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~~1661~~
Virgin Martyr

Massinger & Dekker

1661

5045 MASSINGER and DECKER, The Virgin Martyr, a Tragedie. 4to
3s J.R. Smith. XXXIV. 1859. 1661

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B. N. 92.

3

THE

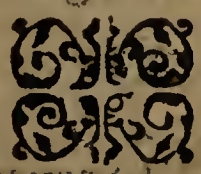
Virgin-Martyr:

A

TRAGEDIE.

*As it hath been of late Acted by his
Majesties Servants with great
Applause.*

Written by } PHILIP MESSENGER,
 } and
 } THOMAS DECKER.



London, Printed for William
Sheas, at the Bible in Coven-Garden, 1661.



The Actors names,

D *Dioclesian,* } Emperours of Rome.
Maximinus, }
 A King of Pontus.
 A King of Epire.
 A King of Macedon.
Sapritius, Governour of *Cæsarea*.
Theophilus, a zealous persecutor of the Christians.
Sempronius, Captain of *Sapritius* Guards.
Antoninus, son to *Sapritius*.
Macrinus, friend to *Antoninus*.
Harpax, an evill spirit, following *Theophilus* in the
 shape of a Secretary.
Artemia daughter to *Dioclesian*.
Caliste, } Daughters to *Theophilus*.
Christeta, }
Dorothea, The Virgin-Martyr.
Angelo, a good spirit, serving *Dorothea* in the habit of
 a Page.
 A Brittish-Slave.
Hercius, a Whoremaster. }
Spungius, a Drunkard. } Servants to *Dorothea*.
 A Priest to *Jupiter*.
 Officers and Executioners.



THE

Virgin-Martyr.

Actus Primus, Scene I.

Enter Theophilus, Harpax.

Theoph. Come to *Cæsarea* to night?

Harpax. Most true Sir.

Theophilus. The Emperour in person?

Harpax. Do I live?

The. 'Tis wonderous strange: the marches of great Princes,
 Like to the motions of prodigious Metors,
 Are step by step observ'd; and loud tongu'd fame
 The harbinger to prepare their entertainment:
 And were it possible so great an army,
 Though cover'd with the night, could be so near;
 The Governour cannot be so unfriended
 Among the many that attend his person,
 But by some secret means, he should have notice
 Of *Cæsars* purpose in this; then excuse me
 If I appear incredulous;

Harpax At your pleasure,

Theoph. Yet when I call to minde you never fail'd me
 In things more difficult; but have discovered
 Deeds that were done thousand leagues distant from me,
 When neither woods, nor Caves, nor secret Vaults;
 No nor the power they serve, could keep these Christians
 Or from my reach or punishment, but my Magick
 Still laid them open: I begin again

The Virgin-Martyr.

To be as confident as heretofore,
It is not possible thy powerfull art
Should meet a check or fail,

Enter a Priest with the image of Jupiter, Caliste, Christeta.

Harp. Loog on the vestals,

The holy pledges that the gods have giv'n you,
Your chaste fair daughters. Wer't not to upbraid
A service to a Master not unthankfull,

I could say this, in spite of your prevention,
Seduc'd by an imagin'd faith, not reason,
(Which is the strength of nature) quite forsake

The gentle gods, had yeelded up themselves
To this new found Religion. This I cross'd,
Discover'd their intentions, taught you to use
With gentle words and mild perswasions,

The power and the authority of a father,
Set off with cruel threats, and so reclaim'd them:
And whereas they with torments should have dy'd,
(Hels furies to me had they undergone it) *aside.*

They are now votaries in great *Jupiters* temple,
And by his Priest instructed grown familiar,
With all the mystries, nay, the most abstruse ones
Belonging to his Diety.

Theoph. 'Twas a benefit,
For which I ever owe you. *Hay!* *Joves* Flamen;
Have these my daughters reconcil'd themselves
(Abandoning for ever the Christian way)

To your opinion

Priest. And are constant to it:
They teach their teachers with their depth of judgment;
And are with arguments able to convert
The enemies to our Gods, and answer all

They can object against us in our

Theoph. My dear daughters (see)
Calis. We dare dispute against this new sprung

In private or in publick:
Harp. My best Lady, persevere in it.

Christeta. And what we maintain,
We will seal with our blouds;

The Virgin-Martyr.

3

Harp. Brave resolution.

I ev'n grow fat to see my labors prosper.

The pb. I young again: to your devotions.

Har. Do —

My prayers be present with you.

Exeunt Priest and daughters.

Theo. Oh my *Harpax.*

Thou engine of my wishes, thou that steeld'st

My bloody resolutions, thou that arm'st

My eyes 'gainst womanish tears and soft compassion,

Instructing me without a sigh, to look on

Babes torne by violence from their mothers brest,

To feed the fire, & with them make one flame:

Old men as beasts, in beasts skins torn by dogs:

Virgins and Matrons tire the executioners,

Yet I unsatisfied think their torments easie.

Har. And in that, just, not cruell.

Theo. Were all Scepters.

That grace the hands of Kings made into one,

And offered me, all crowns laid at my feet,

I would contemn them all, thus spit at them,

So I to all posterities may be call'd

The strongest Champion of the Pagan Gods,

And rooter out of Christians.

Har. Oh mine own,

Mine own dear Lord, to further this great work

I ever live thy slave.

Enter Sapritius and Sempronius.

Theo. No more, the Governour.

Sap. Keep the Ports close, and let the guards be doubl'd,

Disarm the Christians, call it death in any

To wear a sword, and in his house to have one.

Semp. I shall be carefull Sir.

Sap. It will well become you.

Such as refuse to offer sacrifice

To any of our Gods, put to the torture,

Grub up this growing mischief by the roots;

And know when we are mercifull to them,

We to our selves are cruell.

Semp. You pour oil

On fire that burns already at the height.

The Virgin-Martyr.

4

I know the Emperours Edict and my charge,
And they shall finde no favour.

Theoph. My good Lord,
This care is timely, for the entertainment
Of our great master, who this night in person
Comes here to thank you.

Sap. Who, the Emperour? (triumph,

Har. To clear your doubts, he doth return in
Kings lackying by his triumphant Chariot;
And in his glorious victory; my Lord,
You have an ample share: for know your son,
The ne're enough commended *Antoninus*,
So well hath flesh'd his maiden sword, and dy'd
His snowy Plums so deep in enemies blood,
That, besides publick grace beyond his hopes,
There are rewards propounded.

Sap. I would know
No mean in thine, could this be true.

Har. My head answer the forfeit.

Sap. Of his victory
There was some rumour, but it was assured,
The army pass'd a full days journey higher
Into the Country.

Har. It was so determin'd;
But for the further of your son,
And to observe the Government of the City,
And with what rigour, or remisse indulgence
The Christians are pursu'd, he makes his stay here;
For proof, his Trumpets speak his near arrivall.

Trumpets a far off.

Sap. Hast good *Sempronius*, draw up our guards,
And with all ceremonious pomp receive
The conquering army. Let our garrison speak
Their welcome in loud shouts, the City shew
Her State and Wealth.

Sempr. I am gone. *Exit Sempronius.*

Sapritius O I am ravish'd
With this great honour! cherish good *Theophilus*
This knowing scholer, send your fair daughters,
I will present them to the Emperour,

And

And in their sweet Conversion as a mirrour,
Expresse your zeal and duty.

A lesson of Cornets.

Theoph. Fetch them, Good Harpax.

A guard brought in by Sempronius souldiers leading in three Kings bound, Antoninus and Macrinus carrying the Emperours Eagles, Dioclesian with a guilt laurel on his head, leading in Artemia, Sapritius kisses the Emperours band, then embraces his son, Harpax brings in Caliste and Christeta, loud shouts.

Diocle. So, at all parts I finde *Cesarea*
Compleatly govern'd, the licencious souldier
Confin'd in modest limits, and the people
Taught to obey, and not compeld with rigour;
The ancient Roman discipline reviv'd,
(Which rais'd Rome to her greatnesse, & proclaim'd her
The glorious Mistresse of the conquer'd world:)
But above all, the service of the gods
So zealously observ'd, that (good *Sapritius*)
In words to thank you for your care and duty,
Were much unworthy *Dioclesians* honour,
Or his magnificence to his loyall servants.
But I shall finde a time with noble titles
To recompence your merits.

Sap. Mightiest *Cesar*,
Whose power upon this globe of earth is equal
To *Joves* in heaven; whose victorious triumphs
On proud rebellious Kings that stir against it,
Are perfect figures of his immortal trophées
Won in the Giants war; whose conquering sword
Guided by his strong arm, as deadly kills
As did his thunder; all that I have done,
Or if my strength were centupl'd could do,
Comes short of what my loyalty must challenge:
But, if in any thing I have deserv'd
Great *Cesars* smile, 'tis in my humble care
Still to preserve the honour of these Gods,
That make him what he is: my zeal to them
I ever have expressed in my fell hate

Against the Christian sect, that with one blow,
 Ascribing all things to an unknown power;
 Would strike down all their temples, and allows them
 No sacrifice nor altars.

Diocl. Thou in this
 Walk'st hand in hand with me, my will and power
 Shall not alone confirm, but honour all
 That are in this most forward.

Sap. Sacred *Cesar*,
 If your imperiall Majesty stand pleas'd
 To showre your favours upon such as are
 The boldest Champions of our religion;
 Look on this reverend man, to whom the power
 Of searching out, and punishing such delinquents,
 Was by your choise committed; and for proof,
 He hath deserv'd the grace impos'd upon him,
 And with a fair and even hand proceeded,
 Partiall to none, not to himself, or those
 Of equall nearnesse to himself, behold
 This pair of Virgins.

Dio. What are these?

Sap. His Daughters.

Art. Now by your sacred fortune, they are fair ones;
 Exceeding fair ones: would 'twere in my power
 To make them mine.

Theo. They are the gods, great lady,
 They were most happy in your service else:
 On these (when they fell from their fathers faith)
 I us'd a Judges power, intreaties failing
 (They being seduc'd) to win them to adore
 The holy powers we worship; I put on
 The Scarlet robe of bold authority:
 And as they had been strangers to my blood,
 Presented them (in the most horrid form)
 All kinde of tortures, part of which they suffered
 With Roman constancy.

Art. And could you endure,
 Being a father, to behold their limbs
 Extended on the Rack?

Theo. I did; but must

Confesse there was a strange contention in me,
Between the impartiall office of a Judge,
And pittie of a Father; to help Justice
Religion stept in, under which ods
Compassion fell: yet still I was a Father;
For even then, when the flinty hangmans whips
Were worn with stripes, spent on their tender limbs,
I kneel'd, & wept, and begg'd them, though they would
Be cruel to themselves, they would take pittie
On my gray hairs. Now note a sudden change,
Which I with joy remember, those whom torture,
Nor fear of death could terrify, were overcome
By seeing of my sufferings; and so won,
Returning to the faith that they were born in,
I gave them to the gods: and be assur'd,
I that us'd justice with a rigorous hand
Upon such beautious Virgins, and mine own,
Will use no favour where the cause commands me,
To any other; but (as rocks) be deaf
To all intreaties.

Diocl. Thou deserv'st thy place,
Still hold it, and with honour. Things thus ordred
Touching the gods, tis lawfull to descend
To humane cares, and exercise that power
Heaven hath confer'd upon me; which that you,
Rebels and Traytors to the power of Rome,
Should not with all extremities undergoe,
What can you urge to qualify your crimes,
Or mitigate my anger? *Epire.* We are now
Slaves to thy power, that yesterday were Kings,
And had command o're others; we confesse
Our Grandfires paid yours tribute, yet left us,
As their forefathers had, desire of freedom.
And if you Romans hold it gloricus honour,
Not only to defend what is your own,
But to enlarge your Empire, (though our fortune
Denies that happinesse) who can accuse
The famisht mouth, if it attempt to feed;
Or such whose fetters eat into their freedoms,
If they desire to shake them off.

Pontus, VVe stand

The last examples to prove how uncertain
All humane happinesse is, and are prepar'd
To endure the worst.

Macedon. That spoke which now is highest
In Fortunes wheel, must when she turns it next,
Decline as low as we are. This consider'd,
Taught the Ægyptian *Hercules Sesostris*
(That had his Chariot drawn by Captive Kings)
To free them from that slavery; but to hope
Such mercy from a Roman, were meer madness:
VVe are familiar with what cruelty
Rome, since her infant greatness, ever us'd
Such as she triumph'd over; age nor sex
Exempted from her tyranny; scepter'd Princes
Kept in their common Dungeons, and their children
In scorn train'd up in base Mechanick arts
For publick bondmen: in the Catalogue
Of those unfortunate men, we expect to have
Our names remembred.

Diocle. In all growing Empires
Ev'n cruelty is usefull; some must suffer,
And be set up examples to strike terrour
In others, though far off: but when a State
Is rais'd to her perfection, and her Bases
Too firm to shrink, or yeeld, we may use mercy,
And do't with safety, but to whom? Not cowards,
Or such whose baseness shames the Conquerour,
And robs him of his victory, as weak *Perseus*
Did great *Æmilius*. Know therefore, Kings
Of *Epire*, *Pontus* and of *Macedon*,
That I with curtesie can use my Prisoners
As well as make them mine by force, provided
That they are noble enemies: such I found you
Before I made you mine; and since you were so,
You have not lost the courages of Princes,
Although the Fortune; had you born your selves
Dejectedly, and base, no slavery
Had been too easie for you: but such is
The power of noble valour, that we love it

The Virgin-Mariyr.

Ev'n in our enemies, and taken with it,
Desire to make them friends, as I will you.

Epire. Mock us not *Cæsar*.

Diocle. By the gods I do not.

Unlose their bonds, I now as friends embrace you,
Give them their Crowns again

Pon. We are twice overcome,
By courage and by courtesie,

Mace. But this latter,
Shall teach us to live ever faithfull Vassals
To *Dioclesian*, and the power of Rome.

Epire, All kingdoms fall before her.

Pon. And all Kings
Contend to honour *Cæsar*.

Diocle. I believe

Your tongues are the true Trumpets of your hearts,
And in it I most happy. Queen of fate,
Imperious fortune, mixe some light disaster
With my so many joys to season them,
And give them sweeter relish; I am girt round
VVith true felicity, faithfull subjects here
Here bold Commanders, here with new made friends;
But what's the Crown of all, in thee *Artemia*,
My onely child, whose love to me and duty
Strive to exceed each other.

Ar. I make payment
But of a debt which I stand bound to tender
As a daughter and a subject.

Diocle. VVhich requires yet
A retribution from me *Artemia*;
Ty'd by a fathers care, how to bestow
A jewel of all things to me most precious:
Nor will I therefore longer keep thee from
The chief joys of creation, marriage rites;
VVhich that thou maiest with greater pleasures taste of,
Thou shalt not like with mine eyes but thine own;
Among these Kings, forgetting they were captives,
Make choice of any; by *Joves* dreadfull thunder,
My will shall rank with thine.

Arte. It is a bounty

The daughters of great Princes seldome meet with;
 For they, to make up breaches in the state,
 Or for some other publick ends, are forc'd
 To match where they affect not: may my life
 Deserve this favour.

Diocle. Speak, I long to know
 The man thou wilt make happy.

Artem. If that titles,
 Or the adored name of Queen could take me,
 Here would I fix mine eyes, and look no further.
 But these are baits to take a mean born Lady,
 Not her that can boldly call *Cæsar* father,
 In that I can bring honour unto any,
 But from no King that lives receives addition;
 To raise desert and vertue by my fortune,
 Though in a low estate, were greater glory,
 Then to mix greatnesse with a Prince, that owns
 No worth but that name only.

