THE MAIDES REVENGE.
A TRAGEDY.

As it hath beene Acted with good Applause at the private house in Drury Lane, by her Majesties Servants.

Written by JAMES SHIRLEY Gent.

LONDON.
Printed by T.C. for William Cooke, and are to be sold at his shop at Furnivalls Inne Gate in Holbourne. 1639.
The Actor's names.

Gasper De Vilarezo, an old Count, Father to Sebastiano, Catalina, and Berinthia.
Sebastiano, sonne to Vilarezo.
Antonio a lover of Berinthia, and friend to Sebastiano.
Valindras a kinsman of Antonio.
Sforza, a blunt Soldier.
Valalco, a lover of Berinthia.
Count de monte negro, a braggar.
Diego, Servant to Antonio.
Signior Sharkino, a shirking Doctor.
Scarabeo, a Servant to Sharkino.

Catalina, Daughters to Vilarezo.
Berinthia.
Castabella, Sister to Antonio.
Ansilva, a waiting gentlemann to the two Sister.
Nurse.
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TO
THE WORTHILY
Honoured, Henry Osborne Esquire.

SIR,

If I be able to give you a better proof of my service, let not this oblation be despised. It is a Tragedy which received encouragement and grace on the English Stage; and though it come late to the Impression, it was the second birth in this kind, which I dedicated to the Scene, as you have Art to distinguish; you have mercy and a smile, if you finde a Poem, infirme through want of age, and experience the mother of strength. It is many yeares since I see these papers, which make haste to kisse your hand; if you doe not accuse the boldnesse and pride of them; I will owne the child, and beleewe Tradition to farre, that you will receive no dishonour by the acceptance; I never affected the wayes of flattery: some say I have lost my preferment, by not practisng that Court sinne; but if you dare beleewe, I much honour you, nor is it upon guesse, but the taste and knowledge of your abilitie and merit; and while the Court wherein you live, is fruitfull with Testimonies of your mind, my Character is seal'd up, when I have said, that your vertue hath taken up a faire lodging. Read when you have leasure, and let the Author be fortunate to be knowne.

Your Servant,

JAMES SHIRLEY.
The Actors names.

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Sebastiano, Catalina and Berinthia.
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Catalina Daughters to Vilarezo.
Berinthia
Castabella, Sister to Antonio.
Ansilva, a waiting gentle woman to the two Sister.
Nurse.
Servants:
A Catalogue of such things as hath beene Published by James Shirley Gent.

Troytor.
Witty Faire one.
Bird in a Cage.
Changes, or Love in a Maze.
Gratefull Servant.
Wedding.
Hide Parke.
Young Admirall.
Lady of Pleasure.
Gamster.
Example.
Dukes Mistresse.
Ball.
Chabot Admirall of France.
Royall Master.
Schoole of Complements.
Contention for Honour and Riches.
Triumph of peace, a Masque.
Maides Revenge.
The Maides Reveng.

Actus. I. Scena. I.

Enter Sebastian and Antonio.

Seb. He noble courtesies I have received At Lisbon worthy friend, so much engage me That I must dye endebted to your worth, Unless you mean to accept what I've studied; Although but partly to discharge the summe; Due to your honour'd love.

Ant. How now Sebastian will you forfeit The name of friend, then did hope our love Had outgrown' complement.

Seb. I speake my thoughts, My tongue and heart are relatives, I think I have deserved no base opinion from you, I wish not onely to perpetuate Our friendship, but to exchange that common name Of friend, for

Ant. What? Take heed, do not prophanes; Wouldst thou be more then friend? It is a name, Vertue can onely answer to, couldst thou Unite into one, all goodnesse whatsoe're.
Mortality can boast of, thou shalt finde,
The circle narrow bounded to containe
This swelling treasure: every good admits
Degrees, but this being too good, it cannot:
For he's no friend is not superlative.
Indulgent parents, brethren, kindred, tied
By the natural flow of blood: alliances,
And what you can imagine, is to light,
To weigh, with name of friend: they execute.
At best, but what a nature prompts e'm to,
Are often lesse then friends, when they remaine
Our kinsmen still, but friend is never lost.

Seb. Nay then Antonio you mistake, I mean not:
To leave of friend, which with another title
Would not be lost, come then he tell you Sir,
I would be friend and brother, thus our friendship
Shall like a diamond set in gold not loose
His sparkling, but shew fairer: I have a paire
Of sisters, which I would commend, but that
I might seem partial, their birth and fortunes
Deserving noble love: if thou best free
From another faire ingagement, I would be proud
To speak them worthy, come shall go and see them:
I would not beg them tutors, Fame hath prepaid
Through Portugal, their persons, and drawne to Avero
Many affectionate gallants.

Ant. Catalina and Berintha.

Seb. The same.

Ant. Report speaks loud their beauties, and no little
Vertue in either: well, I see you strive
To leave no merrit where you mean to honour,
I cannot otherwise escape the censure
Of one ingratitude, but by waiting on you
Home to Avero;

Seb. You shall honour me,
And glad my noble Father, to whom you are
No stranger, your owne worth before, hath beene

End of the first part.
Mortality can boast of, thou shalt finde,
The circle narrow bounded to containe
This swelling treasure; every good admits
Degrees; but this being to good, it cannot:
For he's no friend is not superlative.
Indulgent parents, brethren, kindred, tied
By the natural flow of blood; alliances,
And what you can imagine, is to light,
To weigh, with name of friend: they execute
At best, but what a nature prompts them to,
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I might seeme partiall, their birth and fortunes
Deserving noble love; if thou best free
From other faire ingagement, I would be proud.

To speake them worthy, come shalt go and fee them:
I would not beg them tutors, name hath bred
Through Portugal their persons, and drawne to Avero
Many affectionate gallants.

_Ant._ Catalina and Berinthia.

_Seb._ The same.

_Ant._ Report speaks loud their beauties, and no lesse
Vertue in either, well, I see you thrive
To leave no merrit where you meane to honour,
I cannot otherwise escape the censure
Of one ingratitude, but by waiting on you
Home to Avero.

_Seb._ You shall honour me,
And glad my noble Father, to whom you are
No stranger, your owne worth before hath beene
Sufficient preparation. Ant. Ha?

I have not so much choice Sebastiano,

But one Sister of Antonios,

May have a commendation to your thoughts,

I will not spend much Art in praying her,

Her vertue speake it selfe, I shall be happy,

And be confirmed your brother, though I misse

Acceptance at Avero.

Seb. Still you out doe me, I could never wish

My service better plac'd, at oppertunity

Ile visit you at Elius, th' meanes time

Let's hall to Avero, where with you Ile bring

My double welcome, and not faile to second

Any designe.

Ant. You shall teach me a lesson

Against we meete at Elius Castle sir.

Enter Gaspar de Vilarezo, and a Servant.

Vil. What gallants Sirra are they newly entred?

Ser. Count de Monte Nigro my Lord, and Don Valafsio.

Vil. Give your obseruance then, I know their businesse:

Catalina and Berinbia are the stars

Direct them hither, Gaspar's house shall give

Respect to all, but they are two such jewels;

I must dispose maturely, I should else

Returne ingratitude upon the heavens

For leaving me such pledges, nor am I,

Like other fathers carried with the flame

Of love toth youngest, as they were in birth

They had my tenderness, Catalina then

Is eldest in my care, Berinbia

Her child's part too, both faire and vertuous;

But daughters are held losse to a family,

Sonne onely to maintaine honour and steme

Alive in their posterity, and I now thinke on't,

My sonne Sebastiano hath beene now

In his returne from Lisbon, oh that boy

Renewes my age with hope, and hath return'd

As it was given to me to live as long as

V.
My care in education, weight for weight
With noble quality, well belov'd by th' best
Oth Dons in Spaine and Portugall, whose loves
Do often stretch his absence to such length
As this hath beene.

Enter Count de monte Nigro, and Catalina.

But heres my eldest daughter.
With her amorous Count, I'll be not be seen.
Cata. You have beene absent long, my noble Count,
Be shrwe me but I dreaming on you last night.

Count. Ha ha, did you so, I tinkle her in her sleep I perceive.
Sweete Lady I did but like the valiant beast,
Give a little ground, to returne with a greater
Force of love, now by my fathers sword
And gauntlet thart a precious piece of vertue,
But prethee what didst dreamt of me last night?

Cata. Nay twas an idle dreame, not worth the repetition.

Count. Thou dreamt I warrant thee, that I was fighting
For thee up to the knees in blood, why I dare do't,
Such dreames are common with Count de monte
Nigro, my sleepees are nothing else but rehearstals of
Battels, and wounds, and ambushadoes; Donzell Delpho
Was a Mountebanke of valour, Rosickeere a puffer.
My dreames deserve to be in Chronicles.

Cata. Why, now my dreame is out.

Count. What's?

Cata. I dreamt that you were fighting.

Count. So.

Cata. And that indugle combate, for my sake
You flew a giant, and you no sooner had
Rescued my honour, but there crept a pigmea
Out of the earth, and kill you.

Count. Very likely, the valiantit man must dye.

Cata. What by a pigmee?

Count. I, thats another giant, I remember Hercules
Had a conflict with'em, oh my Dona.

Catalina! well would I were so happy once to
Maintaine some honourable duell for thy sake, I shall
Nere be well, till I have killed some body; fight, tis true.
I have never yet felt my selfe in blood, no body would quarrell with me, but I finde my spirit prompt. If occasion would but winke at me, why not? wherefore has Nature given me these brawny armes, this manly bulke, And these Collossian supporters, nothing but to sling the fledge, or pitch the bare, and play with Axletrees; if thou Lovest me, do but command me some worthy service; pox a dangers, I weigh 'em no more than fleabittings, would some body did hate that face, now I wish it with all my heart.

Cata. Would you have any body hate me?

Count. Yes, Ide hate 'em, Ide but thrust my hand into their mouth downe to the bottome of their bellies, plucke out their lungs and shake their insides outward.

Enter Berinthia and Valasco.

Ber. Noble Sir, you neede not heape more protestations, I do believe you love me.

Val. Doe you beleev I love, and not accept it?

Ber. Yes I accept it too, but apprehend me As men doe guifts, whose acceptation does not Binde to performe what every giver craves; Without a staine to virgin modesty I can accept your love, but pardon me, It is beyond my power to grant your suite.

Val. Oh you too much subject a naturall guift, And make your selfe beholding for your owne: The Sunne hath not more right to his owne beames, With which he gilds the day, nor the Sea lord Of his owne waves.

Ber. Alasse, what is it to owne a passion Without power to direct it, for I move, Not by a motion I can call my owne, But by a higher rapture, in obedience To a father, and I have yet no freedome To place affection, so you but endeere me Without a merit.

Cata. Heres my sister.
To spend the greeneness of my rising yeares
So to that advantage, that at last I may
Be old like you.

Vila. Daughters speake his welcome, Catalina.

Cata. Sir you are most welcome.

Count. Howes that the sayes he is most welcome, he were
Not best love her, she never made me such a reverence.
For all the kisses I have bestowed upon her since
I first opened my affection, I do not like this
Fellow, I must be saine to use doctor Shairkins cunning.

Val. It were not truely noble to affront him;
My blood boyles in me, it shall coole againe,
The place is venerable by her presence,
And I may be deceiv'd, Valascio then
Keepe distance with thy feares.

Anto. How now Antonio, where hast thou lost thy selfe?
Strucke dead with Ladies eyes? I could starr-gaze
For ever thus, oh pardon love, gainst whom,
I often have prophane'd, and mock'd thy fuses.
Thy flames now punish me, let me collect:
They are both excellent creatures, there is
A Majestie in Catalinaes eye, and every part carries ambition
Of Queene upon it, yet Berinthia
Hath something more than all this praise, though the
Command the world, this hath more power ore me;
Here I have lost my freedome, not the Queene
Of love could thus have wounded poore Antonio:
Ile speake to her; Lady I'm an Novice, yet in love.

Ber. It may be so.

Anto. She jeals at me, yet I should be proud to be
Your servant.

Ber. I entertaine no servants that are proud.

Val. Divine Berinthia!

Anto. She checks my rudenesse, that so openly
I seeme to court her, and in presence too
Of some that have engaged themselves perhaps
To her already.
Vila. Come let us in, my house spreads to receive you, Which you may call your owne, I leade the way. Cata. Please you walke Sir. Ant. It will become me thus to waite on you. Exeunt. manct Count, and Valafco.

