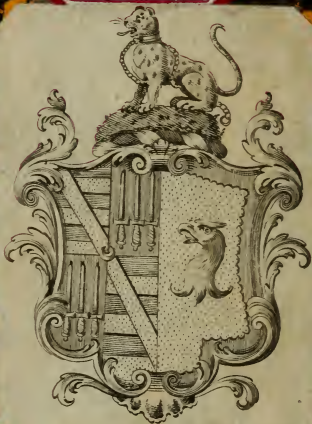
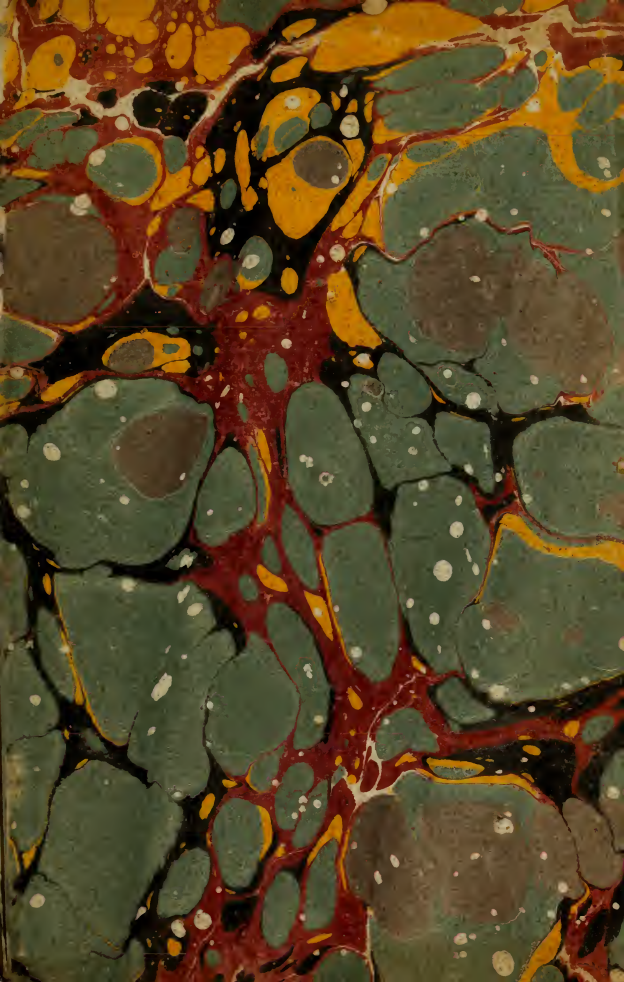


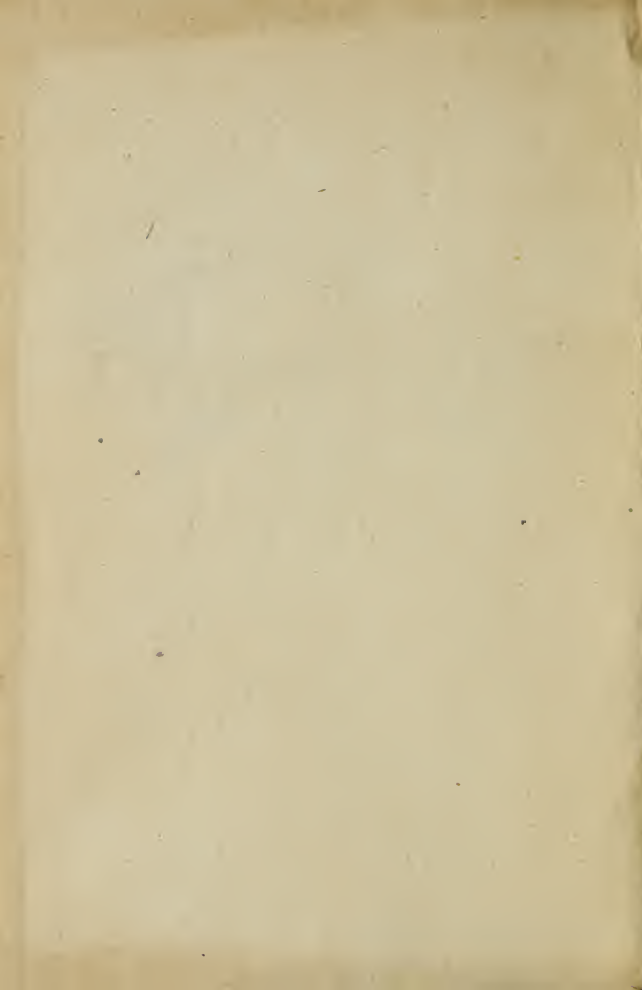


VERY RARE. See Brydges's Censura, vol. 3, p. 241.

G.  
3970.38



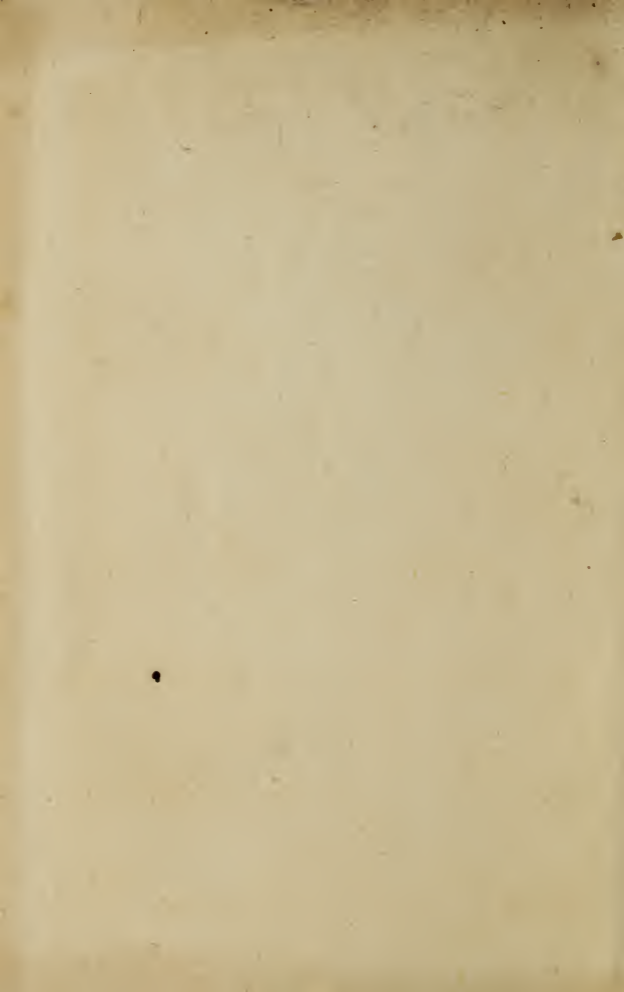




From the sales of Edu. D. Ingraham's  
February, March, 1855.  
Mrs. P. Weston









THE  
False Favourite  
*DISGRAC'D.*

And, The  
REWARD  
OF  
LOYALTY.

A Tragi-Comedy.  
Never Acted.

---

Penned by  
*George Gerbier D'Ouvilly, Esq.*

---

L O N D O N,

Printed for Robert Crofts, and are to be sold at  
his Shop, at the Crown in Chancery lane,  
under Sergeants Inne. 1657.

149,731

May, 1873

To the Right Honourable  
*AUBREY De VERE,*  
*Earl of Oxford, Lord of Bulbec, Scamford,*  
*Badelsmere and Scales.*

*William Lord Craven, Baron*  
*of Hamsteed, Marshal,*  
*My Noble Lord and Collonel.*

AND  
*John Lord Bellasis, Baron of*  
*WORLABY.*

*My very Singular good Lords,*



Have taken the liberty to  
Dedicate this *Dramatick Peece*  
unto your Lordships *Patro-*  
*nage; Whose Honour, Valour,*  
*Prowess, and Magnanimity,*  
(the innate Virtues which have accompa-  
nied your Lordships from your Cradles:  
doe shine forth like unto so many *glorious*  
*Starrs* of the *first Magnitude* whilst the  
brighter

*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

brighter *Rayes* of *Sols* *Resplendency* are  
Eclipsed in this our *Hemispheare*. And al-  
though my presumption may be Taxed  
for penning a *Tragi-Comedy*, which doth  
seem to track such false *Hippolito's*, as  
doe not imagine their least *Acts*, will  
*Tragical*; becaule all their former *Scenes*  
have been a meer *Comedy*: Yet my drift  
being only in the perion of *Hippolito*, to  
demonstrate the *several Ends of Vertue &*  
*Vice*; (which never differ so much as in  
their *Ends*, when as they become most  
publick) I dare presume the world will  
be undeceived: and that your Lordships  
will deigne to Grace this my undertaking  
with a favorable acceptance, not blaming  
my rashness in prescribing your Names,  
since I pretend not thereby to add ought  
unto your incomparable *Merits & Worth*;  
But to<sup>s</sup> gaine some Credit to the peice  
it self by your Lordships *patronizing* of it:  
The ground-plot was some years since  
Extracted out of the *Italian Annals*, and  
at my spare houres (for Recreation) ador-  
ned with an *English Tragy-Comical Robe*:  
It had of late (contrary to my knowledg  
and expectation) well nigh been (*Orphan*

like) thrust into the world, without any Dedication at all: which, to prevent, I have affixed these lines, that so it might neither want a *patron*, nor an *Owner*: The peece it self having been penned for your Lordships particular *divertisments*, You will therein find, *Sicamio, Martiano and, Honoreo*, personating those excellling and transcendent qualities which possels your *Noble Breasts*: especially *that of Honour*, into whose *sacred Temple* your Lordships may be Justly said to have entered by the Ascents of *Vertue, Fortitude, Constancy. and high deserts*: and thereto have erected *eternall Trophies* of your *Fame*: Your worth begetting (in *base mindes, Envy*: but in the *Vereuous and Magnanimous, Emulation*) hath Rendred your Names *Immorial*.

*As theirs, so shal your Renowns never die.*  
But *Phenix-like*, produce your likes  
T' *Eternity*.

May your Lordships but daigne this peece a *reading* I have my *Ends*? as for *critical censurers* I vallue them not, few works being performed without *Errors*, and nothing so entirely perfect but may

*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

be subject to *Cavils* ; My comfort is, that the *greatest Censures* are not always the *wisest Men* ; And as *flanders*, which *mis-informed persons* (upon false surmises) have been prone to vent (undeserved as to my self) are inconsistent with Truth ; So *Calumnies*, which are the inseparable *Associates of Malice and Baseness*, are not at all credited, but by *envious and unworthy Persons* : Nor shall I need to apprehend, the world will *mis-construe* this *Peice* ; The *Scene* being *Florence*, and the *Personages* *Tuscans* ; who have no relation at all to our *English Actions*.

Having thus brought your *Lordships* into the *worlds Garden, Italy* ; and into the *Garden of Italy, Florence*. I shall leave you there to participate of those choice *Flowers and Sweets*, which both *Renowned Cosmo, Voble, Sicamio, and worthy Honorio*, reaped in the enjoyment of the *incomparable Lucebella*, the *Fair and obliging Fulia* ; and the *sweet and discreet Rosania*, after they had (*Hannibal like*) passed the *Alpes* of so many *riggid difficulties and dangers* : Leaving *false Hippolito* to bewail his *crafty Wisdom* (only

*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

tending to his own base Ends and sordid Profit) and his *subtile* seeming *Pollicy*, which proved but a meer *circumstantial* means to deceive himself; and whereby it appears, that *Policy* at best, is but a *Combat of Wit*, and a *War of the Brain*, which seldom proves successful; no one man having *so great a Monoply of Wit*, who at last meets not with his *Crafts Master*.

Thus fearing lest I may too much entrench on your Lordships Goodness, which I know abounds in Pardons for such as transgress (not upon the accompt of proving troublesome) but out of meer respect and esteem, I shall only wish your Lordships the like Prosperity and Success as befell *the Renowned and Loyal Sebastiano, Pausanio, and Honorio*; And craving your Lordships Excuses for my presumption, I shall subscribe my self,

*My very Singular good Lords,*

Your Lordships

Septemb. 1.

1657.

Humble Honourer, Admirer, and Votary,

GEO. GERBIER,  
D'ouilly

To His Honour'd Friend

GEORGE GERBIER,  
DOUVILLE, Esq;

On the *Scene*, And the In-  
genious Composure of this  
*Florantine* Tragi-Comedy.

**F** *Lorence* 'mong Cities bears the Name of Fair  
For Streets & Stately Structures, Sight, & Air,  
A City, as a late Historian says,  
*Fit only to be seen on Holy-days.*  
She breeds Great Wits for high Attempts, & trust,  
But often bent on black Revenge and Lust:  
*We know the purest Streams have woose, and slime,*  
*So Vices mix with Vertue in this C l i m e ;*  
And there are store of Stories in this kind,  
Which as I Write, come crowding to my mind ;  
But *This* of yours will serve for all, which is  
Compil'd with so much Art, That doubtful 'tis  
Whither the *Tolcan Actors* shew'd more Wit  
In *Plotting*, as You did in *Penning* it.

*James Howel.*



To my Worthy Friend George  
Gerhier D'ouville, On his  
TRAGI-COMEDY.

N Er'e might a blame light on the sullen Age  
More just, depriving the admired Stage  
Of its bright lustre; Glorious it stood  
Incircled with old *Heroe's* youthful Brood:  
The *Cothurne* now dispress'd, whose measur'd pace  
With stately carriage and Majestick Grace  
Adorn'd the *Theater*; now laid aside,  
The Actors dead, Spectators terrify'd:  
But why depress'd? Since the transcendant worth  
Of Vertue Crown'd Desert, and Vice set forth  
In it's foul Character: would force a Slave  
Turn true Religions Convert to his Grave:  
But on the Stage (*Dear Friend*) I doubt, if good  
To name a Treason, lest mis-understood,  
And thy *Hippolito's* rebellious Crimes  
Distasteful prove to these distracted Times.  
Then let the Stage sink down, since churlish Fates  
Which rul'd the Stage, have over-powr'd whole  
Yet on *Pausanio* may we smiling look [States.  
Safely, whose Loyal Heart distains thy Book  
With so black Note, yeilding the Authour praise,  
To his Rewards of Loyalty, adds Bays.  
Chast *Lucabello*, as an unknown Guest,  
Invites the Reader to her Marriage Feast.

E. Aldrich.

To Captain George Gerbier,  
D'ouilly, Upon his Tragi-  
Comedy.

**T**Hy Pen of Downy Feather I have known  
Distil rare Essences, *t'a Royal Crown,*  
Since changing it for edged Steel, I found  
Thy *Feats of Arms*, have bin with glory Crown'd;  
What then must be this Issue of thy Brain?  
But *Wit* and *Honour* in the purest Grain.

*Tho. Revel.*

To Squire Gerbier, D'ouilly,  
Upon his Tragi-Comedy.

COULD my unworthy Pen but hope to shed  
Applauding Lines, that might be credited,  
I'de (free from *Fav'rites flattery*) protest  
That thine, *Dramatick Poems*, Writes the best ;  
And (if permitted) Lead thee to the Stage,  
There to receive the *Lawrel* of our Age.  
' But like my *Lords Admittance to Moor-fields*,  
' *The less Gate shut, the greater Entrance yeilds* :  
Thus, whilst thy *Loyal Muse*, but speaks some  
Crimes

They'r Acted on the Theatre of our times.  
Well we dare Read, and Judge, and think we know  
This man's *Honorio*, that's *Hypolito* ;  
And hope that *Lucabella* once shall smile,  
And wrong'd *Pausanio* be call'd from Exile ;  
Whilst *Martiano* sheaths his Sword ; and We  
All sacrifice our Gratitude to Thee.

A: *Prisoe.*

To George Gerbier, Douvilly,  
Esquire, Upon his Tragi-  
Comedy.

**D**Ramatick Poems, though the zealous Age  
Will not permit them to Adorn the Stage)  
Are without doubt of greater Excellence  
Then they suppose, who want both Wit and Sence.  
They are the Crown of Vertue, Scourge of sin;  
Some scape a Sermon, whom a Play might win.  
Crimes of prodigious bulk and purple dye,  
Are here dissected and expos'd to th'eye;  
To make them hated too, as well as known  
Few will a Branded Malefactor own,

[those

Thou hast done right, my Friend, and may all  
That imitate the False Hyppolito's  
Be like to them Rewarded; may their Name  
Remain as black, as is their guilt and shame.  
Whilst a ne're dying Fame, and fresh renown  
Shall thy Pausanio's loyal Temples Crown.  
Let Princes learn hence forward to be just,  
And prudently to try before they Trust:  
Lest under a pretence of seeming good  
Th'embosom'd Viper, thence to suck their blood.  
The plot is now discoverd, and all harms  
Are recompenc'd in Lucebella's Arms.

What

What harm is here in this ? Upon this score  
*Use, Doctrine, Reason, could not have done more.*  
Then 'tis no matter what *the Captious say,*  
*Wee'l read, and like, and think we see thy Play.*

*F. Cole.*



THE FALSE  
FAVOURIT  
DISGRAC'D.

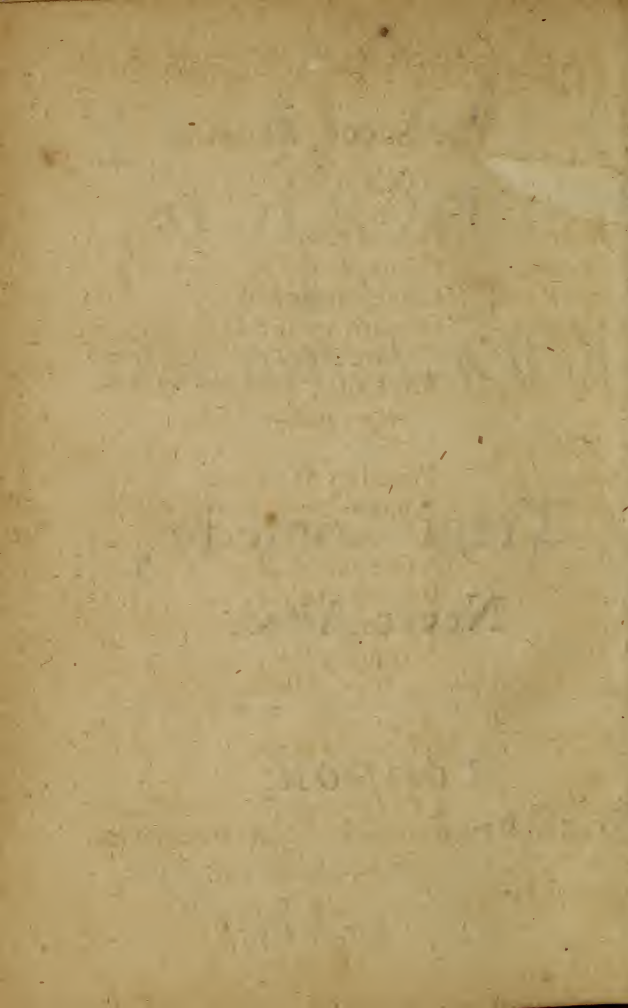
And, the  
*REWARD of LOYALTY*

A  
Tragi-Comedy,  
Never Acted.

---

LONDON,

Printed by *wil. Wilson*, for *Robert Crofts*,  
and are to be sold at his Shop, at the  
*Crown in Chancery lane*, under  
*Sergeants Inne*. 1657.



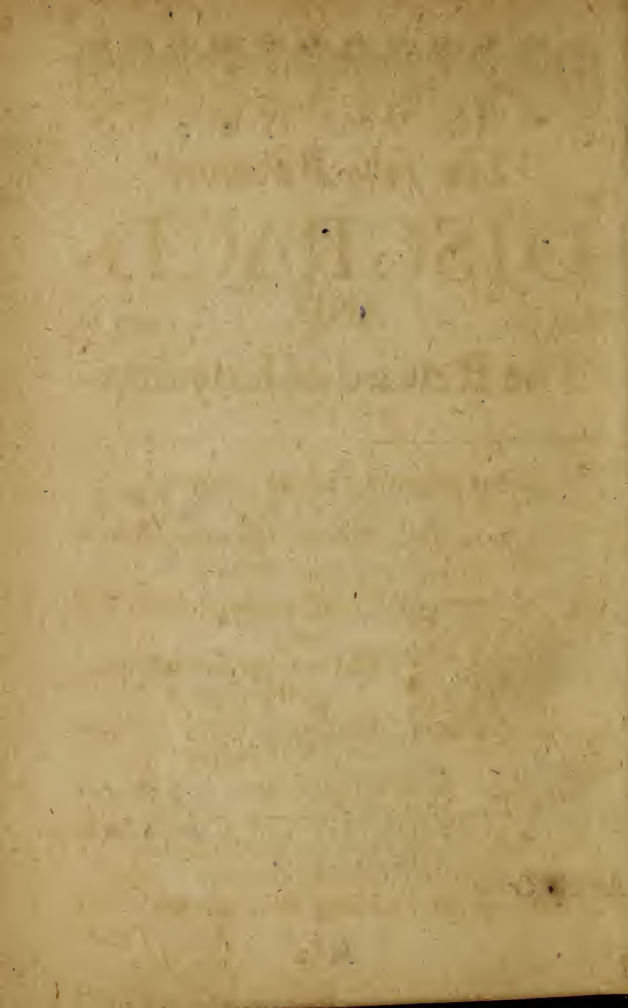




## The Scene, *Florence.*

### *The Persons.*

<i>Duke</i>	Duke of <i>Florence.</i>
<i>Sicanio,</i>	Prince of <i>Sicilie.</i>
<i>Sebastiano,</i>	Cousen to the Duke.
<i>Hippolito,</i>	Favourit to the Duke, and in love with <i>Lucebella.</i>
<i>Pausanio,</i>	The Exile, and father to <i>Martiano</i> and <i>Lucebella.</i>
<i>Martiano.</i>	
<i>Ausonius,</i>	Friend to <i>Martiano.</i>
<i>Honorio,</i>	A stayed Lord, loving <i>Rosania.</i>
<i>Leontinus,</i>	A Commander under <i>Sicanio.</i>
<i>Fumante,</i>	A Creature of <i>Hippolito's.</i>
<i>Vatinius,</i>	Pretender to <i>Rosania.</i>
<i>Carlo,</i>	Servant to <i>Fumante.</i>
<i>Jacamo,</i>	Servant to <i>Vatinius.</i>
<i>Souldiers, Citizens, Page, Attendants, &amp;c.</i>	
<i>Julia,</i>	Sister to the Duke.
<i>Lucebella,</i>	Her Associate.
<i>Rosania,</i>	A Lady attending the Princess.
<i>Dianetta,</i>	Another Lady, and Companion to <i>Lucebella.</i>
<i>An old Crone.</i>	






*The false Favourit*  
**DISGRAC'D.**  
AND,  
**The Reward of Loyalty.**

---

Actus primus. Scena prima.