Diocle. I commend thee,
 'Tis like my self.

Artem. If then of men beneath me,
 My choice is to be made, where shall I seek,
 But among those that best deserve from you?
 That have serv'd you most faithfully, that in dangers
 Have stood next to you, that have interpos'd
 Their breasts, as shields of proof, to dull the swords
 Aim'd at your bosome, that have spent their blood
 To crown your brows with Lawrell.

Macrinus, Citherea

Great Queen of love be now propitious to me.

Har. Now mark what I foretold.

Anton. Her ey's on me,
 Fair *Venus* son; draw forth a leaden dart,
 And that she may hate me, transfix her with it,
 Or, if thou needs wilt use a golden one,
 Shoot in the behalf of any other;
 Thou know'st I am thy votary else where.

Arte. Sir.

Theoph. How he blushes!

Sap. Welcome, fool, thy fortune,

Stand like a block when such an Angel courts thee?

Artem. I am no object to divert your eye
From the beholding.

Anton. Rather a bright Sun
Too glorious for him to gaze upon,
That took not first flight from the Eagles aëry.
As I look on the Temples, or the gods,
And with that reverence, Lady, behold you,
And shall do ever.

Artem. And it will become you
While thus we stand at distance; but if love
(Love born out of the assurance of your virtues)
Teach me to stoop so low.

Anton. O rather take
A higher flight.

Artem. Why fear you to be rais'd?
Say I put off the dreadful awe that waits
On Majesty, and with you share my beams.
Nay, make you too outshine me, change the name
Of Subject into Lord; rob you of service
Thats due from you to me, and in me make it
Duty to honour you, would you refuse me?

Ant. Refuse you Madam, such a worm as I am,
Refuse what Kings upon their knees would sue for?
Call it great Lady, by another name,
An humble modesty, that would not match
A Molehill with *Olympus*.

Artem. He that's famous
For honourable actions in the warr,
As you are, *Antoninus*, a proved Souldier
Is fellow to a King.

Anton. If you love valour,
As 'tis a Kingly vertue, seek it out,
And cherish it in a King, there it shines brightest,
And yeelds the bravest lustre. Look on *Epire*,
A Prince, in whom it is incorporate,
And let it not disgrace him that he was
Orecome by *Cesar*; it was victory
To stand so long against him: had you seen him,
How in one bloody scene he did discharge

The parts of a Commander and a souldier,
Wise in direction, bold in execution;
You would have said, great *Cæsars* self excepted,
The world yeelds not his equall.

Artem. Yet I have heard,
Encountring him alone in the head of his Troop,
You took him Prisoner.

Epire. Tis a truth great *Princesse*,
I'le not detract from valour.

Anto 'Twas meere fortune, courage had no hand in it.

Theoph. Did ever man
Strive so against his own good.

Sap. Spiritlesse villain,
How am I tortur'd? by the immortal gods.
I now could kill him.

Diocle. Hold *Sapritius*, hold,
On our displeasure hold.

Har. Why this would make
A father mad, 'tis not to be endur'd,
Your honours tainted in it.

Sap. By heaven it is;
I shall think of it.

Harp. 'Tis not to be forgotten.

Artem. Nay kneel not sir, I am no ravisher,
Nor so far gone in fond affection to you,
But that I can retire my honour safe;
Yet say hereafter, that thou hast neglected
What but seen in possession of another,
Will make thee mad with envy.

Ant In her looks
Revenge is written.

Mac. As you love your life study to appease her.

Anto. Gracious Madam hear me.

Arte. And be again refus'd.

Anto. The tender of,
My life, my service, not, since you vouchsafe it,
My love, my heart, my all, and pardon me:
Pardon dread *Princesse* that I made some scruple
To leave a valley of security,
To mount up to the hill of Majesty,

On which, the nearer *Love* the nearer lightening.
What knew I, but your Grace made trial of me?
Durst I presume to embrace, where but to touch
With an unmannered hand, were death? The Fox
When he saw first the Forests King, the Lion,
Was almost dead with fear, the second view
Only a little danted him, the third
He durst salute him boldly: pray you apply this,
And you shall finde a little time will teach me
To look with more familiar eyes upon you,
Than duty yet allowes me,

Sap. VVell excus'd.

Arte. You may redeem all yet.

Diocle. And that he may
Have means and opportunity to do so,
Artemia I leave you my substitute
In fair *Cæsarea*.

Sap. And here as your self
We will obey and serve her.

Diocl Antoninus.

So you prove hers, I wish no other heir,
Think on't; be careful of your charge *Theophilus*
Saprittus be you my daughters guardian.
Your company I wish, confederate Princes,
In our Dalmation wars, which finished
VVith victory I hope, and *Maximinus*
Our brother and Copartner in the Empire,
At my request won to confirm as much,
The Kingdoms I took from you wee'l restore,
And make you greater than you were before.
Exeunt omnes, manent Antoninus and Macrinus.

Antoninus, Macrinus.

Anto. Oh I am lost for ever, lost *Macrinus*.
The anchor of the wretched hope forsake me,
And with one blast of fortune all my light
Of happinesse is put out.

Macrin. You are like to those
That are ill only, cause they are too well,
That surfeiting in the excesse of blessings,

Call their abundance want : what could you wish,
That is not fall'n upon you? Honour, Greatnesse,
Respect, Wealth, Favour, the whole world for a dowre,
And with a Princesse whose excellling form
Exceeds her fortune.

Anton. Yet poyson still is poyson
Though drunk in gold, and all these flattering glories
To me, ready to starve, a painted banquet,
And no essentiall food : When I am scorch'd
With fire, can flames in any other quench me?
What is her Love to me, Greatnesse, or Empire,
That am slave to another, who alone
Can give me ease or freedome?

Macr. Sir, you point at
Your dotage on the scornfull *Dorothea* ;
Is she (though fair) the same day to be nam'd
With best *Artemia*? In all their courses,
Wise men propose their ends. With sweet *Artemia*
There comes a long pleasure, security,
Usher'd by all that in this life is precious :
With *Dorothea* (though her birth be noble,
The Daughter to a Senatour of *Rome*,
By him left rich, yet with a private wealth,
And far inferior to yours) arrives
The Emperours frown (which, like a mortall plague,
Speaks death is near ;) the Princess heavie scorn,
Under which you will shrink ; your fathers fury,
Which to resist, even piety forbids ;
And but remember, that she stands suspected
A favourer of the Christian sect, she brings
Not danger, but assured destruction with her.
This truly weigh'd, one smile of great *Artemia*
Is to be cherisht, and preferr'd before
All joys in *Dorothea* ; Therefore leave her.

Anto. In what thou think's thou art most wise, thou art
Grossly abus'd, *Macrinus*, and most foolish.
For any man to match above his rank,
Is but to sell his liberty : with *Artemia*
I still must live a servant ; but enjoying
Divinest *Dorothea*, I shall rule,

Rule as becomes a husband : for the danger,
Or call it, if you will, assured destruction,
I slight it thus. If then thou art my friend,
As I dare sweare thou art, and wilt not take
A Governours place upon thee, be my helper.

Macrin You know I dare, and will do any thing,
Put me unto the rest.

Anto. Go then, *Macrinus*,
To *Dorothea*, tell her, I have worn,
In all the battels I have fought, her figure;
Her figure in my heart, which, like a Diety,
Hath still protected me: Thou canst speak well,
And of thy choifest language spare a little,
To make her understand how much I love her,
And how I languish for her : bear her these Jewels:
Sent in the way of Sacrifice, not service,
As to my Goddess. All lets thrown behind me,
Or fears that may deter me, say, this morning
I mean to visite her by the name of friendship ;
No words to contradict this.

Macr. I am yours :
And if my travel this way be ill spent,
Judge not my readier will by the event.

Finis Actus primus.

Actus II. Scene I.

Enter Spungius and Hercius.

Spung. **T**URN Christian, would he that first tempted me
to have my shoes walk upon Christian soles,
had turned me into a Capon; for I am sure now, the stones
of all my pleasure, in this fleshly life, are cut off.

Her. So then, if any Coxcomb has a galloping desire to
ride, here is a Gelding, if he can but fit him.

Spun. I kick, for all that, like a horse; look else.

Her. But that is a kickish jade, fellow *Spungius*: have not
I as much cause to complain as thou hast? VVhen I was a

Pagan, there was an infidel punk of mine, would have let me come upon trust for my corveting; a pox on your Christian Coxatrices, they cry like poulterers wives, no mony no cony.

Spun. *Bacchus*, The god of brewed wine and sugar, grand patron of rob-pots, upsie-freezie-tiplers, and super-naculam takers; this *Bacchus*, who is head-warden of Vintners hall, Ale-cunner, Mayor of all victualling-houses, the sole liquid benefactor to bawdy-houses, Lanzeprezado to red-noses, and invincible Adelantado over the armado of pimped deep scarletted, rubified, and carbuncled faces.

Her. What of all this?

Spun. This boon Bacchanalion stinker, did I make legs to.

Her. Scurvie ones, when thou wert drunk.

Spun. There is no danger of looling a mans years by making these Indures; he that will not now then be *Calabingo*, is worse than a *Calamoothe*: when I was a Pagan, and kneeled to this *Bacchus*, I durst out drinke a Lord; but your Christian Lords out-bowl me: I was in hope to lead a sober life, when I was converted; but amongst the Christians, I can no sooner stagger out of one Ale-house, but I reel into another: they have whole streets of nothing but drinking rooms, and drabbing-chambers, jumbled together.

Her. *Bawdy Friapus*, the first Schoolmaster that taught butchers how to stick pricks in flesh, and make it swell, thou knowest was the only Ningle that I cared for, under the Moon; but since I left him, to follow a scurvy Lady, what with her praying, and our fasting, if now I come to a wench, and offer to use her any thing hardly, (telling her, being a Christian she must endure,) she presently handles me as if I were a clove, and cleaves me with disdain as if I were a calves head.

Spun. I see no remedy, fellow *Hercius*, but that thou and I must be half Pagans, and half Christians; for we know very fools that are Chrihians.

Her. Right: the quarters of Christians are good for nothing, but to feed Crows.

Spun. True: Christian Brokers, thou knowst are made up of the quarters of Christians; parboil one of these rogues and he is not meat for a dog: no, no, I am resolved to have

an Infidels heart, though in shew I carry a Christians face.

Her. Thy last shall serve my foot, so will I.

Spun. Our whimpering Lady and Mistresse sent me with two great baskets full of beef, mutton, veal, and Goose fellow *Hercius*.

Her. And Woodcock fellow *Spungius*.

Spun. Upon the poor lean Assé fellow, on which I rid to all the alms-women: what thinkest thou I have done with all this good chear.

Her. Eat it, or be choakt else.

Spun. Would my asse, basket and all were in thy maw if I did: no, as I am a demi-Pagan, I sold the victuals, and coyned the money into pottle pots of wine.

Her. Therein thou shewedst thy self a perfect demi-Christian too, to let the poor beg, starve and hang, or dy of the pip. Our pulling snotty-nosed Lady sent me out likewise with a purse of money, to relieve and release prisoners; did I so, think you?

Spun. Would thy ribs were turned into grates of iron then.

Her. As I am a totall Pagan, I swore they should be hanged first; for, sirra *Spungius*, I lay at my old ward of flechery, and cried, a pox on your two-penny wards, and so I took scurvie common flesh for the mony.

Spun. And wisely done; for our Lady sending it to prisoners, had bestowed it out upon lowsie knaves, and thou to save that labour, casts it away upon rotten whores.

Her. All my fear is of that pink-an-eye jack, an apes boy her page.

Spun. As I am a Pagan from my cod-piece downward, that white faced Monkey frights me too; I stole but a dirty pudding, last day, out of an alms-basket, to give my dog, when he was hungry, and the peaking chitiface page hit me in the teeth with it,

Her. With the durty pudding; so he did me once with a cow-turd, which, in knavery, I would have crummed into ones porridge, who was half a Pagan too: the smug dandi-prat smells us out, whatsoever we are doing.

Spun. Does he! let him take heed I prove not his back friend: i'le make him curse his smelling what I do.

Her. Tis my Lady spoils the boy, for he is ever at her heels, and she is never well but in his company.

Enter Angelo with a book and a Taper lighted; they seeing him,
counterfeit devotion.

Ang. O! now your hearts make ladders of your eys,
In shew to climbe to heaven, when your devotion
Walks upon crutches: where did you waste your time,
When the religious man was on his knees,
Speaking the heavenly language?

Spun. Why fellow *Angelo*, we were speaking in French I
hope.

Her. We ha' not been idle, take it upon my word.

Ang. Have you the baskets emptied, which your Lady
Sent from her charitable hands to women
That dwell upon her pity?

Spun. Emptied'em! yes, I'de be loth to have my belly
so emptie, yet I'me sure I munched not one bit of them
neither.

Ang. And went your money to the Prisoners?

Her. Went! no, I carried it, and with these fingers paid
it away.

Ang. What way? The Devils way, the way of sin,
The way of hot damnation, way of lust:
And you, to wash away the poor mans bread
In bowls of drunkenesse.

Spun. Drunkenness! Yes, yes, I use to be drunk; our next
neighbours man, called *Christopher*, hath often seen me
drunk, hath he not?

Her. Or me given so to the flesh? my cheeks speak my doings

Ang. Avant ye theeves and hollow hypocrites;
Your hearts to me lie open like black books,
And there I read your doings.

Spun. And what do you read in my heart?

Her. Or in mine? Come amiable *Angelo*, beat the flint
of your brain.

Spun. And lets see what sparks of wit fly out to kindle
your *Carebrunt*.

Ang. Your names even brand you: you are *Spungius* call'd,
And like a Sponge, you suck up liquorous wines,
Till your soul reels to hell.

Spun. To hell! can any Drunkards legs carry him so far?

Ang. For bloud of Grapes you sold the widdows food,

And

And starving them 'tis murther, what's this but hell ?

Hercius your name, and Gotish is your nature :

You snatch the meat out of the prisoners mouth,

To fatten harlots; is not this hell to ?

No angel, but the devil waits on you.

Spun. Shall I cut his throat ?

Her. No, better burn him, for I think he is a witch, but
sooth, sooth him.

Spun. Fellow *Angelo* true it is, that falling into the com-
pany of wicked he-Christians for my part.

Her. And she ones for my part, we have 'em swim in
sholes hard by.

Spun. We must confesse, I took too much of the pot, and
he of t'other hollow commoditie.

Her. Yes indeed, we laid lill on both of us, was cosen'd
the poor; but tis a common thing; many a one, that counts
himself a better Christian than we two, hath done it, by
this light.

Spun. But pray, sweet *Angelo*, play not the tell-tale to
my Lady; and if you take us creeping into any of these
mouse-holes of sin any more, let Cats flea off our skins.

Her. And put nothing but the poison'd tails of rats into
those skins.

Ang. Will you dishonour her sweet charity,
Who sav'd you from the tree of death and shame ?

Her. Would I were hang'd rather than thus betold of
my faults.

Spun. She took us, 'tis true from the gallows; yet I hope
she will not bar yeomen sprats to have their swinge.

Ang. She comes, beware and mend. *Ent. Dorothea.*

Her. Let's break his neck, and bid him mend.

Dor. Have you my messages (sent to the poor)
Deliver'd with good hands, not robbing them.

Of any jot was theirs,

Spun. Rob'm Lady, I hope neither my fellow nor I am
theeves.

