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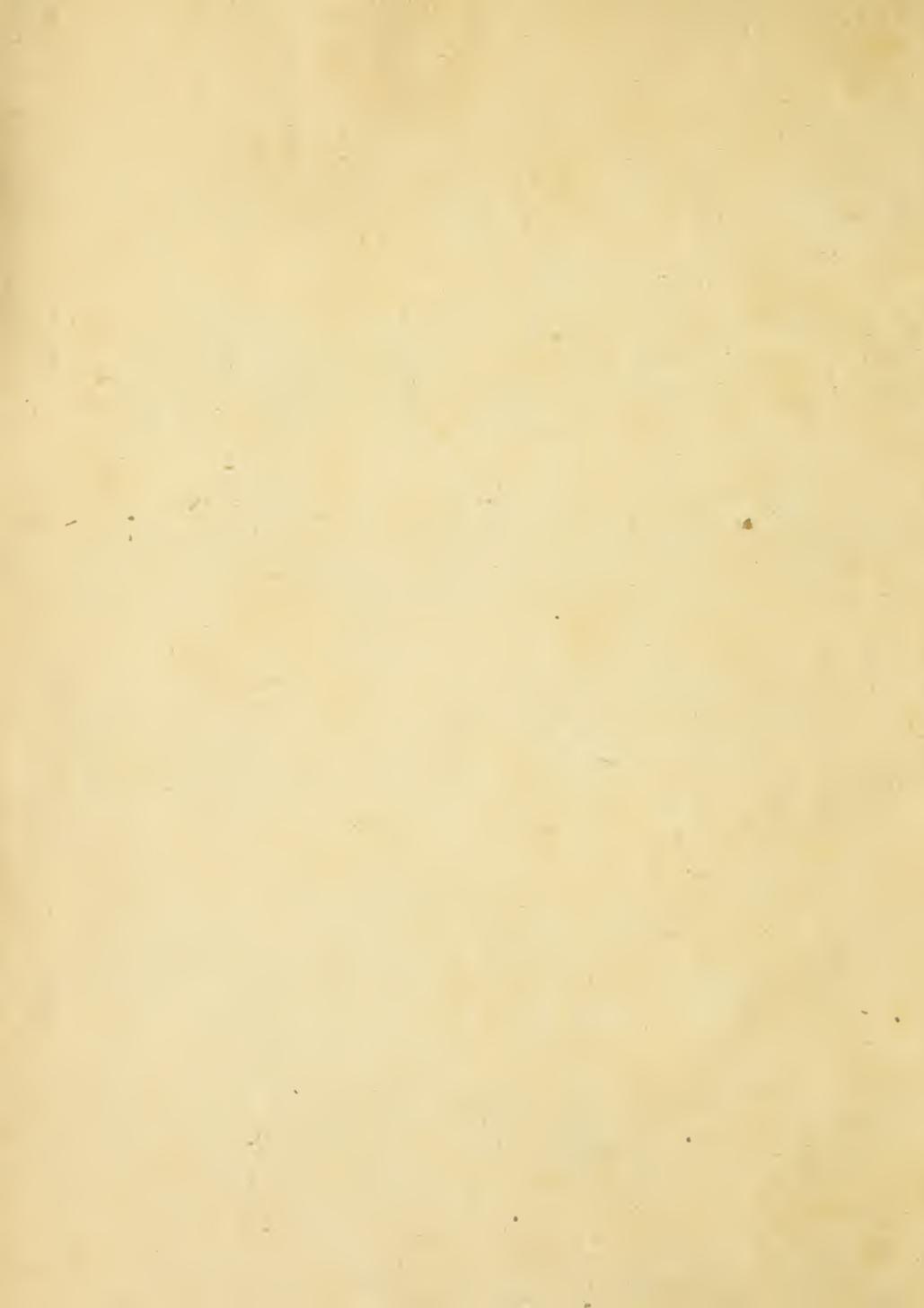
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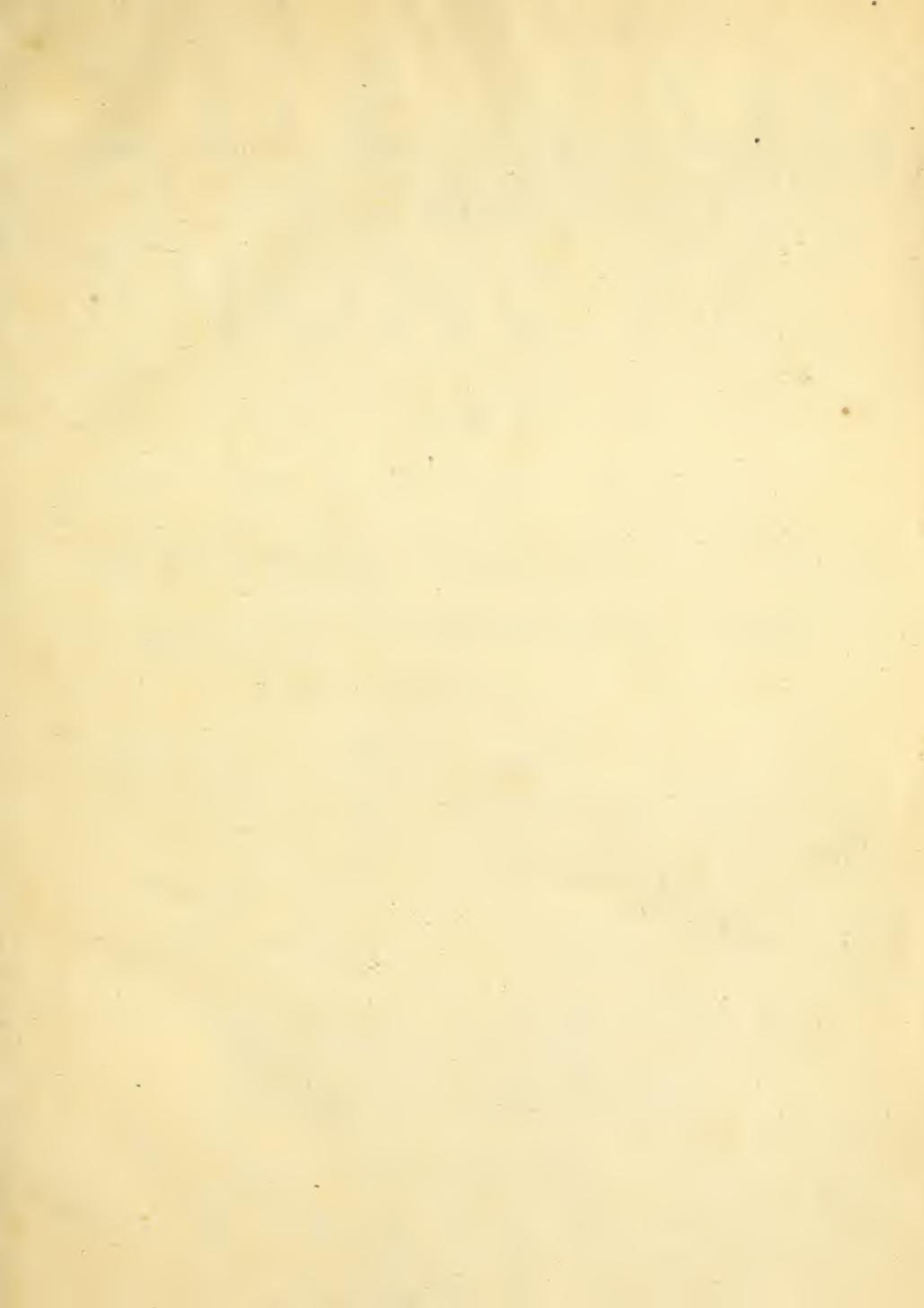
1st Ed. 1850
1/2 Edition -

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First Edition

—

THE MAID
OF
HONOUR.

AS

IT HATH BEENE
OFTEN PRESENTED

with good allowance at the *Phoenix*
in DRURIE-LANE, by the
Queenes Majesties
SERVANTS.

Written by PHILIP MASSINGER.



LONDON,

Printed by I. B. for Robert Allot, and are to be
sold at his Shop at the signe of the blacke Beare in
Pauls Church-yard, 1632.



The Actors names.

<i>Roberto,</i>	King of <i>Sicilie.</i>	
<i>Ferdinand,</i>	Duke of <i>Vrbin.</i>	(<i>Malta.</i>)
<i>Bertoldo,</i>	The Kings naturall brother, a knight of	
<i>Gonzaga,</i>	A knight of <i>Malta</i> , General to the Duchesse	
<i>Astusio,</i>	A counsellor of state	(of <i>Siena.</i>)
<i>Fulgentio,</i>	The mignion of <i>Roberto.</i>	
<i>Adorni,</i>	A follower of <i>Camiolas</i> father.	
<i>Embassador,</i>	From the Duke of <i>Vrbin.</i>	
<i>Signior Sylli,</i>	A foolish selfe-lover.	
<i>Antonio,</i>	Two rich heyres, Citty-bred.	
<i>Gasparo,</i>		
<i>Pierio,</i>	A Colonel to <i>Gunzaga.</i>	
<i>Roderigo,</i>	Captaines to <i>Gonzaga.</i>	
<i>Iacomo,</i>		
<i>Druso,</i>	Captaines to Duke <i>Ferdinand.</i>	
<i>Livio,</i>		
<i>Paulo,</i>	A priest, <i>Camiolas</i> confessor.	
<i>Scout,</i>		
<i>Souldiers,</i>		
<i>Servants,</i>		
<i>Iaylor,</i>	<i>Aurelia,</i>	Duchesse of <i>Siena.</i>
<i>Dwarfe,</i>	<i>Camiola.</i>	The Maid of Honour.
<i>Mutes,</i>	<i>Clarinda,</i>	Her woman.

751.674
May 1873


To my most honour'd friends, Sir FRANCIS
FOLIAMBE, Knight, and Baronet, and to Sir
THOMAS BLAND Knight.



That you have beene, and continued so
for many yeeres (since you vouchsafed
to owne me) Patrons to me and my de-
spised studies, I cannot but with all
humble thankfulnessse acknowledge:
And living, as you have done, inseparable in your
friendship (notwithstanding all differences, and
suites in Law arising betweene you) I held it as im-
pertinent, as absurd, in the presentment of my service
in this kinde, to divide you. A free confession of a
debt in a meaner man, is the amplest satisfaction to
his superiours, and I heartily wish, that the world
may take notice, and from my selfe, that I had not to
this time subsisted, but that I was supported by your
frequent courtesies, and favours, when your more
serious occasions will give you leave, you may please
to peruse this trifle, and peradventure find somthing
in it that may appeare worthy of your protection.
Receive it, I beseech you, as a testimony of his duty,
who, while he he lives, resolves to be —

Truly, and sincerely devoted
to your service,

Philip Massinger.

TO
MY WORTHY FRIEND
THE AVTHOR VPON
HIS TRAGÆ.COMÆDY,
THE MAID OF HONOVR.

W*As not thy Emperor enough before
For thee to give, that thou dost give vs more?
I would be just, but cannot: that I know
I did not slander, this I feare I doe.
But pardon mee, if I offend: Thy fire
Let equall Poets praise, while I admire.
If any say that I enough have writ,
They are thy foes, and envy at thy wit.
Believe not them, nor mee, they know thy lines
Deserve applause, but speake against their mindes.
I, out of iustice, would commend thy Play,
But (friend forgive mee) 'tis above my way.
One word, and I have done (and from my heart
Would I could speake the whole truth, not the part)
Because 'tis thine; it henceforth will be said,
Not the Maid of Honour, but the Honour'd Maid.*

ASTON COKAYNE.



THE
MAIDE OF
HONOUR.
A Traga-Comedy.

ACT. I. SCENE. I.

Astutio. Adorni.

ADORNI.

Ood day to your Lordship:

Astutio. Thanks *Adorni.* [bassador
Ador. May I presume to aske if the Em-
ploy'd by *Ferdinand*, the Duke of *Ur.*
Hath audience this morning? [bin

Enter Fulgent.

Astuo. 'Tisuncertaine,

For though a counsaylor of state, I am not
Of the Cabinet counsaile. But ther's one if he please
That may resolve you.

B

44.

The Maid of Honour.

Ador. I will move him Sr.

Fulgen. If you have a suite, shew water, I am blinde else.

Ador. A suite, yet of a nature, not to prove
The quarrie that you hawke for: If your words
Are not like Indian wares, and every scruple
To be waigh'd and rated, one poore fillable
Vouchsaf'd in answer of a faire demand,
Cannot deserve a fee.

Fulgen. It seemes you are ignorant,
I neither speake, nor hold my peace for nothing;
And yet for once, I care not if I answer
One single question, *gratis*.

Ador. I much thanke you.
Hath the Embassador audience, Sir to day?

Fulgen. Yes.

Ador. At what houre?

Fulgen. I promis'd not so much.
A fillable you begg'd, my Charity gaue it.
Move me no further.

Exit Fulgentio,

Astn. This you wonder at?
With me 'tis usuall.

Ador. Pray you Sr. what is he?

Astn. A Gentlemaan, yet no lord. He hath some drops
Of the Kings blood running in his veines, deriu'd
Some ten degrees off. His revenue lyes
In a narrow compasse, the Kings care, and yeelds him
Every houre a fruitfull harvest. Men may talke
Of three croppes in a yeare in the fortunate Islands.
Or profit made by wooll. But while there are sutors,
His sheepe sheering, nay shaving to the quicke
Is in every quaster of the Moone, and constant,
In the time of trassing a point, he can undoe
Or make a man. His play or recreation
Is to raise him up, or pull downe that, and though
He neve yet tooke or ders, makes more Bishops

The Maid of Honor.

In Sicilie, then the Pope himselfe.

Enter Bertoldo, Gasparo, Anthonio, a servant;

Ador. Most strange!

Astn. The presence fills. He in the Malta habit
Is the naturall brother of the King, a byblow.

Ador. I understand you.

Aasp. Morrow to my Vncle.

Antho. And my late Guardian. But at length I have
The reignes in my owne hands.

Astn. Pray you use 'em well,
Or you'll too late repent it.

Ber. With this I well
Presented to *Camiola*, prepare
This night a visit for me. I shall have

Exit servants;

Your company Gallants I perceive, if that
The King will heare of war.

Antho. Sr. I have horses
Of the best breed in Naples, fatter far
To breake a ranke, then cracke a lance, and are
In their carere of such incredible swiftnes
They out-strip swallowes.

Ber. And such may bee usefull
To run away with, should we be defeated.
You are well provided Signior

Antho. Sr. excuse me.
All of their race by instinct know a Coward,
And scorne the burthen. They come on like lightning,
Founder'd in a retreat.

Ber. By no meanes backe 'em;
Vnlesse you know your courage sympathize
With the daring of your horse.

Antho. My lord, this is bitter.

Gasf. I will rayse me a company of foote,
And when at push of pike I am to enter
A breach, to shew my valour, I have bought mee

The Maid of Honour.

An armor cannon prooffe

Ber. You will not leape then
Ore an out-worke in your shirt?

Gasp. I do not like
Activity that way.

Ber. You had rather stand
A marke to try their muskets on?

Gasp. If I doe
No good, I'll doe no hurt.

Ber. 'Tis in you Signior
A Christian resolution, and becomes you,
But I will not discourage you.

Anso. You are Sr.
A knight of Malta, and as I have heard,
Have serv'd against the Turke.

Ber. 'Tis true.

Anso. Pray you shew vs
The difference betweene the city valour,
And service in the field.