Count. Does not the foole ride us both?
Val. What foole? both, whom?
Count. That foole, both us, we are but horses and may walke one another for ought I see before the doore, when he is alight and entered. I do not relish that fame Novice, he were not best gull me, harke you Don Valasco, what shal's doe?
Val. Doe, why?
Count. This Antonio is a titor to one of em.
Val. I feare him not.
Count. I do not feare him neither, I dare fight with him, and he were ten Antonio's, but the Ladies Don, the Ladies, Val. Berinthia, to whom I pay my love devotions, in my eare Seemd not to welcome him, your Lady did. Count. I but for all that he had most mind to your miftris, And I do not see but if he pursue it, There is a possibility to scale the fort, Ladies Minde may alter, by your favour, I have left Cause to feare oth two, if he love not Catalina My game is free, and I may have a course in Her Parke the more easily.
Val. Tis true, he preferred service to Berinthia. And what is she then to resist the vowses Antonio if he love, dare heape upon her? He's gracious with her father, and a friend Deere as his bosome to Sebastiano, And may be is dired by that brother To aime at her, or if he make free choyce, Berinthias beauty will draw up his soule.
Count. And yet now I thinke on't, he was very fawcy With my love to support her arme, which she
Accepted too familiarly, and she should
But love him, it were as bad for me, for tho he care
Not for her, I am sure she will never abide me after it.
By this hils I must kill him, theris no remedy, how think
I cannot helpe it.

Val. Ile know my destiny.

Count. And I my fate but here he comes. 

Ant. The strangest resolution of a father I ever heard, I was covetous
To acquaint him with my wishes, praid his leave I might be servant to Berinshia;
But thus he briefly anwered, untill
His eldest daughter were dispost'd in marriage
His youngest must not love, and therefore wish me,
Vnlesse I could place Catalina here,
Leave off soliciting, yet I was welcome,
Buried on nothing but Berinshia;
From whole faire eyes love threw a thousand flames
Into Antonios heart, her cheeks bewraying
As many amorous blushed, which brake out
Like a forc'd lightning from a troubled cloud;
Discovering a restraint as if within
She were at conflict, which her colour onely
Tooke liberty to speak, but soon fell backe;
And as it were checked by silence.

Count. He stay no longer, for a word with you, are you desperate?

Ant. Desperate, why sir?

Count. I aske and you be desperate, are you weary of your Life, and you be; say but the word, some body can tell
How to dispatch you without a physitian, at a moment no warning.

Anto. You are the noble Count de monre Nigro.

Count. I care not a Spanish sig what you count me, I must
Call you to account sir; in brieft the Lady
Dona Catalina is my miftris, I do not meane to be baffled
While this toole has any flecele in't, and I have some Mettal in my felle too.
Ant. The Dona Catalina? do you love her? Enter Vik.,
She is a Lady in whom onely lives, Sebalt. Catt. Ber.
Natures and Arts perfection, borne to shame
All former beauties, and to be the wonder
Of all succeeding, which shall fade and wither.
When she is but remembred.
Count. I can endure no more, Diablo, he is mortally in love
With Catalina.
Vila. Tis so, he's tane with Catalinaes beauties.
Count. Sir I am a servaunt of that Lady, therefore cate up,
Your words, or you shall beensible that I am Count
De monate Nigro, and she's no dish for Don Antonio.
Ant. Sir I will do you right.
Count. Or I will right my selfe.
Catt. He did direct those prayses unto me
This doth conforme it;
Ber. He cannot so soone alter,
I shall discover a passion through my eye;
Count. Thou shewest thy selfe a noble Gentleman, the
Count is now thy friend.
Ant. Does it become me sir, to prosecute
Where such a noble Count is interested,
Upon my soule I wish the Lady yours,
Here my Suite falls, with tender of my service;
Would you were married, nay in bed together
My honourable Count.
Catt. Your face is cloudy sir, as you suspected
Your presence were not welcome, had you naught
But title of a brothers friendship, it were
Enough to oblige us to you, but your worth
In Catalinaes eies, bids me proclaime you
A double acceptation.
Ant. Oh you are bounteous Ldie.
Count. Sir—
Ant. Do not feare me,
I am not worthie your opinion,
It shall be happinesse for me to kisse

This
This Ivory hand,
Count. The whilst I kisse her lip and be immortall.

Seb. Antonio my father is a rocke,
In that he first resolved, and I account it part of my
Owne unhappinesse, I hope you hold me not suspected.

Ant. I were unworthy such a friend, his care
Becomes him nobly; has not younder Count
Some hope of Catalina.

Seb. My father thinkes that sister worthy of
More than a bare Nobility.

Ant. Ile backe to Elmas noble sir,
This entertainment is so much above
Antonios merit, if I leave you not
I shall be out of hope to —

Vala. Nay then you mocke me sir, you must not leave me.
Without discourtesie so soone, we trifle time;
This night you are my guest, my honord Count,
My Don Valasco.

Count. Yes my Lord, wee'le follow.

Ant. Ha I am resolv'd, like Barge-men when they row.
Ile looke another way then that I goe.

Exeunt.

Anweis 2d Scena 1.

Enter Catalina and Ansilwa.

Cata. A Ansilwa you observe with curious eye
All Gentlemen that come hither, what's your
Of Don Antonio?
Anf. My opinion Madam, I want Art.
To judge of him.
Cata. Then without Art your judgement.

Anf. He is one of the most accomplisht Gentlemen
Ansilwa ere beheld, pardon Madam.

Cata. Nay, it doth not displease, yare not alone,
He hath friends to second you, and who dost thinke
Is cause he tarryes here.

Anf. Your noble father will not let him goe.
 Call.

And canst thou see no higher? then thou art dull.

Ans. Madam, I guess at something more.

Call. What?

Ans. Love?

Call. Of whom?

Ans. I know not that.

Call. How not that? Thou'lt bring thy former truth

Into suspicion, why is more apparent

Then that he loves.

Ans. If judging eyes may guide him,

I know where he should chuse, but I have heard

That love is blind.

Call. Ha?

Ans. Vertue would direct him Madam unto you, I know

Obedience, I shall repent if I offend.

Call. That honest, be yet more free, hide not a thought

that may concern it.

Ans. Then Madam I think he loves my Lady Berinthis.

I have observ'd his eyes rowle that way,

Even now I spied him

Close with her in the Arbour, pardon me Madam.

Call. Th'art done me faithful service, be yet more vigilant.

I know thou speakest all truth, I doe suspect him. Exit Ans.

My sister, ha: Dare shee maintain contention?

Is this the duty bindes her to obey

A fathers precepts, tis dishonour to me. Enter Ansilva.

Ans. Madam, heres a pretty handsome stripling new alight,

Enquires for Don Antonio.

Call. Let me see him, 'twill give me good occasion to be

My owne observer; Enter Diego.

Whom would you sir?

Die. I am sent in quest of Antonio.

Call. He speakes like a Knight errant, he comes in quest.

Die. I have heard it a little vertue in tame Spaniels to

Quest now and then Lady.

Call. But you are none.

Die. My Mr. cannot beate me from him Madam, I am one of

The oldest appurtenances belonging to him, and yet I.

C. 35.
Have little moss in my chime.

Cat. The more to come, a wittie knave.

Die. No more wit then will keep my head warne, I besech you amiable Virgin help my Master Antonio to some intelligence that a servant of his waits to speake with him from his sister Madona Castabella.

Cat. It shall not neede sir, Ile give him notice my selfe, 

Ans. Entertaine time with him.  Exit.

Ans. A promising young man.

Die. Do you waite on this Lady?

Ans. Yes sir.

Die. Wee are both of a tribe then, though wee differ in our sexe, I beseech you take me not of immodesty, or want of breeding, that I did not salute you upon the first view of your person, this kiss shall be as good as testimoeny to bind me to your service.

Ans. 'Yare very welcome, by my virginity.  Exit.

Die. Your virginity a good word to have an oath, for all she made me a curse, it was not good manners to leave mee so alone yare very welcome by my virginity; was she afraid of breaking, it may be she is crack'd already, but here she is againe.

Ans. May I begge your name sir?

Die. No begge sweet, would you have it at length then, My name is Signior Baltazaro Clerce Mantado, But for brevities sake they call me Diego.

Ans. Then Signior Diego once more you are welcome.

Die. Razelez manes Signiora, and what my tongue is not able to express, my head shall, it seemes you have liv'd long a Virgin.

Ans. Not above seven or eight and thirty yeares.

Die. By Lady a tried Virgin, you have given the world A large testimoeny of your virginity.


Ber. I should be thus a disobedient daughter A Fathers Hefts are sacred.

Ans. But in love

They have no power, it is but tyranny,
Plain usurpation to command the minde
Against its owne election; I am yours,
Vow'd yours for ever, send me not away
Shipwrack'd in the habour, say but you can love me,
And I will waite an age, not wish to move,
But by commissiou from you, to whom
I render the possession of myselfe:
Hath we are betray'd, I must use cunning,
She lives in you, and take not in worse fence;
You are more gracious, in that you are,
So like your eldest sister, in whom lives
The copy of so much perfection,
All other seeme to imitate.

Cata. Does he not praise me now?
Ant. But here she is,
Madam, not finding you i'th' garden,
I met this Lady.

Cata. I came to tell you
A servant of yours attends with letters from
Your sister, Madona Castabella.
Ant. Diego what newes?
Die. Sir, my Lady remembers her love, these letters informe you the state of all things.

Cata. What serious conference had you sister with that Gentleman.

Ber. Would you had heard them sister, they concern'd your Commendations.

Cata. Why should he not deliver them to my selfe.

Ber. It may be then
You would have thought he flattered.

Cata. I like not this rebound;
This fairest to catch at fall.

Ber. Sister, I hope
You have no suspicion, I have courted
His ray or language on my life no accent
Fell from me, your owne eare would not have heard
With acceptation.

Cata. It may be so, and yet I dare acquit you.
In duty to a Father, you would wish me
All due respect, I know it.

_Ant._ Diego.    _Die._ Sir.

_Ant._ You observe the waiting creatures in the blacke
_Hake._ you apprehend me.

_Die._ With as much tenacity as a servant.

_Cat._ I hope sir, now we shall enjoy you longer.

_Ant._ The gods would sooner be sicke with Nettar, than
Grow weary of such faire societie;
But I am at home expected, a poore sister,
My fathers care alive, and dying was.
His Legacy, having out-staid my time
Is tender of my absence.

_Enter Villarezo, Sebastiano, Count, and Valasco._

_Cata._ My Lord Antonio means to take his leave.

_Vila._ Although last night you were inclin’d to goe,
Let us prevaile this morning.

_Cat._ A servant of his, he saies, brought letters
To hasten departure.

_Vila._ Why sirra, will you rob us of your master.

_Die._ Not guilty my Lord.

_Count._ Sir, if you’le needs go, we’le bring you on your way.

_Ant._ I humbly thank your honour, He not be so troublesome.

_Count._ Would you were gone once, I doe not meane to
trouble my selfe so much I warrant thee.

_Ant._ I have now a charge upon me, I hope it may
Excuse me, if I hasten my returne.

_Vila._ Tis faire, and reasonable, well sir, my sonne
Shall write on you oth’ way, if any occasion
Draw you to Avero, lets hope you’l see us,
You know your welcome.

_Ant._ My Lord the favours done me, would proclaime
I were too much unworthy not to visit you,
Oft as I see Avero; Madam I part with some unhappinesse
To lose your presence, give me leave I may
Be absent your admirer, to whose memory
I write my selfe a servant.

_Count._ Poxe on your complent, you were not best write

_Ant._ Sir, I would proclaime.

_Vila._ Why, your friend, you are not best write

_Ant._ Sir, you are not best write.

_Vila._ No, I am not best write.

_Ant._ But I am not best write.

_Vila._ But I am not best write.

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_Ant._ But I am not best write.

_Vila._ But I am not best write.
In her table-bookes.

Cata. You do not know what power you have o’er me, that but to please you,
Can frame my selfe to take a leave so soon.

Vila. What thinke you of that my Lord?

Count. Why, he sayes he has power to take her leave if
So soon, no hurt ath’ world in’t, I hope she is an
Innocent Lady.