*Enter Duke, Julia, Rosania, Hippalyto, with  
Attendants, and Flourish.*

*Duk.*  Ee'l hear no more in his de-  
fence:

Did not our cousen's spee-  
dy flight upon  
His banishment, confirm  
both guilty?

*Hip.* Your pardon, I have done.

*Iul.* Yet (gracious Sir)——

*Duk.* Sister, desist from the renovation of  
Your vain petition, formerly deny'd,  
For many weighty reasons, still retaining

2      *The false Favourit disgrac'd; &*  
Their necessary virtue; and employ  
Your urgent prayers for somewhat, that may  
win

Our free consent, yet not detract from justice:  
And, what our power can give, be confident  
You may command. But, for *Pausan'o's* doom,  
It was decreed irrevocable; then

Præsse not our resolution for remission.  
But with his punishment, behold his crime,  
And you will find Justice, when't sentenc'd  
him,

Was more then mercifull, our stricter Lawes  
Exacting life, whose rigour we appeas'd  
With gentler banishment. Let it suffice,  
That your quotidian intercession hath  
Mov'd us to such a mercy, as the most  
Will rather censure partiality,  
(His ill is known so well). And by your fair  
Perswasions, do not seek in the worlds eye,  
To make us impious. Our transmarine friends,  
(The still admirers of our purer Lawes,  
Do not more seek for peace, then desire us  
A precedent for their perverted justice,  
Whose bright sword w'have so continued from  
Th'infectious rust of innovation; and must do so.  
Therefore (vertuous sister)  
Præsse it no farther. Fate, in its decree,  
Is not more fix'd, more resolute than we.

*In!* I have taught my busie tongue an obedi-  
ent silence;

Yet,

Yet, were your eyes spectators of those tears,  
Those tear-begetting tears, my sad-sweet friend  
Hourly paies her fathers memory,

'T would mollifie your heart, (thought  
on't doth mine) [weeps

Were your kind ears th'attentive auditors  
Of her faint sighes, and you not eccho them,  
Your heart were heartlesse rock. Oh Sir, vouch-  
safe

Her greife but hearing, and her sweet-tongu'd  
sorrow,

Will charm your restrained pittie.

*Duk.* What, statuiz'd *Hippolyto*?

*Hip.* No, royall Sir, a little womaniz'd,  
I suck'd it from my mother, and 'twill out.  
We are not made of marble, but are men.  
And, but I know your zeal to sacred Justice,  
I should (with hope t'obtain) presume to beg  
Compassion, with her Highnesse, from your Ma-  
jestic,

For the late exil'd father, of that yet forrowing  
Lady.---

But \_\_\_\_\_

*Duk.* But what, *Hippolito*? Recollect thy self;  
*Pausanio* was thine enemy.

*Hip.* But how deserv'd, omniscient heaven  
can witnesse,

Best knowing the religious sympathy  
I have with his sad sufferings.

*Duk.* Spend not the least of thy too pretious  
thoughts

On such a worthlesse subject. Let him suffer,  
And unpittyed. His meer ingratitude to thee,  
Setting aside his great offence,  
Is offence great enough to pull down an affliction

Be on'd *in* affliction: he suffers worthily.

No more of him. ——— Yet, sister ———

*Hip.* Ha! surely his resolution cannot so soon  
stagger: [*aside.*]

Pray heaven it prove so, or all my plots miscarry,  
And I am miserable.

*In!* I use my possibility; but alas,  
To one, whose griefs distract her, comfort is,  
As Physick to the dead, effectlesse:  
Who by sage counsell, would suppress her sor-

row,  
Are heard, but not regarded. Fruitlesse are  
The hours spent in persuasion. But who sooths  
Her melancholly with fair hopes, that time  
May repesse her Father, with his yet lost ho-

nours,  
Not, alone, attracts her eye and ear,  
But gaine her heart.

*Hipol.* Oh blest intelligence! [*aside*]

*Duk.* Trust me, I pitty the poor Lady, and  
with,

Her lavish fathers prodigality,  
T'enrich her brother, and her fair self with ver-

tue,  
Had not forc'd him turne bankrupt.

Her

Her then needlesse sighs,  
Had not rais'd up such floods of cruell tears,  
To drown her joyes. We wore him in our breast;  
Whilst loyall; but, when he left his vertue,  
We cast him off, dreading a further danger.  
But for those pair of spotlesse innocents,  
His children, they still survive, receiving  
Warmth from the sun-shine of our favour,  
Which they enjoy deservedly: *Martiano*  
Hath a spirit, as bold,  
As temperately resolute, which we must cherish;  
And his sisters; souls,  
(Like a huge Diamond in a mount of Ore)  
As rich in vertue, as her exterior parts in pul-  
chritudes perfection.

*Hip.* Though't be pure truth, from him I  
like it not. [*aside.*

*Duk.* Pray let her have all due respect from you,  
As she shall have from us.

*Jul.* Her merits challenge more, then my per-  
formance

Can pay her vertue, though my endeavour's aim  
Be wholly for her griev'd hearts tranquillity.

*Duk.* When next you see this sorrow-clouded  
Beauty,

Let her sweet sadnesse know, our selfe in person,  
Before expected, will perswasions bring,  
To alienate her griefs.

*Jul.* Gracious Sir, I shall.

*Duk.* Come my *Hippolito.*

*Exeunt*  
*Enter*

*Enter Fumante dressing, and Carlo.*

*Fum.* Laugh'd at 'm?

*Car.* Oh sir, extreamly--- she laugh'd untill she leak'd, she wept with laughing.

*Fum.* It could not be, at them; they were too serious; upon mine honour, I ne're compos'd a copy of more pure poetry, and dress'd in such rich language; in my opinion, they were exquisite.

*Car.* No doubt, Sir, and yet she might laugh at 'em. Our women of this age are growne so wise, that what we think meritorious, they believe ridiculous; and sometimes it falls out so, they erre not ever.

*Fum.* Pugh! the style was too lofty, and the conceit ticklish and profound; her weak capacity could not reach the meaning.

*Car.* It may be so: What was the subject?

*Fum.* Her selfe the generall, and every part particulariz'd.

*Car.* Why there's it; will you tickle a womans profundity with a lofty style, and she not laugh at the conceit? it is impossible.

*Fum.* Well, I do hope to nose *Valimius* yet, and marry fair *Rosania* my self.

*Car.* And leave the Lady *Dianetta* to wear the willow?

*Fum.* No, I'll court her for a Mistresse, the other for a Wife: 'tis providently usuall  
Who's that knocks?

[knocks.  
Some



Some needy Tailor in his  
Apprentices thread-bare cloak; or Seamster, in  
pittifull foul linnen, is come (with lamentation)  
to woo for mony.

*Exit Carlo.*

*Enter Carlo.*

*Car.* Signior, your Shoo-maker, very im-  
portunate, desires some short conference with  
you.

*Fum.* Say I'me abroad.

*Car.* Sir, it boots not, he knowes your constant  
hour too well; saies, you are ne'r caparrison'd  
till twelve.

*Fum.* Tell him, he's a rogue, and he lies.

*Car.* Not I, Sir, 'twill bear an action; call a  
man a rogue for telling truth! If you have not  
what he comes for, money, at least give him  
good words.

*Fum.* I never shall endure his importunity.

*Car.* I have a present means to  
give him suddain motion.

*{ cuts one of his  
boots cross the toe.*

*Fum.* What do'st mean?

*Car.* So now, be angry, that the straitnesse of  
your boot, forced you to cut it, or you could  
not have worn 'em: and seem  
impatient.

*{ Exit Carlo, and re-  
enters with the  
Shoomaker.*

*Fum.* Let me alone.

*Shoo.* Good-morrow to your Worship.

*Fum.* In good time, Sir. What? you come for  
money, but are like to go without. Pox on your  
neat work; I must cut new boots, or cannot  
wear 'em; besides, incur my Lord's displeasure,  
who

who verry now in great haste sent for me. Another would return 'em on your hands, but I am mercifull, and you know it well enough, therefore presume - but have a care, for if this trade hold, you'l quickly break.

*Car.* I am afraid so.

[*aside.*

*Shoo.* Sir, I desire your pardon for these, your next shall make amends.

*Fum.* They shall? and when?

*Shoo.* By to morrow this time.

*Fum.* Go to, fail not, if you fail me, I'll fail you.

[*Exit Shoom.*

*Car.* Nay, that's sure enough.

[*aside.*

*Fum.* Thou necessary villain; let me hug thee.

*Car.* Pugh, this is nothing, I have seen a hundred of these tricks in Town. Now must you make a vertue of necessity, and neatly tie it up with this new fashion'd Ribband; and, ere to morrow at night, 'twill prove

{ *Ties it up, and  
puts on his Boot.*

*Fum.* Excellent *Carlo!* Again? who's there now? But 'tis no matter, now I know the trick on't, I shall be even with some more of ye.

{ *Carlo goes  
out, and  
re enters.*

*Car.* The Lord *Hipolito* hath sent for you.

*Fum.* I attend.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Martiano and Ansonius.*

*Mar.* Tax not my courage (dearest friend) I dare

As

As much, as man; when warranted by vertue.  
 The day's not more antipatheticall  
 To night, then my bold Soul to coward Fear.  
 But oft we see temerity o'rethrow,  
 What wise delay might have prevented.  
 Protraction is not ever dangerous,  
 But sometimes advantageous; nor is  
 My sure revenge remitted, 'cause deferr'd :  
 No, no, it vegetates, and when mature,  
 With ease, I'll shake the vengefull fruit, that bears  
 A certain ruine with it, upon the heads  
 Of the conspirators, and all at once  
 Crush them to dust. But my designe, as yet, is  
 green.

*Auf.* I not suspect your courage, *Martiano*,  
 But tardity, for, though our Proverb saith,  
 He that goes slow goes sure; yet, he that hastes,  
 Hath first his ends. I can but counsell you,  
 And proffer my assistance.

*Mart.* Both which, *Aufonius*, I accept with  
 gratitude :

I may have just occasion to put  
 Your noble friendship to a tryall :  
 Till when, I ever shall acknowledge  
 The great engagement my demerit hath  
 Unto your goodnesse.

*Auf.* Do, put me to the proof ;  
 Then shall my actions speak my reall heart  
 Better, then my harsh tongne, unpractique in  
 The ceremonious falsities of *France*,

10 *The false Favourite disgrac'd; &*

(So much in fashion with our antick age.)

My All is thine, and when I prove perfidious,  
Kill me; till then, trust me.

*Mar.* Thou art all constant goodnesse, and my  
Friend.

In that poor Monosyllable, th'ineestimable riches  
Of our love, lies thesauriz'd.

*Aus.* Importunate affaires, which envy me  
The pleasure of thy company, exact  
Me, for some few houres.

Be circumspect, and underneath your thoughts,  
Your secretest thoughts, let our discourse ly  
couch'd;

There's danger in the appearance. Passion  
Too often drives man beyond his reason;  
And a rash tongue betraies a resolv'd heart.  
Good counsell's ever seasonable. Be wise,  
And diffident. *Hippolitus* feign'd friendship  
Portends no good, his aime's beyond your reach.  
Be confident, your fathers enemy  
Can never be your reall friend, his tongue  
And heart must needs be dissonant.

Credit not his soft language; for most sweet  
The *Syrens* sing, when they intend to slay.  
Be firm in your revenge, th'injurious wrongs  
Of good *Pausanio* cry loud for't; let him have't.

*Mart.* Could I conceive his injuries grew from  
that root of

Malice, I would —————

*Aus.* You are not ignorant, 'tis more then  
whisper'd

*Mart.*

*Mart.* Were he the man, though skulk'd in  
some obscure

And unknown cavern, i'th remotest part  
Of the wide Universe, my impetuous rage,  
More swift and terrible than lightning,  
Soon would finde him out;  
And soon as found, dissect him into Atoms,  
Which my just hand should dissipate about  
His silent Mansion, that the guiltlesse earth  
(Abhorring such commixture) might intreat  
The furious justice of some stormy gust,  
To snatch his ashes from her purer dust.  
And hurry them to hell.

*Anso.* Passion transports him. -- Reassume  
your reason,

And once again be vigilant. *Exit Ansonius.*

*Mart.* My thoughts afflict me, sure it cannot  
be,

*Hippolito* should wear so smooth a brow,  
And have a craggy heart; experience  
Yet often proves the contrary: The Sea,  
But now calm as a standing Lake, flattering  
The secure Mariner, in few minutes space,  
Furrowes his front, and threatens him with  
wrack.

And 'mong a thousand seeming friends, 'tis rare  
To finde one pair, whose meaning's their ex-  
pression,

'Mong formall friends; then what can I expect  
From a known enemy? Ha! --- 'tis doubtfull-----

But

But my revenge must not be idly grounded,  
 Upon sleight thought, but fundamentall truth.  
 I would not for the world, blur my pure soul  
 With any black mistake; — yet I'll suspect  
 what may be,

And 'tis wisdom; hastie fooles  
 Build on the sottile sand of self-opinion,  
 Whilst th' patient prudent laugh at their sad  
 ruine.

I must make farther tryall, then if I find  
 Him guilty, I'll soon ease my troubled mind.

*Exit Martiano.*

*Enter Hippolito, solus.*

*Hip.* I'm now securely fix'd in the Duke's  
 bosome,

My power equalls his; his greater title  
 Onely distinguisheth. So politick Syres,  
 T'advance their sons low fortunes, by a Match  
 Deserving better, let them bear the name  
 And glorious sound of Land lord, when th'en-  
 -trado

Runs th'old course into their Coffers.

'Tis my command that executes, the Duke  
 But countenanceth the a& Petitions flock to me,  
 And, as my pleasure shall decree, are granted or  
 oppos'd.

I've dress'd my selfe in such humility,  
 That all mens hearts are mine. Our neighbour  
 Cardinall,

(That favour'd Prelate) from th'opressed people,  
 Hath

Hath not more hourly imprecations,  
 Than I prayers, smiles, and obsequious cringes  
 What content, to perfect my beatitude, affords  
 The world, that's yet deficient,  
 But beauteous *Lucibella*? the rich crown  
 Of all my joyes, for whose unvalu'd love  
 My honour lies at stake, nay, my dear life,  
 Were I discover'd: whose willfull Father  
 Despis'd my humble suites, and with denyall  
 (Cold as a Northern congelation)  
 Nip'd my then germinating hopes; besides,  
 When but a Neophyte in our Masters favour,  
 Maliciously he sought t' eclipse my glory  
 With a cloud of ruine; which to retalliate,  
 My timely plots have sent him far enough;  
 Yet knowes he not who hurt him. So wise men  
 Vengeance take, whilst th'inconsiderate fool  
 Threatens, and failes. *Pausanio*, I am now  
 Above thy malice, and resolv'd to win  
 Thy peerlesse daughter, or grow old } *to him,*  
 in sin. } *Fumante*

*Fum.* Summon'd by your command, (my honour'd Lord)

My ever-ready dutie brought me, to wait upon  
 yo upl easure.

*Hipol. Fumante*, thus in short:

I have perceived, and oft, your jealous eye  
 Hath glanc'd at *Dianetta* more of late,  
 Than any other Lady of the Court.

*Fum.* My Lord! —————

14 *The false Favourite disgrac'd; &*

*Hip.* And she deserves respect, she's fair; besides,

You have enjoy'd with freedom a vouchsafy,  
That others dare not hope for, many hours  
Of sweet discourse with her, a certain symptom  
Of mutuall affection---- You are happy,  
Whilst I \_\_\_\_\_

*Fum.* My Lord, I've many Mistresses;  
But, who's most courteous, she predominates.

*Hip.* No jealously, *Fumante*,  
I know the boundlesse love you bear her, and  
The power you have with her; how that your  
absence

Doth not more torture her afflicted soul,  
Than presence hilarate her heart. Therefore  
I sent for thee, on whom my hopes depend:  
For now's the time wherein thou maist expresse  
Thy gratitude, for all my liberall favours,  
Profusely shew'd on thee: Nay more, endear  
Me to thy love, and our two soules unite,  
For perpetuity.

*Fum.* (I scent the project, he would [*aside*.  
inoculate.

Now must I turn pimp, ---hum--- well:  
Would I were the first had undergone,  
That now much practis'd function for a Patron.  
'Tis a familiar age  
For you, ( my gracious Lord ) to whose great  
bounty  
I owe more, than the too-short remnant of my  
life



I wish to live, that my whole care and study,  
Employ'd for your contentment, may effect it.

*Hip.* Gratefull *Fumante*! Oh--- my troubled  
breast,

Doth nourish flaming sulphure.

*Fum.* Wee'l have it quench'd, and speedily.

Her quick rolling eyes are characters of kindnesse.

Th' other day, (speaking of my Verses) she said,  
My words were charmes, and that the Lady must  
be

Insensible,----- of stone,--- that could withstand  
my method----

I'le put her to the proof--- Courage my Lord!

The Lady's yours:

*Hip.* Mercy pronounced to the Delinquent,  
bears

Nothing so sweet a sound,---- I am all joy---

Dearest *Fumante*!----- imagination

Of what's to come, transports me--- prethee  
how,

How, my *Fumante*? enform me of the way.

*Fum.* With admiration, often I have heard

Her speak your merit, and affirm, the Duke

Look'd with her eyes, when his election made

Your worthy selfe the object of his favours.

*Hip.* On!---prethee on!

*Fum.* The Court (not without cause) might  
boast of you;

For *Florence*, nor the world, could e'r produce

Your Honour's parallel.

*Hip.* My hopes best comfort! On.

*Fum.* Added t'your gifts of nature, goodly  
feature,

Were those of the minde, sound judgment, tem-  
per'd vallour,

Relieving bounty, and humility,

Attracting hearts: in fine, all graces, which

Requir'd are, to make a man compleat,

Unanimously flock'd into your breast,

As to their proper center, and there fixed, dwell.

*Hip.* Oh! I shall surfeit with excessse of joy.

*Fum.* Were't possible, her willing tongue could  
stretch

A praise beyond deserving, you should hav't;

Which is a proof sufficient she affects you.

Now 'twere a necessary policy, my Lord;

To tickle her in th'ear with th'like report;

From you, concerning her, it cannot chuse but  
take:

And if that fail her mean condition,

Being far beneath your honours;

Large promises, (lusts sugred bait) and some  
performance,

(The life of expectation) will forcibly prevail.

Despair not, for the stuff we have to work on, is

Malleable—— My Lord, she is a woman.

*Hip.* Whom means *Fumante*?

*Fum.* Fair *Dianetta*.

*Hip.* *Dianetta*?

*Fum.* Yes: was't not she your honour spake of?

*Hip.*

*Hip.* Erroneous apprehension, dull *Fumante*,  
Thy jealousie, and my credulity,  
Equally fool us. My now present griefs,  
Exceed my late imaginary joyes ———  
Why did my rage procure the Generall's ban-  
nishment?

Was't not for beauteous *Lucibella's* love?

*Fum.* Your Lordships word obliged me to be-  
lieve so.

*Hip.* 'Tis a pure truth, then turn not an A-  
postate:

For my sublime soul fix'd in the pure heaven  
Of her transcendent beauty, (where doth shine  
The glory of perfection) disdaines  
Inferiour community.

*Fum.* Your naming *Dianetta*, made me  
Suppose the contrary. For, we of the Court  
Are rarely bondslaves unto constancy.

*Hip.* 'Tis a confess'd fault, would 'twere a-  
mended.

But now take my intentionst  
My vertuous fair, with much impatiency,  
Brooks her lov'd father's absence, and admits  
Of no society, but sadnesse, whilst  
My grief-swoln heart doth languish.  
Now to avoid suspition, (for I doubt  
*Martiano's* haughty spirit) and to confirm  
le in her good opinion, with haste,  
repair to *Dianetta*, that she, through you ———

*Fum.* Now I conceive: may give intelligence

To *Lucibella*, of the constant faith  
 You have vow'd unto her goodnesse —

*Hip.* Right--- and withall,  
 ( For this point is the soul of my designe )  
 How my assiduous supplication is,  
 To impetrate the Dukes remission for *Pausanio*.  
 Let her speak comfort plentifully, for  
 Thus assure her, I'll never cease my suit,  
 Till I obtain his gracious grant. Do this, and---

*Fum.* And more, ( my Lord )  
 Be confidently cheerfull, and expect,  
 Ere long, a prosperous issue. *Exit Fuman.*

*Hip.* Go, and kinde fate wait on thee, if she  
 prove

Kind, I am too great, ever to know remove  
*Exit Hipolito.*

*Enter Vatinius and Jacamo.*

*Vat.* Love hath a strange confu-  
 ming faculty,  
 Wastes not alone the spirits, but  
 the purse.

*Vatinius with a ribbon tied upon his boot as had Fum.*

Variety of change, will shortly make me  
 Change variety. It hath cost me, since that I  
 First made love unto *Rosania*, at least  
 Two thousand pistolls in very clothes; and  
 Yet she cannot fancy me; 'tis strange—  
 I wear 'em well enough — ha!

