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A CRITICAL OLD-SPELLING EDITION OF

THE YOUNG ADMIRAL

BY JAMES SHIRLEY

by

Kenneth J. Ericksen

A THESIS SUBMITTED
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Thesis Director's signature:

[Signature]

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Table of Contents

Introduction to the Play ................. 1
Sources .................................. xxvii
Stage History ............................ xxix
Introduction to the Text ................. xxxi
Bibliography .............................. xxxvii

The Young Admiral ....................... 1
Emendations of Accidentals .............. 126
Press Variants ............................ 134
James Shirley (1596-1666) was active as a poet and dramatist during the reign of Charles I. He was the last born of the major Jacobean and Caroline dramatists, ten years younger than John Ford. The Civil War and the closing of the theaters in 1642 cut short his career, but he survived the Commonwealth and lived to see the reopening of the theaters under Charles II. Whether he wrote anything for the Restoration stage is doubtful. Although tradition says he did, there is no tangible evidence. He did occupy an interesting position, however, in that he actively participated in the declining years of one dramatic period and saw the rise of another. The type of play he wrote and the type of audience for which he wrote were in many respects similar to Restoration plays and audiences. Shirley, then, can be seen as a transitional figure between the two periods.

The theater which Shirley saw develop after the Restoration differed from the Elizabethan theater in many ways, both in the physical aspects of the staging of plays and in basic moral and social assumptions behind the plays. Innovations in the staging of plays included the introduction of actresses to play female roles and a greatly increased use of scenery making the stage more like the realistic
picture frame stage than the Elizabethan apron stage. Restoration drama was performed in indoor theaters whereas much Elizabethan drama was performed in open-air playhouses modeled after the inn courtyard. Restoration drama was written for a much narrower audience than Elizabethan drama, its appeal being focused almost entirely on the upper classes—particularly on the nobles and courtiers around Charles II. Two acting companies were more than sufficient to satisfy the theatrical demands of the Restoration public—from 1682 to 1695 there was only one—while during Shakespeare’s time several boy companies were active at various times as well as three adult companies.

The smaller audience of the Restoration resulted in a drama less representative of society as a whole than the drama of the Elizabethans. Restoration drama catered to the hedonistic interests of the court just returned from France. Along with the court, drama rebelled against the strict moralizing of the Puritans. Elizabethan dramatists had almost always taken moral virtue seriously. The influence of the morality plays can be easily seen in much of their drama—the good and bad angels fighting for the soul of Faustus, the swift and sure destructive power of lust in *The Revenger's Tragedy*. The Elizabethan world

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was one based on a definite moral order. If the order were upset, disaster would inevitably follow. A good example of this process is *Hamlet* where the "something rotten in Denmark," brought about by the murder of the king and the usurpation of his throne, spreads its poison until the multiple deaths at the end clear the way for a healthy and proper order to be re-established. The Restoration dramatists, on the other hand, particularly the writers of comedy, were less concerned with moral virtues than with social graces. The consequences of upsetting a moral order were pretty much ignored. An ability to seduce other men's wives seems not at all to mar the stature of such heroes as Dorimant in Etherege's *Man of Mode* or Horner in Wycherley's *Country Wife*, and the seduced and abandoned women receive very little sympathy.

Although the differences between Elizabethan and Restoration drama are many, the gulf between the two can be exaggerated. The continuity in English drama was not entirely broken by the period of Cromwell. The influence of the French exile undoubtedly hastened certain elements of change, but it did not divert drama into a completely different direction from that in which it had already been flowing. Many elements in Shirley's plays can be seen as heading in the direction of Restoration drama. His audience was narrower, more exclusive, than had been
generally true of earlier audiences. The Young Admiral, as stated on the title page, was presented "at the private house in Drury Lane." Throughout his career, Shirley's plays were presented almost entirely to "the small and select audiences of the private theatres." When The Doubtful Heir was to be staged at the Globe rather than at the Blackfriars, he wrote a prologue in which he addressed the "understanders," the lower class people standing in the pit. His attitude is one of good-humored condescension as he indicates that he is not used to writing for such an audience:

   ... Oh, now,
You squirrels that want nuts, what will you do?
Pray do not crack the benches, and we may
Hereafter fit your palates with a play:
But you that can contract yourselves, and sit
As you were now in the Black-friars pit,
And will not deaf us with lewd noise and tongues,
Because we have no heart to break our lungs,
Will pardon our vast stage, and not disgrace
This play, meant for your persons, not the place.

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3 Apples, pears, and nuts were sold to the theater audiences. References to nut-cracking are found and discussed in the first chapter of W. J. Lawrence, Those Nut-cracking Elizabethans (London, 1955), pp. 1-8.

4 The Doubtful Heir, in The Dramatic Works and Poems of James Shirley, Now First Collected; with Notes by the Late William Gifford, Esq. and Additional Notes, and some account of Shirley and his Writings, by the Rev. Alexander Dyce, In Six Volumes, IV (London, 1833), 279.
In Shirley's comedies of manners can be seen much that anticipates Restoration comedy. The situation of Sir Thomas Bornwell and his wife Aretina in The Lady of Pleasure closely parallels that of the Pinchwives in Wycherley's The Country Wife. In both cases the couple has recently arrived in the city. Both wives proclaim their dislike of the dull life of the country. Both wives are fairly eager to be seduced by a city blade. But Shirley's attitude toward Aretina's infidelity differs greatly from Wycherley's attitude toward Marjory Pinchwife's. This difference is clearly shown in the treatment of the husbands as they react to their wives' follies. In Wycherley's play, Pinchwife is the main butt of the ridicule. He is an older man (forty-nine according to his friend Horner) who has lived the wild life of the city and now hopes to settle down with a beautiful and faithful young wife. He has chosen a country wife because he thinks her ignorance and innocence will insure her faithfulness. The potential absurdity of such a marriage has been recognized at least since the time that Chaucer wrote about January and May. Pinchwife is excessively jealous of young Marjory and yet rather easily fooled by younger men. After catching her in many suspicious acts and places, he finally must accept her as she is and pretend he believes in her innocence.

In Shirley's play there is nothing foolish or
ridiculous about Sir Thomas Bornwell. The seducer rather than the husband is the fool. Bornwell is fully aware of his wife's folly and sets out to teach her a lesson. Although she does not escape from London with her virtue unsullied, she does learn the lesson. Through Bornwell's feigned spending and folly, she is brought to her senses and reforms in the final act. Apparently the Bornwells will live in the country happily ever after.

In Wycherley lust and adulterous love are funny and not to be taken very seriously. Neither Marjory nor Horner is either punished or converted. In Shirley, however, either because of his own beliefs or the expectations of his audience, the lustful character is either persuaded to reform or else brings about a catastrophe in which he himself is destroyed. In moral outlook, then, Shirley is far from the largely amoral position of the Restoration writers of comedy.

One of the major themes of Elizabethan drama is lust and its consequences. In Shirley this theme is also very evident. The lustful tyrant, as portrayed in the Duke in Tourneur's *Revenger's Tragedy* is seen in Shirley's plays in such characters as Cesario of *The Young Admiral*, the Duke of *The Traitor*, and the Cardinal at the end of the play by that name. Lust as opposed to love is completely selfish. These characters have no thoughts for the welfare
of the object of desire but are concerned only with self gratification. Such a character from one of the comedies is Aretina in The Lady of Pleasure. She has come to London determined to seek pleasure. When her nephew enters the scene intoxicated, she shows concern only for how this will affect her own fortunes—"I am undone," she wails (III, ii, 120). His scholarly manners embarrass her, and when he speaks Latin to a lady, she says, "O, most unpardonable! Get him off quickly and discreetly" (III, ii, 156-157). The object of her desires, Alexander Kickshaw, she treats as just an object and not as a man who has feelings and desires like herself. She makes elaborate plans for her visit to him using blindfolds and dark rooms so that he will never know her identity, so that there will be no personal involvement.

The Lady of Pleasure is a comedy, and Aretina's lust does not have very serious consequences. She is a foolish rather than an evil character. When, however, a character in a high position of authority, a duke, prince, or king, allows himself to be consumed by lust, the consequences are very serious and far-reaching, and the stage is set for tragedy. The Elizabethans thought of the position of the ruler on earth as corresponding to that of the sun in the

5 Her name may be derived from Pietro Aretino (1492-1556), who was notorious in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries for his licentious and ribald dialogues, sonnets, and particularly his comedies.
sky or God in heaven. Everything in the state depends
upon him and is affected by his behavior. If he is corrupt,
his whole kingdom will be weakened by it. Webster expresses
this idea in the following lines from The Duchess of Malfi:

. . . a prince's court
Is like a common fountain, whence should flow
Pure silver drops in general, but if 't chance
Some cursed example poison't near the head,
Death and diseases through the whole land spread.
(I, i, 11-15)

This idea, whether explicit or implicit, is common
in Elizabethan drama. One of Shirley's clearest expressions
of it is found in The Traitor. In this play he has Sciarrha
present a masque meant to be a warning to the Duke. The
main character is the deadly sin Lust, who urges the sweet
tempters, beauty, smiles, and kisses, to concentrate their
charms on great people:

. . . Greatness make
By your potent charms to be
Subjects unto hell and me,
Inflame but kings with loose desire,
Ye soon set all the world on fire.
(III, ii, 21-25)

The Duke, however, is already so overcome by his passion
for Amidea that he does not hear the warning—"My eyes so
feasted here I did not mark it" (III, ii, 46). The
consequences are the deaths of Amidea, Pisano, Sciarrha,
Lorenzo, and the Duke himself.

Cesario's passion for Cassandra in The Young Admiral
is similar to that of the Duke for Amidea. The Young Admiral
is a tragi-comedy which during the first four acts seems to be heading just as surely and for the same reason as The Traitor toward a tragic ending. Cesario, the tempestuous son of a weak king, rules Naples in all but name. Unfortunately he has fallen in love with the beauty of Cassandra, a woman beneath him in birth and, more important, already pledged to Vittori. Cesario's frustrated desire has caused him to neglect his duties as prince. All noble and unselfish instincts have given way to the one burning passion which through Cesario has "set all the world on fire." Naples and Sicily are at war because Cesario's obvious lack of interest in the proposed marriage with Rosinda has been taken as an insult by the King of Sicily.

The opening scene quickly reveals the degeneration of Cesario. He enters the play with a sober and anxious look as one would expect from a prince whose country is at war. In his conversations with Alberto and Julio, however, we soon learn that his fear is not that Vittori might lose the battle but that he might win. He has, in fact, sent Vittori into battle with the same hope that King David had in sending Uriah into the thickest fighting—the hope he would be killed and thus leave the way open to Bathsheba, or in Cesario's case to Cassandra. As Cesario's jealousy of Vittori and hopes for his death are revealed, Alberto comments, "Your wishes are against the common peace" (I, i, 12)
and even Julio is shocked by what he hears. "Can there be ill in that?" he asks as Cesario indicates he does not hope for victory. Cesario replies:

I'll? thou art shallow, I
Made him not Admirall, but to engage
His youth and spirit, apt to fly on dangers,
To perish in his hot pursuit of honour,
If he come home with victory, my Father
And his wise state must give him thankes, the people
Giddily runne, to meete the Conquerour,
And owe their lives, and safety to his triumph.
But where am I? what peace brings it to me?
What blessing i' st to heare the generall voyce
Shoot their wild joyes to heaven and I in torment
Certaine to lose my hopes in faire Cassandra?
(I, i, 63-74)

The last four lines particularly indicate Cesario's extreme self-centeredness. He is a poor prince with no concern for his people's welfare. When Julio suggests his desires may ruin a kingdom, he answers glibly, "Ruine twenty more,/ So I enjoy her first" (I, i, 78-79).

Since Vittori returns not only alive but victorious, Cesario must make new plans for getting rid of him. His plotting leads to all sorts of logical absurdities in his speeches. Obviously there are no people in Naples more loyal to the King and Prince than Vittori and his father Alphonso. But Cesario's inability to control his inner passions leads him to the great injustice of accusing them of treason. He tries to attribute to Vittori a self-seeking pride which Vittori's previous actions and words have clearly indicated is not there. In words which
contrast with Vittori's earlier speech—"Subjects are bound
to fight for princes, they/ Not bound to the reward of
every service" (I, i, 32-33)—Cesario says,

But when opinion
Of their owne merit swels em into pride,
Which sets a price of that, which modesty
Should count an act of their obedience,
They forfeit the reward of thankes and honour,
And betray poore and most vain-glorious soules.
(II, i, 40-45)

No one can understand how this applies to Vittori. The
king says,

But sonne, sonne, how
Can these staines reach Vittori? he hath given
No argument to suspect his fall from Loyalty.
(II, i, 53-55)

But the prince blusters on and is able to convince his
father that Vittori and Alphonso are indeed dangerous.
He never attempts a logical account of the treachery, but
through a false humility tries to shame his father into
consenting to the imprisonment of the two:

... I waste breath
Since you are so well pleas'd; my duty sir
Shall speake me still your Sonne, but let me take
Boldnesse to prophesie their insolence
Strucke at my person first, but you will find
Their pride reach higher, I am but a branch
Superfluous, and may be pruned away.
(II, i, 63-69)

The metaphor of the branch growing from the trunk is a
flattering one to the king because it suggests he has the
sturdiness of a tree trunk and that his son is dependent
on him. This metaphor would normally be representative
of the relationship between father and son, but in this instance the implications of the metaphor are false. Cesario acts not as if he thinks he is a superfluous branch but rather a branch that has become more important than the trunk. He is the real power in Naples, being able to manipulate his weak father at will through a mixture of threatenings and flattery. When in the third act it becomes apparent that the Sicilians have assembled another fleet and have landed, the King of Naples meekly suggests that Cesario and he have been too rash. They need Vittori now. But Cesario completely ignores his father’s reasonable advice and ironically barks out orders about keeping "prudent watches" (III, i 62).

J ust has made Cesario into an irrational tyrant. Paralleling and reinforcing this irrationality, the inner turmoil, the raging of uncontrollable passion within Cesario, is the outer turbulence in the physical world of the play—the storm and the battle and the general disorderliness of events as fortune seems to be first on one side and then on the other. Shirley has created a skillful pattern of storm imagery which runs through the entire play. It is introduced in the first scene when Cesario speaks metaphorically of the battle at sea as a tempest:

... [the Sicilian king] in revenge
Hath added this new tempest to the Sea,
Mean’t to our ruine Iulio.

(I, i, 56-58)
Julio speaks of a storm within Cesario:

... shall a subject /Vittori/
Whom with your breath you may blow out o' th' world
Raise such a storme within you?  (I, i, 83-85)

When Alphonso is being questioned about the escape of Vittori and Cassandra, he also uses this type of imagery, comparing the cruelty of the storm winds to the cruelty of Cesario and the King:

... the Sea's no part
Of your command, the winds are masters there,
Which cannot raise a storme so blacke and ominous,
As their owne country.  (II, i, 110-113)

When the Sicilians land they bring a tempest with them literally as well as figuratively. Horatio interprets the storm as a good omen:

... observe how heaven
Threatens the fall of this proud enemie,
By this prodigious tempest, which but gives
Them warning of a greater.  (II, ii, 130-133)

The greater tempest will, of course, be the battle between Naples and Sicily.

The literal storm and battle plus the figurative use of storm to indicate inner turmoil all help reveal a very chaotic, disorderly world. It is a world in which fortune is very fickle. The Neapolitans think they have defeated the enemy, but it turns out they have only defeated a small
section of the Sicilian navy. The Sicilians think they have complete command of the situation because they have captured Cesario, but then they learn that Rosinda is a captive of Naples. The winds blow favorably first to one side and then to the other. All of this outer turmoil and instability has stemmed from the turmoil and instability within Cesario. He has not been temperate as Cassandra says (IV, i, 5). He has lost his sense of order and proportion. Cassandra tells him, "Rosinda was by heaven/Designed for you, as I was for Vittori" (V, iii, 51-52). Because of his rebellion against the proper order, he has brought war upon his city. He has been guilty of gross injustice to his people and especially to Vittori, Alphonso, and Cassandra. The injustice has become so extensive and complex that a tragic ending seems almost inevitable. The fountainhead has become corrupt. Can anything other than death bring about the cleansing that is necessary before a new order can be established? The Young Admiral provides a more cheerful though less realistic solution. Cesario suddenly repents, accepts Rosinda as his bride, and all is forgiven. Order is restored, and the storm imagery disappears. As the final scene begins, loud music emphasizes the peace and harmony established through the conversion of Cesario:

Never was musicke of so many parts,
As friends to Naples now, we all joyne hearts.
(V, iv, 42-43)
This play was highly praised by Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels. He had no compunctions about licensing it, and in fact pointed it out as a model for other dramatists. The following, dated July 3, 1633, is from his office-book:

The comedy called **The Yonge Admirall**, being free from oaths, prophaness, or obscenities, hath given mee much delight and satisfaction in the reading, and may serve for a pattern to other poetts, not only for the bettring of maners and language, but for the improvement of the quality, which hath received some brushings of late.

When Mr. Sherley hath read this approbation, I know it will encourage him to pursue this beneficial and cleanly way of poetry, and when other poetts heare and see his good success, I am confident they will imitate the original for their own credit, and make such copies in this harmless way, as shall speak them masters in their art, at the first sight, to all judicious spectators. It may be acted this 3 July, 1633.

I have entered this allowance, for direction to my successor, and for example to all poetts, that shall write after the date hereof.  

As Bentley writes, the wording of this praise is "suggestive of the satisfaction of a harrassed public official over a play which would cause him no trouble."  

Obviously Herbert's admiration for the play was based more on its

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"harmless way" than on its artistic excellence. He saw it as a "beneficial and cleanly way of poetry," a play which would help in "the bettring of maners and language."

One would probably agree that the play is morally harmless, possibly even beneficial. The good people all survive, the villain reforms, and everyone is rewarded with happiness. Furthermore Vittori is an excellent example of good manners and nobility under stress. The conflict between love and honor, later developed by Dryden in his heroic plays, is seen here in the almost impossible dilemmas to which Vittori is subjected but which he meets very heroically. The fifth act conversion of Cesario, however, might cast doubts on the honesty of the dramatist in confronting human life. The conversion is obviously there to twist the basically tragic pattern of the play into a happy ending. It is an unrealistic device which suggests a desire to give the audience the emotional thrills of tragedy without making them face up to the final consequences.

The Young Admiral is, however, an unrealistic play throughout. It is to a large extent melodramatic. It has a romantic plot set in faraway Italy. The impossible dilemmas set up force Vittori to choose between saving the life of his father or that of Cassandra. Alphonso is presented with the choice of going out in battle to kill his son in loyalty to the state or being loyal to his disloyal
son. The attempt to wring the greatest possible emotion out of the audience is given priority over concern for providing convincing motivation. Except for his conversion at the end, Cesario is a typically melodramatic villain. He reveals no conscience and no concern for the opinion others may have of him. In the opening scene he admits to Julio that he cares nothing about the fate of Naples so long as he can finally achieve his objective with Cassandra. He gives the same information to Alberto and Fabio who are less close to him. Julio admonishes him:

My Lord!
You are too open breasted, let this fellow
See into your heart! wisemen disguise their
counsels.

(I, i, 140-143)

But Cesario is apparently too sure of his own power to be concerned about his public image.

His self-centeredness is evident everywhere. When his gentler wooing of Cassandra fails to produce promising results, he begins to use his power to try to intimidate her—"He urg'd his greatnesse, sware he would enjoy me,/ Or be no Prince in Naples" (I, ii, 111-112). Until his conversion he never wavers from his evil purpose, has no pangs of conscience, no sense of shame. Alphonso's reminder of his long and loyal service by pointing to his "old head, now withered in your service" (II, i, 128) has no effect on Cesario. He has the gall to suggest that Vittori has
mixed the cause of Naples with his own "private and particular revenge" (I, ii, 181) when actually the war is a result of Cesario's private actions. In contrast to Vittori, who voices his concern that,

... the least
Wound I can fasten on my Country makes
A Nation bleed ... (III, i, 190-192)

Cesario is not unwilling to make Naples bleed. He would be a complete villain, one an audience would love to hate and hiss, were it not for the fact that Shirley also makes him laughable, particularly through Fabio's unconsciously ironic remarks. This moderates the degree of dislike which Cesario's actions are likely to arouse. But still Cesario's character is black throughout the first four acts. No ray of kindness or unselfishness shines through the darkness to give promise of a possible reformation. He is the villainous tyrant, a type-character rather than a convincing human being. He is primarily a device used to develop an emotional situation.

More interesting as a character and the most convincing in the play as a human being is the hero, Vittori. His goodness, unlike Cesario's badness, is not unrelieved by normal human feelings. He is the only character who experiences any inner conflict. In order to maintain his loyalty to his prince, he must continually beat down his feelings of resentment against the unjust treatment he knows
he has received. This inner battle becomes more and more
difficult as the injustice becomes greater and greater.
At the beginning when he discovers only that there is no
crowd to meet the returning soldiers, he wonders, "is this
all the payment for our conquest?/ To shut the gates upon
us" (I, ii, 24-25). But when a captain suggests they should
force open the gates with a cannon, Vittori immediately
retorts,

For such another rashnesse
Thy head shall be the bullet of that Canon,
And shot into the town;

(I, ii, 27-29)

and adds that loyal subjects do not expect rewards for all
their services. Vittori is able to maintain this outer
appearance of calm loyalty before his troops, but that
there is inner dissension is revealed in his aside, "There's
something would faine mutinie within me;/ Strangle the
snakes betime Vittori" (I, ii, 50-51).