Ant. The shallow rivers glide away with noise,
The deepe are silent, fare you well Lady.

Count. I told you he is a shallow fellow.

Vila. I know not what to thinke on’t Berinthis.

Ant. Gentlemen happinesse and success in your desires.

Seb. Ile see you a league or two.

Vila. By any meanes, may sir.

Ant. Diego.

Die. My Lord I have a suite to you before I goe.

Vila. To me Diego, prethee speake it.

Die. That while other Gentlemen are happy to deuide
their affections among the Ladies, I may have your honours
leave to beare some good-will to this Virgin: Cupid hath
throwne a dart at me, like a blinde buzzard as he was, and
theres no recovery without a cooler; if I be sent into these
parts, I desire humbly I may be bould to rub acquaintance
with Mistresse Ansilva.

Vila. With all my heart Diego.

Die. Madam, I hope you will not be an enemy to a poore
Flye that is taken in the flame of the blind god.

Cata. You shall have my consent sir.

Vila. But what sayes Ansilva, hast thou a mind to a husband?

Ans. I feare I am too young (even yeares hence were time
enough for me).

Seb. Shees not full fortie yet sir.

Die. I honour the Antiquitie of her maidenhead, thou
Mistresse of my heart.

Ant. Come lets away Diego our horses----

Vila. We’le bring you to the gate.

Count. Yes, we’le bring him out of doores, would wee

D
were shut of him.
Ans. Hay ho, who would have thought I should have benne in love with a stripling, have I seene so many maiden-heades suffer before me, and must mine come to the blocke at fortie yeares old, if this Diego have the grace to come on, I shall have no power to keepe my selfe chest any longer; how many maides have benne overrune with this love? but here is my Lady.

Enter Catalina and Valesco.

Cat. Sir, you love my sister.
Val. With an obedient heart.

Cat. Where do you think Don Antonio hath made choice To place his love?
Val. There where I wish it may grow older in desire, And be crown'd with fruitfull happiness.

Cat. Hath your affection had no deeper roote, That tis rent up already, I had thought It would have stood a Winter, but I see A Summer-storme hath ki'd it, fare you well sir.
Val. How's this, a Summers storme? Lady by the honour of your birth, Put off these cloudes, you make me, take off The wonder you have put upon Valesco, And solve these riddles.

Cat. You love Berinthis.
Val. With a devoted heart, else may I die Contempt of all mankinde, not my owne soule Is dearer to me.

Cat. And yet you wish Antonio may be crown'd With happiness in his love, he loves Berinthis.
Val. How?

Cat. Beyond expression, to see how a good nature Free from dishonour in it selfe, is backward To thinks another guilty, sufferers it selfe Be poisoned with opinion, did your eyes Emptie their beames to much in admiration Of your Berinthis beauty, you left none To observe your owne abuses.
Doth not Antonio dedicate his thoughts
To your acceptance, 'tis impossible:
I heard him praise you to the heavens, above em;
Made himselfe hoarse but to repeate your vertuets.
As he had beene in extasie; love Birinthia?
Hell is not blacker than his soule, if he
Love any goodnesse but your selfe.

Cat. That lesson he with impudence hath reade
To my owne eares, but shall I tell you sir?
We are both made but properties to raise
Him to his partiall ends, flattery is
The stalkinge horse of pollicy, law you not,
How many flames he shot into her eyes
When they were parting, for which she pay'd backe.
Her subtill tears, he wrung her by the hand,
Seem'd with the greatnesse of his passion
To have bene o're borne, Oh cunning treachery!
Worthy our justice, true he commended me;
But could you see the Fountaine that sent forth
So many cozening streames, you would say Styx.
Were Christall to it, and wait not to the Count,
Whom he suppos'd was in pursuie of me;
Nay, whom he knew did love me, that he might
Fire him the more to consummate my marriage
That I disposed he might have of access.
To his belov'd Birinthia, the end
Of his desires I can confirme it, he praid
To be so happy with my fathers leave.
To be her amorous servant, which he nobly
Denied, partly expressing your engagements;
If you have least suspition of this truth:
But dee' think he love you?

Val. I cannot challenge her, but she has let fall
Something to make me hope, how thinke you shee's
Affected to Antonio?

Cat. May be
Luke warme as yet, but soone as shees caught,
Inevitably his, without prevention.
For my owne part I hate him in whom lives
A will to wrong a Gentleman, for hee was
Acquainted with your love, 'twas my respect
To tender to your injury, I could not
Be silent in it, what you meant to doe
I leave to your owne thoughts.

Val. Oh stay sweete Lady, leave me not to struggle
Alone with this universal affliction;
You speake even now Berinthisa would be his;
Without prevention, oh that Antidote,
That Balsome to my wound.

Cat. Alas I pitty you, and the more, because:
I see your troubles to amaze your judgement, all your will
Ile tell you my opinion of other sudden;
For him, he is not worth Valasco's anger;
Onely thus, you shall discover to my Father,
She promis'd you her love, be confident
To say you did exchange faith to her; this alone
May chance affure her, and if not I hav't:
Steale her away, your love I see is honourable,
So much I suffer when desert is wounded,
You shall have my assisstance, you apprehend mean.

Val. I am devoted yours, command me ever.

Cat. Keepe smooth your face, and still mainaine your wor-
With Berinthisa, things must be manag'd
And strucke in the maturity, noble sir, I wish
You onely fortunate in Berinthisa love.

Val. Words are too poore to thank ye, I looke on you
As my safe guiding starre.

Cat. But I shall prove a wandering starre; I have
A course which I must finish for my selfe.
Glide on thou subtil mover, thou hast brought
This instrument already for thy aymes,
Sister, Ile breake a Serpents egge betimes,
And teare Antonio from thy very bosome;
Love is above all law of nature, blood,
Not what men call, but what that bides is good.

Enter Castabell, and Villan, as.
Vil. Be not so careful Cocze, your brother's well.
Be confident if he were otherwise
You should have notice, whom hath he to share.
Fortunes without you? all his ills are made
Less by your bearing part, his good is doubled.
By your communicating.

Cast. By this reason
All is not well, in that my ignorance
What fate hath hapned, bars me off the portion
Belongs to me sister, but my care
Is so much greater, in that Diego whom
I charg'd to put on wings, if all were well,
Is dull in his returne.

Enter Antonio and Diego. Ails.

Vil. His Master happily hath commanded him
To attend him homewards, this is recompen'd
Already, looke they are come;
Y'are welcome sir.

Ant. Oh sister, ere you let fall words of welcome.
Let me unlade a treasure in your care
Able to weigh downe man.

Cast. What treasure brother, you amaze me.

Ant. Never was man so blest,
As heavens had studied to enrich me here,
So am I fortunate.

Vil. You make me covetous.

Ant. I have a friend.

Vil. You have a thousand sir, is this your treasure?

Ant. But I have one more worth then millions,
And he doth only keepe alive that name
Of friendship in his breast, pardon Villandros,
Tis not to straine your love, whom I have tried,
My worthiest cozen.

Cast. But where is this same friend, why came he noe
To Elvas with you, sure he cannot be.
Deare to you Brother, to whom I am not indebted.
At least for you.

Die. I have many deare friends too, my Taylor is one
To whom I am indebted.
Ant. His Commission

Stretch'd not so farre, a Fathers tie was on him,
But I have his noble promise, er's be longs,
We shall enjoy him.

Cast. Brother I hope

You know how willingly I can enterraine
Your bliss, and make it mine, pray speake the man
To whom we owe so much.

Ant. Twere not charity to starve you thus with shaddowes,
Take him, and with him in thy bosome locke
The Mirror of fidelity, Don Sebastiano.

Cast. I oft have heard you name him full of worth,
And upon that relation have laid up,
One deare to my remembrance.

Ant. But he must be dearer Castabella, harke you sister,
I have been bold upon thy vertue, to
Invite him to you, if your heart be free.
Let it be empty ever, if he doe not
Fill it with noblest love, to make relation;
What zeal he gave of a worthy nature,
At our last parting (when betwixt a sonne,
And friend he so divided his affections,
And our did both) you would admire him: were
I able I would build a temple where
We tooke our leave,
The ground it selfe was hallowed
So much with his owne piety, Diego saw it:

Die. Yes sir, I saw, and heard, and wonderd.

Ant. Come I will tell you all, to your chamber sister,

Diego our plot must on, all time is lost

Untill we try the moving.

Die. If the plot please you sir, let me alone to play my part

I warrant you.

Ant. Come Castabella, and prepare to heare.

A story not of length but worth your ear.

Enter Vilarezio, Valasco, and Catalina.

Vil. You have not dealt so honourably sir,
As did become you, to proceede so farre.
Without my knowledge, give me leave to tell you
You are not welcome.

Val. My Lord I am sorry,
If I have any way transgressed, I was not
Respectful of your honour, nor my fame.
Valasco shall be unhappy, if by him
You shall derive a stain, my actions faire.
I have done nothing with Berinthia,
To merit such a language, I was not ripe,
For me to interrupt the father, when I knew
What grace I held with her.

Vil. Hell on her grace, is this her duty? has
I can forget my nature if she dare
Make so loone forfeit of her piety;
Oh where is that same awfull dread of Parent,
Should live in children; 'tis her ambition
To out runne her sister, but I'll curbe her impudence,

Cata. Retire your selfe, this passion must have way,
This workes as I would have it, feare nothing sir,
Obscure.

Vil. He cloyset her, and starve this spirit
Makes her deceive my trust; Catalina
Vpon thy duty I command thee, take
Her custody on thee, keepe her from the eye,
Of all that come to Averro, let her discourse
With pictures on the wall, I feare she hath
Forgot to say her prayers, is she growne sensuall?

Cata. But my Lord,

Vil. Oh keepe thy accents for a better cause,
She hath contemned us both, thou canst not see
What blemish she derives unto our name,
Yet these are sparks, he hath a fire within,
Will turne all into flames, where's Valasco?

Cata. Good sir, a much afflicted worthy Gentleman,
At your displeasure.

Vil. Thou art too full of pitty, nay thou art cruel,
To thy owne fame, he must not have access.
To prosecute, it was my doting sinne.
Of too much confidence in Berinthis,
Gave her such libertie, on my blessing punish it,
Twill be a vertuous act, the now I thought
Was not more innocent, more cold, more chaste;
Why my command bound her in ribs of ice,
But shees dissolv'd, to thee Ile leave her now,
Be the maintainer of thy Fathers vow.

Val. Why I am undone now.

Cata. Nothing lesse, this conflict
Prepares your peace, I am her guardian,
Love smiles upon you, I am not inconstant,
Having more power to assist you, but away,
We must not be discidi'd, expect ere long
To heere what you desire.

Val. My blisfe I remember.

Cata. Berinthis, y'are my prisoner, at my pleasure
Ile study on your fate, I cannot be
Friend to my selfe, when I am kind to thee.

Val. My blesse I remember.

Cata. Berinthis, y'are my prisoner, at my pleasure
Ile study on your fate, I cannot be
Friend to my selfe, when I am kind to thee.

Enter Sebastiano, Berinthis, Anselva, Diego meets them.

Seb. Welcome honest Diego, your Master Antonio is in
health I hope.

Die. He commanded me, remember his service to you, I
have obtain'd his leave for a small absence, to perfect a suite I
lately commended in this Court.

Seb. You follow it close me thinks Berinthis, I see this cloud
Vanish already, be not dejected, soone.
Ile know the depth on't, should the world for fake thee,
Thou shalt not want a brother deere Berinthis.

Secretly gives her a Letter.

Die. This is my Lady Berinthis, prethee let me know
Some manneres, Madam my Master Antonio speaks his
Service to you in this paper; alas Madam, I was but
Hale at home, and I am return'd to see if I can recover
The rather piece of my selfe, so was it not a reasonable nor Complement.

Ber. Antonio, he's constant I perceive. [Exit

Die. So we are alone, sweet Mistresse Anselva, I am bold To renew my suite, which least it should either Fall or depend too long, having past my declaration. I shall desire to come to a judgement, Culpably of T My cause craves nothing but justice; That is, that you would be mine; and now since Your selfe is judge also, I bezech you be not partial In your owne cause, but give sentence for the plaintiff, and I will discharge the fees of the Court on this fashion. [Enter Berinthia.

