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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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THE
RENEGADO,
A TRAGICOMEDY.

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

By PHILIP MASSINGER.

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

Dramatis Personae. The Actors’ names.

ASAMBEG, Viceroy of Tunis. John Blanye.
MUSTAPHA, Bashaw of Aleppo. John Sumner.
VITELLI, A Gentleman of Venice disguised. Michael Bowier.
ANTONIO GRIMALDI the Renegado. William Allen.
CARAZIE an Eunuch. William Robins.
GAZET servant to Vitelli. Edward Shakerley.
AGA.
CAPIAGA.
MASTER.
BOATSWAIN,
SAILORS.
JAILOR.
3. TURKS.

DONUSA, niece to AMURATH. Edward Rogers.
MANTO, servant to Donusa.

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

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.

Your Honor’s

Commanded Servant

PHILIP MASSINGER

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

DAablers in Poetry that only can,
To his worthy Friend Master PHILIP
MASSINGER, on his Play, Called
the RENEGADO.

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

THE

RENEGADO.

The Scene Tunis.

Actus primus. Scaena prima.

Enter Vitelli and Gazet.

Vitelli.

YOu have hired a Shop then?
   Gazet. Yes sir, and our wares
(Though brittle as a maidenhead at sixteen)
Are safe unladen; not a Crystal cracked,
Or China dish needs soldering; our choice
Pictures
As they came from the workman, without blemish,
And I have studied speeches for each Piece,
And in a thrifty tone to sell ’em off;
Will swear by Mahamet, and Termagant,
That this is Mistress to the great Duke of Florence,
That Niece to old King Pippin, and a third
An Austrian Princess by her Roman nose,
Howe’er my conscience tells me they are figures
Of Bawds, and common Courtesans in Venice.

Vitelli You make no scruple of an oath then?
   Gazet Fie sir
’Tis out of my Indentures, I am bound there
To swear for my Master’s profit as securely
As your intelligencer must for his Prince,
That sends him forth an honorable spy,
To serve his purposes. And if it be lawful
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,

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?
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

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
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,

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,

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,
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.*

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*Actus primus. Scaena secunda.*


*Donusa.*  Have you seen the *Christian* Captive,
The great Bashaw is so enamored of?
*Manto.*  Yes an ’t please your Excellency
I took a full view of her, when she was
Presented to him.

*Donusa*  And is she such a wonder
As ’tis reported?
*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
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 Caroche, 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  

    a Galliard.

Who knocks there?

    Manto  ’Tis the Bashaw of Aleppo
Who humbly makes request he may present
Enter Mustapha, puts off his yellow Pantofles.

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

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.

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.

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

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.
Exeunt.

Actus primus. Scaena tertia.

A shop discovered, Gazet in it.

Francisco, and Vitelli, walking by.

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. 
   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
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*
Kneed 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.  

*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
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 months of famished beggars;
But when we touch the shore to wallow in
All sensual pleasures.

Master. Ay but Noble Captain

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.
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!

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.

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.
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 incredible.

Donusa  Can you match me this!

Vitelli  What wonder look I on! I’ll search above
And suddenly attend you.

Donusa  Are you amazed
I’ll bring you to yourself.

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.
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

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.

Actus Secundus Scaena prima.

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
Enter Donusa.

Carazie 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
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.

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.

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

Exit Donusa.

Actus Secundus, Scaena Secunda.

Enter Aga, Capiaga, Janissaries.

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

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!

(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.

Actus Secundus Scaena tertia.

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.
Actus Secundus Scaena Quarta.

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

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

Carazie I obey you.

Vitelli Is not this Tempe, or the blessed shades,
Where innocent Spirits reside? Or do I dream,
And this a heavenly vision? Howsoever
It is a sight too glorious to behold
For such a wretch as I am. Stands amazed.

Carazie He is daunted.

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

Carazie Would I were furnished
With his artillery, and if I stood
Gaping as he does, hang me.

Vitelli That I might ever dream thus.

Donusa Banish amazement,

You, wake; your debtor tells you so, your debtor,
And to assure you that I am a substance
And no aerial figure, thus I raise you.

