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John Ford

Complete Works



Series Thirteen

The Complete Works of
JOHN FORD

(1586-c. 1639)



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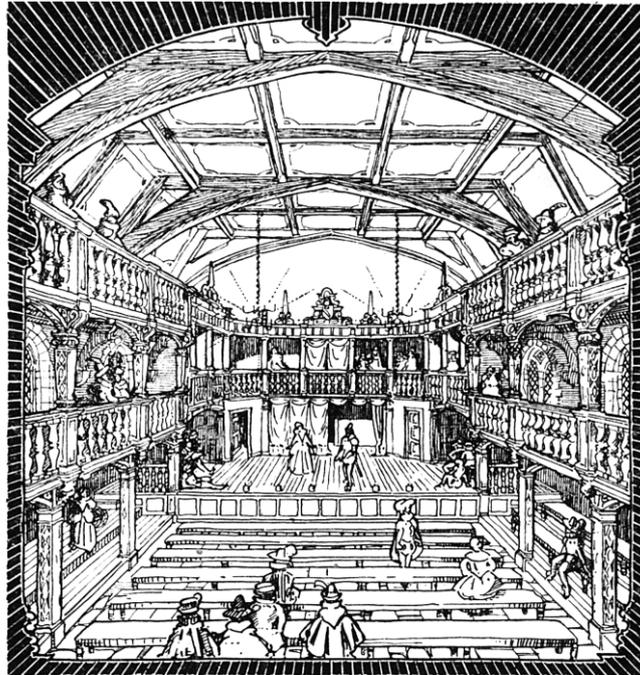
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The Complete Works of

JOHN FORD



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Complete Works of John Ford



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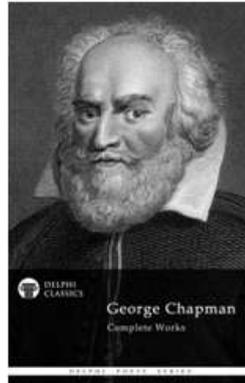
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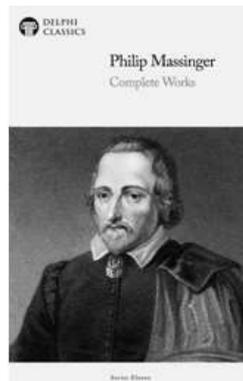
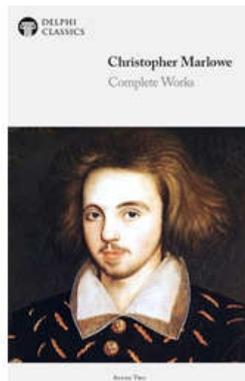
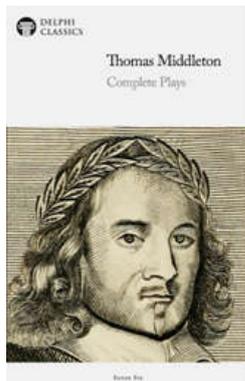
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ELIZABETHAN



PLAYWRIGHTS

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The Collaborative Plays



Ilsington, a village on the eastern edge of Dartmoor, Devon — John Ford's birthplace

The Laws of Candy (1620)



Written in collaboration with Philip Massinger

The Laws of Candy was written by John Ford in collaboration with the dramatist Philip Massinger. It was first published in the 1647 Beaumont and Fletcher folio. The play was originally performed by the King's Men and the Beaumont and Fletcher folio of 1679 featured a detailed cast list from the first production. It included famous Jacobean and Caroline era actors such as Joseph Taylor, William Ecclestone, John Lowin and Richard Sharpe. All the actors listed as part of the production performed with the King's Men between 1619 and 1623 making it probable that *The Laws of Candy* is Ford's earliest extant play. The authorship of the play was undetermined for centuries as scholars struggled to ascribe the work to a known playwright.

In 1920, the critic H. D. Sykes attributed the play to Massinger, while in 1927 the Australian scholar E. H. C. Oliphant believed that Ford was the primary author. Cyrus Hoy supported this assertion and by the twenty-first century the play's authorship and Ford's contribution to it are considered uncontroversial.

The Laws of Candy is a tragicomedy set on the Greek Island of Crete that takes place shortly after the Cretans have won a decisive battle against the invading Venetians. The plot centres on two specific laws of the land: the first is a bizarre law that makes a charge of ingratitude from one citizen to another punishable by death and the second grants troops the right to give one fellow soldier an award after a great military victory. By the climax of the play, the two laws have caused mayhem, intrigue and bitterness that engulf the island.



Philip Massinger, copper-engraving portrait by Charles Grignion the Elder, c. 1800

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Persons Represented in the Play



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Antinous, *Son to Cassilanes, and his Competitor*.
Fernando, *a Venetian Captain, Servant to Annophel*.
Philander, *Prince of Cyprus, passionately in love with Erota*.
Gonzalo, *An ambitious Politick Lord of Venice*.
Gaspero, *Secretary of State*.
Melitus, *a Gentleman of Candy*.
Arcanes, *a noble Souldier, Friend to Cassilanes*.
Decius, *Friend to Antinous*.
Porphyccio,
Possenne, *Senators*.
Paolo Michael, *Venetian Ambassadour*.
Mochingo, *an ignorant Servant to Erota*.
Gentlemen.
Souldiers.
Servants.

WOMEN

Erota, *a Princess, imperious, and of an overweaning Beauty*.
Annophel, *Daughter to Cassilanes*.
Hyparcha, *Attendant on the Princess Erota*.

[*The Scene Candy*]

The principal Actors were,

Joseph Taylor.
William Eglestone.
Nicholas Toolie.
Richard Sharpe.
John Lowin.
John Underwood.
George Birch.
Thomas Pollard.

Actus Primus



SCENA PRIMA

[Enter *Gaspero*, and *Melitus*]

Melitus:

Sir, you're the very friend I wish'd to meet with,
I have a large discourse invites your ear
To be an Auditor.

Gaspero:

And what concerns it?

Melitus:

The sadly thriving progress of the loves
Between my Lord, the Prince, and that great Lady,
Whose insolence, and never-yet-match'd Pride,
Can by no Character be well exprest,
But in her only name, the proud *Erota*.

Gaspero:

Alas, *Melitus*, I should guess the best
Success your Prince could find from her, to be
As harsh as the event doth prove: but now
'Tis not a time to pity passionate griefs,
When a whole Kingdom in a manner lyes
Upon its Death-Bed bleeding.

Melitus:

Who can tell
Whether or no these plagues at once
Hang over this unhappy Land for her sake
That is a Monster in it?

Gaspero:

Here's the misery
Of having a Child our Prince; else I presume
The bold *Venetians* had not dar'd to attempt
So bloody an invasion.

Melitus:

Yet I wonder
Why (Master Secretary) still the Senate
So almost superstitiously adores
Gonzalo, the *Venetian* Lord, considering
The outrage of his Countrymen —

Gaspero:

The Senate

Is wise, and therein just, for this *Gonzalo*,
Upon a Massacre performed at Sea
By the Admiral of *Venice*, on a Merchant
Of *Candy*, when the cause was to be heard
Before the Senate there, in open Court
Professed, that the cruelty the Admiral
Had shewed, deserved not only fine, but death;
238] For *Candy* then, and *Venice* were at peace:
Since when upon a motion in the Senate,
For Conquest of our Land, 'tis known for certain,
That only this *Gonzalo* dar'd to oppose it,
His reason was, because it too much savour'd
Of lawless and unjust ambition.
The Wars were scarce begun, but he (in fear
Of quarrels 'gainst his life) fled from his Country,
And hither came, where (to confirm his truth)
I know, (*Melitus*,) he out of his own store,
Hath monied *Cassilanes* the General.

Melitus:

What, without other pledges than *Cassilanes*
Bare promise of payment?

Gaspero:

No, it may be
He has some [pe]tty Lordship to retire to;
But thus he hath done; now 'tis fit, *Melitus*,
The Senate should be thankful, otherwise
They should annihilate one of those Laws
For which this Kingdome is throughout the World
Unfollowed and admired.

Melitus:

What Laws are those, Sir?
Let me so much importune you.

Gaspero:

You shall,
And they be worth your knowledge: briefly thus:
Who e'r he be that can detect apparently
Another of ingratitude, for any
Received Benefit, the Plaintiff may
Require the Offenders life; unless he please
Freely and willingly to grant remission.

Melitus:

By which strict Law, the Senate is in danger,
Should they neglect *Gonzalo*?

Gaspero:
Right, the Law
Permits a like equality to Aliens,
As to a home-bred Patriot.

Melitus:
Pray Sir, the other?

Gaspero:
Know, *Melitus*,
The elder *Cretans* flourished many years,
In War, in Peace unparallel'd, and they
(To spur heroic Spirits on to Vertue)
Enacted that what man so ere he were,
239] Did noblest in the field against his enemy,
So by the general voice approv'd, and known,
Might at his home-return, make his demand
For satisfaction, and reward.

Melitus:
They are
Both famous Laws indeed.

[Enter a Messenger]

Messenger:
Master Secretary,
The Senate is about to sit, and crave
Your presence.

Gaspero:
What, so suddenly?

Messenger:
These Letters
Will shew the causes why.

Gaspero:
Heaven, thou art great,
And worthy to be thanked!

Melitus:
Your countenance, Sir,
Doth promise some good tidings.

Gaspero:
O the best
And happiest for this land that e'r was told!
All the *Venetian* Forces are defeated.

Melitus:
How, Sir?

Gaspero:

And what doth add some delight more,
There is amongst the Souldiers a contention
Who shall be the triumpher, and it stands
Doubtful between a Father and his Son,
Old *Cassilanes*, and young *Antinous*.

Melitus:

Why may not both demand it?

Gaspero:

The Law denies it,
But where the Souldiers do not all consent,
The Parties in contention, are refer'd
To plead before the Senate; and from them
Upon an open audience to be judg'd
The Chief, and then to make demands.

Melitus:

You ravish me
With wonder and delight.

Gaspero:

Come; as we walk,
I shall more fully inform you.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II

[Enter *Cassilanes*, *Arcanes*, *Antinous*, and *Decius*.]

Cassilanes:

Admit no Souldier near us till the Senate
Have took their places.

Arcanes:

You are obey'd, my Lord.

Antinous:

Decius, fall off.

Decius:

I shall.

Cassilanes:

Give leave *Arcanes*:
Young man, come nearer to me: who am I?

Antinous:

It were a sin against the piety
Of filial duty, if I should forget

The debt I owe my Father on my knee:
Your pleasure?

Cassilanes:

What, so low? canst thou find joints,
Yet be an Elephant? *Antinous*, rise;
Thou wilt belye opinion, and rebate
The ambition of thy gallantry, that they
Whose confidence thou hast bewitch'd, should see
Their little God of War, kneel to his Father,
Though in my hand I did grasp Thunder.

Antinous:

Sir,
For proof that I acknowledge you the Author
Of giving me my Birth, I have discharg'd
A part of my Obedience. But if now
You should (as cruel fathers do) proclaim
Your right, and Tyrant-like usurp the glory
Of my peculiar honours, not deriv'd
From successary, but purchas'd with my blood,
Then I must stand first Champion for my self
Against all interposers.

Cassilanes:

Boldly urg'd,
And proudly, I could love thee, did not anger
Consult with just disdain, in open language
To call thee most ungrateful. Say freely,
Wilt thou resign the flatteries whereon
The reeling pillars of a popular breath
Have rais'd thy Giant-like conceit, to add
A suffrage to thy Fathers merit? speak.
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Antinous:

Sir, hear me: were there not a Chronicle
Well pen'd by all their tongues, who can report
What they have seen you do; or had you not
Best in your own performance writ your self,
And been your own text, I would undertake
Alone, without the help of Art, or Character,
But only to recount your deeds in Arms,
And you should ever then be fam'd a President
Of living victory: But as you are
Great, and well worthy to be stiled Great,
It would betray a poverty of Spirit
In me to obstruct my fortunes, or descent,
If I should coward-like surrender up
The interest which the inheritance of your vertue
And mine own thrifty fate can claim in honour:

My Lord, of all the mass of Fame, which any
That wears a Sword, and hath but seen me fight,
Gives me, I will not share, nor yield one jot,
One tittle.

Cassilanes:
Not to me?

Antinous:
You are my Father,
Yet not to you.

Cassilanes:
Ambitious Boy, how dar'st thou
To tell me, that thou wilt contend?

Antinous:
Had I
Been slothful, and not follow'd you in all
The streights of death, you might have justly then
Reputed me a Bastard: 'tis a cruelty
More than to murder Innocents, to take
The life of my yet infant-honour from me.

