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## A Digital Anthology of Early Modern English Drama

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This documentary edition has been edited to provide an accurate and transparent transcription of a single copy of the earliest surviving print edition of this play. Further material, including editorial policy and XML files of the play, is available on the EMED website. EMED texts are edited and encoded by Meaghan Brown, Michael Poston, and Elizabeth Williamson, and build on work done by the EEBO-TCP and the Shakespeare His Contemporaries project. This project is funded by a Humanities Collections and Reference Resources grant from the NEH's Division of Preservation and Access.



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img: 1-a

img: 1-b

sig: A2r

ln 0001

ln 0002

ln 0003

THE  
RENEGADO,  
A TRAGICOMEDY.

ln 0004

ln 0005

ln 0006

ln 0007

As it hath been often acted by the  
Queen's Majesty's servants, at  
the private Playhouse in  
*Drury Lane.*

ln 0008

*By* PHILIP MASSINGER.

ln 0009

ln 0010

ln 0011

ln 0012

*LONDON,*  
Printed by *A. M.* for *John Waterson,*  
and are to be sold at the *Crown* in  
*Paul's Churchyard.* 1630.

img: 2-a

sig: A2v

ln 0001

Dramatis Personae.

The Actors' names.

ln 0002

ASAMBEG, Viceroy of Tunis.

John Blanye.

ln 0003

MUSTAPHA, Bashaw of Aleppo.

John Sumner.

ln 0004

VITELLI, A Gentleman of

ln 0005

Venice disguised.

Michael Bowier.

ln 0006

FRANCISCO, A Jesuit.

William Reignalds.

ln 0007

ANTONIO GRIMALDI the

ln 0008

Renegado.

William Allen.

ln 0009

CARAZIE an Eunuch.

William Robins.

ln 0010

GAZET servant to Vitelli.

Edward Shakerley.

ln 0011

AGA.

ln 0012

CAPIAGA.

ln 0013

MASTER.

ln 0014

BOATSWAIN,

ln 0015

SAILORS.

ln 0016

JAILOR.

ln 0017

3. TURKS.

ln 0018

DONUSA, niece to AMURATH.

Edward Rogers.

ln 0019

PAULINA, Sister to Vitelli.

Theo. Bourne.

MANTO, servant to Donusa.

img: 2-b

sig: A3r

ln 0001

ln 0002

ln 0003

ln 0004

ln 0005

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE  
GEORGE HARDING,  
Baron Barkley, of Barkley Castle,  
and Knight of the Honorable  
Order of the BATH.

In 0006  
In 0007  
In 0008  
In 0009  
In 0010  
In 0011  
In 0012  
In 0013  
In 0014  
In 0015  
In 0016  
In 0017  
In 0018  
In 0019  
In 0020  
In 0021  
In 0022  
In 0023  
In 0024  
In 0025

img: 3-a  
sig: A3v

*My good Lord.*  
TO be Honored for old Nobility,  
or Hereditary Titles is not alone  
proper to yourself, but to some  
few of your rank, who may challenge  
the like privilege with you:  
but in our age to vouchsafe (as you  
have often done) a ready hand to raise the  
dejected spirits of the contemned Sons of  
the Muses, Such as would not suffer the glorious  
fire of Poesy to be wholly extinguished,  
is so remarkable, and peculiar to your  
Lordship, that with a full vote, and suffrage  
it is acknowledged that the Patronage and  
Protection of the Dramatic Poem, is  
yours, and almost without a rival I despair  
not therefore, but that my ambition  
to present my service in this kind, may **in**  
your clemency meet with a gentle **interpretation**.  
Confirm it my good **Lord in**

In 0026  
In 0027  
In 0028  
In 0029  
In 0030  
In 0031  
In 0032  
In 0033  
In 0034  
In 0035  
In 0036  
In 0037  
In 0038

Your gracious acceptance of this trifle, in  
which if I were not confident there are  
some pieces worthy the perusal, it should  
have been taught an humbler flight, and  
the writer (Your Countryman) never  
yet made happy in your notice, and favor,  
had not made this an advocate to plead for  
his admission among such as are wholly,  
and sincerely devoted to your service. I may  
live to tender my humble thankfulness in  
some higher strain, and till then comfort  
myself with hope, that you descend from  
your height to receive.

In 0039

*Your Honor's*

In 0040

*Commanded Servant*

In 0041

PHILIP MASSINGER

img: 3-b  
sig: A4r

In 0001  
In 0002

*To my Honored Friend, Master PHILIP  
MASSINGER, upon his RENEGADO.*

In 0003

DAbblers in *Poetry* that only can,

In 0004      *Court* this weak *Lady*, or that *Gentleman*,  
In 0005      with some loose wit in *rhyme*;  
In 0006      *others* that fright the *time*.  
In 0007      Into belief with mighty words, that tear  
In 0008      a Passage through the ear;  
In 0009      or *Nicer* men,  
In 0010      That through a *Perspective* will see a *Play*,  
In 0011      and use it the wrong way,  
In 0012      (not worth thy *Pen*)  
In 0013      Though all their *Pride* exalt 'em, cannot be  
In 0014      Competent Judges of thy *Lines* or *thee*.

In 0015      I must confess I have no Public name  
In 0016      To rescue judgement, no *Poetic* flame  
In 0017      to dress thy *Muse* with *Praise*,  
In 0018      and *Phoebus* his own *Bays*;  
In 0019      Yet I commend this *Poem*, and dare tell  
In 0020      the *World* I liked it well,  
In 0021      and if there be  
In 0022      A *tribe*, who in their *Wisdoms* dare accuse,  
In 0023      this offspring of thy *Muse*,  
In 0024      let them agree,  
In 0025      Conspire one *Comedy*, and they will say  
In 0026      'Tis easier to *Commend*, than make a *Play*.

JAMES SHIRLEY.

img: 4-a  
sig: A4v

In 0001      To his worthy Friend Master PHILIP  
In 0002      MASSINGER, on his Play, Called  
In 0003      the RENEGADO.

In 0004      *THE bosom of a friend cannot breathe forth*  
In 0005      *A flattering phrase to speak the noble Worth*  
In 0006      *Of him that hath lodged in his honest breast,*  
In 0007      *So large a title: I among the rest*  
In 0008      *That honor thee, do only seem to praise*  
In 0009      *Wanting the flowers of Art, to deck that Bays*  
In 0010      *Merit has crowned thy Temples with. Know friend*  
In 0011      *Though there are some who merely do commend*  
In 0012      *To live i' th' World's opinion such as can*  
In 0013      *Censure with Judgment, no such piece of Man,*  
In 0014      *Makes up my spirit where desert does live,*  
In 0015      *There will I plant my wonder, and there give*  
In 0016      *My best endeavors, to build up his story*  
In 0017      *That truly Merits. I did ever glory*  
In 0018      *To behold Virtue rich, though cruel Fate*  
In 0019      *In scornful malice does beat low their state*  
In 0020      *That best deserve, when others that but know*  
In 0021      *Only to scribble, and no more, oft grow*  
In 0022      *Great in their favors, that would seem to be*  
In 0023      *Patrons of Wit, and modest Poesy:*

In 0024  
In 0025  
In 0026  
In 0027  
In 0028  
In 0029  
In 0030  
In 0031  
In 0032  
In 0033

*Yet with your abler Friends, let me say this  
Many may strive to equal you, but miss  
Of your fair scope, this work of yours men may  
Throw in the face of envy, and then say  
To those that are in Great-men's thoughts more blessed,  
Imitate this, And call that work your best.  
Yet Wise-men, in this, and too often, err  
When they their love before the work prefer,  
If I should say more, some may blame me for 't  
Seeing your merits speak you, not report.*

DANIEL LAKYN.

img: 4-b  
sig: B1r

wln 0001  
wln 0002

THE  
RENEGADO.

wln 0003

The Scene *Tunis*.

wln 0004

*Actus primus. Scaena prima.*

wln 0005

*Enter Vitelli and Gazet.*

wln 0006

*Vitelli.*

wln 0007

YOu have hired a Shop then?

wln 0008

*Gazet.* Yes sir, and our wares

wln 0009

(Though brittle as a maidenhead at  
sixteen)

wln 0010

wln 0011

Are safe unladen; not a Crystal cracked,

wln 0012

Or China dish needs soldering; our choice

wln 0013

Pictures

wln 0014

As they came from the workman, without blemish,

wln 0015

And I have studied speeches for each Piece,

wln 0016

And in a thrifty tone to sell 'em off;

wln 0017

Will swear by *Mahamet*, and *Termagant*,

wln 0018

That this is Mistress to the great Duke of *Florence*,

wln 0019

That Niece to old King *Pippin*, and a third

wln 0020

An *Austrian* Princess by her Roman nose,

wln 0021

Howe'er my conscience tells me they are figures

wln 0022

Of Bawds, and common Courtesans in *Venice*.

img: 5-a

[The opening A4v-B1r is duplicated in the EEBO image set.]

img: 5-b

img: 6-a

[The opening A4v-B1r is duplicated in the EEBO image set.]

sig: B1v

wln 0023

*Vitelli* You make no scruple of an oath then?

wln 0024

*Gazet* Fie sir

wln 0025

'Tis out of my Indentures, I am bound there

wln 0026

To swear for my Master's profit as securely

wln 0027

As your intelligencer must for his Prince,

wln 0028

That sends him forth an honorable spy,

wln 0029

To serve his purposes. And if it be lawful

wln 0030  
wln 0031  
wln 0032  
wln 0033  
wln 0034  
wln 0035  
wln 0036  
wln 0037  
wln 0038  
wln 0039  
wln 0040  
wln 0041  
wln 0042  
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wln 0051  
wln 0052  
wln 0053  
wln 0054  
wln 0055  
wln 0056  
wln 0057  
wln 0058

In a *Christian* shopkeeper to cheat his father,  
I cannot find but to abuse a Turk  
In the sale of our commodities, must be thought  
A meritorious work.  
*Vitelli* I wonder sirrah  
What's your Religion?  
*Gazet* Troth to answer truly  
I would not be of one that should command me  
To feed upon poor John, when I see Pheasants  
And Partridges on the Table: nor do I like  
The other that allows us to eat flesh  
In the Lent though it be rotten, rather than be  
Thought superstitious, as your zealous Cobbler,  
And learned butcher Preach at *Amsterdam*  
Over a Hotchpotch. I would not be confined  
In my belief, when all your Sects, and sectaries  
Are grown of one opinion, if I like it  
I will profess myself, in the meantime  
Live I in *England, Spain, France, Rome, Geneva.*  
I am of that Country's faith,  
*Vitelli* And what in *Tunis*,  
Will you turn Turk here?  
*Gazet* No! so I should lose  
A Collop of that part my *Doll* enjoined me  
To bring home as she left it; 'tis her venture,  
Nor dare I barter that commodity  
Without her special warrant.  
*Vitelli* You are a Knave sir,  
leaving your Roguery think upon my business,

img: 6-b  
sig: B2r

wln 0059  
wln 0060  
wln 0061  
wln 0062  
wln 0063  
wln 0064  
wln 0065  
wln 0066  
wln 0067  
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wln 0071  
wln 0072  
wln 0073  
wln 0074  
wln 0075  
wln 0076  
wln 0077

It is no time to fool now  
Remember where you are too! though this Mart time,  
We are allowed free trading, and with safety.  
Temper your tongue and meddle not with the Turks,  
Their manners, nor Religion.  
*Gazet* Take you heed sir  
What colors you wear. Not two hours since there Landed  
An *English Pirate's* Whore with a green apron,  
And as she walked the streets, one of their Muftis  
We call them *Priests* at *Venice*, with a Razor  
Cuts it off Petticoat, Smock and all, and leaves her  
As naked as my Nail: the young *Fry* wondering  
What strange beast it should be. I 'scaped a scouring  
My Mistress' Busk-point, of that forbidden color  
Then tied my codpiece, had it been discovered  
I had been caponed.  
*Vitelli* And had been well served;  
Haste to the Shop and set my Wares in order  
I will not long be absent?

wln 0078  
wln 0079  
wln 0080  
wln 0081  
wln 0082  
wln 0083  
wln 0084  
wln 0085  
wln 0086  
wln 0087  
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wln 0089  
wln 0090  
wln 0091  
wln 0092  
wln 0093  
wln 0094

img: 7-a  
sig: B2v

wln 0095  
wln 0096  
wln 0097  
wln 0098  
wln 0099  
wln 0100  
wln 0101  
wln 0102  
wln 0103  
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wln 0121  
wln 0122  
wln 0123  
wln 0124  
wln 0125

*Gazet* Though I strive sir  
To put off Melancholy, to which, you are ever  
Too much inclined, it shall not hinder me  
With my best care to serve you

*Exit Gazet.*

*Enter Francisco.*

*Vitelli* I believe thee.  
O welcome sir, stay of my steps in this life,  
And guide to all my blessed hopes hereafter.  
What comforts sir? have your endeavors prospered?  
Have we tired *Fortune's* malice with our sufferings?  
Is she at length after so many frowns  
Pleased to vouchsafe one cheerful look upon us?

*Francisco* You give too much to fortune, and your passions,  
O'er which a wise man, if Religious, triumphs.  
That name fools worship, and those tyrants which  
We arm against our better part, our reason,  
May add, but never take from our afflictions:

*Vitelli.* Sir as I am a sinful man, I can not  
But like one suffer.

*Francisco* I exact not from you  
A fortitude insensible of calamity,  
To which the Saints themselves have bowed and shown  
They are made of flesh, and blood, all that I challenge  
Is manly patience. Will you that were trained up  
In a Religious School, where divine maxims  
Scorning comparison, with moral precepts  
Were daily taught you, bear your constancy's trial  
Not like *Vitelli*, but a Village nurse  
With curses in your mouth: Tears in your eyes?  
How poorly it shows in you?

*Vitelli* I am Schooled sir,  
And will hereafter to my utmost strength  
Study to be myself.

*Francisco* So shall you find me  
Most ready to assist you; Neither have I  
Slept in your great occasions since I left you  
I have been at the Viceroy's Court and pressed  
As far as they allow a *Christian* entrance.  
And something I have learnt that may concern  
The purpose of this journey.

*Vitelli* Dear Sir what is it?

*Francisco* By the command of *Asambeg*, the Viceroy:  
The City swells with barbarous Pomp and Pride  
For the entertainment of stout *Mustapha*  
The *Bashaw* of *Aleppo*, who in person  
Comes to receive the niece of *Amurah*  
The fair *Donusa* for his bride.

*Vitelli* I find not

wln 0126  
wln 0127  
wln 0128  
wln 0129  
wln 0130

img: 7-b  
sig: B3r

How this may profit us.  
*Francisco* Pray you give me leave.  
Among the rest that wait upon the Viceroy,  
(Such as have under him command in *Tunis*.)  
Who as you have often heard are all false *Pirates*,

wln 0131  
wln 0132  
wln 0133  
wln 0134  
wln 0135  
wln 0136  
wln 0137  
wln 0138  
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wln 0161  
wln 0162  
wln 0163  
wln 0164  
wln 0165  
wln 0166

I saw the shame of *Venice* and the scorn  
Of all good men: The perjured *Renegado*  
*Antonio Grimaldi*;  
*Vitelli* Ha! his name  
Is poison to me.  
*Francisco* Yet again?  
*Vitelli* I have done sir.  
*Francisco* This debauched villain: whom we ever thought,  
(After his impious scorn done in Saint *Mark's*  
To me as I stood at the holy Altar)  
The thief that ravished your fair sister from you,  
The virtuous *Paulina* not long since,  
(As I am truly given to understand)  
Sold to the viceroy a fair *Christian* Virgin,  
On whom, maugre his fierce and cruel nature  
*Asambeg* dotes extremely.  
*Vitelli* 'Tis my sister  
It must be she, my better *Angel* tells me  
'Tis poor *Paulina*. Farewell all disguises  
I'll show in my revenge that I am Noble.  
*Francisco* You are not mad?  
*Vitelli* No sir, my virtuous anger  
Makes every vein an artery, I feel in me  
The strength of twenty men, and being armed  
With my good cause to wreak wronged innocence  
I dare alone run to the viceroy's Court  
And with this Poniard before his face.  
Dig out *Grimaldi's* heart.  
*Francisco* Is this Religious?  
*Vitelli* Would you have me tame now; Can I know  
my sister  
Mewed up in his *Seraglio*, and in danger  
Not alone to lose her honor, but her soul,  
The hell-bred Villain by too? that has sold both  
To black destruction, and not haste to send him  
To the Devil his tutor? to be patient now,

img: 8-a  
sig: B3v

wln 0167  
wln 0168  
wln 0169  
wln 0170

Were in another name to play the Pander  
To the Viceroy's loose embraces, and cry aim  
While he by force, or flattery compels her  
To yield her fair name up to his foul lust,



wln 0171  
wln 0172  
wln 0173  
wln 0174  
wln 0175  
wln 0176  
wln 0177  
wln 0178  
wln 0179  
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wln 0195  
wln 0196  
wln 0197  
wln 0198  
wln 0199

And after turn *Apostata* to the faith  
That she was bred in.  
*Francisco* Do but give me hearing.  
And you shall soon grant how ridiculous  
This childish fury is. A wise man never  
Attempts impossibilities; 'tis as easy  
For any single arm to quell an Army.  
As to effect your wishes; we come hither  
To learn *Paulina's* faith, and to redeem her,  
(Leave your revenge to heaven) I oft have told you  
Of a Relic that I gave her, which has power  
(If we may credit holy men's traditions)  
To keep the owner free from violence:  
This on her breast she wears, and does preserve  
The virtue of it by her daily prayers.  
So if she fall not by her own consent  
Which it were sin to think: I fear no force.  
Be therefore patient, keep this borrowed shape  
Till time and opportunity present us  
With some fit means to see her, which performed,  
I'll join with you in any desperate course  
For her delivery.

*Vitelli* You have Charmed me sir  
And I obey in all things; Pray you pardon  
The weakness of my passion.

*Francisco* And excuse it.  
Be cheerful man for know that good intents  
Are in the end Crowned with as fair events.

*Exeunt.*

img: 8-b  
sig: B4r

wln 0200

*Actus primus. Scaena secunda.*

wln 0201

*Enter Donusa. Manto. Carazie.*

wln 0202

*Donusa.* Have you seen the *Christian* Captive,  
The great Bashaw is so enamored of?

wln 0203

wln 0204

*Manto.* Yes an 't please your Excellency  
I took a full view of her, when she was  
Presented to him.

wln 0205

wln 0206

wln 0207

*Donusa* And is she such a wonder  
As 'tis reported?

wln 0208

wln 0209

wln 0210

*Manto* She was drowned in tears then,  
Which took much from her beauty, yet in spite  
Of sorrow, she appeared the Mistress of  
Most rare perfections; and though low of stature,  
Her well proportioned limbs invite affection;  
And when she speaks, each syllable is music  
That does enchant the hearers. But your Highness

wln 0211

wln 0212

wln 0213

wln 0214

wln 0215

wln 0216  
wln 0217  
wln 0218  
wln 0219  
wln 0220  
wln 0221  
wln 0222  
wln 0223  
wln 0224  
wln 0225  
wln 0226  
wln 0227  
wln 0228  
wln 0229  
wln 0230  
wln 0231  
wln 0232

img: 9-a  
sig: B4v

wln 0233  
wln 0234  
wln 0235  
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wln 0256  
wln 0257  
wln 0258  
wln 0259  
wln 0260  
wln 0261  
wln 0262  
wln 0263

That are not to be paralleled, I yet never  
Beheld her equal.

*Donusa.* Come you flatter me,  
But I forgive it, we that are born great  
Seldom distaste our servants, though they give us  
More than we can pretend too. I have heard  
That *Christian Ladies* live with much more freedom  
Than such as are born here. Our jealous Turks  
Never permit their fair wives to be seen  
But at the public *Bagnios*, or the Mosques  
And even then veiled, and guarded. Thou *Carazie*  
Wert born in England, what's the custom there  
Among your women? Come be free and merry  
I am no severe Mistress, nor hast thou met with  
A heavy bondage.

*Carazie* Heavy? I was made lighter  
By two stone weight at least to be fit to serve you.

But to your question Madam, women in England  
For the most part live like *Queens*. Your Country Ladies  
Have liberty to hawk, to hunt, to feast:  
To give free entertainment to all comers,  
To talk, to kiss, there's no such thing known there  
As an Italian girdle. Your *City Dame*  
Without leave wears the breeches, has her husband  
At as much command as her Prentice, and if need be  
Can make him Cuckold by her *Father's Copy*.

*Donusa.* But your court Lady?

*Carazie* She, I assure you Madam,  
Knows nothing but her will, must be allowed  
Her Footmen, her Caroches, her Ushers, her Pages,  
Her Doctor, Chaplains, and as I have heard  
They are grown of late so learned that they maintain  
A strange Position, which their Lords with all  
Their wit cannot confute.

*Donusa.* What's that I prithee?

*Carazie* Marry that it is not only fit but lawful,  
Your Madam there, her much rest, and high feeding  
Duly considered, should to ease her husband  
Be allowed a private friend. They have drawn a Bill  
To this good purpose, and the next assembly  
Doubt not to pass it.

*Donusa* We enjoy no more  
That are of the *Ottoman* race, though our Religion  
Allows all pleasure. I am dull, some *Music*  
Take my *Chapines* off. So, a lusty strain  
Who knocks there?