*Jac.* Yes, Sir;  
 ( For I can get none of 'em till they be  
 Past wearing. *[aside]*

*Vat.* And

My judicious Tailor tells me, I become my cloths.

I'm open to thy view, deliver thy opinion.

*Iac.* Faith, Sir, your cloths become you.

*Vat.* Your cloathes become you, [*kicks him.*  
villain.

He swears, that the compaction of my body is beyond

Compare, and takes delight to look upon my waste.

*Iac.* (I cannot blame him, he lives by: [*aside.*  
your great waste.)

*Vat.* And yet, your clothes become you!

*Iac.* Your Pardon, Sir; the phrase is usuall.

*Vat.* Use it no more, because it is so: When  
any thing is

Common, it is worthlesse.

*Jac.* That's a Court Maxim.

*Vat.* Go, Sir, discharge the Taylor } [*aside.*  
presently: } gives *Jac.*  
a key.

will nor, as most Gallants do, still spend,  
Whilst I have wherewithall, but pay,

That when I want to spend, then spend I may.

*Jac.* Per-lady, no small pollicy. *Exit Jac.*

*Vat.* This suites the forward issue of a new  
ashion; yet, am I almost confident, she'l make it  
lder by a month, then that I gave my man a  
year since. Well, I must humour her; but if she  
ontinue thus, when we are married, we must

wear my woods upon our backs, or (like the Tortoise) carry our houses about us. 'Tis rue mor'd, I shall have her, which I've confirmed, although she never made me any promise, and I strongly believe 't; for I am tearmed the object of the Ladies, and the exact Courtier: Should it go otherwise, I should be bravely laugh'd at. But I'll to her, and know a certainty, for I can scarcely hold out any longer. [to him, *Honorio.*

*Hon. Vatinius,* well mett. So early ready? and so quaintly dress'd? Trust me, this is not ordinary; but I suppose, the Dukcs intended visit to *Lucibella*, with the Princessse, with whom *Rosania* goes, occasioned this unaccustomed expedition.

*Vat.* I do confesse ingenuously, it did!

But I must wait. My Lord, your humble servant. *Exit Vatinius.*

*Hon.* That such a solid judgment, and sweet beauty,

Should rashly throw the treasure of her love  
On a meer glorious outside, troubles me past wonder.

Imperious love! placest thou charmes in clothes?  
Are gay apparell, and a rich-loind purse,  
Such powerfull attractions? Yes, 'tis plain:  
Whilst the reward of vertue's cold disdain.  
When I discover'd my religious flame,  
With an unfained passion, and my soul  
Almost expiring with each heartless sigh;  
What answer, but, she pittied me: whilst he

Must



22 *The false Favourit disgrac'd; &*

Rebell, having so great a precedent (my Lord.)

*Hib.* Is this disjoynted talke to us? know you; who we are?

*Mart.* Disjoynted talke to us? know you, who we are?

Yes: I do know, *Hipolito*: our names have but an equall sound.

*Hipol.* However, more manners and lesse familiarity.

Would well become you; else you will grow contemptible.

*Mart.* More manners lesse familiarity; contemptible? *(draw.*

My potent arme (where in the purple blood,  
Of wrong'd *Pausanio* lively flowes)

Shall chastise thy mad folly, and maintaine  
My fathers Son the Nobler ----- now's the time

for trial. *(aside*

Who (though unjustly exil'd) hath a brest  
Harbouring more reall worth then the carv'd

Monuments of all thy deceas'd Ancestors  
Can bragge off ----- heaven he weeps! *(aside.*

This may be but delusion ----- ion!  
What though you be our Masters Minnion?

That doth not lend addition to your blood,  
'Tis Vertue that enobles; every way

I am at worst, your equal; which deny'd.  
Let our impartial swords the cause decide.

What meanes *Hipolito*?

*Hipo!* I never hear your banished Father nam'd,  
But



But griefe through my kind eyes, evaporates,  
The sad mist from my kinder heart, and leaves  
It obvious.

*Mart.* This cannot be dissembling ---- (*aside*  
My Lord your pardon! my rash credulity,  
And filiall love to parent,  
Enforc'd my heart to a foule misconstruction,  
How that your power which the Duke con-  
triv'd

My fathers sad remove; the reason, this:  
Because you held him for an Enemy;  
And in a suppos'd just revenge, I thought  
To kill you; yet not ignobly.

*Hip.* Adulterated age! Monstrous ingrati-  
tude!

Is my so noble friendship, pious sorrow,  
Unceffant mediation, all my services,  
Both to, and for your father, thus rewarded?  
Arme! for I'le teach thy rage a better temper---  
(*draw.*)

Was it for this? my long continued pray'rs,  
For your advance (yet untill now effectlesse)  
At length, have wone the yeelding Duke to  
make

Your worthlesse-felfe his generall? nay brought  
His Royall person to confirme it on you,  
Brought him an honour to your habitation,  
For this? ----- but I tryfle ----- betake you  
to your

Guard / Why do you not put forward?

Doth

24<sup>1</sup> *The false Favourit disgrac'd; &*

Doth abject feare restrain your fury?

*Mart.* No 'tis a thing I hate, as I do love  
True vallour: the late War proclaim'd it: nor  
Because you'r favourit to the Duke for could,  
It enter in my thought, you wrong'd my father?  
Were you *Jove's* Ganymed? my noble anger  
Would force me re-attempt high-heav'ns in-  
vasion,

And from th' *Olympicke* thunders riffled armes  
Throw-headlong my revenge to *Tartarus*.

*Hip.* O! ---- thou'lt damned spirit (*aside.*

*Mart.* To prosecute sweet vengeance,  
I could do things, me thinks impossible:  
But uselesse be that hand, usurps a sword;  
Against a friend! now I am calme, and beg,  
What must not be denyed, your goodnesse par-  
don;

And, hence forth, I vow to weare you next my  
soul.

*Hip.* First ----- Nay, pray receive my  
sword!

And if you doubt of my reality? { *Proffers his*

Rippe up my brest, where you shall find a heart  
Worthy your friendship. { *Sword.*

*Mart.* Kind Sir, enough: I am all faith--- The  
Princesse. { *To them,*

*Julia.* *Martiano*, the Duke, within { *Julia.*  
expects you.

*Mart.* Madam, I attend.

*Julia.* The Lord *Hipolito* will deserve your  
love, Whose

Whose faithfull mediation hath accompanied  
Our long important suit, for th' old Generall.

*Exit Julia*  
[*aside.*]

*Hipol.* As sent from heav'n,

*Mart.* This confirms all the rest :

What devil suggested me to this mistake ?

Once more, Sir, your forgiveness ?

*Hip.* *Martiano*, take it, and a friend ! but hence  
Let reason rule, and not be rul'd by sense (*Exeunt.*)

*Desinit Actus primus.*

---

Actus secundus, Scena prima.

*Enter Honoria, Fumante, Vatinius.*

*Hono.* **W**Hat think yee, Gentlemen of *Lucibella.*

*Vatin.* She spake sweetly and wisely!

*Hono.* Well, she's the glory of her sex.

I never heard a suite of such importance,

Urg'd which like modesty : t'was strange the duke  
(After so powerfull a plea) could still,

Remaine inexorable.

*Fuman.* Sir, nothing less : justice best speaks a  
Prince,

When mercy yoakes his great Prerogative

With vulgar censure : should he, now, reverse

(*Act*

26 *The false Favourit disgrac'd; &c,*

(At a faire Ladies prayers) his former doome,  
And call *Pausanio* home, which all the Lords  
Entreaty, could not win him to, d' yee thinke  
The busy-Commons gravidated heads,  
(Which generally, from nothing, coyne conceits)

Would not bring forth foule whispers, since they  
know.

Him for a Traytor.

*Hono.* I've heard a Tenent (besides that of his  
sanctity)

How that a Princes great Prerogative,  
Maintaines him not-erronious (the truth  
Of either, I dispute not, since authouriz'd)  
Which believ'd, the people dare not murmure.  
Howe're, mercy no lesse becomes a Prince.

*Fuman.* Faith Sir, their insolency, here of late,  
Is growne to such a height, that Majesty  
Lies trampil'd on; they dare doe any thing.

*Vatin.* 'Tis too-true.

And more then time their great impiety,  
Were by a stricter hand suppress.

*Hono.* Here are a paire of States-men, such another

Not to be called out of Christendome, t' or'e  
throw it, *Aside*

One a foole, t' other a flatterer, I must not  
Leave them, for my mirth;

But harke yee Gentlemen! 'tis more then  
thought.

That

That the the old Gennerall, is grossely injur'd  
*Fuman.* Fooles are of that opinion.

*Vatin.* Yes, yes, fooles ; none, but fooles.

*Hono.* I am of that opinion ; am I a foole ?

*Both.* You a foole, my Lord ?

*Hono.* I doe protest I hold *Pausanio* noble.

*Fuman.* Comes, come, my Lord, it is unsafe

To harbour such opinions, when the lawes

Have prov'd him guilty of foule treason.

*Hono.* Hum---are you of that faction?

I shall observe you more hereafter.

*Aside*

I only speake to yee, my grave judicious friends,

But no more of that.

What thinke yee of th' great honour, late confer'd

On *Martiano* ? he's now created Generall ;

And hath a haughty spirit.

*Fuman.* Spirit too much, I feare ; but yet the  
duke.

Was ill advis'd, untill a farther prooffe,

So great an honour, rashly, to bestow,

Tooke from a Traytour, on the Traytours sonne,

*Vatin.* Right : who ( for ought we know ) may  
be a Traitour ?

The Duke was much too blame, and without  
question,

The whole Court are of our opinion.

*Hono.* Yes, yes, fooles ; none, but fooles.

*Both.* How's this ?

*Hono.* Now I hope you will not question me, for  
my opinion ;

I am

I am even with yee.

*Both.* Wee ? not wee, my Lord; we are your friends.

*Hono.* Nay now yee dare not  
 And I am glad on't

*Vatin*, Courts *Rosania.*  
*Fuman:* *Dianetta*  
 To them *Rosania*, and *Dianetta.*

See the ladies.

Such seem'd the beauteous Goddess, when she got.

The golden ball, on happy *Ida's* toppe;  
 Else had the Trojan-youth bestow'd the prize  
 On *Juno*, or the Martiall-maid.

*Rosania*, well; how e're you sleight my love,  
 My captiv'd soule will your true martyr prove.

*Dianetta.* I've not neglected the performance of  
 All your desires.

*Fuman.* You much oblige me.

*Rosania.* Enough, enough, I doe not like the subject.

*Vatin.* That's but an evasion, because she would not have

*Aside.*

Her love to me discovered: how shall I be blest,  
 with wit, and beauty?

*Rosa.* Your serious thoughts ( my *To Ho-*  
 Lord ) are taken up *norio.*

With business for the state; you have left courting.

*Hono.* Lady, I was projecting ———

*Rosa.* Oh purge your brain of projects, I advise you.

They

They breed contagion, that infects the state ;  
And will, or make you deadly sick, or kill you.

*Hono.* But mine is lawfull.

*Rosa.* Law it selfe's unsound.

*Hono.* Yet, Lady, mine is just and honest.

*Rosa.* That would be rare and strange : what  
i'st ? —————

*Vatin.* She fits him every way and  
she hath ashrew'd wit,

*Hono. and  
Rosa. whis-  
per.*

And I shall love her the better for't :  
even thus. *(Aside.)*

Will she cross me, to exercise her Genius —————

*Rosa.* You love a Lady, and would have her  
give you the

Monopoly of her heart ; and, for th' obtayning  
Of the Pattent, give her yours.

*Hono.* I would : Is it not fayre, and equall ?

*Rosa.* As't may fall out : yet you may pay too  
deere ; —————

But it concerns not me.

*Hono.* She's yet immoveable : hard-hearted  
fayre ! ————— *(Aside.)*

*Rosa.* Signior *Fumante*, I had your amorous  
verses.

*Vatin.* He send her verses ? ————— *(Aside.)*

*Rosa.* But the exuberance of your praise, was  
only due

To Venus selfe ; and (if my memory faile me  
not)

The Author so intended them, in th' last Court-  
Masque.

Masque:

*Fuman.* The Author Madame?

How, hath she found out that? — (*Aside.*

*Rosa.* Yes Sir! the major part of them i'm  
sure were none.

Of yours: but blush not! you're not the first, by  
Multitudes, guilty of this felonious fault,  
'tis common.

*Dian.* Yet nere the less absurd.

*Fuman.* By Phœbus selfe, I swear!

Th' invention genuinely was my owne.

I not deny, but mine might simulize

The others learned-straine.

*Dian.* Yea; good witts will jumpe.

*Fuman.* For now the sterile soile of forc'd  
invention.

Is over-wrought, therefore not, so productive  
Of variety: what theame can you propose.

That largely hath not bin discuss'd on?

*Rosa.* Scarce any: therefore your excuse is the  
more passable.

*Dian.* The duke —

*Enter duke, Iulia, Lucibella, Hipol, Marti-  
ano, Aufonius, Attendants, Flourish.*

*Duke.* Madame you have exceeded in our  
entertainment.

Which you may judg ill recompenc'd, having  
deny'd.

Your only suite: but console

your



Your greived heart, which better hopes: for  
when.

Your Presence, shall, an honour bring, with it,  
Unto our Court, our gratitude shall give  
Your bounty a just prooffe, that we deserve it.

*Hipol.* What meanes the duke? ——— (*Aside,*

*Duke.* Till when-I thinke't an age- *kisses.*  
your leave ———

Th' Arabian gales breath not so sweet a scent  
On blushing Roses.

*Luceb.* Your Grace leaves too much honour  
which your handmaid.

*Duke.* Fairest--farewell! { *Looks steadfastly upon*

*Diana.* The duke depar- { *her, pulls his hat over*  
ted strangely. { *his eyes then goes away*

*Julia.* Some thing hath { *which Hip. M. A. Ho.*  
crept into, { *F. Va.*

His noble brest, that troubles him,  
What ere it be?

*Diana.* I partly guesse the cause.

*Luceb.* Pray heav'n no want in us, or misper-  
formance.

In his entertainment, hath wrought this altera-  
tion!

*Julia.* Be feareless!

*Dian.* No; rather your abundance: in plainer  
termes;

Madame, I thinke your beauty hath subjected  
His stouter heart, and doubting, now your loves  
Reciprocation, since his great opposing.

Your sad petition, his obduracie  
 Feeling the heat of *Cypids* flames become  
 More flexible : wittesse his kind invitall  
 To the Court, his gratefull promises of all  
 Due performance, and his encouragement  
 To lively consolation ; but most,  
 His Heart-betraying salutation  
 Just at parting : through which I well per-  
 ceiv'd,

(As if his breast had bin transparent crysell)  
 The rankling relique Loves kind cruelty  
 Had left behind ——— nay (Madam) we can judge

*Julia*. Propitious be thy divination !

*Luceb*. I would not for the world.

*Julia*. Why ? could 'st not love him ?

*Luceb*. Yes, before any He living :

Nay set aside th' attraction of his person  
 Which, though external, is most powerfull ;  
 With all th' internall vertues, that enrich  
 His nobler mind : as he is your brother  
 He might share blifs with me : but as he is  
 A tyrant to my virgin teares effus'd  
 In such abundance, meekely at his feet,  
 Whereby to expiate my fathers guilt  
 From his too strict remembrance, and reduce  
 him to his native home, that so mine eyes  
 (Happy in their aspect) might straine the rest  
 through my excesse of joy ; as he is thus  
 Mercilesse to deny me this, I could be pittie les.---

(weeps.)

*Julia*.

*Julia.* Sweetest shake off this misbecoming  
sorrow!

And these sad weeds, that shrow'd it / for, than  
now,

Never more cause of gladnesse: tyer thy selfe  
Like to thy selfe / and help revive the Court  
(Grown dull through thy long absence)

With thy presence!

*Dia.* (Dear Madam) do / for if the Duke  
be taken?

As certainly he is (or I have no inspection)  
Beleeve your father now at home! for that must  
follow.

He never can expect love from you,  
'Till he have made him recompence.

*Rosa.* Very true: therefore pray be advis'd!

*Dian.* Good Madam!

*Julia.* Nay come, you shall be rul'd, and goe to  
Court.

*Luceb.* Chiefly, to give a demonstration  
Of my obedience to the Duke his summons;  
Next to pleasure ye; and last (if possible)  
Too lose part of my griefe, which heav'n  
knowes

Is in supportable, I will waite on you-----

But by our sacred friendship! } *Takes Julia*

*Julia.* To me no exorcisms. } *by the hand.*

*Luceb.* Then Question not your brothers pas-  
sion!

*Julia.* I shall observe ———— ( *Exeunt.*

34 *The false Favourit disgrac'd; &*

*Enter Duke and Page.*

*Duke.* Come gentle boy, thy untouch'd heart is  
light,

Thou canst expresse another's sadnes in  
A pleasing tone, and yet remaine unmov'd:  
Sing me the melancholly ditty, which thou  
saidst

Would please me.

*(Sings.*

*Song.*

**W**EEpe on, sad Soul! and may thy teares  
make thee memorative of hers!

yet not to grieve thee;

For though thy disrespective beames  
carrouz'd, unsatiss'd, those streames  
her goodnesse may relieve thee:

Th'obdurate stone,

By oft distilling drops, is wrought upon:

Sigh on! untill thy frozen brest,  
be with dissolving---warmth possesst!  
then weep agen!

Till thy repentant sorrow  
each teare, and sigh, from her did flow  
hath bin repayed with tenne;  
and then she must.

Or love againe, or liv'd esteem'd unjust.

*Duke.* Tis well: leave us! *(Exit, Page.*

What a combustion rages in my brest!

And how small hope to quench it! righteous  
fate!

What

What horrid sin, unknown to my cleare soul,  
 Have I committed, meriting so great  
 A punishment ? than which, none---temporall  
 More cruell : to love and be disdain'd !  
 Is there prevention ? she, whose sea of tears  
 ( That might have melted Rocks ) th'abyffus of  
 My greedy rigour hath carrouf'd without  
 Sense of satiety ; can she have left  
 One drop to pittie me ? -----  
 She whose sad sweet complaints, could not but  
 charme  
 The bloody Moore, and teach his fiercenesse,  
 mildnesse ;  
 I've heard neglectingly : can she retaine  
 Compassion, for one hath bin so cruell ?  
 Superfluous question ! ----- but stay better  
 reason :  
 Say I call home her father ----- if at length,  
 After whole yeares, great paines, large summs,  
 consum'd  
 In the delaying law, we but recover  
 The desperate principall ! travell nor charge  
 Is thought on, we're contented : why maint  
 shee  
 ( Forgetting her past greefes ) be satisfi'd ?  
 I am resolv'd ---- --but then where's Justice ----  
 oh ! -----  
 No matter : ----- yee celestial dwellers,  
 In Capital Letters, register this truth !  
 I fall to frailety, but by a temptation

That your divinities, if upon earth, could not  
withstand :

Which scene I may find pardon } *To him Hip:*  
*Hi.* There is no safety can asso- } *speaking to*  
ciate sin; } *himselfe.*

Some thing must be donne.

*Duke.* *Hipolito* discoursing to himselfe?

Thus obscur'd, I may o're heare him. } *Duke behind*  
*Hipol.* The Duke is strangely } *the hangings.*  
chang'd: his wonted mirth

Forfakes him; and his mind-disclosing-speech  
Speaks him all sadness: his dejected lookes,  
Soft lingring-pace, and solitary loneness,  
Faint-heartless-sighs, and jealous apprehen-  
sions.

Are the true badges of a deepe-struck-Amorist.

*Duke.* There you rub'd my wound.

*Hipol.* Hum ——— it troubles me extreamply,  
To know the certaine cause of his distemper.

*Duke.* Kind *Hipolito*, thy whole care's for us,  
Whereas we're growne quite careles of ourselfe,

*Hipol.* May be the p'ereless *Lucebella*.

*Duke.* What of her?

*Hipol.* (The splendour of whose eye might  
enfuse warmth

In the halfe frozen Cossack, and enforce  
Him throw away his friendly furs) hath caught.

His yeelding soule — I would not } *Duke comes*  
for a world ——— } *forth.*

*Duke.* Why? I can hold no longer.

*Hipol.*

*Hipol.* Ha? — how easily might my secure thoughts

Have bin surpriz'd?

*Duke.* Be not amaz'd! but feareless! we have heard.

Thy kind expressions tending to our wellfare;

My deare *Hipolito*, what recompence,

For thy continuall care, can there be, worth

Thy acceptance? when as my dukedome is

Too poore a restitution.

*Hipol.* Gracious Sir, all I can doe's but duty,

Therefore too well rewarded by your royall notice.

*Duke.* Thou art all virtue. But when you pronounc'd

The very cause of my sick hearts disease,

Naming faire *Lucebella*, why stop'd you?

Then with a faint conclusion (I would not for a world)

Blast my hopes?

*Hipol.* I'm put to't; but am arm'd — (*Aside.*

*Duke.* Say (my *Hipolito*) — wracke not my expectation!

Dost thou suspect her virtue?

*Hipol.* What, If I confirm'd her vicious? it would worke; (*Aside.*

But oh that were a sin, for which damnation

Would seeme a punishment too easy — I have't

*Duke.* Why muttur'st, to thy selfe?

And leavest our demand unsatisfy'd?

*Hipol.*

38 *The false Favourite disgrac'd; &c,*

*Hipol.* Sir, your pardon!

My anxious thoughts, with which my brest's re-  
plete;

Caus'd this neglect of duty.

*Duke.* Then answer us: dost thou beleve her  
such

As the best femall, through temptation, may be,  
Frayle?

*Hipol.* Chast and religious, as the virgin  
Nunne,

For ought I know.

*Duke.* She is, she is; my soule for hers, she is:  
With haste, dispeed our letters to *Pausanio*,

Entreat him home, wo him to pardon our  
Not pardoning him! tell him we are his friend,  
Intend to call him father; restitute

Him any thing — all things — Jam 'ore  
joyd.