Ber. 'Tis somewhat more
Then roaring in a taverne, or a brothell,
Or to steale a Constable from a sleeping watch;
Then burne their halberds; or safe guarded by
Your tenants sonnes, to carry away a Maypole
From a neighbour village; you will not finde there
Your Masters of Dependencies to take up
A drunken brawle, or to get you the names
Of valiant Cheivaleirs, fellowes that will bee
For a cloake with thrice died veluet, and a cast suite
Kick'd down the stairs. A knave with halfe a britch there,
And no shirt (being a thing superfluous,
And worne out of his memorie) if you beare not
Your selves both in, and upright with a provant sword
Will slash your skarlets, and your plush a new way;
Or with the hilts thunder about your cares
Such musicke as will make your worships dance.

The Maid of Honour.

To the dolefull tune of *Lachryma,*

Gasp. I must tell you,
In priuate, as you are my princely friend,
I doe not like such Fidlers.

Bersol. No? they are usefull
For your imitation; I remember you
When you came first to the Court, and talkt of nothing
But you rents, and your entradas; ever chiming
The golden bells in your pockets, you belieu'd
The taking of the wall, as a tribute due to
Your gaudy clothes; and could not walke at mid-night
Without a causelesse quarrell, as if men
Of courser outsidés were in duty bound
To suffer your affronts: but when you had beene
Cudzeli'd well, twice or thrice, and from the doctrine
Made profitable uses, you concluded
The soveraigne means to teach irregular heyres
Civility, with conformity of manners,
VVere two or three sound beatings.

Antho. I confesse
They did much good upon mee. (sound.)

Gasp. And on mee—the principles that they read were

Bersol. You'll finde
The like instructions in the Campe.

Asu. The King.

A Florish.

Enter *Roberto. Fulgentio. Embassador. Attendants.*

Rober. VVee sit prepar'd to heare:

Embas. Your Majesty
Hath beene long since familiar, I doubt not,
VVith the desperate fortunes of my Lord, and pittie
Of the much that your confederate hath suffer'd
(You being his last refuge) may perswade you
Not alone to compassionate, but to lend

The Maid of Honour.

Your royall aydes to stay him in his fall
To certaine ruine. Hee too late is conscious,
That his ambition to inroach upon
His neighbours territories, with the danger of
His liberty, nay his life, hath brough in question
His owne inheritance: but youth and heat
Of blood, in your interpretation, may
Both plead, and mediate for him. I must grant it
An error in him, being deni'd the favours
Of the faire Princeesse of *Siena* (though
He sought her in a noble way) t'endeavour
To force affection, by surprisall of
Her principall seat *Siena*.

Robert. VWhich now proves
The seat of his captivity, not triumph.
Heaven is still just.

Embaf. And yet that justice is
To be with mercy temper'd, which heau'ns Deputies
Stand bound to minister. The injur'd Duchesse
By reason taught, as nature, could not with
The reparation of her wrongs, but aime at
A brave revenge, and my Lord fees too late
That innocence will finde friends. The great *Gonzaga*,
The honor of his Order, I must praise
Vertue, though in an enemy. Hee whose fights
And conquests hold one number, rallying up
Her scatter'd troopes, before wee could get time
To victuall, or to man the conquer'd City,
Sate downe before it, and presuming that
'Tis not to be releev'd, admits no parley,
Our flags of truce hung out in vaine, nor will hee
Lend an care to composition, but exacts
With the rendring up the towne, the goods, and liues
Of all within the walls, and of all Sexes
To be at his discretion.

Roberto. Since injustice

The Maid of Honour.

In your Duke, meets this correction, can you presse us
With any seeming argument of reason,
In foolish pitty to decline his dangers,
To draw 'em on our selfe? Shall we not be,
Wara'd by his harmes? The league proclaim'd between us,
Bound neither of us farther then to ayde
Each other, if by forraigne force invaded,
And so farre in my honour I was tied.
But since without our counsell, or allowance,
He hath tooke armes, with his good leave, he must
Excuse us, if wee steere not on a rocke
We see, and may avoyd. Let other Monarchs
Contend to be made glorious by proud warre;¹
And with the blood of their poore subjects purchase
Increase of Empire, and augment their cares
In keeping that which was by wrongs extorted;
Gilding unjust invasions with the trimme
Of glorious conquests; wee that would be knowne
The father of our people in our study,
And vigilance for their safety, must not change
Their plough-shares into swords, or force them from
The secure shade of their owne vines to be
Scorch'd with the flames of warre, or for our sport
Expose their liues to ruine.

Embas. Will you then
In his extremity forsake your friend?

Roberto. No, but preferue our selfe:

Bertol. Cannot the beames
Of honour thaw your icie feares?

Roberto. VWho's that?

Bertol. A kinde of brother, Sir, how e'er your subject,
Your father's Sonne, and one who blushes that
You are not heire to his brave spirit, and vigour,
As to his Kingdome.

Roberto. How's this?

Bertol. Sir, to be...

The Maid of Honour.

His living Chronicle, and to speake his praise
Cannot deserve your anger.

Rober. V Where's your warrant
For this presumption?

Bertol. Here, Sir, in my heart.
Let Sycophants, that feed upon your favours,
Stile coldnesse in you caution, and preferre
Your ease before your honour; and conclude
To eate and sleepe lupinely, is the end
Of humane blessings: I must tell you Sir,
Vertue, if not in action, is a vice,
And when wee move not forward, we goe backward;
Nor is this peage (the nurse of drones, and cowards)
Our health, but a disease.

Gasp. V Vel urg'd my Lord.

Antbo. Perfit what is so well begunne.

Embas. And binde,
My Lord, your servant:

Rober. Hare-braind foole! what reason
Canst thou inferre to make this good?

Bertol. A thousand
Not to be contradicted. But consider
V Where your command lies? 'Tis not, Sir, in *France*,
Spaine, *Germany*, *Portugall*, but in *Scislie*,
An Island, Sir. Here are no mines of gold,
Or silver to enrich you, no worme spinnes
Silke in her wombe to make distinction
Betweene you, and a Peasant, in your habits.
No fish lines neere our shores, who's blood can dy
Scarlet, or purple; all that wee possesse
V With beasts, wee have in common: Nature did
Designus to be Warriours, and to breake through
Our ring the sea, by which we are environ'd;
And we by force must fetch in what is wanting,
Or precious to us. Adde to this, wee are
A populous nation, and increase so fast,

That

The Maid of Honour.

That if we by our providence, are not sent
Abroad in colonies, or fall by the sword,
Not *Sicilia* (though now, it were more fruitfull,
Then when 'twas stil'd the granary of great *Rome*)
Can yeeld our namerous friebread, we must starve,
Or eat vp one another.

Adorn. The King heares
With much attention.

Astus. And seemes mou'd with what
Bertoldo hath deliver'd.

Bertol. May you live long, Sir,
The King of peace, so you deny not us
The glory of the warre; let not our nerves
Shrincke up with sloth, nor for want of employment
Make younger brothers theves; 'tis their swordes, Sir,
Must sow and reape their harvest; if examples
May move you more then arguments, looke on *England*,
The Emperesse of the European Isles,
And unto whom alone ours yeelds precedence,
When did she flourish so, as when she was
The Mistresse of the Ocean. Her navies
Putting a girdle round about the world,
When the *Iberian* quak'd, her worthies nam'd;
And the faire flowre *Deluce* grew pale, set by
The red Rose and the white: let not our armour
Hung up, or our unrig'd *Armada* make us
Ridiculous to the late poore snakes our neighbours
VVarm'd in our bosomes, and to whom againe
VVe may be terrible: while wee spend our houres
Without variety, confinde to drinke,
Dice, Cards, or whores. Rowze us, Sir, from the sleepe
Of idleneffe, and redeeme our morgag'd honours.
Your birth, and justly, claimes my fathers Kingdome;
But his Heroique minde descends to mee,
I will confirme so much.

Adorn. In his lookes he seemes

The Maid of Honour.

To breake ope *Ianus* Temple.

Asst. How these younglings
Take fire from him! *Ador.* It works an alteration
Vpon the King.

Antho. I can forbear no longer:
Warre, warre, my Sovereigne.

Fulg. The King appears
Resolv'd, and does prepare to speake.

Robert. Thinke not
Our counsel's built upon so weake a base,
As to be overturn'd, or shaken with
Tempestuous windes of words. As I, my Lord;
Before resolv'd you, I will not ingage
My person in this quarrell; neyther presse
My Subjects to maintaine it: yet to shew
My rule is gentle, and that I have feeling
Of your Masters sufferings, since these Gallants weary
Of the happineffe of peace, desire to taste
The bitter sweets of warre, wee doe consent
That as Adventures, and Voluntiers
(No way compell'd by us) they may make tryall
Of their boasted valours.

Bercol. Wee desire no more.

Robert. 'Tis well, and but my grant in this, expect not
Assistance from mee. Gouverne as you please
The Province you make choice of, for I vow
By all things sacred, if that thou miscarry
In this rash undertaking, I will heare it
No otherwise then as a sad disaster,
Falne on a stranger: nor will I esteeme
That man my Subject, who in thy extremes
In purse or person ayds thee. Take your fortune:
You know mee, I haue said it. So my Lord.
You have my absolute answer.

Embaf. My Prince payes
In me his duty.

Rob.

The Maid of Honour.

Robert. Follow me, *Fulgencio*,
And you, *Astutio*.

Exeunt *Roberta*,
Fulgencio, *Astutio*
attendants.

Gass. VVhat a frowne he threw
At his departure, on you.

Bertol. Let him keepe
His smiles for his state Catamite, I care not.

Antbo. Shall wee aboard to night?

Embas. Your speed, my Lord,
Doubles the benefit.

Bertol. I have a businesse
Requires dispatch, some two houres hence I'll meet you. (Exeunt.)

ACT. I. SCENE. II.

Signior Sylli. walking fantastically before, followed by
Camiola and *Clarinda*:

Camiola. Nay *Signior*, this is too much ceremony
in my owne house.

Sylli. VVhat's gracious abroad, must be in private practis'd.

Clar. For your mirth-sake
Let him alone, he has beene all this morning
In practice with a perugd Gentleman vsher,
To teach him his true amble and his postures,
VVhen he walkes before a Lady

Sylli wal-
king by,
and pra-
ctising his
postures.

Syll. You may, Madame,
Perhaps, beleve that I in this use art,
To make you dote upon mee by exposing
My more then most rare features to your view.
But I as I have ever done, deale simply,
A marke of sweet simplicity ever noted
I'the family of the *Syllies*. Therefore Lady,
Looke not with too much contemplation on mee,
If you doe, you are i'the suds.

Camil. You are no Barber?

Sylli. Fie no, not I, but my good parts have drawne
More loving hearts out of faire Ladies bellies,

The Maid of Honour.

Then the whole trade haue dose teeth.

Cam. Is't possible?

Sylls. Yes, and they live too, marry much condoling
The scorne of their *Narcissus*, as they call mee,
Because I love my selfe.

Cam. Without a rivall;
What philtres or love-powders doe you use
To force affection? I see nothing in
Your person, but I dare looke on, yet keepe
My owne poore heart still.

Sylls. You are warn'd, be arm'd,
And doe not lose the hope of such a husband
In being too soone enamour'd.

Clar. Hold in your head,
Or you must haue a martingale.

Sylls. I have sworne
Neuer to take a wife, but such a one
(O may your Ladiship prove so strong) as can
Hold out a moneth against mee.

Cam. Never feare it,
Though your best taking part, your wealth were trebl'd
I would not wooe you. But since in your pittie
You please to give me caution, tell me what
Temptations I must flye from?

Sylls. The first is
That you never heare mee sing, for I am a *Syri*.
If you observe, when I warble, the dogs howle
As ravish'd with my Detties, and you will
runnie mad to heare mee.

Cam. I will stop my eares,
And keepe my little wits.

Sylls. Next when I dance
And come aloft thus, cast not a sheepes eye
Vpon the quivering of my calfe.

Cam. Proceed, Sir,

Sylls. But on no termes, for 'tis a maine point, dreame not
Of

The Maid of Honour.

Of the strength of my back, though it will beare a burthen
With any porter.

Cam. I meane not to ride you,

Cam. Nor I your little Ladiship, 'till you have
Perform'd the Covenants. | Be not taken with
My prettie spider fingers, nor my eyes,
That twinkle on both sides.

Cam. Was there ever such *One knocks.*
A piece of motlie heard of! who's that? you may spare
The Catalogue of my dangers. *Exit Clarinda.*

Syl. No good Madam,
I have not told you halfe.

Cam. Enough good Signior,
If I eate more of such sweete meats, I shall surfer.
Who is't? *Enter Clarinda.*

Clar. The brother of the King:

Syl. Nay start not,
The brother of the King! is he no more?
Were it the King himselfe, I'll give him leave
To speake his mind to you, for I am not jealous,
And to assure your Ladyship of so much,
I'll usher him in, and that done, hide my selfe. *Exit Syl.*

Cam. *Camila* if ever, now be constant
This is indeed a sutor, whose sweet presence,
Courtship and loving language would have stagger'd
The chaste *Penelope*. And to increase
The wonder, did not modestie forbid it
I should aske that from him, he sues to me for;
And yet my reason like a tyrann, tells me
I must nor give, nor take it.

Syl. I must tell you *Enter Syllis, and Bertoldes.*
You looe your labour. 'Tis enough to prove it,
Signior Syllis came before you, and you know
First come first seru'd yet youⁿ all have my countenance
To parley with her and I'll take speciall care
That none shal interrupt you

The Maid of Honor.

Ber. You are courteous.

Syl. Come wench wilt thou heare wisdom?

Car. Yes from you Sr.

Steeps aside

Ber. If forcing this sweet favour from your lips *kisshes her.*

Faire Madam, argue me of too much boldnesse

When you are pleas'd to understand, I take

A parting kisse, if not excuse, at least

'Twill qualifie the offence.

Cam. A parting kisse Sr.?

What Nation envious of the happinesse

Which Sicilie enjoys in your sweet presence,

Can buy you from her? or what Climate yeeld

Pleasures transcending those which you enjoy here,

Being both belou'd and honor'd. The North-star

And guider of all hearts, and to summe up

Your full account of happinesse, in a word,

The brother of the King.

Ber. Doe you alone,

And with an unexampl'd cruelty,

Inforce my absence, and deprive me of

Those blessings, which you with a polish'd phrase

Seeme to insinuate, that I doe possesse,

And yet tax me as being guilty of

My wilfull exile? what are Titles to me?

Or popular suffrage? or my recrenesse to

The King in blood? or fruitfull Sicilie,

Though it confests'd no Sovereigne but my selfe,

When you that are the essence of my being,

The anchor of my hopes; the reall substance

Of my felicity, in your disdain

Turne all to fading and deceiving shadows?

Cam. You tax me without cause.

Ber. You must confesse it.

But answer love with love, and seal the contract

In the vnting of our soules, how gladly

though now I were in action, and assur'd,

The Maid of Honour.

Following my fortune; that plum'd victory
Would make her glorious stand upon my tent)
Would I put off my armour, in my heate
Of conquest, and like *Antonie* pursue
My *Cleopatra*! will you yet looke on me
With an eye of Favour?

Cam. Truth beare witnessse for me,
That in the Iudgement of my Soule, you are
A man so absolute, and circular
In all those wish'd-for rarities, that may take
A *Virgin* captive, that though at this instant
All sceptr'd Monarches of our Westerne world
Were rivalls with you, and *Camila* worthy
Of such a competition, you alone
Should weare the ghirlond.