*Manto* 'Tis the Bashaw of *Aleppo*  
Who humbly makes request he may present

*a Galliard.*

wln 0264  
wln 0265  
wln 0266  
wln 0267  
wln 0268

img: 9-b  
sig: C1r

His service to you.

*Donusa* Reach a chair. We must  
Receive him like ourself, and not depart with  
One piece of Ceremony, State, and greatness  
That may beget respect, and reverence

wln 0269  
wln 0270  
wln 0271  
wln 0272  
wln 0273  
wln 0274  
wln 0275  
wln 0276  
wln 0277  
wln 0278  
wln 0279  
wln 0280  
wln 0281  
wln 0282  
wln 0283  
wln 0284  
wln 0285  
wln 0286  
wln 0287  
wln 0288  
wln 0289  
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wln 0293  
wln 0294  
wln 0295  
wln 0296  
wln 0297  
wln 0298  
wln 0299  
wln 0300  
wln 0301  
wln 0302  
wln 0303  
wln 0304

In one that's born our Vassal. Now admit him:

*Enter Mustapha, puts off his yellow Pantofles.*

*Mustapha* The place is sacred, and I am to Enter  
The room where she abides, with such devotion  
As Pilgrims pay at *Mecca*, when they visit  
The Tomb of our great Prophet.

*Donusa* Rise, the sign  
That we vouchsafe his presence.

*The Eunuch takes up  
the Pantofles.*

*Mustapha* May those Powers  
That raised the *Ottoman Empire*, and still guard it,  
Reward your Highness for this gracious favor  
You throw upon your servant. It hath pleased  
The most invincible, mightiest *Amurath*  
(To speak his other titles would take from him)  
That in himself does comprehend all greatness,  
To make me the unworthy instrument  
Of his command. Receive divinest Lady  
This letter signed by his victorious hand,  
And made *Authentic* by the imperial Seal.  
There when you find me mentioned, far be it from you  
To think it my ambition to presume  
At such a happiness, which his powerful will  
From his great mind's magnificence, not my merit  
Hath showered upon me. But if your consent  
Join with his good opinion and allowance  
To perfect what his favors have begun,  
I shall in my obsequiousness and duty  
Endeavor to prevent all just complaints,  
Which want of will to serve you, may call on me.

*Delivers a letter.*

*Donusa* His sacred Majesty writes here that your valor  
Against the *Persian* hath so won upon him  
That there's no grace, or honor in his gift  
Of which he can imagine you unworthy.  
And what's the greatest you can hope, or aim at,  
It is his pleasure you should be received  
Into his Royal Family, Provided

img: 10-a  
sig: C1v

wln 0305  
wln 0306  
wln 0307  
wln 0308

For so far I am unconfined, that I  
Affect and like your person. I expect not  
The Ceremony which he uses in  
Bestowing of his Daughters, and his nieces.

wln 0309  
wln 0310  
wln 0311  
wln 0312  
wln 0313  
wln 0314  
wln 0315  
wln 0316  
wln 0317  
wln 0318  
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wln 0330  
wln 0331  
wln 0332  
wln 0333  
wln 0334  
wln 0335  
wln 0336  
wln 0337  
wln 0338  
wln 0339  
wln 0340  
wln 0341

img: 10-b  
sig: C2r

As that he should present you for my slave,  
To love you, if you pleased me: or deliver  
A Poniard on my least dislike to kill you.  
Such tyranny and pride agree not with  
My softer disposition. Let it suffice  
For my first answer, that thus far I grace you.  
Hereafter some time spent to make inquire  
Of the good parts, and faculties of your mind  
You shall hear further from me.

*Gives him  
her hand to  
kiss*

*Mustapha* Though all torments  
Really suffered, or in hell imagined  
By curious fiction, in one hour's delay  
Are wholly comprehended: I confess  
That I stand bound in duty, not to check at  
Whatever you command, or please to impose  
For trial of my patience.

*Donusa* Let us find  
Some other subject, too much of one Theme cloyes me:  
Is 't a full Mart:

*Mustapha* A confluence of all nations  
Are met together? There's variety too  
Of all that Merchant's traffic for.

*Donusa* I know not.  
I feel a Virgin's longing to descend  
So far from mine own greatness, as to be  
Though not a buyer, yet a looker on  
Their strange commodities.

*Mustapha* If without a train  
You dare be seen abroad? I'll dismiss mine.  
And wait upon you as a common man,  
And satisfy your wishes.

*Donusa* I embrace it.  
Provide my veil; and at the Postern Gate

Convey us out unseen: I trouble you.

*Mustapha* It is my happiness you deign to command me.

*Exeunt.*

*Actus primus. Scaena tertia.*

*A shop discovered, Gazet in it.*

*Francisco, and Vitelli, walking by.*

*Gazet* What do you lack, your choice *China* dishes,  
your pure Venetian Crystal, of all sorts, of all neat and  
new fashions, from the mirror of the madam, to the private  
utensil of her chambermaid, and curious Pictures of  
the rarest beauties of *Europa*: what do you lack

wln 0342  
wln 0343  
wln 0344  
  
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wln 0346  
  
wln 0347  
  
wln 0348  
wln 0349  
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wln 0362  
wln 0363  
wln 0364  
wln 0365  
wln 0366  
wln 0367  
wln 0368  
wln 0369  
wln 0370  
wln 0371  
wln 0372  
wln 0373

img: 11-a  
sig: C2v

wln 0374  
wln 0375  
wln 0376  
wln 0377  
wln 0378  
wln 0379  
wln 0380  
wln 0381  
wln 0382  
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wln 0395  
wln 0396  
wln 0397  
wln 0398  
wln 0399  
wln 0400

Gentlemen?

*Francisco* Take heed I say, howe'er it may appear  
Impertinent, I must express my love:  
My advice, and counsel. You are young  
And may be tempted, and these Turkish Dames  
Like English mastiffs that increase their fierceness  
By being chained up, from the restraint of freedom  
If lust once fire their blood from a fair object  
Will run a course the fiends themselves would shake at  
To enjoy their wanton ends.

*Vitelli* Sir, you mistake me  
I am too full of woe, to entertain  
One thought of pleasure: though all *Europe's Queens*  
Kneeled at my feet, and Courted me: much less  
To mix with such; Whose difference of faith  
Must of necessity: (or I must grant  
Myself forgetful of all you have taught me)  
Strangle such base desires.

*Francisco* Be constant in  
That resolution, I'll abroad again,  
And learn as far as it is possible

What may concern *Paulina*? Some two hours  
Shall bring me back.

*Exit Francisco.*

*Vitelli* All blessings wait upon you.

*Gazet* Cold doings, Sir, a Mart do you call this? 'Slight  
A pudding wife, or a Witch with a thrum Cap  
That sells Ale under ground to such as come  
To know their Fortunes, in a dead Vacation  
Have ten to one more stirring.

*Vitelli* We must be patient

*Gazet* Your seller by retail ought to be angry  
But when he's fingering money.

*Enter Grimaldi, Master, Boatswain, Sailors, Turks.*

*Vitelli* Here are company;  
Defend me my good *Angel*, I behold  
A *Basilisk*!

*Gazet* What do you lack? what do you lack? pure  
*China* dishes, clear *Crystal* glasses, a dumb Mistress to  
make love to? What do you lack gentlemen?

*Grimaldi* Thy Mother for a Bawd, or if thou hast  
A handsome one thy sister for a Whore,  
Without these do not tell me of your trash  
Or I shall spoil your Market.

*Vitelli* — Old *Grimaldi*?

*Grimaldi* Zounds wherefore do we put to Sea, or stand  
The Raging winds aloft, or piss upon  
The Foamy waves when they rage most? deride  
The thunder of the enemy's shot, board boldly

wln 0401  
wln 0402  
wln 0403  
wln 0404  
wln 0405  
wln 0406  
wln 0407  
wln 0408  
wln 0409

img: 11-b  
sig: C3r

A Merchant's ship for prize, though we behold  
The desperate Gunner ready to give fire  
And blow the deck up? Wherefore shake we off  
Those scrupulous rags of charity, and conscience,  
Invented only to keep Churchmen warm,  
Or feed the hungry mouths of famished beggars;  
But when we touch the shore to wallow in  
All sensual pleasures.

*Master.* Ay but Noble Captain

wln 0410  
wln 0411  
wln 0412  
wln 0413  
wln 0414  
wln 0415  
wln 0416  
wln 0417  
wln 0418  
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wln 0439  
wln 0440  
wln 0441  
wln 0442  
wln 0443  
wln 0444  
wln 0445  
wln 0446

To spare a little for an after clap  
Were not improvidence.  
*Grimaldi* Hang consideration:  
When this is spent is not our ship the same?  
Our courage too the same to fetch in more?  
The earth where it is fertilest returns not  
More than three harvests, whilst the glorious Sun  
Posts through the *Zodiac*, and makes up the year:  
But the Sea, which is our Mother, (that embraceth  
Both the rich *Indies* in her outstretched arms)  
Yields every day a crop if we dare reap it.  
No, no my Mates, let Tradesmen think of thrift,  
And Usurers hoard up, let our expense  
Be as our comings in are without bounds:  
We are the *Neptunes* of the *Ocean*,  
And such as traffic, shall pay sacrifice  
Of their best lading; I'll have this Canvas  
Your boy wears lined with Tissue, and the cates  
You taste, served up in gold; though we carouse  
The tears of Orphans in our *Greekish* wines,  
The sighs of undone Widows, paying for  
The music bought to cheer us; ravished Virgins  
To slavery sold for Coin to feed our riots,  
We will have no compunction.

*Gazet* Do you hear sir,  
We have paid for our Ground?

*Grimaldi* Hum.

*Gazet* And hum too,  
For all your big words, get you further off,  
And hinder not the prospect of our shop  
Or —

*Grimaldi* What will you do?

*Gazet* Nothing sir, but pray  
Your worship to give me handsel.

*Grimaldi* By the ears,  
Thus sir, by the ears.

*Master.* Hold, hold.

img: 12-a  
sig: C3v

wln 0447  
wln 0448  
wln 0449  
wln 0450  
wln 0451  
wln 0452  
wln 0453  
wln 0454  
wln 0455  
wln 0456  
wln 0457  
wln 0458  
wln 0459  
wln 0460  
wln 0461  
wln 0462  
wln 0463  
wln 0464  
wln 0465  
wln 0466

*Vitelli* You'll still be prating.  
*Grimaldi* Come let's be drunk? then each man to his whore,  
'Slight how do you look, you had best go find a Corner  
To pray in, and repent. Do, do, and cry  
It will show fine in *Pirates*. *Exit Grimaldi.*  
*Master.* We must follow  
Or he will spend our shares;  
*Boatswain.* I fought for mine.  
*Master.* Nor am I so precise but I can drab too:  
We will not sit out for our parts,  
*Boatswain* Agreed. *Exeunt Master, Boatswain, Sailors.*  
*Gazet* The devil gnaw off his fingers, if he were  
In London among the clubs, up went his heels  
For striking of a Prentice. What do you lack,  
What do you lack gentlemen.  
*1 Turk.* I wonder how the Viceroy can endure  
The insolence of this fellow.  
*2 Turk.* He receives profit  
From the Prizes he brings in, and that excuses  
Whatever he commits? Ha, what are these!

wln 0467  
wln 0468  
wln 0469  
wln 0470  
wln 0471  
wln 0472  
wln 0473  
wln 0474  
wln 0475  
wln 0476  
wln 0477  
wln 0478  
wln 0479  
wln 0480  
wln 0481  
wln 0482

*Enter Mustapha, Donusa, veiled.*

*1 Turk* They seem of rank and quality, observe 'em.  
*Gazet* What do you lack! see what you please to buy,  
Wares of all sorts most honorable Madonna.  
*Vitelli* Peace sirrah, make no noise, these are not people  
To be jested with.  
*Donusa* Is this the *Christians'* custom  
In the venting their commodities.  
*Mustapha* Yes best Madam  
But you may please to keep your way, here's nothing,  
But toys, and trifles, not worth your observing.  
*Donusa* Yes, for variety's sake pray you show us, friends,  
The chiefest of your Wares.  
*Vitelli* Your Ladyship's servant;  
And if in worth or Title you are more,  
My ignorance plead my pardon.

img: 12-b  
sig: C4r

wln 0483  
wln 0484  
wln 0485  
wln 0486  
wln 0487  
wln 0488  
wln 0489  
wln 0490  
wln 0491  
wln 0492

*Donusa.* He speaks well.  
*Vitelli* Take down the looking glass: here is a mirror  
Steeled so exactly, neither taking from  
Nor flattering the object, it returns  
To the beholder, that Narcissus might  
(And never grow enamored of himself:)  
View his fair feature in 't.  
*Donusa.* Poetical too!  
*Vitelli* Here *China* dishes to serve in a Banquet,  
Though the voluptuous *Persian* sat a guest.

wln 0493  
wln 0494  
wln 0495  
wln 0496  
wln 0497  
wln 0498  
wln 0499  
wln 0500  
wln 0501  
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wln 0503  
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wln 0510  
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wln 0515  
wln 0516  
wln 0517  
wln 0518  
wln 0519  
wln 0520

img: 13-a  
sig: C4v

Here Crystal glasses, such as *Ganymede*  
Did fill with Nectar to the Thunderer  
When he drank to *Alcides*, and received him  
In the fellowship of the *gods*: true to the owners.  
Corinthian plate studded with Diamonds,  
Concealed oft deadly poison; This pure metal  
So innocent is, and faithful to the Mistress  
Or Master that possesses it: that rather  
Than hold one drop that's venomous, of itself  
It flies in pieces, and deludes the Traitor.

*Donusa* How movingly could this fellow treat upon  
A worthy subject, that finds such discourse  
To grace a trifle!

*Vitelli* Here's a Picture Madame  
The masterpiece of *Michael Angelo*,  
Our great *Italian* workman; here's another  
So perfect at all parts that had *Pygmalion*  
Seen this, his prayers had been made to *Venus*,  
To have given it life, and his Carved ivory Image  
By poets ne'er remembered. They are indeed  
The rarest beauties of the *Christian* world  
And nowhere to be equalled.

*Donusa* You are partial  
In the cause of those you favor I believe,  
I instantly could show you one, to theirs  
Not much inferior.

*Vitelli* With your pardon Madam  
I am **incredulous**.

*Donusa* Can you match me this! *Unveils herself.*  
*Vitelli.* What wonder look I on! I'll search above  
And suddenly attend you. *Exit Vitelli.*

*Donusa* Are you amazed  
I'll bring you to yourself. *Breaks the glasses.*

*Mustapha* Ha! what's the matter!  
*Gazet* My master's ware? We are undone! O strange!  
A Lady to turn roarer, and break glasses  
'Tis time to shut up shop then.

*Mustapha* You seem moved.  
If any Language of these *Christian* dogs  
Have called your anger on, in a frown show it  
And they are dead already.

*Donusa.* The offense  
Looks not so far. The foolish paltry fellow  
Showed me some trifles, and demanded of me  
For what I valued at so many aspers,  
A thousand Ducats. I confess he moved me;  
Yet I should wrong myself should such a beggar  
Receive least loss from me.

wln 0521  
wln 0522  
wln 0523  
wln 0524  
wln 0525  
wln 0526  
wln 0527  
wln 0528  
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wln 0541  
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wln 0552  
wln 0553  
wln 0554  
wln 0555  
wln 0556  
wln 0557

img: 13-b  
sig: D1r

*Mustapha* Is it no more?  
*Donusa* No, I assure you. Bid him bring his bill  
Tomorrow to the Palace and inquire  
For one *Donusa*:  
That word gives him passage through all the guard;  
Say there he shall receive full satisfaction.  
Now when you please  
*Mustapha* I wait you. *Exeunt Mustapha, Donusa, two Turks.*  
*1 Turk.* We must not know them, let's shift off and vanish.  
*Gazet* The Swine's Pox overtake you, there's a curse  
For a Turk that eats no Hog's flesh.  
*Vitelli* Is she gone:  
*Gazet.* Yes you may see her handiwork.  
*Vitelli* No matter.  
Said she aught else?  
*Gazet* That you should wait upon her  
And there receive Court payment, and to pass

wln 0558  
wln 0559  
wln 0560  
wln 0561  
wln 0562  
wln 0563  
wln 0564  
wln 0565  
wln 0566  
wln 0567  
wln 0568  
wln 0569  
wln 0570

The guards, she bids you only say you come  
To one *Donusa*.  
*Vitelli* How! remove the wares  
Do it without reply. The *Sultan's* niece!  
I have heard among the Turks for any Lady  
To show her face bare, argues love, or speaks  
Her deadly hatred. What should I fear, my fortune  
Is sunk so low: there cannot fall upon me  
Aught worth my shunning. I will run the hazard:  
She may be a means to free distressed *Paulina*.  
Or if offended, at the worst, to die  
Is a full period to calamity.  
*The end of the first act.*

wln 0571

*Actus Secundus Scaena prima.*

wln 0572  
wln 0573  
wln 0574  
wln 0575  
wln 0576  
wln 0577  
wln 0578  
wln 0579  
wln 0580  
wln 0581  
wln 0582  
wln 0583  
wln 0584  
wln 0585

*Enter Carazie, Manto.*  
*Carazie* In the name of wonder! *Manto*, what hath my Lady  
Done with herself since yesterday.  
*Manto.* I know not.  
Malicious men report we are all guided  
In our affections by a wandering Planet?  
But such a sudden change in such a person,  
May stand for an example to confirm  
Their false assertion.  
*Carazie* She's now pettish, froward,  
Music, discourse, observance tedious to her.  
*Manto.* She slept not the last night: and yet prevented  
The rising Sun in being up before him.  
Called for a costly Bath, then willed the rooms

wln 0586  
wln 0587  
wln 0588  
wln 0589  
wln 0590

img: 14-a  
sig: D1v

wln 0591  
wln 0592  
wln 0593  
wln 0594  
wln 0595  
wln 0596

wln 0597  
wln 0598  
wln 0599  
wln 0600  
wln 0601  
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wln 0625  
wln 0626

img: 14-b  
sig: D2r

wln 0627  
wln 0628  
wln 0629

Should be perfumed; Ransacked her Cabinets  
For her choice, and richest Jewels: and appears now  
Like *Cynthia* in full glory, waited on  
By the fairest of the Stars.

*Carazie* Can you guess the reason,

Why the *Aga* of the *Janissaries*, and he  
That guards the entrance of the inmost port  
Were called before her.

*Manto*. They are both her creatures,  
And by her grace preferred, but I am ignorant  
To what purpose they were sent for.

*Enter Donusa.*

*Carazie* Here she comes.  
Full of sad thoughts: we must stand further off.  
What a frown was that!

*Manto*. Forbear.

*Carazie* I pity her.

*Donusa* What Magic hath transformed me from myself?  
Where is my Virgin pride? How have I lost  
My boasted freedom? what new fire burns up  
My scorched entrails. What unknown desires  
Invade, and take possession of my soul;  
All virtuous objects vanished? Have I stood  
The shock of fierce temptations, stopped mine ears  
Against all *Siren* notes lust ever sung,  
To draw my bark of chastity (that with wonder  
Hath kept, a constant, and an honored course.)  
Into the gulf of a deserved ill fame?  
Now fall unpitied? And in a moment  
With mine own hands dig up a grave to bury  
The monumental heap of all my years,  
Employed in Noble actions? O my fate!  
But there is no resisting. I obey thee  
Imperious *god* of love, and willingly  
Put mine own Fetters on, to grace thy triumph;  
'Twere therefore more than cruelty in thee  
To use me like a tyrant. What poor means  
Must I make use of now? And flatter such,  
To whom; till I betrayed my liberty,  
One gracious look of mine, would have erected  
An altar to my service. How now *Manto*?

My ever-careful woman, and *Carazie*  
Thou hast been faithful too.

*Carazie* I dare not call

wln 0630  
wln 0631  
wln 0632  
wln 0633  
wln 0634  
wln 0635  
wln 0636  
wln 0637  
wln 0638  
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wln 0657  
wln 0658  
wln 0659  
wln 0660  
wln 0661  
wln 0662

My life mine own since it is yours, but gladly  
Will part with it: when e'er you shall command me,  
And think I fall a Martyr, so my death  
May give life to your pleasures.

*Manto.* But vouchsafe

To let me understand what you desire  
Should be effected: I will undertake it  
And curse myself for Cowardice if I paused  
To ask a reason why.

*Donusa* I am comforted,

In the tender of your service, but shall be  
Confirmed in my full joys, in the performance  
Yet trust me: I will not impose upon you  
But what you stand engaged for, to a Mistress,  
(Such as I have been to you.) All I ask  
Is faith, and secrecy.

*Carazie* Say but you doubt me,  
And to secure you I'll cut out my tongue  
I am libbed in the breech already.

*Manto.* Do not hinder  
Yourself by these delays.

*Donusa.* Thus then I Whisper  
Mine own shame to you. — O that I should blush  
To speak what I so much desire to do!

And further — *Whispers, and uses vehement actions.*

*Manto.* Is this all.

*Donusa.* Think it not base  
Although I know the office undergoes  
A course construction.

*Carazie* Course? 'tis but procuring  
A smock employment, which has made more Knights,  
In a Country I could name, than twenty years  
Of service in the field.

img: 15-a  
sig: D2v

*Donusa* You have my ends.