Cassilanes:
Antinous, look upon this badge of age,
Thy Father's grey-hair'd beard: full fifty years,
(And more than half of this, ere thou wert born)
I have been known a Souldier, in which time
I found no difference 'twixt War and Peace,
For War was Peace to me, and Peace was War.
Antinous, mark me well; there hath not liv'd
These fifty years a man whom *Crete* prefer'd
Before thy Father; let me boldly boast,
Thy Father, both for Discipline a[n]d Action
242] Hath so long been the first of all his Nation;
Now, canst thou think it honest, charitable,
Nay humane, being so young, my Son, my Child,
Begot, bred, taught by me, by me thy Father,
For one days service, and that on thy first,
To rob me of a glory which I fought for
A half of hundred years?

Antinous:
My case observes
Both equity and presidents; for Sir,
That very day whereon you got your Fame,
You took it from some other, who was then
Chief in repute, as you are now, and has been
Perhaps as many years deserving that
Which you gain'd in a day, as I have mine.

Cassilanes:

But he was not my Father then, *Antinous*;
Thou leav'st out that.

Antinous:

Sir, had he been your Father,
He had been then immortal; for a Father
Heightens his reputation where his Son
Inherits it, as when you give us life,
Your life is not diminish'd but renew'd
In us when you are dead, and we are still
Your living Images.

Cassilanes:

So be thou curs'd
In thy posterity, as I in thee,
Dishonourable Boy; O shall that Sun,
Which not a year yet since beheld me mounted
Upon a fiery Steed, waving my Sword,
And teaching this young Man to manage Arms,
That was a raw, fresh Novice in the feats
Of Chivalrie, shall that same Sun be witness
Against this Brat of his Ingratitude?
Who, to eclipse the light of my renown,
Can no way hope to get a noble Name,
But by the treading on his Father's Greatness;
Thou wilt not yield?

[Enter *Arcanes*]

Antinous:

My life, but not the prize
My Sword hath purchas'd.
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Arcanes:

The Senate,
My Lord, are here at hand, and all the Souldiers
Begin to throng about them.

Cassilanes:

Now, *Arcanes*, the —

Arcanes:

What, Sir?

Cassilanes:

Trifles will affront us; that
Fine fighting Stripling.

Arcanes:

Let him have the shame on't;
'Please you withdraw on this side.

Cassilanes:

My great heart
Was never quail'd before.

Decius:

My Lord, be confident,
Let not your Father daunt you.

Arcanes:

Decius, whither
Must I withdraw?

Decius:

On this side. — See, the Souldiers
Attend your pleasure — courage, Sir; the Senate.

Cassilanes:

Way for the Senate.

[Enter *Porphyccio*, *Possenne*, (three Senators) *Gonzalo*, *Gaspero*,
Souldiers]

My good Lords I know not
What tax of arrogance I may incur,
Should I presume, though courted by your Favours,
To take a place amongst you; I had rather
Give proof of my unfeign'd humility
By force, though mean, yet more becoming place,
Than run the hazard of a doubtful censure.

Possenne:

My Lord, your wisdom is both known and try'd;
We cannot rank you in a nobler Friendship
Than your great service to the State deserves.

Porphyccio:

Will't please you, Sir?

[Enter *Fernando* with Souldiers.]

Gonzalo:

What's here, my Lord *Porphyccio*?
It must not be.

Porphyccio:

My Lord, you are too modest.

Gonzalo:

It is no season to be troublesome,
Else — but I have done: your Lordships are observ'd.

Gaspero:

Is the demandant ready?
244]

Arcanes:

He is ready.

Gaspero:

Produce him then.

Arcanes:

Before this sacred presence,
I, by a general consent, am made
The Souldiers voice, and to your gracious Wisdoms,
Present as chief in Arms, his Countries Champion,
Cassilanes.

Decius:

Most reverend Lords, you hear the lesser number
Of those who have been Guardians to this Country,
Approve this Champion; I, in all their names,
Who fought for *Candy*, here present before you
The mightiest man in Arms, *Antinous.*
Speak fellow Souldiers.

Souldiers:

Antinous, Antinous.

Gaspero:

Stand by all, save the two Competitors.

Possenne:

My Lords, how much your Countrey owes you both,
The due reward of your desertful glories
Must to Posterity remain: but yet
Since, by our Law, one only can make claim
To the proposed honours which you both
(It seems) have truly merited, take leave
Freely to plead your rights; we shall attend ye.

Porphyccio:

Wherein priority of voice is granted,
Lord *Cassilanes* to you; for that your rare
And long experience in the Course of War,
As well doth challenge it as the best priviledge
Of Order and Civility, for that

You are your brave Opponents worthy Father.
Say, Country-men, are you content?

Souldiers:

I, I.

Cassilanes:

Right grave, right gracious Fathers; how unfit
It is for me, that all my life time have
Been practis'd in the School of Bloud, and Slaughter
To bandy words now in my lifes last farewell,
Your Wisedomes will consider; were there pitcht
Another, and another field, like that
Which, not yet three days since, this Arm hath scatter'd,
Defeated, and made nothing, then the man
That had a heart to think he could but follow
(For equal me he should not) through the lanes
245] Of danger and amazement, might in that
That only of but following me, be happy,
Reputed worthy to be made my Rival;
For 'tis not, Lords, unknown to those about me,
(My fellow Souldiers) first, with what a confidence
I led them on to fight, went on still, and
As if I could have been a second Nature,
As well in heartening them by my example,
As by my exhortation, I gave life
To quicken courage, to inflame revenge,
To heighten resolution; in a word,
To out-doe action: It boots not to discover,
How that young man, who was not fledg'd nor skill'd
In Martial play, was even as ignorant
As childish: But I list not to disparage
His non-ability: The signal given
Of Battel, when our enemies came on,
(Directed more by fury, than by warrant
Of Policy and Stratagem) I met them,
I in the fore-front of the Armies met them;
And as if this old weather-beaten body
Had been compos'd of cannon-proof, I stood
The volleys of their shot. I, I my self
Was he that first dis-rankt their woods of Pikes:
But when we came to handy-stroaks, as often
As I lent blows, so often I gave wounds,
And every wound a death. I may be bold
To justifie a truth, this very sword
Of mine slew more than any twain besides:
And, which is not the least of all my glorie,
When he, this young man, hand to hand in fight,
Was by the General of the Venetians,
And such as were his retinue, unhors'd,

I stept between, and rescu'd him my self,
Or horses hoofs had trampled him to dirt;
And whilst he was re-mounting, I maintain'd
The combate with the gallant General,
Till having taken breath, he throng'd before me,
Renew'd the fight, and with a fatal blow,
Stole both that honour from me, and his life
246] From him, whom I before my self alone,
Had more than full three quarters kill'd: a man
Well worthy only by this hand to have dy'd,
Not by a Boys weak push: I talk too much,
But 'tis a fault of age: If to bring home
Long peace, long victorie, even to your Capitol;
If to secure your Kingdom, wives, and children,
Your lives and liberties; if to renown
Your honours through the world, to fix your names,
Like Blazing stars admir'd, and fear'd by all
That have but heard of *Candy*, or a *Cretan*,
Be to deserve the approvement of my man-hood,
Then thus much have I done: what more, examine
The annals of my life; and then consider
What I have been, and am. Lords I have said.

Gonzalo:

With reverence to the Senate, is it lawfull,
Without your Customes breach, to say a word?

Possenne:

Say on my Lord *Gonzalo*.

Gonzalo:

I have heard,
And with no little wonder, such high deeds
Of Chivalrie discours'd, that I confess,
I do not think the Worthies while they liv'd
All nine, deserv'd as much applause, or memorie,
As this one: But who can do ought to gain
The crown of honour from him, must be somewhat
More than a man; you tread a dangerous path,
Yet I shall hear you gladly: for believe me,
Thus much let me profess, in honours cause,
I would not to my Father, nor my King,
(My Countries Father) yield: if you transcend
What we have heard, I can but only say,
That Miracles are yet in use. I fear
I have offended.

Porphyccio:

You have spoken nobly.

Antinous use your priviledge.

Antinous:

Princely Fathers,
E're I begin, one suit I have to make,
'Tis just, and honourable.

Porphyrio Possenne:

Speak, and have it.

Antinous:

That you would please the souldiers might all stand
247] Together by their General.

Possenne:

'Tis granted.
All fall to yonder side: Go on, *Antinous*.

Antinous:

I shall be brief and plain: all what my Father
(This Countries Patron) hath discours'd, is true.
Fellows in Arms: speak you, is't true?

Souldiers:

True, true.

Antinous:

It follows, that the blaze of my performance
Took light from what I saw him do: and thus
A City (though the flame be much more dreadfull)
May from a little spark be set on fire;
Of all what I have done, I shall give instance
Only in three main proofs of my desert.
First I sought out (but through how many dangers
My Lords judge ye) the chief, the great Commander,
The head of that huge body, whose proud weight
Our Land shrunk under, him I found and fought with,
Fought with, and slew. Fellows in Arms, speak you,
Is't true or not?

Souldiers:

True, true.

Antinous:

When he was faln,
The hearts of all our adversaries
Began to quail, till young *Fernando*, son
To the last Duke of *Venice* gather'd head,
And soon renew'd the field, by whose example
The bold Venetians doubling strength and courage
Had got the better of the day; our men
Supposing that their adversaries grew
Like *Hydra's* head, recoyle, and 'gan to flye:

I follow'd them; and what I said, they know;
The summe on't is; I call'd them back, new rankt them;
Led on, they follow'd, shrunk not till the end:
Fellows in Arms is't true, or no?

Souldiers:

True, true.

Antinous:

Lastly, to finish all, there was but one,
The only great exploit; which was to take
Fernando prisoner, and that hand to hand
In single fight I did: my self without
The help of any arm, save the arm of Heaven.
Speak Souldiers, is it true, or no?
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Souldiers:

Antinous, Antinous.

Antinous:

Behold my prisoner, Fathers.

Fernando:

This one man
Ruin'd our Army, and hath glorifi'd
Crete in her robes of mightiness and conquest.

Possenne:

We need not use long circumstance of words,
Antinous thou art conquerer: the Senate,
The souldiers, and thy valour have pronounc'd it.

All:

Antinous, Antinous.

Porphyccio:

Make thy demand.

Cassilanes:

Please ye (my Lords) give leave
That I may part.

Possenne:

No *Cassilane*, the Court
Should therein be dishonour'd, do not imagin
We prize your presence at so slight a rate.
Demand, *Antinous.*

Antinous:

Thus (my Lords) to witness
How far I am from arrogance, or thinking

I am more valiant, though more favour'd
Than my most matchless father, my demand is,
That for a lasting memorie of his name,
His deeds, his real, nay his royal worth,
You set up in your Capitol in Brass
My Fathers Statue, there to stand for ever
A Monument and Trophy of his victories,
With this Inscription to succeeding ages,
Great Cassilanes, Patron of Candy's Peace,
Perpetual Triumpher.

Porphyccio Possenne:
It is granted. What more?

Antinous:
No more.

Cassilanes:
How Boy?

Gonzalo:
Thou art immortal,
Both for thy Son-like pietie, and beauties
Of an unconquer'd minde.

Antinous:
My Prisoner, Lords,
To your more sacred wisdoms I surrender:
Fit you his ransom; half whereof I give
For largess to the Souldiers: the other half
To the erection of this monument.

Cassilanes:
Ambitious villain.
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Gonzalo:
Thou art all un-imitable.
My Lords, to work a certain peace for *Candy*
With *Venice*, use *Fernando* like a Prince;
His ransom I'll disburse what e're it be:
Yet you may stay him with you, till conditions
Of amitie shall be concluded on:
Are ye content?

Porphyccio:
We are, and ever rest
Both friends and debtors to your nobleness.

Gonzalo:

Souldiers attend me in the Market-place,
Fie thither send your largess.

Souldiers:

Antinous, Antinous.

[Exeunt.

Cassilanes:

I have a sute too, Lords.

Porphyccio Possenne:

Propose it, 'tis yours, if fit and just.

Cassilanes:

Let not my services,
My being forty years a drudge, a pack-horse
To you, and to the State, be branded now
With Ignominy ne're to be forgotten:
Rear me no Monument, unless you mean
To have me fam'd a Coward, and be stamp'd so.

Possenne:

We understand you not.

Cassilanes:

Proud boy, thou dost,
And Tyrant-like insult'st upon my shame.

Antinous:

Sir, Heaven can tell, and my integrity,
What I did, was but only to inforce
The Senates gratitude. I now acknowledge it.

Cassilanes:

Observe it Fathers, how this haughty boy
Grows cunning in his envy of mine honours:
He knows no mention can of me be made,
But that it ever likewise must be told,
How I by him was master'd; and for surety
That all succeeding times may so report it,
He would have my dishonour, and his Triumphs
Ingrav'd in Brass: hence, hence proceeds the falshood
Of his insinuating piety.
Thou art no child of mine: thee and thy bloud,
Here in the Capitol, before the Senate,
I utterly renounce: So thrift and fate
Confirm me; henceforth never see my face,
Be, as thou art, a villain to thy Father.
250] Lords I must crave your leaves: come, come *Arcanes.*

[Ex.