Ber. Here is a haven yet to rest my soule on,
In midst of all unhappinesse, which I looke on,
With the same comfort a distressed Sea man
A farre off, viewes the coast he would enjoy.
When yet the seas doe tosse his reeling barke;
Twixt hope and danger, thou shalt be concealed.

She mistaking as she moved, put up the Letter, it falls downe.

Anf. Here is my Lady Berinthia.

Die. What care I for my Lady Berinthia, and she thinkes
Much, would she had one to stopp her mouth.

Anf. But I must observe her, upon her fathers displeasure,
She is committed to my Ladies custody, who hath made
Me her keeper, she must be lockt up.

Die. Ha, lockt up.

Anf. Madam, it is now time you would retire to your owne

Chamber.

Ber. Yes, prethee doe Anselva in this gallery,
I breathe but too much aire, oh Diego, youle have
An answer I perceive, ere you returne.

Die. My journey were to no purpose else Madam, I apprehend her, ile waite an opportunity, alas poore Lady, is my sweete heart become a juylor, there's hope of an office without our money. [Enter Anselva hastily.

Anf. Diego I spy my Lady Catalina comming this way, pray throwd your selfe behinde this cloth, I would be loath thee

E
should see us here together, quickly, I hear her reading.

Enter Catalina.


Cata. Was not Diego with you, Antonio's man? Anf. He went from me, Madam half an hour ago.

To visit friends in the City.

Cata. He hath not seen Berinthia I hope.

Anf. Unless he can pierce stone walls, Madam, I am sure.

Cata. Direct Don Valasco hither by the backe stairs;

I expect him.

Anf. I shall Madam.

Cata. Ha, what's this? a Letter to Berinthia, from whom Subcrib'd? Antonio, what devil brought this hither?

Furies torment me not, ha, while I am Antonio, expect him of.

Not I can be other then thy servant, all my thoughts are made sacred with thy remembrance, whose hope sustains my life, oh I drink poison from these fatal accents.

Be thy toyle blacker then the inke that staining

The cursed paper, would each droppe had fallen

From both your hearts, and every Character

Beene torn'd with blood, I would have tir'd mine eyes.

To have read you both dead here, upon my life.

Diego hath bee the cunning Mercury.

In this conveyance, I suspect his love.

Is but a property to advance this suite.

But I will crosse you all.

Enter Valasco.

Don Valasco, you are seasonably arriv'd,

I have a Letter for you.

Val. For me?

Cata. It does concern you.

Val. Ha.

Cata. How doe you like it sir?

Val. As I should a punyard sticking here, how came you by it?

Cata. I found it here by accident other ground, I am sure it did not grow there, I suppose

Diego the servant of Antonio

Who colourably pretends affection.
The Maides Revenge.

To Ar, silica brought it, hces the agent for him.
Now the designe appears, day is not more conspicuous.
Then this cunning.
Val. I am resolv'd.
Cat. For what?
Val. Antonio or I must change our array.
This is beyond my patience, sleepe in this
And never wake to honour, oh my fate.
He takes the freehold of my soule away;
Berinthia, and it are but one creature,
I have beene a tame foole all this while,
Swallowed my poiyon in a fruitlesse hope,
But my revenge, as heavy as Love's wrath,
Wropt in a thunderbolt is falling on him.

Cat. Now you appeare all noblenesse, but collect.
Draw up your passions to a narrow point
Of vengeance, like a burning glasse that hres
Surest ith smalllest beam, he that would kill,
Spends not his idle fury to make wounds
As this son bid I
Farre from the heart of him he fights withall.
Looke where you most can danger, let his head:
Bleed out his brains or eyes, aim at that part
Is decreed to him, this once put to hazard
The rest will bleed to death.

Val. Apply this Madam.

Cat. The time invites to action, Ile be briefed.
Strike him through Berinthia.

Val. Ha.
Cat. Mistake me not, I am her sister.
Shee is his heart, make her your owne, you have
A double victory, thus you may kill him.
With most revenge, and give your owne desires;
A most confirm'd possession, fighting with him.
Can be no conquest to you, if you mean to
To strike him dead, pursue Berinthia,
And kill him with the wounds he made at you.
It will appeare but justice, all this is
Within your fathom sir.

Val. Tis some divinity bangs on your tongue.
Cat. If you content Berinthia shall not see...
More sunes till you enjoy her.

Val. How deere Madam.

Cat. Thus, you shall steale her away.

Val. Oh when? Cat. Provide

Such true friends, but let it not be knowne

Upon your honour, I affir you int.

And after midnight when soft sleepe hath charm'd

All sences, enter the Garden gate.

Which shall be open for you, to know her chamber.

A candle shall direct you in the Window,

Anshea shall attend too, and provide

To give you entrance, thence take Berrinthea,

And soone convey her to what place you thinke

Secure and most convenient, in small time

You may procure your owne conditions;

But sir you must engage your selfe to use her

With honourable respects, she is my sister.

Did not I thinke you noble, for the world

I would not runne that hazzard.

Val. Let heaven for sake me then, was ever mortall

So bound to womans care, my mothers was

Hals paid her at my birth, but you have made me

An everlastinge debtor.

Cat. Select your friends, bethink you of a place

You may transpore her.

Val. I am all wings.

Cat. So, when gentle phyficke will not serue, we must

Apply more active, but there is

Yet a receipt behind; Valas doe shallow,

And will be planeter strucke, to see Berrinthea.

Dye in his armes is so, yet he him selfe

Shall carry the suspition, if art.

Or hell can furnish me with such a poyson,

Sleepe thy last sister, whilst thou livest I have

No quiet in my selfe, my rest thy grave.
The Maides Revenge.

Art for him, one spirit and her selfe are able to furnish Hell and it were unprovided; but I am glad I heard all, I shall love hangings the better while I live: I perceive some good may be done behind em. But Ile acquaint my Lady Berinbia, heres her chamber I observ'd Madam Madam, Berinbia above.

Ber. Whose there?

Die. Tis I Diego, I am Diego.

Ber. Honest Diego, what good newes, Y are undone, undone lost, undone forever; it is time now to be serious.

Ber. Ha, Die. Wheres my Master Antoniowes Letter.

Ber. Here, where, ha, alas, I feare I have lost it.

Die. Alas you have undone your selfe, and your master, my Lady Catalina hath found it, and is mad with rage, and envy against you; I overheard your destruction, she hath shewed it to Don Valasco, and hath plotted that he shall steal you away this night, the doores shall be left open the hour after twelve.

Ber. You amaze me, tis impossible.

Die. Do not cast away your selfe, by incredulity, upon my life your fate is cast, nay more, worse then that.

Ber. Worse?

Die. You must be poison'd too, oh shees a cunning devill, and she will carry it fo, that Valasco shall bee suspected for your death, what will you doe?

Ber. I am overcome with amazement.

Die. Madam remember with what noble love my Master Antonio does honour you, and now both save your selfe, and make him happy, how.

Ber. I am lost man.

Die. Fear not, I will engage my life for your safety, so Seeme not to have knowledge or suspicion, be carefull what you receive, least you be poison'd, leave the or am not belst to me, I have a crotchet in my pate shall spoyle Their musicke, and prevent all danger I warrant you.
By any means be smooth, and pleasant, the devil.
A knave, your sisters a Traitor, my Master is your noble
Friend, I am your honest servant, and Valatro shall
Shake his ears like an animall.

Ber. It is not to be hoped for.
Die. Then cut of my ears, sir, my nose, and make a devil
of me, shall I about it say, is done.

Ber. Any thing thou art honest heaven be neare,
Still to my innocence, I am full of fear.

Die. Spurre cut and away then.

Exeunt

Enter Signior Sharkino in his study, furnished with glasses,
viols, pictures of wax characters, wands, conjuring bits, powders, paintings, and Scarabeo.

Sh. Scaraboeo.
Sca. Sir.

Sh. Is the door, tongue, tide, sir, your false half out at
one of the crevices, and give me notice where patient appro
ches me.

Sca. Sir, I can runne through the key hole, sir.
Sh. This focus beares
A lively tincture, oh the cheek must blush.
Thit weares it, their decciv'd that say
Art is the aye of nature.

Sca. Sir.

Sh. Who art?

Sca. My Ladies apron stringes, Mistris Anslva her chamber-
maide.

Sh. Admit her.

Enter Anslva.

Anslva. How now raw head and bloody bones, where is the
Doctor Sharkino? oh here he is,
Sh. How does your vertuous Ladie.

Anslva. In good health sir.

Whereas the Eucum and the Powder.

Sh. All is prepared here.

Anslva. To see what you can doe, many make legges, and you
make faces sir.

Sh. Variety of faces is now in fashion, and all little enough
for some to let a good face on; oh Ladies may now, and then
commit a slip, and have some colour for's, but these are but
the outside of our art, the things we can prescribe to be tak
ken
ken inwardly, are pretty curiosities, we can prolong life.

_Ans._ And kill too can you not?

_Sh._ Oh any that will goe to the price.

_Ans._ You have poylons I warrant you, how doe they looke, pray lets see one.

_Sh._ Oh naturall and artificiall. 
_Nessas_ blood was milke. 
To cm, an extraction of Todes and Vipers, looke.
Heres a parcell of _Claudius Cefars_ poslet.
Given him by his wife _Agrippina_, here is some of
_Hannibal's_ medicine he carried alwayes in the
Pummell of his sword, for a dead lift, a very active
Poyson, which passing the Orifice, kindles
Straight a fire, inflames the blood, and makes the marrow
Fry, have you occasion to apply one.

_Ans._ Introth we are troubled with a rat in my Ladies Chamber.

_Sh._ A Rat, give him his bane, would you destroy a City, I have probatinus of Italian Sallets, and our owne Country figs
shall doe it rarely, a Rat, I have scarce a poyson so base, the
worst is able to kill a man, I have all sorts, from a minute to
seven yeares in operation, and leave no markes behinde em, a
Rats a Rat.

_Ans._ Pray let me see a remover at twelv ehours, and I would
be loath to kill the poore thing presently.

_Sh._ Here, you may cast it away upon't, but its a disparage-
ment to the poyson.

_Ans._ This will content you.

_Sh._ Because it is for a Rat you shall pay no more, my ser-
vice to my Ladie, my poylons howsoever I give them, variety
of operations are all but one.

Enter Count de Monte Nigro.

_Count._ Is your name Signior _Sharkino_ the famous _Doctor_?

_Sh._ They
Sh. They call me Sharkino.
Count. Doe you not know me?
Sh. Your gracious pardon.
Count. I am Count de Monte Negro.
Sh. Your honours sublimity doth illustrate this habitation; Is there any thing wherein Sharkino may express His humble service? if ought within the circumference Of a Medicinall or Mathematicall science, May have acceptance with your celsitude, it shall devolve it selfe.
Count Devolve it selfe, that word is not in my Table booke, what are all these trinkets?
Sh. Take heed I beseech your honour, they are dangerous, this is the devils girdle.
Count. A pox on the devill, what have I doe with him,
Sh. It is a dreadful circle of conjuration, fortified With sacred characters against the power Of infernal spirits, within whose round I can tread Safely, when hell burns round about me.
Count. No; unlikely.
Sh. Will you see the devill sir?
Count. Ha, the devill? not at this time, I am in some haste. Any thing but the devill I durst fight with all, harke You Doctor, letting these things pass, hearing Of your skill, I am come in my owne person, for A fragment of your art, harke you, have you any Receipts to procure love sir?
Sh. All the degrees of it this is ordinary.
Count. Nay I would not have it too strong, the Lady I intend it for, is pretty well taken already, an easing working thing does it.
Sh. Here's a powder whose ingredients were fetch'd From Arabia the happy, a sublimation of the Phoenix Ashes, when she last burned her selfe, it beares the Colour of cinamon, two or three scuplles put into A cup of wine, fetches up her heart she can scarce Kepe it in, for running out of her mouth to you My noble Lord.
Count.
The Maites Revenge.

Count. That, let me have that, Doctor I know tis deare; Will that gold buy it?

Sh. Your honour is bountifull, there needs no circumstance, Minister it by whom you please, your intention binds it to operation.

Count. So, so Catalina, I will put your mornings draught In my pocket—Knocke at the doore Doctor, I would not be seene.

