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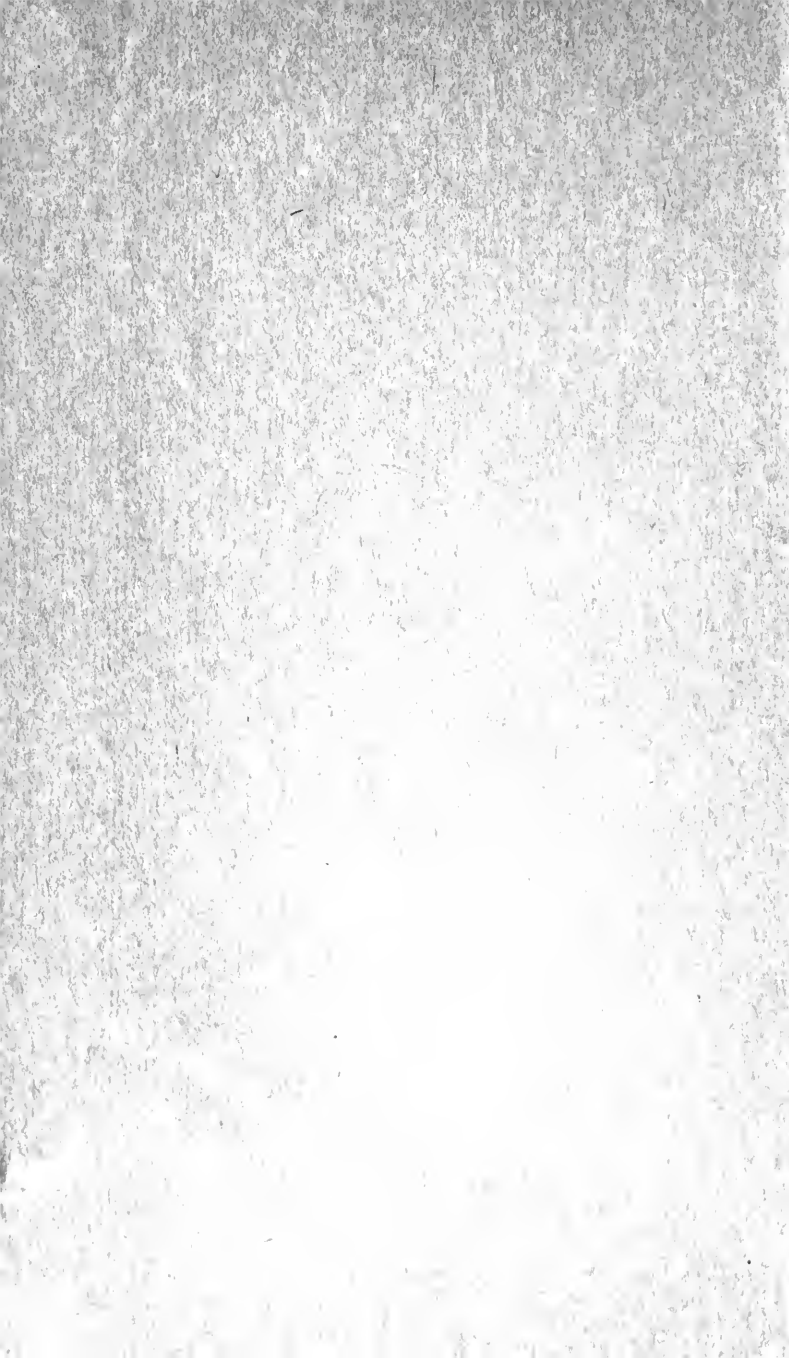
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add. ed.

Philaster.

Beaumont & Fletcher.

1763.



PHILASTER,

A TRAGEDY.

WRITTEN BY

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

With ALTERATIONS.

AS IT IS ACTED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL IN DRURY-LANE.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. and R. TONSON in the Strand.

MDCCLXIII.

(Price One Shilling.)

ANNOUNCING TO MEN

A D V E R T I S E M E N T

THE present Age, though it has done Honour to its own Discernment by the Applauses paid to *Shakespeare*, has, at the same Time, too grossly neglected the other great Masters in the same School of Writing. The Pieces of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* in particular, (to say nothing of *Jonson*, *Massinger*, *Shirly*, &c.) abound with Beauties, so much of the same Colour with those of *Shakespeare*, that it is almost unaccountable, that the very Age which admires one, even to Idolatry, should pay so little Attention to the others; and, while almost every Poet or Critick, at all eminent in the literary World, have been ambitious of distinguishing themselves, as Editors of *Shakespeare*, no more than two solitary Editions of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, and one of those of a very late Date, have been published in the present Century.

