

Enter a boy.

Boy. Sir, there's without a servant of Don Alonzo's, who says his master will be here tonight. [Marcel is surprised]

Mar. Alonzo! now I begin to wake  
From love, like one from some delightful dream,  
To reassume my wonted cares and shame.  
—I will not speak with him. [Exit boy]

Oh Hippolyta! thou poor lost thing, Hippolyta!  
How art thou fallen from honor, and from virtue,  
And liv'st in whoredom with an impious villain,  
Who in revenge to me has thus betrayed thee.  
Keep thyself closer than thou'st done thy sin;  
For if I find thee out, by all that's good,  
Thou hadst more mercy on thy slaughtered honor,  
Than I will have for thee.  
And thou, Antonio, that hast betrayed her,  
Who till profaned by thee, was chaste as shrines,  
And pure as are the vows are offered there,  
That rape which thou'st committed on her innocence,  
I will revenge as shall become her brother.

[Offers to go out in rage]

Silv. Stay, Marcel,  
I can inform you where these lovers are.

Mar. Oh tell me quickly then,  
That I may take them in their foul embraces,  
And send their souls to hell.

Silv. Last night I made a youthful sally to  
One of those houses where love and pleasure  
Are sold at dearest rates.

Mar. A bordello; forwards pray.

Silv. Yes, at the corner of St. Jerome's; where after seeing many faces which pleased me not, I would have took my leave; but the matrou of the house, a kind obliging lady, seeing me so nice, and of quality (tho disguised) told me she had a beauty, such an one as had Count d'Olivarez in his height of power seen, he would have purchased at any rate. I grew impatient to see this fine thing, and promised largely: then leading me into a room as gay, and as perfumed as an altar upon a holy-day, I saw seated upon a couch of state—

Mar. Hippolyta!

Silv. Hippolyta our sister, dressed like a Venice courtesan,

With all the charms of a loose wanton,  
Singing and playing to her ravished lover,  
Who I perceived assisted to expose her.

Mar. Well, sir, what followed?

Silv. Surprised at sight of this, I did withdraw,  
And left them laughing at my little confidence.

Mar. How! left them? and left them living too?

Silv. If a young wench will be gadding,  
Who can help it?

Mar. 'Sdeath you should, were you that half her brother  
Which my father too dotingly believes you. [Enraged]

Silv. How! do you question his belief, Marcel?

Mar. I ne'er considered it; be gone and leave me.

Silv. Am I a dog that thus you bid me vanish?

What mean you by this language? [Comes up to him]

And how dare you upbraid me with my birth,  
Which know, Marcel, is more illustrious far  
Than thine, being got when Love was in his reign,  
With all his youth and heat about him?  
I, like the birds of bravest kind, was hatched  
In the hot sunshine of delight; whilst  
Thou, Marcel, wert poorly brooded  
In the cold nest of wedlock.

Mar. Thy mother was some base notorious strumpet,  
And by her witchcraft reduced my father's soul,  
And in return she paid him with a bastard,  
Which was thou.

Silv. Marcel, thou ly'st. [Strikes him]

Mar. Tho 'twere no point of valor, but of rashness  
To fight thee, yet I'll do't.

Silv. By Heaven, I will not put this injury up.

[They fight, Silvio is wounded]

[Fight again. Enter Ambrosio, and Cleonte between;  
Silvio falls into the Arms of Cleonte.]

Amb. Hold! I command you hold;  
Ah, traitor to my blood, what hast thou done?