Sh. Please you my Lord obscure your selfe behinde these hangings then, till they be gone, Ile dispatch 'em the sooner; or if your honour thinke fit, tis but clouding your person with a simple cloake of mine, and you may at pleasure passe without discovery, my Anatomy shall waite on you.

Enter three Servingmen.

1. Prethee come backe yet.
2. Oh by any meanes goe Taynes.
3. Doft thou thinke it possible that any man can tell where thy things are, but he that stole 'em, hee's but a jugling imposter, a my conscience, come backe againe.

2. Nay now wee are at furthest, be not rul'd by him, I know he is a cunning man, he told me my fortune once when I was to goe a journey by water, that if I scapt drowning, I should doe well enough, and I have liv'd ever since.

3. Well I will try, I am resolv'd; saye, here hee is Pedro, you are acquainted with him, break the ice, he is alone.

2. Blessse you Mr. Doctor; sir presuming on your Art, here is a fellow of mine, indeede the Butler, for want of a better; has lost a dozen of Dyaper spoones, and halfe a dozen of Silver Napkins yesterday, they were seene by all three of us in the morning betwene sixe and seven set up, and what spirit of the Buttery hath stolen 'em before eight, is invisible to our understanding.

3. He hath delivered you the case right, I beseech you sir doe what you can for a servant, that is like to be in a lamentable case else, here's a gratuity.

1. Now we shall see what the devill can do, hey, heres one of his spirits I thinke.

Sh. Betweene 7 and 8. the house, the 1 Luna, the 2 Sa-
The Maltes Revenge,

turne, the 3 Jupiter, the 4 Mars, the 5 Sol, the 6 Venus, the 7 Mercury, ha then it was stolne, Mercury is a thiefe, your goods are stolne.
3. Was Mercury the thiefe, pray where dwells he?
Sh. Mercury is above the Moone man.
3. Alas sir is a great way thither.
1. Did not I tell you you would be gull'd.
Sh. Well y'are a servant, Ile doe something for you.
What will you say, if I shew you the man that hole your Spooones and Napkins presently, will that satisfie you.
3. Ile desire no more, oh good Mr, Doctor.
1. If he does that, ile believe he has cunning.
Sh. Go to, heares a glasse.
2. Loe you there now.
Sh. Stand your backes North, and stirre not till I bid you.
What see you there ?
2. Heres nothing.
Sh. Looke agen, and marke, stand yet more North.
3. Now I see somebody.
1. And I.

The Count comes from behind the Hangings and muffled in a cloake, stoles of the Stage.

Sh. Marke this fellow muffled in the cloake, he hath stolne your spoones and Napkins, does he not skulke.
1. Footes tis strange, he lookes like a thiefe, this Doctor feele is cunning.
3. Oh rogue, how shall's come by him, oh for an Officer.
Sh. Yet stirre not.
3. Oh hees gone, where is he?
Sh. Be not too rash, my Art tells me there is danger in't, you must be blindefold all, if you observe me not, all is to no purpose, you must not see till you be forth a doores, shut your eyes, and leade one another, when you are abroad open them, and you shall see agen.
3. The thiefe ?
Sh. The fame, then use your pleasures, to, be sure you see not, conduct them Scarabeo.

Enter a Maid with an Urinal.

Ma. Oh Mr. Doctor I have got this opportunity to come
to you, but I cannot stay, here's my water, pray sweet Mr. Doctor, tell me, I am in great fear that I have lost ----

Sh. What?

Ma. My maidenhead sir, you can tell by my water.

Sh. Do you not know?

Ma. Oh, I do somewhat doubt my selfe, for this morning when I rose, I found a paire of breeches on my bed, and I have had a great suspicion ever since, it is an evill signe they say, and one does not know what may be in those breeches sometimes; sweete Mr. Doctor, am I a maid still or no? I would be sorry to lose my maidenhead ere I were aware, I feare I shall never be honest after it.

Sh. Let me see 

Ma. And is there no hope to finde it again?

Sh. You are not every body, by my Art, as in other things that have beene stolne, he that hath stolne your maidenhead shall bring it again.

Ma. Thanke you sweet Mr. Doctor, I am in your debt for this good newes, oh sweet newes sweet Mr. Doctor. Exe.

Enter Count beating before him the three Servingmen, they runne in.

Cry your honour mercy, good my Lord.

Count. Out you slaves, oh my tocs.

Sh. What aylies your Lordship?

Count. Doctor, I am out of breath, where be those wormes crept, I was never so abused since I was swadled: harke you, those 3. Rogues that were here even now, began to lay hold of me, and told me I must give them their Spoons and Napkins; they made a theefe of mee, but I thinke I have made their flesh jelly with kickes and bastinadoes; oh I have no mercy when I set on't, I have made e'm all poore John, impudent varlets; talke to me of Spoons and Napkins.

Sh. Alas one of them was mad, and brought to me to cure him.

Count. Nay they were all mad, but I thinke I have madded e'm; I feare I have kickt two or three out of their lives; alas poor
The Maidens Revenge.

poore wretches, I am sorry for it now, but I have such an humor of beating & kicking when my footes in once: harke you. Doctor, is it not within the compass of your physicke to take downe a mans courage a thought lower; the truth is, I am apt of my selfe to quarrell upon the least affront in th' world, I cannot be kept in, chaine will not hold me: to ther day for a lesse matter than this, I kick halfe a dozen of high Germans, from one end of the streete to the other, for but offering to shrink between mee and the wall; not aday goes o're my head but I hurt some body mortally; poxe a these rogues, I am sorry at my heart I have hurt e'm so, but I cannot forbear.

Sh. This is strange.

Count. How? I can scarce forbear: striking you now, for saying it is strange; you would not thinke it; oh the wounds I have given for a very looke; well harke you, if it be not too late, I would be taken downe, but I feare tis impossible, and then every one goes in danger of his life by me.

Sh. Take downe your spirit, looke you, dee see this inch and a halfe, how tall a man doe you thinke he was? He was twelve cu't's high, and three yards compass at the waste when I tooke him in hand first, ile draw him through a ring ere I have done with him: I keepe him now to breake my poysicals, to eate Spiders and Toades, which is the onely dish his heart wishes for; a Capon destroys him, and the very sight of beefe or mutton makes him sicke; looke, you shall see him eate his supper, come on your ways, what say you to this Spider? looke how he leapes.

Sca. Oh dainty.

Sh. Here, saw you that? how many legges now for the banch of a Toade.

Sca. Twenty, and thank you sir, oh sweete Toade, oh admirable Toade.

Count. This is very strange, I nere saw the like. I never keew Spiders and Toades were such good meates before; will he not bust now?

Sh. It shall nere (well him, by to morrow hee shall be an inch
The Miser's Revenge.

inch abated, and I can with another experiment plume him and heighten him at my pleasure; he warrant he take you downe my Lord.

Count. Nay but dee here, doe I looke like a Spider-catcher, or Toade-cater.

Sh.Farre be it from Sharkino, I have gentle pellets for your Lordship, shall melt in your mouth, and take of your valour insensibly; Lozenges that shall comfort your stomacke, and but at a weeke traine your fury two or three thoughts; does your honour thinke I would forget my selfe, I shew you by this Rat what I can doe by Art: your Lordship shall have an ease composition, no hurt it world in't; here take but halfe a dozen of these going to bed, e're morning it shall worke gently, and in the vertue appeare every day afterward.

Count. But if I find my selfe breaking out into fury, I may take e'm often; heres for your pellets of Lozenges, what rare physicke is this? Ile put it in practise presently, fare-well Doctor.

Sh. Happinesse wait on your egregious Lordship, my physicke shall, make your body soluble, but for working on your spirit, beleeve it when you finde it; with any lies we must let forth our simples and compositions to utter them: so this is a good dayes worke; leane chaps lay up, and because you have perform'd manfully, there is some siluer for you, lay up my properties: Tis night already, thus we knaves will thrive, when honest plainness know not how to live.

Exit.

Enter Catalina and Ansilva.

Cat. Are sure she has tane it?

An. As sure as I am alive? she never eate with such an appetite, for I found none left, I would be loath to have it so sure in my belly, it will worke rarely twelve hours hence.

Cat. Thus we worke sure then, time runnes upon th'appointed houre, Palafo should rid me of all my Fears

F 3
You are sick of, here, each minute is an age till
I possess Berinthisa.

Ans. This is pretty, I hope my Lady is well.

Val. Well?

Ans. My Lady Berinthisa is.

Val. Do you mock me?

Ans. I mock you?

Val. I shall grow angry, lead me to her chamber, or

Berinthisias chamber, or

Ans. Why sir, were not you here even now, and hurried up
Her away, I have your gold well fare all good tokens, and
I have perform'd my duty already sir, and you had my good
Lady.

Val. I am abus'd you are a cunning Devil, I hear and had
Berinthisa, tell me, or with this pistoll, I will foone
Reward thy treachery, where is Berinthisa?

Ans. Oh I beseech you do not fright me, so, if you were she.
Not here even now, here was another that call'd me.
Himselfe Valasco, to whom I gave access, and
He has carried her away.

Val. Am I awake? or do I dreame this horrour?

Where am I? who does know me, are you friends?

Of Don Valasco?

1. Doe you doubt us sir?

Val. I doubt my selfe, who am I?

2. Our noble friend Valasco.

Val. Tis so, I am Valasco, all the Furies,
Circle me round, oh teach me to be mad,
I am abus'd, insufferably tormented,
My very soule is whipt, it had beene safer
For Catalina to have plaid with Serpents.

Enter Catalina and Ansilva, she has her sword.

Cat. Thou talkest of wonders, where is Valasco?

Ans. He was here even now.

Val. Who nam'd Valasco?

Cata. Twas I, Catalina, here.

Val. Could you pick one out of the stocke of men,
To mocke but me, so base ly?
Valasco be your selfe, resume your vertue, I say no
My thoughts are cleare from your abuse, it is well & noble,
No time to vent our passions, fruitlesse rages, I said.
Some hathabus'd us both, but a revenge
As swift as lightning shall pursue their flight
Oh I could feare my braines, as you respect
Your honours safety, or Berinthias love;
Haste to your lodging, which being nere our house.
You shall be sent for, seeme to be rais'd up,
Let us alone to make a noize at home;
Doe any hurt, you Ansilva shall
With clamors wake the houethold cunningly,
While I prepare my selfe.

Val. I will suspend awhile.

Anf. Helpe, helpe, theeves, villains, murder, my Lady:
Helpe oh my Lord, my Lady, murder, theeves, helpe.

Enter Sebastiano in his shirt with a Taper, no crosse to look.

Seb. What fearfull cry is this, where are you?

Anf. Here oh I am almost kil'd.

Seb. Ansilva where art hurt?

Anf. All over sir, my Lady Berinthia is carried away
By Ruffians, that broke into her chamber, alas.

Sees gone.

Enter Vilarezo Catalina.

My sister Berinthia is violently taken out of her
Chamber, and hers Ansilva hurt; see looke about,

Berinthia sister. Cat. How Berin gone? call up the servants,

Ansilva, how walt?

Anf. Alas Madam, I have not my senses about me, I am to
Frighted, vizards, and swords, and pistols, but my
Lady Berinthia was quickly seiz'd upon, shees gone.

Val. What villains durst attempt it?

Enter Count Monte de negro with a torch.

I feeare Valasco guilty of this rape.

Cat. Runne one to his lodging presently, it will appeare
I know he lov'd her, oh my Lord, my sister Berinthias lost;
Mont. How? toote my physicke begins to worke, ile come
to you presently.
The Maides Revenge.

Cat. Wheres Diego? he is missing, runne one to his chamber, heres Valasco. Enter Valasco.

Seb. It is apparent sir, Valascoes noble.

Cat. Berinthis stolne away. Val. Ha?

Seb. Her Chamber broken open, and shee tane thence this night.

Val. Confusion stay the cheefe.

Mount. So, so, as you were laying, Berinthis was stolne away by some body, and —

1. Ser. Diego is not in his chamber.

Cat. Didst breake ope the doore?

1. Ser. I did, and found all empty.

Mount. How, Diego gone? thats strange, oh it workes againe, Ile come to you presently.

Cat. I doe suspect —

This some plot of Antonio, Diego, a subtle villaine,

Confirms himselfe an instrument by this absence;

What thinkest Ansilva?

Ansl. Indeed I heard some of them name Antonio.

Vil. Seb. Cat. Ha?