Her. Deliver'd with good hands, Madam, else let me ne-
ver lick my fingers more when I eat buttered-fish.

Dor. Who cheat the poor, & from them pluck their alms,
Pilfer from heaven, and there are thunder-bolts.

From thence to beat them ever, do not lie;
Were you both faithfull true distributers?

Span. Lie Madam, what grief is it to see you turn Swaggerer, & give your poor minded rascally servants the lie.

Dor. I'm glad you do not; if those wretched people
Tell you they pine for want of any thing,
Whisper but to mine ear, and you shall furnish them.

Her. Whisper, nay Lady for my part, l'le cry whoop.

Ang. Play no more villains with so good a Lady;
For it you do — — —

Span. Are we Christians?

Her. The foul Fiend snap all Pagans for me.

Ang. Away, and once more mend.

Span. Takes us for Botchers.

Her. A patch, a patch.

Dor. My book and Taper.

Ang. Here most holy Mistresse.

Dor. Thy voice sends forth such musick, that I never
Was ravished with a more celestiall sound,
Were every servant in the world like thee,
So full of goodnesse, Angels would come down
To dwell with us: thy name is *Angelo*,
And like that name thou art; get thee to rest,
Thy youth with too much watching is oppress.

Ang. No, my dear Lady, I could weary stars,
And force the wakefull Moon to lose her eyes
By my late watching, but to wait on you:
When at your prayers you kneel before the Altar,
Me thinks I'm finging with some quire in Heaven,
So blest I hold me in your company:
Therefore, my most lov'd Mistresse, do not bid
Your boy, so serviceable, to get hence,
For then you break his heart.

Dor. Be nie me still then;
In golden letters down I le set that day,
Which gave thee to me; little did I hope
To meet such worlds of comfort in thy self,
This little pretty body, when I coming
Forth of the Temple, heard my begger-boy,
My sweet fac'd godly begger-boy, crave an alms,

Which

Which with glad hand I gave, with lucky hand;
And when I took thee home, my most chaste bosome,
Me thought, was fill'd with no hot wanton fire,
But with a holy flame, mounting since higher,
On wings of Cherubins, then did before.

Ang. Proud am I, that my Ladies modest eye
So likes so poor a servant.

Dor. I have offer'd
Handfuls of Gold, but to behold thy Parents.
I would leave Kingdoms, were I Queen of some,
To dwell with thy good Father; for the son
Bewitching me so deeply with his presence,
He that begot him must do't ten times more.
I pray thee my sweet boy, shew me thy Parents,
Be not a sham'd.

Ang. I am not: I did never
Know who my mother was; but by your palace,
Fill'd with bright heavenly Courtiers, I dare assure you,
And pawn these eyes upon it, and this hand,
My father is in Heaven; and, pretie Mistresse,
If your illustrious houre glasse spend his sand
No worse than yet it doth, upon my life,
You and I both shall meet my father there,
And he shall bid you welcome.

Dor. A blessed day;
We all long to be there but loose the way, *Exeunt*

Macrinus friend to Antoninus enters, being met by Theophilus and Harpax.

Theoph. Sun-God of the day guide thee *Macrinus*.

Mac. And three *Theophilus*.

Theoph. Gladst thou in such scorn?
I call my wish back.

Mac. I'm in haste.

Theo. One word,
Take the least hand of time up: stay.

Mac. Be brief.

Theo. As thought: I prithee tell me, good *Macrinus*,
How health and our fair Princess lay together.

This night; for you can tell; Courtiers have flies
That buz all news unto them.

Mac. She slept but ill.

Theo. Double thy curtesie; how does *Antoninus*?

Mac. Ill, well, straight, crooked, I know not how.

Theo. Once more;

Thy head is full of Wind-mills: when doth the Princesse
Fill a bed full of beauty, and bestow it
On *Antoninus* on the wedding night?

Mac. I know not.

Theo. No? Thou art the Manuscript
Where *Antoninus* writes down all his secrets.
Honest *Macrinus* tell me.

Mac. Fare you well sir. *Exit.*

Her. Honesty is some Friend, and frights him hence;
And many Courtiers love it not.

Theo. What peece

Of this State-wheel (which winds up *Antoninus*)
Is broke, it runs so jarringly? The
Man is from himself devided; Oh thou, the eye
By which I wonders see, tell me, my *Harpax*.
What gad - flie tickles so this *Macrinus*,
That up flinging the tail, he breaks thus from me.

Har. Oh sir, his brain pan is a bed of snakes,
Whose stings shoot through his eye-balls, whose poisonous
spawn

Ingenders such a fry of speckled villains,
That unlesse charms, more stron; then Adamant,
Be us'd, the Romans Angels wings shall melt,
And *Cæsars* Diadem be from his head
Spurn'd by base feet; the Lawrel which he wears,
(Returning victor) be inforc't to kisse
That which it hates (the fire.) And can this Ram,
This *Antoninus-Engine*, being made ready
To so much mischief, keep a steady motion?
His eyes and feet you see give strange assaults.

Theo. I'm turn'd a Marble Statue at thy language,
Which printed is in such crabbed Characters,
It puzzles all my reading: what (in'th name
Of *Pluto*) now is hatching?

Har. This *Macrinus*

The time is, upon which love errands run
Twixt *Antoninus* and that ghost of women,
The bloudlesse *Dorothea*, who in prayer
And meditation (mocking all your gods)
Drinks up her rubie colour: yet *Antoninus*
Plays the *Endimion* to this pale fac'd Moon,
Courts her, seeks to catch her eys.

Theo. And what of this?

Har. These are but creeping billows,
Not got to shore yet: but if *Dorothea*
Fall on his bosome, and be fir'd with love,
(Your coldest women do so;) had you inke
Brew'd from the infernal *Styx*, not all that blacknesse
Can make a thing so foul as the dishonours,
Disgraces, Buffettings, and most base affronts
Upon the bright *Artemia*, star of Court,
Great *Cæsars* daughter.

Theo. Now I conster thee. (fill'd

Har. Nay more, a Firmament of clouds being
With *Joves* Artillery, shot down at once,
To pass your gods in peeces, cannot give,
With all those Thunderbolts, so deep a blow
To the Religion there, and Pagan lore,
As this; for *Dorothea* hates your gods,
And if she once blast *Antoninus* soul,
Making it foul like hers, Oh the example——

The. Eats through *Cæsars* heart liquid poyson.
Have I invented tortures to tear Christians,
To see but which, could all that feel hels torments
Have leave to stand aloofe here on earths stage,
They would be made till they again descended,
Holding the pains most horrid of such souls,
May-games to those of mine. Hath this my hand.
Set down a Christians Execution
In such dire postures, that the very hangman
Fell at my foot dead, hearing but their figures?
And shall *Macrinus* and is fellow Masquer
Strangle me in a dance?

Har. No, on, I hug thee,

For drilling thy quick brains in this quick plot
Of tortures against these Christians: On, I hug thee;

Theoph. Both hug and holy me; to this *Dorothea*,
Fly thou and I in thunder.

Harp. Not for Kingdomes,
Pil'd upon Kingdoms; ther's a villain Page
Waits on her, whom I would not for the world
Hold traffique with; I do so hate his sight,
That should I look on him, I must sink down.

Theo. I will not loose thee, then her to confound:
None but this head with glories shall be crown'd

Har. Oh, mine own as I would wish thee. *Exeunt.*

Enter Dorothea, Macrinus, Angelo.

Dor. My trustie *Angelo*, with that curious eye
Of thine, which ever waits upon my businesse,
I prithee watch those my stil-negligent servants,
That they perform my will, in what's enjoyn'd them
To th'good of others; else wil you finde them flies
Not lying still, yet in them no good lies:
Be carefull dear boy.

Ang. Yes, my sweetest Mistresse. *Exit.*

Dor. Now sir, you may go on.

Mac. I then must studie
A new Arithmetick, to sum up the virtues
Which *Antoninus* gracefully become.
There is in him so much man, so much goodnesse,
So much honour, and of all things else, (store,
Which makes our being excellent, that from his
He can enough lend others; yet much taken from him:
The want shall be as little, as when Seas
Lend from their bounty, to fill up the poornesse
Of needy rivers.

Dor. Sir, he is more indebted to you for praise, than you
to him that owes it.

M. If Queens viewing his presents paid to the whiteness
Of your chaste hand alone, should be ambitious
But to be parted in their numerous shares,
This he counts nothing; could you see main armies

Make battels in the quarell of his valour,
That 'tis best, the truest, this were nothing;
The greatnesse of his state, his fathers voice
And arm, owing *Casarea*, he never boasts of;
The Sun-beams which the Emperour throws upon him,
Shine there but as in water, and guild him
Not with one spot of Pride: no dearest beauty,
All these heapt'd up together in one scale,
Cannot weigh down the love he bears to you,
Being put into the other.

Dor. Could gold buy you
To speak thus for a friend, you fir are worthy
Of more then I will number; & this your language
Hath power to win upon another woman,
Top of whose heart, the feathers of this world
Are gaily stuck: but all which first you named,
And now this last, his love, to me are nothing.

Mac. You make me a sad messenger, *Enter Antoninus*
But himself
Being come in person, shall, I hope hear from you,
Musick more pleasing.

Ant. Hath your ear, *Macrinus*,
Heard none then?

Mac. None I like.

Ant. But can there be
In such a noble Casket, wherein lies
Beauty and chastity in their full perfections,
A rocky heart, killing with cruelty;
A life that's prostrated beneath your feet?

Dor. I am guilty of a shame I yet never knew,
Thus to hold parley with you, pray fir pardon.

Ant. Good sweetnesse, you now have it, and shall go:
Be but so mercifull, before your wounding me
With such a mortall weapon, as farewell,
To let me murmur to your virgin ear,
What I was loath to lay on any tongue,
But this mine own.

Dor. If one immodest accent
Fly out, I hate you everlastingly.

Ant. My true love dares not do it.

Mac. Hermes inspire thee.

They whispering below, enter above Saprilius, father to Antoninus, and Governour of Casarea, with him Artemia the Princess, Theophilus, Spungius, and Hercius.

Spun. So now, do you see? our work is done; the fish you angle for is nibbling at the hook, and therefore untruss the Cod-piece-point of our reward, no matter if the breeches of conscience fall about our heels.

The. The gold you earn is here, dam up your mouths, and no words of it.

Her. No, nor no words from you of too much damming neither; I know women sell themselves daily, and are hacknied out for silver, why may not we then betray a scurvy Mistress for gold?

Spun. She sav'd us from the Gallows, and only to keep one Proverbe from breaking his neck, wee'l hang her?

The. 'Tis well done, go, go, y'are my fine white boys.

Spun. If your red boys, 'tis well known, more ill-favoured faces then ours are painted.

Sap. Those fellows trouble us.

The. Away, away.

Her. To my sweet placket.

Spun. And I to my full pot.

Exeunt.

Art. Come let me tune you; glaze not thus your eyes
With self-love of a vowed virginity,
Make every man your glass you see our sex.
Do never murther propagation,
We all desire your sweet society,
And if you bar me from it, you do kill me,
And of my blood are guilty.

Art. O base villain.

Sap. Bridle your rage sweet Princess.

Art. Could not my fortunes
(Reard higher far then yours) be worthy of you,
Me thinks my dear affection makes you mine.

Dor. Sir, for your fortunes were they mines of Gold,
He that I love is richer; and for worth
You are to him lower then any slave.

Is to a Monarch.

Sap. So insolent, base Christian ?

Dor. Can I, with wearing my knees before him,
Get you but be his servant, you shall boast
Y'are equal to a King.

Sap. Confusion on thee,
For playing thus the lying forcereffe. (the sun

Ant. Your mocks are great ones; none beneath
Will I be servant to: on my knees I beg it.
Pity me wondrous maid.

Sap. I curse thy baseness.

Theo. Listen to more.

Dor. O kneel not fir to me. (heart;

Ant. This knee is Embleme of an humbled
That heart which tortur'd is with your disdain,
Justly for scorning others; even this heart,
To which for pity such a princeffe sues,
As in her hand offers me all the world,
Great *Cæsars* daughter.

Art. Slave thou liest.

Ant. Yet this
Is adamant to her; that melts to you
In drops of bloud.

Theoph. A very dog.

Ant. Perhaps

'Tis my religion makes you knit the brow;
Yet be you mine, and ever be your own:
Ine're wil screw your conscience from that power
On which you Christians lean.

Sap. I can no longer; (sirra,
Fret out my life with weeping at thee, villain:
Would when I got thee, the high thunder hand
Had struck thee in the womb.

Mac. We are betrayed. (kneel'ft to,

Art. Is that your idol, traytor, which thou
Trampling upon my beauty ?

Theo. Sirra, bandog,
Wilt thou in pieces tear our *Jupiter*
For her ? our *Mars* for her ? our *Sol* for her ?
A whore ? a hell-hound, in this globe of brains ?

Where a whole world of tortures, for such furies,
 Have fought (as in a Chaos) which should exceed,
 These nails shall grubbing lie from scul to scul,
 To finde one horrider, than all, for you,
 You three.

Art. Threaten not, but strike; quick vengeance flies.
 Into thy bosome, caitiff : here all love dies. *Exeunt.*

Ant. O I am thunder-strook!
 We are both orewhelm'd.

Mac. With one high raging billow.

Dor. You a souldier,
 And sink beneath the violence of a woman?

Ant. A woman! a wrong'd Princessse, from such a star
 Blazing with fires of hate, what can be look'd for,
 But tragical events? My life is now
 The subject of her tyranny.

Dor. That fear is base,
 Of death, when that death doth but life displace
 Out of her house of earth; you onely dread
 The stroke, and not what follows when you are dead,
 There's the fear indeed: come, let your eies
 Dwell where mine do, you'll scorn their tyrannies.

*Enter below Artemia, Sapritius, Theophilus a guard, Angelo
 comes and is close by Dorothea.*

Ar. My fathers nerves puts vigour in mine arm,
 And I his strength must use; because I once
 Shed beams of favour on thee, and, with the Lion,
 Plaid with thee gently, when thou strok'st my heart,
 I'll not insult on a base humbled prey,
 By lingring out thy terrours; but with one frown
 Kill thee, Hence with 'em to execution;
 Seize him, but let even death it self be weary
 In torturing her: I'll change those smiles to shrieks,
 Give the fool that she's proud of (Martyrdom)
 In pieces rack that Bawd to.

Sap. Albeit the reverence
 I ow our gods and you are, in my bosome,
 Torrents so strong, that pittie quite lies drown'd

From saving this young man, yet when I see
What face death gives him, and that a thing within me,
Saith 'tis my son, I'm forc'd to be a man,
And grow fond of his life, which thus I beg.

Art. And I deny.

Ant. Sir you dishonour me,
To sue for that which I disclaim to have;
I shall more glory in my sufferings gain,
Than you in giving judgment, since I offer
My bloud up to your anger: nor do I kneel
To keep a wretched life of mine from ruine:
Preserve this Temple (build it fair as yours is)
And *Cesar* never went in greater triumph,
Than I shall to the Scaffold.

Art. Are you so brave, sir,
Set forward to his Triumph, and let those two
Go cursing a long with him.