But what? dost thou repine at our felicity?

*Hipol.* No: but, rather, pray for its encrease.

*Duke.* What then, writes discontentment, on  
thy brow?

Wee doe commiand your neereft thoughts.

*Hipol.* (Great Sir) you know my home-bred na-  
ture, blunt

As simple, not enur'd to sooth error

With flattery, so heap sin on sin; but prone

T'extirpate vice, and cherish virtue: then

Shall I behold, with violating hands,

Your selfe, that should maintaine justice, usurpe

Her



Her sacred-sword, and, with the desperate point,  
Willfully vulnerate your precious soul,  
When as you may prevent it? and not be truly  
greev'd?

Oh no! these teares (th' intrusive witnessses  
Of the fix'd love I beare him) doe lament  
*Pausanio's* absence: yet my pious heart,  
Limitts my ready wishes, for a squared rocke,  
Of perfect Adamant, I'd not have him heere,  
And the impardonable sin upon  
Your tortur'd conscience, with the living scan-  
dall.

Devouring your noble name, and Ancestors;  
When as Posterity  
Viewing the annalls of your happy reigne,  
Among your better deeds, there registred,  
Shall find this matchless peece of partiall justice;  
And, in the eares of your surviving off-spring,  
Read, Here have we th' else good *Cosmo*,  
For a Precedent of ill: will they not curse you?

*Duke.* Oh ———

*Hipel.* But my too-forward tongue willing t'  
expresse.

My zeale to goodnes, hath transgress'd; and now  
I have discharg'd my duty, if you please?

Cut off my head! ——— (Kneeles.

*Duke.* Rise, my divided soul! would the great  
traines,

That throng the Courts of Princes, were like  
thee!

40 *The false Favourit disgrac'd; &c,*

But, now, what meanes to keepe me from this  
guilt,

And yet be happy? my *Hipolito*.

*Hipol.* This only: of late young *Martiano*,  
With great entreaty oft hath urg'd  
Me to desire your Majesties consent,  
That he might visit his long absent father:  
Now, give him your grant! and for the rest  
Let me alone: his faire sister  
Affects your Grace, suffize it, that I know it:  
But her brother opposes all that bashfull virgins--

*Duke.* Wee understand thee: and thy words  
bring comfort;

Tell him he hath our leave, with power to use  
Our Gallies, when, and where, he please:  
We long to heare of his departure.

*Hipol.* I'll hasten it: Sir, be you but cheerfull,  
For if I faile? hate me!

*Duke.* Be prosperous! ————— *Exit.*

*Hipol.* So: now to *Martiano*, then the games  
on foote;

I must not trust his friendship, but at distance.

Had not the good evill spirit furnished

My great necessity? from what a precipice

Had I fall'ne head-long to perdition?

I'm deeply in, then on! if I must fall?

Better for treason, then things triviall. — *Exit.*

*Enter Rosania.*

*Rosania.* To be married to *Vatinius*? this false  
report

Puts

ats me besides my patience: the very man I  
oath above all the imitating Apes in the  
Court:

Tis true, he and *Fumante* both, have oft with  
oaths, profess'd they lov'd me; which I ever  
sighted,  
and plainly told them, that I could phancy nei-  
ther.

wonder upon what ground 'tis fabrick'd! ---  
Upon my life, meerey his own report; no  
otherwise; but I shall fit him; this comes of  
publique Courtship: 'tis well it is no worse.  
would not have it reach the ears of th' Prin-  
cesse

for any good ----- *Honorio*, I am now resolv'd  
to

Make amends, for my long past unkindnesse,  
thy constancy doth challenge it. (Exit.)

*Enter Hipolito, and Martiano.*

*Mart.* Hell to my soul? ----- whore my Sister?

*Hip.* Let reason coole your boyling bloud;  
lest that

impatience robbe you of sweet revenge.

*Mart.* It cannot:

My vertue's prooffe against all opposition:  
bring him before my rage, though payled round,  
With armed milions, maugre their resistance,  
I'll heiw him peace-meale, then to ravenous  
Kites

Throw

Throw his luxurious Carcase-----wast for thi  
 His Syren tongue envited her to Court,  
 To strumpet her ? ----- better his lust had  
 chose

His only sister to make black with guilt.

Or mounted his owne mother----- whore m  
 sister ?

These the promis'd hopes of consolation ? -----

Dishonour *Lucibella* ?

*Hip.* For heav'ns sake moderate your fury?

Or, we both are lost.

*Mart.* Perish the whole world with us, ra  
 ther than

One graine of our dear honour ! fiery flames  
 Run through my frighted veines, and consume  
 me,

Before I shall doe justice ; patience

But a little ; I'le instantly returne,

And bring the libidinous heart of this mœcha-  
 tour

A present for you, poynted on my Steele.

*Hip.* First you must cut your passage through  
 me ?

This is childish rashnesse ; and not the fruit

Your vowes to patience, and secrecie,

So fairely promis'd : had I known your temper

To be thus volatile ? no torment should

Have forc'd perswasion, or the name of friend

Have wrought this secret from me : giv't me

back ?

(draws.

Or

Or I will ransack all your Intrals for't.

*Mart.* Why I am your friend, and (but for you) had liv'd

In ignorance, whilst the lascivious Duke  
Might have brought black dishonour on our  
house,

And I lost my revenge ; but, to your love,  
I owe more then a thousand lives ; for now

I know his dark intentions, and can  
Prevent th'm, by killing them in the bud.

Performe then your free proffer, joyne with  
me !

Remember it alike concerns you ----- you

He would have made his cursed instrument,

The damned Bawd to his foul lust (my Lord )

You ----- oh heavens ! ----- the good *Hipo-*  
*lito.*

Can you hear this, yet not be mov'd ?

*Hip.* I can seem so, and compasse my revenge

With greater safety ; when you rashly runne

Your neck into the nuze; and not alone,

Your own ; but seek to ruine him, that was

And would be, your best friend. It is unsafe

To play with th' awfull Lyons curled maine,

When waking; but a sleep, your pleasre may

Command his very heart.

*Mart.* I am to blame : Forgive me ; Sir, ! the  
cause

Must needs distemper the most able brain :

You were about to counsell me, pray on !

You

You said the course was sure, and might be suda-  
daine :

I vow all patient observance,

*Hip.* Then thus.

Some twelve Moones since, you may remember

The solemne vow *Sicano* freely made

Unto your father, whose supply preserv'd

His person, people, gallies, from the yoke

Of Turkish bondage; when *Reoibbassa*

That proud commander, with his whole Armado

Set on his weaker power, which (by multitude)

'Ore Master'd, after a cruell fight,

*Sicano*, and the *Sicilian* Cavalleirs

Ready to yeeld themselves unto their mercy,

*Pausanio*, and his power were discrid

A loofe, making from *Malta*; when the wind

Favouring their course, ere a full watch was

out,

Brought them inken of th' Turkes; your father

by

Their flags, knew them for foes, and freshly char-

ges

Upon their Admirall (till then victorious)

Who (after many) by one dangerous shot.

Receav'd 't wixt wind, and water, quickly sunck:

The rest (disabl'd by the former: and

More weakn'd by the latter fight) revenge,

Not vallour animated on; and now

A bloody fight begins; but seven short houres

Declares your father Victour: for the *Turke*

Beat out by new supply, clapps on all sail,  
 And flies; leaving their intended prize unto  
 Your father: who (proud that it was his fate,  
 To serve the Prince) makes himselfe known,  
 Supplies what warre had made deficient,  
 And takes leave: to whom *Sicano*, thus:  
 Valliant *Pausanio*, our great Preserver,  
 May heav'n be just in sending thee like streit!  
 Not that we wish thee ill; but that we may  
 Express our gratitude, for this deliverance,  
 And your great love:  
 For all our lives, and force of Sicilly,  
 Are ty'd to your disposall: So, parted.  
 Now, *Martiano*, haste you thither, and make  
 known

To him your griefes; and if that he be noble,  
 Now's the time to shew it.

*Mart.* But if in case, alleadging he is friend  
 To *Florence*, he deny me his assistance!

*Hipol.* 'T were sin to doubt his Princely word  
 — how'ere,

Upon your first advise of ill success,  
 Ple have the duke dispatch'd; and 't will be safe.  
 For, in your absence, what suspicion can  
 Move any to thinke you interested therein; -- ha?

*Mart.* Rare, above thought! my constant  
 letters

Shall acquaint you withall passages:  
 I will away to night; the wind fits faire.

*Hipol.* Indeed your business doth require wings.  
 D Successe

*Enter Aufonius and Lucebella her Clothes  
changed.*

*Auso.* This better change, will much rejoyce  
your  
Brother; who, 'bove his owne, prefers your  
wellfare.

*Luceb.* May it prove wroth his joy; I rather  
feare.

My greefes encrease, than their redress — I go  
Unwillingly — and yet I know not why —  
But 'tis the Princess swayes me. } *To them*

*Auso.* See *Martiano's* come to { *Mart.*  
waite upon you thither.

*Mart.* To Court! rather to a Bordello —  
Sister,

This bravery becomes you well — yea and a  
broad —————

But best at home: let not my plainness cause  
Your amazement! the duke hath undermin'd you,  
And wants but putting to the burning match,  
Of blowing up your honour:

Anon you shall know more; I must this night  
For Sicilly; my deare Aufonius

Will supply my roome, till my returne, whom I  
(By letters) will enforme of all proceedings — — —  
away.

*Luceb.* Is this the joy! will unkind fate for e-  
ver



Lowr'e! is there no mitigation!

*Mart.* Be wisely patient! or you betray  
My else-sure revenge.

*Auso.* Now thou speakest like my friend.

*Mart.* But I lose precious time:  
In, and know all: oh gods, be now but just!  
Then shall this lustfull flême burne him to dust.

*Desinit Actus Secundus!*

---

## Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

*Enter Honorio and Rosania.*

*Hono.* **L** Ady, your seeming cruelty, hath  
much.

Afflicted me, but your now reall promise  
Of mutuall amity, and protestation  
That 'twas but for a trial of my faith,  
Dissolves my frozen hopes to melting joy: and  
heart

I do present you with the constant'st heart.  
That purest vowes, e're plighted to a Maid —

[*Sallute.*

*Rosa.* 'Tis but exchang'd for one, whose as  
firme faith

Resolves the chafteft love, that virgin--blushes  
Ever betray'd to Man.

*Hono.* May permanent felicity crowne both,  
Our resolutions! Madam, your perswasive rea-  
sons.

Command me patience till the Princess leave;  
 And your then ready love, shall perfect this  
 Our begun happiness: in th' interim,  
 I will endeavour some quaint stratageme.  
 To shame my brace of boasters, whose jactations,  
 Have, with your modesty, abus'd my passion.

*Rosa.* The very project my slight vengeance  
 aim'd at:

Would 'twere affected!

*Hono.* Oh doubt it not! their policy's not so  
 preventive,

But we may easily compass it:

Only, thus farre, be pleas'd to be assistant;  
 When that *Vatinus* courts you, let your praise  
 Be of *Fumante*, and his Poetry:

And when *Fumante*, *Vatinus* in your eyes  
 A compleat Courtier, and becomes his clothes  
 Be best in *Florence*: and for the rest, let me alone:

*Rosa.* I shall observe: and so I take — } *Exit*  
 my leave. } *Rosa*

*Hono.* All joyes waite on you: now } *To him*  
 for my mimique gallants. } *Fum. &*

And luckily heeres one, fretting, as if } *Carlo.*  
 some busy

Wasp, had with her stinging tayle, offended his  
 Worshipp's nose; unscene, I will ob- } *Hono: be-*  
 serve him. } *hind the*

*Fuman.* It can not bee. *Arrests.*

*Carlo.* 'Tis credibly so reported Sir.

*Fuman.* *Vatinus* marry her?

What

What, in the name of merit, can her eye  
Discover in that indigested lumpe,  
Worthy so sweet a purchase? but uncase  
His disseas'd body, and the dullest eye  
Will soone perceave what a Consumption  
Intemperance hath bred there: out of boots,  
His legs are, but a booty for a Buzzard.  
And, but take off his artificiall lockes  
The french men (that first wanted) first invented;  
And 'gainst the sun perspicuously you may  
See, what a plenteous lacke of brains,  
His noddls stor'd with; which causes him con-  
ceit himselve a compleat gentleman.

*Hono.* How right his malice hath describ'd em  
both!

*Carlo.* What imperfections gay apparell covers?

*Fuman.* True: whilst deserving vertue, unre-  
garded,

Walkes in a thred bare vestment.

*Hono.* This is observable: 'tis not the goodly  
out-side speakes a man.

*Carlo.* But I have heard, Sir, that he's possess'd  
with a very great.

Estate; and who hath wealth hath all things: he  
Shall be reputed virtuous, valiant, noble, wise,  
What not? and questionless 'tis that the aymes  
at: as for

His defects, she may (as other Ladys) supply them  
in

A proper, able, well limb'd, gentileusher, who  
with D 3 alacrity,

52      *The false Favourit disgrac'd ; &*  
Alacrity and fidelity shal discharge his office,  
to

The no small contentment of his Madam ; yet  
Seemingly - be-check'd, and rayl'd on in his feel-  
lows

Presence, for now performance of his duty.

*Hono.* A bitter knave.

*Fum.* But are there, who do so ?

*Carlo.* Are there ? why where will you find a  
Lady that doth

Not so ? (I mean, I Florence) nay worse in sport  
With their Marmosits, and smooth skin'd doggs,  
A beastly quality for a Lady : though the now  
frequent

Custom of it ; lessens the crime.

*Fum.* Well, it vexeth me beyond all patience,  
to be

Thus affronted, by such a worthlesse Widgeon ;  
Would I durst fight with him !

*Hono.* 'T would prove a foule Combat ; a  
woodcock with

A widgeon.

*Carlo.* Why sir, what should cause your feare ?  
upon my

Knowledge, the sight of a drawn sword wil make  
him swoond.

*Fum.* I will not trust him : nor is it good  
jesting with

Edg'd tooles.

*Carlo.* Yet have I seen you quarrell ; an *Hono* the  
Piazza, *Drew*

Draw upon a gentle man, for smiling ( as you  
thought )

At your new fashion'd hatt, or spurre leather :  
and with

Vociferous language, threaten inevitable slaugh-  
ter.

*Fum.* Thats been, when some have held me,  
then ?

*Carlo.* Thats very true ——— and he without  
a sword too *(aside.*

*Fum.* Nay I dare quarrell with the best ; and  
with uncivill

Language abuse any man; nay I dare yet goe  
Farther ( rather then be thought a coward ) send  
A challenge; but under hand, take up the quarrel,  
Though at th' expence of a Collation of tenne  
Pistoletts. I can't endure these dangerous passa-  
do's.

*Carlo.* But if, with honour the affronted can-  
not put it

Up but you must fight, or be esteemed pusillani-  
mous,

How then ?

*Fum.* Then I acquit him with the severe law's  
'gainst

Duels, and what great want of judgement 'tis  
to

Undertake them, when for a slight word-reputa-  
tion,

We commit a murther, yet not obtaine our ven-  
geance

54 *The false Favourit disgrac'd; &c.*  
Without losse of our own lives, which meere  
temerity  
Forfeits unto the Law; requesting him to enter-  
taine  
The Noblest thoughts of me, I am a Gentleman,  
Ready to give best satisfaction when but call'd  
in  
Question, on any ground, but Tuscany; where the  
too

Rigorous lawes makes it unsafe to combat, &c.  
*Carlo.* This may prevaile with some: but say  
he be implacable?

*Hono.* I how then?

*Fum.* Why then, with politique patience, I re-  
solve rather

To suffer a dry private beating, which breaks no  
bones;

Than run th' arischa of my life, with dangerous  
poking.

*Hono.* I shall try your temper.

*Carlo.* Then y' are resolv'd to let him have  
your Mistrisse?

*Hono.* No Ile forbid the baines.

*Fum.* Not so: but, first, I'le hear this newes  
confirm'd,

And then I may doe something: meane time you  
Must give out that *Lucebella's* desperately sicke.

It is the Lord *Hipolito's* Com- } *Exit Carlo.*  
mand: their's a reward — } *To Fum. Hono.*

*Hono. Fumante,* met as wish'd!

*Fum.*

*Fuman.* What is *Honorio's* pleasure ?

*Hono.* To pleasure you, my friendship hitherto hath still confirm'd it.

*Fuman.* VVhich ever I've acknowledg'd, and for which I place you next my heart.

*Hono.* And theirs a peace of service now in my power, VVill deserve that place; if you dare venter on't, But I erre to Question, knowing your courage, and Impavid spirit; when honour bids you On.

*Fum.* I both have propensitude to dare, and power to do. Say ! what ist !

*Hono.* *Vatinius*, whom fame gives out for truth Shall wed *Rosania*, conceives that you Have grossely injur'd him; for it appears She now begins, to slight him, of which neglect He judges you the Author; because Flowting him to his face; for the bad wearing Of his good cloaths, she emulates your garbe; Vituperating his dull courtship, applauds Your fluent veine; reputes him worthlesse, and Your self deserving; and upon this ground's Resolv'd to challenge you to single Combat. Now if my friendly counsell (only tending To your dear credit, and future good) may Be prevalent; 'twere not amiss you did prevent His peremptory challenge with another;

VVhich

56 *The false Favourite disgrac'd; &c,*

Which greatly must disanimate him; denoting  
You are truly sensible of the wrong he hath  
done you,  
In basely skandalizing your merit to your Mi-  
stresse.

————— *Oh! oche torto?* ————— which he  
Hath often in my hearing done: so shall  
You justly chastise vice, and re-obtaine  
*Rosania's* favour.

*Fum.* But there is danger in't.

*Hono.* No more then in beating an English  
Spannel, which  
Will love you the better ever after for't. *Vatini-*  
*us* is

A true bred Courtier; and had rather see an  
evill

Spirit, then an unsheath'd Spado ————— however,  
let

Me know your place of meeting, and I'll see  
there

Shall be no blood-shed: for a wholesome beat-  
ing

Will doe him most good, nor would I have you  
Purple your bright sword, in blood of a poore  
Coward

'Twere dishonour.

*Fum.* I am resolv'd.

*Hono.* The time, and place?

*Fum.* Sixe in the Evening, in the grove behind  
the pallace. You'l



You'l not faile to meet !

*Hono.* Faile ! \_\_\_\_\_ I sweare I would not miss  
the sport

For any good \_\_\_\_\_ yet use him gently \_\_\_\_\_ for  
I pittie him.

Onely it is against my honest nature to heare my  
Friend abus'd, and see so sweet a beauty subject  
Herselfe to such a glorious nothing \_\_\_\_\_ when  
Suggested to't, only, by fraudulent information.

*Fum.* I'le enforme him, and reforme him too,

*Hono.* 'T would prove an easier tasque to  
teach an english.

Beare speak French \_\_\_\_\_ you say you think she  
loves you !

*Fum.* Thinke !

*Hono.* And hath bestowed upon you many fa-  
vours !

As leave to kisse her hand \_\_\_\_\_

*Fum.* Her hand !

*Hono.* Yes ! that's a favour : but I understand  
you \_\_\_\_\_ you

Have been more familiar, you are happy ! \_\_\_\_\_

And she hath grac'd your many presents with  
Her kind acceptance !

*Fum.* She hath

*Hono.* And all this *Vatinius* contradicts ---- oh  
lying Rascal !

*Fum.* I'le contradict him, and presently about  
it \_\_\_\_\_

You will not faile to meet ?

58 *The false FAVOURIT disgrac'd; &c,*

*Hono.* Doubt it not! ——— but *Exit Fu-*  
when you have greatest need ---- *mante.*

Be confident I'll prove a broken  
reed. ----- *Exit Hono-*  
*rio.*

*Enter Hipol. and Lucebella.*

*Hipol.* You could have lov'd him then!

*Luceb.* Before he fell from vertue, as my selfe  
Divided, might affect the other halfe.

But since stain'd with corruption,

His memorie's most loathsome.

*Hip.* Whence then proceeds this strong oppug-  
nance to

My faire proposition, efflagitation? if from your  
hate?

Be, what your angel-form doth seem to speak  
You, mercifull! and with one stroke dispatch  
Me, and my greefes! but say, I cannot love  
you;

And that subverting blast, shall (in a trice)

Shake my hie flaming heart to frigid earth

So ease me: whereas mercileffe delay

But torment adds unto affliction:

Say (Lady) doe you hate me!

*Luceb.* That were to make me worse then in-  
gratefull,

No (my Lord) I cannot be so irreligious, as

To hate the man that loves me; I do honour

Your great vertue, and with a perfect zeale

Respect your worth: be then but confident

Of

Of your own merit, you may be assur'd  
You have an equal interest in my heart,  
With any he that breathes: but for reply  
To your great suite, thus.

By that firme love, your seeming pious vows  
Induc'd me to believe most reall, and  
By what's more deare to you, urge it no further  
For I've no power to grant, what you request.

*Hip.* Madam you much amaze me.

*Luceb.* I've vow'd virginity ( my Lord ) till it  
shall please

Hard fate to be more gentle, and exchange  
My injur'd father's infortunity,  
For's former dignities ; it misbecomes  
My sad condition to entertain, till then,  
Least hope of joy : therefore ( good Sir, )  
Desist ! my faithfull vow is fled beyond recall

*Hip.* Not the least word falls from that pow-  
erfull tongue

But doth predominate o're my strongest passi-  
on,

Teaching it subjection ——— Madam,  
I am all patience and obedience.

Yet give me leave to hope !

*Luceb.* My Lord, I would not be so sinfull, as  
To counsell to despaire.

