

THE DVKE
OF
MILLAINE.

A Tragedy.

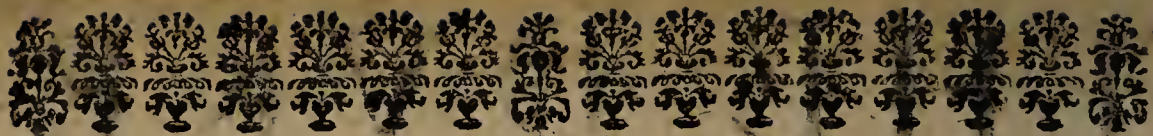
As it hath beene often acted by his
Majesties Servants, at the *Black-Friers*.

Written by PHILIP MASSINGER *Gent.*



LONDON,

Printed by *John Raworth* for *Edward Blackmore*, and
are to be sold at his shop, at the signe of the
Angel in *Pauls-Churchyard*. 1638.



The Names of the Actors.

Ludovico Sforza, *a supposed Duke of Millaine.*

Signior Francisco, *his especiall favourite.*

Tiberio. } *two Lords of his counsell.*

Stephano. }

Pescara, *a Marquesse and friend to Sforza.*

Craccho, *a creature of Mariana sister to Sforza.*

CHARLES, *the Emperour.*

Hernando. } *Captains to the Emperour.*

Medina. }

Marcelia, *the Dutches, wife to Sforza.*

Isabella, *mother to Sforza.*

Mariana, *wife to Francisco, sister to Sforza.*

Eugenia, *sister to Francisco.*

2. Posts.

A Beadle.

Waiters.

Mutes.

The



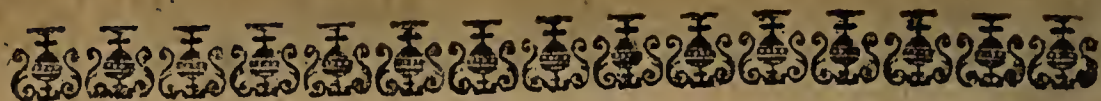
TO THE
RIGHT HONORABLE,
And much esteemed for her high
Birth, but more admired for her Vertue,
the Lady KATHERINE STANHOPE,
Wife to PHILIP LORD STANHOPE,
Baron of Shelford.

MADAM: If I were not most assured that
works of this nature, have found both pa-
tronage and protection, amongst the grea-
test Princes of Italy, and are at this day
cherished by persons most eminent in our
Kingdome, I should not presume to offer these my weak,
and imperfect labours, at the altar of your favour. Let
the example of others more knowing, and more experi-
enced in this kinde (if my boldnesse offend) pleade my
pardon, and the rather since there is no other means left
me (my misfortunes having cast me on this course (to
publish to the world (if it hold the least good opinion of
me) that I am ever your Ladiships creature. Vouchsafe
therefore, with the never failing clemency of your noble
disposition, not to contemne the tender of his duty, wha
while he is, will ever be.

An humble servant to your

Ladiship, and yours.

Phillip Massinger.



Upon this Worke of his beloved friend,
the AUTHOR.

I Am snapt already, and may go my way ;
The *Poet-Critick's* come, I heare him say,
This *Youth's* mistooke, *The Authors work's* a *Play*.

He could not misse it ; he will strait appeare
At such a baite ; 'Twas laid on purpose there
To take the *Vermine*, and I have him here.

Sirra, you will be nibbling ; a small bit,
(A syllable) when yo'are i'th hungry fit,
Will serve to stay the stomach of your wit.

Foole, Knave, what's worse ? for worse cannot deprave thee.
And were the *Devill* now instantly to have thee,
Thou canst not instance such a work to save thee.

'Mongst all the *Ballets* which thou dost compose,
And what thou stil' st thy *Poems*, ill as those,
And voyd of *Rime*, and *Reason*, thy worse *Prose*.

Yet like a rude *Iack-sauce* in *Poesie*,
With thoughts unblest, and hand unmannerly,
Ravishing branches from *Apolloes* tree.

Thou mak' st a garland (for thy touch unfit)
And boldly deck' st thy pig-brain'd sconce with it,
As if it were the *Supream-Head* of *Wit*.

The blamelesse *Muses* blush ; who not allow
That reverend *Order*, to each vulgar brow,
Whose sinfull touch profanes the holy *Bough*.

Hence (shallow *Prophet*) and admire the straine
Of thine owne *Pen*, or thy poore *Copesmat's* vaine-
This *Piece* too curious is, for thy course braine.

Here *Wit* (more fortunate) is joyn'd with *Art*,
And that most Sacred *Frenzie* beares a part
Infus'd by *Nature* in the *Poets* heart.

Here, may the *Puny-wits* themselves direct,
Here, may the *wisest* finde what to affect ;
And *Kings* may learne their proper *Dialect*.

On then, deare friend, Thy *Pen* thy *Name* shall spread ;
And should' st thou write, while thou shalt not be read,
Thy *Muse* must labour, when thy *Hand* is dead.



Act. Prima. Scæ. Prim.

Graccho, Iovio, Ciovanni, with flagons.

Gra **T**Ake every man his flagon : give the oath (kard,
To all you meet : I am this day, the State drun-
(I am sure against my will) And if you finde
A man at ten, that's sober, hee's a Traitor,
And in my name arrest him.

Io. Very good Sir :
But say he be a Sexton ?

Gra. If the Bells,
Ring out of tune, as if the street were burning,
And he cry 'tis rare musicke ; bid him sleep,
'Tis a signe he has took his liquor ; And if you meet
An Officer preaching of sobriety,
Vnlesse he reade it in *Geneva* print,
Lay him by the heeles.

Io. But think you 'tis a fault
To be found sober ?

Gra. It is Capitoll Treason,
Or if you mitigate it, Let such pay
Fourty crownes to the poore ; But give a Pension
To all the Magistrates you finde singing Catches,
Or their wives dancing ; For the Courtiers reeling,
And the Duke himselte, (I dare not say distemperd,
But kind, and in his tottering chaire carousing)
They do the Country service. If you meet,
One that eats bread, a childe of Ignorance,
And bread up in the darknesse of no drinking,
Against his will you may initiate him,
In the true posture, though he die in the taking
His drench, it skills not : What's a private man (on.
For the publike honor ? we have nought else to think
And so dear friends, Copartners in my travels
Drink hard, and let the health run through the City,

Vntill

The Duke of Millaine.

2 8
Vntill it reele againe : and with me cry :

Long live the Dutches.

Enter Tiberio, Stephano.

Io. Here are two Lords ; what think you ?

Shall we give the oath to them ?

Gra. Fie, no : I know them,

You need not swear 'em ; your Lord, by his patent
Stands bound to take his Rouse. Long live the Dutches.

Exit Gra. Io.

Step. The cause of this. But yesterday the Court
Wore the sad livery of distrust, and feare ;
No smile, not in a Buffon to be seen,
Or common Iester ; The great Duke himselfe,
Had sorrow in his face : which, waited on
By his Mother, Sister, and his fairest Dutches,
Disperst a silent mourning through all *Millaine* :
As if some great blow had been given the State,
Or were at least expected.

Tib. Stephano,

I know, as you are noble, you are honest,
And capable of secrets, of more weight,
Then now I shall deliver. If that *Sforza*,
The present Duke, (though his whole life hath been
But one continued pilgrimage, through dangers,
Affrights, and horrors : which his fortune guided
By his strong judgement, still hath overcome)
Appears now shaken, it deserves no wonder.
All that this youth hath laboured for : the harvest
Sowen by his industry, ready to be reapt too,
Being now at the stake ; And all his hopes confirm'd
Or lost for ever.

Step. I know no such hazard :

His guards are strong, and sure, his Coffers full,
The people well affected ; And so wisely (rages
His provident care hath wrought : that though war
In most parts of our Westerne world, there is
No enemy neere us.

Tib. Dangers that we see
To threaten ruine, are with ease prevented :

But

The Duke of Millaine.

32

But those strike deadly, that come unexpected;
The lightning is far off: yet soone as seen,
We may behold the terrible effects
That it produceth. But ile help your knowledge,
And make his cause of feare familiar to you.
The war so long continued between
The Emperour *Charles*, and *Francis* the French king,
Have interest'd in either cause, the most
Of the Italian Princes: Among which *Sforza*,
As one of greatest power, was fought by both,
But with assurance having one his friend,
The other liv'd his enemy.

Step. Tis true,
And 'twas a doubtfull choise.

Tib. But he, well knowing
And having too, (it seems) the Spanish pride,
Lent his assistance to the King of *France*:
Which hath so far iucenst the Emperour,
That all his hopes and honours are imbarkt,
With his great Patrons fortune.

Step. Which stands faire,
For ought I yet can heare.

Tib. But should it change,
The Duke's undone. They have drawn to the field
Two royall Armies, full of fiery youth,
Of equall spirit to dare, and power to do:
So neer entrencht, that 'tis beyond all hope,
Of humane counsell, they can ere be severd,
Vntill it be determin'd by the sword,
Who hath the better cause. For the successe,
Concludes the victor innocent, and the vanquisht
Most miserably guilty. How uuncertain
The fortune of the war is, children know;
And it being in suspence, on whose faire tent
Wing'd victory will make her glorious stand;
You cannot blame the Duke though he appeare
Perplext, and troubled.

Step. But why then,

The Duke of Millaine.

In such a time, when every knee should bend;
For the successe, and safety of his person,
Are these lowd triumphs? in my weak opinion,
They are unseasonable.

Tib. I judge so too;
But onely in the cause to be excus'd.
It is the Dutches birth-day: once a yeer
Solemniz'd, with all pompe and ceremony:
In which, the Duke is not his own, but hers:
Nay, every day indeed, he is her creature;
For never man so doted; but to tell
The tenth part of his fondnesse, to a stranger,
Would argue me of fiction.

Step. Shee's indeed,
A Lady of most exquisite forme.

Tib. Shee knows it,
And how to prize it.

Step. I ne're heard her tainted,
In any point of honour.

Tib. On my life,
Shees constant to his bed, and well deserves
His largest favours. But when beauty is
Stampt on great women, great in birth, and fortune,
And blowne by flatterers greater than it is,
'Tis seldome unaccompanied with pride;
Nor is she that way free. Presuming on
The Dukes affection, and her own desert,
Shee beares her selfe with such a Majestie,
Looking with scorne on all, as things beneath her;
That *Sforza's* mother, (that would loose no part
Of what was once her own:) Nor his faire sister,
(A Lady too acquainted with her worth)
Will brook it well; And howsoere, their hate,
Is smother'd for a time, 'Tis more than fear'd,
It will at length breake out.

Step. He, in whose power 'tis,
Turne all to the best!

Tib. Come, let us to the Court,

The Duke of Millaine.

We there shall see all bravery, and cost,
That Art can boast of.

Step. Ile beare you company.

Enter Francisco, Isabella, Mariana,

Ma. I will not goe, I scorne to be a spot
In her proud traine.

Isa. Shall I, that am his mother,
Be so indulgent, as to wait on her,
That owes me duty?

Fra. Tis done to the Duke,
And not to her. And my sweet wife remember,
And Madam, if you please, receive my counsell,
As *Sforza* is your sonne, you may command him;
And as a sister you may challenge from him,
A brothers love, and favour: But this granted,
Consider hee's the Prince, and you his subjects;
And not to question or contend with her,
Whom he is pleas'd to honour: Private men
Preferre their wives; and shall he being a Prince,
And blest with one that is the Paradise
Of sweetnesse, and of beauty, to whose charge
The stock of womens goodnesse is given up,
Not use her, like her selfe?

Isa. You are ever ferward,
To sing her praises.

Ma. Others are as faire,
I am sure as noble.

Fra. I detract from none,
In giving her, what's due. Were she deform'd,
Yet being the Dutches, I stand bound to serve her;
But as she is, to admire her. Never wife,
Met with a purer heat, her husbands fervour;
A happy paire, one in the other blest:
She confident in her selfe, hee's wholly hers,
And cannot seek for change: and he secure
That tis not in the power of man to tempt her.
And therefore, to contest with her that is
The stronger, and the better part of him,
Is more than folly; You know him of a nature,
Not to be play'd with: and should you forget

The Duke of Millaine.

To obey him as your Prince, hee'le not remember,
The duty that he owes you.

Isa. Tis but truth:

Come cleere our brows, and let us to the banquet,
But not to serve his idoll.

Ma. I shall do,

What may become the sifter of a Prince,
But will not stoope beneath it.

Fra. Yet be wise.

Sore not too high to fall, but stoope to rise. *Exeunt.*

Enter three gentlemen setting forth a banquet.

1. *G.* Quick, quick for loves sake, let the court put
Her choifest outside: Cost, and bravery (on
Be onely thought of.

2. *G.* All that may behad
To please the eye, the eare, taste, touch, or smell,
Are carefully provided.

3. *G.* Ther's a Masque,
Have you heard whats the invention?

1. *G.* No matter,
It is indeed for the Dutches honour:
And if it give her glorious attributes,
As the most faire, most vertuous, and the rest,
'Twill please the Duke. They come.

3. *G.* All is in order.

*Enter Tiberio, Stephano, Francisco, Sforza, Marcellia,
Isabella, Mariana, attendants.*

Sfo. You are the mistris of the Feast, sit here,
O my soules comfort: And when *Sforza* bows
Thus low to doe you honour, let none think
The meanest service they can pay my love,
But as a faire addition to those titles,
They stand posselt of: Let me glory in
My happinelle, and mighty Kings looke pale
With envie, while I triumph in mine owne.
O mother looke on her, sifter admire her:
And since this present age yeilds not a woman
Worthy to be her second, borrow of
Times past: and let imagination helpe
Of those canonizd Ladies *Sparta* boasts of.

And

The Duke of Millaine.

And, in her greatnesse, *Rome* was proud to owe
To fashion : and yet still you must confesse,
The *Phenix* of perfection nere was scene,
But in my faire *Marcellia*.

Fra. Shee's indeed
The wonder of all times.

Tib. Your Excellence
(Though I confesse you give her but her owne)
Enforces her modesty to the defence
Of a sweet blush.

Sfo. It need not my *Marcellia*;
When I most strive to praise thee, I appeare
A poore detracter : For thou art indeed
So perfect both in body, and in minde,
That, but to speak the least part to the height,
Would ask an Angellstongue ; and yet then end
In silent admiration.

Isab. You still court her,
As if she were a Mistris, not your Wife.

Sfo. A Mistris mother? she is more to me,
And every day deserves more to be su'd to.
Such as are cloy'd with those they have imbrac'd,
May think their wooing done : No night to me,
But is a Bridall one, where *Hymen* lights
His torches fresh, and new ; And those delights,
Which are not to be cloth'd in airy sounds,
Injoy'd, beget desires, as full of heat,
And Ioviall fervour, as when first I tasted
Her virgin fruit ; Blest night, and be it numbred
Amongst those happy ones, in which a blessing
Was by the full consent of all the Starres
Conferr'd upon mankind.

Marc. My worthiest Lord,
The onely object I behold with pleasure :
My pride, my glory, in a word my all ;
Beare witnessse *Heaven*, that I esteem my self
In nothing worthy of the meanest praise
You can bestow, unlesse it be in this,
That in my heart I love, and honour you.
And but that it would smell of arrogance,

The Duke of Millaine.

