

how will you do to content this substitute, and to save your brother?

*Isab.* I am now going to resolve him: I had rather my brother die by the law, than my son should be unlawfully born. But o, how much is the good duke deceiv'd in *Angelo*! if ever he return, and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government.

*Duke.* That shall not be much amiss; yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation; he made trial of you only. Therefore fasten your ear on my advisings: to the love I have in doing good, a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe that you may most uprightly do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no stain to your own gracious person; and much please the absent duke, if, peradventure, he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

*Isab.* Let me hear you speak, father: I have spirit to do any thing that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

*Duke.* Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful: have you not heard speak of *Mariana*, the sister of *Frederick* the great soldier who miscarry'd at sea?

*Isab.* I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

*Duke.* Her should this *Angelo* have marry'd; he was affianc'd to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnity, her brother *Frederick* was wreck'd at sea, having in that perish'd vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark how heavily this befall to the poor gentlewoman; there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him the portion and finew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her combinate-husband, this well-seeming *Angelo*.

*Isab.* Can this be so? did *Angelo* so leave her?

*Duke.* Left her in her tears, and dry'd not one of them with his comfort; swallow'd his vows whole, pretending in her discoveries of dishonour: in few words, bestow'd her on her own lamentation, which