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THE
WHITE DEVIL,
OR,
The Tragedy of Paulo Giordano
Ursini, Duke of Brachiano,
With
The Life and Death of Vittoria
Corombona the famous
Venetian Courtesan.

Acted by the Queen's Majesty's Servants.

Written by JOHN WEBSTER.

Non inferiora secutus.

LONDON,
Printed by N. O. for Thomas Archer, and are to be sold
at his Shop in Pope's head Palace, near the
Royal Exchange. 1612.

To the Reader.

IN publishing this Tragedy, I do but
challenge to myself that liberty,
which other men have ta'en before me;
not that I affect praise by it, for, nos haec
novimus esse nihil, only since it was
acted, in so dull a time of Winter, presented
in so open and black a Theater,
that it wanted (that which is the only
grace and setting out of a Tragedy) a full and understanding
Auditory: and that since that time I have noted, most
of the people that come to that Playhouse, resemble those ignorant
asses (who visiting Stationers' shops their use is not
to inquire for good books, but new books) I present it to the
general view with this confidence.
Nec Rhoncos metues, maligniorum,
Nec Scombris tunicas, dabis molestas.
If it be objected this is no true Dramatic Poem, I shall
easily confess it, non potes in nugas dicere plura meas: Ipse
ego quam dixi, willingly, and not ignorantly, in this kind
have I faulted: for should a man present to such an Auditory,
the most sententious Tragedy that ever was written, observing
Enter Count Lodovico, Antonelli and Gasparo.

LODOVICO.

BAnished?  ANTONELLI  It grieved me much to hear the sentence.

LODOVICO    Ha, Ha, ë Democritus thy Gods
That govern the whole world! Courtly reward,
and punishment. Fortune’s a right whore.
If she give aught, she deals it in small parcels,
That she may take away all at one swoop.
This 'tis to have great enemies, God 'quite them:
Your wolf no longer seems to be a wolf
Then when she’s hungry. GASPARO You term those enemies
Are men of Princely rank.
    LODOVICO Oh I pray for them.
The violent thunder is adored by those
Are pashed in pieces by it. ANTONELLI Come my Lord,
You are justly doomed; look but a little back
Into your former life: you have in three years
Ruined the noblest Earldom GASPARO Your followers
Have swallowed you like Mumia, and being sick
With such unnatural and horrid Physic
Vomit you up i’ th’ kennel ANTONELLI All the damnable degrees

Of drinkings have you, you staggered through one Citizen
Is Lord of two fair Manors, called you master
Only for Caviar. GASPARO Those noblemen
Which were invited to your prodigal feasts,
Wherein the Phoenix scarce could scape your throats,
Laugh at your misery, as fordeeming you:
An idle Meteor which drawn forth the earth
Would be soon lost i’ th’ air. ANTONELLI Jest upon you,
And say you were begotten in an Earthquake,
You have ruined such fair Lordships. LODOVICO Very good,
This Well goes with two buckets, I must tend
The pouring out of either. GASPARO Worse than these,
You have acted, certain Murders here in Rome,
Bloody and full of horror. LODOVICO ’Las they were flea-bitings:
Why took they not my head then? GASPARO O my Lord
The law doth sometimes mediate, thinks it good
Not ever to steep violent sins in blood,
This gentle penance may both end your crimes,
And in the example better these bad times.
    LODOVICO So, but I wonder then some great men scape
This banishment, there’s Paulo Giordano Orsini,
The Duke of Brachiano, now lives in Rome,
And by close pandarism seeks to prostitute
The honor of Vittoria Corombona,
Vittoria, she that might have got my pardon
For one kiss to the Duke. ANTONELLI Have a full man within you,
We see that Trees bear no such pleasant fruit
There where they grew first, as where the are new set.
Perfumes the more they are chafed the more they render
Their pleasing scents, and so affliction
Expresseth virtue, fully, whether true,
Or else adulterate. LODOVICO Leave your painted comforts,
I’ll make Italian cut-works in their guts
If ever I return. GASPARO O Sir. LODOVICO I am patient,
I have seen some ready to be executed
Give pleasant looks, and money, and grown familiar
With the knave hangman, so do I, I thank them,

And would account them nobly merciful
Would they dispatch me quickly, ANTONELLI Fare you well,
We shall find time I doubt not to repeal
Your banishment. LODOVICO I am ever bound to you:
This is the world’s alms; pray make use of it,
Great men sell sheep, thus to be cut in pieces,
When first they have shorn them bare and sold their fleeces.

Enter Brachiano, Camillo, Flamineo, Vittoria
Corombona.

BRACHIANO Your best of rest. VITTORIA Unto my Lord the Duke,
The best of welcome, More lights, attend the Duke.
BRACHIANO Flamineo. FLAMINEO My Lord.
BRACHIANO Quite lost Flamineo.
FLAMINEO Pursue your noble wishes, I am prompt
As lightning to your service, ô my Lord!
The fair Vittoria, my happy sister
Shall give you present audience, gentlemen (whisper
Let the caroche go on, and ’tis his pleasure
You put out all your torches and depart.

BRACHIANO Are we so happy. FLAMINEO Can ’t be otherwise?
Observed you not tonight my honored Lord
Which way soe’er you went she threw her eyes,
I have dealt already with her chambermaid
Zanche the Moor, and she is wondrous proud
To be the agent for so high a spirit.

BRACHIANO We are happy above thought, because ’bove merit.
FLAMINEO ’bove merit! we may now talk freely: ’bove merit;
what is ’t you doubt, her coyness, that’s but the superificies of lust
most women have; yet why should Ladies blush to hear that
named, which they do not fear to handle? O they are politic,
They know our desire is increased by the difficulty of enjoying;
where a satiety is a blunt, weary and drowsy passion, if
the buttery hatch at Court stood continually open their would
be nothing so passionate crowding, nor hot suit after the beverage,

BRACHIANO O but her jealous husband.
FLAMINEO Hang him, a guilder that hath his brains perished with

quicksilver is not more cold in the liver. The great Barriers
molted not more feathers than he hath shed hairs, by the confession
of his doctor. An Irish gamester that will play himself naked,
and then wage all downward, at hazard, is not more venturous.
So unable to please a woman that like a dutch doublet
Enter Camillo,

all his back is shrunk into his breeches.

Shroud you within this closet, good my Lord,

Some trick now must be thought on to divide

My brother-in-law from his fair bedfellow,

BRACHIANO O should she fail to come,

FLAMINEO I must not have your Lordship thus unwisely amorous,

I myself have loved a lady and pursued her with a great deal

of underage protestation, whom some three or four gallants that have

enjoyed would with all their hearts have been glad to have been rid

of. 'Tis just like a summer birdcage in a garden, the birds that are

without, despair to get in, and the birds that are within despair

and are in a consumption for fear they shall never get out: away

away my Lord,

See here he comes, this fellow by his apparel

Some men would judge a politician,

But call his wit in question you shall find it

Merely an Ass in 's foot cloth,

How now brother what travelling to bed to your kind wife?

CAMILLO I assure you brother no, My voyage lies

More northerly, in a far colder clime,

I do not well remember I protest when I last lay with her.

FLAMINEO Strange you should lose your Count.

CAMILLO We never lay together but ere morning

Their grew a flaw between us. FLAMINEO 'T had been your part

To have made up that flaw.

CAMILLO True, but she loathes I should be seen in 't.

FLAMINEO Why Sir, what's the matter?

CAMILLO The Duke your master visits me I thank him,

And I perceive how like an earnest bowler

He very passionately leans that way,

He should have his bowl run

FLAMINEO I hope you do not think

CAMILLO That noble men bowl booty, Faith his cheek

Hath a most excellent Bias, it would fain jump with my mistress.

FLAMINEO Will you be an ass.

Despite you Aristotle or a Cuckold

Contrary to your Ephemerides

Which shows you under what a smiling planet

You were first swaddled,

CAMILLO Pew wew, Sir tell not me

Of planets nor of Ephemerides

A man may be made Cuckold in the day time

When the Stars eyes are out. FLAMINEO Sir God boy you,

I do commit you to your pitiful pillow

Stuffed with horn-shavings. CAMILLO Brother.

FLAMINEO God refuse me

Might I advise you now your only course

Were to lock up your wife. CAMILLO 'Twere very good.
FLAMINEO Bar her the sight of revels. CAMILLO Excellent.
In Leon at your heels. CAMILLO 'Twere for her honor
FLAMINEO And so you should be certain in one fortnight,
Despite her chastity or innocence
To be Cuckolded, which yet is in suspense:
This is my counsel and I ask no fee for 't.
CAMILLO Come you know not where my nightcap wrings me.
FLAMINEO Wear it o’ th’ old fashion, let your large ears come
through, it will be more easy, nay I will be bitter, bar your wife
of her entertainment: women are more willingly and more gloriously
chaste, when they are least restrained of their liberty. It
seems you would be a fine Capricious Mathematically jealous
Coxcomb, take the height of your own horns with a Jacob’s
staff afore they are up. These politic enclosures for paltry
mutton, makes more rebellion in the flesh than all the provocative
electuaries Doctors have uttered since last Jubilee.
CAMILLO This doth not physic me,
FLAMINEO It seems you are Jealous, i’ll show you the error of it by
a familiar example, I have seen a pair of spectacles fashioned
with such perspective art, that lay down but one twelvepence
o’ th’ board ’twill appear as if there were twenty, now should you
wear a pair of these spectacles, and see your wife tying her
shoe, you would Imagine twenty hands were taking up of
your wife’s clothes, and this would put you into a horrible
causeless fury,
CAMILLO The fault there Sir is not in the eyesight
FLAMINEO True, but they that have the yellow Jaundice, think
all objects they look on to be yellow. Jealousy is worser,
her fit’s present to a man, like so many bubbles in a Basin of
water, twenty several crabbed faces, many times makes his
own shadow his cuckold-maker. See she comes, what reason
have you to be jealous of this creature? what an ignorant ass or
flattering knave might he be counted, that should write sonnets
to her eyes, or call her brow the snow of Ida, or Ivory of Corinth,
or compare her hair to the blackbird’s bill, when ’tis
liker the blackbird’s feather. This is all: Be wise, I will make
you friends and you shall go to bed together, marry look you,
it shall not be your seeking, do you stand upon that by any
means, walk you aloof, I would not have you seen in ’t, sister
my Lord attends you in the banqueting house, your husband
is wondrous discontented.
VITTORIA I did nothing to displease him, I carved to him at
suppertime
FLAMINEO You need not have carved him in faith, they say he is
a capon already, I must now seemingly fall out with you. Shall
a gentleman so well descended as Camillo, — a lousy slave that
within this twenty years rode with the black guard in the
Duke’s carriage ’mongst spits and dripping-pans.

CAMILLO Now he begins to tickle her.

FLAMINEO An excellent scholar, one that hath a head filled with calves’ brains without any sage in them, — come crouching in the hams to you for a night’s lodging — that hath an itch in ’s hams, which like the fire at the glass house hath not gone out this seven years — is he not a courtly gentleman, — when he wears white satin one would take him by his black muzzle to be no other creature than a maggot, you are a goodly Foil, I confess, well set out — but covered with a false stone you counterfeit diamond.

CAMILLO He will make her know what is in me.

FLAMINEO Come, my Lord attends you, thou shalt go to bed to my Lord. CAMILLO Now he comes to ’t.

FLAMINEO With a relish as curious as a vintner going to taste new wine, I am opening your case hard.

CAMILLO A virtuous brother o’ my credit.

FLAMINEO He will give thee a ring with a philosopher’s stone in it.

CAMILLO Indeed I am studying Alchemy.

FLAMINEO Thou shalt lie in a bed stuffed with turtle’s feathers, swoon in perfumed linen like the fellow was smothered in roses, so perfect shall be thy happiness, that as men at Sea think land and trees and ships go that way they go, so both heaven and earth shall seem to go your voyage. Shalt meet him, ’tis fixed, with nails of diamonds to inevitable necessity.

VITTORIA How shall’s rid him hence?

FLAMINEO I will put breese in ’s tail, set him gadding presently, I have almost wrought her to it, I find her coming, but might I advise you now for this night I would not lie with her, I would cross her humor to make her more humble.

CAMILLO Shall I, shall I?

FLAMINEO It will show in you a supremacy of Judgement.

CAMILLO True, and a mind differing from the tumultuary opinion, for quae negata grata.

FLAMINEO Right you are the Adamant shall draw her to you, though you keep distance off:

CAMILLO A philosophical reason.

FLAMINEO Walk by her o’ the nobleman’s fashion, and tell her you will lie with her at the end of the Progress

CAMILLO Vittoria, I cannot be induced, or as a man would say incited. VITTORIA To do what Sir?

CAMILLO To lie with you tonight; your silkworm useth to fast every third day, and the next following spins the better. Tomorrow at night I am for you.

VITTORIA You’ll spin a fair thread, trust to ’t.

FLAMINEO But do you hear I shall have you steal to her chamber about midnight.

CAMILLO Do you think so, why look you brother, because
Exit Camillo.
Enter Brachiano.
Enter Cornelia

you shall not think I’ll gull you, take the key, lock me into the chamber, and say you shall be sure of me.

FLAMINEO  In troth I will, I’ll be your jailer once, But have you ne’er a false door.
CAMILLO  A pox on ’t, as I am a Christian tell me tomorrow how scurvily she takes my unkind parting
FLAMINEO  I will. CAMILLO  Didst thou not make the jest of the silkworm? good night in faith I will use this trick often,  
FLAMINEO  Do, do, do.  
Exit Camillo.

So now you are safe. Ha ha ha, thou entanglest thyself in thine own work like a silkworm
FLAMINEO  Do, do, do.  

Come sister, darkness hides your blush, women are like cursed dogs, civility keeps them tied all day time, but they are let loose at midnight, then they do most good or most mischief, my Lord, my Lord
BRACHIANO  Give credit: I could wish time would stand still 

And never end this interview this hour, Zanche brings out a Carpet
But all delight doth itself soon’st devour. Spreads it and lays on it
Let me into your bosom happy Lady, two fair Cushions
Pour out in stead of eloquence my vows, Enter Cornelia

Loose me not Madam, for if you forego me I am lost eternally.
VITTORIA  Sir in the way of pity I wish you heart-whole.
BRACHIANO  You are a sweet Physician.
VITTORIA  Sure Sir a loathed cruelty in Ladies
Is as to Doctors many funeral: It takes away their credit.
BRACHIANO  Excellent Creature.
We call the cruel fair, what name for you
That are so merciful? ZANCHE  See now they close.
FLAMINEO  Most happy union.
CORNELIA  My fears are fall’n upon me, oh my heart!
My son the pander: now I find our house
Sinking to ruin. Earthquakes leave behind, Where they have tyrannized, iron, or lead, or stone, But woe to ruin violent lust leaves none
BRACHIANO  What value is this Jewel VITTORIA ’Tis the ornament
Of a weak fortune.
BRACHIANO  In sooth I’ll have it; nay I will but change

My Jewel for your Jewel. FLAMINEO  Excellent,
His Jewel for her Jewel, well put in Duke.
BRACHIANO  Nay let me see you wear it. VITTORIA  Here sir.
BRACHIANO  Nay lower, you shall wear my Jewel lower. FLAMINEO  That’s better she must wear his Jewel lower.
VITTORIA  To pass away the time I’ll tell your grace,
A dream I had last night. BRACHIANO  Most wishedly.
VITTORIA  A foolish idle dream,
Methought I walked about the mid of night,  
Into a Churchyard, where a goodly Yew Tree  
Spread her large root in ground, under that Yew;  
As I sat sadly leaning on a grave,  
Checkered with cross-sticks, there came stealing in  
Your Duchess and my husband, one of them  
A pickax bore, th’ other a Rusty spade,  
And in rough terms they ’gan to challenge me,  
About this Yew. BRACHIANO That Tree.  
VITTORIA This harmless Yew:  
They told me my intent was to root up  
That well-grown Yew, and plant i’ th’ stead of it  
A withered blackthorn, and for that they vowed  
To bury me alive: my husband straight  
With pickax ’gan to dig, and your fell Duchess  
With shovel, like a fury, voided out  
The earth and scattered bones, Lord how methought  
I trembled, and yet for all this terror  
I could not pray. FLAMINEO No the devil was in your dream.  
VITTORIA When to my rescue there arose methought  
A whirlwind, which let fall a massy arm  
From that strong plant,  
And both were struck dead by that sacred Yew  
In that base shallow grave that was their due.  
FLAMINEO Excellent Devil.  
She hath taught him in a dream  
To make away his Duchess and her husband.  
BRACHIANO Sweetly shall I interpret this your dream,  
You are lodged within his arms who shall protect you,  
From all the fevers of a jealous husband,  
From the poor envy of our phlegmatic Duchess,  
I’lI seat you above law and above scandal,  
Give to your thoughts the invention of delight  
And the fruition, nor shall government  
Divide me from you longer than a care  
To keep you great: you shall to me at once,  
Be Dukedom, health, wife, children, friends and all.  
CORNELIA Woe to light hearts they still forerun our fall.  
FLAMINEO What fury raised thee up? away, away Exit Zanche.  
CORNELIA What make you here my Lord this dead of night?  
Never dropped mildew on a flower here, till now.  
FLAMINEO I pray will you go to bed then,  
Lest you be blasted. CORNELIA O that this fair garden,  
Had all poisoned herbs of Thessaly,  
At first been planted, made a nursery  
For witchcraft; rather a burial plot,  
For both your Honors. VITTORIA Dearest mother hear me.  
CORNELIA O thou dost make my brow bend to the earth,
Sooner than nature, see the curse of children
In life they keep us frequently in tears,
And in the cold grave leaves us in pale fears.

    BRACHIANO Come, come, I will not hear you.
    VITTORIA Dear my Lord.
    CORNELIA Where is thy Duchess now adulterous Duke?
Thou little dreamed’st this night she is come to Rome.
    FLAMINEO How? come to Rome, VITTORIA The Duchess,
    BRACHIANO She had been better,
    CORNELIA The lives of Princes should like dials move,
Whose regular example is so strong.
They make the times by them go right or wrong.
    FLAMINEO So, have you done? CORNELIA Unfortunate Camillo.
If anything but blood could have allayed,
His long suit to me.
    CORNELIA I will join with thee,
To the most woeful end e’er mother kneeled,
If thou dishonor thus thy husband’s bed,
Be thy life short as are the funeral tears
In great men’s. BRACHIANO Fie, fie, the woman’s mad.
    CORNELIA Be thy act Judas-like betray in kissing,
Mayest thou be envied during his short breath,
And pitied like a wretch after this death.
    VITTORIA O me accursed.
    FLAMINEO Are you out of your wits, my Lord
I’ll fetch her back again? BRACHIANO No I’ll to bed.
Send Doctor Julio to me presently,
Uncharitable woman thy rash tongue
Hath raised a fearful and prodigious storm,
Be thou the cause of all ensuing harm.
    FLAMINEO Now, you that stand so much upon your honor,
Is this a fitting time a’ night think you,
To send a Duke home without e’er a man:
I would fain know where lies the mass of wealth
Which you have hoarded for my maintenance,
That I may bear my beard out of the level
Of my Lord’s Stirrup. CORNELIA What? because we are poor,
Shall we be vicious? FLAMINEO Pray what means have you
To keep me from the galleys, or the gallows?
My father proved himself a Gentleman,
Sold all’s land, and like a fortunate fellow,
Died ere the money was spent. You brought me up,
At Padua I confess, where I protest
For want of means, the University judge me,
I have been fain to heel my Tutor’s stockings
At least seven years: Conspering with a beard
Made me a Graduate, then to this Duke’s service,
I visited the Court, whence I returned:
More courteous, more lecherous by far,
But not a suit the richer, and shall I,
Having a path so open and so free
To my preferment, still retain your milk
In my pale forehead, no this face of mine
I’ll arm and fortify with lusty wine,

’Gainst shame and blushing.

