
Appear'd to him—when crying out for helpe,

The gentlemen of's chamber, found his grace
All on a cold sweate, alter'd much in face
And language : Since which apparition,
He hath growne worse, and worse, and I much feare
He cannot live.

Bos. Sir, I would speake with you.

PES. We'll leave your grace,
Wishing to the sicke Prince, our noble Lord,
All health of minde, and body.

CARD. You are most welcome :

Exeunt. Manent Cardinal and Bosola.

Are you come ? so : *aside* this fellow must not know
By any meanes I had intelligence
In our Duchesse death : For (though I counseled it,)
The full of all th'ingagement seem'd to grow
From *Ferdinand* : to *Bosola* Now sir, how fares our sister ?
I do not thinke but sorrow makes her looke
Like to an oft-di'd garment: She shall now
Tast comfort from me : why do you looke so wildely ?
Oh, the fortune of your master here, the Prince
Dejects you—but be you of happy comfort:
If you'll do one thing for me I'll entreate,
Though he had a cold tombe-stone ore his bones,
I'll make you what you would be.

Bos. Any thing—

Give it me in a breath, and let me flie to't:
They that thinke long, small expedition win,
For musing much o'th'end, cannot begin.

Enter Julia

JUL. Sir, will you come in to Supper ?

CARD. I am busie, leave me.

JUL. *aside* What an excellent shape hath that fellow !

Exit

CARD. 'Tis thus : *Antonio* lurkes here in *Millaine*,
Enquire him out, and kill him : while he lives,
Our sister cannot marry, and I have thought
Of an excellent match for her : do this, and stile me
Thy advancement.

Bos. But by what meanes shall I find him out ?

CARD. There is a gentleman, call'd *Delio*
Here in the Campe, that hath bin long approv'd
His loyall friend : Set eie upon that fellow,

Follow him to Masse—may be *Antonio*,
 Although he do account religion
 But a Schoole-name, for fashion of the world,
 May accompany him—or else go enquire out
Delia's Confessor, and see if you can bribe
 Him to reveale it: there are a thousand wayes
 A man might find to trace him : As to know,
 What fellowes haunt the Jewes, for taking up
 Great summes of money, for sure he's in want,
 Or else to go to thTicture-makers, and learne
 Who bought her Picture lately—some of these
 Happily may take——

Bos. Well, I'll not freeze i'th'busnesse,
 I would see that wretched thing, *Antonio*
 Above all sightes i'th'world.

CARD. Do, and be happy.

Exit.

Bos. This fellow doth breed Bazalisques in's eies,
 He's nothing else, but murder : yet he seemes
 Not to have notice of the Duchesse death :
 'Tis his cunning : I must follow his example,
 There cannot be a surer way to trace,
 Then that of an old Fox. *Enter Julia, pointing a pistol at him.*

JUL. So, sir, you are well met. Bos. How now?

JUL. Nay, the doores are fast enough :
 Now, Sir, I will make you confesse your treachery.

Bos. Treachery ? JUL. Yes, confesse to me
 Which of my women 'twas you hyr'd, to put
 Love-powder into my drinke ?

Bos. Love-powder ?

JUL. Yes, when I was at *Malfy*—
 Why should I fall in love with such a face else ?
 I have already suffer'd for thee so much paine,
 The onely remedy to do me good,
 Is to kill my longing.

Bos. Sure your Pistoll holds
 Nothing but perfumes, or kissing comfits : excellent Lady,
 You have a pritty way on't to discover
 Your longing : Come, come, I'll disarme you,
 And arme you thus—yet this is wondrous strange. *Embraces her.*

JUL. Compare thy forme, and my eyes together,

You'll find my love no such great miracle :
Now you'll say,
I am wanton : This nice modesty, in Ladies
Is but a troublesome familiar,
That haunts them.

Bos. Know you me, I am a blunt souldier. JUL. The better,
Sure, there wants fire, where there are no lively sparkes
Of roughnes. Bos. And I want complement.

JUL. Why, ignorance in court-ship cannot make you do amisse,
If you have a heart to do well.

Bos. You are very faire.

JUL. Nay, if you lay beauty to my charge,
I must plead unguilty. Bos. Your bright eyes
Carry a Quiver of darts in them, sharper
Then sun-beames.

JUL. You will mar me with commendation,
Put your selfe to the charge of courting me,
Whereas now I woo you.

Bos. *aside* I have it, I will worke upon this Creature—
Let us grow most amorously familiar :
If the great Cardinall now should see me thus,
Would he not count me a villaine ?

JUL. No, he might count me a wanton,
Not lay a scruple of offence on you :
For if I see, and steale a Diamond,
The fault is not i'th'stone, but in me the thiefe,
That purloines it: I am sudaine with you—
We that are great women of pleasure, use to cut off
These uncertaine wishes, and unquiet longings,
And in an instant joyne the sweete delight
And the pritty excuse together : had you bin in'th'streete,
Under my chamber window, even there
I should have courted you.

Bos. Oh, you are an excellent Lady.

JUL. Bid me do somewhat for you presently,
To expresse I love you.

Bos. I will, and if you love me,
Faile not to effect it:
The Cardinall is growne wodrou mellancholly,
Demand the cause, let him not put you off,

With faign'd excuse, discover the maine ground on't.

JUL. Why would you know this ?

Bos. I have depended on him,
And I heare that he is falne in some disgrace
With the Emperour—if he be, like the mice
That forsake falling houses, I would shift
To other dependance.

JUL. You shall not neede follow the warres,
I'll be your maintenance.

Bos. And I your loyall servant,
But I cannot leave my calling.

JUL. Not leave an
Ungrateful! Generall, for the love of a sweete Lady ?
You are like some, cannot sleepe in feather-beds,
But must have blockes for their pillowes.

Bos. Will you do this ? JUL. Cunningly.

Bos. To-morrow I'll expect th'intelligence.

JUL. To-morrow ! get you into my Cabinet,
You shall have it with you : do not delay me,
No more then I do you : I am like one
That is condemned : I have my pardon promised.
But I would see it seal'd : Go, get you in,
You shall see me winde my tongue about his heart,
Like a skeine of silke.

Exit Bosola, into her cabinet. Enter Cardinal

CARD. Where are you ? *Enter servants.* SERV. Here.

CARD. Let none, upon your lives,
Have conference with the Prince *Ferdinand*,
Unlesse I know it: *aside* In this distraction *Exeunt Serv.*
He may reveale the murther :
Yond's my lingring consumption :
I am weary of her; and by any meanes
Would be quit off. JUL. How now, my Lord ?
What ailes you ? CARD. Nothing.

JUL. Oh, you are much alterd :
Come, I must be your Secretary, and remove
This lead from off your bosome, what's the matter ?

CARD. I may not tell you.

JUL. Are you so farre in love with sorrow,
You cannot part with part of it ? or thinke you

cannot love your grace, when you are sad,
As well as merry ? or do you suspect
I, that have bin a secret to your heart,
These many winters, cannot be the same
Unto your tongue ?

CARD. Satisfie thy longing,
The onely way to make thee keepe my counsell,
Is not to tell thee. JUL. Tell your eccho this,
Of flatterers, that (like ecchoes) still report
What they heare (though most imperfect), and not me :
For, if that you be true unto your selfe,
I'll know. CARD. Will you racke me ?

JUL. No, judgement shall
Draw it from you : It is an equall fault,
To tell ones secrets, unto all, or none.

CARD. The first argues folly.

JUL. But the last tyranny.

CARD. Very well; why, imagine I have committed
Some secret deed, which I desire the world
May never heare of.

JUL. Therefore may not I know it ?
You have conceal'd for me, as great a sinne
As adultery : Sir, never was occasion
For perfect triall of my constancy
Till now : Sir, I beseech you.

CARD. You'll repent it. JUL. Never.

CARD. It hurries thee to ruine : I'll not tell thee—
Be well advis'd, and thinke what danger 'tis
To receive a Princes secrets : they that do,
Had neede have their breasts hoop'd with adamant
To containe them : I pray thee yet be satisfi'd,
Examine thine owne frailty, 'tis more easie
To tie knots, then unloose them : 'tis a secret
That (like a lingring poyson) may chance lie
Spread in thy vaines, and kill thee seven yeare henfce.

JUL. Now you dally with me.

CARD. No more—thou shalt know it.
By my appointment, the great Duchesse of *Malfy*,
And two of her yong children, foure nights since
Were strangled.

JUL. Oh heaven ! (sir) what have you done ?

CARD. How now ? how setles this ? thinke you your bosons
Will be a grave, darke and obscure enough
For such a secret ?

JUL. You have undone your selfe (sir.)

CARD. Why ? JUL. It lies not in me to conceale it. CARD. No ?
Come, I will sweare you to't upon this booke.

JUL. Most religiously. CARD. Kisse it.
Now you shall never utter it, thy curiosity
Hath undone thee : thou'rt poyson'd with that booke—
Because I knew thou couldst not keepe my councill,
I have bound thee to't by death.

Enter Bosola

Bos. For pittie sake, hold. CARD. Ha, *Bosola* ?

JUL. I forgive you
This equall peece of Justice you have done :
For I betraid your councill to that fellow,
He overheard it; that was the cause I said
It lay not in me, to conceale it.

Bos. Oh foolish woman,
Couldst not thou have poyson'd him ?

JUL. 'Tis weakenesse,
Too much to thinke what should have bin done—I go,
I Know not whither.

Dies.

CARD. Wherefore com'st thou hither ?

Bos. That I might finde a great man, (like your selfe,)
Not out of his wits (as the Lord *Ferdinand*)
To remember my service.

CARD. I'll have thee hew'd in peeces.

Bos. Make not your selfe such a promise of that life
Which is not yours, to dispose of.

CARD. Who plac'd thee here ?

Bos. Her lust, as she intended.

CARD. Very well,
Now you know me for your fellow murderer.

Bos. And wherefore should you lay faire marble colours,
Upon your rotten purposes to me ?

Unless you imitate some that do plot great Treasons,
And when they have done, go hide themselves i'th'graves
Of those were Actors in't ? CARD. No more,
There is a fortune attends thee.

Bos. Shall I go sue to fortune any longer ?
'Tis the fooles Pilgrimage.

CARD. I have honors in store for thee.

Bos. There are a many wayes that conduct to seeming Honor, and some of them very durty ones.

CARD. Throw to the divell
Thy mellancholly—the fire burnes well,
What neede we keepe a-stirring oft, and make
A greater smother ? thou wilt kill *Antonio* ?

Bos. Yes. CARD. Take up that body.

Bos. I thinke I shall
Shortly grow the common Biere, for Church-yards ?

CARD. I will allow thee some dozen of attendants,
To aide thee in the murder.

Bos. Oh, by no meanes—Phisitians that apply horse-leiches to any rancke swelling, use to cut off their tailcs, that the blood may run through them the faster : Let me have no traine, when I goe to shed blood, least it make me have a greater, when I ride to the Gallowes.

CARD. Come to me
After midnight, to helpe to remove that body
To her owne Lodging : I'll give out she dide o'th' Plague ;
'Twill breed the lesse enquiry after her death.

Bos. Where's *Castruchio*, her husband ?

CARD. He rode to *Naples* to take possession
Of *Antonio's* Cittadcll.

Bos. Beleeve me, you have done a very happy turne.

CARD. Faile not to come : There is the Master-key
Of our Lodgings : and by that you may conceive
What trust I plant in you.

Bos. You shall find me ready. *Exit Cardinal.*
Oh poore *Antonio*, though nothing be so needfull
To thy estate, as pittie, Yet I finde
Nothing so dangerous : I must looke to my footing;
In such slippery yce-pavements, men had neede
To be frost-nayld well: they may breake their neckes else.
The Precedent's here afore me : how this man
Beares up in blood !—seemes feareles !—why, 'tis well:
Securitie some men call the Suburbs of Hell,
Onely a dead wall betweene. Well (good *Antonio*)

I'll seeke thee out; and all my care shall be
To put thee into safety from the reach
Of these most cruell biters, that have got
Some of thy blood already. It may be,
I'll joyne with thee, in a most just revenge.
The weakest Arme is strong enough, that strikes
With the sword of Justice : Still me thinkes the Dutchesse
Haunts me : there, there ! . . . 'tis nothing but my mellancholy.
O Penitence, let me truely tast thy Cup,
That throwes men downe, onely to raise them up. *Exit.*

SCENA III.

Milan. Part of the fortifications of the city.

Enter Antonio & Delio. There is an Eccho, (from the Dutchesse Grave.)

DEL. Yond's the Cardinall's window : This fortification
Grew from the mines of an auncient Abbey :
And to yond side o'th' river, lies a wall
(Peece of a Cloyster) which in my opinion
Gives the best Eccho, that you ever heard;
So hollow, and so dismall, and withall
So plaine in the destinction of our words,
That many have supposde it is a Spirit
That answeres.

ANT. I doe love these auncient ruynes :
We never tread upon them, but we set
Our foote upon some reverend History.
And questionles, here in this open Court
(Which now lies naked to the injuries
Of stormy weather) some men lye Enterr'd
Lov'd the Church so well, and gave so largely to't,
They thought it should have canopide their Bones
Till Doombes-day : But all things have their end :
Churches, and Citties (which have diseases like to men)
Must have like death that we have.

ECCHO. *Like death that we have.*

DEL. Now the *Eccho* hath caught you :

ANT. It groan'd (me thought) and gave
A very deadly Accent ?

ECCHO. *Deadly Accent.*

DEL. I told you 'twas a pretty one : You may make it
A Huntres-man, or a Faulconer, a Musitian,
Or a Thing of Sorrow.

ECCHO. *A Thing of Sorrow.*

ANT. I sure : that suites it best.

ECCHO. *That suites it best.*

ANT. 'Tis very like my wifes voyce.

ECCHO. */, wifes-voyce.*

DEL. Come : let's walke farther from't:
I would not have you go to th' *Cardinalls* to-night:
Doe not.

ECCHO. *Doe not.*

DEL. Wisdome doth not more moderate wasting Sorrow
Then time : take time for't: be mindfull of thy safety.

ECCHO. *Be mindfull of thy safety.*

ANT. Necessitie compells me :

Make scrutiny throughout the passages
Of your owne life; you'll find it impossible
To flye your fate.

ECCHO. *O flye your fate.*

DEL. Harke : the dead stones seeme to have pittie on you
And give you good counsell.

ANT. *Ecchoj* I will not talke with thee;
For thou art a dead Thing.

ECCHO. *Thou art a dead Thing.*

ANT. My Dutchesse is asleepe now,
And her litle-Ones, I hope sweetly : oh Heaven
Shall I never see her more ?

ECCHO. *Never see her more :*

ANT. I mark'd not one repetition of the *Eccho*
But that: and on the sudden, a cleare light
Presented me a face folded in sorrow.

DEL. Your fancy; meerely.

ANT. Come : I'll be out of this Ague;
For to live thus, is not indeed to live :
It is a mockery, and abuse of life—
I will not henceforth save my selfe by halves,

Loose all, or nothing.

DEL. Your owne vertue save you !
I'll fetch your eldest sonne; and second you:
It may be that the sight of his owne blood
Spred in so sweet a figure, may beget
The more compassion.

ANT. How ever, fare you well:
Though in our miseries, Fortune have a part,
Yet, in our noble suffrings, she hath none—
Contempt of paine, that we may call our owne.

Exeunt.

SCENA 1111.

Milan. The Palace of the Cardinal and Ferdinand.

Enter Cardinal, Pescara, Malateste, Roderigo, Grisolan.

CARD. You shall not watch to-night by the sicke Prince,
His Grace is very well recovered.

MAL. Good my Lord suffer us.

CARD. Oh, by no meanes :

The noyce, and change of object in his eye,
Doth more distract him : I pray, all to bed,
And though you heare him in his violent fit,
Do not rise, I intreate you.

PES. So, sir; we shall not—

CARD. Nay, I must have you promise
Upon your honors, for I was enjoyn'd to't
By himselfe; and he seem'd to urge it sencibly.

PES. Let our honors bind this trifle.

CARD. Nor any of your followers.

MAL. Neither.

CARD. It may be, to make triall of your promise,
When he's asleepe, my selfe will rise, and faine
Some of his mad trickes, and crie out for helpe,
And faine my selfe in danger.

MAL. If your throate were cutting,
I should not come at you, now I have protested against it.

CARD. Why, I thanke you.

Withdraws a little.

GRIS. 'Twas a foule storme to-night.

ROD. The Lord *Ferdinand's* chamber shooke like an Ozier.

MAL. 'Twas nothing but pure kindnesse in the Divell,
To rocke his owne child. *Exeunt, except Cardinal.*

CARD. The reason why I would not suffer these
About my brother, is, because at midnight
I may with better privacy, convey
Julias body to her owne Lodging : O, my Conscience !
I would pray now : but the Divell takes away my heart
For having any confidence in Praier.

About this houre, I appointed *Bosola*
To fetch the body : when he hath serv'd my turne,
He dies. *Exit. Enter Bosola.*

Bos. Hah ? 'twas the Cardinalls voyce : I heard him name,
Bosola, and my death : listen, I heare ones footing. *Enter*

FERD. Strangling is a very quiet death. *Ferdinand.*

Bos. Nay then I see, I must stand upon my Guard.

FERD. What say' to that ? whisper, softly : doe you agree to't ?
So—it must be done i'th' darke : the Cardinall
Would not for a thousand pounds, the Doctor should see it. *Exit.*

Bos. My death is plotted; here's the consequence of murther.

" *We value not desert, nor Christian breath,
When we know blacke deedes must be cur'd with death.*
Enter Antonio & Servant.

SER. Here stay Sir, and be confident, I pray :
I'll fetch you a darke Lanthorne. *Exit.*

ANT. Could I take him
At his prayers, there were hope of pardon.
Bos. Fall right my sword : *Strikes him.*

I'll not give thee so much leysure, as to pray.

ANT. Oh, I am gone : Thou hast ended a long suit,
In a mynut.

Bos. What art thou ?

ANT. A most wretched thing,
That onely have thy benefit in death,
To appeare my selfe. *Re-enter Servant, with light.*

SER. Where are you Sir ?

ANT. Very neere my home: *Bosola* ?

SER. Oh misfortune!

Bos. *to the Servant* Smother thy pittie, thou art dead else:
Antonio ?

The man I would have sav'de 'bove mine owne life !

We are meerely the Starres tennys-balls (strooke, and banded
Which way please them)—oh good *Antonio*,
I'll whisper one thing in your dying eare,
Shall make thy heart break quickly : Thy faire Dutchesse
And two sweet Children . . .

ANT. Their very names
Kindle a little life in me.

Bos. Are murderd!

ANT. Some men have wish'd to die,
At the hearing of sad tydings : I am glad
That I shall do't in sadnes : I would not now
Wish my wounds balm'de, nor heal'd : for I have no use
To put my life to : tin all our Quest of Greatnes . . .
(Like wanton Boyes, whose pastime is their care)
We follow after bubbles, blowne in th'ayre.
Pleasure of life, what is't ? onely the good houres
Of an Ague : meerely a preparative to rest,
To endure vexation : I doe not aske
The proccsse of my death : onely commend me
To *Delia*.

Bos. Breake heart!

ANT. And let my Sonne, flie the Courts of Princes.

Dies

Bos. Thou seem'st to have lov'd *Antonio* ?

SER. I brought him hether,
To have reconciled him to the Cardinall.

Bos. I doe not aske thee that:
Take him up, if thou tender thine owne life,
And beare him, where the Lady *Julia*
Was wont to lodge : Oh, my fate moves swift.
I have this Cardinall in the forge already,
Now I'll bring him to th'hammer : (O direful! misprision :)
I will not Imitate things glorious,
No more then base : I'll be mine owne example.
On, on : and looke thou represent, for silence,
The thing thou bear'st.

Exeunt.

SCENA v.