*Manto.* Which say you have arrived at, be not wanting  
To yourself, and fear not us.

*Carazie* I know my burden  
I'll bear it with delight,

*Manto.* Talk not, but do. *Exeunt Carazie, Manto.*

*Donusa* O Love what poor shifts thou dost force us to!

*Exit Donusa.*

wln 0671

*Actus Secundus, Scaena Secunda.*

wln 0672

*Enter Aga, Capiaga, Janissaries.*

wln 0673

*Aga.* She was ever our good Mistress, and our maker,  
And should we check at a little hazard for her,  
We were unthankful.

wln 0674

wln 0675

wln 0676  
wln 0677  
wln 0678  
wln 0679  
wln 0680  
wln 0681  
wln 0682  
wln 0683  
wln 0684

*Capiaga.* I dare pawn my head,  
'Tis some disguised Minion of the Court,  
Sent from great *Amurath*, to learn from her  
The Viceroy's actions.

*Aga.* That concerns not us:  
His fall may be our rise, whate'er he be  
He passes through my guards.

*Capiaga* And mine, provided  
He give the word.

wln 0685  
wln 0686  
wln 0687  
wln 0688  
wln 0689  
wln 0690  
wln 0691  
wln 0692  
wln 0693  
wln 0694

*Enter Vitelli.*

*Vitelli* To faint now being thus far,  
Would argue me of Cowardice.

*Aga.* Stand: the word.  
Or being a Christian to press thus far,  
Forfeits thy life.

*Vitelli.* *Donusa.*

*Aga.* Pass in peace.

*Exeunt Aga, and Janissaries*

*Vitelli* What a privilege her name bears.  
'Tis wonderous strange!

img: 15-b  
sig: D3r

wln 0695  
wln 0696  
wln 0697  
wln 0698  
wln 0699  
wln 0700  
wln 0701

(The Captain of the *Janissaries*,) If the great Officer  
The guardian of the inner port deny not.

*Capiaga* Thy warrant: Speak,  
Or thou art dead.

*Vitelli* *Donusa.*

*Capiaga.* That protects thee, without fear, Enter.  
So: discharge the watch.

*Exit Vitelli, Capiaga.*

wln 0702

*Actus Secundus Scaena tertia.*

wln 0703  
wln 0704  
wln 0705  
wln 0706  
wln 0707  
wln 0708  
wln 0709  
wln 0710  
wln 0711  
wln 0712  
wln 0713  
wln 0714  
wln 0715  
wln 0716  
wln 0717  
wln 0718  
wln 0719

*Enter Carazie, Manto.*

*Carazie* Though he hath passed the *Aga*, and chief Porter  
This cannot be the man.

*Manto.* By her description I am sure it is.

*Carazie* O women, women!

What are you? a great Lady dote upon  
A Haberdasher of small wares!

*Manto.* Pish, thou hast none.

*Carazie* No, if I had I might have served the turn:  
This 'tis to want munition when a man  
Should make a breach and Enter.

*Enter Vitelli.*

*Manto.* Sir, you are welcome:  
Think what 'tis to be happy and possess it.

*Carazie* Perfume the Rooms there, and make way.  
Let Music with choice notes entertain the man,  
The *Princess* now purposes to honor.

*Vitelli* I am ravished:

*Exeunt.*

wln 0720

*Actus Secundus Scaena Quarta.*

wln 0721

*A Table set forth, Jewels and Bags upon it: loud Music  
Enter Donusa, takes a chair, to her Carazie, Vitelli, Manto.  
Donusa, Sing o'er the Ditty, that I last composed*

wln 0722

wln 0723

img: 16-a  
sig: D3v

wln 0724

Upon my Lovesick passion's suit, your Voice  
To the Music that's placed yonder, we shall hear you  
With more delight and pleasure.

wln 0725

*Carazie* I obey you. *Song.*

wln 0726

wln 0727

*Vitelli* Is not this *Tempe*, or the blessed shades,

wln 0728

Where innocent Spirits reside? Or do I dream,

wln 0729

And this a heavenly vision? Howsoever

wln 0730

It is a sight too glorious to behold

wln 0731

For such a wretch as I am. *Stands amazed.*

wln 0732

*Carazie* He is daunted.

wln 0733

*Manto* Speak to him Madam, cheer him up, or you  
Destroy what you have builded.

wln 0734

*Carazie* Would I were furnished

wln 0735

With his artillery, and if I stood

wln 0736

Gaping as he does, hang me.

wln 0737

*Vitelli* That I might ever dream thus. *kneels.*

wln 0738

*Donusa* Banish amazement,

wln 0739

You, wake; your debtor tells you so, your debtor,

wln 0740

And to assure you that I am a substance

wln 0741

And no aerial figure, thus I raise you.

wln 0742

Why do you shake? My soft touch brings no Ague,

wln 0743

No biting frost is in this palm: Nor are

wln 0744

My looks like to the Gorgon's head, that turn

wln 0745

Men into Statues, rather they have power

wln 0746

(Or I have been abused) where they bestow

wln 0747

Their influence (let me prove it truth in you)

wln 0748

To give to dead men motion.

wln 0749

*Vitelli* Can this be?

wln 0750

May I believe my senses? Dare I think

wln 0751

I have a memory? Or that you are

wln 0752

That excellent creature, that of late disdained not

wln 0753

To look on my poor trifles.

wln 0754

*Donusa* I am she.

wln 0755

*Vitelli* The owner of that blessed name *Donusa*,

wln 0756

Which like a potent charm, although pronounced

wln 0757

By my profane, but much unworthier tongue,

wln 0758

wln 0759

img: 16-b  
sig: D4r

wln 0760

Hath brought me safe to this forbidden place,

wln 0761

Where Christian yet ne'er trod.

wln 0762

*Donusa* I am the same.

wln 0763

*Vitelli* And to what end, great Lady pardon me,

wln 0764  
wln 0765  
wln 0766  
wln 0767  
wln 0768  
wln 0769  
wln 0770  
wln 0771  
wln 0772  
wln 0773  
wln 0774  
wln 0775  
wln 0776  
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wln 0785  
wln 0786  
wln 0787  
wln 0788  
wln 0789  
wln 0790  
wln 0791  
wln 0792  
wln 0793  
wln 0794  
wln 0795

That I presume to ask, did your command  
Command me hither? or what am I? to whom  
You should vouchsafe your favors; nay, your angers?  
If any wild or uncollected speech  
Offensively delivered, or my doubt  
Of your unknown perfections, have displeased you,  
You wrong your indignation, to pronounce  
Yourself my sentence: to have seen you only,  
And to have touched that fortune-making hand,  
Will with delight weigh down all tortures, that  
A flinty hangman's rage could execute,  
Or rigid tyranny command with pleasure.

*Donusa* How the abundance of good flowing to thee,  
Is wronged in this simplicity: and these bounties  
Which all our Eastern Kings have kneeled in vain for,  
Do by thy ignorance, or wilful fear,  
Meet with a false construction. *Christian*, know  
(For till thou art mine by a nearer name,  
That title though abhorred here, takes not from  
Thy entertainment) that 'tis not the fashion  
Among the greatest and the fairest Dames,  
This Turkish Empire gladly owes, and bows to:  
To punish where there's no offense, or nourish  
Displeasures against those, without whose mercy  
They part with all felicity. Prithee be wise,  
And gently understand me; Do not force her  
That ne'er knew aught but to command, not e'er read  
The elements of affection, but from such  
As gladly sued to her, in the infancy  
Of her new born desires, to be at once  
Importunate, and immodest.

*Vitelli* Did I know.

img: 17-a  
sig: D4v

wln 0796  
wln 0797  
wln 0798  
wln 0799  
wln 0800  
wln 0801  
wln 0802  
wln 0803  
wln 0804  
wln 0805  
wln 0806  
wln 0807  
wln 0808  
wln 0809  
wln 0810  
wln 0811

Great Lady your commands, or to what purpose  
This personated passion tends, (since 'twere  
A crime in me deserving death, to think  
It is your own: I should to make you sport  
Take any shape you please to impose upon me:  
And with joy strive to serve you.

*Donusa* Sport? thou art cruel,  
If that thou canst interpret my descent,  
From my high birth and greatness? But to be  
A part in which I truly act myself.  
And I must hold thee for a dull spectator  
If it stir not affection, and invite  
Compassion for my sufferings. Be thou taught  
By my example, to make satisfaction  
For wrongs unjustly offered. Willingly  
I do confess my fault; I injured thee

wln 0812  
wln 0813  
wln 0814  
wln 0815  
wln 0816  
wln 0817  
wln 0818  
wln 0819  
wln 0820  
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wln 0828  
wln 0829  
wln 0830  
wln 0831  
wln 0832

img: 17-b  
sig: E1r

wln 0833  
wln 0834  
wln 0835  
wln 0836  
wln 0837  
wln 0838  
wln 0839  
wln 0840  
wln 0841  
wln 0842  
wln 0843  
wln 0844  
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wln 0857  
wln 0858  
wln 0859

In some poor petty trifles; Thus I pay for  
The trespass I did to thee. Here receive  
These bags stuffed full of our imperial coin,  
Or if this payment be too light, take here  
These Gems for which the slavish *Indian* dives  
To the bottom of the Main? Or if thou scorn  
These as base dross (which take but common minds)  
But fancy any honor in my gift  
(Which is unbounded as the *Sultan's* Power)  
And be possessed of 't.

*Vitelli* I am overwhelmed:  
With the weight of happiness you throw upon me.  
Nor can it fall in my imagination,  
What wrong I e'er have done you: and much less  
How like a Royal Merchant to return  
Your great magnificence.

*Donusa* They are degrees,  
Not ends of my intended favors to thee.  
These seeds of bounty I yet scatter on  
A glebe I have not tried, but be thou thankful  
The harvest is to come.

*Vitelli* What can be added  
To that which I already have received,  
I cannot comprehend.

*Donusa.* The tender of  
Myself. Why dost thou start! and in that gift,  
Full restitution of that Virgin freedom  
Which thou hast robbed me of. Yet I profess  
I so far prize the lovely thief that stole it,  
That were it possible thou could'st restore  
What thou unwittingly hast ravished from me,  
I should refuse the present.

*Vitelli.* How I shake  
In my constant resolution! and my flesh  
Rebellious to my better part now tells me,  
As if it were a strong defense of frailty.  
A *Hermit* in a desert trenched with prayers  
Could not resist this battery.

*Donusa* Thou an *Italian*?  
Nay more I know 't, a natural *Venetian*,  
Such as are Courtiers born to please fair Ladies,  
Yet come thus slowly on?

*Vitelli* Excuse me Madam,  
What imputation soe'er the world  
Is pleased to lay upon us: in myself  
I am so innocent that I know not what 'tis  
That I should offer.

*Donusa.* By instinct I'll teach thee,

wln 0860  
wln 0861  
wln 0862  
wln 0863  
wln 0864  
wln 0865  
wln 0866  
wln 0867  
wln 0868  
wln 0869

img: 18-a  
sig: E1v

And with such ease as love makes me to ask it.  
When a young Lady wrings you by the hand thus,  
Or with an amorous touch presses your foot  
Looks babies in your eyes, plays with your locks,  
Do not you find without a tutor's help  
What 'tis she looks for.

*Vitelli.* I am grown already  
Skilful in the mystery.

*Donusa* Or if thus she kiss you,  
Then tastes your lips again.

wln 0870  
wln 0871  
wln 0872  
wln 0873  
wln 0874  
wln 0875  
wln 0876  
wln 0877  
wln 0878  
wln 0879  
wln 0880  
wln 0881

*Vitelli* That latter blow  
Has beat all chaste thoughts from me.

*Donusa* Say she points to  
Some private room, the Sun beams never enters,  
Provoking dishes, passing by to heighten  
Declined appetite, active Music ushering  
Your fainting steps, the waiters too as born dumb,  
Not daring to look on you. *Exit, inviting him to follow.*

*Vitelli.* Though the Devil  
Stood by, and roared, I follow: now I find  
That Virtue's but a word, and no sure guard  
If set upon by beauty, and reward. *Exeunt.*

wln 0882

*Actus Secundus, Scaena Quinta.*

wln 0883  
wln 0884  
wln 0885  
wln 0886  
wln 0887  
wln 0888  
wln 0889  
wln 0890  
wln 0891  
wln 0892  
wln 0893  
wln 0894  
wln 0895  
wln 0896  
wln 0897  
wln 0898  
wln 0899  
wln 0900  
wln 0901  
wln 0902

*Enter Aga. Capiaga, Grimaldi, Master, Boatswain, etc.*

*Aga.* The Devils in him I think.

*Grimaldi* Let him be damned too  
I'll look on him though he stared as wild as hell,  
Nay I'll go near to tell him to his teeth  
If he mends not suddenly, and proves more thankful,  
We do him too much service, were 't not for shame now  
I could turn honest and forswear my trade,  
Which next to being trussed up at the main yard  
By some low country butterbox, I hate  
As deadly as I do fasting, or long grace  
When meat cools on the table.

*Capiaga* But take heed,  
You know his violent nature.

*Grimaldi* Let his Whores  
And Catamites, know 't, I understand myself,  
And how unmanly 'tis to sit at home  
And rail at us, that run abroad all hazards:  
If every week we bring not home new pillage,  
For the fattening his Seraglio. *Enter Asambeg, Mustapha.*

img: 18-b  
sig: E2r



wln 0903  
wln 0904  
wln 0905  
wln 0906  
wln 0907  
wln 0908  
wln 0909  
wln 0910  
wln 0911  
wln 0912  
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wln 0929  
wln 0930  
wln 0931  
wln 0932  
wln 0933  
wln 0934  
wln 0935  
wln 0936  
wln 0937  
wln 0938  
wln 0939

*Aga.* Here he comes.

*Capiaga* How terrible he looks?

*Grimaldi* To such as fear him:

The viceroy *Asambeg* were he the Sultan's self  
He will let us know a reason for his fury,  
Or we must take leave without his allowance  
To be merry with our ignorance.

*Asambeg* Mahomet's hell

Light on you all, you crouch, and cringe now, where  
Was the terror of my just frowns, when you suffered  
Those thieves of Malta, almost in our harbor  
To board a ship, and bear her safely off,  
While you stood idle lookers on?

*Aga.* The odds

In the men and shipping, and the suddenness  
Of their departure yielding us no leisure  
To send forth others to relieve our own,  
Deterred us mighty Sir.

*Asambeg* Deterred you cowards?

How durst you only entertain the knowledge  
Of what fear was, but in the not performance  
Of our command? in me great Amurah spoke,  
My voice did echo to your ears his thunder,  
And willed you like so many Seaborn-Tritons,  
Armed only with the Trumpets of your courage,  
To swim up to her, and like Remoras.  
Hanging upon her keel, to stay her flight  
Till rescue sent from us, had fetched you off,  
You think you are safe now; who durst but dispute it  
Or make it questionable, if this moment  
I charged you from yon hanging cliff, that glasses  
His rugged forehead in the neighbor lake,  
To throw yourselves down headlong? or like faggots  
To fill the ditches of defended Forts,  
While on your backs we marched up to the **breach**

*Grimaldi* That would not I. *Asambeg* Ha?

*Grimaldi* Yet I dare as much

img: 19-a  
sig: E2v

wln 0940  
wln 0941  
wln 0942  
wln 0943  
wln 0944  
wln 0945  
wln 0946  
wln 0947  
wln 0948  
wln 0949

As any of the Sultan's boldest sons,  
(Whose heaven, and hell, hang on his frown, or smile,)  
His warlike Janissaries.

*Asambeg* Add one syllable more

Thou dost pronounce upon thyself a sentence  
That earthquake-like will swallow thee

*Grimaldi* Let it open,

I'll stand the hazard, those contemned thieves  
Your fellow *Pirates* Sir, the bold Maltese  
Whom with your looks you think to quell, at Rhodes

wln 0950  
wln 0951  
wln 0952  
wln 0953  
wln 0954  
wln 0955  
wln 0956  
wln 0957  
wln 0958  
wln 0959  
wln 0960  
wln 0961  
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wln 0970  
wln 0971  
wln 0972  
wln 0973  
wln 0974  
wln 0975  
wln 0976

img: 19-b  
sig: E3r

wln 0977  
wln 0978  
wln 0979  
wln 0980  
wln 0981  
wln 0982  
wln 0983  
wln 0984  
wln 0985  
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wln 0993  
wln 0994  
wln 0995  
wln 0996  
wln 0997

Laughed at great *Soliman's* anger: and if treason  
Had not delivered them into his power,  
He had grown old in glory as in years.  
At that so fatal siege, or risen with shame  
His hopes, and threats deluded.

*Asambeg.* Our great Prophet  
How have I lost my anger, and my Power!

*Grimaldi* Find it and use it on thy flatterers:  
And not upon thy friends that dare speak truth,  
These Knights of Malta but a handful to  
Your armies that drink rivers up, have stood  
Your fury at the height, and with their crosses  
Struck pale your horned moons; These men of Malta  
Since I took pay from you, I have met and fought with.  
Upon advantage too. Yet to speak truth  
By the soul of honor, I have ever found them  
As provident to direct, and bold to do  
As any trained up in your discipline:  
Ravished from other nations.

*Mustapha* I perceive  
The lightning in his fiery looks, the cloud  
Is broke already.

*Grimaldi* Think not therefore sir,  
That you alone are Giants, and such *Pygmies*  
You war upon.

*Asambeg* Villain I'll make thee know  
Thou hast blasphemed the *Ottoman* power, and safer

At noon day might have given fire to St *Mark's*  
Your proud *Venetian* Temple. Seize upon him;  
I am not so near reconciled to him  
To bid him die: that were a benefit  
The dog's unworthy of, to our use confiscate  
All that he stands possessed of: Let him taste  
The misery of want, and his vain riots  
Like to so many walking Ghosts affright him  
Where're he sets his desperate foot. Who is 't  
That does command you?

*Grimaldi* Is this the reward  
For all my service, and the rape I made  
On fair *Paulina*.

*Asambeg* Drag him hence, he dies  
That dallies but a minute.

*Boatswain* What's become *Grimaldi dragged off, his*  
Of our shares now Master. *head covered. Exeunt*

*Master* Would he had been born dumb: *Master and*  
The beggar's cure, patience is all that's left us. *Boatswain.*

*Mustapha* 'Twas but intemperance of speech, excuse him  
Let me prevail so far. Fame gives him out

wln 0998  
wln 0999  
wln 1000  
wln 1001  
wln 1002  
wln 1003  
wln 1004  
wln 1005  
wln 1006  
wln 1007  
wln 1008  
wln 1009  
wln 1010  
wln 1011  
wln 1012  
wln 1013

img: 20-a  
sig: E3v

wln 1014  
wln 1015  
wln 1016  
wln 1017  
wln 1018  
wln 1019  
wln 1020  
wln 1021  
wln 1022  
wln 1023  
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wln 1041  
wln 1042  
wln 1043  
wln 1044  
wln 1045

For a deserving fellow.

*Asambeg* At Aleppo

I durst not press you so far, give me leave  
To use my own will and command in Tunis  
And if you please my privacy.

*Mustapha* I will see you

When this high wind's blown o'er.

*Exit Mustapha.*

*Asambeg* So shall you find me

Ready to do you service. Rage now leave me  
Stern looks, and all the ceremonious forms  
Attending on dread Majesty, fly from

Transformed *Asambeg*, why should I hug  
So near my heart, what leads me to my prison?

*plucks out a  
gilt key.*

Where she that is enthralled commands her keeper,  
And robs me of the fierceness I was born with.  
Stout men quake at my frowns, and in return

I tremble at her softness. Base *Grimaldi*  
But only named *Paulina*, and the charm  
Had almost choked my fury ere I could  
Pronounce his sentence. Would when first I saw her  
Mine eyes had met with lightning, and in place  
Of hearing her enchanting tongue, the shrieks  
Of Mandrakes had made music to my slumbers,  
For now I only walk a loving dream  
And but to my dishonor never wake,  
And yet am blind, but when I see the object,  
And madly dote on it. Appear bright spark  
Of all perfection: any simile  
Borrowed from Diamonds, or the fairest stars  
To help me to express, how dear I prize  
The unmatched graces, will rise up and chide me  
For poor detraction.

*Paulina* I despise thy flatteries

Thus spit at 'em, and scorn 'em, and being armed  
In the assurance of my innocent virtue  
I stamp upon all doubts, all fears, all tortures  
Thy barbarous cruelty, or what's worse, thy dotage  
(The worthy parent of thy jealousy)  
Can shower upon me.

*opens a door,  
Paulina discovered  
comes forth.*

*Asambeg* If these bitter taunts

Ravish me from myself, and make me think  
My greedy ears receive Angelical sounds,  
How would this tongue tuned to a loving note  
Invade, and take possession of my soul  
Which then I durst not call mine own.