*Hipol.* Then, till another meeting shall revive  
me, divinest, fairest,

Permit my loyall lippe , on your pure hand,  
T'inscribe the figure of my perfect love,

Obvious

Obvious to none but you, that when those eyes,  
 (For this hands sake) do glance upon the print,  
 You may remember, reading there your ser-  
 vant \_\_\_\_\_ *Exit.*

*Luceb.* As for the rest, I'll follow your ad-  
 vice.

The dukes unbridl'd lust rages beyond.  
 Suppression, and (but for this brave Lord)  
 Had driven him hither, to my honours ruine:  
 Bad age / what dare not sinfull man attempt?  
 I must admit no visits, his report.

Hath made me dangerously sick; which may  
 Worke with his wilde distemper, and preserve  
 My honour free from blemish; if that faile?  
 Heere is a noble hand that will ——— *To her*  
 prevaile. *Ansonius*

*Anso.* Lady, you brother, with first favourable  
 wind,

Will reach our Port; here's letters which advise,  
 Of all occurrents, please you retier, and peruse  
 them.

Your brothers letters have enform'd your father,  
 Of this designe, who cannot long be absent.  
 I must, with speed, dispatch one to Legorne,  
 Unto my Substitute, to render up  
 The Fort to *Martiano*: 'tis of great importance:  
 The Prince, in person, to expresse his zeale  
 To your deserving father, with great power,  
 Accompanies my friend, and vowes redress.

*Luceb.*

*Luceb.* Heav'n thou hast heard my ———  
prayers. *Exit Luceb.*

*Anso.* Immediately I follow.

*Martiano,* thou 'rt hitherto successfull ;

Nor would I have thy rash credulity

O'rethrow this great designe, and so betray,

Thy weakeness to eternall shame :

Which to prevent I must detaine these letters

Directed to *Hipolito* ; 'tis unsafe.

To trust his smoothness : if he be our friend ?

We nobly shall embrace him, in ——— { *Exit Au-*  
the end ? { *sonius.*

*Enter Vatinius and Jacamo.*

*Vatin.* How look'd she on thee ? *Jacamo.*

*Jaca.* As a fleet street-Barber, on a twopenny  
Customer ;

Or a Clyent-cloid Lawyer, on a halfe fee : bad  
me

Tell you, she scorn'd your glorious jewell, and  
inglorious

selfe ; only this short precept, relisht of kindness,  
if not of love.

*Vatin.* What was't ?

*Jaca.* Marry to follow the example of *Fumante* ;  
he's

A compleat Gentleman, and (in her eye)

The most deserving man in Italy.

*Vatin.* Shame, and feare possesse him ! ———  
heere ———

(gives him a letter.

Deliver

Deliver this unto his proper hands.

*Jaca.* It would be strange, if this should } *Exit*  
 prove a Challenge. } *Jaca.*

*Vatin.* 'Tis as *Honorio* told me ——— well I  
 have follow'd.

His advice, upon his faithful promise of assistance,  
 But if he faile? ——— *Fumante* will performe—

I shall be sure to have't how ever ——— would,  
 'Twere to doe again! ——— but her's } *To him*

*Honorio.* ——— } *Hono.*

'Tis done my Lord.

*Hono.* Spoke like a Conquerour.

*Vatin.* But. ———

*Hono.* But what man?

*Vatin.* Nay, do not thinke I feare him!

*Hono.* Pugh! let Cowards feare!

*Vatin.* I so they doe ——— (*Aside.*

*Hono.* And such, whose smutty soules the wild-  
 fier of

Foule guilt corrodes! (as it doth his) best inno-  
 cence is guard against all danger.

*Vatin.* Yet I could wish ——— *Hono* What?

*Vatin.* I were more valliant ——— *Aside.*

But 'tis no matter ——— I am resolv'd. ———

Y' have past your word to beare me out? ———

*Hono.* I have; and will performe.

*Vatin.* Faith ——— I have no stomach to't.

*Hono.* Even as you please: the shame will be  
 your owne;

Yea; and the losse too: the losse of such a one,

As not the Court can parrallel — adds foote,  
You'l make your selfe the common laughing  
stock

To all the Pages, Lacqueys -- nay the Groomes  
When they want matter to stirr up their mirth,  
Will teihie out your name.

*Vatin.* Pages, Lacquyes, and the Groomes -----  
hum —————

*Hono.* But, above all, *Fumante.*

(Whose heart's no bigger then a small pin's head)  
From this your feare, will collect courage, and  
Every minute publiquely affront you;  
Whereas your letter will make him looke  
Farre paler then the paper, seconded  
By an undaunted Spirit.

*Vatin.* I marry ——— there's it.

*Hono.* Sufficiently I've truly told you what he  
is,

A meere man of March-peine; if you dare ven-  
ture

On him? so: if not? and he deceave you of your  
Mistress,

It concerns not me: I have discharg'd the offic:  
Of a friend; thinke on't! farewell!

*Vatin.* Nay Sir ——— I will meet him!  
I'le not be beat, and laugh'd at too.

*Hono.* I'le want my will then ——— (*Aside.*)

*Vatin.* Yet he was a Commander, in the last  
employment.

*Hono.* Why so might you, or any man had  
money: E Desert

64 *The false Favourite disgrac'd; &*  
Desert not ever weares the Plume: he knew  
There was no danger in't, yet certaine pay:  
Such warres would make every faint heart  
Turne souldier. Well prepare! the time drawes  
on.

*Vatin.* You'l meet at Six? I build upon your  
promise.

*Hono.* If I fail, flea me! Coraggio --- *Exeunt.*

*Enter Carlo, and Jacamo at two severall doores,*  
*they meet hastily, and jostle.*

*Carlo.* Are you blind, you Buzard?

*Jaca.* Are you blind you Buzard?

*Carlo.* Is your Master at home?

*Jaca.* Is your Master at home?

*Carlo.* I have businesse with him.

*Jaca.* I have business with him.

*Carlo.* Do you mocke me? ha?

*Jaca.* Do you mocke me? ha?

*Carlo.* Yes, my Master is at home.

*Jaca.* Yes, and my Master is at home.

*Carlo.* Y' are verry pleasant, but I'le change  
your note.

*Jaca.* Say you so? then have  
with you. } *fight and hurt  
each other: then  
to them Hono.*

*Hono.* What uncivill broil is this! for shame  
put

Up your swords! the street's no place to quarrell  
in.

How fell yee out? (my honest friends)

*Carlo.*



Carlo. An't please your honour, I have a letter to deliver to *Vatinius*, whom this man serves; and fairely asking him Whether his Master were at home, or not? he escho'd still my words: I lov'd not to be jeer'd, and thus it grew.

*Jaca*. And I have another letter for *Fumante*, whom that man serves; I question'd him a like, but jeer'd him not: yet I could do no less then to defend my selfe.

*Hono*. A more fit occasion, I could not hope for ———— ( *Aside*.)

That two such noble spirits, as your selves, Should serve such worthles Patrones! ————

Heer's a reward ———— I love to cher- { gives  
rish virtue. } money

*Both*. We are your humble vassalls.

*Hono*. Come, come, joyne hands! your busi-  
ness to each. ( *Shake hands*.)

Others Master caus'd this mistake: be friends!

*Both*. Now we perceave it did.

*Hono*. And now I have a undertaking for yee, which perform'd, Ile make what I have given yee fifty pistolls.

*Both*. Do but command? 'tis done.

*Hono*. Well; first performe your Patrones charge! 'tis duty: then dress your wounds; which are not many, nor yet mortall: and two houres hence, downe in the walkes, behind the grand palazza, meet me! where I'll instruct yec.

*Both*. We shall attend your Lordship.

66 *The false Favourite disgrac'd; &c,*

*Hono.* Be firme, and private!

*Both.* As your owne thoughts, Sir -- *Exit Hono.*

*Carlo, Jacamo,* I cry thee mercy: w'are good friends again, I'll stay for thee at *Catarina's*, where I'll spend my crown, for confirmation of our after friendship.

*Iaca.* And I'll not faile to meet thee instantly -  
*Exeunt.*

*Enter Rosania, and Dianetta.*

*Rosania.* I much rejoyce to see this long wish'd alteration in your Lady: may heav'n, by a continuall addition of new comforts, confirme her joy.

*Dianetta.* I, with my soul, desire the same: poore Lady she doth need it.

*Rosa.* 'Twas much beyond my expectation (hearing the late report) to see so many decent smiles dimple her cheekes; and heare such pleasant accents flow from her long greefe-ty'd tongue.

*Dian.* Indeed the change was suddaine, yet for some private end, known only to her selfe; she desires a confirmation rather than contradiction, of this report.

*Rosa* I cannot keep so great a comfort from the Princess; but they're one soule.

*Dian.* How beares the duke his passion? they say he's neere distraction.

*Rosa*

Rosa. So please you walk, I'll tell you my opinion :

We must not misse the Combat, and the hour's at hand. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Duke, as in his Chamber, attended by Hono. and others.*

Duke. What stare yee at? do yee make us your wonder?

Begon!

1. So please your Grace, ———

Duke. Yes, it doth please us, leave us!

2. Wee obey ——— *Exeunt Attendants.*

Hono. I guess the cause of this distraction,  
But must keepe seal'd my lips, untill his passion  
Vent somewhat that may warrant my expression:  
Wherefore, thus obscur'd, I will observe him ----

[*Behind the Arras*]

Duke. Can th' virgins, and their goodness  
great protectess,

(Sacred *Diana*,) suffer foule disease,

(That fatall Minister of certain death)

T'enthroned himselfe, in the Majesticke-seat

Of my faire's rose-excellence, and there

(With a tyrannicke--quatefaction) threat

The suddaine dissolution of so pure,

A vivid temple, where her honoured name

Lives with a reverentiall feare, yet not

Be mov'd to pittie? such an omission,

Forbid perfection! where's your wonted power?

For your own glory, make it manifest !

Lest your bare Altars know no Votarie.

*Hono.* If the least trespasse done to majesty  
Be treason, *Hippolito's* a Traytour in the high-  
est.

*Duke.* But oh-----my praye'r is sin : All pow-  
erfull love,

•Tis your divinitie Mortalitie

Thus Rivals, death's an inamorat turn'd

And wo's, to's chill embraces, a beauty

Far fairer than thy Mother, quicke let flie

A leaden headed shaft procuring hate

In his cold brest ! lest his, more ready, should

Prevent thy veng'ance, and deprive thee of

The sweetest sacrifice that e're enrich'd

Thy hallow'd shrine——see where the gastly  
fiend

Sits proudly on her couch, and uncontroul'd

Sawcily courts her—— (may contagion

Be thy companion ! and the horrid grave

Your place to couple in ! ) whilst th' afflicted

Shrinks at his grim aspect, and turns away

From's frozen-salutations——now he's  
mov'd

And levels at her heart——divineft Love !

(*kneeles.*

Ceaze his destroying dart ! and in its roome

Place thine of Gold, then wound him with his  
own,

Ev'n to destruction ! so shalt thou prove.

A glorious victor, I, she, live and love.

Hono. It is, as my prophetique soul inform'd  
me,

And now for my discovery (To him Hono.

Duke. How durst thou interrupt our pri-  
vacy?

Have we no power?

Hono. But calme that stormy brow / your  
grace forthwith

Shall feele the ease I bring you.

Duke. Do'st thou mean to kill me?

Hono. Perish my soul! rather then prove a  
harbour

For such Rebellious thoughts.

Duke. Nay I believe thee loyall; but alas  
My griefes are at that height, that nought but  
death

Can slack them.

If thou bring'st comfort? (good *Honorio*)

My needy soul lies open to receive it. Prethee  
speake!

Hono. I know your griefes; and therefore  
come to tell you

You are abus'd, and nourish in your breast  
Infection that will kill you.

Duke. Leave this abstruseness, and be plaine!

Hono. 'T wil startle you, but your command's  
my warrant.

*Hippolito's* a Traytor, and doth wrong

The royall trust your goodnesse hath repoi'd

In him.

*Duke.* How's this ! no more : y'are not a wea-  
ry of  
Your burdenous breath, that you thus wake our  
anger

*Hono.* Sir, what I've spoke, to th' last warme  
drop within me  
I'le boldly justifie : nor i'ft opinion,  
Fend supposition, or regardlesse malice,  
Poorer revenge, or hope of ayry honour,  
That thus imbold'ns me, but a religious care  
My pious duty hath for your Highnesse safety,  
That 'tis truth ; but honour my advice with your  
acceptance.

I will enforme your Majesty a way  
Shall make your eyes, and eares my } *To them*  
witnesses. } *Hippolito.*

*Duke.* Thou should'ft be honest !

*Hono.* When I prove otherwise, may my perfid-  
ious trunk

On the disgracefull tree, feed carrion !

*Duke.* I am resolv'd / waite us within ; but  
take heed !

*Hono.* My All lyes on't ——— (*Exit Honorio.*)

*Hip.* *Honorio*, so intimate ! I like it not (*aside.*)

*Duke.* If he prove false, there is no faith in  
man ;

Religion is but forme, and prayer hypocrisie

*Hip.* I can't expect the fruit of my laborious  
plots untill

(*aside.*)  
I h've

I h've made sure *Martiano*; which now I will endeavour.

So please your Grace I have some words to speak  
Will \_\_\_\_\_

*Duk.* Trouble us : our thoughts are taken  
up \_\_\_\_\_ (*Exit Duke.*)

*Hip.* Is it even so ? \_\_\_\_\_ then \_\_\_\_\_ how am  
I chang'd

Timorous flesh \_\_\_\_\_ why shak'st thou ! \_\_\_\_\_  
conscience,

I know thee too --- too soone \_\_\_\_\_ I'll after  
And submit to gentle mercy \_\_\_\_\_ but  
My proud spirit rebels, and whispers me  
Thou 'rt safe ! \_\_\_\_\_ Feare; thus I cast thee off;  
My soul hath but one partner in her secrets  
And he's a tryed honest knave- ----- I'm yet se-  
cure;

Heav'n how this bug-bear conscience did af-  
fright me *To him Fumant.*

*Fumante,* saw you the Duke!

*Fum.* He, and *Honorio*, are now in private con-  
ference.

*Hip.* Let your intelligence be ubiquitary !  
There may be something now compounding,  
that

We shall not relish : I like not this *Honorio* ---  
Have you heard nought fall from him might  
concern

The prejudice of our affaires !

*Fum.* But what I told your honour touching  
*Pausanio.*

*Hip.*

72 *The false Favourite disgrac'd; &c,*

*Hip.* Better he had bin tongue-ty'd!  
Pray let your care be waking! the time requires  
it——— (*Exit Hip.*)

*Fum.* Feare not! my gracious Lord!  
What from *Vatinius*! (*Reades.*)

*Fumante*, If our proverb be true; that sayth,  
there is no smoak but where ther's some fire, you  
should be valiant; for your denomination as  
well as action, denotes you to be vapour; conse-  
quently full of choller: Whether that be, or no  
vallour! I dispute not: our Suddaine tryall will  
prove the better Touch-stone. That you have af-  
fronted me, and grocely, is, and that I will be re-  
venged for the affront, shall be, most certaine:  
therefore at sixe in the evening, in the grove of  
Sicamores, expect such fury, as provoked justice  
can inflict on so notorious an offender! which  
is (at least) death, by the hand of the injur'd and  
therefore enraged *Vatinius.*

I cannot doubt *Honoro's* friendship,  
I will meet him, and the hour's at hand (*Exit.*)

*Rosa and Dianetta, in the Musique room.*

*Rosa.* From this balcone, we shall behold all  
passages.

*Dian.* Pray heav'ns they doe no harme!

*Rosa.* Hang 'hem painted parrats! they'l but  
prate.

But who be these?

*Enter Hono, Carla, Jaco with disguizes.*

*Hono.* Why this is all.

For





*Hono.* I'll spoile your growing hopes, hum,  
hum, hum.

*Vatin.* But oh vaine hope! — that was his  
voice.

*Rosa.* How the wretch trembles!

*Vatin.* My Executioner is come —

But no *Honorio* to reprove me *To him Fumante.*

*Hono.* He's come indeed!

*Vatin.* Would I were well at home! but ther's  
no flinching.

*Fuman.* He's yonder, and descrites me: ther's  
no retyring, *(Aside,*

Now should *Honorio* faile: I'm lost.

*Vatin.* I must set a face 'ont: — Sir, you  
keepe touch. *(Both draw.*

*Fuman.* I'm not behind the hour you prefix'd.

*Vatin.* Nor would I mispend time, now you  
are come,

You cannot but imagine the cause of this our  
meeting.

*Fuman.* Not on your part: but I come to re-  
ceave.

Strict satisfaction, for disgraces, which

Your forward tongue, in the hearing of my Mis-  
tress,

*(The faire Rosania)* most unworthily.

Have put upon me.

*Vatin.* He meanes to fight — *(Aside.*

Can you as well acquit your selfe, of the igno-  
ble wrongs committed by your selfe; unworthi-  
ly,

ly, 'gainst me ? as I of what you charge me with; this meeting, rather will confirme our former friendship, then breed farther difference.

*Fuman.* I'm glad 'tis come to this ----- (*Aside.*

*Hono.* I'll breake that union.

*Vatin.* As I'm a Gentleman ! -----

*Rosa.* Oh fearefull protestation !

*Vatin.* I ever honour'd you ; wherefore could not detract.

From your desert : then but relinquish claime  
Unto *Rosania* (for I have her promise)

*Rosa.* Oh shameless impudence !

*Vatin.* And I'll remaine your servant.

*Fuman.* The first I credit, but the latter honour forbids.

*Vatin.* Then let our swords decide it -----  
oh for *Honorio* ! (*Aside.*

*Fuman.* Stay ! - ---- a pox on my credulity !  
this is no Coward. (*Aside.*

I hate these idle quarrells touching women.

*Vatin.* I hope he will compound ----- (*Aside.*

*Fuman.* Not that I doubt the justness of my  
cause,

Or feare your naked steel : the world knows me.

*Hono.* Yes, for a fearefull Coxcombe.

*Fuman.* But that I would not kill a friend for  
such a trifle:

Yet give I up no interest ; but if

You'll be content with her owne verdict? we'll

Referre our selves to her, yet save our honours.

*Vatin.*

*Vatin.* 'Tis not unreasonable; agreed. -----

*Enter Car: and Ja: their swords drawne,  
and in each other hand a cudgell; they  
disarme them, then shift hands,  
and beate; and kicke them*

*Ja: to Fum: Car:  
to Vatinus.*

*Hono.* On! spare 'um not -----

*Car: Jaca.* Ye must not part so calmly.

*Vatin.* We are betray'd; the Guard.

*Fuman.* This is *Honorio's* falshood.

*Carlo.* Will not you yeeld your sword then?

*Vatin.* Yes, yes most willingly: oh, oh,

*Jaca.* Yee must be fighting? ----- yee shall have  
fighting.

*Fuma:.* Not wee! oh ----- I protest not we!  
----- oh.

*Vatin.* Nay (good Sirs) it is sufficient!

*Car: Jaca.* Not yet ----- not yet.

*Fum: Vat.* Oh, oh, oh ---- mercy Gentlemen!

*Jaca.* My toes are wearied.

*Carlo.* So are my armes.

*Vatin.* I'm sure my backe parts are ----- (*Aside.*

*Jaca.* Wee yet dare hardly trust yee' in one  
roome;

Yee must be severally imprison'd.

*Fum: Vat.* Imprison'd? *To them Hono.*

*Carlo.* Yes: know yee not, that 'tis gainst law  
to fight a duell?

*Vatin.*

Vatin. Oh my good lord, unless you now be-  
friend us,

We must to prison.

Hono. Then yee have fought?

Vatin. Not we.

Fum. Yet have bin soundly beaten.

Hono. Trust me, I could come no sooner, but for  
a small

Matter I'll undertake to free ye from these Catch-  
dolls.

Fum. Wee'll give any reasonable considerati-  
on.

Vatin. Yea, and thank 'em too; so we escape.

Hono. I'e motion't to 'em: they are of my ac-  
quaintance.

*They whisper,*

Rosa. Dianetta, let us descend! and laugh at  
'em.

Jaca. My Lord you may command us.

Hono. I must acknowledge it a Courtesy.

I have prevail'd; for too double pistolls, yee are  
free:

But you must take it for a favour too.

Vatin. Oh by all meanes.

Fuman. There's, Gentlemen, for each 20 good  
quadruples,

With many thanks ——— *Enter Ladies.*

Ros: Dian. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,

Vatin. The Lady's ----- oh for a charitable  
halter!

*(Aside.)*

Fuman. Now could I wish my selfe, any thing  
but my selfe *(Aside.)*

*Rosa.*

*Rosa.* Nay, never hang the head ! your infolence hath

Well deserv'd it : and now my verdict :

I hate yee both , as do the Scoti a py'd-Pro-  
timyft ;

And this is my election ——— [*Salutes Honoria.*

*Vatin.* Is it even so ? then hang the head indeed !

Why we are both deceav'd.

*Hono.* What think you now of kissing her  
white hand ? *To Fumante.*

You more then think she loves you.

*Rosa.* Ha, ha, ha, ha,

*Dian.* No more my Lord ; I pittie the poore  
Gentlemen.

*Vatin.* She should be free, because pitti-  
full. *(Aside.)*

I'll trie her constitution.

*Hono.* I should have done my selfe, what  
these tall.

Men have perform'd for me ; but I knew they  
Would use yee more gently --- know yee your  
tormentors ? *Discovers Car : Jac.*

*Fuman.* Carlo ?

*Vatin.* Jacamo ?

*Car : Ja.* The very same :

*Fum. Vatin.* Oh our shame !

*Hono.* I see you are truly penitent ; if now,  
Yee but assent to what I shall propound,  
Wee'll hide your equall shames in privacy.

*Fum. Vatin.* As you are noble ?

*Hono.*

*Hono.* Upon my honour.

*Fum: Vat.* Bee't what it will we both consent.

*Hono.* Receive then into grace again your servants!

They are stout fellows, and what each hath done,  
Hath bin but for his Patrone.

*Car: Jaca.* Wee humbly thank your Lordship.