Vil. Tis true upon my soule, oh false Antonio.

Cat. Unworthy Gentleman.

Val. Let none have the honour to revenge, but I the wrong.

Valasco, let me beg it sir.

Vil. Antonio, boy up before the day, Upon my blessing I command thee post To Elvas Castle, summon that false man To quit his shamefull action, bid him returne Thy sister backe, whose honour will be lost For ever in't, if he shall dare deny her, Double thy Fathers spirit, call him to A stricte account, and with thy sword enforce him, Oh I could leape out of my age me thinkes, And combat him my selfe: be thine the glory, This staine will never wash off, I seele it settle On all our blood, away, my curse persue This disobedience.
Val. I had an interest in Berinithia.
Why have not I commission, I have a sword.
Thirteenth to be acquainted with his veins.
It is too mean an satisfaction
To have her rendred, on his heart Ide write.
A most just vengeance.

Seb. Sir she is my sister, I have a sword dares sent.
A wound as farre as any; spare your valour.

Cat. I have a tricke to be rid of this foole, my Lord
Doe you accompany my brother, you
I know are valiant.

Mount. Any whither, he make me ready presently. Exe

Seb. My most unhappy sister.

Cat. Oh I could suffer, I am confident

Antonio hath her, his revenge beyond
My expectation, to close upp the eyes.
Of his Berinithia, dying in his armes,
Poyson'd maturely, mischeife I shall prove
Thy constant friend, let weakenesse vertue love.

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ACTUS 4. SCENA 1.

Enter Antonio, Berinithia, Castabella, Villandra, Sforza, Diego.

Ant. The welcom'gt guest that ever Eluas had
Sister, Villandra are not sensible what treasure
You possesse, I have no loves, I would not here divide.

Cast. Indeed Madam, yare as welcome here, as ere my mo-
ther was.

Vil. And you are here as safe, as if you had an army for your
Guard.

Sfor. Safe armies, and guard; Berinithia yare a Lady,
But I meane not to court you; guard & notha, here's
A Toledo, and an old arme, tough bones and sinewes.
Able to cut off as stout a head as wags upon a shoulder.

Tharr Antonio's guest, welcome by the old bones
Of his Father, that a wall of brasse about the
My young Daffodill.
The Maid's Revenge.

Vil. Nor thinke my noble cozen meaneth you any dishonour here.

Ant. Dishonour, it is a language I never understood, yet throw off your feares Berinthis, yare ith' power
Of him that dares not thinke
The least dishonour to you.

Sfor. True by this buffe jerkin, that hath look'd ith face of an Army, and he lies like a termagant, denies it, Antonio is Lord of the Castle, but he command fire to the gunnes, upon any Renegado that confronts us, set thy heart at rest my gilloflower, we are all friends I warrant thee, and hees a Turke that does not honour thee from the haire of thy head, to thy pettites.

Ant. Come be not sad.

Caf. Put on fresh blood, yare not cheerfull, how doe you?

Ber. I know not how, nor what to answer you,
Your loves I cannot be ungratfull to,
Yare my best frends I thinke, but yet I know not
With what consent you brought my body hither.

Ant. Can you be ignorant what plot was laid
To take your faire life from you.

Ber. If all be not a dreame, I doe remember
Your yeoman Diego told me wonders, and
I owe you for my preservacion, but——

Sfor. Shoote not at Buts, Cupids an archer, heres a faire marke, a fooles bolts loone shot, my names Sforza still, my double Daisie.

Caf. It is your happinesse you have escaped the malice of your sister.

Vil. And it is worth
A noble gratitude to have beene quit,
By such an honourer as Antonio is
Of faire Berinthis.

Ber. Oh but my Father, under whose displeasure I ever
Ant. You are secure

Ber. As the poore Deere that being pursuied, for safety
Gets up a rocke that over hangs the Sea,
Where all that she can see, is her destruction,
The Maides Revenge.

Before the waves, behind her enemies
Promise her certaine ruine.

Ant. Faine not your selfe to haplesse my Berinthis,
Ralle your defeeted thoughts, be merry, come,
Think I am your Antonio.

Cas. It is not wisdome
To let our passed fortunes trouble us,
Since were they bad, the memorie is sweete,
That we have past them, looke before you Lady,
The future most concerneth.

Ber. You have awak'd me, Antonio pardon,
Upon whose honour I dare trust my selfe,
I am resolv'd, if you dare keepe me here,
I expect some happier issue.

Ant. Dare keepe thee here? with thy content, I dare
Deny thy Father, by this sword I dare,
And all the world.

Sfor. Dare, what giant of valour dares hinder us, from dairing to slit the weasands of them that dare say, wee dare not doe any thing, that is to be dared under the poles, I am old Sforza, that in my dayes have scoured rogues faces with hot bals, made em cut crisse capers, and sent them away with a powder, I have a company of roring buils upon the wall, shall I spit fire in the faces of any ragamuffian that dares say, we dare not fight pell mell, and still my name is Sforza.

Enter Diogo bastily.

Die. Sir your noble friend don Sebastiano is at the castle gate,

Ant. Your brother Lady, and my honoured friend,
Why doe the gates not spread themselves to open
At his arrivall Sforza, is Berinthis brother,
Sebastiano the example of all worth
And friendship, is come after his sweete sister.

Ber. Alas I feare.

Ant. Be not such a coward Lady, he cannot come
Without all goodness waiting on him, Sforza,
Sforza I say, what preuest time we lose,
Sebastiano, I almost lose my selfe
In joy to meete him, breake the iron barres.
And give him entrance.

Sfor. Ile breake the walls downe, if the gates be too little.

Cast. I much desire to see him.

Ant. Sister, now hees come, he did promise me

But a short absence, he of all the world
I would call brother. Castabella more
Then for his sisters love, oh hees a man
Made up of merit, my Berinthia
Throw off all cloudes, Sebatianoes come.

Ber. Sent by my Father to

Ant. What, to see thee? he shall see thee here, he tells all
Respected like thy selfe, Berinthia,
Attended with Antonio, begin with armies of thy servants.

Enter Sebatiano Mounte Nigro, Sforza.

Oh my friend.

Seb. Tis yet in question sir, and will not be
So easily proved.

Mourn. No sir, wee make you prove your selfe our friend.

Ant. What face have you put on? am I awake?

Seb. Antonio I come not now to Complement.

While you were noble, I was not least of them
You calld your friends, but you are guilty of
An action that destroyes that name.

Sfor. Bones a your Father, dores he come to swagger,
My name is Sforza then.

Ant. No more,

I guiltie of an action so dishonourable
Has made me unworthy of your friendship,
Come y'are not in earnest, tis enough I know

My selfe Antonio.

Seb. Add to him ungratefull.

Ant. T was a foule breath delivered it, and went any
But Sebatiano, he should feele the weight
Of such a falshood.

Seb. Sister you must along with me.

Ant. Now by my Fathers soule, he that takes hers hence

Vnlesse she give consent, treads on his grave.
Sebastian, you are un-noble then,
Tis I that said it.
Mount. So it seems.

Seb. Antonio, for here I throw off all
The ties of love, I come to fetch a sister;
Dishonourably taken from her father;
Or with my sword to force thee render her.
Now if thou beest a Souldier redeliver,
Or keepe her with the danger of thy person,
Thou cant not be my brother, till we first
Be allied in blood.

Ant. Promise me the hearing,
And that have any satisfaction,
Becomes my fame.

Mount. So, he will submit himselfe, it will be our honor.

Ant. Wert in your power, would you not account it
A pretious victory, in your sisters cause,
To dye your sword with any blood of him,
Sav’d both her life and honour?

Seb. I were ungratefull.

Ant. You have told your selfe, and I have argument to
prove this.

Seb. Why would you have me thinke, my sister owes to
you such preservation?

Ant. Oh Sebastian,
Thou dost not thinke what devill lies at home
Within a sisters bosome, Catalina,
(I know not with what work of envy) laid
Force to this goodly building, and through poyson
Had rob’d the earth of more then all the world;
Her vertue.

Seb. You must not beat my resolution off
With these inventions sir.

Ant. Be not cozend.

With your credulity, for my blood, I value it
Beneath my honour, and I dare by goodnesse,
In such a quarrell kill thee: but heare all,
And then you shall have fighting your heart full.
Valasco was the man, appointed by
That goodly sister to steal Berinthia,
And Lord himselfe of this possession,
Upon no better cause, they will enforce him.
Mount. Harke you sir, doe thinke this is true?
Vil. I dare maintaine it.
Mount. Thats another matter, why then the cause is
Altered, what should we doe fighting, and lose.
Our lives to no purpose.
Sf. It seemes you are his second.
Mount. I am Count de Monte Negro.
Sfor. And my names Sforza sir, you were not best to come
here to brave us, unless you have more legges and armes at
home. I have a saza, shall picke holes in your doubler, and
flake your thankes, my gallimaufry.
Seb. I cannot but beleve it, oh Berinthia,
I am wounded ere I fight.
Ant. Holds your resolve yet constant? if you have
Better opinion of your sword, then truth,
I am bound to anfwer, but I would I had
Such an advantage against another man,
As the justice of my cause, all vallour fights.
But with a fayle against it.
Vil. Take a time to informe your father sir, my noble
Cozen is to be found here constant.
Seb. But will you backe with me then?
Ber. Excuse me brother, I shall fall too soone.
Upon my sisters malice, whose foule guilt
Will make me expect more certaine ruine.
Ant. Now Sebastiano
puts on his judgement, and assumes his nobleness,
whilst he loves equity.

Seb. And shall I carry shame
To Villarezzo's house, neglect of father,
whose precepts bindes me to returne with her?
Or leave my life at Elvas, I must on,
I have heard you to no purpose, shall Berinthea
Backe to Avero.

Ant. Sir the must not yet, tis dangerous.

Seb. Choose thee a second then, this Count and I
Means to leave honour here.

Vill. Honour me sir.

Ant. Tis done, Sebastiano shall report
Antonio just and noble, Storza swears
Upon my Sword, oh doe not hinder me
If victory crowne Sebastianoes armes.
I charge thee by thy honesty restore
This Lady to him, on whose lip I seale
My unspoil'd faith.

Mount. Vnh, tis a rare phyitian, my spirit is abased!

Caf. Brother.

Ber. Brother.

Seb. And wilt thou be dishonoured?

Ber. Oh doe not wrong the Gentleman, believe it
Dishonour were dwelt here, and he hath made
A most religious vow, not in a thought
To staine my innocence, he does not force me
Remember, what a noble friend, you make
A most just enemy, he say'd my life,
Be not a murtherer, take yet a time,
Runne not your selfe in danger for a cause
Carries so little justice.

Mount. Faith sir, if you please take a time to thinke on 't, a
month or two or three, they shall not say but wee are hono-
rable.

Caf. You gave him to my heart a Gentleman, Seb. whis.
Complete with goodnesse, will you rob the world
And me at once, alas I love him.

Ant. Never man fought with a lesser heart, the conquest will be but many deaths, he is her brother,
My friend, this poor girles joy.

Mount. With all my heart, Ile post to Avero presently.

Seb. Let it be so Antonio.

Cast. Alas pore Castabella, what a conflict
Feelst thou within thee, their fight woundeth thee,
And I must die, who ere hath victory:
Ant. Then friend againe, and as Sebastiano,
I bid him welcome, and who loves Antonio
Must speake that language.

Sfor. Enough, not a Masty upon the Castle walls
But shall barke too, I congratulate thee, if thou
Beest friend to the Castle of Elvas, and still my name
Is Sforza.

Ant. Well said my brave Adelautado, come Sebastiano,
And my Birinthia by to morrow we shall know
The truth of our felicity.

Enter Vilarezo.

Vil. What are the Nobles more than common men?
When all their honour cannot free them from
Shame and abuse; as greatness were a marke
Stucke by them, but to give direction
For men to shooe indignities upon them?
Are we call’d Lords of riches we possesse,
And can defend them from the ravishing hand
Of strangers, when our children are not safe
From theves and robbers, none of us can challenge
Such right to wealth and fortunes of the world,
Being things without us; but our children are
Essentiall to us, and participate
Of what we are: part of our very nature,
Ourselues but cast into a younger mold,
And can we promise, but so weake assurance
Of so neere treasures. O Vilarezo shall
Thy age be trampled on, no, it shall not,
I will be knowne a father, Portugal.
The British crown has every right to require the submission of its citizens, and the
people of this nation have a duty to obey the laws of the land.