*The same.**Enter Cardinall (with a Booke).*

CARD. I am puzzell'd in a question about hell:
He saies, in hell, there's one materiall fire,
And yet it shall not burne all men alike.
Lay him by : How tedious is a guilty conscience !
When I looke into the Fish-ponds, in my Garden,
Me thinkes I see a thing, arm'd with a Rake
That seemes to strike at me :

Enter Bosola & Servant bearing Antonio's body.

Now ? art thou come ? thou look'st ghastly:
There sits in thy face, some great determination,
Mix'd with some feare.

Bos. Thus it lightens into Action :
I am come to kill thee.

CARD. Hah ? helpe ! our Guard !

Bos. Thou art deceiv'd :
They are out of thy howling.

CARD. Hold : and I will faithfully devide
Revenewes with thee.

Bos. Thy prayers, and proffers
Are both unseasonable.

CARD. Raise the Watch :
We are betraid.

Bos. I have confinde your flight :
I'll suffer your retreyt to *Julias* Chamber,
But no further.

CARD. Helpe : we are betraid !

*Enter Malateste, Roderigo,
Pescara, Grisolan, above.*

MAL. Listen :

CARD. My Dukedome, for rescew !

ROD. Fye upon his counterfeyting !

MAL. Why, 'tis not the Cardinall.

ROD. Yes, yes, 'tis he :

But I'll see him hang'd, ere I'll goe downe to him.

CARD. Here's a plot upon me, I am assaulted : I am lost,
Unlesse some rescew.

GRIS. He doth this pretty well:

But it will not serve; to laugh me out of mine honour !

CARD. The sword's at my throat:

ROD. You would not bawle so lowd then.

MAL. Come, come: let's goe to bed: he told us thus much aforehand.

PESC. He wish'd you should not come at him: but beleev't,
The accent of the voyce sounds not in jest.

I'll downe to him, howsoever, and with engines

Force ope the doores.

Exit above.

ROD. Let's follow him aloofe,

And note how the Cardinall will laugh at him.

Exeunt above.

Bos. There's for your first: cause you shall not unbarracade
The doore to let in rescew.

He kills the Servant.

CARD. What cause hast thou

To pursue my life ?

Bos. Looke there:

CARD. *Antonio ?*

Bos. Slaine by my hand unwittingly :

Pray, and be sudden : when thou kill'dst thy sister,
Thou tookst from Justice her most equall ballance,
And left her naught but her sword.

CARD. O mercy!

Bos. Now it seemes thy Greatnes was onely outward :

For thou fall'st faster of thy selfe, then calamitie

Can drive thee : I'll not wast longer time : There.

Wounds him.

CARD. Thou hast hurt me :

Bos. Againe :

CARD. Shall I die like a Levoret

Without any resistance ? helpe, helpe, helpe :

I am slaine.

Enter Ferdinand.

FERD. Th'allarum ? give me a fresh horse :

Rally the vaunt-guard : or the day is lost:

Yeeld, yeeld : I give you the honour of Armes,

Shake my Sword over you—will you yeilde ?

CARD. Helpe me, I am your brother.

FERD. The divell ?

My brother fight upon the adverse party ? *He wounds the Cardinall,*
There flies your ransome. *and (in the scuffle) gives*

CARD. Oh justice s

Bosola his death wound.

I suffer now, for what hath former bin :

" Sorrow is held the eldest child of sin.

FERD. Now you're brave fellows: *Ccesars* Fortune was harder then *Pompeys* : *Ccesar* died in the armes of prosperity, *Pompey* at the feete of disgrace: you both died in the field—the paine's nothing: paine many times is taken away with the apprehension of greater, (as the tooth-ache with the sight of a Barbor, that comes to pull it out) there's Philosophy for you.

Bos. Now my revenge is perfect : sinke (thou maine cause Of my undoing)—the last part of my life,
Hath done me best service.

He kills Ferdinand.

FERD. Give me some wet hay, I am broken-winded—
I do account this world but a dog-kennell:
I will vault credit, and affect high pleasures,
Beyond death.

Bos. He seemes to come to himselfe,
Now he's so neere the bottom.

FERD. My sister, oh ! my sister, there's the cause on't.

" Whether we fall by ambition, blood, or lust,
" Like Diamonds, we are cut with our owne dust.

Dies.

CARD. Thou hast thy payment too.

Bos. Yes, I hold my weary soule in my teeth,
Tis ready to part from me : I do glory
That thou, which stood'st like a huge Piramid
Begun upon a large, and ample base,
Shalt end in a little point, a kind of nothing.

Enter Pescara, Malatesta, Roderigo & Grisolan.

PES. How now (my Lord ?)

MAL. Oh sad disastre !

ROD. How comes this ?

Bos. Revenge, for the Duchesse of *Malfy*, murdered
By *th'Aragonian* brethren : for *Antonio*,
Slaine by this hand : for lustfull *Julia*,
Poyson'd by this man : and lastly, for my selfe,
(That was an Actor, in the maine of all,
Much 'gainst mine owne good nature, yet i'th'end
Neglected.) I

PES. How now (my Lord ?)

CARD. Looke to my brother:

He gave us these large wounds, as we were struggling
Here i'th' rushes : And now, I pray, let me

Be layd by, and never thought of.

Dies,

PES. Now fatallly (it seemes) he did withstand
His owne rescue!

MAL. Thou wretched thing of blood,
How came *Antonio* by his death ?

Bos. In a mist : I know not how,
Such a mistake, as I have often seene
In a play : Oh, I am gone—

We are onely like dead wals, or vaulted graves,
That ruin'd, yeildes no eccho : Fare you well—
It may be paine : but no harme to me to die,
In so good a quarrell: Oh this gloomy world,
In what a shadow, or deepe pit of darknesse,
Doth (womanish, and fearefull) mankind live !
Let worthy mindes nere stagger in distrust
To suffer death, or shame, for what is just—
Mine is another voyage.

Dies.

PES. The noble *Delia*, as I came to th'Pallace,
Told me of *Antonio's* being here, and shew'd me
A pritty gentleman his sonne and heire.

Enter Delio with Antonio's Son.

MAL. Oh Sir, you come too late.

DEL, I heard so, and

Was arm'd for't ere I came : Let us make noble use
Of this great ruine; and joyne all our force
To establish this yong hopefull Gentleman
In's mothers right. These wretched eminent things
Leave no more fame behind 'em, then should one
Fall in a frost, and leave his print in snow—
As soone as the sun shines, it ever melts,
Both forme, and matter : I have ever thought
Nature doth nothing so great, for great men,
As when she's pleas'd to make them Lords of truth :

" *Integrity of life, is fames best friend,*

Which nobly (beyond Death) shall crowne the end.

Exeunt,

FINIS.

THE DEVIL'S LAW-CASE

*All the Flowers of the Spring
Meet to perfume our burying*

The Scene NAPLES
DRAMATIS PERSONS

ROMELIO a Merchant

CONTARINO a Nobleman

CRISPIANO a Civill-Lawer

ERCOLE a Knight of Malta

ARIOSTO an Advocate

PROSPERO

JULIO son to *Crispiano*

A Capouchin

CONTILUPO

SANITONELLA

BAPTISTA

LEONORA mother of *Romelio* and *Jolenta*

JOLENTA her daughter

WINIFRID a wayting Woman

ANGIOLELLA

*Two Surgeons, Judges, Lawyers, Bellmen,
Register, Marshal, Herald, and Servants*

The Devil's Law-Case

OR

When Women goe to Law the Deuill is
full of Businesse

ACTUS PRIMUS, SCENA PRIMA.

Naples. Leonora's House.

Enter Romelio, and Prospero.

PROSPERO.

You have shewen a world of wealth; I did not thinke
There had bene a Merchant liv'd in Italy
Of halfe your substance.

ROM. He give the King of Spaine
Ten thousand Duckets yearly, and discharge
My yearly Custome. The Hollanders scarce trade
More generally then I: my Factors' wives
Weare Shaperoones of Velvet, and my Scriveners
Meerely through my imployment, grow so rich,
They build their Palaces and Belvidears
With musicall Water-workes : Never in my life
Had I a losse at Sea. They call me on th'Exchange,
The Fortunate Young Man, and make great suite
To venture with me : Shall I tell you Sir,
Of a strange confidence in my way of Trading ?
I reckon it as certaine as the gaine
In erecting a Lotterie.

PROS. I pray Sir, what doe you thinke
Of Signiour *Baptista's* estate ?

ROM. A meere Begger :
Hee's worth some fiftie thousand Duckets.

PROS. Is not that well ?

ROM. How, well ? for a man to be melted to- snow-water,
With toyling in the world from three and twentie,
Till threescore, for poore fiftie thousand Duckets !

PROS. To your estate 'tis little I confesse :
You have the Spring-tide of Gold.

ROM. Faith, and for Silver,
Should I not send it packing to th'East Indies,
We should have a glut on't.

Enter Servant.

SER. Here's the great Lord *Contarino*.

PRO. Oh, I know
His busines, he's a suitor to your sister.

ROM. Yes Sir, but to you,
As my most trusted friend, I utter it—
I will breake the alliance.

PROS. You are ill advised then;
There lives not a compleater Gentleman
In Italy, nor of a more ancient house.

ROM. What tell you me of Gentry ?—'tis nought else
But a superstitious relique of time past :
And sift it to the true worth, it is nothing
But ancient riches : and in him you know
They are pittifully in the wane; he makes his colour
Of visiting us so often, to sell land,
And thinkes if he can gaine my sisters love,
To recover the treble value.

PROS. Sure he loves her
Intirely, and she deserves it.

ROM. Faith, though shee were
Crookt-shoulderd, having such a portion,
Shee would have noble Suitors; but truth is,
I would wish my noble Venturer take heed—
It may be whiles he hopes to catch a Gilthead,
He may draw up a Gudgeon.

Enter Contarino.

PROS. Hee's come : Sir, I will leave you.

Exeunt Prospero & Servant.

CON. I sent you the Evidence of the peece of land
I motioned to you for the Sale. ROM. Yes.

CON. Has your Counsell perus'd it ?

ROM. Not yet my Lord : Doe you
Intend to travell ? CON. No. ROM. Oh then you loose
That which makes man most absolute.

CON. Yet I have heard
Of divers, that in passing of the Alpes,

Have but exchang'd their vertues at deare rate
For other vices.

ROM. Oh my Lord, lye not idle;
The chieftest action for a man of great spirit,
Is never to be out of action : we should thinke
The soule was never put into the body,
Which has so many rare and curious pieces
Of Mathematicall motion, to stand still.
Vertue is ever sowing of her seedes :
In the Trenches for the Souldier; in the wakefull study
For the Scholler; in the furrowes of the sea
For men of our Profession—of all which
Arise and spring up Honor. Come, I know
You have some noble great Designe in hand,
That you levy so much money.

CONT. Sir, He tell you,
The greatest part of it I meane to imploy
In payment of my Debts, and the remainder
Is like to bring me into greater bonds,
As I ayme it.

ROM. How Sir ?

CONT. I intend it
For the charge of my Wedding.

ROM. Are you to be married, my Lord ?

CONT. Yes Sir; and I must now intreat your pardon,
That I have concealed from you a businesse,
Wherein you had at first been called to Counsell,
But that I thought it a lesse fault in Friendship,
To ingage my selfe thus farre without your knowledge,
Then to doe it against your will: another reason
Was, that I would not publish to the world,
Nor have it whispered, scarce, what wealthy Voyage
I went about, till I had got the Myne
In mine owne possession.

ROM. You are darke to me yet.

CONT. He now remove the cloud. Sir, your sister and I
Are vowed each others, and there onely wants
Her worthy mothers, and your faire consents .
To stile it marriage : this is a way,
Not onely to make a friendship, but confirme it

For our posterities. How doe you looke upon't ?

ROM. Beleeve me Sir, as on the principall Columbe
To advance our House : why you bring honour with you,
Which is the soule of Wealth. I shall be proud
To live to see my little Nephewes ride
O'th upper hand of their Uncles; and the Daughters
Be ranckt by Heraulds at Solemnities
Before the Mother : all this deriv'd
From your Nobilitie. Doe not blame me sir,
If I be taken with't exceedingly :
For this same honour with us Citizens,
Is a thing we are mainely fond of, especially
When it comes without money, which is very seldome—
But as you doe perceive my present temper,
Be sure I am yours—*aside* fierd with scorne and laughter,
At your over confident purpose—and no doubt,
My mother will be of your mind.

CONT. Tis my hope sir.

Exit Romelio.

I doe observe how this *Romelio*,
Has very worthy parts, were they not blasted
By insolent vaine-glory : there rests now
The mothers approbation to the match—
Who is a woman of that State and bearing,
Tho shee be Citie-borne, both in her language,
Her Garments, and her Table, shee excels
Our Ladies of the Court: shee goes not gawdy,
Yet have I scene her weare one Diamond,
Would have bought twenty gay ones out of their clothes,
And some of them, without the greater grace,
Out of their honesties.

Shee comes, I will trie

Enter Leonora.

How she stands affected to me, without relating
My Contract with her Daughter.

LEON. Sir, you are nobly welcome—and presume
You are in a place that's wholly dedicated
To your service.

CON. I am ever bound to you
For many speciall favours.

LEON. Sir, your fame
Renders you most worthy of it.

CONT. It could never have got
A sweeter ayre to fly in, then your breath.

LEON. You have bin strange a long time, you are weary
Of our unseasonable time of feeding :
Indeed th'Exchange Bell makes us dine so late;
I thinke the Ladies of the Court from us
Learne to lye so long a-bed.

CONT. They have a kind of Exchange among them too,
Marry, unlesse it be to heare of newes, I take it,
Theirs is like the New Burse, thinly furnisht
With Tyers and new Fashions. I have a suite to you.

LEON. I would not have you value it the lesse,
If I say, Tis granted already.

CONT. You are all Bounty,
Tis to bestow your Picture on me.

LEON. Oh sir,
Shaddowes, are coveted in Summer, and with me,
Tis Fall o'th Leafe.

CONT. You enjoy the best of Time;
This latter Spring of yours, shewes in my eye,
More fruitful and more temperate withall,
Then that whose date is onely limited
By the musicke of the Cuckow.

LEON. Indeed Sir, I dare tell you,
My looking-glasse is a true one, and as yet
It does not terrific me. Must you have my Picture ?

CONT. So please you Lady, and I shall preserve it
As a most choyce Object.

LEON. You will enjoyne me to a strange punishment:
With what a compeld face a woman sits
While shee is drawing ! I have noted divers,
Either to faine smiles, or sucke in the lippes,
To have a little mouth; ruffle the cheekes,
To have the dimple scene, and so disorder
The face with affectation, at next sitting
It has not been the same; I have knowne others
Have lost the intire fashion of their face,
In halfe an houres sitting.

CONT. How ?

LEON. In hote weather,

The painting on their face has been so mellow,
They have left the poore man harder worke by halfe,
To mend the Copie he wrought by : but indeed,
If ever I would have mine drawn to'th life,
I would have a Paynter steale it, at such a time,
I were devoutly kneeling at my prayers—
There is then a heavenly beautie in't, the Soule
Mooves in the Superficies.

CONT. Excellent Lady,
Now you teach Beautie a preservative,
More then 'gainst fading Colours; and your judgement
Is perfect in all things.

LEON. Indeed Sir, I am a Widdow,
And want the addition to make it so :
For mans Experience has still been held
Womans best eyesight. I pray sir tell mee,
You are about to sell a piece of Land
To my sonne, I heare.

CONT. Tis truth.

LEON. Now I could rather wish,
That noblemen would ever live ith Countrey,
Rather then make their visits up to'th Citie
About such businesse : Oh Sir, Noble Houses
Have no such goodly Prospects any way,
As into their owne Land : the decay of that,
Next to their begging Churchland, is a mine
Worth all mens pitie. Sir, I have forty thousand crownes
Sleepe in my Chest, shall waken when you please,
And flie to your commands. Will you stay supper ?

CONT. I cannot, worthy Lady.

LEON. I would not have you come hither sir, to sell,
But to settle your Estate. I hope you understand
Wherefore I make this proffer: so I leave you.

CONT. What a Treasury have I pearch'd ! " I hope
You understand wherefore I make this proffer."
Shee has got some intelligence, how I intend to marry
Her daughter, and ingenously perceived,
That by her Picture, which I begged of her,
I meant the faire *Jolenta* : here's a Letter,
Which gives expresse charge, not to visit her

*Exit
Leon.*

Till midnight: *reads*

" *Faile not to come; for tis a businesse*

That concernes both our honors.

Yours in danger to be lost, Jolenta"

Tis a strange Injunction; what should be the businesse ?

She is not changed I hope. He thither straight:

For womens Resolutions in such deeds,

Like Bees, light oft on flowers, and oft on weeds.

Exit.

ACTUS PRIMUS, SCENA SECUNDA.

The same.

Enter Ercole, Romelio, Jolenta.

ROM. Oh sister, come, the Taylor must to worke,
To make your wedding Clothes.

JOL. The Tombe-maker,
To take measure of my coffin.

ROM. Tombe-maker ?

Looke you, the king of Spaine greets you. *gives her a paper.*

JOL. What does this meane,
Do you serve Proces on me ?

ROM. Proces ? come
You would be wittie now.

JOL. Why, what's this, I pray ?

ROM. Infinite grace to you : it is a Letter
From his Catholike Majestic, for the commends
Of this Gentleman for your Husband.

JOL. In good season :
I hope he will not have my Allegiance stretcht
To the undoing of my selfe.

ROM. Undoe your selfe ? he does proclaime him here—

JOL. Not for a Traytor, does he ?

ROM. You are not mad ?
For one of the Noblest Gentlemen.

JOL. Yet Kings many times
Know meerly but mens outsides; was this commendation
Voluntary, thinke you ?

ROM. Voluntary: what meane you by that ?

JOL. Why I do not thinke but he beg'd it of the King,

And it may fortune to be out of's way :
Some better suite—that woo'd have stood his Lordship
In farre more stead : Letters of Commendations—
Why tis reported that they are growen stale,
When places fall i'th Universitie.
I pray you returne his Passe : for to a Widdow
That longs to be a Courtier, this Paper
May doe Knights service.

ERCO. Mistake not excellent Mistres, these commends
Expresse, his Majestic of Spaine has given me
Both addition of honour, as you may perceive
By my habit, and a place heere to command
Ore thirtie Gallies; this your brother shewes,
As wishing that you would be partner in my good Fortune.

ROM. I pray come hither,
Have I any interest in you ?

JOL. You are my Brother.

ROM. I would have you then use me with that respect
You may still keepe me so, and to be swayed
In this maine busnesse of life, which wants
Greatest consideration, your Marriage,
By my direction : Here's a Gentleman——

JOL. Sir, I have often told you,
I am so little my owne to dispose that way,
That I can never be his.

ROM. Come, too much light
Makes you Moone-eyed—are you in love with title ?
I will have a Herauld, whose continuall practise
Is all in pedigree, come a wooing to you,
Or an Antiquary in old Buskins.

ERCO. Sir, you have done me
The maynest wrong that ere was offred to
A Gentleman of my breeding.

ROM. Why sir ? ERCO. You have led me
With a vaine confidence, that I should marry
Your sister—have proclaimed it to my friends,
Employed the greatest Lawyers of our State
To settle her a joynture—and the issue
Is, that I must become ridiculous
Both to my friends and enemies : I will leave you,

Till I call to you for a strict account
Of your unmanly dealing.

ROM. Stay my Lord !

aside to Jolenta Doe you long to have my throat cut ?—Good my
Lord,

Stay but a little, till I have remooved
This Court-mist from her eyes, till I wake her
From this dull sleepe, wherein sheele dreame herselfe
To a deformed Begger : *to Jolenta* you would marry
The great Lord *Contarino*.

Enter Leonora.