Ber. If so, what diverts
Your Favour from me? *Cam.* No must in your selfe,
Or in your person, mind or fortune. *Ber.* What then?

Cam. The Conscioussesse of mine owne wants. Alas S^r:
We are not parallels, but like lines divided
Can nere meete in one Centre, your Birth Sir
(Without addition) were an ample Dowrie
For one of fairer Fortunes, and this shape,
Were you ignoble, far above all value;
To this, so cleare a mind, so furnish'd with
Harmonious faculties, moulded from heaven,
That though you were *Thersites* in your features
Of no descent, and *Irus* in your fortunes,
Ulysses like you would force ail eyes, and eares
To love, but scene, and when heard, wonder at
Your matchlesse story. But all these bound up
Together in one Volume, give me leave
With admiration to looke upon 'em,
But not presume in my owne flattering hopes,
I may or can injoy 'em. *Bir.* How you ruine
What you would seems to build up. | I know no
Disparitie betweene vs, you are an heyre

The Maid of Honour.

Sprung from a noble familie, faire, rich, young,
And every way my equall. *Cam.* Sir excuse me,
One aerie with proportion, nere discloses
The eagle and the wren tissue, and freee
In the same garment monstrous: But suppose
That what's in you excessive, were diminish'd,
And my desert supply'd, the strongest bar,
Religion stops our Entrance, you are Sir
A Knight of Malta, by your order bound,
To a single life, you cannot marrie me,
And I assure my selfe you are too noble
To seek me (though my frailtie should consent)
In a base path. *Ber.* A dispensation Lady
Will easiely absolve me. *Cam.* O take heed Sr.
When, what is vow'd to heaven, is dispen'd with,
To serve our ends on earth, a curse must follow,
And not a blessing. *Ber.* Is there no hope left me?

Cam. Nor to my selfe, but is a neighbour to
Impossibility: true love should walke
On equall feete, in vs it does not Sir.
But rest assur'd, excepting this, I shall be
Devoted to your service. *Ber.* And this is your
Determinate sentence? *Cam.* Not to be revok'd.

Ber. Farewell then fairest cruell All thoughts in me
Of Women perish. Let the glorious light
Of noble war extinguish loves dimne taper
That onely lends me light to see my follie;
Honor, be thou my everliving Mistresse,
And fond affection as thy bond-slave serve thee. *Exit Ber.*

Cam. How soone my Sun is set: He being absent,
Never to rise againe! what a fierce battaile
Is fought betweene my passions! me thinkes
We should haue kiss'd at parting. *Syl.* I perceive,
He has his answer, now must I step in
To comfort her, you have found, I hope, sweet Lady,
Some difference betweene a youth of my pitch.

And

The Maid of Honour.

And this bug-bear *Bartoldo*, men are men,
The Kings brother is no more : good parts will doe it,
When Titles faile, despaire not, I may be
In time intreated.

Cam. Be so now to leave mee,
Lights for my chamber, O my heart !

*Exeunt Cami-
ola, & Clarinda.*

Sylli. She now

I know is going to bed to ruminare
Which way to glut her selfe upon my person,
But for my oath-sake I will keepe her hungry,
And to grow full my selfe, I'll straight to supper.

Exit.

The end of the first Act.

ACT. II. SCENE. I.

Roberto, Fulgentio, Astutio.

Roberto. **E**Mbarqu'd to night doe you say ?

Fulgentio. I saw him aboard, Sir,

Roberto. And without taking of his leave ?

Astutio. 'Twas strange !

Roberto. Are we growne so contemptible ?

Fulgentio. 'Tis far from me Sir, to adde fuell to your anger,

That in your ill opinion of him, burnes

Too hot already, else I should affirme

It was a grosse neglect.

Roberto. A wilfull scorne

Of duty and alleageance, you give it

Too faire a name. But we shall think on't : can you

Guess what the numbers were that follow'd him

In his desperate action ?

Roberto. More then you thinke, Sir.

The Maid of Honour.

All ill affected spirits in Palermo,
Or to your government, or person, with
The turbulent sword-men, such whose poverty forc'd 'em
To wish a change, are gone along with him;
Creatures devoted to his undertakings
In right or wrong, and to expresse their zeale,
And readinesse to serve him, ere they went
Prophanely tooke the sacrament on their knees,
To live and dye with him.

Roberto. O most impious! their loyalty to us forgot?

Fulgent. I feare so.

Asiat. Vnthankfull as they are.

Fulgen. Yet this deserves not

One troubled thought in you, Sir, with your pardon
I hold that their remove from hence makes more
For your security, then danger.

Roberto. True; and as I'll fashion it, they shall feele it too.

Asstia, you shall presently be dispatch'd
With letters writ, and sign'd with our owne hand,
To the Duchesse of *Sienna*, in excuse
Of these forces sent against her. If you spare
An oath to give it credit, that, wee never
Consented to it, swearing for the King,
Though false, it is no perjury.

Asst. I know it.

They are not fit to be state agents, Sir,
That without scruple of their conscience, cannot
Be prodigall in such trifles.

Fulgentio. Right, *Asstia.*

Roberto. You must beside from us take some instructions
To be imparted, as you judge 'em usefull,
To the Generall Gonzaga. Instantly
Prepare you for your journey.

Asst. With the wings

Of loyalty and duty.

Exit *Asstia.*

Fulg. I am bold to put your Majesty in mind.

Roberto.

The Maid of Honour.

Roberto. Of my promise,
And ayds, to further you in your amorous project
To the faire, and rich *Camiola*: there's my ring
Whatever you shall say that I intreat
Or can command by power, I will make good.

Fulg. Ever your Majesties creature.

Rob. *Venus* prove propitious to you.

Exit *Roberto.*

Fulg. All sorts to my wishes:
Bertoldo was my hindrance. Hee remov'd,
I now will court her in the conquerous stile,
Come, see, and overcome. Boy.

Enter *Page.*

Page. Sir, your pleasure.

Fulg. Haste to *Camiola*, bid her prepare
An entertainment suitable to a fortune,
She could not hope for. Tell her, I vouchsafe
To honour her with a visit

Page. 'Tis a favour
Will make her proud.

Fulg. I know it

Page. I am gone, Sir.

Exit *Page.*

Fulg. Intreaties fit not me, a man in grace,
May challenge awe, and priviledge by his place,

Exit *Fulgentio.*

ACT II. SCENE II.

Sylli, Adorni, Clariida.

Ador. SO melancholy say you?

Clar. Never given
To such retirement.

Adorn. Can you guess the cause?

Clar. If it hath not it's birth, and being from
The brave *Bertoldo's* absence, I confesse
It is pass'd my apprehension.

The Maid of Honour.

Sylli. You are wide,
The whole field wide. I in my understanding
Pitty your ignorance: yet if you will
Swear to conceale it, I will let you know
VVhere her shooe ringes her.

Clar. I vow, *Signior*,
By my virginity.

Sylli. A perillous oath
In a waiting-woman of fifteene, and is indeed
A kinde of nothing.

Adorn. I'll take one of something
If you please to minister it.

Sylli. Nay, you shall not swear,
I had rather take your word, for should you vow:
Dammee mee, I'll doe this, you are sure to breake.

Adorn. I thanke you *Signior*, but resolve us.

Sylli. Know then,
Here walkes the cause. She dares not looke upon me,
My beauties are so terrible, and inchaunting,
Shee cannot endure my sight.

Adorn. There I believe you.

Sylli. But the time will come, be comforted, when I will
Put off this vizer of unkindnesse to her,
And shew an amorous, and yeelding face:
And vntill then, though *Hercules* himselfe
Desire to see her, hee had better eate
His clubbe then passe her threshold, for I'll be
Her *Cerberus* to guard her.

Adorn. A good dogge.

enter *Page*.

Clar. VVorth twenty porters.

Page. Keepe you open house here?
No groomme to attend a Gentleman? O, I spie one.

Sylli. Hee meanes not mee, I am sure.

Page. You firrha; Sheepes-head,
With a face cut on a cat-sticke, Doe you heare?
You yeoman pnewterer, conduct mee to.

The

The Lady of the mansion, or my poniard
Shall disemboge thy soule.

Syl. O terrible!

Disemboge! I talke of *Hercules*, and here is one
Bound up in *decimo sexto*.

Pag. Answer wretch.

Syl. Pray you little gentleman, be not so furious,
The Lady keeps her chamber.

Pag. And we present?

Sent in an Embassie to her? But here is

Her gentlewoman, Sirrah hold my cloake,

While I take a leape at her lips, do it and neatly;

Or having first tripp'd up thy heeles, I'll make

Thy backe my footstool. *Page kisses Clar.*

Syl. *Tamberlaine* in little!

Am I turn'd Turke! what an office am I put to!

Cl. My Lady, gentle youth is indispos'd.

Pag. Though she were dead and buried, only tell her,

The great man in the Court, the brave *Fulgentio*

Descends to visit her, and it will raise her

Out of the grave for joy. *Enter Fulgen.*

Syl. Here comes another!

The divell I feare in his holi-day clothes.

Pag. So soone,

My part is at an end then, cover my shoulders,

When I grow great, thou shalt serve me.

Fulgen. Are you Sirrah

An implement of the house?

Syl. Sure he will make

A joynes-stool of me!

Fulgen. Or if you belong

To the Lady of the place, command her hither.

Adorn. I do not weare her livery, yet acknowledge

A duty to her. And as little bound

To serve your peremptorie will, as she is

To obey your summons. 'Twill become you Sir,

The Maid of Honour.

To waite her leifurue, then her pleasure knowne
You may present your duty. *Fulgen.* Duty? Slave,
I'll teach you manners. *Ador.* I am past learning, make not
A tumult in the house. *Fulgen.* Shall I be brau'd thus?

Syl. O I am dead! and now I sowne. *They draw.*
Clarin. Helpe, murder! *falls on his face.*

Pag. Recover Sirrah, the Ladies hers. *Enter Cam.*

Syl. Nay then

I am alive againe, and I'll be valiant.

Cam. What insolence is this? *Adorn.* hold,
Hold I command you. *Fulgen.* Sawcy groom.

Cam. Not so Sir,
However in his life, he had dependance
Vpon my Father, He is a gentleman
As well borne as your selfe. Put on your hat.

Fulgen. In my presence, without leaue?

Syl. He has mine Madam?

Cam. And I must tell you Sir, and in plaine language,
How e'r your glittering our-side promise gentry,
The rudeness of your carriage and behaviour
Speakes you a couser thing. *Syl.* She meanes a clowne Sir.
I am her interpreter for want of a better.

Cam. I am a Queene in mine owne house, nor must you
Expect an Empire here. *Syl.* Sure I must love her
Before the day, the prettie Soule's so valiant.

Cam. What are you? and what would you with me?

Fulgen. Proud one,
When you know what I am, and what I came for,
And may on your submission proceed so,
You in your reason must repent the courtesnesse
Of my entertainment.

Cam. Why fine man? what are you?

Fulgen. A kinsman of the Kings. *Cam.* I cry you mercy,
For his sake, not your owne. But grant you are so,
'Tis not impossible, but a king may haue
A foole to his kinman, no way meaning you Sir.

Fulg

The Maid of Honour.

Fulgen. You have heard of *Fulgen.* *Cam.* Long since Sir,
A suit-broker in Court. He has the worst
Report among good men I ever heard of,
For briberie and extortion. In their prayers
Widdowes and Orphans curse him for a canker,
And caterpillar in the state. I hope Sir,
You are not the man, much lesse employ'd by him
As a smocke-agent to me. *Fulgen.* I reply not
As you deserve, being assur'd you know me,
Pretending ignorance of my person, onely
To give me a cast of your wit; 'Tis well and courtly,
I like a sharpe wit well. *Syl.* I cannot indure it,
Nor any of the *Syllies.* *Fulgen.* More I know too,
This harsh induction must serve as a soyle
To the well tun'd observance and respect,
You will hereafter pay me, being made
Familiar with my credit with the King,
And that containe your joy, I daine to love you.

Cam. Love me? I am not rap'd with't. *Ful.* Hear't againe;
I love you honestly, now you admire me.

Cam. I doe indeed, it being a word so seldome
Heard from a courtiers mouth. But pray you deale plainly,
Since you finde me simple. what might be the motives
Inducing you to leave the freedome of
A batchelers life, on your soft necke to weare
The stubborne yoke of marriage? And of all
The beauties in *Palermo*, to choose me,
Poore me? that is the maine point you must treat of.

Ful. Why I will tell you. Of a little thing
You are a prettie peate, indifferently faire too;
And like a new-rigg'd shippe both tite, and y'are
Well trafs'd to beare. Virgins of Gyant size
Are sluggards at the sport: but for my pleasure,
Give me a neat well timbred gamster like you,
Such neede no spurres, the quickenes of your eye
Assures an active spirit. *Cam.* You are pleasant Sir;

The Maid of Honor.

Yet I presume, that there was one thing in me
Unmention'd yet, that rooke you more then all
Those parts you have remembred. *Fulgen.* What?

Cam. My wealth Sir.

Fulgen. You are i'the right, without that beautie is
A flower worne in the morning, at night trod on:
But beautie, youth, and fortune meeting in you,
I will vouchsafeto marrie you. *Cam.* You speake well,
And in returne excuse me Sir, if I
Deliver reasons why upon no tearmes
I'll marrie you, I fable not. *Syl.* I am glad
To heare this, I began to have an ague.

Fulgen. Come, your wise reasons.

Cam. Such as they are, pray you take them.

First I am doubtfull whether you are a man,
Since for your shape trimmd up in a Ladies dressing,
You might passe for a woman: now I love
To deale on certainties. And for the fairenes
Of your complexion, which you thinke will take me,
The colour I must tell you in a man
Is weake and faint, and never will hold out
If put to labour, giue me the lovely browne:
A thicke curl'd hayre of the same dye; broad shoulders,
A brawnie arme full of veines, a legge without
An artificiall calse, I suspect yours,
But let that passe. *Syl.* She meanes me all this while,
For I have every one of those good parts,
O *Syll*, fortunate *Syll*! *Cam.* You are mov'd Sir.

Fulgen. Fie no, go on. *Cam.* Then as you are a courtier;
A grac'd one too, I feare you have beene too forward,
And so much for your person. Rich you are,
Diuelish rich, as 'tis reported, and sure have
The aides of Satans little fiends to get it,
And what is got upon his backe, must be
Spent you know where, the proverb's sta'e, one word more
And I have done. *Fulgen.* I'll ease you of the trouble,

The Maid of Honour.

Coy, and disdainfull.

Cam. Save me, or else he'll beat me.

Fulg. No, your own folly shall, and since you put mee
To my last charme, look upon this, and tremble.

Cam. At the sight of a faire ring? the Kings, I take it.
I have seene him weare the like; if he hath sent it
as a favour to mee. *Fulg.* Yes, 'tis verie likely,
His dying mothers gift, priz'd at his crowne,
By this hee does command you to be mine,
By his gift you are lo: you may yet redeme all. (may

Shewes the
Kings ring

Cam. You are in a wrong account still. Though the King
Dispose of my life and goods, my mind's mine owne,
And shall be never yours. The King (Heaven bleffe him)
Is good and gracious, and being in himsele
Abstewious from base and goatish loosenesse,
Will not compell against their wills, chaste Madiens,
To dance in his magnious circles. I believe
Forgetting it, when he washed his hands, you stole it
With an intent to awe me. But you are coozin'd,
I am still my selfe, and will be.