   CORNELIA    O that I ne’er had borne thee,
   FLAMINEO    So would I.

I would the common’st Courtesan in Rome,
Had been my mother rather than thyself.
Nature is very pitiful to whores
To give them but few children, yet those children
Plurality of fathers, they are sure
They shall not want. Go, go,
Complain unto my great Lord Cardinal,
Yet may be he will justify the act.

Lycurgus wond’red much men would provide
Good stallions for their Mares, and yet would suffer
Their fair wives to be barren,

   CORNELIA    Misery of miseries.
   FLAMINEO    The Duchess come to Court, I like not that,

We are engaged to mischief and must on.
As Rivers to find out the Ocean
Flow with crook bendings beneath forced banks,
Or as we see to aspire some mountain’s top,
The way ascends not straight, but imitates
The subtle foldings of a Winter’s snake,
So who knows policy and her true aspect,
Shall find her ways winding and indirect.

Enter Francisco de Medicis, Cardinal Monticelso, Marcello,

   FranciscO  Have you not seen your husband since you arrived?
   ISABELLA   Not yet sir. FRANCISCO  Surely he is wondrous kind,

If I had a such Dovehouse as Camillo’s
I would set fire on ’t, were ’t but to destroy
The Polecots that haunt to ’t, — my sweet cousin.

   GiovANNi  Lord uncle you did promise me a horse
And armor. FRANCISCO    That I did my pretty cousin,

Marcello see it fitted. MARCELLO  My Lord the Duke is here.

   FranciscO  Sister away you must not yet be seen.
   ISABELLA   I do beseech you entreat him mildly,

Set us at louder variance, all my wrongs
Are freely pardoned, and I do not doubt
As men to try the precious Unicorn’s horn
Make of the powder a preservative Circle
And in it put a spider, so these arms
Shall charm his poison, force it to obeying
And keep him chaste from an infected straying

FRANCISCO  I wish it may. Be gone.

Exit.  

Enter Brachiano, and Flamineo.  

Void the chamber,
You are welcome, will you sit, I pray my Lord
Be you my Orator, my heart’s too full,
I’ll second you anon.  

MONTICELSO  Ere I begin
Let me entreat your grace forgo all passion
Which may be raised by my free discourse.

BRACHIANO  As silent as i’ th’ Church you may proceed.

MONTICELSO  It is a wonder to your noble friends,
That you have as ’twere entered the world,
With a free Sceptre in your able hand,
And have to th’ use of nature well applied
High gifts of learning, should in your prime-age
Neglect your awful throne, for the soft down
Of an insatiate bed.  o my Lord,
The Drunkard after all his lavish cups,
Is dry, and then is sober, so at length,
When you awake from this lascivious dream,
Repentance then will follow; like the sting
Placed in the Adder’s tail: wretched are Princes
When fortune blasteth but a petty flower
Of their unwieldy crowns; or ravisheth
But one pearl from their Sceptre: but alas!
When they to wilful shipwreck lose good Fame
All Princely titles perish with their name.

BRACHIANO  You have said my Lord,

MONTICELSO  Enough to give you taste
How far I am from flattering your greatness?

BRACHIANO  Now you that are his second, what say you?
Do not like young hawks fetch a course about

Your game flies fair and for you,  

FRANCISCO  Do not fear it:
I’ll answer you in your own hawking phrase,
Some Eagles that should gaze upon the Sun
Seldom soar high, but take their lustful ease,
Since they from dunghill birds their prey can seize,
You know Vittoria,  

BRACHIANO  Yes.

FRANCISCO  You shift your shirt there
When you retire from Tennis.  BRACHIANO  Happily.

FRANCISCO  Her husband is Lord of a poor fortune
Yet she wears cloth of Tissue,  

BRACHIANO  What of this?
Will you urge that my good Lord Cardinal
As part of her confession at next Shrift,
And know from whence it sails. FRANCISCO She is your Strumpet,
   BRACHIANO Uncivil sir there’s Hemlock in thy breath
And that black slander, were she a whore of mine
All thy loud Cannons, and thy borrowed Switzers
Thy Galleys, nor thy sworn confederates,
Durst not supplant her. FRANCISCO Let’s not talk on thunder,
Thou hast a wife, our sister, would I had given
Both her white hands to death, bound and locked fast
In her last winding sheet, when I gave thee
But one. BRACHIANO Thou hadst given a soul to God then.
   FRANCISCO True,
Thy ghostly father with all’s absolution,
Shall ne’er do so by thee. BRACHIANO Spit thy poison,
   FRANCISCO I shall not need, lust carries her sharp whip
At her own girdle, look to ’t for our anger
Is making thunderbolts. BRACHIANO Thunder? in faith,
They are but crackers. FRANCISCO We’ll end this with the Cannon.
   BRACHIANO Thou ’lt get naught by it but iron in thy wounds,
And gunpowder in thy nostrils. FRANCISCO Better that
Than change perfumes for plasters, BRACHIANO Pity on thee,
’Twere good you’d show your slaves or men condemned
Your new plowed forehead defiance, and I’ll meet thee,
Even in a thicket of thy ablest men.
   MONTICELSO My Lords, you shall not word it any further
Without a milder limit. FRANCISCO Willingly.

   BRACHIANO Have you proclaimed a Triumph that you bait a
Lion thus. MONTICELSO My Lord.
   BRACHIANO I am tame, I am tame sir.
   FRANCISCO We send, unto the Duke for conference
’Bout levies ’gainst the Pirates, my Lord Duke
Is not at home, we come ourself in person,
Still my Lord Duke is busied, but we fear
When Tiber to each prowling passenger
Discovers flocks of wild ducks, then my Lord
’Bout moult time, I mean we shall be certain
To find you sure enough and speak with you. BRACHIANO Ha?
   FRANCISCO A mere tale of a tub, my words are idle,
But to express the Sonnet by natural reason,
When Stags grow melancholic you’ll find the season
   MONTICELSO No more my Lord, hear comes a Champion,
Shall end the difference between you both,
Your son the Prince Giovanni, see my Lords
What hopes you store in him, this is a casket
For both your Crowns, and should be held like dear:
Now is he apt for knowledge, therefore know
It is a more direct and even way
To train to virtue those of Princely blood,
By examples than by precepts: if by examples
Whom should he rather strive to imitate
Than his own father: be his pattern then,
Leave him a stock of virtue that may last,
Should fortune rend his sails, and split his mast.

BRACHIANO Your hand boy growing to soldier.
GIOVANNI Give me a pike.
FRANCISCO What practising your pike so young, fair coz.
GIOVANNI Suppose me one of Homer’s frogs, my Lord,
Tossing my bulrush thus, pray sir tell me
Might not a child of good discretion
Be leader to an army:  FRANCISCO Yes cousin a young Prince
Of good discretion might.  GIOVANNI Say you so,
Indeed I have heard ’tis fit a General
Should not endanger his own person oft,
So that he make a noise, when he’s a horseback
Like a dansk drummer, ô ’tis excellent.

He need not fight, methinks his horse as well
Might lead an army for him; if I live
I’ll charge the French foe, in the very front
Of all my troops, the foremost man.  FRANCISCO What, what,
GIOVANNI And will not bid my Soldiers up and follow
But bid them follow me.  BRACHIANO Forward Lapwing.
He flies with the shell on’s head.  FRANCISCO Pretty cousin,
GIOVANNI The first year uncle that I go to war,
All prisoners that I take I will set free
Without their ransom.  FRANCISCO Ha, without their ransom,
How then will you reward your soldiers
That took those prisoners for you.  GIOVANNI Thus my Lord,
I’ll marry them to all the wealthy widows
That falls that year.  FRANCISCO Why then the next year following
You’ll have no men to go with you to war.

GIOVANNI Why then I’ll press the women to the war,
And then the men will follow.  MONTICELSO Witty Prince.
FRANCISCO See a good habit makes a child a man,
Whereas a bad one makes a man a beast:
Come you and I are friends.  BRACHIANO Most wishedly,
Like bones which broke in sunder and well set
Knit the more strongly.  FRANCISCO Call Camillo hither
You have received the rumor, how Count Lodowick
Is turned a Pirate.  BRACHIANO Yes.  FRANCISCO We are now preparing,
Some ships to fetch him in: behold your Duchess,  Exeunt Francisco
We now will leave you and expect from you  Monticelso Giovanni
Nothing but kind entreaty.  BRACHIANO You have charmed me.
You are in health we see.  ISABELLA And above health
To see my Lord well,  BRACHIANO So I wonder much,
What amorous whirlwind hurried you to Rome

ISABELLA Devotion my Lord.  BRACHIANO Devotion?
Is your soul charged with any grievous sin

    ISABELLA    'Tis burdened with too many, and I think
The oftener that we cast our reckonings up,
Our sleeps will be the sounder.    BRACHIANO    Take your chamber?
    ISABELLA    Nay my dear Lord I will not have you angry,
Doth not my absence from you two months,

Merit one kiss?    BRACHIANO    I do not use to kiss,
If that will dispossess your jealousy,
I’ll swear it to you.    ISABELLA    O my loved Lord,
I do not come to chide; my jealousy,
I am to learn what that Italian means,
You are as welcome to these longing arms,
As I to you a Virgin.    BRACHIANO    O your breath,
Out upon sweet meats, and continued Physic.
The plague is in them.    ISABELLA    You have oft for these two lips
Neglected Cassia or the natural sweets
Of the Spring violet, they are not yet much withered,
My Lord I should be merry, these your frowns
Show in a Helmet, lovely but on me,
In such a peaceful interview methinks
They are too too roughly knit.    BRACHIANO    O dissemblance.
Do you bandy factions ’gainst me? have you learnt,
The trick of impudent baseness to complain
Unto your kindred?    ISABELLA    Never my dear Lord.
    BRACHIANO    Must I be haunted out, or was't your trick
To meet some amorous gallant here in Rome
That must supply our discontinuance?
    ISABELLA    I pray sir burst my heart, and in my death
Turn to your ancient pity, though not love.
    BRACHIANO    Because your brother is the corpulent Duke,
That is the great Duke, ’Sdeath I shall not shortly
Racket away five hundred Crowns at Tennis,
But it shall rest upon record: I scorn him
Like a shaved Polack, all his reverent wit
Lies in his wardrobe, he’s a discreet fellow
When he’s made up in his robes of state,
Your brother the great Duke, because h’as galleys,
And now and then ransacks a Turkish flyboat,
(Now all the hellish furies take his soul,)
First made this match, accursed be the Priest
That sang the wedding Mass, and even my Issue.
    ISABELLA    O too too far you have cursed.
    BRACHIANO    Your hand I’ll kiss,
This is the latest ceremony of my love,

Henceforth I’ll never lie with thee, by this,
Enter Francisco, Flamineo, Monticelso, Marcello, Camillo. This wedding ring: I’ll ne’ermore lie with thee. And this divorce shall be as truly kept,
As if the Judge had doomed it: fare you well,
Our sleeps are severed. ISABELLA Forbid it the sweet union
Of all things blessed; why the Saints in heaven
Will knit their brows at that. BRACHIANO Let not thy love,
Make thee an unbeliever, this my vow,
Shall never on my soul be satisfied
With my repentance: let thy brother rage
Beyond a horrid tempest or sea-fight,
My vow is fixed. ISABELLA O my winding sheet,
Now shall I need thee shortly, dear my Lord,
Let me hear once more, what I would not hear,
Never. BRACHIANO Never?
ISABELLA O my unkind Lord may your sins find mercy,
As I upon a woeful widowed bed,
Shall pray for you, if not to turn your eyes,
Upon your wretched wife, and hopeful son,
Yet that in time you’ll fix them upon heaven.
BRACHIANO No more, go, go, complain to the great Duke.
ISABELLA No my dear Lord, you shall have present witness,
How I’ll work peace between you, I will make
Myself the author of your cursed vow
I have some cause to do it, you have none,
Conceal it I beseech you, for the weal
Of both your Dukedoms, that you wrought the means
Of such a separation, let the fault
Remain with my supposed jealousy,
And think with what a piteous and rent heart,
I shall perform this sad ensuing part.

Enter Francisco, Flamineo, Monticelso, Marcello, Camillo.
BRACHIANO Well, take your course my honorable brother.
FRANCISCO Sister, this is not well my Lord, why sister,
She merits not this welcome. BRACHIANO Welcome say?
She hath given a sharp welcome. FRANCISCO Are you foolish?
Come dry your tears, is this a modest course.

To better what is naught, to rail and weep,
Grow to a reconcilement, or by heaven,
I’ll ne’er more deal between you. ISABELLA Sir you shall not,
No though Vittoria upon that condition
Would become honest. FRANCISCO Was your husband loud.
Since we departed. ISABELLA By my life sir no,
I swear by that I do not care to lose.
Are all these ruins of my former beauty,
Laid out for a whore’s triumph? FRANCISCO Do you hear
Look upon other women, with what patience
They suffer these slight wrongs, with what justice
They study to requite them, take that course.
ISABELLA O that I were a man, or that I had power
To execute my apprehended wishes,
I would whip some with scorpions. FRANCISCO What? turned fury?
ISABELLA To dig the strumpet’s eyes out, let her lie
Some twenty months a-dying, to cut off
Her nose and lips, pull out her rotten teeth,
Preserve her flesh like Mummia, for trophies
Of my just anger: Hell to my affliction
Is mere snow-water. by your favor sir,
Brother draw near, and my Lord Cardinal,
Sir let me borrow of you but one kiss,
Henceforth I’ll never lie with you, by this,
This wedding ring. FRANCISCO How? ne’er more lie with him,
ISABELLA And this divorce shall be as truly kept,
As if in thronged Court, a thousand ears
Had heard it, and a thousand Lawyer’s hands,
Sealed to the separation. BRACHIANO Ne’er lie with me?
ISABELLA Let not my former dotage,
Make thee an unbeliever, this my vow
Shall never on my soul be satisfied
With my repentance, manet alta mente repositum.
FRANCISCO Now by my birth you are a foolish, mad,
And jealous woman. BRACHIANO You see ’tis not my seeking.
FRANCISCO Was this your circle of pure Unicorn’s horn,
You said should charm your Lord; now horns upon thee,
For jealousy deserves them, keep your vow,
And take your chamber. ISABELLA No sir I’ll presently to Padua,
I will not stay a minute. MONTICELSO O good Madam.
BRACHIANO ’Twere best to let her have her humor,
Some half-day’s journey will bring down her stomach,
And then she’ll turn in post. FRANCISCO To see her come,
To my Lord Cardinal for a dispensation
Of her rash vow will beget excellent laughter.
,, ISABELLA Unkindness do thy office, poor heart break,
,,Those are the killing griefs which dare not speak. Exit.
MARCELLO Camillo’s come my Lord. Enter Camillo.
FRANCISCO Where’s the commission? MARCELLO ’Tis here.
FRANCISCO Give me the Signet.
FLAMINEO My Lord do you mark their whispering, I will compound
a medicine out of their two heads, stronger than garlic,
deadlier than stibium, the Cantharides which are scarce seen to
stick upon the flesh when they work to the heart, shall not do it
with more silence or invisible cunning. Enter Doctor.
BRACHIANO About the murder.
FLAMINEO They are sending him to Naples, but I’ll send him to
Candy, here’s another property too. BRACHIANO O the Doctor,
FLAMINEO A poor quacksalving knave, my Lord, one that should
have been lashed for’s lechery, but that he confessed a judgement,
had an execution laid upon him, and so put the whip to a nonplus.

   DOCTOR   And was cozened, my Lord, by an arranter knave
   than myself, and made pay all the colorable execution.

   FLAMINEO   He will shoot pills into a man’s guts, shall make them
   have more ventages than a cornet or a lamprey, he will poison
   a kiss, and was once minded, for his Masterpiece, because Ireland
   breeds no poison, to have prepared a deadly vapor in a
   Spaniard’s fart that should have poisoned all Dublin.

   BRACHIANO   O Saint Anthony fire:
   DOCTOR   Your Secretary is merry my Lord:
   FLAMINEO   O thou cursed antipathy to nature, look his eye’s
   bloodshed like a needle a Chirurgeon stitcheth a wound with,
   let me embrace thee toad, and love thee ò thou abominable loathsome
   gargarism, that will fetch up lungs, lights, heart, and liver

   by scruples.

   BRACHIANO   No more, I must employ thee honest Doctor,
   You must to Padua and by the way, use some of your skill for us.
   DOCTOR   Sir I shall. BRACHIANO   But for Camillo?
   FLAMINEO   He dies this night by such a politic strain,
   Men shall suppose him by’s own engine slain.
   But for your Duchess’ death. DOCTOR   I’ll make her sure
   BRACHIANO   Small mischiefs are by greater made secure.

   FLAMINEO   Remember this you slave, when knaves come to preferment
   they rise as gallowses are raised i’ th’ low countries, one
   upon another shoulders.

   MONTICELSO   Here is an Emblem nephew pray peruse it.
   ’Twas thrown in at your window, CAMILLO   At my window,
   Here is a Stag my Lord hath shed his horns,
   And for the loss of them the poor beast weeps
   The word Inopem me copia fecit. MONTICELSO   That is.
   Plenty of horns hath made him poor of horns.

   CAMILLO   What should this mean.
   MONTICELSO   I’ll tell you, ’tis given out
   You are a Cuckold. CAMILLO   Is it given out so.
   I had rather such report as that my Lord.
   Should keep within doors. FRANCISCO   Have you any children.

   CAMILLO   None my Lord. FRANCISCO   You are the happier
   I’ll tell you a tale. CAMILLO   Pray my Lord. FRANCISCO   An old tale.
   Upon a time Phoebus the God of light
   Or him we call the Sun would need be married.
   The Gods gave their consent, and Mercury
   Was sent to voice it to the general world.
   But what a piteous cry there straight arose
   Amongst Smiths, and Felt-makers, Brewers and Cooks.
   Reapers and Butter-women, amongst Fishmongers
   And thousand other trades, which are annoyed
   By his excessive heat; ’twas lamentable.
   They came to Jupiter all in a sweat
And do forbid the bans; a great fat Cook
Was made their Speaker, who entreats of Jove
That Phoebus might be gelded, for if now
When there was but one, Sun so many men,
Were like to perish by his violent heat.
What should they do if he were married
And should be more, and those children
Make fireworks like their father, so say I,
Only I will apply it to your wife,
Her issue should not providence prevent it
Would make both nature, time, and man repent it.