As he gradually discovers the extent of Cesario's
injustice to him—that his father has been imprisoned on
a trumped up charge of treason, that he is trying every
means to take Cassandra away from him—it becomes harder
for Vittori to maintain his loyalty. After having been
banished and then blown back on the coast of Naples, his
inner resentment boils over and he speaks of "this flinty
bosome of our Country" (II, ii, 200-201). But when the
King of Sicily tries to make use of this resentment to
persuade Vittori to fight against his own city, Vittori is untouchable. Even Cassandra's innocently naive comment—"Naples has beene injurious, and we made/ No solemn vow to love what hath betraied us" (III, i, 199-200)—cannot break down Vittori's sense of honor. But Vittori is not completely immovable. The threat against Cassandra's life combined with a sense of honor which refuses to allow a woman to die to save his reputation, finally causes Vittori to accept the King of Sicily's terms. Having committed himself to fighting for Sicily, he tries to rationalize his treachery. When standing in disguise before Cesario, he says,

When Kings leave
Their justice, and throw shame upon deservers,
Patience so wounded turns a fury.
(III, ii, 97-99)

That the king and prince have forgotten their proper roles, however, is no excuse for Vittori to forget his. Though others might "forget their office, we/ Must keep our thoughts unstained" (I, ii, 140-141) has been Vittori's answer to temptation. His decision to be a traitor in order to save Cassandra's life leads only to more problems, to greater and greater despair, until Vittori, tried almost as severely as Job, finally becomes the victim of irrational passion as he thinks Cassandra has been unfaithful to him. He unquestioningly accepts the evidence of the letter not allowing any opportunity for Cassandra to explain. Unwilling
to take his own life, he pleads with Rosinda to ask her father to cut off his head.

In Vittori we see a likable person who is intelligent, sensible, loyal, and humble. In spite of Cesario's attempts to charge him with pride, Vittori never brags about his successes. His victory over the Sicilians he attributes to chance more than to skill: "It was my chance to have the best at sea/ Against the bold Sicilian" (II, ii, 191-192). But we see Vittori fighting against what seems to him "all the malice of the world" (II, ii, 149), and not being a superman his defenses gradually crumble. He is an attractive human being whose fall in fortune we watch with pity. His characterization is one of the things which raises this play above the level of mere melodrama.

Also attractive are the two heroines—Cassandra and Rosinda. But like Cesario and unlike Vittori, they are types and do not show the complexity of individualized human beings. Vittori is the only character in the play who is not almost completely predictable. With the exception of Vittori, it is difficult to feel a personal involvement with any of these characters.

In choosing to write tragicomedy, any dramatist is confronted with certain special problems concerning credibility and dramatic satisfaction. More helpful than criticizing the decision to write tragicomedy is a criticism of what the dramatist does with the form once
he has made his decision. Shirley's skill is apparent in the way he has met his problems. If the characters do not call forth our deeper sympathies, we are impressed with Shirley's skill in manipulating them. If the action is not highly plausible, Shirley's cleverness in plotting keeps the improbability from bothering us.

One of the more incredible plot elements in the play is the fact that Rosinda loves Cesario in spite of the way he has treated her. The fact that as a princess she must marry a prince may help explain her love. Anyway, if one can accept the fact of Rosinda's love and the belief that the power of love is greater than the power of lust, then the other main improbability in the play, Cesario's conversion, does not seem so improbable after all. Rosinda's love is the force that will win Cesario and bring about the happy resolution. In preparation for the conversion, Shirley emphasizes the nobility of Rosinda's love. The manner in which Cesario will be converted is announced by Cassandra when she says to Rosinda:

Madam I pitty you,
Sure if the Prince knew with what constancie
Your love breathes after him, he would finde a passion
To meete your Noble flame.  
(IV, i, 33-36)

The strength of Rosinda's love causes her to do many courageous things in her pursuit of Cesario. She has come with her father's armies in order to be near him. In fact,
the war is partly the result of her urging—"I urg'd my father to this warre, and beg'd/With many prayers to witnesse his revenge" (IV, i, 24-25). Although she pretends to her father that she wants revenge, she really only wants to be near Cesario, hoping they will take Cesario prisoner so she can plead for him or else that she herself will be taken prisoner by Cesario. That her love for Cesario is one that will dare self-sacrifice in order to save the prince is revealed by Rosinda’s giving herself up to Naples after Cesario has been captured by the Sicilians:

Thus I expose my selfe,
If young Cesario meet unkinde conditions,
'1th same proportion let Rosinda suffer.
(V, ii, 117-119)

This bravery of Rosinda, her desire to be companion with Cesario in his fate even to the point of being beheaded if he is, is revealed to Cesario by Cassandra and the messengers from Naples in the fifth act. In this act the King of Sicily is much upset about the loss of Rosinda and is shouting "off with their heads" with almost as much abandon as the Red Queen in *Alice in Wonderland*. At one point he says, "If I recover not my Child,/ I will sacrifice the lives of my whole army" (V, iii, 61-62). Cesario sees in another person what he has been unable to see in himself, and a note of dramatic irony is present as he says, "How ill this violence sits upon a King" (V, iii, 63). Soon afterwards he reveals a growing self-knowledge as he says
to Cassandra:

Every praise
Thou givst her makes me see my owne deformity,
Madam you first awakd me.

(V, iii, 79-81)

This clears the way for the final scene in which Cesario vocally recognizes the nobility of Rosinda—"there's vertue in that excellent Princesse/ To stocke two Kingdomes" (V, iv, 12-13) and humbly asks her pardon as well as the pardons of Vittori, Alphonso, and Cassandra. All are freely given. The noble bravery of Rosinda which has captured the admiration of all—"Alphonso ist a woman?" the King of Naples has asked (V, ii, 128)—and her steadfast love for Cesario have brought about his complete conversion. While Cesario's extremes of desire for Cassandra and blindness to the worth of Rosinda throughout the first four acts may yet put some strain on the credibility of his final conversion, the device of the ennobling effect of Rosinda's love will probably remove most objections. Anyway, Shirley has recognized the problem and met it with a considerable amount of skill.

Another example of Shirley's skill as a dramatist is his development and use of comic characters in the play. The one most closely connected with the main plot is Fabio. He is a nobleman of Naples and a humor character whose humor it is to be extremely loquacious. In bringing important messages to the court, he always provides a
great deal of preamble before he comes to the point. In the first scene he brings the news of Vittori's victory, but it takes him six lengthy speeches before he gets around to telling the news. As an example of his ability to delay and spin words out of nothing, when Cesario in exasperation says, "To th' point," Fabio replies:

It were a point of deepe neglect to keepe
Your grace in expectation, yet delays
Make ioyes the sweeter, arrowes that fly compasse
Arrive with as much happiness to the marke,
As those are shot pointblanke.

(I, i, 112-117)

In the fifth act when he brings news of Cesario to his anxious father, Fabio reveals the same ability to madden his listeners by avoiding the point. He even stops to make a by-the-way congratulation to Alphonso on his present favor with the king.

Fabio is also a wishy-washy gentleman who changes his opinions to suit the prevailing ones of the king and prince as he sees them. The following exchange shows his obvious shifting with the wind. The King has just said that Vittori's service should have received more friendly payment.

Fab. To say truth, he was
A noble valiant gentleman, and deseru'd--
Fr. What deseru'd he?
Fab. A halter, and shall please
Your Highnesse, I did wonder at your patience
He was not put to death.

(II, i, 29-33)

As Cesario goes on to defend his treatment of Vittori,
Fabio intersperses comments such as "Most excellent Prince! How just he is" and "Was ever Prince so wise!" (II, i, 39-40, 53). Such comments help emphasize the lack of justice and wisdom in Cesario. In fact, one almost begins to suspect that there might be method in Fabio's stupidity, that he might be consciously using ironic comments to prick the bubble of the Prince's self-righteous pomposity. Another place where it seems he may be more clever than stupid is in I, ii where, having received instructions from Cesario to let no man through the gate to meet Vittori, he admits having let Cassandra through because she is no man. Any uncertainty about Fabio's intelligence, however, is dispelled by his dealings with Mauritio in which he is cheated out of half his land. But although Fabio turns out to be a typical Elizabethan gull, a stupid fool rather than a smart fool, his comments still effectively puncture Cesario's aura of self-importance. The audience can see the irony even if Fabio is unconscious of it.

The other comic characters, those involved with the Sicilian court, including Didimo, Pazzorello, and Flavia, are much more obviously put in merely for their comic value. They are in no significant way related to the main plot but are the main actors in the comic subplot which is the gulling of Pazzorello.

The Young Admiral shows some affinity with the
heroic play of Restoration times, primarily in the love and honor theme. But it is in his comedies of manners such as The Lady of Pleasure that Shirley's most striking anticipations of Restoration drama can be found. The Young Admiral is still essentially Elizabethan. It is romantic rather than domestic, and it can be seen as containing the three-part structure Northrop Frye has pointed out as being typical of Shakespearean comedy. At the beginning there is the anticomic society dominated by Cesario, which seeks to block the comic drive. Second, there is the period of growing confusion as the sense of proper identity is lost. Cesario is in love with the wrong woman, and Vittori mistakenly thinks the woman he is in love with has been false to him. Finally there is the resolution as the comic drive prevails, love conquers lust, the confusion is cleared up, and each character discovers his proper identity. Vittori throws off his disguise. Rosinda announces who she is. Cesario discovers his proper role as prince as well as his proper wife in Rosinda. A happy new society is born as the two marriages are about to be celebrated.

Sources.

Few Elizabethan dramatists used original plots in

their plays preferring to develop plots chosen from earlier drama, history, or stories from both England and the continent. Shirley is no exception. His debt to earlier Elizabethans is obvious. One example is the plot of *The Cardinal*, which is similar to that of Webster's *Duchess of Malfi*. A German scholar, A. L. Stiefel, has done the main source study of the major plot of *The Young Admiral*. Robert Stanley Forsythe's discussion is largely a summary of Stiefel's findings. The source of the main plot is a play entitled *Don Lope de Cardona* by the Spanish dramatist Lope de Vega. Shirley treated the plot freely, changing details as he desired. He changed the scene from Arragon to Naples. Most of the names of characters are changed, only three coming from Lope. The action and time is more compressed in Shirley than in Lope, Shirley's play being taken mainly from the first two acts of Lope's. Forsythe gives a scene by scene comparison of the two plays in his discussion.

The comic elements in the play have English rather than Spanish antecedents. The similarities between the gulling of Pazzorello by Didimo and Flavia and the gulling


10 *The Relations of Shirley's Plays to the Elizabethan Drama* (New York, 1914), pp. 190-199.
of Dapper by Subtle and Face in *The Alchemist* were pointed out by Gifford as "petty plagiarisms." Throughout Shirley's plays one can find similar parallels to incidents in earlier drama which Shirley has taken and developed in his own way. Shirley wrote in a decadent period when the creative power which brought about the grandeur of Elizabethan drama had begun to wane. The dramatists in this period did little that was new and tended to rely on conventions of plot, character, and diction which had been developed by earlier Elizabethans. *Shirley's* worth as a dramatist lies not so much in a creative power to bring new and original things to the stage as in the skill with which he could develop and manipulate character and plot suggested to him by earlier works.

**Stage History.**

*The Young Admiral* was a success when first produced and was revived after the Restoration. But with the few performances in the Restoration, its history as a play of performance ends. It was licensed for acting on July 3, 1633, and Herbert notes that on November 19 it was performed with applause before the King and Queen. It was also performed at the private theater in Drury Lane,

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11 Gifford-Dyce, III, 145.

12 *The Dramatic Records,* p. 53.
as stated on the title page of the printed edition.

In the first few years of the Restoration many Elizabethan plays were revived, including The Young Admiral. According to The London Stage, it was acted four times in 1661 and 1662. On July 4, 8, and 13 of 1661, it was performed at Oxford and on November 20, 1662, it was performed at court. John Evelyn saw the court performance and commented briefly, "Dined with the Comptroller Sir Hugh Pollard, saw the Young Admiral acted coram Rege etc." Unlike Pepys' practice in commenting on plays he saw, Evelyn reveals no personal reaction to the play.

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13 The London Stage, I, 30-31, 58.

The Young Admiral: The Text

Andrew Crooke

and

William Cooke

136. Aprilis 1637.
Entred for their copies under
the hands of THOMAS HERBERT
Deputy to Sir HENRY HERBERT
and Master Downes warden two
Playes called. The Lady of
Pleasure, and The Young Admirall
by JAMES SHIRLEY.

Title Page:
THE YOUNG / ADMIRALL. / AS / IT WAS PRESENTED / By her
Majesties Servants, at / the private house in / Drury
Lane. // Written by James Shirly. // printer's device2 //
LONDON, / Printed by Tho. Cotes, for Andrew Crooke, / and
William Cooke. / 1637.

Head Titles:
Names of the Persons.

TO / THE RIGHT HONO- / RABLE GEORGE LORD / BARKLEY, of

Barkely / Castle.

THE YOUNG / ADMIRALL.

Running Title:
The Young Admirall.


Collation:
4°, A2 B-K4.


The 1637 edition is the only early edition of The Young Admiral. Since then, it has been included only in the Gifford-Dyce edition of 1833. I have collated twelve copies of the 1637 edition and have made a comparison with the Gifford-Dyce edition. The copies collated include two from the Henry E. Huntington Library, San Marino, California, and one each from the Clark Library, UCLA; the Yale University Library; the Folger Shakespeare Library, Washington, D. C.; the Newberry Library, Chicago; The University of Chicago Library; the University of Illinois Library; the Boston Public Library; the Harvard University Library; the Pierpont Morgan Library, New York; and the University of Texas Library.

This edition of The Young Admiral is based upon the

3Gifford-Dyce, III.
principles set forth for a critical, old-spelling edition by such twentieth-century scholars as R. B. McKerrow, W. W. Greg, and Fredson Bowers.\textsuperscript{4} The aim of such an edition is to reproduce the text "in the form in which we may suppose that it would have stood in a fair copy, made by the author himself, of the work as he finally intended it."\textsuperscript{5} In keeping with this aim, I have followed carefully the printed edition of 1637, the closest thing we have to a Shirley manuscript, making substantive emendations when the reading seems almost certainly corrupt and emending accidentals only when they are obviously printing mistakes or when failure to emend would result in serious ambiguity or misunderstanding.

A critical, old-spelling edition is aimed at the serious reader who wishes to read seventeenth-century drama as it was written, in seventeenth-century English. Obviously since there exists no Shirley manuscript of The Young Admiral, it is unlikely that an edition could be produced in every detail exactly as Shirley originally


intended it. The critical, old-spelling edition, by determining the most authoritative copies of the play and examining them closely hopes to arrive at the closest possible approximation of the author's original intention and thus to establish the definitive text of the play. Such an edition is less likely to produce errors in close textual analysis than a modernized edition where a modernizing editor clearly stands between the reader and the author. Changes in spelling and punctuation as well as changes in word meanings have made seventeenth-century English somewhat difficult for the general reader, but such difficulties usually look bigger at first sight than they actually are. With a few words of explanation, no reader should have any real difficulty with an old-spelling text, certainly no reader genuinely interested in the period.

All significant emendations have been recorded, but a few silent alterations have been made in the formal presentation of the text. The long $l$ has been silently changed to $s$. The slash italic capital $\sim$ which is used on the title page for the initial capital of James, in several places for that of Julio, and once as the personal pronoun $I$, has been altered to the more common capital $I$. The lowercase $i$ and $j$ and $u$ and $v$ have been left inconsistent as they are in the text. Apparently this play was printed in a period of transition, for sometimes $u$ and $v$ are used
in the old manner (u internally for both letters and v at the beginning of a word) and sometimes in the modern. No attempt has been made to reproduce display capitals or factotums, and the letter following such capitals has been reduced to lowercase. Speech headings have been made uniform. All entrances have been centered and exits placed toward the right margin. Missing act and scene headings and a few necessary stage directions have been added in square brackets. I have followed Bowers in adopting the convention of indenting a part-line which continues or completes a full line of verse. I have numbered the lines, using each scene as the unit. In prose sections I have not tried to maintain the same line division as in the original.

No substantive emendation has been made silently; all are noted at the bottom of the page on which they appear. The line number is given, then the emended word as it appears in the edited text followed by a square bracket and the source of the emendation if it is not my own. The conclusion of the note is the rejected reading of the copytext:

11 are\textsuperscript{f} Gifford-Dyce; ere

If the emendation were original with me, it would read:

11 are\textsuperscript{f} ere

Also at the bottom of the page are explanatory footnotes. Definitions have been taken from the Oxford English Dictionary unless otherwise state. In general I
have been sparing in the use of explanatory footnotes. Constructions such as "I' th'" for "in the" or "Ile ha" for "I'll have" are not footnoted since they seem fairly self-evident.

Emendations of accidentals (punctuation, spelling, verse line division, and the like which do not change the basic meaning of the text) have been listed in an appendix. The student who may be interested can reconstruct the accidentals of the copy-text by consulting this appendix. I have generally left inconsistencies in spelling as they are. "Then" meaning "than," "I" meaning "aye," and "em" meaning "them" have all been left as in the copy-text. I have been sparing in my emendation of punctuation, changing it only where the original punctuation, in my judgment, would result in serious misunderstanding or ambiguity. Thus commas in places where heavier pointing would be called for today are left as they are if the meaning remains quite clear. The Elizabethan use of question marks for exclamation points has been left untouched. Question marks and exclamation points have not been added unless essential for clarity. In a few places I have made minor revisions in the verse lineation. All such alterations have been recorded in the list of emendations of accidentals.

Finally, in a second appendix, I have listed the press-variants. The corrected form comes before the square bracket and the uncorrected form after.
Bibliography


THE YOUNG

ADMIRALL.

AS

IT WAS PRESENTED

By her Majesties Servants, at

the private house in

Drury Lane.

Written by James Shirly.

LONDON,

Printed by Tho. Cotes, for Andrew Cooke,

and William Cooke.

1637.
Names of the Persons.

The King of Naples.
The King of Sicily.
/Casario/ The Prince of Naples.
Vittori the Young Admirall.
Alphonso his Father.

Iulio.
Alberto. Noblemen of Naples.
Fabio.

Horatio. Noblemen of Sicily.
Trivulsi.

Fabrichio. Captaines.
Mauricio.

Didimo a Page to Rosinda.
Pazzorello a servant to Rosinda.
Soldiers.

Rosinda the daughter of Sicily.
Cassandra Vittories mistress.
Flavia, Lady attendant on Rosinda.
TO

THE RIGHT HONO-

RABLE GEORGE LORD

BARKLEY, 1 of Barkley

Castle.

My Lord,

The many testimonies of your excellent nature, with so much furniture, and ornament of learning; have in the hearts of the knowing world erected monuments to your living fame, and long since prepar'd my particular ambition to be knowne to you, that I, among other, whose more happy wits have gain'd by being onely read under so noble a Patron, might by some timely application derive upon me your Lordships influence. Be pleas'd my most honourable Lord to accept this Poeme, till something of more high endeavour may present my service, yet let me not barre it the truth of this Character, 10 it hath beene gratefull to the stage, and graciously entertain'd at Court by their Majesties. 2 Now if your

1George Berkeley (1601-1658), thirteenth Baron Barkley, spent much of his life in foreign travel and was regarded by his family as a linguist. Robert Burton, in 1621, dedicated his Anatomy of Melancholy to Berkeley, who, in 1630, presented Burton to the living of Segrave in Leicestershire. (Information from Dictionary of National Biography.)

21633, November 19. "On tuesday, the 19th of November, being the king's birth-day, The Yong Admirall was acted
Lordship smile upon it in this address, and bid it welcome, it shall dwell with honour and security under your name, and the author glory to profess himself.

My Lord

Your most humble

Honourer,

JAMES SHIRLY.

at St. James by the queen's players, and likt by the K. and Queen." (The Dramatic Records of Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels, 1623-1673, ed. John Quincy Adams, 1917, p. 53.)
THE YOUNG
ADMRALL.

The first Act.

(Scene i)

Enter Prince, and Alberto.

Alb. My Lord y'are sad.

Pr. I am thinking, Alberto,

Of many things, have I not cause?

Alb. You may

Thinke on em with lesse trouble.

Pr. But of all

What dost imagine most afflicts me? ile
Prev"nt thy answere, I am not troubled
With the present threatnings of the Enemy,
With all his preparations to invade us.

Alb. You have more confidence in Vittori, sent
To meete the insulting King, he has beene fortunate
In many warres.

Pr. The warres consume Vittori,

He has beene too fortunate.

Alb. Your wishes are

1Prevent--to anticipate, to meet beforehand.

11 are/ Gifford-Dyce; ere
Against the common peace, if he prove not
A happie Admirall we are lost.