The Westminster Parliament is the highest authority in the land, and its
judgments are final.

The Prince, as head of the state, is bound to follow the advice of his ministers,
and the ministers are bound to act in the best interests of the nation.

The King is also subject to the laws of the land, and he cannot
violate them without consequence.

The laws of the land are for the benefit of all, and they must be
followed by all, without exception.

The people of this nation are bound to obey the laws of the land,
and they must not interfere with the workings of government.

The judges of the land are the interpreters of the laws, and
they must do their best to ensure that justice is served.

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must be followed by all, without exception.

The people of this nation are bound to obey the laws of the land,
and they must not interfere with the workings of government.

The judges of the land are the interpreters of the laws, and
they must do their best to ensure that justice is served.

The people of this nation are bound to respect the authority of the
judges, and they must not interfere with their proceedings.

The laws of the land are for the benefit of all, and they
must be followed by all, without exception.
Shall not report this infamy unreveng'd,
It will be a barre in Vilarozes armes
Past all posterity; Enter Catalina.
Come Catalina, thou wilt stay with me,
Prepare to welcome home Sebastiano,
Whom I expect with honour, and that baggage
Ambitious girl Berinthia.
Cat. Alas sir; censure not her too soone,
Till she appeare guilty. Vil. Heres thy vertue still,
To excuse her Catalina, no beleive it,
Shes naught, past hope, I have an eye can see
Into her very heart, thou art too innocent. Enter Valasco.
Valasco welcome too, Berinthia
Is not come home yet, but we shall see her
Brought back with shamee; and is not justice, ha?
What can be shame enough?
Val. Your daughter sir?
Vil. My daughter? doe not call her so, she has no
True blood of Vilaroz in her veins;
She makes her selfe a bastard, and deserves
To be cut off like a disordered branch,
Disgracing the faire tree she springeth from.
Val. Lay not so great a burthen on Berinthia,
Her nature knowes not to degenerate;
Upon my life she was not yeelding, to
The injurious action; if Antonio
Have plaied the theefe, let your revenge fall there,
Which were I trusted with, although I doubt not
Sebastianoes fury, he should feele it
More heavy than his Castle, what can be
Too just for such a sinne?
Vil. Right, right Valasco, I doe love thee for,
Tis so, and thou shalt see I have a fence
Worthy my birth and person.
Val. 'Twill become you, but I marvell we hear nothing
Of their success at Elvas, by this time
I would have sent Antonio to warme
His fathers ashes, doe you not thinke sir?
Sebastian will not be remissed,
A gentle nature is abus'd with tales,
Which they know how to colour; here's the Count.

Enter Monte negro sweating.

Cat. How, the Count? I sent him thither to be rid on him;
The fool has better fortune than I wished him,
But now I shall hear that, which will more comfort me,
My sister's death most certainly.

Mont. My Lord, I have rid hard, read there, your sonne
And daughter is well. Cat. Ha, well?

Mont. Madam. Cat. How does my sister?

Mont. In good health, she has commendations to you
In that letter. Val. And is Antonio living?

Mont. Yes, and remembers his service to you,
Val. Has he then yeelded up Berinthia?

Mont. He will yeeld up his ghost first, I know not we were
Going to flesh base one another, I am sure but the
Matter of felony hangs still, who will cut it downe;
I know not, Madam there's notable matter against you.

Cat. Me?

Mont. Upon my honor there is, be not angry with me,
No leffe than theft and murder, that letter is charg'd
Withall, but you're cleare all I make no question, they
Talk of poysoning. Cat. Am I betray'd?

Mont. Well, I smell, I smell. Cat. What do you smell?

Mont. It was but a tricke of theirs to save their lives,
For we were bent to kill all that came against us.

Val. Catalina reade here, Valasco, both of you,
And let me reade your faces, ha? they wonder.

Val. Howes this, I fleale Berinthia?

Cat. I poylon my sister. Val. This doth amaze me.

Cat. Father, this letter sayes I would have poysoned my
poore sister, innocence defend me.

Val. It will, it shall, come I acquit you both,
They must not thus foole me.

Mont. Madam I thought as much, my minde gave me, it
Was a lye, yes, you looke like a poytoner, as much
As I looke like a Hobby-horse.
Clfl. Was ever honest love so abused, have I
So poor reward for my affection.
Val. It shall be so.
Val. Madam I know not how the poison came in, but I
Fear some have betrayed our plot.
Cat. And how came you off my noble Count.
Mont. As you see without any wounds, but much against
My will I was but one, Sebastiano, that was the
Principal, took a demurre upon their allegation.
It seemes, and so the matter is rak’d up in the Embërs.
Val. To make a greater fire, were you so cold
To credit his excuse, Antonio,
I should not have been so frozen.
As you love honor and revenge, give me
Some interest now, and if I doe not.
Shew my selfe faithfull, let Valafco have:
No name within your memory, let me begge;
To be your Proxie sir, pitty such blood,
As yours should be ignobly cast away:
Maddam speake for me.
Cat. No, I had rather lose this fool.
Mont. And you can get their consents.
Cat. You cannot sir in honour now goe backe.
I shall not think you love me, if my father
Point you such noble service to refuse it.
Mont. You heare what she sayes.
Val. Count: Monte negro.
Val. I am all fire with rage.
Val. Valafco, you may accompany the Count;
There may be employment of your valour too;
Tell me at your returne, whether my sonne
May prove a souldier, heres new warrant for
Antonios death, if there be coldnesse urge it,
Tis my desire, ile study a better service.
Val. I shall.
Val. Away then both, no complement, I wish you either
Had a Pegasus, be happy, my old bloud boyles, this
Must my peace secure, such fores as these must:
Have a desperate cure.


Seb. This honor Madam of your selfe and brother,
Make me unhappy, when I remember, what
I came for, not to feast thus but to fight.

Cast. Pity true friendship should thus suffer.


Ant. Some conceit of Sforza the old Captaine,

Let's entertaine it, some Souldiers device,

A maske of Souldiers.

Godamercy Sforza.

Sfor. To your stations now my brave brats of Millitary
Discipline, enough, Sforza honours you, looke to your
Charge Bullies, and be ready upon all occasions,
My invincible dub a dub knights of the Castlè,

Qui vala. Enter Montenigro, Valasco.

Val. We must speake with Don Sebastiano.

Sfor. Makt? Th'art a Mushrumpe, must, in the Castle of Elvas.

Monte nigro gives a letter.

Ant. Friends; Sforza.

Val. What, courting Ladies, by this time 'twas expected.
You would have courted fame sir, and woed her to you.
You shall know me better.

Ant. I doubt you'll never be better, you shall not owe me
More than you shall account for.

Seb. Or else my curse, that word cries out for death.

Cast. My fears perplexe me.

Val. Madam I doe wonder
You can forget your honour, and reflect
On such unworthinesse, wherein hath Valasco
Shewed you lesse merit.

Ber. Sir it becomes not me
To weigh your worths, nor would I learne of you
How to preserve my honour.

Seb. Sifter.

Ant. Villandras.

Seb. Then I must take my leave, for I am sent for;
I am sorry for your fate, Madam I am expected

By
By a father, your vertue hath made me yours.

Mount. O admirable philitian!

Ant. Sforza, there is no remedie, but by all honour doe it,

Sister, I am to waite on him, oh my poore girl

Berinthis, my soule be with thee, for a

Little time excuse my absence.

Sfor. You may walke sir,

Val. Antonio I must but now looke on, you were

Belt take a course not to out live him.

Exeunt Sforza, Villandras : and Ladies.

Ant. Sebastianio, I know not with what soule

I draw my sword against thee

Seb. Antonio I am driven in a storme

To split my selfe on thee, if not, my curse ----

We must on sir.

Mount. Rare man of art Sharkinio.

Vil. Guard thee Count.

Enter Sfor, Val, and Ladies above.

Cafi. Treacherous Sforza, haft thou brought us hither, to

be stroke dead?

Mount. Hold Gentlemen, give me audience.

Seb. Whats the matter my Lord.

Mount. My fit is on me, tis so, I had forgot my selfe,

This is my ague day. Seb. How?

Mount. Yes a sextile ague, looke you, doe you not see me

shake, admirable Doctor, it will be as much as my life is worth

if I should fight a stroke.

Seb. Hell on souch basenesse, weele engage no more,

Let our swords try it out.

Val. Sebastianio hold, that not to ill befriended,

Exchange a person, ile leape the battlement.

Mount. Withall my heart, I am sorry it happens so un-

fortunately, oh rare philitian!

Vil. Good cozen grant it.

Ant. What faies Sebastianio.

Vil. I conjure you by all honour.

Seb. It is granted; Ber. He shall not goe.

Ant. Meete him my Lord, you will become his place of a
Spectator best.

Enter Valasco:

Bert. Sebastiano, brother.

Cafst. Antonio, here me.

Vil. Guard thee Valasco then.

Cafst. O brother spare him for my sake.

Bert. Sebastiano every wound thou givest him, drawes blood from me.

Cafst. Sebastiano, remember hee thy friend.

Bert. Antonio tis my brother, with whose blood thou dost thy word.

Ant. When thou livest againe shalt be more honorable.

Kils Valasco.

Sebastiano doe you observe the advantage,
Yet thinke upon't.

Seb. It is not in my power, I value not the odds.

Bert. Hold, Antonio, is this thy love to me, it is not noble.

Seb. So thy death makes the scale even. Kils Villandras.

Cafst. Antonio hold, Berinthia dyes.

Bert. Sebastiano, Castabella linkes for sorrow, murder, helpe I will leape downe.

Ant. Where art Berinthia, let me breath my last upon thy lip, make haste, leaft I die else.

Seb. Antonio before thou dost cut off my hand, art wounded mortaily?

Ant. To die by thee is more then death, Sforza be honest.

But love thy sister for me, I me past hope,
Thou haft undone another in my death.

Enter Berinthia, Sforza, Mounse.

Bert. Antonio stay oh cruell brother.

Ant. Berinthia thy lip farewell, and friend, and all the world.

Sfor. The gate is open, I am sworne to render.

Bert. Hees not dead, his lips are warme, have you no balsome, a Surgeon dead, some charitable hand send my soule after him. Sfor. Away, away.

Bert. It will be easie to die.

All life is but a walke in misery.

Exit.
...
Act 5. Scene 1.

Enter Sebastiano.

Seb. My friend, my noble friend, that had deserved
Most honorably from me, by this hand
Divorc'd from life, and yet I have the use on't,
Hapless Sebastiano, oh Berinthia,
Let me for ever lose the name of Brother,
Wilt thou not curse my memory, give me up
To thy just hate a murtherer.

Enter Villarezo.

Vil. Ha, this must not be Sebastiano,
I shall be angry if you throw not off
This melancholly, it does ill become you,
Doe you repent your duty, were the action
Againe presented to be done by thee:
And being done, againe should challenge from thee
A new performance, thou wouldest shew no blood
Of Villarezoes, if thou didst not runne
To act it, though all horror, death and vengeance
Dog'd thee at thy heeles; come I am thy Father,
Value my blessing, and for other peace
Ile to the King, let me no more see thee cloudy.

Exit

Enter Diego, Castabella like a page.

Die. That was his Father,

Cast. No more, farewell, be all silence.

Exit Diego

Cast. Sir.

Seb. Hees newly gone that way, mayst soone ore take him

Cast. My business points at you Sir.

Seb. At me, what newes? thou hast a face of horror, more
welcome speake it.

Cast. If your name be Don Sebastiano, Sir
I have a token from a friend.

Seb. I have no friend alive boy, carry it backe,
Tis not to me, I've not another friend
In all the world.
Caf. He that hath sent you this gift, did love you, you're say your self he did.

Seb. Ha, name him prethee.

Caf. The friend I came from was Antonio.

Seb. Thou lyest, and that a villain, who hath sent thee
to tempt Sebastian, soule to act on thee.

Another death, for thus affrighting me.

Caf. Indeede I do not mocke, nor come to affright you.

Heaven knowes my heart, I know Antonio dead,

But twas a gift he in his life design'd
to you, and I have brought it.

Seb. Thou dost not promise cozenage, what gift is it?