To speak my strong desire, and zeal to serve you :
I then could say, these eyes yet never saw
The rising Sun, but that my vows and prayers
Were sent to Heaven, for the prosperity
And safety of my Lord; Nor have I ever
Had other study, but how to appeare
Worthy your favour; and that my imbraces
Might yeeld a fruitfull harvest of content,
For all your noble travell, in the purchase
Of her, that's still your servant; By these lips,
(Which pardon me, that I presume to kisse)

Sfo. Oh sweet, for ever swear.

Marce. I ne're will seek
Delight, but in your pleasure : and desire,
When you are scated with all earthly glories,
And age, and honors make you fit for heaven,
That one Grave may receive us.

Sfo. Tis belev'd,
Belev'd, my blest one.

Mari. How she winds her selfe
Into his Soul?

Sfo. Sit all : Let others feed
On those grosse Cates, while *Sforza* banquets with
Immortall Viands, tane in at his eyes.
I could live ever thus. Command the Eunuch
To sing the Ditty that I last compos'd,
In praise of my *Marcelia*. From whence? *E. Post.*

Post. From *Pavia*, my dread Lord.

Sfo. Speak, is all lost?

Post. The Letter will informe you.

Fran. How his hand shakes,
As he receives it?

Mari. This is some allay To his hot passion.

Sfo. Though it bring death, ile read it.

May it please your Excellence to understand, that the very
houre I wrot this, I heard a bold defiance delivered by a He-
rald from the Emperour, which was cheerfully received by the
king of France. The battells being ready to joyne, and the vant-
gard committed to my charge, inforces me to end abruptly.

Your Highnes servant, Gaspero.
Ready

The Duke of Millaine.

Ready to joyne, By this, then I am nothing,
Or my estate secure.

Marc. My Lord.

Sfo. To doubt,
Is worse then to have lost : And to despaire,
Is but to antedate these miseries,
That must fall on us. All my hopes depending
Vpon this battells fortune ; In my soul
Methinks there should be that imperious power,
By supernaturall, not usuall means,
T'informe me what I am. The cause considerd,
Why should I feare? The French are bold and strong,
Their numbers full, and their counsells wise :
But then, the haughty Spaniard is all Fire,
Hot in his executions ; Fortunate
In his attempts ; Married to victorie :
I, there it is that shakes me.

Franc. Excellent Lady :
This day was dedicated to your Honour :
One gale of your sweet breath will easily
Disperse these Clouds : And, but your self, ther's none
That dare speak to him.

Marc. I will run the hazard.
My Lord ?

Sf. Ha ! Pardon me *Marcellia*, I am troubled ;
And stand uncertain, whether I am Master
Of ought that's worth the owning.

Marc. I am yours Sir ;
And I have heard you swear, I being safe,
There was no losse could move you. This day, Sir,
Is by your gift made mine : Can you revoke
A Grant made to *Marcellia*? Your *Marcellia* !
For whose love, nay, whose honour (gentle Sir)
All deep designs, and State affairs defer'd,
Be, as you purpos'd, merrie.

Sfo. Out of my sight,
And all thoughts that may strangle mirth forsake me.
Fall what can fall, I dare the worst of Fate ;
Though the foundation of the earth should shrink,
The glorious eye of heaven lose his splendor :

The Duke of Millaine.

Supported thus, I'll stand upon the ruines,
And seek for new life here. Why are you sad?
No other sports? By heaven he's not my friend,
That weares one furrow in his face. I was told
There was a Masque.

Fran. They wait your Highnes pleasure,
And when you please to have it.

Sfo. Bid 'em enter:
Come, make me happy yet once again. I am rapt,
'Tis not to day, to morrow, or the next,
But all my dayes, and yeres shall be imploy'd
To do thee honour.

Marc. And my life to serve you. *A Horne.*

Sfo. Another Post? Go hang him, hang him I say,
I will not interrupt my present pleasures,
Although his message should import my head:
Hang him, I say.

Marc. Nay, good Sir, I am pleas'd,
To grant a little intermission to you;
Who knows, but he brings news, we wish to hear,
To heighten our delights.

Sfo. As wise as faire. *Ent. another Post.*
From *Gaspero*?

Post. That was, my Lord.

Sfo. How, dead?

Post. With the delivery of this, and prayers
To guard your Excellence from certain dangers,
He ceast to be a Man.

Sfo. All that my feares
Could fashion to me, or my enemies wish
Is false upon me. Silence, that harsh musick,
'Tis now unseasonable; A tolling Bell,
As a sad Harbinger to tell me, that
This pamper'd lump of Flesh, must feast the Worms;
'Tis fitter for me; I am sick.

Marc. My Lord?

Sfo. Sick to the death, *Marcellia*; Remove (erud
These signes of mirth; they were ominous, and but usher
Sorrow and Ruine.

Marc. Blesse us heaven!

The Duke of Millaine.

Ifab. My Sonne.

Marc. What suddain change is this?

Sfo. All leave the room;

Ile bear alone the burden of my grief,
And must admit no partner. I am yet
Your Prince, Wher's your obedience? Stay *Marcellia*
I cannot be so greedy of a sorrow,
In which you must not share.

Marc. And chearfully

I will sustaine my part. Why look you pale?
Where is that wonted constancy, and courage,
That dar'd the worst of Fortune? Where is *Sforza*?
To whom all dangers that fright common men,
Appear'd but Panicque terrors? Why do you eye me
With such fixt looks? Love, Counsell, Duty, Service,
May flow from me, not danger.

Sfo. O *Marcellia*!

It is for thee I fear; For thee, thy *Sforza*
Shakes like a Coward; For my selfe, unmov'd;
I could have heard my troopes were cut in pieces,
My Generall slain; And he, on whom my hopes
Of Rule, of State, of Life, had their dependancy;
The King of France, my greatest friend, made prisoner
To so proud enemies.

Marc. Then you have just cause

To shew you are a Man.

Sfo. All this were nothing,

Though I adde to it, that I am assur'd
For giving aid to this unfortunate King,
The Emperour incenst, layes his command
On his victorious army, flesh'd with spoile,
And bold of conquest, to march up against me,
And seaze on my Estates: Suppose that done too,
The City tane, the Kennels running blood,
The ransackt Temples, falling on their Saints:
My Mother, in my sight, tost on their Pikes,
And Sister ravisht: and my selfe bound fast
In Chaines, to grace their triumph: Or what else,
An Enemies insolence could load me with,
I would be *Sforza* still; But when I think

That

The Duke of Millaine.

192
That my *Marcelia* (to whom all these
Are but as Atomes to the greatest hill)
Must suffer in my cause : And for me suffer ;
All earthly torments ; Nay, even those the damn'd
Howl for in hell ; are gentle strokes, compar'd
To what I feel *Marcelia*.

Marc. Good Sir, have patience :
I can as well partake your adverse fortune,
As I thus long have had an ample share,
In your prosperity. Tis not in the power
Of fate to alter me : For while I am,
In spite of't, I am yours.

Sfo. But should that will
To be so forc't *Marcelia*? And I live
To see those Eyes I prize above mine own,
Dart favours (though compell'd) upon another?
Or those sweet lips (yeelding immortall Nectar)
Be gently toucht by any but my selfe?
Think, think *Marcelia*, what a cursed thing
I were, beyond expression.

Marc. Do not feed
Those jealous thoughts ; The onely blessing that
Heaven hath bestow'd on us, more then on beasts,
Is, that tis in our pleasure when to die.
Besides, were I now in anothers power,
There are so many wayes to let out life,
I would not live for one short minute his ;
I was borne only yours, and I will die so.

Sfo. Angels reward the goodnesse of this woman :
All I can pay is nothing. Why uncal'd for? *E. Francis.*

Fran. It is of weight, Sir, that makes me thus presse
Vpon your privacies. Your constant friend
The Marquesse of *Pescara*, tyr'd with haste,
Hath businesse that concernes your life and fortunes,
And with speed to impart.

Sfo. Wait on him hither ; *Ex. Francis.*
And dearest to thy Closet : Let thy prayers
Assist my counsells.

Marc. To spare imprecations
Against my selfe ; without you I am nothing. *Exit Marc.*
Sfor.

The Duke of Millaine.

Sf. The Marquesse of Pescara; a great Souldier?
And though he serv'd upon the adverse party,
Ever my constant friend.

Enter Francisco, Pescara.

Fras. Yonder he walks,
Full of sad thoughts.

Pesc. Blame him not good *Francisco*.
He hath much cause to grieve: Would I might end so,
And not adde this, to feare.

Sf. My deare *Pescara*:
A miracle in these times, a friend and happy,
Cleaves to a falling fortune.

Pesc. If it were
As well in my weak power, in act to raise it,
As 'tis to beare a part of sorrow with you;
You then should have just cause to say, *Pescara*
Look'd not upon your State, but on your Vertues,
When he made suit to be writ in the List
Of those you favour'd. But my hast forbids
All complement. Thus then, Sir, to the purpose.
The cause that unattended brought me hither,
Was not to tell you of your losse, or danger;
For Fame hath many wings to bring ill tidings,
And I presume you have heard it: But to give you such,
Such friendly counsell, as perhaps may make
Your sad disaster lesse.

Sf. You are all goodnesse,
And I give up my selfe to be dispos'd of,
As in your wisdom you think fit.

Sf. Thus then, Sir.
To hope you can hold out against the Emperour,
Were flattery in your selfe, to your undoing;
Therefore the safest course that you can take,
Is, to give up your selfe to his discretion,
Before you be compell'd. For rest assur'd,
A voluntary yielding may find grace,
And will admit defence, at least excuse:
But should you linger doubtfull, till his Powers
Have seis'd your Person, and Estates perforce,
You must expect extreames.

The Duke of Millaine.

14
Sf. I understand you,
And I will put your counsell into act,
And speedily: I only will take order
For some domesticall affaires, that do
Concern me neerly, and with the next Sun
Ride with you; in the mean time, my best friend,
Pray take your rest.

Pesc. Indeed, I have travell'd hard,
And will imbrace your counsell.

Sf. With all care
Attend my noble friend. Stay you, *Francisco*,
You see how things stand with me?

Fra. To my grief:
And if the losse of my poore life could be
A Sacrifice to restore them, as they were,
I willingly would lay it down.

Sf. I think so;
For I have ever found you true, and thankfull,
Which makes me love the building I have rais'd,
In your advancement: And repent no grace
I have conferr'd upon you: And believe me,
Though now I should repeat my favours to you,
The Titles I have given you, and the means
Sutable to your honours, that I thought you
Worthy my Sister, and my Family,
And in my Dukedome made you next my self;
It is not to upbraid you: But to tell you,
I find you are worthy of them in your love,
And service to me.

Fra. Sir, I am your Creature:
And any shape, that you would have me weare,
I gladly will put on.

Sf. Thus then, *Francisco*;
I now am to deliver to your trust
A weighty secret; Of so strange a nature,
And 'twill I know appeare so monstrous to you,
That you will tremble in the execution,
As much as I am tortur'd to command it:
For 'tis a deed so horrid, that but to heare it,
Would strike into a Russian flesh'd in murders,

The Duke of Millaine.

Or an obdurate Hang-man, soft compassion;
And yet *Francisco* (of all Men the dearest,
And from me most deserving) such my state,
And strange condition is, that thou alone
Must know the fatall service, and perform it.

Fran. These preparations, Sir, to work a stranger,
Or to one unacquainted with your bounties,
Might appeare usefull: But to me, they are
Needlesse impertinences: For I dare do
What ere you dare command.

Sf. But thou must sweare it,
And put into thy Oath, all joyes, all torments
That fright the wicked, or confirm the good;
Not to conceal it only, that is nothing;
But whensoe'r my will shall speak, strike now,
To fall upon't like Thunder.

Fran. Minister
The Oath, in any way, or form you please,
I stand resolv'd to take it.

Sf. Thou must do then
What no malevolent Star will dare to look on,
It is so wicked: For which men will curse thee,
For being the Instrument: and the blest Angells
For sake me at my need, for being the author:
For 'tis a deed of Night, of Night *Francisco*,
In which the memory of all good actions,
We can pretend to, shall be buried quick;
Or if we be remembred, it shall be
To fright posterity by our example;
That have out-gone all presidents of villains,
That were before us: and such as succeed,
Though taught in hells black school, shall ne'r come neere us.
Art thou not shaken yet?

Fra. I grant you move me:
But to a man confirm'd.

Sf. He try your temper:
What think you of my wife?

Fran. As a thing sacred:
To whose faire Name, and memory, I pay gladly
These signes of duty.

The Duke of Millaine.

Sf. Is she not the abstract
Of all that's rare, or to be wish'd in Woman?

Fran. It were a kind of blasphemy to dispute it :
But to the purpose Sir.

Sf. Adde to her goodnesse,
Her tendernesse of me, her care to please me,
Her unsuspected chastity, ne're equall'd :
Her innocence, her honour : O I am lost :
In th' ocean of her vertues, and her graces,
When I think of them.

Fran. Now I find the end
Of all your conjurations : There's some service
To be done for this sweet Lady ; If she have enemies
That she would have remov'd ?

Sf. Alas *Francisco*,
Her greatest enemy is her greatest lover,
Yet in that hatred, her idolater.
One smile of hers would make salvage tame ;
One accent of that tongue would calm the Seas,
Though all the winds at once strove there for Empire.
Yet I, for whom she thinks all this too little,
Should miscarry in this present journey,
(From whence it is all number to a cypher,
I ne'r return with honour) by thy hand
Must have her murdered.

Fran. Murther'd ? She that loves so,
And so deserves to be belov'd againe ?
And I (who sometimes you were pleas'd to favour)
Pick'd out the instrument ?

Sf. Do not flie off :
What is decreed can never be recall'd ;
Tis more than love to her that marks her out,
A wish'd companion to me in both fortunes :
And strong assurance of thy zealous faith,
That gives up to thy trust a secret, that
Racks should not have forc'd from me. O *Francisco* !
There is no heaven without her ; nor a hell,
Where she resides. I ask from her but justice,
And what I would have payd to her, had sicknesse,
Or any other accident divorc'd

The Duke of Millaine.

17

Her purer soule from his unspotted body.
The slavish Indian Princes when they die
Are cheerfully attended to the fire,
By the wife, and slave, that living they lov'd best,
To doe them service in another world :
Nor will I be lesse honour'd, that love more.
And therefore trifle not, but in thy looks
Expresse a ready purpose to perform
What I command, or by *Marcellia's* soule
This is thy latest minute.

Fran. Tis not feare
Of death, but love to you, makes me imbrace it ;
But for mine own security, when 'tis done,
What warrant have I? If you please to signe one,
I shall, though with unwillingnesse and horrou,
Perform your dreadfull charge.

Sf. I will *Francisco* ;
But still remember, that a Princes secrets
Are balm, conceal'd : but poyson, if discover'd.
I may come back ; then this is but a triall,
To purchase thee, if it were possible,
A neerer place in my affection ; but
I know thee honest.

Fran. Tis a Character
I will not part with,

Sf. I may live to reward it.

Exeunt.

Act. Secund. Scæn. Prim.

Tiberio, Stephano.

Ste. How, left the Court ?

Tib. Without guard or retinue
Fitting a Prince.