LEON. *Contarino*

Were you talking of ? he lost last night at Dice
Five thousand Duckets; and when that was gone,
Set at one throw a Lordship, that twice trebled
The former losse.

ROM. And that flew after. LEON. And most carefully
Carried the Gentleman in his Carroch
To a Lawyers Chamber, there most Legally
To put him in possession : was this wisdom ?

ROM. O yes, their credit in the way of gaming
Is the mayne thing they stand on—that must be paid,
Tho the Brewer bawle for's money; and this Lord
Does shee preferre i'th way of marriage,
Before our Choyce here, noble *Ercole* !

LEON. Youle be advis'd I hope : Know for your sakes
I married, that I might have children;
And for your sakes, if youle be rul'd by me,
I will never marry agen. Here's a Gentleman
Is noble, rich, well featured, but 'bove all,
He loves you intirely; his intents are aymed
For an Expedition 'gainst the Turke,
Which makes the Contract cannot be delayed.

Jo. Contract! you must do this without my knowledge;
Give me some potion to make me mad,
And happily not knowing what I speake,
I may then consent to't.

ROM. Come, you are mad already,
And I shall never heare you speake good sense,
Till you name him for Husband.

ERCO. Lady, I will doe

A manly Office for you, I will leave you,
To the freedome of your owne soule—may it move whither
Heaven and you please.

JOL. Now you expresse your selfe
Most nobly.

ROM. Stay sir, what doe you meane to doe ?

LEON, *kneels* Heare me, if thou dost marry *Contarino*,
All the misfortune that did ever dwell
In a parents curse, light on thee !

ERC. Oh rise Lady, certainly heaven never
Intended kneeling to this fearefull purpose.

JOL. Your Imprecation has undone me for ever.

ERC. Give me your hand.

JOL. No sir.

ROM. Giv't me then :

He takes her hand.

Oh what rare workmanship have I scene this
To finish with your needle, what excellent musicke
Have these stricke upon the Violl! Now He teach
A piece of Art.

JOL. Rather a damnable cunning,
To have me goe about to giv't away,
Without consent of my soule.

ROM. Kisse her my Lord,
If crying had been regarded, Maidenheads
Had nere been lost—at least some appearance of crying,
As an Aprill showre i'th Sunshine.

LEON. Shee is yours.

ROM. Nay, continue your station, and deale you in dumbe
shew;
Kisse this doggednesse out of her.

LEON. To be contracted
In teares, is but fashionable.

ROM. Yet suppose
That they were heartie . . .

LEON. Virgins must seeme unwilling.

ROM. Oh what else ? And you remember, we observe
The like in greater Ceremonies then these Contracts—
At the Consecration of Prelates, they use ever
Twice to say nay, and take it.

JOLEN. Oh Brother ! *He seizes her hand and lays it in Ercole's.*

Ro. Keep your possession, you have the dore bith'ring,
That's Livery and Seasin in England; but my Lord,
Kisse that teare from her lip—youle find the Rose
The sweeter for the dewe.

JOLEN. Bitter as gall.

ROM. I, I, all you women,
Although you be of never so low stature,
Have gall in you most abundant—it exceeds
Your braines by two ounces. I was saying somewhat;
Oh doe but observe ith Citie, and youle finde
The thriftiest bargaines that were ever made—
What a deale of wrangling ere they could be brought
To an upshot!

LEON. Great persons doc not ever come together . . .

ROM. With revelling faces, nor is it necessary
They should; the strangenesse and unwillingnesse
Weares the greater state, and gives occasion that
The people may buzz and talke of't, tho the Bells
Be tongue-tide at the Wedding.

LEON. And truely I have heard say,
To be a little strange to one another,
Will keepe your longing fresh.

ROM. I, and make you beget
More children when y'are married : some Doctors
Are of that opinion. You see my Lord, we are merry
At the Contract—your sport is to come hereafter.

ERCOL. I will leave you excellent Lady, and withali
Leave a heart with you so entirely yours,
That I protest, had I the least of hope
To enjoy you, tho I were to wayt the time
That Schollers doe in taking their degree
In the noble Arts, 'twere nothing—howsoere,
He parts from you, that will depart from life,
To doe you any service, and so humbly
I take my leave.

JOL. Sir, I will pray for you.

Exit Ercole.

Ro. Why thats well, 'twill make your prayer compleat,
To pray for your Husband.

JOL. Husband!

LEON. This is

The happiest houre that I ever arrived at.

Exit.

ROM. Husband, I, husband ! come you peevish thing,
Smile me a thanke for the paynes I have tane.

JOL. I hate my selfe for being thus enforst,
You may soone judge then what I thinke of you
Which are the cause of it.

Enter Winifrid, the Wayting-woman.

ROM. You Lady of the Laundry, come hither.

WAYT. Sir?

ROM. Looke as you love your life, you have an eye
Upon your Mistresse; I doe henceforth barre her
All Visitants : I do heare there are Bawds abroad,
That bring Cut-works, & Man-toons, & convey Letters
To such young Gentlewomen, and there are others
That deale in Corne-cutting, and Fortune-telling—
Let none of these come at her on your life,
Nor *Dewes-ace* the wafer-woman, that prigs abroad
With Muskmeloons, and Malakatoones;
Nor the Scotchwoman with the Citterne, do you marke,
Nor a Dancer by any meanes, tho he ride on's foot-cloth,
Nor a Hackney Coachman, it he can speake French.

WAYT. Why sir ?

ROM. By no meanes : no more words;
Nor the woman with Maribone puddings. I have heard
Strange jugling tricks have been conveyed to a woman
In a pudding : you are apprehensive ?

WAYT. Oh good sir, I have traveld.

ROM. When you had a Bastard, you traveld indeed :
But my precious Chaperooness,
I trust thee the better for that; for I have heard,
There is no wariar Keeper of a Parke,
To prevent Stalkers, or your Night-walkers,
Then such a man, as in his youth has been
A most notorious Deare-stealer.

WAYT. Very well sir,
You may use me at your pleasure.

ROM. By no meanes *Winifrid*, that were the way
To make thee travell agen : Come be not angry,
I doe but jest—thou knowest, wit and a woman

Are two very fraile things—and so I leave you.

Exit.

WAYT. I could weepe with you, but tis no matter,
I can doe that at any time—I have now
A greater mind to rayle a little : Plague of these
Unsanctified Matches; they make us lothe"
The most naturall desire uor grandame *Eve* ever left us.
Force one to marry against their will!—why 'tis
A more ungodly worke, then inclosing the Commons.

JOLEN. Prethee peace;
This is indeed an argument so common,
I cannot thinke of matter new ynough,
To expresse it bad enough.

WAYT. Heere's one I hope
Will put you, out oft.

Enter Contanno.

CONT. How now sweet Mistris ?
You have made sorrow looke lovely of late,
You have wept.

WAIT. She has done nothing else these three dayes; had you
stood behinde the Arras, to have heard her shed so much salt
water as I have done, you would have thought she had been turn'd
Fountaine.

CON. I would faine know the cause can be worthy this
Thy sorrow.

JOL. Reach me the Caskanet, I am studying Sir,
To take an Inventory of all that's mine.

CON. What to doe with it Lady ?

JOL. To make you a Deed of gift.

CON. That's done already; you are all mine.

WAI. Yes, but the Devil would faine put in for's share,
In likenesse of a Separation.

JOL. Oh sir, I am bewicht.

CON. Ha ?

JOL. Most certaine, I am forespoken,
To be married to another : can you ever thinke
That I shall ever thrive in't ? Am I not then bewicht ?
All comfort I can teach my selfe is this,
There is a time left for me to dye nobly,
When I cannot live so.

CON. Give me in a word, to whom, or by whose meanes
Are you thus torne from me ?

JOL. By Lord *Ercole*, my Mother, and my Brother.

CONT. He make his bravery fitter for a grave,
Then for a wedding.

JOLEN. So you will beget
A farre more dangerous and strange disease
Out of the cure; you must love him agen
For my sake : for the noble *Ercole*
Had such a true compassion of my sorrow . . .
Harke in your eare, He shew you his right worthy
Demeanour to me. *As she speaks in his ear, he turns and*

WAYT. *aside* Oh you pretty ones !— *kisses her.*
I have scene this Lord many a time and oft
Set her in's lap, and talke to her of Love
So feelingly, I doe protest it has made me
Run out of my selfe to thinke on't;
Oh sweet-breathed monkey—how they grow together !
Well, tis my opinion,
He was no womans friend that did invent
A punishment for kissing.

CONT. If he beare himselfe so nobly,
The manliest office I can doe for him,
Is to aifoord him my pitie, since hee's like
To faile of so deare a purchase : for your mother,
Your goodnesse quits her ill; for your brother,
He that vowes friendship to a man, and prooves
A traytor, deserves rather to be hang'd,
Then he that counterfets money; yet for your sake
I must signe his pardon too. Why doe you tremble ?
Be safe, you are now free from him.

JOLEN. Oh but sir,
The intermission from a fit of an ague
Is grievous : for indeed it doth prepare us,
To entertaine torment next morning.

CONT. Why hee's gone to sea.

JOL. But he may returne too soone.

CON. To avoyd which, we will be instantly married.

WA. To avoid which, get you instantly to bed together—
Doe, and I thinke no Civill Lawyer for his fee
Can give you better Councill.

JOL. Fye upon thee, prethee leave us.

Exit Waiting Woman.

CON. Be of comfort sweet Mistris.

JOL. On one condition, we may have no quarrell
About this.

CON. Upon my life—none.

JOL. None,
Upon your honour ?

CON. With whom ? with *Ercole* ?

You have delivered him guiltlesse. With your Brother ?
Hee's part of your selfe. With your complementall Mother ?
I use not fight with women. To-morrow wee
Be married : Let those that would oppose this union,
Grow nere so subtile, and intangle themselves
In their owne worke like Spiders, while we two
Haste to our noble wishes, and presume,
The hindrance of it will breed more delight,
As black copartaments shewes gold more bright.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus primi.

ACTUS SECUNDUS, SCENA PRIM A.

A public place.

Enter Crispiano disguised, Sanitonella.

CRISP. Am I well habited ?

SAN. Exceeding well; any man would take you for a Merchant:
but pray sir resolve me, what should bee the reason, that you
being one of the most eminent Civill Lawyers in Spaine, and but
newly arrived from the East Indies, should take this habit of a
Marchant upon you ?

CRISP. Why my sonne lives here in Naples, & in's riot
Doth farre exceed the exhibition I allowed him.

SAN. So then, & in this disguise you meane to trace him ?

CRI. Partly for that, but there is other businesse
Of greater consequence.

SAN. Faith for his expence, tis nothing to your estate—What,
to *Don Crispiano*, the famous Corrigidor of Civill, who by his
meere practise of the Law, in lesse time then halfe a Jubile, hath
gotten thirtie thousand Duckets a yeare !

CRISP. Well, I will give him line,

Let him run on in's course of spending.

SAN. Freely ?

CRISP. Freely:

For I protest, if that I could conceive
My sonne would take more pleasure or content,
By any course of ryot, in the expence,
Then I tooke joy, nay soules felicitie,
In the getting of it, should all the wealth I have
Waste to as small an atomy as Flies
I'th Sunne, I doe protest on that condition,
It should not moove mee.

SAN. How's this ? Cannot hee take more pleasure in spending
it ryotously, then you have done by scraping it together ? O ten
thousand times more, and I make no question, five hundred yong
gallants will be of my opinion.

Why all the time of your Collectionschip
Has bene a perpetuail Callender—begin first
With your melancholly studie of the Law
Before you came to finger the Ruddocks—after that,
The fying importunitie of Clyents,
To rise so early, and sit up so late,
You made your selfe halfe ready in a dreame,
And never prayed but in your sleepe : Can I thinke,
That you have halfe your lungs left with crying out
For Judgements, and dayes of Tryall ? Remember sir,
How often have I borne you on my shoulder,
Among a shoale or swarme of reeking Night-caps,
When that your Worship has bepist your selfe,
Either with vehemency of Argument,
Or being out from the matter. I am merry.

CRISP. Be so.

SAN. You could not eat like a Gentleman, at leasure,
But swallow'd it like Flap-dragons, as if you had lived
With chewing the Cud after.

CRISP. No pleasure in the world was comparable to't.

SAN. Possible ?

CRISP. He shall never taste the like,
Unlesse he study law.

SAN. What, not in wenching sir?
Tis a Court game, beleewe it, as familiar

As Gleeke or any other.

CRISP. Wenching ? O fie, the Disease follows it :
Beside, can the fingring Taffaties, or Lawnes,
Or a painted hand, or a Brest, be like the pleasure
In taking Clyents fees, and piling them
In severall goodly rowes before my Deske ?
And according to the bignesse of each heape,
Which I tooke by a leare (for Lawyers do not tell them)
I vayl'd my cap, and withall gave great hope
The Cause should goe on their sides.

SAN. What thinke you then
Of a good crie of Hounds ? It has bene knownen
Dogs have hunted Lordships to a fault.

CRISP. Cry of Cures ?
The noyse of Clyents at my Chamber doore,
Was sweeter Musicke farre, in my conceit,
Then all the Hunting in Europe.

SAN. Pray stay sir,
Say he should spend it in good House-keeping ?

CRISP. I, marry sir, to have him keepe a good house,
And not sell't away—Ide find no fault with that:
But his Kitchin, Ide have no bigger then a Saw-pit;
For the smalnesse of a Kitchin, without question,
Makes many Noblemen in PYance and Spaine,
Build the rest of the house the bigger.

SAN. Yes, Mock-beggars.

CRISP. Some sevenscore Chimneyes,
But halfe of them have no Tonnels.

SAN. A pox upon them—Cuckshawes—that beget
Such monsters without fundaments.

CRISP. Come, come, leave citing other vanities;
For neither Wine, nor Lust, nor riotous feasts,
Rich cloathes, nor all the pleasure that the Devill
Has ever practised with, to raise a man
To a Devils hkenesse, ere brought man that pleasure
I tooke in getting my wealth : so I conclude.
If he can out-vie me, let it flie to'th Devill.
Yon's my sonne, v/hat company keepes he ?

SAN. The Gentleman
He talks with, is *Romelio* the Merchant.

*Enter Rom., Julio,
Ariosto, Baptista.*

CRISP. I never saw him till now,
A has a brave sprightly looke, I knew his father,
And sojourn'd in his house two yeares together,
Before this young mans birth : I have newes to tell him
Of certaine losses happened him at Sea,
That will not please him.

SAN. What's that dapper fellow
In the long stocking ? I doe thinke 'twas he
Came to your lodging this morning.

CRISP. Tis the same,
There he stands, but a little piece of flesh,
But he is the very myracle of a Lawyer,
One that perswades men to peace, & compounds quarrels
Among his neighbours, without going to law.

SAN. And is he a Lawyer ?

CRISP. Yes, and will give counsell
In honest causes gratis—never in his life
Tooke fee, but he came and spake for't—is a man
Of extreame practise, and yet all his longing
Is to become a Judge.

SAN. Indeed that's a rare longing with men of his profession I
think hee'l prove the miracle of a lawier indeed.

ROM. Heere's the man brought word your father dyed i'th
Indies.

JUL. He died in perfect memory I hope,
And made me his hey re. CRI. Yes sir.

JUL. He's gone the right way then without question: Friend,
in time of mourning, we must not use any action, that is but accessary
to the making men merry, I doe therefore give you nothing for
your good tidings.

CRIS. Nor doe I looke for it sir.

JUL. Honest fellow, give me thy hand, I doe not thinke but
thou hast carried New-yeares gift to'th Court in thy dayes, and
learn'dst there to be so free of thy paynes-taking.

ROM. Here's an old Gentleman sayes he was chamberfellow
to your father, when they studied the Law together at Barcellona.

JUL. Doe you know him ?

ROM. Not I, he's newly come to Naples.

JUL. And what's his businesse ?

ROM. A sayes he's come to read you good counsell.

CRISP. To him, rate him soundly.

This is spoke aside to

JUL. And what's your counsell ?

Ariosto.

ARI. Why, I would have you leave your whoring.

JUL. He comes hotly upon me at first: whoring ?

ARI. O yong quat, incontinence is plagued

In all the creatures of the world.

JUL. When did you ever heare, that a Cockesparrow
Had the French poxe ?

ARI. When did you ever know any of them fat, but in the nest ?
aske all your Cantaride-mongers that question; remember your
selfe sir.

JUL. A very fine Naturallist!—a Phisician, I take you, by your
round slop ; for tis just of the bignes, and no more, of the case
for a Urinall: tis concluded, you are a Phisician. *Ariosto takes
off his hat.* What doe you meane sir ?—youle take cold.

ARI. Tis concluded, you are a foole, a precious one—you are
a meere stick of Sugar Candy, a man may looke quite thorow you.

JUL. You are a very bold gamester. *Julio takes off his hat.*

ARI. I can play at chesse, & know how to handle a rook.

JUL. Pray preserve your velvet from the dust.

ARI. Keepe your hat upon the blocke sir,
'Twill continue fashion the longer.

JUL. I was never so abused with the hat in the hand
In my life.

ARI. I will put on—why looke you,
Those lands that were the Clyents, are now become
The Lawyers; and those tenements that were
The Countrey Gentlemans, are now growen
To be his Taylors.

JUL. Taylors?

ARID. Yes, Taylors in France, they grow to great abominable
purchase, and become great officers. How many Duckets thinke
you he has spent within a twelvemonth, besides his fathers allowance ?

JUL. Besides my fathers allowance ? Why Gentleman, doe
you thinke an Auditor begat me ? Would you have me make
even at yeares end ?

ROM. A hundred duckets a month in breaking Venice glasses.

ARID. He learnt that of an English drunkard, and a Knight too, as I take it. This comes of your numerous Wardrobe.

ROM. I, and wearing Cut-worke, a pound a Purle.

ARID. Your daintie embroydered stockings, with overblowne Roses, to hide your gowtie anckles.

Ro. And wearing more taffaty for a garter, then would serve the Gaily dung-boat for streamers.

ARI. Your switching up at the horse-race, with the Illustrissimi.

ROM. And studying a pusling Arithmatick at the cock-pit.

ARI. Shaking your elbow at the Taule-board.

ROM. And resorting to your whore in hir'd velvet, with a spangled copper fringe at her netherlands.

ARI. Whereas if you had staid at Padua, and fed upon Cow-trotters, and fresh beefe to Supper . . .

JUL. How I am bayted !

ARI. Nay, be not you so forward with him neither, for tis thought, youle prove a maine part of his undoing.

JUL. *aside* I thinke this fellow is a witch.

ROM. Who—I sir ?

ARI. You have certaine rich citie Chuffes, that when they have no acres of their owne, they will goe and plow up fooles, and turne them into excellent meadow; besides some Inclosures for the first Cherries in the Spring, and Apricocks to pleasure a friend at Court with. You have Potecaries deal in selling commodities to yong Gallants, will put foure or five coxcombs into a sieve, and so drumme with them upon their Counter; theyle searse them through like Ginny Pepper—they cannot endure to finde a man like a payre of Tamers, they would undoe him in a trice.

ROM. May be there are such.

ARI. O terrible exactors, fellowes with six hands, and three heads.

JUL. I those are Hell-hounds.

ARI. Take heed of them, theyle rent thee like Tenterhookes. Hearke in your eare, there is intelligence upon you; the report goes, there has been gold conveyd beyond the Sea in hollow Ancres. Farewell, you shall know mee better, I will doe thee more good, then thou art aware of. *Exit AT.*

JUL. Hee's a mad fellow.

SAN. He would have made an excellent Barber, he does so curry it with his tongue. *Exit.*

CRISP. Sir, I was directed to you.

ROM. From whence ?

CRISP. From the East Indies.

ROM. You are very welcome.

CRI. Please you walke apart,
I shall acquaint you with particulars
Touching your Trading i'th East Indies.