*Paulina* Thou art false,

Falser than thy religion. Do but think me  
Something above a beast; nay more, a monster,

wln 1046  
wln 1047  
wln 1048  
wln 1049  
wln 1050

img: 20-b  
sig: E4r

Would fright the Sun to look on, and then tell me  
If this base usage, can invite affection?  
If to be mewed up, and excluded from  
Human society; the use of pleasures;  
The necessary, not superfluous duties

wln 1051  
wln 1052  
wln 1053  
wln 1054  
wln 1055  
wln 1056  
wln 1057  
wln 1058  
wln 1059  
wln 1060  
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wln 1078  
wln 1079  
wln 1080

Of servants to discharge those offices,  
I blush to name.  
*Asambeg* Of servants? can you think  
That I that dare not trust the eye of Heaven  
To look upon your beauties, that deny  
Myself the happiness to touch your pureness  
Will e'er consent an Eunuch, or bought handmaid  
Shall once approach you? there is something in you  
That can work Miracles, or I am cozened,  
Dispose and alter sexes. To my wrong  
In spite of nature. I will be your nurse,  
Your woman, your physician, and your fool,  
Till with your free consent, which I have vowed  
Never to force, you grace me with a name  
That shall supply all these.

*Paulina* What is 't?

*Asambeg* Your husband.

*Paulina* My hangman when thou pleasest.

*Asambeg* Thus I guard me,  
Against your further angers.

*Paulina* Which shall reach thee  
Though I were in the Center.

*Asambeg* Such a spirit  
In such a small proportion I ne'er read of  
Which time must alter, ravish her I dare not  
The magic that she wears about her neck,  
I think defends her, this devotion paid  
To this sweet Saint, mistress of my sour pain  
'Tis fit I take mine own rough shape again.

*Puts to the door  
and locks it.*

*Exit  
Asambeg.*

wln 1081

*Actus Secundus, Scaena Sexta*

wln 1082  
wln 1083

*Enter Francisco, Gazet.*

*Francisco* I think he's lost.

*Gazet.* 'Tis ten to one of that,

img: 21-a  
sig: E4v

wln 1085  
wln 1086  
wln 1087  
wln 1088  
wln 1089

I ne'er knew Citizen turn Courtier yet,  
But he lost his credit, though he saved himself  
Why, look you sir, there are so many lobbies,  
Out offices, and disputations here  
Behind these Turkish hangings, that a Christian

wln 1090  
wln 1091  
wln 1092  
wln 1093  
wln 1094  
wln 1095  
wln 1096  
wln 1097  
wln 1098  
wln 1099  
wln 1100  
wln 1101  
wln 1102  
wln 1103  
wln 1104  
wln 1105  
wln 1106  
wln 1107  
wln 1108  
wln 1109  
wln 1110  
wln 1111  
wln 1112  
wln 1113  
wln 1114  
wln 1115  
wln 1116  
wln 1117  
wln 1118  
wln 1119  
wln 1120  
wln 1121

Hardly gets off but circumcised.  
*Francisco* I am troubled *Enter Vitelli, Carazie, Manto,*  
Troubled exceedingly. Ha! what are these?  
*Gazet* One by his rich suit should be some french Ambassador  
For his train I think they are Turks.  
*Francisco* Peace, be not seen.  
*Carazie* You are now past all the guards, and undiscovered  
You may return.  
*Vitelli* There's for your pains, forget not  
My humblest service to the best of Ladies.  
*Manto.* Deserve her favor sir, in making haste  
For a second entertainment.  
*Vitelli* Do not doubt me, *Exeunt Carazie, Manto.*  
I shall not live till then.  
*Gazet* The train is vanished  
They have done him some good office he's so free  
And liberal of his gold. Ha, do I dream,  
Or is this mine own natural Master;  
*Francisco* 'Tis he,  
But strangely metamorphosed. You have made sir.  
A prosperous voyage, heaven grant it be honest,  
I shall rejoice then too.  
*Gazet* You make him blush  
To talk of honesty, you were but now  
In the giving vein, and may think of *Gazet*  
Your worship's prentice.  
*Vitelli* There's gold, be thou free too  
And Master of my shop, and all the wares  
We brought from Venice.  
*Gazet* Rivo then.  
*Vitelli* Dear sir  
This place affords not privacy for discourse

img: 21-b  
sig: F1r

wln 1122  
wln 1123  
wln 1124  
wln 1125  
wln 1126  
wln 1127  
wln 1128  
wln 1129  
wln 1130  
wln 1131  
wln 1132  
wln 1133  
wln 1134  
wln 1135  
wln 1136  
wln 1137

But I can tell you wonders, my rich habit  
Deserves least admiration; there's nothing  
That can fall in the compass of your wishes  
Though it were to redeem a thousand slaves  
From the Turkish galleys, or at home to erect  
Some pious work, to shame all Hospitals,  
But I am master of the means.  
*Francisco* 'Tis strange.  
*Vitelli* As I walk I'll tell you more.  
*Gazet* Pray you a word Sir,  
And then I will put on. I have one boon more.  
*Vitelli* What is 't? speak freely.  
*Gazet* Thus then, as I am Master  
Of your Shop, and wares, pray you help me to some trucking  
With your last she customer, though she crack my best piece  
I will endure it with patience.

wln 1138  
wln 1139  
wln 1140  
wln 1141  
wln 1142  
wln 1143  
wln 1144

*Vitelli* Leave your prating.  
*Gazet* I may, you have been doing, we will do too.  
*Francisco* I am amazed, yet will nor blame, nor chide you,  
Till you inform me further. Yet must say  
They steer not the right course, nor traffic well,  
That seek a passage to reach Heaven, through Hell.

*Exeunt*

wln 1145

*Actus Tertius. Scaena prima,*

wln 1146

*Enter Donusa, Manto.*

wln 1147

*Donusa.* When said he, he would come again?

wln 1148

*Manto.* He swore,

wln 1149

Short Minutes should be tedious Ages to him,

wln 1150

Until the tender of his second service,

wln 1151

So much he seemed transported with the first.

wln 1152

*Donusa* I am sure I was. I charge thee *Manto* tell me

wln 1153

By all my favors, and my bounties truly

img: 22-a  
sig: F1v

wln 1154

Whether thou art a Virgin, or like me

wln 1155

Hast forfeited that name.

wln 1156

*Manto.* A Virgin Madam?

wln 1157

At my years being a waiting-woman, and in Court too?

wln 1158

That were miraculous. I so long since lost

wln 1159

That barren burden, I almost forget

wln 1160

That ever I was one.

wln 1161

*Donusa* And could thy friends

wln 1162

Read in thy face, thy maidenhead gone, that thou

wln 1163

Hadst parted with it?

wln 1164

*Manto.* No indeed. I passed

wln 1165

For current many years after, till by fortune,

wln 1166

Long and continued practice in the sport

wln 1167

Blew up my deck, a husband then was found out

wln 1168

By my indulgent father, and to the world

wln 1169

All was made whole again. What need you fear then

wln 1170

That at your pleasure may repair your honor

wln 1171

Durst any envious, or malicious tongue,

wln 1172

Presume to taint it?

wln 1173

*Donusa* How now?

wln 1174

*Enter Carazie.*

wln 1175

*Carazie* Madam, the Bashaw

wln 1176

Humbly desires access.

wln 1177

*Donusa* If it had been

wln 1178

My neat Italian, thou hadst met my wishes.

wln 1179

Tell him we would be private.

wln 1180

*Carazie* So I did,

wln 1181

But he is much importunate.

wln 1182  
wln 1183  
wln 1184  
wln 1185  
wln 1186  
wln 1187  
wln 1188  
wln 1189  
wln 1190

*Manto.* Best dispatch him  
His ling'ring here else will deter the other,  
From making his approach.

*Donusa* His entertainment  
Shall not invite a second visit, go  
Say we are pleased.

*Enter Mustapha.*

*Mustapha* All happiness.

*Donusa* Be sudden

img: 22-b  
sig: F2r

wln 1191  
wln 1192  
wln 1193  
wln 1194  
wln 1195  
wln 1196  
wln 1197  
wln 1198  
wln 1199  
wln 1200  
wln 1201  
wln 1202  
wln 1203  
wln 1204  
wln 1205  
wln 1206  
wln 1207  
wln 1208  
wln 1209  
wln 1210  
wln 1211  
wln 1212  
wln 1213  
wln 1214  
wln 1215  
wln 1216  
wln 1217  
wln 1218  
wln 1219  
wln 1220  
wln 1221  
wln 1222  
wln 1223  
wln 1224  
wln 1225  
wln 1226

'Twas saucy rudeness in you sir to press  
On my retirements, but ridiculous folly  
To waste the time that might be better spent  
In complemental wishes.

*Carazie* There's a cooling  
For his hot encounter.

*Donusa* Come you here to stare?  
If you have lost your tongue, and use of speech,  
Resign your government, there's a mute's place void  
In my uncle's Court I hear, and you may work me  
To write for your preferment.

*Mustapha* This is strange!  
I know not Madam, what neglect of mine  
Has called this scorn upon me.

*Donusa* To the purpose  
My will's a reason, and we stand not bound  
To yield account to you.

*Mustapha* Not of your angers,  
But with erected ears I should hear from you  
The story of your good opinion of me  
Confirmed by love, and favors.

*Donusa* How deserved?  
I have considered you from head to foot,  
And can find nothing in that wainscot face,  
That can teach me to dote, nor am I taken  
With your grim aspect, or toadpool-like complexion,  
Those scars you glory in, I fear to look on;  
And had much rather hear a merry tale  
Then all your battles won with blood and sweat,  
Though you belch forth the stink too, in the service,  
And swear by your Mustachioes all is true.  
You are yet too rough for me, purge and take physick,  
Purchase perfumers, get me some French tailor,  
To new create you; the first shape you were made with  
Is quite worn out, let your barber wash your face too,  
You look yet like a bugbear to fright children,

img: 23-a  
sig: F2v

wln 1227  
wln 1228  
wln 1229  
wln 1230  
wln 1231  
wln 1232  
wln 1233  
wln 1234  
wln 1235  
wln 1236  
wln 1237  
wln 1238  
wln 1239  
wln 1240  
wln 1241  
wln 1242  
wln 1243  
wln 1244  
wln 1245  
wln 1246  
wln 1247  
wln 1248  
wln 1249  
wln 1250  
wln 1251  
wln 1252  
wln 1253  
wln 1254  
wln 1255  
wln 1256  
wln 1257  
wln 1258  
wln 1259  
wln 1260  
wln 1261

Till when I take my leave, wait me *Carazie*. *Exeunt*  
*Mustapha* Stay you my Lady's Cabinet key. *Donusa Carazie*  
*Manto* How's this sir?  
*Mustapha* Stay and stand quietly, or you shall fall else,  
Not to firk your belly up flounder like, but never  
To rise again. Offer but to unlock  
These doors that stop your fugitive tongue (observe me)  
And by my fury, I'll fix there this bolt  
To bar thy speech forever. So, be safe now  
And but resolve me, not of what I doubt  
But bring assurance to a thing believed,  
Thou mak'st thyself a fortune, not depending  
On the uncertain favors of a Mistress,  
But art thyself one. I'll not so far question  
My judgement, and observance, as to ask  
Why I am slighted, and contemned, but in  
Whose favor it is done. I that have read  
The copious volumes of all women's falsehood,  
Commented on by the heart breaking groans  
Of abused lovers, all the doubts washed off  
With fruitless tears, the Spider's cobweb veil  
Of arguments, alleged in their defense,  
Blown off with sighs of desperate men, and they  
Appearing in their full deformity:  
Know that some other hath displanted me,  
With her dishonor. Has she given it up?  
Confirm it in two syllables?  
*Manto*. She has.  
*Mustapha* I cherish thy confession thus, and thus, *gives*  
Be mine, again I court thee thus, and thus *her jewels.*  
Now prove but constant to my ends.  
*Manto*. By all —  
*Mustapha* Enough, I dare not doubt thee. O land Crocodiles  
Made of Egyptian slime, accursed women!  
But 'tis no time to rail: come my best *Manto*. *Exeunt*

img: 23-b  
sig: F3r

wln 1262  
  
wln 1263  
wln 1264  
wln 1265  
wln 1266  
wln 1267  
wln 1268  
wln 1269  
wln 1270  
wln 1271

*Actus tertius, Scaena Secunda.*

*Enter Vitelli, Francisco.*

*Vitelli* Sir, as you are my confessor, you stand bound  
Not to reveal whatever I discover  
In that Religious way: nor dare I doubt you.  
Let it suffice, you have made me see my follies,  
And wrought perhaps compunction; For I would not  
Appear an *Hypocrite*. But when you impose  
A penance on me, beyond flesh, and blood  
To undergo: you must instruct me how



wln 1272  
wln 1273  
wln 1274  
wln 1275  
wln 1276  
wln 1277  
wln 1278  
wln 1279  
wln 1280  
wln 1281  
wln 1282  
wln 1283  
wln 1284  
wln 1285  
wln 1286  
wln 1287  
wln 1288  
wln 1289  
wln 1290  
wln 1291  
wln 1292

To put off the condition of a man:  
Or if not pardon, at the least, excuse  
My disobedience. Yet despair not sir,  
For though I take mine own way, I shall do  
Something that may hereafter to my glory,  
Speak me your Scholar.

*Francisco* I enjoin you not  
To go, but send.

*Vitelli* That were a petty trial  
Not worth one so long taught, and exercised  
Under so grave a master. Reverend *Francisco*  
My friend, my father, in that word, my all;  
Rest confident, you shall hear something of me  
That will redeem me in your good opinion,  
Or judge me lost forever. Send *Gazet*  
(She shall give order that he may have entrance)  
To acquaint you with my fortunes.

*Exit Vitelli.*

*Francisco* Go and prosper,  
Holy Saints guide and strengthen thee. Howsoever  
As my endeavors are, so may they find  
Gracious acceptance.

wln 1293  
wln 1294

*Enter Gazet, Grimaldi, in rags.*  
*Gazet* Now you do not roar sir

img: 24-a  
sig: F3v

wln 1295  
wln 1296  
wln 1297  
wln 1298  
wln 1299  
wln 1300  
wln 1301  
wln 1302  
wln 1303  
wln 1304  
wln 1305  
wln 1306  
wln 1307  
wln 1308  
wln 1309  
wln 1310  
wln 1311  
wln 1312  
wln 1313  
wln 1314  
wln 1315  
wln 1316  
wln 1317  
wln 1318

You speak not tempests, nor take ear-rent from  
A poor shopkeeper. Do you remember that sir,  
I wear your marks here still.

*Francisco* Can this be possible?  
All wonders are not ceased then.

*Grimaldi* Do, abuse me,  
Spit on me, spurn me, pull me by the nose,  
Thrust out these fiery eyes, that yesterday  
Would have looked thee dead.

*Graz.* O save me sir.

*Grimaldi* Fear nothing,  
I am tame, and quiet, there's no wrong can force me  
To remember what I was. I have forgot,  
I e'er had ireful fierceness, a steeled heart,  
Insensible of compassion to others,  
Nor is it fit that I should think myself  
Worth mine own pity, Oh.

*Francisco* Grows this dejection,  
From his disgrace do you say?

*Gazet* Why he's cashiered sir,  
His ships, his goods, his livery-punks confiscate,  
And there is such a punishment laid upon him,  
The miserable rogue must steal no more,  
Nor drink, nor drab.

wln 1319  
wln 1320  
wln 1321  
wln 1322  
wln 1323  
wln 1324  
wln 1325  
wln 1326  
wln 1327  
wln 1328  
wln 1329  
wln 1330  
wln 1331  
wln 1332

img: 24-b  
sig: F4r

*Francisco* Does that torment him?

*Gazet.* O Sir!

Should the State take order to bar men of acres,  
From those two laudable recreations,  
Drinking, and whoring, how should Panders purchase,  
Or thrifty Whores build Hospitals? 'slid if I  
That since I am made free, may write myself,  
A City gallant, should forfeit two such charters  
I should be stoned to death, and ne'er be pitied,  
By the liveries of those companies.

*Francisco* You'll be whipped sir,

If you bridle not your tongue. Haste to the Palace  
Your Master looks for you.

*Gazet* My quondam Master,

Rich sons forget they ever had poor fathers,  
In servants 'tis more pardonable; as a companion,  
Or so, I may consent, but is there hope sir,  
He has got me a good chapwoman? pray you write  
A word or two in my behalf.

*Francisco* Out rascal.

*Gazet* I feel some insurrections.

*Francisco* Hence.

*Gazet* I vanish.

*Exit Gazet.*

*Grimaldi* Why should I study a defense, or comfort?

In whom black guilt, and misery if balanced,  
I know not which would turn the scale, look upward  
I dare not, for should it but be believed,  
That I (dyed deep in hell's most horrid colors,)  
Should dare to hope for mercy, it would leave  
No check or feeling, in men innocent  
To catch at sins, the devil ne'er taught mankind yet,  
No, I must downward, downward, though repentance  
Could borrow all the glorious wings of grace,  
My mountainous weight of sins, would crack their pinions,  
And sink them to hell with me.

*Francisco* Dreadful! hear me,  
Thou miserable man.

*Grimaldi* Good sir deny not,  
But that there is no punishment beyond  
Damnation.

*Enter Master, Boatswain.*

*Master.* Yonder he is, I pity him.

*Boatswain* Take comfort Captain, we live still to serve you,

*Grimaldi* Serve me? I am a devil already, leave me,  
Stand further off, you are blasted else, I have heard  
Schoolmen affirm man's body is composed  
Of the four elements, and as in league together  
They nourish life; So each of them affords  
Liberty to the soul, when it grows weary

wln 1333  
wln 1334  
wln 1335  
wln 1336  
wln 1337  
wln 1338  
wln 1339  
wln 1340  
wln 1341  
wln 1342  
wln 1343  
wln 1344  
wln 1345  
wln 1346  
wln 1347  
wln 1348  
wln 1349  
wln 1350  
wln 1351  
wln 1352  
wln 1353  
wln 1354  
wln 1355  
wln 1356  
wln 1357  
wln 1358  
wln 1359  
wln 1360  
wln 1361  
wln 1362  
wln 1363  
wln 1364  
wln 1365  
wln 1366

wln 1367  
wln 1368  
wln 1369

img: 25-a  
sig: F4v

Of this fleshy prison. Which shall I make choice of?  
The fire? no (I shall feel that hereafter)  
The earth will not receive me. Should some whirlwind

wln 1370  
wln 1371  
wln 1372  
wln 1373  
wln 1374  
wln 1375  
wln 1376  
wln 1377  
wln 1378  
wln 1379  
wln 1380  
wln 1381  
wln 1382  
wln 1383  
wln 1384  
wln 1385  
wln 1386  
wln 1387  
wln 1388  
wln 1389  
wln 1390

Snatch me into the air: and I hang there,  
Perpetual plagues would dwell upon the earth.  
And those superior bodies that pour down  
Their cheerful influence deny to pass it,  
Through those vast regions I have infected.  
The (Sea) Ay that is justice there, I plowed up  
Mischief as deep as Hell there: there I'll hide  
This cursed lump of clay may it turn Rocks  
Where plummet's weight could never reach the sands.  
And grind the ribs of all such barks as press  
The *Ocean's* breast in my unlawful course.  
I haste then to thee, let thy ravenous womb  
Whom all things else deny, be now my tomb.  
*Master.* Follow him and restrain him.  
*Francisco* Let this stand  
For an example to you. I'll provide  
A lodging for him, and apply such cures  
To his wounded conscience, as heaven hath lent me.  
He's now my second care: and my profession  
Binds me to teach the desperate to repent  
As far as to confirm the innocent.