Ste. No enemy neere to force him ?
To leave his own strengths, yet deliver up
Himselfe, as twere in bonds, to the discretion
Of him that hates him ? 'Tis beyond example :
You never heard the motives that induc'd him
To this strange course ?

Tsb. No, those are Cabinet councels,

The Duke of Millaine.

And not to be communicated, but
To such as are his owne, and sure; Alas,
We fill up empty places, and in publick
Are taught to give our suffrages to that,
Which was before determin'd: And are safe so;
Signiour *Francisco* (upon whom alone
His absolute power is with all strength conferr'd,
During his absence) can with ease resolve you.
To me they are Riddles.

Steph. Well, he shall not be,
My *Oedipus*; He rather dwell in darknesse.
But my good Lord *Tiberio*, This *Francisco*
Is on the suddain strangely rais'd.

Tib. O Sir,
He took the thriving course: He had a Sister,
A faire one too; With whom (as it is rumour'd)
The Duke was too familiar; But she cast off,
(What promises soever past between them)
Vpon the sight of this, forsook the Court,
And since was never seen; To smother this
(As Honours never faile to purchase silence)
Francisco first was grac'd, and step by step
Is rais'd up to this height.

Steph. But how is his absence born?

Tib. Sadly it seems
By the Dutchesse: For since he left the Court,
For the most part she hath kept her private chamber,
No visitants admitted; In the Church
She hath been seene to pay her pure devotions,
Season'd with teares: And sure her sorrow's true,
Or deeply counterfeited; Pomp and State,
And bravery cast off: And she that lately
Rival'd *Poppæa* in her vari'd shapes,
Or the *Ægyptian Queen*; Now, widow-like,
In sable colours (as her husbands dangers
Strangled in her the use of any pleasure)
Mourns for his absence.

Steph. It becomes her Vertue,
And does confirm what was reported of her.

Tib. You take it right; But on the other side,

The Duke of Millaine.

The darling of his Mother *Mariana*,
As there were an Antipathy between
Her, and the Dutchesse passions: and as
Sh'ad no dependance on her brothers fortune,
She ne'r appear'd so full of mirth.

Ste. Tis strange.

But see, her favorite; and accompany'd,
To your report.

*Enter Graccho
with Fiddlers.*

Grac. You shall scrape, and Ile sing,
A scurvie Ditty, to a scurvie tune,
Rejine who dares.

Fid. But if we should offend,
The Dutches having silenc'd us; and these Lords,
Stand by to heare us.

Grac. They in Name are Lords,
But I am one in power; And for the Dutches,
But yesterday we were merry for her pleasure,
We now'l be for my Ladies.

Tib. Signiour *Graccho*.

Gra. A poore man, Sir, a Servant to the Princesse:
But you, great Lords, and Counsellors of State,
Whom I stand bound to reverence.

Tib. Come, we know
You are a man in grace.

Gra. Fie, no: I grant,
I beare my fortunes patiently; Serve the Princesse,
And have successe at all times to her closet,
Such is my impudence: when your grave Lordships
Are masters of the modesty, to attend
Three hours, nay somtimes foure; and then bid wait
Vpon her the next morning.

Ste. He derides us.

Ti. Pray you, what newes is stirring? you know all.

Gra. Who, I? alas, I have no intelligence
At home, nor abroad: I on'y somtimes guesse
The change of times; I should ask of your Lordships
Who are to keep their Honours, who to lose 'em;
Who the Dutches smil'd on last, or on whom frown'd,
You only can resolve me: we poore waiters
Deal (as you see) in mirth, and foolish fiddles:

The Duke of Millaine.

It is our element, and could you tell me
What point of State 'tis, that I am commanded
To master up this musick, on mine honesty,
You should much befriend me.

Ste. Sirra, you grow faucie.

Tib. And would be layd by the heeles.

Grac. Not by your Lordships,
Without a speciall warrant; look to your own stakes;
Were I committed, here come those would bale me:
Perhaps we might change places too.

Tib. The Princesse; *Ent.* *Isabella, Mariana,*
We must be patient.

Ste. There's no contending.

Tib. See, the informing rogue.

Ste. That we should stoop
To such a Mushrome.

Mari. Thou dost mistake; they durst not
Use the least word of scorn, although provok'd,
To any thing of mine. Goe, get you home,
And to your servants, friends, and flatterers, number
How many descents you are noble; Look to your wives too,
The smooth-chind Courtiers are abroad.

Tib. No way, to be a Free-man? *Ex. Tib. Steph.*

Grac. Your Excellence hath the best gift to dispatch
These Arras pictures of Nobility,
I ever read of.

Mari. I can speak somtimes.

Gra. And cover so your bitter Pills, with sweetnes
Of Princely language to forbid reply,
They are greedily swallow'd.

Isab. But, the purpose Daughter,
That brings us hither: is it to bestow
A visit on this Woman? That, because
She only would be thought truly to grieve
The absence, and the dangers of my Son,
Proclames a generall sadnesse?

Mari. If to vex her,
May be interpreted to do her honour,
She shall have many of 'em; Ile make use
Of my short Raign: my Lord now governs all;

And

The Duke of Millaine.

And she shall know, that her Idolater,
My Brother, being not by, now to protect her,
I am her equall.

Grac. Of a little thing,
It is so full of Gall: a Devill of this size,
Should they run for a wager to be spitefull,
Gets not a Hors-head of her.

Mari. On her Birth-day
We were forc'd to be merry; and now she's musty
We must be sad, on pain of her displeasure;
We will, we will. This is her private Chamber,
Where like an Hypocrite, not a true Turtle,
She seems to mourn her absent Mate, her Servants
Attending her like Mutes: But I'll speak to her,
And in a high Key too, play any thing
Thac's light and loud enough but to torment her,
And we will have rare sport. *Song.* *Marcellia*

Isab. She frowns, as if *above in black.*
Her looks could fright us.

Mari. May it please your greatnesse,
We heard that your late Physick hath not work'd,
And that breeds melancholly, as your Doctor tells us;
To purge which, we that are born your Highnes vassals,
And are to play the fools to do you service,
Present you with a fit of mirth: what think you
Of a new Antick?

Isab. 'T would show rare in Ladies.

Mari. Being intended for so sweet a creature,
Were she but pleas'd to grace it.

Isab. Fie, she will,
Be it nere so mean; she's made of courtesie.

Mari. The Mistris of all hearts; one smile I pray you
On your poore servants, or a Fidlers fee;
Comming from those faire hands, though but a Ducat,
We will inshrine it as a holy relique.

Isab. 'Tis wormwood, and it works.

Marc. If I lay by
My feares, and griefs (in which you should be sharers)
If dotting age could let you but remember,
You have a son; or frontlesse impudence,

The Duke of Millaine.

You are a sister; and in making answer,
To what was most unfit for me to speak,
Or me to heare: borrow of my just anger.

Isab. A set speech on my life.

Mari. Penn'd by her Chaplain.

Marce. Yes, it can speak, without instruction speak;
And tell your want of manners, that y'are rude,
And sawcily rude, too.

Grac. Now the game begins.

Marce. You durst not els on any hire, or hope,
(Rememb'ring what I am, and whose I am)
Put on the desperate boldnesse, to disturb
The least of my retirements.

Mari. Note her now.

Marce. For both shall understand; though th'one presume
Vpon the priviledge due to a Mother,
The Duke stands now on his own legs, and needs
No nurse to lead him.

Isab. How, a nurse?

Marce. A dry one,
And uselesse too: But I am mercifull,
And dotage signes your pardon.

Isab. I defie thee,
Thee, and thy pardons, proud one.

Marce. For you, Puppet.

Mari. What of me? Pine-tree.

Marce. Little you are, I grant;
And have as little worth, but much lesse wit;
You durst not else, the Duke being wholly mine,
His power and honour mine, and the allegiance,
You owe him, as a subject, due to me.

Mari. To you?

Marce. To me: And therefore as a Vassall,
From this houre learn to serve me, or, you'l feele,
I must make use of my authority,
And as a Princessse punish it.

Isab. A Princessse?

Mari. I had rather be a slave unto a Moore,
Thanknow thee for my equall.

Isab. Scornfull thing,

The Duke of Millaine.

Proud of a white face.

Mari. Let her but remember
The issue in her leg :

Isa. The charge, she puts
The State to, for Perfumes.

Mari. And, howsoere
She seems, when she's made up ; as she's her self,
She stinks above ground. O that I could reach you,
The little one you scorn so, with her nailes,
Would teare your painted face, and scratch those eyes out.
Do but come down.

Marc. Were there no other way,
But leaping on thy neck, to break mine own,
Rather than be outbrav'd thus.

Grac. Forty Ducats
Vpon the little Hen ; she's of the kind,
And will not leave the Pit.

Mari. That it were lawfull
To meet her with a ponyard, and a pistoll ; *Ent. Marce.*
But these weak hands shall shew my spleen. *below.*

Marc. Where are you ? You Modicum, you Dwarf.

Mari. Here, Giantesse, here. *Ent. Francisco.*

Fran. A tumult in the Court ? *Tib. Steph.*

Mari. Let her come on.

Fran. What wind hath rais'd this tempest ?
Sever 'em, I command you. What's the cause ?
Speak *Mariana.*

Mari. I am out of breath ;
But we shall meet, we shall. And do you heare, Sir,
Or right me on this Monster (she's three foot
Too high for a woman) or nere look to have
A quiet hoare with me.

Isab. If my Son were here,
And would endure this ; May a Mothers curse
Pursue, and overtake him.

Fran. O forbear,
In me he's present, both in power and will ;
And Madam, I much grieve, that in his absence,
There should arise the least distast to move you :
It being his principall, nay only charge,

The Duke of Millaine.

24 To have you in his absence serv'd, and honour'd,
As when himself perform'd the willing office.

Mari. This is fine, yfaith.

Grac. I would I were well off.

Franc. And therefore beseech you, Madam, frown not
(Till most unwittingly he hath deserv'd it)

On your poore Servant; To your Excellence,
I euer was, and will be such: and lay

The Dukes authority, trusted to me,
With willingnesse at your feet.

Mari. O base.

Isab. We are like to have an equall judge.

Franc. But should I find
That you are touch'd in any point of honour,

Or that the least neglect is false upon you,
I then stand up a Prince

Fidl. Without reward,

Pray you dismiss us.

Grac. Would I were five leagues hence.

Franc. I will be partial to none, not to my self,
Be you but pleas'd to shew me my offence;

Or if you hold me in your good opinion,
Name those that have offended you.

Isab. I am one,
And I will justifie it.

Mari. Thou art a base fellow,
To take her part.

Fran. Remember, she's the Dutches.

Marc. But us'd with more contempt, than if I were
A Peasants Daughter; Bayted, and hooted at

Like to a common Strumpet: With loud noises,
Forc'd from my prayers: and my private Chamber,

(Which with all willingnes I would make my prison,
During the absence of my Lord) deny'd me.

But if he e'r return—

Fran. Were you an Actor
In this lewd Comedy?

Mari. I marry was I,
And will be one again.

Isab. I

The Duke of Millaine.

Ifab. Ple joyn with her,
Though you repine at it.

Franco. Think not then, I speak
(For I stand bound to honour, and to serve you)
But that the Duke, that lives in this great Lady,
For the contempt of him, in her commands you
To be close Prisoners.

Ifa. Mari. Prisoners?

Franco. Beare them hente.
This is your charge my Lord *Tiberio*,
And *Stephano*, this is yours.

Marc. I am not cruell,
But pleas'd they may have liberty.

Ifab. Pleas'd, with a mischief.

Mari. Ple rather live in any loathsome dungeon,
Than in a Paradise, at her intreaty
And, for you upstart.

Steph. There is no contending.

Tib. What shall become of these?

Fran. See them well whipt,
As you will answer it.

Tib. Now Signior *Graccho*,
What's become of your greatnesse?

Grac. I preach patience,
And must endure my fortune.

Fidl. I was never yet
At such a hunt-up, nor was so rewarded.

Fr. Let them first know themselves, and how you are
To be serv'd and honour'd: which, when they confesse,
You may again receive them to your favour:
And then it will shew nobly.

Marc. With my thanks,
The Duke shall pay you his, if he return
To blesse us with his presence.

Fra. There is nothing
That can be added to your faire acceptance:
That is the prize, indeed; all else, are blanks,
And of no value. As in vertuous actions,
The undertaker finds a full reward,
Although conferr'd upon unthankfull men;

The Duke of Millaine.

So, any service done to so much sweetnesse,
(However dangerous, and subject to
An ill construction) in your favour finds
A wish'd and glorious end.

Marc. From you, I take this,
As loyall duty, but in any other,
It would appeare grosse flattery.

Franc. Flattery, Madam?
You are so rare, and excellent in all things,
And rais'd so high upon a Rock of goodnesse,
As that vice cannot reach you; who, but looks on
This Temple built by Nature to Perfection,
But must bow to it: and out of that zeal,
Not onely learne to adore it, but to love it.

Marc. Whither will this fellow?

Franc. Pardon therefore Madam,
If an excesse in me of humble duty,
Teach me to hope (and though it be not in
The power of Man to merit such a blessing)
My piety (for it is more then love)
May find reward.

Marc. You have it in my thanks :
And on my hand, I am pleas'd that you shall take
A full possession of it. But take heed,
That you fix here, and feed no hope beyond this ;
If you do, 'twill prove fatall.

Franc. Be it death,
And death with torments, Tyrants ne'r found out;
Yet I must say, I love you.

Marc. As a Subject,
And 'twill become you.

Franc. Farewell circumstance :
And since you are not pleas'd to understand me,
But by a plaine and usuall forme of speech :
All superstitious reverence laid by,
I love you as a Man, and as a Man
I would enjoy you. Why do you start, and fly me?
I am no monster, and you but a Woman :
A Woman made to yeeld, and by example
Told it is lawfull; Favours of this nature,

The Duke of Millaine.

Are, in our age, no miracles in the greatest:
And therefore Lady—

Marc. Keep off. O you Powers!
Libidinous Beast, and ad to that unthankfull
(A crime, which Creatures wanting reason, flie from)
Are all the Princely bounties, favours, honours,
Which with some prejudice to his own wisdom,
Thy Lord, and Raiser hath conferr'd upon thee,
In three daies absence buried? Hath he made thee
(A thing obscure, almost without a name)
The envie of great Fortunes? Have I grac'd thee,
Beyond thy rank? and entertain'd thee, as
A friend, and not a Servant? and is this,
This impudent attempt, to taint mine Honour,
The faire return of both our ventur'd favours?

Fran. Heare my excuse.

Marc. The Devill may plead mercie,
And with as much assurance, as thou yield one.
Burns Lust so hot in thee? Or, is thy pride
Grown up to such a height, that, but a Princeesse,
No woman can content thee? And ad to that,
His wife, and Princeesse to whom thou art ty'd
In all the bonds of Duty? Read my life,
And find one act of mine so loosely carried,
That could invite a most self-loving Foole,
Set of, with all that fortune could throw on him,
To the least hope to find way to my favour:
And (what's the worst mine enemies could wish me)
I'll be thy Strumpet.