ROM. Willingly, pray walke sir.

Ex. Cris. Rom.

Enter Ercole.

ERG. Oh my right worthy friends, you have staid me long—
One health, and then aboard; for all the Gallies
Are come about.

Enter Contarino.

CONT. Signior *Ercole*,
The wind has stood my friend sir, to prevent
Your putting to Sea. ERC. Pray why sir ?

CONT. Onely love sir—
That I might take my leave sir, and withall
Intreat from you a private recommends
To a friend in Malta—'twould be delivered
To your bosome, for I had no time to write.

ERC. Pray leave us Gentlemen. *Exeunt Julio & Baptista.*
Wilt please you sit ? *They sit downe.*

CON. Sir, my love to you has proclaimed you one,
Whose word was still led by a noble thought,
And that thought followed by as faire a deed :
Deceive not that opinion—we were Students
At Padua together, and have long
To'th worlds eye shewen like friends—
Was it hartie on your part to me ?

ERC. Unfained.

CON. You are false
To the good thought I held of you, and now
Joyne the worst part of man to you, your malice,
To uphold that falsehood—sacred innocence
Is fled your bosome. Signior, I must tell you,
To draw the picture of unkindnesse tritely,
Is to expresse two that have dearly loved,

And falne at variance; tis a wonder to me,
Knowing my interest in the fayre *Jolenta*,
That you should love her.

ERC. Compare her beauty, and my youth together,
And you will find the faire effects of love
No myracle at all.

CON. Yes, it will prove
Prodigious to you. I must stay your Voyage.

ERC. Your Warrant must be mightie.

CON. Tis a Scale
From heaven to doe it, since you would ravish from me
What's there entitled mine : and yet I vow,
By the essentiall front of spotlesse Vertue,
I have compassion of both our youths :
To approve which, I have not tane the way,
Like an Italian, to cut your throat
By practise, that had given you now for dead,
And never frownd upon you.

ERC. You deale faire, sir.

CON. Quit me of one doubt, pray sir.

ERC. Move it.

CON. Tis this,
Whether her Brother were a maine Instrument
In her designe for Marriage.

ERC. If I tell truth,
You will not credit me.

CON. Why ?

ERC. I will tell you truth,
Yet shew some reason you have not to beleewe me :
Her brother had no hand in't—ist not hard
For you to credit this ? for you may thinke,
I count it basenesse to ingage another
Into my quarrell; and for that take leave
To dissemble the truth. Sir, if you will fight
With any but my selfe, fight with her Mother,
Shee was the motive.

CON. I have no enemy in the world then, but your selfe;
You must fight with me.

ERC. I will sir. CON. And instantly.

ERC. I will haste before you—poynt whither.

CON. Why you speake nobly, and for this faire dealing,
Were the rich Jewell which we vary for,
A thing to be divided, by my life,
I would be well content to give you halfe :
But since tis vaine to thinke we can be friends,
Tis needfull one of us be tane away,
From being the others enemy.

ERG. Yet me thinks,
This looks not like a quarrell.

CON. Not a quarrell ?

ERG. You have not apparelled your fury well,
It goes too plaine like a Scholler.

CON. It is an ornament
Makes it more terrible, and you shall finde it
A weightie injury, and attended on
By discreet valour; because I doe not strike you,
Or give you the lye—such foule preparatives
Would show like the stale injury of Wine—
I reserve my rage to sit on my swords poynt,
Which a great quantitie of your best blood
Cannot satisfie.

ERG. You promise well to your selfe.
Shall's have no Seconds ?

CON. None, for feare of prevention.

ERG. The length of our weapons ?

CON. Weele fit them by the way :
So whether our time calls us to live or dye,
Let us doe both like noble Gentlemen,
And true Italians.

ERG. For that let me embrace you :

CON. Me thinks, being an Italian, I trust you
To come somewhat too neere me :
But your Jelousie gave that embrace to trie
If I were armed, did it not ?

ERG. No beleeve me,
I take your heart to be sufficient prooffe,
Without a privie coat; and for my part,
A Taffaty is all the shirt of Mayle
I am armed with.

CONT. You deale equally.

Exeunt.

Enter Julio, and Servant.

JUL. Where are these Gallants, the brave *Ercole*,
And noble *Contarino* ?

SER. They are newly gone sir,
And bade me tell you, that they will returne
Within this halfe houre.

Enter Romelio.

JUL. Met you the Lord *Ercole* ?

ROM. No, but I met the devill in villanous tydings.

JUL. Why, what's the matter ?

ROM. Oh I am powr'd out
Like water, the greatest Rivers i'th world
Are lost in the Sea, and so am I : pray leave me.
Where's Lord *Ercole* ?

Ju. You were scarce gone hence,
But in came *Contarino*.

ROM. *Contarino* ?

Ju. And intreated some private conference with *Eicole*,
And on the sudden they have giv'n's the slip.

ROM. One mischief never comes alone :
They are gone to fight.

JUL. To fight ?

ROM. And you be Gentlemen,
Doe not talke, but make haste after them.

JUL. Let's take severall wayes then,
And if't be possible, for womens sakes,
For they are proper men, use our endeavours,
That the pricke doe not spoyle them.

Exeunt.

ACTUS SECUNDUS, SCENA SECUNDA.

Afield.

Enter Ercole, Contarino.

CON. Youle not forgoe your interest in my Mistris ?

ERG. My sword shall answer that; come, are you ready ?

CON. Before you fight sir, thinke upon your cause,
It is a wondrous foule one, and I wish,
That all your exercise these foure dayes past,
Had been imploy'd in a most fervent prayer,

And the foule sinne for which you are to fight
Chiefly remembred in't.

ERC. Ide as soone take
Your counsell in Divinitie at this present,
As I would take a kind direction from you
For the managing my weapon; and indeed,
Both would shew much alike.
Come are you ready ?

CON. Bethinke your selfe,
How faire the object is that we contend for.

ERC. Oh, I cannot forget it.

They fight.

CON. You are hurt.

ERC. Did you come hither only to tell me so,
Or to doe it ? I meane well, but 'twill not thrive.

CON. Your cause, your cause sir :
Will you yet be a man of Conscience, and make
Restitution for your rage upon your death-bed ?

ER. Never, till the grave gather one of us.

Fight.

CON. That was faire, and home I thinke.

Wounds Ercole.

ER. You prate as if you were in a Fence-schoole.

CON. Spare your youth, have compassion on your seife.

ER. When I am all in pieces—I am now unfit.

For any Ladies bed; take the rest with you.

Contarino wounded, falls upon Ercole.

CON. I am lost in too much daring : yeeld your sword.

ER. To the pangs of death I shall, but not to thee.

CON. You are now at my repaying, or confusion :
Begge your life.

ERC. Oh most foolishly demaunded,
To bid me beg that which thou canst not give.

Enter Romelio, Prosp., Bapt., Ario., Julio.

PRO. See both of them are lost; we come too late.

ROM. Take up the body, and convey it
To Saint *Sebastians* Monastery.

CON. I will not part with his sword, I have won't.

JUL. You shall not:

Take him up gently : so—and bow his body,
For feare of bleeding inward.

Well, these are perfect lovers. PROS. Why, I pray ?

JUL. It has been ever my opinion,

That there are none love perfectly indeed,
But those that hang or drowne themselves for love :
Now these have chose a death next to Beheading,
They have cut one anothers throats,
Brave valiant Lads.

PRO. Come, you doe ill, to set the name of valour
Upon a violent and mad despaire.
Hence may all learne, that count such actions well,
The roots of fury shoot themselves to hell.

Exeunt.

ACTUS SECUNDUS, SCENA TERTIA.

Leonora's house.

Enter Romelio, Anosto.

ARIO. Your losses I confesse, are infinite,
Yet sir, you must have patience.

ROM. Sir, my losses
I know, but you I doe not.

ARI. Tis most true,
I am but a stranger to you, but am wisht
By some of your best friends, to visit you,
And out of my experience in the world,
To instruct you patience.

ROM. Of what profession are you ?

ARIO. Sir, I am a Lawyer.

ROM. Of all men living,
You Lawyers I account the onely men
To confirme patience in us—your delayes
Would make three parts of this little Christian world
Run out of their wits else. Now I remember,
You read Lectures to *Julio*—are you such a Leech
For patience ?

ARI. Yes sir, I have had some crosses.

ROM. You are married then I am certaine.

ARI. That I am sir.

ROM. And have you studied patience ?

ARIO. You shall find I have.

ROM. Did you ever see your wife make you Cuckold ?

ARIO. Make me Cuckold ?

ROM. I aske it seriously—and you have not scene that,
Your patience has not tane the right degree
Of wearing Scarlet; I should rather take you
For a Batchelor in the Art, then for a Doctor.

ARI. You are merry.

ROM. No sir, with leave of your patience, I am horribly angry.

ARI. What should moove you
Put forth that harsh Interrogatory, if these eyes *
Ever saw my wife doe the thing you wot of ?

ROM. Why He tell you—
Most radically to try your patience,
And the meere question shewes you but a Dunse in't.
It has made you angry; there's another Lawyers beard
In your forehead, you doe brissle.

ARI. You are very conceited :
But come, this is not the right way to cure you.
I must talke to you like a Divine.

ROM. I have heard
Some talke of it very much, and many times
To their Auditors impatience; but I pray,
What practise doe they make of't in their lives ?
They are too full of choller with living honest,
And some of them not oncly impatient
Of their owne sleightest injuries, but starke mad,
At one anothers preferment: now to you sir—
I have lost three goodly Carracks. ARI. So I heare.

ROM. The very Spice in them,
Had they been shipwrackt heere upon our coast,
Would have made all our Sea a Drench.

ARIO. All the sicke horses in Italy
Would have been glad of your losse then.

ROM. You are conceited too.

ARIO. Come, come, come,
You gave those ships most strange, most dreadfull, and
Unfortunate names—I never lookt they'd prosper.

ROM. Is there any ill Omen in giving names to ships ?

ARIO. Did you not call one, *The Stormes Defiance*;
Another, *The Scourge of the Sea*; and the third, *The Great Leviathan* ? ROM. Very right sir.

ARI. Very devillish names

All three of them : and surely I thinke, they were curst
In their very cradles, I doe meane, when they were
Upon their Stockes.

ROM. Come, you are superstitious,
He give you my opinion, and tis serious :
I am perswaded there came not Cuckolds enow
To the first Launching of them, and 'twas that
Made them thrive the worse for't. Oh your Cuckolds hansell
Is praid for i'th Citie.

ARI. I will heare no more,
Give me thy hand—my intent of comming hither,
Was to perswade you to patience; as I live,
If ever I doe visit you agen,
It shall be to intreat you to be angry, sure I will,
He be as good as my word, beleeeve it.

Exit.

ROM. So sir : how now ?
Are the Scritch-owles abroad already ?

Enter Leonora.

LEON. What a dismall noyse yon bell makes,
Sure some great person's dead. ROM. No such matter,
It is the common Bell-man goes about,
To publish the sale of goods.

LEON. Why doe they ring
Before my gate thus ? Let them into'th Court,
I cannot understand what they say.

Enter two Belmen and a Capouchin.

CAP. For pities sake, you that have teares to shed,
Sigh a soft Requiem, and let fall a Bead,
For two unfortunate Nobles, whose sad fate
Leaves them both dead, and excommunicate :
No Churchmans prayer to comfort their last groanes,
No sacred sod of earth to hide their bones;
But as their fury wrought them out of breath,
The Canon speakes them guiltie of their owne death.

LEON. What Noblemen I pray sir ?

CAP. The Lord *Ercole*,
And the noble *Contarino*, both of them
Slaine in single combat.

LEO. O, I am lost for ever.

ROM. Denide Christian Buriall—I pray what does that,
Or the dead lazy march in the Funerall,

Or the flattery in the Epitaphs, which shewes
More sluttish farre then all the Spiders webs
Shall ever grow upon it: what doe these
Adde to our well-being after death ?

CAPU. Not a scruple.

ROM. Very well then,
I have a certaine Meditation,
If I can thinke of't, somewhat to this purpose—
He say it to you, while my mother there
Numbers her Beades.

You that dwell neere these graves and vaults,
Which oft doe hide Physicions faults,
Note what a small Roome does suffice,
To expresse mens good—their vanities
Would fill more volume in small hand,
Then all the Evidence of Church-land.
Funerals hide men in civill wearing,
And are to the Drapers a good hearing,
Make the Heraulds laugh in their blacke rayment,
And all die Worthies die worth payment
,To the Altar Offerings, tho their fame,
And all the charitie of their name,
'Tweene heaven and this yeeld no more light,
Then rotten trees, which shine i'th night.
Oh looke the last Act be the best i'th Play,
And then rest gentle bones—yet pray,
That when by the precise you are vewed,
A Supersedeas be not sued,
To remoove you to a place more ayrie,
That in your stead they may keepe chary
Stockfish, or Seacole, for the abuses
Of sacriledge have turn'd graves to vilder uses.
How then can any Monument say,
Here rest these bones, till the last day,
When time swift both of foot and feather,
May beare them the Sexton kens not wither ?
What care I then, the my last sleepe,
Be in the Desart, or in the deepe,
No Lampe, nor Taper, day and night,
To give my Charnell chargeable light ?

I have there like quantitie of ground,
And at the last day I shall be found.
Now I pray leave me.

CAPU. I am sorry for your losses.

ROM. Um sir—the more spatious that the Tennis court is,
The more large is the Hazard.
I dare the spitefull Fortune doe her worst,
I can now feare nothing.

CAPU. Oh sir, yet consider,
He that is without feare, is without hope,
And sins from presumption; better thoughts attend you !
Exit Ca. & Bellmen.

Ro. Poore *Jolenta*, should she heare of this !
Shee would not after the report keepe fresh,
So long as flowers in graves. *Enter Prospero.*
How now *Prospero* ?

PRO. *Contarino* has sent you here his Will,
Wherein he has made your sister his sole heire.

ROM. Is he not dead ? PRO. Hee's yet living.

ROM. Living ? the worse lucke.

LEO. The worse ? I doe protest it is the best,
That ever came to disturbe my prayers.

ROM. How !

LEON. Yet I would have him live
To satisfie publique Justice for the death
Of *Ercole* : oh goe visit him for heavens sake.
I have within my Closet a choyce Relicke,
Preservative 'gainst swounding, and some earth,
Brought from the Holy Land, right soveraigne
To staunch blood : has he skilfull Surgeons, thinke you ?

PRO. The best in Naples ?

ROM. How oft has he been drest ?

PRO. But once.

LEO. I have some skill this way :
The second or third dressing will shew clearely,
Whether there be hope of life : I pray be neere him,
If there be any soule can bring me word,
That there is hope of life.

ROM. Doe you prise his life so ?

LEO. That he may live, I meane,

To come to his tryall, to satisfie the Law.

ROM. Oh, ist nothing else ?

LEO. I shall be the happiest woman.

Exeunt Le. Pro.

ROM. Here is cruelty appareled in kindnesse.

I am ful of thoughts, strange ones, but they'r no good ones.

I must visit *Contarino*, upon that

Depends an Engine shall weigh up my losses,

Were they sunke as low as hell; yet let me thinke,

How I am impayred in a houre, and the cause oft—

Lost in securitie : oh how this wicked world bewitches,

Especialy made insolent with riches !

So Sayles with fore-winds stretcht, doe soonest breake,

And Piramides ath top, are still most weake.

Exit.

ACTUS SECUNDUS, SCENA QUARTA.

A street.

Enter Capuchin, Ercole led betweene two.

CAP. Looke up sir,

You are preserved beyond naturall reason—

You were brought dead out a'th field, the Surgeons

Ready to have embalmed you.

ERG. I do looke on my action with a thought of terror—

To doe ill and dwell in't, is unmanly.

CAP. You are divinely informed sir.

ERC. I fought for one in whom I have no more right,

Then false executors have in Orphans goods,

They cozen them of; yet tho my cause were naught,

I rather chose the hazard of my soule,

Then foregoe the complement of a chollerick man.

I pray continue the report of my death, and give out,

'Cause the Church denyed me Christian buriall,

The Viceadmirall of my Gallics tooke my body,

With purpose to commit it to the earth,

Either in Sicil, or Malta.

CAP. What ayme you at

By this rumour of your death ?

ERC. There is hope of life

In *Contarino* and he has my prayers,

That he may live to enjoy what is his owne,
The faire *Jolenta*; where, should it be thought
That I were breathing, happily her friends
Would oppose it still.

CAPU. But if you be supposed dead,
The Law will strictly prosecute his life
For your murder.

ERC. That's prevented thus—
There does belong a noble Priviledge
To all his Family, ever since his father
Bore from the worthy Emperour *Charles* the fift
An answer to the French Kings challenge, at such time
The two noble Princes were ingag'd to fight,
Upon a frontier arme o'th sea in a flat-bottom'd Boat—
That if any of his Family should chance
To kill a man i'th Field, in a noble cause,
He should have his Pardon; now sir, for his cause,
The world may judge if it were not honest.
Pray helpe me in speech, tis very painfull to me.

CAPU. Sir I shall.

ERC. The guilt of this lyes in *Romelio*,
And as I heare, to second this good Contract,
He has got a Nun with child.

CAP. These are crimes
That either must make worke for speedy repentance,
Or for the Devill.

ERC. I have much compassion on him,
por sinne and shame are ever tyde together,
With Gordian knots, of such a strong threed spun,
They cannot without violence be undone.

Exeunt.

Explicit Actus secundus.

ACTUS TERTIUS, SCENA PRIMA.

The same.

Enter Ariosto, Crispiano.

ARIOST. Weil sir, now I must claime
Your promise, to reveale to me the cause
Why you live thus clouded.

CRISP. Sir, the King of Spaine
 Suspects, that your *Romelio* here, the Merchant
 Has discover'd some Gold-myne to his owne use,
 In the West Indies, and for that employes me,
 To discover in what part of Christendome
 He vents this Treasure : Besides, he is informed
 What mad tricks has bin plaid of late by Ladies.

APRI. Most true, and I am glad the King has heard on't:
 Why they use their Lords, as if they were their Wards;
 And as your Dutchwomen in the Low Countries,
 Take all and pay all, and doe keepe their Husbands
 So silly all their lives of their owne estates,
 That when they are sicke, and come to make their Will,
 They know not precisely what to give away
 From their wives, because they know not what they are worth :
 So heare should I repeat what factions,
 What Bat-fowling for Offices—
 As you must conceive their Game is all i'th night—
 What calling in question one anothers honesties,
 Withall what sway they beare i'th Viceroyes Court,
 You'd wonder at it:
 Twill doe well shortly, can we keepe them off
 From being of our Councell of Warre.

CRISP. Well, I have vowed,
 That I will never sit upon the Bench more,
 Unlesse it be to curbe the insolencies
 Of these women.

ARID. Well, take it on my word then,
 Your place will not long be emptie.

Exeunt.

ACTUS TERTIUS, SCENA SECUNDA.

The same—before a Surgeon's house.

Enter Romelio in the habit of a Jew.

ROM. Excellently well habited !—why me thinks,
 That I could play with mine owne shaddow now,
 And be a rare Italienated Jew;
 To have as many severatl change of faces,
 As I have seene carv'd upon one Cherrystone;

To winde about a man like rotten Ivie,
 Eate into him like Quicksilver, poyson a friend
 With pulling but a loose haire from's beard, or give a drench,
 He should linger of't nine yeares, and nere complaine,
 But in the Spring and Fall, and so the cause
 Imputed to the disease naturall; for sleight villanies,
 As to coyne money, corrupt Ladies Honours,
 Betray a Towne to'th Turke, or make a Bonfire
 A'th Christian Navy, I could settle to't,
 As if I had eate a Politician,
 And digested him to nothing but pure blood.
 But stay, I loose my selfe, this is the house.
 Within there !

He knocks. Enter two Surgeons.