*Fum. Vat.* We pardon both; and beg the like of yee.

*Hono.* Yee have it; and hereafter be more carefull

Of your honour! then y' are well.

*Rosa.* And pray remember that it still hath bin  
An approv'd *Maxim*, shame will follow sin. *Exeunt.*

*Desinit Actus Tertius*

## Actus Quartus, Scena Prima.

*Enter Duke solus, in habit of a Fryer.*

*Duke.* **T**His seeming-sanctity couzens the world

As did the soft words that (with power) fell  
From the smooth tongue of that false Traytour,  
Me.

I walke invisible to any's knowledge,  
And (through *Honorio's* counsell) have discover'd  
F Treasons,

Reasons, which my too charitable faith  
 Could never have receav'd for truth; if not  
 My selfe confirm'd the certaine witness?

Ingratefully-presumptuous-Man,

If thy sublime thoughts throw thee from that  
 hight

Where my deceav'd love plac'd thee? may thy  
 fall

Live a preventive-patt'rne with thy folly

For th' age to come! thou art *Short with in,*  
 worth no mans pittie. *sound drum and*  
 What meane these loud, and *Trumpet. To him*  
 suddaine acclamations? *Hono.*

*Hono. Martiano,* and the heire of Sicillie,

With hostile troupes, invaded have the towne;

The castle's, by *Ausonius*, yeilded up

To farther their designe: with them take part,

Th' inconstant Cittizens, whose forward fayth,

Rul'd by their strong perswasions, much doth  
 doubt

The justness of *Pausanio's* banishment,

And have resolv'd remission of his doome:

Disorder throngs the streets; yet no bold-hand,

Mannaging the rude sword, dare disobey

Its brave Commanders noble charge, but all

Enjoy their owne with quiet: the spacious Court,

With every narrow-cantone, only is

Examin'd for your person, by the Gennerall;

Who grieves for your escape: *H. politico.*

(The cheefest Agent in this proud attempt)



Is of their bosome counsell, and (I feare)  
Intends a farther mischief --- what's to be done?

*Duke.* My joyes are yet above my griefes; and I  
Bless gracious heav'n (zealous of its owne glory)  
That destin'd thee the pious instrument  
To guard me from their malice: 'tis apparent  
The Gods take part with us, whose purer wills  
Abhorre the opposition of humane  
Policy: wherefore, in this disguiz,  
I'le live obscur'd, untill that Industrie  
Have satisfi'd my curiosity, in all particulars.

*Hono.* It cannot but be safe.

*Duke.* What? *Lucebella* takes me for no other,  
Then *Padre Stephano*, my reverend Confessour?

*Hono.* She, and your Princely sister, still re-  
maine

In that desir'd error.

*Duke.* 'Tis well: hath she not yet seene her re-  
bellious brother?

*Hono.* Not yet.

*Duke.* 'Tis fit that we be present at their meet-  
ing. —————

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Sica. Mart: Hipol: Leon.* } Drumme beates a  
*Auso. Fum. Souldiers, Cittizens.* } March within.

*Sicano.* Silence the noise of that disturbing-  
drumme!

And not a souldier, upon paine of death,  
Exceed our given Commission! we intend  
No less then honour warrants. --- *Exit Lecminus.*

*Cittizens.* 'Tis noble as your selfe.

*Sicario.* Having, by *Martiano*, understood  
 The reall cause of our just undertaking;  
 It must appear impertinent, to trouble  
 Your Wife eares, with needless repetition:  
 Wherefore (assur'd of your full satisfaction)  
 Each may depart, unto his peacefull home,  
 And there, (without the least suspitious thought)  
 Possess what fate hath given him.

*Cittyzens.* Long live *Sicario*! [*Enter Leontine.*]

*Martiano.* Grave *Cittyzens*, and loving Coun-  
 trimen,

We seek not furtive spoile, or thirst for blood;  
 Nor shall th' ill tutour'd souldier, fore your faces,  
 Force your deare wives; but each injoy his spouse  
 As he was wont: the untouch'd virgin may  
 Yet sleepe securely, and not feare a rape;  
 For not the meanest man, among these many,  
 But vallues honour above sinfull gaine;  
 Rest satisfi'd with this, and all retyre  
 Unto your proper dwellings! but, withall,  
 Pray be retentive of those burd'nous wrongs  
 Your good old Generall ( who hath hug'd dan-  
 ger,  
 To purchase your dear safetys ) now's opprest  
 with :

And if our mildness, with your justice meet,  
 The Warrs are ended, and yee most discreet.

*Cittyzens.* *Martiano*, shall have justice, *Mar-  
 tiano* shall have justice. *Exeunt-Cittyzens.*

*Mart.* To each my equall thanks.

*Enter.*

Enter Ja; Luceb: Duke, Hono.

Rosanio, Dianetto.

Anso. See friend, the Princeffe. } *Mart, kisses*  
 and your Sister } *Julia's hand*  
 Sicanio. Should my discourte- } *and Salutes*  
 ous fate deny my heart } *Luceb.*

Admittance; yet my dazl'd eyes have leave  
 Freely to wonder, though my prophane thoughts  
 Cannot conceive the excellence dwell's there.

Surely divinity hath chose residence

With fraile mortality, for all the vertues

Poets have stelli'd, at once, shine there:

She approaches ——— *Martiano*, have you the  
 Honour to call this beautious Lady, Sister ?

*Mart.* Royall Sir, I have.

*Sicania.* I sweare thou 'rt happy ! happy be-  
 yond expressiō !

I'm lost in midst of conquest ——— (*Aside.*

*Julia.* A goodly Gentleman ! ——— (*aside.*

*Sicanio.* First ( fairest sweetnesse ) let my rude  
 Salute

Expresse the fervent zeale I had to serve you ;

Left you, with thanks anticipate, what was but  
 duty. (*Kisses Luceb.*

The Phænix boiles with Wormwood-----all  
 Odours

Aromaticall breathe there. (*aside.*

*Mart.* Sir, the Princefs.

*Sicanio.* Madam, if that my misplac'd fallutati-  
 onshave F 3 Deserv'd

Deserv'd your hard construction ? think upon  
Your equall glories ! and the thought thereof  
Will reconcile the errour to your favour.

*Julia.* Great Sir, it was but justice ; therefore  
needs no Apology : *(aside.*

If that my jealous feares prove true ? her eyes  
Already have exhal'd his melting heart,  
And, left behind, my ruine.

*Mart.* Father, at more convenience,  
We shall desire farther conference ;  
Till when, let the pure truth, I've utter'd win  
A creditable room in your opinion.  
For by my fixed hope of future blisse !  
My thoughts were all innocuous.

*Duke.* Enough ; and so were his. I kept the Key,  
That open'd, to my view, the treasury  
Of his rich soul ; have search'd th' intrinsik't part  
thereof,  
But never found a sin so damnable, lodg'd there :  
You'l find he is abus'd. *(aside.*

*Hip.* This Fryar may worke much mischief,  
If not timely prevented !

*Luceb.* Royall Sir, { *Duke gives a sealed  
The high summ'd Parchment to Hippolito,  
debt, due to your he reads, then shews it.*  
noble goodnesse,

Greatly exceeds all language, or acquittance ;  
All I can pay your bounty, is true thanks,  
Sent from an humble heart devoted to

Your

Your Princely vertue, those I'll bring you dayly ;  
Nor shall I doubt of your faire acceptation,  
Since the pleas'd gods expect no other offer-  
ring

For the large-all-they lends us.

*Sicario.* 'Tis the voyce of some sweet tongu'd  
Cherubin

My sense is blest with ! ——— Gracious Ma-  
dam, deigne

Me but the glorious title of your servant  
And the reward's past merit.

*Luceb.* I shall be proud to be your highness  
hand-maid.

*Julia.* Oh, who would not ! *(aside)*

I feele the pangs of tyrant love already.

*Sicario.* And (beautious madam) though we  
came with power *To Julia.*

(Expecting opposition) threatening ruine ;

Banish all thought of feare ! for the sharpe  
poynts

Of our yet peacefull swords, shall vulnerate

Each one his owners brest, before disturb

Your quiet; we brought with us, love link'd with  
Resolution ; and were your brother here ?

He were as freely safe from outward harme,

As where he is ; though plac'd within the Altar.

*Duke.* He hath a noble soule. *(aside.)*

*Julia* Your power is great indeed : but if you  
bring

love to associate it ? I find no cause

Why I should doubt or feare.

My jealousie imboldn'd me beyond civility—

But it hath eas'd my heart. *(aside.)*

'Tis the Dukes character and  $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{Mart. Auso.} \\ \text{Hono. Fum.} \end{array} \right.$

Signet how came you by it?

*Duke.* Himselfe, it seems, did on set purpose  
leave it

Upon my study table; when he came

Last to confession.

*Hip.* Gentlemen, examine it no farther! but  
elect

Among yee one more fit! it is too great

An undertaking, for so weak a man

As my unable selfe: alas (my lords)

My humble thoughts, accompanied with quiet,

Doe trembling-look at soverainty, nor would

They be intreig'd it'h great affaires of state:

But in the private contentation they

Doe now enjoy, would period their date

*Fumante.* Uds will, don't refuse it! would

'twere proffer'd me! *(Aside.)*

*Hip.* *Martiano, Ausonius, Honorio,* none but's  
more fit

Then I.

The Dukes command must be  $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{Mart. Auso Ho-} \\ \text{no. Fum.} \end{array} \right.$   
obey'd.

*Hip.* Will no persuasions take place?

Beare witness heav'n, with what unwillingnesse

I doe receive this enforc'd honour!

*Duke.* Finely dissembled— *(Aside.)*

*All*

All. Long live Hippolito — (Flourish.

Hip. My thanks to all : and since it is my fate  
To undergoe this glorious yoke, I shall  
Endeavour by the purchase of your loves,  
To make't seeme light. What's now amisse 'ere  
long  
Shall have redresse.

Meane while, let our best entertainment speak  
This royal strangers welcome. { Exeunt Omnes  
Sicanio. Your noblenesse en- { sed Dux.  
deares us.

Duke. As Misers in a phantasm, enjoy  
A masse of goodly treasure, upon which  
Their fond imaginations do feed, untill  
The sleepey-God ( dispos'd to mock their  
hopes )

Unlock their abus'd-senses; when awak'd  
And missing their suppos'd-- possession, they  
Do greiving-wish that their deluded fan-  
cies

N'ere had fabrick'd so brave a guilded-Nothing  
So thy short dreame of dignity expir'd  
(Vaine glorious man) thou'lt repent the suscep-  
tion;

When thou, too late, shalt wish thy winged  
thoughts

Had flown at lower distance, and not dar'd  
A flight so neere the beames of Majestie.  
This condescended power, can't but prove  
The temper of his mind; and if I find

His inclination close with my great doubt,  
 I must appeare my selfe, and roote him  
 out ——— } *Exit*  
} *Duk.*

*Enter Vatinius solus.*

*Vat.* A reasonable man, would think I had bin beaten sufficiently, to make my rampant flesh lie couchant : I'le be sworne there's scarce roome left for a single solde, about my body, of its native hew, but all's sophisticated by th' abusive cudgel, and yet all will not doe ——— I have an extreame itching to be mounting some Court Madam, and (above the rest) *Dianetta*, whose late compassion promis'd very fairely, were't but effected ; were quit with my poetique rival, I have resolv'd to trye the encounter, and first, I'le prove her temper with rich presents ; which grac'd by her reception, accessse must follow ——— however, 'tis but digesting of a denyall --- or (at worst) another beating ; which, when a man's once us'd to, seems nothing : and see where luckely she comes oh for this winning language.

*To him Dianetta.*

Lady if my request come not unseasonable,  
 I shall importune your seeming haist t' afford  
 Me some few minutes conference.

*Dian.* For present, pray excuse me ' my affairs are now important.

*Vatin.* I shall awaite your leisure,

Mean



Mean time, so please your goodnesse to enrich  
This poore gemme, by your wearing ; the dona-  
tour

Will hold himselfe much honour'd, and remaine  
The humblest of your Creatures.

*Dian.* It were discourtesie (kind Sir) to slight  
So free a proffer ; and although I hold  
My selfe incapable of merrit ; yet

I Question not the worth of you the giver,  
But shall retaine it till convenience shall  
Acquaint me with your further pleasure——

(Exit Dianetta.

*Vatin.* She must be mine ! though gon, I feel  
her comming

Exit Vatin.

Enter Hipolito solus.

*Hipol.* Th' abundant joyes my almost sated  
brest

Conceives for this unlook'd for greatnesse, swels  
My jocund heart to such a boundless height  
That the stretch'd strings would crack, if 'twere  
not for

This private vent ? Courteous stars I thank yee !  
Nor will I easily part with your free gift,  
No, no, 'tis of too great a price : what can  
Be more contentive then supreamacie ?

To have such numerous payres of servile eyes  
Attend our nod ! as many plyant knees,  
Bow at our beck / officious feet to move  
With swiftest pace to execute our will !  
And the whole court, in competition, for

Our

Our coveted regard ! ha? ist not brave ?

I faith it is ! once more (kind stars) I thank yee !

And then to steere the helme of the great state,

What course we shall think fit, or throw down

Or raise, when, whom we please can there be blisse

On earth exceeds this ? Liberall Fate,

Still I must thank thy bounty—Now the way

To keep in this blest state— (for 'tis esteem'd.

No lesse policy to preserve then purchase)

Must be the *Dukes* remove; which might be done

With safety, and facility, could I learn

Out his abode ? which promises may win

From his late confessor (for ther's hypocrisie

Even in sanctity) whom I must employ

In other weighty matters, which if fate (*Exit.*

Prosper. for heav'n, I scarce would change estate

*Duke.* However, her profession, hitherto,

*Enter Duke and Julia.*

Speaks her so much your friend, that I believe

When she shall know, by me, 'tis in her power

To further this your love ; her gratitude

( Consulting with her noblest thoughts ) will  
counsell

Her brave soule, rather to dye Loves Martyr ,

Then live esteem'd ingratefull.

*Julia.* That were a cruel kindnesse—Reve-  
rend Sir,

Be but memorative of what I've told you !

And 'tis sufficient— (*Exit Julia.*

*Duke.* Poor *Julia* ! we're ally'd by 'our hard  
fortunes Well

Well as bloud ; nor doe the causes differ, you  
Pursuing, with a furious love, my rivall  
And I yours ; yet neither's zeale respected.

Ther's yet away to prevent all—the Prince----  
*To him Sicario and Martiano*

*Mart.* Will not your grace acquaint me with  
your grieve ?

'Tis not impossible, but I may ease you.

*Sican.* Thou mightst do much indeed !

*Mart.* Why ? doe you doubt my faith ?

Then I conjure you, by those many vows  
So freely made to me of constant friendship, to  
disclose

Your troubled thoughts ! lest I justly suspicious  
That my best deeds have found no credit with  
you ;

Do, with this desperate poynt, rip up my brest  
For you to find the errour.

*Sican.* It shall not need ; I know it full of  
worth ;

But oh—thy Sister—thy Sister, *Martiano*----

*Mart.* What of her ?

*Sican.* I love thy beautiful Sister ; whose e-  
lection

I fear hath promis'd future happyness  
To some one more deserving.

*Mart.* Your equal breathes not.

*Sican.* Yes.

*Mart.* Who ?

*Sican.* *Hipolito* : and now you know the ve-  
ry cause, assist  
Me

92 *The false Favourite disgrac'd; &*  
Me with your powerfull intercession!  
I cannot doubt successe.

*Mart.* Sir, she's at her own disposall; nor am I  
Versed in the soft way of amorous courtship,  
A sword, and horse have ever bin my minnions:  
Yet what the priviledge of a brother, joyn'd  
With honest plaineness, way perswade her to,  
Be full assur'd; shall not be wanting. So  
I humbly take my leave *Exit Mart.*

*Sican.* If she consent? ———

*Duke.* She doubly sins.

*Sican.* Gainst whom? and how?

*Duke.* Heav'n and her friends.

*Sican.* Be charitable (holy father) and  
Delay not your resolves!

*Duke.* Divinity not curiosity,  
Made me partakers of your privacie  
Whereby I h've heard your real tongue confirme  
What I foreknew a truth, your ardent love  
To the faire *Lucebella* ——— but alas  
My pious plaineness (should I utter what  
Religion prompts me to) could not but meet  
(So fragil's wilfull man) contempt and malice.  
Wherefore the breath I'de thought to have em-  
ployed  
In satiffying your demand, I'le spend  
In prayers to heav'n, that you may shun the mis-  
chiefe  
Unlawfull love suggests you to, and place  
Your purg'd affection on the glorious object

Fate

Fate hath provided for you.

*Sican.* Oh leave me not unsatisfi'd ! to doubt,  
Will more afflict my troubl'd soul, than all  
That you can utter : and (grave Sir) so much  
Am I an enemy to those twin'd sins you men-  
tion'd,

That what e're falls from your lips  
I shall beleve oraculous : be free,  
In your expression ! whilst I give your words,  
A willing, faithfull hearing.

*Duke.* They will concerne your soules eternall  
quiet ;

For he that seekes to separate those hearts  
Heav'n hath united, sins beyond all hope  
Of sweet remission. Noble Sir, call backe  
Your fruitless, cause misplac'd, affection !  
Forth' absent *Duke*, and *Lucebella* have  
Exchanged mutuall vowes, (which live recorded  
Above the clouds) and fix your deserv'd love  
On her, that mounes for you to th' prejudice,  
Of expetible health ! who, priz'd below  
Her worth, is still her rivalls equall --- 'tis ---  
Though I have no Commission (but what  
Our holy order bound to further good,  
Doth warrant) to disclose this secret,  
Th' incomparable Princess *Julia* ---  
But you seeme troubl'd ?

*Sican.* Where ther's no power to helpe, respon-  
sive greefe,

Shewes friendly : --- But, reverend Man,  
your charity Deludeth

Deludeth your too facile-faith, the *Duke*  
 Lov'd her ignobly, which provoak'd her brother  
 (Tender of her dear honour) to a rage  
 His fathers sufferings could not tempt him to ;  
 And drew from her an everlasting hate :

Iv'e heard their tongues confirme it.

*Duke.* But that religion bounds my ready  
 lippes,

A killing curse would issue forth, and ceaze  
 Upon the cause of this foul scandall ——— Sir,  
 The *Duke* made me familiar with his thoughts,  
 The thoughts most dear to him : believe't he is  
 abus'd ;

I know't.

*Sican.* I nor condemne nor justifie ; yet shall  
 (Upon your affirmation) repute  
 The duke still truly noble : for the rest,  
 I shall with more deliberate thoughts consider,  
 What may be most expedient ; affayres  
 Of so great consequence, aske not a suddaine,  
 But well weigh'd resolve. Father farewell! ———

*Exit Sicano.*

*Duke.* Holy Angels guard you !  
 How is the goodness of a gracious Prince  
 Abus'd through easy-confidence ? those men  
 Our favours most reflect on, are the first.  
 Revolt from their profession, and rebell  
 Against their second makers : faithless Age !  
 Direct me heav'n in the best course, whereby,  
 I may repair my bleeding honour, and

O're my detractours get the upper hand --- Exit.

Enter Rosania and Dianetta.

Dian. I tell thee seriously his importunity  
Did almost weary me; and, but to promise  
Success to his desires, I'de no way left  
To shake him off.

Rosan. In faith, it may impaire your credit;  
For he will brage ont'.

Dian. He shall have no such cause, as I intend  
to handle him: and see, he keepes as con- { To them  
stant to me as my shaddow. { Vatin.

Rosan. Well, I'le leave you ----- Exit.

Vatin. Lady, why do you seeke to sterve my  
hungry hopes.

By cruell tardity? mine is no suite in law  
(Though't hath dependance in the Common  
Pleas)

Brookes not protraction; my desire hath  
A greedy-stomack; and the quick performance  
Of your past promise, only can afford  
Satiety: speake then some comfort (dearest)

Dian. Ah ----- but my honour.

Vatin. An aery word, quite out of fashion

Dian. But then yee men are so inconstant -----

Vatin. Contract all hearts together, and you  
shall.

Find, in this one, the quintessence extracted,  
Which I thus sacrificize unto your beauty ---- *kiss.*  
Speake then, Lady; oh when? and where? the

76     *The false favourit disgrac'd; &*  
happy time? the blessed place? when, Lady? oh  
when? and where?

*Dian.* This Evening; my lodging.

*Vatin.* Confirme it with a kifs! ——— *kifs.*

*Dian.* But you'l be talking on't, to you Com-  
panions?

*Vatin.* Let me be guelded then! In such a case,  
I would not trust my Confessour.

*Dian.* Well, at the hour convenient, I'll send  
you notice

By a trusty Messenger: till when, farewell!

*Vatin* Since the engagement of your noble  
word.

I can not doubt performance: Lady, your hoping  
servant. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Julia, and Lucebella.*

*Luceb.* Madame, should I deny what you have  
urg'd!

My guilty tongue would speake a falsehood,  
that

My purer heart abhorrs: I must confess,

I love *Sicanio*; but not beyond

Those limets, which strict modesty allows

Severest Maids, or holy writ doth warrant.

*Julia.* They're too too large.

*Luceb.* I apprehend your feares: Madame, be  
pleas'd

To entertaine this serious truth with joy!

Although the Prince be full of merrit, and

The



The man, to whose free goodnesse all our house,  
So deeply stands engag'd; though gratitude,  
And th' daily mediation of a brother,  
With the authoriz'd love to my own good,  
Strive to perswade my yet unwilling heart  
To meet his noble flame: the constant zeale  
I've vow'd to your sweet friendship reprehends  
My too forgetfull thoughts, and challenges  
A duty from me link'd with detriment,  
Which, thus, I pay your virtue: I've resolv'd  
(And to that purpose have return'd him answer)  
Rather to purchase, with my death, your peace;  
Then live a Princess, to disturbe your quiet.