Dor. No, but pittying,
(For my part I) that you loose ten times more
By torturing me, than I that dare your tortures,
Through all the armie of my sins, I have even
Labour'd to break, & cope with death to th' face;
The visage of a hangman frights not me;
The sight of whips, racks, gibbets, axes, fires,
Are scaffoldings by which my soul climbs up
To an eternall habitation

Theo. *Cesar's* imperiall daughter, hear me speak;
Let not this Christian *Thing*, in this her pageantry
Of proud deriding both our gods and *Cesar*;
Build to her self a Kingdome in her death,
Going laughing from us, no, her bitterest torment
Shall be, to feel her constancy beaten down,
The bravery of her resolution ly
Battered by the argument, into such pieces,
That she again shall (on her belly) creep
To kisse the pavements of our *Panim* gods.

Art. How to be done?

Theo. I'll send my daughters to her;
And they shall turn her rocky faith to wax,
Else spit at me, let me be made your slave,

And meet no Romans, but a villains grave.

Art. Thy prisoner let her be then : and *Sapritius*,
Your son, and that be yours, death shall be sent
To him that suffers them by voice, or letters,
To greet each other. Rife her estate;
Christians to beggery brought, grown desperate.

Dor. Still on the bread of poverty let me feed. *Exeunt.*

Ang. O my admired Mistresse ! quench not out
The holy fires within you, though temptations
Showre down upon you: clasp thine armour on.
Fight well, and thou shalt see, after these wars.
Thy head wear sun-beams, and thy feet touch stars.

Enter Hercius and Spungius.

Her. How now *Angelo*, how is it? how is it? what thread
spins that whore, Fortune, upon her wheele now?

Spun. *Comesta, Comsta*, poor knave.

Her. *Com a perte vou, com a perte vou*, me petite garsoone.

Spun. Me partha we comrade, my halfinch of mans flesh,
how run the dice of this cheat ing world, ha ?

Ang. Too well on your sides; you are hid in gold
O're head and ears.

Her. We thank our Fates, the sign of the gingle-boys
hangs at the doors of our pockets.

Spun. Who would think, that wee comming forth of the
arse, as it were, or far end of the world, should yet see the
golden age, when so little silver is stirring.

Her. Nay, who can say any Citizen is an asse, for lading
his own back with money, till his soul cracks again, onely
to leave his son like a guilded Coxcomb behind him? Will
not any fool take me for a wise man now, seeing me draw
out of the pit of my treasury, this little god with his belly
full of Gold ?

Spun. And this full of the same meat out of my ambrey.

Ang. That gold will melt to poyson.

Spun. Poyson ! would it would, whole pintes for healths
shall down my throat.

Her. Gold poyson ! there is never a she thrasher in *Cæ-*
saria, that lives on the flail of mony, will call it so.

Ang. Like slaves you sold your souls for golden dross,
Bewitching

Bewitching her to death, who stept between
You and the Gallows.

Spun. It was an easie matter to save us, she being so well
backt.

Her. The Gallows and we fell out, so she did but part us.

Ang. The misery of that mistresse is mine own,
She begger'd, I left wretched.

Her. I can but let my nose drop in sorrow, with wet
eyes for her.

Spun. The petticoat of her estate is unlaced I confesse.

Her. Yes, and the smock of her charity is now all to pieces

Ang. For love you bear to her, for some good turns
Done you by me, give me one piece of silver.

Her. How! a peece of silver! if thou wert an angel of
gold, I would not put thee into white money, unlesse I
weighed thee, and I weigh thee not a rush.

Spun. A piece of silver! I never had but two calves in
my life, and those my mother left me; I will rather part
from the fat of them, than from a mustard-tokens worth of
argent.

Her. And so, sweet Nit, we crawl from thee.

Spun. Adieu, demi-dandiprat, adieu.

Ang. Stay, One word yet; you now are full of gold.

Her. I would be sorry my dog were so full of the pox.

Spun. Or any sow of mine of the meazles either.

Ang. Go, go, y are beggars both, you are not worth
That leather on your feet.

Her. Away, away boy.

Spun. Page, you do nothing but set patches on the soles
of your jests.

Ang. I'm glad I tri'd your love, which (see) I want not
So long as this is full.

Both. And so long as this---so long as this.

Her. Spungius, you are a pick-pocket.

Spun. Hercius, thou hast nimb'd---so long, as not so
much money is left, as will buy a louse.

Her. Thou art a Thief, and thou liest in that gut,
through which thy wine runs, if thou deniest it.

Spun. Thou liest deeper than the bottom of mine enra-
ged pocket, if thou affrontest it.

Ang. No blows, no bitter language; all your gold gone?

Spun. Can the devill creep into ones breeches?

Her. Yes if his horns once get into his codpiece.

Ang. Come, sigh not; I so little am in love
With that whose losse kills you, that see 'tis yours,
All yours, divide the heap in equall share,
So you will go along with me to prison,
And in our Mistris sorrows bear a part:

Say, will you? *Both.* Will we?

Spun. If she were going to hanging, no gallows should part us.

Her. Let's both be turn'd into a rope of onions if we do.

Ang. Follow me then, repair your bad deeds past;
Happy are men when their best deeds are last.

Spun. True master *Angelo*; pray sir lead the way. *exit. Ang.*

Her. Let him lead that way, but follow thou me this way.

Spun. I live in a Goal?

Her. Away and shift for our selves, she'l do well enough there; for prisoners are more hungry after mutton, than catch-poles after prisoners.

Spun. Let her starve then, if a whole Goal will not fill her belly. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus secundi.

ACTUS III. SCENE I.

*Enter Sapritius Theophilus, Priest, Caliste,
Christeta*

Sap. Sick to the death I fear.

The. I meet your sorrow,
With my true feeling of it.

Sap. She's a witch,
A sorceresse, *Theophilus*; my son
Is charm'd by her enchanting eyes, and like
An image made of wax, her beams of beauty
Melt him to nothing; all my hopes in him,
And all his gotten honours, find their grave
In his strange dotage on her. Would when first

He saw and lov'd her, the earth had open'd
And swallow'd both alive.

Theo. There's hope left yet. (peas'd)

Sap. Not any, though the Princeſſe were ap-
All title in her love ſurrendred up;
Yet this coy Chriſtian is ſo transported
With her Religion, that unleſſe my ſon
(But let him periſh firſt) drink the ſame potion,
And be of her belief, ſhe'ele not vouchſafe
To be his lawfull wife.

Prieſt. But once remov'd
From her opinion, as I reſt aſſur'd
The reaſons of theſe holy maids will win her,
You'l find her tractable to any thing
For your content or his.

Theo. If ſhe reſuſe it,
The Stygian damps, breeding infectious airs,
The Mandrakes ſhrikes, the Baſilisks killing eye,
The dreadful lightning, that does cruſh the bones
And never ſinge the ſkin, ſhall not appear
Leſſe fatall to her, than my zeal, made hot
With love unto my gods: I have defer'd it,
In hope to draw back this Apoſtata,
Which will be greater honour than her death,
Unto her fathers faith; and to that end
Have brought my daughters hither.

Caliſte. And we doubt not
To do what you deſire.

Sap. Let her be ſent for,
Proſper in your good work and were I not
To attend the Princeſſe, I would ſee and hear
How you ſucceed.

The. I am commanded too,
Il'e bear you company.

Sap. Give them your ring,
To lead her as in triumph, if they win her,
Before her highneſs, *Exit Sap.*

The. Spare no promiſes,
Perſwaſions, or threats, I do conjure you;
If you prevail, tis the moſt glorious work

You ever undertook.

Enter Dorothea and Angelo.

Prie. She comes.

Theo. We leave you;

Be constant and be carefull.

Exeunt Theop. & Priest.

Cal. We are sorry

To meet you under guard.

Dor. But I more griev'd.

You are at liberty; so well I love you,

That I could wish, for such a cause as mine,

You were my fellow prisoners: prithee *Angelo,*

Reach us some chairs. Please you sit?

Cal. We thank you:

Our visite is for love, love to your safety.

Christ. Our conference must be private, pray you therefore:

Command your boy to leave us.

Dor. You may trust him.

With any secret that concerns my life;

Falshood and he are strangers; had you, Ladies,

Been blest with such a servant, you had never

Forsook that way (your journey even half ended)

That leads to joys eternal. In the place

Of loose lascivious mirth, he would have stirr'd you

To holy meditations; and so far

He is from flattery, that he would have told you,

Your pride being at the height, how miserable

And wretched things you were, that for an hour

Of pleasure here, have made a desperate sale

Of all your right in happinesse hereafter.

He must not leave me, without him I fall;

In this life he is my servant, in the other.

A wished companion.

Ang. Tis not in the Devil,

Nor all his wicked arts, to shake such goodnesse.

Dor. But you were speaking, Lady.

Cal. As a friend

And lover of your safety, and I pray you

So to receive it; and if you remember

How near in love our parents were, that we

Even from the cradle, were brought up together.

Our amity encreasing with our years,
We cannot stand suspected,

Dor. To the purpose.

Cal. We come then as good angels, *Doro:hea,*
To make you happy, and the means so easie,
That, be not you an enemy to your self,
Already you enjoy it.

Christ. Look on us,
Ruin'd as you are, once, and brought unto it
By your perswasion.

Cal. But what followed, Lady?
Leaving those blessings which our gods gives freely,
And showr'd upon us with a prodigal hand,
As to be noble born, youth, beauty, wealth,
And the free use of these without controul,
Check, curb, or stop, (such is our Laws indulgence,)
All happinesse forsook us, bonds and fetters
For amorous twins, the rack, and hangmans whips
In place of choice delights, our parents curses
In stead of blessings, scorn, neglect, contempt
Fell thick upon us.

Chri. This consider'd wisely,
We made a fair retreat; and (reconcil'd
To our forsaken Gods) we live again
In all prosperity.

Cal. By our example;
Bequeathing misery to such as love it;
Learn to be happy: the Christian yoke's too heavy
For such a dainty neck; it was fram'd rather
To be the shrine of *Venus* or a pillar,
More precious than Chrystal, to support
Our *Cupids* Image; our Religion, Lady,
Is but a varied pleasure, yours a toil
Slaves would shrink under.

Dor. Have you not cloven feet? are you not Devils?
Dare any say so much, or dare I hear it
Without a vertuous and religious anger?
Now to put on a Virgin modesty.
Or Maiden silence, when his power is question'd
That is omnipotent, were a greater crime

Than in a bad cause to be impudent.
 Your gods, your temples, brothel houses rather,
 Or wicked actions of the worst of men,
 Pursu'd and practis'd your religious rites
 O call them rather juggling misteries,
 The baits and nets of hell, your souls the prey
 For which the devil-angels, your false pleasures
 A steep descent, by which you headlong fall
 Into eternall torments.

Cal. Do not tempt
 Our powerfull gods.

Dor. Which of your powerfull gods,
 Your gold, your silver, brasse, or wooden ones,
 That can not do me hurt, nor protect you?
 Most pittied women, will you sacrifice
 To such, or call them gods or goddesses,
 Your parents would disdain to be the same,
 Or you your selves? O blinded ignorance,
 Tell me *Caliste*, by the truth I charge you,
 Or any thing you hold more dear, would you
 To have him deifi'd to posterity,
 Desire your Father an Adulterer,
 A Ravisher, almost a Paracide,
 A vile incestuous wretch?

Caliste. That piety
 And duty answer for me.

Dor. Or you *Christeta*,
 To be hereafter registred a goddesse,
 Give your chaste body up to the embraces
 Of Goatish lust, have it writ on your forehead,
 This is the common whore, the prostitute,
 The mistresse in the art of wantonnesse,
 Knows every trick and labyrinth of desires
 That are immodest.

Christeta. You judge better of me,
 Or my affection is ill placed on you;
 Shall I turn strumpet?

Dor. No I think you would not;
 Yet *Venus* whom you worship, was a whore?
Flora the Foundresse of the publick Stews;

And hath for that her sacrifice: your great god,
Your *Jupiter*, a loose adulterer,
Incestuous with his sister: read but those
That have Canoniz'd them, you'll find them worse
Than, in Chast language, I can speak them to you.
Are they immortall then, that did partake
Of humane weaknesse, and had ample share
In mens base affection? subject to
Unchast loves, anger, bondage, wounds, as men are?
Here *Jupiter* to serve his lust turn'd Bull.
The ship indeed in which he stole *Europa*;
Neptune, for gain, builds up the wals of *Troy*
As a day-labourer; *Appelo* keeps
Admetus sheep for bread; the *Lemnian* Smith
Sweats at the Forge for hire; *Lymotheus* here,
With his still growing Liver, feeds the vultures;
Saturn bound fast in hell with Adamant chains;
And thousands more, on whom abused error
Bestows a Diety: will you then dear sisters,
For I would have you such, pay your Devotions
To things of lesse power than your selves?

Caliste. We worship

Their good deeds in their images.

Dor. By whom fashioned?

By sinfull men. I'll tell you a short tale,
Nor can you but confesse it was a true one.
A King of *Ægypt* being to erect
The Image of *Osiris*, whom they honour,
Took from the Matrons necks the richest Jewels,
And purest gold, as the materials
To finish up his work; which perfected,
With all solemnity he set it up,
To be ador'd, and serv'd himself his idol,
Desiring it to give him victory
Against his enemies: but being overthrown,
Inrag'd against his god (these are fine gods,
Subject to humane fury) he took down
The senceless thing, and melting it again,
He made a bason, in which Eunuchs wash'd
His Concubines feet; and for this sordid use

Some months it serv'd: his Mistresse proving false,
 As most indeed do so, and grace concluded
 Between them and the Priests, of the same bason
 He made his God again: think, think of this,
 And then consider, if all worldly honours,
 Or pleasures that do leave sharp stings behind them,
 Have power to win such as have reasonable souls,
 To put their trust in drosse.

Cal. Oh that I had been born
 Without a Father,

Chr. Piety to him
 Hath ruin'd us for ever.

Dor. Think not so;
 You may repaire all yet; the attribute
 That speaks his Godhead most, is, mercifull
 Revenge is proper to the Fiends you worship,
 Yet cannot strike without his leave. You weep,
 Oh 'tis a heavenly showre, celestial balm
 To cure your wounded conscience, let it fall,
 Fall thick upon it, and when that is spent,
 I'll help it with another of my tears,
 And may your true repentance prove the Childe
 Of my true sorrow, never mother had
 A birth so happy.

Cal. We are caught our selves.
 That came to take you; and assur'd of conquest,
 We are your Captives.

Dor. And in that you triumph,
 Your victory had been Eternal losse,
 And this your losse immortall gain; fix here,
 And you shall feel your selves inwardly arm'd
 'Gainst tortures, death and hell: but take heed, sisters,
 That or through weaknesse, threats, or milde perswasions,
 Though of a Father, you fall not into
 A second and a worse Apostacy.

Cal. Never, oh never; steel'd by your example,
 We dare the worst of tyranny.

Chr. Here's our warrant,
 You shall along, and witnessse it.

Dor. Be confirm'd then,

And rest assur'd, the more you suffer here,
The more your glory, you to Heaven more dear *Exeunt.*

Enter Artemia, Sapritius, Theophilus, Harpax.

Arte. *Sapritius*, though your son deserve no pity,
We grieve his sicknesse, his contempt of us
We cast behinde us, and look back upon
His service done to *Cæsar*, that weighs down
Our just displeasure: if his malady
Have grown from his restraint, or that you think
His liberty can cure him, let him have it,
Say we forgive him freely.

Sap. Your grace bindes us
Ever your humblest vassals.

Art. Use all means
For his recovery; though yet I love him,
I will not force affection: if the Christian,
Whose beauty hath out-rival'd me, be won
To be of our belief, let him enjoy her,
That all may know when the cause wils, I can
Command my own desires.