1. SUR. Now sir ?

ROM. You are the men of Art, that as I heare,
 Have the Lord *Contarino* under cure.

2. SUR. Yes sir, we are his Surgeons,
 But he is past all Cure.

ROM. Why, is he dead ?

1. SUR. He is speechlesse sir, and we doe find his wound
 So fester'd neere the vitals, all our Art
 By warme drinks, cannot cleare th'impostumation,
 And hee's so weake, to make incision
 By the Orifix were present death to him.

ROM. He has made a Will I heare. 1. SUR. Yes sir.

ROM. And deputed *Jolenta* his heyre.

2. SUR. He has, we are witnesse to't.

ROM. Has not *Romclio* been with you yet.

To give you thanks, and ample recompence
 For the paincs you have tane ? 1. SUR. Not yet.

ROM. Listen to me Gentlemen, for I protest,
 If you will seriously mind your owne good,
 I am come about a businesse shall convey
 Large legacies from *Contarino's* Will
 To both of you.

2. SUR. How sir ? Why *Romelio* has the wil,
 And in that he has given us nothing.

ROM. I pray attend me : I am a Phisician.

2. SUR. A Phisician ? where doe you practise ?

ROM. In Rome.

1. SUR. O then you have store of Patients.

ROM. Store ? why looke you, I can kill my 20. a month
And worke but i'th forenoones : (you will give me leave
To jest and be merry with you); but as I said,
All my study has been Phisicke—I am sent
From a noble Roman that is neere a-kinne
To *Contarino*, and that ought indeed,
By the Law of alliance, be his onely heyre,
To practise his good and yours.

BOTH. How, I pray sir ?

ROM. I can by an Extraction which I have,
Tho he were speechlesse, his eyes set in's head,
His pulses without motion, restore to him
For halfe an houres space the use of sense,
And perhaps a little speech : having done this,
If we can worke him, as no doubt we shall,
To make another Will, and therein assigne
This Gentleman his Heyre, I will assure you,
Fore I depart this house, ten thousand Duckets,
And then welle pull the pillow from his head,
And let him eene goe whither the Religion sends him
That he died in.

1. SUR. Will you give's ten thousand Duckets ?

ROM. Upon my Jewisme.

2. SUR. Tis a bargaine sir, we are yours :

They draw the traverse, discovering Contarino in a bed.

Here is the Subject you must worke on.

ROM. Well said, you are honest men,
And goe to the businesse roundly : but Gentlemen,
I must use my Art singly.

1. SUR. Oh sir, you shall have all privacy—

ROM. And the doores lockt to me.

2. SUR. At your best pleasure.

aside Yet for all this, I will not trust this Jew.

1. SUR. *aside* Faith, to say truth,
I doe not like him neither, he looks like a rogue.

This is a fine toy, fetch a man to life,
To make a new Will—there's some tricke in't.

He be neere you, Jew.

Exeunt Surgeons.

ROM. Excellent!—as I would, wish : these credulous fooles

Have given me freely what I would have bought
 With a great deale of money.—Softly, here's breath yet;
 Now *Ercok*, for part of the Revenge,
 Which I have vow'd for thy untimely death :
 Besides this politique working of my owne,
 That scornes Precedent—why, should this great man live,
 And not enjoy my sister, as I have vowed
 He never shall, Oh, he may alter's will
 Every New Moone if he please; to prevent which,
 I must put in a strong Caveat. Come forth then
 My desperate Steeetto, that may be worne
 In a womans haire, and nere discover'd,
 And either would be taken for a Bodkin,
 Or a curling yron at most; why tis an engine,
 That's onely fit to put in execution
 Barmotho Pigs—a most unmanly weapon,
 That steales into a mans life he knowes not how :
 O that great *Ccesar*, he that past the shocke
 Of so many armed Pikes, and poyson'd Darts
 Swords, Slings, and Battleaxes, should at length
 Sitting at ease on a cushion, come to dye
 By such a Shoo-makers aule as this, his soule let forth
 At a hole no bigger then the incision
 Made for a wheale ! uds foot, I am horribly angry,
 That he should dye so scurvily : yet wherefore
 Doe I condemne thee thereof so cruelly,
 Yet shake him by the hand ?—tis to expresse,
 That I would never have such weapons used,
 But in a plot like this, that's treacherous :
 Yet this shall proove most mercifull to thee,
 For it shall preserve thee
 From dying on a publique Scaffold, and withall
 Bring thee an absolute Cure, thus.

Stabs him.

So, tis done :

And now for my escape.

Enter Surgeons.

1. SUR. You Rogue Mountebanke,
 I will try whether your inwards can indure
 To be washt in scalding lead.

ROM. Hold, I turne Christian.

2. SUR. Nay prethee bee a Jew still;

I would not have a Christian be guiltie
Of such a villanous act as this' is.

ROM. I am *Romelio* the Marchant.

1. SUR. *Romelio* \ you have proved your selfe
A cunning Marchant indeed.

ROM. You may reade why
I came hither.

2. SUR. Yes, in a bloody Roman Letter.

ROM. I did hate this man, each minute of his breath
Was torture to me.

1. SUR. Had you forborne this act, he had not liv'd
This two houres.

ROM. But he had died then,
And my revenge unsatisfied : here's gold;
Never did wealthy man purchase the silence
Of a terrible scolding wife at a dearer rate,
Then I will pay for yours : here's your earnest
In a bag of double Duckets.

2. SUR. Why looke you sir, as I do weigh this busines,
This cannot be counted murder in you by no meanes.
Why tis no more, then should I goe and choke
An Irishman, that were three quarters drown'd,
With powring Usquebath in's throat.

Ro. You will be secret ? 1. SUR. As your soule.

ROM. The West Indies shall sooner want gold, then you then,

2. Su. That protestation has the musick of the Mint in't.

Ro. *aside* How unfortunatly was I surpriz'd !—

I have made my selfe a slave perpetually

To these two beggars.

Exit.

1. Su. Excellent; by this act he has made his estate ours.

2. Su. He presently grow a lazy Surgeon, & ride on my foot-cloth; lie fetch from him every eight dayes a policy for a hundred double Duckets; if hee grumble, He peach.

1. SUR. But let's take heed he doe not poyson us.

2. SUR. Oh, I will never eate nor drinke with him,
Without Unicornes Home in a hollow tooth.

CONT. Oh ! 1. SUR. Did he not groane ?

2. SUR. Is the wind in that doore still ?

1. SUR. Ha ! come hither, note a strange accident:
His Steele has lighted in the former wound,

And made free passage for the congealed blood;
Observe in what abundance it delivers
The putrifaction.

2. SUR. Me thinks he fetches
His breath very lively.

1. SUR. The hand of heaven is in't,
That his entent to Kill, him should become
The very direct way to save his life.

2. SUR. Why this is like one I have heard of in England,
Was cured a'th Gowt, by being rackt i'th Tower.
Well, if we can recover him, here's reward
On both sides : howsoever, we must be secret.

1. SUR. We are tyde to't,
When we cure Gentlemen of foule diseases,
They give us so much for the cure, and twice as much,
That we doe not blab on't. Come lets to worke roundly,
Heat the Lotion, and bring the Searing.

Exeunt.

ACTUS TERTIUS, SCENA TERTIA.

Leonora's House.

*A Table set forth with two Tapers, a Deaths head, a
Booke. Jolenta in mourning, Romelio sits by her.*

ROM. Why do you grieve thus ? take a Looking-glassc,
And see if this sorrow become you; that pale face
Will make men thinke you usde some Art before,
Some odious painting : *Contarino's* dead.

JOL. Oh that he should dye so soone !

ROM. Why, I pray tell me,
Is not the shortest fever the best ? and are not bad Playes
The worse for their length ?

JOLEN. Adde not to'th ill y'ave done
An odious slander; he stuck i'th eyes a'th Court,
As the most choyce Jewell there.

ROM. Oh be not angry;
Indeed the Court to well composed nature
Addes much to perfection : for it is or should be,
As a bright Christall Mirrour to the world,
To dresse it selfe; but I must tell you sister,

If th'excellency of the place could have wrought salvation,
 The Devill had nere falne from heaven; he was proud—
Jolenta rises angrily to go away.

Leave us, leave us ?

Come, take your seat agen, I have a plot,
 If you will listen to it seriously,
 That goes beyond example—it shall breed
 Out of the death of these two Noblemen,
 The advancement of our House.

JOL. Oh take heed,
 A grave is a rottea fomidation.

TtoM. Nay, nay, heare me.
 Tis somewhat indirectly, I confesse :
 But there is much advauncement in the world,
 That comes in indirectly. I pray mind me :
 You are already made by absolute Will,
Contarino's heyre : now, if it can be prooved,
 That you have issue by Lord *Ercole*,
 I will make you inhente his Land too.

JOL. How's this ?
 Issue by him, he dead, and I a Virgin !

ROM. I knew you would wonder how it could be done,
 But I have layd the case so radically,
 Not all the Lawyers in Christendome
 Shall finde any the least flaw in't: I have a Mistris
 Of the Order of Saint *Clare*, a beautilous Nun,
 Who being cloystred ere she knew the heat
 Her blood would arrive to, had onely time enough
 To repent, and idienesse sufficient
 To fall in love with mee; and to be short,
 I have so much disordered the holy Order,
 I have got this Nun with child.

JOL. Excellent worke made for a dumbe Mid-wife !

ROM. I am glad you grow thus pleasant.
 Now will I have you presently give out,
 That you are full two moneths quickned with child
 By *Ercole*, which rumour can beget
 No scandall to you, since we will affirme,
 The Precontract was so exactly done,
 By the same words usde in the forme of manage,

That with a little Dispensation,
A money matter, it shall be registred
Absolute Matrimony.

JOL. So—then I conceive you,
My conceived child must prove your Bastard.

ROM. Right:
For at such time my Mistris fals in labour
You must faine the like.

JOL. Tis a pretty feat this,
But I am not capable of it.

ROM. Not capable ?

JOL. No, for the thing you would have me counterfet,
Is not essentially put in practise : nay, tis done,
I am with child already. ROM. Ha, by whom ?

JOL. By *Contarino*—doe not knit the brow,
The Precontract shall justifie it, it shall:
Nay, I will get some singular fine Churchman,
Or tho he be a plurall one, shall affirme,
He coupled us together.

ROM. Oh misfortune !

Your child must then be reputed *Ercoles*.

JOL. Your hopes are dasht then, since your Votaries issue
Must not inherit the land.

ROM. No matter for that,
So I preserve her fame. I am strangely puzzled :
Why, suppose that she be brought abed before you,
And we conceale her issue till the time
Of your delivery, and then give out,
That you have two at a birth; ha, wert not excellent ?

JOL. And what resemblance think you, would they have
To one another ? Twinnes are still alike :
But this is not your ayme, you would have your child
Inherite *Ercoles* Land—Oh my sad soule,
Have you not made me yet wretched ynough,
But after all this frostie age in youth,
Which you have witcht upon me, you will seeke
To poyson my Fame ?

ROM. That's done already.

JOL. No sir, I did but faine it,
To a fatall purpose, as I thought.

ROM. What purpose ?

JOL. If you had lov'd or teridred my deare honour,
You would have lockt your ponyard in my heart,
When I nam'd I was with child; but I must live
To linger out, till the consumption
Of my owne sorrow kill me.

ROM. *aside* This will not doe;
The Devill has on the sudden furnisht mee
With a rare charme, yet a most unnaturall falshood :
No matter so 'twill take.
Stay sister, I would utter to you a businesse,
But I am very loath : a thing indeed,
Nature would have compassionately conceal'd,
Till my mothers eyes be closed.

JOL. Pray what's that sir ?

ROM. You did observe,
With what a deare regard our mother tendred
The Lord *Contarino*, yet how passionately
Shee sought to crosse the match : why this was meerely
To blind the eye o'th world; for she did know
That you would marry him, and he was capable.
My mother doated upon him, and it was plotted
Cunningly betweene them, after you were married,
Living all three together in one house—
A thing I cannot whisper without horreur :
Why, the malice scarce of Devils would suggest,
Incontinence 'twene them two.

JOL. I remember since his hurt,
Shee has bene very passionately enquiring,
After his health.

ROM. Upon my soule, this Jewell,
With a piece of the holy Crosse in't, this reiiicke,
Vallew'd at many thousand crownes, she would have sent him,
Lying upon his death-bed.

JOL. Professing as you say,
Love to my mother : wherefore did he make
Me his heyre ?

ROM. His Will was made afore he went to fight,
When he was first a Suitor to you.

JOL. To fight: oh well remembred !—

If he lov'd my mother, wherefore did he loose
His life in my quarrell ?

ROM. For the affront sake, a word you understand not—
Because *Ercole* was pretended Rivall to him,
To cleare your suspition; I was guild in't too :
Should he not have fought upon't,
He had undergone the censure of a Coward.

JOL. How came you by this wretched knowledge ?

ROM. His Surgeon over-heard it,
As he did sigh it out to his Confessor,
Some halfe houre fore hee died.

JOL. I would have the Surgeon hang'd
For abusing Confession, and for making me
So wretched by'th report. Can this be truth ?

ROM. No, but direct falshood,
As ever was banisht the Court: did you ever heare
Of a mother that has kept her daughters husband
For her owne tooth ? He fancied you in one kind,
For his lust,
And he loved our mother in another kind,
For her money—

The Gallants fashion right. But come, nere thinke on't,
Throw the fowle to the Devill that hatcht it, and let this
Bury all ill that's in't—shee is our mother.

JOL. I never did find any thing ith world,
Turne my blood so much as this : here's such a conflict,
Between apparant presumption, and unbeleefe,
That I shall dye in't.

Oh, if there be another world i'th Moone,
As some fantasticks dreame, I could wish all men,
The whole race of them, for their inconstancy,
Sent thither to people that. Why, I protest,
I now affect the Lord *Ercoles* memory,
Better then the other's.

ROM. But were *Contarino* living ?

JOL. I doe call any thing to witnesse,
That the divine Law prescribed us to strengthen
An oath, were he living and in health, I would never
Mary with him. Nay, since I have found the world
So false to me, lie be as false to it;

I will mother this child for you. ROM. Ha ?

JOL. Most certainly it will beguile part of my sorrow.

ROM. Oh most assuredly—make you smile to thinke,
How many times ith world Lordships descend
To divers men, that might, and truth were knowne,
Be heyre, for any thing belongs to'th flesh,
As well to the Turkes richest Eunuch.

JOL. But doe you not thinke
I shall have a horrible strong breath now ?

ROM. Why ?

JOL. Oh, with keeping your counsel, tis so terrible foule

ROM. Come, come, come,
You must leave these bitter flashes.

JOL. Must I dissemble dishonestie ? you have divers
Counterfeit honestie : but I hope here's none
Will take exceptions; I now must practise
The art of a great-bellyed woman, and goe faine
Their qualmes and swoundings.

ROM. Eat unripe fruit, and Oatmeale,
To take away your colour.

JOL. Dine in my bed
Some two houres after noone.

ROM. And when you are up,
Make to your petticoat a quilted preface,
To advance your belly.

JOL. I have a strange conceit now.
I have knowen some women when they were with child,
Have long'd to beat their Husbands : what if I,
To keepe decorum, exercise my longing
Upon my Taylor that way, and noddle him soundly ?—
Heele make the larger Bill for't.

ROM. He get one shall be as tractable to't as Stockfish.

JOL. Oh my phantasticall sorrow !—Cannot I now
Be miserable enough, unlesse I weare
A pyde fooles coat ? Nay worse, for when our passions
Such giddy and uncertaine changes breed,
We are never well, till we are mad indeed.

Exit.

ROM. So—nothing' in the world could have done this,
But to beget in her a strong distaste
Of the Lord *Contarino* : oh Jelousie,

How violent, especially in women,
How often has it raisd the devil up
In forme of a law-case ! My especiall care
Must be, to nourish craftily this fiend,
Tweene the mother and the daughter, that the deceit
Be not perceived. My next taske, that my sister,
After this supposed child-birth, be perswaded
To enter into Religion : tis concluded,
Shee must never, marry; so I am left guardian
To her estate : and lastly, that my two Surgeons
Be waged to the East Indies : let them prate,
When they are beyond the Lyne; the Callenture,
Or the Scurvy, or the Indian Pox, I hope,
Will take order for their comming backe.
Oh heere's my mother : I ha strange newes for you—
My sister is with child.

Enter Leon.

LEO. I doe looke now
For some great misfortunes to follow : for indeed mischiefes
Are like the Visits of Franciscan Fryers,
They never come to pray upon us single.
In what estate left you *Contarino* ?

ROM. Strange, that you
Can skip from the former sorrow to such a question !
He tell you—in the absence of his Surgeon,
My charitie did that for him in a trice,
They would have done at leasure, and been paid for't.
I have killed him.

LEON. I am twentie yeares elder
Since you last opened your lips. ROM. Ha ?

LEON. You have given him the wound you speake of
Quite thorow your mothers heart.

ROM. I will heale it presently mother : for this sorrow
Belongs to your errour : you would have him live,
Because you thinke hee's father of the child ;
But *Jolenta* vowes by all the rights of Truth,
Tis *Ercok's* : it makes me smile to thinke,
How cunningly my sister could be drawn
To the Contract, and yet how familiarly
To his bed. Doves never couple without
A kind of murmur. LEO. Oh, I am very sicke.

ROM. Your old disease—when you are griev'd, you are troubled
With the Mother.

LEO. *aside* I am rapt with the Mother indeed,
That I ever bore such a sonne.

ROM. Pray tend my sister,
I am infinitely full of businesse.

LEO. Stay, you will mourne
For *Contarino*? Ro. Oh by all meanes, tis fit—
My sister is his heire.

Exit.

LEO. I will make you chiefe mourner, beleeeve it.
Never waa-woe like mine : oh that my care,
And absolute study to preserve his life,
Should be his absolute mine ! Is he gone then ?
There is no plague i'th world can be compared
To impossible desire, for they are plagued
In the desire it s^alfe : never, oh never
Shall I behold him living, in whose life
I lived farre sweetlier then in mine owne.
A precise curiositie has undone me; why did I not
Make my love knowne directly ? 't had not been
Beyond example, for a Matron to affect
Th^e honourable way of Marriage,
So youthfull a person : oh I shall runnc mad,
For as we love our youngest children best :
So the last fruit of our affection,
Where ever we bestow it, is most strong,
Most violent, most unresistable,
Since tis indeed our latest Harvest-home,
Last merrym^ent fore Winter; and we widdowes,
As men report of our best Picture-makers,
We love the piece we are in hand with better,
Then all the excellent worke we have done before—
And my sonne has deprived me of all this. Ha my sonne !—
He be a fury to him—like an Amazon Lady,
Ide cut off this right pap, that gave him sucke,
To shoot him dead. lie no more tender him,
Then had a Wolfe stolne to my teat i'th night,
And robb'd me of my milke : nay, such a creature
I should love better farre.—Ha, ha, what say you ?
I doe talke to somewhat, me thinks; it may be

My evill Genius. Doe not the Bells ring ?
 I have a strange noyse in my head : oh, fly in pieces !—
 Come age, and wither me into the malice
 Of those that have been happy; let me have
 One propertie more then the Devill of Hell,
 Let me envy the pleasure of youth heartily,
 Let me in this life feare no kmde of ill,
 That have no good to hope for : let me dye
 In the distraction of that worthy Princessse,
 Who loathed food, and sleepe, and ceremony,
 For thought of loosing that brave Gentleman,
 She would faine have saved, had not a false convayance
 Exprest him stubborne-hearted. Let me sinke,
 Where neither man, nor memory may ever find me.

Falls downe. Enter Capuchin & Ercole.

CAP. This is a private way which I command,
 As her Confessor. I would not have you scene yet,
 Till I prepare her. *Ercole withdraws.* Peace to you Lady.

LEO. Ha ?