MONTICELSO Look you cousin.
Go change the air for shame see if your absence,
Will blast your Cornucopia, Marcello
Is chosen with you joint commissioner
For the relieving our Italian coast
From pirates.  MARCELLO I am much honored in ’t.  CAMILLO But sir
Ere I return the Stag’s horns may be sprouted,
Greater than these are shed.  MONTICELSO Do not fear it,
I’ll be your ranger.  CAMILLO You must watch i’ th’ nights,
Then’s the most danger.  FRANCISCO Farewell good Marcello.
All the best fortunes of a Soldier’s wish,
Bring you o’ shipboard.

CAMILLO Were I not best now I am turned Soldier,
Ere that I leave my wife, sell all she hath,
And then take leave of her.  MONTICELSO I expect good from you,
Your parting is so merry.

CAMILLO Merry my Lord, o’ th’ Captain’s humor right
I am resolved to be drunk this night.  Exit.

FRANCISCO So, ’twas well fitted, now shall we discern,
How his wished absence will give violent way,
To Duke Brachiano’s lust,  MONTICELSO Why that was it;
To what scorned purpose else should we make choice
Of him for a sea Captain, and besides,
Count Lodowick which was rumored for a pirate.
Is now in Padua.  FRANCISCO Is ’t true?  MONTICELSO Most certain.
I have letters from him, which are suppliant
To work his quick repeal from banishment,
He means to address himself for pension,
Unto our sister Duchess.  FRANCISCO O ’twas well.
We shall not want his absence past six days,

I fain would have the Duke Brachiano run
Into notorious scandal, for there’s naught
In such cursed dotage, to repair his name,
Only the deep sense of some deathless shame:
MONTICELSO   It may be objected I am dishonorable,
To play thus with my kinsman, but I answer.
For my revenge I’d stake a brother’s life,
That being wronged durst not avenge himself.

FRANCISCO   Come to observe this Strumpet.

MONTICELSO   Curse of greatness,
Sure he’ll not leave her.   FRANCISCO   There’s small pity in ’t
Like mistletoe on sere Elms spent by weather,
Let him cleave to her and both rot together.   Exeunt.

Enter Brachiano with one in the habit of a Conjurer.

BRACHIANO   Now sir I claim your promise, ’tis dead midnight,
The time prefixed to show me by your Art,
How the intended murder of Camillo,
And our loathed Duchess grow to action.

CONJUROR   You have won me by your bounty to a deed,
I do not often practice, some there are,
Which by Sophistic tricks, aspire that name
Which I would gladly lose, of Nigromancer:
As some that use to juggle upon cards,
Seeming to conjure, when indeed they cheat.
Others that raise up their confederate spirits,
’Bout windmills, and endanger their own necks,
For making of a squib, and some there are
Will keep a curtal to show juggling tricks
And give out ’tis a spirit: besides these
Such a whole ream of Almanac-makers, figure-flingers.
Fellows indeed that only live by stealth,
Since they do merely lie about stol’n goods,
They’d make men think the devil were fast and loose,
With speaking fustian Latin: pray sit down,
Put on this nightcap sir, ’tis charmed, and now
I’ll show you by my strong-commanding Art
The circumstance that breaks your Duchess’ heart.

A DUMB SHOW.

Enter suspiciously, Julio and Christoperho, they draw a curtain
where Brachiano’s picture is, they put on spectacles of glass,
which cover their eyes and noses, and then burn perfumes afore the
picture, and wash the lips of the picture, that done, quenching the fire,
and putting off their spectacles they depart laughing.
Enter Isabella in her nightgown as to bed-ward, with lights after her,
Count Lodovico, Giovanni, Guid-antonio and others waiting
on her, she kneels down as to prayers, then draws the curtain of
the picture, does three reverences to it, and kisses it thrice, she faints
and will not suffer them to come near it, dies, sorrow expressed in Giovanni
and in Count Lodovico, she’s conveyed out solemnly.

BRACHIANO   Excellent, then she’s dead,   CONJUROR   She’s poisoned,
By the fumed picture, 'twas her custom nightly,
Before she went to bed, to go and visit
Your picture, and to feed her eyes and lips
On the dead shadow, Doctor Julio
Observing this, infects it with an oil
And other poisoned stuff, which presently
Did suffocate her spirits. BRACHIANO Methought I saw,
Count Lodowick there. CONJUROR He was, and by my art
I find he did most passionately dote
Upon your Duchess, now turn another way,
And view Camillo’s far more politic face,
Strike louder music from this charmed ground,
To yield, as fits the act, a Tragic sound.

THE SECOND DUMB SHOW.
Enter Flamineo, Marcello, Camillo, with four more as Captains, they drink healths and dance, a vaulting horse is brought into the room, Marcello and two more whispered out of the room, while Flamineo and Camillo strip themselves into their shirts, as to vault, compliment who shall begin, as Camillo is about to vault, Flamineo pitcheth him upon his neck, and with the help of the rest, writhes his neck about, seems to see if it be broke, and lays him folded double as 'twere under the horse, makes shows to call for help.

Marcello comes in, laments, sends for the Cardinal and Duke, who comes forth with armed men, wonder at the act, commands the body to be carried home, apprehends Flamineo, Marcello, and the rest, and go as 'twere to apprehend Vittoria.

BRACHIANO 'Twas quaintly done, but yet each circumstance,
I taste not fully. CONJUROR O 'twas most apparent,
You saw them enter charged with their deep healths
To their boon voyage, and to second that,
Flamineo calls to have a vaulting horse
Maintain their sport. The virtuous Marcello,
Is innocently plotted forth the room,
Whilst your eye saw the rest, and can inform you
The engine of all. MARCELLO It seems Marcello, and Flamineo
Are both committed. CONJUROR Yes, you saw them guarded,
And now they are come with purpose to apprehend
Your Mistress, fair Vittoria; we are now
Beneath her roof. 'twere fit we instantly
Make out by some back postern: BRACHIANO Noble friend,
You bind me ever to you, this shall stand
As the firm seal annexed to my hand.
Exit Brachiano
It shall enforce a payment. CONJUROR Sir I thank you.
Both flowers and weeds, spring when the Sun is warm,
And great men do great good, or else great harm. Exit Conjuror
Enter Francisco, and Monticelso, their Chancellor and Register.

FRANCISCO You have dealt discreetly to obtain the presence, Of all the grave Lieger Ambassadors To hear Vittoria’s trial. MONTICELSO ’Twas not ill, For sir you know we have naught but circumstances To charge her with, about her husband’s death, Their approbation therefore to the proofs Of her black lust, shall make her infamous To all our neighboring Kingdoms, I wonder If Brachiano will be here. FRANCISCO O fie ’twere impudence too palpable

Enter Flamineo and Marcello guarded, and a Lawyer.

LAWYER What are you in by the week, so I will try now whether thy wit be close prisoner, methinks none should sit upon thy sister but old whoremasters, FLAMINEO Or cuckolds, for your cuckold is your most terrible tickler of lechery: whoremasters would serve, for none are judges at tilting, but those that have been old Tilters.

LAWYER My Lord Duke and she have been very private:

FLAMINEO You are a dull ass, ’tis threatened they have been very public.

LAWYER If it can be proved they have but kissed one another.

FLAMINEO What then? LAWYER My Lord Cardinal will ferret them,

FLAMINEO A Cardinal I hope will not catch conies.

LAWYER For to sow kisses (mark what I say) to sow kisses, is to reap lechery, and I am sure a woman that will endure kissing is half won.

FLAMINEO True, her upper part by that rule, if you will win her nether part too, you know what follows.

LAWYER Hark the Ambassadors are lighted,

FLAMINEO I do put on this feigned Garb of mirth, To gull suspicion.

MARCELLO O my unfortunate sister! I would my dagger’s point had cleft her heart
When she first saw Brachiano: You ’tis said, Were made his engine, and his stalking-horse To undo my sister. FLAMINEO I made a kind of path To her and mine own preferment. MARCELLO Your ruin.

FLAMINEO Hum! thou art a soldier, Followest the great Duke, feedest his victories, As witches do their serviceable spirits, Even with thy prodigal blood, what hast got? But like the wealth of Captains, a poor handful, Which in thy palm thou bear’st, as men hold water Seeking to gripe it fast, the frail reward Steals through thy fingers. MARCELLO Sir,

FLAMINEO Thou hast scarce maintenance To keep thee in fresh chamois. MARCELLO Brother.
FLAMINEO   Hear me, 
And thus when we have even poured ourselves, 

Into great fights, for their ambition  
Or idle spleen, how shall we find reward, 
But as we seldom find the mistletoe  
Sacred to physic: Or the builder Oak, 
Without a Mandrake by it, so in our quest of gain. 
Alas the poorest of their forced dislikes 
At a limb proffers, but at heart it strikes: 
This is lamented doctrine.  
MARCELLO   Come, come. 

FLAMINEO   When age shall turn thee,  
White as a blooming hawthorn.  
MARCELLO   I’ll interrupt you.  
For love of virtue bear an honest heart,  
And stride over every politic respect,  
Which where they most advance they most infect.  
Were I your father, as I am your brother,  
I should not be ambitious to leave you  
A better patrimony.  
FLAMINEO   I’ll think on ’t, The Lord Ambassadors.  
Here there is a passage of the Lieger Ambassadors over the Stage severally. Enter French Ambassadors. 

LAWYER   O my sprightly Frenchman, do you know him, he’s an admirable Tilter.  
FLAMINEO   I saw him at last Tilting, he showed like a pewter candlestick fashioned like a man in armor, holding a Tilting staff in his hand, little bigger than a candle of twelve i’ th’ pound.  
LAWYER   O but he’s an excellent horseman.  
FLAMINEO   A lame one in his lofty tricks, he sleeps o’ horseback like a poulter,  
LAWYER   Lo you my Spaniard.  
FLAMINEO   He carries his face in ’s ruff, as I have seen a servingman carry glasses in a cypress hatband, monstrous steady for fear of breaking, He looks like the claw of a blackbird, first salted and then broiled in a candle.  

THE ARRAIGNMENT OF VITTORIA.  
Enter Francisco, Monticelso, the six lieger Ambassadors, Brachiano, Vittoria, Isabella, Lawyer, and a guard.  

MONTICELSO   Forbear my Lord, here is no place assigned you,  
This business by his holiness is left  
To our examination.  

BRACHIANO   May it thrive with you.  
FRANCISCO   A Chair there for his Lordship.  
BRACHIANO   Forbear your kindness, an unbidden guest  
Should travail as dutchwomen go to Church:  
Bear their stools with them.  
MONTICELSO   At your pleasure Sir.  
Stand to the table gentlewomen: now Signior
Fall to your plea.

*Domine Judex converte oculos in hanc pestem mulierum corruptissimam.*

VITTORIA What’s he?

FRANCISCO A Lawyer, that pleads against you.

VITTORIA Pray my Lord, let him speak his usual tongue.

I’ll make no answer else. FRANCISCO Why you understand Latin.

VITTORIA I do Sir, but amongst this auditory
Which come to hear my cause, the half or more
May be ignorant in ‘t. MONTICELSO Go on Sir:

VITTORIA By your favor,
I will not have my accusation clouded,
In a strange tongue: All this assembly
Shall hear what you can charge me with. FRANCISCO Signior.

You need not stand on ’t much; pray change your language,

MONTICELSO Oh for God sake: gentlewoman, your credit
Shall be more famous by it.

LAWYER Well then have at you.

VITTORIA I am at the mark Sir, I’ll give aim to you,
And tell you how near you shoot.

LAWYER Most literated Judges, please your Lordships,
So to connive your Judgements to the view
Of this debauched and diversivolent woman
Who such a black concatenation
Of mischief hath effected, that to extirp
The memory of ’t, must be the consummation
Of her and her projections VITTORIA What’s all this

LAWYER Hold your peace.

Exorbitant sins must have exulceration.

VITTORIA Surely my Lords this lawyer here hath swallowed
Some Pothecary’s bills, or proclamations.
And now the hard and undigestible words,

COME up like stones we use give Hawks for physic.

Why this is Welsh to Latin. LAWYER My Lords, the woman
Knows not her tropes nor figures, nor is perfect
In the academic derivation
Of Grammatical elocation. FRANCISCO Sir your pains
Shall be well spared, and your deep eloquence
Be worthily applauded amongst those
Which understand you. LAWYER My good Lord. FRANCISCO Sir,
Put up your papers in your fustian bag, *Francisco speaks this as in scorn.*

Cry mercy Sir, ’tis buckram, and accept
My notion of your learned verbosity.

LAWYER I most graduatically thank your Lordship.
I shall have use for them elsewhere.

MONTICELSO I shall be plainer with you, and paint out
Your follies in more natural red and white.

Than that upon your cheek. VITTORIA O you mistake.

You raise a blood as noble in this cheek
As ever was your mother’s.

MONTICELSO  I must spare you till proof cry whore to that,
Observe this creature here my honored Lords,
A woman of a most prodigious spirit
In her effected. VITTORIA Honorable my Lord,
It doth not suit a reverend Cardinal
To play the Lawyer thus

MONTICELSO  Oh your trade instructs your language!
You see my Lords what goodly fruit she seems,
Yet like those apples travelors report
To grow where Sodom and Gomorrah stood.
I will but touch her and you straight shall see
She’ll fall to soot and ashes.

VITTORIA  Your envenomed Pothecary should do ‘t

MONTICELSO  I am resolved.
Were there a second Paradise to lose
This Devil would betray it. VITTORIA  O poor charity!
Thou art seldom found in scarlet.

MONTICELSO  Who knows not how, when several night by night
Her gates were choked with coaches, and her rooms.
Outbraved the stars with several kind of lights,
When she did counterfeit a Prince’s Court.
In music banquets and most riotous surfeits
This whore, forsooth, was holy.

VITTORIA  Ha? whore what’s that?

MONTICELSO  Shall I expound whore to you? sure I shall;
I’ll give their perfect character. They are first,
Sweetmeats which rot the eater: In man’s nostril
Poisoned perfumes. They are cozening Alchemy,
Shipwrecks in Calmest weather? What are whores?
Cold Russian winters, that appear so barren,
As if that nature had forgot the spring.
They are the true material fire of hell,
Worse than those tributes i’ th’ low countries paid,
Exactions upon meat, drink, garments sleep.
Ay even on man’s perdition, his sin.
They are those brittle evidences of law
Which forfeit all a wretched man’s estate
For leaving out one syllable. What are whores?
They are those flattering bells have all one tune:
At weddings, and at funerals, your rich whores
Are only treasuries by extortion filled,
And emptied by cursed riot. They are worse,
Worse than dead bodies, which are begged at gallows
And wrought upon by surgeons, to teach man
Wherein he is imperfect. What’s a whore?
She’s like the guilty counterfeited coin
Which whosoe’er first stamps it bring in trouble
All that receive it  VITTORIA  This character scapes me.
    MONTICELSO  You gentlewoman;
Take from all beasts, and from all minerals
Their deadly poison.  VITTORIA  Well what then?
    MONTICELSO  I’ll tell thee
I’ll find in thee a Potheary’s shop
To sample them all.  FRENCH AMBASSADOR  She hath lived ill.
    ENGLISH AMBASSADOR  True, but the Cardinal’s too bitter.
    MONTICELSO  You know what Whore is next the devil; Adult’ry.
Enteres the devil, murder.  FRANCISCO  Your unhappy husband

Is dead.  VITTORIA  O he’s a happy husband
Now he owes Nature nothing.
    FRANCISCO  And by a vaulting engine.  MONTICELSO  An active plot
He jumped into his grave.  FRANCISCO  what a prodigy was’t,
That from some two yards’ height a slender man
Should break his neck?  MONTICELSO  I’ th’ rushes.
    FRANCISCO  And what’s more,
Upon the instant lose all use of speech,
All vital motion, like a man had lain
Wound up three days. Now mark each circumstance.
    MONTICELSO  And look upon this creature was his wife.
She comes not like a widow: she comes armed
With scorn and impudence: Is this a mourning habit.
    VITTORIA  Had I foreknown his death as you suggest,
I would have bespoke my mourning.
    MONTICELSO  O you are cunning.
    VITTORIA  You shame your wit and Judgement
To call it so; What is my just defense
By him that is my Judge called impudence?
Let me appeal then from this Christian Court
To the uncivil Tartar.  MONTICELSO  See my Lords.
She scandals our proceedings.  VITTORIA  Humbly thus.
Thus low, to the most worthy and respected
Lieber Ambassadors, my modesty
And womanhood I tender; but withal
So entangled in a cursed accusation
That my defense of force like Perseus.
Must personate masculine virtue to the point.
Find me but guilty, sever head from body:
We’ll part good friends: I scorn to hold my life.
at yours or any man’s entreaty, Sir,
    ENGLISH AMBASSADOR  She hath a brave spirit
    MONTICELSO  Well, well, such counterfeit Jewels
Make true one’s oft suspected.  VITTORIA  You are deceived.
For know that all your strict combined heads,
Which strike against this mine of diamonds,
Shall prove but glassen hammers, they shall break,
These are but feigned shadows of my evils.
Terrify babes, my Lord, with painted devils,
I am past such needless palsy, for your names,
Of Whore and Murd’ress they proceed from you,
As if a man should spit against the wind,
The filth returns in ’s face.

MONTICELSO Pray you Mistress satisfy me one question:
Who lodged beneath your roof that fatal night
Your husband brake his neck? BRACHIANO That question
Enforceth me break silence, I was there.

MONTICELSO Your business? BRACHIANO Why I came to comfort her,
And take some course for settling her estate,
Because I heard her husband was in debt
To you my Lord. MONTICELSO He was.

BRACHIANO And ’twas strangely feared,
That you would cozen her. MONTICELSO Who made you overseer?

BRACHIANO Why my charity, my charity, which should flow
From every generous and noble spirit,
To orphans and to widows. MONTICELSO Your lust.

BRACHIANO Cowardly dogs bark loudest. Sirrah Priest,
I’ll talk with you hereafter, — Do you hear?
The sword you frame of such an excellent temper,
I’ll sheath in your own bowels:
There are a number of thy coat resemble
Your common post boys. MONTICELSO Ha?

BRACHIANO Your mercenary post boys,
Your letters carry truth, but ’tis your guise
To fill your mouths with gross and impudent lies.

SERVANT My Lord your gown.

