**THE WHITE DEVIL**

*Monticelso*

I shall be plainer with you, and paint out  
Your follies in more natural red and white  
Than that upon your cheek.  
I must spare you till proof cry whore to that;  
Observe this creature here my honoured lords,  
A woman of a most prodigious spirit  
In her effected.  
Oh, your trade instructs your language!   
You see my lords what goodly fruit she seems,  
Yet like those apples travellers report  
To grow where Sodom and Gomorrah stood:  
I will but touch her and you straight shall see  
She\*ll fall to soot and ashes.  
I am resolved.  
Were there a second paradise to loose  
This devil would betray it.  
Who knows not how, when several night by night  
Her gates were choked with coaches and her rooms  
Outbraved the stars with several kind of lights,   
When she did counterfeit a prince\*s court   
In music, banquets and most riotous surfeits,   
This whore, forsooth, was holy?  
Shall I expound whore to you? Sure I shall;  
I\*ll give their perfect character. They are first  
Sweetmeats which rot the eater: in man\*s nostril  
Poisoned perfumes. They are coz\*ning alchemy,  
Shipwrecks in calmest weather! What are whores?  
Cold Russian winters, that appear so barren  
As if that nature had forgot the spring.  
They are the true material fire of hell,  
Worse than those tributes i\*th\*Low Countries paid,  
Exactions upon meat, drink, garments, sleep;  
Ay even on man\*s perdition, his sin.  
They are those brittle evidences of law  
Which forfeit all a wretched man\*s estate  
For leaving out one syllable. What are whores?  
They are those flattering bells have all one tune,  
At weddings, and at funerals: your rich whores  
Are only treasuries by extortion filled,  
And emptied by curs\*d riot. They are worse,  
Worse than dead bodies, which are begged at gallows  
And wrought upon by surgeons, to teach man  
Wherein he is imperfect. What\*s a whore?  
She\*s like the guilty counterfeited coin  
Which whosoe\*er first stamps it brings in trouble  
All that receive it.  
You, gentlewoman, Take from all beasts, and from all minerals   
Their deadly poison.  
I\*ll find in thee a pothecary\*s shop  
To sample them all.  
You know what whore is; next the devil, Adult\*ry,  
Enters the devil, Murder.  
And look upon this creature was his wife.  
She comes not like a widow: she comes armed  
With scorn and impudence. Is this a mourning habit?  
See my lords,   
She scandals our proceedings.  
Nay hear me,  
For you Vittoria, your public fault,  
Joined to th\*condition of the present time,  
Takes from you all the fruits of noble pity.  
Such a corrupted trial have you made  
Both of your life and beauty, and been styled  
No less in ominous fate than blazing stars  
To princes; here\*s your sentence: you are confined  
Unto a house of convertites– a house of penitent whores.  
Take her hence