Pr. Be thou
And all thy name lost, and may no age
Find it agen: how dare you interrupt us?
When we do want your Councell, well 'e call for you.

Alb. I am gone sir. \[Exit Alberto.\]

Enter Iulio.

Pr. My Iulio welcome,
What speaks Cassandra yet?

Iu. Nothing to encourage you, the same obstinate thing
Vittori has her heart, she much condemnes
The roughnesse which you mix'd with your last courtship,
She saies your Father may command her life,
But you must be a stranger to her bosome.

Pr. I was too rude at my last visit.

Iu. Rather sir too tame.

Pr. Have I for this drawne warre vpon my countrey,
Neglected Sicilies Daughter, left a staine
Vpon his Court, and paid his Entertainment
With wounding one he lou'd?

Iu. His Favourite!
You had beene lesse sir, then your selfe to have suffered
His insolence, nor was't an act becomming

---

20 Vittori/ Gifford-Dyce; Victory
His Master, to send hither to negotiate
A marriage for his Daughter, and when you
So farre engag'd your selfe upon a visite,
To permit any of his gaudy upstarts
Affront your person.

Pr. I acquit the King,
Twas no state quarrell, high with wine he did
Throw some disgrace on our Italian Ladies,
Whilst he would magnifie some beauties there,
This he did second with a pride, and rudenesse,
My patience was not tame enough to suffer,
And carelessse of all danger I did punish him.

Iu. Twas home and hansome.¹

Pr. I must owe to fortune—

Iu. For your returne, she did but do her duty,
To make it swift and happy.

Pr. I confesse
The princesse usd me nobly, though my fancy
Was not surpris'd, for here I kept the image
Of faire Cassandra, whose divine beauty
Doth scorne all competition.

Iu. Did you love
Cassandra before you went to Sicily?

Pr. Yes but with too much silence, and that love

¹home and hansom—direct and appropriate.
Did make me apprehend more fiercely the
Occasion to break off all forraigne treaty.
Horatio's fall, and my quitting the Country
Vpon't the king interprets a disgrace
To his daughter and himselfe, and in revenge
Hath added this new tempest to the Sea,
Mean't to our ruine Iulio.

Iu. All their fury
May soone be interrupted, if Vittory
Mannage his businesse well.
Pr. That's all my trouble. 60

Iu. What?
Pr. Vittory: ther's the devill on't, he may
Be fortunate and overcome.
Iu. Can there

Be ill in that?
Pr. Ill? thou art shallow, I
Made him not Admirall, but to engage
His youth and spirit, apt to fly on dangers,
To perish in his hot pursuit of honour,
If he come home with victory, my Father
And his wise state must give him thankes, the people
Giddily runne, to meete the Conquerour,
And owe their lives, and safety to his triumph. 70
But where am I? what peace brings it to me?
What blessing i'st to heare the generall voyce
Shoot their wild joyes to heaven, and I in torment
Certaine to lose my hopes in faire Cassandra?

Iu. There may be waies at home to remove him,
And plant you in your wishes.

Pr. It would be
Most happinesse to heare his death.

Iu. That may
Ruine a Kingdome.

Pr. Ruine twenty more,
So I enjoy her first, nothing can be
Too precious to forfeit, I am mad,
And my desires by opposition grow
More violent.

Iu. I thought your masculine soule
Lesse capable of vexation, shall a subject
Whom with your breath you may blow out o' th' world
Raise such a storme within you?

Pr. No he sha'not,
I ha found my selfe againe, come ile be merry,
But I will have Cassandra spight of fate?

Iu. Resolve and have her.

Pr. Stay, it were convenient
We did know how to doe this Julio.

Iu. Y'are in the right sir, it were first indeed
Convenient to know how.

Pr. Thou knowst his Father.

Iu. Signior Alphonso.

Pr. A bold and daring Gentleman, all flame

When he is mov'd, and carelesse of a danger

To vindicate his honour.

Iu. What of this?

Pr. He shall beare the foundation of a plot,

To make me Lord of my desires.

Iu. Heele rather

Meet tortures then consent, his arme is not

Yet withered, and while he can lift a sword,

He will employ it to revenge Vittori.

Pr. Thou art no Polititian Julio.

Enter Fabio.

How now? what newes with you?

Fab. And please your grace

An humble creature of yours, proud of the least

Occasion to expresse how faithfully

My heart is fixt to serve you.

Pr. Whats your businesse?

Fab. I have businesse of some consequence,

1And--an't, if it.

106 Fab. Gifford-Dyce; Iu.
I had not been so bold else to disturb
Your Princely conference, for I durst never
Assume that impudent garbe, that other courtiers
Are knowne by, my devotion has beene still
To appeare in modest services.

Pr. To the point.

Fab. It were a point of deep neglect to keepe
Your grace in expectation, yet delays
Make ilyes the sweeter, arrowes that fly compasse,¹
Arrive with as much happinesse to the marke,
As those are shot pointblanke?

Pr. This Courtier loves
To heare himselfe talke, be not so impertinent,
We know your care.

Fab. And cost my Lord sometimes,
For they that hold intelligence abroad
To benefit their countrey, must not make
Idolls of their estates, and tis a happinesse
To sell their fortunes for their Princes smile,
Which I am confident you will vouchsafe,
When you have heard my newes.

Pr. Would you would vouchsafe
To let us hear?

Fab. Vouchsafe my Lord, alas!

¹ compasse—-in an arc, a curved path.
You may command my tongue, my hands, my feete,
My head, I should account that limbe superfluous
That would not be cut off to do you service.

Pr. I do command thee silence, dost heare, silence.

Fab. It is a vertue my good Lord I know,
But where the tongue has something to deliver,
That may delight a Princes eare, and so forth.

Ju. Now theres some hope, he's come to his, and so forth.

Fab. The newes concerns the Admirall Vittori.

Pr. What of him, is he slaine?

Fab. The starres forbid, he is return'd my Lord,
Triumphant, brave, and glorious—

Pr. Be dumbe.

Another syllable, Ile hath thy tongue out,
And leave no roote, lest there grow out another,
Was all your circumstance for this?

Ju. My Lord!

You are too open brested, let this fellow
See into your heart! wisemen disguise their counsels
Till things are ripe.

Pr. Begon, pox o'your legges
And the curse ha'not beene before, yet stay,
Give order that no man goe forth to meete him:
Vntill our pleasure further knowne, command
The Governour oth City place a guard
About the gates, let no mans face appeare
Without the walls, the King our father meanes
To salute him first in person, dee stand. 1

Fab. Give order that no man goe forth to meete him,
I shall my Lord. 150

Exit Fabio.

Pr. He shall be entertain'd,
I feele new armyes in my brest,

Enter Alphonso.
his father!

Thine eare Julio. 155

Whispers to him.

Iu. I shall attend you straight.--

My honorable Lord.

Alph. Your servant Julio,
Where is the Prince? I beg your graces pardon. 160

Exit Julio.

Pr. Oh my good Lord, your sonne I heare's return'd
With honour, has defeated the Sicilian
Bravely.

Alph. He has and please your highnesse, heaven
Has smild upon his undertaking, it
Renewes my youth to heare it.

Pr. He had good soldiers,
But all their valour still conspires to make
The generall a garland, he must weare
The conquering bayes, whose blood soever pay's for't.

1'dee--diye, do you; stand--understand.
Alph. My Lord.

Pr. Nay, nay I envie not his victory.

Alph. You envie him! it was your cause he fought,
And for his Country.

Pr. Right, and tis the cause
That often prospers, that without his valour
Would ha defenced it selfe.

Alph. If all vertue
Were left to her owne protection, my Lord, 170

Vnarm'd with strength and policie, best states
Would finde shrew'd innovations.

Pr. You had best
Tell me I lie.

Alph. I dare not thinke so foulely.

Pr. Y'are a traitor,

Enter Iulio with a Guard.

lay hands on him.

Alph. He that shall dare to say Alphonso is

A traytor, let his veines partake no blood

Of yours, and he shall curse he had a tongue.

Pr. Disarme the rebell, and to prison with him.

Alph. Ingratefull Prince. Exeunt [Alphonso and Guard.]

Pr. Ile tame your ruffian spirit.

So, so, ile now acquaint my father Iulio. 180

1 shrew'd—ominous, unfortunate.
Who must allow my act, diseases that
Are desperate require a rugged handling.\footnote{A common proverbial saying in Elizabethan drama; cf., 
\textit{Hamlet}, IV,iii,9-11, "Diseases desperate grown,\slash By desperate 
appliances are relieved,\slash Or not at all"; John Ford, \textit{The Broken 
Heart}, III,ii,200, "Diseases desperate must find cures alike."}
This is for thee \textit{Cassandra! Exeunt [Prince and Iulio.]}

\[\text{ACT I, Scene ii.}\]

\textbf{Enter Vittori, Mauricion, Captaine and Souldiers.}

\textbf{Vi.} Stand.\footnote{Stand--Halt!}

\textbf{1 So.} Stand.

\textbf{2 So.} Stand.

\textbf{3 So.} Stand.

\textbf{Vi.} The King received intelligence!

\textbf{Ma.} Our ships

Must needes report that loud enough.

\textbf{Vi.} Tis strange,

Is it not possible we have mistooke

The shore, transported with our navall victory,

Speake gentlemen! or doe we dreame?

\textbf{Ma.} Those walls

Are certainly the same, and that the City

Peopled when we launch'd forth, and full of prayers
For our success.

Cap. It may be they reserve
Their welcome till we march into the City.

Ma. They may have some conceit.

Vi. A general silence
Like night dwells round about us, and no signe
That men inhabit, have we wonne at Sea
To lose our selves upon the Land? or in
Our absence hath some monster landed here
And made it desolate, devour'd the Natives,
And made em crepe into the earth agen?

Ma. They might salute us with one piece of ordnance.

Vi. They cannot take us for their enemies;
Captaine enquire the cause, let none else move; 20
Yet stay, unlesse it be some strange mortality, And yet that cannot be, have we brought home
Their safety purchas'd through so many horrours,
And is this all the payment for our conquest? To shut the gates upon us.

Cap. Force them open
With the Canon, shake their walls about their ears,

1 conceit--clever or ingenious plan.
2 unlesse--lest.
3 mortality--death, pestilence.
They are asleepe.

Vi. For such another rashnesse
Thy head shall be the bullet of that Canon,
And shot into the towne; go to! be temperate,
As I grudge none the merit of their valour,
I must heare none so bold.

Cap. I ha done sir.

Vi. Subjects are bound to fight for princes, they
Not bound to the reward of every service,
I looke upon thee now fighting at sea,
And have forgot this error, give no breath
To such a thought hereafter. Honour payes
Double where Kings neglect, and he is valiant
Truely that dares forget to be rewarded.

I. So. This is but cold comfort for a knapsacke man.¹

Vi. And yet tis strange the King should thus neglect us,
This is cheape entertainement for a conquerour,
Ist not Mauritian misery of Souldiers!
When they have sweat blood for their Countries honour,
They stand at others mercy.

Ma. They have slept since
And dream't not of our sufferings.

Vi. Is the Prince

Alive, to whom we owe our Countries quarrell,

¹knapsacke man—a soldier, since soldiers carried necessities in a knapsack.
The difference of both Kingdomes?
Our warre and fortunes justifie his act:
Can he be guilty of this shame? no more,
There's something would faine mutinie within me, 50
Strangle the snakes betime Vittori /Aside./—so,
This was a way to forfeit all our fames;
Fold up your Ensignes, throw off all the pride
That may expresse a triumph, well march on
As1 we had over bought our victory.

Ma. The gates are open now, and we discover
A woman by her veile, in mourning habit,
Comming this way.

Vi. Alone? more strange and fatall,2
It may be tis my genius3 come to give
A melancholy warning of my death, 60
As Brutus4 had from his, Ile stand5 my destiny,
Yet bearing the resemblance of a woman
It will lesse terrifie; who should this be?

1As—As if.
2fatall—ominous.
3genius—attendant spirit allotted to every person at birth to govern his fortunes and determine his character and finally to conduct him out of the world.
4Brutus—the ghost of Caesar appeared to Brutus in his tent at Sardis and again on the fields of Philippi warning him of his approaching death. Julius Caesar, IV.iii, V.v.
5stand—to confront, face.
Enter Cassandra veild in mourning.
Lady your garment speaks you a sad woman,
Greefes should salute no neerer, if it were
In poore Vittories power to dispossesse you
Of any sorrow.

Cas. Oh my deare Vittori!
My wishes ayme at none beside. [Lifts her veil.]

Vi. Cassandra?
We are rewarded, had Vittori taken
Into his body a thousand wounds, this kisse
Had made me well againe, or but one droppe
Of this rich balsome, for I know thy teares
Are joy to see Vittori safe, the King
With all the glories of his Province cannot
Doe halfe this honour to his Admirall,
I have a place above all happinesse,
And meete a greater empire in thy love
Then fame or victorie hath ever boasted,
My owne my best Cassandra!

Cas. Call agen
That temper, which hath made Vittori honour'd
And if my teares which carry something more
Then joy to welcome home my best lov'd Lord
Affect you with no sadnesse, which I wish not,
Yet looke upon this mourning not put on
To counterfeit a grieve, and that will tell you
There is necessity for you to know
Somewhat to checke the current of your triumph.

Ma. What prodigies¹ are these?

Vi. I was too carelesse
Of this sad habit, joy to see thy face
Made me distinguish nothing else, proceed
And punish my too prodigall embraces,
It is not fit I be in one thought blest
And thou in such a Livery.

Cas. When you say
You have strength enough to entretaine the knowledge
Of such an injury—

Vi. If it onely point
At me, speake it at once, I am collected,
Shat² see I will be conqueror at home,
If it concerne thy selfe, let it not flow
Too fast, but rather let my eare receive it
By such degrees as may not kill too soone,
But leave me some life onely to revenge it.

Cas. The Prince whose cause engag'd your warre abroad,
Hath ill rewarded you at home.

Vi. He cannot!

¹prodigies—omens, portents.
²Shat—Shalt.
Cas. Sir in your absence I have suffered for you, Hourly sollicited to my dishonour.

Vi. Ha!

Cas. For though he call'd it love, I might suspect it; His personall visits, messengers, rich presents Left me not quiet to enjoy my selfe. I told him I had given my faith already, Contracted yours; impatient of my answers, He urg'd his greatnesse, sware he would enjoy me, Or be no Prince in Naples, I am yet Preserv'd, and welcome home my dearest safety.¹

Vi. The Prince doe this!

Cas. This is but halfe the story, By his command none dare salute your victory, Or powre their glad hearts forth at your returne, To these he hath newly added the dishonour of Your father, whom he hath commanded close Prisoner 1th Castle, upon some pretence Of treason; in my eyes you may behold How people shed their sorrow, as the guard Led him to prison, none so bold to aske The cause that made him suffer in his miserie.

Vi. Will the King suffer this?

Cas. Alas his age

¹dearest safety--most valued and most loved protector.
Hath made him tame, a too indulgent father
To such a sonne, whose will is all the law,
Controlling what he pleases in this fall
Of justice; which way will Vittori take?

Vi. Mauricio didst heare this? we must aske
Forgivenesse that we have beene valiant,
Repent our duties, and that victory
We bought so deere; we shud have dyed at sea,
And then perhaps beene talk'd on in the croud
Of honest men, for giving up our lives,
Which for our service they may now take from us,
We are not yet i' th snare, and we have power
To stifle their designes, and prevent our
Dishonourable fall.

Ma. The soouldiers hearts
Are yours.

Vi. No Mauricio let em be the Kings,
If such as they forget their office, we
Must keepe our thoughts unstain'd, ile to the King,
But without any traine.

Ma. In this you do not
Consult your safety.

Vi. Safety is a lecture
To be read to Children, I doe alwayes carry
My owne security within, Mauricio,
Yet do not think I am desperate, I'll take
No knowledge of the Prince's action
But give account of my engagement, that's
Not much amiss, the King I know is gracious
And the Prince too, however passion play
This rebell in our soul.

M. A. You shan't neede sir,
The King is coming hither.

V. I. And the Prince,
Let us all look smooth, the King is come himselfe
To gratulate our success.

Enter King of Naples, Prince, Iulio, Fabio, Alberto.
You too much honour
The poor Vittori, who at your feetes layes
His heart and victory, and that which gave
Him power to doe you service.

K. N. We receive it,
And here discharge your soldiers, who shall tast
Of our particular bounty.

Omnès Sol. Heaven preserve the King.

Exeunt Sol.

Pr. Sirra did not I give strict charge
That none should passe the gates, how came she hither?

Fab. No man and like your grace, I did remember
And durst not prevaricate in one syllable
Of my Commission, she is a Lady sir.

Fr. You wood be an officious hangman I perceive,
     Ile finde you understanding.

Vi. Let me prostrate
     My duty to your highnesse, and be honour'd
     To kisse your hand.

Fr. Vittori  ile not flatter,
     I have no grace for him, whose father durst
     Attempt an insolence upon my person,
     Which the sonne may be guilty of in his blood.

Vi. My father insolent, and I guilty sir,
     Because I share his blood? oh that I knew
     In what part of my veines to finde those drops,
     That I might sacrifice [sm] to your anger,
     And expiate my Fathers sinne!

Fr. I came not to expostulate.

Vi. Is this all my reward?

Fr. Your valour has
     Beene payd in the successe, what you have done
     Was duty, if you have not mixed our cause
     With private and particular revenge.

Vi. You speake not this to me sir.

Fr. Yes to you,
     We doe not feare the bugbeares in your forehead,
     You will heare more.  
    Exeunt Prince, Iulio.
Sir you have mercy in you.

You have displeas'd our sonne Vittori.

I? witnesse the Angels.

I must tell you too,

Your father has transgrest beyond example.

Good heaven forgive him, is this all,

All my reward?

What would you aske.

Aske--why--I aske my father.

Your father?

Exeunt King, Alb. Fab.

Goodnesse leave me not the wonder

Of all mankind; gentlemen all gone.

Alas Vittori.

I that commanded thousands

This morning am not owner of one servant.

Dost thou stay with me?

My prophetick soule

Knew this before.

Enter King, Alberto, Fabio.

The King returnes, Cassandra.

We ha thought upon't Vittori, and without

The Counsell of our sonne, will condiscend

To your Fathers liberty, he is yours upon

Condition, you and he, and this your Mistresse
Go into present⁠¹ banishment.

Vi. How! banishment?

K. N. I runne my sonnes distast;
There is no time for study, he affects
That Lady, if you stay something may follow,
To'th generall repentance, troth I pitty thee,
Here take our signet, time and absence may
Correct all. Exit King cum caeteris suis.

Cas. Oh embrace it deere Vittori,
We shall meete safely every where but here,
Enlarge² your Father, and we cannot misse
A happier fate.

Vi. Can my Cassandra thinke so? 210
That word shall make me live a little longer,
But these are strange turnes Madam, Naples hath
No dwellings for us, when we are quit of these,
Wee'le with our grieфе make tame some wildernesse.

Exeunt.

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¹present—immediate.
²Enlarge—release.
The second Act.

(Scene 1.)

Enter King [of Naples], Prince, Alberto, Fabio.

K. N. What to be done?

Pr. Done, y'are undone all,

Betray the Crowne you wear, I see it tremble

Upon your head, give such a licence to

A Rebell, trust him abroad to gather

Strength to the Kingdoms ruine.

K. N. What can such

A naked man attempt to make us fear?

Pr. He carries with him a whole army sir,

The peoples love, who want no giddiness

Had they but opportunity, and such

A master Rebell as Vittori, to

Make spoyle of all; who counseled him to this.

Alb. Not I and please your grace, I wish it heartily

Undone.

Pr. You wish it sir, are wishes now

The remedy for such a mischief, you

When the state bleeds, will wish it well agen;

Y'are fine court Surgeons, had you staide his Father

It might have check'd his treason, or Cassandra.

Alb. That's his torment. [Aside.]
Pr. We had beene secure;
Exasperated now with his affront,
As never traitor wanted impudence
To blanch ore his rebellion, he may inflame
The Neighbour Princes, to conspire some warre
For his revenge.

Fab. His grace sayes right, there may
Be a consequence of much danger, and Vittori
Has fame abroad.

K. N. I did it for the best,
By his absence thinking to remoue his anger;
I could have beene content, to have honoured him,
For to say truth, his services did challenge
More friendly paiement.

Fab. To say truth, he was
A noble valiant gentleman, and deseru'd--

Pr. What deseru'd he?

Fab. A halter, and shall please
Your Highnesse, I did wonder at your patience
He was not put to death.

Pr. I must acknowledge,
Vittori has deseru'd for many services,
The love and honour of his country, fought
Their battels, and brought conquest home, made tame
The Seas that threatned us, secur'd the Land,
And Rome allowed some Consuls for lesse Victories, Triumphs, and Statues.

Fab. Most excellent Prince!
How just he is.