Fulg. A proud haggard,
And not to be reclaim'd, which of your groomes,
Your coach-man, foole, or foot-man, 'ministers
Night phisique to you?

Cam. You are soule-mouth'd,

Fulg. Much fairer
Then thy blacke soule, and so I will proclaime thee.

Cam. Were I a man, thou durst not speake this.

Fulg. Heav'n
So prosper mee, as I resolve to doe it
To a'l men, and in every place, scorn'd by
A tit of pen-pence?

Exit *Fulgencio* and
his *Page*.

Sylli. Now I begin to be valiant
Nay, I will draw my sword. O for a butcher!
Doe a friends part, 'pray you carry him the length of't.
I give him three yeeres, and a day to match my Toledo,

The Maid of Honour.

And then wee'll fight like Dragons.

Adorn. Pray have patience.

Cam. I may live to have vengeance; My *Bertoldo*
Would not have heard this.

Adorn. Madam.

Cam. 'Pray you spare
Your language; Pre'thee foole, and make me merry:

Sylli. That is my Office ever.

Adorn. I must doe,

Not talke, this glorious gallant shall heare from me. *Exeunt.*

ACT. II. SCENE. III.

The chambers discharg'd: A flourish, as to an assault. *Gonzaga, Pierio, Roderigo, Iacomo, Souldiers.*

Gonzaga. IS the breach made assaultable?

Pierio. Yes, and the moate
Fill'd up, the Canonier hath don his parts,
We may enter six a brest.

Roderig. There's not a man
Dares shew himselfe upon the wall.

Iacom. Defeate not
The souldiers hop'd-for spoile.

Pier. If you, Sir,
Delay the assault, and the Citie be given up
To your discretion, you in honour cannot
Vse the extremitie of warre, but in
Compassion to 'em, you to us prove cruell.

Iacom. And an enemy to your selfe.

Roder. A hindrance to
The brave revenge you have vow'd

Gonz. Temper your heat,
And loose not by too sudden rashnesse, the
Which be but patient, will be offer'd to you.

The Maid of Honour.

Security ushers ruine; proud contempt
Of an enemy three parts vanquish'd with desire
And greedinesse of spoyle, have often wrested
A certaine victory from the Conquerours gripe.
Discretion is the tutor of the warre,
Valour the pupill, and when we command
With lenity and your directions follow'd
With cheerefulnesse, a prosperous end must crowne
Our workes well undertaken.

Roderig. Ours are finish'd

Pier. If we make use of fortune.

Gonz. Her false smiles

Deprive you of your judgements. The condition
Of our affaires exacts a double care,
And like bifronted *Ianus*, wee must looke
Backward, as forward: though a flattering calme
Bids us urge on, a sudden tempest rais'd,
Not fear'd, much lesse expected, in our reere
May foully fall upon us, and distract us
To our confusion. Our scout! what brings
Thy ghastly lookes, and sudden speede?

Enter Scouts.

Scout. Th'assurance

Of a new enemy.

Gonz. This I fore-saw, and fear'd.

What are they, know'st thou?

Scout. They are by their colours

Sicilians, bravely mounted, and the brightnesse
Of their rich armours doubly guilded with
Reflection of the Sunne.

Gonz. From Sicilie?

The King in league! no warre proclaimed! 'tis foule,
But this must be prevented, not disputed.

Ha, how is this? your Estridge plumes, that but
E'n now like quills of Porcupines seem'd to threaten
The starres, drop at the rumor of a shower?
And like to captive colours sweep the earth?

The Maid of Honour.

Bear up, but in great dangers, greater mindes
Are neuer proud. Shall a few loose troopes untrain'd
But in a customary ostentatiou,
Presented as a sacrifice to your valours
Cause a dejection in you?

Pier. No dejection.

Red. However startl'd, where you lead, we'll follow

Gon. 'Tis bravely said. We will not stay their charge,
But meet 'em man to man, and horse to horse.

Pierio in our absence hold our place,
And with our foot-men, and those sickely troupes,
Prevent a sally. I in mine owne person,
With part of the cavallery, will bid,
These hunters welcome to a bloody breakfast,
But I lose time.

Pier. I'll to my charge.

Exit Pierio.

Gonz. And wee
To ours. I'll bring you on.

Iacom. If we come off
It is not amisse, if not, my state is settl'd

Exeunt, alarme.

ACT. II. SCENE. IIII.

Ferdinand. Druso. Livio. above.

Far. NO aydes from *Sicilie*? Hath hope forsooke us?
And that vaine comfort to affliction, pittie
By our vow'd friend deni'd us? we can nor live,
Nor die with honor: like beasts in a toyle
Wee waite the leasure of the bloody hunter,
Who is not so farre reconcil'd unto us,
As in one death to give a period
To our calamities, but in delaying
The fate wee cannot flie from, starv'd with wants,
Wee die this night to live againe to morrow,

And

The Maid of Honour.

And suffer greater torments.

Druso. There is not
Three dayes provision for every soldiour,
At an ounce of bread a day left in the Citty.

Liv. To dye the beggers death with hunger, made
Anatomies while we live, cannot but cracke
Our heart-strings with vexation.

Ferd. Would they would breake,
Breake altogether, how willingly like *Cato*
Could I teare out my bowells, rather then
Looke on the conquerors insulting face,
But that religion, and the horrid dreame
To be suffer'd in the other world denyes it.
What newes with thee?

Enter Souldier.

Soul. From the turret of the fort
By the rising clouds of dust, through which, like lightning
The spendor of bright armes sometimes brake through,
I did descry some forces making towards us,
And from the campe, as emulous of their glory,
The Generall, (for I know him by his horse)
Tnd bravely seconded. encounter'd 'em.
Their greetings were to rough for friends, their swords
And not their tongues exchanging courtesies.
By this the maine Battalias are joyn'd,
And if you please to be spectators of
The horrid issue, I will bring you where
As in a Theater you may see their fates.
In purple gore presented.

Ferd. Heaven. If yet
Thou art appeas'd for my wrong done to *Aurelia*,
Take pittie of my miseries. Lead the way, friend.

ACT. II. SCENE. V.

A long charge after a Flourish for Victory.

Gonzaga. Iacomo. Roderigo wounded. Bertoldo.
Gasparo. Anthonio Prisoners.

Gonz.

WE have 'em yet, though they cost vs deer. This was
Charg'd home, and bravely follow'd. Be to your
True mirrors to each others worth, and looking [selves
With noble Emulation on his wounds,
(The glorious Livery of triumphant war) *To Iacomo
and Roderigo.*
Imagine these with equall grace appeare
Vpon your selfe. The bloody sws at you have suffer'd
In this laborious, nay royisome harvest,
Yeelds a rich crop of conquest, and the spoyle
Most precious balsum to a souldies hurts
Will ease and cure 'em. Let me looke upon *To Gasparo
and Anthonio.*
The prisoners faces. O how much transform'd
From what they were. O Mars! were these toys fashion'd
To undergoe the burthen of thy service?
The weight of their defensive armor bruiz'd
Their weak, effeminate limbes, and would have forc'd 'em
In a hot day without a blow to yeeld.

Antho. This insultation shewes not manly in you.

Gonz. To men I had forborne it, you are women,
Or at the best loose carpet knights, what fury
Seduc'd you to exchange your ease in Court
For labour in the field? Perhaps you thought,
To charge through dust, and blood, an armed foe,
Was but like gracefull running at the ring
For a wanton mistrisse glove, and the encounter
A soft impression on her lips. But you
Are gawdie butterflies, and I wrong my selfe

In

The Maid of Honour.

In parling with you.

Gaspa. Ua victis. Now we prove it.

Rod. But here's one fashion'd in another mould,
And made of tougher mettall.

Gonz. True, I owe him

For this wound bravely given. *Ber.* O that mountaines

Were heap'd upon me, that I might expire

A wretch no more remembred. *Gonz.* Look up Sr.

To be overcome deserves no shame. If you

Had false ingloriously, or could accuse

Your want of courage in resistance, 'twere

To be lamented: But since you perform'd

As much as could be hop'd for from a man,

(Fortune his enemy) you wrong your selfe

In this direction, I am honor'd in

My victory ore you: but to have these

My prisoners, is in my true judgement rather,

Captivitie then a triumph; you shall finde

Faire quarter from me, and your many wounds

(Which I hope are not mortall) with such care

Lookt to, and cur'd, as if your nearest friend

Attended on you. *Ber.* When you know me better,

You will make void this promise: Can you call me

Into your memory. *Gonz.* The brave *Bertoldo!*

A brother of our order! By Saint *John,*

(our holy patron) I am more amaz'd,

Nay thunderstrooke, with thy Apostacy,

And precipice from the most solemn vowes

Made vnto heaven, when this, the glorious badge

Of our redeemer was conferr'd upon thee,

By the great master, then if I had seene

A reprobate Iew, an Atheist, Turke, or Tartar

Baptiz'd in our religion.

Ber. This I look'd for,

And am resolv'd to suffer.

Gon. Fellow Souldiers,

The Maid of Honour.

Behold this man, and taught by his example
Know that 'tis safer far to play with lightning,
Then trifle in things sacred. In my rag ^{weeps,}
I shed these at the funerall of his vertue,
Faith and religion; why I will tell you
He was a gentleman, so trayn'd up, and fashion'd
For noble uses, and his youth did promise
Such certainties, more then hopes, of great achievements,
As if the Christian world had stood oppos'd
Against the Ottoman race to trie the fortune
Of one encounter, this *Bersoldo* had bene
For his knoweldge to direct, and matchles courage
To execute, without a rivall, by
The votes of good men chosen generall,
As the prime souldier, and most deserving,
Of all that weare the crosse, which now in justice
I thus teare from him.

Ber. Let me dye with it,
Vpon my breast.

Gouz. No, by this thou wer't sworne
On all occasions, as a knight to guard
Weake Ladies from oppression, and never
To draw thy sword against 'em, where as thou
In hope of gaine or glory, when a Princessse
And such a Princessse as *Aurelia* is,
Was dispossest'd by violence, of what was
Her true inheritance, against thine oth,
Hast to thy uttermost labour'd to nphold
Her fallingemie. But thou shalt pay
A heavy forfeiture, and learnetoo late,
Valour, imploy'd in an ill quarrell, turnes
To cowardice, and vertve then puts on
Foule vices vizard. This is that which cancells
All friendship bands between vs Beare 'em off
I will heare no replie. And let the ransome

The Maid of Honour.

Of these, for they are yours, be highly rated:
In this I doe but right, and let it be
Stil'd justice, and not, wilfull cruelty.

Exeunt.

The end of the second Act.

ACT. III. SCENE. I.

Gonzaga, Astutio, Roderigo, Iacomo.

Gonzaga. **W**Hat I have done Sr by the law of armes
I can, and will make good.
Astutio. I have no commission (speake
To expostulate the act. These letters

The King my Masters love to you, and his
vow'd service to the Duchesse, on whose person
I am to give attendance.

Gonz. At this instant.

Shee's at *Pienza*; you may spare the trouble
Of riding thither: I have advertized her
Of our successe, and on what humble termes
Siena stands: though presently I can
Possesse it I deferre it, that shee may
Enter her owne, and as she please dispose of
The prisoners and the spoyle.

Astut. I thanke you, Sir.

I' the meane time, if I may have your licence,
I have a Nephew, and one once my ward
For whose liberties and ransomes, I would gladly
Make composition.

Gonz. They are, as I take it,
Call'd *Gasparo*, and *Antonio*,

Astut. The same, Sir,

F

Gonz.

The Maid of Honour.

Gonz. For them you must treat with these, but for *Bertoldo*,
He is mine owne, if the King will ransom him,
He payes downe fifty thousand crownes, if not
He liues, and dies my slave,

Astut. Pray you a word.

The King will rather thanke you to detaine him,
Then give one crowne to free him.

Gonz. At his pleasure.

I'll send the prisoners under guard, my businesse
Calls me another way.

Exit Gonzaga.

Astut. My service waits you,
Now Gentlemen do not deale like Merchants with me,
But noble Captaines, you know in great mindes
Possè, & nolle nobile. *Rod.* Pray you speake
Our language.

Iacom. I finde not in my commission
An officers bound to speake or understand
More then his Mother tongue.

Roder. If hee speake that
After midnight 'tis remarkable.

Astut. In plaine termes then,
Antonio is your prisoner. *Gasparo* yours.

Iacom. You are it the right.

Astut. At what summe doe you rate
Their severall ransomes.

Rod. I must make my market
As the commodity cost me.

Astut. As it cost you?
You did not buy your Captainship? your desert
I hope advanc'd you.

Rod. How? it well appeares
You are no souldier. Desert in these daies?
Desert may make a Sericant to a Colonel,
And it may hinder him from rising higher,
But if it ever get a company,
A company, pray you marke mee, without money

The Maid of Honour.

Or private seruice done for the Generalls Mistresse,
With a commendatory Epistle from her,
I will turne Lansprizadoe.

Iacom. Pray you observe, Sir :

I serv'd two prenticeships, just foureteene yeere,
Trayling the puissant pike ; and halfe so long
Had the right hand file, and I fought well, 'twas said too :
But I might have serv'd, and fought, and serv'd til doomsday,
And never have carryed a flagge, but for the legacy
A buxsome widdow of threescore, bequeath'd mee,
And that too, my backe knowes, I labour hard for,
But was beter paid.

Asst. You are merry with your selves
But this is from the purpose.

Roder. To the point then.

Prisoners are not tane every day, and when
We have 'em we must make the best use of 'em.
Our pay is little to the part we should beare,
And that so long a coming, that 'tis spent
Before we have it, and hardly wipes off scores
At the Taverne, and the Ordinary.

Iacom. You may adde to

Our sport tocke, up on trust.

Roder. Peace, thou smocke vermin.

Discover commanders, secrets ! In a word, Sir,
We have requir'd, and find our prisoners rich :
Two thousand crownes a piece, our companies cost vs,
And so much each of us will have, and that
In present pay.

Iacom. It is too little ; yet

Since you haue said the word, I am content,
But will not goe a gazet lesse.

Asst. Since you are not
To be brought lower, there is no evading,
I'll be your pay-master.

Roder. Wee desire no better.

The Maid of Honour.

Asst. But not a word of what's agreed between us,
Till I have schoold my gallants.

Iacom. I am dumb, Sir.

Enter a guard: *Bertoldo, Anthonio, Gaspero*, in yrons.

Bert. And where remov'd now? hath the Tyrant found out
Worse usage for us?

Antho. Worse it cannot be.

My grewhound has fresh straw, and scrapes in his kennell,
But wee have neyther.

Gasp. Did I ever thinke
To weare such garters on silke stockings? or
That my too curious appetite, that turn'd
At the sight of godwits, pheasant, partidge, quales
Larkes, wood-cocks, caluerd sammon, as course diet,
Would leape at a mouldy crust?

Antho. And goe without it;
So oft as I doe, O how haue I jeer'd
The City entertainment. A huge shoulder
Of glorious fat Ramme Mutton, seconded
With a paire of tame cats, or conies, a crabbe tart
With a worthy loyne of veale, and valiant Capon,
Mortifi'd to grow tender. These I corn'd
From their plentifull horne of abundance, though invited:
But now I could carry my owne stoole to a tripe,
And call their chitterlings charity, and blesse the founder.

Bertol. O that I were no farther sensible
Of my miseries then you are! you like beasts
Feele onely stings of hunger, and complaine not
But when you are empty: but your narrow soules
(If you have any) cannot comprehend
How insupportable the torments are,
Which a free and noble soule made captiue, suffers:
Most miserable men! and what am I then,
That enuy you? Fetters though made of gold,

Expresse

The Maid of Honour.