Gonzalo:
Here's a strange high-born spirit.

Possenne:
'Tis but heat
Of suddain present rage; I dare assure *Antinous* of his favour.

Antinous:
I not doubt it,
He is both a good man, and a good Father.
I shall attend your Lordships.

Possenne:
Do *Antinous*.

Gonzalo:
Yes: feast thy Triumphs
With applause and pleasures.

Porphyccio Possenne:
Lead on.

[Exeunt. Flor. Cornets.

Antinous:
I utterly renounce— 'Twas so?
Was't not, my *Decius*?

Decius:
Pish, you know, my Lord,
Old men are cholerick.

Antinous:
And lastly parted
With, never henceforth see my face: O me,
How have I lost a Father? Such a Father!
Such a one *Decius*! I am miserable,
Beyond expression.

Decius:
Fie, how unbecoming
This shews upon your day of fame!

Antinous:
O mischief!
I must no more come near him; that I know,
And am assur'd on't.

Decius:
Say you do not?

Antinous:

True:

Put case I do not: what is *Candy* then
To lost *Antinous*? *Malta*, I resolve
To end my dayes in thee.

Decius:

How's that?

Antinous:

I'll trie

All humble means of being reconcil'd,
Which if deny'd, then I may justly say,
This day has prov'd my worst: *Decius*, my worst.

[Exeunt.

251]

Actus Secundus



SCENA PRIMA

[Enter *Gonzalo*, and *Gaspero*]

Gaspero:

Now to what you have heard; as no man can
Better than I, give you her Character;
For I have been both nurs'd, and train'd up to
Her petulant humours, and been glad to bear them,
Her Brother, my late Master, did no less:
Strong apprehensions of her beauty hath
Made her believe that she is more than woman:
And as there did not want those flatterers
'Bout the worlds Conquerour, to make him think,
And did perswade him that he was a god;
So there be those base flies, that will not stick
To buzze into her ears she is an Angel,
And that the food she feeds on is *Ambrosia*.

Gonzalo:

She should not touch it then, 'tis Poets fare.

Gaspero:

I may take leave to say, she may as well
Determine of her self to be a goddess,
With lesser flatterie than he a god:
For she does conquer more, although not farther.
Every one looks on her, dyes in despair,
And would be glad to do it actually,
To have the next age tell how worthily,
And what good cause he had to perish so:
Here beauty is superlative, she knows it,
And knowing it, thinks no man can deserve,
But ought to perish, and to dye for her:
Many great Princes for her love have languish'd,
And given themselves a willing sacrifice,
Proud to have ended so: And now there is
A Prince so madd'd in his own passions,
That he forgets the Royaltie he was born to,
And deems it happiness to be her slave.

Gonzalo:

You talk as if you meant to winde me in,
And make me of the number.

Gaspero:

Sir, mistake me not, the service that I owe ye
Shall plead for me: I tell you what she is,
What she expects, and what she will effect,
252] Unless you be the miracle of men,
That come with a purpose to behold,
And goe away your self.

Gonzalo:

I thank you, I will do it: But pray resolve me,
How is she stor'd with wit?

Gaspero:

As with beauty,
Infinite, and more to be admired at,
Than medled with.

Gonzalo:

And walks her tongue the same gate with her feet?

Gaspero:

Much beyond: what e're her heart thinks, she utters:
And so boldly, so readily, as you would judge
It penn'd and studied.

[Enter *Erota*, *Philander*, *Annophil*, *Hyparcha*, *Mochingo*
Attendants]

Gonzalo:

She comes.

Gaspero:

I must leave you then,
But my best wishes shall remain with you.

[Exit.

Gonzalo:

Still I must thank you.
This is the most passionate,
Most pitifull Prince,
Who in the Caldron of affections,
Looks as he had been par-boy'd.

Philander:

If I offend with too much loving you,
It is a fault that I must still commit,
To make your mercy shine the more on me.

Erota:

You are the self-same creature you condemn,
Or else you durst not follow me with hope

That I can pity you, who am so far
From granting any comfort in this kind,
That you and all men else shall perish first:
I will live free and single, till I find
Something above a man to equal me;
Put all your brave *Heroes* into one,
Your Kings and Emperours, and let him come
In person of a man, and I should scorn him:
Must, and will scorn him.
The god of love himself hath lost his eyes,
His Bow and Torch extinguish'd, and the Poets
That made him first a god, have lost their fire
253] Since I appear'd, and from my eyes must steal it.
This I dare speak; and let me see the man,
Now I have spoke it, that doth, dare deny;
Nay, not believe it.

Mochingo:

He is mad that does not.

Erota:

Have not all the nations of the Earth heard of me?
Most come to see me, and seeing me, return'd
Full of my praises? teaching their Chroniclers
To make their Stories perfect? for where the name,
Merely the word of fair *Erota* stands,
It is a lasting History to time,
Begetting admiration in the men,
And in my own Sex envie: which glorie's lost,
When I shall stick my beautie in a cloud,
And clearly shine through it.

Gonzalo:

This woman's in the altitudes, and he must be
A good Astrologer shall know her Zodiack.

Philander:

For any man to think
Himself an able purchaser of you,
But in the bargain there must be declar'd
Infinite bounty: otherwise I vow,
By all that's excellent and gracious in you,
I would untenant every hope lodg'd in me,
And yield my self up loves, or your own Martyr.

Erota:

So you shall please us.

Philander:

O you cannot be

So heavenly, and so absolute in all things,
And yet retain such cruel tyranny.

Erota:

I can, I do, I will.

Gonzalo:

She is in her
Moods, and her Tenses: I'll Grammer with you,
And make a trial how I can decline you:
By your leave (great Lady.)

Erota:

What are you?

Gonzalo:

A man, a good man, that's a wealthy;
A Proper man, and a proud man too; one
That understands himself, and knows, unless
It be your self, no woman on the Universe deserves him.
Nay, Lady, I must tell you too withal,
I may make doubt of that, unless you paint
254] With better judgement next day than on this;
For (plain I must be with you) 'tis a dull Fucus.

Erota:

Knows any one here what this fellow is?

Attendants:

He is of *Venice* (Madam) a great Magnifico,
And gracious with the Senate.

Erota:

Let him keep then among them; what makes he here?
Here's state enough where I am: here's a do —
You, tell him, if he have ought with us, let him
Look lower, and give it in Petition.

Mochingo:

Mighty Magnifico, my Mistris bid me tell you,
If you have ought with her, you must look lower,
And yield it in Petition.

Gonzalo:

Here is for thee a Ducket.

Mochingo:

You say well Sir, take your own course.

Gonzalo:

I will not grace you
(Lady) so much as take you by the hand;

But when I shall vouchsafe to touch your lip,
It shall be through your Court a holy-day
Proclaimed for so high favour.

Erota:

This is some
Great mans Jester: Sirrah, begon, here is
No place to fool in.

Gonzalo:

Where are the fools you talk of?
I do keep two.

Erota:

No question of it: for
In your self you do maintain an hundred.

Gonzalo:

And besides them I keep a noble train,
Statists, and men of action: my purse is large and deep,
Beyond the reach of riot to draw drie:
Fortune did vie with Nature, to bestow
(When I was born) her bountie equally:
'Tis not amiss you turn your eyes from me;
For should you stand and gaze me in the face,
You perish would, like *Semele* by *Jove*:
In *Venice* at this instant there do lye
No less than threescore Ladies in their graves,
And in their Beds five hundred for my love.

Mochingo:

You lie more than they; yet it becomes him bravel[y];
Would I could walk and talk so! I'le endeavour it.

Erota:

Sir, do you know me?
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Gonzalo:

Yes, you were sister to the late Prince of *Candy*,
Aunt to this young one: and I in *Venice*,
Am born a Lord; equall to you in fortunes,
In shape; I'le say no more, but view.

Mochingo:

There needs no more be said, were I a woman —
O he does rarely: in shape; I'le say no more,
But view: who could say more, who better?
Man is no man, nor woman woman is,
Unless they have a pride like one of these.
How poor the Prince of *Cyprus* shews to him!

How poor another Lady unto her!
Carriage and State makes us seem demi-gods,
Humility, like beasts, worms of the Earth.

[Enter *Antinous*, and *Decius*.]

Antinous:
Royal Lady, I kiss your hand.

Erota:
Sir, I know you not.

Annophel:
O my noble Brother, welcom from the wars.

Antinous:
Dear Sister.

Annophel:
Where is my Father, that you come without him?
We have news of your success: he has his health I hope?

Antinous:
Yes Sister, he has his health, but is not well.

Annophel:
How not well? what Riddles do yo[u] utter?

Antinous:
I'll tell you more in private.

Gonzalo:
Noble Sir,
I cannot be unmindfull of your merit,
Since I last heard it: you are a hopefull youth,
And (indeed) the Soul of *Candy*.
I must speak my thoughts.

Annophel:
The Prince of *Cyprus* Brother, good *Decius*.

Antinous:
I am his Servant.

Philander:
You are the Patron of your Countrie, Sir,
So your unimitable deeds proclaim you,
It is no language of my own, but all mens.

Gonzalo:
Your Enemies must needs acknowledge it:

Then do not think it flatterie in your friends,
For if they had a heart, they could not want a tongue.

Erota:
Is this your Brother *Annophil*?

Annophel:
Yes Madam.

Erota:
Your name's *Antinous*?
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Antinous:
I am (Lady) that most unfortunate man.

Erota:
How unfortunate? are you not the Souldier,
The Captain of those Captains, that did bring
Conquest and Victory home along with you?

Antinous:
I had some share in't; but was the least
Of the least worthy.

Gonzalo:
O Sir, in your modesty you'ld make
A double Conquest: I was an ear-witness
When this young man spoke lesser than he acted,
And had the Souldiers voice to help him out:
But that the Law compell'd him for his honour,
To inforce him make a claim for his reward,
I well perceive he would have stood the man
That he does now, buried his worth in silence.

Erota:
Sir, I hearken not to him, but look on you,
And find more in you than he can relate:
You shall attend on me.

Antinous:
Madam, your pardon.

Erota:
Deny it not Sir, for it is more honour
Than you have gotten i'th' field: for know you shall,
Upon *Erota*'s asking, serve *Erota*.

Antinous:
I may want answers, Lady,
But never want a will to do you service.
I came here to my Sister, to take leave,

Having enjoyn'd my self to banishment,
For some cause that hereafter you may hear,
And wish with me I had not the occasion.

Annophel:

There shall be no occasion to divide us:
Dear Madam for my sake use your power,
Even for the service that he ought to owe,
Must, and does owe to you, his friends, and country.

Erota:

Upon your Loyalty to the state and me,
I do command you Sir, not depart Candy:
Am I not your Princess?

Antinous:

You are a great Lady.

Erota:

Then shew your self a Servant and a Subject.

Antinous:

I am your vassal.

Mochingo:

You are a Coward; I that dare not fight,
Scorn to be vassail to any Prince in *Europe*:
Great is my heart with pride, which I'll encrease
257] When they are gone, with practise on my Vassals.

Attendants:

The noble *Cassilane* is come to see you Madam.

Decius:

There's comfort in those words, *Antinous*:
For here's the place, and persons that have power,
To reconcile you to his love again.

Antinous:

That were a fortunate meeting.

[Enter *Cassilane*, and *Arcanes*.]

Cassilanes:

Greatness still wait you Lady.

Erota:

Good *Cassilane*, we do maintain our greatness,
Through your valour.

Cassilanes:

My prayers pull daily blessings on thy head,

My un-offending child, my *Annophel*.
Good Prince, worthy *Gonzalo*! ha? art thou here
Before me? in every action art thou ambitious?
My duty (Lady) first offer'd here,
And love to thee (my child) though he out-strip me;
Thus in the wars he got the start on me,
By being forward, but performing less;
All the endeavours of my life are lost,
And thrown upon that evil of mine own
Cursed begetting, whom I shame to father.
O that the heat thou rob'dst me of, had burnt
Within my Entrails, and begot a fever,
Or some worse sickness, for thou art a disease
Sharper than any Physick gives a name to.

Annophel:
Why do you say so?

Cassilanes:
O *Annophil*; there is good cause my girl:
He has plaid the thief with me, and filch'd away
The richest jewel of my life, my honour,
Wearing it publickly with that applause,
As if he justly did inherit it.

Antinous:
Would I had in my Infancy been laid
Within my grave, covered with your blessings rather
Than grown up to a man, to meet your curses.

Cassilanes:
O that thou hadst.
Then I had been the Father of a child,
Dearer than thou wert ever unto me,
When hope perswaded me I had begot
Another self in thee: Out of mine eyes,
258] As far as I have thrown thee from my heart,
That I may live and dye forgetting thee.

Erota:
How has he deserv'd this untam'd anger,
That when he might have ask't for his reward
Some honour for himself, or mass of pelf,
He only did request to have erected
Your Statue in the Capitol, with Titles
Ingrav'd upon't, The Patron of his Countrey?