*Julia.* Thy unexampl'd goodness, *Lucebella,*  
Strikes me with admiration; yet begets  
A thought-distracting doubt that makes me poor  
For all the wealth of thy so precious love.

*Luceb.* If you suspect my true sincerity!  
I will confirme it with a righteous oath;

*Julia.* Oh wrong not my believe? alas despaire,  
Of making thee amends, 'tis true, obliges me ----  
But the duke my brother must do that office for  
me.

*Luceb.* There you make me sad — but ———  
and yet I should

Be glad to see him: do you think the duke is well?

*Julia.* His Confessour hath so assur'd me; who  
alone,

Knows of his residence: besides,

Sayes he will shortly come, and clare himselfe

Of the dishonour put upon him, touching thee.

*Luceb.* Pray heav'n he may! however I forgive  
him *Exeunt.*

*Enter Sicanio.*

*Sicanio.* There goes the faire occasion of my  
soul's greefe :

Poore Bankrupt Nature, woe that large expence,  
Of thy rich store to prove more pittifull !

If not for mine, yet for thine owne sake beg  
That thy impoverish'd stocke may be supply'd  
Agen, from her, with plenty; lest after-births,  
Produce deformity ;

And Cytherea ( thou whose tender heart  
Hath sadly sob'd as mine, when a like touch'd

By cold disdain) entreat thy tyrant son  
To shew to me such mercy, as thy selfe,  
In th'like necessity, expected ! so

Shall thy sacred Altars smoake with incense,  
Mirrhe mix'd with Myrtle berries, and the choice  
Of whitest Turtles : where as Mortalls wounded,  
And not regarded, growne to despaire, neglect,  
Your ceremonious-rites, pull downe, and trample

On your holy Altars ————— *Exit.*

*Enter Duke and Hipolito.*

*Duke.* Y<sup>c</sup> had a fowle soule indeed.

But son , Beware that your repentance be  
More then formall ; for 'tis no dallying with  
Just heav'n ; whose searching eye discovers all  
The hidden secrets of mans heart : you may de-  
ceave The

The blinded world, and your deare soul, but oh  
The irrecoverable losse is yours.

Therefore be sure y' are serious ! fate's decree  
Can't be deluded by hypocrisy

*Hipol.* I cannot blame your diffidence, my life  
Hath bin so sinfull : but your doctrine of  
Sure mercy, upon true contrition, hath  
Wrought from my soft'ned heart a pious greefe  
Will purge it from pollution-holy man, -- (*Weeps.*  
These are no feigned droppes, but reall teares --  
I've bin exceeding sinfull, and they must  
Fall faster yet.

*Duke.* My foolish pittie, should I stay, would  
tempt.

My justice to forgive him ————— *Aside.*  
Sonne, this sorrow doth rejoyce me ; yea, and  
heav'n.

Who's pleas'd with your conversion : I must at-  
tend.

The Vespers, but my prayers shall still waite on  
you.

Sonne be constant ————— *Exit.*

*Hipol.* Else may I faile of mercy !  
Away dissembl'd greefe, I must forget you !  
This Fryer's no other then his habit speaks him,  
Religious. I've sounded his deep thoughts,  
And find his faith firme to his Master : heav'n,  
That I could say so of my selfe ! ---- but 'tis too  
late.

No matter ————— and though't be death.

To him shall blabbe the secrets of confession,  
 I was too rash in my communication;  
 A smooth insinuating tale may cut,  
 My secure throat, when I least dreame of danger :  
 Which to prevent, because, he's fit for heav'n,  
 I'll find him out the neereſt way — the meanes,  
*Fumante.* — so the rigour of the law,  
 Sends him the other way ; and I rest safe :  
 'Tis a good plot ! and a bad Age to trust  
 One's life, and honour in another's keeping ;  
 And my hand in - I'll thorough-stitch with the rest  
 My maine Projection prospers not : her heart,  
 Continew's told as glaciated snow  
 On the bleake Euxine Promounts : nor can I  
 Perceive a signe of change ; my rivalls are  
 Too powerfull — I must forget her too - but not  
 revenge ---

My love of late is growne ambitious,  
 And aimes at the faire Princess -- ha? — that  
 done,  
 (And I despaire not but it shall) I were,  
 Beyond the reach of malice, free from feare - *Exit.*

*Enter Vatin and an old Crone.*

*Vatin.* A message unto me requiring hasty an-  
 swer ?

My faire threescore - and twelve - what i't ?

*Crone.* Faire an't shall like you, but not yet full  
 threescore till come the day of innocents, when I,  
 and my late dead husband (peace be with his  
 bones !)

bones!) were borne: he priz'd this face indeed, and term'd it faire, and oft (full of desire) with speaking touches, would bewray his fondness --- thus; then in my bosome, and, nere was well but when a pidling with \_\_\_\_\_ my double chin: a kind poore fool it was! and then his lips (wearied in my due praise) would crave refreshment on the red velvet pallet of my soft cheeks, which I (kind as himselve) must give him thus -- and thus -- which he receav'd [kisses him. with such voracity, that in the end it kil'd him.

*Vatin.* Another will kill me -- she hath a breath loathsomely-strong as the corrupted funcke of a dead-horse-fed-hound \_\_\_\_\_ (*Aside.* but to the matter!

*Crone.* A lasse extreames in any thing are hurtfull: yet (as they say) though he is not, my widdowhood hath youthfull friends; such as not thinke my, yet passable face, and yeares contemptible \_\_\_\_\_ A Fort, cause antient, 's not to be forsooke; whilst stored with munition -- I'm able yet for service.

*Vatin.* Pike-prooffe I'll warrant thee: I meane thy hide \_\_\_\_\_ (*Aside.*

*Crone.* Yea, and chaine-shot prooffe too -- and may  
Content a reasonable man.

*Vatin.* I shall make tryall of; thee: but to th' point.

*Crone.* Shall you? you'l find' me mettle to the  
backe:

backe: and though my eyes be no twinn'd-suns, as be young *Dianetta's*; you may see babies there, that (as they say) may take you.

*Vatin.* This palsi'd tongue will ne're lin shake-  
ing. (*Aside.*)

*Crone.* And I dare wage the profit of my present Employment, that when, you have tri'd us both, Your selfe shall say I've pleas'd the better.

*Vatin.* A bawd I thinke.

My able faire one do you belong to *Dianetta*?

*Crone* I am the private entry through which you safely may walke unto your desires; indeed the very key that opens to successe.

*Vatin.* I apprehend you, and will be your friend:

Heeres an earnest of it.

*Crone.* The first I do accept: nor will I refuse. { Gives  
money.

The last coming from you: ——— well, 'tis,  
The prettiest bashfull bable, as e're man  
Play'd with: she'l shew you sport ifaith: al-  
though

At first (as Maidens should) she seem'd unwilling;  
Nor need I tell you how she dotes on you, this  
Night will give you a full satisfaction.

*Vatin.* But how, and where?

*Crone.* Your way must be through me -- I'll be  
Your Convoy.

*Vatin.* With all my heart: lead on?

*Crone.* But use the youngling gently! or you  
may

may spoile her gate : which will give vild indition to some about the Court, as wanton as your selfe, and then you know her honour. —

*Vatin.* It shall not loose a graine : come let's goe.

*Crone.* They say, the quickly hot, are quickly coold : —

But come — you are even such another ----

*Vatin.* Well, have a little patience, anon —

*Crone.* Well, I conceive -- but looke you do.

*Vatin* I warrant you.

*Exeunt.*

*Definit Actus Quartus*

---

## Actus Quintus, Scena Prima.

*Enter Duke and Luceb : having disclosed himselfe.*

*Duke.* **T**He dearest thought within me will not dare.

**T**' attempt a farther satisfaction —

Now (my too credulous faire) I hope you see,

What a Commanding power you have o're me

Had I bin sinfull ? then —

*Luceb.* Good Sir, no more.

This iteration but aggravates

My sorrow ; heav'n, for blacke iniquity,

Expects but true compunction : which pad,

It's

84 *The false Favourite disgrac'd; &c.*

It's justice is appeas'd : then be not you  
Less mercifull, neglecting these my teares,  
Shed for my misbeleefe ! indeed I'm now  
All confidence, if you dare credit me ?

*Duke.* Before an Oracle !

Then spend not so profusely those rich droppes !  
The least of which is treasure to redeeme  
A captiv'd king.

*Luceb.* Yet all too little to call home agen a  
banish'd father.

*Duke.* Oh be more pittifull ! and not torment  
My penitent remembrance ! you have read,  
The inside of my soule, could you beleeve  
The character ? and know my new intents.

*Luceb.* With the same strength of faith you  
have of me, I do.

*Duke.* Enough : I am confirm'd.

Life of my joy, for a too long short season,  
I must entreat your pardon ; you know th' occa-  
sion.

*Luceb.* You cannot be too quick in your dis-  
patch.

Nor yet too carefull of your person, for  
The villain's made of mischeefe,

*Duke.* I'm much endebted to your carefull love

*Luceb.* You'l not forget Sir, what I urg'd for  
my ———

*Duke.* I guess your doubt : no,  
I'l looke upon thy brother, as a brother ;  
As part of thee, -- part of my better selfe ;

He



He may have ground for his bold act, for since  
*Hipolito's* found false in one, I must suspect his  
faith,

In all things ——— your leave *kisses.*  
I'm yet but language, therefore can but seeme  
Clear'd of what charg'd with; but when next  
we meet

My accuser shall acquit me, and you see't ———  
(*Exeunt.*)

*Enter Sicania, and Leontinus.*

*Leon.* But Sir, the man that's rationall must  
know

Advisednesse to be a friend unto  
A great designe, and patience the maine help,  
Either resolve to stay her father's answer,  
Embrace the princes love (by farre the fitter)  
Or else hoist saile homeward.

*Sican.* Your advice comes now unseasonable :  
I've eat Lotus, and cannot live but heere;  
Nor love, but her.

*Leon.* Yet wisely moderate these extreames !  
You perceive distemper gives occasion  
Of too much liberty to the neglectfull souldier,  
Which breeds in th' army inconvenience !  
You came with resolution to serve  
A brave deserving friend, then doe not let  
A thought for your owne private end, detract  
From your intended noblenesse ! but arme  
Your royal selfe with commendable patience  
Until

untill desir'd successe crown your endeavours ?  
'Twill ad unto your vertue.

Nor can it but be suddaine,hourely

*Panfanio* is expected, whose arrive

Will make you happy : nor have you least cause

Thus to afflict your selfe, she never yet

Having return'd deniall.

But as a sweet example of obedience,

Judgement, and modesty humbly crave respit

Till her absent father (at whose dispose she is)

Came, and consented. Good my Lord be cheere-  
full'

This unnecessary sadnesse makes us all droope.

*Sican.* Though't be against my humour

(*Leontinus*)

You shall sway me, I know you wise, and faith-  
full.

*Leon.* I would be both ——— but look, your  
friends ——— *To them Mart. Anso.*

*Sican.* *Martiano*, those unaccustom'd frowns  
Speak discontent ——— the matter ?

*Anso.* His father's slow pac'd-haste ( my gra-  
tious Lord.)

Deceaving his too early expectation,

Makes him much doubt his welfare.

*Sican.* Come, come, be fearelesse / Fate will  
be more just,

Having prepar'd him so great happinesse,

Than't keep the enjoyment from him.

*Mart.* 'Tis my cheefe hope ; and yet it trou-  
bles

bles me.

For should the Duke (and 'tis no idle feare)  
Obtaine from *Genoua*, or *Naples* power,  
And steale upon our weakn'd forces (of late  
Grown carelesse) want of his supply would  
strike

A gash in our designe, and shrewdly puzzel us  
*Sican*. Not a whit : come be your selfe a-  
gen !

We're strong enough : yet see the idle Souldiers  
(*To Leon*.)

Exercised dayly to prevent emanfions,  
And keep our scouts abroad continually.

*Martiano*, away with all sad thoughts,  
And let's enjoy our selves:

*Mart*. Your highnesse mirthfull inclinati-  
on

Must make the saddest here rejoyce

*Auso*. 'Tis manly and becomes him.

*Sican*. Oh---- that it were not forc'd !

(*aside*.)

We're all th' invited guest of Lord *Hipolito*,  
Let's thither and quaffe a lusty draught unto  
*Pausanio* : what ist a match !

*All*. Most willingly.

(*Exeunt*.)

*Enter Duke*.

*Duke*. Heare in this quiet grove, I did ap-  
poynt

*Honorio*

88 *The false Favourite disgrac'd; &c,*

*Honorio* to meet me: till his approach,  
Upon this flowry banke; I will repose my  
selfe.

*To him Fum.*

*Fum.* I've tract the Fryar hither, and have  
sworne

To kill him; but were he not a churchman,  
I should not undertake him---and yet I've  
heard

Of some that have bin dangerous---and see  
how

Handsomely he's laid for my black purpose-----  
So lie's the harmeleffe issue of the ewe  
A prey for the voracious wolfe.

I could not take him better prepar'd then pray-  
ing

But stay! he stirres:

*Duke.* If that my sense deceav'd me not, I  
heard

One speak? or 'twas the voyce the wind gave to  
the leaves.

*Honorio?*

*Fum.* Di' you expect com-  
pany? then I must be brief.  
You may tell tales in th' other  
world, not here.

*Runs at the Duke,  
who with a Pistol  
shoots him, his  
Sword falls, the  
Duke takes it up.*

*Duke.* You are deceiv'd: Ple be as brieft as  
you

*Fum.* Oh---I am flaine.

*Duke.* Not yet I hope; but yet be sure you  
shall be!

*Fum.*

*Fum.* You cannot be so cruell!

*Duke.* Canst thou expect the contrary after so  
great

A Villainy!

*Eum.* Your pious forme speaks you religious,  
And that is shewn in nothing more then mercy.

*Duke.* Then by that saving mercy you im-  
plore;

And th' hope you have t' obtaine it; let your  
breath;

(Your now expiring-breath) aid your faint  
tongue

In the delivery of an honest truth

May meritt my forgivenesse, and please heav'n;  
Whither y' are going, if the devill doe

Not tempt you the wrong way?

*Fum.* Oh ————— *To them Honorio.*

*Hono.* What hideous groane was that?

*Fum.* Honorio? then am I safe ———— *(aside.*

*Duke.* My Lord y' are opportunely come to  
be

A witness to the true confession of

This desperate sinner, whose sick soul o're-  
charg'd

With hellish mischief thought to vent it here.

He would have murder'd me.

*Honorio.* Unheard of insolence!

*Fum.* Lessen your admiration! I'll answer the  
attempt.

*Duke.* Speak soulelesse villaine, who set you on  
worke!

90 *The false Favourit disgrac'd; &c,*

Or if you have a soule, I'le kill that too.

*Hono.* Father, forbear!

Leave it to me, Sir, I know a better way —————  
*aside.*

The thought of death will fright him :

I feare your wound is mortall.

See how his frighted bloud flies from his face,

And leaves behind it palenesse ! let's remove

Him to my neighbouring lodgings, where he  
shall

Want nothing that may make for his recovery.

The ayre, so late, is hurtfull : Father your hand—

He bleeds a fresh, and fast : let us dispatch ———

So——So.

*Fum.* I doe begin to faint : charitable Sir, forgive me !

*Duke.* I do, and shall with my best prayers  
invoke

The gods forgivenesse for you

*Hono.* It shall be given out, y' have slaine the

Fryer,

And marke the sequel ————— *Exeunt*

*Enter Vatinius in a wastcoate, drawers,  
and night Cappe, then, and his  
face besmuted.*

*Vatin.* I was never so abus'd } *Rosa & Diana*  
since I was swadl'd, have I liv'd } *behind the*  
to th' eye of the world thus } *hangings.*  
*long*

long unspotted ? and now (through my own folly) must appear thus besmeared ? did I scape going to the grave my last rash undertaking, to be sent up in th' ayre, like a cas'd bladder ; and let fall again that my posteriors rebounded ? then footed too, by halfe a dozen hard toe'd Rascalls that had no more mercy then the clowns hob-nail'd Shunne have of a foot ball, when they play a match ? to be tost (like an unhappy Cat) in a foule menstruous blanket wool'd with fleas, which the wise mother of the Maids, thirty yeares since, for her two fold accomodation, plac'd in the garret to purifie the guilded brimms of the close stoole pan, and keep smalecole in, to kindle the Ladyes fire with : was that your glorious coverlid to entertaine me ? curse on the courtesie ; I have had but a cold entertainment --- but an ill welcome.

*Dian.* I thinke you will not brag ont.

*Vatin.* Then -- which is worse --- I feare they'l turne me out of doors, thus --- as I am --- like one of Vulcans limping priests (for I am lam'd) and not suffer me to enjoy the private priveledges of this coole yard, so shame me to eternity --- *hum* --- twould be but harsh dealing.

*Dian.* Yet short of your deserving

*Vatin.* But not to be avoyded, were they resolved ? I now begin to see my errour, and find that shame still followes sin ; my unfeigned sorrow shall implore her pardon, for my presum-

tuous insolence, which obtain'd, I have done courting.

Think what we will of women, this I find  
They may be truly vertuous, yet seeme kind----

*Enter Rosa. Dianetta.*

*Rosania.* They may, *Vatinus* : and I am glad  
of your conversion..

*Dianetta* hath o're heard your penitential lamentation, and is content not only to forgive, but to forget what ever's past---provided, you be serious, and not fall agen to your abusive trade 'gainst Ladies.

*Vatin.* I've had too much of it Lady.

Let my now reall griefe, with your forgivenesse  
Gainne your more charitable opinion.

For when I prove other than th' admirer  
Of your chaste selfe, and all your vertuous sex,  
May my disgrace be publish'd and I  
Live and dye scorn'd.

*Dian.* Sir, I freely do forgive you,  
Heere take again your charmelesse Jewels and  
hereafter

Be more carefull of your owne, and others  
honour !

*Rosa.* Nay, since y' have wrought so great a  
cure they'r  
Well deserv'd.

*Vatin.* Pray keep 'em, as the sacrifice of my  
conversion !

*Dian.* Their worth my thanks, Sir,



In the next Roome a Fire waits on you-----

*Exeunt Rosa. Dianetta.*

*Vatin.* I must remaine your humble Con-  
vert.

And now I doe believe there are some

Honest women

*(Exit.*

*Enter Julia, and Lucebella.*

*Julia.* Not goe to th' banquet, dearest friend,  
the cause?

*Luceb.* There is a sadness hath usurp'd my  
brest

That mirth can ne're remove: I am unfit  
For company, nor would I see the Prince.

*Julia.* I know the motive of this melan-  
choly,

And now will give you speedy remedy;

If that the sad remembrance of your late  
voluntary kindnesse, thus afflict you?

Take back againe your killing courtesie!

Pursue with an unenvi'd freedome.

Your begun love! I did but try thy friendship;

Nor would I buy the greatest terrestriall com-  
fort

At the deare rate of thy thoughts least distur-  
bance.

No, *Lucebella*, live and love the Prince!

And may the powers divine perpetuate

Each others loves reciprocation,

Till arme in arme, yee soare up unto heav'n,  
 And, there, fix glorious starres ! If angry death,  
 (For that I rob'd him of a greater purchase)  
 To crosse your happiness, send you the sad news  
 Of my cold stay with him ; bring, to my grave  
 One friendly sigh, and a religious drop,  
 And, on it, they'l create aspiring perfumes, which  
 Will usher me the readiest way unto Elizium ---  
 Thy hand --- and now farwell !

*Luceb.* Stay, thou sweet miracle of perfect  
 friendship !

And may divinity whisper unto thy soul  
 What I shall speake is truth !  
 If penitence for th' resignation of  
*Sicario's* love to you, or the least thought  
 Of him, doth greeve me ? may eternall shame  
 Blast all my better hopes !

*Julia.* What infidell, but would beleeve thee ?

*Luceb.* It will alike perturb your brest, when  
 you

Shall heare the story, which I'm engag'd to taci-  
 tize.

For a set season ; but e're long (with safety) I may  
 give you satisfaction : meane time I'le wait upon  
 you to the Lord *Hipolito's* ; and promise to be  
 merry.

*Julia.* Y' have made me sad too ;

But wee'l endeavour to overcome it --- --- *Exeunt.*

A banquet preparing with loud Musick. Then  
 enter Hipolito, and Honor : whispering  
 and Sican. Mart. Leont. and Au-  
 sonius.

*Hipolito.* I'm sorry for the untimely death of  
 the good fryer, and for the villaines flight, that  
 slew him, whom my impartiall justice should  
 have made a terrible example for prevention of  
 like impiety.

*Honorio.* He worthily deserv'd it --- *Exit Hono.*

*Hipol.* Sir, there's your seate.

Come Gentlemen (t'a void superfluous Cere-  
 money)

Each place himselfe!

*Ausonius.* 'Tis a commendable freedome, I hate  
 this idle complement. *Enter Ladies.*

*Hipo!* But yone's the glory of the Banquet.

Lady's yee greatly honour me; and bring.

The best sweets with yee ————— please ye  
 sit? ————— *All Set.*

Were the duke heere, the table were compleat?

*Sican.* At nameing of the duke, how her glad  
 bloud

Sprange in her checkes, and there imprinted,  
 left. *Aside.*

Her hearts true meaning visible — she loves  
 him.

*Hipol.* Your Grace is ————— (To *Sicanio.*  
 sad ont'h suddaine.

96 *The false Favourit disgrac'd; &c,*

Give me a boule of wine ! and see't go round ---  
Ist't done as we comman-  
ded? { *To the Cup  
Bearer.*

*Cup Bearer.* It is my Lord ; and temper'd hand-  
somely.

*Hipol.* Unto the Princes health , and hers  
whom most

His royall thoughts ——— *Drink and flourish.*  
now honour.

Heer's that will expell sad-  
ness: fill to the Prince ! { *Brings another  
Boule flourish.*  
*Sican.* Madame to you --- { *Enter duke as him-  
selfe, and Hono.*  
*To Julia.*

Sir I freely pledge you.