Expresse base thraldome, and all delicates
Prepar'd by Median cookes for Epicures,
When not our owne, are bitter quilts fill'd high
With gossamire and roses, cannot yeeld
The body soft repose, the mind kep't waking
With anguish and affliction.

Astuc. My good Lord.

Ber. This is no time, nor place for flattery Sir,
Pray you stile me as I am, a wretch forsaken
Of the world, as my selfe.

Astuc. I would it were
In me to helpe you.

Ber. If that you want power Sir,
Lip comfort cannot cure me, pray you leave mee
To mine owne private thoughts.

Astuc. My valiant Nephew! *walkes by.*
And may more then warlike-ward! I am glad to see you
After your glorious conquests. Are these chaines
Rewardes for your good service? If they are
You should weare 'em on your necks (since they are massie)
Like Aldermen of the war. *Antho.* You jeere us to!

Gasp. Good uncle name not (as you are a man of honor)
That fatall word of war, the very summon of't
Is more dreadfull then a Cannon.

Antho. But redeeme us
From this Captivitie, and I'll vow hereafter
Never to weare a sword, or cut my meate
With a knife, that has an edge or point. I'll starve first

Gasp. I will crie broome or cats meate in *Palermo*;
Turne porter, carrie burthens; any thing,
Rather then live a souldier.

Astuc. This should have
Beene thought upon before. At what price thinke you
Your two wife heads are rated?

Antho. A calves head is
More worth then mine, I am sure it had more braines in't

Or I had never come here.

Roder. And I will eate it
With bacon, if I have not speedy ransome.

Ans. And a little garlick too, for your owa sake Sir
'Twill boyle in your stomacke else.

Gasp. Beware of mine
Or the hornes may choake you. I am married Sir.

Antho. You shall have my row of houses neare the pallace

Gasp. And my vii^a all.

Antho. All that we have. *To Astutio.*

Astut. Well, have more wit hereafter
For this time you are ransom'd.

Iacom. Off with their irons.

Red. Do do. If you are ours again, you know your price.

Antho. Pray you dispatch us: I shall nere beleieve
I am a freeman, till I set my foote
In Sicilie agen, and drinke *Palermo*,
And in *Palermo*: 90.

Astut. The wind sits faire,
You shall aboard to night with the rising Sun
You may touch upon the coast. But take your leaves
Of the late Generall first.

Gasp. I will be brieft.

Antho. And I, my lord heaven keepe you.

Gasp. Yours to use

In the way of peace, but as your souldiers never.

Antho. A pox of war no more of war.

Ber. Have you *Exeune Roderig. Iaco. Anthonio. Gaspere.*
Authority to loose their bonds, yet leave
The brother of your King, whose worth disdaines
Comparison with such as these, in irons?
If ransome may redeeme them, I have landes,
A patrimony of mine owne assign'd me,
By my deceased sire to satisfie
What ere can be demanded for my freedome.

Astut. I wish you had Sir, but the king who yeelds!

The Maid of Honour.

No reason for his will, in his displeasure
Hath seal'd on all you had ; nor will *Gonzaga*,
Whose prisoner now you are, accept of lesse
Then fiftie thousand crownes.

Ber. I finde it now
That misery nere comes alone. But grant
The King is yet inexorable, time,
May worke him to a feeling of my sufferings.
I have friends, that swore their lives and fortunes were
At my devotion, and among the rest
Your selfe my lord, when forfeited to the Law
For a soule murder, and in cold blood done,
I made your life my gift, and reconcil'd you
To this incens'd king, and got your pardon.
Beware ingratitude. I know you are rich
And may pay downe the Sum.

Astut. I might my lord,
But pardon me.

Ber. And will *Astutis* prove then
To please a passionate man, the kings no more,
False to his maker and his reason? which
Commandes more then I aske'd of summer friendship,
Whose flattering leaves that shaddowed us in
Our prosperity, with the least gust drop off
In th' Autumne of aduersity! How like
A prison is to a grave! when dead we are
With solemne Pompe brought thither, and our heires,
(Masking their joy in false dissembled teares)
Weepe ore the hearse, but earth no sooner covers
The earth brought thither, but they turne away
With inward smiles, the dead no more remembred.
So enter'd in a prison. *Astut.* My occasions
Command me hence my lord.

Ber. Pray you leave me, doe ;
And tell the cruell king, that I will weare
These fetters 'till my flesh, and they are one

The Maid of Honor.

Incorporated substance. In my selfe,
As in a glasse, I'll looke on humane frailty,
And curse the height of Royall blood: since I
In being borne neare to *Iove*, am neare his thunder.
Cedars once shaken with a storme, their owne *Exit Astusio*.
Waight grubs their rootes out. Leid me where you please;
I am his, not fortunes martyr, and will dye
The great example of his cruelty.

Exit cum suis.

ACT. III. SCENE. II.

Adorni.

Adorn. HE undergoes my challenge, and contemnes it,
And threatens me with the late Edict made
Gainst duellists, they altar cowards flie to.
But I that am ingag'd, and nourish in me
A higher aime then faire *Camsiola* dreames of,
Must not sit down thus. In the court I dare not
Attempt him; and in publike, hee's so guarded
With a heard of Parasites, Clients, fooles and sutors,
That a musket cannot reach him, my designes
Admit of no delay. This is her birth-day,
Which with a fit and due solemnitie
Camsiola celebrates; and on it, all such
As love or serve her, usually present
A tributary duty. I'll have something
To give, if my intelligence prove true,
Shall find acceptance. I am told, neare this grove
Fulgencio, very morning maketh his makets
With his petitioners. I may present him
With a sharpe petition. Ha, 'tis he: my fate
Be ever blest'd for't. *Exit Fulgen.*
Fulgen. Command such as waite me

Not

The Maid of Honour.

Not to presume at the least for halfe an hour
To presse on my retirements.

Page. I will say, Sir, you are at your prayers.

Fulg. That will not finde beliefe,
Courtiers have something else to do, be gon, Sir,
Challeng'd I 'tis well! and by a grome! still better!
Was this shape made to fight? I have a tongue yet,
How e'r no sword to kill him, and what way
This morning, I'll resolve of.

Exit *Fulgentio*.

Adorn. I shall crosse

Your resolution, or suffer for you.

Exit *Adorn*.

ACT.III. SCENE.III.

Camila : divers servants with presents;

Sylli, Clarinda.

Sylli. **VV**hat are all these?

Clar. Sevants with severall presents,

And rich ones too.

1. *Serv.* With her best wishes, Madam,
Of many such daies to you, the Lady *Pecula*
Presents you with this fanne.

2. *Serv.* This Diamond
From your Aunt *Honoris*.

3. *Serv.* This piece of plate
From your Vncle, old *Vincentio*, with your armes
Graven upon it.

Cam. Good friends they are too.
Munificent in their love, and favour to me.

Out of my cabinet returne such jewells
As this directs you, for your paines; and yours;
Nor must you be forgotten. Honour mee
With the drinking of a health.

1. *Serv.* Gold on my life!

G

2, *Serv.*

The Maid of Honour.

2. *Serv.* She scornes to give base silver.

3. *Serv.* Would she had bene
Borne every moneth in the yeere !

1. *Serv.* Moneth ? every day.

2. *Serv.* Shew such another maid.

3. All happinesse wait you.

Sylli. I'll see your will done.

Exeunt *Sylli, Clarinda,*
Servants.

Cam. How, *Adorni* wounded ? Enter *Adorni* wounded.

Ador. A scratch got in your service, else not worth

Your observation ; I bring not Madams

In honour of your birth-day, anticque plate,

Or pearle, for which the savage Indian dives

Into the bottome of the Sea ; nor Diamonds

Hewne from steepe rockes with danger : Such as give

To those that have what they themselves want, aime at

A glad returne with profit : yet despise not]

My offering at the altar of your favour ;

Nor let the lownesse of the giver lessen

The height of whats presented. Since it is

A pretious jewel, almost forfeited,

And dimn'd with clouds of infamy redeem'd

And in its naturall splendor, with addition,

Restor'd to the true owner.

Cam. How is this ?

Ador. Not to hold you in suspence, I bring you, Madams,

Your wounded reputation cur'd, the sting

Of virulent malice, festring your faire name,

Pluck'd out and trode on. That proud man, that was

Deny'd the honour of your bed, yet darst

With his untrue reports, strumpet your fame,

Compell'd by mee, hath given himselfe the lye,

And in his owne blood wrote it, you may read

Fulgencio subscrib'd,

Cam. I am amaz'd !

Adoru. It does deserve it, Madam. Common service
Is fit for hindes, and the reward proportion'd

To

The Maid of Honour.

To their conditions. Therefore looke not on mee
As a follower of your fathers fortunes, or
One that subsists on yours, you frowne! my service
Merits not this aspect.

Cam. Which of my favours,
I might say bounties, hath begot, and nourish'd.
This more then rude presumption? since you had
An itch to try your desperate valour, wherefore
Went you not to the warre? couldst thou suppose
My innocence could ever fall so low,
As to have need of thy rash sword to guard it
Against malicious slander? O how much
Those Ladies are deceiv'd and cheated, when
The clearnesse and integrity of their actions
Doe not defend themselves, and stand secure
On their owne bases? Such as in a colour
Of seeming service give protection to 'em,
Betray their owne strengthes. Malice scorn'd, puts out
It selfe, but argu'd, gives a kinde of credit
To a false accusation. In this
This your most memorable service, you belev'd
You did me right, but you have wrong'd mee more
In your defence of my undoubted honour,
Then false *Fulgentio* could.

Adorn. I am sorry, What
Was so well intended, is so ill receiv'd,
Yet under your correction you wish'd
Bertoldo had beene present.

Enter *Clarinda*

Cam. True I did:
But he and you, Sir, are not parallels,
Nor must you thinke your selfe so.

Adorn. I am what
You'll please to have mee.

Cam. If *Bertoldo* had
Punish'd *Fulentio's* insolence, it had showne
His love to her, whom in his judgement hee

The Maid of Honour.

Vouchsafe to make his wife. A height I hope
Which you dare not aspire to. The same actions
Sure not all men alike : but I perceive
Repentance in your looks. For this time leave me
I may forgive, perhaps forget your folly,
Conceale your selfe till this storme be blowne over.

You will be sought for, yet for my estate *Gives him her
hand to kisse.*

Can hinder it, shall not suffer in my service. *Ador.* This is something yet, tho I mist the mark I shot at.

Cam. This Gentleman is of a noble temper. *(Exit Adorni.)*
And I too harsh, perhaps in my reproofe,
Was I not *Clarinda*?

Clarind. I am not to censure
Your actions Madame : but there are a thousand
Ladies, and of good fame, in such a cause.
Would be proud of such a servant.

Cam. It may be ; *Enter a Servant.*

Let me offend in this kinde. Why uncall'd for ?
Serv. The Signiors, Madame, *Gasparo* and *Antonio*,
(Selected friends of the renowned *Bertoldo*)

Put a shore this morning.

Cam. Without him?

Serv. I thinke so.

Cam. Never thinke more then.

Serv. They have beene at Court.

Kiss'd the Kings hand; and there first duties done
To him. appeare ambitions to tender
To you their second service.

Cam. Waite 'em hither. *Eexeunt Servant.*

Fear does not racke me, reason, now if ever,
Haste with thy ayds, and tell me such a wonder,
As my *Bertoldo* is, with such care fashon'd, *Enter An-
tonio. Gas-*
Must not, nay cannot, in hev'ns providence, *pare. Serv.*
So soone miscarry; pray you forbear, ere you
Take the priviledge, as strangers to salute mee,
(Excuse my manners) make me first und. rstand,

How

How it is 'with Bertoldo?

Ber. The relation

Will not I feare deserve your thanks.

Antbo. I wish

Some other should informe you.

Cam. Is he dead?

You see, though with some feare, I dare enquire it.

Gasp. Dead! Would that were the worst, a debt were pay'd
Kings in their birth owe nature. (then,

Cam. Is there ought
More terrible then death?

Antbo. Yes to a spirit
Like his. Cruell imprisonment, and that
Without the hope of freedome.

Cam. You abuse me,
The royall King cannot in love to vertue,
(Though all springs of affection were dri'd up)
But pay his ransome.

Gasp. When you know what 'tis
You will thinke otherwise; No lesse will do it
Then fifty thousand crownes.

Cam. A prettie sum,
The price waigh'd, with the purchase, 50. thousand?
To the King 'tis nothing. He that can spare more
To his minion for a masque, cannot but ransome
Such a brother at a million, you wrong
The Kings magnificence.

Antbo. In your opinion,
But 'tis most certaine. He does not alone
In himselfe refuse to pay it, but forbids
All other men.

Cam. Are you sure of this?

Gasp. You may reade
The edict to that purpose, publish'd by him,
That will resolve you.

Cam. Possible! pray you stand off,

If I doe not matter treason to my selfe
My heart will breake; yet I will not curse him,
He is my king. The newes you have delivered,
Makes me wearie of your company, wee'll salute
When we meete next. I'll bring you to the dore,
Nay pray you no more complements.

Gasp. One thing more
And that's substantiall, Let your *Adorni.*
Looke to himselfe.

Antho. The king is much incens'd
Against him for *Fulgensio.*

Camio. As I am
For your slownesse to depart

Both. Farewell sweet Lady. *Exeunt Gaspa. Antho.*

Cam. O more then impious times! when not alone
Subordinate Ministers of justice are
Corrupted, and seduc'd, but kings themselves,
(The greater wheelles by which the lesser move)
Are broken or disjointed; could it be else
A king, to sooth his politique ends, should so far
For sake his honor, as at once to breake
Th'Adamant chaines of nature and religion,
To binde up Atheisme, as a defence
To his darke counsailes? will it ever be
That to deserve too much is dangerous,
And vertue, when too eminent a crime?
Must she serve fortune still? or when stripp'd of
Her gay, and glorious favours, loose the beauties
Of her owne naturall shape? O my *Bertoldo!*
Thou onely Sun in honors Spheare, how soone
Art thou eclipsed and darkened! not the nearnesse
Of blood prevailling on the king; nor all
The benefits to the generall good dispen'd
Gayning a retribution! But that
To owe a courtesie to a simple Virgin
Would take from the deserving, I finde in me

The Maid of Honour.

Som sparks of fire, which fann'd with honors breath
Might rise into a flame, and in men darken
Their usurp'd splendor. Ha! my aime is high,
And for the honor of my sex to fall so,
Can never prove inglorious. 'Tis resolv'd:
Call in *Adorni*.

Clar. I am happy in
Such imployment, Madam: *Exit Clarin.*

Cam. Hee's a man,
I know that at a reverend distance loves me,
And such are ever faithfull: What a Sea
Of melting ice I walke on! what strange censures
Am I to undergoe! but good intents
Deride all future rumors.

Ador. I obey *Exit Clarin, & Adorn.*
Your summons, Madam.

Cam. Leave the place *Clarinda*,
One woman, in a secret of such waight,
Wisemen may thinke too much, nearer *Adorni*.
I warrant it with a smile.

Adorn. I cannot aske
Safer protection, what's your will?

Cam. To doubt
Your ready desire to serve me, or prepare you
With the repetition of former merits,
Would in my diffidence wrong you. But I will
And without circumstance, in the trust that I,
Impose upon you, free you from suspicion.

Adorn. I foster none of you.

Cam. I know you do not.
You are *Adorni* by the love you owe me.