Cassilanes:
That, that's the poison in the gilded cup,
The Serpent in the flowers, that stings my honour,
And leaves me dead in fame: Gods do a justice,

And rip his bosom up, that men may see,
Seeing, believe the subtle practises
Written within his heart: But I am heated,
And do forget this presence, and my self.
Your pardon, Lady.

Erota:

You should not ask, 'less you knew how to give.
For my sake *Cassilane*, cast out of your thoughts
All ill conceptions of your worthy son,
That (questionless) has ignorantly offended,
Declared in his penitence.

Cassilanes:

Bid me dye, Lady, for your sake I'll do it;
But that you'll say is nothing, for a man
That has out-liv'd his honour: But command me
In any thing save that, and *Cassilane*
Shall ever be your servant. Come *Annophel*,
(My joy in this world) thou shalt live with me,
(Retired in some solitarie nook,)
The comfort of my age; my dayes are short,
And ought to be well spent: and I desire
No other witness of them but thy self,
And good *Arcanes*.

Annophel:

I shall obey you Sir.

Gonzalo:

Noble Sir:
If you taste any want of worldly means,
Let not that discontent you: know me your friend,
That hath, and can supply you.

Cassilanes:

Sir, I am too much bound to you already,
And 'tis not of my cares the least, to give you
Fair satisfaction.

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Gonzalo:

You may imagine I do speak to that end,
But trust me, 'tis to make you bolder with me.

Cassilanes:

Sir, I thank you, and may make trial of you,
Mean time my service.

Annophel:

Brother be comforted; so long as I continue

Within my Fathers love, you cannot long
Stand out an Exile: I must goe live with him,
And I will prove so good an Orator
In your behalf, that you again shall gain him,
Or I will stir in him another anger,
And be lost with you.

Antinous:

Better I were neglected: for he is hasty,
And through the Choler that abounds in him,
(Which for the time divides from him his judgement)
He may cast you off, and with you his life;
For grief will straight surprize him, and that way
Must be his death: the sword has try'd too often,
And all the deadly Instruments of war
Have aim'd at his great heart, but ne're could touch it:
Yet not a limb about him wants a scar.

Cassilanes:

Madam my duty —

Erota:

Will you be gone?

Cassilanes:

I must, Lady, but I shall be ready,
When you are pleas'd command me, for your service.
Excellent Prince — To all my heartie love,
And a good Farewel.

Mochingo:

Thanks honest *Cassilane*.

Cassilanes:

Come *Annophel*.

Gonzalo:

Shall I not wait upon you Sir?

Cassilanes:

From hence you shall not stir a foot:
Loving *Gonzalo*, it must be all my study
To requite you.

Gonzalo:

If I may be so fortunate to deserve
The name of friend from you, I have enough.

Cassilanes:

You are so, and you have made your self so.

Gonzalo:

I will then preserve it.

Erota:

Antinous you are my servant, are you not?

Antinous:

It hath pleased you so to grace me.

Erota:

Why are you then dejected? you will say,
You have lost a father; but you have found a Mistress
260] Doubles that loss: be master of your spirit;
You have a cause for it, which is my favour.

Gonzalo:

And mine.

Erota:

Will no man ease me of this fool?

Gonzalo:

Your fellow.

Erota:

Antinous wait upon us.

Antinous:

I shall Madam.

Gonzalo:

Nay but Ladie, Ladie.

Erota:

Sir, you are rude: and if you be the Master
Of such means as you do talk of, you should
Learn good manners.

Gonzalo:

O Lady, you can find a fault in me,
But not perceive it in your self: you must, shall hear me:
I love you for your pride, 'tis the best vertue
In you.

Erota:

I could hang this fellow now: by whom
Are you supported, that you dare do this?
Have you not example here in a Prince
Transcending you in all things, yet bears himself
As doth become a man had seen my beautie?
Back to your Country, and your Curtizans,
Where you may be admired for your wealth,

Which being consum'd, may be a means to gain you
The opinion of some wit. Here's nothing
To be got but scorn, and loss of time.

Gonzalo:
Which are things I delight in.

Erota:
Antinous follow me.

[Exit.

Gonzalo:
She is vext to the soul.

Mochingo:
Let her be vext, 'tis fit she should be so:
Give me thy hand *Gonzalo*, thou art in our favour,
For we do love to cherish lofty spirits,
Such as percusse the Earth, and bound
With an erected countenance to the clouds.

Gonzalo:
'S-foot, what thing is this?

Mochingo:
I do love fire-works, because they mount:
An Exhalation I profess to adore,
Beyond a fixed star, 'tis more illustrious,
As every thing rais'd out of smoak is so:
Their vertue is in action: what do you think of me?

Gonzalo:
Troth Sir,
261] You are beyond my gness, I know you not.

Mochingo:
Do you know your self?

Gonzalo:
Yes Sir.

Mochingo:
Why you and I are one: I am proud, and
Very proud too, that I must tell you; I saw
It did become you, cousin *Gonzalo*, prethee
Let it be so.

Gonzalo:
Let it be so good cousin.

Mochingo:

I am no great ones fool.

Gonzalo:

I hope so, for alliance sake.

Mochingo:

Yet I do serve the Mighty, Monstrous, and Magnanimous
Invincible *Erota*.

Gonzalo:

O good cousin, now I have you: I'll meet you in your Coat.

Mochingo:

Coat? I have my horse-mans coat I must confess
Lined through with Velvet, and a Scarlet out-side;
If you'll meet me in't, I'll send for't;
And cousin you shall see me with much comfort,
For it is both a new one, and a right one,
It did not come collateral.

Gonzalo:

Adieu good cousin; at this present I have some business.

Mochingo:

Farewel, excellent cousin.

Actus Tertius



SCENA PRIMA

[Enter *Gonzalo*, and *Fernando*.]

Gonzalo:

Candy, I say, is lost already.

Fernando:

Yes,
If to be conqueror be to be lost.

Gonzalo:

You have it; one days conquest hath undone them.
And sold them to their vassalage; for what
Have I else toyl'd my brains, profusely emptied
My moneys, but to make them slaves to *Venice*,
That so in case the sword did lose his edge,
Then art might sharpen hers?

Fernando:

Gonzalo how?

Gonzalo:

Fernando thus: you see how through this Land,
Both of the best and basest I am honour'd;
I only gave the State of *Venice* notice,
When, where, and how to land, or you had found
262] A better entertainment: I was he
Encourag'd young *Antinous* to affront
The Devil his Father: for the Devil I think
Dares not do more in battel.

Fernando:

But why did ye?
I find no such great policie in that.

Gonzalo:

Indeed *Fernando*, thou canst fight, not plot:
Had they continu'd one, they two alone
Were of sufficient courage and performance
To beat an Armie.

Fernando:

Now by all my hopes,
I rather shall admire, than envy vertue.

Gonzalo:

Why then by all your hopes you'l rather have
Your Brains knockt out, than learn how to be wise;
You States-man? Well Sir, I did more than this,
When *Cassilane* crav'd from the common treasure
Pay for his Souldiers, I strook home, and lent him
An hundred thousand Duckets.

Fernando:

Marry Sir,
The policy was little, the love l[e]ss,
And honesty least of all.

Gonzalo:

How say ye by that?
Go fight, I say goe fight, I'le talk no more with you,
You are insensible.

Fernando:

Well, I shall observe ye.

Gonzalo:

Why look you Sir, by this means have I got
The greatest part of *Cassilanes* estate
Into my hands, which he can ne're redeem,
But must of force sink: do you conceive me now?

Fernando:

So:
But why have you importuned the Senate,
For me to sojourn with them?

Gonzalo:

There's the quintessence,
The soul, and grand elixir of my wit:
For he (according to his noble nature)
Will not be known to want, though he do want,
And will be bankrupted so much the sooner,
And made the subject of our scorn and laughter.

Fernando:

Here's a perfect plotted stratagem.

Gonzalo:

Why? could you
263] Imagine, that I did not hate in heart
My Countryes enemies? yes, yes, *Fernando*,
And I will be the man that shall undoe them.

Fernando:

Ye are in a ready way.

Gonzalo:
I was never out on't.

[Enter *Gaspero*]

Gonzalo:
Peace,
Here comes a wise Coxcombe, a tame Coward.
Now worthy *Gaspero*, what,
You come (I know) to be my Lord *Fernando*'s
Conductor to old *Cassilane*?

Gaspero:
To wait upon him.

Gonzalo:
And my Lords the Senators sent you?

Gaspero:
My noble Lord they did.

Gonzalo:
My Lord *Fernando*,
This Gentleman, (as humble as you see him)
Is even this Kingdoms treasure; In a word,
'Tis his chief glory that he is not wiser
Than honest, nor more honest than approv'd
In truth and faith.

Gaspero:
My Lord.

Gonzalo:
You may be bold
To trust him with your bosom, he'l not deceive
If you relie upon him once.

[*Fernando*]:

Your name is *Gaspero*?

Gaspero:
Your servant.

Gonzalo:
Go commend me
(Right honest *Gaspero*) commend me heartily
To noble *Cassilane*, tell him my love
Is vow'd to him.

Gaspero:
I shall.

Gonzalo:
I know you will.
My Lord I cannot long be absent from you.

Fernando:
Sir, you are now my guide.

[Exit.

Gonzalo:
Thus my designs
Run uncontroul'd; yet *Venice* though I be
Intelligencer to thee, in my brain
Are other large Projects: for if proud *Erota*
Bend to my lure, I will be *Candy's* King,
264] And Duke of *Venice* too. Ha? *Venice* too?
O 'twas prettily shov'd in: why not? *Erota*
May in her love seal all sure: if she swallow
The bait, I am Lord of both; if not, yet *Candy*
Despight of all her power shall be ruin'd.

[Enter *Cassilane*, *Arcanes*, and *Annophel*]

Cassilanes:
Urge me no farther *Annophel*.

Annophel:
My Lord.

Cassilanes:
Thy fathers poverty has made thee happy;
For though 'tis true, this solitary life
Sutes not with youth and beautie, O my child,
Yet 'tis the sweetest Guardian to protect
Chast names from Court aspersions; there a Lady
Tender and delicate in years and graces,
That doats upon the charms of ease and pleasure,
Is ship-wrackt on the shore; for 'tis much safer
To trust the Ocean in a leaking ship,
Than follow greatness in the wanton rites
Of luxurie and sloth.

Annophel:
My wishes Sir,
Have never soar'd a higher flight, than truly
To find occasion wherein I might witness
My duty and obedience.

Cassilanes:
'Tis well said,
Canst thou forbear to laugh *Arcanes*?

Arcanes:
Why Sir?

Cassilanes:
To look upon my beggerie, to look upon
My patience in my beggerie: Tell me,
Does it shew handsom? bravely?
Handsom? thou wilt flatter me,
And swear that I am miserable.

Arcanes:
Nothing
More glorifies the noble, and the valiant,
Than to despise contempt: if you continue
But to enjoy your self, you in your self
Enjoy all store besides.

Cassilanes:
An excellent change:
I that some seven Apprentice-ships commanded
A hundred Ministers, that waited on
265] My nod, and sometimes twenty thousand souldiers,
Am now retir'd, attended in my age
By one poor maid, follow'd by one old man.

Arcanes:
Sir, you are lower in your own repute
Than you have reason for.

Cassilanes:
The *Roman* Captains,
I mean the best, such as with their blouds
Purchas'd their Countreys peace, the Empires glorie,
Were glad at last to get them to some Farnes,
Off-from the clamours of the ingratefull great ones,
And the unsteady multitude, to live
As I do now, and 'twas their blessing too,
Let it be ours *Arcanes*.

Arcanes:
I cannot but
Applaud your scorn of injuries.

Cassilanes:
Of injuries?
Arcanes, Annophel, lend both your hands.
So, what say ye now?

Arcanes:
Why now my Lord —

Cassilanes:

I swear
By all my past prosperities; thus standing
Between you two, I think my self as great,
As mighty, as if in the Capitol
I stood amidst the Senators, with all
The *Cretan* subjects prostrate at my feet.

Annophel:

Sir, you are here more safe.

Cassilanes:

And more beloved:
Why look ye Sirs, I can forget the weakness
Of the traduced Souldiers, the neglect
Of the fair-spoken Senate, the impietic
Of him, the villain, whom (to my dishonour)
The World miscalls my son.
But by the —

Arcanes:

Sir, remember that you promis'd no occasion
Should move your patience.

Cassilanes:

Thou do'st chide me friendly,
He shall not have the honour to be thought upon
Amongst us.

[Enter a *Servant*.]

Now? the news?
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Servant:

The Secretarie,
With the *Venetian* prisoner, desire
Admittance to your Lordship.

Cassilanes:

How? to me?
What mysterie is this? *Arcanes* can they,
Thinkst thou, mean any good?

Arcanes:

My Lord, they dare not
Intend ought else but good.