BRACHIANO Thou liest ’twas my stool.
Bestow ’t upon thy master that will challenge
The rest o’ th’ household stuff for Brachiano
Was ne’er so beggarly, to take a stool
Out of another’s lodging: let him make
Valance for his bed on ’t, or a demi foot-cloth,
For his most reverent moil, Monticelo,

Nemo me Impune lacescit.

Exit Brachiano.

MONTICELSO Your Champion’s gone.

VITTORIA The wolf may prey the better.

FRANCISCO My Lord there’s great suspicion of the murder,
But no sound proof who did it: for my part
I do not think she hath a soul so black
To act a deed so bloody, if she have,
As in cold countries husbandmen plant Vines,
And with warm blood manure them, even so
One summer she will bear unsavory fruit,
And ere next spring wither both branch and root.
The act of blood let pass, only descend,
To matter of incontinence. VITTORIA I discern poison,
Under your gilded pills.

MONTICELSO Now the Duke’s gone, I will produce a letter,
Wherein ’twas plotted, her and you should meet,
At an Apothecary’s summer-house.
Down by the river Tiber: view ’t my Lords:
Where after wanton bathing and the heat
Of a lascivious banquet. — I pray read it,
I shame to speak the rest. VITTORIA Grant I was tempted,
Temptation to lust proves not the act,
Casta est quam nemo rogavit,
You read his hot love to me, but you want
My frosty answer. MONTICELSO Frost i’ th’ dog-days! strange!

VITTORIA Condemn you me for that the Duke did love me,
So may you blame some fair and crystal river
For that some melancholic distracted man,
Hath drowned himself in ’t. MONTICELSO Truly drowned indeed.

VITTORIA Sum up my faults I pray, and you shall find,
That beauty and gay clothes, a merry heart,
And a good stomach to feast, are all,
All the poor crimes that you can charge me with:
In faith my Lord you might go pistol flies,
The sport would be more noble. MONTICELSO Very good.

VITTORIA But take you your course, it seems you have beggared me first
And now would fain undo me, I have houses,
Jewels, and a poor remnant of Crusadoes,
Would those would make you charitable. MONTICELSO If the devil
Did ever take good shape behold his picture.

VITTORIA You have one virtue left,
You will not flatter me. FRANCISCO Who brought this letter?

VITTORIA I am not compelled to tell you.
MONTICELSO My Lord Duke sent to you a thousand ducats,
The twelfth of August. VITTORIA ’Twas to keep your cousin
From prison, I paid use for ’t. MONTICELSO I rather think
’Twas Interest for his lust.

VITTORIA Who says so but yourself? if you be my accuser
Pray cease to be my Judge, come from the Bench,
Give in your evidence ’gainst me, and let these
Be moderators: my Lord Cardinal,
Were your intelligencing ears as loving
As to my thoughts, had you an honest tongue
I would not care though you proclaimed them all.

MONTICELSO Go to, go to.
After your goodly and vainglorious banquet,
I’ll give you a choke-pear. VITTORIA O’ your own grafting?

MONTICELSO You were born in Venice, honorably descended,
From the *Vittelli*, 'twas my cousin’s fate,
Ill may I name the hour to marry you,
He bought you of your father. VITTORIA Ha?
    MONTICELSO He spent there in six months
Twelve thousand Ducats, and to my acquaintance
Received in dowry with you not one Julio:
'Twas a hard pennyworth, the ware being so light,
I yet but draw the curtain now to your picture,
You came from thence a most notorious strumpet,
And so you have continued. VITTORIA My Lord.
    MONTICELSO Nay hear me,
You shall have time to prate my Lord Brachiano,
Alas I make but repetition,
Of what is ordinary and Rialto talk,
And balladed, and would be played o’ th’ stage,
But that vice many times finds such loud friends.
That Preachers are charmed silent.
You Gentlemen *Flamineo* and *Marcello*,
The Court hath nothing now to charge you with,

Only you must remain upon your sureties,
For your appearance. FRANCISCO I stand for *Marcello*.
    FLAMINEO And my Lord Duke for me.
    MONTICELSO For you *Vittoria*, your public fault,
Joined to th’ condition of the present time,
Takes from you all the fruits of noble pity.
Such a corrupted trial have you made
Both of your life and beauty, and been styled
No less in ominous fate than blazing stars
To Princes here’s; your sentence, you are confined,
    VITTORIA Unto a house of convertites and your bawd.
    FLAMINEO Who I? MONTICELSO The *Moor*.
    FLAMINEO O I am a sound man again.
    VITTORIA A house of convertites, what’s that?
    MONTICELSO A house of penitent whores.
    VITTORIA Do the Noblemen in Rome,
Erect it for their wives, that I am sent
To lodge there? FRANCISCO You must have patience.
    VITTORIA I must first have vengeance.
I fain would know if you have your salvation
By patent, that you proceed thus. MONTICELSO Away with her,
Take her hence. VITTORIA A rape, a rape. MONTICELSO How?
    VITTORIA Yes you have ravished justice,
Forced her to do your pleasure. MONTICELSO fie she’s mad
    VITTORIA Die with these pills in your most cursed maws,
Should bring you health, or while you sit o’ th’ Bench,
Let your own spittle choke you. MONTICELSO She’s turned fury.
    VITTORIA That the last day of judgement may so find you,
And leave you the same devil you were before,
Instruct me some good horse-leech to speak Treason,
For since you cannot take my life for deeds,
Take it for words, ô woman’s poor revenge
Which dwells but in the tongue, I will not weep,
No I do scorn to call up one poor tear
To fawn on your injustice, bear me hence,
Unto this house of what’s your mitigating Title?
    MONTICELSO Of convertites.
    VITTORIA It shall not be a house of convertites

My mind shall make it honester to me
Than the Pope’s Palace, and more peaceable
Than thy soul, though thou art a Cardinal,
Know this, and let it somewhat raise your spite,
Through darkness Diamonds spread their richest light.

Enter Brachiano. Exit Vittoria.

BRACHIANO Now you and I are friends sir, we’ll shake hands,
In a friend’s grave, together, a fit place,
Being the emblem of soft peace t’ atone our hatred.
          FRANCISCO Sir, what’s the matter?
          BRACHIANO I will not chase more blood from that loved cheek,
You have lost too much already, fare you well.
          FRANCISCO How strange these words sound? what’s the interpretation?
          FLAMINEO Good, this is a preface to the discovery of the Duchess’
death: He carries it well: because now I cannot counterfeit a
whining passion for the death of my Lady, I will feign a mad
humor for the disgrace of my sister, and that will keep off idle
questions, Treason’s tongue hath a villainous palsy in ‘t, I will talk
to any man, hear no man, and for a time appear a politic
madman.

Enter Giovanni, Count Lodovico.

          FRANCISCO How now my Noble cousin, what in black?
          GIOVANNI Yes Uncle, I was taught to imitate you
In virtue, and you must imitate me
In colors for your garments, my sweet mother
Is,          FRANCISCO How? Where?
          GIOVANNI Is there, no yonder, indeed sir I’ll not tell you,
For I shall make you weep.          FRANCISCO Is dead.
          GIOVANNI Do not blame me now,
I did not tell you so.          LODOVICO She’s dead my Lord.
          FRANCISCO Dead?          MONTICELSO Blessed Lady;
Thou art now above thy woes,
Wilt please your Lordships to withdraw a little.
          GIOVANNI What do the dead do, uncle? do they eat,
Hear music, go a-hunting, and be merry, as we that live?
          FRANCISCO No coz; they sleep.
          GIOVANNI Lord, Lord, that I were dead,
I have not slept these six nights. When do they wake?
FRANCISCO When God shall please.

GIOVANNI For I have known her wake an hundred nights,
When all the pillow, where she laid her head,
Was brine-wet with her tears. I am to complain to you Sir.
I’ll tell you how they have used her now she’s dead:
They wrapped her in a cruel fold of lead,
And would not let me kiss her. FRANCISCO Thou didst love her.

GIOVANNI I have often heard her say she gave me suck,
And it should seem by that she dear loved me,
Since Princes seldom do it.

FRANCISCO O, all of my poor sister that remains!
Take him away for God’s sake. MONTICELLO How now my Lord?

FRANCISCO Believe me I am nothing but her grave,
And I shall keep her blessed memory,
Longer than thousand Epitaphs. Enter Flamineo as distracted.

FLAMINEO We endure the strokes like anvil or hard steel,
Till pain itself make us no pain to feel.
Who shall do me right now? Is this the end of service? I’d rather go weed garlic; travail through France, and be mine own ostler; wear sheepskin linings; or shoes that stink of blacking; be entered into the list of the forty thousand pedlars in Poland. Enter Savoy.

Would I had rotted in some Surgeon’s house at Venice, built upon the Pox as well as on piles, ere I had served Brachiano.

SAVOY You must have comfort.

FLAMINEO Your comfortable words are like honey. They relish well in your mouth that’s whole; but in mine that’s wounded they go down as if the sting of the Bee were in them. Oh they have wrought their purpose cunningly, as if they would not seem to do it of malice. In this a Politician imitates the devil, as the devil imitates a Cannon. Wheresoever he comes to do mischief, he comes with his backside towards you. Enter the French.

FRENCH AMBASSADOR The proofs are evident.

FLAMINEO Proof! ’twas corruption. O Gold, what a God art thou! and ô man, what a devil art thou to be tempted by that cursed Mineral! You diversivolent Lawyer; mark him, knaves turn informers, as maggots turn to flies, you may catch gudgeons with either. A Cardinal; I would he would hear me, there’s nothing so holy but money will corrupt and putrify it, like victual under the line. You are happy in England, my Lord; here they sell justice with those weights they press men to death with. O horrible salary!

ENGLISH AMBASSADOR Fie, fie, Flamineo.

FLAMINEO Bells ne’er ring well, till they are at their full pitch,
And I hope yon Cardinal shall never have the grace to pray
If they were racked now to know the confederacy! But your
Noblemen are privileged from the rack; and well may. For
a little thing would pull some of them a’ pieces afore they came
to their arraignment. Religion; oh how it is commuddled with
policy. The first bloodshed in the world happened about religion.
Would I were a Jew. MARCELLO O, there are too many.

FLAMINEO You are deceived. There are not Jews enough;
Priests enough, nor gentlemen enough. MARCELLO How?

FLAMINEO I’ll prove it. For if there were Jews enough, so many
Christians would not turn usurers; if Priests enough, one
should not have six Benefices; and if gentlemen enough, so
many early mushrooms, whose best growth sprang from a
dunghill, should not aspire to gentility. Farewell. Let others
live by begging. Be thou one of them; practice the art of Wolnor
in England to swallow all’s given thee; and yet let one purgation
make thee as hungry again as fellows that work in
saw-pit. I’ll go hear the screech-owl.

LODOVICO This was Brachiano’s Pander, and ’tis strange
That in such open and apparent guilt
Of his adulterous sister, he dare utter
So scandalous a passion. I must wind him.

FLAMINEO How dares this banished Count return to Rome,
His pardon not yet purchased? I have heard
The deceased Duchess gave him pension,
And that he came along from Padua
I’ th’ train of the young Prince. There’s somewhat in ’t.

Physicians, that cure poisons, still do work
With counterpoisons.

MARCELLO Mark this strange encounter.

FLAMINEO The God of Melancholy turn thy gall to poison,
And let the stigmatic wrinkles in thy face,
Like to the boisterous waves in a rough tide
One still overtake another. LODOVICO I do thank thee
And I do wish ingeniously for thy sake
The dog-days all year long.

FLAMINEO How croaks the raven?
Is our good Duchess dead? LODOVICO Dead FLAMINEO O fate!
Misfortune comes like the Crowner’s business,
Huddle upon huddle. LODOVICO Shalt thou and I join housekeeping?

FLAMINEO Yes, content.
Let’s be unsocially sociable.

LODOVICO Sit some three days together, and discourse.

FLAMINEO Only with making faces;
Lie in our clothes. LODOVICO With faggots for our pillows.

FLAMINEO And be lousy.

LODOVICO In taffeta linings; that’s gentle melancholy,
Sleep all day. FLAMINEO Yes: and like your melancholic hare
Feed after midnight.
We are observed: see how yon couple grieve.

LODOVICO What a strange creature is a laughing fool,
As if man were created to no use
But only to show his teeth. FLAMINEO I’ll tell thee what,
It would do well instead of looking-glasses
To set one’s face each morning by a saucer
Of a witch’s congealed blood. LODOVICO Precious gue.
We’ll never part. FLAMINEO Never: till the beggary of Courtiers,
The discontent of churchmen, want of soldiers,
And all the creatures that hang manacled,
Worse than strappadoed, on the lowest felly
Of fortune’s wheel be taught in our two lives. Enter Antonelli.
To scorn that world which life of means deprives.

ANTONELLI My Lord, I bring good news. The Pope on’s deathbed,
At th’ earnest suit of the great Duke of Florence,

Hath signed your pardon, and restored unto you —

LODOVICO I thank you for your news. Look up again
Flamineo, see my pardon. FLAMINEO Why do you laugh?
There was no such condition in our covenant. LODOVICO Why?

FLAMINEO You shall not seem a happier man than I,
You know our vow sir, if you will be merry,
Do it i’ th’ like posture, as if some great man
Sat while his enemy were executed:
Though it be very lechery unto thee,
Do ’t with a crabbed Politician’s face.

LODOVICO Your sister is a damnable whore. FLAMINEO Ha?
LODOVICO Look you; I spake that laughing.
FLAMINEO Dost ever think to speak again?
LODOVICO Do you hear?

Wilt sell me forty ounces of her blood,
To water a mandrake? FLAMINEO Poor Lord; you did vow
To live a lousy creature. LODOVICO Yes; FLAMINEO Like one
That had for ever forfeited, the daylight,
By being in debt, LODOVICO Ha, ha?

FLAMINEO I do not greatly wonder you do break:
Your Lordship learned long since. But I’ll tell you,

LODOVICO What? FLAMINEO And ’t shall stick by you.
LODOVICO I long for it.
FLAMINEO This laughter scurvily becomes your face,
If you will not be melancholy, be angry. Strikes him.
See now I laugh too.

MARCELLO You are to blame, I’ll force you hence.
LODOVICO Unhand me: Exit Marcello and Flamineo

That e’er I should be forced to right myself,

Upon a Pander. ANTONELLI My Lord.

LODOVICO H’ad been as good met with his fist a thunderbolt.
GASPARO How this shows!
LODOVICO Ud’s death, how did my sword miss him?
These rogues that are most weary of their lives,
Still scape the greatest dangers,
A pox upon him: all his reputation;
Nay all the goodness of his family;

Is not worth half this earthquake.
I learned it of no fencer to shake thus;
Come, I’ll forget him, and go drink some wine. Exeunt.

Enter Francisco and Monticelso.

MONTICELSO Come, come my Lord, untie your folded thoughts,
And let them dangle loose as a bride’s hair.
Your sister’s poisoned.
FRANCISCO Far be it from my thoughts
To seek revenge.
MONTICELSO What, are you turned all marble?
FRANCISCO Shall I defy him, and impose a war
Most burdensome on my poor subjects’ necks,
Which at my will I have not power to end?
You know; for all the murders, rapes, and thefts,
Committed in the horrid lust of war,
He that unjustly caused it first proceed,
Shall find it in his grave and in his seed.
MONTICELSO That’s not the course I’d wish you: pray, observe me,
We see that undermining more prevails
Than doth the Cannon, Bear your wrongs concealed,
And, patient as the Tortoise, let this Camel
Stalk o’er your back unbruised: sleep with the Lion,
And let this brood of secure foolish mice
Play with your nostrils, till the time be ripe
For th’ bloody audit, and the fatal gripe:
Aim like a cunning fowler, close one eye,
That you the better may your game espy.
FRANCISCO Free me my innocence; from treacherous acts:
I know there’s thunder yonder: and I’ll stand,
Like a safe valley, which low bends the knee
To some aspiring mountain: since I know
Treason, like spiders weaving nets for flies,
By her foul work is found, and in it dies.
To pass away these thoughts, my honored Lord,
It is reported you possess a book
Wherein you have quoted, by intelligence,
The names of all notorious offenders

Lurking about the City, MONTICELSO Sir I do
And some there are which call it my black book:
Well may the title hold: for though it teach not
The Art of conjuring, yet in it lurk,
The names of many devils. FRANCISCO Pray let’s see it.
MONTICELSO I’ll fetch it to your Lordship.
FRANCISCO Monticelo,

I will not trust thee, but in all my plots
I’ll rest as jealous as a Town besieged.
Thou canst not reach what I intend to act.
Your flax soon kindles, soon is out again,
But gold slow heats, and long will hot remain.

MONTICELSO 'Tis here my Lord.
FRANCISCO First your Intelligencers pray let’s see.
MONTICELSO Their number rises strangely,

And some of them
You’d Take for honest men.
Next are Panders.
These are your Pirates: and these following leaves,
For base rogues that undo young Gentlemen
By taking up commodities: for politic bankrupts:
For fellows that are bawds to their own wives,
Only to put off horses and slight jewels,
Clocks, defaced plate, and such commodities,
At birth of their first children. FRANCISCO Are there such?
MONTICELSO These are for Impudent bawds,
That go in men’s apparel: for usurers
That share with scriveners for their good reportage:
For Lawyers that will antedate their writs:
And some Divines you might find folded there;
But that I slip them o’er for conscience’ sake.
Here is a general catalog of knaves.
A man might study all the prisons o’er,
Yet never attain this knowledge. FRANCISCO Murderers.
Fold down the leaf I pray,
Good my Lord let me borrow this strange doctrine.

FRANCISCO I do assure your Lordship,
You are a worthy member of the State,
And have done infinite good in your discovery
Of these offenders. MONTICELSO Somewhat Sir. FRANCISCO O God!
Better than tribute of wolves paid in England.
'Twill hang their skins o’ th’ hedge.
MONTICELSO I must make bold
To leave your Lordship. FRANCISCO Dearly sir, I thank you,
If any ask for me at Court, report
You have left me in the company of knaves.
Exit Monticelso

I gather now by this, some cunning fellow
That’s my Lord’s Officer, one that lately skipped
From a Clerk’s desk up to a Justice chair,
Hath made this knavish summons; and intends,
As th’ Irish rebels wont were to sell heads,
So to make prize of these. And thus it happens,
Your poor rogues pay for ’t, which have not the means
To present bribe in fist: the rest o’ th’ band
Are razed out of the knave’s record; or else
My Lord he winks at them with easy will,
His man grows rich, the knaves are the knaves still.
But to the use I’ll make of it; it shall serve
To point me out a list of murderers,
Agents for any villainy. Did I want
Ten leash of Courtesans, it would furnish me;
Nay laundress three Armies. That so in little paper
Should lie th’ undoing of so many men!
’Tis not so big as twenty declarations.
See the corrupted use some make of books:
Divinity, wrested by some factious blood,
Draws swords, swells battles, and o’erthrows all good.
To fashion my revenge more seriously,
Let me remember my dead sister’s face:
Call for her picture: no; I’ll close mine eyes,
And in a melancholic thought I’ll frame

Enter Isabella’s Ghost.