Adorn. The surest conjuration.

Cam. Take me with you,
Love borne of duty, but advance noe further,
You are Sir as I layd to do me service,
Toundertake a taske, in which your faith,

The Maid of Honor.

Judgement, discretion, in a word, your all
That's good, must be engag'd, nor must you studie
In the execution, but what may make
For the ends I aime at.

Adorn. They admit no rivalls.

Cam. You answer well, you have heard of *Bertoldo's*
Captivity? and the kings neglect? the greatnesse
Of his ranome, fiftie thousand crownes, *Adorni,*
Two parts of my estate.

Adorn. To what tends this?

Cam. Yet I so love the gentleman (for to you
I will confesse my weaknesse) that I purpose
Now, when he is forsaken by the king,
And his owne hopes to ranome him, and receive him
Into my bosome as my lawfull husband, *Adorni*
Why change you colour *sees and*

Adorn. 'Tis in wonder of *seems troubl'd*
Your vertue, Madam.

Cam. You must therefore to
Sina for mee, and pay to *Gonzaga*
This ranome for his liberty, you shall
Have bills of exchange along with you. Let him sweare
A solemne contract to me, for you must be
My principall wittnesse, if he should. But why
Do I entertaine these jealousies? you will do this?

Adorn. Faithfully, Madam. But not live long after *aside*

Cam. One thing I had forgot. Besides his freedome
He may want accomodations, furnish him
According to his birth. And from *Camiola*
Deliver this kisse, printed on your lips *kisses him*
Seal'd on his hand! you shall not see my blushes,
I'll instantly dispatch you. *Exit Camiola.*

Adorni. I am halfe
Hang'd out of the way already, was there ever
Poore lover so employ'd against himselfe
To make way for his rivall? I must doe it,

Nay

The Maid of Honour.

Nay more, I will. If loyalty can finde
Recompence beyond hope, or imagination
Let it fall on mee in the other world,
As a reward, for in this I dare not hope it.

Exit

[The end of the third Act.]

ACT. IIII. SCENE. I.

Gonzaga, Pierio Roderigo, Iacomo.

Gonzaga. **Y**OU haue seiz'd upon the Citadell, and dis-
Arm'd that could make resistance (arm'd
Pierio. Hunger had (souldiours
Done that before wee came; nor was the

Compeli'd to seeke for prey the famish'd wretches,
In hope of mercy, as a sacrifice offer'd
All that was worth the taking.

Gonzag. You proclaim'd,
On paine of death, no violence should be offer'd
To any woman.

Rod. But it needed not,
For famine had so humb'd 'em and tooke off
The care of their sexes honour, that there was not
So coy a beauty in the towne, but would
For halfe a mouldy bisket sell her selfe
To a poore besognion, and without shrieking

Gonz. Where is the Duke of *Vrbis*.

Iacom. Vnder guard,
As you directed

Gonzag. See the Souldiers set
In ranke, and file, and as the Dutchesse passes
Bid 'em vaile their ensignes, and charge 'em on their lives
Not to cry whores.

H

Iacom.

The Maid of Honour.

Iacom. The divell cannot fright 'em
From their military licence, though they know
They are her subjects, and will part with being,
To do her service; yet since she is a woman, (all
They will touch at her britch with their tongues, and that is
That they can hope for. } *A shout, and a generall cry*
Gen. O the divell! they are at it. } *within, whores, whores.*
Hell, stoppe, their bawling throats; againe! make up
And cudgell them into jelly.

Roder. To no purpose,
Though their mouths were there,
They would have the same name for 'em.

Excunt.

ACT. IIII. SCENE. II.

Roderigo, Iacomo, Pierio, Gonzaga, Aurelia (under a
Canopie) *Astutio* presents her with letters, lowd
musicke, shee reads the letters.

Gonzaga. **I** Doe beseech your highnesse not to ascribe
To the want of disciplin, the barbarous rudenes
Of the souldier in his prophanation of
Your sacred name, and vertues

Aurelia. No, Lord Generall,
I have heard my father say oft, 'twas a custome,
Vsual in the campè, nor are they to be punish'd
For words, that have in fact deserv'd so well.
Let the one excuse the other.

All. Excellent Princeesse!

Aur. But for these aids from Sicily sent against us
To blast our spring of conquest in the bud:
I cannot find, my Lord Embassadour,
How we should entertaine't but as a wrong.
With purpose to detaine us from our owne.
How e'r the King endeavours in his letters
To mitigate the affront.

Astut:

The Maid of Honour.

Astut. Your grace hereafter
May heare from me such strong assurances
Of his unlimited desires to serve you,
As will, I hope, drowne in forgetfulnesse
The memory of what's past.

Aurel. Wee shall take time
To search the depth of't further, and proceed
As our counsell shall direct vs.

Gonza. Wee present you
With the keyes of the Citty, all lets are remov'd,
Your way is smooth and easie, at your feet
Your proudest enemy falls.

Aurel. Wee thanke your valoures
A victory without blood is twice atchiev'd,
And the disposure of it to us tender'd,
The greatest honor, worthy captains thanks.
My love extends it selfe to all

Gonz. Make way there.

Exeunt.

*A Guard made:
Aurelia. passes
Berow' em.
lowd musicke.*

ACT.IIIII. SCENE.III.

Bertoldo with a small booke in fetters, *Taylor.*

Bertoldo. **T**is here determin'd (great examples arm'd
With arguments produc'd to make it good)
That neither tyrants, nor the wrested lawes;
The peoples franticke rage; sad exile, want,
Nor that which I endure, captivity,
Can doe a wise man any injury:
Thus *Seneca*, when he wrot it, thought. But then
Feeliity courted him; his wealth exceeding
A private man's happy in the em: *races*
Of his chaste wife *Paulina*; his house full
Of childr encliyents, servants, flattering friends
Soothing his lip-positions, and created
Prince of the Senate, by the generall voyce,

The Maid of Honour.

As his pupill newes suffrage : then no doubt
He held, and did believe this. But no sooner
The Princes frownes, and ievalofies had throw'n him
Out of securities lappe, and a centurion
Had offer'd him what choyce of death he pleas'd,
But told him dye he must : when straight the armour
Of his so boasted fortitude, fel off *Throws away the booke.*
Complaining of his frailtie. Can it then
Be censur'd womanish weaknesse in mee, if
Thus clog'd with yrons, and the period
To close up all calamities, deni'd mee,
(Which was presented *Seneca*) I wish
I ne'r had being, at least, never knew
What happines was, or argue with heavens justice ?
Tearing my locks, and in defiance throwing
Dust in the ayre? or falling on the ground, thus
With my nayles, and teeth to digge a grave or rend
The bowells of the earth, my stepmother,
And not a naturall parent ? or thus practise
To dye, and as I were insensible,
Believe I had no morion. *lies on his face* Enter *Gonzaga*

Gonz. There he is:

Adorn. Taylor.

He not enquire by whom his ransome's paid
I am satisf'd that I have it : nor alleage
One reason to excuse his cruell usage,
As you may interpret it, let it suffice
It was my will to have it so, he is yours now,
Dispose of him as you please

Exit Gonzaga.

Adorn. How e'r I hate him,

As one preferr'd before me, being a man,
He does deserve my pittie. Sir, he sleeps:
Or is he dead? would hee were a Saint in heavens;
'Tis is all the hurt I wish him. But was not *Kneeles by*
Borne to such happinesse. No, he breaths, come neer; *(him.*
And if't be possible, without his feeling
Take off his yrons, so, now leave us privat *[His yrons taken off.*
He does begin to stir, and as transported *Exit Taylor.*

With

The Maid of Honour.

With a joyfull dreame, how he stares! and feesles his legges;
As yet uncertaine, whether it can be
True or phantastically.

Ber. Ministers of mercy

Mocke not calamitie. Ha! 'tis no vision!
Or if it be, the happiest that ever
Appear'd to sinfull flesh! who's here? His face
Speakes him *Adorni!* but some glorious Angell
Concealing its divinity in his shape,
Hath done this miracle, it being not an act
For wolvisish man. Resolve me, if thou look'st for
Bent knees in adoration?

Adorn. O forbear Sir,

I am *Adorni*, and the instrument
Of your deliverance; but the benefit
You owe another.

Ber. If he has a name,
As soone as spoken, 'tis writ on my heart,
I am his bond man.

Ador. To the shame of men,
This great act is a womans.

Ber. The whole sex
For her sake must be deifi'd. How I wander
In my imagination, yet cannot
Ghesse who this *Phoenix* should be!

Ador. 'Tis *Camiola*.

Ber. Pray you speake't againe, there's musicke in her name
Once more I pray you Sir.

Ador. *Camiola*,

The Maid of honor.

Ber. Curs'd Atheist that I was,
Onely to doubt it could be any other,
Since she alone in the abstract of her selfe,
That small, but ravishing substance comprehends
What ever is, or can be wished, in the
Idea of a woman. O what service,
Or sacrifice of duty can I pay her!

[The Maid of Honour.]

If not to live, and dye her charities slave,
Which is resolv'd already.

Adorn. She expects not
Such a dominion ore you: yet ere I
Deliver her demands, give me your hand:
On this, as she enjoyn'd me, with my lips
I print her love and service by me sent you,
Ber. I am orewhelm'd with wonder!

Ador. You must now
(Which is the sum of all that she desires)
By a solemne contract bind your selfe, when she
Requires it as a debt, due for your fredome
To marrie her.

Ber. This does ingage me further,
A payment! an increase of obligation!
To marry her! 'twas my *nil ultra* ever!
The end of my ambition! O that now
The holy man, she present, were prepar'd
To joyne our hands, but with that speed, my heart
Wishes, mine eyes might see her.

Adorn. You must sweare this.

Ber. Swear it? Collect all oaths, and imprecations
Whose least breach is damnation, and those
Ministred to me in a forme more dreadfull,
Set heaven, and hell before me, I will take 'em:
False to *Camisola*? Never. Shall I now
Begin my vowes to you?

Ador. I am no Church-man,
Such a one must file it on record, you are free,
And that you may appeare like to your selfe
(For so she wish'd): her's gold with which you may
Redeeme your trunks and servants, and what ever
Of late you lost. I have found out the Captaine
Whose spoyle they were. His name is *Roderigo*.

Ber. I know him.

Ador. I have done my parts.

Ber. So much sir

The Maid of Honour.

As I am ever your's for't, now me thinkes
I walke in ayre ! divine *Camilla*,
But words cannot expresse thee. I'll build to thee
An altar in my soule, on which I'll offer
A still increasing sacrifice of duty. *Exit Ber.*

Ador. What will become of me now is apparant ?
Whether a poniard, or a halter be
The nearest way to hell (for I must thither,
After I have kill'd my selfe) is somewhat doubtfull?
This Roman resolution of selfe-murther,
Will not hold water, at the high Tribunall,
When it comes to be argu'd; my good Genius
Prompts me to this consideration. He
That kills himselfe, to avoid misery, feares it,
And at the best shewes but a bastard valour,
This lifes a fort committed to my trust,
Which I must not yeeld up, till it be forc'd,
Nor will I: Hee's not valiant that dares dy,
But he that boldly beares calamitie.

Exit

ACT. IV. SCENE. IV. ¶

A Flourish.

Pierio. Roderigo. Iacomo. Gonzaga. Aurelia. Ferdinand.

Astutio. Attendants.

Aurelia. A Seat here for the Duke. It is our glory
To overcome with courtesies, not rigors;
that To Lordly Roman, who held it the height
Of humane happinesse, to have kings and Queenes
To wait by his triumphant chariot wheeles
In his insulting pride, depriv'd himselfe
Of drawing neare the nature of the gods,
Best known for such, in being mercifull,

Yet

The Maid of Honour.

Yet give me leave, but still with gentle language,
And with the freedome of a friend to tell you,
To seeke by force, what courtship could not win,
was not harsh, and never taught in loves milde schoole.
Wife Poets faine that Venus coach is draw'n
By doves, and sparrowes, not by beares, and tygres.

Ferd. I spare the application.

In my fortune,
Heav'ns justice hath confirm'd it, yet great Lady,
Since my offence grew from excesse of love,
And not to be resisted, having paid too,
With the losse of liberty, the forfeiture
Of my presumption, in your clemency
It may finde pardon

Aurel. You shall have just cause
To say it hath. The charge of the long siege
Defraid, and the losse my subjects have sustain'd
Made good, since so farre I must deale with caution,
You have your liberty

Ferd. I could not hope for gentler conditions.

Aurel. My Lord *Gonzaga*.

Since my comming to *Siena*, I haue heard much
Of your prisoner; brave *Bertoldo*.

Gonza. Such an one, Madam, I had.

Astut. And have still, Sir, I hope.

Gonz. Your hopes deceive you. He is ransom'd, Madame,

Astut. By whom, I pray you, Sir.

Gonzag. You had best enquire
Of your intelligencer. I am no informer.

Astut. I like not this.

Aurel. He is, as 'tis reported,
A goodly gentleman, and of noble parts,
A brother of your order.

Gonzaga. Hee was, Madam,
Till he against his oath wrong'd you, a princeesse,
Which his religion bound him from.

Aurel. Great mindes

The Maid of Honour.

For tryall of their valours oft maintaine
Quarrells that are unjust, yet without malice,
And such a faire construction I make of him:
I would see that brave enemy;

Gonzaga. My duty
Commands me to seeke for him

Aur. Pray you doe:
And bring him to our presence.

Exit Gonzaga.

Astruc. I must blast
His entertainment; may it please your excellency,
He is a man debauch'd, and for his riots
Cast off by the King my Master, and that, I hope, is
A crime sufficient

Ferd. To you his subjects,
That like as your king likes

*Enter Gonzaga, Bertoldo,
richly habited: Adorni.*

Aurcl. But not to us;
We must waigh with our owne scale. This is he, sure!
How soone mine eye had found him! what a port
He beares! how well his bravery becomes him!
A prisoner I nay, a princely sutor rather!
But I am too sudden.

Gon. Madame, 'twas his suite,
Vnsent for, to present his service to you,
Ere his departure.

Aurcl. With what Majesty
He beares himselfe!

Astruc. The diuill I thinke supplies him,
Ransom'd, and thus rich too!

(band.

Aurcl. You ill deserve *Ferdinand kneeling, kisses her*
The favour of our hand; we are not well,
Give us more ayre. *Sue descends suddenly.*

Gonz. What sudden qualme is this?

Aurcl. That lifted yours against mee.

Bertol. Thus once more,
I sue for pardon

Aur. Sure his lips are poyson'd,
And through these veines, force passage to my heart *A side.*
Which

The Maid of Honour.

Which is already seiz'd upon.

Bertol. I wait, Madam,
To know what your commands are; my designs
Exact me in another place.

Aurel. Before
You have our licence to depart; if manners,
Civility of manners cannot teach you
To attend our leisure, I must tell you, Sir,
That you are still our prisoner, nor had you
Commission to free him.

Gonz. How's this, Madam?

Aurel. You were my substitute, and wanted power
Without my warrant to dispose of him.
I will pay backe his ransom ten times over,
Rather then quit my interest.

Bertol. This is
Against the law of armes.

Aur. But not of love: *Aside.*
Why, hath your entertainment, Sir, beene such
In your restraint, that with the wings of feare
You would flie from it?

Bertol. I know no man, Madame,
Enamour'd of his fetters, or delighting
In cold or hunger, or that would in reason
Preferre straw in a dungeon, before
A downe bed in a Palace.

Aurel. How, come neerer;
Was his usage such?

Gonz. Yes, and it had beene worse,
Had I foreseene this.