Why do you shake? My soft touch brings no Ague,
No biting frost is in this palm: Nor are
My looks like to the Gorgon’s head, that turn
Men into Statues, rather they have power
(Or I have been abused) where they bestow
Their influence (let me prove it truth in you)
To give to dead men motion.

Vitelli Can this be?

May I believe my senses? Dare I think
I have a memory? Or that you are
That excellent creature, that of late disdained not
To look on my poor trifles.

Donusa I am she.

Vitelli The owner of that blessed name Donusa,
Which like a potent charm, although pronounced
By my profane, but much unworthier tongue,

Hath brought me safe to this forbidden place,
Where Christian yet ne’er trod.

Donusa I am the same.

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

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
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,
Exit, inviting him to follow.
Exeunt.

Actus Secundus, Scaena Quinta.

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 fatting his Seraglio.

Enter Asambeg, Mustapha.

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.
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

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
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
Of our shares now Master.

Grimaldi dragged off, his
head covered. Exeunt

Master Would he had been born dumb:

Boatswain.

Mustapha ’Twas but intemperance of speech, excuse him

Let me prevail so far. Fame gives him out
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.

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?
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.

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,
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

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.

Exit
Asambeg.

Actus Secundus, Scaena Sexta

Enter Francisco, Gazet.

Francisco  I think he’s lost.
Gazet.  ’Tis ten to one of that,

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
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

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.
Exeunt

Actus Tertius. Scaena prima,

Enter Donusa, Manto.

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.

Donusa. When said he, he would come again?
Manto. He swore,
Short Minutes should be tedious Ages to him,
Until the tender of his second service,
So much he seemed transported with the first.
Donusa I am sure I was. I charge thee Manto tell me
By all my favors, and my bounties truly

Whether thou art a Virgin, or like me
Hast forfeited that name.
Manto. A Virgin Madam?
At my years being a waiting-woman, and in Court too?
That were miraculous. I so long since lost
That barren burden, I almost forget
That ever I was one.
Donusa And could thy friends
Read in thy face, thy maidenhead gone, that thou
Hadst parted with it?
Manto. No indeed. I passed
For current many years after, till by fortune,
Long and continued practice in the sport
Blew up my deck, a husband then was found out
By my indulgent father, and to the world
All was made whole again. What need you fear then
That at your pleasure may repair your honor
Durst any envious, or malicious tongue,
Presume to taint it?
Donusa How now?
Enter Carazie.

Carazie Madam, the Bashaw
Humbly desires access.
Donusa If it had been
My neat Italian, thou hadst met my wishes.
Tell him we would be private.
Carazie So I did,
But he is much importunate.
Enter Mustapha.

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

’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 Mustachios all is true.
You are yet too rough for me, purge and take physic,
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,
Till when I take my leave, wait me Carazie.  

Mustapha    Stay you my Lady’s Cabinet key.  

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,  
Be mine, again I court thee thus, and thus  
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

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
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.

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

Enter Gazet, Grimaldi, in rags.

Gazet Now you do not roar sir

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.
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.

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.
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

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 plummets 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. Exit Grimaldi

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. Exeunt.

Actus tertius, Scaena tertia.

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.

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,
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

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
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
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.

Actus Tertius, Scaena Quarta.

Enter Carazie, Manto, Gazet.

Carazie. They are private to their wishes,
Manto Doubt it not.
Gazet A pretty structure this! a court do you call it?
Vaulted and arched: O here has been old jumbling
Behind this arras.
Carazie Prithee let’s have some sport,
With this fresh Codshead.
Manto. I am out of tune,
But do as you please. My conscience! tush the hope
Of liberty throws that burden off,
I must go watch, and make discovery.
Carazie He’s musing,
And will talk to himself, he cannot hold,
The poor fool’s ravished.
Gazet. I am in my master’s clothes,
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.
Carazie How he surveys himself.
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?
Carazie No sir, why do you ask?
Gazet Because I thought that none could be preferred,

But such as were begot there.
Carazie O sir! many, and howsoe’er you are a Citizen born,
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!  

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Enter Manto.