Her figure ’fore me. Now I — ha ’t how strong

Imagination works! how she can frame
Things which are not! methinks she stands afore me;
And by the quick Idea of my mind,
Were my skill pregnant, I could draw her picture.
Thought, as a subtle Juggler, makes us deem
Things, supernatural, which have cause
Common as sickness. ’Tis my melancholy,
How cam’st thou by thy death? — how idle am I
To question mine own idleness? — did ever
Man dream awake till now? — remove this object
Out of my brain with ’t: what have I to do
With tombs, or deathbeds, funerals, or tears,
That have to meditate upon revenge?
So now ’tis ended, like an old wives’ story.
Statesmen think often they see stranger sights
Than madmen. Come, to this weighty business.
My Tragedy must have some idle mirth in ’t,
Else it will never pass. I am in love,
In love with Corombona; and my suit
Thus halts to her in verse. —
I have done it rarely: ô the fate of Princes!
I am so used to frequent flattery,
That being alone I now flatter myself;
But it will serve, ’tis sealed; bear this
To th’ house of Convertites; and watch your leisure

he writes

Enter servant
Exit servant.

Enter the Matron, and Flamineo.

Enter servant.

Enter Brachiano.

To give it to the hands of Corombona, or to the Matron, when some followers

Of Brachiano may be. Away

Exit servant.

Of Brachiano may be. Away

Enter Brachiano.

Enter servant.

Enter Brachiano.

Flectere si nequeo Superos, Acheronta movebo. Exit Monticelso

Enter the Matron, and Flamineo.

MATRON Should it be known the Duke hath such recourse.

To your imprisoned sister, I were like

T' incur much damage by it. FLAMINEO Not a scruple.

The Pope lies on his deathbed, and their heads

Are troubled now with other business

Than guarding of a Lady.

SERVANT Yonder's Flamineo in conference

With the Matrona. Let me speak with you.

I would entreat you to deliver for me

This letter to the fair Vittoria.

MATRON I shall Sir.

SERVANT With all care and secrecy,

Hereafter you shall know me, and receive

Thanks for this courtesy. FLAMINEO How now? what's that?

MATRON A letter. FLAMINEO To my sister: I'll see 't delivered.

BRACHIANO What's that you read Flamineo? FLAMINEO Look.

BRACHIANO Ha? To the most unfortunate his best respected Vittoria

Who was the messenger? FLAMINEO I know not.

BRACHIANO No! Who sent it?

FLAMINEO Ud's foot you speak, as if a man

Should know what fowl is coffined in a baked meat

Afore you cut it up.

BRACHIANO I'll open 't, were 't her heart. What's here subscribed Florence?

This juggling is gross and palpable.

I have found out the conveyance; read it, read, it.

FLAMINEO Your tears I'll turn to triumphs, be but mine. Reads the letter,

Your prop is fall'n; I pity that a vine

Which Princes heretofore have longed to gather,

Wanting supporters, now should fade and wither.

Wine i' faith, my Lord, with lees would serve his turn.

Your sad imprisonment I'll soon uncharm,

And with a princely uncontrolled arm

Lead you to Florence, where my love and care

Shall hang your wishes in my silver hair.

A halter on his strange equivocation.
Nor for my years return me the sad willow,

Who prefer blossoms before fruit that’s mellow.
Rotten on my knowledge with lying too long i’ th’ bedstraw.
And all the lines of age this line convinces:
The Gods never wax old, no more do Princes.
A pox on ’t tear it, let’s have no more Atheists for God’s sake.
   BRACHIANO Ud’s death, I’ll cut her into Atomies
And let th’ irregular Northwind sweep her up
And blow her int’ his nostrils. Where’s this whore?
   FLAMINEO That? what do you call her?
   BRACHIANO Oh, I could be mad,
Prevent the cursed disease she’ll bring me to;
And tear my hair off. Where’s this changeable stuff?
   FLAMINEO O’er head and ears in water, I assure you,
She is not for your wearing.   BRACHIANO In you Pander?
   FLAMINEO What me, my Lord, am I your dog?
   BRACHIANO A bloodhound: do you brave? do you stand me?
   FLAMINEO Stand you? let those that have diseases run;
I need no plasters.   BRACHIANO Would you be kicked?
   FLAMINEO Would you have your neck broke?
I tell you Duke, I am not in Russia;
My shins must be kept whole.   BRACHIANO Do you know me?
   FLAMINEO O my Lord! methodically.
As in this world there are degrees of evils:
So in this world there are degrees of devils.
You’re a great Duke; I your poor secretary.
I do look now for a Spanish fig, or an Italian sallet daily.
   BRACHIANO Pander, ply your convoy, and leave your prating.
   FLAMINEO All your kindness to me is like that miserable courtesy
of Polyphemus to Ulysses, you reserve me to be devoured
last, you would dig turfs out of my grave to feed your Larks:
that would be music to you. Come, I’ll lead you to her.
   BRACHIANO Do you face me?
   FLAMINEO O Sir I would not go before a Politic enemy with
my back towards him, though there were behind me a whirlpool.
   Enter Vittoria to Brachiano and Flamineo.
   BRACHIANO Can you read Mistress? look upon that letter;
There are no characters nor Hieroglyphics.

You need no comment, I am grown your receiver,
God’s precious you shall be a brave great Lady,
A stately and advanced whore.   VITTORIA Say Sir.
   BRACHIANO Come, come, let’s see your Cabinet, discover
Your treasury of love-letters. Death and furies,
I’ll see them all.   VITTORIA Sir, upon my soul,
I have not any. Whence was this directed?
BRACHIANO    Confusion on your politic ignorance.  
You are reclaimed; are you? I'll give you the bells
And let you fly to the devil.  FLAMINEO    Ware hawk, my Lord.
VITTORIA    Florence! This is some treacherous plot, my Lord,
To me, he ne'er was lovely I protest,
So much as in my sleep.  BRACHIANO    Right: they are plots.
Your beauty! ô, ten thousand curses on 't.
How long have I beheld the devil in crystal?
Thou hast led me, like an heathen sacrifice,
With music, and with fatal yokes of flowers
To my eternal ruin. Woman to man
Is either a God or a wolf.  VITTORIA    My Lord.  BRACHIANO    Away.
We'll be as differing as two Adamants;
The one shall shun the other. What? dost weep?
Procure but ten of thy dissembling trade,
Ye'd furnish all the Irish funerals
With howling, past wild Irish.  FLAMINEO    Fie, my Lord.
BRACHIANO That hand, that cursed hand, which I have wearied
With doting kisses! O my sweetest Duchess
How lovely art thou now! Thy loose thoughts
Scatter like quicksilver, I was bewitched;
For all the world speaks ill of thee.  VITTORIA    No matter.
I'll live so now I'll make that world recant
And change her speeches. You did name your Duchess.
VITTORIA Whose death God pardon.
BRACHIANO Whose death God revenge
On thee most godless Duke.  FLAMINEO    Now for two whirlwinds.
VITTORIA What have I gained by thee but infamy?
Thou hast stained the spotless honor of my house,
And frightened thence noble society:
Like those, which sick o’ th’ Palsy, and retain
Ill-scenting foxes ’bout them, are still shunned
By those of choicer nostrils. What do you call this house?
Is this your palace? did not the Judge style it
A house of penitent whores? who sent me to it?
Who hath the honor to advance Vittoria
To this incontinent college? is ’t not you?
Is ’t not your high preferment? Go, go brag
How many Ladies you have undone, like me.
Fare you well Sir; let me hear no more of you.
I had a limb corrupted to an ulcer,
But I have cut it off: and now I’ll go
Weeping to heaven on crutches. For your gifts,
I will return them all; and I do wish
That I could make you full Executor
To all my sins, ô that I could toss myself
Into a grave as quickly: for all thou art worth
I’ll not shed one tear more; — I’ll burst first.  She throws herself
BRACHIANO  I have drunk Lethe.  

Vittoria? My dearest happiness? Vittoria?

What do you ail my Love? why do you weep?  

VITTORIA  Yes, I now weep poniards, do you see.  

BRACHIANO  Are not those matchless eyes mine?  

VITTORIA  I had rather.  

They were not matches.  

BRACHIANO  Is not this lip mine?  

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

FLAMINEO  Turn to my Lord, good sister.  

VITTORIA  Hence you Pander.  

FLAMINEO  Pander! Am I the author of your sin?  

VITTORIA  Yes: He’s a base thief that a thief lets in.  

FLAMINEO  We’re blown up, my Lord,  

BRACHIANO  Wilt thou hear me?  

Once to be jealous of thee is ’t express  

That I will love thee everlastingly,  

And never more be jealous.  

VITTORIA  O thou fool,  

Whose greatness hath by much o’ergrown thy wit!  

What dar’st thou do, that I not dare to suffer,  

Excepting to be still thy whore? for that;  

In the sea’s bottom sooner thou shalt make  

A bonfire.  

FLAMINEO  O, no oaths for god’s sake.  

BRACHIANO  Will you hear me? VITTORIA  Never.  

FLAMINEO  What a damned impostume is a woman’s will?  

Can nothing break it? fie, fie, my Lord.  

Women are caught as you take Tortoises,  

She must be turned on her back. Sister, by this hand  

I am on your side. Come, come, you have wronged her.  

What a strange credulous man were you, my Lord,  

To think the Duke of Florence could love her?  

Will any Mercer take another’s ware  

When once ’t is toused and sullied? And, yet sister,  

How scurvily this frowardness becomes you?  

Young Leverets stand not long; and women’s anger  

Should, like their flight, procure a little sport;  

A full cry for a quarter of an hour;  

And then be put to th’ dead quat.  

BRACHIANO  Shall these eyes,  

Which have so long time dwelt upon your face,  

Be now put out?  

FLAMINEO  No cruel Landlady i’ th’ world,  

Which lends forth groats to broom-men, and takes use for them,  

Would do ’t.  

Hand her, my Lord, and kiss her: be not like  

A ferret to let go your hold with blowing.  

BRACHIANO  Let us renew right hands. VITTORIA  Hence.  

BRACHIANO  Never shall rage, or the forgetful wine,  

Make me commit like fault.  

FLAMINEO  Now you are i’ th’ way out, follow ’t hard.  

BRACHIANO  Be thou at peace with me; let all the world
Threaten the Cannon. FLAMINEO Mark his penitence.

Best natures do commit the grossest faults,
When they’re given o’er to jealousy; as best wine
Dying makes strongest vinegar. I’ll tell you;
The Sea’s more rough and raging than calm rivers,
But nor so sweet nor wholesome. A quiet woman
Is a still water under a great bridge.
A man may shoot her safely. VITTORIA O ye dissembling men!

FLAMINEO We sucked that, sister, from women’s breasts, in our

first infancy. VITTORIA To add misery to misery. BRACHIANO Sweetest.

VITTORIA Am I not low enough?
Ay, Ay, your good heart gathers like a snowball
Now your affection’s cold. FLAMINEO Ud’ foot, it shall melt,
To a heart again, or all the wine in Rome
Shall run o’ th’ lees for ’t.

VITTORIA Your dog or hawk should be rewarded better
Than I have been. I’ll speak not one word more.

FLAMINEO Stop her mouth,
With a sweet kiss, my Lord.

So now the tide’s turned the vessel’s come about
He’s a sweet armful. O we curled-haired men
Are still most kind to women. This is well.

BRACHIANO That you should chide thus!
FLAMINEO O, sir, your little chimney

Do ever cast most smoke. I sweat for you.
Couple together with as deep a silence,
As did the Grecians in their wooden horse.
My Lord supply your promises with deeds.

You know that painted meat no hunger feeds.

BRACHIANO Stay ingrateful Rome.

FLAMINEO Rome! it deserves to be called Barbary, for our villainous usage.

BRACHIANO Soft; the same project which the Duke of Florence,

(Whether in love or gullery I know not)
Laid down for her escape, will I pursue.

FLAMINEO And no time fitter than this night, my Lord;
The Pope being dead; and all the Cardinals entered
The Conclave for th’ electing a new Pope;
The City in a great confusion;
We may attire her in a Page’s suit,
Lay her post-horse, take shipping, and amain
For Padua.

BRACHIANO I’ll instantly steal forth the Prince Giovanni,

And make for Padua. You two with your old Mother
And young Marcello that attends on Florence,
If you can work him to it, follow me.

I will advance you all: for you Vittoria,
Think of a Duchess’ title. FLAMINEO Lo you sister. Stay, my Lord; I’ll tell you a tale. The crocodile, which lives in the river Nilus, hath a worm breeds i’ th’ teeth of ’t, which puts it to extreme anguish: a little bird, no bigger than a wren, is barber-surgeon to this crocodile; flies into the jaws of ’t; picks out the worm; and brings present remedy. The fish, glad of ease but ingrateful to her that did it, that the bird may not talk largely of her abroad for non payment, closeth her chaps intending to swallow her, and so put her to perpetual silence. But nature loathing such ingratidute, hath armed this bird with a quill or prick on the head, top o’ th’ which wounds the crocodile i’ th’ mouth; forceth her open her bloody prison; and away flies the pretty tooth-picker from her cruel patient.

BRACHIANO Your application is, I have not rewarded The service you have done me. FLAMINEO No, my Lord; You sister are the crocodile: you are blemished in your fame, My Lord cures it. And though the comparison hold not in every particle; yet observe, remember, what good the bird with the prick i’ th’ head hath done you; and scorn ingratidute. It may appear to some ridiculous Thus to talk knave and madman; and sometimes Come in with a dried sentence, stuffed with sage. But this allows my varying of shapes, Knaves do grow great by being great men’s apes. Exeunt.

Enter Francisco, Lodovico, Gasparo, and six Ambassadors.

At another door the Duke of Florence.

FRANCISCO So, my Lord, I commend your diligence Guard well the conclave, and, as the order is, Let none have conference with the Cardinals.

LODOVICO I shall, my Lord: room for the Ambassadors,

GASPARO They’re wondrous brave today: why do they wear These several habits? LODOVICO O sir, they’re Knights Of several Order. That Lord i’ th’ black cloak with the silver cross Is Knight of Rhodes; the next Knight of St. Michael, That of the golden fleece; the Frenchman there Knight of the Holy Ghost; my Lord of Savoy Knight of th’ annunciation; the Englishman Is Knight of th’ honored Garter, dedicated Unto their Saint, St. George. I could describe to you Their several institutions, with the laws Annexed to their Orders, but that time Permits not such discovery.

FRANCISCO Where’s Count Lodowick?

LODOVICO Here my Lord.

FRANCISCO ’Tis o’ th’ point of dinner-time, Marshal the Cardinal’s service, LODOVICO Sir I shall. Enter
Stand, let me search your dish, who’s this for?

SERVANT  For my Lord Cardinal Monticelso, several dishes covered.

LODOVICO  Whose this?

SERVANT  For my Lord Cardinal of Bourbon.

FRENCH AMBASSADOR  Why doth he search the dishes, to observe what meat is dressed?  ENGLISH AMBASSADOR  No Sir, but to prevent. Lest any letters should be conveyed in To bribe or to solicit the advancement Of any Cardinal, when first they enter ’Tis lawful for the Ambassadors of Princes To enter with them, and to make their suit For any man their Prince affecteth best; But after, till a general election, No man may speak with them.

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

A CARDINAL  You must return the service; the Lord Cardinals Are busied ’bout electing of the Pope, They have given o’er scrutiny, and are fallen To admiration.  LODOVICO  Away, away.

FRANCISCO  I’ll lay a thousand Ducats you hear news. A Cardinal on the Terrace Of a Pope presently, Hark; sure he’s elected, Behold! my Lord of Arragon appears, On the Church battlements.

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

OMNES.  Vivat sanctus Pater Paulus Quartus.

SERVANT  Vittoria my Lord.

FRANCISCO  Well: what of her?  SERVANT  Is fled the City, FRANCISCO  Ha?

SERVANT  With Duke Brachiano.

FRANCISCO  Fled? Where’s the Prince Giovanni

SERVANT  Gone with his father.

FRANCISCO  Let the Matrona of the Convertites Be apprehended: fled ô damnable! How fortunate are my wishes. Why? ’twas this I only labored. I did send the letter T’ instruct him what to do. Thy fame, fond Duke, I first have poisoned; directed thee the way To marry a whore; what can be worse? This follows. The hand must act to drown the passionate tongue, I scorn to wear a sword and prate of wrong.

Enter Monticelso in state.

MONTICELSO  My Lord reports Vittoria Corombona Is stol’n from forth the house of Convertites By Brachiano, and they’re fled the City. Now, though this be the first day of our state,
We cannot better please the divine power,
Than to sequester from the holy Church
These cursed persons. Make it therefore known,
We do denounced excommunication
Against them both: all that are theirs in Rome
We likewise banish. Set on.

FRANCISCO  Come dear Lodovico.
You have ta'en the sacrament to prosecute
Th' intended murder.   LODOVICO  With all constancy.
But, Sir, I wonder you'll engage yourself,
In person, being a great Prince.   FRANCISCO  Divert me not.
Most of his Court are of my faction,
And some are of my council. Noble friend,
Our danger shall be 'like in this design,
Give leave, part of the glory may be mine.
Why did the Duke of Florence with such care
Labor your pardon? say.

LODOVICO  Italian beggars will resolve you that
Who, begging of an alms, bid those they beg of
Do good for their own sakes; or 't may be
He spreads his bounty with a sowing hand,
Like Kings, who many times give out of measure;
Not for desert so much as for their pleasure.

MONTICELSO  I know you're cunning. Come, what devil was that
That you were raising?   LODOVICO  Devil, my Lord?
I ask you.

MONTICELSO  How doth the Duke employ you, that his bonnet
Fell with such compliment unto his knee,
When he departed from you?   LODOVICO  Why, my Lord,
He told me of a resty Barbary horse
Which he would fain have brought to the career,
The 'sault, and the ring galliard. Now, my Lord,
I have a rare French Rider.   MONTICELSO  Take you heed:
Lest the Jade break your neck. Do you put me off
With your wild horse-tricks? Sirrah you do lie.
O, thou 'rt a foul black cloud, and thou dost threat
A violent storm.   LODOVICO  Storms are i' th' air, my Lord;
I am too low to storm.   MONTICELSO  Wretched creature!
I know that thou art fashioned for all ill,
Like dogs, that once get blood, they'll ever kill.
About some murder? was't not?   LODOVICO  I'll not tell you;
And yet I care not greatly if I do;
Marry with this preparation. Holy father,
I come not to you as an Intelligencer,
But as a penitent sinner. What I utter
Is in confession merely; which you know
Must never be revealed.   MONTICELSO  You have o'erta'en me.