Fran. Tis acknowledg'd Madam,
That your whole course of life hath been a pattern
For chaste, and vertuous women; In your beauty
(Which I first saw, and lov'd) as a faire Chrystall,
I read your heavenly mind, cleare and untainted;
And (while the Duke did prize you to your value
(Could it have been in Man to pay that Duty)
I well might envie him, but durst not hope
To stop you in your full careere of goodnesse:
But now I find, that he's fal'n from his fortune,
And (howsoever he would appeare doting)

The Duke of Millaine.

78
Growne cold in his affection : I presume,
From his most barbarous neglect of you,
To offer my true service: Nor stand I bound,
To look back on the curtesies of him,
That of all living Men, is most unthankfull.

Marc. Unheard-of impudence!

Fran. Youle say I am modest,
When I have told the Story. Can he taxe me
(That have receiv'd some worldly trifles from him)
For being ingratefull? When, he that first tasted,
And hath so long enjoy'd your sweet embraces
(In which, all blessings that our fraile condition
Is capable of, is wholly comprehended)
As cloy'd with happinesse, contemns the giver
Of his felicity? And, as he reach'd not
The master-piece of mischief, which he aims at,
Vnlesse he pay those favours he stands bound to,
With fell and deadly hate? You think he loves you,
With unexampled fervour : Nay, dotes on you,
As there were something in you more then woman :
When on my knowledge he long hath wisht,
You were among the dead : And I, you scorne so,
Perhaps am your preserver.

Marc. Blesse me good Angels,
Or I am blasted. Lies; so false, and wicked
And fashion'd to so damnable a purpose,
Cannot be spoken by a humane tongue.
My husband, hate me? Give thy selfe the lie,
False, and accurst; Thy soul (if thou hast any)
Can witness, never Lady stood so bound,
To the unfain'd affection of her Lord,
As I do to my *Sforza*. If thou would'st work
Vpon my weak credulity, Tell me rather,
That the Earth moves; The Sun and Stars stand still;
The Ocean keeps nor Floods, nor Ebbs; Or that
Ther's peace between the Lion and the Lambe;
Or that the ravenous Eagle and the Dove
Keep in one Ayery, and bring up their young;
Or any thing that is averse to nature,
And I will sooner credit it, than that

The Duke of Millaine.

29

My Lord can think of me, but as a Jewell,
He loves more than himself, and all the world.

Fran. O innocence, abus'd! Simplicity coulen'd!
It were a sin, for which we have no name,
To keep you longer in this wilfull error.
Read his affection here; And then observe
How deare he holds you; Tis his Character,
Which cunning yet could never counterfeit.

Marce. Tis his hand, I am resolv'd of't.
I'll try what the Inscription is.

Fran. Pray you do so.

Mar. You know my pleasure, and the houre of *Marcelias*
death, which faile not to execute, as you will answer the con-
trarie, not with your Head alone, but with the ruine of your
whole Familie. And this written with mine owne Hand,
and Signed with my privie Signet, shall bee your sufficient
warrant.

Ludovico Sforza.

I do obey it, every word's a Ponyard,
And reaches to my Heart.

She swoones.

Fran. What have I done?

Madam, for Heavens sake, Madam. O my Fate!
I'll bend her body: This is yet some pleasure,
I'll kisse her into a new life. Deare Lady:
She stirres: For the Dukes sake, for *Sforza's* sake.

Marc. *Sforza's*? stand off: Though dead, I will be his,
And even my ashes shall abhorre the touch
Of any other. O unkind, and cruell.

Learn women, learn to trust one another;
There is no faith in Man: *Sforza* is false,
False to *Marcelia*.

Fran. But I am true,

And live to make you happy. All the pomp,
State, and observance you had being his,
Compar'd to what you shall enjoy, when mine,
Shall be no more remembred. Lose his memory,
And look with chearfull beams on your new Creature,
And know what he hath plotted for your good,
Fate cannot alter. If the Emperour
Take not his life, at his return he dies,
And by my hand: My wife that is his Heire,

1e Shall quickly follow ; Then we Raigne alone,
For with this arme I'll swim through seas of blood,
Or make a bridge, arch'd with the bones of Men,
But I will grasp my aimes in you my dearest,
Dearest, and best of women.

Marc. Thou art a Villain :
All attributes of arch-villains made into one,
Cannot expresse thee. I preferre the hate
Of *Sforza*, though it mark me for the Grave,
Before thy base affection. I am yet
Pure, and unspotted, in my true love to him ;
Nor shall it be corrupted, though he's tainted ;
Nor will I part with innocence, because
He is found guilty. For thy self, thou art
A thing, that equall with the Devill himself,
I do detest and scorn.

Fran. Thou then art nothing :
Thy life is in my power, disdainfull woman :
Think on't, and tremble.

Marc. No, though thou wert now
To play thy hang-mans part. Thou well maist be
My Executioner, and art only fit
For such imployment ; But nere hope to have
The least grace from me. I will never see thee,
But as the shame of Men ; So with my curies
Of horreur to thy Conscience in this life ;
And pains in hell hereafter : I spit at thee,
And making hast to make my peace with heaven,
Expect thee as my hang-man. *Ex. Marc.*

Fra. I am lost,
In the discovery of this fatall secret.
Curs'd hope that flatter'd me, that wrongs could make her
A stranger to her goodnesse ; All my plots
Turn back upon my self ; But I am in,
And must goe on : And since I have put off
From the Shoare of Innocence, Guilt be thou my Pilot.
Revenge first wrought me, Murder's his Twin-brother,
One deadly Sin then help to cure another.

The Duke of Millaine.

31 38

Act. Ter. Scæn. Prim.

Enter Medina, Hernando, Alphonso.

Med. The spoil, the spoil, 'tis that the souldier fights for ;
Our victory as yet affords us nothing,
But wounds, and empty honour. We have past
The hazard of a dreadfull day, and forc'd
A passage with our swords through all the dangers,
That Page-like wait on the successe of warre :
And now we expect reward.

Her. Hell put it in
The enemies mind to be desperate, and hold out !
Yeeldings, and compositions will undoe us ;
And what is that way given, for the most part,
Comes to the Emperours Coffers, to defray
The charge of the great action (as 'tis rumour'd)
When usually, some Thing in Grace (that nere heard
The Canons roaring Tongue, but at a triumph)
Puts in, and for his intercession shares
All that we fought for : The poore souldier left
To starve, or fill up Hospitalls.

Al. But when
We enter towns by force, and carve our selves
Pleasure with pillage, and the richest wines
Open our shrunk veins, and poure into 'em
New blood, and fervor.

Med. I long to be at it ;
To see these Chuffs, that every day may spend
A souldiers entertainment for a yeare,
Yet make a third meal of a bunch of Raysons ;
These Sponges that suck up a Kingdomes fat
Batning their *Scarabes* in the dung of peace)
To be squees'd out by the rough hand of warre ;
And all that their whole lives have heap'd together,
By counsage, perjury, or sordid thrift,
With one gripe to be ravish'd.

Her. I would be towfing
Their faire *Madona's*, that in little dogs,
Monkies, and Paraquito's consume thousands ;
Yet for th'advancement of a noble action,

The Duke of Millaine.

Repine to part with a poore piece of Eight :
Wars plagues upon 'em : I have seen 'em stop
Their scornfull noses first, then seem to swone
At sight of a Buffe-jerkin, if it were not
Perfum'd, and hid with gold : Yet these nice wantons
(Spurd on by Lust, cover'd in some disguise,
To meet some rough Court Stallion, and be leap'd)
Durst enter into any common Brothell,
Though all varieties of stinke contend there ;
Yet praise the entertainment.

Med. I may live,
To see the tatteredst Raskals of my troope,
Drag 'em out of their closets, with a vengeance :
When neither threatning, flattering, kneeling, howling
Can ransom one poore jewell, or redeem
Themselves from their blunt woing.

Her. My maine hope is,
To begin the sport at *Millaine* : Ther's enough
And of all kinds of pleasure we can wish for,
To satisfie the most covetous.

Alph. Every day
We look for a remove.

Med. For *Lodowick Sforza*
The Duke of *Millaine*, I, on mine owne knowledge,
Can say thus much ; He is too much a Souldier,
Too confident of his owne worth, too rich too ;
And understands too well, the Emperour hates him,
To hope for composition.

Alph. On my life,
We need not feare his comming in.

Her. On mine,
I do not wish it : I had rather that
To shew his valour, hee'd put us to the trouble
To fetch him in by the Eares. *Med.* The Emperour.

Enter Charles the Emperour, Pescara, &c. Attendants.

Charl. You make me wonder (Nay it is no counsell,
You may partake it, Gentlemen) who would have thought,
That he that scorn'd our profer'd amity,
When he was sued to, should, ere he be summon'd,
(Whether perswaded to it by base feare,

The Duke of Millaine.

Or flatter'd by false hope, which 'tis uncertaine)
First kneel for mercy?

Med. When your Majesty,
Shall please to instruct us, who it is, we may
Admire it with you.

Charl. Who, but the Duke of *Millaine*,
The right hand of the French: Of all that stand
In our displeasure, whom necessity
Compels to seek our favour, I would have sworne
Sforza had been the last.

Her. And should be writ so,
In the List of those you pardon. Would his City
Had rather held us out a Siege like *Troy*,
Then by a fain'd submission, he should cheat you
Of a just revenge; Or us, of those faire glories
We have sweat blood to purchase.

Med. With your honour
You cannot heare him.

Alph. The sack alone of *Millaine*
Will pay the army.

Charl. I am not so weak,
To be wrought on as you feare; nor ignorant
That money is the sinew of the Warre;
And what terms soever he seek peace,
'Tis in our power to grant it, or deny it.
Yet for our glory, and to shew him that
We have brought him on his knees; it is resolv'd
To heare him as a Suppliant. Bring him in;
But let him see the effects of our just anger,
In the Guard that you make for him.

Ex. Pescara.

Hern. I am now
Familiar with the issue (all plagues on it)
He will appeare in some dejected habit,
His countenance sutable; and for his order,
A rope about his neck; then kneel, and tell
Old stories, what a worthy thing it is
To have power, and not to use it; then adde to that
A tale of King *Tigranes*, and great *Pompey*,
Who said (forsooth, and wisely) 'Twas more honour
To make a King, then kill one: which, applied

The Duke of Millaine.

340

To the Emperour, and himself, a Pardons granted
To him, an Enemy ; and we his servants,
Condemn'd to beggery.

Med. Yonder he comes, *Ent. Sforza.*
But not as you expected.

Alph. He looks, as if
He would out-face his dangers.

Hern. I am coulen'd :
A suitor in the Devils name. *Med.* Hear him speak.

Sfor. I come not (Emperor) to invade thy mercy,
By fawning on thy fortune ; nor bring with me
Excuses, or denials. I professe
(And with a good mans confidence, even this instant,
That I am in thy power) I was thine enemy ;
Thy deadly and vow'd enemy ; One that wisht
Confusion to thy Person and Estates ;
And with my utmost powers, and deepest counsels
(Had they been truly followed) further'd it :
Nor will I now, although my neck were under
The Hang-mans axe, with one poore fillable
Confesse, but that I honour'd the French King,
More then thy selfe, and all men.

Med. By Saint *Iaques*,
This is no flattery.

Her. There is fire and spirit in't ;
But not long liv'd, I hope.

Sfo. Now give me leave,
(My hate against thy selfe, and love to him
Freely acknowledg'd) to give up the reasons
That made me so affected. In my wants
I ever found him faithfull ; had supplies
Of men and monies from him ; and my hopes
Quite sunk, were by his Grace bouy'd up againe :
He was indeed to me, as my good Angel,
To guard me from all dangers. I dare speak
(Nay must and will) his praise now, in as high
And loud a key, as when he was thy equall.
The benefits he sow'd in me, met not
Vnthankfull ground, but yeilded him his own.
With faire increase, and I still glory in it.

And

The Duke of Millaine.

34C

And though my fortunes (poore compar'd to his,
And *Millain* weigh'd with *France*, appears as nothing)
Are in thy fury burnt : Let it be mentioned,
They serv'd but as small tapers to attend
The solemne flame at this great funerall :
And with them I will gladly waste my selfe,
Rather then undergo the imputation,
Of being base or unthankfull. *Alp.* Nobly spoken.

Her. I do begin, I know not why, to hate him
Lesse then I did.

Sfor. If that then to be gratefull
For curtesies receiv'd ; or not to leave
A friend in his necessities, be a crime
Amongst you Spaniards (which other Nations
That like you aim'd at Empire, lov'd, and cherish
Where e're they found it) *Sforza* brings his head
To pay the forfeit : Nor come I as a slave,
Pinion'd and fetter'd, in a squallid weed,
Falling before thy feet, kneeling and howling
For a forestall'd remission ; that were poore,
And would but shame thy victory : For conquest
Over base foes, is a captivity,
And not a triumph. I nere fear'd to die,
More then I wisht to live, When I had reach'd
My ends in being a Duke, I wore these robes,
This Crown upon my head, and to my side
This Sword was girt ; and witness truth, that now
'Tis in anothers power when I shall part
With them and life together, I am the same,
My Veines then did not swell with pride ; nor now
They shrink for feare : Know Sir, that *Sforza* stands
Prepar'd for either fortune.

Her. As I live,
I do begin strangely to love this fellow ;
And could part with three quarters of my share
In the promis'd spoile, to save him.

Sfo. But if example
Of my fidelity to the French (whose honours,
Titles, and glories, are now mixt with yours ;
As Brooks devour'd by Rivers, loose their names)

The Duke of Millaine.

32e

Has power to invite you to make him a friend,
That hath given evident proof, he knowes to love,
And to be thankfull; This my Crown, now yours,
You may restore me; And in me instruct
These brave Commanders (should your fortune change,
Which now I wish not) what they may expect
From noble enemies for being faithfull.
The charges of the warre I will defray,
And what you may not without hazard force,
Bring freely to you: I'll prevent the cries
Of murder'd infants, and of raviſhd Maids,
Which in a City ſack'd call on Heavens justice,
And ſtop the courſe of glorious victories.
And when I know the Captains and the Souldiers
That have in the late battell done beſt ſervice,
And are to be rewarded; I my ſelf
According to their quality and merits)
Will ſee them largely recompenc'd. I have ſaid,
And now expect my ſentence.

Alph. By this light,
Tis a brave Gentleman.

Med. How like a block
The Emperour fits?

Her. He hath deliver'd reaſons,
Eſpecially in his purpoſe to enrich
Such as fought bravely (I my ſelf am one,
I care not who knowes it) as I wonder, that
He can be ſo ſtupid. Now he begins to ſtirre,
Mercie an't be thy will.

Charl. Thou haſt ſo farre
Outgone my expectation, noble *Sforza*,
(For ſuch I hold thee) and true conſtancie,
Raiſ'd on a brave foundation, bears ſuch palm,
And priviledge with it; that where we behold it,
Though in an enemy, it does command us
To love and honour it. By my future hopes,
I am glad for thy ſake, that in ſeeking favour,
Thou didſt not borrow of vice: be indirect,
Crooked, and abject means: and for mine own,
(That ſince my purpoſes muſt now be chang'd

The Duke of Millaine.

378

Touching thy life and fortunes) the world cannot
Taxe me of levity in my settled councells ;
I being neither wrought by tempting bribes,
Nor servile flattery ; but forc'd unto it,
By a faire war of vertue. *Hern.* This sounds well.