*Exit Grimaldi*

*Exeunt.*

wln 1391

*Actus tertius, Scaena tertia.*

wln 1392  
wln 1393  
wln 1394  
wln 1395  
wln 1396  
wln 1397  
wln 1398  
wln 1399  
wln 1400  
wln 1401  
wln 1402

*Enter Asambeg, Mustapha, Aga, Capiaga.*  
*Asambeg.* Your pleasure,  
*Mustapha* 'Twill exact your private ear,  
And when you have received it, you will think  
Too many know it. *Exeunt Aga, Capiaga.*  
*Asambeg.* Leave the room, but be  
Within our call. Now sir, what burning secret brings you  
(With which it seems you are turned Cinders)  
To quench in my advice, or power?  
*Mustapha.* The fire  
Will rather reach you.

img: 25-b  
sig: G1r

wln 1403  
wln 1404  
wln 1405  
wln 1406  
wln 1407  
wln 1408

*Asambeg* Me?  
*Mustapha* And consume both,  
For 'tis impossible to be put out  
But with the blood of those that kindle it:  
And yet one vial of it is so precious,  
It being borrowed from the *Ottoman* spring,

wln 1409  
wln 1410  
wln 1411  
wln 1412  
wln 1413  
wln 1414  
wln 1415  
wln 1416  
wln 1417  
wln 1418  
wln 1419  
wln 1420  
wln 1421  
wln 1422  
wln 1423  
wln 1424  
wln 1425  
wln 1426  
wln 1427  
wln 1428  
wln 1429  
wln 1430  
wln 1431  
wln 1432  
wln 1433  
wln 1434  
wln 1435  
wln 1436  
wln 1437  
wln 1438  
wln 1439

That better 'tis I think, both we should perish  
Then prove the desperate means that must restrain it,  
From spreading further.  
*Asambeg* To the point, and quickly.  
These winding circumstances in relations  
Seldom environ truth.  
*Mustapha* Truth *Asambeg*?  
*Asambeg* Truth *Mustapha*. I said it, and add more  
You touch upon a string that to my ear,  
Does sound *Donusa*.  
*Mustapha* You then understand  
Who 'tis I aim at.  
*Asambeg* Take heed *Mustapha*,  
Remember what she is, and whose we are;  
'Tis her neglect perhaps, that you complain of,  
And should you practice to revenge her scorn,  
With any plot to taint her in her honor,  
*Mustapha* Hear me.  
*Asambeg* I will be heard first, there's no tongue  
A subject owes, that shall out thunder mine.  
*Mustapha* Well take your way.  
*Asambeg* I then again repeat it  
If *Mustapha* dares with malicious breath  
(On jealous suppositions) presume  
To blast the blossom of *Donusa*'s Fame  
Because he is denied a happiness  
Which men of equal, nay of more desert,  
Have sued in vain for.  
*Mustapha* More?  
*Asambeg* More. 'Twas I spoke it,  
The Bashaw of *Natolia* and myself

img: 26-a  
sig: G1v

wln 1440  
wln 1441  
wln 1442  
wln 1443  
wln 1444  
wln 1445  
wln 1446  
wln 1447  
wln 1448  
wln 1449  
wln 1450  
wln 1451  
wln 1452  
wln 1453  
wln 1454  
wln 1455  
wln 1456

Were Rivals for her, either of us brought  
More Victories, more Trophies, to plead for us  
To our great Master, than you dare lay claim to,  
Yet still by his allowance she was left  
To her election, each of us owed nature  
As much for outward form, and inward worth  
To make way for us to her grace and favor,  
As you brought with you. We were heard, repulsed  
Yet thought it no dishonor to sit down,  
With the disgrace; if not to force affection,  
May merit such a name.  
*Mustapha* Have you done yet?  
*Asambeg* Be therefore more than sure the ground on which  
You raise your accusation, may admit  
No undermining of defense in her,  
For if with pregnant and apparent proofs  
Such as may force a judge, more than inclined

wln 1457  
wln 1458  
wln 1459  
wln 1460  
wln 1461  
wln 1462  
wln 1463  
wln 1464  
wln 1465  
wln 1466  
wln 1467  
wln 1468  
wln 1469  
wln 1470  
wln 1471  
wln 1472  
wln 1473  
wln 1474  
wln 1475  
wln 1476

img: 26-b  
sig: G2r

wln 1477  
wln 1478  
wln 1479  
wln 1480  
wln 1481  
wln 1482  
wln 1483  
wln 1484  
wln 1485  
wln 1486  
wln 1487  
wln 1488  
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wln 1496  
wln 1497  
wln 1498  
wln 1499  
wln 1500  
wln 1501  
wln 1502  
wln 1503  
wln 1504

Or partial in her cause to swear her guilty;  
You win not me to set off your belief,  
Neither our ancient friendship, nor the rites,  
Of sacred hospitality (to which  
I would not offer violence) shall protect you:  
Now when you please.

*Mustapha* I will not dwell upon  
Much circumstance, yet cannot but profess  
With the assurance of a loyalty,  
Equal to yours, the reverence I owe,  
The Sultan, and all such his blood makes sacred;  
That there is not a vein of mine which yet is  
Unemptied in his service, but this moment  
Should freely open, so it might wash off  
The stains of her dishonor, could you think?  
Or though you saw it credit your own eyes?  
That she, the wonder and amazement of  
Her sex, the pride, and glory of the empire,  
That hath disdained you, slighted me, and boasted  
A frozen coldness which no appetite,

Or height of blood could thaw, should now so far  
Be hurried with the violence of her lust,  
As in it burying her high birth and fame,  
Basely descend to fill a Christian's arms  
And to him yield her Virgin honor up,  
Nay sue to him to take 't.

*Asambeg* A Christian?

*Mustapha* Temper

Your admiration: and what Christian think you?  
No Prince disguised; no man of mark, nor honor,  
No daring undertaker in our service,  
But one whose lips her foot should scorn to touch,  
A poor Mechanic-Pedlar.

*Asambeg* He?

*Mustapha* Nay more,

Whom do you think she made her scout, nay bawd,  
To find him out but me? What place makes choice of  
To wallow in her foul and loathsome pleasures,  
But in the palace? Who the instruments  
Of close conveyance, but the captain of  
Your guard the *Aga*, and that man of trust  
The warden of the inmost port? I'll prove this,  
And though I fail to show her in the act,  
Glued like a neighing Jennet to her Stallion,  
Your incredulity shall be convinced  
With proofs I blush to think on.

*Asambeg* Never yet,

This flesh felt such a fever, by the life

wln 1505  
wln 1506  
wln 1507  
wln 1508  
wln 1509  
wln 1510  
wln 1511

And fortune of great *Amurath*, should our prophet  
(Whose name I bow to) in a vision speak this,  
'Twould make me doubtful of my faith: lead on,  
And when my eyes, and ears, are like yours, guilty,  
My rage shall then appear, for I will do  
Something; but what, I am not yet determined.

*Exeunt.*

img: 27-a  
sig: G2v

wln 1512

*Actus Tertius, Scaena Quarta.*

wln 1513

*Enter Carazie, Manto, Gazet.*

wln 1514

*Carazie.* They are private to their wishes,

wln 1515

*Manto* Doubt it not.

wln 1516

*Gazet* A pretty structure this! a court do you call it?

wln 1517

Vaulted and arched: O here has been old jumbling  
Behind this arras.

wln 1518

wln 1519

*Carazie* Prithee let's have some sport,  
With this fresh Codshead.

wln 1520

wln 1521

*Manto.* I am out of tune,

wln 1522

But do as you please. My conscience! tush the hope  
Of liberty throws that burden off,  
I must go watch, and make discovery.

wln 1523

wln 1524

*Exit.*

wln 1525

*Carazie* He's musing,

wln 1526

And will talk to himself, he cannot hold,  
The poor fool's ravished.

wln 1527

wln 1528

*Gazet.* I am in my master's clothes,

wln 1529

They fit me to a hair too, let but any  
Indifferent gamester measure us inch, by inch,  
Or weigh us by the standard, I may pass  
I have been proved, and proved again, true metal.

wln 1530

wln 1531

*Carazie* How he surveys himself.

wln 1532

wln 1533

*Gazet* I have heard that some  
Have fooled themselves at Court into good fortunes,  
That never hoped to thrive by wit in the City,  
Or honesty in the Country. If I do not  
Make the best laugh at me, he weep for myself,  
If they give me hearing. 'Tis resolved I'll try  
What may be done. By your favor sir, I pray you  
Were you born a Courtier?

wln 1534

wln 1535

*Carazie* No sir, why do you ask?

wln 1536

wln 1537

*Gazet* Because I thought that none could be preferred,

wln 1538

wln 1539

wln 1540

wln 1541

wln 1542

wln 1543

img: 27-b  
sig: G3r

wln 1544

But such as were begot there.

wln 1545

*Carazie* O sir! many, and howsoe'er you are a Citizen born,

wln 1546  
wln 1547  
wln 1548  
wln 1549  
wln 1550  
wln 1551  
wln 1552  
wln 1553  
wln 1554  
wln 1555  
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wln 1575  
wln 1576  
wln 1577  
wln 1578  
wln 1579  
wln 1580

img: 28-a  
sig: G3v

wln 1581  
wln 1582  
wln 1583  
wln 1584  
wln 1585  
wln 1586  
wln 1587  
wln 1588  
wln 1589  
wln 1590  
wln 1591  
wln 1592  
wln 1593

Yet if your mother were a handsome woman,  
And ever longed to see a Masque at Court,  
It is an even lay but that you had  
A Courtier to your Father; and I think so;  
You bear yourself so sprightly.

*Gazet* It may be,

But pray you sir, had I such an itch upon me  
To change my copy, is there hope a place  
May be had here for money?

*Carazie* Not without it  
That I dare warrant you.

*Gazet* I have a pretty stock,  
And would not have my good parts undiscovered,  
What places of credit are there?

*Carazie* There's your Beglerbeg.

*Gazet* By no means that, it comes too near the beggar  
And most prove so that come there.

*Carazie* Or your Sanzacke.

*Gazet* Sans-jack fie none of that.

*Carazie* Your Chiaus.

*Gazet* Nor that.

*Carazie* Chief Gardener.

*Gazet* Out upon 't,

'Twill put me mind my Mother was an herb-woman,  
What is your place I pray you?

*Carazie* Sir an Eunuch.

*Gazet* An Eunuch! very fine, I' faith, an Eunuch!  
And what are your employments? neat and easy.

*Carazie* In the day I wait on my Lady when she eats,  
Carry her pantofles, bear up her train  
Sing her asleep at night, and when she pleases  
I am her bedfellow.

*Gazet* How? her bedfellow,  
And lie with her?

*Carazie* Yes, and lie with her.

*Gazet* O rare!

I'll be an Eunuch, though I sell my shop for 't  
And all my wares.

*Carazie* It is but parting with

A precious stone or two. I know the price on 't.

*Gazet* I'll part with all my stones, and when I am  
An Eunuch, I'll so toss and touse the Ladies;  
Pray you help me to a chapman.

*Carazie* The court Surgeon  
Shall do you that favor.

*Gazet* I am made! an Eunuch!

*Enter Manto.*

*Manto.* *Carazie*, quit the room.

*Carazie* Come sir, we'll treat of

wln 1594  
wln 1595

Your business further.  
*Gazet* Excellent! an Eunuch!

*Exeunt.*

wln 1596

*Actus Tertius. Scaena Quinta.*

wln 1597

*Enter Donusa, Vitelli.*

wln 1598

*Vitelli,* Leave me, or I am lost again, no prayers,  
No penitence, can redeem me.

wln 1599

*Donusa.* Am I grown

wln 1600

Old, or deformed since yesterday?

wln 1601

*Vitelli* You are still,

wln 1602

Although the sating of your lust hath sullied

wln 1603

The immaculate whiteness of your Virgin beauties,

wln 1604

Too fair for me to look on. And though pureness,

wln 1605

The sword with which you ever fought, and conquered,

wln 1606

Is ravished from you by unchaste desires,

wln 1607

You are too strong for flesh and blood to treat with,

wln 1608

Though iron grates were interposed between us,

wln 1609

To warrant me from treason.

wln 1610

*Donusa.* Whom do you fear?

wln 1611

*Vitelli* That human frailty I took from my mother,

wln 1612

img: 28-b  
sig: G4r

wln 1613

That, as my youth increased, grew stronger on me,

wln 1614

That still pursues me, and though once recovered

wln 1615

In scorn of reason, and what's more, religion,

wln 1616

Again seeks to betray me.

wln 1617

*Donusa.* If you mean sir,

wln 1618

To my embraces, you turn rebel to

wln 1619

The laws of nature, the great Queen, and Mother

wln 1620

Of all productions, and deny allegiance.

wln 1621

Where you stand bound to pay it.

wln 1622

*Vitelli* I will stop

wln 1623

Mine ears against these charms, which if *Ulysses*

wln 1624

Could live again, and hear this second Siren,

wln 1625

Though bound with Cables to his Mast, his Ship too

wln 1626

Fastened with all her Anchors, this enchantment

wln 1627

Would force him in despite of all resistance,

wln 1628

To leap into the Sea, and follow her,

wln 1629

Although destruction with outstretched arms,

wln 1630

Stood ready to receive him.

wln 1631

*Donusa.* Gentle sir,

wln 1632

Though you deny to hear me, yet vouchsafe

wln 1633

To look upon me. Though I use no language

wln 1634

The grief for this unkind repulse, will print

wln 1635

Such a dumb eloquence upon my face,

wln 1636

As will not only plead, but prevail for me.

wln 1637

*Vitelli,* I am a coward, I will see and hear you,



wln 1638  
wln 1639  
wln 1640  
wln 1641  
wln 1642  
wln 1643  
wln 1644  
wln 1645  
wln 1646  
wln 1647  
wln 1648  
wln 1649

img: 29-a  
sig: G4v

The trial else is nothing, Nor the conquest,  
My temperance shall crown me with hereafter,  
Worthy to be remembered. Up my virtue  
And holy thoughts, and resolutions arm me,  
Against this fierce temptation; give me voice  
Tuned to a zealous anger to express  
At what an overvalue I have purchased,  
The wanton treasure of your Virgin bounties,  
That in their false fruition heap upon me  
Despair, and horror; that I could with that ease  
Redeem my forfeit innocence, or cast up  
The poison I received into my entrails,

wln 1650  
wln 1651  
wln 1652  
wln 1653  
wln 1654  
wln 1655  
wln 1656  
wln 1657  
wln 1658  
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wln 1680  
wln 1681  
wln 1682  
wln 1683  
wln 1684  
wln 1685

From the alluring cup of your enticements  
As now I do deliver back the price,  
And salary of your lust: or thus unclothe me  
Of sin's gay trappings, (the proud livery  
Of wicked pleasure) which but worn, and heated  
With the fire of entertainment, and consent,  
Like to *Alcides*' fatal shirt, tears off  
Our flesh, and reputation both together,  
Leaving our ulcerous follies bare, and open,  
To all malicious censure.

*Donusa* You must grant,  
If you hold that a loss to you, mine equals,  
If not transcends it. If you then first tasted  
That poison as you call it, I brought with me  
A palate unacquainted with the relish  
Of those delights which most (as I have heard)  
Greedily swallow; and then the offense  
(If my opinion may be believed)  
Is not so great: howe'er, the wrong no more  
Than if *Hippolitus* and the Virgin Huntress,  
Should meet and kiss together.

*Vitelli* What defenses  
Can lust raise to maintain a precipice  
To the Abyss of looseness? but affords not  
The least stair, or the fastening of one foot,  
To reascend that glorious height we fell from.

*Mustapha* By *Mahomet* she courts him.  
*Asambeg* Nay kneels to him;  
Observe the scornful villain turns away too,  
As glorying in his conquest.

*Donusa* Are you Marble?  
If Christians have mothers, sure they share in  
The tigress' fierceness, for if you were owner  
Of human pity, you could not endure  
A Princess to kneel to you, or look on  
These falling tears which hardest rocks would soften,

*returns the Casket.*

*Throws off his  
cloak and  
doublet.*

*Asambeg and  
Mustapha above*

*kneels*

wln 1686

img: 29-b  
sig: H1r

And yet remain unmoved. Did you but give me

wln 1687

A taste of happiness in your embraces

wln 1688

That the remembrance of the sweetness of it

wln 1689

Might leave perpetual bitterness behind it?

wln 1690

Or showed me what it was to be a wife,

wln 1691

To live a widow ever?

wln 1692

*Asambeg* She has confessed it;

*Enter Capiaga, Aga,*

wln 1693

Seize on him villains. O the furies.

*with others.*

wln 1694

*Donusa.* How!

*Asambeg and Mustapha descend.*

wln 1695

Are we betrayed?

wln 1696

*Vitelli* The better, I expected

wln 1697

A Turkish Faith.

wln 1698

*Donusa* Who am I that you dare this?

wln 1699

'Tis I that do command you to forbear

wln 1700

A touch of violence.

wln 1701

*Aga.* We already Madam

wln 1702

Have satisfied your pleasure further than

wln 1703

We know to answer it.

wln 1704

*Capiaga* Would we were well off,

wln 1705

We stand too far engaged I fear.

wln 1706

*Donusa* For us?

wln 1707

We'll bring you safe off, who dares contradict

wln 1708

What is our pleasure?

*Enter Asambeg, Mustapha.*

wln 1709

*Asambeg* Spurn the dog to prison,

wln 1710

I'll answer you anon.

wln 1711

*Vitelli* What punishment

wln 1712

Soe'er I undergo, I am still a Christian.

*Exeunt with Vitelli*

wln 1713

*Donusa* What bold presumption's this? under what law

wln 1714

Am I to fall that set my foot upon

wln 1715

Your Statutes and decrees?

wln 1716

*Mustapha* The crime committed

wln 1717

Our Alcoran calls death.

wln 1718

*Donusa* Tush, who is here

wln 1719

That is not *Amurath's* slave, and so unfit

wln 1720

To sit a judge upon his blood?

wln 1721

*Asambeg* You have lost

wln 1722

And shamed the privilege of it, robbed me too

wln 1723

Of my soul, my understanding to behold

wln 1724

wln 1725

Your base unworthy fall, from your high virtue.

wln 1726

*Donusa* I do appeal to *Amurath*.

wln 1727

*Asambeg* We will offer

wln 1728

No violence to your person, till we know

wln 1729

His sacred pleasure, till when under guard

wln 1730

You shall continue here.

wln 1731

*Donusa.* Shall?

wln 1732

wln 1733

wln 1734

wln 1735

wln 1736

wln 1737

wln 1731  
wln 1732  
wln 1733  
wln 1734  
wln 1735  
wln 1736  
wln 1737  
wln 1738  
wln 1739  
wln 1740  
wln 1741

*Asambeg* I have said it. *The Guard leads off Donusa.*  
*Donusa* We shall remember this.  
*Asambeg* It ill becomes  
Such as are guilty to deliver threats  
Against the innocent. I could tear this flesh now,  
But 'tis in vain, nor must I talk but do:  
Provide a well made galley for Constantinople,  
Such sad news never came to our great Master;  
As he directs, we must proceed, and know  
No will but his, to whom what's ours we owe.

*Exeunt.*

wln 1742

The end of the third Act.

wln 1743

*Actus Quartus, Scaena Prima.*

wln 1744

*Enter Master, Boatswain.*

wln 1745  
wln 1746  
wln 1747  
wln 1748  
wln 1749  
wln 1750  
wln 1751  
wln 1752  
wln 1753  
wln 1754

*Master.* He does begin to eat?  
*Boatswain* A little, Master,  
But our best hope for his recovery, is that  
His raving leaves him, and those dreadful words,  
Damnation, and despair, with which he ever  
Ended all his discourses are forgotten.  
*Master* This stranger is a most religious man sure,  
And I am doubtful whether his charity,  
In the relieving of our wants, or care  
To cure the wounded conscience of *Grimaldi*,

img: 30-b  
sig: H2r

wln 1755  
wln 1756  
wln 1757  
wln 1758  
wln 1759  
wln 1760  
wln 1761  
wln 1762  
wln 1763  
wln 1764  
wln 1765  
wln 1766  
wln 1767  
wln 1768  
wln 1769  
wln 1770  
wln 1771  
wln 1772  
wln 1773

Deserves more admiration.  
*Boatswain* Can you guess  
What the reason should be that we never mention  
The Church, or the high Altar, but his melancholy  
Grows, and increases on him?  
*Master* I have heard him  
(When he gloried to profess himself an Atheist,)  
Talk often and with much delight and boasting,  
Of a rude prank he did ere he turned Pirate,  
The memory of which, as it appears,  
Lies heavy on him.  
*Boatswain* Pray you let me understand it.  
*Master* Upon a solemn day when the whole City  
Joined in devotion, and with barefoot steps  
Passed to Saint *Mark's*, the Duke and the whole Signiory,  
Helping to perfect the Religious pomp,  
With which they were received; when all men else  
Were full of tears, and groaned beneath the weight  
Of past offenses (of whose heavy burden

wln 1774  
wln 1775  
wln 1776  
wln 1777  
wln 1778  
wln 1779  
wln 1780  
wln 1781  
wln 1782  
wln 1783  
wln 1784  
wln 1785  
wln 1786  
wln 1787  
wln 1788  
wln 1789  
wln 1790  
wln 1791

img: 31-a  
sig: H2v

They came to be absolved and freed,) our Captain,  
Whether in scorn of those so pious rites  
He had no feeling of, or else drawn to it  
Out of a wanton irreligious madness,  
(I know not which) ran to the holy man,  
As he was of doing the work of grace,  
And snatching from his hands the sanctified means  
Dashed it upon the pavement.

*Boatswain* How escaped he?

It being a deed deserving death with torture.

*Master* The general amazement of the people  
Gave him leave to quit the Temple, and a Gondola,  
(Prepared it seems before) brought him aboard,  
Since which he ne'er saw Venice. The remembrance  
Of this, it seems, torments him; aggravated  
With a strong belief he cannot receive pardon  
For this foul fact, but from his hands against whom  
It was committed.

wln 1792  
wln 1793  
wln 1794  
wln 1795  
wln 1796  
wln 1797  
wln 1798  
wln 1799

*Boatswain* And what course intends  
His heavenly Physician, reverend *Francisco*,  
To beat down this opinion.

*Master* He promised  
To use some holy and religious fineness,  
To this good end, and in the meantime charged me  
To keep him dark, and to admit no visitants  
But on no terms to cross him. Here he comes.

wln 1800  
wln 1801

*Enter Grimaldi, with  
a Book.*

wln 1802  
wln 1803  
wln 1804  
wln 1805  
wln 1806  
wln 1807  
wln 1808  
wln 1809  
wln 1810  
wln 1811  
wln 1812  
wln 1813  
wln 1814  
wln 1815  
wln 1816  
wln 1817  
wln 1818  
wln 1819

*Grimaldi* For theft! he that restores treble the value,  
Makes satisfaction, and for want of means  
To do so, as a slave must serve it out  
Till he hath made full payment. There's hope left here  
O with what willingness would I give up  
My liberty to those that I have pillaged  
And wish the numbers of my years though wasted  
In the most sordid slavery might equal  
The rapines I have made, till with one voice  
My patient sufferings, might exact from my  
Most cruel creditors, a full remission,  
An eye's loss with an eye, limbs with a limb,  
A sad accompt! yet to find peace within here,  
Though all such as I have maimed, and dismembered  
In drunken quarrels, or o'ercome with rage  
When they were given up to my power, stood here now  
And cried for restitution; to appease 'em,  
I would do a bloody justice on myself;

wln 1820  
wln 1821  
wln 1822  
wln 1823  
wln 1824

Pull out these eyes that guided me to ravish  
Their sight from others; lop these legs that bore me  
To barbarous violence, with this hand cut off  
This instrument of wrong, till naught were left me  
But this poor bleeding limbless trunk, which gladly

img: 31-b  
sig: H3r

wln 1825  
wln 1826  
wln 1827  
wln 1828  
wln 1829  
wln 1830  
wln 1831  
wln 1832  
wln 1833  
wln 1834

I would divide among them.  
Ha! what think I  
Of petty forfeitures, in this reverend habit,  
(All that I am turned into eyes) I look on  
A deed of mine so fiendlike, that repentance,  
Though with my tears I taught the sea new tides,  
Can never wash off; all my thefts, my rapes  
Are venial trespasses compared to what  
I offered to that shape, and in a place too  
Where I stood bound to kneel to 't.