Cassilanes:

'Tis true, they dare not;
Arcanes welcom them: Come hither *Annophel*,

Stand close to me, we'l change our affability
Into a form of State: and they shall know
Our heart is still our own.

[Enter *Arcanes*, *Fernando*, and *Gaspero*.]

Arcanes:
My Lord —

Cassilanes:
Arcanes,
I know them both: *Fernando*, as you are
A man of greatness, I should under-value
The right my sword hath fought for, to observe
Low-fawning complements, but as you are
A Captive and a stranger, I can love you,
And must be kind. You are welcom.

Fernando:
'Tis the all
Of my ambition.

Gaspero:
And for proof how much
He truly honours your heroick vertues,
The Senate on his importunity,
Commend him to your Lordships guard.

Cassilanes:
For what?

Gaspero:
During the time of his abode in *Candy*,
To be your houshold guest.

Fernando:
Wherein my Lord,
You shall more make me debtor to your nobleness,
Than if you had return'd me without ransom.

Cassilanes:
Are you in earnest Sir?

Fernando:
My sute to the Senate
Shall best resolve you that.

Cassilanes:
Come hither Secretarie,
Look that this be no trick now put upon me:
267] For if it be — Sirrah —

Gaspero:

As I have troth
(My Lord) it only is a favour granted
Upon *Fernando*'s motion, from himself:
Your Lordship must conceive, I'de not partake
Ought, but what should concern your honour; Who
Has been the prop, our Countries shield, and safety,
But the renowned *Cassilane*?

Cassilanes:

Applause?
Is *Gaspero* — puff — nothing — why, young Lord,
Would you so much be sequester'd from those
That are the blazing Comets of the time,
To live a solitary life with me?
A man forsaken? all my hospitality
Is now contracted to a few; these two,
The tempest-wearied Souldier, and this Virgin;
We cannot feast your eyes with Masques and Revels,
Or Courtly Anticks; the sad Sports we riot in,
Are tales of foughten fields, of Martial scars,
And things done long ago, when men of courage
Were held the best, not those well-spoken Youths,
Who only carry Conquest in their tongues:
Now stories of this nature are unseasonable
To entertain a great Duke's Son with.

Fernando:

Herein
Shall my Captivity be made my happiness,
Since what I lose in freedom, I regain
(With int'rest) by conversing with a Souldier,
So matchless for experience, as great *Cassilane*:
'Pray Sir, admit me.

Cassilanes:

If you, come to mock me,
I shall be angry.

Fernando:

By the love I bear
To goodness, my intents are honourable.

Cassilanes:

Then in a word, my Lord, your visitations
Shall find all due respect: but I am now
Grown old, and have forgot to be an Host;
Come when you please, you are welcome.

Fernando:

Sir, I thank you.

Annophel:

Good Sir, be not too urgent; for my Father
268] Will soon be mov'd: yet, in a noble way
Of courtesie, he is as easily conquer'd.

Fernando:

Lady, your words are like your beauty, powerful;
I shall not strive more how to do him service
Than how to be your servant.

Cassilanes:

She's my Daughter,
And does command this House.

Fernando:

So I conceive her.

Cassilanes:

Do you hear?

Gaspero:

My honour'd Lord.

Cassilanes:

Commend me to them:
Tell 'em I thank them.

Gaspero:

Whom, my Lord?

Cassilanes:

The Senate;
Why, how come you so dull? O they are gracious,
And infinitely grateful — Thou art eloquent,
Speak modestly in mentioning my services;
And if ought fall out in the By, that must
Of meer necessity touch any act
Of my deserving praises, blush when you talk on't,
Twill make them blush to hear on't.

Gaspero:

Why, my Lord —

Cassilanes:

Nay, nay, you are too wise now; good, observe me.
I do not rail against the hopeful Springall,
That builds up Monuments in Brass; rears Trophies
With Mottoes and Incriptions, quaint devices
Of Poetry and Fiction; let's be quiet.

Arcanes:

You must not cross him.

Gaspero:
Not for *Candy*'s Wealth.

Fernando:
You shall for ever make me yours.

Annophel:
'Twere pity to double your Captivity.

Arcanes:
Who's here, *Decius*?

[Enter *Decius*]

Cassilanes:
Ha! *Decius*? who nam'd *Decius*?

Decius:
My duty to your Lordship, I am bold,
Presuming on your noble, and known goodness
To —

Cassilanes:
What?

Decius:
Present you with this —
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Cassilanes:
Letter?

Decius:
Yes, my honour'd Lord.

Cassilanes:
From whom?

Decius:
'Please you peruse
The inside, and you shall find a name subscrib'd,
In such humility, in such obedience,
That you your self will judge it tyranny
Not to receive it favourably.

Cassilanes:
Hey-day!
Good words my Masters: this is Court-infection,
And none but Cowards ply them: tell me, *Decius*,
Without more circumstance, who is the Sender?

Decius:
Your most griev'd Son, *Antinous*.

Cassilanes:
On my life
A Challenge; speak, as thou art worthy, speak;
I'll answer't.

Decius:
Honour'd Sir.

Cassilanes:
No honour'd Sirs —
Fool your young Idol with such pompous Attributes.
Say briefly, what contains it?

Decius:
'Tis a lowly
Petition for your favour.

Cassilanes:
Rash young man,
But that thou art under my own roof, and know'st
I dare not any way infringe the Laws
Of Hospitality, thou should'st repent
Thy bold and rude intrusion. But presume not
Again to shew thy Letter, for thy life;
Decius, not for thy life.

Arcanes:
Nay then, (my Lord)
I can with-hold no longer; you are too rough,
And wrestle against nature with a violence
More than becomes a Father; wherein would ye
Come nearer to the likeness of God,
Than in your being entreated? Let not thirst
Of Honour, make you quite forget you are
A Man, and what makes perfect manhoods, comforts
A Father.

Annophel:
If a memory remain
Of my departed Mother; if the purity
270] Of her unblemish'd faith deserve to live
In your remembrance, let me yet by these
Awake your love to my uncomforted Brother.

Fernando:
I am a Stranger, but so much I tender
Your Sons desertful Vertues, that I vow
His Sword ne'r conquer'd me so absolutely,

As shall your courtesie, if you vouchsafe
At all our instances, to new receive him
Into your wonted favour.

Gaspero:
Sir, you cannot
Require more low submission.

Annophel:
Am I not
Grown vile yet in your eyes? then by the name
Of Father, let me once more sue for him,
Who is the only now remaining Branch
With me, of that most ancient root, whose Body
You are, dear Sir.

Cassilanes:
'Tis well, an host of furies
Could not have baited me more torturingly,
More rudely, or more most unnaturally.
Decius, I say, let me no more hear from him;
For this time go thou hence, and know from me
Thou art beholding to me that I have not
Kill'd thee already, look to't next, look to't.
Arcanes fie, fie *Annophel*.

[Exit.

Arcanes:
He's gone;
Chaf'd beyond sufferance; we must follow him.

Decius:
Lady, this Letter is to you.

Annophel:
Come with me,
For we must speak in private; 'please you, Sir,
To see what entertainment our sad house
Can yield?

[Exit.

Fernando:
I shall attend you, Lady.

Gaspero:
How do you like
To sojourn here, my Lord?

Fernando:
More than to feast

With all the Princes of the Earth besides:
Gonzalo told me that thou wert honest.

Gaspero:
Yes Sir,
And you shall find it.
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Fernando:
Shall I?

Gaspero:
All my follies
Be else recorded to my shame.

Fernando:
Enough,
My heart is here for ever lodg'd.

Gaspero:
The Lady.

Fernando:
The place admits no time to utter all,
But *Gaspero* if thou wilt prove my friend,
I'll say thou art —

Gaspero:
Your Servant; I conceive ye,
We'll chuse some fitter leisure.

Fernando:
Never man
Was (in a moment) or more bless'd or wretched.

[Exeunt.

[Enter *Hyparcha* (placing two Chairs) *Antinous*, and *Erota*.]

Erota:
Leave us.

Hyparcha:
I shall.

[Exit.

Erota:
Antinous, sit down.

Antinous:

Madam.

Erota:

I say sit down, I do command you sit;
For look what honour thou dost gain by me,
I cannot lose it: happy *Antinous*,
The graces and the higher Deities
Smil'd at thy Birth, and still continue it:
Then think that I (who scorn lesser examples)
Must do the like: such as do taste my power,
And talk of it with fear and reverence,
Shall do the same unto the man I favour.
I tell thee Youth, thou hast a conquest won,
Since thou cam'st home, greater than that last,
Which dignified thy Fame, greater than if
Thou should'st go out again, and conquer farther;
For I am not ashamed to acknowledge
My self subdued by thee.

Antinous:

Great Lady —

Erota:

Sit still, I will not hear thee else; now speak,
And speak like my *Antinous*, like my Souldier,
Whom *Cupid*, and not *Mars* hath sent to Battel.

Antinous:

I must (I see) be silent.

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Erota:

So thou maist;
There's greater action in it than in clamour,
A look (if it be gracious) will begin the War,
A word conclude it; then prove no Coward,
Since thou hast such a friendly enemy,
That teaches thee to conquer.

Antinous:

You do amaze me, Madam,
I have no skill, no practice in this War,
And whether you be serious, or please
To make your sport on a dejected man,
I cannot rightly guess; but be it as it will,
It is a like unhappiness to me:
My discontents bear those conditions in them,
And lay me out so wretched, no designs
(However truly promising a good)

Can make me relish ought but a sweet-bitter
Voluntary Exile.

Erota:
Why an Exile?
What comfort can there be in those Companions
Which sad thoughts bring along with?

[Enter *Hyparcha*]

Hyparcha:
Madam.
[Musick.

Erota:
Whence comes this well tun'd sound?

Hyparcha:
I know not, Madam.

Erota:
Listen Wench;
What ever friendly hands they are that send it,

[Song.

Let 'em play on; they are Masters of their faculty:
Doth it please you, Sir?

Antinous:
According to the time.

Erota:
Go to 'em, Wench,
And tell 'em, we shall thank 'em; for they have kept
As good time to our disposition, as to their instruments;
Unless *Antinous* shall say he loves,
There never can be sweeter accents utter'd.

[Enter *Philander*.]

Philander:
Let then the heart that did employ those hands,
Receive some small share of your thanks with them,
'Tis happiness enough that you did like it;
273] A fortune unto me, that I should send it
In such a lucky minute; but to obtain
So gracious welcome did exceed my hopes.

Erota:
Good Prince, I thank you for't.

Philander:

O Madam, pour not (too fast) joys on me,
But sprinkle 'em so gently I may stand 'em;
It is enough at first, you have laid aside
Those cruel angry looks out of your eyes,
With which (as with your lovely) you did strike
All your Beholders in an Ecstasie.

Erota:

Philander, you have long profest to love me.

Philander:

Have I but profest it, Madam?

Erota:

Nay, but hear me?

Philander:

More attentively than to an Oracle.

Erota:

And I will speak more truly, if more can be;
Nor shall my language be wrapt up in Riddles,
But plain as truth it self; I love this Gentleman,
Whose grief has made him so uncapable
Of Love, he will not hear, at least not understand it.
I, that have lookt with scornful eyes on thee,
And other Princes, mighty in their states,
And in their friends as fortunate, have now pray'd,
In a petitionary kind almost,
This man, this well-deserving man, (that I must say)
To look upon this beauty, yet you see
He casts his eyes rather upon the ground,
Than he will turn 'em this way; *Philander*,
You look pale; I'll talk no more.

Philander:

Pray go forward; I would be your Martyr,
To dye thus, were immortally to live.

Erota:

Will you go to him then, and speak for me?
You have loved longer, but not ferventer,
Know how to speak, for you have done it like
An Orator, even for your self; then how will you for me
Whom you profess to love above your self.

Philander:

The Curses of Dissemblers follow me
Unto my Grave, and if I do not so.

Erota:

You may (as all men do) speak boldlier, better
In their friends cause still, than in your own;
But speak your utmost, yet you cannot feign,
274] I will stand by, and blush to witness it.
Tell him, since I beheld him, I have lost
The happiness of this life, food, and rest;
A quiet bosome, and the state I went with.
Tell him how he has humbled the proud,
And made the living but a dead *Erota*.
Tell him withal, that she is better pleas'd
With thinking on him, than enjoying these.
Tell him — *Philander*, Prince; I talk in vain
To you, you do not mark me.

Philander:

Indeed I do.

Erota:

But thou dost look so pale,
As thou wilt spoil the story in relating.

Philander:

Not, if I can but live to tell it.

Erota:

It may be you have not the heart.

Philander:

I have a will I am sure how e'r my heart
May play the Coward, but if you please, I'll try.

Erota:

If a kiss will strengthen thee, I give you leave
To challenge it, nay, I will give it you.

Philander:

O that a man should taste such heavenly bliss,
And be enjoyn'd to beg it for another!

Erota:

Alas, it is a misery I grieve
To put you to, and I will suffer rather
In his tyranny, than thou in mine.