Charl. All former passages of hate be buried ;
For thus with open arms I meet thy love,
And as a friend imbrace it : and so farre
I am from robbing thee of the least honour,
That with my hands, to make it sit the faster,
I set thy Crown once more upon thy head :
And do not only stile thee Duke of *Millain*,
But vow to keep thee so : Yet not to take
From others, to give only to my self,
I will not hinder your magnificence
To my Commanders, neither will I urge it,
But in that, as in all things els, I leave you
To be your own disposer. *Florish. Ex. Charl.*

Sf. May I live
To seale my loyalty, though with losse of life,
In some brave service worthy *Cesars* favour,
And I shall die most happy. Gentlemen,
Receive me to your loves, and if henceforth
There can arise a difference between us,
It shall be in a noble emulation,
Who hath the fairest sword, or dare go farthest
To fight for *Charles* the Emperour.

Hern. We imbrace you,
As one well read in all the points of honour,
And there we are your schollers.

Sf. True, but such
As farre out-strip the Master ; we'l contend
In love hereafter; in the mean time pray you,
Let me discharge my debt, and as in earnest
Of whats to come, divide this Cabinet :
In the small body of it there are jewells,
Will yeild a hundred thousand Pistolets,
Which honour me to receive.

Med. You bind us to you.

Sf. And when great *Charles* commands me to his presence,

The Duke of Millaine.

If you will please to excuse my abrupt departure,
Designes that most concern me, next this mercie,
Calling me home, I shall hereafter meet you,
And gratifie the favour.

Her. In this and all things we are your servants.

Sf. A name I ever owe you. *Ex. Med. Her. Alph.*

Pesc. So, Sir, this tempest is well over-blown,
And all things fall out to our wishes. But
In my opinion, this quick return,
Before you have made a party in the Court
Among the great ones (for these needy Captains
Have little power in peace) may beget danger,
At least suspicion.

Sf. Where true honour lives,
Doubt hath no being, I desire no pawn
Beyond an Emperours word for my assurance:
Besides, *Pescara*, to thy self of all men
I will confesse my weaknesse, though my State
And Crown's restored me, though I am in grace,
And that a little stay might be a step
To greater honours, I must hence. Alas,
I live not here, my wife, my wife, *Pescara*,
Being absent, I am dead. Prethee excuse,
And do not chide for friendship sake my fondnesse,
But ride along with me; Ple give you reasons,
And strong ones, to plead for me.

Pesc. Vile your own pleasure,
Ile beare you company.

Sf. Farewell grief, I am stor'd with
Two blessings most desir'd in humane life,
A constant friend, an unsuspected wife.

ACT. Ter. Scæ. Secunda.

Enter Graccho, Officer.

Offic. What I did, I had warrant for; you have tasted
My office gently, and for those soft strokes,
Flea-bitings to the jerks I could have lent you,
There does belong a feeling.

Grac. Must I pay
For being tormented and dishonour'd?

The Duke of Millaine.

Off. Fie no,

Your honour's not impair'd in't: What's the letting out
Of a little corrupt bloud, and the next way too?
There is no Chirurgion like me to take off
A Courtiers itch that's rampant at great Ladies,
Or turns knave for preferment, or growes proud
Of their rich Clokes, or Sutes, though got by brokage,
And so forgets his betters.

Grac. Very good Sir,
But I am the first man of quality,
That ere came under your fingers?

Off. Not by a thousand,
And they have said I have a lucky hand too,
Both men and women of all sorts have bow'd
Vnder this Scepter. I have had a fellow
That could indite forsooth, and make fine meeter
To tinkle in the eares of ignorant Madams,
That for defaming of great men was sent me
Thredbare and lousie, and in three daies after
Discharged by another that set him on, I have seen him
Cap a pe gallant, and his stripes wash'd off
With oile of Angells. Grac. Twas a soveraign cure.

Off. There was a Secretary too, that would not be
Conformable to Orders of the Church,
Nor yeild to any argument of reason,
But still rail at authority, brought to me,
When I had worm'd his tongue, and trussed his hanches,
Grew a fine Pulpet man, and was benefic'd.
Had not he cause to thank me?

Grac. There was phyfick
Was to the purpose.

Off. Now for women,
For your more consolation I could tell you
Twenty fine stories, but Ile end in one,
And tis the last that's memorable.

Grac. Prethee do,
For I grow weary of thee.

Off. There was lately
A fine she waiter in the Court, that doted
Extreamly of a Gentleman, that had

The Duke of Millaine.

40
His maine dependance on a Signiors favour
(I will not name) but could not compasse him
On any tearms. This wanton at dead midnight
Was found at the exercife behind the Arras
With the 'foreſaid Signior ; he got cleare off,
But ſhe was ſeiz'd on, and to ſave his honour,
Indur'd the laſh : and though I made her often
Curvet and caper, ſhe would never tell
Who play'd at push-pin with her.

Grac. But what follow'd ?

Prethee be brief.

Off. Why this Sir, She delivered,
Had ſtore of Crowns aſſign'd her by her patron,
Who forc'd the Gentleman to ſave her credit,
To marry her, and ſay he was the party
Found in Lobs pound. So, ſhe that before gladly
Would have bin his whore, raigns o're him as his wife,
Nor dares he grumble at it. Speak but truth then,
Is not my Office luckie ?

Grac. Goe, ther's for thee,
But what will be my fortune ?

Off. If you thrive not
After that ſoft correction, come again.

Grac. I thank you knave.

Off. And then knave, I will fit you. *Ex. Officer.*

Grac. Whipt like a Rogue? no lighter puniſhment ſtrive
To ballance with a little mirth : 'tis well,
My credit ſunk for ever, I am now
Fit company, onely for Pages and for Foot-boyes,
That have perus'd the Porters Lodge.

*Enter two
Gentlemen.*

1 G. See *Julio*,
Yonder the proud ſlave is, how he looks now
After his caſtigation ?

2 G. As he came
From a cloſe fight at Sea under the Hatches,
With a ſhe Dunkerk, that was ſhot before
Between winde and weather,
And he hath ſprung a Leak too, or I 'me couſen'd.

1 G. Let's be merry with him.

Grac. How they ſtare at me ? am I turn'd to an Owle ?

The Duke of Millaine.

The wonder Gentlemen?

2 G. I read this morning
Strange stories of the passive fortitude
Of men in former ages, which I thought
Impossible, and not to be believ'd.
But now I look on you, my wonder ceases.

Grac. The reason Sir?

2 G. Why Sir you have been whipt
Whipt Signior *Graccho*: and the whip I take it,
Is to a Gentleman, the greatest tryall
That may be of his patience.

Grac. Sir, I'll call you
To a strickt account for this.

2 G. I'll not deale with you,
Vnlesse I have a Beadle for my second,
And then i'll answer you.

1 G. Farewell poore *Graccho*. *Ex. Gent.*

Grac. Better and better still; if ever wrongs
Could teach a wretch to find the way to vengeance,
Hell now inspire me. How, the Lord Protector! *Ent. Franc.*
My Iudge I thanke him. Whither thus in private? *and servant*
I will not see him.

Fran. If I am sought for,
Say I am indispos'd, and will not heare
Of Suits, or Suitors.

Ser. But Sir, if the Princeesse
Enquire, what shall I answer?

Franc. Say, I am rid
Abroad to take the ayre, but by no means
Let her know I am in Court.

Ser. So I shall tell her. *Exit servant.*

Franc. Within there, Ladies. *Enter a Gentlewoman.*

Gent. My good Lord, your pleasure?

Fran. Prethee let me beg thy favour for access
To the Dutches

Gent. In good sooth my Lord, I dare not,
She's very private.

Franc. Come ther's gold to buy thee
A new gowne, and a rich one. *This will tempt me.*

Gent. I once swore

The Duke of Millaine.

42 Ife're I lost my maiden-head, it should be
With a great Lord as you are, and I know not how,
I feele a yeelding inclination in me,
If you have appetite.

Fran. Pox on thy maiden-head,
Where is thy Lady?

Gent. If you venter on her,
Shee's walking in the Gallery, perhaps
You will finde her lesse tractable. *Fra.* Bring me to her.

Gent. I fear you'll have cold entertainment, when
You are at your journey's end, and 'twere discretion
To take a snatch by the way.

Fran. Prethee leave fooling,
My Page waits in the Lobby, give him sweet meats,
He is train'd up for his Masters ease,
And he will coole thee. *Ex. Fran. and Gentlw.*

Grac. A brave discovery beyond my hope,
A plot even offer'd to my hand to worke on;
If I am dull now, may I live and die
The scorne of wormes and slaves; let me consider,
My Lady and her mother first committed
In the favour of the Dutches, and I whipt,
That, with an iron pen is writ in brasse
On my tough heart, now grown a harder mettall,
And all his brib'd approaches to the Dutches
To be conceal'd; good, good: this to my Lady,
Deliver'd as i'le order it, runs her mad.
But this may prove but Courtship, let it be,
I care not, so it feed her jealousy. *Exit.*

Act. Ter. Scæn. Ter.

Enter Marcelia, Francisco.

Marc. Beleeve thy teares or oaths? Can it be hop'd,
After a practise so abhor'd and horred,
Repentance e're can find thee?

Fran. Deare Lady,
Great in your fortune, greater in your goodnesse,
Make a superlative of excellence,
In being greatest in your saving mercy.
I do confesse, humbly confesse my fault,

The Duke of Millaine.

43

To be beyond all pity; my attempt,
So barbarously rude, that it would turne
A Saint-like patience into savage fury:
But you that are all innocence and vertue,
No spleen nor anger in you of a woman,
But when a holy zeal to piety fires you,
May, if you please, impute the fault to love,
Or call it beastly lust, for 'tis no better.
A sin, a monstrous sin, yet with it, many
That did prove good men after, have been tempted;
And though I am crooked now, 'tis in your powre
To make me straight againe.

Marc. Is't possible

This can be cunning?

Fran. But if no submission,

Nor prayers can appease you, that you may know,
'Tis not the fear of death makes me sue thus,
But a loath'd detestation of my madnesse,
Which makes me wish to live to have your pardon;
I will not wait the sentence of the Duke
(Since his returne is doubtfull) but I my selfe
Will do a fearefull justice on my selfe,
No witnesse by but you, there being no more
When I offended: yet before I do it,
For I perceive in you no signes of mercy,
I will disclose a secret, which dying with me,
May prove your ruine.

Marc. Speak it, it will take from

The burthen of thy conscience.

Fran. Thus then Madam,

The warrant by my Lord sign'd for your death,
Was but conditionall; but you must sweare
By your unspotted truth, not to reveale it,
Or I end here abruptly.

Marc. By my hopes

Of joyes hereafter; or

Fran. Nor was it hate

That forc'd him to it, but excesse of love;
And if I e're returne, so said great *Sforza*,
No living man deserving to enjoy

My

The Duke of Millaine.

My best *Marcelia*. With the first newes
That I am dead, for no man after me
Might e're enjoy her, but till certain proof
Assure thee I am lost (these were his words)
Observe and honour her as if the seale
Of womans goodnesse only dwelt in hers.
This trust I have abus'd, and basely wrong'd;
And if the excelling pity of your mind
Cannot forgive it, as I dare not hope it,
Rather than look on my offended Lord,
I stand resolv'd to punish it.

— Faile not
to kill her.

Marce. Hold, tis forgiven,
And by me freely pard'ned. In thy faire life
Hereafter study to deserve this bounty
With thy true penitence (such I believe it)
Against my resolution hath forc'd from me,
But that my Lord, my *Sforza* should esteem
My life fit only as a Page, to wait on
The various course of his uncertain fortunes,
Or cherish in himself that sensuall hope
In death to know me as a wife, afflicts me,
Nor does his envie lesse deserve mine anger,
Which though (such is my love) I would not nourish,
Will slack the ardor that I had to see him
Return in safety.

Franc. But if your entertainment
Should give the least ground to his jealousy,
To raise up an opinion I am false,
You then destroy your mercie. Therefore Madam
(Though I shall ever look on you, as on
My lives preserver, and the miracle
Of humane pittie) would you but vouchsafe,
In company to do methose faire graces,
And favours which your innocencie and honour
May safely warrant, it would to the Duke
(I being to your best self alone known guilty)
Make me appeare most innocent.

Marce. Have your wishes;
And somthing I may do to try his temper,
At least to make him know his constant wife

The Duke of Millaine.

Is not so slav'd to her husbands dotting humours,
But that she may deserve to live a widow,
Her fate appointing it.

Fran. It is enough.

Nay all I could desire, and will make way
To my revenge, which shall disperse it self
On him, on her, and all.

Marc. What shout is that?

Tib. All ha, pinesse to the Dutcheffe, that may flow
From the Dukes new and wish'd return.

Marc. He's welcome.

Steph. How coldly she receives it?

Tib. Observe their encounter.

Enter Sforza, Pescara, Isabella, Mariana, Graccho, & the rest.

Mari. What you have told me *Graccho*, is believ'd,
And I'll find time to stirre in't.

Grac. As you see cause,
I will not do ill offices.

Sf. I have stood
Silent thus long *Marcellia*, expecting
When with more than a greedy hast thou wouldst
Have flown into my armes, and on my lips
Have printed a deep welcome. My desire
To glasse my self in these faire eyes, hath born me
With more than humane speed. Nor durst I stay
In any Temp'le, or to any Saint
To pay my vowes and thanks for my return,
Till I had seen thee.

Marc. Sir, I am most happy
To look upon you safe, and would expresse
My love and duty in a modest fashion,
Such as might sute with the behaviour
Of one that knowes her self a wife, and how
To temper her desires; not like a wanton
Fir'd with hot appetite; nor can it wrong me
To love discreetly.

Sf. How, why can there be
A mean in your affections to *Sforza*?
Or any act though nere so loose, that may
Invite or heighten appetite, appear

The Duke of Millaine.

46 Immodest or uncomly. Do not move me,
My passions to you are in extreames,
And know no bounds; come kisse me.

Marc. I obey you.

Sf. By all the joyes of love, she does salute me,
As if I were her Grand-father. What witch,
With curst spells hath quenched the amorous heat
That lived upon these lips? Tell me *Marcellia*,
And truly tell me, is't a fault of mine
That hath begot this coldnesse, or neglect
Of others in my abience?

Marc. Neither Sir,
I stand indebted to your Substitute,
Noble and good *Francisco*, for his care,
And faire observance of me: There was nothing,
With which you being present could supply me,
That I dare say I wanted. *Sf.* How!

Mar. The pleasures
That sacred *Hymen* warrants us excepted,
Of which in troth you are too great a doter,
And there is more of beast in it than man.
Let us love temperately; things violent last not;
And too much dotage rather argues folly,
Than true affection.

Grac. Observe but this,
And how she prais'd my Lords care and observance,
And then judge Madam, if my intelligence
Have any ground of truth.

Mari. No more, I mark it.

Step. How the Duke stands?

Tib. As he were rooted there,
And had no motion.

Pesc. My Lord, from whence
Growes this amazement;

Sf. It is more deare my friend,
For I am doubtfull whether I have a being,
But certain that my life's a burthen to me.
Take me back good *Pescara*, show me to *Cesar*
In all his rage and fury, I disclaim
His mercie, to live now, which is his gift,

The Duke of Millaine.

