

which she yet wears for his sake; and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

*Isab.* What a merit were it in death to take this poor maid from the world! what corruption in this life, that it will let this man live! but how out of this can she avail?

*Duke.* It is a rupture that you may easily heal; and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

*Isab.* Show me how, good father.

*Duke.* This fore-nam'd maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection; his unjust kindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to *Angelo*; answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point; only refer yourself to this advantage: first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience. This being granted, in course now follows all: we shall advise this wronged maid to stand up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompence; and here by this is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor *Mariana* advantaged, and the corrupt deputy scaled. The maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt: if you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit and reproof. What think you of it?

*Isab.* The image of it gives me content already, and, I trust, it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

*Duke.* It lyes much in your holding up: haste you speedily to *Angelo*; if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to saint *Luke's*; there at the moated grange resides this dejected *Mariana*; at that place call upon me, and dispatch with *Angelo*, that it may be quickly.

*Isab.* I thank you for this comfort: fare you well, good father.

[*Exeunt severally.*]