Pr. But when opinion
Of their own merit swells em into pride,
Which sets a price of that, which modesty
Should count an act of their obedience,
They forfeit the reward of thankes and honour,
And betray poor and most vainglory souls;
Scipio,¹ and Antony,² and other Romanes
Deseru'd well of the Senate, and were honoured,
But when they ran to faction, and pursued
Ambitious endes to undo their Countries peace,
They were no longer Patriots, but declared
Romes poyson, and like gangrenes on the state
To bee cut off, lest they corrupt the body.

Fab. Was ever Prince so wise!

K. N. But sonne, sonne, how

¹Scipio—probably Scipio the Younger (c. 185-129 B.C.). Roman general, captured and destroyed Carthage, was elected Roman Consul by special dispensation because of his youth, later placed himself at the head of the aristocratic opposition to the reforms of the popular party and was found dead in his room one morning supposedly assassinated.

²Antony—Marc Antony (c. 82-30 B.C.). After being defeated in battle by the fordes of Octavius, he committed suicide.
Can these stains reach Vittori? he hath given
No argument to suspect his fall from Loyalty.

Fr. I do not sir accuse him, nor did I
More then became the spirit of a Prince,
Show I was sensible of his Fathers impudence;
If you remember, when I urg'd what trespass
His Father had committed, he urg'd aloude,
Was this all his reward, as if his service
Were obligation to make us suffer,
And justifie their affronts, but I waste breath
Since you are so well pleas'd; my duty sir
Shall speake me still your Sonne, but let me take
Boldnesse to prophesie their insolence
Strucke at my person first, but you will find
Their pride reach higher, I am but a branch
Superfluous, and may be prund away;
You have you say, no argument to suspect
His fall from Loyalty, if what's done to me
Be dead within you, yet remember now
You have disingag'd by exile his relation
And tie of subject, he owes now no faith to you,
What that, and his disgrace and opportunity
Abroad may frame him to, I leave, to imagine. [Going,

K. N. Nay prethee come backe, thou hast awak'd me,
I finde my rashnesse, I did never thinke
There had been so much danger, we will study
Timely prevention, let em be cald backe,
Fly after em, and in our name command--

Pr. You shanot need.
K. N. How shanot need?

Pr. Your pardon,

In hope your wisedome would allow it after,
I have made that my act, Julio is gone
With strict commission for that purpose.

K. N. Julio?

I thanke thy care.

Fab. Twas most divinely thought on, most maturely,
Now all your jealousies are laid.

Pr. I shall

Compose my selfe at his returne, to waare
What countenance you will direct.

K. N. Cassandra

Y'ave sent for too.

Pr. By any meanes,¹ she is

So precious to Vittori, had she sinn'd
Alone to merit banishment, hee would follow her
Through all the world.

K. N. Women are strangely attractive,²

¹By any meanes--by all meanes.
²attractive--able to draw, as by magnetic influence.
Fame speaks her vertuous too.

Pr. Some vertue she has--

Enter Iulio, Alphonso, guarded.

Iulio has prospered, th'ast done good service;
Alphonso though your late affront to us
Be foule in its owne nature, and may encourage
Others by your impunitie, yet we have
With the remembrance of your former actions
Lost your offence, Vittori too shall find
The honour he deserves.

Alph. How's this?

Pr. Where is he?

He does not scorne our mercy; Iulio
Where is Cassandra?

Iu. Shipt with Vittori, thanke Alphonso fort
Whom you have pardoned, they are both at Sea.

Pr. Whirle-winds pursue em.

K. N. Where's your sonne Alphonso?

Alph. Embark'd with his faire Mistresse, I observe
My Lord which way your anger moves, in vaine
You vex your soule for them, the Sea's no part
Of your command, the winds are masters there,
Which cannot raise a storme so blacke and ominous,
As their owne countrey.

\(^1\)Lost--forgotten.
Pr. By what meanes escaped they?

Alph. Take it\(^1\) from me, and after cut my head off,
I charg'd him as his heart wish'd to enjoy
A Fathers blessing, as he lov'd the honour
Of his Cassandra, fearing some new plot,
To hire a Barke, and quickly put to Sea,
Whilst I made some stay to dispose affaires,
That might befriend us in another countrey;
He did obey and had my prayers, the winds
Convey'd him swiftly from the shore, and had
Your creature Julio not made such haste,
I had dispatch'd, and in another vessell
Followed his ship, but heaven determined I
Should be agen your prisoner; use your power
But looke to give account for every haire
Of this old head, now withered in your service.

Pr. To the Castle with him.

Alph. I, there's the King,
Let me use one word more Royall sir, to you.

Pr. You'll heare him.

Alph. Feare not Prince, my soule's not falne
So low to beg compassion.

K. N. Speake Alphonso?

Alph. My duty still preserv'd, I would advise

\(^1\)Take it--to make oneself responsible for a statement, to affirm.
Your age to quit the trouble of your Kingdome,
And aske the Princes leave to turne a Capuchin,
Why should you stoupe with burthen of such a state,
And have a sonne so active, turne Fryer, my Lord,
And make the young man King.

Pr. I must endure.
K. N. Away with him.
Fab. Ile see him safe my Lord.

(Exit with Alphonso and Guard.)

Enter a Messenger.

Pr. What hasty newes with you.

Mes. To Armes great sir for your defence, there are
New dangers from the Sea.
K. N. Another Fleet?
Mes. And sailing this way, we suspect they are
Sicilians.
K. N. Vittori gave a flow to their desigene.
Pr. Dee but suspect it vilaine?

It may bee
Some scattered ships.
Pr. Has not Vittori mock'd us,
And plaide the vilaine with your trust.
K. N. They could not be reinforced so soone, what number?
Mes. They cover sir the seas.

1Dee--do ye.
Pr. Gather up forces to 150

Prevent the landing.

Mes. Tis impossible?

They touch our shore by this time.

K. N. Then make safe

The City.

Alb. It may be another Fleet, meant to relieve

The first, and came not forth so soon.

K. N. Now we want Vittori. Exit.

Pr. All the diseases Naples ever gron'd with

Or take Vittori, but Alphonso shall

Pay dearly for this mischief.

Iu. Be not sir

Dejected, tis more easie to defend 160

At home, then thrive in forraine warre, these men

Will find as proud resistance.

Pr. Canst thou thinke

I do looke pale for this? no Iulio,

Although the suddaine newes might move me somewhat

I have a heart above all feare, and can

Know no distraction but Cassandra's absence,

That makes me looke so wild, and teares my braine

With the imagination.

Iu. But the state

We are in requires you should be active sir.
II.ii

Fr. Ah Iulio, the armies which I feare
Are not abroad, they have made entrenchment here. Exeunt.

\ACT II, Scene ii./

A shout within, Enter the King of Sicily, Horatio, Trivulsi, Fabrichio.

Hor. Though Naples do not bid you welcome sir
A shore, the joyes and duties of your subjects
Cannot be silent.

K. S. We do thanke you all,
The seas were kinde, and the winds kissd our sailes.
All things conspir'd to our revenge.

Tr. Your Iustice
Our very enemies acknowledge it,
And conscious of their injurie, are afraid
To looke upon us.

K. S. Marshall of the field
Give present order for entrenchments.
Weele quarter here, you shall make good that part
With your horse troupe, and plant Canons on that hill,
To play upon the towne, Naples shall find
We did not venter all upon one stake,
That petty losse at sea which made them triumph,

1 venter--venture.
And perhaps careless of more opposition
Shall dearly be accounted for, beside
Dishonouring our Daughter, and our Court
By such a rude departure.

Hor. As they had

Scorn'd your alliance.

K. S. Thy particular

Suffrings Horatio, and wounds are put

Into the scale.

Hor. They are not worthy sir,

Had his sword reach'd my heart, my death had beene
No sinne compar'd to that affront he threw
Vpon your selfe and Daughter, I was bound
To engage that blood was given me to serve you,
And I doe love those drops that in a cause
So just made haste to shew their duty to you
Better than those that dwell within my heart.

K. S. We are confident of thy loyalty.

Tr. The Princesse.

Enter Rosinda and Flavia.

K. S. Alas Rosinda thou wert not bred to these

Tumults and noyse of warre, has not the sea
Impair'd thy health, I was too rash to allow
Thy travaile, and expose thy tendernesse
To this rude voyage.
It appears to me
A pleasant change of ayre, I have heard men talke
Of many horrours that attend the seas,
Of tempeasts, and of dangers, I have seene
Nothing to fright me; if the waves put on
No other shape, I could exchange me thinkes
My dwelling on the land.

We owe this happinesse

To you faire Princesse, for whose safer passage
The breath of heaven did gently swell our sailes,
The waves were proud to beare so rich a lading,
And danc'd toth' musick of the windes.

You shew
Your compliment my Lord, call you this Naples?

The kingdome of our enemy which shall
Groane for the inhabitants. Are all our forces
Landed?

Safe to your wishes, and expect
What they shall be commanded.

We must first
Secure the ground we have, being defenc'd
With workes,1 we may prevent their sallies, and
Assault to our best advantage, still preserve

1 workes—fortifications.
Thy courage my Rosinda, tis for thee
We have adventur'd hither.

Ro. And you have
Beene kinde to the petition of your daughter,
Who can in duty waite upon your fortune;
At home, I should have withered in your absence,
I shall grow valiant here.

K. S. My dearest child,
Whose very eyes doe kindle flames of courage
In every souldier, be still safe, and promise
Thy selfe a brave revenge.

Exeunt all but Rosinda and Flavia.

Fla. What will become of us Madam?

Ro. We must take our fortunes, I am sorry
For thee.

Fla. You have some reason for your selfe,
If any danger follow I know where
To place the cause, but I dare suffer with
Your grace,

Enter Paz. and Page.

Passerello Madam, and the Page.

Ro. Hee's come in good time to releave our thoughts.

Paz. Madam.

Pag. Come plucke up a good heart.

Paz. Tis comming out as fast as it can, sweete Didimo
hold my head.

Pag. Come, tis but a little sea sicknesse.

Paz. Seasick quotha\textsuperscript{1}--a vengeaunce of all drunken voyages, I can doe nothing but--

Ro. How now Pazorello?

Paz. Oh Madam, never did man cast up\textsuperscript{2} so much, and had so little skill in Arithmetick, nothing grieves me, but I have not drunke for't. I have a perpetuall motion in my belly, the foure winds are together by the eares in my small guts, 80 would I had never knowne the Sea, little did I thinke--oh--

Fla. Thou art a fresh water scouldier.

Paz. Freshwater? I know not, be judge by the whole ship, if I was not in a sweete pickle.

Ro. The worst is past; this is but physicke.\textsuperscript{3}

Paz. If I had thought the sea would have given me so many vomits, I would have seene it burn'd, ere I would ha ventured so farre, I ha purg'd both wayes, and the enemie had met us before we landed, I should have scour'd\textsuperscript{4} some on em.

Pag. How doe you now?

Paz. The fit is not so violent altogether, a shipboard

\begin{itemize}
\item quotha--said he; used in the sense of "indeed!"
\item cast up--Pazzorello is, of course, punning, having in mind the meaning to count or reckon with numbers as well as to vomit.
\item physicke--cure, healing.
\item scour'd--discharged.
\end{itemize}
I runne a tilt, howsoever I beseech your grace, that I may goe home agen.

**Ro.** There is no way by land.

**Pag.** And a little more jogging at sea--

**Pag.** The very word Sea, boyles in my stomackle, and will make my mouth runne over presently--ho it comes, it comes. **Exit.**

**Pag.** Madam I have a great desire to attend him,

I have cast a plot to make your highnesse merry. 100

**Ro.** Youle play the wag with him, wee'le trust you to pursue it.

**Pag.** I humbly thanke your grace. **Exit.**

**Ro.** **Flavia** does not the day looke blacke o'th suddaine?

**Fla.** It has not the same complexion, I heare

A noyse too.

**Ro.** From the sea it growes loud.

**Fla.** Tis well we are a shore, oh me I tremble

To thinke what would be come on's, and we had

Not beene afore this tempest, I thanke providence;

I was upon the Sea once in a storme,

But they use to clap the women under hatches, 110

I never prayd so in my life; the King!

Enter King [of Sicily], Horatio,

Trivulsi, Fabrichio.

**K. S.** I know not what to thinke, no sooner Landed,

But such a storme pursue us, does not this
Affright Rosinda into paleness? dost
Not feele an ague?

Ro. I have rather cause
Sir to rejoyce, it overtooke us not
Upon the sea, the furie of it there
Might have beene fatall.

Hor. Be not troubled sir,
My soule doth from this omen prophesie
The victorie you wish upon this kingdome,
Nor is it superstition to beleev,
That heaven doth point us out the scourge to Naples,
By seconding our comming with a tempest;
The waves were proud to entertaine our Navie:
The fish in amorous courtship dance'd about
Our Ship, and no rude gale from any coast
Was sent to hang upon our linnen wings,
To interrupt our wishes, not a starre
Muffled his brightnesse in a sullen cloud,
Till we arriv'd, and then observe how heaven
Threatens the fall of this proud enemie,
By this prodigious tempest, which but gives
Them warning of a greater.

K. S. We are confident
Thou hast happily expounded; what lightning
Darts from those angry exhalations.
Hor. It speaks the flame of our revenge.

K. S. What thunder?

Hor. The loudnesse of our canon, let their feares
Apply it, and runne mad with apprehension.

Tr. Our ships must needes fall foule on one another,
Riding ith haven.

Hor. Let em cracke their ribs,
We have the more necessity to tug\(^1\) for't.

K. S. Yet would thou wert at home.

Ro. Feare not for me sir,

Your absence would present my imagination
With more affliction, I suffer lesse
In knowledge, and shall rise by brave examples,
Valiant above my sex, these horrors fright
Not me.

K. S. This fire will quicken the whole army.

\[Enter\] Souldiours pursued by Vittori,
Cassandra halfe dead under his arme.

What mutinie is here?

Vi. Base vilaines, to take part
With all the malice of the world against me.

K. S. What are you?

Vi. I am a Gentleman, and dare

\(^1\) tug—contend.
Rather than suffer a rude hand divorce
This burden from my armes, defie you all.
Alas she will be gone, oh my Cassandra
Thy soule shannot forsake thee thus, ile take it
In with a kisse.

Tr. Some whom the wracke¹ has cast
Upon the shore.

Ro. Pitty the gentlewoman.

Vi. Come not too neere, the man that first attempts
This Lady, had better rip his mothers wombe.

K. S. Whence are you?

Vi. You are strangers I perceive,
Then I presume to tell you, I have more justice,
To tread upon this earth, then you, or any
The proudest, it once gave us birth, and fate
Vngentle fate, hath sent us backe to dye here,
But I will not outlive my deere Cassandra.

K. S. Doe you delight in wounds, resigne that Lady.

Vi. Not while my hand can manage this, the blood
You take, will make us walke on even pace
To death, and when my soule can stay no longer,
Ile leave a curse to blast you, but if you
Beare hearts of flesh about you, and will promise

¹ wracke—destruction.
A pitty to this poore departing Spirit
I will not use a sword, but give my life
To be commanded from me at your pleasure,
Your care will come too late.

K. S. I promise by
The word and honour of a King, she shall
Be carefully attended.

Vi. Though that name
Breed wonder in me, it secures all thoughts
That may concerne her safety.

K. S. See Rosinda
With as much diligence to this Ladies health,
As you'd preserve your owne.

Hor. An excellent creature! 180

K. S. My faith is past,
Now if you please you may acquaint us with
Your name and quality.

Vi. Something on the sudden
Weighes my hart lower, I have not power to thanke him. /Aside./

K. S. Already you have exprest your selfe this Country man,
Be more particular.

Vi. My name's Vittori.

K. S. The Admirall of Naples?

Hor. It was a title
I had too late, and lost it for my service;  
I cannot conjure up the dead to witnesse,  
There be some living that remember me,  
It was my chance to have the best at sea,  
Against the bold Sicilian.

K. S. A chance sayst?

Vi. Few victories can boast more, all is but  
The dye of Warre, which valour must obey,  
My lot was to bring peace, and triumph home,  
And my reward was banishment, the sea  
Held me a sinfull burden to the waves,  
Or else the blood I shed to mixe with em,  
In anger and revenge conspir'd to throw  
Our Barke, with the distressed lading backe  
Upon this flinty bosome of our Country,  
You have at full my misery, be just  
To that poore Lady, whatsoe're I suffer.

K. S. Your fame was with us earlier, entertaine him,  

They disarme Vittori.

You are welcome man, there's cause we should  
Be kinde to you.

Vi. Will a King staine his honour?

K. S. Know miserable man, thy destinies

201 our7 Gifford-Dyce; your
Have made thee his, that will exact severe
Account for many lives, most happy storme,
Thy master too shall finde a punishment
Great as his pride, how fortunate we are!

Vi. I aske no mercy for my selfe, be kind
To that poore Lady, as ye are a Prince, and I
Will kisse my fate.

K. S. We violate no promise made to her,
Though torment make thee curse thy selfe; blest heavens!
You shall pay deere for all.

Vi. Oh my Cassandra,
When at the expence of all my blood, I have bought
Thy precious life from these hard hearted men,
Shed one teare on me; and I am pay'd agen. Exeunt.

The third Act.

(Scene 1.)

Enter Page and Pazzorello.

Pag. You should have thought of this afore.

Paz. I did thinke, and thinke on't agen, but there was
necessity of going with the princesse, or losing my place
at court, when she came backe; prethee sweete Didimo
counsell me, I shall nere endure these bousing of

1bousing--the making of loud explosive noise.
gunnes, happy are they that can destroy gunpowder,
without offence in their mustering, soldiers may talk,
but there's neither wit nor honesty in making so many
cripples, yet I would give one of my legs to have the
toother secur'd, I care not which, cowards are commonly 10
creatures of understanding, would I had purg'd away my
soul at sea, there had been peace among the Haddocks.

Paz. Come, I have a tricke to save thee harmless, thou
shall entreate to be gentleman of a company.¹

Paz. Shall I? what's that?

Paz. A singular priviledge I can tell you, oh the right
hand file,² do not you know't.


Paz. There's no honour like it, Ile not give a rush to be an
officer, your Gentleman of a company marches in the vanne.³ 20

Paz. Vanne, what's that?

Paz. The bullets first salute him, he goes up to the
mouth of a Canon, he lies perdue.⁴

¹gentleman of a company—"an old technical term for a
soldier (apparently a volunteer) who was superior to an
ordinary private and yet not definitely an officer. His
precise rank, indeed, was always a matter of dispute." Note
by George Lyman Kittredge, I Henry IV, IV,ii,23 (Boston, 1940),
p. 176.

²right hand file—men on the right-hand extremity of a
company of soldiers constituting the depth from front to
rear of a formation in line.

³vanne—vanguard, the front line of an army.

⁴perdue—from French, lost, past hope; to lie perdue is to
lie in hiding in a very advanced and dangerous position where
there is little hope of escaping death.
Paz. Perdue?

Pag. More glorie than to command an army, to lye two

hours upon his belly in the field, and digge a hole for

his chin, when the bullets whisper in both his eares,

whize; to be trod upon by horses, and scorne to reveale

himselfe, sometimes to be snatch'd up by a party of

firelockes,¹ or if he fight to bee cut into honourable 30

collups,² or his limbes strewed about the field, which

found by a subtlers³ wife, is sod⁴ for the knapsacke men,

and goes currant for campe mutton, my father was a Captaine,

and I have heard him tell brave stories of these

gentlemen of companies.

Paz. And thou wodst ha me one of these gentlemen.

Pag. By any meanses.

Paz. Have the bullets first salute me; lye perdue as you

call it, and be cut into honorable collups, or have my

haunches sod by a subtlers wife, and passe for Campe ⁴₀

mutton, this is the preferment you wish me to M.⁵ Didimo.

¹firelockes—soldiers armed with firelock muskets, muskets
having a gunlocke in which sparks were produced to ignite the
powder.

²collups—slices of meat.

³subtler—sutler, one who follows an army and sells
provisions to the soldiers.

⁴sod—boiled.

⁵M—Master.
Pag. You shall be in no danger, I have but told you what
fortunes other men have met withall, you shall be
secure and march in the vanne.
Pag. And come up to the mouth of a Canon.
Pag. Tis my meaning.
Pag. Which if I doe, Ile give the Canon leave to eate me.
Pag. Dost thou thinke I would advise thee any thing for thy hurt.
Pag. Hurt, no no, these are but fleabittings, to have my
limbes strewid about the field, or so.
Pag. Come, I love thee, and will give thee prooffe; thou
hast got money in thy service, put thy body in equipage,¹
and beg of the princesse to be one of these brave
fellowes, I will put thee into a way, to get everlasting
fame, and not a haire of thy head shall be the worse fort,
thou shat come off.
Pag. My head shall come off.
Pag. Thy whole body triumphant, my Rosiecleere,² and live
to make Nations stand a tiptoe to heare thy brave ad-
ventures, thy head shall be inchanted and have a prooffe 60
beyond the musty murrian,³ didst never heare of men that

¹ equipage—military uniform.
² Rosiecleere—a fanciful title whose origin is unclear; perhaps from the Spanish "rosicler" meaning bright red. Cf., Beaumont and Fletcher, Philaster, V.iv.101, "My royal Rosicleer, / We are thy myrmidons . . . ."
³ murrian—obsolete form of morion; a kind of helmet, without beaver or visor, worn by soldiers in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.
have beene slicke\textsuperscript{1} and shot free,\textsuperscript{2} with bodies no bullets could pierce.