The. Be happy then,
My Lord *Sapritius*, I am confident,
Such eloquence and sweet perswasion dwels
Upon my daughters tongues, that they will worke her
To any thing they please.

Sap. I wish they may,
Yet 'tis no easie taske to undertake,
To alter a perverse and obstinate woman. *A shout within.*

Art. What means this shout. *loud musick.*

Sap. 'Tis seconded with musick, *Enter Sempronius.*
Triumphant musick, ha!

Semp. My Lord, your daughters,
The pillars of our faith, having converted,
For so report gives out, the Christian Lady,
The Image of great *Jubiter* born before them,
Sue for access.

The. My soul divin'd as much,
Blest be the time when first they saw this light

Their mother when she bore them to support
 My Feeble age, fild not my longing heart
 With so much Joy, as they in this good work
 Have thrown upon me.

*Enter Priest with the Image of Jupiter, Incense and Censers,
 followed by Caliste, and Christeta, leading Dorothea.*

Welcome, oh thrice welcome
 Daughters, both of my body, and my mind;
 Let me embrace in you my blisse, my comfort;
 And *Dorothea* now more welcome too,
 Then if you never had faln off: I am ravish'd
 With the excesse of Joy (speak happy daughters)
 The blest event.

Cal. We never gain'd so much
 By any undertaking.

Theo. O my dear girle,
 Our gods reward thee,

Dor. Nor was ever time
 On my part better spent.

Chri. We are all now
 Of one opinion.

Theo. My best *Christeta*.
 Madam if ever you did grace, to worth,
 Vouchsafe your Princely hands.

Art. Most willingly:
 Do you refuse it?

Cal. Let us first deserve it.
The. My own child still; here set our god, prepare
 The incense quickly: come fair *Dorothea*,
 I will my self support you, now kneel down,
 And pay your vows to *Jupiter*,

Dor. I shall do it
 Better by their example.
The. They shall guide you,
 They are familiar with the sacrifice;
 Forward my twins of comfort, and to teach her
 Make a joynt offering;

Chri. Thus. *Cal.* And thus,
Har. Profane,

*They both spit at the Image,
 throw it down, & spurn it.*

And

And impious. Stand you now like a Statue?
Are you the Champion of the gods? Where is
Your holy zeal? your anger?

Theo. I am blasted,

And, as my feet were rooted here, I finde
I have no motion; I would I had no fight too;
Or if my eyes can serve to any other use,
Give me (thou injur'd power) a sea of tears,
To expiate this madnesse in my daughters;
For being themselves, they would have trembled at
So blasphemous a deed in any other.
For my sake, hold a while thy dreadful thunder
And give me patience to demand a reason
For this accursed act.

Dor. 'Twas bravely done.

The. Peace damn'd Enchantress, peace. I should look on you
With eyes made red with fury, and my hand,
That shakes with rage, should much out-strip my tongue,
And seal my vengeance on your hearts; but nature
To you that have falln once, bids me again
To be a father. O how durst you tempt
The anger of great *Jove*?

Dor. A lack poor *Jove*,

He's no Swaggerer, how smug he stands,
Hee'l take a kick or any thing,

Sap. Stop her mouth.

Dor. It is the antientest godling; do not fear him,
He would not hurt the Thief that stole away
Two of his golden locks; indeed he could not;
And still it is the same quiet thing.

The. Blasphemer,

Ingenious cruelty shal punish this,
Thou art past hope: but for you, dear daughters
Again bewicht, the due of mild forgiveness
May gently fall provided you deserve it
With true contrition: be your selves again;
Sue to the offended Diety.

Chr. Not to be
Mistresse of the earth.

Cal. I will not offer
 A grain of incense to it, much lesse kneel;
 Nor look on it, but with contempt and scorn,
 To have a thousand years confer'd upon me,
 Of worldly blessings: we professe our selves
 To be like *Dorothea*, Christians.
 And ow her for that happinesse.

The. My ears
 Receive in hearing this, all deadly charms,
 Powerfull to make man wretched.

Art. Are these they
 You brag'd could convert others?

Sap. That want strength
 To stand themselves?

Har. Your honour is ingag'd,
 The credit our cause depends upon it,
 Something you must do suddenly.

The. And I will:

Har. They meritt death, but falling by your hand
 'Twill be recorded for a just revenge,
 And holy fury in you.

The. Do not blow,
 The Furnace of a wrath thrice hot already;
Atna is in my breast, wilde fire burns here (power,
 Which only bloud must quench: incensed
 Which from my infancy I have ador'd,
 Look down with favourable beams upon
 The sacrifice (though not allow'd thy Priest)
 Which I will offer to thee; and be pleas'd,
 (My fiery zeal inciting me to act it)
 To call that justice, others may stile murther.
 Come you accursed, thus by the hair I drag you
 Before this holy altar, thus look on you,
 Lesse pitifull than tygers to their prey.
 And thus with mine own hand, I take that life
 Which I gave to you. *kils them;*

Dor. O most cruel Butcher. *(Porter*

The. My anger ends not here; hels dreadfull
 Receive into thy ever open gates
 Their damned souls, and let the furies whips.

On them alone be wasted : and when death
Closes these eyes, 'twill be *Elizium* to me,
To hear their shrieks and howlings; make me, *Pluto*,
Thy instrument to furnish thee with souls
Of that accursed sect, nor let me fall,
Till my fell vengeance hath consum'd them all.

Exit with Harpax hugging him

Enter Artemia laughing.

Art. 'Tis a brave zeal.

Dor. O call him back again, (left
Call back your hangman, here's one prisoner
To be the subject of his knife.

Art. Not so,
We are not so near reconcil'd unto thee;
Thou shalt not perish such an easie way :
Be she your charge, *Sapritius*, now, and suffer,
None to come near her, till we have found out
Some torments worthy of her.

Ang. Courage Mistress,
These Martyrs prepare your glorious fate,
You shall exceed them and not imitate.

Exeunt.

Enter Spungius, Hercius, ragged, at severall doors.

Her. *Spungius.*

Spun. My fine rogue, how is it? how goes this totter'd world?

Her. Hast any money?

Spun. Money! no: the tavern-ivie clings about my money and kils it. Hast thou any money?

Her. No: my money is a mad Bull, and finding any gap
opned, away it runs.

Spun. I see then, a Tavern and a Bawdie-house have faces much alike, the one hath red grates next doore, the other hath peepingholes withindoors; the tavern hath evermore a bush, the bawdie-house, sometimes neither hedge nor bush. From a tavern a man comes reeling, from a bawdiehouse not able to stand. In the tavern, you are couzen'd with paultry wine, in a bawdie-house by a painted whore: money may have wine, and a whore will have money; but neither can you cry, Drawer you rogue, or keep door-

rotten bawd, without a silver whistle; we are justly plagued therefore; for runing from our Mistresse.

Her. Thou did'st, I did not; yet I had run too, but that one gave me Turpentine pils, and that staid my runing.

Spun. Wel, the thred of my life is drawn through the needle of necessity, whose ey, looking upon my lowsie breeches, cries out it cannot mend'em, which so pricks the linings of my body, & those are, heart, lights, lungs, guts, & midriff, that I beg on my knees, to have *Atropos* (the tailor to the destinies) to take her shears, & cut my thred in two, or to heat the Iron goose of mortality, & so presse me to death.

Her. Sure thy father was some botcher, and thy hungry tongue bit of these shreds of complaints, to patch up the elbows of thy nitty eloquence.

Spun. And what was thy father?

Her. A low minded Cobler, a Cobler, whose zeal set many a woman upright, the remembrance of whose awl, I now having nothing, thrusts such scurvie stitches into my soul, that the heel of my happinesse is gone awry.

Spun. Pitie that ere thou trod'st thy shooe awry.

Her. Long I cannot last; for all sowerly wax of comfort melting away, and misery taking the length of my foot, it boots not me to sue for life, when all my hopes are seam-
rent, and go wetshod.

Spun. This shews th'art a Coblers son, by going through stitch: O *Hercius*, would thou and I were so happie to be coblers.

Her. So would I; for both of us now being wearie of our lives, should then be sure of shoemakers ends.

Spun. I see the beginning of my end, for I am almost starv'd

Her. So am not I, but I am more than famish'd.

Spun. All the members in my body are in rebellion one against another

Her. So are mine, and nothing but a Cook, being a constable, can appease them, presenting to my nose, instead of his painted staff a spitfull of roast-meat.

Spun. But in this rebellion, what uprores do they make! my belly cries to my mouth, why do'st not gape and feed me?

Her. And my mouth sets out a throat to my hand, why dost not thou lift up meat, and cram my chops with it?

Spun.

Spun. Then my hand hath a fling at mine eyes, because they look not out, and sharke for victuals.

Her. Which mine eyes seeing full of tears, cry aloud, & curse my feet, for not ambling up and down to feed Colon, sit hence if good meat be in any place, 'tis known my feet can smell.

Spun. But then my feet, like lazie rogues, lie still, and had rather do nothing than run too and fro to purchase any thing.

Her. Why among so many millions of people, should thou and I onely be miserable totter - demillions, rag - a - muffins, and lowsie desperates?

Spun. Thou art a meer *I-am-an-o*, *I-am-an-as*; consider the whole world, 'tis as we are.

Her. Lowsie, beggerly, thou whorson *Assa Fetida*.

Spun. Worse all totterings all out of frame, thou *Foliamini*;

Her. As how *arsrick* : come make the world smart.

Spun. Old honour goes on crutches, beggery rides caroched, honest men make feasts, knaves sit at tables, cowards are lapt in velvet, souldiers (as we) in rags, beauty turns whore, whore, bawd, and both die of the pox: why then, when al the world stumbles, should thou & I walk upright?

Her. Stop, look who's yonder. *Enter Angelo.*

Spun. Fellow *Angelo* ! how does my little man ? well ?

Ang. Yes, and would you did so: where are your cloaths

Her. Cloaths! You see every woman almost go in her loose gown, and why should not we have our cloathes loose

Spun. Would they were loose.

Ang. Why, where are they ?

Spun. Where many a velvet cloak, I warrant, at this hour, keeps them company; they are pawned to a broker.

Ang. Why pawned? where's all the gold I left with you?

Her. The gold? we put that into a Scriveners hands, and he hath coufen'd us.

Spun. And therefore I prethee *Angelo*, if thou hast another purse, let it be confiscate and brought to devastation.

Ang. Are you made all of lies, I know which way
Your gilt-wing'd pieces flew; I will no more
Be mock'd by you: be sorry for your riots,
Tame your wilde flesh by labour, eat the bread
Got with hard hands: let sorrow be your whip.

To

To draw drops of repentence from your heart.

When I read this amendment in your eyes,

You shall not want, till then, my pittie dies. *Exit.*

Spun. Is it not a shame, that this scurvie *Puerilis* should give us lessons?

Her. I have dwelt thou knowst, a long time in the Suburbs of the conscience, and they are ever bawdy; but now my heart shall rake a house within the walls of honesty,

Enter Harpax aloofe.

Sp. O you drawers of wine, draw me no more to the bar of beggery; the sound of score a pottle of sack, is worse then the noise of a scolding oyster wench, or two cats incorporating

Har. This must not be, I do not like when conscience Thaws; keep her frozen still: how now my masters? Dejected; drooping, drown'd in tears, clothes torne, Lean and ill colour'd, sighing! Wher's the whirle-winde Which raiseth all these mischiefs? I have seen you Drawd better on'ts. O! but a spirit told me You both would come to this, when in you thrust Your selves into the service of that Lady, Who shortly now must dy: where's now her praying? What good got you by wearing out your feet, To run on scurvy errands to the poor, And to bear money to a sort of rogues, And lowsie prisoners?

Her. Pox on'em, I never prosper'd since I did it.

Spun Had I been a Pagan still, I could not have spit white for want of drink; but come to any vintner now, and bid him trust me, because I turn'd Christian, and he cries puh.

Har. Y'are rightly serv'd; before that peevish Lady Had to do with you, women, wine, money Flow'd in abundance with you, did it not?

Her. Oh! those daies, those daies.

Har. Beat not your breasts, tear not your hair in madnes, Those daies shall come again (be rul'd by me) And better, (mark me) better.

Spun. I have seen you sir, as I take it, an attendant on the Lord *Theophilus*.

Har. Yes, yes, in shew his servant: but hark hither, Take heed no body listens.

Spun. Not a Mouse stirs.

Har. I am a Prince disguis'd.

Her. Disguis'd! how? drunk?

Har. Yes my fine boy, I'll drink too, and be drunk;
I am a Prince, and any man by me,
(Let him but keep my rules) shall soon grow rich.
Exceeding rich, most infinitely rich;
He that shall serve me, is not starv'd from pleasures
As other poor knaves are; no, take their fill.

Spun. But that sir, we are so ragged —

Har. You'll say you'd serve me.

Her. Before any master under the Zodiack.

Har. For cloaths no matter, I have a minde to both.
And one thing I like in you, now that you see
The bonfire of your Ladies state burnt out,
You give it over, do you not?

Her. Let her be hang'd.

Spun. And pox'd

Harp. Why now y'are mine.

Come let my bosome touch you:

Spun. We have bugs sir.

Har. There's mony, fetch your cloths home, ther's for you.

Her. Avoid vermine: give over our mistresse! a man
cannot prosper worse, if he serve the devill. (vil

Har. How? the devill! Ile tell you what now of the De-
He's no such horrid creature, cloven footed,
Black, faucer ey'd, his nostrils breathing fire.
As these lying Christians make him.

Both. No!

Har. He's more loving to man, then man to man is.

Her. Is he so! would we two might come acquainted
with him.

Har. You shall: he's a wondrous good fellow, loves a cup
of wine, a whore, any thing, if you have money, its ten
to one but I'll bring him to some Tavern to you, or other.

Sp. I'll bespeak the best room in the house for him.

Har. Some people, he cannot endure.

Her. Wee'l give him no such cause.

Har. He hates a Civill Lawyer, as a souldier loves peace

Spun. How a Commoner?

Har. Loves him from the teeth outward.

Spun. Pray my Lord and Prince, let me encounter you with one foolish question: doth the Devil eat any Mace in his broth?

Har. Exceeding much, when his burning feaver takes him, and then he hath the knuckles of a Bailiff, boyled to his breakfast.

Her. Then my Lord, he loves a Catchpole, doth he not?

Har. As a Bear-ward doth a dog. A Catchpole! he hath sworne, if ever he dies, to make a Sergeant his heir, and a Yeoman his Overfer.

Spun. How if he come to any great mans gate, will the Porter let him come in, sir?

Har. Oh he loves porters of great mens gates, because they are ever so near the wicket.

Her. Do not they whom he makes much on, for all his stroaking their cheeks, lead hellish lives under him?

Har. No, no, no, no, he will be damned before he hurts any man: do but you (when you are thoroughly acquainted with him) ask for any thing, see if it doth not come.

Spun. Any thing!

Har. Call for a delicate rare whore, she is brought you.

Her. Oh my elbow itches: will the devill keep the door.

Har. Be drunk as a beggar, he helps you home.

Spun. O My fine devill! some watchman I warrant; I wonder who is his Constable?

Har. Will you swear, roar, swagger? he claps you.

Her. How? on the chaps.

Har. No, on the shoulder, and cries, O my brave boys. Will any of you kill a man?

Spun. Yes yes, I, I.

Har. What is his word? hang, hang, tis nothing. Or stab a woman?

Her. Yes, yes, I, I.

Har. Here is the worst word he gives you a pox on't, go on.