LODOVICO  Sir I did love Brachiano's Duchess dearly;
Or rather I pursued her with hot lust,  
Though she ne’er knew on ‘t. She was poisoned;  
Upon my soul she was: for which I have sworn  
T’ avenge her murder. MONTICELSO To the Duke of Florence?  
LODOVICO To him I have. MONTICELSO Miserable Creature!  
If thou persist in this, ’tis damnable.  
Dost thou imagine thou canst slide on blood  
And not be tainted with a shameful fall?  
Or like the black, and melancholic Yew tree,  
Dost think to root thyself in dead men’s graves,  
And yet to prosper? Instruction to thee  
Comes like sweet showers to over-hardened ground:  
They wet, but pierce not deep. And so I leave thee  
With all the Furies hanging ’bout thy neck,  
Till by thy penitence thou remove this evil,  
In conjuring from thy breast that cruel Devil.  
LODOVICO I’ll give it o’er. He says ’tis damnable: Exit Monticelso  
Besides I did expect his suffrage,  
By reason of Camillo’s death.  

FRANCISCO Do you know that Count? SERVANT Yes, my Lord,  
FRANCISCO Bear him these thousand Ducats to his lodging;  
Tell him the Pope hath sent them. Happily  
That will confirm more than all the rest. SERVANT Sir.  
LODOVICO To me sir?  
SERVANT His holiness hath sent you a thousand Crowns,  
And will you if you travel, to make him  
Your Patron for intelligence. LODOVICO His creature ever to be commanded.  
Why now ’tis come about. He railed upon me;  
And yet these Crowns were told out and laid ready,  
Before he knew my voyage. O the Art  
The modest form of greatness! that do sit  
Like Brides at wedding dinners, with their looks turned  
From the least wanton jests, their puling stomach  
Sick of the modesty, when their thoughts are loose.  
Even acting of those hot and lustful sports  
Are to ensue about midnight: such his cunning!  
He sounds my depth thus with a golden plummet,  
I am doubly armed now. Now to th’ act of blood,  
There’s but three furies found in spacious hell;  
But in a great man’s breast three thousand dwell.  

A passage over the stage of Brachiano, Flamineo, Marcello, Hortensio,  
Corombona. Cornelia, Zanche and others.  
FLAMINEO In all the weary minutes of my life,
Enter Duke Brachiano.

Enter Brachiano, Florence disguised like Mulinassar; Lodovico, Antonelli, Gasparo Farnese bearing their swords and helmets.

BRACHIANO You are nobly welcome. We have heard at full
Your honorable service 'gainst the Turk.
To you, brave Mulinassar, we assign
A competent pension: and are inly sorrow,
The vows of those two worthy gentlemen,
Make them incapable of our proffered bounty.
Your wish is you may leave your warlike swords
For Monuments in our Chapel. I accept it
As a great honor done me, and must crave
Your leave to furnish out our Duchess’ revels.
Only one thing, as the last vanity
You e’er shall view, deny me not to stay
To see a Barriers prepared tonight;
You shall have private standings: It hath pleased
The great Ambassadors of several Princes
In their return from Rome to their own Countries
To grace our marriage, and to honor me
With such a kind of sport. FRANCISCO I shall persuade them
To stay, my Lord.
Set on there to the presence

CARLO Noble my Lord, most fortunately welcome,
You have our vows sealed with the sacrament
To second your attempts. PEDRO And all things ready.
He could not have invented his own ruin,
Had he despaired with more propriety.
LODOVICO You would not take my way.
FRANCISCO ’Tis better ordered.
LODOVICO ’T have poisoned his prayer book, or a pair of beads,
The pummel of his saddle, his looking-glass,
Or th’ handle of his racket, ó that, that!
That while he had been bandying at Tennis,
He might have sworn himself to hell, and struck
His soul into the hazard! O my Lord!
I would have our plot be ingenious,

And have it hereafter recorded for example
Rather than borrow example. FRANCISCO There’s no way
More speeding than this thought on. LODOVICO On then.
FRANCISCO And yet methinks that this revenge is poor,
Because it steals upon him like a thief,
To have ta’en him by the Casque in a pitched field,
Led him to Florence! LODOVICO It had been rare. — And there
Have crowned him with a wreath of stinking garlic.
’T have shown the sharpness of his government;
And rankness of his lust.
Flamineo comes.

Enter Flamineo, Marcello, Antonelli.
MARCELLO Why doth this devil haunt you? say.
FLAMINEO I know not.
For by this light I do not conjure for her.
’Tis not so great a cunning as men think
To raise the devil: for here’s one up already,
The greatest cunning were to lay him down
MARCELLO She is your shame. FLAMINEO I prithee pardon her.
In faith you see, women are like to burrs;
Where their affection throws them, there they’ll stick.
ZANCHE That is my Countryman, a goodly person;
When he’s at leisure I’ll discourse with him
In our own language. FLAMINEO I beseech you do,
How is ’t brave soldier; ô that I had seen
Some of your iron days! I pray relate
Some of your service to us.
FRANCISCO ’Tis a ridiculous thing for a man to be his own
Chronicle, I did never wash my mouth with mine own praise
for fear of getting a stinking breath.
MARCELLO You’re too Stoical. The Duke will expect other
discourse from you
FRANCISCO I shall never flatter him, I have studied man too much
to do that: What difference is between the Duke and I? no more
be one is placed on the top of a turret; the other in the bottom
of a well by mere chance; if I were placed as high as the Duke,
I should stick as fast; make as fair a show; and bear out
weather equally.
FLAMINEO If this soldier had a patent to beg in Churches, then
he would tell them stories, MARCELLO I have been a soldier too.
FRANCISCO How have you thrived? MARCELLO Faith poorly.
FRANCISCO That’s the misery of peace. Only outsides are then
respected: As ships seem very great upon the river, which
show very little upon the Seas: So some men i’ th’ Court seem
Colossuses in a chamber, who if they came into the field would
FLAMINEO Give me a fair room yet hung with Arras, and
some great Cardinal to lug me by th’ ears as his endeared
Minion.
FRANCISCO And thou mayst do, the devil knows what villainy.
FLAMINEO And safely.
FRANCISCO Right; you shall see in the Country in harvest time,
pigeons, though they destroy never so much corn, the farmer
dare not present the fowling piece to them! why? because they
belong to the Lord of the Manor; whilst your poor sparrows
that belong to the Lord of heaven, they go to the pot for ’t.
FLAMINEO I will now give you some politic instruction. The
Duke says he will give you pension; that’s but bare promise:
get it under his hand. For I have known men that have come
from serving against the Turk; for three or four months they
have had pension to buy them new wooden legs and fresh
plasters; but after ’twas not to be had. And this miserable courtesy
shows, as if a Tormenter should give hot cordial drinks
to one three quarters dead o’ th’ rack, only to fetch the miserable
soul again to endure more dog-days.
Enter Hortensio, a young Lord, Zanche, and two more.
How now, Gallants; what are they ready for the Barriers?
YOUNG LORD. Yes: the Lords are putting on their armor.
HORTENSIO What’s he?
FLAMINEO  A new upstart: one that swears like a Falconer, and
will lie in the Duke’s ear day by day like a maker of Almanacs;
And yet I knew him since he came to th’ Court smell worse of
sweat than an under-tennis-court-keeper.
HORTENSOIO  Look you, yonder’s your sweet Mistress.

FLAMINEO  Thou art my sworn brother, I’ll tell thee, I do love
that Moor, that Witch very constrainedly: she knows some of
my villainy; I do love her, just as a man holds a wolf by the
ears. But for fear of turning upon me, and pulling out my
throat, I would let her go to the Devil.
HORTENSOIO  What do you think of these perfumed Gallants then?
FLAMINEO  Their satin cannot save them. I am confident
They have a certain spice of the disease,
For they that sleep with dogs; shall rise with fleas.
HORTENSOIO  What then?
ZANCHE  Believe it! A little painting and gay clothes,
Make you loathe me.
FLAMINEO  How? love a Lady for painting or gay apparel? I’ll unkennel
one example more for thee. Aesop had a foolish dog that
let go the flesh to catch the shadow. I would have Courtiers be
better Divers.  ZANCHE  You remember your oaths.
FLAMINEO  Lovers’ oaths are like Mariners’ prayers, uttered in extremity;
but when the tempest is o’er, and that the vessel leaves
tumbling, they fall from protesting to drinking. And yet amongst
Gentlemen protesting and drinking go together, and agree as
well as Shoemakers and Westphalia bacon. They are both
drawers on: for drink draws on protestation; and protestation
draws on more drink. Is not this discourse better now than
the mortality of your sunburnt Gentleman.  Enter Cornelia.
CORNELIA  Is this your perch, you haggard? fly to th’ stews.
FLAMINEO  You should be clapped by th’ heels now: strike i’ th’ Court.
ZANCHE  She’s good for nothing but to make her maids,
Catch cold o’ nights; they dare not use a bedstaff,
For fear of her light fingers.  MARCELLO  You’re a strumpet.
An impudent one.  FLAMINEO  Why do you kick her? say,

Do you think that she’s like a walnut-tree?
Must she be cudgeled ere she bear good fruit?
MARCELLO  She brags that you shall marry her.  FLAMINEO  What then?
MARCELLO I had rather she were pitched upon a stake
In some new-seeded garden, to affright
Her fellow crows thence. FLAMINEO You’re a boy, a fool,
Be guardian to your hound, I am of age.

MARCELLO If I take her near you I’ll cut her throat.
FLAMINEO With a fan of feathers? MARCELLO And for you; I’ll whip
This folly from you. FLAMINEO Are you choleric?
I’ll purge’t with Rhubarb. HORTENSIO O your brother.

FLAMINEO Hang him.
He wrongs me most that ought t’offend me least,
I do suspect my mother played foul play.
When she conceived thee. MARCELLO Now by all my hopes.
Like the two slaughtered sons of Oedipus,
The very flames of our affection,
Shall turn ten ways. Those words I’ll make thee answer
With thy heart blood. FLAMINEO Do like the geese in the progress,
You know where you shall find me, MARCELLO Very good,
And thou beest a noble, friend, bear him my sword,
And bid him fit the length on ‘t. YOUNG LORD. Sir I shall.

ZANCHE He comes. Hence petty thought of my disgrace,
I ne’er loved my complexion till now,
Cause I may boldly say without a blush,
I love you. FLAMINEO Your love is untimely sown,
There’s a Spring at Michaelmas, but ’tis but a faint one, I am sunk
In years, and I have vowed never to marry.

ZANCHE Alas! poor maids get more lovers than husbands,
Yet you may mistake my wealth. For, as when Ambassadors
are sent to congratulate Princes, there’s commonly sent along
with them a rich present; so that though the Prince like not the
Ambassador’s person nor words, yet he likes well of the presentment.
So I may come to you in the same manner, and be better loved
for my dowry than my virtue. FLAMINEO I’ll think on the motion.

ZANCHE Do, I’ll now detain you no longer. At your better
leisure I’ll tell you things shall startle your blood.
Nor blame me that this passion I reveal;

Lovers die inward that their flames conceal.
FLAMINEO Of all intelligence this may prove the best,
Sure I shall draw strange fowl, from this foul nest. Exeunt.

Enter Marcello and Cornelia.

CORNELIA I hear a whispering all about the Court,
Your are to fight, who is your opposite?
What is the quarrel? MARCELLO ’Tis an idle rumor.
CORNELIA Will you dissemble? sure you do not well
To fright me thus, you never look thus pale,
But when you are most angry. I do charge you
Upon my blessing; nay I’ll call the Duke,
And he shall school you. MARCELLO Publish not a fear
Which would convert to laughter; ’tis not so,
Was not this Crucifix my father’s? CORNELIA Yes.

MARCELLO I have heard you say, giving my brother suck, He took the Crucifix between his hands, Enter Flamineo, And broke a limb off. CORNELIA Yes: but ’tis mended.

FLAMINEO I have brought your weapon back. Flamineo runs

CORNELIA Ha, O my horror!

MARCELLO You have brought it home indeed.

CORNELIA Help, oh he’s murdered.

FLAMINEO Do you turn your gall up? I’ll to sanctuary, And send a surgeon to you. HORTENSIO How? o’ th’ ground?

MARCELLO O mother now remember what I told, Of breaking off the Crucifix: farewell Enter Carlo Hortensio

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

By all dishonest means. Let all men know That tree shall long time keep a steady foot Whose branches spread no wilder than the root.

CORNELIA O my perpetual sorrow! HORTENSIO Virtuous Marcello.

He’s dead: pray leave him Lady; come, you shall.

CORNELIA Alas he is not dead: he’s in a trance. Why here’s nobody shall get any thing by his death. Let me call him again for God’s sake. CARLO I would you were deceived.

CORNELIA O you abuse me, you abuse me, you abuse me. How many have gone away thus for lack of tendance; rear up’s head,

rear up’s head; His bleeding inward will kill him.

HORTENSIO You see he is departed.

CORNELIA Let me come to him; give me him as he is, if he be turned to earth; let me but give him one hearty kiss, and you shall put us both into one coffin: fetch a looking-glass, see if his breath will not stain it; or pull out some feathers from my pillow, and lay them to his lips, will you lose him for a little painstaking? HORTENSIO Your kindest office is to pray for him.

CORNELIA Alas! I would not pray for him yet. He may live to lay me i’ th’ ground, and pray for me, if you’ll let me come to him. Enter Brachiano all armed, save the beaver, with Flamineo.

BRACHIANO Was this your handiwork? the beaver, with FLAMINEO It was my misfortune. Flamineo.

CORNELIA He lies, he lies, he did not kill him: these have killed him, that would not let him be better looked to.

BRACHIANO Have comfort my grieved Mother.

CORNELIA O you screech-owl. HORTENSIO Forbear, good Madam.

CORNELIA Let me go, let me go. She runs to Flamineo

The God of heaven forgive thee. Dost not wonder I pray for thee? I’ll tell thee what’s the reason,

I have scarce breath to number twenty minutes; I’d not spend that in cursing. Fare thee well

Half of thyself lies there: and mayst thou live To fill an hourglass with his moldered ashes,
Lodovico sprinkles Brachiano’s beaver with a poison.

Exeunt.

Charges and shouts, They fight at Barriers; first single pairs, then three to three.

Enter Brachiano and Flamineo with others.

Enter Armorer.

Enter two Physicians: To tell how thou shouldst spend the time to come
In blessed repentance. BRACHIANO Mother, pray tell me
How came he by his death? what was the quarrel?

   CORNELIA Indeed my younger boy presumed too much
Upon his manhood; gave him bitter words;
Drew his sword first; and so I know not how,
For I was out of my wits, he fell with’s head
Just in my bosom. PAGE. This is not true Madam.

   CORNELIA I pray thee peace.

One arrow’s grazed already; it were vain
T’ lose this: for that will ne’er be found again.

   BRACHIANO Go, bear the body to Cornelia’s lodging:
And we command that none acquaint our Duchess

With this sad accident: for you Flamineo,
Hark you, I will not grant your pardon. FLAMINEO No?

   BRACHIANO Only a lease of your life. And that shall last
But for one day. Thou shalt be forced each evening to renew it,
or be hanged. FLAMINEO At your pleasure.

   Lodovico sprinkles Brachiano’s beaver with a poison.

Your will is law now, I’ll not meddle with it.

   BRACHIANO You once did brave me in your sister’s lodging;
I’ll now keep you in awe for ’t. Where’s our beaver?

   FRANCISCO He calls for his destruction. Noble youth,
I pity thy sad fate. Now to the barriers.
This shall his passage to the black lake further,
The last good deed he did, he pardoned murder.

Exeunt.

   Enter Brachiano and Flamineo with others.

BRACHIANO An Armorer? ud’s death an Armorer?
FLAMINEO Armorer; where’s the Armorer?
BRACHIANO Tear off my beaver. FLAMINEO Are you hurt, my Lord?
BRACHIANO O my brain’s on fire, Enter Armorer.
The helmet is poisoned. ARMORER My Lord upon my soul.

   BRACHIANO Away with him to torture.
There are some great ones that have hand in this,
And near about me. VITTORIA O my loved Lord, poisoned?
FLAMINEO Remove the bar: here’s unfortunate revels,
Call the Physicians; a plague upon you; Enter two Physicians:
We have too much of your cunning here already.
I fear the Ambassadors are likewise poisoned.

   BRACHIANO Oh I am gone already: the infection
Flies to the brain and heart. O thou strong heart!
There’s such a covenant ’tween the world and it,
They’re loath to break. GIOVANNI O my most loved father!

   BRACHIANO Remove the boy away,
Where’s this good woman? had I infinite worlds
They were too little for thee. Must I leave thee?
What say yon screech-owls, is the venom mortal?

PHYSICIAN Most deadly. BRACHIANO Most corrupted politic hangman!

You kill without book; but your art to save
Fails you as oft, as great men’s needy friends.
I that have given life to offending slaves
And wretched murderers, have I not power
To lengthen mine own a twelvemonth?
Do not kiss me, for I shall poison thee.
This unction is sent from the great Duke of Florence.

FRANCISCO Sir be of comfort,

BRACHIANO O thou soft natural death, that art joint-twin,
To sweetest slumber: no rough-bearded Comet,
Stares on thy mild departure: the dull Owl
Beats not against thy casement: the hoarse wolf
Scents not thy carrion. Pity winds thy corse,
Whilst horror waits on Princes. VITTORIA I am lost for ever.

BRACHIANO How miserable a thing it is to
‘Mongst women howling! What are those. FLAMINEO Franciscans.
They have brought the extreme unction.

BRACHIANO On pain of death, let no man name death to me,
It is a word infinitely terrible,
Withdraw into our Cabinet Exeunt but Francisco and Flamineo.

FLAMINEO To see what solitariness is about dying Princes. As
heretofore they have unpeopled Towns; divorced friends, and
made great houses unhospitable: so now, ô justice! where are
their flatterers now? Flatterers are but the shadows of Prince’s
bodies the least thick cloud makes them invisible.

FRANCISCO There’s great moan made for him.

FLAMINEO ‘Faith, for some few hours salt water will run most
plentifully in every Office o’ th’ Court. But believe it; most of
them do but weep over their stepmothers’ graves.

FRANCISCO How mean you?

FLAMINEO Why? They dissemble, as some men do that live
within compass o’ th’ verge.

FRANCISCO Come you have thrived well under him.

FLAMINEO ’Faith, like a wolf in a woman’s breast; I have been
fed with poultry; but for money, understand me, I had as good a
will to cozen him, as e’er an Officer of them all. But I had not
cunning enough to do it.

FRANCISCO What didst thou think of him; ’faith speak freely.

FLAMINEO He was a kind of Statesman, that would sooner
have reckoned how many Cannon bullets he had discharged
against a Town, to count his expense that way, than how many
of his valiant and deserving subjects he lost before it.

FRANCISCO O, speak well of the Duke. FLAMINEO I have done.
Enter Lodovico.

Wilt hear some of my Court wisdom? FRANCISCO How is it with the Duke?

LODOVICO Most deadly ill.