Paz. That's by witchcraft.

Pag. Tha'st hit the naile boy, I will procure this feate done for thee, feare nothing, but be very secret, thy head shall be an anvil, and breake all the swords that light upon't, and for the shot, thy breath shall dampe\textsuperscript{3} a Canon, it shall fall off like one of thy buttons.

Paz. If this could be compass'd, I should love witches the 70 better while I live.

Pag. Here's my hand, something shall be done, but put on a brave outside of resolution for the credit on't, that the world may beleive tis thy valour puts thee upon desperate actions from which a charme shall bring thee off, or the devill shall nay\textsuperscript{4} to some body; here's the Princessse.

\textsuperscript{1}slicke--slicke-free apparently means being impervious to a sword or any slick weapon. (Robert Nares, \textit{A Glossary; or, Collection of Words . . . in the Works of English Authors, Particularly Shakespeare and His Contemporaries}, London, 1888.) But Alfred C. Potter in \textit{MLM}, XXVII, 199, suggests that the correct form is stick-free, comparable to the German stichfrei meaning \textit{invulnerable}.

\textsuperscript{2}shot free--cf., Falstaff in \textit{I Henry IV}, V.iii.30, "Though I could scape shot-free at London, I fear the shot here." Kittredge notes that shot-free means "without paying the shot, i.e., the scot, the reckoning at taverns" (\textit{I Henry IV}, p. 189) as well as free of gunshot. Shirley may also intend shot-free to be a pun, but this intention is less clear than in Shakespeare.

\textsuperscript{3}dampe--to stifle, deaden.

\textsuperscript{4}nay--to make denial.
Enter Rosinda, Cassandra, Flavia.

Looke high and let me heare how youle deserve the benefit.

Cas. Madam I know not in what language to

Express those humble thankes my soule is full of,

It shall be justice, you command this life

You have preserv'd.

Ro. We should have forfeited

Humanity, not to have releev'd you

In such distresse.

Enter Horatio.

Hor. Shall I not trespass madam

Beyond your mercy, by this bold intrusion?

Ro. My Lord y'are welcome.

Hor. Your grace honours me, but to you lady

I am directed.

Cas. To me noble sir.

Paz. We shall be rusty here for want of use,

Oh for an action of battery, I long

To fight pell mell with somebody.

Ro. Pazzorello.

Pag. He's growne most strangely valiant.

Fla. How he lookes?

Paz. Madam I have an humble sute to your highnesse.

Ro. To me? yare like to prosper in't.

Paz. I beseech you I may not bee a Common Souldier, I would
crosse the seas for something, let me be gentleman of
a company, and let the bullets flye as fast as they can.

**Ro.** I must confesse you aske a place of honour, but of danger.

**Paz.** Danger's an Asse, oh that I were to fight with
the Generall now for two crownes!

**Fla.** A mighty wager!

**Pag.** He meanes both the kingdomes.

**Paz.** I would desire no more then my finger against his
musket. If we make no assault presently against the
walles, I shall goe neere to mutinie, and kill two or
three of our owne Captaines.

**Ro.** This he that was sea-sicke?

**Paz.** Oh there is no honour, like to marching in the vanne!
Ile not give a rush for a man that wonot ly Perdue halfe
a yeere together, and come up to the teeth of a Canon.

**Pag.** To the Canons mouth; I speake by a figure.

**Paz.** Now you talke of the mouth; \[1/\] will eate every day
this leaguer\(^1\) foure and twenty Canon bullets butterd,
and as many Spanish Pikes for sparagrasse:\(^2\) their steele
points will fortifie my stomacke; I will kill my hundred
men anoure for a twelve-moneth together.

**Fla.** Youle not have men enough to conquer.

**Pag.** When the men are all dead i'th towne, heele ly with all

\(^1\)leaguer--siege.

\(^2\)sparagrasse--asparagus.
the women, and get as many more, rather then want enemies.

Paz. Oh how I could demolish man woman and child now!

Ro. I see your spirit, and must cherish it; ile speake to my Lord; you may have your desire, but be not seen int for your honour.

Paz. Hee's here indeed, /seeing Horatio/ Didimo when shall I be bewitch'd? and the devill do not put me in good security--

Pag. Trust me for that, lets leave em about it.

/Exeunt Page and Pazzorelo./

Hor. Can you be cruell Lady to that man,
That offers you his heart?

Cas. Alas my Lord
You aske mine in exchange, and I have made it
A gift already to Vittori, while
He lives he must possesse it; as y'are noble
Prosecute this no further.

Hor. I have done,

Vittori then must dy. /Aside./

Enter King of Sicily, Trivulsi, Fabrichio.

K. S. Horatio,
Command your prisoner be brought to us presently.

Hor. I shall sir. Exit.

Cas. As you are a King, I beg your mercy
To poore Vittori.

Ro. I petition too
For her desires.

K. S. Unlesse he will be cruell to himselfe,

His fate smiles on him; does he love you Lady.

Cas. Great sir, we are one soule, life cannot be

So precious as our loves.

K. S. You shall preserve him; --Rosinda.

Ro. I obey.

K. S. Leave us. Exit [Rosinda].

Thy health

Is but a prologue to his blessing, that
Paper speaks our intention, you shall
Present it; if he be wise his judgement
Will meet our purpose, what we lost at sea,
We enable him to satisfie by a second
Proof of his courage, and propound not only
Life, and his liberty, but so great an honour
As next our title, there is left no glory
To equal it.

Cas. Y'are all bounty.

K. S. There are some

Conditions; if you find him cool, you may
Apply what argument you find to warme
His resolutions,

Enter Vittori, Horatio.

140 Leave us; Gifford-Dyce; Leave, as
here he is, I leave you.

Vi. I waite sir your command.

K. S. She will instruct you. Horatio.

Exeunt King and Hor. [Tri., Fabr.]

Vi. Enjoyes my best Cassandra perfect health?

The King is just, and I have not enough
With this poore life to satisfie.

Cas. Vittori

Wee now begin our happinesse, the King
Has beene so gracious.

Vi. All that's good reward him;

To see thee safe and smile, I write my ambition.

Cas. When you peruse that paper, you will find

How much we owe to providence, it was
The Kings command I should deliver it,
The words were of such comfort that came with it,
I must be confident you'le thanke him for it.

Vi. What should this be? Reads.

Noble Vittori, we know you are a Souldier, and present

you not with naked pitty of your fortune; what some Prince

would take away we have purpose to cherish, your life;

enjoy your selfe, and with it the Command of all our Forces.
Naples ingratitude, if you have put no false shape upon

your injuries, may bee argument enough to your revenge and
justice. Be our Souldier, fight against your Country, so
with one valour, you punish them, and make us satisfaction; we will have pledge for this trust in Cassandra, whose head shall be the price of your disobedience. Sure I have lost my understanding; ha? Does it not bid me to fight against my Country? I prethee reade Cassandra, and repent, Thou hast thought him mercifull.

Cas. Wee have pledge for this trust in Cassandra, whose head shall be the price of your disobedience.
The language is too cleere.

Vi. It carries more
Darkenes then ever the night was guilty of,
And I looke blacke already to have read it;
Does he call treason justice, such a treason
As heathens blush at, Nature, and Religion
Tremble to heare, to fight against my country,
Tis a lesse sinne to kill my Father, there,
Or stab my owne heart, these are private mischeefes
And may in time be wept for, but the least Wound I can fasten on my Country makes
A Nation bleed, and my selfe too, blasts all
The memory of former actions,
And kils the name we live by, oh Cassandra
Thou didst not well to praise the King for this.

Cas. His words did sound more comfort.
Prethee tell me?

How canst thou hope I should preserve my faith
Vnstain'd to thee, and breake to all the world?

Cas. Naples has beene injurious, and we made
No solemn vow to love what hath betraid us.

Vi. Take heed, and do not greeve the Saints to heare thee,
If Naples have forgot Vittories service,
I must not make a desperate shipwrecke of
My piety, what greater vow? It was
Articled in the creation of my soule
I should obey, and serve my Country with it
Above my selfe, death is a brave excuse for't,
No he shall see, I am a Souldier
And dare be just, say he should torture me,
Shall wickednesse be strong in punishment,
And we not be as valiant in our suffering?

Cas. Can then Vittori be content to leave his
Cassandra to the misery of life
Alone? for in the number of mankinde
I nere shall finde another in whose love
I can place any comfort.

Vi. Do not say so?
Princes will court thee then, and at thy feete
Humble their Crownes, and purchase smiles with Provinces,
When I am dead the world shall dote on thee
And pay thy beauty tribute, I am thy
Affliction, and when thou art discharg'd
From loving me, thy eyes shall be at peace,
A Sunne more glorious shall draw up thy teares
Which gracing heaven in some new forme, shall make
The Constellations blush, and envy em;
Or if thy love of me be so great, that when I am sacrific'd
Thou wot thinke of me, let this comfort thee,
I die my Countries Martyr, and ascend
Rich in my scarlet robe of bloud, my name
Shall staine no Chronicle, and my Tombe be blest
With such a garland time shall never wither:
Thou with a troupe of Wives as chaste as thee,
Shall visite my cold Sepulcher, and glory
To say, this doth enclose Vittories dust,
That died true to his honour, and his country,
Methinkes I am taking my leave already,
And kissing the wet sorrowes from thy cheeke,
Bid thee rejoysce, Vittori is a conqueror,
And death his way to triumph.

Cas. This is all
A new disguise for griefe, to make it shew well.

Vi. To make it shew indeed, I have talk'd idly,
And miserably forgot my selfe, I am check'd
This tells me another tale, if I refuse
To obey the Kings directions, he is not
So kinde to take the forfeit of my life,
But he will make the price of my neglect,
Cassandra's innocent bloud, if I obey not
To do an act injurious to vertue,
Thy soule must be divorc'd.

Cas. Sir I have read it,
And were not worthy of Vittories love
To value this poore life above his honour,
Keepe your high thoughts, preserve all peace within you,
You shall not buy my breath with your owne shame,
Ile die with that devotion, I ha praid for you,
Which trust me was most heartily, and ile shed
No teares for my owne funerall, if any
Vnruuly drop breake forth, when we are parting,
Tis more to leave Vittori then the world,
Yet if thou wot give me leave, Ile confesse to thee
Before my head fall from this other peace,
I would deceive the hangman, for ere thou
Go from me, with a sigh into thy bosome,
I would convey my spirit, and leave him
But a pale ghost, to mocke his execution.

Vi. I cannot hold, this conflict is more fierce
Then many thousand battells, canst thou dy?

Cas. If you will have it so; you have taught me
To be in love with noble thoughts, I shall
Have some weep o'er my hearse, and when I'm gone
Seald by my blood, a Martyr for thy love,
The world shall praise me for it, and the Virgins
And Wives, if I obtain no other monument,
Build me a toombe within their hearts, and pay
Their yeerely songs and garlands, to my memory,
That died, to save Vittories life and honour.

VI. How? should Cassandra die to save Vittori?

Cas. Allow it
So you be happie, and although my wishes
Are rather for the punishment of Naples,
More cruel than our enemies, yet if you
Thinke it dishonour to oppose that country,
I have a heart most willing to preserve
By any death your fame, lose not a scruple
Of your selfe for me, I carry thy love with me,
And prophesie my story shall throw more
Disgrace on Naples, then all thy revolt
Can bring upon thy name.

VI. I am in a tempest
And know not how to steere, destruction dwells
On both sides.

Cas. Come, resolve.

VI. I must--to let
Thee live, I will take armes, forgive me then

Great Genius\(^1\) of my Country, that to save

Her life, I bring my honour to the grave.  Exeunt.

\((A C T \ III, \ S c e n e \ ii.)\)

Enter Fabio and Mauricio at severall\(^2\) doores.

Fab. I know not what to say to these garboiles,\(^3\) theres a hot Naples toward,\(^4\) and the Prince is so numerous\(^5\) a thother side, I dare not come neere him;—Captaine Mauricio.

Ma. Signior Fabio you dishonour your body, by straining so much Compliment.\(^6\)

Fab. Your humble servant Captaine.

Ma. A court instrument, and so deepe a base, you forget your selfe, have the Warres made this alteration? keep your garbe and be staunch Signior, a Captaine is a thing too course\(^7\) for your acquaintance, you wonot know sooldiers

\(^1\)Genius—tutelary god or attendant spirit.

\(^2\)severall—separate.

\(^3\)garboiles—disturbances, tumults.

\(^4\)toward—imminent.

\(^5\)numerous—capricious.

\(^6\)Compliment—compliment, civility.

\(^7\)course—coarse.
in peace.

**Fab.** Alas sir, the necessity of my affaires at Court, and place so devours my attendance, that I cannot give that respect which is due to a Gentleman of your quality, no neglect I beseech you sir.

**Ma.** I am glad tis come about, what do you thinke now of a Musket bullet next your heart, tis very provocative, come be not sad, thou maist live a day or two longer.

**Fab.** I hope Captaine the state of the City is not so desperate.

**Ma.** We expect a battell everyhoure, and the wals to fly 20 about our eares; if they should be patient, we ha not provision to endure a siege, what will become of your pumps\(^1\) signior, your wrought shirts, and rich nightcaps, I say nothing of your wardrobe, jewels and other trinkets.

**Fab.** I stand not upon them, my life is more precious to me then all these.

**Ma.** What pitty it is so profound a gentleman should dye by gunpowder, what would you give to be sav'd now?

**Fab.** How dee meane Captaine?

**Ma.** For your soule let it shift, I thinke thou hast 30 little care on't thy selfe, there be many would give all their estate to outlive these combustions.

**Fab.** I would I were sure on't, condition I lost halfe my land.

\(^1\)pumps—light, low-heeled shoes.
Ma. A match! my life against halfe your land to secure you,
and make an indifferent\(^1\) bargaine presently.\(^2\)

Fab. Your life? how are you sure to live?

Ma. If I dye, you have halfe your land by't, if you live,
tis worthy dividing transitory fortunes, I shall ha
the worst match on't.

Fab. But how will you assure me Captaine?

Ma. Thou art not sencelesse, why your venter is but land
against my life, which is more precious I hope than
thousand acres, is this to be considered? clap hands,
and we will have articles drawne for mutuall assurances,
I doe not this to every man, but I hope to have good on
thee hereafter; the King!

Enter King of N., Prince, Julio, Alberto.

Fab. And Prince.

Ma. Lets withdraw then, and conclude; tis a safe bargaine
for you sir, if you faile, what would all your estate
doe you good, and then I forfeit my life; if you
scape, I have but halfe your land.

Fab. I understand, and thanke you noble Captaine.

Exeunt [Fab. and Ma.]

K. N. Alphonso must be sent for out of prison,
He's an exercienc'd sooldier.

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\(^1\) indifferent--impartial, fair.

\(^2\) presently--immediately.
Pr. To betray us.

K. N. Now we are punished for Vittories banishment.

Pr. Your fear will make us cowards.

Iu. Shall we make

A sally forth?

K. N. Alberto.

Pr. Weele expect more

Advantage first, they have finisht their redoubt,¹

Is our river guarded with a sconce?²

Iu. On that part

No enemy can endanger us.

K. N. What if you

Tested Alphonso, he has beene ever faithfull,

And we too rash.

Pr. Kepe prudent watches Julio,

Something irth evening may be attempted,

Death is the worst, and better fall with honour

Then owe our life to faires, I would Cassandra

Were in their Campe, oh Julio.

Iu. Twere better

she were at home in your possession.

¹roduct—a small and usually temporary type of fortification.
²sconce—a small fort or earthwork.

61 tested 7 tasted
A Herald sir.

Pr. Admit him.

K. N. Alberto, Julio.

Exeunt [Alberto, Julio].

Enter againe, with Vittori
like a Herald.

Pr. What's the complement now.

Vi. Thus Naples is saluted from my Master,

Provok't by injuries above the patience
Of kings to suffer, without thirst of blood
Or pride of conquest, he is come in armes
To ask a satisfaction; if you would
Not know the fury of a warre, which acts
Such horrid ruines against men: and nature, that
Repentance cannot easily absolve
The guilt in them that caus'd it, meet conditions,
And deserve timely my great masters friendship,
With mercy on your selves.

Pr. Mercy!

K. N. Be temperate.

Vi. Remember wounds are made more easily

Then curd, and now arriv'd within your countrey,
Revenge may spread a wild destruction,
Let mothers still enjoy their sleepe, and dwell
Within their husbands bosome, let their children
Live to requite the parents grone, and prosper,
Let old men pay their debt onely to nature,
And virgins dedicate their yet chast wombe
To Hymens holy use, or at their quires\(^1\)
With freedome of their soules, sing holy prayers
For the sweete peace you lend em, to serve heaven.

Pr. This fellow's sent to make us, in my heart
  I repent all the tye of armes and nations,
  That gives such saucy freedome to a Herald.

Vi. I claime my priviledge, and dare say more.

Pr. What more?

Vi. Vittori is our generall.

K. N. \{ Vittori? dares that traitour--

Vi. When Kings leave
  Their justice, and throw shame upon deservers,
  Patience so wounded turns a fury.

Pr. How!
  Dares Sicily trust him?

Vi. Yes he has good pledge;
  Too great a pawne.

Pr. This, this vexation
  I did expect, but we must not be frighted,
  Tell your insulting master, he shall finde

\(^1\)quires--choirs.
Men that both dare, and can resist this fury;
Conditions we despise, nor let him magnifie
His purchase in that rebell, every soouldier
With us hath equall courage to Vittori,
But a soule far more honest.

Vi. Honest?
Pr. So sir,
This warre shall justifie upon his heart.

Vi. I dare not stay to heare more, least my passions 110
Betray me; what a fire this language has
Shot through my blood, the poore old king sayes nothing,
But fills a place like a state cipher. \textit{Aside.}

Pr. Herald.
Returne this to that \textit{Giant} of your warre,
\textit{Vittori}, in his absence, we shall find
A punishment for his treason, and to coole
His hot veines, say the first attempt he makes
Against us, shall as valiently be answer'd
With his fathers head.

Vi. Ha?
Pr. By thy masters soule
It shall, and this is all our answere, see 120
Him safe without the walls. \textit{Exeunt \textit{all but Vittori}.}

Vi. Thunder has strucke me,
I feele new stings about my heart, my father?
Was ever man so miserably throwne
Upon despaire, if I refuse their warre
I lose my wife\(^1\) Cassandra, if I fight
My father bleeds, some divine arme sustaine
My feeble soule, instruct it how I should
Distinguish sorrow, and which blessing rather
I should now part with, a deere wife, or father. \(\text{Exit.}\)

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\textbf{The fourth Act.}

\(\text{/Scene 1.}\)

\textbf{Enter Rosinda, Cassandra.}

\textbf{Ro.} But did the Prince affect thee so Cassandra?

\textbf{Cas.} I have told you Madam every circumstance,
I should but flatter my owne misery
To speake it lesse, misfortune had not made me
Your prisoner now, if he had beene more temperate.

\textbf{Ro.} But did thy heart allow him no affection?
Thou wert much unkind.

\textbf{Cas.} He had my duty Madam,
Which still I owe him, as my prince, but I
Had but one faith, and that was given Vittori,
I feare I have displeas'd you.

\(^1\)wife--not yet actually his wife, but his betrothed.
Ro. No thou hast not,

Dost thinke he loves thee still?

Cas. I know not Madam,

But I hope not.

Ro. Would I could hope so too;

Thou hast deserv'd my confidence, and although
Thou canst not helpe me, I must tell thee all,
I love that Prince, lov'd when I first saw him,
And when he courted me, I thought twas necessary
To shew I had a soft heart, but he flatter'd
And tooke too soone occasion of his absence;
The wounds he left upon Horatio
Were not so deepe as mine, which howsoere
I have disguis'd yet from my fathers eye,
Can find no cure without his surgerie
That left them in my bosome; to this end
I urg'd my father to this warre, and beg'd
With many prayers to witnesse his revenge.

Cas. That was a desperate remedy, how if
Your father be orecome, and you made prisoners.

Ro. We shall find death or ransome, the first would
Conclude my sufferings, th'other not much harme us,
Perhaps advance my ends, but if the victorie
Should crowne our army, I should interpose
To make conditions for the Prince, fate must decide
Decide one of these wayes.
Cas. Madam I pity you,
Sure if the Prince knew with what constancie
Your love breathes after him, he would finde a passion
To meete your Noble flame.

Ro. I know not whether
To pray for victorie, or to be conquer'd,
For till the warres conclude, I must despaire
To see whom my desires pursue.

Cas. Tis possible
That you may see him Madam.

Ro. When?

Cas. This night,
And speake with him, without exposing your
Person to any danger.

Ro. Prethee doe not
Mocke me sweete friend.

Cas. You were compassionate
Of me, and tis but duty I should answere it
With my desires to serve you; not to hold
Your thoughts in expectation, is there any
Gentleman neere, whom you dare trust?

Ro. With what?