Her. O inveigling rascal! I am ravished.

Har. Go, get your cloaths, turn up your glass of youth, And let the sands run merrily; nor do I care From what a lavish hand your money flies, So you give none away, feed beggars.

Her. Hang'em.

Har. And to the scrubbing poor.

Her.

Her. Ile see 'em hang'd first.

Har. One service you must do me.

Both. Any thing.

Har. Your mistresse *Dorothea*, ere she suffers,
Is to be put to tortures, have you hearts
To tear her into shrikes, to fetch her soul
Up into the Pangs of death, yet not to die.

Her. Suppose this she, and that I had no hands, here's
my teeth.

Spun. Suppose this she, and that I had no teeth, here's
my nails.

Her. But will not you be there fir?

Har. No, not for hils of Diamonds; the grand Master
Who schools her in the Christian discipline,
Abhors my company, should I be there,
You'd think all hell broke loose, we should so quarrel.
Ply you this businesse; he, who her flesh spares,
Is lost, and in my love never more shares.

Spun. Here's a master you rogue.

Ser. Sure he cannot chuse but have a horrible number of
servants

Finis Actus tertij.

Exeunt.

Actus IV. Scene I.

A bed thrust out, Antoninus upon it sick, with Physitians about him, Sapritius and Macrinus.

Sap. **O** You that are half gods, lengthen that life
Their dieties lend us, turn ore all the volumes
Of your mysterious *Æsculapian* science.

'T encrease the number of this young mans days,
And for each minuite of his time prolong'd,
Your fee shall be, a piece of Roman Gold
With *Cæsars* stamp, such as he sends his Captains
When in the wars they earn well: do but save him
And as he is half my self, be you all mine.

Doct. What art can do, we promise, Physicks hand
As apt is to destroy as to preserve,
If Heaven make not the medicine: all this while

Our skill hath combat held with his disease;
 But tis so arm'd, and a deep melancholy,
 To be such in part with death, we are in fear
 The grave must mock our labours

Mac. I have been

His keeper in this sicknesse, with such eyes
 As I have seen my mother watch o're me,
 And from that observation, sure I find,
 It is a midwife must deliver him.

Sap. A midwife! is he with child?

Mac. Yes, with child,

And will I fear lose life, if by a woman
 He is not brought to bed: stand by his pillow
 Some little while, and in his broken slumbers,
 Him shall you hear cry out on *Dorothea*,
 And when his arms flie open to catch her,
 Closing together, he falls fast asleep,
 Pleas'd with embracings of her airy form:
 Physitians but torment him, his disease
 Laughs at their giberish language; let him hear
 The voice of *Dorothea*, nay, but the name,
 He starts up with high colour in his face.
 She or none cures him, and how that can be,
 (The Princeesse strict command barring that happinesse)
 To me impossible seems.

Sap. To me it shall not;

Ile be no subject to the greatest *Cesar*
 Was ever crownd with Lawrel, rather than cease
 To be a Father.

Mac. Silence, sir, he wakes:

Anto. Thou kilst me, *Dorothea*, oh *Dorothea*.

Mac. Shee's here, I enjoy her.

Anton Where? why do you mock me?

Age on my head hath stuck no white hairs yet
 Yet I'm an old man, a fond doting fool
 Upon a woman; I to buy her beauty,
 (Truth I am bewitched) offer my life,
 And she for my acquaintance hazards hers,
 Yet for our equal sufferings, none holds out
 A hand of pittie.

Doct. Let him have some musick.

Ant. Hell on your fidling.

Doct. Take again your bed, fir,
Sleep is a Sovereign Physick.

Ant. Take an asses-head, fir,
Confusion on your fooleries, your charms.
Thou stinking glister-pipe: where's the God of rest,
Thy pils; and base Apothecary drugs,
Threatned to bring unto me? Out you impostors,
Quacksalving, cheating Mountebanks, your skil,
Is to make sound men sick, and sick men kill.

Mac. O be your self dear friend:

Ant. My self, *Macrinus*?
How can I be my self, when I am mangled
Into a thousand pieces? here moves my head,
But wher's my heart? Where ever, that lies dead.

*Enter Saprilius, dragging Dorothea by the hair,
Angelo attending.*

Sap. Follow me, thou damn'd forceress, cal up thy spirits,
And (if they can) now let them from my hand
Untwine these witching hairs.

Ant. I am that spirit:
Or if I be not, (were you not my father)
One made of iron should hew that hand in pieces,
That so defaces this sweet monument
Of my loves beauty.

Sap. Art thou sick?

Ant. To death.

Sap. Wouldst thou recover?

Ant. Would I live in blisse?

Sap. And do thine eys shoot daggers at that man
That brings thee health?

Ant. It is not in the world.

Sap. Is't here?

Anton. O treasure, by enchantment lockt
In caves as deep as hell, am I as near?

Sap. Break that enchanted cave, enter, and rifle,
The spoils thy lust harts after: I descend.

To a base office and become thy Pander
In bringing thee this proud Thing; make her thy whore,
Thy health lies here; if she deny to give it,
Force it; imagine thou assault'st a towns
Weak wall, too't, 'tis thine own, beat but this down.
Come, and (unseen) be witnesse to this battery,
How the coy strumphet yeelds.

Doct. Shall the boy stay, sir?

Sap. No matter for the boy,
Pages are us'd to these od bawdie
Shuffings, and indeed, are those
Little young snakes in a furies head,
Will sting worse than the great ones;
Let the Pimp stay.

Exeunt aside.

Dor. O guard me angels,
What Tragedie must begin now?

Ant. When a Tyger
Leaps into a temerous heard, with ravenous Jaws,
Being hunger starv'd, what tragedy then begins?

Dor. Death, I am happy so; you hitherto
Have still had goodnesse spar'd within your eyes,
Let not that orb be broken.

Ang. Fear not Mistresse,
If he dares offer violence, we two
Are strong enough for such a sickley man.

Dor. What is your horrid purpose sir, your eye
Bears danger in it.

Ant. I must.

Dor. What?

Sap. Speak it out.

Ant. Climb that sweet Virgin tree

Sap. Plague a your trees.

Ant. And pluck that fruit which none (I think ever) tasted.

Sap. A souldier and stand fumbling so

Dor. O kill me.

Kneels.

And heaven will take it as a sacrifice.
But if you play the Ravisher, there is
A hell to swallow you.

Sap. Let her swallow thee

Ant. Rise; for the Roman Empire (Dorothea)

I would not wound thine honour; pleasure forc'd
Are unripe aples, fowr, not worth the plucking:
Yet let me tell you, 'tis my Fathers will,
That I should seize upon you, as my prey,
Which I abhor as much as the blackest sin
The villanie of man did ever act.

Sapritius breakes in

Ang. Die hapie for this language.

and Macrinus

Sap. Die a slave,
A blockish ideot,

Mac. Dear sir, vex him not:

Sap. Yes, and vex thee too; both I think are geldings:
Cold, phlegmatick bastard, th'art no brat of mine;
One sparke of me; when I had heat like thine,
By this had made a bone-fire: a tempting whore
(For whom thou'rt mad) thrust even into thine arms,
And stand'st thou pulling? Had a Taylor seen her
At this advantage, he, with his crosse capers,
Had ruffled her by this; but thou shalt curse
Thy dalliance, and here, before her eyes.
Tear thy flesh in pieces, when a slave
In hot lust bathes himself, and gluts those pleasures
Thy nicenesse durst not touch. Call our a slave,
You Captain of our guard, fetch a slave hither.

Ant. What will you do, dear sir?

Sap. Teach her a trade, which many a one would learn
In lesse than half an hour, to play the whore.

Enter a Slave.

Mac. A slave is to me, what now?

Sap. Thou hast bones and flesh
Enough to ply thy labour: from what countrie
Wert thou tane prisoner, here to be our slave?

Slave. From Brittain.

Sap. In the West Ocean?

Slave. Yes.

Sap. An Island?

Slave. Yes.

Sap. I am fitted; of all nations
Our Roman swords ever conquer'd, none comes near

The

The Brittain for true whoring: firrah fellow,
 What wouldst thou do to gain thy liberty?
Sl. Do! Liberty! Fight naked with a Lion,
 Venture to pluck a standard from the heart
 Of an arm'd Legion: Liberty! I'de thus
 Bestride a rampire, and defiance spit
 In th' face of death, then, when the battering Ram
 Were fetching his carere backward, to pass
 Me with his horns in pieces: to shake my chains off,
 And that I could not do't but by thy death,
 Stoodst thou on this dry shore, I on a rock
 Ten Pyramedes high, down would I leap to kill thee,
 Or dy my self: What is for man to do,
 Ple venture on, to be no more a slave.

Sap. Thou shalt then be no slave, for I will set thee
 Upon a piece of work is fit for man.
 Brave for a Brittain: drag that thing aside,
 And Ravish her.

Slave And ravish her! is this your manly service?
 A devil scorns to do it; tis for a beast,
 A villain, not a man: I am as yet
 But half a slave; but when that worke is past
 A damned whole one, a black ugly slave,
 The slave of all base slaves; do't thy self, Roman,
 'Tis drugery fit for thee.

Sap. He's bewitched too:
 Binde him, and with a bastinado give him
 Upon his naked belly, two hundred blows.

Sl. Thou art more slave than I. *Exit carried in.*

Dor. That power supernal, on whom waits my soul,
 Is Captain ore my chastity. *Ant.* Good sir, give ore.
 The more you wrong her, your selfe's vex'd the more.

Sap. Plagues light on her and thee: thus down I throw
 Thy harlot by the hair, nail her to earth.
 Call in ten slaves, let every one discover
 What lusts desires, and surfet here her fill:
 Call in ten slaves.

Ang. They are come, sir, at your call.

Sap. Oh, oh!

Falls down.

Enter

Enter Theophilus.

Theo. Where is the Governour ?

Ant. There's my wretched father.

Theo. My Lord *Sapritius*; he's not dead; my Lord :
That Witch there.

Ant. 'Tis no Roman gods can strike
These fearfull terrors: O thou happy maid,
Forgive this wicked purpose of my father.

Dor. I do.

The. Gone, gone, he's peppered: 'tis thou
Hast done this act infernall.

Dor. Heaven pardon you, (down
And if my wrongs from thence pull vengeance
(I can no miracles work) yet from my soul,
Pray to those powers I serve, he may recover.

The. He stirs, help raise him up; My Lord;

Sap. Where am I ?

The. One cheek's blasted.

Sap. Blasted ! where's the *Lamia* (her:
That tears my entrals? I'm bewitched seize on

The. I'm here, do what you please.

Dor. Come boy being there, more near to heaven we are.

Sap. Kick harder, go out witch. *Exeunt.*

Ant. O bloudie hangman! thine own Gods give the breath
Each of thy torters, is my severall death. *Exit.*

Enter Harpax, Hercius, and Spungius.

Har. Do you like my service now, say am not I
A master worth attendance.

Spun. Attendance! I had rather lick clean the soles of your
dirtie boots, than wear the richest sute of any infected
Lord, whose rotten life hangs between the two Poles.

Her. A Lords sute! I would not give up the cloak of your
service, to meet the splay foot estate of any left ey'd knight
above the Antipodes, because they are unluckie to meet.

Har. This day I'll trie your loves to me; 'tis only
But well to use the agility of your arms,

Spun. Or legs, I am lusty at them,

Her. Or any other member that hath no legs.

Spun. Thou'lt run into some hole,

Her. If I meet one thats more then my match, & that I

cannot stand in their hands, I must and will creep on my knees.

Har. Hear me, my little teem of villains hear me,
I cannot teach you fencing with the cudgels,
Yet you must use them; lay them on; but soundly
That's all.

Her. Nay, if we come to malling once, puh.

Spun. But what Wal-nut-tree is it we must beat?

Har. Your mistresse.

Her. How! my mistresse? I begin to have a Christians
heart made of sweet butter; I melt, I cannot strike a woman.

Spun. Nor I, unlesse she scratch; bum my mistresse!

Har. Y'are Coxcombs, silly animals,

Her. What's that?

Har. Drones, Asses, blinded Moles, that dare not thrust
Your aims to catch fortune; say you fall off,
It must be done: you are converted Rascals,
And that once spread abroad, why every slave
Will kick you, call you motley Christians,
And half fac'd Christians.

Sp. The guts of my conscience begin to be of whit-leather.

Her. I doubt me, I shall have no sweet butter in me.

Har. Deny this, and every Pagan whom you meet,
Shall forked fingers thrust into your eyes.

Her. If we be Cuckolds.

Har. Do this, and every god the Gentiles bow to,
Shall add a fathom, to your line of years.

Spun. A hundred fathom, I desire no more.

Her. I desire but one inch longer.

Har. The Senators will, as you pass along,
Clap you upon your shoulders with this hand,
And with this hand give you gold: when you are dead,
Happy that man shall be, can get a nail,
The paring —, nay the dirt under the nail
Of any of you both, to say, this dirt
Belonged to *Spungius* or *Hercius*.

Spu. They shall not want dirt under my nails, I will keep
them long of purpose, for now my fingers itch to be at her.

Her. The first thing I do, I'll take her over the lips.

Spun. And I the hips, we may strike any where.

Har.

Har. Yes, any where.

Her. Then I know where I'll hit her.

Har. Prosper and be mine own; stand by I must not
To see this done, great businesse calls me hence;
He's made can make her curse his violence. *Exit.*

Spun. Fear it not sir, her ribs shall be basted.

Her. Ile come upon her with rounce, robble, hobble, &
thwick, thwack thirlery bouncing.

*Enter Dorothea led Prisoner, a guard attending, a hangman
with cords in some ugly shape, sets up a Pillar in the middle of
the stage, Sapritius and Theophilus sit, Angelo by her.*

Sap. According to our Roman customs, bind
That Christian to a Pillar.

The. Infernall furies,
Could they into my hand, thrust all their whips
To tear my flesh, thy soul, 'tis not a torture
Fit to the vengeance I should heap on thee,
For wrongs done me, for flagitious facts
By thee done unto our gods: yet (so it stand
To great *Cæsarea's* Governours high pleasure)
Bow but thy knee to *Jupiter*, and offer
Any slight sacrifice, or do but swear
By *Cæsars* fortune, and be free.

Sap. Thou shalt.

Dor. Not for all *Cæsars* fortune, were it chain'd
To more worlds, then any kingdoms in the world,
And all those worlds drawn after him, I defie
Your hangman, you now shew me whether to flie.

Sap. Are her torments ready.

Ang. Shrink not dear mistresse.

Both. My Lord, we are ready for the businesse,

Dor. You two! whom I like fostred Children fed,
And lengthened out your starved life with bread:
You be my hangman! whom, when up the ladder
Death hal'd you to be strangled, I fetch'd down,
Cloth'd you, and warn'd you, you two my tormentors?

Both. Yes, we.

Dor. Divine powers pardon you.

Sap. Strike.

strike at her: Angelo kneeling

The. Beat out her brains,

ing holds her fast.

Dor. Receive me, you bright Angels.

Sap. Faster slaves.

Spun. Faster: I am out of breath I am sure; if I were to beat a buck, I can strike no harder.

Her. O mine armes, I cannot lift 'em to my head.

Dor. Joy above joys! are my torments weary
In torturing me, and in my sufferings
I fainting in no limb! tyrants strike home
And feast your fury full.

The. These Dogs are curs, *Come from his seat.*
Which snarl, yet bite not: see my Lord, her face
Hath more bewitching beauty than before:
Proud whore, it smiles; cannot an eye start out
With these?