Is worse than death, and with all studied torments.
Marcellia is unkind, nay worse, grown cold
In her affection, my accessse of fervour,
Which it was never equall'd, grown distastfull.
But have thy wishes, woman, thou shalt know
That I can be my self, and thus shake off
The fetters of fond dotage. From my sight
Without reply, for I am apt to do
Somthing I may repent. O, who would place
His happinesse in most accursed woman,
In whom obsequiousnesse ingenders pride,
And harshnesse deadly. From this houre
Ile labour to forget there are such creatures ;
True friends be now my mistresses. Cleere your browes,
And though my heart-strings crack for't, I will be
To all a free example of delight :
We will have sports of all kinds, and propound
Rewards to such as can produce us new,
Vnsatisfy'd though we surfet in their store.
And never think on curs'd *Marcellia* more.

Ex.

Act. Quart. Scæn. Prim.

Enter Francisco, Graccho.

Fran. And is it possible thou should'st forget
A wrong of such a nature, and then study
My safety and content ?

Grac. Sir, but allow me
Onely to have read the elements of Courtship
(Not the abstruse and hidden acts to thrive there)
And you may please to grant me so much knowledge,
That injuries from one in grace, like you,
Are noble favours. *Is it not grown common*
In every sect for those that want, to suffer
From such as have to give ? Your Captain cast
If poore, though not thought daring, but approv'd so
To raise a coward into name, that's rich,
Suffers disgraces publickly, but receives
Rewards for them in private.

Fran. Well observ'd.
Put on, we'l be familiar, and discourse

The Duke of Millaine.

48
A little of this argument. That day,
In which it was first rumour'd, then confirm'd,
Great *Sforza* thought me worthy of his favour,
I found my selfe to be another thing,
Not what I was before. I passed then
For a pretty fellow, and of pretty parts too,
And was perhaps receiv'd so; but once rais'd,
The liberall Courtier made me Master of
Those vertues, which I nere knew in my self.
If I pretended to a jest, 'twas made one
By their interpretation. If I offer'd
To reason Philosophy, though absurdly,
They had helps to save me, and without a blush
Would sweare, that I by nature had more knowledge,
Than others could acquire by any labour.
Nay all I did indeed, which in another
Was not remarkable, in me shew'd rarely.

Grac. But then they tasted of your bounty.

Fran. True;

They gave me those good parts I was not born to,
And by my intercession they got that,
Which (had I cross'd them) they durst not have hop'd for.

Grac. All this is Oracle. And shall I then,
For a foolish whipping leave to honour him,
That holds the wheele of Fortune? No, that favors
Too much of th'ancient freedome; Since great men
Receive disgraces, and give thanks; poore knaves
Must have nor spleen, nor anger. Though I love
My limbs as well as any man, if you had now
A humour to kick me lame into an office,
Where I might sit in State, and undoe others,
Stood I not bound to kisse the foot that did it?
Though it seem strange, there hath been such things seen
In the memory of man.

Fran. But to the purpose;
And then, that service done, make thine own fortunes.
My wife, thou saist, is jealous, I am too
Familiar with the Dutchesse.

Grac. And incens'd
For her commitment in her brothers absence,

And

The Duke of Millaine.

419

And by her Mothers anger is spur'd on
To make discovery of it. This her purpose
Was trusted to my charge, which I declin'd
As much as in me lay, but finding her
Determinately bent to undertake it,
Though breaking my faith to her may destroy
My credit with your Lordship, I yet thought,
Though at my perill, I stood bound to reveale it.

Fran. I thank thy care, and will deserve this secret,
In making thee acquainted with a greater,
And of more moment. Come into my bosome,
And take it from me. Canst thou think dull *Graccho*,
My power and honours were conferr'd upon me,
And ad to them this forme, to have my pleasures
Confin'd and limited? I delight in change,
And sweet variety, that's my heaven on earth,
For which I love life only. I confesse,
My wife pleas'd me a day, the Dutches, two,
(And yet I must not say, I have enjoy'd her)
But now I care for neither. Therefore *Graccho*,
So farre I am from stopping *Mariana*.
In making her complaint, that I desire thee
To urge her to it.

Grac. That may prove your ruine,
The Duke already being, as 'tis reported,
Doubtfull she hath play'd false.

Fran. There thou art couzen'd;
His dotage like an ague keeps his course,
And now 'tis strongly on him. - But I lose time,
And therefore know, whether thou wilt or no,
Thou art to be my instrument, and in spight
Of the old sawe, that saies it is not safe,
On any termes to trust a man that's wrong'd,
I dare thee to be false.

Grac. This is a language
My Lord, I understand not.

Fran. You thought, sirrah,
To put a trick on me for the relation
Of what I knew before, and having wonne
Some weighty secret from me in revenge

The Duke of Millaine.

50
To play the traytor. Know thou wretched thing,
By my command thou wert whipt, and every day
I'le have thee freshly tortur'd, if thou misse
In the least charge that I impose upon thee,
Though what I speak, for the most part is true.
Nay, grant thou hadst a thousand witnesses
To be depos'd they heard it, 'tis in me
With one word (such is *Sforza's* confidence
Of my fidelity not to be shaken)
To make all void, and ruine my accusers.
Therefore look to't, bring my wife hotly on
T'accuse me to the Duke (I have an end in't)
Or think what 'tis makes man most miserable,
And that shall fall upon thee. Thou wert a foole
To hope by being acquainted with my courses
To curb and awe me, or that I should live
Thy slave, as thou didst sawcily divine.
For prying in my counsell, still live mine, *Ex. Fra.*

Grac. I am caught on both sides. This 'tis for a punie
In Policies *Protean* School to try conclusions
With one that hath commenc'd, and gone out; Doctour.
If I discover what but now he bragg'd of,
I shall not be believ'd. If I fall off
From him, his threats and actions go together.
And there's no hope of safety, till I get
A plummet, that may sound his deepest counsell.
I must obey and serve him. Want of skill
Now makes me play the rogue against my will. *Ex. Grac.*

Act. Quart. Scæn. Secund.

Enter Marcelia, Tiberio, Stephano, Gentlewoman.

Marc. Command me from his sight, and with such scorn
As he would rate his slave. *Tib.* 'Twas in his fury,

Steph. And he repents it Madam.

Marc. Was I born
T'observe his humours, or, because he dotes,
Must I run mad?

Tib. If that your Excellence
Would please but to receive a feeling knowledge
Of what he suffers, and how deep the least

Vnkindnesse

The Duke of Millaine.

Vnkindnesse wounds from you, you would excuse
His hasty language.

Steph. He hath payd the forfeit
Of his offence, I'm sure, with such a sorrow,
As, if it had been greater, would deserve
A full remission.

Marc. Why, perhaps he hath it,
And I stand more afflicted for his absence,
Than he can be for mine: So pray you, tell him.
But till I have digested some sad thoughts,
And reconcil'd passions that are at warre
Within my self, I purpose to be private.
And have you care, unlesse it be *Francisco*,
That no man be admitted. *Tib.* How, *Francisco*!

Steph. He that at every stage keeps liverie Mistresses,
The Stallion of the State!

Tib. They are things above us,
And so no way concern us.

Step. If I were
The Duke (*I* freely must confesse my weaknesse)
I should weare yellow breeches. Here he comes. *Ent. F*

Tib. Nay spare your labour, Lady, we know our *exit*,
And quit the roome.

Step. Is this her privacie?
Though with the hazard of a check, perhaps,
This may go to the Duke.

Marc. Your face is full
Of feares and doubts. The reason?

Franc. O best Madam,
They are not counterfeit. I your poore convert,
That only wish to live in sad repentance,
To mourn my desperate attempt of you,
That have no ends nor aimes, but that your goodnesse
Might be a witnessse of my penitence,
Which seen would teach you how to love your mercie,
Am robb'd of that last hope. The Duke, the Duke,
I more than feare, hath found that I am guilty.

Marc. By my unspotted honour, not from me,
Nor have I with him chang'd one syllable,
Since his return, but what you heard,

Franc.

The Duke of Millaine.

57
Fran. Yet, malice
Is Eagle-ey'd, and would see that which is not.
And jealousie's too apt to build upon
Vnsure foundations.

Marc. Jealousie?

Fran. It takes.

Marc. Who dares but only think, I can be tainted?
But for him, though almost on certaine proof,
To give it hearing, not beliefe, deserves
My hate for ever.

Fran. Whether grounded on
Your noble, yet chaste favours showne unto me,
Or her imprisonment, for her contempt
To you, by my command, my frantike wife
Hath put it in his head.

Marc. Have I then liv'd
So long, now to be doubted? Are my favours
The theams of her discourse? Or what I do,
That never trod in a suspected path,
Subject to base construction? Be undanted,
For now, as of a creature that is mine,
I rise up your Protectresse! All the grace
I hitherto have done you, was bestowed
With a shut hand. It shall be now more free,
Open, and liberall. But let it not,
Though counterfeited to the life, teach you
To nourish saucy hopes.

Fran. May I be blasted
When I prove such a monster.

Marc. I will stand then,
Between you, and all danger. He shall know,
Suspition o're-turnes, what confidence builds;
And he that dares but doubt, when ther's no ground,
Is neither to himselfe, nor others sound.

Ex. Marc.

Fran. So, let it work; her goodnesse, that deny'd
My service, branded with the name of Lust,
Shall now destroy it self. And she shall finde,
When hee's a sutor, that brings Cunning arm'd
With Power to be his Advocates the deniall
Is a disea'e as killing as the plague,
And Chastity a clew, that leads to death.

The Duke of Millaine.

Hold but thy nature, Duke, and be but rash,
And violent enough, and then at leasure
Repent. I care not.
And let my plots produce this long'd for birth
In my revenge I have my heaven on earth. *Ex. Fra.*

Act. Quart. Scæn. Tert.

Enter Sforza, Pescara, three Gentlemen.

Pesc. You promis'd to be merrie.

1. Gentlem. There are pleasures,
And of all kinds to entertain the time.

2. Gen. Your excellence vouchsafing to make choice
Of that, which best affects you.

Sf. Hold your prating.
Learne manners too, you are rude.

3. Gentlem. I have my answer.
Before I ask the question.

Pesc. I must borrow
The priviledge of a friend, and will, or else
I am, like these, a seruant, or what's worse,
A parasite to the sorrow, *Sforza* worships
In spite of reason.

Sf. Pray you use your freedome,
And so farre, if you please, allow me mine,
To heare you only, not to be compell'd
To take your morall potions. I am a man,
And though Philosophy your Mistris rage for't,
Now I have cause to grieve, I must be sad,
And I dare shew it.

Pesc. Would it were bestow'd
Vpon a worthier subject.

Sf. Take heed, friend.
You rub a sore, whose pain will make me mad
And I shall then forget my self and you.
Lance it no further.

Pesc. Have you stood the shock
Of thousand enemies, and out-fac'd the anger
Of a great Emperour, that vow'd your ruine,
Though by a desperate, a glorious way,
That had no President? Are you return'd with honor,

54

Lov'd by your subjects? Does your fortune court you,
Or rather say, your courage does command it?
Have you giv'n proof to this houre of your life,
Prosperity (that searches the best temper)
Could never puffe you up, nor adverse fate
Deject your valour? Shall I say, these vertues,
So many and so various trials of
Your constant mind, be buried in the frown
(To please you I will say so) of a faire woman?
Yet I have seen her equalls.

Sf. Good Pescara,

This language in another were prophane,
In you it is unmannerly. Her equall?
I tell you as a friend, and tell you plainly
(To all men else my sword should make reply)
Her goodnesse does disdain comparison,
And but her self admits no paralell.
But you will say she's crosse; 'tis fit she should be
When I am foolish; for she's wise, *Pescara,*
And knowes how farre she may dispose her bounties,
Her honour safe: or if she were averse,
'Twas a prevention of a greater sin
Ready to fall upon me, for she's not ignorant
But truly understands how much I love her,
And that her rare parts do deserve all honour;
Her excellence increasing with her yeares too,
I might have falne into idolatry,
And from the admiration of her worth,
Been taught to think there is no power above her,
And yet I do believe, had Angels sexes,
The most would be such women, and assume
No other shape, when they were to appeare
In their full glory.

Pesc. Well Sir, *P'le* not crosse you,
Nor labour to diminish your esteem
Hereafter of her, since your happinesse
(As you will have it) has alone dependance
Vpon her favour, from my soule I wish you
A faire attonement.

Sf. Time and my submission

*Enter Tib. &
Steph.*

The Duke of Millaine.

53

May work her to it. O! you are well return'd,
Say, am I blest? hath she vouchsaf'd to heare you?
Is there hope left that she may be appeas'd?
Let her propound, and gladly I'll subscribe
To her conditions.

Tib She Sir, yet is froward,
And desires respite, and some privacie.

Steph. She was harsh at first, but ere we parted, seem'd
Implacable.

Sf. Ther's comfort yet; I'll ply her
Each houre with new Embassadors of more honors,
Titles and eminence. My second selfe
Francisco, shall sollicit her.

Step. That a wile man,
And what is more a Prince, that may command,
Should sue thus poorely, and treat with his wife,
As she were a victorious enemy,
At whole proud feet himself, his State, and Countrey,
Basely begg'd mercie.

Sf. What is that you mutter?
I'll have thy thoughts.

Step. You shall, you are too fond,
And feed a pride that's swolne too big already,
And surfets with observance.

Sf. O my patience!
My vassall speak thus?

Step. Let my head answer it,
If I offend. She that you think a Saint,
I feare, may play the Devill? *Pesc.* Well said old fellow

Step. And he that hath so long ingross'd your favours,
Though to be nam'd with reverence, Let *Francisco*,
Who as you purpose shall sollicit for you,
I think's too neare her.

Pesc. Hold Sir, this is madnesse.

Step. It may be they conferre of winning Lordships,
I'm sure he's private with her.

Sf. Let me go.
I icorn to touch him, he deserves my pittie,
And not my anger, do not, and to be one
Is thy protection, else thou dost not think

The Duke of Millaine.

56
That love to my *Marcellia* hath left room
In my full heart for any jealous thought,
That idle passion dwell with thick-skind trades-men,
The undeserving Lord, or the unable,
Lock up thy own wise foole: that must take physick
From her youag Doctour upon her back,
Because thou hast the palsie in that part
That makes her active; I could smile to think
What wretched things they are that dare be jealous:
Were I match'd to another *Messaline*,
While I found merit in my self to please her,
I should beleve her chaste, and would not seek
To find out my own torment, but alas,
Enjoying one that but to me's a *Dian*,
I'm too secure.

Tib. This is a confidence
Beyond example.

Enter Grac.

Isab. Mari.

Grac. There he is, now speak,
Or be for ever silent.

Sfo. If you come
To bring me comfort, say that you have made
My peace with my *Marcellia*.

Isab. I had rather
Wait on you to your funerall.

Sfor. You are my Mother,
Or by her life you were dead else.

Mari. Would you were,
To your dishonour, and since dotage makes you
Wilfully blind, borrow of me my eyes,
Or some part of my spirit. Are you all flesh?
A limb of patience only? No fire in you?
But do your pleasure, here your mother was
Committed by your servant (for I scorn
To call him husband) and myself your sister,
If that you dare remember such a name,
Mew'd up to make the way open and free
For the adultresse, I am unwilling
To say a part of *Sforza*.

Sf. Take her head off,
She hath blasphem'd, and by our law must die.