Cas. With carriage of a paper; I shall runne
Some hazzard, but there's nothing can weigh downe
That goodnesse you have shewed me, being a stranger;
Ile frame a letter Madam in my name,
And by some charme of love invite him to
Your tent, if he retaine part of that flame
Which did so command in him, be assur'd
The Prince will come.

Ro. Thou wert creaté to make
Me blest, but with what safety can he reach
Thus far and not be knowne.

Cas. He to whose trust
You give this secret, shall remove that fear.

Ro. There is a Captaine.

Cas. Best of all.

Ro. Fabrichio.

Cas. Send for him straite, if you allow this device
Ile presently dispatch the amorous summons.

Ro. Ile call thee sister.

Cas. Call me servant Madam,
In that I am honour'd.

Exit.

Enter Flavia disguis'd as a hag.

Fla. Are you ready Madam?

Ro. For what?

Fla. To laugh; I am turn'd inchantresse, and now tis upon
the minute, Pazzorella by the boyes directions comes

1create—obsolete form of the past participle, created.
for his magicall armour.

Ro.  I have something of more consequence to finish,
     But I may be at the end of your mirth.

Fla.  Prosper in all your wishes.  

    Enter Page.

Pag.  Flavia! That's excellent, Hecate never
      look'd so dreadfully, where's the Princess?

Fla.  She commanded not to expect her, but she'll not
      be long absent, where's the gamester?

Pag.  Almost within reach of your vovce, you'll remember
      the circumstance,\(^1\) that he may be capable of the charme,
      hee's mad to be inchantet.

Fla.  I warrant you, I have some furies to assist me too.
      Conduct him hither, [Exit Page] if the foole after this
      conceiving himselfe bewitch'd, should grow valiant, and 80
      doe wonderes, who can helpe it? if he have but the wit
      to kepe his owne counsell, let him take his course;
      but he approaches.

    Enter Fazzorello and Page.

Pag.  That is she.

Paz.  That old hag.

Pag.  Good words, she has come two hundred mile to day

\(^{71}\) Hecate\(^{7}\) Gifford-Dyce; Herald  Hecate, the goddess
    presiding over witchcraft and magical rites, makes much
    more sense than Herald.

\(^{1}\) circumstance—ceremony.
upon a distaffe, salute her, she expects it.

Paz. Would you have me kisse the devill?

Pag. Doe, I say--

This is the gentleman my loving Aunt,¹

For whom I doe beseech your powerfull spells.

Fla. To make him slicke and shot free.

Pag. Right deere Aunt,

He is a precious friend of mine, and one

That will be ready servant to your pleasures

At midnight, or what houre you please to call him.

Paz. Thou wodst not ha me lye with the old witch, what a
generation of hobgoblins should we have together.

Pag. Nor for this benefit, shall you finde him onely

Obedient to your selfe, but very dutifull

To any devill you have.

Fla. He is welcome child.¹

Paz. What a salt peeter² breath she has.

Fla. Where is Mephestophiles.³

Paz. No more devils if you love me.

Fla. I must have some to search him.

¹Aunt--an old woman.

²salt peeter--traditionally, saltpetre has been believed to have the power of reducing one's amorous instincts. Since Pazzorello has been talking about lying with the old witch, this is probably the meaning he has in mind, that her breath would destroy all amorous desires.

³Mephestophiles--familiar name for a devil; found in the Faustus legend.
Paz.  Search me? where? for what?

Pag.  How much was I overseene not to give you warning,
    be not afraid; what have you about you?

Paz.  About me, where? in my breeches, what do you
    meane? I shall be cut for the stone.

Pag.  Have you any money about you!

Paz.  Yes I have money of all complexions in my pocket.

Pag.  Away with it, as you love your selfe! not for your
    right hand, have one piece of gold or silver about you,
    no charmes can fasten on you then, her spells can have no
    power, if you doe not throw it away instantly--give
    mee't, ile keepe it from her knowledge, this were a
    tricke indeed--have you no goldfinches in your fob?

Paz.  I defie him that has any thing in the likenessse of coyne.

Pag.  This is all money in your pocket, and come to be
    made shot free!

Paz.  What must I doe now?

---

1 overseene--mistaken, rash.

2 cut for the stone--receive a lithotomy, an incision in
    the bladder for removal of a stone. In The Doubtful Heir
    (I.1) Shirley also makes reference to being cut for the
    stone. A captain is abusing two citizens because of their
    miserliness and says to them,
    Or, of a surgeon, to cut you for
    The pebbles, which (if you survive incision)
    You keep in penny boxes, like dear relics
    And show your friends, when you intend to visit them
    And beg a dinner.                     (Gifford-Dyce, p. 285)

In keeping with the bawdy nature of Pazzorello's remarks,
stone perhaps also carries the meaning of testicle in his speech.

3 goldfinches--gold coins; guineas or sovereigns.
Pag. Kneele downe, and expect\textsuperscript{1} with obedience and admiration what will become on you. (Paz. kneels and Page blindfolds him.) Great Aunt the gentleman is cleere and ready;--you are sure you have no more impediment of this nature, if you dissemble, and be kild afterward, thanke your selfe.

Fla. Where be my spirits?

Pag. He humbly desires you would finish him as privately as might be, he does not know the constitution of every devill, and to make too many acquainted, if he could be finished otherwise, your Art may dispence.

Fla. He must cut off his little finger then.

Paz. How! cut off my finger!

Pag. What did you meane? here's a ring, a diamond.

Paz. I had forgot it.

Pag. No more, off weet', if you love your hand, here's a jest to foole away your life quickely, not for the world, present it to her; great Lady of the Laplanders,\textsuperscript{2} this gentleman implores your mercie to his joynts, and offering this trifle, humbly prays, you would honour him to weare it for his sake.

Fla. Comes it freely off.

\textsuperscript{1}expect--await.

\textsuperscript{2}Laplanders--Lapland was the fabled home of witches and magicians.

139 your\textsuperscript{7} Gifford-Dyce; his
Paz. It came off very hard, but I beseech your learned beldamship,¹ to accept it as a token of my duty.

Fla. I doe and thus prepar'd, delay
My charmes no longer; come away
You spirits that attend upon
This powerfull incantation,
Have you brought that sacred juyce,
Which at such a time we use;
Distill it gently I command,
Holding his eares with other hand.

[Page pulls his eare and throughout the scene continues to play the part of the spirits in beating and kicking Pazzorello as Flavia directs.]²

Paz. Oh my eares.

Pag. The more paine she puts you to now, the lesse youle feele hereafter sir.

Fla. Now rub his temples, forehead eke,² Give his nose a gentle tweake. Strike of³ palenesse, and bestow On either cheeke a lusty blow;

¹beldamship—a beldam is a grandmother or old lady; came to have depreciative connotations, a loathsome old hag.
²eke—also.
³of—off.
Take him by the haire and pull it,
Now his heads free from sword and bullet.

Paz. What will they doe with the rest of my body? [Aside.]

Fla. Graspe his necke till he groane twice.
Paz. Oh, oh.

Fla. Enough, now let the young man rise;
Thus on his shoulders I dispence
My wand to keepe all bullets thence,
And other weapons that would harme;
Pinch him now on either arme,

fairy-like.

Paz. Oh, pox othe devill oh.

Fla. On his breast give him a thumpe,
And two kickes upon the rumpe.
No circumstance must be forgot,
To make him free from slicke and shot;
And now my potent charmes are done,
This man is free from sword and gunne.

Paz. Bounce,¹ Y'are made for ever.

Fla. Farewell to both, for now must I
On my winged Gennet² flye.

Suckle and Hoppo fetch long strides,

¹ Bounce—imitating the sound of a gun.
² Gennet—jennet, a small horse.
By your mistresse as she rides. Exit Flavia, Page
blindfolds Pazzorello.

Paz. Whether is she gone now?

Pag. Home to a witches upsitting, she's there
by this time.

Paz. Where?

Pag. In Lapland; she will crosse the sea in an eggeshell,
and upon land hath a thousand wayes to convey her selfe
in a minute, I did but whistle and she came to me.

Paz. She knowes your whistle belike, well art thou sure 190
I am enchanted now?

Pag. It concerntes you to be sure on't, and I must tell you
one thing, if you make the least doubt on't, youle
endanger all; charmes in this kind are nothing without
the imagination, beleeeve it, and if any sword or bullet
have power to hurt you, nere trust your granam 1 agen.

Paz. Nay nay, I doe beleeeve it, and will bee valiant
accordingly, they pinch'd and kick'd me devillishly
for all that.

Pag. Y'are the better prooffe fort, you cannot be pinch'd 200
or kickd too much in such a cause, what! to be made
slicke and shot-free? now doe I foresee youle be
Captaine within these three dayes, you cannot avoide

1 granam—grandam, grandmother, an old woman.
it sir, who will not honour that man whom the bullets are afraid of?—The Princesse!

Enter Rosinda, Cassandra, Fabrichio.

Fabr. Repent your grace thought me a gentleman,

If I faile in this duty.

Ro. Not a syllable

Of me.

Fabr. I am charm'd.

Cas. Happy success attend you.

Fabr. Your highnesse has much honour'd me, and Lady

I kisse your faire hand.

Paz. Captaine, Captaine, a word. 210

Fabr. I am in haste now.  Exit.

Paz. Sure the Captain's afraid of me, he knowes by

instinct what I am.

Pag. Your grace mist excellent mirth.

Ro. Tis done then? bid him follow us.  Exeunt [Ro. and Cas.] 7.

Pag. The Princesse desires to speak with you.

Paz. Desires to speake with me!—you have not told her?

Pag. Dee thinke I would betray you.

Paz. Would somebody would challenge mee to fight before

her, if the Ladies knew I were slicke free they would 220

teare me in pieces for my company.

Pag. You do not know what you may get by your body that

way, I attend you.
Paz. Knives, daggers, swords, pikes, gunnes both great and small,
Now Pazzarello doth defie you all. Exeunt.

[ACT IV. Scene ii.]

Enter Alphonso, Alberto.

Alph. You tell me wonders, my sonne Generall
Of all the enemies Forges, can Vittori
Lay such a staine upon our family,
Speake it my Lord no more, no private injury
Can so corrupt his nature; come, I know
He dares not fight their cause!

Alb. I thinke so too;
The Prince hath coold his resolution
By this time.

Alph. Ha? you are misticall.

Alb. He has sent
Him word, the first attempt he makes against
The towne your head must answere it, and I cannot 10
Believe how ere particular wrongs inflame him
To a revenge, but he retaines that piety
Which nature printed in him toward a Father.

Alph. Is obligation to a parent more
Then that we owe our Country? oh Vittori,
My life were profitably spent to save
Thy honour, which is great in the worlds eye,
Time shall be grieved to have preserv'd thy name
So long, and when this blot shall be observ'd
Upon the last leafe of thy Chronicle,
It shall unsettle quite the readers faith
To all the former story.

Enter Iulio.

Alb. Iulio.

Alph. My Lord?

Iu. It was the Kings command I should deliver.

Alph. What?

Iu. What must displease you,

You must prepare for death.

Alph. Has my sonne put

Rebellion into act already? that
Will save my executioner a labour;
He has, I read it, looke into the tombes
Of all our ancestours, and see their ashes
Looke paler then before, the Marble sweates,

The Ebonie pillars that so many yeares
Sustain'd our titles shake, and sinke beneath em,
The Genius of our house grones at this treason,
I will not live for any man to tell me
I am Vittories Father.

Enter Prince.

Alb. Here's the Prince!

Alph. Forgive me sir my passions, I have guilt
Enough without em to deserve your anger,
He was my sonne, and that must needes condemne me;
But I will loose him from my bloud, and cut
His name from that faire list, that numbers up
Our family, but I forget my selfe,
I have no minutes at command, my life
Is at the last sand, and I cannot stay;
Be just, and purge Vittories sinne with his
Old Fathers bloud, I do obey your doome.

Pr. What doome? you talke as you were destin'd
To some blacke execution, I have
Beene too unkinde already, and must aske
Your gentle pardon fort, by goodnesse selfe
I mocke not, I bring life Alphonso to thee,
And but prepar'd, Julio, thy heart
With sorrow, to meete honour with more tast.

Alph. Good my Lord distract me not, let me dy
In my right wits.

Ju. Alphonso you may trust
The Prince, my message was but counterfeit.

Pr. Th'art a brave man, and canst not be provok'd
I see to wound thy honest fame, so just
To vertue, that thou darst preferre her cause
To thy owne life, and rather violate
The lawes of nature to thy sonne, then leave
The priviledge of honour undefenc'd;
Thus we embrace thee, do not kneele Alphonso
Unlesse You'le bring us lower, thus as a friend
We circledge thee, and next as a Souldier
Able in spight of age, and active still
We give these armes, this sword, the best in all
My Fathers armory, and us'd to conquest,
Take from thy Prince, and fight, fight for thy Country,
And purchase new wreathes to thy honoured browes,
Before the old be wither'd; I do see thee
Already mounted as a challenger,
The proud steed taking fire and mettall from
The rider, all bedewed with his white foame,
Flying to meete thy sonne, whose (once faire) plume
Is staint with bloud of his owne countrimen.

Alph. I reach your sense in part my Lord, but cannot
Gather your words into a summe, beside
The honour is so great I dare not with
The safety of my understanding, thinke

\(^1\)circle--embrace.
One so unworthy as Alphonso--

Pr. What?

Dares fight against a Traitor, for his Country?

Alph. Gainst all the world I dare.

Pr. Be valiant;

And breath defiance against one.

Alph. A glory

My soule's ambitious of.

Pr. Vittori is

That traitor whose offence whom dost become\(^1\)

More nobly to chastise then his owne Father,

Which title if you should forget, to encourage you,

Thinke whose defence you undertake, for Whom

You punish, and what consequence of fame

Waites on this pious action.

Enter Iulio.

Iu. My Lord

A Captaine of the other side hath boldly offer'd

Himselfe a prisoner, and desires accesse

To your highnesse, to whom only he must impart

Something he sayses, that will be acceptable;

We have search'd him, and find nothing but a letter

Directed to your selfe.

\(^1\)whom dost become--the syntax becomes clearer if one reads "whom does it become more nobly to chastise than his own father?"
Pr. To me? admit him, \[Exit Iulio.\]

Meane time you may consider.

Enter Fabrichio \[with Iulio.\]

Is it with us, Captaine?

Fabr. Please you peruse this paper.

Pr. Ha? from Cassandra.

Alph. Oh Alberto I

Could wish Vittori dead, but twonot satisfie

Unlesse we murder one another too,

And I must challenge him; he is my sonne

Although he be a Rebell.

Pr. Iulio,

Thy bosome is my owne? Captaine a word,

Iu. I am astonished, ha? I like not this--

My Lord.

Alb. The Prince is troubled, something like

Excesse of joy transports him.

Pr. Th'art a fool.

Iu. This may be a plot, how dare you trust yourselfe

Upon this invitation.

Pr. Not on this,

Be coward then for ever.

Iu. Are you sure,

\[twonot--twill not.\]
This is her character.\(^1\)

**Pr.** Perfectly,

Beside she has confirm'd me by this Ring,

Vittori gave it her, I know't and woed her

Once to exchange.

**Tu.** Yet thinke upon the danger.

**Pr.** I would run

Through flames to meet her, use no arguments,

I can be at the worst a prisoner,

And shall be ransom'd, keepe you councell sir.

Captaine--the word?\(^2\)--Enough,

Kisse her white hand, and say,

I come this night, waite on him to the gates,

Let his returne be safe; Alphonso how

Stands your resolve? dare you be Naples Champion\(^3\)

Against the enemy propos'd?

**Alph.** My sonne--

Will both the Kings trust to our swords their cause?

**Pr.** I cannot promise that.

**Alph.** What profit brings

My valour then if I ocreome.

Addition

\(^1\)character--handwriting.

\(^2\)word--ie, password.

\(^3\)Champion--in single combat as representative of his side.
To your owne fame, to have cut off a Rebell.

Alph. So I must kill my sonne, or he must be a Parricide.

Pr. Nay if you be so scrupulous,
    I look'd you have thank'd me, and have runne too't.

Alph. Except Vittori sir, and I dare challenge
    The proudest in their Army.

Pr. You are afraid
    Of him belike, tis such a kill-cow'd gentleman,
    But I court you to nothing, you may thinke on't,
    Yare now no more a prisoner. Iulio. Exeunt /all but Alph./

Alph. I am worse?
    I had some roome before, now I'me confin'd
    To such a straite, my heart must of necessity
    Contract it selfe, my owne thoughts stifle mee,

Vittori is lost already, I must goe
    Another way to find out my owne ruine. Exit.

/Act IV, Scene iii./

/Enter/ Horatio, Cassandra.

Hor. Lady you thinke not what I am, how neere
    The bosome of a King.

Cas. You cannot be

1kill-cowe--bragging, bullying, terrifying.
So neere as I am to Vittori sir;
And you increase my wonder, that you can
Nourish the least hope, that I should forget
My owne tie, by remembrandg what relation
You have to any other; if the King
Did know this, he would chide you.

Hor. Come I see
You must be courted otherwise, with action.

Cas. How sir?

Hor. And if you will not be so civile
To change one kindnesse for another, I
Have skill to prompt you thus. \[Kisses her.\]

Cas. You are not noble.

Hor. Tush this is nothing, I have beene too tame,
And howsoere you wittily compose
Your countenance, you cannot choose but laugh at me,
That I have beene so modest all this while;
Come, I have another inside, and do know
You are a woman, and should know your selfe
And to what end we love you; what are you
The worse by private favours to a gentleman,
That have at home beene sued too, with petitions
And great ones of both sexes, to accept
Wives, Daughters, any thing, and thinke themselves
Honoured to take the first fruites? I could have
The virgins of whole families entailed
Upon me, and be brought as duly to
My bed, as they grow ripe, and fit for coupling,
As men whose lands are morgag'd would observe
Their covenants and the day.

Cas. Ile heare no more.
Hor. So peremptory Lady? take your course,
30
The time may come you will repent this forcivens. 1

Exit Cas.

Enter Fabrichio.
Whither in haste Fabrichio?

Fabr. My good Lord
I have brought newes, where is the Princesse sir?
Hor. Thou art almost out of breath, what newes I prethee?
Fabr. Newes that will please my Lord.
Hor. You aske for the Princesse, will they please my Lady.
Fabr. Yes, and the tother Lady too, Cassandra.
Hor. Will it spread joy no farther?
Fabr. Yes it will please you,
And please the King, and the whole army.

Hor. Strange,
You may impart it then.

Fabr. My duety sir, 40

1forcivens—Gifford-Dyce emends to "frowardness," but "forcivens" meaning forcefulness or obstinacy does not seem to be an impossible reading.
Did aime it first to you, I was engag'd
To deliver a letter in Cassandra's name
To the Prince of Naples, to invite his person
Privately this night.

Hor. Whither?
Fabr. To the Princesses tent.
Hor. And hast thou don't?
Fabr. Don't, and bring backe his word to visite 'em.
Hor. Art sure the Prince?
Fabr. As sure as I am your creature;
This will bee welcome to the Ladies, what use
You are to make of this, becomes not my
Instruction; if it be of any consequence,
To make his person sure, when he arrives--
Hor. This service will be gratefull, Ile acquaint
The King; returne the Ladies to expect him.
Fabr. I have directed him how he shall passe.
Hor. And make it good, away, this makes thee happy,
The King shall know it instantly; thei'r here,
Ile give you scope.

Exit.

Enter Rosinda, Cassandra, Flavia, and Page.

Ro. He is return'd.

Cas. What answer?

Fabr. To your desires.

Fla. Where's Pazzorello now.
Pag. He's quarrelling with some body, he is so confident and domineers, ha? tis he, he bleeds too.

Enter Pazzorello bloody.

Paz. A pox a your enchantments, I had like to have my braines beaten out, what will become of me?

Pag. Why this is nothing sir.

Paz. Nothing sir, would thou hadst it.

Pag. Let me ask you a question, what weapon did it?

Paz. I gave but the lye to an old soul'dier, as we were drinking together, and he presently claps me on the pate with the rest\textsuperscript{1} of his musket.

Pag. That may be, but no sword or gunne shall endanger you, as for truncheon,\textsuperscript{2} batoone,\textsuperscript{3} and such wooden batteries,\textsuperscript{4} you must fortifie your selve as well as you can against em, beside sir, there is no breach of conditions in losing a little blood, you may have your head broken in twenty places, nay you may bee beaten, and bruised\textsuperscript{d} in every part of your body, but all this while you are slicke and shot free, your life is your owne, and then what need you care sir?

Paz. This is some satisfaction.

\textsuperscript{1}rest--the support on a firearm used when firing.

\textsuperscript{2}truncheon--a short, thick staff; cudgel.

\textsuperscript{3}batoone--baton, a stout staff or stick used as a weapon.