*kneels*

wln 1835  
wln 1836

*Enter Francisco in a Cope  
like a Bishop.*

wln 1837  
wln 1838  
wln 1839  
wln 1840  
wln 1841  
wln 1842  
wln 1843  
wln 1844  
wln 1845  
wln 1846  
wln 1847  
wln 1848  
wln 1849  
wln 1850  
wln 1851  
wln 1852  
wln 1853  
wln 1854  
wln 1855  
wln 1856  
wln 1857  
wln 1858

*Francisco* 'Tis forgiven,  
I with his tongue (whom in these sacred vestments  
With impure hands thou didst offend) pronounce it,  
I bring peace to thee, see that thou deserve it  
In thy fair life hereafter.  
*Grimaldi* Can it be!  
Dare I believe this vision, or hope  
A pardon e'er may find me?  
*Francisco* Purchase it  
By zealous undertakings, and no more  
'Twill be remembered.  
*Grimaldi* What celestial balm  
I feel now poured into my wounded conscience?  
What penance is there I'll not undergo  
Though ne'er so sharp and rugged, with more pleasure  
Than flesh and blood ere tasted, show me true sorrow,  
Armed with an iron whip, and I will meet  
The stripes she brings along with her, as if  
They were the gentle touches of a hand,  
That comes to cure me. Can good deeds redeem me?  
I will rise up a wonder to the world,  
When I have given strong proofs how I am altered,

img: 32-a  
sig: H3v

wln 1859  
wln 1860  
wln 1861

I that have sold such as professed the Faith,  
That I was born in, to captivity,  
Will make their number equal, that I shall

wln 1862  
wln 1863  
wln 1864  
wln 1865  
wln 1866  
wln 1867  
wln 1868  
wln 1869  
wln 1870  
wln 1871  
wln 1872  
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wln 1885  
wln 1886  
wln 1887  
wln 1888  
wln 1889  
wln 1890  
wln 1891  
wln 1892  
wln 1893  
wln 1894  
wln 1895

Deliver from the oar; and win as many  
By the clearness of my actions, to look on  
Their misbelief, and loathe it. I will be  
A convoy for all Merchants: and thought worthy  
To be reported to the world hereafter,  
The child of your devotion, nursed up  
And made strong by your charity, to break through  
All dangers Hell can bring forth to oppose me;  
Nor am I though my fortunes were thought desperate,  
Now you have reconciled me to myself,  
So void of worldly means, but in despite  
Of the proud Viceroy, wrongs I can do something  
To witness of my change; when you please try me,  
And I will perfect what you shall enjoin me,  
Or fall a joyful Martyr.

*Francisco* You will reap  
The comfort of it, live yet undiscovered,  
And with your holy meditations strengthen  
Your Christian resolution, ere long  
You shall hear further from me.

*Grimaldi* I'll attend  
All your commands with patience; come my Mates,  
I hitherto have lived an ill example,  
And as your Captain lead you on to mischief,  
But now will truly labor, that good men  
May say hereafter of me to my glory,  
Let but my power and means, hand with my will,  
His good endeavors, did weigh down his ill.

*Exeunt Grimaldi, Master, Boatswain.*

*Enter Francisco.*

*Francisco* This penitence is not counterfeit, howsoever  
Good actions are in themselves rewarded,  
My travails to meet with a double crown,  
If that *Vitelli* come off safe, and prove

*Exit Francisco.*

img: 32-b  
sig: H4r

wln 1896  
wln 1897  
wln 1898  
wln 1899  
wln 1900  
wln 1901  
wln 1902  
wln 1903  
wln 1904  
wln 1905  
wln 1906  
wln 1907  
wln 1908  
wln 1909

Himself the Master of his wild affections,  
O I shall have intelligence, how now *Gazet*,  
Why these sad looks and tears?

*Gazet* Tears sir? I have lost  
My worthy Master, your rich heir seems to mourn for  
A miserable father, your young widow  
Following a bedrid husband to his grave,  
Would have her neighbors think she cries, and roars,  
That she must part with such a goodman do nothing,  
When 'tis because he stays so long above ground,  
And hinders a rich suitor: all is come out sir,  
We are smoked for being coney-catchers, my master  
Is put in prison, his she customer  
Is under guard too, these are things to weep for;

*Enter Gazet*

wln 1910  
wln 1911  
wln 1912  
wln 1913  
wln 1914  
wln 1915  
wln 1916  
wln 1917  
wln 1918  
wln 1919  
wln 1920  
wln 1921  
wln 1922  
wln 1923  
wln 1924  
wln 1925  
wln 1926  
wln 1927  
wln 1928  
wln 1929  
wln 1930  
wln 1931

But mine own loss considered, and what a fortune  
I have, as they say, snatched out of my chops,  
Would make a man run mad.

*Francisco* I scarce have leisure,  
I am so wholly taken up with sorrow,  
For my loved pupil to inquire thy fate,  
Yet I will hear it.

*Gazet* Why sir, I had bought a place,  
A place of credit too, and had gone through with it  
I should have been made an Eunuch, there was honor,  
For a late poor prentice, when upon the sudden  
There was such a hurlyburly in the Court,  
That I was glad to run away and carry  
The price of my office with me.

*Francisco* Is that all?  
You have made a saving voyage, we must think now,  
Though not to free, to comfort sad *Vitelli*,  
My grieved soul suffers for him.

*Gazet.* I am sad too;  
But had I been an Eunuch

*Francisco* Think not on it.

*Exeunt.*

img: 33-a  
sig: H4v

wln 1932

*Actus Quartus, Scaena Secunda.*

wln 1933  
wln 1934

*Enter Asambeg. unlocks the door,  
leads forth Paulina.*

wln 1935

*Asambeg* Be your own guard; obsequiousness, and service  
Shall win you to be mine. Of all restraint  
Forever take your leave, no threats shall awe you,  
No jealous doubts of mine disturb your freedom,  
No feed spies, wait upon your steps, your virtue  
And due consideration in yourself,  
Of what is Noble, are the faithful helps  
I leave you as supporters to defend you,  
From falling basely.

wln 1936

*Paulina* This is wondrous strange  
Whence flows this alteration?

wln 1937

*Asambeg* From true judgement,  
And strong assurance, neither grates of iron,  
Hemmed in with walls of brass, strict guards, high birth,  
The forfeiture of Honor, nor the fear  
Of infamy, or punishment, can stay  
A woman slaved to appetite from being  
False, and unworthy.

wln 1938

wln 1939

wln 1940

wln 1941

wln 1942

wln 1943

wln 1944

wln 1945

wln 1946

wln 1947

wln 1948

wln 1949

wln 1950

wln 1951

wln 1952

wln 1953

*Paulina* You are grown Satirical

wln 1954  
wln 1955  
wln 1956  
wln 1957  
wln 1958  
wln 1959  
wln 1960  
wln 1961  
wln 1962  
wln 1963

img: 33-b  
sig: 11r

Against our sex, why sir I durst produce  
Myself in our defense, and from you challenge  
A testimony not to be denied,  
All fall not under this unequal censure,  
I that have stood your flatteries, your threats  
Bore up against your fierce temptations; scorned  
The cruel means you practiced to supplant me,  
Having no arms to help me, to hold out  
But love of piety, and constant goodness,  
If you are unconfirmed, dare again boldly

wln 1964  
wln 1965  
wln 1966  
wln 1967  
wln 1968  
wln 1969  
wln 1970  
wln 1971  
wln 1972  
wln 1973  
wln 1974  
wln 1975  
wln 1976  
wln 1977  
wln 1978  
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wln 1985  
wln 1986  
wln 1987  
wln 1988  
wln 1989  
wln 1990  
wln 1991  
wln 1992  
wln 1993  
wln 1994  
wln 1995  
wln 1996  
wln 1997  
wln 1998  
wln 1999  
wln 2000

Enter into the lists, and combat with  
All opposites man's malice can bring forth  
To shake me in my chastity built upon  
The rock of my religion.

*Asambeg* I do wish

I could believe you, but when I shall show you  
A most incredible example of  
Your frailty in a Princess, sued and sought to  
By men of worth, of rank, of eminence; courted  
By happiness itself, and her cold temper  
Approved by many years; yet she to fall,  
Fall from herself, her glories, nay her safety,  
Into a gulf of shame, and black despair,  
I think you'll doubt yourself, or in beholding  
Her punishment forever be deterred  
From yielding basely.

*Paulina* I would see this wonder;

'Tis sir my first petition.

*Asambeg* And thus granted;

Above you shall observe all. *Paulina steps aside. Enter Mustapha*

*Mustapha* Sir I sought you

And must relate a wonder, since I studied  
And knew what man was, I was never witness  
Of such invincible fortitude as this Christian  
Shows in his sufferings, all the torments that  
We could present him with to fright his constancy  
Confirmed, not shook it; and those heavy chains  
That eat into his flesh, appeared to him  
Like bracelets made of some loved mistress hairs  
We kiss in the remembrance of her favors.  
I am strangely taken with it, and have lost  
Much of my fury.

*Asambeg* Had he suffered poorly

It had called on my contempt, but manly patience  
And all commanding virtue, wins upon  
An enemy. I shall think upon him, ha!  
So soon returned? this speed pleads in excuse

*Enter Aga with  
a black box.*

img: 34-a



wln 2001 Of your late fault, which I no more remember.  
wln 2002 What's the grand Signior's pleasure?  
wln 2003 *Aga.* 'Tis enclosed here  
wln 2004 The box too, that contains it, may inform you  
wln 2005 How he stands affected: I am trusted with  
wln 2006 Nothing but this, on forfeit of your head  
wln 2007 She must have a speedy trial.  
wln 2008 *Asambeg* Bring her in  
wln 2009 In black as to her funeral, 'tis the color  
wln 2010 Her fault wills her to wear, and which, in justice  
wln 2011 I dare not pity, sit and take your place,  
wln 2012 However in her life she has degenerated  
wln 2013 May she die nobly, and in that confirm  
wln 2014 Her greatness, and high blood.

wln 2015 *A solemn music. A guard. The Aga, and Capiaga,*  
wln 2016 *leading in Donusa in black, her train borne*  
wln 2017 *up by Carazie, and Manto.*

wln 2018 *Mustapha* I now could melt;  
wln 2019 But soft compassion leave me.  
wln 2020 *Francisco* I am affrighted  
wln 2021 With this dismal preparation. Should the enjoying  
wln 2022 Of loose desires find ever such conclusions,  
wln 2023 All Women would be Vestals.  
wln 2024 *Donusa* That you clothe me  
wln 2025 In this sad livery of death, assures me  
wln 2026 Your sentence is gone out before, and I  
wln 2027 Too late am called, for, in my guilty cause  
wln 2028 To use qualification, or excuse —  
wln 2029 Yet must I not part so with mine own strengths,  
wln 2030 But borrow from my modesty boldness, to  
wln 2031 Inquire by whose authority you sit  
wln 2032 My judges, and whose warrant digs my grave  
wln 2033 In the frowns you dart against my life?  
wln 2034 *Asambeg* See here  
wln 2035 This fatal sign, and warrant this brought to

wln 2036 A General fighting in the head of his  
wln 2037 Victorious troops, ravishes from his hand  
wln 2038 His even then conquering sword; this shown unto  
wln 2039 The Sultan's brothers, or his sons, delivers  
wln 2040 His deadly anger, and all hopes laid by  
wln 2041 Commands them to prepare themselves for heaven.  
wln 2042 Which would stand with the quiet of your soul  
wln 2043 To think upon, and imitate.  
wln 2044 *Donusa.* Give me leave

wln 2045  
wln 2046  
wln 2047  
wln 2048  
wln 2049  
wln 2050  
wln 2051  
wln 2052  
wln 2053  
wln 2054  
wln 2055  
wln 2056  
wln 2057  
wln 2058  
wln 2059  
wln 2060  
wln 2061  
wln 2062  
wln 2063  
wln 2064  
wln 2065  
wln 2066  
wln 2067  
wln 2068  
wln 2069  
wln 2070  
wln 2071  
wln 2072

A little to complain, first of the hard  
Condition of my fortune, which may move you  
Though not to rise up intercessors for me  
(Yet in remembrance of my former life,  
This being the first spot, tainting mine honor)  
To be the means to bring me to his presence;  
And thou I doubt not, but I could allege  
Such reasons in mine own defense, or plead  
So humbly (my tears helping) that it should  
Awake his sleeping pity.

*Asambeg* 'Tis in vain.

If you have aught to say you shall have hearing,  
And in me think him present.

*Donusa.* I would thus then

First kneel, and kiss his feet, and after tell him  
How long I had been his darling, what delight  
My infant years afforded him; how dear  
He prized his sister, in both bloods, my mother;  
That she like him had frailty, that to me  
Descends as an inheritance, then conjure him  
By her blessed ashes, and his father's soul,  
The sword that rides upon his thigh, his right hand  
Holding the Scepter and the Ottoman fortune,  
To have compassion on me.

*Asambeg* But suppose

(As I am sure) he would be deaf, what then  
Could you infer?

*Donusa.* I then would thus rise up,

img: 35-a  
sig: I2v

wln 2073  
wln 2074  
wln 2075  
wln 2076  
wln 2077  
wln 2078  
wln 2079  
wln 2080  
wln 2081  
wln 2082  
wln 2083  
wln 2084  
wln 2085  
wln 2086  
wln 2087  
wln 2088  
wln 2089  
wln 2090  
wln 2091  
wln 2092

And to his teeth tell him he was a tyrant,  
A most voluptuous, and insatiable Epicure  
In his own pleasures: which he hugs so dearly,  
As proper, and peculiar to himself,  
That he denies a moderate lawful use  
Of all delight to others. And to thee  
Unequal judge I speak as much, and charge thee  
But with impartial eyes to look into  
Thyself, and then consider with what justice  
Thou canst pronounce my sentence. Unkind nature,  
To make weak women servants, proud men Masters  
Indulgent *Mahomet*, do thy bloody laws  
Call my embraces with a Christian, death?  
Having my heat and May of youth to plead  
In my excuse? and yet want power to punish  
These that with scorn break through thy Cobweb edicts  
And laugh at thy decrees? to tame their lusts  
There's no religious bit, let her be fair  
And pleasing to the eye, though Persian, Moor,  
Idolatress, Turk, or Christian, you are privileged

wln 2093  
wln 2094  
wln 2095  
wln 2096  
wln 2097  
wln 2098  
wln 2099  
wln 2100  
wln 2101  
wln 2102  
wln 2103  
wln 2104  
wln 2105  
wln 2106  
wln 2107  
wln 2108  
wln 2109

img: 35-b  
sig: I3r

And freely may enjoy her. At this instant  
I know, unjust man, thou hast in thy power  
A lovely Christian Virgin; thy offense  
Equal, if not transcending mine, why then  
We being both guilty dost thou not descend  
From that usurped Tribunal and with me  
Walk hand in hand to death?

*Asambeg* She raves, and we  
Lose time to hear her: read the Law,  
*Donusa.* Do, do,  
I stand resolved to suffer.

*Asambeg* If any Virgin of what degree or quality soever,  
born a natural Turk, shall be convicted of corporal  
looseness, and incontinence, with any Christian, she is by  
the decree of our great Prophet *Mahomet* to lose her  
head.

*Asambeg* Mark that, then tax our justice.

wln 2110  
wln 2111  
wln 2112  
wln 2113  
wln 2114  
wln 2115  
wln 2116  
wln 2117  
wln 2118  
wln 2119  
wln 2120  
wln 2121  
wln 2122  
wln 2123  
wln 2124  
wln 2125  
wln 2126  
wln 2127  
wln 2128  
wln 2129  
wln 2130  
wln 2131  
wln 2132  
wln 2133  
wln 2134  
wln 2135  
wln 2136  
wln 2137  
wln 2138  
wln 2139  
wln 2140

*Aga.* Ever provided that if she, the said offender, by  
any reasons, arguments or persuasion, can win and prevail  
with the said Christian offending with her, to alter his  
religion, and marry her, that then the winning of a soul to  
the *Mahometan* sect, shall acquit her from all shame, disgrace  
and punishment whatsoever.

*Donusa* I lay hold on that clause and challenge from you  
The privilege of the Law.

*Mustapha* What will you do?

*Donusa* Grant me access and means, I'll undertake  
To turn this Christian Turk, and marry him:  
This trial you cannot deny.

*Mustapha* O base!  
Can fear to die make you descend so low  
From your high birth, and brand the *Ottoman* line  
With such a mark of infamy?

*Asambeg* This is worse  
Than the parting with your honor, better suffer  
Ten thousand deaths, and without hope to have  
A place in our great Prophet's Paradise,  
Than have an act to after times remembered  
So foul as this is.

*Mustapha* Cheer your spirits Madam,  
To die is nothing, 'tis but parting with  
A mountain of vexations.

*Asambeg* Think of your honor;  
In dying nobly you make satisfaction  
For your offense, and you shall live a story  
Of bold Heroic courage.

*Donusa* You shall not fool me  
Out of my life, I claim the Law and sue for

wln 2141  
wln 2142  
wln 2143  
wln 2144  
wln 2145  
wln 2146

img: 36-a  
sig: I3v

A speedy trial; if I fail, you may  
Determine of me as you please.  
*Asambeg* Base woman!  
But use thy ways, and see thou prosper in 'em  
For if thou fall again into my power  
Thou shalt in vain after a thousand tortures

wln 2147  
wln 2148  
wln 2149  
wln 2150

Cry out, for death, that death which now thou fliest from  
Unloose the prisoner's chains, go lead her on  
To try the Magic of her tongue; I follow:  
I am on the rack, descend my best *Paulina*.

wln 2151

*Actus Quartus. Scaena Tertia.*

wln 2152

*Enter Franciso, Jailor.*

wln 2153  
wln 2154  
wln 2155  
wln 2156  
wln 2157  
wln 2158  
wln 2159  
wln 2160  
wln 2161  
wln 2162  
wln 2163  
wln 2164  
wln 2165  
wln 2166  
wln 2167  
wln 2168  
wln 2169  
wln 2170  
wln 2171  
wln 2172  
wln 2173  
wln 2174  
wln 2175  
wln 2176  
wln 2177  
wln 2178

*Francisco* I come not empty handed, I will purchase  
Your favor at what rate you please. There's gold.

*Jailor*, 'Tis the best oratory. I will hazard  
A check for your content below there?

*Vitelli*, Welcome.

*Vitelli under the Stage.*

Art thou the happy messenger that brings me  
News of my death?

*Jailor* Your hand.

*Vitelli plucked up.*

*Francisco* Now if you please,  
A little privacy.

*Jailor* You have bought it sir,  
Enjoy it freely.

*Exit Jailor.*

*Francisco* O my dearest pupil,  
Witness these tears of joy, I never saw you  
Till now look lovely; nor durst I e'er glory  
In the mind of any man I had built up  
With the hands of virtuous, and religious precepts,  
Till this glad minute. Now you have made good  
My expectation of you. By my order,  
All Roman *Caesars*, that led kings in chains  
Fast bound to their triumphant chariots, if  
Compared with that true glory, and full luster  
You now appear in, all their boasted honors  
Purchased with blood, and wrong, would lose their names  
And be no more remembered.

*Vitelli*, This applause

img: 36-b  
sig: I4r

wln 2179  
wln 2180  
wln 2181

Confirmed in your allowance joys me more,  
Than if a thousand full crammed Theaters  
Should clap their eager hands to witness that

wln 2182  
wln 2183  
wln 2184  
wln 2185  
wln 2186  
wln 2187  
wln 2188  
wln 2189  
wln 2190  
wln 2191  
wln 2192  
wln 2193  
wln 2194  
wln 2195  
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wln 2202  
wln 2203  
wln 2204  
wln 2205  
wln 2206  
wln 2207  
wln 2208  
wln 2209  
wln 2210  
wln 2211  
wln 2212  
wln 2213  
wln 2214  
wln 2215

The Scene I act did please, and they admire it.  
But these are (father) but beginnings, not  
The ends of my high aims. I grant to have mastered  
The rebel appetite of flesh and blood  
Was far above my strength; and still owe for it  
To that great power that lent it. But when I  
Shall make 't apparent, the grim looks of death  
Affright me not, and that I can put off  
The fond desire of life (that like a garment  
Covers, and clothes our frailty) hastening to  
My Martyrdom, as to a heavenly banquet,  
To which I was a choice invited guest.  
Then you may boldly say, you did not plow  
Or trust the barren, and ungrateful sands  
With the fruitful grain of your religious counsels.