Her. No sir, nor the bridge of her nose fall, 'tis full of
Iron work.

Sap. Let's view the cudgels, are they not counterfeit.

Ang. There fix thine eye still; thy glorious crown must come
Not from soft pleasure, but by Martyrdome.

There fix thine eye still, when we next do meet,
Not thorns, but roses shall bear up thy feet:

There fix thine eye still.

Exit.

Enter Harpax sneaking.

Dor. Ever, ever, ever.

The. We are mock'd, these Bats have power to fel down
Gyants, yet her skin is not scar'd.

Sap. What rogues are these.

The. Cannot these force a shriek?

Beats them.

Spun. O! a woman hath one of my ribs, and now five
more are broken.

The. Cannot this make her rore. *Beats t'other, he rores.*

Sap. Who hir'd these slaves? What are they?

Spun. We serv'd that noble Gentleman there, he entic'd
us to this dry beating: oh for one half pot. *(vants*

Har. My servants! two base rogues, and sometimes ser-
To her, and for that cause forbear to hurt her.

Sap. Unbind her, hang up these.

Theo.

The. Hang the two hounds on the next tree.

Her. Hang us! Master *Harpax*, what a divel shall we be thus us'd?

Har. What bandogs but you two, would worry a woman? Your Mistresse! I but clapt you, you flee on: Say I should get your lives, each rascall begger Would when he met you, cry out hel-hounds, traitors Spit at you, fling dirt at you, and no woman Ever endure your sight: 'tis your best course Now (had you secret knives) to stab your selves, But since you have not, go and be hang'd.

Her. I thank you.

Har. 'Tis your best course!

The. Why stay they trifling here?
To Gallows drag them by the heels; away.

Sp. By the heels! No sir, we have legs to do us that service.

Her. I, I, if no woman can endure my sight, away with me.

Har. Dispatch them.

Span. The devill dispatch thee. (*Theophilus,*

Sap. Death this day rides in triumph;
See this witch made away too.

The. My soul thirsts for it;
Come I my self the hangmans part could play

Dor. O hasten me to my Coronation day. *Exeunt.*

Enter Antoninus, Macrinus, servants.

Ant. Is this the place, where vertue is to suffer?
And heavenly beaurty leaving this base earth,
To make a glad return from whence it came?
Is it *Macrinus*? *A scaffold thrust forth.*

Mac. By this preparation
You well may rest assur'd, that *Dorothea*
This hour is to die here.

Ant. Then with her dies
The abstract of all sweetnesse that's in woman;
Set me down friend, that ere the iron hand
Of death close up mine eys, they may at once

Take my last leave both of this light, and her:
For she being gone, the glorious sun himself
To me's *Cymerian* darknesse.

Mac. Strange affection;
Cupid once more hath chang'd his shafts with death,
And kills in stead of giving life.

Ant. Nay Weep not,
Thought tears of friendship be a soveraign balm,
On me they are cast away: it is decreed
That I must die with her, our clue of life
Was spun together.

Mac. Yet sir, 'tis my wonder,
That you, who hearing only what she suffers,
Pertake of all her tortures, yet will be,
To add to calamity, an eye-witnesse (pierce
Of her last tragick scene, which must th'deeper,
And make the wound more desperate.

Ant. O *Macrinus*,
'Twould linger out my torments else, not kill
Which is the end I aim at, being to die too.
What Instrument more glorious can I wish for,
Than what is made sharpe by my constant love
And true affection; it may be, the duty
And loyal service, with which I pursu'd her,
And seal'd it with my death, will be remembered
Among her blessed actions, and what honour
Can I desire beyond it.

*Enter a guard bringing in Dorothea, a beadsman before her,
followed by Theophilus, Sapritius, Harpax.*

The. See she comes,
How sweet her innocence appears! more like
To heaven it self, than any sacrifice
That can be offer'd to it. By my hopes
Of joys hereafter, the sight makes me doubtfull
In my belief; nor can I think our gods
Are good, or to be serv'd, that take delight
In offerings of this kinde; that to maintain
Their power, deface the master-peece of nature

Which

Which they themselves come short of: she ascends,
And every step, raises her nigher heaven.
What god so ere thou art, that must in joy her,
Receive in her a boundlesse happinesse.

Sap. You are to blame
To let him come abroad.

Mac. It was his will, (him
And we were left to serve him, not comand

Ant. Good sir be not offended, nor deny
My last of pleasures, in this happy object
That I shall ere be blest with.

The Now proud contemner
Of us and of our Gods, tremble to think,
It is not in the power thou serv'st to save thee.
Not all the riches of the sea, increas'd
By violent shipwracks, nor the unsearched Mines;
Mammons unknown Exchequer, shal redem thee:
And therefore having first with horreur weigh'd
What 'tis to die, and to die young, to part with
All pleasures and delights: lastly, to go
Where all *Antipathies* to comfort dwell;
Furies behinde, about thee, and before thee,
And to add to affliction, the remembrance
Of the *Elizium* joyes thou might'st have tasted,
Hadst thou not turn'd Apostata to those gods
That so reward their servants, let despair (fold
Prevent the hangmans sword, and on this scaf-
Make thy first entrance into hell.

Ant. She smiles,
Vnmov'd by *Mors*, as if she were assur'd
Death looking on her constancy, would forget
The use of his inevitable hand.

The. Derided too? Dispatch I say.

Dor. Thou fool
That gloriest in having power to ravish
A trifle from me. I am weary of:
What is this life to me? Not worth a thought;
Or if to be esteem'd, 'tis that I loose it
To win a better: even thy malice serves
To me but as a ladder to mount up

To such a height of happinesse where I shall
 Look down with scorn with thee & on the world;
 Where circl'd with true pleasures, plac'd above
 The reach of death or time, 'twill be my glory
 To think at what an easie price I bought it.
 There is a perpetuall spring, perpetuall youth,
 No joynt benumbing cold; nor scorching heat,
 Famine nor age, having any being there,
 Forget for shame your Tempe; bury in
 Oblivion, your fain'd *Hesperian* Orchards:
 The Golden fruit kept by the watchfull dragon
 Which did require *Hercules* to get it, (there,
 Compar'd with what grows in all plenty
 Deserves not to be nam'd. The powre I serve
 Laughs at your happy *Arabie*, or the
Elizian shades, for he hath made his bowers
 Better indeed than you can fancy yours.

Ant. O take me thither with you.

Dor. Trace my steps
 And be assur'd you shall.

Sap. With my own hands
 I'll rather stop that little breath is left thee,
 And rob thy killing feaver.

The. By no means,
 Let him go with her: do seduc'd young man;
 And wait upon thy Saint in death, do, do.
 And when you come to that imagin'd place,
 And meet those cursed things I once called daughters,
 Whom I have sent as harbingers before you,
 If there be any truth in your religion,
 In thankfulnessse to me, that (with care) hasten
 Your journey thither, pray send me some
 Small pittance of that curious fruit you boast of.

Ant. Grant that I may go with her, and I will.

Sap. Wilt thou in the last minute, dam thy self?

The. The Gates to hell are open.

Dor. Know thou tyrant
 Thou agent for the Devill thy great master,
 Though thou art most unworthy to taste of it,
 I can and will.

Enter.

Enter Angelo in the Angels habit.

Har. Oh! mountains fall upon me,
Or hide me in the bottome of the deep,
Where light may never find me.

The. What's the matter?

Sap. This is prodigious, and confirms her witchcraft.

The. Harpax, my Harpax, speak,

Har. I dare not stay :

Should I but hear her once more, I were lost.
Some whirlwind snatch me from this cursed place,
To which compar'd, and with what now I suffer,
Hels torments are sweet slumbers. *Exit Harpax.*

Sap. Follow him.

The. He is distracted, & I must not lose him.
Thy charms upon my servant; cursed witch,
Gives thee a short reprieve : let her not die
Till my return. *Exeunt Sap. and Theoph.*

Ant. She minds him not : What object
Is her eye fix'd on ?

Mac. I see nothing.

Ant. Mark her. *(serve)*

Dor. Thou glorious minister of the power I
(For thou art more then mortall) is't for me,
Poor sinner, thou art pleas'd a while to leave
Thy heavenly habitation, and vouchsafest
(Though glorified) to take my servants habit;
For put off thy divinity, so look'd
My lovely *Angelo,*

Ang. Know I am the same,
And still the servant to your piety.
Your zealous prayers, and pious deeds first won me
(But'twas by his command to whom you sent them)
To guide your steps. I tri'd your Charity,
When in a beggars shape you took me up,
And cloth'd my naked limbs, and after fed
(As you believ'd) my famish'd mouth. Learn all
By your example, to look on the poor
With gentle eyes; for in such habits (often)
Angels desire an alms. I never left you,

Nor

Nor will I now; for I am sent to carry
Your pure and innocent soul to joys eternall;
Your Martyrdome once suffer'd; and before it,
Ask any thing from me, and rest assur'd,
You shall obtain it.

Dor. I am largely paid
For all my torments: since I finde such grace,
Grant that the love of this young man to me,
In which he languisheth to death, may be
Chang'd to the love of heaven.

Ang. I will performe it,
And in that instant when the sword sets free
Your happy soul, his shall have liberty.
Is there ought else?

Dor. For proof that I forgive
My persecutor, who in some desir'd
To taste of that most sacred fruit I go to;
After my death, as sent from me, be pleas'd
To give him of it.

Ang. Willingly dear mistresse.

Mac. I am amaz'd. *Ant.* I feel a holy fire.

That yeelds a comfortable heat within me:
I am quite alter'd from the thing I was;
See I can stand, and go alone, thus kneel
To heavenly *Dorothea*, touch her hand
With a religious kiss.

Enter Sapritius and Theophilus.

Sap. He is well now,
But will not be drawn back.

The. It matters not,
We can discharge this work without his help.
But see your son.

Sap. Villain.

Ant. Sir I beseech you,
Being so near our ends, divorce us not.

The. I'll quickly make a separation of 'em:
Hast thou ought else to say?

Dor. Nothing, but blame
Thy tardinesse in sending me to rest;
My peace is made with heaven; to which my soul

Egins to take her flight: strike, O strike quickly;
And though you are unmov'd to see my death
Hereafter, when my story shall be read,
As they were present now, the hearers shall
Say this of *Dorothea*, with wet eyes,
She liv'd a Virgin, and a Virgin dies. *her head struck off.*

Ant. O take my soul along to wait on thine.

Mac. Your son sinks too. *Antoninus sinks.*

Sap. Already dead! *The.* Die all

That are, or favour this accursed sect:
I triumph in their ends, and will raise up
A hill of their dead carkasses to o're look
The *Pyrenian* hills, But I'll root out
These superstitious fools, and leave the world
No name of Christian. *Loud musick: exit Angelo, ha-*

Sap. Ha, heavenly musick. *ving first laid his hand upon*

Mac. 'Tis in the air. *their mouths.*

The. Illusions of the Devill,
Wrought by some witch of her Religion
That fain would make her death a miracle:
It frights not me. Because he is your son,
Let him have buriall, but let her body
Be cast forth with contempt in some high-way
And be to Vultures, and to dogs a prey. *Exeunt.*

The End of the fourth Act.

Actus V. Scene I.

Enter Theophilus in his study. Books about him.

The. **I** S't holy day (O *Cesar*) that thy servant
(Thy Provost to see execution done
On these base Christians in *Casarea*)
Should now want work? sleep these idolaters,
That none are stirring? As a curious Painter, *Rises.*
When he has made some honourable piece,
Stands off, and with a searching eye examines
Each colour, how 'tis sweetned, and then hugs

Himself for his rare workmanship. --- So here
 Will I my Drolleries, and bloody Lantskips
 (Long past wrapt up) unfold, to make me merry
 With shadows now I want the substances. fit.
 My muster-book of hell-hounds; were the Christians,
 (Whose name stand here) a live and arm'd, not Rome
 Could move upon her hinges. What I have done
 Or shall hereafter, is not out of hate
 To poor tormented wretches, no I am carried
 With violence of zeale, and streams of service
 I ow our Roman Gods. Great Britain, what
 A thousand wives with brats sucking their breasts,
 Had hot Irons pinch'd 'm off, and thrown to swine;
 And then their fleshy back-parts hewen with hatchets,
 Were minc'd and bak'd in pies to feed starv'd Christians.
 Ha, ha,
 Agen, agen, - *East Anglas*, - oh, East-Angles
 Bandogs (kept three days hungry) worried
 1000. British Rascals, stied up fat,
 Of purpose stript naked, and disarm'd.
 I could outstare a year of suns and moons,
 To sit at these sweet bul-baitings, so I could
 Thereby but one Christian win to fall
 In adoration to my *Jupiter*. Twelve hundred
 Eyes boar'd with Augurs out: oh! eleven thousand
 Torn by wild beasts: two hundred ram'd i'th earth
 Toth' armpits, and full platters round about 'em,
 But far enough for reaching; eat dogs, ha, ha, ha. *Rise,*
 Tush, all these tortures are but phillipings, *Consort.*
 Flea-bitings; I, before the destinies *enter Angelo with a bas-*
 My bottome did winde up, would flesh my self *ket fild with*
 Once more upon some one remarkable *fruit and flowers*
 Above all these; this Christian slut was well,
 A pretty one; but let such horreur follow
 The next I feed with torments, that when Rome
 Shall hear it; her foundation at the sound
 May feel an earth-quake. How now?
Ang. Are you amaz'd Sir--so great a Roman spirit
 And doth it tremble!

The. How cam'st thou in? to whom thy businesse?

An. To you:

I had a mistress, late sent hence by you
Upon a bloody errand, you intreated
That when she came into that blessed Garden
Whither she knew she went, and where (now happy)
She feeds upon all joy, she would send to you
Some of that Garden? fruit and flowers, which here
To have her promise sav'd, are brought by me.

The. Cannot I see this Garden?

Ang. Yes if the Master

Will give you entrance.

Angelo vanishesth

The. 'Tis a tempting fruit,

And the most bright cheek'd Child I ever view'd;
Sweet smelling goodly fruit: what flowers are these?
In *Dioclesians* Gardens, the most beautious,
Compar'd with these, are weeds: is it not *February*?
The second day she died? Frost, Ice, and Snow
Hang on the Beard of Winter; where's the sun
That guilds this summer? pretty sweet-boy, say, in what
Countery.

Shall a man finde this garden---, my delicate boy, gone!
Vanished!

Within there *Julianus* and *Geta*---

Enter two servants.

Both. My Lord.

The. Are my gates shut and?

1. And guarded.

The. Saw you not-- a boy?

2. Where.

The. Here he entred, a young Lad, 1000. blessings danc'd
upon his eye, a smooth fac'd glorious Thing, that brought
this basket.

1. No sir.

Exeunt.

The. Away, but be in reach, if my voice calls you.
No! vanish'd and not seen! be thou a spirit
Sent from that witch to mock me, I am sure
This is essentiall, and how ere it grows,
Will taste it.

Exit.

Har. Ha, ha, ha, ha. *Harpax within.*

The. So good, ile have some more sure.

Har. Ha, ha, ha, ha, great lickorish fool.

The. What art thou?

Har. A Fisherman,

The. What doest thou catch?

Har. Souls, souls, a fish call'd souls.

Enter a servant.

The. Get a

1. My Lord,

Har. Ha, ha, ha, ha, *within.*

The. What insolent slave is this dares laugh at me?

Or what is it the Dogs grins at?

1. I neither know (my Lord) at what, nor whom; for there is none without, but my fellow *Julianus*, and he is making a Garland for *Jupiter*.