CAP. You are wel imployd, I hope; the best pillow i'th world
 For this your contemplation, is the earth,
 And the best object heaven.

LEO. I am whispering to a dead friend.

CAP. And I am come
 To bring you tidings of a friend was dead,
 Restored to life againe. Leo. Say sir ?

CAP. One whom I dare presume, next to your children,
 You tendred above life.

LEO. Heaven will not suffer me
 Utterly to be lost.

CAP. For hee should have been
 Your sonne in Law—miraculously saved,
 When Surgery gave him ore. LEON. Oh, may you live
 To winne many soules to heaven, worthy sir,
 That your crowne may be the greater. Why my sonne
 Made me beleeve he stole into his chamber,
 And endrd that which *Ercole* began
 By a deadly stabb in's heart.

ERCO. *aside* Alas, shee mistakes,

Tis *Contarino* she wishes living; but I must fasten
On her last words, for my owne safetie.

LEO. Where,
Oh where shall I meet this comfort ?

ERCO. *revealing himself* Here in the vowed comfort of your
daughter.

LEO. Oh I am dead agen—instead of the man, you present me
The grave swallowed him.

ERCO. Collect your selfe, good Lady,
Would you behold brave *Contarino* living ?
There cannot be a nobler Chronicle
Of his good then my selfe : if you would view him dead,
I will present him to you bleeding fresh,
In my penitency. LEO. Sir, you doe onely live,
To redeeme another ill you have committed,
That my poore innocent daughter perish not,
By your vild sinne, whom you have got with child.

ERCO. Here begin all my compassion : oh poore soule !
Shee is with child by *Contarino*, and he dead,
By whom should she preserve her fame to'th world,
But by my selfe that loved her bove the world ?
There never was a way more honourable,
To exercise my vertue, then to father it,
And preserve her credit, and to marry her.
He suppose her *Contarino's* widdow, bequeath'd to me
Upon his Death : for sure shee was his wife,
But that the Ceremony a'th Church was wanting.
Report this to her, Madam, and withall,
That never father did conceave more joy
For the birth of an heyre, then I to understand,
Shee had such confidence in me. I will not now
Presse a Visit upon her, till you have prepared her :
For I doe reado in your distraction,
Should I be brought a'th sudden to her presence.
Either the hastie fright, or else the shame
May blast the fruit within her. I will leave you,
To commend as loyall faith and service to her,
As ere heart harbour'd—by my hope of blisse,
I never liv'd to doe good act but this.

CAP. *aside to Ercole* Withall, and you be wise.

Remember what the mother has reveal'd
Of *Romelio's* treachery.

Exeunt Ercole, Capuchin.

LEON. A most noble fellow ! In his loyaltie
I read what worthy comforts I have lost
In my deare *Contarino*, and all addes
To my dispayre.—Within there !

Enter Winifrid.

Fetch the picture
Hangs in my inner closet. I remember,
I let a word slip of *Romelio's* practise
At the Surgeons': no matter, I can salve it,
I have deeper vengeance that's preparing for him—
To let him live and kill him, that's revenge
I meditate upon.

Exit Win.

Enter Win. and the Picture.

LEO. So, hang it up.

I was enjoyned by the partie ought that picture,
Fortie yeares since, ever when I was vext,
To looke upon that: what was his meaning in't,
I know not, but me thinkes upon the sudden,
It has furnisht me with mischiefe—such a plot,
As never mother dreamt of. Here begins
My part i'th play : my sonnes estate is sunke,
By losse at sea, and he has nothing left,
But the Land his father left him. Tis concluded,
The Law shall undoe him. Come hither,
I have a weightie secret to impart,
But I would have thee first confirme to mee,
How I may trust, that thou canst keepe my counsel!,
Beyond death.

WIN. Why Mistris, tis your onely way,
To enjoyne me first that I reveale to you
The worst act I ere did in all my life :
So one secret shall bind another.

LEO. Thou instruct'st me
Most ingenuously—for indeed it is not fit,
Where any act is plotted, that is nought,
Any of counsell to it should be good,
And in a thousand ils have hapt i'th world,
The intelligence of oae anothers shame
Have wrought farre more effectually then the tye
Of Conscience, or Religion.

WIN. But thinke not, Mistris,
That any sinne which ever I committed,
Did conerne you—for proving false in one thing,
You were a foole, if ever you would trust me
In the least matter of weight.

LEO. Thou hast lived with me
These fortie yeares; we have growne old together,
As many Ladies and their women doe,
With talking nothing, and with doing lesse :
We have spent our life in that which least concernes life,
Only in putting on our clothes; and now I thinke on't,
I have been a very courtly Mistris to thee,
I have given thee good words, but no de^aeds—now's the time,
To requite all; my sonne has sixe Lordships left him.

WIN. Tis truth.

LEO. But he cannot live foure dayes to enjoy them.

WIN. Have you poysoned him ?

LEO. No, the poyson is yet but brewing.

WIN. You must minister it to him with all privacie.

LEO. Privacie ? It shall be given him
In open Court—lie make him swallow it
Before the Judges face : if he be Master
Of poore ten arpines of land fortie houres longer,
Let the world repute me an honest woman.

WIN. So 'twill I hope.

LEO. Oh thou canst not conceive
My unimitable plot; let's to my ghostly Father,
Where first I will have thee make a promise
To keepe my counsell, and then I will employ thee
In such a subtile combination,
Which will require to make the practise fit,
Foure Devils, five Advocats, to one womans wit.

Exeunt.

Explicit Actus Tertius.

ACTUS QUARTUS, SCENA PRIMA.

The antechamber of a Court of Justice.

*Enter Leonora, Sanitonella at one doore, Winifrid,
Register : at the other, Ariosto.*

SAN. *to Register* Take her into your Office sir, shee has that in
her Belly,
Will drie up your inke I can tell you.

Exeunt Winifrid, Register.

to Leonora This is the man that is your learned Councell,
A fellow that will trowle it off with tongue :
He never goes without Restorative powder
Of the lungs of Fox in's pocket, and Malligo Reasins
To make him long-winded. Sir, this Gentlewoman
Intreats your Counsell in an honest cause,
Which please you sir, this Bnefe, my owne poore labor
Will give you light of.

Gives brief.

ARIO. Do you call this a Briefe ?
Here's as I weigh them, some fourescore sheets of paper.
What would they weigh if there were cheese wrapt in them.
Or Figdates !

Reads.

SAN. Joy come to you, you are merry;
We call this but a Briefe in our Office.
The scope of the businesse lyes i'th Margent.

ARIO. Me thinks you prate too much.
I never could endure an honest cause
With a long Prologue to't.

LEON. You trouble him.

AR. Whats here ? oh strange; I have lived this 60 yeres,
Yet in all my practise never did shake hands
With a cause so odious. Sirrah, are you her knave ?

SAN. No sir, I am a Clarke.

ARI. Why you whorson fogging Rascall,
Are there not whores enow for Presentations,
Of Overseers, wrong the will o'th Dead,
Oppressions of Widdowes, or young Orphans,
Wicked Divorces, or your vicious cause
Of *Plus quam satis*, to content a woman,
But you must find new stratagems, new pursnets ?—

Oh women, as the Ballet lives to tell you,
What will you shortly come to ?

SAN. Your Fee is ready sir.

ARI. The Devill take such Fees,
And all such Suits i'th tayle of them; see the slave
Has writ false Latine : sirrah Ignoramus,
Were you ever at the Universitie ?

SAN. Never sir:
But tis well knowne to divers I have Commenc't
In a Pewe of our Office.

ARI. Where ?—in a Pew of your Office !

SAN. I have been dry-foundred in't this foure yeares,
Seldome found Non-resident from my deske.

ARI. Non-resident Subsumner !
lie teare your Libell for abusing that word,
By vertue of the Clergie.

Tears the brief.

SAN. What doe you meane sir ?
It cost me foure nights labour.

ARIO. Hadst thou been drunke
So long, th'adst done our Court better Service.

LEO. Sir,
You doe forget your gravitie, me thinks.

ARIO. Cry ye mercy, doc I so ?
And as I take it, you doe very little remember
Either womanhood, or Christianitie :
Why doe ye meddle
With that seducing knave, that's good for nought,
Unlesse 't be to fill the Office full of Fleas,
Or a Winter itch—weares that spacious Inkehorne
All a Vacation onely to cure Tetters,
And his Penknife to weed Cornes from the splay toes
Of the right worshipfull of the Office ?

LEO. You make bold with me sir.

ARIO. Woman, y'are mad, He swear't, & have more need
Of a Physician then a Lawyer.
The melancholly humour flowes in your face,
Your painting cannot hide it: such vild suits
Disgrace our Courts, and these make honest Lawyers
Stop their own eares, whilst they plead, & thats the reason
Your yonger men that have good conscience,

Weare such large Night-caps; go old woman, go pray,
For Lunacy, or else the Devill himsdfe
Has tane possession of thee; may like cause
In any Christian Court never find name :
Bad Suits, and not the Law, bred the Lawes shame.

Exit.

LEON. Sure the old man's franticke.

SAN. Plague on's gowtie fingers,
Were all of his mind, to entertaine no suits,
But such they thought were honest, sure our Lawyers
Would not purchase halfe so fast:

But here's the man, *Enter Contilupo, a spruce Lawyer.*
Learned Seignior *Contilupo*—*aside* here's a fellow
Of another piece, beleeve't—I must make shift
With the foule Copie. CON. Businesse to me ?

SAN. To you sir, from this Lady. CON. She is welcom.

SAN. Tis a foule Copy sir, youle hardly read it—
There's twenty double duckets, can you reade sir ?

CON. Exceeding well, very, very exceeding well.

SAN. *aside* This man will be saved, he can read; Lord, Lord,
to see,

What money can doe !—be the hand never so foule,
Somewhat will be pickt out on't.

CON. Is not this

Vivere honeste ?

SAN. No, that's strucke out sir;
And where ever you find *vivere honeste* in these papers,
Give it a dash sir. CON. I shall be mindfull of it:

In troth you write a pretty Secretary—
Your Secretary hand ever takes best
In mine opinion.

SAN. Sir, I have been in France,
And there beleeve't your Court hand generally,
Takes beyond thought.

CON. Even as a man is traded in't.

SA. *aside* That I could not think of this vertuous Gentleman
Before I went to'th tother Hogg-rubber !
Why this was wont to give young Clerkes halfe fees,
To helpe him to Clyents. Your opinion in the Case sir ?

CON. I am strucke with wonder—almost extaside,
With this most goodly Suite.

LEON. It is the fruit
Of a most heartie penitence.

CON. Tis a Case
Shall leave a Precedent to all the world,
In our succeeding Annals, and deserves
Rather a spacious publike Theater,
Then a pent Court for Audience; it shall teach
All Ladies the right path to rectifie
Their issue.

SAN. Leo you, here's a man of comfort.

CON. And you shall goc unto a peacefull grave,
Discharg'd of such a guilt, as would have layne
Howling for ever at your wounded heart,
And rose with you to Judgement.

SAN. Oh give me such a Lawyer, as wil think
Of the day of Judgment!

LEO. You must urge the businesse against him
As spightfully as may be.

CON. Doubt not. What, is he summon'd ?

SAN. Yes & the Court will sit within this halfe houre.
Peruse your Notes, you have very short warning.

CON. Never feare you that:
Follow me worthy Lady, and make account
This Suite is ended already.

Exeunt.

ACTUS QUARTUS, SCENA SECUNDA.

A Court of Justice.

*Enter Officers preparing seats for the Judges,
to them Ercole muffled.*

1. OF. You would have a private seat sir ?

ERC. Yes sir.

2. OF. Here's a Closset belongs to'th Court,
Where you may heare all unseene.

ER. I thank you; there's money.

2. OF. I gave you thanks agen sir.

CONT. 1st possible *Romelio's* perswaded,
You are gone to the East Indies ?

1. SUR. Most confidently.

*Enter Contarino, the
Surgeons, disguised,
Contarino, as a Dane.*

CON. But doe you meane to goe ?

2. Su. How ? goe to the East Indies ? And so many Hollanders gone to fetch sauce for their pickeld Herrings : some have bene pepperd there too lately—but I pray, being thus well recoverd of your wounds, why doe you not reveale your selfe ?

CON. That my fayre *Jolenta* should be rumor'd
To be with child by noble *Ercole*,
Makes me expect to what a violent issue
These passages will come. I heare her brother
Is marrying the Infant shee goes with,
Fore it be borne—as, if it be a Daughter,
To the Duke of *Austrias* Nephew; if a Sonne,
Into the Noble ancient Family
Of the *Palavafini* : Hee's a subtill Devill.
And I doe wonder what strange Suite in Law,
Has hapt betweene him and's mother.

1. SUR. Tis whisperd 'mong the Lawyers,
'Twill undoe him for ever.

Enter Sanit. Win.

SAN. Doe you heare, Officers ?
You must take special! care, that you let in
No *Brachigraphy* men, to take notes.

1. OF. No sir ? SAN. By no meanes—
We cannot have a Cause of any fame,
But you must have scurvy pamphlets, and lewd Ballets
Engendred of it presently.

SAN. Have you broke fast yet ? WIN. Not I sir.

SAN. 'Twas very ill done of you :
For this cause will be long a-pleading; but no matter,
I have a modicum in my Buckram bagg,
To stop your stomacke.

WIN. What ist ? Greene ginger ?

SAN. Greene ginger, nor Pellitory of Spaine neither,
Yet 'twill stop a hollow tooth better then either of them.

WIN. Pray what ist ?

SAN. Looke you,
It is a very lovely Pudding-pye,
Which we Clerkes find great reliefe in.

WIN. I shall have no stomacke.

SAN. No matter and you have not, I may pleasure
Some of our Learned Councell with't; I have done it

Many a time and often, when a Cause
Has prooved like an after-game at Irish.

*Enter Crispiano like a Judge, with another Judge; Contiluppo,
and another Lawyer at one Barre; Romelio, Ariosto, at
another; Leonora with a blacke vaile over
her, and Julio.*

CRISP. Tis a strange Suite—is *Leonora* come.

CONTI. She's here my Lord; make way there for the Lady.

CRISP. Take off her Vaile : it seemes she is ashamed
To looke her cause i'th face.

CONTIL. Shee's sicke, my Lord.

ARI. Shee's mad my Lord, & would be kept more dark.
to Romelio By your favour sir, I have now occasion
To be at your elbow, and within this halfe houre
Shall intreat you to bee angry, very angry.

CRISP. Is *Romelio* come ?

ROM. I am here my Lord, and call'd, I doe protest,
To answer what I know not, for as yet
I am wholly ignorant, of what the Court
Will charge me with.

CRISP. I assure you, the proceeding
Is most unequall then, for I perceive,
The Councell of the adverse partie furnisht
With full Instruction.

ROM. Pray my Lord,
Who is my accuser ?

CRISP. Tis your mother.

ROM. *aside* Shee has discovered *Contarino's* murder :
If shee proove so unnaturall, to call
My life in question, I am arm'd to suffer
This to end ail my losses.

CRISP. Sir, we will doe you
This favour—you shall heare the Accusation,
Which being knowne, we will adjourne the Court,
Till a fortnight hence—you may provide your Counsell.

ARIO. I advise you, take their proffer,
Or else the Lunacy runnes in a blood,
You are more mad then shee. ROM. What are you sir ?

ARIO. An angry fellow that would doe thee good,

For Goodnesse sake it selfe, I doe protest,
Neither for love nor money. "

ROM. Prethee stand further, I shal gall your gowt else.

AR. Come, come, I know you for an East Indy Marchant,
You have a spice of pride in you still.

ROM. My Lord,
I am so strengthned in my innocence,
For any the least shaddow of a crime,
Committed gainst my mother, or the world,
That shee can charge me with, here doe I make it
My humble suite, onely this houre and place,
May give it as full hearing, and as free,
And unrestrain'd a Sentence.

CRI. Be not too confident—you have cause to feare.

ROM. Let feare dwell with Earth-quakes.
Shipwracks at Sea, or Prodegies in heaven,
I cannot set my selfe so many fathome
Beneath the haight of my true heart, as feare.

ARI. Very fine words I assure you, if they were
To any purpose.

CRI. Well, have your intreatie :
And if your owne credulitie undoe you,
Blame not the Court hereafter : fall to your Plea.

CON. May it please your Lordship & the reverend Court,
To give me leave to open to you a Case
So rare, so altogether voyd of Precedent,
That I doe challenge all the spacious Volumes,
Of the whole Civill Law to shew the like.
We are of Councell for this Gentlewoman,
We have receiv'd our Fee, yet the whole course
Of what we are to speake, is quite against her,
Yet weele deserve our fee too. There stands one,
Romelio the Marchant; I will name him to you,
Without either title or addition :
For those false beames of his supposed honour,
As voyd of true heat, as are all painted fires,
Or Glow-wormes in the darke, suite him all basely,
As if he had bought his Gentry from the Herauld,
With money got by extortion : I will first
Produce this *Aesops* Crow, as he stands forfeit

For the long use of his gay borrowed plumes,
And then let him hop naked : I come to'th poynt—
T'as been a Dreame in Naples, very neere
This eight and thirtie yeares, that this *Romelio*
Was nobly descended—he has rankt himselfe
With the Nobilitie, shamefully usurpt
Their place, and in a kind of sawcy pride,
Which like to Mushromes, ever grow most ranke,
When they do spring from dung-hills, sought to oresway
The *Fieschi*, the *Grimaldi*, *Doria*,
And all the ancient pillars of our State;
View now what he is come to : this poore thing
Without a name, this Cuckow hatcht ith nest
Of a Hedge-sparrow.

ROM. Speakes he all this to me ?

Aiu. Onely to you sir.

ROM. I doe not aske thee, prethee hold thy prating.

ARI. Why very good !—you will be presently
As angry as I could wish.

CONTIL. What title shall I set to this base coyne ?—
He has no name, and for's aspect he seemes
A Gyant in a May-game, that within
Is nothing but a Porter : lie undertake,
He had as good have traveld all his life
With Gypsies : I will sell him to any man
For a hundred Chickeens, and he that buyes him of me,
Shall loose byth hand too.

ARI. Loe, what you are come to :
You that did scorne to trade in any thing,
But Gold or Spices, or your Cochineele—
He rates you now at poore John.

ROM. Out upon thee,
I would thou wert of his side—

ARI. Would you so ?

ROM. The devill and thee together on each hand,
To prompt the Lawyers memory when he founders.

CRIS. Signior *Contilupo*, the Court holds it fit,
You leave this stale declaiming 'gainst the person,
And come to the matter.

CONT. Now I shall my Lord.

CRIS. It shoves a poore malicious eloquence,
And it is strange, men of your gravitie
Will not forgoe it: verely, I presume,
If you but heard your selfe speaking with my eares,
Your phrase would be more modest.

CONTIL. Good my Lord, be assured,
I will leave all circumstance, and come toth purpose :
This *Romelio* is a Bastard.

ROM. How, a Bastard ?
Oh mother, now the day begins grow hote
On your side.

CONTIL. Why shee is your accuser.

ROM. I had forgot that; was my father married
To any other woman, at the time
Of my begetting ?

CONTIL. That's not the businesse.

ROM. I turne me then to you that were my mother,
But by what name I am to call you now,
You must instruct me : were you ever married
To my father ?

LEON. To my shame I speake it, never

CRISP. Not to *Francisco Romelio* ?

LEO. May it please your Lordships,
To him I was, but he was not his father.

CONT. Good my Lord, give us leave in a few words,
To expound the Riddle, and to make it plaine,
Without the least of scruple : for I take it,
There cannot be more lawfull prooffe i'th world,
Then the oath of the mother.

CRIS. Well then, to your proofes,
And be not tedious.