Isab.

The Duke of Millaine.

Isab. Blasphem'd, for calling of a whore, a whore?

Sf. O hell, what do I suffer?

Mari. Or is it treason

For me that am a subject, to endeavour
To save the honour of the Duke, and that
He should not be a wittall on record.

For by posterity 'twill be believ'd
As certainly as now it can be prov'd,

Francisco the great Minion that swaies all,
To meet the chaste imbraces of the Dutches,
Hath leapt into her bed.

Sf. Some proof vile creature,
Or thou hast spoke thy last.

Mari. The publike fame,
Their houely private meetings, and even now
When under a pretence of grief or anger,
You are deny'd the joyes due to a husband,
And made a stranger to her, at all times
The doore stands open to him. To a Dutchman
This were enough, but to a right Italian
A hundred thousand witnesses.

Isab. Would you have us
To be her bawds?

Sf. O the malice
And envie of base women, that with horrou
Knowing their own defects and inward guilt,
Dare lie, and swear, and damne for what's most false,
To cast aspersions upon one untainted,
Y'are in your natures devills, and your ends
Knowing your reputation sunk for ever;
And not to be recover'd, to have all,
Weare your black livery. Wretches, you have rais'd
A monumentall Trophie to her purenesse,
In this your studied purpose to deprave her,
And all the shot made by your foule detraction,
Falling upon her sure-arm'd innocence,
Returns upon your selves, and if my love
Could suffer an addition, I'm so farre
From giving credit to you, this would teach me
More to admire and serve her, you are not worthy.

The Duke of Millaine.

58

To fall as sacrifices to appease her,
And therefore live till your own envie burst you.

Isab. All is in vain, he is not to be mov'd.

Mari. She has bewitch'd him.

Pesc. 'Tis so past belief,
To me it shewes a fable.

Ent. Franc. & servant.

Franc. On thy life
Provide my horses, and without the Port
With care attend me.

Serv. I shall my Lord. *Ex. ser.*

Grac. He's come.

What crack have we next?

Fran. Great Sir,

Sf. Francisco,

Though all the joyes in woman are fled from me,
In thee I do imbrace the full delight
That I can hope from man.

Franc. I would impart,
Please you to lend your eare, a weighty secret,
I am in labour to deliver to you.

Sf. All leave the room, excuse me good *Pescara.*
Ere long I will wait on you.

Pesc. You speak Sir,
The language I should use.

Sf. Be within call,
Perhaps We may have use of you.

Tib. We shall Sir.

Sf. Say on my Comfort.

Fran. Comfort? No, your torment,
For so my fate appoints me, I could curse
The house that gave me being.

Sf. What new monsters
Of miseries stand ready to devoure me?
Let them at once dispatch me.

Fran. Draw your sword then.
And as you wish your own peace, quickly kill me,
Consider not, but do it.

Sf. Art thou mad?

Fran. Or if to take my life be too much mercie,
As death indeed concludes all humane sorrows,
Cut off my nose and eares, pull out an eye,
The other only left to lend me light,
To see my own deformities: Why was I born

Without

The Duke of Millaine.

590
Without some mulet impos'd on me by nature?
Would from my youth a loathsome leprosie
Had run upon this face, or that my breath
Had been infectious, and so made me thund'
Of all societies: curs'd be he that taught me
Discourse or manners, or lent any grace
That makes the owner pleasing in the eye
Of wanton women, since those parts which others
Value as blessings, are to me afflictions,
Such my condition is.

Sfo. I am on the rack,
Dissolve this doubtfull riddle.

Fran. That I alone
Of all mankind that stand most bound to love you,
And study your content, should be appointed,
Not by my will, but forc'd by cruell fate
To be your greatest enemy; not to hold you
In this amazement longer, in a word,
Your Dutches loves me. *Sfo.* Loves thee?

Fran. Is mad for me,
Pursues me hourelly. *Sfo.* Oh!

Fran. And from hence grew
Her late neglect of you. *Sfo.* O women! women!

Fran. I labour'd to divert her by perswasion,
Then vrg'd your much love to her, and the danger;
Deny'd her, and with scorn. *Sfo.* 'Twas like thy selfe.

Fran. But when I saw her smile, then heard her say,
Your love and extreame dotage, as a Cloake
Should cover our embraces, and your power
Fright others from suspition, and all favours
That should preserve her in her innocence,
By lust inverted to be vs'd as Bawdes,
I could not but in duty (though I know
That the Relation kills in you all hope
Of peace hereafter, and in me 'twill shew
Both base and poore to rise up her accuser)
Freely discover it.

Sfo. Eternall plagues
Pursue and overtake her, for her sake
To all posterity may he prove a Cuckold,

And

The Duke of Millaine.

60

And like to me a thing so miserable
As words may not expresse him, that gives trust
To all deceiving women; or since it is
The will of heaven to preserve mankind,
That we must know, and couple with these serpents,
No wise man ever taught by my example
Hereafter use his wife with more respect,
Than he would do his Horse that does him service,
Base woman being in her creation made
A slave to man: but like a village nurse
Stand I now cursing, and considering, when
The tamest foole would do? Within these, *Stephano,*
Tiberto, and the rest; I will be suddain,
And she shall know and feele, love in extremes
Abus'd knowes no degree of hate. *Ent. Tib. Step. Guard.*

Tib. My Lord.

Sfor. Go to the Chamber of that wicked woman.

Step. What wicked woman, Sir?

Sf. The devill my wife.

Force a rude entry, and if she refuse
To follow you, drag her hither by the haire,
And know no pittie; any gentle usage
To her will call on cruelty from me
From such as shew it. Stand you staring! Go,
And put my will in act. *Step.* There's no disputing.

Tib. But 'tis a tempest on the suddain rais'd,
Who durst have dreamt of? *Ex. Tib. Step.*

Sf. Nay, since she dares damnation,
I'll be a fury to her.

Fran. Yet great Sir,
Exceed not in your fury, she's yet guilty
Only in her intent.

Sf. Intent *Francisco?*

It does include all fact. and I might sooner
Be won to pardon treason to my Crown,
Or one that kill'd my Father.

Fran. You are wise,
And know what's best to do; yet if you please
To prove her temper to the height, say only
That I am dead, and then observe how farre

The Duke of Millaine:

67

She'l be transported. I'll remove a little,
But be within your call: now to the upshot,
How e're I'll shift for one.

Ex. Fran.

Enter Tiberio, Stephano, Marcelia, Guard.

Marc. Where is this Monster?

This walking tree of jealousy, this dreamer,
This horned beast that would be? O are you here Sir?
Is it by your commandment or allowance,
I am thus basely us'd? Which of my vertues,
My labours, services, and care to please you
(For to a man suspicious and unthankfull,
Without a blush I may be mine own trumpet)
Invites this barbarous course? Dare you look on me
Without a seale of Shame?

Sf. Impudence,

How ugly thou appear'st now? Thy intent
To be a whore leaves thee not blond enough
To make an honest blush; what had the act done?

Marc. Return'd thee the dishonor thou deserve'st,
Though willingly I had given up my self
To every common lecher.

Sf. Your chief minion,

Your chosen favorite, your woo'd *Francisco*,
Has deerly pay'd for't, for wretch, know he's dead,
And by my hand.

Marc. The blondier villain thou,
But 'tis not to be wonder'd at; thy love
Do's know no other object; thou hast kill'd then
A man, I do professe I lov'd; a man
For whom a thousand Queens might well be rivalls,
But he (I speak it to thy teeth) that dares be
A jealous foole, dares be a murtherer,
And knowes no end in mischief.

Sf. I begin now
In this my justice.

Stabs her.

Marc. O, I have fool'd my selfe
Into my grave, and only grieve for that,
Which when you know, you have slai nan innocent,
You needs must suffer.

Sf. An innocent? Let one

The Duke of Millaine.

62

Call in *Francisco*, for he lives (vile creature)
To justifie thy falshood, and how often
With whom sh flatteries thou hast tempted him,
I being only fit to live a stale,
A bawd and property to your wantonnesse.

Ex. Step.

Ent. Step.

Step. Signior *Francisco*, Sir, but even now
Took horse without the Ports.

Marc. We are both abus'd,
And both by him undone; stay death a liitle,
Till I have cleer'd my self unto my Lord, and then
I willingly obey thee. O my *Sforza*,
Francisco was not tempted, but the tempter;
And as he thought to win me, shew'd the warrant
That you sign'd for my death.

Sf. Then I beleeve thee,
Beleeve thee innocent too.

Marc. But being contemn'd,
Vpon his knees with teares he did beseech me,
Not to reveale it; I soft-hearted foole,
judging his penitence true, was won unto it.
Indeed th'unkindnesse to be sentenc'd by you,
Before that I was guilty in a thought,
Made me put on a seeming anger tow'rds you,
And now behold the issue, as I do,
May heaven forgive you.

dies.

Tib. Her sweet soule has left
Her beautious prison.

Step. Look to the Duke, he stands
As if he wanted motion.

Tib. Grief hath stopt
The organ of his speech.

Step. Take up his body,
And call for his Physitians.

Sfor. O my heart-strings.

AQ. Quint. Scæ. Quint.

Enter Francisco, Eugenia.

Fran. Why couldst thou think *Eugenia*, that rewards,
Graces, or favours though strew'd thick upon me,

Could

The Duke of Millaine.

63. d.
Could ever bribe me to forget mine honour?
Or that I tamely would sit down, before
I had dry'd these eyes, still wet with showrs of tears,
By the fire of my revenge? Look up my dearest,
For that proud-faire, that thief-like stepp'd between
Thy promis'd hopes, and robb'd thee of a fortune
Almost in thy possession, hath found
With horrid proof, his love she thought her glory,
And assurance of all happinesse,
But hast'ned her sad ruine.

Eug. Do not flatter
A grief that is beneath it; for how ever
The credulous Duke to me prov'd false and cruell,
It is impossible he could be wrought
To look on her, but with the eyes of dotage,
And so to serve her.

Fran. Such indeed I grant
The stream of his affection was, and ran
A constant course, till I with cunning malice
(And yet I wrong my act, for it was justice)
Made it turn backwards, and hate in extremes,
Love banish'd from his heart, to fill the roome,
In a word, know the faire *Marcellia's* dead. *Eug.* Dead.

Fran. And by *Sforza's* hand; Do's it not move you?
How coldly you receive it? I expected
The meere relation of so great a blessing
Borne proudly on the wings of sweet revenge,
Would have call'd on a sacrifice of thanks,
And joy not to be bounded or conceal'd!
You entertain it with a look, as if
You wish'd it were undone!

Eug. Indeed I do,
For if my sorrowes could receive addition,
Her sad fate would encrease, not lessen 'em.
She never injur'd me, but entertain'd
A fortune humbly offer'd to her hand,
Which a wise Lady gladly would have kneel'd for.
Vnlesse you would impute it as a crime,
She was more faire than I, and had discretion
Not to deliver up her virgin fort.

The Duke of Millaine.

64

(Though straight besieg'd with flatteries, vowes, and teares)
Vntill the Church had made it safe and lawfull.
And had I been the mistress of her judgement,
And constant temper, skilfull in the knowledge
Of mans malicious falshood, I had never
Vpon his hell-deep oaths to marry me,
Given up my faire name, and my maiden honour
To his foule lust, nor liv'd now being branded
In the forehead for his whore, the scorn and shame
Of all good women.

Fran. Have you then no gall,
Anger or spleen familiar to your sexe?
Or is it possible that you could see
Another to possesse what was your due,
And not grow pale with envie?

Eug. Yes of him
That did deceive me. There's no passion that
A maid so injur'd ever could partake of,
But I have deerely suffer'd. These three years
In my desire, and labour of revenge,
Trusted to you, I have indur'd the throes
Of teeming women, and will hazard all
Fate can inflict on me, but I will reach
Thy heart, false *Sforza*. You have trifled with me,
And not proceeded with that fiery zeale
I look'd for from a brother of your spirit.
Sorrow forsake me, and all signes of grief
Farewell for ever; Vengeance arm'd with fury
Possesse me wholly now.

Fran. The reason Sister
Of this strange metamorphosis?

Eug. Ask thy feares,
Thy base unmanly feares, thy poore delaies,
Thy dull forgetfulnesse equall with death,
My wrong else, and the scandall which can never
Be wash'd off from our house, but in his blood,
Would have stirr'd up a coward to a deed,
In which, though he had faile, the brave intent
Had crown'd it self with a faire monument
Of noble resolution. In this shape

I hope

The Duke of Millaine.

I hope to get access, and then with shame,
Hearing my suddain execution, judge
What honour thou hast lost in being transcended
By a weak woman.

Franc. Still mine own, and dearer,
And yet in this you but poure oile on fire,
And offer your assistance where it needs not.
And that you may perceive I lay not fallow,
But had your wrongs stampt deeply on my heart,
By the iron pen of Vengeance, I attempted
By whoring her to cuckold him; that failing,
I did begin his tragedy in her death,
To which it serv'd as prologue, and will make
A memorable story of your fortunes
In my assur'd revenge; only best sister
Let us not lose our selves in the performance,
By your rash undertaking, we will be
As suddain as you could wish.

Eng. Upon those termes
I yield my self and cause to be dispos'd of
As you think fit.

Ent servant.

Fran. Thy purpose?

Ser. Ther's one *Graccho*,
That follow'd you it seems upon the tract,
Since you left *Millaine*, that's importunate
To have access, and will not be deny'd,
His hast he saies concerns you.

Franc. Bring him to me,
Though he hath laid an ambush for my life,
Or apprehension, yet I will prevent him,
And work mine own ends out.

Ex. servant.

Ent. Grac.

Grac. Now for my whipping,
And if I now out-strip him not, and catch him,
And by a new and strange way too, hereafter
I'll swear there are worms in my brains.

Fran. Now, my good *Graccho*,
We meet as 'twere by miracle.

Grac. Love, and duty,
And vigilance in me for my Lords safety,
First taught me to imagine you were here,

66
The Duke of Millaine.

And then to follow you. All's come forth my Lord
That you could wish conceal'd. The Dutches wound
In the Dukes rage put home, yet gave her leave
To acquaint him with your practices, which your flight
Did easily confirm.

Franc. This I expected,
But sure you come provided of good counsell
To help in my extremes. *Grac.* I would not hurt you.

Fran. How? hurt me? Such another word's thy death.
Why dar'st thou think it can fall in thy will,
T'outlive what I determine?

Grac. How he awes me?

Fran. Be brief, what brought thee hither?

Grac. Care to inform you,
You are a condemn'd man, pursu'd and sought for,
And your head rated at ten thousand Ducats
To him that brings it. *Fran.* Very good.

Grac. All passages
Are intercepted, and choice troops of horse
Scoure o're the neighbour plains; your picture sent
To every State confederate with *Millain*,
That though I grieve to speak it, in my judgement
So thick your dangers meet, and run upon you,
It is impossible you should escape
Their curious search:

Eug. Why then let us turn *Romanes*,
And falling by our own hands, mock their threats,
And dreadful preparations.

Fran. 'Twould show nobly,
But that the honour of our full revenge
Were lost in the rash action: No *Eugenia*,
Gracco is wise, my friend too, not my servant,
And I dare trust him with my latest secret.
We would (and thou must help us to perform it)
First kill the Duke, then fall what can upon us,
For injuries are writ in brasse, kind *Graccho*,
And not to be forgotten.