Caf. It is my selfe sir, while Antonio liv'd, I was his boy,

But never did boy loose so kinde a Master, in his life he promised he would bestow me, so much was his love
to my poore merit, on his dearest friend,

And nam'd you sir, if heaven should point out
to overlive him, for he knew you would

Love me the better for his sake, indeed

I will be very honest to you, and

Refuse no service to procure your love;

And good opinion to me.

Seb. Can it be

Thou wert his boy, oh thou shouldst hate me then,

Th'art false, I dare not trust thee, unto him

Thou swerest thee now unfaithfull to accept

Of me, I kild him thy Master, twas a friend

He could commit thee to, I onely was,

Of all the stocke of men his enemy,

His cruellest enemy.

Caf. Indeede I am sure it was, he spoke all truth,

And had he liv'd to have made his will, I know

He had bequeathed me as a legacy

to be your boy; alas I am willing sir

To obey him in it, had he laid on me

Command, to have mingled with his sacred dust,

My unprofitable blood, it should have beene

A most glad sacrifice, and 't had beene honour
To have done him such a duty sir, I know
You did not kill him with a heart of mallice,
But in contention with your very soule
To part with him.

Seb. All is as true as Oracle by heaven,
Doest thou beleive so?

Cas. Indeede I doe. Seb. Yet be not rash;
Tis no advantage to belong to me,
I have no power nor greatness in the Court,
To raise thee to a fortune; worthy of
So much observance as I shall expect
When thou art mine.

Cas. All the ambition of my thoughts shall be
To doe my dutie sir.

Seb. Besides, I shall afflict thy tendernessse
With solitute and passion, for I am
Onely in love with sorrow, never merry,
Weare out the day in telling of sad tales,
Delight in sighes and teares; sometimes I walke
To a Wood or River purposely to challenge
The boldest Eccho, to fend backe my groanes
Ith' height I breake e'm, come I shall undoe thee.

Cas. Sir, I shall be most happy to beare part
In any of your sorrowes, I nere had
So hard a heart but I could shed a teare
To beare my Master company.

Seb. I will not leave thee if thou'lt dwell with me.
For wealth of Indies, be my loved boy,
Come in with me, thus Ile begin to do
Some recompence for dead Antonio. Enter Berinthia.

Ber. So I will dare my fortune to be cruell,
And like a mountanous piece of earth that suckes
The balls of hot Artillery, I will stand
And weary all the gunshot; oh my soule
Thon haft beeene too long icy Alpes of snow's:
Have buried my whole nature, it shall now
Turne Element of fire, and fill the ayre
With bearded Comets, threatening death and horrour
For my wrong'd innocence, contemn'd, disgrac'd,
Nay mother'd, for with Antonio
My breath expired, and I but borrow this
To court revenge for justice, if there be
Those furies which doe waite on desperate men,
As some have thought, and guide their hands to mischief:
Come from the wombe of night, affist a maide
Ambitious to be made a monster like you;
I will not dread your shapes, I am disposed
To be at friendship with you, and want nought
But your blacke aide to seale it.

Enter Mounte Nigro and Anstila.

Mount. First ile locke up thy Tongue, and tell thee my honorable meaning, lo,
To tell you the truth, it is a love-powder, I had it of the Brave Doctor, which I would have thee to suger
The Ladies cup withall, for my sake wo't do't;
And if I marry her, that find me a noble Master, and thou shalt be my chiefe Gentlewoman In Ordinary; keepe thy body loose, and thou shalt
Want no gowne I warrant thee; wo't do't.

Anst. My Lord, I thinke my Lady is much taken with your worth already, so that this will be superfluous,

Mount. INay think she has cause enough, but I have a great Mind to make an end on't, to tell you true, there are Halfe a dozen about mee, but I had rather she should have Me than an other; and my blood is growne so-boysterous For my body, thats another thing; so that if thou wilt Doe it Anstila, thou wilt doe thy Lady good service, And live in the favour of Count de Monte Nigro;
I will make thy children kinne to mee, if thou wo't Do't. Anst. I am your honours handmaid, but —

Mount. Here's a Diamond, prethee weare it, be not modest.

Anst. 'Tis done my Lord, urge it no further.

Mount. But be secret too for my honors sake, we great men
Doe not love to have our actions laid open to the Broad face of the world, ile get thee with child,
And marry thee to a Knight, my brave Anstila, takē
The first opportunity.

Ans. If there be any vertue in the powder, prepare to
meet your wishes my noble Lord.

Mour. Thy Count de Monte Negro expect to be a Lady. Exit.


Ber. Nay you need not hide it, I heard the conference,
and know the vertue of the powder, let me see it,
or I'll discover all. Ans. I am undone.

Ber. No, here take it again, 'till not prevent
my sisters happiness and the Count's desire,
I am no Tell-tale good Ansilva giv't her,
and heavens succede the operation,
I beg on my knee; seare not Ansilva,
I am all silence.

Ans. Indeede Madam, then shee shall have it presently.

Enter Sebastian; Castabella.

Caf. Sir, if the opportunity I use

to comfort you be held a fault, and that
I keepe not distance of a servant, lay it
upon my love; indeede if it be an error,
it springs out of my duty.

Seb. Prethee boy be patient;
The more I strive to throw off the remembrance
Of dead Antonio, love still rubbes the wounds
To make them bleed afresh.

Caf. Alas they are past,
Binde up your owne for honours sake,
And shew love to your selfe, pray do not lose your reason,
To make your griefe so fruitlesse; I have procur'd
Some musicke for to quiet those sad thoughts,
That makes such warre within you.

Seb. As good boy, it will but add more weights
Of dulness on me, I am flung with worse
Than the Tarantula, to be cur'd with musicke
't has the easternt unity, but it cannot,
Accord my thoughts.

Caf. Sir this your couch

Seemes...
The Maidens Revenge.

Scenes to invite so small repose;
Oh I beseech you taste it, ile begge
A little leave to sing.

Enter Berthia:

Sweete sleepe charme his sad fenes, and gentle.
Thoughts let fall your flowing numbers, here and round
About horer celestiall Angels with your wings
That none offend his quiet, sleepe begins
To cast his nets o're me too, ile obey,
And dreame on him, that dreames not what I am.

Ber. Nature doth wrestle with me, but revenge
Doth armie my love against it, jultice is.
Above all tie of blood Sebastiano
Thou art the first shalt tell Antoniods ghost
How much I lov'd him.

She stabbes him upon his couch; Castab. rises and runnes to

Seb. Oh slay thy hand Berthia? no
Th' at don't, I wish thee heavens forfivenesse, I cannot
Tarry to heare thy reasons, at many doores,
My life runnes out, and yet Berthia
Dost in her name give me more wounds then these.
Antonio, oh Antonio, we shall now
Be friendes againe.

Die:

Ber. Hees dead, and yet I live, but not to fall
Lesse then a constellation, more flames must
Make up the fire that Berthia
And her revenge, must bathe in.

Enter Catalina poysoned, pulling Anstion by the bairne.

Cast. Sebastiano, litter, Anst. murder.
Cat. Theres wild-fire in my bowells, fure I am poysoned?
Oh Berthia.

Ber. Ha, ha.

Cat. Helpe me to teare Anstion; I am poysoned by
The Count and this fury.

Ber. Ha, ha. Cat. Doe you laugh hereat:

Ber. Yes queene of hell to see thee
Sinke in the glory of thy hope for blisse:
But art sure th'art poysoned, ha?

Anst. Nay I have my part on't, I did but sip, and my belly

Swells.
Swells too; call you this love-powder, Count Monte.
Nigro hath poison'd us both.
Bec. Ye are a pair of witches, and because
He keepeth your potion working, know ye are both
Poison'd by me, by me Berinthia,
Being thus tormented with my wrongs,
I arm'd my selfe with all provision
For my revenge, and had in readinesse
That faithfull poison which ith' opportunity
I put upon Ansliva for the exchange
Of the amorous powder; oh fools, my soule
Ravish thy selfe with laughter, poltition.
My eldest divell sister, does the heate
Offend your stomacke, troth charity, a little charitie
Th'onlye Antidote, that's cold enough:
Looke heres Sebastiano;
Now horrore strike thy soule, to whose heart leste heart,
I sent this puny yard, for Antonioes death;
And if that piece of thy damnation
Ansliva had not done, I meant to have writ
Revenge with the same point upon thy breast;
But I doe surfeit in this brave prevention:
Sleepe, sleepe Antonioes ashes, and now ope
Thou marbells chest to take Berinthia.
To mingle with his dust.

Cat. I have not so much heart as to curse, must I die?

Enter Vilarezo, Castabella, Mounte Nigro.

Cat. Here my Lord, alas hees dead, my Sebastiano

Vil. Catalina. Cat. I am poison'd.

Vil. Ha, Defend good heaven, by whom.

Anf. I am poison'd too.

Vil. Racke not my soule amazement, tis a dreame sure.

Anf. Your Love-powder hath poison'd us both.

Mou. What will become of me now, I would I were hang'd
To be out of my paine, by this flesh, as I am a Count.
I bought it of the Doctor for good love-powder;
But Madam I hope you are not poison'd in earnest.

Cat. The devil on your foolship, oh I must walke
The dark foggy way that spits fire and brimstone,
No physicke to restore me? Send for Shapino, a cooler
A cooler, there's a Smiths forge in my belly, and the
Devill blows the Bellowes, Snow-water, Berinthisia
Has poison'd me, sink by mine owne engine;
I must hence, hence, farewell, will you let me die so?
Confusion, torment, death, hell.

Mount. I am glad with all my heart that Berinthisia has
Poisoned her, yet —

Ber. Oh it becomes thee bravely, hear me sir.
Antonio's death and my dishonours now
Have just revenge; I stab'd Sebastiano, poison'd my sister;
Oh but they made too soon a fury of me,
And split the patience, from whose dreadful breach
Came these consuming fires, your passions fruitless;
My soul is reeling forth I know not whether;
Oh father my heart weeps tears, for you I dye, oh see
A maides revenge with her owne Tragedy.

Cat. Anilva; oh thou dull wretch, hell on thy cursed
Weakness, thou gavest me
The poison, but I lICKE earth, hold, a gentleman
Vnder to support me, oh I am gone, the poison
Now hath torne my heart in pieces, Mortis.

Vil. I am Planet strucke, a direfull Tragedy, and have
I no part in't: how doe you like it, ha? wait not
Done toth' life? they are my owne children; this was
My eldest girl; this Berinthisia the Tragedian,
Whose love by me resifted, was mother of all this
Horror; and there's my boy too, that slew Antonio
Valiantly, and fell under his sisters rage, what
Art thou boy?

Cai. Ile tell you now I am no boy.
But hapless Castabella, sister to
The slaine Antonio, I had hop'd to have
Some recompence by Sebastiano's love,
For whose sake in disguise I thus adventur'd;
To purchase it, but death hath ravish'd us,
And here I bury all my joyes on earth.
Mount. Sweet Lady, heres Count de Monte nigro alive
To be your servant.
Caf. Hence dull greatnesse.
Vil. Were you a friend of Sebastiano then?
Caf. Ile give you testimony.
Vil. No, I beleive you, but thou canst not be my daughter;
Tis false, he lies that sayes Berinabia
Was author of their deaths, twas Villarezo,
A fathers wretched curiosity, dead, dead, dead.
Caf. And I will leave the world too, for I meane
To spend the poore remainder of my dayes
In some Religious house, married to heaven,
And holy prayers for Sebastianoes soule,
And my lost brother.
Vil. Will you so?
Caf. I pray let Castabella have the honour
To enshrine his bones, and when my breath expires,
For sorrow promiseth I shall not live
To see more Sunnes, let me be buried by him
As neere as may be possible, that in death
Our dull may meete, oh my Sebastiano,
Thy wounds are mine.
Vil. Come I am arm'd, take up their bodies, Castabella you
Are not chiefe mourner here, he was my sonne,
Remember that, Berinthia first, she was the
Youngest, put her in the pithole first, then Catalina;
Straw, straw flowers enough upon em, for they
Were maides; now Sebastiano, take him
Vp gently, he was all the fonnes I had; now
March, come you and I are twinne in this dayes
Vnhappinesse, wee le march together, follow close.
Wete overtake em, softly, and as we go,
Wete dare our fortune for another woe.

F, N, I, S.
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direction-lines cropped

A2, B-54, H8, 14
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