He’s fall’n into a strange distraction. He talks of Battles and Monopolies,

Levying of taxes, and from that descends To the most brainsick language. His mind fastens

On twenty several objects, which confound Deep Sense with folly. Such a fearful end

May teach some men that bear too lofty crest, Though they live happiest, yet they die not best.

He hath conferred the whole State of the Dukedom Upon your sister, till the Prince arrive

At mature age. FLAMINEO There’s some good luck in that yet. FRANCISCO See here he comes. Enter Brachiano, presented in

a bed Vittoria and others.

There’s death in ’s face already.

VITTORIA O my good Lord! BRACHIANO Away, you have abused me.

You have conveyed coin forth our territories; Bought and sold offices; oppressed the poor, And I ne’er dreamt on ’t. Make up your accounts;

I’ll now be mine own Steward. FLAMINEO Sir, have patience.

BRACHIANO Indeed I am to blame.

For did you ever hear the dusky raven Railed blackness? or was’t ever known, the devil

Railed against cloven Creatures. VITTORIA O my Lord!

BRACHIANO Let me have some quails to supper.

FLAMINEO Sir, you shall.

BRACHIANO No: some fried dogfish. Your Quails feed on poison,

That old dog-fox, that Politician Florence, I’ll forswear hunting and turn dog-killer;

Rare! I’ll be friends with him. for mark you, sir, one dog

Still sets another a-barking: peace, peace,

Yonder’s a fine slave come in now. FLAMINEO Where?

BRACHIANO Why there.

In a blue bonnet, and a pair of breeches With a great codpiece. Ha, ha, ha,

Look you his codpiece is stuck full of pins With pearls o’ th’ head of them. Do not you know him?

FLAMINEO No, my Lord. BRACHIANO Why ’tis the Devil.

I know him by a great rose he wears on’s shoe To hide his cloven foot. I’ll dispute with him.

He’s a rare linguist. VITTORIA My Lord here’s nothing.

BRACHIANO Nothing? rare! nothing! when I want money,

Our treasury is empty; there is nothing, I’ll not be used thus. VITTORIA O! lie still, my Lord

BRACHIANO See, see, Flamineo that killed his brother Is dancing on the ropes there: and he carries
A moneybag in each hand, to keep him even,
For fear of breaking’s neck. And there’s a Lawyer
In a gown whipped with velvet, stares and gapes
When the money will fall. How the rogue cuts capers!
It should have been in a halter.
'Tis there; what’s she? FLAMINEO Vittoria, my Lord.

BRACHIANO Ha, ha, ha. Her hair is sprinkled with Arras powder,
that makes her look as if she had sinned in the Pastry. What’s
he? FLAMINEO A Divine my Lord.

BRACHIANO He will be drunk: Avoid him: th’ argument is
fearful when Churchmen stagger in ’t.

Look you; six gray rats that have lost their tails, crawl up the
pillow, send for a Rat-catcher.

I’ll do a miracle: I’ll free the Court
From all foul vermin. Where’s Flamineo?

FLAMINEO I do not like that he names me so often,
Especially on’s deathbed: ’tis a sign
I shall not live long: see he’s near his end.

LODOVICO Pray give us leave;

FLAMINEO See, see, how firmly he doth fix his eye
Upon the Crucifix. VITTORIA O hold it constant.

It settles his wild spirits; and so his eyes
Melt into tears.

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

GASPARO Olim hasta valuisti in bello; nunc hanc sacram hastam vibrabis
contra hostem animarum.

LODOVICO Attend Domine Brachiane si nunc quoque probas ea quae
acta sunt inter nos, flecte Caput in dextrum.

GASPARO Esto securus Domine Brachiane: cogita quantum habeas
meritorum denique memineris meam animam pro tua oppignoratem si
quid esset periculi.

LODOVICO Si nunc quoque probas ea quae acta sunt inter nos, flecte caput
in loevum.

He is departing: pray stand all apart,
And let us only whisper in his ears
Some private meditations, which our order
Permits you not to hear. GASPARO Brachiano. being departed

LODOVICO Devil Brachiano. Lodovico and Gasparo discover
Thou art damned. GASPARO Perpetually. themselves.

LODOVICO A slave condemned, and given up to the gallows
Is thy great Lord and Master. GASPARO True: for thou
Art given up to the devil. LODOVICO O you slave!
You that were held the famous Politician;
Whose art was poison. GASPARO And whose conscience murder.
LODOVICO That would have broke your wife’s neck down the
stairs ere she was poisoned. GASPARO That had your villainous salads
LODOVICO And fine embroidered bottles,
Enter Vittoria and the attendants.

Brachiano is strangled. Exit Vittoria.

And perfumes equally mortal with a winter plague.

GASPARO Now there’s Mercury. LODOVICO And copperas.

GASPARO And quicksilver.

LODOVICO With other devilish pothecary stuff.

A-melting in your politic brains: dost hear.

GASPARO This is Count Lodovico. LODOVICO This Gasparo.

And thou shalt die like a poor rogue. GASPARO And stink like a dead fly-blown dog.

LODOVICO And be forgotten before thy funeral sermon.

BRACHIANO Vittoria? Vittoria! LODOVICO O the cursed devil, come to himself again. We are undone.

Enter Vittoria and the attendants.

GASPARO Strangle him in private. What? will you call him again to live in treble torments? for charity, for Christian charity, avoid the chamber.

LODOVICO You would prate, Sir. This is a true-love knot.

GASPARO What is it done?

LODOVICO The snuff is out. No woman-keeper i’ th’ world, though she had practiced seven year at the Pest-house, could have done ‘t quaintlier. My Lords he’s dead.

OMNES Rest to his soul.

VITTORIA O me! this place is hell.

FLORENCE How heavily she takes it. FLAMINEO O yes, yes; had women navigable rivers in their eyes, they would dispense them all; surely I wonder why we should wish more rivers to the City, when they sell water so good cheap. I’ll tell thee, these are but Moonish shades of griefs or fears, there’s nothing sooner dry than women’s tears. Why here’s an end of all my harvest, he has given me nothing Court promises! Let wise men count them cursed. For while you live he that scores best pays worst.

FLORENCE Sure, this was Florence’ doing. FLAMINEO Very likely. Those are found weighty strokes which come from th’ hand, but those are killing strokes which come from th’ head. O the rare tricks of a Machiavellian!

He doth not come like a gross plodding slave, and buffet you to death: No, my quaint knave, he tickles you to death; makes you die laughing; as if you had swallowed down a pound of saffron. You see the seat, ’tis practiced in a trice, to teach Court-honesty, it jumps on Ice.

FLORENCE Now have the people liberty to talk, and descant on his vices. FLAMINEO Misery of Princes, that must of force be censured by their slaves!
Not only blamed for doing things are ill,
But for not doing all that all men will.
One were better be a thresher.
Ud’s death, I would fain speak with this Duke yet.
   FLORENCE  Now he’s dead?
   FLAMINEO  I cannot conjure; but if prayers or oaths
Will get to th’ speech of him: though forty devils
Wait on him in his livery of flames,
I’ll speak to him, and shake him by the hand,
   Though I be blasted.  FRANCISCO  Excellent Lodovico!
What? did you terrify him at the last gasp?  Exit Flamineo.
   LODOVICO  Yes; and so idly, that the Duke had like
T’ have terrified us.  FRANCISCO  How?
   LODOVICO  You shall hear that hereafter,
   See! yon’s the infernal, that would make up sport.
Now to the revelation of that secret,
She promised when she fell in love with you.
   FLORENCE  You’re passionately met in this sad world.
   MOOR  I would have you look up, Sir; these Court tears
Claim not your tribute to them. Let those weep
That guiltily partake in the sad cause.
I knew last night by a sad dream I had
Some mischief would ensue; yet to say truth
My dream most concerned you.
   LODOVICO  Shall’s fall a-dreaming?
   FRANCISCO  Yes, and for fashion’ sake I’ll dream with her.
   MOOR  Methought sir, you came stealing to my bed.
   FRANCISCO  Wilt thou believe me sweeting; by this light
I was a-dreamt on thee too: for methought
I saw thee naked  MOOR  Fie sir! as I told you,
Methought you lay down by me.
   FRANCISCO  So dreamt I;
And lest thou shouldst take cold, I covered thee
With this Irish mantle.  MOOR  Verily I did dream,
You were somewhat bold with me; but to come to ’t.
   LODOVICO  How? how? I hope you will not go to ’t here.
   FRANCISCO  Nay: you must hear my dream out.

   MOOR.  Well, sir, forth.
   FRANCISCO  When I threw the mantle o’er thee, thou didst laugh
Exceedingly methought.  MOOR.  Laugh?
   FLAMINEO  And cried’st out,
The hair did tickle thee.  MOOR  There was a dream indeed.
   LODOVICO  Mark her I prithee, she simpers like the suds
A Collier hath been washed in.
   MOOR  Come, sir; good fortune tends you; I did tell you
I would reveal a secret, Isabella
Exit the Moor.
Enter Moor.

Exeunt.

Enter Flamineo and Gasparo at one door, another way
Giovanni attended.

The Duke of Florence sister was empoisoned,
By a 'fumed picture: and Camillo’s neck
Was broke by damned Flamineo; the mischance
Laid on a vaulting horse. FRANCISCO Most strange!

MOOR Most true. LODOVICO The bed of snakes is broke.

MOOR I sadly do confess I had a hand
In the black deed.

FRANCISCO Thou kept’st their counsel, MOOR Right,
For which, urged with contrition, I intend
This night to rob Vittoria. LODOVICO Excellent penitence!
Usurer’s dream on ’t while they sleep out Sermons.

MOOR To further our escape, I have entreated
Leave to retire me, till the funeral,
Unto a friend i’ th’ country. That excuse
Will further our escape, In coin and jewels
I shall, at least, make good unto your use
An hundred thousand crowns. FRANCISCO O noble wench!

LODOVICO Those crowns we’ll share. MOOR It is a dowry,
Methinks, should make that sunburnt proverb false,
And wash the Ethiop white. FRANCISCO It shall, away

MOOR Be ready for our flight. FRANCISCO An hour ’fore day.
O strange discovery! why till now we knew not
The circumstance of either of their deaths.

MOOR You’ll wait about midnight
In the Chapel. FRANCISCO There.

LODOVICO Why now our action’s justified,
FRANCISCO Tush for justice.

What harms it Justice? we now, like the partridge

Purge the disease with laurel: for the fame
Shall crown the enterprise and quit the shame. Exeunt.

Enter Flamineo and Gasparo at one door, another way
Giovanni attended.

GASPARO The young Duke: Did you e’er see a sweeter Prince?

FLAMINEO I have known a poor woman’s bastard better favored,
This is behind him: Now, to his face all comparisons were hateful:
Wise was the Courtly Peacock, that being a great Minion, and
being compared for beauty, by some dottrels that stood by, to
the Kingly Eagle, said the Eagle was a far fairer bird than
herself, not in respect of her feathers, but in respect of her long
Tallants. His will grow out in time,

My gracious Lord. GIOVANNI I pray leave me Sir.

FLAMINEO Your Grace must be merry: ’tis I have cause to mourn,
for wot you what said the little boy that rode behind his father
on horseback? GIOVANNI Why, what said he?

FLAMINEO When you are dead father (said he) I hope then I shall
ride in the saddle, O ’tis a brave thing for a man to sit by himself:
he may stretch himself in the stirrups, look about, and see the
whole compass of the Hemisphere, you’re now, my Lord, i’ th’
saddle.  

**GIOVANNI** Study your prayers, sir, and be penitent, 'Twere fit you’d think on what hath former been, I have heard grief named the eldest child of sin.  

**FLAMINEO** Study my prayers? he threatens me divinely, I am falling to pieces already, I care not, though, like Anacharsis I were pounded to death in a mortar. And yet that death were fitter for Usurer’s gold and themselves to be beaten together, to make a most cordial cullis for the devil. He hath his uncle’s villainous look already,  

**Enter Courtier.**  

*In decimo sexto. Now sir, what are you?*  

**COURTIER** It is the pleasure sir, of the young Duke That you forbear the Presence, and all room, That owe him reverence.  

**FLAMINEO** So, the wolf and the raven are very pretty fools when they are young. Is it your office, sir, to keep me out?  

**COURTIER** So the Duke wills.  

**FLAMINEO** Verily, Master Courtier, extremity is not to be used in all offices: Say that a gentlewoman were taken out of her bed about midnight, and committed to Castle Angelo, to the Tower yonder, with nothing about her, but her smock: would it not show a cruel part in the gentleman porter to lay claim to her upper garment, pull it o’er her head and ears; and put her in naked?  

**COURTIER** Very good: you are merry  

**FLAMINEO** Doth he make a Court ejectment of me? A flaming firebrand casts more smoke without a chimney, than within ’t. I’ll smoor some of them.  

How now? Thou art sad.  

**FRANCISCO** I met even now with the most piteous sight.  

**FLAMINEO** Thou met’st another here a pitiful Degraded Courtier.  

**FRANCISCO** Your reverend mother Is grown a very old woman in two hours. I found them winding of Marcello’s corse; And there is such a solemn melody 'Tween doleful songs, tears, and sad elegies: Such, as old grandames, watching by the dead, Were wont t’ outwear the nights with; that believe me I had no eyes to guide me forth the room, They were so o’ercharged with water.  

**FLAMINEO** I will see them.  

**FRANCISCO** 'Twere much uncharity in you: for your sight Will add unto their tears.  

**FLAMINEO** I will see them. They are behind the traverse. I’ll discover Their superstitious howling.  

*Cornelie, the Moor and three other Ladies discovered, winding Marcello’s Corpse. A song.*  

**CORNELIA** This rosemary is withered, pray get fresh; I would have these herbs grow up in his grave When I am dead and rotten. Reach the bays, I’ll tie a garland here about his head:
'Twill keep my boy from lightning. This sheet
I have kept this twenty year, and every day
Hallowed it with my prayers, I did not think
He should have wore it. MOOR Look you; who are yonder.
   CORNELIA O reach me the flowers.
   MOOR Her Ladyship's foolish. WOMAN Alas! her grief

Hath turned her child again. CORNELIA You're very welcome.
There's Rosemary for you, and Rue for you, to Flamineo.
Hearts-ease for you. I pray make much of it.
I have left more for myself. FRANCISCO Lady, who's this?
   CORNELIA You are, I take it, the grave-maker. FLAMINEO So.
   MOOR 'Tis Flamineo.
   CORNELIA Will you make me such a fool? here's a white hand:
Can blood so soon be washed out? Let me see,
When screech-owls croak upon the chimney tops,
And the strange Cricket i' th' oven sings and hops,
When yellow spots do on your hands appear,
Be certain then you of a Corse shall hear.
Out upon 't, how 'tis speckled! h'as handled a toad sure.
Cowslip-water is good for the memory: pray buy me three ounces
of 't. FLAMINEO I would I were from hence. CORNELIA Do you hear, sir?
I'll give you a saying which my grandmother
Was wont, when she heard the bell toll, to sing o'er unto her lute
   FLAMINEO Do and you will, do.
   CORNELIA Call for the Robin redbreast and the wren,
Since o'er shady groves they hover, Cornelia doth this
And with leaves and flowers do cover in several forms
The friendless bodies of unburied men. of distraction.
Call unto his funeral Dole
The Ant, the fieldmouse, and the mole
To rear him hillocks, that shall keep him warm,
And (when gay tombs are robbed) sustain no harm,
But keep the wolf far thence: that's foe to men,
For with his nails he'll dig them up again.
They would not bury him 'cause he died in a quarrel
But I have an answer for them.
Let holy Church receive him duly
Since he paid the Church tithes truly.
His wealth is summed, and this is all his store:
This poor men get; and great men get no more.
Now the wares are gone, we may shut up shop.
Bless you all good people, Exeunt Cornelia and Ladies.
   FLAMINEO I have a strange thing in me, to th' which

I cannot give a name, without it be
Compassion, I pray leave me. Exit Francisco.
Exit.

Enter Francisco, Lodovico, and Hortensio.

This night I’ll know the utmost most of my fate,
I’ll be resolved what my rich sister means
T’ assign me for my service: I have lived
Riotously ill, like some that live in Court.
And sometimes, when my face was full of smiles
Have felt the maze of conscience in my breast.
Oft gay and honored robes those tortures try,
„We think caged birds sing, when indeed they cry.
Ha! I can stand thee. Nearer, nearer yet. Enter Brachiano’s Ghost.
What a mockery hath death made of thee? thou look’st sad.
In what place art thou? in yon starry gallery,
Or in the cursed dungeon? No? not speak?
Pray, Sir, resolve me, what religion’s best
For a man to die in? or is it in your knowledge
To answer me how long I have to live?
That’s the most necessary question.
Not answer? Are you still like some great men
That only walk like shadows up and down,
And to no purpose: say: —
What’s that? O fatal! he throws earth upon me.
A dead man’s skull beneath the roots of flowers.
I pray speak Sir, our Italian Churchmen
Make us believe, dead men hold conference
With their familiars, and many times
Will come to bed to them, and eat with them.
He’s gone; and see, the skull and earth are vanished.
This is beyond melancholy. I do dare my fate
To do its worst. Now to my sister’s lodging,
And sum up all these horrors; the disgrace
The Prince threw on me; next the piteous sight
Of my dead brother; and my Mother’s dotage;
And last this terrible vision. All these
Shall with Vittoria’s bounty turn to good,
Or I will drown this weapon in her blood.

In his leather Cassock and breeches boots, a cowl a pot of lily flowers with a skull in’t.

LODOVICO My Lord upon my soul you shall no further:
You have most ridiculously engaged yourself
Too far already. For my part, I have paid
All my debts, so if I should chance to fall
My Creditors fall not with me; and I vow
To quite all in this bold assembly
To the meanest follower. My Lord leave the City,
Or I’ll forswear the murder.

FRANCISCO Farewell Lodovico.

If thou dost perish in this glorious act,
I’ll rear unto thy memory that fame
Shall in the ashes keep alive thy name.

HORTENSIO There’s some black deed on foot. I’ll presently
Down to the Citadel, and raise some force.  
These strong Court factions that do brook no checks,  
In the career oft break the Riders’ necks.

FLAMINEO What are you at your prayers? Give o’er.
VITTORIA How Ruffin?

FLAMINEO I come to you 'bout worldly business:  
Sit down, sit down: Nay stay blouze, you may hear it,  
The doors are fast enough.  
VITTORIA Ha, are you drunk?
FLAMINEO Yes, yes, with wormwood water, you shall taste  
Some of it presently.  
VITTORIA What intends the fury?
FLAMINEO You are my Lord’s Executrix, and I claim  
Reward, for my long service.  
VITTORIA For your service  
FLAMINEO Come therefore here is pen and Ink, set down  
What you will give me.

VITTORIA There, FLAMINEO Ha! have you done already,  
’Tis a most short conveyance.  
VITTORIA I will read it.
I give that portion to thee, and no other  
Which Cain groaned under having slain his brother.
FLAMINEO A most courtly Patent to beg by.