Philander:

Nay Madam, since I cannot have your love,
I will endeavour to deserve your pity;
For I had rather have within the grave
Your love, than you should want it upon earth.
But how can I hope, with a feeble tongue

To instruct him in the rudiments of love,
When your most powerful Beauty cannot work it?

Erota:

Do what thou wilt (*Philander*) the request
Is so unreasonable, that I quit thee of it.
I desire now no more but the true patience,
And fortitude of Lovers, with those helps
Of sighs and tears, which I think is all the Physick —

Philander:

O if he did but hear you 'twere enough;
And I will 'wake him from his Apoplexie.

Antinous.

Antinous:

My Lord?
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Philander:

Nay, 'pray,
No courtesie to me, you are my Lord,
(Indeed you are) for you command her heart
That commands mine; nor can you want to know it.
For look you, she that told it you in words,
Explains it now more passionately in tears;
Either thou hast no heart, or a marble one,
If those drops cannot melt it; prithee look up
And see how sorrow sits within her eyes,
And love the grief she goes with (if not her)
Of which thou art the Parent; and never yet
Was there (by Nature) that thing made so stony
But it would love what ever it begot.

Antinous:

He that begot me did beget these cares
Which are good issues, though happily by him
Esteemed Monsters: Nay, the ill-judging World
Is likely enough to give them those Characters.

Philander:

What's this to love, and to the Lady? he's old,
Wrathful, perverse, self-will'd, and full of anger,
Which are his faults; but let them not be thine;
He thrusts you from his love, she pulls thee on;
He doubts your Vertues, she doth double them;
O either use thine own eyes, or take mine,
And with them my heart, then thou wilt love her,
Nay, dote upon her more than on thy duty,
And men will praise thee equally for it,
Neglecting her, condemn thee as a man

Unworthy such a fortune: O *Antinous*,
'Tis not the friendship that I bear to thee,
But her command, that makes me utter this;
And when I have prevail'd, let her but say,
Philander, you must dye or this is nothing,
It shall be done together with a breath,
With the same willingness I live to serve her.

Erota:
No more, *Philander*.

Philander:
All I have done, is little yet to purpose,
But ere I leave him I will perceive him blush;
And make him feel the passions that I do,
And every true Lover will assist me in't,
And lend me their sad sighs to blow it home,
276] For *Cupid* wants a Dart to wound this bosome.

Erota:
No more, no more, *Philander*, I can endure no more,
Pray let him go; go good *Antinous*, make peace
With your own mind, no matter though I perish.

[Ex.

Actus Quartus



SCENA PRIMA

[Enter *Hyparcha*, and *Mochingo*]

Hyparcha:
I Cannot help it.

Mochingo:
Nor do I require it,
The malady needs no Physician,
Help hospital people.

Hyparcha:
I am glad to hear
You are so valiant.

Mochingo:
Valiant?
Can any man be proud that is not valiant?
Foolish Woman, what would'st thou say? thou —
know not what to call thee.

Hyparcha:
I can you,
For I can call you Coxcomb, Ass, and Puppy.

Mochingo:
You do doe it, I thank you.

Hyparcha:
That you'll lose a Fortune,
Which a Cobler better deserves than thou dost.

Mochingo:
Do not provoke my magnanimity,
For when I am incens'd I am insensible,
Go tell thy Lady, that hath sent me word
She will discard me, that I discard her,
And throw a scorn upon her, which I would not,
But that she does me wrong.

[Enter *Erota*, and *Antinous*.]

Erota:
Do you not glory in your Conquest more,
To take some great man Prisoner, than to kill him?
And shall a Lady find less mercy from you,

That yields her self your Captive, and for her Ransome,
Will give the Jewel of her life, her heart,
Which she hath lockt from all men but thy self?
For shame (*Antinous*) throw this dulness off;
Art thou a man no where but in the field?
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Hyparcha:

He must hear Drums, and Trumpets ere he sleeps,
And at this instant dreams he's in his Armour;
These iron-hearted Souldiers are so cold,
Till they be beaten to a Womans Arms,
And then they love 'em better than their own;
No Fort can hold them out.

Antinous:

What pity it is (Madam) that your self,
Who are all Excellence, should become so wretched,
To think on such a Wretch as Grief hath made me!
Seldome despairing men look up to Heaven,
Although it still speak to 'em in its Glories;
For when sad thoughts perplex the mind of man,
There is a Plummet in the heart that weighs,
And pulls us (living) to the dust we came from;
Did you but see the miseries you pursue,
(As I the happiness that I avoid
That doubles my afflictions) you would flye
Unto some Wilderness, or to your Grave,
And there find better Comforts than in me,
For Love and Cares can never dwell together.

Erota:

They should,
If thou hadst but my Love and I thy Cares.

Antinous:

What wild Beast in the Desart but would be
Taught by this Tongue to leave his Cruelty,
Though all the beauties of the face were vail'd!
But I am savager than any Beast,
And shall be so till *Decius* does arrive,
Whom with so much submission I have sent
Under my hand, that if he do not bring
His Benediction back, he must to me
Be much more cruel than I to you.

Erota:

Is't but your Fathers pardon you desire?

Antinous:

With his love, and then nothing next that, like yours.

[Enter *Decius*]

Erota:

Decius is come.

Antinous:

O welcome Friend; if I apprehend not
Too much of joy, there's comfort in thy looks.

Erota:

There is indeed; I prithee *Decius* speak it.

Decius:

How! prithee *Decius*! this Woman's strangely alter'd.
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Antinous:

Why dost not speak (good friend) and tell me how
The reverend Blessing of my life receiv'd
My humble lines; wept he for joy?

Decius:

No, there's a Letter will inform you more;
Yet I can tell you what I think will grieve you,
The Old Man is in want and angry still,
And poverty is the Bellows to the Coal
More than distaste from you as I imagine.

Antinous:

What's here? how's this? It cannot be! now sure
My griefs delude my senses.

Erota:

In his looks
I read a world of Changes; *Decius*, mark
With what a sad amazement he surveys
The News; canst thou guess what 'tis?

Decius:

None good, I fear.

Erota:

I fear so too; and then —

Antinous:

It is her hand.

Erota:

Are you not well?

Antinous:

Too well: if I were ought

But Rock, this Letter would conclude my miseries,
Peruse it (Lady) and resolve me then,
In what a case I stand.

Decius:
Sir, the worst is,
Your Fathers lowness and distaste.

Antinous:
No, *Decius*,
My Sister writes *Fernando* has made suit
For love to her; and to express sincerely
His constant truth, hath like a noble Gentleman,
Discovered plots of treachery; contriv'd
By false *Gonzalo*, not intending more
The utter ruine of our house, than generally
Candies Confusion.

Decius:
'Tis a generous part
Of young *Fernando*.

Antinous:
'Tis, and I could wish
All thrift to his affections, *Decius*.
You find the sum on't, Madam.

Erota:
Yes, I do.

Antinous:
And can you now yet think a heart opprest
With such a throng of cares, can entertain
279] An amorous thought? Love frees all toils but one,
Calamity and it can ill agree.

Erota:
Wil't please you speak my doom?

Antinous:
Alas, great Lady,
Why will you flatter thus a desperate Man
That is quite cast away? O had you not
Procur'd the Senates Warrant to enforce
My stay, I had not heard of these sad News.
What would ye have me do?

Erota:
Love me, or kill me,
One word shall sentence either; for as Truth

Is just, if you refuse me, I am resolute
Not to out-live my thraldome.

Antinous:
Gentle Lady.

Erota:
Say, must I live, or dye?

Decius:
My Lord, how can you
Be so inexorable? here's Occasion
Of succouring your Father in his wants
Securely profer'd, pray Sir, entertain it.

Erota:
What is my sentence?

Antinous:
What you please to have it.

Erota:
As thou art gentle speak those words again.

Antinous:
Madam, you have prevail'd; yet give me leave
Without offence, ere I resign the interest
Your heart hath in my heart, to prove your secresie.

Erota:
Antinous, 'tis the greatest argument
Of thy affections to me.

Antinous:
Madam, thus then,
My Father stands for certain sums engag'd
To treacherous *Gonzalo*; and has morgag'd
The greatest part of his estate to him;
If you receive this Morgage, and procure
Acquittance from *Gonzalo* to my Father,
I am what you would have me be.

Erota:
You'll love me then?

Antinous:
Provided (Madam) that my Father know not
I am an Agent for him.

Erota:
If I fail
In this, I am unworthy to be lov'd.

Antinous:

Then (with your favour) thus I seal my truth,
280] To day, and *Decius* witness how unchangingly
I shall still love *Erota*.

Erota:

Thou hast quickned
A dying heart, *Antinous*.

Decius:

This is well;
Much happiness to both.

[Enter *Hyparcha*]

Hyparcha:

The Lord *Gonzalo*
Attends you, Madam.

Erota:

Comes as we could wish,
Withdraw *Antinous*, here's a Closet, where
You may partake his errand; let him enter.

[Enter *Gonzalo*]

Antinous:

Madam you must be wary.

[Exit

Erota:

Fear it not,
I will be ready for him; to entertain him
With smiling Welcome. Noble Sir, you take
Advantage of the time; it had been fit
Some notice of your presence might have fashion'd
A more prepared state.

Gonzalo:

Do you mock me, Madam?

Erota:

Trust me, you wrong your judgment, to repute
My Gratitude a fault; I have examin'd
Your portly carriage, and will now confess
It hath not slightly won me.

Gonzalo:

The Wind's turn'd;
I thought 'twould come to this; it pleas'd us, Madam,

At our last interview, to mention Love;
Have you consider'd on't?

Erota:
With more than common
Content: but Sir, if what you spoke you meant,
(As I have cause to doubt) then —

Gonzalo:
What, (sweet Lady?)

Erota:
Methinks we should lay by this form of stateliness;
Loves Courtship is familiar, and for instance,
See what a change it hath begot in me,
I could talk humbly now, as Lovers use.

Gonzalo:
And I, and I, we meet in one self-centre
281] Of blest Consent.

Erota:
I hope my weakness, Sir,
Shall not deserve neglect; but if it prove so
I am not the first Lady has been ruin'd
By being too credulous; you will smart for't one day.

Gonzalo:
Angel-like Lady, let me be held a Villain,
If I love not sincerely.

Erota:
Would I knew it.

Gonzalo:
Make proof by any fit Command.

Erota:
What, do you mean to marry me?

Gonzalo:
How! mean? nay more, I mean
To make you Empress of my Earthly Fortunes,
Regent of my desires, for did you covet
To be a real Queen, I could advance you.

Erota:
Now I perceive you slight me, and would make me
More simple than my Sexes frailty warrants.

Gonzalo:
But say your mind, and you shall be a Queen.

Erota:
On those Conditions, call me yours.

Gonzalo:
Enough.
But are we safe?

Erota:
Assuredly.
Gonzalo:

In short,
Yet, Lady, first be plain; would you not chuse
Much rather to prefer your own Sun-rising,
Than any's else though ne'r so near entitled
By Blood, or right of Birth?

Erota:
'Tis a question
Needs not a resolution.

Gonzalo:
Good; what if
I set the Crown of *Candy* on your head?

Erota:
I were a Queen indeed then.

Gonzalo:
Madam, know
There's but a Boy 'twixt you and it; suppose him
Transhap'd into an Angel.

Erota:
Wise *Gonzalo*,
I cannot but admire thee.

Gonzalo:
'Tis worth thinking on;
Besides, your Husband shall be Duke of *Venice*.

Erota:
Gonzalo, Duke of *Venice*?

Gonzalo:
You are mine you say?
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Erota:
Pish: you but dally with me; and would lull me
In a rich golden dream.

Gonzalo:

You are too much distrustfull of my truth.

Erota:

Then you must give me leave to apprehend
The means, and manner how.

Gonzalo:

Why thus —

Erota:

You shall not,
We may be over-heard; Affairs and counsels
Of such high nature, are not to be trusted
Not to the Air it self, you shall in writing,
Draw out the full design; which if effected,
I am as I profess.

Gonzalo:

O I applaud
Your ready care, and secresie.

Erota:

Gonzalo,
There is a bar yet, 'twixt our hopes and us,
And that must be remov'd.

Gonzalo:

What is't?

Erota:

Old *Cassilane*.

Gonzalo:

Ha? fear not him: I build upon his ruines
Already.

Erota:

I would find a smoother course
To shift him off.

Gonzalo:

As how?

Erota:

We'l talk in private,
I have a ready plot.

Gonzalo:

I shall adore you.

[Exeunt.

[Enter *Fernando*, a[n]d *Annophel*]

Fernando:

Madam, although I hate un noble practices,
And therefore have perform'd no more than what
I ought, for honours safety: yet *Annophel*,
Thy love hath been the spur, to urge me forward
For speedier diligence.

Annophel:

Sir your own fame
And memory will best reward themselves.