Grac. He instructs me
What I should do.

Fran. What's that?

Grac. I labour with

The Duke of Millaine.

A strong desire t'assist you with my service.
And now I am deliver'd of't.

Fran. I told you.

Speak my oraculous *Graccho*,

Grac. I have heard Sir

Of men in debt, that layd for by their Creditors,

(In all such places where it could be thought

They would take shelter) chose for sanctuary,

Their lodgings underneath their Creditors noses,

Or neere that prison to which they were design'd

If apprehended, confident that there

They never should be sought for.

Eng. 'Tis a strange one!

Fran. But what inferre you from it?

Grac. This my Lord,

That since all wayes of your escape are stopt,

In *Millaine* onely, or what's more, i'th Court

(Whither it is presum'd you dare not come)

Conceal'd in some disguise you may live safe.

Fran. And not to be discover'd?

Grac. But by my selfe.

Fran. By thee? Alas, I know thee honest *Graccho*,

And I will put thy counsell into act,

And suddenly. Yet not to be ungratefull

For all thy loving travell to preserve me,

What bloody end so ere my starrs appoint,

Thou shalt be safe good *Graccho*. Who's within there?

Grac. What means he?

Enter servants.

Fran. Take my friend

Into your custody, and bind him fast,

I would not part with him.

Grac. My good Lord.

Fran. Dispatch,

'Tis for your good to keep you honest *Graccho*,

I would not have ten thousand Ducates tempt you

(Being of a soft and Wax like disposition)

To play the traytor, nor a foolish itch

To be reveng'd for your late excellent whipping

Give you the opportunity to offer

My head for satisfaction. Why thou fool,

The Duke of Millaine.

68
I can look through and through thee, thy intents
Appere to me as written in thy forehead
In plaine and easie Characters. And but that
I scorne a slaves base blood should rust that sword
That from a Prince expects a scarlet dye,
Thou now wert dead, but live only to pray
For good successe to crowne my undertakings,
And then at my returne perhaps i'le free thee
To make me further sport. Away with him,
I will not heare a syllable. We must trust
Our selves *Eugenia*, and though we make use of
The counsell of our servants, that oyle spent,
Like snuffs that do offend we tread them out.
But now to our last Scæne, which weele so carry,
That few shall understand how 'twas begun,
Till all with halfe an eye may see 'tis done.

*Ex. servants
with Graccho*

Exeunt.

Act. Quint. Scæn. Secund.

Enter Pescara, Tiberio, Stephano.

Pesc. The like was never heard of.

Step. In my judgement
To all that shall but heare it, 'twill appeare
A most impossible fable.

Tib. For *Francisco*,
My wonder is the lesse, because there are
Too many presidents of unthankfull men
Rais'd up to greatnesse, which have after studied
The ruine of their makers.

Step. But that melancholly,
Though ending in distraction, should worke
So farre upon a man, as to compell him
To court a thing that has nor sence, nor being,
Is unto me a miracle.

Pesc. 'Troth I'le tell you,
And briefly as I can, by what degrees
He fell into this madnesse; When by the care
Of his Phisitians he was brought to life,
As he had onely past a fearefull dream,
And had not acted what I grieve to thinke on,
He call'd for faire *Marcellia*, and being told

That

The Duke of Millaine.

69
That she was dead, he broke forth in extremes,
(I would not say blasphem'd) and cry'd that heaven
For all th'offences that mankind could do,
Would never be so cruell as to rob it
Of so much sweetnesse, and of so much goodnesse,
That not alone was sacred in her self,
But did preserve all others innocent
That had but converse with her: Then it came
Into his fancie that she was accus'd
By his mother and his sister; thrice he curs'd 'em,
And thrice his desperate hand was on his sword
T'have kill'd 'em both; but he restrain'd, and they
Shunning his fury, spite of all prevention
He would have turn'd his rage upon himself,
When wisely his Physicians looking on
The Dutches wound, to stay his ready hand,
Cry'd out it was not mortall.

Tib. 'Twas well thought on.

Pesc. He easily beleiving what he wish'd,
More than a perpetuity of pleasure
In any object else, flatter'd by hope,
Forgetting his own greatnesse, he fell prostrate
At the doctors feet, implor'd their ayd, and swore,
Provided they recover'd her, he would live
A private man, and they should share his Dukedom.
They seem'd to promise faire, and every houre
Varie their judgements as they find his fit
To suffer intermission, or extremes.

For his behaviour since —

Sfo. As you have pity
Support her gently.

within.

Pesc. Now be your own witnessses,
I am prevented.

*Enter Sforza, Isabella, Mariana, the body of Marcelia,
Doctors, Servants.*

Sf. Carefully I beseech you,
The least touch torments her, and then think
What I shall suffer. O you earthy gods,
You second natures, that from your great master,
(Who joynd the limbs of torn *Hyppolitus*,

The Duke of Millaine.

70
And drew upon himself the Thunderers envie)
Are taught those hidden secrets that restore
To life dead wounded men: You have a patient,
On whom t'expresse the excellence of art
Will bind even heaven your debtor, though it pleases
To make your hands the organs of a work
The Saints will smile to look on, and good Angels
Clap their Celestiall wings to give it plaudits.
How pale and wan she looks? O pardon me,
That I presume dy'd o're with bloody guilt,
Which makes me, I confesse, far, far unworthy
To touch this snow-white hand. How cold it is?
This once was *Cupids* fire-brand, and still
Tis so to me. How slow her pulses beat too?
Yet in this temper she is all perfection,
And Mistris of a heat so full of iweetnesse,
The blood of virgins in their pride of youth
Are balls of snow or ice compar'd unto her.

Mari. Is not this strange?

Isab. O crosse him not deare daughter,
Our conscience tells us we have been abus'd,
Wrought to accuse the innocent, and with him
Are guilty of a fact ----

Enter a servant.

Mari. Tis now past help.

Pesc. With me? What is he?

Ser. He has a strange aspect,
A Jew by birth, and a Physitian
By his profession as he saies; who hearing
Of the Dukes phrensie, on the forfeit of
His life will undertake to render him
Perfect in every part: Provided that
Your Lordships favour gain him free access,
And your power with the Duke a safe protection,
Till the great work be ended.

Pesc. Bring me to him,
As I find cause I'll do.

Exe. Pesc. & ser.

Sf. How sound she sleeps?
Heaven keep her from a lethargie; how long
(But answer me with comfort I beseech you)
Do's your sure judgement tell you that these lids,

That

The Duke of Millaine.

That cover richer Jewells than themselves,
Like envious night will bar these glorious Sunnes
From shining on me?

1. *Doct.* We have given her Sir,
A sleepey potion that will hold her long,
That she may be lesse sensible of the torment,
The searching of her wound will put her to.

2. *Doct.* She now feels litle; but if we should wake her,
To heare her speak would fright both us and you,
And therefore dare not hasten it.

Sfo. I am patient;
You see I do not rage, but wait your pleasure.
What do you think she dreams of now? for sure,
Although her bodies organs are bound fast,
Her fancie cannot slumber.

2. *Doct.* That Sir, looks on
Your sorrow for your late rash act with pity
Of what you suffer for it, and prepares
To meet with free confession of your guilt *the*
With a glad pardon.

Sfor. She was ever kind,
And her displeasure, though call'd on, short liv'd
Upon the least submission. O you powers
That can convey our thoughts to one another,
Without the end of eyes, or eares, assist me;
Let her behold me in a pleasing dream,
Thus on my knees before her (yet that duty
In me is not sufficient) let her see me
Compell my mother (from whom I took life)
And this my sister, partner of my being,
To bow thus low unto her; let her heare us
In my acknowledgement freely confesse
That we in a degree as high are guilty,
As she is innocent; Bite your tongues vile creatures,
And let your inward horrour fright your soules
For having bely'd that purenes; to come neere which,
All women that posterity can bring forth
Must be, though striving to be good, poore Rivalls.
And for that dog *Francisco* (that seduc'd me
In wounding her to raise a Temple built

The Duke of Millaine.

728

To Chastity and sweetnesse) let her know
I'll follow him to hell but I will finde him,
And there live a fourth Fury to torment him.
Then for this curst hand and arme that guided
The wicked Steele, I'll have them joynt by joynt
With burning irons tear'd off; which I will eat,
I being a Vulture fit to taste such carrion;
Lastly,

1 *Doct.* You are too loud; Sir, you disturbe
Her sweet repose.

Sfor. I am hush'd; yet give us leave
Thus prostrate at her feet, our eyes bent downwards,
Unworthy, and a sham'd to look upon her,
To expect her gracious sentence.

2 *Doct.* Hee's past hope.

1 *Doct.* The body too, will putrifie, and then
We can no longer cover the imposture.

Tib. Which in his death will quickly be discover'd,
I can but weep his fortune.

Step. Yet be carefull

You loose no minute to preserve him; time
May lessen his distraction. *Exit Pesc. Francis. Eugenia.*

Fran. I am no God sir,
To give a new life to her; yet I'll hazard
My head, I'll worke the sencelesse trunk t'appeare
To him as it had got a second being,
Or that the soul that's fled from't were call'd back
To governe it againe; I will preserve it
In the first sweetnesse, and by a strange vapour
Which I'll infuse into her mouth, create
A seeming breath; I'll make her vaines run high too,
As if they had true motion.

Pesc. Doe but this,
Till we use means to win upon his passions
T'indure to heare she's dead, with some small patience,
And make thy owne reward.

Fran. The Art I use
Admits no looker on, I onely aske
The fourth part of an houre to perfect that
I boldly undertake.

Pesc.

The Duke of Millaine.

Pes. I will procure it.

2 Doct. What stranger's this?

Pes. Soothe me in all I say,

There is a maine end in't.

Fran. Beware.

Eug. I am warn'd.

Pes. Look up Sir cheerfully, comfort in me
Floues strongly to you.

Sfor. From whence came that sound?

Was it from my *Marcellia*? if it were

I rise, and joy will give me wings to meet it.

Pes. Nor shall your expectation be defer'd
But a few minutes, your Physicians are
Meere voyce, and no performance; I have found
A man that can do wonders; do not hinder
The Dutches wisht recovery, to enquire,
Or what he is or to give thanks, but leave him
To worke this miracle.

Sfo. Sure, 'tis my good Angel,
I do obey in all things; be it death
For any to disturbe him, or come neer
Till he be pleas'd to call us, O be prosperous
And make a Duke thy Bondman.

Ex. all but Franc.

Fran. Tis my purpose
If that to fall a long wisht sacrifice
To my revenge can be a benefit.
I'll first make fast the doores, so.

and Eugenia.

Eug. You amaze me,
What follows now?

Fran. A full conclusion
Of all thy wishes; look on this, *Eugenia*,
Even such a thing, the proudest faire on earth
(For whose delight the elements are ransackt,
And Art with Nature studies to preserve her)
Must be when she is summon'd to appeare
In the Court of death; but I loose time.

Eug. What meane you?

Fran. Disturbe me not; Your Ladiship looks pale,
But I, your Doctor, have a ceruse for you,
See my *Eugenia*, how many faces

That

The Duke of Millaine.

74

That are ador'd in Court borrow these helps,
And passe for excellence, when the better part
Of them are like to this; your mouth sinells soure too,
But there is that shall take away the sent,
A precious antidote old Ladies use
When they would kisse, knowing their gums are rotten :
These hands too that disdain'd to take a touch
From any lip, whose honour writ not Lord,
Are now but as the coursest earth; but I,
Am at the charge, my bill not to be paid too,
To give them seeming beauty : so 'tis done :
How do you like my workmanship ?

Eug. I tremble,
And thus to tyrannize upon the dead
Is most inhumane.

Franc. Come we for revenge,
And can we think on pity ? Now to the upshot,
And as it proves applavd it. My Lord the Duke
Enter with joy, and see the suddain change
Your servants hand hath wrought.

*Ent. Sforza. and
the rest.*

Sf. I live again
In my full confidence that *Marcellia* may
Pronounce my pardon. Can she speak yet ?

Franc. No,
You must not look for all your joyes at once,
That will ask longer time.

Pesc. Tis wondrous strange !

Sf. By all the dues of love I have had from her,
This hand seems as it was when first I kist it,
These lips invite too; I could ever feed
Vpon these roses, they still keep their colour,
And native sweetnesse; only the Nectars wanting,
That like the morning dew in flowrie May
Preserv'd them in their beauty.

Ent. Graccho.

Grac. Treason, treason.

Tib. Call up the Guard.

Fran. *Graccho!* then we are lost.

Grac. I am got off, Sir Iew, a bribe hath done it.
For all your serious charge ; there's no disguise can keep
You from my knowledge.

Sfor.

The Duke of Millaine.

Sfor. Speak.

Grac. I am out of breath,

But this is -----

Sf. Spare your labour foole, *Francisco.*

Ab. Monster of men.

Fran. Give me all attributes

Of all you can imagine, yet I glory

To be the thing I was born; I am *Francisco,*

Francisco that was rais'd by you,

And made the Minion of the time;

The same *Francisco*

That would have whor'd this trunk when it had life;

And after breath'd a jealousie upon thee

As killing as those damps that belch out plagues,

When the foundation of the earth is shaken;

I made thee do a deed heaven will not pardon,

Which was to kill an innocent.

Sfor. Call forth the tortures,

For all that flesh can feele.

Fran. I dare the worst,

Only to yeild some reason to the world

Why I pursu'd this course; look on this face,

Made old by thy base falshood, 'tis *Eugenia.*

Sf. *Eugenia!*

Fran. Do's it start you Sir? my Sisters

Seduc'd and fool'd by thee; but thou must pay.

The sefeit of thy falshood, do's it not work yet?

What e're becomes of me (which I esteem not)

Thou art mark'd for the grave, I have given thee poyson

In this cup; now observe me, with thy last

Carowsing deeply of, made thee forget

Thy vow'd faith to *Eugenia.*

Pesc. O damn'd villain!

Isab. How do you Sir?

Sfo. Like one,

That learns to know in death what punishment

Waits on the breach of faith, O now I feele

An *Aetna* in my entrails, I have liv'd

A Prince, and my last breath shall be command.

I burn, I burn, yet ere life be consum'd.

The Duke of Millaine.

Let me pronounce upon this wretch all torture
That witty cruelty can invent.

Pesc. Away with him.

Tib. In all things we will serve you.

Franc. Farwell sister,

Now I have kept my word, torments I scorn,
I leave the world with glory; they are men,
And leave behind them name and memorie,
That wrong'd do right themselves before they die.

Ste. A desperate wretch. *Exe. Guard with Fran.*

Sf. I come death, I obey thee,
Yet I will not die raging, for alas,
My whole life was a phrensie. Good *Eugenia*
In death forgive me: as you love me beare her
To some religious house; there let her spend
The remnant of her life; when I am ashes,
Perhaps she'll be appeas'd, and spare a prayer
For my poore soule. Bury me with *Marcellia*,
And let our Epitaph be —

Tib. His speech is stopp'd.

Step. Already dead.

Pesc. It is in vain to labour
To call him back; wee'l give him funerall,
And then determine of the State affaires,
And learn from this example, there's no trust
In a foundation that is built on lust.

Exeunt.

FINIS.