*Manto*  *Carazie*, quit the room.

*Carazie*  Come sir, we’ll treat of
Your business further.

   Gazet    Excellent! an Eunuch!  

   Exeunt.

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Actus Tertius. Scaena Quinta.

Enter Donusa, Vitelli.

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

   Donusa.   Am I grown
Old, or deformed since yesterday?

   Vitelli    You are still,
Although the sating of your lust hath sullied
The immaculate whiteness of your Virgin beauties,
Too fair for me to look on. And though pureness,
The sword with which you ever fought, and conquered,
Is ravished from you by unchaste desires,
You are too strong for flesh and blood to treat with,
Though iron grates were interposed between us,
To warrant me from treason.

   Donusa.   Whom do you fear?

   Vitelli    That human frailty I took from my mother,

That, as my youth increased, grew stronger on me,
That still pursues me, and though once recovered
In scorn of reason, and what’s more, religion,
Again seeks to betray me.

   Donusa.   If you mean sir,
To my embraces, you turn rebel to
The laws of nature, the great Queen, and Mother
Of all productions, and deny allegiance.
Where you stand bound to pay it.

   Vitelli    I will stop
Mine ears against these charms, which if Ulysses
Could live again, and hear this second Siren,
Though bound with Cables to his Mast, his Ship too
Fastened with all her Anchors, this enchantment
Would force him in despite of all resistance,
To leap into the Sea, and follow her,
Although destruction with outstretched arms,
Stood ready to receive him.

   Donusa.   Gentle sir,
Though you deny to hear me, yet vouchsafe
To look upon me. Though I use no language
The grief for this unkind repulse, will print
Such a dumb eloquence upon my face,
As will not only plead, but prevail for me.

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

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,
And yet remain unmoved. Did you but give me

A taste of happiness in your embraces
That the remembrance of the sweetness of it
Might leave perpetual bitterness behind it?
Or showed me what it was to be a wife,
To live a widow ever?

Asambeg She has confessed it; Enter Capiaga, Aga, Seize on him villains. O the furies.

Donusa How! Asambeg and Mustapha descend.

Are we betrayed?

Vitelli The better, I expected

A Turkish Faith.

Donusa Who am I that you dare this?
’Tis I that do command you to forbear

A touch of violence.

Aga We already Madam

Have satisfied your pleasure further than

We know to answer it.

Capiaga Would we were well off,

We stand too far engaged I fear.

Donusa For us?

We’ll bring you safe off, who dares contradict
What is our pleasure?

Asambeg Spurn the dog to prison,

I’ll answer you anon.

Vitelli What punishment

Soo’er I undergo, I am still a Christian. Enter Asambeg, Mustapha.

Donusa What bold presumption’s this? under what law

Am I to fall that set my foot upon

Your Statutes and decrees?

Mustapha The crime committed

Our Alcoran calls death.

Donusa Tush, who is here

That is not Amurath’s slave, and so unfit

To sit a judge upon his blood?

Asambeg You have lost

And shamed the privilege of it, robbed me too

Of my soul, my understanding to behold

Your base unworthy fall, from your high virtue.

Donusa I do appeal to Amurath.

Asambeg We will offer

No violence to your person, till we know

His sacred pleasure, till when under guard

You shall continue here.

Donusa Shall?
Asambeg  I have said it.  
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,
As he directs, we must proceed, and know
No will but his, to whom what’s ours we owe.

Exeunt.

The end of the third Act.

Actus Quartus, Scaena Prima.

Enter Master, Boatswain.

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,

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
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.

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.

Enter Grimaldi, with
a Book.

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;
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

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.  

Enter Francisco in a Cope
like a Bishop.

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,

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

Exeunt Grimaldi, Master, Boatswain.

Enter Francisco.

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's, 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

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;
Exeunt.

Actus Quartus, Scaena Secunda.

Enter Asambeg. unlocks the door, leads forth Paulina.

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.

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.

Paulina This is wondrous strange
Whence flows this alteration?

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.

Paulina You are grown Satirical

Exeunt.
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

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

Of your late fault, which I no more remember.
What’s the grand Signior’s pleasure?