Fernando:

All gain is loss (sweet beauty) if I miss
My comforts here: The Brother and the Sister
Have double conquer'd me, but thou maist triumph.

Annophel:

Good Sir, I have a Father.
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Fernando:

Yes, a brave one;
Could'st thou obscure thy beauty, yet the happiness
Of being but his Daughter, were a dower
Fit for a Prince: what say ye?

Annophel:

You have deserv'd
As much as I should grant.

Fernando:

By this fair hand
I take possession.

Annophel:

What in words I dare not,
Imagine in my silence.

Fernando:

Thou art all vertue.

[Enter *Cassilanes*, and *Arcanes*]

Cassilanes:

I'll tell thee how: *Baldwin* the Emperour,
Pretending title, more through tyranny,
Than right of conquest, or descent, usurp'd
The stile of Lord o're all the *Grecian* Islands,
And under colour of an amity
With *Creet*, prefer'd the Marquess *Mountferato*

To be our Governor; the *Cretians* vex'd
By the ambitious *Turks*, in hope of aid
From the Emperour, receiv'd for General,
This *Mountferato*; he (the wars appeased)
Plots with the state of *Venice* and takes money
Of them for *Candy*: they paid well, he steals
Away in secret; since which time, that right
The state of *Venice* claims o're *Candy*, is
By purchase, not inheritance or Conquest:
And hence grows all our quarrel.

Arcanes:

So an Usurer
Or Lumbard-Jew, might with some bags of trash,
Buy half the Western world.

Cassilanes:

Mony, *Arcanes*,
Is now a God on Earth: it cracks virginities,
And turns a Christian, Turk;
Bribes justice, cut-throats honour, does what not?

Arcanes:

Not captives *Candy*.

Cassilanes:

Nor makes thee dishonest,
Nor me a Coward — Now Sir, here is homely,
But friendly entertainment.
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Fernando:

Sir, I find it.

Arcanes:

And like it, do ye not?

Fernando:

My repair speaks for me.

Cassilanes:

Fernando we are speaking off — how this?

[Enter *Gonzalo*, and *Gaspero*, with a Casket]

Gonzalo:

Your friend, and servant.

Cassilanes:

Creditors, my Lord,
Are Masters and no Servants: as the world goes,
Debtors are very slaves to those to whom

They have been beholding to; in which respect,
I should fear you *Gonzalo*.

Gonzalo:
Me, my Lord?
You owe me nothing.

Cassilanes:
What, nor love, nor mony?

Gonzalo:
Yes, love, I hope, not mony.

Cassilanes:
All this braverie
Will scarcely make that good.

Gonzalo:
'Tis done already:
See Sir, your Mortgage which I only took,
In case you and your son had in the wars
Miscarried: I yield it up again: 'tis yours.

Cassilanes:
Are ye so conscionable?

Gonzalo:
'Tis your own.

Cassilanes:
Pish, pish, I'le not receive what is not mine,
That were a dangerous business.

Gonzalo:
Sir, I am paid for't,
The summes you borrowed, are return'd; The bonds
Cancel'd, and your acquittance formerly seal'd:
Look here Sir, *Gaspero* is witness to it.

Gaspero:
My honoured Lord, I am.

Gonzalo:
My Lord *Fernando*,
Arcanes and the rest, you all shall testify,
That I acquit Lord *Cassilane* for ever,
Of any debts to me.

Gaspero:
'Tis plain and ample:
Fortune will once again smile on us fairly.

Cassilanes:

But hark ye, hark ye, if you be in earnest,
Whence comes this bounty? or whose is't?

Gonzalo:

In short,
285] The great *Erota* by this Secretary,
Return'd me my full due.

Cassilanes:

Erota? why
Should she do this?

Gonzalo:

You must ask her the cause,
She knows it best.

Cassilanes:

So ho, *Arcanes*, none
But women pity us? soft-hearted women?
I am become a brave fellow now, *Arcanes*,
Am I not?

Arcanes:

Why Sir, if the gracious Princess
Have took more special notice of your services,
And means to be more thankfull than some others,
It were an injury to gratitude,
To disesteem her favours.

Annophel:

Sir she ever
For your sake most respectfully lov'd me.

Cassilanes:

The Senate, and the body of this Kingdom
Are herein (let me speak it without arrogance)
Beholding to her: I will thank her for it;
And if she have reserv'd a means whereby
I may repay this bounty with some service,
She shall be then my Patroness: come Sirs,
We'll taste a cup of wine together now.

Gonzalo:

Fernando, I must speak with you in secret.

Fernando:

You shall — Now *Gaspero*, all's well.

Gaspero:

There's news

You must be acquainted with.
Come, there is no master-piece in Art, like Policie.

[Exeunt.

Actus Quintus



SCENA PRIMA.

[Enter *Fernando*, and *Michael*]

Fernando:
The Senate is inform'd at full.

Michael:
Gonzalo
Dreams not of my arrival yet.

Fernando:
Nor thinks
'Tis possible his plots can be discover'd:
He fats himself with hopes of Crowns, and Kingdoms,
286] And laughs securely, to imagine how
He means to gull all but himself: when truly,
None is so grosly gull'd as he.

Michael:
There was never
A more arch villain.

Fernando:
Peace, the Senate comes.

[Enter *Porphycio*, *Pos.* Senators, and *Gaspero*, Attend]

Porphycio:
How closely Treason cloaks it self in forms
Of Civil honesty!

Possenne:
And yet how palpably
Does heaven reveal it!

Fernando:
Gracious Lords.

Gaspero:
The Embassadour,
Lord *Paulo Michael*, Advocate
To the great Duke of *Venice*.

Porphycio:
You are most welcome,
Your Master is a just and noble Prince.

Michael:

My Lords, he bad me say, that you may know
How much he scorns, and (as good Princes ought)
Defies base indirect, and godless treacheries;
To your more Sacred wisdoms he refers
The punishment due to the false *Gonzalo*,
Or else to send him home to *Venice*.

Possenne:

Herein
The Duke is royal: *Gaspero*, the Prince
Of *Cyprus* answer'd he would come.

Gaspero:

My Lords,
He will not long be absent.

[Enter *Philander*, and *Melitus*]

Porphyccio:

You *Fernando*,
Have made the State your debter: worthy Prince,
We shall be sutors to you for your presence,
In hearing, and determining of matters
Greatly concerning *Candy*.

Philander:

Fathers, I am
A stranger.

Possenne:

Why, the cause, my Lord, concerns
A stranger: please you seat your self.
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Philander:

How e're
Unfit, since you will have it so, my Lords,
You shall command me.

Porphyccio:

You my Lord *Fernando*,
With the Ambassador, withdraw a while.

Fernando:

My Lords, we shall.

[Ex.

Possenne:

Melitus, and the Secretary,

Give notice to *Gonzalo*, that the Senate
Requires his presence.

[Ex. *Gas.* and *Mel.*

[Enter *Cassilane*, and *Arca*]

Philander:
What concerns the business?

Porphyccio:
Thus noble Prince —

Cassilanes:
Let me alone, thou troublest me,
I will be heard.

Arcanes:
You know not what you do.

Possenne:
Forbear: who's he that is so rude? what's he that dares
To interrupt our counsels?

Cassilanes:
One that has guarded,
Those Purple robes from Cankers worse than Moths,
One that hath kept your fleeces on your backs,
That would have been snatch'd from you: but I see
'Tis better now to be a Dog, a Spaniel
In times of Peace, then boast the bruised scars,
Purchas'd with loss of blood in noble wars,
My Lords, I speak to you.

Porphyccio:
Lord *Cassilane*,
We know not what you mean.

Cassilanes:
Yes, you are set
Upon a bench of justice; and a day
Will come (hear this, and quake ye potent great ones)
When you your selves shall stand before a judge,
Who in a pair of scales will weigh your actions,
Without abatement of one grain: as then
You would be found full weight, I charge ye fathers
Let me have justice now.

Possenne:
Lord *Cassilane*,
What strange distemperature provokes distrust
Of our impartiality? be sure

We'l flatter no mans injuries.
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Cassilanes:

'Tis well;
You have a Law, Lords, that without remorse
Dooms such as are belepred with the curse
Of foul ingratitude unto death.

Porphyccio:

We have.

Cassilanes:

Then do me justice.

[Enter *Antinous, Decius, Erota, Hyparcha.*]

Decius:

Mad-man, whither run'st thou?

Antinous:

Peace *Decius*, I am deaf.

Hyparcha:

Will you forget
Your greatness, and your modesty?

Erota Hyparcha:

leave, I will not hear.

Antinous:

Lady; great, gentle, Lady.

Erota:

Prethee young man forbear to interrupt me,
Triumph not in thy fortunes; I will speak.

Possenne:

More uproars yet! who are they that disturb us?

Cassilanes:

The viper's come; his fears have drawn him hither,
And now, my Lords, be Ch[ro]nicled for ever,
And give me justice against this vile Monster,
This bastard of my bloud.

Erota:

'Tis justice, Fathers,
I sue for too: and though I might command it,
(If you remember Lords, whose child I was)
Yet I will humbly beg it; this old wretch
Has forfeited his life to me.

Cassilanes:

Tricks, tricks;
Complots, devices, 'twixt these pair of young-ones,
To blunt the edge of your well temper'd Swords,
Wherewith you strike offenders, Lords, but I
Am not a baby to be fear'd with bug-bears,
'Tis justice I require.

Erota:

And I.

Antinous:

You speak too tenderly; and too much like yourself
To mean a cruelty; which would make monstrous
Your Sex: yet for the loves sake, which you once
Pleas'd to pretend, give my griev'd Father leave
To urge his own revenge; you have no cause
For yours: keep peace about ye.

Cassilanes:

Will you hear me?

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Philander:

Here's some strange novelty.

Possenne:

Sure we are mock'd,
Speak one at once: say wherein hath your Son
Transgress'd the Law?

Cassilanes:

O the gross mists of dulness!
Are you this Kingdomes Oracles, yet can be
So ignorant? first hear, and then consider.
That I begot him, gave him birth and life,
And education, were, I must confess,
But duties of a Father: I did more;
I taught him how to manage Arms, to dare
An Enemy; to court both death and dangers;
Yet these were but additions to compleat
A well accomplish'd Souldier: I did more yet.
I made him chief Commander in the field
Next to my self, and gave him the full prospect
Of honour, and preferment; train'd him up
In all perfections of a Martiallist:
But he unmindful of his gratitude,
You know with what contempt of my deserts,
First kick'd against mine honour, scorned all
My services; then got the palm of glory
Unto himself: yet not content with this,

He (lastly) hath conspir'd my death, and sought
Means to engage me to this Lady's debt,
Whose bounty all my whole estate could never
Give satisfaction to: now honoured Fathers,
For this cause only, if your Law be law,
And you the Ministers of justice; then
Think of this strange ingratitude in him.

Philander:

Can this be so *Antinous*?

Antinous:

'Tis all true,
Nor hath my much wrong'd father limn'd my faults
In colours half so black, as in themselves,
My guilt hath dy'd them: were there mercy left,
Yet mine own shame would be my Executioner:
Lords, I am guilty.

Erota:

Thou beliest, *Antinous*,
Thine innocence: alas, my Lords, he's desperate,
And talks he knows not what: you must not credit
290] His lunacy; I can my self disprove
This accusation: *Cassilane*, be yet
More mercifull; I beg it.

Cassilanes:

Time, not fate,
The world, or what is in it, shall not alter
My resolution: he shall dye.

Erota:

The Senats
Prayers, or weeping Lovers, shall not alter
My resolution: thou shalt dye.

Antinous:

Why Madam,
Are ye all Marble?

Possenne:

Leave your shifts *Antinous*,
What plead you to your Fathers accusation?

Antinous:

Most fully guilty.

Possenne:

You have doom'd your self,
We cannot quit you now.

Cassilanes:

A burthen'd conscience
Will never need a hang-man: hadst thou dar'd
To have deni'd it, then this Sword of mine
Should on thy head have prov'd thy tongue a lyar.

Erota:

Thy sword? wretched old man, thou hast liv'd too long
To carry peace or comfort to thy grave;
Thou art a man condemn'd: my Lords, this tyrant
Had perish'd but for me, I still suppli'd
His miserable wants; I sent his Daughter
Mony to buy him food; the bread he eat,
Was from my purse: when he (vain-gloriously)
To dive into the peoples hearts, had pawn'd
His birth-right, I redeem'd it, sent it to him,
And for requitall, only made my suite,
That he would please to new receive his son
Into his favour, for whose love I told him
I had been still so friendly: but then he
As void of gratitude, as all good nature,
Distrafted like a mad man, poasted hither
To pull this vengeance on himself, and us;
For why, my Lords, since by the Law, all means
Is blotted out of your commission,
As this hard hearted Father hath accus'd
Noble *Antinous*, his unblemished Son,
291] So I accuse this Father, and crave judgement.

Cassilanes:

All this is but deceit, meer trifles forg'd
By combination to defeat the process
Of Justice, I will have *Antinous* life.