*Francisco* You do instruct your teacher. Let the Sun  
Of your clear life (that lends to good men light)  
But set as gloriously, as it did rise,  
Though sometimes clouded) you may write *nil ultra*  
To human wishes.

*Vitelli* I have almost gained  
The end of the race, and will not faint, or tire now.

*Enter Aga and Jailer.*

*Aga.* Sir by your leave (nay stay not) I bring comfort;  
The Viceroy taken with the constant bearing  
Of your afflictions, and presuming to  
You will not change your temper, does command  
Your irons should be ta'en off. Now arm yourself  
With your old resolution, suddenly *the chain taken off.*  
You shall be visited, you must leave the room too  
And do it without reply.

*Francisco* There's no contending,  
Be still thyself my son. *Exit Francisco.*

*Vitelli* 'Tis not in man *Enter Donusa Asambeg Mustapha Paulina*

img: 37-a  
sig: 14v

wln 2216  
wln 2217  
wln 2218  
wln 2219  
wln 2220  
wln 2221  
wln 2222  
wln 2223  
wln 2224  
wln 2225  
wln 2226  
wln 2227  
wln 2228  
wln 2229

To change or alter me.

*Paulina* **Whom** do I look on?  
My brother? 'tis he! but no more my tongue,  
Thou wilt betray all.

*Asambeg* Let us hear this temptress,  
The fellow looks as he would stop his ears  
Against her powerful spells.

*Paulina* He is undone else.

*Vitelli* I'll stand th' encounter, charge me home.

*Donusa* I come sir, *bows herself.*  
A beggar to you, and doubt not to find  
A good man's charity, which if you deny,  
You are cruel to yourself, a crime, a wiseman  
(And such I hold you) would not willingly

wln 2230  
wln 2231  
wln 2232  
wln 2233  
wln 2234  
wln 2235  
wln 2236  
wln 2237  
wln 2238  
wln 2239  
wln 2240  
wln 2241  
wln 2242  
wln 2243  
wln 2244  
wln 2245  
wln 2246  
wln 2247  
wln 2248  
wln 2249  
wln 2250  
wln 2251  
wln 2252

img: 37-b  
sig: K1r

Be guilty of, nor let it find less welcome  
Though I (a creature you contemn) now show you  
The way to certain happiness, nor think it  
Imaginary, or fantastical,  
And so not worth th' acquiring, in respect  
The passage to it is nor rough nor thorny;  
No steep hills in the way which you must climb up;  
No monsters to be conquered; no enchantments  
To be dissolved by countercharms, before  
You take possession of it.  
*Vitelli* What strong poison  
Is wrapped up in these sugared pills?  
*Donusa* My suit is  
That you would quit your shoulders of a burden  
Under whose ponderous weight you wilfully  
Have too long groaned, to cast those fetters off,  
With which with your own hands you chain your freedom  
Forsake a severe, nay imperious mistress,  
Whose service does exact perpetual cares,  
Watchings, and troubles, and give entertainment  
To one that courts you, whose least favors are  
Variety, and choice of all delights  
Mankind is capable of.

wln 2253  
wln 2254  
wln 2255  
wln 2256  
wln 2257  
wln 2258  
wln 2259  
wln 2260  
wln 2261  
wln 2262  
wln 2263  
wln 2264  
wln 2265  
wln 2266  
wln 2267  
wln 2268  
wln 2269  
wln 2270  
wln 2271  
wln 2272  
wln 2273  
wln 2274  
wln 2275  
wln 2276  
wln 2277

*Vitelli* You speak in riddles.  
What burden, or what mistress? or what fetters?  
Are those you point at?  
*Donusa* Those which your religion,  
The mistress you too long have served, compels you  
To bear with slave-like patience.  
*Vitelli* Ha!  
*Paulina* How bravely  
That virtuous anger shows!  
*Donusa* Be wise, and weigh  
The prosperous success of things, if blessings  
Are donatives from Heaven (which you must grant  
Were blasphemy to question) and that  
They are called down, and poured on such as are  
Most gracious with the great disposer of 'em,  
Look on our flourishing Empire; if the splendor,  
The Majesty, and glory of it dim not  
Your feeble sight; and then turn back, and see  
The narrow bounds of yours, yet that poor remnant  
Rent in as many factions, and opinions,  
As you have petty kingdoms, and then if  
You are not obstinate against truth and reason,  
You must confess the Deity you worship  
Wants care, or power to help you.  
*Paulina* Hold out now

wln 2278  
wln 2279  
wln 2280  
wln 2281  
wln 2282  
wln 2283  
wln 2284  
wln 2285  
wln 2286  
wln 2287  
wln 2288  
wln 2289

img: 38-a  
sig: K1v

And then thou art victorious.  
*Asambeg* How he eyes her!  
*Mustapha* As if he would look through her  
*Asambeg* His eyes flame too,  
As threatening violence.  
*Vitelli* But that I know  
The Devil thy Tutor fills each part about thee,  
And that I cannot play the exorcist  
To dispossess thee, unless I should tear  
Thy body limb by limb, and throw it to  
The furies that expect it, I would now  
Pluck out that wicked tongue, that hath blasphemed

wln 2290  
wln 2291  
wln 2292  
wln 2293  
wln 2294  
wln 2295  
wln 2296  
wln 2297  
wln 2298  
wln 2299  
wln 2300  
wln 2301  
wln 2302  
wln 2303  
wln 2304  
wln 2305  
wln 2306  
wln 2307  
wln 2308  
wln 2309  
wln 2310  
wln 2311  
wln 2312  
wln 2313  
wln 2314  
wln 2315  
wln 2316  
wln 2317  
wln 2318  
wln 2319  
wln 2320  
wln 2321  
wln 2322  
wln 2323  
wln 2324  
wln 2325

That great omnipotency at whose nod  
The fabric of the World shakes. Dare you bring  
Your juggling Prophet in comparison with  
That most inscrutable, and infinite essence  
That made this all, and comprehends his work?  
The place is too profane to mention him  
Whose only name is sacred. *O Donusa!*  
How much in my compassion I suffer,  
That thou, on whom this most excelling form  
And faculties of discourse, beyond a woman,  
Were by his liberal gift conferred, shouldst still  
Remain in ignorance of him that gave it?  
I will not foul my mouth to speak the Sorceries  
Of your seducer, his base birth, his whoredoms,  
His strange impostures; nor deliver how  
He taught a Pigeon to feed in his ear,  
Then made his credulous followers believe  
It was an Angel that instructed him  
In the framing of his Alcoran. Pray you mark me.  
*Asambeg* These words are death, were he in naught else guilty.  
*Vitelli.* Your intent to win me  
To be of your belief proceeded from  
Your fear to die. Can there be strength in that  
Religion, that suffers us to tremble  
At that which every day, nay hour we haste to?  
*Donusa* This is unanswerable and there's something tells me  
I err in my opinion.  
*Vitelli.* Cherish it  
It is a Heavenly prompter, entertain  
This holy motion, and wear on your forehead  
The Sacred badge he arms His servants with,  
You shall, like me, with scorn look down upon  
All engines tyranny can advance to batter  
Your constant resolution. Then you shall  
Look truly fair, when your mind's pureness answers  
Your outward beauties.

wln 2326

img: 38-b  
sig: K2r

*Donusa.* I came here to take you,

wln 2327

But I perceive a yielding in myself  
To be your prisoner.

wln 2328

wln 2329

*Vitelli,* 'Tis an overthrow

wln 2330

That will outshine all victories. O *Donusa,*

wln 2331

Die in my faith like me, and 'tis a marriage

wln 2332

At which celestial Angels shall be waiters,

wln 2333

And such as have been Sainted welcome us,

wln 2334

Are you confirmed?

wln 2335

*Donusa* I would be; but the means

wln 2336

That may assure me?

wln 2337

*Vitelli,* Heaven is merciful,

wln 2338

And will not suffer you to want a man,

wln 2339

To do that sacred office, build upon it.

wln 2340

*Donusa* Then thus I spit at *Mahomet.*

wln 2341

*Asambeg* Stop her mouth:

wln 2342

In death to turn Apostata! I'll not hear

wln 2343

One syllable from any; wretched creature!

wln 2344

With the next rising Sun prepare to die.

wln 2345

Yet Christian, in reward of thy brave courage,

wln 2346

Be thy faith right, or wrong, receive this favor.

wln 2347

In person I'll attend thee to thy death,

wln 2348

And boldly challenge all that I can give

wln 2349

But what's not in my grant, which is to live.

*Exeunt.*

wln 2350

The end of the fourth Act

wln 2351

*Actus Quintus, Scaena Prima.*

wln 2352

*Enter Vitelli, Francisco.*

wln 2353

*Francisco* You are wondrous brave, and jocund.

wln 2354

*Vitelli.* Welcome Father.

wln 2355

Should I spare cost, or not wear cheerful looks

wln 2356

Upon my wedding day, it were ominous

wln 2357

And showed I did repent it, which I dare not,

wln 2358

It being a marriage, howsoever sad

img: 39-a  
sig: K2v

wln 2359

In the first ceremonies that confirm it,

wln 2360

That will forever arm me against fears,

wln 2361

Repentance, doubts, or jealousies, and bring

wln 2362

Perpetual comforts, peace of mind, and quiet

wln 2363

To the glad couple.

wln 2364

*Francisco* I well understand you;

wln 2365

And my full joy to see you so resolved

wln 2366

Weak words cannot express. What is the hour



wln 2367  
wln 2368  
wln 2369  
wln 2370  
wln 2371  
wln 2372  
wln 2373  
wln 2374  
wln 2375  
wln 2376  
wln 2377  
wln 2378  
wln 2379  
wln 2380  
wln 2381  
wln 2382  
wln 2383  
wln 2384  
wln 2385  
wln 2386  
wln 2387  
wln 2388  
wln 2389  
wln 2390  
wln 2391  
wln 2392  
wln 2393  
wln 2394  
wln 2395

Designed for this solemnity?

*Vitelli* The sixth,

Something before the setting of the Sun  
We take our last leave of his fading light,  
And with our souls' eyes seek for beams eternal,  
Yet there's one scruple with which I am much  
Perplexed, and troubled, which I know you can  
Resolve me of.

*Francisco* What is 't?

*Vitelli.* This sir, my Bride

Whom I first courted, and then won (not with  
Loose lays, poor flatteries, apish compliments,  
But Sacred, and Religious zeal) yet wants  
The holy badge that should proclaim her fit  
For these Celestial Nuptials; willing she is,  
I know, to wear it, as the choicest jewel  
On her fair forehead; but to you, that well  
Could do that work of Grace, I know the Viceroy  
Will never grant access. Now in a case  
Of this necessity, I would gladly learn,  
Whether in me a layman, without orders,  
It may not be religious, and lawful  
As we go to our deaths to do that office?

*Francisco* A question in itself, with much ease answered;  
Midwives upon necessity perform it,  
And Knights that in the Holy-Land fought for  
The freedom of Jerusalem, when full  
Of sweat, and enemies' blood, have made their Helmets  
The fount, out of which with their holy hands

img: 39-b  
sig: K3r

They drew that heavenly liquor, 'twas was approved then  
By the Holy Church, nor must I think it now  
In you a work less pious.

*Vitelli* You confirm me,

I will find a way to do it. In the meantime  
Your holy vows assist me.

*Francisco* They shall ever  
Be present with you.

*Vitelli* You shall see me act

This last Scene to the life.

*Francisco* And though now fall,  
Rise a blessed Martyr.

*Vitelli* That's my end, my all.

*Exeunt.*

wln 2409

*Actus Quintus, Scaena Secunda.*

wln 2410  
wln 2411

*Enter Grimaldi, Master, Boatswain, Sailors.*  
*Boatswain* Sir, if you slip this opportunity,

wln 2412  
wln 2413  
wln 2414  
wln 2415  
wln 2416  
wln 2417  
wln 2418  
wln 2419  
wln 2420  
wln 2421  
wln 2422  
wln 2423  
wln 2424  
wln 2425  
wln 2426  
wln 2427  
wln 2428

img: 40-a  
sig: K3v

wln 2429  
wln 2430  
wln 2431  
wln 2432  
wln 2433  
wln 2434  
wln 2435  
wln 2436  
wln 2437  
wln 2438  
wln 2439  
wln 2440  
wln 2441  
wln 2442  
wln 2443  
wln 2444  
wln 2445  
wln 2446  
wln 2447  
wln 2448  
wln 2449  
wln 2450  
wln 2451  
wln 2452  
wln 2453  
wln 2454  
wln 2455  
wln 2456  
wln 2457  
wln 2458  
wln 2459

Never expect the like.

*Master* With as much ease now  
We may steal the ship out of the harbor, Captain,  
As ever Gallants in a wanton bravery  
Have set upon a drunken Constable,  
And bore him from a sleepy rug-gowned watch:  
Be therefore wise.

*Grimaldi* I must be honest too  
And you shall wear that shape, you shall observe me,  
If that you purpose to continue mine,  
Think you ingratitude can be the parent  
To our unfeigned repentance? do I owe  
A peace within here, Kingdoms could not purchase,  
To my religious creditor, to leave him  
Open to danger, the great benefit  
Never remembered? no, though in her bottom.  
We could stow up the tribute of the Turk,

Nay, grant the passage safe too: I will never  
Consent to weigh an Anchor up, till he,  
That only must, commands it.

*Boatswain* This Religion  
Will keep us slaves and Beggars.

*Master* The Fiend prompts me  
To change my copy: Plague upon 't, we are Seamen,  
What have we to do with 't, but for a snatch, or so,  
At the end of a long Lent?

*Boatswain* Mum, see who is here?

*Enter Francisco.*

*Grimaldi* My Father!

*Francisco* My good convert. I am full  
Of serious business which denies me leave  
To hold long conference with you: Only thus much  
Briefly receive; a day, or two, at the most  
Shall make me fit to take my leave of Tunis,  
Or give me lost forever.

*Grimaldi* Days, nor years,  
Provided, that my stay may do you service,  
But to me shall be minutes.

*Francisco* I much thank you:  
In this small scroll you may in private read  
What my intents are, and as they grow ripe  
I will instruct you further. In the meantime  
Borrow your late distracted looks, and gesture;  
The more dejected you appear, the less  
The Viceroy must suspect you.

*Grimaldi* I am nothing,  
But what you please to have me be.

*Francisco* Farewell sir,  
Be cheerful Master, something we will do

wln 2460  
wln 2461  
wln 2462  
wln 2463  
wln 2464  
wln 2465

img: 40-b  
sig: K4r

That shall reward itself in the performance,  
And that's true prize indeed.

*Master* I am obedient.

*Boatswain* And I, there's no contending.

*Francisco* Peace to you all.

Prosper thou great Existence my endeavors,

*Exeunt. Grimaldi.*

*Master Boatswain.*

wln 2466  
wln 2467  
wln 2468  
wln 2469  
wln 2470  
wln 2471  
wln 2472  
wln 2473  
wln 2474  
wln 2475  
wln 2476  
wln 2477  
wln 2478  
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wln 2492  
wln 2493  
wln 2494  
wln 2495  
wln 2496  
wln 2497  
wln 2498  
wln 2499  
wln 2500  
wln 2501  
wln 2502

img: 41-a  
sig: K4v

As they religiously are undertaken,  
And distant equally from servile gain,  
Or glorious ostentation. I am heard  
In this blessed opportunity, which in vain  
I long have waited for. I must show myself.  
O she has found me. Now if she prove right  
All hope will not forsake us.

*Paulina* Farther off,

And in that distance know your duties too.

You were bestowed on me as slaves to serve me

And not as spies to pry into my actions,

And after to betray me. You shall find

If any look of mine be unobserved,

I am not ignorant of a mistress power,

And from whom I receive it.

*Carazie* Note this, *Manto*.

The pride, and scorn, with which she entertains us

Now we are made hers by the Viceroy's gift.

Our sweet conditioned princess, fair *Donusa*,

Rest in her death wait on her, never used us

With such contempt. I would he had sent me

To the Gallies, or the Gallows, when he gave me

To this proud little devil.

*Manto*. I expect

All tyrannous usage, but I must be patient;

And though ten times a day, she tears these locks,

Or makes this face her footstool, 'tis but justice.

*Paulina* 'Tis a true story of my fortunes, father,

My chastity preserved by miracle,

Or your devotions for me; and believe it,

What outward pride soe'er I counterfeit,

Or state to these appointed to attend me,

I am not in my disposition altered,

But still your humble daughter and share with you

In my poor brother's sufferings, all hell's torments

Revenge it on accursed *Grimaldi*'s soul

That in his rape of me gave a beginning

*Enter Paulina Carazie.*

*and Manto.*

wln 2503  
wln 2504

To all the miseries that since have followed  
Be charitable, and forgive him gentle daughter;

wln 2505  
wln 2506  
wln 2507  
wln 2508  
wln 2509  
wln 2510  
wln 2511  
wln 2512  
wln 2513  
wln 2514  
wln 2515  
wln 2516  
wln 2517  
wln 2518  
wln 2519  
wln 2520  
wln 2521  
wln 2522

He's a changed man, and may redeem his fault  
In his fair life hereafter. You must bear too  
Your forced captivity (for 'tis no better,  
Though you wear golden fetters) and of him,  
Whom death affrights not, learn to hold out nobly.  
*Paulina* You are still the same good counselor.  
*Francisco* And who knows  
(Since what above is purposed, is inscrutable)  
But that the Viceroy's extreme dotage on you  
May be the parent of a happier birth  
Than yet our hopes dare fashion. Longer conference  
May prove unsafe for you, and me, however  
Perhaps for trial he allows you freedom.  
From this learn therefore what you must attempt,  
Though with the hazard of yourself, heaven guard you,  
And give *Vitelli* patience, then I doubt not  
But he will have a glorious day since some  
Hold truly, such as suffer, overcome.

*delivers a  
paper.*

*Exeunt.*

wln 2523

*Actus Quintus, Scaena Tertia.*

wln 2524  
wln 2525  
wln 2526  
wln 2527  
wln 2528  
wln 2529  
wln 2530  
wln 2531  
wln 2532  
wln 2533  
wln 2534  
wln 2535

*Enter Asambeg, Mustapha, Aga, Capiaga.*  
*Asambeg* What we commanded, see performed, and fail not  
In all things to be punctual.  
*Aga.* We shall sir. *Exeunt Aga, Capiaga.*  
*Mustapha* 'Tis strange that you should use such circumstance  
To a delinquent of so mean condition.  
*Asambeg* Had he appeared in a more sordid shape  
Than disguised greatness ever deigned to mask in,  
The gallant bearing of his present fortune  
Aloud proclaims him noble.  
*Musta* If you doubt him,  
To be a man built up for great employments,

img: 41-b  
sig: L1r

wln 2536  
wln 2537  
wln 2538  
wln 2539  
wln 2540  
wln 2541  
wln 2542  
wln 2543  
wln 2544  
wln 2545  
wln 2546  
wln 2547  
wln 2548  
wln 2549

And as a cunning spy sent to explore  
The City's strength, or weakness, you by torture  
May force him to discover it.  
*Asambeg* That were base;  
Nor dare I do such injury to Virtue  
And bold assured courage, neither can I  
Be won to think, but if I should attempt it,  
I shoot against the Moon. He that hath stood  
The roughest battery, that captivity  
Could ever bring to shake a constant temper,  
Despised the fawnings of a future greatness,  
By beauty in her full perfection tendered;  
That hears of death as of a quiet slumber,  
And from the surplusage of his own firmness

wln 2550  
wln 2551  
wln 2552  
wln 2553  
wln 2554  
wln 2555  
wln 2556  
wln 2557  
wln 2558  
wln 2559  
wln 2560  
wln 2561  
wln 2562  
wln 2563  
wln 2564  
wln 2565  
wln 2566  
wln 2567  
wln 2568  
wln 2569  
wln 2570  
wln 2571  
wln 2572

img: 42-a  
sig: L1v

Can spare enough of fortitude, to assure  
A feeble woman; will now, *Mustapha*  
Be altered in his soul for any torments  
We can afflict his body with?  
*Mustapha* Do your pleasure,  
I only offered you a friend's advice,  
But without gall, or envy to the man  
That is to suffer. But what do you determine  
Of poor *Grimaldi*? the disgrace called on him  
I hear has ran him mad.