VITTORIA You are a villain.
FLAMINEO Is ’t come to this? they say affrights cure agues:  
Thou hast a Devil in thee; I will try  
If I can scare him from thee: Nay sit still:  
My Lord hath left me yet two case of Jewels  
Shall make me scorn your bounty; you shall see them.

VITTORIA Sure he’s distracted.  
ZANCHE O he’s desperate  
For your own safety give him gentle language.  

FLAMINEO Look, these are better far at a dead lift,  
Than all your jewel house.  
VITTORIA And yet methinks,  
These stones have no fair lustre, they are ill set.
FLAMINEO I’ll turn the right side towards you: you shall see  
how they will sparkle.  
VITTORIA Turn this horror from me:  
What do you want? what would you have me do?  
Is not all mine, yours? have I any children?
FLAMINEO Pray thee good woman do not trouble me  
With this vain worldly business; say your prayers,  
I made a vow to my deceased Lord,  
Neither yourself, nor I should outlive him,  
The numb’ring of four hours.  
VITTORIA Did he enjoin it.

FLAMINEO He did, and ’twas a deadly jealousy,  
Lest any should enjoy thee after him;  
That urged him vow me to it: For my death  
I did propound it voluntarily, knowing  
If he could not be safe in his own Court  
Being a great Duke, what hope then for us?
VITTORIA This is your melancholy and despair.  
FLAMINEO Away,  
Fool, thou art to think that Politicians  
Do use to kill the effects of injuries
And let the cause live: shall we groan in irons,
Or be a shameful and a weighty burden
To a public scaffold: This is my resolve
I would not live at any man’s entreaty
Nor die at any’s bidding. VITTORIA Will you hear me?
FLAMINEO My life hath done service to other men,
My death shall serve mine own turn; make you ready
VITTORIA Do you mean to die indeed.
FLAMINEO With as much pleasure
As e’er my father gat me. VITTORIA Are the doors locked?
ZANCHE Yes Madam.
VITTORIA Are you grown an Atheist? will you turn your body,
Which is the goodly palace of the soul
To the soul’s slaughter house? ô the cursed Devil

Which doth present us with all other sins
Thrice candied o’er; Despair with gall and stibium,
Yet we carouse it off; Cry out for help,
Makes us forsake that which was made for Man,
The world, to sink to that was made for devils,
Eternal darkness. ZANCHE Help, help. FLAMINEO I’ll stop your throat
With Winter plums, VITTORIA I prithee yet remember,
Millions are now in graves, which at last day
Like Mandrakes shall rise shrieking. FLAMINEO Leave your prating,
For these are but grammatical laments,
Feminine arguments, and they move me
As some in Pulpits move their Auditory
More with their exclamation than sense
Of reason, or sound Doctrine. ZANCHE Gentle Madam
Seem to consent, only persuade him teach
The way to death; let him die first.
VITTORIA ’Tis good, I apprehend it,
To kill one’s self is meat that we must take
Like pills, not chew ’t, but quickly swallow it,
The smart o’ th’ wound, or weakness of the hand
May else bring treble torments. FLAMINEO I have held it
A wretched and most miserable life,
Which is not able to die. VITTORIA O but frailty!
Yet I am now resolved, farewell affliction;
Behold Brachiano, I that while you lived
Did make a flaming Altar of my heart
To sacrifice unto you; Now am ready
To sacrifice heart and all. Farewell Zanche.
ZANCHE How Madam! Do you think that I’ll outlive you?
Especially when my best self Flamineo
Goes the same voyage. FLAMINEO O most loved Moor!
ZANCHE Only by all my love let me entreat you;
Since it is most necessary none of us
Do violence on ourselves; let you or I
Be her sad taster, teach her how to die.

FLAMINEO  Thou dost instruct me nobly, take these pistols,
Because my hand is stained with blood already:

Two of these you shall level at my breast,
Th’ other ’gainst your own, and so we’ll die,
Most equally contented: But first swear
Not to outlive me.  VITTORIA and MOOR  Most religiously.

FLAMINEO  Then here’s an end of me: farewell daylight
And ô contemptible Physic! that dost take
So long a study, only to preserve
So short a life, I take my leave of thee.
These are two cupping-glasses, that shall draw
All my infected blood out,
Are you ready?  BOTH. Ready.

FLAMINEO  Whither shall I go now?  O Lucian thy ridiculous Purgatory
to find Alexander the great cobbling shoes, Pompey tagging
points, and Julius Caesar; making hair buttons, Hannibal selling
blacking, and Augustus crying garlic, Charlemagne selling
lists by the dozen, and King Pippin crying Apples in a cart drawn
with one horse.
Whether I resolve to Fire, Earth, water, Air,
Or all the Elements by scruples; I know not
Nor greatly care, — Shoot, shoot,
Of all deaths the violent death is best,
For from ourselves it steals ourselves so fast
The pain once apprehended is quite past.

VITTORIA  What are you dropped.

FLAMINEO  I am mixed with Earth already: As you are Noble
Perform your vows, and bravely follow me.

VITTORIA  Whither to hell,  ZANCHE  To most assured damnation.

VITTORIA  O thou most cursed devil.  ZANCHE  Thou art caught

VITTORIA  In thine own Engine, I tread the fire out
That would have been my ruin.

FLAMINEO  Will you be perjured? what a religious oath was Styx
that the Gods never durst swear by and violate? ô that we had
such an oath to minister, and to be so well kept in our Courts of
Justice.  VITTORIA  Think whither thou art going.  ZANCHE  And remember
What villainies thou hast acted.  VITTORIA  This thy death,
Shall make me like a blazing ominous star,
Look up and tremble.  FLAMINEO  O I am caught with a spring!

VITTORIA  You see the Fox comes many times short home,
’Tis here proved true.  FLAMINEO  Killed with a couple of braches.

VITTORIA  No fitter off’ring for the infernal furies
Than one in whom they reigned while he was living.

FLAMINEO  O the way’s dark and horrid! I cannot see,
Shall I have no company? VITTORIA O yes thy sins,
Do run before thee to fetch fire from hell,
To light thee thither.

FLAMINEO O I smell soot, most sinking soot, the chimney’s afire,
My liver’s parboiled like scotch holy-bread;
There’s a plumber, laying pipes in my guts, it scalds;
Wilt thou outlive me? ZANCHE Yes, and drive a stake
Through thy body: for we’ll give it out,
Thou didst this violence upon thyself.

FLAMINEO O cunning Devils! now I have tried your love,
And doubled all your reaches. I am not wounded: Flamineo
The pistols held no bullets: ’twas a plot riseth.
To prove your kindness to me; and I live
To punish your ingratitude, I knew
One time or other you would find a way
To give me a strong potion, ô Men
That lie upon your deathbeds, and are haunted
With howling wives, ne’er trust them, they’ll remarry
Ere the worm pierce your winding sheet: ere the Spider
Make a thin curtain for your Epitaphs.
How cunning you were to discharge? Do you practice at
the Artillery yard? Trust a woman; never, never; Brachiano be
my precedent: we lay our souls to pawn to the Devil for a little
pleasure, and a woman makes the bill of sale. That ever man
should marry! For one Hypermnestra that saved her Lord and
husband, forty-nine of her sisters cut their husbands’ throats all
in one night. There was a shoal of virtuous horseleeches.
Here are two other Instruments.

Enter Lodovico Gasparo Pedro, Carlo.

VITTORIA Help, help.
FLAMINEO What noise is that? hah? false keys i’ th’ Court.
LODOVICO We have brought you a Mask.
FLAMINEO A matachin it seems,
By your drawn swords.

Churchmen turned revellers. CONSPIRATORS Isabella, Isabella,
LODOVICO Do you know us now? FLAMINEO Lodovico and Gasparo.
LODOVICO Yes and that Moor the Duke gave pension to
Was the great Duke of Florence. VITTORIA O we are lost.
FLAMINEO You shall not take Justice from forth my hands,
O let me kill her. — I’ll cut my safety
Through your coats of steel: Fate’s a Spaniel,
We cannot beat it from us: what remains now?
Let all that do ill, take this precedent:
Man may his Fate foresee, but not prevent.
And of all Axioms this shall win the prize,
’Tis better to be fortunate than wise.

GASPARO Bind him to the pillar. VITTORIA O your gentle pity:
I have seen a blackbird that would sooner fly
To a man’s bosom, than to stay the gripe
Of the fierce Sparrow-hawk.  GASPARO  Your hope deceives you.
VITTORIA  If Florence be i’ th’ Court, would he would kill me.
GASPARO  Fool! Princes give rewards with their own hands,
But death or punishment by the hands of others.
LODOVICO  Sirrah you once did strike me, I’ll strike you
Into the Center.
FLAMINEO  Thou ’lt do it like a hangman; a base hangman;
Not like a noble fellow, for thou seest
I cannot strike again.  LODOVICO  Dost laugh?
FLAMINEO  Wouldst have me die, as I was born, in whining.
GASPARO  Recommend yourself to heaven.
FLAMINEO  No I will carry mine own commendations thither.
LODOVICO  Oh could I kill you forty times a day
And use ’t four year together; ’twere too little:
Naught grieves but that you are too few to feed
The famine of our vengeance. What dost think on?
FLAMINEO  Nothing; of nothing: leave thy idle questions;
I am i’ th’ way to study a long silence,
To prate were idle, I remember nothing.
There’s nothing of so infinite vexation
As man’s own thoughts.  LODOVICO  O thou glorious strumpet,
Could I divide thy breath from this pure air
When ’t leaves thy body, I would suck it up
And breath ’t upon some dunghill.  VITTORIA  You, my Death’s man;
Methinks thou dost not look horrid enough,
Thou hast too good a face to be a hangman,,
If thou be do thy office in right form;
Fall down upon thy knees and ask forgiveness.
LODOVICO  O thou hast been a most prodigious comet,
But I’ll cut off your train: kill the Moor first.
VITTORIA  You shall not kill her first. behold my breast,
I will be waited on in death; my servant
Shall never go before me.  GASPARO  Are you so brave.
VITTORIA  Yes I shall welcome death
As Princes do some great Ambassadors; I’ll meet thy weapon
half way.  LODOVICO  Thou dost tremble,
Methinks fear should dissolve thee into air.
VITTORIA  O thou art deceived, I am too true a woman:
Conceit can never kill me: I’ll tell thee what,
I will not in my death shed one base tear,
Or if look pale, for want of blood, not fear.
CARLO  Thou art my task, black fury.  ZANCHE  I have blood
As red as either of theirs; wilt drink some?
'Tis good for the falling sickness: I am proud
Death cannot alter my complexion,
For I shall ne’er look pale.  LODOVICO  Strike, strike,
With a Joint motion.  VITTORIA  ’Twas a manly blow
The next thou giv'st, murder some sucking Infant,
And then thou wilt be famous. FLAMINEO O what blade is 't?
A Toledo, or an English Fox.
I ever thought a Cutler should distinguish
The cause of my death, rather than a Doctor.
Search my wound deeper: tent it with the steel that made it.

VITTORIA O my greatest sin lay in my blood.
Now my blood pays for 't. FLAMINEO Th' art a noble sister
I love thee now; if woman do breed man
She ought to teach him manhood: Fare thee well.
Know many glorious women that are famed
For masculine virtue, have been vicious

Only a happier silence did betide them
She hath no faults, who hath the art to hide them.

VITTORIA My soul, like to a ship in a black storm,
Is driven I know not whither. FLAMINEO Then cast anchor.
,,Prosperity doth bewitch men seeming clear,
,,But seas do laugh, show white, when Rocks are near.
,,We cease to grieve, cease to be fortune's slaves,
,,Nay cease to die by dying. Art thou gone
And thou so near the bottom: false report
Which says that women vie with the nine Muses
For nine tough durable lives: I do not look
Who went before, nor who shall follow me;
No, at myself I will begin and end:
,,While we look up to heaven we confound
,,Knowledge with knowledge. ô I am in a mist.

VITTORIA O happy they that never saw the Court,
,,Nor ever knew great Man but by report. Vittoria dies.

FLAMINEO I recover like a spent taper, for a flash
And instantly go out.
Let all that belong to Great men remember th' old wives' tradition,
to be like the Lions i' th Tower on Candlemas day, to
mourn if the Sun shine, for fear of the pitiful remainder of
winter to come.
'Tis well yet there's some goodness in my death,
My life was a black charnel: I have caught
An everlasting cold. I have lost my voice
Most irrecoverably: Farewell glorious villains,
,,This busy trade of life appears most vain,
,,Since rest breeds rest, where all seek pain by pain.
Let no harsh flattering Bells resound my knell,
Strike thunder, and strike loud to my farewell. Dies.

Enter Ambassador and Giovanni.

ENGLISH AMBASSADOR This way, this way, break ope the doors, this way.
LODOVICO Ha, are we betrayed;
Why then let's constantly die all together,
And having finished this most noble deed,
Defy the worst of fate; not fear to bleed.

ENGLISH AMBASSADOR  Keep back the Prince, shoot, shoot, 
LODOVICO   O I am wounded. 
I fear I shall be ta’en.  GIOVANNI  You bloody villains, 
By what authority have you committed 
This Massacre.  LODOVICO  By thine.  GIOVANNI  Mine? 
    LODOVICO   Yes, thy uncle, which is a part of thee enjoined us to ’t: 
Thou know’st me I am sure, I am Count Lodowick, 
And thy most noble uncle in disguise 
Was last night in thy Court.  GIOVANNI  Ha! 
    CARLO   Yes, that Moor thy father chose his pensioner. 
    GIOVANNI   He turned murderer; 
Away with them to prison, and to torture; 
All that have hands in this, shall taste our justice, 
As I hope heaven.  LODOVICO  I do glory yet, 
That I can call this act mine own: For my part, 
The rack, the gallows, and the torturing wheel 
Shall be but sound sleeps to me, here’s my rest 
„I limbed this night-piece and it was my best. 
    GIOVANNI   Remove the bodies, see my honored Lord, 
what use you ought make of their punishment. 
Let guilty men remember their black deeds, 
Do lean on crutches, made of slender reeds. 

In stead of an Epilogue only this of Martial supplies 
me. 

Haec fuerint nobis praemia si placui.

For the action of the play, ’twas generally well, and I dare affirm, 
with the Joint testimony of some of their own quality, (for 
the true imitation of life, without striving to make nature a monster) 
the best that ever became them: whereof as I make a general 
acknowledgement, so in particular I must remember the 
well-approved industry of my friend Master Perkins, and confess 
the worth of his action did Crown both the beginning 
and end. 

FINIS.
Textual Notes

1. **147 (5-b)**: The regularized reading *boy* comes from the original *boy*, though possible variants include *be w’*.
2. **183 (6-a)**: The regularized reading *Corombona* is supplied for the original *Corom[**]*a.
3. **342 (8-a)**: The regularized reading *frequently* is amended from the original *frequently*.
4. **420 (9-a)**: The regularized reading *Monticelso* is amended from the original *Mountcelso*.
5. **474 (10-a)**: The regularized reading *prey* is amended from the original *pery*.
6. **509 (10-b)**: The regularized reading *FRANCISCO* is amended from the original *FLAN*.
7. **517 (10-b)**: The regularized reading *FRANCISCO* is amended from the original *FLAN*.
8. **649 (12-a)**: The regularized reading *Monticelso* is amended from the original *Montcello*.
9. **841 (15-a)**: The regularized reading *Brachiano’s* is amended from the original *Brachian’s*.
10. **886 (15-b)**: Erroneous speech prefix.
11. **979 (16-b)**: The regularized reading *Monticelso* is amended from the original *Montcelso*.
12. **1182 (19-b)**: The regularized reading *her* comes from the original *her*, though possible variants include *he*.
13. **1253 (20-b)**: Some editions move the semi-colon before *’heares’*.
14. **1254 (20-b)**: Some editions give this line to Monticelso not Vittoria.
15. **1515 (24-a)**: This unusual stage direction is expanded in some editions to:
   Enter Monticelso [and presents] Francisco with [a book].
16. **1860 (28-b)**: The regularized reading *Gasparo* is amended from the original *Gasper*.
17. **2003 (30-b)**: The regularized reading *will* comes from the original *will*, though possible variants include *wills*.
18. **2047 (31-a)**: The regularized reading *FLAMINEO* is amended from the original *FLV*.
19. **2061 (31-b)**: The regularized reading *Gasparo* is amended from the original *Gaspar*.
20. **2222 (33-b)**: The regularized reading *ten* comes from the original *10*, though possible variants include *two*.
24. **2248 (34-a)**: The regularized reading *Your* comes from the original *Your*, though possible variants include *You*.
25. **2267 (34-a)**: Some editions give Lodovico in place of Carlo.
26. **2277 (34-a)**: Some editions give this speech to Lodovico.
27. **2456 (36-b)**: The regularized reading *Rat-catcher* is amended from the original *Rat-cather*.
28. **2467 (37-a)**: The regularized reading *By* is supplied for the original [*]*y.
29. **2467 (37-a)**: The regularized reading *Crucifix* is supplied for the original *Cru[**]*fix.
30. **2470 (37-a)**: The regularized reading *Hallowed* is supplied for the original *Hof***wed*.
31. **2516 (37-b)**: Florence is another name for Francisco de Medici, Duke of Florence.
32. **2557 (38-a)**: *Moor* refers to Zanche.
33. **2639 (39-a)**: The regularized reading *fitter* is amended from the original *fittter*.
34. **2659 (39-b)**: The regularized reading *art* is amended from the original *hart*.
35. **2734 (40-b)**: The regularized reading *Cassock* is supplied for the original *Cassoc[*]a*.
36. **2744 (40-b)**: The regularized reading *cowl* is supplied for the original *coo[*]t*.
37. **2744 (40-b)**: The regularized reading *earth* is supplied for the original *ear[**]*.
38. **2744 (40-b)**: The regularized reading *and* is supplied for the original *a[**]*.
39. **2777 (41-a)**: The regularized reading *Zanche* is amended from the original *Zanke*.
40. **2794 (41-a)**: The margins are trimmed, resulting in lost text. A potential alternate reading is: *He enters with two case of pistols*.
41. **2799 (41-b)**: The regularized reading *they* is amended from the original *the*.
42. **2805 (41-b)**: The regularized reading *they* is amended from the original *the*.
43. **2808 (41-b)**: The regularized reading *thee* is amended from the original *theee*.
44. **2881 (42-b)**: The regularized reading *the* is supplied for the original *t[**]*.
45. **2894 (42-b)**: The regularized reading *tread* is supplied for the original *tr[**]*.
46. **2918 (43-a)**: The regularized reading *sinking* comes from the original *sinking*, though possible variants include *stinking*.
47. **2947 (43-b)**: The regularized reading *Churchmen* is amended from the original *Chuch-men*.
48. **3064 (45-a)**: The regularized reading *Count* is amended from the original *Cout*.
49. **3079 (45-a)**: The regularized reading *crutches* is amended from the original *cruthes*. 