The. *Jupiter!* all within me is not well, And yet not sick.

Har. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

The. What's thy name slave?

Har. Go look. *At one end.*

1. 'Tis *Harpax* voice, (foot,

The. *Harpax?* go, drag the caitiff to my That I may stamp upon him.

Har. Fool, thou lyest. *At the other end*

1. Hee's yonder now, My Lord,

The. Watch thou that end, Whilst I make good this.

Har. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha. *At the middle.*

The. He is at Barli-break, and the last couple are now in hell:

Search for him. All this ground me thinks is bloody,

And pav'd with thousands of those Christians eyes

Whom I have tortur'd, and they stare upon me.

What was this apparition? sure it had

A shape Angelical; mine eys (though-dazled

And danted at first sight) tell me, it wore

A paire of glorious wings; yes, they were wings,

And hence he flew; 'tis vanished. *Jupiter,*

For all my sacrifices done to him
 Never once gave me smile: how can stone smile, *Musick*
 Or wooden image laugh? ha! I remember
 Such musick gave a welcome to mine ear,
 When the fair youth came to me: 'tis in the air
 Or from some better place; a power divine,
 Through my dark ignorance on my soul does shine,
 And makes me see a conscience all stain'd ore,
 Nay drown'd, and damn'd, for ever in Christian gore.

Har. Ha, ha, ha. *Within.*

The. Agen? what dainty relish on my tongue
 This fruit hath left! some Angel hath me fed;
 Ifso toothfull, I will be banqueted. *eats another.*

Har. Hold. *Enter. Harpax in a fearfull shape,*

The. Not for *Cesar.* *fire flashing out of the studie.*

Har. But for me thou shalt.

The. Thou art no twin to him that
 Last was here.

You powers, whom my soul bids me reverence,
 Guard me: what art thou?

Har. I'm thy master.

The. Mine.

Har. And thou my everlasting slave: that *Harpax,*
 Who hand in hand hath led thee to thy hell,
 Am I.

The. Avant.

Har. I will not; cast thou down
 That basket with the things in it, and fetch up
 What thou hast swallowed, and then take a drinke
 Which I shall give thee, and I'm gone.

The. My fruit!
 Does this offend thee? see.

Har. Spit it to the earth,
 And tread upon it, or i'le piece-meal tear thee.

The. Art thou with this affrighted? see, here's more *flowers.*
Her. Fling them away, Ile take thee else and hang thee
 In a contorted chain of Vicles
 I'th frigid Zone: down with them.

The. At the bottome.

One thing I found not yet.

A crosse of flowers,

Har. Oh, I am tortur'd.

The. Can this do't? hence, thou Fiend infernall, hence

Har. Clasp *Jupiters* Image, and away with that.

The. At thee ile sling that *Jupiter*; for me thinks
I serve a better Master: he now checks me

For Murthering my two daughters, put on by thee;

By thy damn'd Rhetorick did I hunt the life

Of *Dorothea*, the holy Virgin Martyr,

She is not Angry with the Axe nor me,

But sends these presents to me; and ile travel

Ore worlds to finde her, and from her white hand

Beg a forgivenesse.

Har. No, Ile binde thee here.

The. I serve a strength above thine: this small weapon
Me thinks is armor hard enough.

Har. Keep from me.

sinks a little:

The. Art posting to thy center? down, hel-hound, down

Me thou hast lost; that arm which hurls the hence,

Save me, and set me up the strong defence

In the faire Christians quarrel.

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Fix thy foot there;

Nor be thou shaken with a *Cesars* voice,

Though thousand deaths were in it; and I then

Will bring thee to a River, that shall wash

Thy bloody hands clean, and more white than snow;

And to that Garden where these blest things grow;

And to that Martyr'd Virgin, who hath sent

That heavenly token to thee; spread this brave wing.

And servethan *Cesar* a far greater King.

The. It is, it is some Angel; vanish'd again!

Oh come back, ravishing boy, bright messenger;

Thou hast (by these mine eyes fixt on thy beauty)

Illumined all my soul: Now look I back

On my black tyrannies, which as they did

Out-dare the bloudest, thou blest spirit that leads me,

Teach me what I must do, and to do well.

That my last act the best may parrallel.

Exit.

Enter

Enter Dioclesian, Maximinus, Epire, Pontus, Macedon.
meeting Artemia; attendants.

Art. Glory and Conquest still attend upon
Triumphant *Cesar*.

Dioc. Let thy wish (fair daughter)
Be equally divided; and hereafter
Learn thou to know and reverence *Maximinus*,
Whose power, with mine united, make one *Cesar*.

Max. But that I fear 'twould be held flattery,
The bonds consider'd in which we stand tied,
As love, and Empire, I should say, till now
I ne're had seen a Lady I thought worthy
To be my Mistressse.

Art. Sir you shew your self
Both Courtier and Souldier; but take heed,
Take heed my Lord, though my dull pointed beauty,
Stain'd by a harsh refusall in my servant,
Cannot dart forth such beams as may inflame you,
You may encounter such a powerfull one,
That with a pleasing heat wil thaw your heart,
Though bound in ribs of Ice; love still is love,
His Bow & Arrows are the same; great *Julius*,
That to his successors left the name of *Cesar*,
Whom war could never tame, that with dry eyes
Beheld the large plains of *Pharsalia*, cover'd
With the dead Carcasses of Senators
And Citizens of Rome, when the world knew
No other Lord but him, struck deep in years too,
(And men gray hair'd forget the lusts of youth)
After all this, meeting fair *Cleopatra*,
A suppyant to the Magick of her eye,
Even in his pride of conquest, took him captive;
Nor are you more secure.

Max. Were you deform'd,
(But by the Gods you are most excellent)
Your gravity and discretion would o'ecome me,
And I should be more proud in being a prisoner

To your fair virtues, then of all the honours,
Wealth, title, Empire, that my sword hath purchas'd.

Dioc. This meets my wishes: welcome it, *Artemia*,
With out stretch'd arms, and studie to forget
That *Antoninus* ever was; thy fate.

Reserv'd thee for this better choice, embrace it.

Ep This happy match brings new nerves to bring strength
To our continued league. *Maced. Hymon* himself

Will blesse this marriage, which we will solemnize
In the presence of these Kings.

Pon. Who rest most happie,
To be eye-witnesses of a match that brings
Peace to the Empire.

Dioc. We much thank your loves:
But where's *Sapritius* our Governour,
And our most zealous Provost, good *Theophilus*?
If ever Prince were blest in a true servant,
Or could the Gods be debtors to a man,
Both they, and we, stand far engag'd to cherish
His piety and service.

Art. Sir the Governour
Brooks sadly his sons death, although he turn'd
Apostata in death; but bold *Theophilus*,
Who, for the same cause, in my presence seal'd
His holy anger on his daughters hearts.
Having with tortures first tried to convert her,
Drag'd the bewitching Christian to the scaffold,
And saw her loose her head. *Dio.* He is all worthy.
And from his own mouth I would gladly hear
The manner how she suffer'd.

Art. 'Twill be deliver'd.
With such contempt and scorn. (I know his nature),
That rather 'twill beget your highness laughter,
Then the least pity.

Enter Theophilus, Sapritius, Macrinus

Dioc. To that end I would hear it.

Art. He comes; with him the governour.

Dio. O *Sapritius*,
I am to chide you for your tenderesse;

But yet remembering that you are a father,
I will forget it: good *Theophilus*,

I will speak with you anon: nearer your ear. *Sapritius.*

The. By *Antoninus* soul, I do conjure you,
And though not for religion, for his friendship,
Without demanding what's the cause that moves me,
Receive my signet, by the power of this,
Go to my prisons, and release all Christians
That are in fetters there by my command.

Mac. But what shall follow?

The. Haste then to the port,
You shall finde there two tall ships ready rigg'd,
In which embarke the poor distressed souls,
And bear them from the reach of tyranny;
Enquire not whether you are bound, the Diety
That they adore will give you prosperous winds,
And make your voyage such, and largely pay for
Your hazzard, and your travel: leave me here;
'There is a scene that I must act alone.
Hast good *Macrinus*, and the great God guide you.

Mac. I'll undertake't, there's something prompts me to it,
'Tis to save innocent blood, a saint-like act;
And to be mercifull, had never been
By mortall men themselves esteemed a sin. *Exit. Mac.*

Dio. You know your Charge.

Sap. And will with care observe it.

Dioc. For I professe, he is not *Cæsars* friend,
That sheds a tear for any torture that
A Christian suffers: welcome, my best servant,
My carefull zealous Provost, thou hast toild
To satisfie my will, though in extreams,
I love thee for't; thou art firm rock, no changeling.
Prithee deliver, and for my sake do it,
Without excesse of bitternesse, or scoffes,
Before my brother and these Kings, how took
The Christian her death.

The. And such a presence
Through every private head in this large room
Were circled round with an imperiall crown,

Her story will deserve, it is so full
Of excellency and wonder.

Dioc. Ha! how's this?

The. O marke it therefore, and with that attention,
As you would hear an Embassie from heaven
By a wing'd Legate; for the truth delivered,
Both how and what this blessed Virgin suffered:
And *Dorothea* but hereafter nam'd,
You will rise up with reverence; and no more!
As things unworthy of your thoughts, remember
What the Cannoniz'd *Spartan* Ladies were,
Wh^{ch} lying *Greece* so boasts of; your own Matrons,
Your Roman Dames, whose figures you yet keep
As holy relicks, in her history
Will finde a second Urn: *Gracchus Cornelia*,
Paulina, that in death desir'd to follow
Her husband, *Seneca*, nor *Brutus Portia*,
That swallow'd burning coles to overtake him,
Though al their severall worths were given to one
With this is to be mention'd.

Max Is he mad?

Dio. Why they did die *Theophilus*, and boldly,
This did no more.

The. They out of desperation,
Or for vain glory of an after name,
Parted with life: this had not mutinous sons,
As the rash *Gracchi* were; nor was this Saint
A doting Mother, as *Cornelia* was:
This lost no husband, in whose overthrow
Her wealth and honour sunk, no fear of want
Did make her being tedious, but aiming
At an immortall crown, and in his cause
Who only can bestow it, who sent down
Legions of ministring angels to bear up
Her spotlesse soule to heaven; who entertain'd it
With choise celestial musick, equall to
The motion of the spheres, she uncompe'd
Chang'd this life for a better. My Lord *Sapritius*,
You were present at her death, did you ere here

Such ravishing sounds?

Sap. Yet you said then it was witchcraft,
And devilish ellusions.

The. I then heard it
With sinful ears, & belch'd out blasphemous words
Against his Diety, which then I knew not,
Nor did believe in him.

Dio. Why dost thou now? Or dar'st thou in our hearing?

The. Were my voice
As loud as is his thunder to be heard
Through all the world, all Potentates on earth
Ready to burst with rage, should they but hear it,
Though hell to aid their malice lent her furies,
Yet I would speak, and speak again, and boldly;
I am a Christian, and the powers you worship
But dreams of fools and madmen.

Max. Lay hands on him.

Dio. Thou twice a child (for doting age so makes thee)
Thou Could'st not else, thy pilgrimage of life
Being almost past through in this last moment,
Destroy what ere thou hast done good, or great;
Thy youth did promise much, and grown a man,
Thou madest it good, and with increase of years
Thy actions still better'd: as the Sun
Thou didst rise gloriously, kepst a constant course
In all thy journey, and now in the evening,
When thou shouldst pass with honour to thy rest,
Wilt thou fall like a Meteor?

Sap. Yet confesse
That thou art mad, & that thy tongue & heart
Had no agreement.

Max. De, no way is left else,
To save thy life, *Theophilus.*

Dio. But refuse it,
Destruction as horrid, and as suddain
Shall fall upon thee, as if Hell stood open,
And thou wert sinking thither.

The. Hear me yet,
Hear me for my service past.

Art. What will he say ?

The. As ever I deserv'd your favour, hear me,
 And grant one boon, 'tis not for life I sue for;
 Nor is it fit, that I, that neere knew pity
 To any Christian, being one my self,
 Should look for any: no, I rather beg
 The utmost of your cruelty; I stand
 Accomptable for thousand Christians deaths;
 And were it possible that I could dy
 A day for every one, then live again
 To be again tormented, 'twere to me
 An easie pennance, and I should passe through
 A gentle cleansing fire; but that denied me,
 It being beyond the strength of feeble nature,
 My sute is, you would have no pity on me:
 In mine own house there are a thousand engines
 Of studied cruelty, which I did prepare
 For miserable Christians, let me feel,
 As the Sicilian, did his Brazen Bull,
 The horridst you can finde, and I will say
 In death that you are mercifull.

Dioc. Despair not,

In this thou shalt prevail; go fetch 'em hither: *some go for*
 Death shall put on a thousand shapes at once. *the rack*
 And so appear before thee, racks, and whips,
 Thy flesh with burning pinsors torn, shall feed
 The fire that heats them, and what's wanting to
 The torture of the body, I'll supply
 In punishing thy minde: fetch all the Christians
 That are in hold, and here, before his face,
 Cut'em in pieces.

The. 'Tis not in thy power,
 It was the first good deed I ever did;
 They are remov'd out of thy reach; how ere
 I was determin'd for my sins to die,
 I first took order for their liberty,
 And still I dare thy worst.

Dioc. Bind him I say,
 Make every artery and sinew crack,

The slave that makes him give the loudest shriek,
Shall have ten thousand Drachms: wretch I'll force thee
To curse the power thou worshippest.

The Never, never.

No breath of mine shall ever be spent on him, *They torture*
But what shall speak his majestie or Mercie: *him.*

I am honour'd in my sufferings; weak tormentors,
More tortures, more: alas you are unskilfull,
For heavens sake more, my breast is yet untorn:
Here purchase the reward that was propounded.
The Irons cool, here arms yet, and thighs,
Spare no part of me,

Max. He endures beyond
The sufferance of a man.

Sap. No sigh nor groan
To witnesse he hath feeling.

Dioc. Harder villains.

Enter Harpax.

Har. Unlesse that he blaspheme, he's lost for ever:
If torments ever could bring forth despair,
Let these compell him to it: oh me
My ancient enemies again.

Falls down.

*Enter Dorothea in a white Robe, Crowns upon her Robe, a Crown
upon her head, lead in by the Angel, Antoninus, Caliste, and
Christeta, following all in white, but lesse glorious, the Angell
with a Crown for him.*

The. Most glorious Vision,
Did ere so hard a bed yeeld man a dream
So heavenly as this? I am confirm'd,
Confirm'd you blessed spirits, and make haste
To take that Crown of immortality
You offer to me; death, till this blessed minute
I never thought thee slow pac'd, nor could I
Hasten thee now, for any pain I suffer,
But that thou keeps me from a glorious wretch,
Which, through this stormy way, I would creep to,
And humbly kneeling with humility wear it.
Oh now I feel thee, blessed spirits I come,

And

And witnessse for me all these wounds and scars,
I die a souldier in the Christian wars.

Sop. I have seen thousands tortur'd, but nee're yet
A constancie like this.

Har. I am twice damn'd.

Ang. Haste to thy place appointed, cursed fiend,
In spite of hell, this prisoner's not they prey,

'Tis I have won, thou that hast lost the day, *Exit Angelo,*

Dio. I think the center of the earth be crackt, the devill
Yet I stand still unmov'd, and will go on;

The persecution that is here begun, *sinks with lightning.*

Through all the world with violence shall run.

flourish, Exeunt.

F I N I S.