Aga. ’Tis enclosed here
The box too, that contains it, may inform you
How he stands affected: I am trusted with
Nothing but this, on forfeit of your head
She must have a speedy trial.

Asambeg Bring her in
In black as to her funeral, ’tis the color
Her fault wills her to wear, and which, in justice
I dare not pity, sit and take your place,
However in her life she has degenerated
May she die nobly, and in that confirm
Her greatness, and high blood.

Mustapha I now could melt;
But soft compassion leave me.

Francisco I am affrighted
With this dismal preparation. Should the enjoying
Of loose desires find ever such conclusions,
All Women would be Vestals.

Donusa That you clothe me
In this sad livery of death, assures me
Your sentence is gone out before, and I
Too late am called, for, in my guilty cause
To use qualification, or excuse —
Yet must I not part so with mine own strengths,
But borrow from my modesty boldness, to
Inquire by whose authority you sit
My judges, and whose warrant digs my grave
In the frowns you dart against my life?

Asambeg See here
This fatal sign, and warrant this brought to

A General fighting in the head of his
Victorious troops, ravishes from his hand
His even then conquering sword; this shown unto
The Sultan’s brothers, or his sons, delivers
His deadly anger, and all hopes laid by
Commands them to prepare themselves for heaven.
Which would stand with the quiet of your soul
To think upon, and imitate.

Donusa. Give me leave
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 allegé
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,

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
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.

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
Actus Quartus. Scaena Tertia.

Enter Francisco, Jailor.

Vitelli under the Stage.

Vitelli plucked up.

Exit Jailor.

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

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.

Actus Quartus. Scaena Tertia.

Enter Francisco, Jailor.

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.

Francisco Now if you please,
A little privacy.

Jailor You have bought it sir,
Enjoy it freely.

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

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

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
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.

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
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

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.
**Donusa.** I came here to take you,

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

*Vitelli,* 'Tis an overthrow
That will outshine all victories. O Donusa,
Die in my faith like me, and 'tis a marriage
At which celestial Angels shall be waiters,
And such as have been Sainted welcome us,
Are you confirmed?

*Donusa* I would be; but the means
That may assure me?

*Vitelli,* Heaven is merciful,
And will not suffer you to want a man,
To do that sacred office, build upon it.

*Donusa* Then thus I spit at Mahomet.

*Asambeg* Stop her mouth:
In death to turn Apostata! I'll not hear
One syllable from any; wretched creature!
With the next rising Sun prepare to die.
Yet Christian, in reward of thy brave courage,
Be thy faith right, or wrong, receive this favor.
In person I’ll attend thee to thy death,
And boldly challenge all that I can give
But what’s not in my grant, which is to live.

**Exeunt.**

The end of the fourth Act

**Actus Quintus, Scaena Prima.**

Enter Vitelli, Francisco.

*Francisco* You are wondrous brave, and jocund.

*Vitelli.* Welcome Father.

Should I spare cost, or not wear cheerful looks
Upon my wedding day, it were ominous
And showed I did repent it, which I dare not,
It being a marriage, howsoever sad

In the first ceremonies that confirm it,
That will forever arm me against fears,
Repentance, doubts, or jealousies, and bring
Perpetual comforts, peace of mind, and quiet
To the glad couple.

*Francisco* I well understand you;
And my full joy to see you so resolved
Weak words cannot express. What is the hour
Exeunt.

Actus Quintus, Scaena Secunda.

Enter Grimaldi, Master, Boatswain, Sailors.

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

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.

Actus Quintus, Scaena Secunda.

Enter Grimaldi, Master, Boatswain, Sailors.

Boatswain

Sir, if you slip this opportunity,
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, Kingoms 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
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,

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 Galleys, 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

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

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus, Scaena Tertia.

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,

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
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

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.
Exit Francisco.

Francisco  Be not lost
In what you purpose.

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
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.

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.

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.

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,
Actus Quintus, Scaena quarta.

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.  

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.  

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 content 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 tyrannness.
Asambeg  No more;
Her will shall be a law. Till now ne’er happy.  