CONTIL. He conclude in a word :
Some nine and thirtie yeares since, which was the time,
This woman was maryed, *Francisco Romelio*,
This Gentlemans putative father, and her husband,
Being not married to her past a fortnight,
Would needs goe travell; did so, and continued
In *France* and the *Low-Countries* eleven monthes :
Take speciall note o'th time; I beseech your Lordship,
For it makes much to'th businesse : in his absence

He left behind to sojourne at his house
A Spanish Gentleman, a fine Spruce youth
By the Ladies confession, and you may be sure
He was no Eunuch neither; he was one
Romelio loved very dearely, as oft haps,
No man alive more welcome to the husband
Then he that makes him Cuckold.
This Gentleman I say,
Breaking all Lawes of Hospitalitie,
Got his friends wife with child, a full two moneths
Fore the husband returned.

SAN. *aside* Good sir, forget not the Lambskin.

CONTIL. *aside* I warrant thee.

SA. *aside* I wil pinch by the buttock,
To put you in mind oft.

CONTIL. *aside* Prethee hold thy prating.
What's to be practis'd now my Lord ? Marry this
Romelio being a yong novice, not acquainted
With this precedence, very innocently
Returning home from travell, finds his wife
Growne an excellent good Huswife, for she had set
Her women to spin Flax, and to that use,
Had in a study which was built of stone,
Stor'd up at least an hundreth waight of flaxe :
Marry such a threed as was to be spun from the flax,
I thinke the like was never heard of.

CRISP. What was that ?

CONTIL. You may be certaine, shee would lose no time,
In bragging that her Husband had got up
Her belly : to be short, at seven moneths end,
Which was the time of her delivery,
And when shee felt her selfe to fall in travell,
Shee makes her Wayting woman, as by mischance,
Set fire to the flax, the fright whereof,
As they pretend, causes this Gentlewoman
To fall in paine, and be delivered
Eight weekes afore her reckoning.

SAN. *aside* Now sir, remember the Lambeskin.

CON. The Midwife strait howles out, there was no hope
Of th'infants life, swaddles it in a flead Lambeskin,

As a Bird hatcht too early, makes it up
With three quarters of a face, that mkde it looke
Like a Changeling, cries out to *Romelio*,
To have it Christned, least it should depart
Without that it came for : and thus are many serv'd,
That take care to get Gossips for those children,
To which they might be Godfathers themselves,
And yet be no arch-Puritans neither.

CRISP. No more!

AR. Pray my Lord give him way, you spoile his oratory else :
Thus would they jest were they fee'd to open
Their sisters cases. CRISP. You have urged enough;
You first affirme, her husband was away from her
Eleven moneths ? CONTIL. Yes my Lord.

CRISP. And at seven moneths end,
After his returne she was delivered
Of this *Romelio*, and had gone her full time ?

CONTIL. True my Lord.

CRISP. So by this account this Gentleman was begot
In his supposed fathers absence.

CONTIL. You have it fully.

CRISP. A most strange Suite this, tis beyond example,
Either time past, or present, for a woman,
To publish her owne dishonour voluntarily,
Without being called in question, some fortie yeares
After the sinne committeed, and her Councell
To enlarge the offence with as much Oratory,
As ever I did heare them in my life
Defend a guiltie woman; tis most strange :
Or why with such a poysoned voilence
Should shee labour her sonnes undoing ? we observe
Obedience of creatures to the Law of Nature
Is the stay of the whole world; here that Law is broke,
For though our Civill Law makes difference
Tween the base, and the ligitimate; compassionat Nature
Makes them equall, nay, shee many times preferres them.
I pray resolve me sir, have not you and your mother
Had some Suite in Law together lately ?

ROM. None my Lord.

CRIS. No ? no contention about parting your goods ?

ROM. Not any. CRIS. No flaw, no unkindnesse ?

ROM. None that ever arrived at my knowledge.

CRIS. Bethink your selfe, this cannot chuse but savour
Of a womans malice deeply; and I fcare,
Y'are practiz'd upon most devillishly.

How hapt Gentlewoman, you reveal'd this no sooner ?

LEO. While my husband lived, my Lord, I durst not.

CRIS. I should rather aske you, why you reveale it now ?

LEO. Because my Lord, I loath'd that such a sinne
Should lie smotherd with me in my grave; my penitence,
Though to my shame, preferres the revealing of it
Bove worldly reputation. CRIS. Your penitence ?
Might not your penitence have beene as hartie,
Though it had never summoned to the Court
Such a conflux of people ?

LEON. Indeed I might have confest it,
Privately toth Church, I grant; but you know repentance
Is nothing without satisfaction.

CRISP. Satisfaction ? why your Husbands dead,
What satisfaction can you make him ?

LEO. The greatest satisfaction in the world, my Lord,
To restore the land toth right heire, & thats
My daughter.

CRISP. Oh shee's straight begot then ?

ARIO. Very well, may it please this honourable Court,
If he be a bastard, and must forfeit his land for't,
She has proved her selfe a strumpet, and must loose
Her Dower—let them goe a-begging together.

SAN. Who shall pay us our Fees then ?

CRIS. Most just.

ARIO. You may see now what an old house
You are like to pull over your head, Dame.

ROM. Could I conceive this Publication
Grew from a heartie penitence, I could beare
My undoing the more patiently; but my Lord,
There is no reason, as you sayd even now,
To satisfie me but this suite of hers
Springs from a devillish malice, and her pretence,
Of a grieved Conscience, and Religion,
Like to the horrid Powder-Treason in England,

Has a most bloody unnaturall revenge
Hid under it: Oh the violencies of women !
Why, they are creatures made up and compounded
Of all monsters, poysoned Myneralls,
And sorcerous Herbes that growes.

ARIO. Are you angry yet ?

ROM. Would man expresse a bad one, let him forsake
All naturall example, and compare
One to another; they have no more mercy,
Then ruinous fires in great tempests.

ARIO. Take heed you doe not cracke your voice sir.

ROM. Hard-hearted creatures, good for nothing else,
But to winde dead bodies.

ARI. Yes, to weave seaming lace
With the bones of their husbands that were long since buried,
And curse them when they tangle. ROM. Yet why doe I
Take Bastardy so distastfully, when i'th world,
A many things that are essential! parts
Of greatnesse, are but by-slips, and are father'd
On the wrong parties ?
Preferment in the world a many times,
Basely begotten ? nay, I have observed
The immaculate Justice of a poore mans cause,
In such a Court as this, has not knowen whom
To call Father, which way to direct it selfe
For Compassion : but I forget my temper—
Onely that I may stop that Lawyers throat,
I doe beseech the Court, and the whole world,
They will not thinke the baselyer of me,
For the vice of a mother : for that womans sinne,
To which you all dare sweare when it was done,
I would not give my consent.

CRIS. Stay, heere's an Accusation,
But here's no prooffe; what was the Spanyards name
You accuse of adultery ? CON. *Don Crispiano*, my Lord.

CRISP. What part of Spaine was he borne in ? CONTIL. In
Castile.

JUL. *aside* This may prove my father.

SAN. *aside* And my Master—my Clyent's spoyl'd then.

CRIS. I knew that Spanyard well: if you be a Bastard,

Such a man being your father, I dare vouch you
A Gentleman; and in that, Signiour *Contilupo*,
Your Oratory went a little too farre.
When doe wee name *Don John* of *Austria*,
The Emperours sonne, but with reverence ?
And I have knowne in divers Families,
The Bastards the greater spirits; but to'th purpose—
What time was this Gentleman begot ? And be sure
You lay your time right.

ARIO. Now the mettall comes
To the Touchstone.

'CONTIL. In *Anno* seventie one, my Lord.

CRISP. Very well, seventie one : the Battell of *Lepanto*
Was fought in't—a most remarkeable time,
'Twill lye for no mans pleasure : and what prooffe is there
More then the affirmation of the mother,
Of this corporall dealing ?

CONTIL. The deposition
Of a Wayting-woman served her the same time

CRISP. Where is shee ?

CON. Where is our Solicitor
With the Waitingwoman ?

ARID. Roome for the bagge and baggage !

SAN. Here my Lord, *Ore tenus*.

CRISP. And what can you say Gentlewoman ?

WIN. Please your Lordship, I was the partie that dealt in the
businesse, and brought them together.

CRISP. Well.

WIN. And conveyed letters betweene them.

CR. What needed letters, when tis said he lodg'd in her house ?

WIN. A running Ballad now and then to her Violl—for he was
never well, but when he was fidling.

CRISP. Speake to the purpose, did you ever know them bed
together ? WIN. No my Lord, but I have brought him to the
bed side.

CRISP. That was somewhat neere to the busines; and what—
did you helpe him off with his shooes ?

WIN. He wore no shooes, an't please you my Lord.

CRIS. No ? what then, Pumpes ? WIN. Neither.

CRISP. Boots were not fit for his journey.

WIN. He wore Tennis-court woollen slippers, for feare of creaking sir, and making a noyse, to vake the rest o'th house.

CRISP. Well, and what did he there, in his Tennis-court woollen slippers ?

WIN. Please your Lordship, question me in Latin, for the cause is very foule; the Examiner o'th Court was faine to get it out of me alone i'th Counting-house, cause he would not spoyle the youth o'th Office.

ARI. Here's a Latin spoone, and a long one, to feed with the Devill.

WIN. Ide be loth to be ignorant that way, for I hope to marry a Proctor, & take my pleasure abroad at the Commencements with him.

ARIO. Come closer to the businesse.

WIN. I will come as close as modesty will give me leave. Truth is, every morning when hee lay with her, I made a Caudle for him, by the appoyntment of my Mistris, which he would still refuse, and call for small drinke.

CRISP. Small drinke ? ARIO. For a Julipe.

WIN. And said he was wondrous thirstie.

CRISP. What's this to the purpose ?

WIN. Most effectuall, my Lord—I have heard them laugh together extreemely, and the Curtaine-rods fall from the tester of the bed, and he nere came from her, but hee thrust money in my hand; and once in truth, he would have had some dealing with mee; which I tooke he thought 'twould be the onely way ith world to make me keepe counsell the better.

SAN. *aside* That's a stinger, tis a good wench, be not daunted.

CRI. Did you ever find the print of two in the bed ?

WIN. What a questions that to be askt!—may it please your Lordship, tis to be thought he lay nearer to her then so.

CRISP. What age are you of, Gentlewoman ?

WIN. About six and fortie, my Lord.

CRISP. *Anno* seventie one,
And *Romelio* is thirty eight: by that reckoning,
You were a Bawd at eight yeare old : now verily,
You fell to the Trade betimes.

SAN. *aside* There y'are from the Byas.

WIN. I doe not know my age directly; sure I am elder—I can

remember two great frosts, and three great plagues, and the losse of Callis, and the first comming up of the Breeches with the great Codpiece—and I pray what age doe you take me of then ?

SAN. *aside* Well come off agen !

ARI. An old hunted Hare, she has all her doubles.

ROM. For your owne gravities,
And the reverence of the Court, I doe beseech you,
Rip up the cause no further, but proceed
To Sentence.

CRISP. One question more and I have done :
Might not this *Crispiano*, this Spanyard,
Lye with your Mistris at some other time,
Either afore or after, then ith absence
Of her husband ?

LEO. Never. CRIS. Are you certaine of that ?

LEO. On my soule, never.

CRIS. That's well—he never lay with her,
But in *anno* seventy one, let that be remembred.
Stand you aside a while. Mistris, the truth is,
I knew this *Crispiano*, lived in Naples
At the same time, and loved the Gentleman
As my bosome friend; and as I doe remember,
The Gentleman did leave his Picture with you,
If age or neglect have not in so long time ruin'd it.

LEO. I preserve it still my Lord.

CRIS. I pray let me see't,
Let me see the face I then loved so much to looke on.

LEO. Fetch it. WIN. I shall, my Lord.

CRIS. No, no, Gentlewoman,
I have other businesse for you. *Exit one for the Picture.*

1. SUR. *aside* Now were the time to cut *Romelio's* throat,
And accuse him for your murder.

CONTAR. *aside* By no meanes.

2. SUR. *aside* Will you not let us be men of fashion,
And downe with him now hee's going ?

CONTAR. *aside* Peace, lets attend the sequell.

CRIS. I commend you Lady,
There was a maine matter of Conscience—
How many illis spring from Adultery !
First, the supreame Law that is violated,

Nobilitie oft stain'd with Bastardy,
Inheritance of Land falsly possest,
The husband scorn'd, wife sham'd, and babes unblest;
So, hang it up i'th Court; you have heard,
What has been urged gainst *Romelio*.

*The Picture is
brought in.*

Now my definitive sentence in this cause,
Is, I will give no sentence at all. ARIO. No ?

CRIS. No, I cannot, for I am made a partie.

SAN. *aside* How, a party ? here are fine crosse trickes,
What the devill will he doe now ?

CRISP. Signior *Ariosto*, his Majestic of Spaine,
Conferres my Place upon you by this Patent,
Which till this urgent houre I have kept
From your knowledge : may you thrive in't, noble sir,
And doe that which but few in our place doe—
Goe to their grave uncurst. ARIO. This Law businesse
Will leave me so small leasure to serve God,
I shall serve the King the worse.

SAN. *aside* Is hee a Judge ?
We must then looke for all Conscience, and no Law,
Heele begger all his followers.

CRIS. *to Romelio* Sir, I am of your Counsell, for the cause
in hand
Was begun at such a time, fore you could speake;
You had need therefore have one speake for you.

ARIO. Stay, I doe here first make protestation,
I nere tooke fee of this *Romelio*,
For being of his Councell—which may free me,
Being now his Judge, for the imputation
Of taking a Bribe. Now sir, speake your mind.

CRISP. I do first intreat, that the eyes of all here present,
May be fixt upon this.

LEO. *aside* Oh, I am confounded : this is *Crispiano*.

JUL. *aside* This is my father—how the Judges have bjear'd
him!

WIN. *aside* You may see truth will out in spite of the Devill.

CRIS. Behold, I am the shadow of this shadow,
Age has made me so; take from me fortie yeares,
And I was such a Summer fruit as this,
At least the Paynter fayned so : for indeed,

Painting and Epitaphs are both alike,
They Hatter us, and say we have been thus :
But I am the partie here, that stands accused,
For Adultery with this woman, in the yeare
Seventie one : now I call you my Lord to witnesse,
Foure yeares before that time I went to'th Indies,
And till this month, did never set my foot since
In Europe; and for any former incontinence,
She has vowed there was never any : what remains then,
But this is a meere practise 'gainst her sonne ?—
And I beseech the Court it may be sifted,
And most severely punisht.

SAN. *aside* Uds foot, we are spoyled—
Why my Clyent's prooved an honest woman.

WIN. *aside* What doe you thinke will become of me now ?

SAN. *aside* You'l be made daunce *lachrimce* I feare
At a Carts tayle.

ARI. You, Mistris, where are you now ?
Your Tennis-court slippers, and your tane drinke
In a morning for your hote liver; where's the man,
Would have had some dealing with you, that you might
Keepe counsell the better ?

WIN. May it please the Court, I am but a yong thing, and was
drawne arsie varsie into the businesse.

ARIO. How young ? of five and fortie ?

WIN. Five and fortie ! And shall please you, I am not five and
twentie : shee made me colour my haire with Bean-flower, to seeme
elder then I was; and then my rotten teeth, with eating sweet-
meats . . . why, should a Farrier looke in my mouth, he might
mistake my age. Oh Mistris, Mistris, you are an honest woman,
and you may be asham'd on't, to abuse the Court thus.

LEO. Whatsoere I have attempted,
Gainst my owne fame, or the reputation
Of that Gentleman my sonne, the Lord *Contarino*
Was cause of it. CONTA. *aside* Who—I ?

ARIO. He that should have married your daughter ?
It was a plot belike then to conferre
The land on her that should have bin his wife ?

LEO. More then I have said already, all the world

Shall nere extract from me; I intreat from both
Your equall pardons. JUL. And I from you sir.

CRISP. Sirrah, stand you aside,
I will talke with you hereafter.

JUL. I could never away with after reckonings.

LEO. And now my Lords, I doe most voluntarily
Confine my selfe unto a stricter prison,
And a severer penance, then this Court
Can impose—I am entred into Religion.

CON. *aside* I the cause of this practise ! . . . this ungodly woman
Has sold her selfe to falshood : I wil now
Reveale my selfe.

ERGO, *revealing himself, to Ariosto* Stay my Lord, here's a window
To let in more light to the Court.

CONT. *aside* Mercy upon me ! oh, that thou art living
Is mercy indeed !

1. SUR. *aside* Stay, keepe in your shell
A little longer.

ERCO. I am *Ercole*.

ARIO. A guard upon him for the death of *Contarino*.

ERCO. I obey the arrest o'th Court.

ROM. Oh sir, you are happily restored to life,
And to us your friends !

ERCO. Away, thou art the Traytor,
I onely live to challenge; this former suite,
Tought but thy fame—this accusation
Reaches to thy fame and life : the brave *Contarino*
Is generally supposed slaine by this hand.

CON. *aside* How knowes he the contrary ? ERC. But truth is,
Having received from me some certaine wounds,
Which were not mortall, this vild murderer,
Being by Will deputed Overseer
Of the Noblemans Estate, to his sisters use,
That he might make him sure from surviving,
To revoke that Will, stole to him in's bed, and kild him.

ROM. Strange, unheard of!—more practise yet!

ARI. What prooffe of this ?

ERCO. The report of his mother delivered to me,

In distraction for *Contarino's* death.

CON. *aside* For my death ? ' I begin to apprehend,
That the violence of this womans love to me
Might practise the disinheriting of her sonne.

ARIO. What say you to this, *Leonora* ?

LEO. Such a thing I did utter out of my distraction :
But how the Court will censure that report,

I leave to their wisdomes. ARIO. My opinion is,
That this late slaunder urged against her sonne,
Takes from her all manner of credit:

Shee that would not sticke to deprive him of his living,
Will as little tender his life. LEO. I beseech the Court,
I may retire my selfe to my place of pennance,
I have vowed my selfe and my woman.

ARIO. Goe when you please: *to Ercole* what should move you
be thus forward *Exeunt Leon. & Win.*
In the accusation ?

ERCO. My love to *Contarino*.

ARI. Oh, it bore very bitter fruit at your last meeting.

ERCO. Tis true : but I begun to love him,
When I had most cause to hate him—when our bloods
Embrac'd each other, then I pitied,
That so much valour should be hazarded
On the fortune of a single Rapier,
And not spent against the Turke.

ARIO. Stay sir, be well advised,
There is no testimony but your owne,
To approve you *turning to Rom.* slew him, therefore no other way
To decide it, but by Duell.

CON. Yes my Lord, I dare affirme gainst all the world,
This Nobleman speakes truth.

ARI. You will make your selfe a party in the Duell.

ROM. Let him, I will fight with them both, sixteen of them.

ERCO. Sir, I doe not know you.

CONT. Yes, but you have forgot me,
You and I have sweat in the Breach together
At Malta.

ERCQ. Cry you mercy, I have knowne
Of your Nation brave Souldiers. JULIO, *aside* Now if my father
Have any true spirit in him, He recover

His good opinion, *to Contarino* Doe you heare ? doe not sweare-sir,
For I dare sweare, that you will sweafe a lye,
A very filthy, stinking, rotten lye :
And if the Lawyers thinke not this sufficient,
He give the lye in the stomacke—
That's somewhat deeper then the throat . . .
Both here, and all France over and over,
From Marselys, or Bayon, to Callis Sands,
And there draw my Sword upon thee,
And new scoure it in the gravell! of thy kidneys.

ARI. You the Defendant charged with the murder,
And you Second there,
Must be committed to the custody
Of the Knight-Marshall; and the Court gives charge,
They be to-morrow ready in the Listes
Before the Sunne be risen.

Rom. I doe entreat the Court, there be a guard
Placed ore my Sister, that shee enter not
Into Religion : shee's rich my Lords,
And the perswasions of Fryers, to gaine
All her possessions to their Monasteries,
May doe much upon her.