\textsuperscript{4}batteries--weapons used in battering or beating.
Pag. Should you challenge him at rapier, you should quickly finde who will have the worst on't.
Ro. This service shall be otherwise rewarded,
Ile trust your secrecie,
He will be a fit man to engage, beside
Tis his desire.
Fabr. You may command me.
Ro. Waite upon
This gentleman Pazzorello, he
Will use you nobly for my sake.
Paz. Must I
Be a perdue now? Madam I humbly thanke you.
Exeunt Fabr. and Pazzorello.
Cas. The night comes fast upon us.
Ro. It cannot come
Too swiftly, that brings so much happinesse.
But tis an argument of much love to thee,
That can at such a time invite him hither.
Cas. I hope you feed no jealousie of me,
I did all for your service, and shall then
Thinke I am happy, when he knowes your love
And values it.
Ro. I have no feares of thee?
Cas. Have none at all.
Ro. Flavia?
Fla. 
Madam.
Ro. You must keepe watch to night.
Fla. My duty Madam.
Ro. Come let us tell some stories, to passe over
The tedious hours.
Cas. I waite your pleasure.
Fla. Come Didimo, we shall have your tale too?
Exeunt.

(ACT IV, Scene iv.)

Enter Sergeant, Pazzorello.

Ser. Follow me close, I hope you have made your Will.
Ser. For all that you may be a dead man ere morning, whize.
Paz. What's that?
Ser. These bullets will keepe you waking, here lie downe close, within two houres you shall be releaved.
Paz. Dost heare Sergeant, whize--do the enemies shoot any sugar plumes?
Ser. Be not too loude in your mirth, I see another give fire, farewell Signior Perdue. 
(Exit.)
Paz. So, now I am a Perdue, this will bee newes when I
come home agen, the poore fellowes will fall downe and worshippe mee, I alwaies wonder'd, why wee had so many brave Souldiers, and quarrelling spirits, if they be shot free, I cannot blame em to rore so much in Tavernes--whize--agen, I woud faine have one of these bullets hit me, that I might know certainly the toughnesse of my new constitution, and yet I shall hardly bee sensible of it, ah my conscience if I were cram'd into a Canon, and shot into the town, like a Cat I should light upon my legges, and runne home agen.

Enter Prince.

Pr. Love be propitious still, and guide my steps,
Thou hast engag'd me thus farre.           Paz. Coughes.

Paz. Wh, uh.

Pr. Whose that?

Paz. There's somebody, now I begin for all this to be afraid, flesh will be flesh, and tremble in spight of the devill, what were I best to doe?

Pr. Tis some perdue.

Paz. Though I be sliche and shotfree, I may be beaten, and bruis'd as I remember, more, I may be taken prisoner by the enemy, and be hang'd afterward, and then what am I the better for my enchantment? what a dull rogue was I not to except the gallowes in my conditions, but

1engag'd--obliged, pleased.
it may be there is but one; --qui valē\(^1\)--the word.

Pr. *Rosinda.*

Paz. Oh are you there, tis my Lady the Princesses name.

Pr. Thy Lady, prethee shew me the way to her tent.

Paz. I had almost forgot, such a gentleman is expected.

Pr. Heres gold, prethee make haste.

Paz. Now by your favour you shall first goe to my Captaine.

Pr. His Name.

Paz. *Fabricchio.*

Pr. The same, withall my heart, heres more gold.

Paz. I will make the more haste. \(\text{Exeunt.}\)

\(\text{ACT IV, Scene v.}\)

Enter *King of Sicily, Horatio, and a Guard.*

K. S. Thy newes does take me infinitely, if he

Keepe touch we may propound what Articles

We please.

Hor. *Fabricchio* is confident heele come.

K. S. He will deserve our favour, keepe at distance.

Sent for in Cassandras name? belike

He loves that Lady, let him, tis a strange

Adventure, sure my daughter is of counsell

\(^1\)qui valē--qui va là? who goes there?
With her, she had some bend that way, till he
Became ingratefull to us.

Hor. When you have
Him in possession, you may throw off
Vittori, on whose honesty I feare,
Vnder your princely favour, you have built
Too much, but heaven has sent the young Prince hither
To disengage your trust; he that dares prove
A rebell to his Country, dares be guilty
Of any other treason.

K. S. What shall we
Doe with Cassandra?

Hor. Kepe her still to waite
Upon the Princesse, and expect the first
Opportunity for your kingdome; Naples will
Attend your leisure then, and court your merci.

Enter Prince, Cassandra, Rosinda, Flavia.
Pazzorello aloofe.¹

K. S. Be silent.

Hor. Lose no time.

Pr. For this embrace,

I dare agen neglect my life--

¹ aloofe--at a distance.
[K. S., Hor., and Guard come forward  
and seize Pr.]  
villaines!

Ro. We are betrayd, my father.
Cas. Oh misfortune.
Paz. What will become of me?
K. S. Y'are welcome prince of Naples.
Pr. Am I betrayd? false woman.
Paz. And please your majesty I am innocent, I brought  
him hither I confesse.
K. S. Reward him.
Hor. Come hither sirra.
Paz. Howes this? are you in earnest? my Lord a word--  
but is this the Prince of Naples?
Hor. The very same sir.
Paz. Take your gold agen, I will have more for taking a  
Prince, I crave the law of armes, I will have his ransome.
K. S. Away with the foole.
Paz. Give me my prisoner agen then.  
Exit.
Ro. Sir heare me.
K. S. Another time Rosinda--  
By thy duty--  
Exeunt Ro. and Flavia.
Cas. Heare me great sir.
K. S. Weele heare and thanke thee at more leisure too,  
Attend our daughter.
Cas. Oh my Lord, be you
But master of so much charity.

Pr. Away,
Never was such a blacke and fatall houre,
As that when I first saw thy cozening face.

Enter Vittori.

Vi. The Prince? I dare not trust my senses, ha?
How came he hither? wonder circles me,
Cassandra busie with him too? she courts him,
The Basiliske is not more killing than
This object.

Pr. Strumpet hence.

Vi. Ha?

Cas. My Lord Vittori?

Vi. What name was that the Prince bestow'd upon you, 50
Yet doe not answere me; away, new tortures. Exit Cas.

Pr. Vittori, ha, ha, ha!

Vi. Your grace is mighty merry, I could wish
You had more cause.

Pr. Vittori I see trouble in thy face,
Perhaps tis wonder, upon what invitation
I am a guest here.

Vi. Are you not a prisoner?

Pr. You are no stranger to the plot, it seemes,
Base villaine to betray thy Prince.
Vi. My Lord
You are too rash in censure, I betray you?
I am so farre from the conspiracy
That yet I cannot reach it in my thought,
Much lesse with guilty knowledge; I dare tell you
The Devill shannot tempt me too't, nor more
Wrongs then your hate can throw upon me.

Pr. Iuggling!
Can he that dares take armes against his Countrey,
Make conscience to betray a part of it,
His Prince, degenerate rebell!

Vi. Heaven and this King
Know upon what severe necessity
I am engag'd to warre.

K. S. As things fall out
Your valour may be uselesse, we acknowledge
This happinesse, from Cassandra, though she meant
Other successse.

Vi. Cassandra?

Pr. Yes! that peece
Of frailety, rather impudence, by the witchcraft
Of her letter tempted me thus farre, a curse
Upon her lust. /Gives Vi. the letter./

Vi. Indeed you cald her strumpet,
She may deserve it by this story, tis
Her character, my eyes, take in new horror. (he reads)

My Lord, if it be not too late, to be sensible of your princely affection to me, I implore your mercy, and will deserve it by my repentance. I am by misfortune a captive to your enemy, but blest with the freedom to remember you, I have a designe for my enlargement, and if I durst cherish an ambition of your presence this night, dare confidently pronounce our mutual happiness; this ring be witness of my true invitation, and doubt not her faith to your safety, who will sooner forfeit her own life, than betray you to the least dishonour. This gentleman shall instruct you with more particulars, pardon great prince this infinite boldness of your servant, and if all the seeds of love be not destroyd, visit and preserve your otherwise miserable Cassandra.

And all this while I live, and have my senses,

O woman woman! sir if you remember

Twas your conclusion, if I refus'd

To be your Generall against my Country,

Cassandra's head should off, be constant King,

I wonot.

K. S. What?

V. Not fight, nor for your Kingdom,
She cannot bleed too much; as for you sir—

Pr. What of me?

Vi. Y'are still my Prince, thanke heaven for that,
Did you else graspe an Empire, and your person
Guarded with thunder, I would reach and kill you,
By my just rage I would; stay I will fight.

Hor. With whom?

Vi. With you or all the world, that dare maintaine
There is a woman vertuous.

Hor. Neglect him.

Pr. How he breaks out at forehead, this is some
Revenge yet.

K. S. Come my Lord, you must with us.—
Here your command determines, we shall have
No further use of your great valour sir.

Vi. You may with as much ease, discharge me of
A life too, your breath does it, for I dare
Not kill my selfe; in that I am a Coward.
Oh my hearts griefe, preserve my right wits heaven;
The wickednesse of other women could
But shame themselves, which like wild branches, being
Cut off, the tree is beautifull agen,
But this spreads an infection, and all
The sexe is wounded in Cassandra's fall. Exeunt.
The fifth Act.

Scene i.}
Enter Rosinda, Flavia, Page.

Ro. Away, your mirth displeases.

Fla. Madam I hope
I have not offended.

Ro. Let the boy begin.

Pag. Good Madam laugh a little, tis my duty
To drive away your sadness, tis all the use,
Ladies have for Pages, now and then
To purge their melancholy.

Ro. Do not tempt my anger.

Pag. Then I'll go seek out Pazzorello,
He's better company, and will make me laugh,
If his fit of immortality hold; my duty Madam. Exit.

Ro. Oh Flavia, I am undone.

Fla. Not so deere Madam.

Ro. Though I be innocent, I want the courage
To tell the Prince Cesario, I love;
Were I allow'd access, he must imagine
Me guilty of dishonour, nor can I
Be happy while he thinkes himselfe so miserable,
Art thou so wise to counsell me?

Enter Vittori.
Vittori.

Vi. Madam I have an humble suite to you.

Ro. To me Vittori, for Cassandra's sake
     I must deny you nothing.

Vi. For her sake
     I begge it.

Ro. Pray be plaine.

Vi. That you would speake 20
     Toth! King.

Ro. For what?

Vi. To cut my head off.

Ro. How?\(^1\)

Vi. With sword or axe, or by what other engine
    He please, I know youle easily obtaine it,
    Tis for Cassandra's sake, I would De'faine
    Despatch'd, sheele thanke you too, and then the prince
    And she may revell.

Ro. I doe finde his jealousie,
    Alas poore gentleman! [Aside.]-- but I hope
    You doe not meane so desperately.

Vi. As you
    Love vertue doe this favour--if you make
    Scruple, there is a King a little further 30

\(^1\)How?--How say you? What?
Will take my life away at the first word,
For I am resolv'd to die.

Ro. Shall I obtain
A small request from you.

Vi. These are delays.

Ro. If you be weary of your life, you'le meet it,
For there is danger in't.

Vi. And thanke you too,
Ile do't by your faire selfe, now, now, you blesse me?
Without exception, Ile obey you Madam.

Ro. Tis this. whispers.

Vi. Doe you not mocke me.

Ro. No suspition.

Vi. Instantly.

Ro. This minute weele begin it, and Ile promise 40
Something beside that you will thanke me for,
But things are not yet ripe; will you doe me
This honour.

Vi. Come I waite you, but tis strange
Why you should thus engage your selfe?

Ro. When you know,
You will allow my reasons.

Vi. I attend you,

Now farewell false Cassandra. Exeunt.
\[ACT V, \text{ Scene ii.}]/

Enter Julio and Mauritio.

Ma. The Prince not to be found.

Iu. I did suspect

That letter might betray him; \{Aside.\}

Enter Alberto

now Alberto.

How is the King?

Alb. Imagine how a father

Can apprehend the absence of a sonne

He lov'd so deereely; but hee's justly punish'd

For his indulgence, though we dare not say so.

Ma. Tis very strange.

Iu. He was merry the last night.

Alb. What letter wast Julio, the Captaine brought?

I could distinguish it did strangely move him.

Iu. Letter?

Alb. Can you forget it.

Iu. Pox upon the witch

That sent \{it\}, now shall I be examin'd, and

If he returne not, lose my head; \{Aside.\}-- that letter

Was a discovery of some plot, the enemie

Purpos'd that very night.

Ma. Perhaps this mischiefe,
Why was it not prevented?

Iu. I shall make fine work,
I know not how to shadow it, would he had
Laine with my sister, rather than ingag'd
Himselfe so farre for Venison. [Aside.]

Alb. Peace, the King.

Enter King [of Naples] and Alphonso.

Ma. And old Alphonso! I am glad to see
His change of fortune.

Alb. The King ever lov'd him.

Alph. Sir have comfort,
Your sorrow will discourage all.

K. N. Dost thinke
He is not taken by the enemie,
And put to death?

Alph. They dare not, tis against
The rules of warre.

K. N. What dare not men that hate us?
And yet conceale the murder.

Enter Fabio.

Fab. Where's the king.

K. N. Here, what portends thy haste, and busie countenance?

Fab. Oh great sir.

K. N. Has thy intelligence brought us knowledge of
Our sonne?
Fab. The newes I bring my gracious Lord
Concernes the Prince, and how my heart flowes over,
That I am pointed out by heauen the first
And happy messenger.

K. N. Proceede, and weeke reward thee.

Fab. All my ambition aimes but at your favour,
My soule was never mercenary, tis
My duty to weare out my life in services
For you, and the whole state, whereof although
I am no able member, yet--

Alph. Hee's mad.

Fab. It is with joy then, my good Lord Alphonso,
And by the way I must congratulate
Your present favour with the king, I knew
The noble faculties of your soule, at last
Would finde their merit.

K. N. Villaine! what dost racke
My expectation? speake, what of my sone?
Answere me without circumstance, where is
The Prince? be briefe or--

Fab. I know not my good Lord.

K. N. Traytor, didst not prepare me to expect
Newes of my sone, pronouncing thy selfe happy

1 what--who.
In being the messenger? is he in health?

Answere to that.

Fab. I know not my good Lord.

K. N. Cut off his head, I shall become the scorne
Of my owne subject.

Fab. Mercy Royall sir,
And ile discharge my knowledge.

K. N. Tell me then,
And ile have patience for the rest, but be not
Tedious, is my sonne alive or dead?

Fab. Alas I know not my good Lord.

K. N. Confusion!

Fab. But with your Royall license, I am able
To produce those can satisfie you in every
Particular.


Fab. They waite sir. Exit.

Ma. This fellow was made for court dispatch,
An Elephant will sooner be delivered
Than his head when tis stuft with any businesse.

Enter Fabio, Vittori disguis'd, Rosinda.

K. N. A Lady.

Alph. And a faire one, what's the mystery.

Ju. Shee's not of Naples sure.

Alb. Fabio what is she?
Ro. Sir, you may justly wonder that a woman,
A stranger, and an enemie, although
My sexe present you with no feares, should thus
Adventure to your presence; had I doubted
My selfe first, since suspition of another's
Defect, doth rise from our owne want of goodnesse,
I had not us'd this boldnesse, but safe here
And arm'd with innocence, I gave up my freedome,
And dare not feede one jealousie,\(^1\) my honour
Can suffer with a king.

K. N. An excellent presence.

Alph. Her bearing is above the common spirit.

K. N. Faire Lady, make me more acquainted with
Your purpose, nothing can proceede from you,
That will not charme us to attention.

Ro. Your sonne great sir--

K. N. Where? speake, you do not looke
As you delighted to report a Tragedy;
Lives my Cesario?

Ro. He does live my Lord.

K. N. Support my good Alphonso, I shall faint
Vnder my joy.

Ro. But lives a prisoner

\(^1\)jealousie--suspicion.
To his enemie, the King of Sicily,
Who wish'd no greater triumph, then to boast
His person Captive; how he meanes to deale with him,
May admit some feare, Kings that prescribe to others
In peace, have great prerogatives, but in warre
Allow no Lawes, above what anger dictates
To their revenge, which bloud doth often satisfie. 90

Alph. He dares not be so cruell.

Ro. I conclude not,

But yet tis worth some feare, when he that was
The roote of all this warre, stands at their mercy
That could not wish his safety, and their owne
Together; I have told you sir the worst.

K. N. Alas, thou hast undone me. /Faints/

Alph. Sir, my Lord?

Lady you were to blame--my Lord.

Ro. Your sonne

Shall live, and blesse your age, to see him live,
If you will be so kinde to allow your selfe
But eyes to witnesse it.

K. N. Flatter not my soule, 100

That is already weary of her burden,
And would begun to rest.

Ro. Gather your spirits.

K. N. What hopes?
Ro. Assurance sir, if you but please
To entertain it; I came hither on
No empty motive, but to offer you
A pledge for young Cesario.

K. N. Where? what pledge?

Ro. A pledge of as full value to the owner,
As your sonnes life to you.

Alph. Such security
Were welcome.

K. N. Make me blest.

Ro. Receive me then
Your prisoner, and you make your ballance even,
Lose not your thought in wonder, when you know
The price of what I have presented you,
Your reason shanot thinke him undervalued;
I am Rosinda, Daughter to that King,
Whose Souldiers threaten Naples, equally
As preitious to my Father, and a Kingdome;
And to your power, thus I expose my selfe,
If young Cesario meet unkinde conditions,
'ITH same proportion let Rosinda suffer,
Erect a Scaffold quickly ore the walles,
And fright their jealous eyes, when they behold
Who is prepar'd for death, to equall their
Revenge upon Cesario, whom thei'le threaten
To make you stoope, but lose no part of honour,
As you are a King, their trembling hangman
Shall thinke himselfe mock'd, and let fall his sword,
Or both our heads take their farewell together.

K. N.  Alphonso ist a woman?
Alph. And a brave one!
Ma. I admire her noblenesse.
Ro. You are slow to aske
The cause that hath engag'd me to all this,
And yet you cannot chuse but reade it plainely,
In my guilty blushes; I do love the Prince,
Perhaps tis more then he imagines, and
Since I first saw him in my Fathers court,
Without dishonour, I dare justifie

1 My heart was his, and to this love you owe
The sorrow of his absence, for Cassandra
That noble Lady, to whose breast I gave
My secret'st thought, for my sake by a letter
In her owne name, by tie of former love

To her, ingag'd his meeting at my tent,
Whither no sooner privately arriv'd
But by a vilaine that deceived our trust,
My Father was brought in, and he made prisoner;

1 justifie--affirm.
You have the story, and my resolution
To be companion of his fate.

Vi.

Agen

Those words deere Lady, that concern'd Cassandra.

\[\text{[Throws off his disguise.]}\]

K. N. [Vittori!]

Alph. [Vittori!]

Vi. All your pardon I must heare this first.

Ro. Cassandra is innocent, and but fram'd that letter
To bring us two acquainted, the earth has not
A purer chastity.

Vi. You have kept your word, and heaven reward your soule for't!

My duty sir to you, and to my Father.

Ro. He hath deserv'd his welcome for my sake.

K. N. We thus confirme it.

Alph. My poore sonne Vittori!

K. N. But teares of joy salute thee, best of Ladies!

Alphonso she is faire, well shap'd, my sonne
Gave her deform'd, with what eyes could he looke
Upon this beauty, and not love it.

Vi. This beauty is her least perfection,

It speakes her woman, but her soule an Angell,
But I forget Cassandra all this while.

K. N. Welcome agen faire Princesse, my Cesario
Is here supplied--Alphonso.
Fab. This may bring the peace about.

Ma. May it so? what thinke you of halfe your Land?

Do not your acres melt apace?

K. N. Away--

Never did Lady such an act of Noblenesse,
And what we cannot reach in honouring thee,
Ages to come shall pay thy memory. Exeunt. 170

[ACT V, Scene iii.]

Enter King of Sicily and Cassandra.

K. S. May I beleeve Rosinda loves the Prince,

And yet so cunningly disguyse it from me?

Cas. It was my plot I must confesse, but her

Affection bid me too't, I did expect

Another consequence.

K. S. Ile to my Daughter.

Cas. The Prince now in your power, I hope great sir

You'le looke more gently on Vittori.

K. S. We

Shall thinke on him. The Prince, excuse my absence.

Exit.

Enter Prince.

Pr. Can those deceiving eyes looke still upon me?

Is not thy soule asham'd, have I for thee
Neglected my owne Fortune and my Father,
All the delights that waite upon a Kingdome,
For thy sake drawne this warre upon my Country,
And done such things, I did forget I was
A Prince i'th acting, and is all my love
Rewarded thus, no devill to betray me
But she to whom I durst have given my soule?
Degenerate woman.

Cas. Sir thow of your passion,
And when you have heard me speake but a few minutes,
You'lle change opinion, and if you do not
Accuse your selfe, you will at least acquit
Me from the guilt of your dishonour.

Pr. Did not
The magicke of your letter bring me hither?

Cas. I must not sir deny, I usd what motive
I could to gaine your presence, but no magicke.

Pr. Twas worse, and shewes more blacke for thy intention,
Hast thou a Conscience? and canst deny
Thou didst not meane this treachery.

Cas. May heaven
Then shoot his anger at me, I sent for you,
But as I have a life not to betray you.
Pr. What could induce thee then?

Cas. Love, love my Lord.

Pr. Ha? pardon my rashnesse and my errour,

Do I heare thee pronounce, twas love sent for me?