Arcanes:

Sir, what do ye mean?

Erota:

I will have *Cassilane*'s.

Antinous:

Cunning and cruel Lady, runs the stream
Of your affections this way? have you not
Conquest enough by treading on my grave?
Unless you send me thither in a shrowd
Steept in my fathers bloud? as you are woman,
As the protests of love you vow'd were honest;
Be gentler to my Father.

Erota:

Cassilane,

Thou hast a heart of flint: let my intreaties,
My tears, the Sacrifice of griefs unfeigned,
Melt it: yet be a Father to thy son,
Unmask thy long besotted judgement, see
A low obedience kneeling at the feet
Of nature, I beseech you.

Cassilanes:

Pish, you cozen
Your hopes: your plots are idle: I am resolute.

Erota:

Antinous, urge no further.

Antinous:

Hence thou Sorcery
Of a beguiling softness, I will stand,
Like the earths center, unmov'd; Lords your breath
Must finish these divisions: I confess
Civility doth teach I should not speak
Against a Lady of her birth, so high
As great *Erota*, but her injuries
And thankless wrongs to me, urge me to cry
Aloud for justice, Fathers.

Decius:

Whither run you?

Antinous:

For (honoured fathers) that you all may know
That I alone am not unmatchable
In crimes of this condition, lest perhaps
You might conceive, as yet the case appears,
That this foul stain, and guilt runs in a blood;
Before this presence, I accuse this Lady
Of as much vile ingratitude to me.
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Cassilanes:

Impudent Traitor!

Philander:

Her? O spare *Antinous*;
The world reputes thee valiant, do not soyle
All thy past nobleness with such a cowardize.
As murdering innocent Ladies will stamp on thee.

Antinous:

Brave Prince, with what unwillingness I force
Her follies, and in those her sin, be witness,
All these about me: she is bloody minded,

And turns the justice of the Law to rigor:
It is her cruelites, not I accuse her:
Shall I have Audience?

Erota:
Let him speak my Lords.

Decius:
Your memory will rot.

Antinous:
Cast all your eyes
On this, what shall I call her? truthless woman,
When often in my discontents, the sway
Of her unruly bloud, her untam'd passion,
(Or name it as you list) had hour by hour
Solicited my love, she vow'd at last
She could not, would not live unless I granted
What she long sued for: I in tender pity,
To save a Lady of her birth from ruine,
Gave her her life, and promis'd to be hers:
Nor urg'd I ought from her, but secresie,
And then enjoyn'd her to supply such wants
As I perceiv'd my Fathers late engagements
Had made him subject to; what shall I heap up
Long repetitions? she to quit my pity,
Not only hath discover'd to my Father
What she had promis'd to conceal, but also
Hath drawn my life into this fatal forfeit;
For which since I must dye, I crave a like
Equality of justice against her;
Not that I covet bloud, but that she may not
Practise this art of falsehood on some other,
Perhaps more worthy of her love hereafter.

Porphyccio:
If this be true —

Erota:
My Lords, be as the Law is,
Indifferent, upright, I do plead guilty:
Now Sir, what glory have you got by this?
293] 'Las man, I meant not to outlive thy doom,
Shall we be friends in death?

Cassilanes:
Hear me, the villain
Scandals her, honour'd Lords.

Erota:
Leave off to doat,
And dye a wise man.

Antinous:
I am over-reach'd,
And master'd in my own resolution.

Philander:
Will ye be wilfull Madam? here's the curse
Of loves disdain.

Cassilanes:
Why sit you like dumb Statues?
Demur no longer.

Possenne:
Cassilane, Erota,
Antinous, death ye ask; and 'tis your dooms,
You in your follies liv'd, dye in your follies.

Cassilanes:
I am reveng'd, and thank you for it.

Erota:
Yes, and I: *Antinous* hath been gracious.

Antinous:
Sir, may I presume to crave a blessing from you
Before we part?

Cassilanes:
Yes, such a one as Parents
Bestow on cursed sons, now now, I laugh
To see how those poor younglings are both cheated
Of life and comfort: look ye, look ye, Lords,
I go but some ten minutes (more or less)
Before my time, but they have finely cozen'd
Themselves of many, many hopefull years
Amidst their prime of youth and glory; now

[Enter *Annophel*]

My vengeance is made full. Welcom my joy,
Thou com'st to take a seasonable blessing
From thy half buried Fathers hand; I am dead
Already girle, and so is she and he,
We all are worms-meat now.

Annophel:
I have heard all;

Nor shall you dye alone: Lords on my knees
I beg for justice too.

Porphycio:
'Gainst whom, for what?

Annophel:
First let me be resolv'd; does the Law favour
None, be they ne're so mighty?
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Porphycio:
Not the greatest.

Annophel:
Then justly I accuse of foul ingratitude
My Lords, you of the Senate all, not one
Excepted.

Possenne Porphycio:
Us?

Philander:
Annophel —

Annophel:
You are the Authors
Of this unthrifty bloud-shed; when your enemies
Came marching to your gates, your children suck'd not
Safe at their Mothers breasts, your very Cloysters
Were not secure, your starting-holes of refuge
Not free from danger, nor your lives your own:
In this most desperate Ecstasie, my Father,
This aged man, not only undertook
To guard your lives, but did so; and beat off
The daring foe; for you he pawn'd his lands,
To pay your Souldiers, who without their pay
Refus'd to strike a blow: but, Lords, when peace
Was purchas'd for you, and victorie brought home,
Where was your gratitude, who in your Coffers
Hoarded the rustic treasure which was due
To my unminded Father? he was glad
To live retir'd in want, in penurie,
Whilst you made feasts of surfeit, and forgot
Your debts to him: The sum of all is this,
You have been unthankfull to him; and I crave
The rigor of the Law against you all.

Cassilanes:
My Royal spirited daughter!

Erota:

Annophel

Thou art a worthy wench; let me embrace thee.

Annophel:

Lords, why do ye keep your seats? they are no places
For such as are offenders.

Possenne:

Though our ignorance
Of *Cassilanes* engagements might assuage
Severity of justice, yet to shew
How no excuse should smooth a breach of Law,
I yield me to the trial of it.

Porphyccio:

So must I:
Great Prince of *Cyprus*, you are left
The only Moderator in this difference;
295] And as you are a Prince be a Protector
To wofull *Candy*.

Philander:

What a Scene of miserie
Hath thine obdurate frowardness (old man)
Drawn on thy Countries bosom? and for that
Thy proud ambition could not mount so high
As to be stil'd thy Countries only Patron,
Thy malice hath descended to the depth
Of Hell, to be renowned in the Title
Of the destroyer? dost thou yet perceive
What curses all posterity will brand
Thy grave with? that at once hast rob'd this Kingdom
Of honour and of safety.

Erota:

Children yet unborn
Will stop their ears when thou art nam'd.

Arcanes:

The world will be too little to contain
The memorie of this detested deed;
The Furies will abhorr it.

Decius:

What the sword
Could not enforce, your peevish thirst of honour
(A brave, cold, weak, imaginarie fame)
Hath brought on *Candy*: *Candy* groans, not these
That are to die.

Philander:

'Tis happiness enough
For them, that they shall not survive to see
The wounds wherewith thou stab'st the land that gave
Thee life and name.

Decius:

'Tis *Candy's* wrack shall feel —

Cassilanes:

The mischief of your folly.

Porphyccio Possenne:

Annophel —

Annophel:

I will not be entreated.

Cassilanes:

Prethee *Annophel*.

Annophel:

Why would ye urge me to a mercy which
You in your self allow not?

Cassilanes:

'Tis the Law,
That if the party who complains, remit
The offender, he is freed: is't not so Lords?

Porphyccio Possenne:

'Tis so.

Cassilanes:

Antinous, By my shame observe
What a close witch-craft popular applause is:
296] I am awak'd, and with clear eyes behold
The Lethargie wherein my reason long
Hath been be-charm'd: live, live, my matchless son,
Blest in thy Fathers blessing; much more blest
In thine own vertues: let me dew thy cheeks
With my unmanly tears: Rise, I forgive thee:
And good *Antinous*, if I shall be thy Father
Forgive me: I can speak no more.

Antinous:

Dear Sir,
You new beget me now — Madam your pardon,
I heartily remit you.

Erota:
I as freely
Discharge thee *Cassilane*.

Annophel:
My gracious Lords,
Repute me not a blemish to my Sex,
In that I strove to cure a desperate evil
With a more violent remedy: your lives,
Your honours are your own.

Philander:
Then with consent
Be reconcil'd on all sides: Please you Fathers
To take your places.

Possenne:
Let us again ascend,
With joy and thankfulness to Heaven: and now
To other business Lords.

[Enter *Gaspero*, and *Melitus*, with *Gonzalo*]

Melitus:
Two hours and more Sir,
The Senate hath been set.

Gonzalo:
And I not know it?
Who sits with them?

Melitus:
My Lord, the Prince of *Cyprus*.

Gonzalo:
Gaspero,
Why how comes that to pass?

Gaspero:
Some weighty cause
I warrant you.

Gonzalo:
Now Lords the business? ha?
Who's here, *Erota*?

Porphyccio:
Secretarie do your charge
Upon that Traitor.

Gonzalo:
Traitor?
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Gaspero:
Yes, *Gonzalo*, Traitor,
Of treason to the peace and state of *Candy*,
I do arrest thee.

Gonzalo:
Me? thou Dog?

[Enter *Fernando*, and *Michael*]

Michael:
With Licence
From this grave Senate, I arrest thee likewise
Of treason to the State of *Venice*.

Gonzalo:
Ha?
Is *Michael* here? nay then I see
I am undone.

Erota:
I shall not be your Queen,
Your Dutchess, or your Empress.

Gonzalo:
Dull, dull brain.
O I am fool'd!

Gaspero:
Look Sir, do you know this hand?

Michael:
Do you know this Seal? First, Lords, he writes to *Venice*,
To make a perfect league, during which time
He would in private keep some Troops in pay,
Bribe all the Centinels throughout this Kingdom,
Corrupt the Captains; at a Banquet poyson
The Prince, and greatest Peers, and in conclusion
Yield *Candy* slave to *Venice*.

Gaspero:
Next, he contracted
With the Illustrious Princess, the Lady *Erota*,
In hope of marriage with her, to deliver
All the *Venetian* gallantry, and strength,
Upon their first arrival, to the mercy
Of her and *Candy*.

Erota:
This is true, *Gonzalo*.

Gonzalo:
Let it be true: what then?

Possenne:
My Lord Ambassadour,
What's your demand?

Michael:
As likes the State of *Candy*,
Either to sentence him as he deserves
Here, or to send him like a slave to *Venice*.

Porphyccio:
We shall advise upon it.

Gonzalo:
O the Devils,
That had not thrust this trick into my pate —
298] A Politician fool? destruction plague
Candy and *Venice* both.

Possenne Porphyccio:
Away with him.

Melitus:
Come Sir, I'll see you safe.

[Exeunt *Gonz.* *Mel.*

Erota:
Lords, e're you part
Be witness to another change of wonder;
Antinous, now be bold, before this presence,
Freely to speak, whether or no I us'd
The humblest means affection could contrive,
To gain thy love.

Antinous:
Madam, I must confess it,
And ever am your servant.

Erota:
Yes *Antinous*,
My servant, for my Lord thou shalt be never:
I here disclaim the interest thou hadst once
In my too passionate thoughts. Most noble Prince,
If yet a relique of thy wonted flames
Live warm within thy bosom, then I blush not

To offer up the assurance of my faith,
To thee that hast deserv'd it best.

Philander:
O Madam,
You play with my calamity.

Erota:
Let heaven
Record my truth for ever.

Philander:
With more joy
Than I have words to utter, I accept it.
I also pawn you mine.

Erota:
The man that in requital
Of noble and un-sought affection
Grows cruel, never lov'd, nor did *Antinous*.
Yet herein (Prince) ye are beholding to him;
For his neglect of me humbled a pride,
Which to a vertuous wife had been a Monster.

Philander:
For which I'll rank him my deserving friend.

Antinous:
Much comfort dwell with you, as I could wish
To him I honour most.

Cassilanes:
O my *Antinous*,
My own, my own good son.

Fernando:
One suit I have to make.

Philander:
To whom *Fernando*?
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Fernando:
Lord *Cassilane* to you.

Cassilanes:
To me?

Fernando:
This Lady
Hath promised to be mine.

Annophel:
Your blessing Sir;
Brother your love.

Antinous:
You cannot Sir bestow her
On a more noble Gentleman.

Cassilanes:
Saist thou so?
Antinous I confirm it. Here *Fernando*,
Live both as one; she is thine.

Antinous:
And herein Sister,
I honour you for your wise settled love.
This is a day of Triumph, all Contentions
Are happily accorded: *Candy's* peace
Secur'd, and *Venice* vow'd a worthy friend.

[Exeunt.]

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End of Sample