Aur. O thou mis-shap'd monster!
In thee it is confirm'd, that such as have
No share in natures bounties, know no pittie
To such as have 'em. Looke on him with my eyes,
And answer then, whether this were a man,
Whose cheekes of lovely fulnesse should be made
A prey to meagre famine? or these eyes

Whose

The Maid of Honour.

Whose every glance store *Cupid's* empti'd quiver,
To be dimm'd with tedious watching? on these lips,
These rudie lips, of whose fresh colour, cherries
And roses were but coppies, should grow pale
For want of Nectar? or these legges that beare
A burthen of more worth, then is supported
By *Atlas* wearied shoulders, should be cramp'd
With the weight of yron? O I could dwell ever
On this description!

Bertoldo. Is this in dirision

Or pittie of me?

Aurel. In your charity

Beleeve me innocent. Now you are my prisoner
You shall have fairer quarter, you will shame
The place where you have beene, should you now leave it
Before you are recover'd. I'll conduct you
To more convenient lodgings, and it shall be
My care to cherish you. Repine who dare;
It is our will. You'll follow mee?

Bertoldo. To the centre,

Such a *Sybilla* guiding me.

Exeunt *Aurelia, Bertoldo:*

Gonz. Who speakes first?

Ferd. We stand as we had seen *Medusa's* head! All amaz'd.

Pierio. I know not what to thinke, I am so amaz'd!

Roder. Amaz'd! I am thunderstrooke!

Iacom. Wee are inchaunted,

And this is some illusion.

Adorn. Heav'n forbid!

In darke despaire, it shewes a beame of hope.

Containe thy joy, *Adorni.*

Astut. Such a Princeesse,

And of so long experienc'd reservednesse
Breake forth, and on the sudden, into flashes
Of more then doubted loosenesse.

Gonz. They come againe,

Smiling, as I live: His arme circling her wast:

I shall runne mad: Some fury hath posses'd her.

The Maid of Honour.

If I speake, I may be blasted. Ha, I'll mumble
A prayer or two, and crosse my selfe, and then
Though the divell fart fire, have at him.

Aurel. Let not, Sir,
The violence of my passions nourish in you
An ill opinion; or grant my carriage
Out of the rode, and garbe of private women,
'Tis still done with decorum. As I am
A Princessse, what I doe, is aboute censure,
And to be imitated.

Bertoldo. Gracious Madams,
Vouchsafe a little pawte, for I am so rapt
Beyond my selfe, that 'till I have collected
My scatter'd faculties, I cannot tender
My resolution.

Aurel. Consider of it,
I will not be long from you,

*Bertoldo walking
by musing.*

Gonzaga. Pray I cannot!
This cursed object strangles my devotion!
I must speake, or I burst. Pray you faire Lady,
If you can in courtesie, direct mee to
The chaste *Aurelia*.

Aurel. Are you blinde? who are wee?

Gonza. Another kind of thing. Her blood was govern'd
By her discretion, and not rul'd her reason:

The reverence and Majesty of *Juno*
Shinde in her lookes, and coming to the campe,
Appear'd a second *Pallas*. I can see
No such divinities in you. If I

Without offence may speake my thoughts, you are,
As it were, a wanton *Helen*.

Aurelia. Good, ere long
You shall know mee better.

Gonza. Why, if you are *Aurelia*,
How shall I dispose of the Souldier?

Astruc. May it please you
To hasten my dispatch?

Aurel.

The Maid of Honour.

Ansel. Prefer your suites
Vnto *Bersoldo*, we will give him hearing,
And you'll finde him your best advocate.

Exit Aurelia

Astus. This is rare!

Gonz. What are we come to?

Roder. Grown up in a moment
A favorite!

Ferdi. He does take state already.

Ber. No, no, it cannot be, yet but *Camisola*,
There is no stop betweene me and a crowne,
Then my ingratitude! a sinne in which
All sinnes are comprehended! Aide me vertue,
Or I am lost.

Gonz. May it please your excellence
Second me, Sir.

Ber. Then may so horrid oathes,
And hell-deepe imprecations made against it.

Astus. The king your brother will thank you for that
Of his affaires

(*ment*)

Berol. And yet who can hold out
Against such batteries, as her power and greatnesse
Raife up against my weake defences!

Gonz. Sir,

Enter Aurelia.

Doe you dreame waking, Slight, shee's here againe.

Ber. Walkes she on woollen fectes!

Aureli. You dwell too long
In your deliberation, and come
With a criples pace to that which you should fly to

Ber. It is confes'd, yet why should I to winne
From you, that hazzard all to my poore nothing,
By false play send you off a looser from me?

I am already too too much ingag'd
To the king my brothers anger; and who knowes
But that his doubts, and politick feares, should you
Make me hisequall, may draw war upon
Your territories, were that breach made up

The Maid of Honour.

I should with joy embrace, what now I feare
To touch but with due reverence.

Aureli. That hinderance
Is easily remov'd. I owe the king
For a royall visit, which I straight will pay him,
And having first reconcil'd you to his favour,
A dispensation shall meete with us,

Ber. I am wholly yours.

Aure. On this booke seale it.

Gon. What hand and lip too, then the bargaine's sure,
You have no employment for me?

Aurel. Yes *Gonzaga*,
Provide a royall ship.

Gonz. A ship? *Saint Iohn*,
Whither are we bound now?

Aurel. You shall know hereafter,
My lord your pardon, for my too much trenching
upon your patience.

Aier. *Camisola.*

Whispers to Bertoldo

Aurel. How doe you

Ber. Indisposed, but I attend you.

Exeunt

Asorn. The heavie curse that waites on perjurie,
And soule ingratitude, pursue thee ever.
Yet why from me this? In this breach of faith
My loyalty findes reward! what poysons him
Proves Mithridate to me! I have perform'd
All she commanded punctually, and now
In the cleare mirror of my truth, she may
Behold his faltheood. O that I had wings
To beare me to *Paiermo*! This once knowne,
Must change her love into a just disdain,
And worke her to compassion of my paine.

Exie

ACT.

ACT. IV. SCENE. V.

Sylli. Camiola. Clarinda. At severall doores.

Sylli. Vndone! vndone! poore I that whilome was
The top and ridge of my house, am on the sudden
Turn'd to the pittifullest animal
Of the lignage of the *Syllies*!

Cam. What's the matter?

Syl. The king! breake gyrdle, breake!

Cam. Why? what of him?

Syl. Hearing how far you doted on my person,
Growing envious of my happines, and knowing
His brother, nor his favorite *Fulgensio*,
Could get a sheepes eie from you, I being present,
Is come himseife a suitor, with the awle
Of his authoritie to bore my nose,
And take you from me, Oh, oh, oh.

Cam. Do not rore so;

The king!

Syl. The king! yet loving *Sylli* is not
So sorrie for his owne, as your misfortune,
If the king should carrie you, or you bears him,
What a looser should you be? He can but make you
A queene, and what a simp'e thing is that
To the being my lawful spouse. The world can never
Afferd you such a husband.

Cam. I beleeve you,

But how are you sure the king is so inclin'd?

Did not you dreame this?

Syl. With these eyes I saw him
Dismiss his traine, and lighting from his coach,
Whispering *Fulgensio* in the eare,

Cam. If so

The Maid of Honour.

I ghesse the businesse

Syl. It can be no other

But to give me the bob, that being a matter
Of maine importance, yonder they are, I dare not
Be seene, I am so desperate, if you forsake me, *Exit Rob. Ful.*
Send me word that I may provide a willow ghyrlond
To weare when I drowne my selfe. O *Sylli*, ô *Sylli!* *Exit*

Ful. It will be worth your paines Sir to observe *erjing*
The constancie and bravery of her spirit,
Though great men tremble at your frownes, I dare
Hazzard my head, your majesty set off
With terror, cannot fright her.

Robert. May she answer
My expectation.

Fulgen. There she is. *Cam.* My knees thus
Bent to the earth (while my voves are sent upward
For the safety of my Sovereigne) pay the duty
Due for so great an honor, in this favour
Done to your humblest hand-maid.

Robert. You mistake me,
I come not (Lady) that you may report,
The king to do you honor, made your house
(He being there) his court, but to correct
Your stubborn disobedience. A pardon
For that, could you obtaine it, were well purchas'd
With this humility. *Cam.* A pardon Sir?
Till I am conscious of an offence.

I will not wrong my innocence to begge one,
What is my crime Sir? *Rob.* Look on him I favour,
By you scorn'd and negelected. *Cam.* Is that all Sir?

Robert. No minion, though that were too much. How can
Answer the setting on your desperate braue (you
To murder him?

Cam. With your leave, I must not kneele Sir.
While I reple to this: But thus rise up
In my defence, and tell you as a man
(since when you are unjust, the diety

which

The Maid of Honour.

Which you may challenge as a King, parts from you
'Twas never read in holy writ, or morrall,
That subjects on their loyalty were oblig'd
To love their Soveraignes vices, your grace, Sir,
To such an undeserver is no vertue.

Fulgen. What thinke you now Sir?

Cam. Say you should love wine,
You being the King, and cause I am your subject,
Must I be ever drunke? Tyrants, not Kings
By violence, from humble vassalls force
The liberty of their soules. I could not love him,
And to compell affection, as I take it,
Is not found in your prerogative.

Rob. Excellent virgin!
How I admire her confidence!

Cam. He complains
Of wrong done him: but be no more a King,
Vnlesse you do me right. Burne your decrees,
And of your lawes and statutes make a fire
To thaw the frozen numnesse of delinquents,
If he escape unpunish'd. Doe your edicts
Call it death in any man that breakes into
Anothers house to rob him, though of trifles,
And shall *Fulgentio*, your *Fulgentio* live?
Who hath committed more then sacriledge
In the pollution of my cleare fame
By his malicious slanders.

Rob. Have you done this?
Answer truely on your life.

Fulgen. In the heat of blood
Some such thing I reported.

Rob. Out of my sight,
For I vow, if by truepenitence thou win not
This injur'd Lady to sue out thy pardoan,
Thy grave is digg'd already.

Fulgen. By my owne folly
I have made a faire hand of't,

Rob. You shall know Lady

Exit Fulgen.

The Maid of Honour.

While I weare a crowne, justice shall use her sword
To cut offenders off, though neereft to us.

Cam. I, now you shew whose Deputy you are,
If now I bath your feet with teares, it cannot
Be censur'd superstition.

Rob. You must rise.
Rise in our favour, and protection ever: *Kisses her*

Cam. Happy are subjects! when the prince is still
Guided by justice, not his passionate will. *Exeunt.*

The end of the fourth Act.

ACT. V. SCENE. I.

Camiola. Sylli.

Cam. **Y**OU see how tender I am of the quiet
And peace of your affection, and what great
I put off in your favour. [Once

Sylli. You doe wisely,
Exceeding wisely! and when I have said,
I thanke you for't, be happy.

Cam. And good reason,
In having such a blessing. *Syl.* When you have it,
But the baite is not yet ready. Stay the time,
While I triumph by my selfe, King, by your leave,
I have wip'd your royall nose, without a napkin,
You may cry willow, willow, for your brother,
I'll onely say goe by; for my fine favourite,
He may graze where he please, his lips may water
Like a puppies ore a frementy pot, while *Sylli*
Out of his two-leav'd cherry-stone dish drinks *Nectar*?
I cannot hold out any longer; heav'n forgive me,
'Tis not the first oath, I have broke, I must take
A little for a preparative.

Cam. By no means.

*Offers to kisse &
embrace her.*

If you forswear your selfe we shall not prosper.
I'll rather loose my longing.

Syl. Pretty soule!

How carefull it is of me! let me buesse yet
Thy little dainty foot for't: that I am sure
Is out of my oath.

Cam. Why, if thou canst dispense with't
So farre, I'll not be scrupulous; such a favour
My amorous shoemaker steales.

Syl. O most rare leather! *Kisses her (booc often*
I doe begin at the lowest, but in time
I may grow higher.

Cam. Fie, you dwell too long there,
Rise, pre thee rise. *Enter Clarinda hastily*

Syl. O I am up already. (now)

Cam. How I abuse my houres! what newes with thee

Clar. Off with that gowne, 'tis mine, mine by your pro-
Signior Ador. is return'd! now upon entrance; (mist)
Off with it, off with it, Madam,

Cam. Be not so hasty,
When I goe to bed 'tis thine.

Syl. You have my grant too;
But doe you heare Lady, though I give way to this,
You must hereafter aske my leave before,
You part with things of moment.

Cam. Very good,
When I am yours, I will be govern'd.

Syl. Sweet obedience! *Ent. Ador.*

Cam. You are well return'd.

Ador. I wish that the successe
Of my service had deserv'd it.

Cam. Lives Bertoldo?

Ador. Yes, and return'd with safety.

Cam. 'Tis not then

In the power of fate to adde to, or take from
My perfit happinesse: and yet he should
Have made me his first visit. *Ador.* So I think too:
But he

The Maid of Honour.

Syl. Darst not appeare, I being present,
That's his excuse, I warrant you.

Cam. Speake, where is he?
With whom? who hath deserv'd more from him? or
Can be of equall merit? I in this
Doe not except the King.

Ador. Hee's at the Palace
With the Dutcheffe of *Sicua*. One coach brought 'em hither,
Without a third. Hee's very gracious with her,
You may conceive the rest.

Cam. My jealous feares
Make me to apprehend.

Ador. Pray you dismiss
Signior wisdom, and I'll make relation to you
Of the particulars.

Cam. Servant, I would have you
To haste unto the Court.

Syl. I will out-runne
A foote-man for your pleasure.

Cam. There observe
The Dutcheffe traine and entertainment.

Syl. Feare not,
I will discover all that is of waight
To the liveries of her Pages, and her footemen.
This is fit employment for me. *Exit Syl.*

Cam. Gracious with
The Dutcheffe! sure you said so?

Ador. I will use
All possible brevity to enforme you, Madam,
Of what was trusted to me, and discharg'd
With faith and loyall duty.

Cam. I beleve it;
You ransom'd him, and suppli'd his wants imagine
That is already spoken; and what vowes
Of service he made to me is apparent;
His joy of me, and wonder too perspicuous;
Does not your story end so?

Ador. Would the end.

The Maid of Honour.

Had answered the beginning, in a word,
Ingratitude, and perjury at the height
Cannot expresse him.

Cam. Take heed. *Ador.* Truth is arm'd
And can defend it selfe. It must out, Madam.
I saw, the presence full, the amorous Dutchesse
Kisse and embrace him, on his part accepted
With equall ardor, and their willing hands
No sooner joyn'd, but a remove was publish'd,
And put in execution. *Cam.* The proofes are
Too pregnant. *O Bertoldo!*

Ador. Hee's not worth
Your sorrow, Madam.

Cam. Tell mee, when you saw this
Did not you grieve as I do now to heare it?

Ador. His precipice from goodnesse raising mine,
And serving as a foyle to set my faith off,
I had little reason.

Cam. In this you confesse
The divellish malice of your disposition.
As you were a man, you stood bound to lament it,
And not in flattery of false ~~your~~ hopes
To glory in it: when good men pursue
The path mark'd out by vertue, the bless'd Saints
VVith joy looke on it, and Seraphique Angels
Clap their celestiall wings in heavenly plaudits,
To be a scene of grace so well presented,
The fiends and men made up of envy mourning;
VVhere as now on the contray as far
As their divinity can partake of passion,
VVith me they weepe, beholding a faire Temple
Built in *Bertoldo's* loyalty turn'd to ashes
By the flames of his inconstancy, the damn'd
Rejoycing in the object: 'Tis not well
In you *Adorni.*

Adorni. VVhat a temper dwells
In this rare Virgin, can you pittie him
That hath shown none to you?