What streames of joy runne through me, I am free,

Have suffred nothing, nothing worthy of

So rich a satisfaction, I forget

Naples with as much ease as I can kisse thee,

Have you no more vexation? Oh my starres!

Your influence is too mercifull.

Cas. Mistake not,

Twas love I must confess, but not that love

Your wild imagination prompts you too,

And yet it was my love to wish you happie.

Pr. You are in Paradoxes Lady, twas love,

And it was not.

Cas. Love which another Lady

In birth, and all thats good above Cassandra,

Had toward your person, did command my service

In that rude letter; my ambition

Reach'd at no greater honour, then to bring

Her passions to your knowledge; thinke my Lord

Vpon Rosinda.

\footnote{which\textsuperscript{7} Gifford-Dyce; with}
Pr. Ha?
Cas. And prison all  
Your wanton thoughts, Rosinda was by heaven  
Design'd for you, as I was for Vittori.  

Enter King of Sicily.

K. S. Tis treason to be ignorant, search every where,  
Ile hang yee all, unlesse you find my Daughter,  
Prince wheres Rosinda? I will have her, or  
Your head shall off.

Pr. My head?
K. S. I cannot take  
Too great revenge, no punishment can fall  
Severe enough upon his head was guilty  
Of all these tumults.

Cas. Is the Princesse lost?
K. S. Not without some conspiracy, y'a're all  
Traytors; if I recover not my Child,  
I will sacrifice the lives of my whole army.

Pr. How ill this violence sits upon a King--Alphonso!  

Enter Alphonso, Horatio, Trivuls, Fabricio,  
Pazzorela, Page.

K. S. What are you sir?
Hor. One from the King of Naples.
K. S. Ile heare nothing unles Rosinda be concerne'd ith message.
Alph. She is.
K. S. Ha, where?

Alph. Safe in the City sir.

K. S. A prisoner.

Alph. Guarded with love and honour, which
She hopes is not here wanting to Cesario.

K. S. How came she thither?

Alph. With Vittori sir.

Cas. Ha, Vittori?

K. S. That couble renegade, where is Cassandra?

Off with her head, and his. [Pointing to Pr.]

Alph. My humblest duty.--

Take counsell to your action—Rosinda

Is in the same condition, my Lord,

Vouchsafe mee hearing.

Hor. Sir, if I were worthy

To advise you, let your passions cooles, you but

Provoke their furie to your Daughter, by

Threatning the prince.

Tr. Y'are now on even terms,

What if you met and parlied?

Pr. Every praise

Thou givst her makes me see my owne deformity,

Madam you first awakd me.

68 She? Gifford-Dyce; he
Fabr. Please you sir, The King would have some further conference.

Cas. Direct their counsels heaven.

Pr. Thy pardon deere Cassandra,
   When I have leave, Ile aske Vittori's too,
   And all the worlds.

K. S. For further pledge on both sides,

Horatio weele exchange to invite Naples
   To give us meeting.

Alph. Tis desired already.

K. S. We follow, come my Lord, old men have passions.

Pr. They were not men else.

Alph. My sonnes life Cassandra. 90

Exeunt /all but Paz. and Page/.

Paz. But this is strange newes Didimo, is my Lady and mistresse a Prisoner? I tooke the Prince.

Pag. Twas valiantly done.

Paz. Why may not I with my armour of magick e bustle among the enemies, and get honour now?

Pag. It were your onely time, get but a brave horse--

Paz. That would carry double, and I might bring home the Princesse behind me to the Campe; Say no more; stay, thou art sure I am sufficiently inchanted.

Pag. No infidelity, as sure as you had no money in your pockets.
Paz. Well remembred, if it be so sure my little Didimo
you shall now give me account of all that gold and silver.
Pag. Such another word, and my Aunt shall take off her
curse⁠¹ agen.
Paz. There's it, this urchin has me oth hip,² beside in my
conscience, my granam has given thee a spell too, so that
wee might fight our hearts out, afore we kill one another.
Pag. You may be sure of that.
Paz. Prethee let me try, for my owne satisfaction, whether 110
my sword will runne thee through or no.
Pag. It has beene attempted a hundred times, you may as
soone pricke me with the pummell;³ but if thou hast any
doubt thy owne body is not steele profe, my rapier
shall demonstrate.
Paz. Wo't? now tha'rt honest.
Pag. Tis to no purpose.
Paz. For my satisfaction, if thou lov'st me.
Pag. Come on your wayes.        he drawes.
Paz. Stay, tis pointed--I have a great mind, but if-- 120
but if--I should--I am inchanted; doot, stay, I wonot
see't: now--

¹curse--Gifford-Dyce edition emends to charm, but the two
words are not greatly similar in appearance, and curse, as
the charm of a witch put on with the help of devils, seems
to make sense.
²oth hip--on the hip; a term from wrestling, in a position
in which one is likely to be overthrown or overcome.
³pummell--pommell; knob on the hilt of a sword.
Pag. Never feare. He sheathes and with the scabberd thrusts him behind, and drawes it agen presently.

Pag. Oh!
He has runne me through body and soule,
Hum! I see no point, nor blood, nor paine, ha?
Tis so, god a mercy Didimo, I am right, I see't.
I will dispatch these warres presently.

Pag. Your charme will last no longer.

Pag. Tell not me, I will then go seeke adventures, 130
Wee'le wander to releeve distressed damzels,
Through woods with monsters, and with Giants haunted,
And kill the Devill like a knight enchanted. Exeunt.

/ACT V, Scene iv./

Loud Musicke.

Enter King of Sicily, Prince, Alphonso, Trivulsi, Fabrichio, Cassandra; at one doore.
King of Naples, Rosinda, Horatio, Vittori, Julio, Alberto at the other.

Alphonso, goes to the King of Naples, and Horatio returns to the King of Sicily: they whisper.

K. S. Lets heare our daughter speake.

Ro. First with an humblenesse
Thus low, I beg your pardon, and beseech
You would interpret no defect of dutie,
That I forsooke my tent, and your protection;
There is another, stronger tie than natures:
Love, whose impulsion you have felt, or I
Had never beeene your daughter, mov'd my flight,
Love of that excellent prince, whom in your power
I had no way to gaine but by this losse.
And if you had beeene cruell to Cesario,
I should have gloried under these to suffer.

Pr. No more, there's vertue in that excellent Princesse
To stocke two Kingdomes; pardon faire Rosinda,
Thou hast made me fit to know thee, taught by thy
Obedience, I returne a sonne to Naples
Thus, but desire no life without possession
Of that religious treasure; as y'are kings--

Both Kings. A chaine of hands and hearts.

Vi. Oh my Cassandra.

K. N. Ioy in all bosomes.

K. S. Thus our kingdomes knit.

Pr. Horatio we are friends too.

Hor. Owne me your servant sir, I begge your pardon.

Pr. I cannot aske forgivenesse oft enough
For injuries to thee noble Vittori,

Alphonso and Cassandra.
Alph.

Cas.

Enter Mauritio, Fabio.

Ma. Justice my Lord.  [Presents a paper.]

Fab. Mercy my Lord.

K. N. What's this?

Ma. A deed of halfe his land, if he surviv'd
    These warres, which are now happily determin'd,
    My life was his security, which will
    Be merrier with the moity of his Acres.

K. N. How if he had dyed?

Ma. His Land had gone to the next heire, that's all;
    His ghost would hardly call upon my forfeit;
    If I had dyed, his land had beene discharg'd,
    But we both living must part stakes, he has
    Enough for two on's.

Fab. Cheated by a soldade.¹

Fr. He must confirmes his act.

Fab. But in such cases sir, where mens estates--

Fr. Are too much sir, and like their talke impertinent,
    Goe to, yare well.

Fab. But halfe well, and like your grace.

¹ soldade--soldier.
Ma. Tis very well.

K. N. Our Citty spreads to entertaine such guests.

Pr. Never was musicke of so many parts,

As friends to Naples now, we all joyne hearts.

Exeunt.

FINIS.
EMENDATIONS OF ACCIDENTALS

Dedication
Headtitle. of Barkley of Barkely
12 Majesties Majesties,

I.i
9 beenhe beenhe
29 favourite favourite
43 fortune fortune
45-46 I confesse ... fancy one line
49-50 Did you ... Sicily one line
53 treaty treaty
54 Country Country
62 Vittory Vittory
130 vertue verture
142 heart heart
153 I feele ... his father I feele ... / His father
154 straight straight
155 Julio Julio
161 Renewes renewes
166 him him
174 Y'are ... him Y'are ... / Lay ... him
179 S.D. Exsunt Exit
183 S.D. Exsunt Exit

I.ii
19 enemies enemies
40 conquerour conquerour
42 soldiers soldiers
46 quarrell quarrell
48 act act
51 so so
53 Ensignes Ensignes
63 terrifie terrifie
82 home home
95 injury injury
106 love love
106 it it
110 yours yours
111 sware sware Gifford-Dyce emends swore, but the other spelling of the past tense, which was common from the fifteenth to the seventeenth century, would seem more likely to have been corrupted into swaare.
120 treason; treason,
132 deere; deere,
154 To gratulate . . . You . . . / To gratulate . . . / You
159 S.D. Exeunt/ Exit.
168 flatter; flatter
190 S.D. Exeunt/ Exit
202 distast; distast
214 S.D. Exeunt./ Exit.

II. 1
7 sir; sir
11 all; all,
18 secure; secure,
23 His grace/ his grace
26 anger; anger,
30 deseru'd--/ deseru'd
39 Prince/ Prince
45 soles; soles,
58 impudence; impudence,
64 pleas'd; pleas'd,
69 away; away,
81 command--/ command.
83 it; it;
83 after; after
91 strangely; strangely
96 Julio . . . tha' st . . . / Julio . . . / Tha' st . . .
96 service; service,
117 plot; plot
120 cowntrey; cowntrey,
126 prisoner; prisoner,
136 stoupe/ stoups
171 S.D. Exeunt./ Exit.

II.11
36 seas; seas
38 me; me,
47 Groane; groane
56 fortune; fortune
64-67 You have . . . grace; prose
67 Page; Page
84 if/ If
100 your/ your,
103 suddaine?/ suddaine,
108 providence; providence
134 expounded; expounded,
183 quality; quality,
187 title; title!
216 selfe; selfe,
III. i

3 necessity/ necessity
4 backe;/ backe,
21 Vanne;/ Vanne
45 And;/ and
51 proofe;/ proofe,
62 alicke sicke
76 body;/ body,
84 Beyond . . . intrusion?;/ Beyond . . .;/ Intrusion?
98 Danger's . . . with;/ Danger's . . .;/ With . . .
110 mouth;/ mouth,
124 bewitch'd?;/ bewitch'd,
124 security--; security?
126 Can;/ Can
130 it;/ it,
137 him;/ him,
139 him--; him,
140 Thy;/ thy
140 S.D. Exit;/ printed after "obey"
143 it;/ it,
153 S.D. Exeunt;/ Exeunt.
154 health?;/ health,
158 him;/ him,
165 S.D. Reads;/ Reads.
167 fortune;/ fortune,
168 life;/ life
174 satisfaction;/ satisfaction,
176 understanding;/ understanding
184 it;/ it,
191 Wound;/ Wound
215 finde;/ finde,
239 all;/ all,
267 so;/ so,
276 How;/ How

III. ii

3 him--; him,
10 acquaintance;/ acquaintance
20 and;/ &
21 our;/ Our
21 eares;/ eares,
35 and;/ And
43 considered;/ considered,
46 S.D. N./ N.
48 conclude;/ conclude
50 life;/ life,
52 S.D. Exeunt;/ Exit.
68 S.D. Exeunt;/ Exeunt.
74 satisfaction;/ satisfaction,
IV.1

S.D. Rosinda, Roseind
11-12 I know ... / But ... / I know ... but ... not.
18 absence: absence,
23 bosome: bosome,
45 you: you,
48 paper: paper,
50 stranger: stranger,
63 honour'd: honour'd
65 laugh: laugh,
70 S.D. Exit: Exit., printed after 69
71 Flavia: Flavia
72 Look'd: Look'd
82 course: course,
89 Doe: Doe
89-90 Doe ... Aunt: one line
92 slicke: slieke,
107 be: Be
107 afraide: afraide
109 meane?: meane
112 selfe: selfe,
120 free: free.
123 you, you--
124 ready: ready,
133 How: How
138 her: her,
146 longer: longer,
147 upon: upon,
163 twice, twice,
163 Graspe: twice, roman type
165 Enough: rise, roman type
167 thence: thence;
168 harme: harme,
175 slicke: stickes
182 S.D. Page ... Pazzorello: etc.
184 Pag: Flas.
195 by: By
197 Lapland: Lapland,
194 all: all,
201 what? what
204 of?: of?
205 Princesse. Princesse.
213 what. What
215 then? then,
215 S.D. Exeunt Exit.
216 you. you
220 slicke/ sticke
222 know/ know,
224 and/ &
224 small, small

IV.ii
15 Country? Country,
27 labour; labour,
35 Here's Here
43 stay; stay,
61 undefenc'd, undefenc'd,
66 all/ all,
70 wither'd; wither'd,
73 The/ the
80 Alphonso-- Alphonso.
83 glory/ glory!
84 is/ is
85 offence/ offence,
87 forget/ forget
94 acceptable; acceptable,
97 consider. consider,
97 S.D. Enter Fabrichio/ printed after 98
103 him/ him,
106-107 I am . . . / My Lord, one line
107 My/ my
109-110 This may . . . invitation/ one line
110 Upon/ upon
110-111 Not on . . . ever. one line
111 Be/ be
111-112 Are . . . character? one line
112 This/ this
112 character? character,
112-113 Perfectly . . . Ring. one line
113 Beside/ beside
116-117 I would . . . arguments, one line
117 Through/ through
117 arguments/ arguments
119 sir/ sir,
123 safe/ safe,
127 that/ that?
137 Yare/ Yare,
137 prisoner. prisoner
137 S.D. Exeunt/ Exit.
IV.iii
6 remembrance/ remembring
7 other;/ other,
10 cible/ cible.
19 love you;/ love you,
24 fruites?/ fruites,
35 Newes/ Newes,
39-40 Strange . . . then;/ one line
40 You/ you
40-41 My . . . engag'd;/ one line
41 Did/ did
47 creature;/ creature,
50 Instruction;/ Instruction,
51 arrives;/ arrives.
53 King;/ King,
56 instantly;/ instantly,
59-60 He's . . . too;/ verse
60 and;/ And
60 he bleeds;/ He Bleeds
72 your;/ you
82-84 Ile . . . Tis;/ one line
83 He/ he
84 Tis his;/ tis/ His
87 S.D. Exeunt/ Exit
100 Didimo/ Didimo
101 S.D. Exeunt;/ Exit.

IV.iv
8 sugar;/ Sugar
28 slicke;/ stickke
31 enchantment;/ enchantment,
33 one;/ one;
38 gold;/ gold
39 Captaine;/ Captaine

IV.v
4 distance;/ distance,
14 trust;/ trust,
19 kingdome;/ kingdome,
21-22 For . . . villaines;/ one line
22 villaines;/ villaines
38-39 Another . . . duty;/ one line
39 By;/ by
39 S.D. Exeunt;/ Exit
40-41 Weele . . .;/ Attend our . . .;/ Weele .
51 me;/ me,
52 ha, ha, ha;/ italic
63 knowledge;/ knowledge,
73 Yes! Yes
85 happinesse: happinesse,
99 much: much,
99 sir: sir.
103 would: would.
108 us: us,
113 selfe: selfe,
119 Cassandra's: Cassandra's
119 S.D. Exeunt: Exit.

V.i
4 use: Use, printed on next line
7 Pazzorello: Pazzorello
9 hold: hold.
10 Flavia: Flavia
12 love: love.
19-20 For... it: one line
20-21 That... King: one line
21 Toth: Toth!
42 ripe: ripe.
45-46 I... Cassandra: one line
46 Now: now

V.ii
S.D. Julio: Julio,
5 deereyly: deereyly,
12 head: head,
25 us: us,
26 murder: murder?
68 presence: presence,
79 sir: sir.
80 Tragedy: Tragedy,
84 Sicily: Sicily
86 Captive: Captive,
95 Together: Together,
97 to blame: too-blame
108 it: it,
108-109 Such... welcome: one line
109 Were: were
109-110 Receive... even: one line
110- Your prisoner: your prisoner
113 undervalued: undervalued,
116 Kingdome: Kingdome
132 blushes: blushes,
132 Prince: Prince
137 Cassandra: Cassandra
143 deceived: deceive
144 prisoner: prisoner,
152 and: &
152 for't: for't,
V.iii
S. D. Sicily, Sicily,
7-8 We... absence./ one line
8 Shall/ shall
17 soule?/ soule,
33 me?/ me,
43-44 You... not./ one line
44 And/ &
45 birth;/ birth;
47 letter;/ letter,
49 knowledge;/ knowledge,
50 Upon/ Upon
61 Traytors;/ Traytors,
63 Alphonso;/ Alphonso.
65 message;/ message,
67-68 Guarded.../ She hopes is.../ Guarded... she hopes/ Is...
70 Ha;/ Ha
74 Is;/ is
74 Lord;/ Lord
90 S. D. Exeunt/ Exit
109 May;/ my
115 demonstrate;/ demonstrate
126 Hum;/ hum

V.iv
S. D. 2 Sicily/ Sicily
4 protection;/ protection
5 natures;/ natures
7 flight;/ flight
13 Kingdoms;/ Kingdoms,
17 treasure;/ treasure,
31 all;/ all
PRESS-VARIANTS

Copies collated: CLU-C (Clark Library, UCLA), CSmH\(^1\) (Henry E. Huntington Library, 69460), CSmH\(^2\) (Henry E. Huntington Library, 69462), Cty (Yale University Library), DfO (Folger Shakespeare Library), ICN (Newberry Library, Chicago), ICU (University of Chicago Library), IU (University of Illinois Library), MB (Boston Public Library), MH (Harvard University Library), NNP (Pierpont Morgan Library, New York), TxU (University of Texas Library).

Sheet B (inner forme)
Corrected: CLU-C, CSmH\(^1\), CSmH\(^2\), Cty, DfO, ICN, IU, MB.
Uncorrected: ICU, MH, NNP, TxU.

Sig. Bl\(^v\).
I.i.31 was't / wait

Sig. B2
I.i.54 Horatio's / Horato's
60 Mannage / Manuage
61 What? / What
62 overcome / overcome

Sheet B (outer forme)
Corrected: CLU-C, CSmH\(^1\), CSmH\(^2\), Cty, DfO, ICN, IU
MB, MH.

Uncorrected: ICU, NNP, TxU.

Sig. B2v.
I.i.89  does/ dome
102  now?/ now

Sheet D (outer forme)
Corrected: CLU-C, CSmH\(^1\), CSmH\(^2\), Cty, IGN, ICU, IU, MB
MH, NNP, TxU.

Uncorrected: Dfo.

Sig. D1.
II.i.98  its/ iths

Sig. D2v.
II.i.169  armes/ army

Sheet F (inner forme)
Corrected: CLU-C, CSmH\(^1\), Cty, Dfo, IGN, ICU, IU, MB,
MH, NNP, TxU.

Uncorrected: CSmH\(^2\).

Sig. F2.
III.i.286  life/ life

III.i.i.S.D.  and Mauritie at severall doores/ omitted.
11  and/ a

Sig. F3v.
III.i.i.99  not/ now

106  This/ This
Sheet F (outer forme)
Corrected: CLU-C, CSmH\textsuperscript{1}, Cty, DFo, ICN, ICU, MB, MH, NNP, TxU.
Uncorrected: CSmH\textsuperscript{2}, IU.

Sig. F3.
III.11.65 S.D. Exit.

Sheet G (outer forme)
Corrected: CSmH\textsuperscript{1}, CSmH\textsuperscript{2}, DFo, ICN, ICU, IU, MB, MH, NNP, TxU.
Uncorrected: CLU-C, Cty.

Sig. G2\textsuperscript{v}.
IV.1.193 bullet have\textsuperscript{7} bullet be have
193 to\textsuperscript{7} omitted.

Sig. G3
IV.1.221 doth\textsuperscript{7} do

Sig. G4\textsuperscript{v}.
IV.11.120 word?\textsuperscript{7} word,
120 Enough? Enough?

Sheet G (inner forme)
Corrected: CSmH\textsuperscript{1}, CSmH\textsuperscript{2}, DFo, ICN, ICU, MB, MH, NNP, TxU.
Uncorrected: CLU-C, Cty, IU.
IV.ii.137 Yare\footnote{\textsuperscript{7} Y\'are}
37 prisoner Iulio\footnote{\textsuperscript{7} prisoner-	extit{Iulio}}

(note: in line 137, MB reads as the
corrected copies do.)

139 heart\footnote{\textsuperscript{7} haste}
IV.iii.15 you\footnote{\textsuperscript{7} omitted.}

25 whole\footnote{\textsuperscript{7} your}

IV.iii.99 Didino\footnote{\textsuperscript{7} Iulio}

IV.iv.22 S.D. Paz\footnote{\textsuperscript{7} omitted.}
42 S.D. Exsunt\footnote{\textsuperscript{7} Exit.