ARIO. Weele take order for her.

CRISP. There's a Nun too you have got with child,
How will you dispose of her ?

ROM. You question me, as if I were grav'd already,
When I have quencht this wild-fire in *Ercoles*
Tame blood, lie tell you.

Exit.

ERCO. You have judged to-day
A most confused practise, that takes end
In as bloody a tryall, and we may observe
By these great persons, and their indirect
Proceedings, shaddowed in a vaile of State,
Mountaines are deformed heaps, sweld up aloft;
Vales wholsomer, though lower, and trod on oft.

SAN. Well, I will put up my papers,
And send them to France for a Precedent,
That they may not say yet but, for one strange Law-suite,
We come somewhat neere them.

Exeunt.

Explicit Actus quartus.

ACTUS QUINTUS, SCENA PRIM A.

A Nunnery.

Enter Jolenta, and Angiolella great-bellied.

JOLEN. How dost thou friend ? welcome, thou and I
Were play-fellowes together, little children,
So small a while agoe, that I presume,
We are neither of us wise yet.

ANGI. A most sad truth
On my part.

JOLEN. Why doe you plucke your vaile
Over your face ?

ANGIO. If you will beleeve truth,
There's nought more terrible to a guiltie heart,
Then the eye of a respected friend.

JOL. Say friend,
Are you quicke with child ?

ANGI. Too sure. JOL. How could you know
First of your child when you quickned ?

ANGIO. How could you know, friend ?
Tis reported you are in the same taking.

JOLEN. Ha, ha, ha, so tis given out:
But *Ercoles* comming to life againe has shrunke,
And made invisible my great belly; yes faith,
My being with child was meerely in supposition,
Not practise.

ANGIO. You are happy—what would I give,
To be a Mayd againe !

JOLEN. Would you ?—to what purpose ?
I would never give great purchase for that thing
Is in danger every houre to be lost: pray thee laugh.
A Boy or a Girle for a wager ?

ANGIO. What heaven please.

JOLEN. Nay, nay, will you venter
A chaine of Pearle with me whether ?

ANGIO. He lay nothing,
I have ventured too much for't already—my fame.
I make no question sister, you have heard
Of the intended combate.

JOLEN. O what else ?

I have a sweet-heart in't, against a brother.

ANGIO. And I a dead friend, I feare; what good counsell
Can you minister unto me ?

JOLEN. Faith onely this—

Since there's no meanes i'th world to hinder it,
Let thou and I, wench, get as farre as we can
From the noyse of it. ANGIO. Whither ?

JOLEN. No matter, any whither.

ANGIO. Any whither, so you goe not by sea :
I cannot abide rough water.

JOLEN. Not indure to be tumbled ? say no more then,
Weele be land-Souldiers for that tricke : take heart,
Thy boy shall be borne a brave Roman.

ANGIO. O you meane
To goe to Rome then.

JOL. Within there ! Beare this Letter *Enter a servant.*
To the Lord *Ercole*. Now wench, I am for thee
All the world over.

ANGIO. I like your shade pursue you. *Exeunt.*

ACTUS QUINTUS, SCENA SECUNDA.

A room.

Enter Prospero, and Sanitonella.

PROS. Well, I do not thinke but to see you as pretty a piece
of Law-flesh . . . SAN. In time I may—Marry I am resolved to
take a new way for't. You have Lawyers take their Clients fees,
& their backs are no sooner turn'd, but they call them fooles, and
laugh at them. PROSP. That's ill done of them.

SAN. There's one thing too that has a vild abuse in't.

PRO. What's that ? SAN. Marry this—that no Proctor in the
Terme time be tollerated to go to the Taverne above six times
i'th forenoone.

PROS. Why, man ?

SAN. Oh sir, it makes their Clients overtaken, and become
friends sooner then they would be.

*Enter Ercole with a letter, and Contarino, camming in
Friars habits, as having bin at the Bathanites,
a Ceremony used afore these Combates.*

ERCO. Leave the Roome, Gentlemen. *Exeunt Pros. & San.*

CON. Wherefore should I with such an obstinacy,
Conceale my selfe any longer ? I am taught, *Con. speaks
aside.*
That all the blood which wil be shed to-morrow,
Must fall upon my head; one question
Shall fix it or untie it: *to Ercole* Noble brother,
I would faine know how it is possible,
When it appeares you love the faire *Jolenta*
With such a height of fervor, you were ready
To father anothers child, and marry her,
You would so suddenly ingage your selfe,
To kill her brother, one that ever stood,
Your loyall and firme friend ?

ERCO. Sir, He tell you—
My love, as I have formerly protested,
To *Contarino*, whose unfortunate end
The traytor wrought: and here is one thing more,
Deads all good thoughts of him, which I now receivM
From *Jolenta*. CONT. In a letter ?

ERCO. Yes, in this Letter :
For having sent to her to be resolved
Most truely, who was father of the child,
Shee writes backe, that the shame she goes withall,
Was begot by her brother.

CONT. O most ingestious villaine !

ERC. I protest,
Before, I thought 'twas *Contarinos* Issue,
And for that would have vaiPd her dishonour.

CONT. No more.

Has the Armorer brought the weapons ?

ERCO. Yes sir.

CONT. I will no more thinke of her.

ERCO. Of whom ?

CON. Of my mother—I was thinking of my mother.
Call the Armorer.

Exeunt.

ACTUS QUINTUS, SCENA TERTIA.

*The Surgeon's House.**Enter Surgeon, and Winifrid.*

WIN. You doe love me sir, you say ?

SUR. O most intirely.

WIN. And you will marry me ?

SUR. Nay, He doe more then that.

The fashion of the world is many times,
To make a woman naught, and afterwards
To marry her: but I a'th contrary,
Will make you honest first, and afterwards
Proceed to the wedlocke.

WIN. Honest!—what meane you by that ?

SUR. I meane, that your suborning the late Law-suite,
Has got you a filthy report: now there's no way,
But to doe some excellent piece of honesty,
To recover your good name. WIN. How sir ?

SUR. You shall straight goe, and reveale to your old Mistris,
For certaine truth, *Contarino* is alive.

WIN. How, living ? SUR. Yes, he is living.

WIN. No, I must not tell her of it.

SUR. No ?—why ?

WIN. For shee did bind me yesterday by oath,
Never more to speake of him.

SUR. You shall reveale it then
To *Ariosto* the Judge.

WIN. By no meanes, he has heard me
Tell so many lyes ith Court, hee'l nere beleieve mee.
What if I told it to the *Capuchin* ?

SUR. You cannot

Think of a better; as for your yong Mistris,
Who as you told me, has perswaded you,
To runne away with her: let her have her humour.
I have a suite *Romelio* left i'th house,
The habit of a Jew, that He put on,
And pretending I am robb'd, by breake of day,
Procure all Passengers to be brought backe,
And by the way reveale my selfe, and discover

The Commical event. They say shee's a little mad,
This will helpe to cure her : goe, goe presently,
And reveale it to the *Capuchin*.

WIN. Sir, I shall.

Exeunt.

ACTUS QUINTUS, SCENA QUARTA.

A room in Castel Nuovo.

Enter Julio, Prospero, and Sanitonella.

JUL. A pox ont,
I have undertaken the challenge very foolishly :
What if I doe not appeare to answer it ?

PRO. It would be absolute conviction
Of Cowardice, and Perjury; and the Dane
May to your pubhke shame, reverse your Armes,
Or have them ignominiously fastened
Under his horse tayle.

JUL. I doe not like that so well.
I see then I must fight whether I will or no.

PROSP. How does *Romelio* beare himselfe ? They say,
He has almost brain'd one of our cunningst Fencers,
That practis'd with him.

JUL. Very certaine; and now you talke of fencing,
Doe not you remember the Welsh Gentleman,
That was travailing to Rome upon returne ?

PROS. No, what of him ?

JUL. There was a strange experiment of a Fencer.

PROS. What was that ?

JUL. The Welshman in's play, do what the Fencer could,
Hung still an arse; he could not for's life
Make him come on bravely : till one night at supper,
Observing what a deale of Parma cheese
His Scholler devoured, a goes ingeniously
The next morning, and makes a spacious button
For his foyle, of tosted cheese, and as sure as you live,
That made him come on the braveliest.

PROS. Possible!

JUL. Marry it taught him an ill grace in's play,
It made him gape still, gape as he put in for't,

As I have scene some hungry Usher.

SAN. The testing of it belike,
Was to make it more supple, had he chanc'd
To have hit him a'th chaps.

JUL. Not unlikely. Who can tell me,
If we may breath in the Duel! ? PRO. By no meanes.

JUL. Nor drinke ? PROS. Neither.

JUL. That's scurvy—anger will make me very dry.

PROS. You mistake sir, tis sorrow that is very dry.

SAN. Not alwayes sir, I have knowne sorrow very wet.

JUL. In rainy weather ?

SAN. No, when a woman has come dropping wet
Out of a Cuckinstoole. JUL. Then twas wet indeed sir.

Enter Romelio very melancholly, and the Capuchin.

CAP. *aside* Having from Leonoras Wayting-woman
Delivered a most strange Intelligence
Of Contarino's recovery, I am come
To sound *Romelio's* penitence; that performed,
To end these errours by discovering,
What shee related to me. *to Romelio* Peace to you sir—
Pray Gentelmen, let the freedome of this Roome
Be mine a little, *to Julio* Nay sir, you may stay.
Will you pray with me ?

*Exeunt
Pro. San.*

ROM. No, no, the world and I
Have not made up our accounts yet.

CAP. Shall I pray for you ?

ROM. Whether you doe or no, I care not.

CAP. O you have a dangerous voyage to take.

ROM. No matter, I will be mine owne Pilot:
Doe not you trouble your Read with the businesse.

CAP. Pray tell me, do not you meditate of death ?

ROM. Phew, I tooke out that Lesson,
When I once lay sicke of an Ague : I doe now
Labour for life, for life ! Sir, can you tell me,
Whether your Tolledo, or your Millain Blade
Be best temper'd ?

CAP. These things you know,
Are out of my practice.

ROM. But these are things you know,

I must practice with to-morrow.

CAP. Were I in your case,
I should present to my selfe strange shaddowes.

ROM. Turne you, were I in your case, I should laugh
At mine owne shadow.

Who has hired you to make me Coward ?

CAP. I would make you
A good Christian.

ROM. Withall, let me continue
An honest man, which I am very certaine,
A coward can never be; you take upon you
A Phisicians place, rather then a Divines.
You goe about to bring my body so low,
I should fight i'th Lists to-morrow like a Dormouse,
And be made away in a slumber.

CAP. Did you murder *Contarino* ?

ROM. That's a scurvy question now. CAP. Why sir ?

ROM. Did you aske it as a Confessor, or as a spie ?

CAP. As one that faine would Justle the devill-
Out of your way.

ROM. Um, you are but weakly made for't:
Hee's a cunning wrastler, I can tell you, and has broke
Many a mans neeke.

CAP. But to give him the foyle,
Goes not by strength.

ROM. Let it goe by what it will,
Get me some good victuals to breakfast, I am hungry.

CAP. Here's food for you. *Offering him a Booke.*

ROM. Pew, I am not to commence Doctor :
For then the word, Devoure that booke, were proper.
I am to fight, to fight sir, and lie doo't,
As I would feed, with a good stomacke.

CAP. Can you feed,
And apprehend death ?

ROM. Why sir ? Is not Death
A hungry companion ? Say ? is not the grave
Said to be a great devourer ? Get me some victuals.
I knew a man that was to loose his head,
Feed with an excellent good appetite,
To strengthen his heart, scarce halfe an houre before.

And if he did it, that onely was to speake,
What should I, that am to doe ?

CAP. This confidence,
If it be grounded upon truth, tis well.

ROM. You must understand, that Resolution
Should ever wayt upon a noble death,
As Captaines bring their Souldiers out o'th field,
'And come off last: for, I pray,"what is death ?
, The safest Trench i'th world to keepe man free
From Fortunes Gunshot; to be afraid of that,
'Would prove me weaker then a teeming woman,
That does indure a thousand times more paine
In bearing of a child. CAP. O, I tremble for you :
For I doe know you have a storme within you,
More terrible then a Sea-fight, and your soule
Being heretofore drown'd in securitie,
You know not how to live, nor how to dye :
But I have an object that shall startle you,
And make you know whither you are going.

ROM. I am arm'd for't.

*Enter Leonora with two Coffins borne by her servants, and two
Winding-sheets stucke with flowers—presents one to her sonne,
and the other to Julio.*

Tis very welcome, this is a decent garment
Will never be out of fashion. I will kisse it.
All the Flowers of the Spring
Meet to perfume our burying :
These have but their growing prime,
And man does flourish but his time.
Survey our progresse from our birth,
We are set, we grow, we turne to earth.
Courts adieu, and all delights,
All bewitching appetites;
Sweetest Breath, and clearest eye,
Like perfumes goe out and dye;
And consequently this is done,
As shaddowes wait upon the Sunne.
Vaine the ambition of Kings,
Who seeke by trophies and dead things,

Soft Musicke.

To leave a living name behind,
And weave but nets to catch the wind :
O you have wrought a myracle, and melted
A heart of Adamant, you have c6mpris'd
In this dumbe Pageant, a right excellent forme
Of penitence. CAP. I am glad you so receive it.

Ro. This object does perswade m , to forgive
The wrong she has don me, which I count the way
To be forgiven yonder : and this Shrowd
Shewes me how rankly we doe smel of earth,
When we are in all our glory. Will it please you
Enter that Closet, where I shall confer
Bout matters of most waightie consequence,
Before the Duell ?

*to his
mother.*

Exit Leonora into Closet.

JUL. Now I am right in the Bandileere for th' gallows.
What a scurvy fashion tis, to hang ones coffin in a scarfe !

CAP. Why this is well:

And now that I have made you fit for death,
And brought you even as low as is the grave,
I will raise you up agen, speake comforts to you
Beyond your hopes, turne this intended Duel!
To a triumph. ROM. More Divinitie yet ?
Good sir, doe one thing first, there's in my Closet
A Prayer-Booke that is cover'd with guilt Vellom—
Fetch it, and pray you certifie my mother,
He presently come to her.
So now you are safe.

Exit Capuchin into Closet.

Lockes him in.

JUL. What have you done ?

ROM. Why I have lockt them up
Into a Turret of the Castle, safe enough
For troubling us this foure houres; and he please,
He may open a Casement, and whistle out to'th Sea,
Like a Boson, not any creature can heare him.
Wast not thou a-weary of his preaching ?

JUL. Yes, if he had had an houre-glasse by him,
I would have wisht he would have joggd it a little.
But your mother—your mother's lockt in too.

ROM. So much the better,
I am rid of her howling at parting.

JUL. Harke, he knocks to be let out and he were mad.

ROM. Let him knocke till his Sandals flie in pieces.

JUL. Ha, what sayes he ? *Contarino* living ?

ROM. I, I, he meanes he would have *Contarino's* living
Bestowed upon his Monastery, 'tig that
He onely fishes for. So, 'tis breake of day,
We shall be calFd to the combs:e presently.

JUL. I am sory for one thing ROM. What's that ?

JUL. That I made not mine owne Ballad : I foe feare
I shall be roguishly abused in Meeter,
If I miscarry. Well, if the young *Capuchin*
Doe not talke a'th flesh as fast now to your mother,
As he did to us a'th spirit! if he doe,
Tis not the first time that the prison royall
Has been guiltie of close committing.

ROM. Now to'th Combate.

Exeunt.

Enter Capuchin and Leonora above at a window.

LEON. *Contarino* living ?

CAP. Yes Madam, he is living and *Ercoles* Second.

LEO. Why has he lockt us up thus ?

CAP. Some evill Angell
Makes him deafe to his owne safetie—we are shut
Into a Turret, the most desolate prison
Of all the Castle, and his obstinacy,
Madnesse, or secret fate, has thus prevented
The saving of his life. LEO. Oh the saving *Contarino's*—
His is worth nothing : for heavens sake call lowder.

CAP. To little purpose.

LEO. I will leape these Battlements,
And may I be found dead time enough,
To hinder the combate ! CAP. Oh looke upwards rather,
Their deliverance must come thence : to see how heaven
Can invert mans firmest purpose ! his intent
Of murthering *Contarino*, was a meane
To worke his safety, and my comming hither
To save him, is his mine : wretches turne
The tide of their good fortune, and being drencht
In some presumptuous and hidden sinnes.
While they aspire to doe themselves most right,
The devil that rules ith ayre, hangs in their light.

LEO. Oh they must not be lost thus : some good Christian
Come within our hearing ! ope the other casement
That looks into the citie. CAP. Madam, I shall. *Exeunt.*

ACTUS QUINTUS, SCENA QUINTA.

*The Lists set up. Enter the Marshall, Crispiano, and
Ariosto as Judges, they sit. With them Sanitonella.*

MAR. Give the Appealant his Summons, doe the like
To the Defendant. *Two Tuckets by severall Trumpets.*

*Enter at one doore, Ercole and Contarino, at the
other, Romelio and Julio.*

Can any of you alledge ought, why the Combate
Should not proceed ? COMBATANTS. Nothing.

ARIO. Have the Knights weighed,
And measured their weapons ? MAR. They have.

ARIO. Proceed then to the battell, and may heaven
Determine the right.

HERAULD. *Soit la Bataille, et Victoire a ceux qui ont droit.*

ROM. Stay, I doe not well know whither I am going :
'Twere needfull therefore, though at the last gaspe,
To have some Church-mans prayer. Run I pray thee,
To Castle Novo; this key will release
A Capuchin and my mother, whom I shut
Into a Turret—bid them make hast, and pray—
I may be dead ere he comes. *Exit Attendant*
Now, *Victoire a ceux qui ont droit.*

ALL THE CHAMP. *Victoire a ceux qui ont droit.*

*The Combate continued to a good length, when
enters Leonora, and the Capuchin.*

LEON. Hold, hold, for heavens sake hold !

ARI. What are these that interrupt the combat ?
Away to prison with them.

CAP. We have been prisoners too long :
Oh sir, what meane you ? *Contarino' s living.*

ERCO. Living ! CAP. Behold him living.

ERGO. You were but now my second, now I make you
My selfe for ever. *They embrace.*

LEON. Oh here's one betweene;
Claimes to be neerer.

CONT. And to you deare Lady, '
I have entirely vowed my life.

ROM. If I doe not
Dreame, I am happy too.

Auio. How insolently
Has this high Court of Honor beene abused !

*Enter Angiolella vail'd, and Jolenta, her face colour'd like a
Moore, the two Surgeons, one of them like a Jew.*

ARIO. How now, who are these ?

2. SUR. A couple of strange Fowle, and I the Falconer,
That have sprung them. This is a white Nun,
Of the Order of Saint *Clare* ; and this a blacke one,
Youle take my word for't. *Discovers Jolenta.*

ARIO. Shee's a blacke one indeed.

JOLEN. Like or dislike me, choose you whether—
The Downe upon the Ravens feather
Is as gentle and as sleeke,
As the Mole on *Venus* cheeke.
Hence vaine shew !—I onely care,
To preserve my Soule most faire.
Never mind the outward skin,
But the Jewell that's within :
And though I want the crimson blood,
Angels boast my Sister-hood.
Which of us now judge you whiter,
Her whose credit proves the lighter,
Or this blacke, and Ebon hew,
That unstain'd, keeps fresh and true ?
For I proclaim't without controle,
There's no true beauty, but ith Soule.

ERCO. Oh tis the faire *Jolenta* ; to what purpose
Are you thus ecclipt ? JOL. Sir, I was running away
From the rumour of this Combate : I fled likewise,
From the untrue report my brother spread
To his politike ends, that I was got with child.

LEON. Cease here all further scruteny, this paper
Shall give unto the Court each circumstance,
Of all these passages.