Exeunt.
Enter Francisco Grimaldi Master Boatswain and Sailors

Grimaldi  Sir, all things are in readiness, the Turks
That seized upon my Ship stowed under hatches,
My men resolved, and cheerful. Use but means
To get out of the Ports, we will be ready
To bring you aboard, and then (heaven be but pleased)
This for the Viceroy’s fleet.

Francisco  Discharge your parts,
In mine I’ll not be wanting; fear not Master,
Something will come along to fraught your Bark,
That you will have just cause to say you never
Made such a Voyage.

Master  We will stand the hazard.

Francisco  What’s the best hour?

Boatswain  After the second watch.

Francisco  Enough; each to his charge.

Grimaldi  We will be careful.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus, Scaena quinta.

Enter Paulina, Donusa, Carazie, Manto.

Paulina  Sit Madam, it is fit that I attend you;
And pardon, I beseech you, my rude language,
To which the sooner you will be invited,
When you shall understand, no way was left me
To free you from a present execution,
But by my personating that, which never
My nature was acquainted with.

Donusa  I believe you.

Paulina  You will when you shall understand, I may
Receive the honor to be known unto you
By a nearer name. And not to wrack you further,
The man you please to favor is my brother,
No Merchant, Madam, but a Gentleman
Of the best rank in Venice.

Donusa  I rejoice in ’t

But what’s this to his freedom? for myself,
Were he well off, I were secure.

Paulina  I have
A present means, not plotted by myself,
But a religious man, my confessor,
That may preserve all, if we had a servant
Whose faith we might rely on.

Donusa  She that’s now
Your slave was once mine, had I twenty lives
I durst commit them to her trust.

Manto. O Madam,

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

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

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

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

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?

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.

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

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

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.

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

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.

Donusa. Heaven be gracious to us.

Exit Manto.

Actus Quintus, Scaena Sexta

Enter Vitelli, Aga, and a Guard.

Vitelli. Paulina to fall off thus? ’tis to me
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.

Exit Vitelli.
Exit Manto.
Exeunt.

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.

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

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.
_Aga._ _Pratheee 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 Vitelli.

_Aga._ Break the watch up,

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

Exit Manto.

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

Vitelli. There’s something more in this then means to cloy
A hungry appetite, which I must discover.
She, willed me search the midst. Thus, thus I pierce it:
Ha! what is this? a scroll bound up in packthread?
What may the mystery be? The Scroll.
Son, let down this packthread, at the West window
of the Castle. By it you shall draw up a Ladder of
ropes, by which you may descend, your dearest Donusa
with the rest of your friends, below attend you. Heaven
prosper you.
O best of men! he that gives up himself
To a true religious friend, leans not upon
A false deceiving reed, but boldly builds
Upon a rock, which now with joy I find
In reverend Francisco. Whose good vows,
Labors, and watchings in my hoped-for freedom
Appear a pious miracle. I come,
I come, good man, with confidence, though the descent
Were steep as hell, I know I cannot slide
Being called down, by such a faithful guide.

Exit Vitelli.

Asambeg, Mustapha, Janissaries.

Asambeg Excuse me Mustapha, though this night to me
Appear as tedious as that treble one
Was to the world, when Jove on fair Alcmena
Begot Alcides. Were you to encounter
Those ravishing pleasures, which the slow paced hours
(To me they are such) bar me from, you would
With your continued wishes strive to imp
New feathers to the broken wings of Time
And chide the amorous Sun, for too long dalliance
In Thetis watery bosom.

Mustapha You are too violent
In your desires, of which you are yet uncertain
Having no more assurance to enjoy ’em
Then a weak woman’s promise, on which wisemen
Faintly rely.

Asambeg Tush she is made of truth
And what she says she will do, holds as firm.

The
Enter Aga.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

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

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.
1. **23 (2-b)**: The regularized reading *in* is supplied for the original [*◇*].
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 [*◇*].
5. **520 (12-b)**: The regularized reading *incredulous* is amended from the original *incredulous*.
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*[*/*]*.
10. **2217 (37-a)**: The regularized reading *Whom* is supplied for the original *Wh*[*/*]*.