The Maid of Honour.

Cam. I must not be
Cruell by his example, you perhaps,
Except now I should seeke recovery
Of what I have lost by teares, and with bent knees
Begge his compassion. No; my cowering vertue
From the assurance of my merit scornes
To stoope so low. I'll take a nobler course,
And confident in the justice of my cause,
The King his brother, and new Mistresse, judges,
Ravish him from her armes, you have the contract
In which he swore to marry her?

Adorn. 'Tis here Madam.

Cam. He shal be then against his wil my husband,
And when I have him, I'll so use him, 'doubt not,
But that your honesty being unquestion'd,
This writing with your testimony cleares all.

Ador. And buries me in the darke mists of error.

Cam. I'll presently to Court, pray you give order
For my caroch.

Adorn. A cart for mee were fitter
To hurry me to the gallowes

Exit Adorni.

Cam. O false men!

Inconstant! perjur'd! my good Angell helpe mee
In these my extremities!

Enter Syll.

Syll. If you ever will see brave fight,
Lose it not now. *Bertoldo*, and the Dutchesse
Are presently to be married. There's such pompe
And preparation.

Cam. If I marry, 'tis
This day or never.

Syll. Why with all my heart,
Though I break this, I'll keep the next oath I make
And then it is quite.

Cam. Follow mee to my Cabinet;
You know my confessor, *Father Paulo*?

Syll. Yes. Shall he
Doe the feate for us?

Cam. I will give in writing

The Maid of Honour.

Directions to him, and attire my selfe
Like a Virgin-bride, and something I will doe
That shall deserve mens praise, and wonder too.

Syl. And I to make all know, I am not shallow
Will have my points of Cuckineale and yellow. *Exeunt.*

ACT. V. SCENE. II.

Lowd Musicke.

*Astatio. Gonzaga. Roderigo. Iacomo. Picrino. Roberto.
Berteldo. Aurelia. Bishop. with Attendants.*

Robert. **H**Ad our division beene greater, Madam,
Your clemency, the wrong being done to you
In pardon of it, like the rod of concord
Must make a perfect union, once more
With a brotherly affection we receive you
Into our favour. Let it be your study
Hereafter to deserve this blessing, farre
Beyond your merit.

Bertol. As the Princeesse grace
To me is without limit, my endeavours
With all obsequiousnesse to serve her pleasures
Shall know no bounds, nor will I being made
Her husband, forget the duty that
I owe her as a servant.

Aurel. I expect not
But faire equality, since I well know
If that superiority be due
'Tis not to me, When you are made my consort
All the prerogatives of my high birth cancell'd
I'll practise the obedience of a wife,
And freely pay it. Queenes themselves, if they
Make choice of their inferiors, onely aiming
To feed their sensuall appetites, and to raigne
Over their husbands, in some kinde commit

The Maid of Honour.

Authoriz'd whoredome, nor will I be guilty
In my intent of such a crime.

Gonza. This done,
As it is promis'd, Madam, may well stand for
A president to great women: but when once
The griping hunger of desire is cloyd,
(And the poore foole advanc'd, brought on his knees
Most of your Eagle breed, I'll not say all
(Ever excepting you) challenge againe,
What in hot blood they parted from.

Aurel. You are ever
An enemy of our sex, but you I hope Sir
Have better thoughts.

Ber. I dare not entertaine
An ill one of your goodnesse.

Rob. To my power
I will enable him to prevent all danger
Envy can raise against your choice. One word more
Touching the Articles. *Enter Ful. Cam. Syl.*

Fulgen. In you alone *Ador.*
Lie all my hopes, you can or kill or save me,
But pity in you, will become you better,
(Though I confesse in justice 'tis deni'd me)
Then too much rigor.

Cam. I will make your peace
As far as it lyes in me, but must first
Labour to right my selfe.

Aurel. Or adde or alter
VVhat you thinke fit. In him I have my all;
Heaven make me thankfull for him.

Rob. On to the Temple

Cam. Stay royall Sir, and as you are a King
Erect one here, in doing justice to
An injur'd mayd:

Aurel. How's this? *Ber.* O I am blasted!

Rob. I have given som prooffe, sweet Lady, of my prompt-
Todoe you right, you need not therefore doubt me, (nes
And rest assur'd, that this great worke dispatch'd,
You shall have audience and satisfaction

To all you can demand.

Cam. To doe mee justice
Exacts your present care, and can admit
Of no delay. If e'r my cause be heard
In favour of your brother, you goe on Sir,
Your scepter cannot right mee. Hee's the man,
The guilty man, whom I accuse, and you
Stand bound in duty, as you are Supream,
To be impartiall. Since you are a Iudge,
As a Delinquent; looke on him, and not
As on a brother; justice painted blinde
Inferres, her Ministers are oblig'd to heare
The cause and truth, the Iudge determine of it,
And not sway'd, or by favour, or affection,
By a false glosse, or wrested comment alter
The true intent, and letter of the law.

Ro. Nor will I Madam,

Aurel. You seeme troubl'd, Sir,

Gonz. His colour changes too.

Cam. The alteration

Growes from his guilt. The goodnesse of my cause
Begets such confidence in mee, that I bring
No hir'd tongue to plead for mee, that with gay
Rhetoricall flourishes may pallitte
That, which stripp'd naked, will appeare deform'd.
I stand here, mine owne advocate; and my truth
Deliver'd in the plainest language, will
Make good it selfe, nor will I, if the King
Give suffrage to it, but admit of you,
My greatest enemy, and this stranger Prince,
To sit assistants with him.

Aurel. I he'r wrong'd you.

Cam. In your knowledge of the injury, I believe it,
Nor will you in your justice, when you are
Acquainted with my interest in this man
Which I lay claime to.

Roberto. Let us take our seats,
What is your title to him?

The Maid of Honour.

Cam. By this contract
Seal'd solemnly before a reveren'd man,
I challenge him for my husband.

Sylli. Ha. was I
Sent for the Frier, for this? O *Sylli!* *Sylli!*
Some cordiall, or I faint.

Rober. This writing is
Authenticall.

Aurel. But done in heat of blood,
(Charm'd by her flatteries, as no doubt he was)
To be dispens'd with.

Ferd. Adde this, if you please,
The distance and disparity betweene
Their births and fortunes.

Cam. What can innocence hope for
When such as sit her jugdes, are corrupted!
Disparity of birth, or fortune urge you?
Or *Syren* charmes? or at his best in mee,
Wants to deserve him? Call some few daies backe,
And as he was, consider him, and you
Must grant him my inferiour. Imagine
You saw him now in fetters with his honour,
His liberty lost; with her blacke wings despaire
Circling his miseries, and his *Gonzaga*
Trampling on his afflictions; the great summe
Propos'd for his redemption; the King
Forbidding payment of it; this neere kinsmen,
With his protesting followers, and friends,
Falling off from him; by the whole world forsaken;
Dead to all hope, and buried in the grave
Of his calamities, and then waigh duly
What she deserv'd (whose merits now are doubted)
That as his better Angell in her bounties
Appeard unto him, his great ransome paid,
His wants, and with a prodigall hand suppli'd,
Whether then being my manumifed slave,
Hee ow'd not himselfe to mee?

Aurel. Is this true?

Roberto.

The Maid of Honour.

Roberto. In his silence 'tis acknowledg'd

Gonzag. If you want

A witness to this purpose, I'll depose it:

Cam. If I have dwelt too long on my deservings
To this unthankfull man, pray you pardon me,
The cause requir'd it. And though now I adde
A little in my painting to the life
His barbarous ingratitude, to deterre,
Others from imitation, let it meet with
A faire interpretation. This serpent,
Frozen to numnesse, was no sooner warm'd
In the bo'some of my pittie, and compassion,
But in returns, he ruin'de his preserver
The prints the yrons had made in his flesh
Still ulcerous; but all that I had done
(My benefits in sand, or water written)
As they had never bene, no more remembred.
And on what ground; but his ambitious hopes
To gaine this Duchesse favour,

Aurelia. Yes, the object,
Looke on it better (Lady) may excuse
The charge of his affection.

Camiol. The object
In what? forgius mee, modesty, if I say
You looke upon your forme in the false glasse
Of flattery, and selfe-love, and that deceives you,
That you were a Duchesse, as I take it, was not
Character'd on your face, and that not seene,
For other feature, make all these that are
Experienc'd in women, judges of 'em,
And if they are not Parasites, they must grant
For beauty without art, though you storme at it,
I may take the righ hand side.

Gonzaga. Well said i'faith;
I see faire women on no termes will yeeld
Priority in beauty.

Camiol. Downe proud heart!
Why doe I rise up in defence of that,

The Maid of Honour.

Which, in my cherishing of it, hath vndone mee.
No Madam, I recant, you are all beauty,
Goodnesse, and vertue, and poore I not worthy
As a soyle to set you off; enioy your conquest
But doe not tyrannize. Yet as I am
In my lownesse from your height, you may looke on me,
And in your suffrage to me, make him know
That though to all men else I did appeare
The shame and scorne of women, hee stands bound
To hold me as her master-piece.

Roberto. By my life
You have shov'n your selfe of such an abject temper,
So poore, and low condition'd, as I grieve for
Your neerenesse to mee.

Ferd. I am chang'd in my
Opinion of you Lady, and professe
The vertues of your minde, an ample fortune
For an absolute Monarch.

Gonzaga. Since you are resolv'd
To damne your selfe, in your forsaking of
Your noble order for a woman, doe it
For this. You may search through the world, and meet not
With such another *Phoenix*.

Aurel. On the sudden
I feele all fires of love quench'd in the water
Of compassion, make your peace; you have
My free consent; for here I doe disclaime
All interest in you: and to further your
Desires, faire Maid, compos'd of worth and honour,
The dispensation procur'd by mee,
Frceing *Bertoldo* from his vow, makes way
To your embraces.

Bertol. Oh, how have I stray'd,
And wilfully, out of the noble tract
Mark'd mee by vertue! 'Till now, I was never
Truely a prisoner; to excuse my late
Captivity, I might alleage the malice
Of fortune; you that conquer'd me confessing

Courage,

The Maid of Honour.

Courage in my defence was no way wanting
But now I have surrendred up my strengths
Into the power of vice, and on my forehead
Branded with mine owne hand in capitall letters
Disloyall, and Ingratefull, though barr'd from
Humane society, and his'd into
Some desert nere yet haunted with the curses
Of men and women, sitting as a judge
Vpon my guilty selfe, I must confesse
It justly falls upon me, and one teare
Shed in compassion of my suffrings more.
Then I can hope for. *Cam.* This compunct ion
For the wrong that you have done me, though you should
Fix here, and your true sorrow move no further,
Will in respect I lov'd once, make these eies
Two springs of sorrow for you.

Ber. In your pittie
My cruelty shewes more monstrous, yet I am not,
Though most ingrattull, grown to such a height
Of impudence, as in my wishes onely
To aske your pardon. If as now I fall
Prostrate before your feete, you will vouchsafe
To act your owne revenge, treading upon me
As a viper eating through the bowels of
Your benefits, to whom with libertie
I owe my being, 'twill take from the burthen
That now is insupportable. *Cam.* Pray you rise,
As I wish peace, and quiet to my soule
I do forgive you heartily, yet excuse me:
Though I deny my selfe a blessing that
By the favour of the Dutchesse seconded,
With your submission is offer'd to me
Let not the reason I alleage for't grieve you,
You have been false once. I have done. And if
When I am married (as this day I will be)
As a perfitt signe of your attonement with me
You wish me joy, I will receive it for

The Maid of Honour.

Full satisfaction of all obligations
In which you stand bound to me.

Ber. I will doe it,
And what's more, in despite of sorrow, live
To see my selfe vndone, beyond all hope
To be made up againe.

Syl. My blood begins
To come to my heart againe.

Cam. Pray you *Signior Syl.*
Call in the holy Frier. Hee's prepar'd
For finishing the worke.

Syl. I knew I was
The man. Heaven make mee thankfull

Rob. Who is this ?

Ast. His Father was the banker of *Palermo*,
And this the heyre of his great wealth, his wisdom
Was not hereditarie.

Syl. Though you know me not,
Your Majesty owes me a round Sum, I have
A seale, or two to witnesse, yet if you please
To weare my colours, and dance at my wedding.
I'll never sue you.

Rob. And I'll grant your suite,

Syl. Gracions *Maddona*, Noble, Generall,
Brave Captaines and my quondam rivalls wear 'em
Since I am confident you dare not harbour
A thought, but that way curreant. *Exit*

Aurel. For my part
I cannot ghesse the issue.

Enter Syl. with

Syl. Do your duty,
And with all speed you can, you may despatch us.

Paulo. Thus as a principal ornament to the Church
I seafe her. *All.* How.

Rob. So young and foreligious.

Paul. She has forfooke the world.

Syl. And *Sylis* too,
I shall run mad.

Syl. thrust off

Rob. Hence with the foole, proceede Sir

Paul.

The Maid of Honour.

Par. Looke on this maid of honor now
Truely honor'd in her vow
She payes to heaven, vaine delight
By day, or pleasure of, the night,
She no more thinkes of this faire haire
(Fayours for great kings to weare)
Must now be shorn. Her rich array
Chang'd into a homely gray.
The dainties with which she was fed
And her proud flesh pampered,
Must not be tasted, from the spring,
For wine, cold water we will bring
And with fasting mortifie
The feasts of sensuality.
Her jewells, beads, and she must looke
Not in a glasse, but holy booke;
To teach her the nere erring way
To immortality. O may
She as she purposes to be
A Child new borne to piety,
Persever in in it, and good men
With Saints and Angels say Amen
Cam. This is the marriage! this the port! to which
My vowes must steere me, fill my spreading sayles
With the pure wind of your devotions for me,
That I may touch the secure haven, where
Eternall happinesse keepes her residence,
Temptation's to frailty never entring.
I am dead to the world, and thus dispose
Of what I leave behind me, and dividing
My state into three parts, I thus bequeath it.
The first to the faire Nunnery, to which
I dedicate the last, and better part
Of my fraile life; a second portion
To pious uses; and the third to thee
Adorni, for thy true and faithfull service.
And ere I ~~may~~ take last farwel with hope
To finde a grant, my suite to you is that
You would for my sake pardon this young man

And

The Maid of Honour.

And to his merits love him, and no further.

Rob. I thus confirme it. *Gives his hand to Falgen.*

Cam. And as ere you hope *to Bertolde*
Like me to be made happy, I conjure you
To reassume your order; and in fighting
Bravely against the enemies of our faith
Redeeme your morgag'd honor.

Rob. I restore this *The wise crosse.*
Once more brothers in armes,

Ber. I'll live and die so.

Cam. To you my pious wishes. And to end
All differences, great Sir I beseech you
To be an arbitrator, and compound
The quarrell, long continuing betweene
The Duke and Dutchesse.

Rober. I'll take it into
My speciall care.

Cam. I am then at rest, now father *Exeunt Paulo.*
Conduct me where you please. *& Camiola.*

Rob. She well deserves
Her name, the Maid of Honor! May she stand
To all posterity, a faire example,
For noble Maides to imitate. Since to live
In wealth and pleasure is common; but to part with
Such poylon'd baits is rare, there being nothing
Vpon this Stage of life to be commended,
Though well begun, till it be fully ended, *Exeunt.*

The END.