*Asambeg* There weigh the difference  
In the true temper of their minds. The one,  
A Pirate sold to mischiefs, rapes, and all  
That make a slave relentless, and obdurate;  
Yet of himself wanting the inward strengths  
That should defend him, sinks beneath compassion  
Or pity of a man; where as this merchant,  
Acquainted only with a civil life,  
Armed in himself; entrenched, and fortified  
With his own virtue, valuing life and death,  
At the same price, poorly does not invite  
A favor, but commands us do him right,  
Which unto him, and her (we both once honored

wln 2573  
wln 2574  
wln 2575  
wln 2576  
wln 2577  
wln 2578  
wln 2579  
wln 2580  
wln 2581  
wln 2582  
wln 2583  
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wln 2588  
wln 2589  
wln 2590  
wln 2591  
wln 2592  
wln 2593  
wln 2594  
wln 2595  
wln 2596  
wln 2597

As a just debt I gladly pay 'em; they enter,  
Now sit we equal hearers.  
*A dreadful music, at one door;*  
*The Aga, Janissaries, Vitelli, Francisco, Gazet: at the other,*  
*Donusa, Paulina, Carazie, Manto.*  
*Mustapha* I shall hear  
And see, sir, without passion, my wrongs arm me.  
*Vitelli* A joyful preparation! To whose bounty  
Owe we our thanks for gracing thus our Hymen?  
The notes though dreadful to the ear, sound here  
As our *Epithalamium* were sung  
By a Celestial choir, and a full *Chorus*  
Assured us future happiness. These that lead me  
Gaze not with wanton eyes upon my bride,  
Nor for their service are repaid by me  
With jealousies, or fears; nor do they envy  
My passage to those pleasures from which death  
Cannot deter me. Great sir pardon me;  
Imagination of the joys I haste to,  
Made me forget my duty, but the form  
And ceremony past, I will attend you,  
And with our constant resolution feast you,  
Not with course cates, forgot as soon as tasted,  
But such as shall, while you have memory,  
Be pleasing to the palate.

wln 2598  
wln 2599  
wln 2600  
wln 2601  
wln 2602  
wln 2603  
wln 2604  
wln 2605  
wln 2606  
wln 2607  
wln 2608

img: 42-b  
sig: L2r

wln 2609  
wln 2610  
wln 2611  
wln 2612  
wln 2613  
wln 2614  
wln 2615  
wln 2616  
wln 2617  
wln 2618  
wln 2619  
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wln 2633  
wln 2634  
wln 2635  
wln 2636  
wln 2637  
wln 2638  
wln 2639  
wln 2640  
wln 2641  
wln 2642  
wln 2643  
wln 2644  
wln 2645

*Francisco* Be not lost  
In what you purpose. *Exit Francisco.*  
*Gazet* Call you this a marriage?  
It differs little from hanging, I cry at it.  
*Vitelli* See where my bride appears! in what full luster?  
As if the Virgins that bear up her train,  
Had long contended to receive an honor  
Above their births, in doing her this service.  
Nor comes she fearful to meet those delights,  
Which once passed o'er, immortal pleasures follow.  
I need not therefore comfort, or encourage

Her forward steps, and I should offer wrong  
To her mind's fortitude, should I but ask  
How she can brook the rough high-going Sea,  
Over whose foamy back our ship well rigged  
With hope and strong assurance must transport us.  
Nor will I tell her when we reach the Haven  
(Which tempests shall not hinder) what loud welcome  
Shall entertain us; nor commend the place,  
To tell whose least perfection would strike dumb  
The eloquence of all boasted in story,  
Though joined together.

*Donusa* 'Tis enough my dearest;  
I dare not doubt you, as your humble shadow  
Lead where you please, I follow.

*Vitelli.* One suit sir,  
And willingly I cease to be a beggar,  
And that you may with more security hear it,  
Know 'tis not life I'll ask, nor to defer  
Our deaths, but a few minutes.

*Asambeg* Speak, 'tis granted.

*Vitelli* We being now to take our latest leave  
And grown of one belief, I do desire  
I may have your allowance to perform it  
But in the fashion which we Christians use  
Upon the like occasions.

*Asambeg* 'Tis allowed of.

*Vitelli* My service; haste *Gazet* to the next spring,  
And bring me of it.

*Gazet.* Would I could as well  
Fetch you a pardon, I would not run but fly,  
And be here in a moment.

*Mustapha* What's the mystery  
Of this? discover it?

*Vitelli* Great sir, I'll tell you,  
Each country hath it's own peculiar rites,  
Some when they are to die drink store of wine,  
Which poured in liberally does oft beget

img: 43-a  
sig: L2v

wln 2646  
wln 2647  
wln 2648  
wln 2649  
wln 2650  
wln 2651  
wln 2652  
wln 2653  
wln 2654  
wln 2655  
wln 2656  
wln 2657  
wln 2658  
wln 2659  
wln 2660  
wln 2661  
wln 2662  
wln 2663  
wln 2664  
wln 2665  
wln 2666  
wln 2667  
wln 2668  
wln 2669  
wln 2670  
wln 2671  
wln 2672  
wln 2673  
wln 2674  
wln 2675  
wln 2676  
wln 2677  
wln 2678  
wln 2679  
wln 2680  
wln 2681  
wln 2682

A bastard valor, with which armed, they bear  
The not to be declined charge of death  
With less fear, and astonishment; Others take  
Drugs to procure a heavy sleep, that so  
They may insensibly receive the means  
That casts them in an everlasting slumber;  
Others — O welcome.

*Enter Gazet with water.*

*Vitelli.* Now the use of yours?  
The clearness of this is a perfect sign  
Of innocence, and as this washes off  
Stains, and pollutions from the things we wear,  
Thrown thus upon the forehead, it hath power  
To purge those spots that cleave upon the mind,  
If thankfully received.

*Throws  
it on her face.*

*Asambeg* 'Tis a strange custom!

*Vitelli* How do you entertain it my *Donusa*?  
Feel you no alteration? No new motives?  
No unexpected aids that may confirm you  
In that to which you were inclined before?

*Donusa* I am another woman, till this minute  
I never lived, nor durst think how to die.  
How long have I been blind? Yet on the sudden,  
By this blest means I feel the films of error  
Ta'en from my soul's eyes. O divine *Physician*,  
That hast bestowed a sight on me, which death,  
Though ready to embrace me in his arms,  
Cannot take from me. Let me kiss the hand  
That did this miracle, and seal my thanks  
Upon those Lips from whence these sweet words vanished  
That freed me from the cruelest of prisons,  
Blind ignorance, and misbelief: false Prophet,  
Impostor *Mahomet*.

*Asambeg* I'll hear no more;  
You do abuse my favors, sever 'em:  
Wretch if thou hadst another life to lose,  
This Blasphemy deserved it, instantly  
Carry them to their deaths.

img: 43-b  
sig: L3r

wln 2683  
wln 2684  
wln 2685  
wln 2686  
wln 2687  
wln 2688  
wln 2689  
wln 2690

*Vitelli.* We part now, blest one,  
To meet hereafter in a Kingdom, where  
Hell's malice shall not reach us.

*Paulina* Ha, ha, ha.

*Asambeg* What means my Mistress?

*Paulina* Who can hold her spleen,  
When such ridiculous follies are presented,  
The Scene too made religion: Oh my Lord,

wln 2691  
wln 2692  
wln 2693  
wln 2694  
wln 2695  
wln 2696  
wln 2697  
wln 2698  
wln 2699  
wln 2700  
wln 2701  
wln 2702  
wln 2703  
wln 2704  
wln 2705  
wln 2706  
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wln 2710  
wln 2711  
wln 2712  
wln 2713  
wln 2714  
wln 2715  
wln 2716  
wln 2717  
wln 2718

img: 44-a  
sig: L3v

wln 2719  
wln 2720  
wln 2721  
wln 2722  
wln 2723  
wln 2724  
wln 2725  
wln 2726  
wln 2727  
wln 2728  
wln 2729  
wln 2730  
wln 2731  
wln 2732  
wln 2733  
wln 2734  
wln 2735

How from one cause two contrary effects  
Spring up upon the sudden.  
*Asambeg* This is strange.  
*Paulina* That which hath fooled her in her death,  
Wins me, That hitherto have barred myself from pleasure,  
To live in all delight.  
*Asambeg* There's Music in this.  
*Paulina* I now will run as fiercely to your arms  
As ever longing woman did, borne high  
On the swift wings of appetite.  
*Vitelli* O Devil!  
*Paulina* Nay more, for there shall be no odds betwixt us,  
I will turn Turk.  
*Gazet.* Most of your tribe do so  
When they begin in whore. *Aside.*  
*Asambeg* You are serious Lady?  
*Paulina* Serious? but satisfy me in a suit  
That to the world may witness that I have  
Some power upon you, and tomorrow challenge  
Whatever's in my gift, for I will be  
At your dispose.  
*Gazet.* That's ever the subscription  
To a damned whore's false Epistle. *Aside*  
*Asambeg* Ask this hand,  
Or if thou wilt, the heads of these. I am rapt  
Beyond myself with joy, speak, speak, what is it?  
*Paulina* But twelve short hours reprieve for this base couple.  
*Asambeg* The reason, since you hate them?

*Paulina* That I may  
Have time to triumph o'er this wretched woman:  
I'll be myself her guardian. I will feast,  
Adorned in her choice and richest Jewels,  
Commit him to what guards you please. Grant this,  
I am no more mine own, but yours.  
*Asambeg* Enjoy it;  
Repine at it who dares: bear him safe off  
To the black Tower, but give him all things useful,  
The contrary was not in your request.  
*Paulina* I do contemn him.  
*Donusa* Peace in death denied me?  
*Paulina* Thou shalt not go in liberty to thy grave,  
For one night a Sultana is my slave.  
*Mustapha* A terrible little tyranness.  
*Asambeg* No more;  
Her will shall be a law. Till now ne'er happy. *Exeunt.*

wln 2736

*Actus Quintus, Scaena quarta.*



wln 2737

*Enter Francisco Grimaldi Master Boatswain and Sailors*

wln 2738

*Grimaldi* Sir, all things are in readiness, the Turks

wln 2739

That seized upon my Ship stowed under hatches,

wln 2740

My men resolved, and cheerful. Use but means

wln 2741

To get out of the Ports, we will be ready

wln 2742

To bring you aboard, and then (heaven be but pleased)

wln 2743

This for the Viceroy's fleet.

wln 2744

*Francisco* Discharge your parts,

wln 2745

In mine I'll not be wanting; fear not *Master*,

wln 2746

Something will come along to fraught your Bark,

wln 2747

That you will have just cause to say you never

wln 2748

Made such a Voyage.

wln 2749

*Master* We will stand the hazard.

wln 2750

*Francisco* What's the best hour?

img: 44-b  
sig: L4r

wln 2751

*Boatswain* After the second watch.

wln 2752

*Francisco* Enough; each to his charge.

wln 2753

*Grimaldi* We will be careful.

*Exeunt.*

wln 2754

*Actus Quintus, Scaena quinta.*

wln 2755

*Enter Paulina, Donusa, Carazie, Manto.*

wln 2756

*Paulina* Sit Madam, it is fit that I attend you;

wln 2757

And pardon, I beseech you, my rude language,

wln 2758

To which the sooner you will be invited,

wln 2759

When you shall understand, no way was left me

wln 2760

To free you from a present execution,

wln 2761

But by my personating that, which never

wln 2762

My nature was acquainted with.

wln 2763

*Donusa* I believe you.

wln 2764

*Paulina* You will when you shall understand, I may

wln 2765

Receive the honor to be known unto you

wln 2766

By a nearer name. And not to wrack you further,

wln 2767

The man you please to favor is my brother,

wln 2768

No Merchant, Madam, but a Gentleman

wln 2769

Of the best rank in Venice.

wln 2770

*Donusa* I rejoice in 't

wln 2771

But what's this to his freedom? for myself,

wln 2772

Were he well off, I were secure.

wln 2773

*Paulina* I have

wln 2774

A present means, not plotted by myself,

wln 2775

But a religious man, my confessor,

wln 2776

That may preserve all, if we had a servant

wln 2777

Whose faith we might rely on.

wln 2778

*Donusa* She that's now

wln 2779  
wln 2780  
wln 2781

img: 45-a  
sig: L4v

Your slave was once mine, had I twenty lives  
I durst commit them to her trust.

*Manto.* O Madam,

wln 2782  
wln 2783  
wln 2784

I have been false, forgive me. I'll redeem it  
By any thing however desperate  
You please to impose upon me.

wln 2785  
wln 2786  
wln 2787

*Paulina* Troth these tears  
I think cannot be counterfeit, I believe her,  
And if you please will try her.

wln 2788  
wln 2789  
wln 2790

*Donusa.* At your peril;  
There is no further danger can look towards me.

wln 2791  
wln 2792  
wln 2793

*Paulina* This only then, canst thou use means to carry  
This bake-meat to *Vitelli*?

wln 2794  
wln 2795  
wln 2796

*Manto.* With much ease,  
I am familiar with the guard; beside,  
It being known it was I that betrayed,  
My entrance hardly will of them be questioned?

wln 2797  
wln 2798  
wln 2799

*Paulina* About it then, say that it was sent to him  
From his *Donusa*, bid him search the midst of 't  
He there shall find a cordial.

wln 2800  
wln 2801  
wln 2802

*Manto,* What I do  
Shall speak my care and faith.

*Exit Manto.*

wln 2803  
wln 2804  
wln 2805

*Donusa* Good fortune with thee.  
*Paulina* You cannot eat.  
*Donusa* The time we thus abuse  
We might employ much better.

wln 2806  
wln 2807  
wln 2808

*Paulina* I am glad  
To hear this from you. As for you *Carazie*,  
If your intents do prosper, make choice whither  
You'll steal away with your two Mistresses  
Or take your fortune.

wln 2809  
wln 2810  
wln 2811

*Carazie* I'll be gelded twice first;  
Hang him that stays behind.

wln 2812  
wln 2813  
wln 2814

*Paulina* I wait you Madam,  
Were but my brother off, by the command  
Of the doting Viceroy there's no guard dare stay me.  
And I will safely bring you to the place  
Where we must expect him.

wln 2815  
wln 2816  
wln 2817

*Donusa* Heaven be gracious to us.

*Exeunt.*

img: 45-b  
sig: M1r

wln 2818

*Actus Quintus, Scaena Sexta*

wln 2819

*Enter Vitelli, Aga, and a Guard.*

wln 2820

*Vitelli* *Paulina* to fall off thus? 'tis to me

wln 2821  
wln 2822  
wln 2823  
wln 2824  
wln 2825  
wln 2826  
wln 2827  
wln 2828  
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wln 2841  
wln 2842  
wln 2843  
wln 2844  
wln 2845  
wln 2846  
wln 2847  
wln 2848  
wln 2849

img: 46-a  
sig: M1v

wln 2850  
wln 2851  
wln 2852  
wln 2853  
wln 2854  
wln 2855  
wln 2856  
wln 2857  
wln 2858  
wln 2859  
wln 2860  
wln 2861  
wln 2862  
wln 2863  
wln 2864  
wln 2865  
wln 2866  
wln 2867  
wln 2868

More terrible than death, and like an earthquake  
Totters this walking building (such I am)  
And in my sudden ruin would prevent,  
By choking up at once my vital spirits,  
This pompous preparation for my death.  
But I am lost; that good man, good *Francisco*  
Delivered me a paper which till now  
I wanted leisure to peruse.

*reads the paper.*

*Aga.* This Christian  
Fears not, it seems, the near approaching Sun  
Whose second rise He never must salute.

*Enter Manto.  
with the Baked-meat.*

1. *Guard* Who's that?

2. *Guard* Stand.

*Aga.* *Manto.*

*Manto.* Here's the Viceroy's ring  
Gives warrant to my entrance, yet you may  
Partake of any thing I shall deliver;  
'Tis but a present to a dying man  
Sent from the princess that must suffer with him.

*Aga.* Use your own freedom.

*Manto.* I would not disturb

This his last contemplation.

*Vitelli* O 'tis well!

He has restored all, and I at peace again  
With my *Paulina*.

*Manto.* Sir, the sad *Donusa*

Grieved for your sufferings, more than for her own,  
Knowing the long and tedious pilgrimage  
You are to take, presents you with this cordial,

Which privately she wishes you should taste of,  
And search the middle part, where you shall find  
Something that hath the operation, to  
Make death look lovely.

*Vitelli.* I will not dispute

What she commands but serve it.

*Exit Vitelli.*

*Aga.* Prithee *Manto*

How hath the unfortunate Princess spent this night  
Under her proud new mistress?

*Manto.* With such patience

As it o'ercomes the other's insolence  
Nay triumphs o'er her pride. My much haste now  
Commands me hence, but the sad Tragedy past,  
I'll give you satisfaction to the full  
Of all hath passed, and a true character  
Of the proud Christian's nature.

*Exit Manto.*

*Aga.* Break the watch up,

What should we fear in the midst of our own strengths?  
'Tis but the Bashaw's jealousy. Farewell soldiers.

*Exeunt.*

wln 2869

*Actus quintus. Scaena Septima.*

wln 2870

*Enter Vitelli, With the baked-meats, Above.*

wln 2871

*Vitelli.* There's something more in this than means to cloy

wln 2872

A hungry appetite, which I must discover.

wln 2873

She, willed me search the midst. Thus, thus I pierce it:

wln 2874

Ha! what is this? a scroll bound up in packthread?

wln 2875

What may the mystery be?

*The Scroll.*

wln 2876

Son, let down this packthread, at the West window

wln 2877

of the Castle. By it you shall draw up a Ladder of

wln 2878

ropes, by which you may descend, your dearest *Donusa*

wln 2879

with the rest of your friends, below attend you. Heaven

wln 2880

prosper you.

*Francisco.*

img: 46-b  
sig: M2r

O best of men! he that gives up himself

wln 2882

To a true religious friend, leans not upon

wln 2883

A false deceiving reed, but boldly builds

wln 2884

Upon a rock, which now with joy I find

wln 2885

In reverend *Francisco*. Whose good vows,

wln 2886

Labors, and watchings in my hoped-for freedom

wln 2887

Appear a pious miracle. I come,

wln 2888

I come, good man, with confidence, though the descent

wln 2889

Were steep as hell, I know I cannot slide

wln 2890

Being called down, by such a faithful guide.

*Exit Vitelli.*

wln 2891

*Actus Quintus, Scaena Ultima.*

wln 2892

*Asambeg, Mustapha, Janissaries.*

wln 2893

*Asambeg* Excuse me *Mustapha*, though this night to me

wln 2894

Appear as tedious as that treble one

wln 2895

Was to the world, when *Jove* on fair *Alcmena*

wln 2896

Begot *Alcides*. Were you to encounter

wln 2897

Those ravishing pleasures, which the slow paced hours

wln 2898

(To me they are such) bar me from, you would

wln 2899

With your continued wishes strive to imp

wln 2900

New feathers to the broken wings of Time

wln 2901

And chide the amorous Sun, for too long dalliance

wln 2902

In *Thetis* watery bosom.

wln 2903

*Mustapha* You are too violent

wln 2904

In your desires, of which you are yet uncertain

wln 2905

Having no more assurance to enjoy 'em

wln 2906

Then a weak woman's promise, on which wisemen

wln 2907

Faintly rely.

wln 2908

*Asambeg* Tush she is made of truth

wln 2909

And what she says she will do, holds as firm.

*The*

wln 2910  
wln 2911  
wln 2912  
wln 2913

img: 47-a  
sig: M2v

wln 2914  
wln 2915  
wln 2916  
wln 2917  
wln 2918  
wln 2919  
wln 2920  
wln 2921  
wln 2922  
wln 2923  
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wln 2931  
wln 2932  
wln 2933  
wln 2934  
wln 2935  
wln 2936  
wln 2937  
wln 2938  
wln 2939

As laws in brass that know no change, what's this?  
Some new prize brought in sure. Why are thy looks  
So ghastly. Villain speak.  
*Aga.* Great sir hear me

*chamber*  
*shot off.*  
*Enter Aga.*

Then after kill me, we are all betrayed,  
The false *Grimaldi* sunk in your disgrace  
With his confederates, have seized his ship  
And those that guarded it stowed under hatches  
With him the condemned Princess, and the Merchant  
That with a ladder made of ropes descended  
From the black Tower in which he was enclosed,  
And your fair mistress,  
*Asambeg* Ha!  
*Aga.* With all their train  
And choicest jewels are gone safe aboard,  
Their sails spread forth and with a fore-gale  
Leaving our coast, in scorn of all pursuit  
As a farewell they showed a broadside to us.  
*Asambeg* No more.  
*Mustapha* Now note your confidence.  
*Asambeg* No more.  
O my credulity! I am too full  
Of grief, and rage to speak. Dull, heavy fool  
Worthy of all the tortures that the frown  
Of thy incensed Master can throw on thee  
Without one man's compassion, I will hide  
This head among the deserts, or some cave  
Filled with my shame and me, where I alone  
May die without a partner in my moan.

*Exeunt.*

img: 47-b  
sig: [N/A]

FINIS.

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## Textual Notes

1. **23 (2-b)**: The regularized reading *in* is supplied for the original [ $\diamond$ ].
2. **24 (2-b)**: The regularized reading *inter* is supplied for the original *in*[\*\*\*].
3. **25 (2-b)**: The regularized reading *Lord* is supplied for the original *Lo*[\*\*].
4. **25 (2-b)**: The regularized reading *in* is supplied for the original [ $\diamond$ ].
5. **520 (12-b)**: The regularized reading *incredulous* is amended from the original *incredculous*.
6. **937 (18-b)**: The regularized reading *breach* is supplied for the original *breac*[\*].
7. **994 (19-b)**: Modern edition attributes this speech to the boat Master; this solves problem of Mustapha talking twice in a row and saying "us" in relation to the pirates.
8. **996 (19-b)**: Ambiguous speech prefix, likely Mustapha, but possibly the Master.
9. **1305 (24-a)**: The regularized reading *Grimaldi* is supplied for the original *G*[\*]*i*.
10. **2217 (37-a)**: The regularized reading *Whom* is supplied for the original *Wh*[\*]*m*.