*Duke.* Hold, noble Sir, here can be nought  
but treason.

*Cup Bearer.* How knowes he that ----- *Aside.*

*Hipol.* The duke ——— what divell brought  
him hither ?

My royall Master ——— how am I blest ? ———

I now was wishing for you, and good heav'n.

Hath heard my pray'rs, and sent you : oh let me  
kiss

That royall hand.

*Duke.* A way impostour ! *Hono-* { *Take in the  
rio, do your office !* *banquet and*

*Hono.* *Hipolito,* I do arrest you { *put forth the  
for high treason.* *barre.*

*Hipol.* I obey ; and do desire no other sessions

Then this brave assembly.

*Duke.* 'Tis granted.

*Hipol.*

*Hipol.* Now ——— who be my Accusers ?

*Duke.* *Padre Stephano* ; to whom you did confess

The wronges your mischeefe plotted 'gainst *Panfanio*.

*Hipol.* His mouth was timely stop'd, he'l blabb no more *Aside.*

*Duke.* And more ——— by gifts, and promises you thought,

To tempt his loyalty to reveale the place  
Of my abode, with full intent so murder me,  
And to usurpe the *dukedom*, then marry *Lucebella*:  
Can you acquit your selfe ?

*Hipol.* Yes, of all he can accuse me with.

*Duke.* Summon the fryer to appear !

*(Exit Henr.)*

*Hipol.* I feare him not till domesday --- *Aside.*

*Duke.* Sir, I'm now roo full of thoughts

T'expresse your deserv'd better welcome, or  
Apollogize to this my abus'd justice injur'd,  
Er'e long shall I do both ; in th' interim

I do entreat your patience to heare

This accus'd man acquit himselfe : for me,

I dare not stay the tryall, I once lov'd him,

And yet retaine much softness ---- *Exit Duke.*

*All.* Wee all rejoyce for your so safe returne.

*Ansonius.* I ever told you what't would come to.

*Mart.* Well, be not yet too confident !

*Luceb.* 'Twas only that, by all our friendship !

I heard

H 4

The

98 *The false favourit disgrac'd; &*

The frier was dead.

*Julia.* I am satisfi'd.

*Sicario.* My Lord, the hope I have of your integrity.

Forbids me sorrow, till I see just cause:  
It is no scandall to be charg'd with treason,  
But to be prov'd a Traitor.

*Hipol.* I not expect least favour, but referre  
My cause to righteous heav'n: if I be found  
Guilty of what charg'd with; let justice  
Spare no punishment, I've merited

The lawe's extreamest rigour { *Enter Duke,*  
*Sicario.* The frier is come, { *Hono. Fumante.*

*Hipol.* Death to my soule! ist possible? *Fumante* too?

Then I am lost.

*Mart.* It was reported you were flaine, and by  
*Fumante.*

*Duke.* That rebell to religion so decreed it,  
But heav'ns preventing hand put by the blow.  
And we both live to witness against him.

*Cup Bearer.* And I.

*Hipol.* Still mischeefe upon mischeefe: how  
the divell ————— *Aside.*

When most we need him, faulters with us.

*Cup Bearer.* Nay't shall out, my conscience  
torments me.

This purse of gold hyer'd me to a treason.

Will strike your soules with terrour, when yee  
heare't. All but the Princess, and himselte, (had  
not

not the Duke Inspir'd from heav'n come in ) I  
 should have sent, To death's cold tenements,  
 with a draught of wine, commix'd with a strange  
 drug would not have wrought  
 In eight daies after, that the blinded world,  
 Might have imputed your untimely ends,  
 T' excess of wine.

*Mart.* Horrid, and damnable!

*Hipol.* I doe confesse 'twas I that wrong'd *Pan-*  
*sanio,*

That would have slaine the duke, betray'd your  
 plot,

Poison'd the Prince, you, your sister, and the rest,  
 And all for *Lucebella's* scorne, nor do I grieve.

For ought but that I cannot have revenge upon  
 Those villaines have betray'd me unto shame.

*Mart.* Insolent divell, wee'l have thee flea'd alive

*Hipol.* I must not die alone: the law condemnes  
 The body of that father to the fire,  
 That shall divulge the secrets of confession;  
 And I glory in my revenge.

*Sicanio.* My heart bleeds for the good old man.

*Duke.* Sir, spare that needless sorrow!

For now I see the mischevous intents  
 Of that blood thirsty-finner, know 'tis I  
 (Through th' meanes of that good Lord) am your  
 preserver.

*Pulls off his disguise.*

*Julia.* My royall Brother.

*Hipol.* Earth open me a living-grave may hide  
 Me, and my guilt! else my high swolne heart

Break

100 *The false Favourite disgrac'd; &c,*

Break op'e my brest, and find one!

*Duke.* Your expectation's frustrated: I am no  
srier.

*Hipol.* 'Tis vaine to hope for mercy,

*Duke.* Pinnion him fast! and locke him up in  
darknesse!

His execution we deferre untill

*Pausanio* be arriv'd, in hope that heav'n

Will give him yet repentance

*Hipol.* Beyond my hopes ——— *Exit guarded.*

*Duke.* *Fumante*, as for your ignorant attempt  
'gainst us,

We reconfirme our promis'd pardon: but,

For your perjur'd testimony against

The most abus'd of men th' old Generall,

Condemne you the just summe of fifty thousand  
dukets.

To be pay'd *Pausanio*: *Hipolito's* estate

Shall make the satisfaction more compleat;

And during life confine you to your living in the  
Countrey.

*Fuman.* Your gracious roy all Sir, as just-----  
(*Exit.*

*Duke.* And for that you consented to this mis-  
cheefe,

We banish you the Court; and give your hier

To make a holy Challice ----- *Exit Cup-Bearer.*  
for the Altar,

Nor doubt we of your pardon since it lies

Within our power to make yee (To *Mar* and *Luc.*  
faire amends. For



For you (brave Sir) your great engagement  
to To Sicanio.

*Pausanio*, and th' justice of his cause.

Pleas your excuse for breach of Covenant,  
Y' are still a friend to *Florence*: nor repent  
That I'm acquainted with your brest, we will  
Continew friendly rivalls, only pass  
Our Princely words to stand to what her father  
Shall freely give consent to.

*Sican.* I agree ——— and yet that Lady —  
But love's deafe, well as blind. *A side.*

*Souldier.* To armes (great Sir) not farre off we  
descry. *Enter a souldier.*

Bright shining-troupes, bravely marching for-  
ward.

*Duke.* More discontent?

*Mart.* Souldier, ther's a reward ---- It is my  
father.

Be not dejected, Sir! oh sister now our joyes are  
ripe

I'le forth, and meete him.

*Sicanio.* We will along --- } *Exeunt Sican.*  
with you. } *Mart. Auf: Leon.*

*Duke.* Whil'st we prepare } *Souldier.*  
to give him royall welcome,

Oh *Lucebella*, let not thy remembrance.

Looke backe at what is part! for then —————

*Lucebella.* All's buried in oblivion.

*Duke.* Confirme it with the seale of mercy; a  
kind kifs!

[*Kifs.*  
The



*Pausanio.* Sound a Parley!  
Ho ? from the Walls?

*Duke. Julia.*  
*Luceb. Rosa. Di-*  
*ma, above as on*  
*the Walls.*

*Duke.* Whom doth my glad eyes looke upon--  
*Pausanio?*

*Lucebe!* Father.

*Pausanio.* I am that wronged *Pausanio*, whose  
soft heart

(Joyfull to see my persecutor) melts  
It selfe to womannish profuseness.

*Duke.* Wee'l haste to thy imbraces ———  
(*They descend.*)

*Lucebella.* Dear father make me happy in your  
blessing ?

*Pausa.* Best comfort to my age, arise ! and hea-  
ven

Look favourably on thee ! thou retain'st  
(My Girle) thy wonted sweetnesse  
In despite of grief.

*Luceb.* Next to good heav'n,  
The thanks belong unto the Princeesse.

*Pausa.* Oh let me kisse that bounteous hand !  
my heart

Was never proud but when it did you service

*Duke.* My nature's not to do thus, but in an-  
swer

Of such deserving drops, mine eyes raine tears--  
Oh my *Pausanio*, be kind, and pardon  
The error of my blinded justice; heav'n

Can witnesse with me, that my will's untainted

*Pausanio.* I must believe it; I had a legal tryall,

And by suborn'd witnesse, was condemn'd  
To undeserv'd death; but then your mercy  
Stepp'd betweene, and sav'd me: whereas (had  
you

Desir'd my end) I had unjustly dy'd  
And yet 't had appear'd justice ——— I am  
still

Your loyal humble subject ——— (*kneels*)

*Duke.* Rather the better halfe of my deare  
soul! rise!

But where's our loving kinsman? he is wronged too?

*Pausa.* I left him heere; since, have not heard  
of him

Nor have I brought this power to encrease  
But to suppress rebellion ———

Where is that enemy to vertue? I dare not  
Call him, Son.

*Luceb.* The Prince, and he went  
both to meet you. } *Enter Sicanio.*

*Souldier.* Heere's our best booty } *Mart. Auso.*  
Sir, } *Leon. as Prisoners.*

*Pausa.* Free 'um!

In you (Royal young Man) 'twas nobleness  
T' attempt your injur'd friend's releasement;  
For which my gratefull soul shall dayly pay

Your

Your vertue tributary-thanks. In him  
 'Twas monstrous impiety : thy rebellious  
 bloud

Never had birth from these pure vaines. I do  
 Disclaime all interest in thee ; and begge  
 The sentence of the Law may passe on him.

*Duke.* Oh that were too unnaturall : con-  
 sider

It was his filiall love to your wrong'd selfe  
 Provoke'd him to't.

*Pausanio.* The naturall love of father never  
 should

Make him forget the pious zeale he owes  
 His lawfull Prince ; obedience, loyaltie  
 Are the sweet perfumes penetrate the skye :  
 Like it, no sacrifice such welcome finds  
 'Moung the celestial dwellers ; nor than mu-  
 tiny

And stiffe-neck'd disobedience, any crime  
 More strictly punish'd : what though in-  
 jury

Plotted my bannishment ? (patience virt-  
 ue !)

He knew my spotlesse faith was purely free  
 From foule contaminating treachery,  
 And should with equall patience have smil'd  
 On my sad sufferings, interested in  
 My harmelesse innocence succeeding time  
 (The aged fire of venerable Truth)  
 Had then on the swift wings of low'd tongu'd

fame

fame,

Hurri'd his worth through the wide world ; no  
mouth

Have mention'd his bare name , but with a  
kind

Of reverence, due to such a sonne, and subject

Whereas now ( fallen from the virtue he pro-  
fess'd

He lives ( in spite of death ) a cankered  
staine

To all posterity. Those numerous tongues,

That might, in emulation of his merit,

Have truly bin employed, will now as justly

Brand him with name of Traytor----- Ba-  
stard O my blond (*kneels.*)

*Mart. Sic.*

*Pausanio.* Bends thy disloyal knee in hope of  
pardon ?

Can such impiety meet with mild mercy, or  
in

Earth, or heav'n ? no, no, the gods are just

And thou hast lost thy hope of both.

*Mart.* Of neither, Sir :

The Duke is made of gentle pitty, and

Upon my true contrition, hath forgiven

The error of my suppos'd 'duty, for which  
grace

Prostrated thus ————— I humbly kiss his  
feete !-----

And

And for my foule fault in the eye of heav'n,  
My penitentiall tears will purge all guilt  
And make me a pure sacrifice for their  
Sweet mercy.

*Duke. Martiano, rise!* you have our favour,  
Be worthy of it! your youth hath had its  
swinge

But your now-better'd-judgement I hope  
will counsel

Your stout heart to execute, onely, what's  
noble.

*Martiano.* My honest actions shall hereafter  
speak

My soul's intentions.

*Pausa.* Well, the gods forgive thee! and now  
I turne

Petitioner, and must not be denyed.

*Duke.* Command our Dukedome!

*Pausanio.* I only ask the life of my accuser;  
that he may have

A longer time to make his peace with hea-  
v'n.

*Duke.* Go call him forth! —————

(Exit Hono.)

*Sicano.* *Pausanio,* you must resolve one  
doubt:

The *Duke,* and I are rivals in our love

To your faire daughter, yet are both engag'd  
To stand to your election.

*Pausanio.* Then I bestow her heere: I've heard  
the *Duke* I Lov'd

108      *The false Favourit disgrac'd; &*

Lov'd her ignobly (though I know the contrary)      *Gives her unto the Duke;*  
And twill but take the scandall from her virtue--  
To make her this amends. -----

*Duke.* The which I do most willingly: and in  
my prayers ----

I'le hourelly blefs the gods for this -- ----

My so great happinesse -----

*Pausanio.* I heare the Princess loves you, who  
deserves      *To Sicanio.*

A greater fortune then the earth affords;  
Cherrish it, worthy Sir.

*Duke.* I see y' are full of thoughts: heere ---- I  
resigne my right in *Lucebella*; not that I am wea-  
ry of my happinesse, but choose, rather, to suffer  
nobly; then have lou'd *Chronicles* report I us'd  
a stranger prince discourteously. Take her!

*Julia.* Heaven put better thoughts ---- *Aside.*  
in him.

*Sicanio.* I may receave with honour, now;  
what I before refus'd. I thankfully accept her----  
but, as freely, do

Returne her ----- and may peace,

Waite on your blest Conjunction! ---- heere's  
my choice,

If, Madam, you consent? ----- *To Julia.*

*Duke.* Her blushes do confirme, what her too-  
modest

Tongue is loath to utter. ----- *kiss.*

*All.* The Gods shewre downe their choysest  
Blessings



Blessings on yee!

*Sica. Julia.* Wee thank yee.

*Duke.* Her dowery shall be answerable to her descent ——— *Enter Hip. Hono.*

*Rosania.* Since things go thus success full, Madam I hope

We also have your leave? heere comes my choice.

*Julia.* Yee have, and joy between yee!

*Hon. Rosa.* We humbly thank your Grace.

*Duke.* Lady, wee're glad y' have chose so w sely.

*Hipolito's* late honours we ——— *To Honorio.*  
conferre on you!

You must be deare to us 't was he that brought  
These obscur'd truths to light.

*Pausanio. Honorio,* you were ever an honest  
reall friend.

*Hono.* And so will dye:

*Hipolito.* If a black soule, purg'd from its sin-  
full filth

By penitentiall sorrow, more then hopes  
For glorious Paradise? I'le not despair,  
Of your forgiveness.

*Pausa.* The pardon I would aske heav'n for  
my selfe

I wish to you, and heartily forgive you.

*All.* So we do all, and joy in your contrition,

*Duke.* Your honours are bestow'd, but wee'l  
provide for you.

*Hipol.* He's only truly happy who is good,

To *The false Favourite disgrac'd; &c.*

Not who is great : goodness, and greatness like  
knowne enemies, do rarely meet :

In th' umble valley, better be a shrubb

With secure peace, then, on th' aspiring top

Of a proud hill, a Cedar, still expos'd

To certaine danger. Beauty, honour, wealth,

My quondam friends, whilst I affected folly,

For ever I renounce yee : pious virtue,

(Who, whilst I knew yee, was a stranger to me)

Since hath taught me, that y' are (at best) but

aire

Vannish'd, before enjoy'd : the foule corrupti-  
on,

My unstay'd youth suck'd in at Court, prayers

And sad teares diffill'd from true repentance,

Shall wash away : the remnant of my span

I'll spend religiously ; my houely votes,

For your prosperities, I'll daily, duly -- pay ;

To gracious heav'n : this habit } *Puts on a*  
shall invest me } *Friers weed. ?*

One poore petition,

Though undeserv'd, vouchsafe to grant, the last

I meane to beg : my new borne virtue give

life to, through your remembrance ! former  
ills

Bury in kind oblivion ! that my name

May live unblemish'd, in despite of ---- *Exit.*  
shame.

*Duke.* I doubt not but his fall  
Hath raisd his soul to heav'n.

*Sebastiano.*

Sebastiano. Be sure yee be *To the souldiers.*  
in readines ! ———

Y' have almost made a faire conclusion,  
Yet I have power to change the { *Sebas. & souldi-*  
the Sceane. ——— } *ers fall on, and*  
Were I revengefull ? } *disarm them.*

Duke. What meanes this progedie ?

Sebastiano. Read in this ( *Discovers himselfe.*  
face ! ———

Pausanio. So many months together yet not  
know

The friendly part'ner in my sufferings ?

Worthy Sir, pardon my ignorance !

Duke. Our noble kinsman ?

Sebastiano. That late dispis'd-Sebastian ———  
but no more ;

Hipolito's confession hath clear'd all doubts.

This act was only to express my loyalty :

Had I bin thirsty for your bloud, or state,

To make me great, and Lucebella mine ?

This minute might effect it ——— but, thus  
low *kneeles.*

Humbl'd, I do confess my selfe your highnesse  
zealous

Subject.

Duke. Our happiness is now compleat ———

Let me engraft thee on my { *Rises, Salutes.*  
soule ! ——— } *The Ladies,*

But Cousen how joynd you with Pausanio,

Yet he unknowne to you, untill this instant !

*Sebastiano.*

*Sebastiano.* I heard of his abode at Naples,  
 whether

( When I had newes of his bold sonne's re-  
 volt)

I went to get you ayd, and from the king

Obtayn'd it : *Parfano* (desireous

To manifest his faith unto your Majesty,

In this intended service 'gainst his sonne)

Sought for Command : I (knowing his intents

Well as his vallour after conference)

Gave him the Gennerrall's place ( although my  
 becke

Commanded the whole army ) yet kept my selfe

Secret in this disguise, till I should see

The finall end, with which I'm now made happy.

And may your now rising joyes never know Set !

*Duke.* Amen to that ! once agen,

My noble Cousen, forgive my rash beleefe !

Great ones, by this example, plaine may see

There can no safety come of flattery.

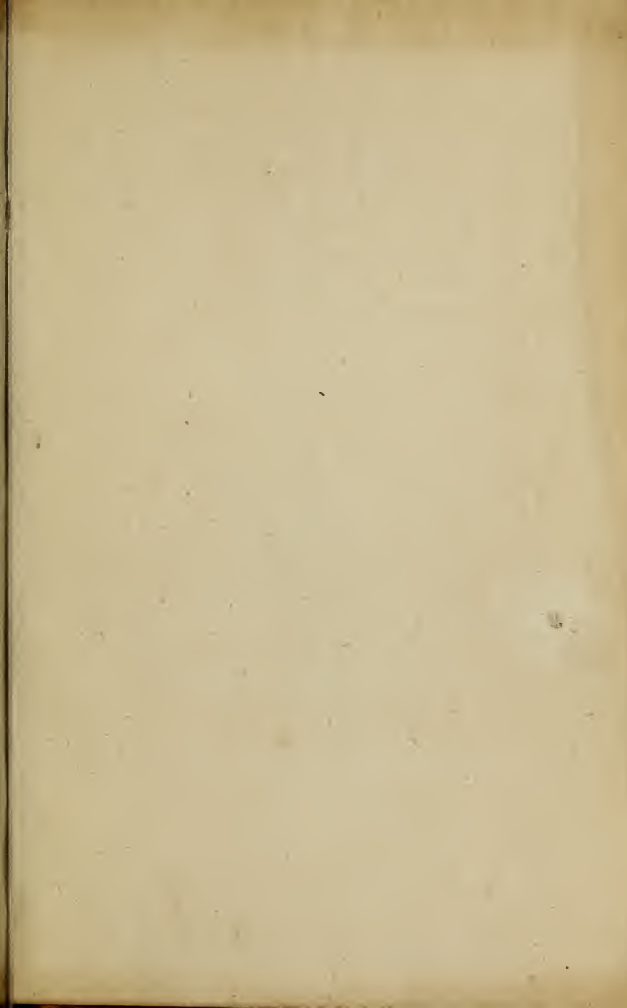
Now haste we to the consummation of

Our Nuptiall rites !

Those joyes, call'd out of danger, are most sweet,

Let us blest heav'n they thus concent'rd-meet.

**FINIS.**



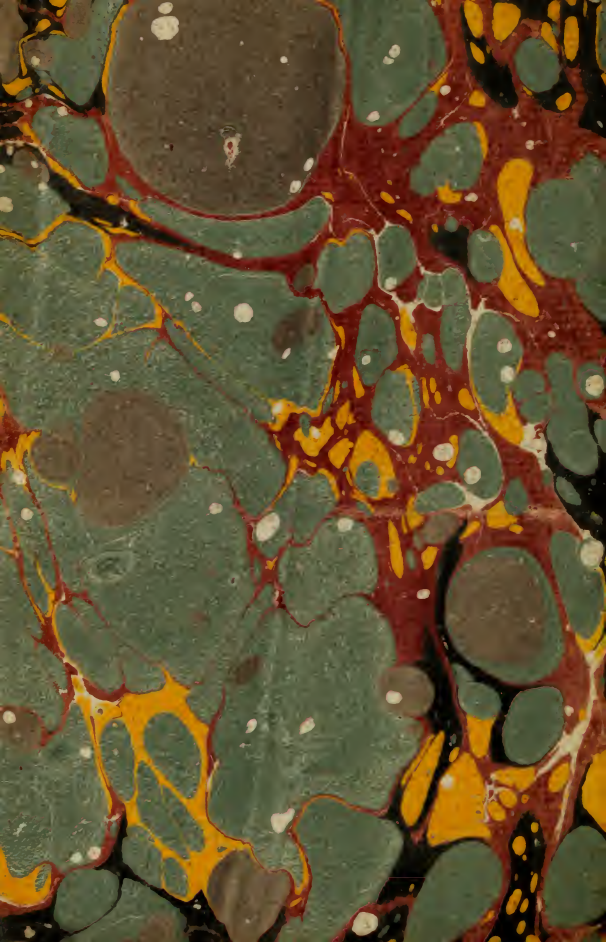












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