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[Enter] Cardinal, with a book

CARDINAL I am puzzled in a question about hell.

He says, in hell there's one material fire,^o

And yet it shall not burn all men alike.

Lay him by. How tedious is a guilty conscience!^o

When I look into the fishponds, in my garden,

Methinks I see a thing armed with a rake

That seems to strike at me.

[Enter Bosola, and Servant with Antonio's body]

Now? art thou come?

Thou look'st ghastly:

There sits in thy face some great determination,

Mixed with some fear.

BOSOLA Thus it lightens into action:

I am come to kill thee.

CARDINAL Ha? Help! our guard!

BOSOLA Thou art deceived:

They are out of thy howling.

CARDINAL Hold, and I will faithfully divide

Revenues with thee.

BOSOLA Thy prayers and proffers

Are both unseasonable.

CARDINAL Raise the watch!

We are betrayed!

BOSOLA I have confined your flight:

I'll suffer your retreat to Julia's chamber,

But no further.

CARDINAL Help! We are betrayed!

[Enter above, Pescara, Malateste, Roderigo and Grisolan]

MALATESTES Listen.

CARDINAL My dukedom for rescue!

RODERIGO Fie upon his counterfeiting!

MALATESTES Why, 'tis not the Cardinal.

RODERIGO Yes, yes, 'tis he,

But I'll see him hanged, ere I'll go down to him.

CARDINAL Here's a plot upon me; I am assaulted! I am lost,

Unless some rescue!

GRISOLAN He doth this pretty well;

THE DUCHESS OF MALFI 5.5

But it will not serve to laugh me out of mine honour.

CARDINAL The sword's at my throat!

RODERIGO

You would not bawl so loud then.

MALATESTES Come, come,

Let's go to bed; he told us thus much aforehand.

PESCARA He wished you should not come at him; but believe't,

The accent of the voice sounds not in jest.

I'll down to him, howsoever, and with engines^o

Force ope the doors.

[Exit Pescara]

RODERIGO

Let's follow him aloof,

And note how the Cardinal will laugh at him.

[Exeunt all above]

BOSOLA There's for you first,

He kills the Servant

'Cause you shall not unbarricade the door^o

To let in rescue.

CARDINAL What cause hast thou to pursue my life?

BOSOLA

Look there.

CARDINAL Antonio?

BOSOLA

Slain by my hand unwittingly.

Pray, and be sudden; when thou killed'st thy sister,

Thou took'st from Justice her most equal balance,

And left her naught but her sword.

CARDINAL

O, mercy!

BOSOLA Now it seems thy greatness was only outward,

For thou fall'st faster of thyself than calamity

Can drive thee. I'll not waste longer time: there!

[Stabs the Cardinal]

CARDINAL Thou hast hurt me.

BOSOLA

Again!

[Stabs him again]

CARDINAL

Shall I die like a leveret

Without any resistance? Help, help, help!

I am slain!

[Enter Ferdinand]

FERDINAND Th'alarum! Give me a fresh horse:

Rally the vanguard, or the day is lost.

[Threatens the Cardinal] Yield, yield! I give you the honour of

arms,^o

Shake my sword over you, will you yield?

CARDINAL me, I am your brother.

FERDINAND The devil?

My brother fight upon the adverse party?

There flies your ransom.

He wounds the Cardinal, and in the scuffle gives Bosola his death wound.

CARDINAL O Justice!

I suffer now for what hath former been:

Sorrow is held the eldest child of sin.

FERDINAND Now you're brave fellows. Caesar's fortune was harder
than Pompey's: Caesar died in the arms of prosperity, Pompey at
the feet of disgrace;° you both died in the field. The pain's
nothing; pain many times is taken away with the apprehension of
greater, as the toothache with the sight of a barber that comes to
pull it out: there's philosophy for you.

BOSOLA Now my revenge is perfect.

He kills Ferdinand

Sink, thou main cause

Of my undoing! The last part of my life

Hath done me best service.

FERDINAND Give me some wet hay, I am broken-winded.

I do account this world but a dog-kennel;

I will vault credit, and affect high pleasures,°

Beyond death.

BOSOLA He seems to come to himself,

Now he's so near the bottom.

FERDINAND My sister! O my sister! There's the cause on't:

Whether we fall by ambition, blood, or lust,

Like diamonds, we are cut with our own dust.°

[Ferdinand dies]

CARDINAL Thou hast thy payment too.

BOSOLA Yes, I hold my weary soul in my teeth;

'Tis ready to part from me. I do glory

That thou, which stood'st like a huge pyramid

Begun upon a large and ample base,

Shalt end in a little point, a kind of nothing.

[Enter Pescara, Malatesta, Roderigo, and Grisolan]

PESCARA How now, my lord?

MALATESTA O sad disaster!

RODERIGO How comes this?

BOSOLA Revenge, for the Duchess of Malfi, murderèd

By th'Aragonian brethren; for Antonio,
Slain by this hand; for lustful Julia,
Poisoned by this man; and lastly, for myself,
That was an actor in the main of all
Much 'gainst mine own good nature, yet i'th' end
Neglected.

PESCARA How now, my lord?

CARDINAL Look to my brother:

He gave us these large wounds, as we were struggling

Here i'th' rushes: And now, I pray, let me°

Be laid by, and never thought of.

[The Cardinal dies]

PESCARA How fatally, it seems, he did withstand

His own rescue!

MALATESTA Thou wretched thing of blood,

How came Antonio by his death?

BOSOLA In a mist: I know not how;

Such a mistake as I have often seen

In a play. O, I am gone.

We are only like dead walls, or vaulted graves,°

That, ruined, yields no echo. Fare you well.

It may be pain, but no harm to me to die

In so good a quarrel. O, this gloomy world!

In what a shadow, or deep pit of darkness,

Doth, womanish and fearful, mankind live!

Let worthy minds ne'er stagger in distrust

To suffer death, or shame for what is just:

Mine is another voyage.

[Bosola dies]

PESCARA The noble Delio, as I came to th' palace,

Told me of Antonio's being here, and showed me

A pretty gentleman, his son and heir.

[Enter Delio, with Antonio's son]

MALATESTA O sir, you come too late!

DELIO

I heard so, and

Was armed for't ere I came. Let us make noble use

Of this great ruin; and join all our force

To establish this young, hopeful gentleman

In's mother's right. These wretched eminent things

Leave no more fame behind 'em than should one

Fall in a frost, and leave his print in snow;

As soon as the sun shines, it ever melts,
Both form and matter. I have ever thought
Nature doth nothing so great for great men,
As when she's pleased to make them lords of truth:
Integrity of life is fame's best friend,
Which nobly, beyond death, shall crown the end.

Exeunt

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THE DEVIL'S LAW-CASE