The Truth is, that Nature indeed is in all Ages the same; but Modes and Customs, Manners and Language, are subject to perpetual Variation. Time insensibly renders Writings obsolete and uncouth, and the gradual Introduction of new Words and Idioms brings the older Forms into Disrepute and Disuse. But the intrinsic Merit of any Work, though it may be obscured, must forever remain: As antique Coins, or old Plate, though not current or fashionable, still have their Value, according to their Weight.

The Injuries of Modern Innovation in the State of Letters may be in a great Measure repaired, by rendering the Writings of our old Authors familiar to the Publick, and bringing them often before them. How many Plays are there of *Shakespeare*, now in constant Acting, of which the Directors of the Theatres would scarce hazard the Representation, if the long-continued, and, as it were, traditional Approbation of the Publick had not given a Sanction to their Irregularities, and familiarized the Diction. The Language even of our Liturgy and Bible, if we may venture to mention them on this Occasion, would perhaps soon become obsolete and unintelligible to the Generality, if they were not constantly read in our Churches. The Style of our Authors, especially in this Play, is often remarkably plain and simple, and only raised or enriched by the Sentiments. It is the Opinion of *Dryden*, that even "*Shakespeare's* Language is a little obsolete in Comparison of theirs; and that the English Language in them arrived to its highest Perfection; what Words have since been taken in, being rather superfluous, than necessary."

PHILASTAR has always been esteemed one of the best Productions of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*; and, we are told by *Dryden*, was the

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A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

first Play that brought them into great Reputation. The Beauties of it are indeed so striking and so various, that our Authors might in this Play almost be said to rival *Shakespeare*, were it not for the many evident Marks of Imitation of his Manner. The late Editors of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* conceive, that the Poets meant to delineate, in the Character of *Philaster*, a *Hamlet* racked with the Jealousy of *Othello*; and there are several Passages, in this Play, where the Authors have manifestly taken Fire from similar Circumstances and Expressions in *Shakespeare*, particularly some, that will readily occur to the Reader as he goes along, from *Othello*, *Hamlet*, *Cymbeline*, and *Lear*.

To remove the Objections to the Performance of this excellent Play on the Modern Stage, has been the chief Labour, and sole Ambition, of the present Editor. It may be remembered, that *The Spanish Curate*, *The Little French Lawyer*, and *Scornfull Lady* of our Authors, as well as *The Silent Woman* of *Jonson*, all favourite Entertainments of our Predecessors, have, within these few Years, encountered the Severity of the Pit, and received Sentence of Condemnation. That the uncommon Merit of such a Play as *Philaster* might be universally acknowledged and received, it appeared necessary to clear it of Ribaldry and Obscenity, and to amend a gross Indecency in the original Constitution of the Fable, which must have checked the Success due to the rest of the Piece, nay, indeed, was an insuperable Obstacle to its Representation.

But though the Inaccuracies and Licentiousness of the Piece were Inducements (according to the *incudi reddere* of *Horace*) to put it on the Anvil again, yet nothing has been added more than was absolutely necessary, to make it move easily on the new Hinge, whereon it now turns: Nor has any thing been omitted, except what was supposed to have been likely to obscure its Merit, or injure its Success. The Pen was drawn, without the least Hesitation, over every Scene now expunged, except the first Scene of the third Act, as it stands in the Original; in regard to which, the Part, that *Philaster* sustains in it, occasioned some Pause: But, on Examination, it seemed that *Dion's* Falsification of Facts in that Scene was inconsistent with the rest of his Character, though very natural in such a Person as *Megara*: And though we have in our Times seen the sudden and instantaneous Transitions from one Passion to another remarkably well represented on the Stage, yet *Philaster's* Emotions appeared impossible to be exhibited with any Conformity to Truth or Nature. It was therefore thought advisable to omit the whole Scene; and it is hoped, that this Omission will not be disapproved, and that it will not appear to have left any Void or Chasm in the Action; since the imputed Falseness of *Arethusa*, after being so industriously made publick to the whole Court, might very naturally be imagined to come to the Knowledge of *Philaster* in a much shorter Interval, than is often supposed to

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elapse between the Acts; or even between the Scenes of some of our old Plays.

The Scenes in the Fourth Act, wherein *Philaster*, according to the original Play, wounds *Arethusa* and *Bellarion*, and from which the Piece took its second Title of *Love lies a Bleeding*, have always been censured by the Criticks. They breathe too much of that Spirit of Blood, and Cruelty, and Horror, of which the English Tragedy hath often been accused. The Hero's wounding his Mistress hurt the Delicacy of most; and his maiming *Bellarion* sleeping, in order to save himself from his Pursuers, offended the Generosity of all. This Part of the Fable, therefore, so injurious to the Character of *Philaster*, it was judged absolutely requisite to alter; and a new Turn has been given to all those Circumstances: But the Change has been effected by such simple Means, and with so much Reverence to the Original, that there are hardly ten Lines added on Account of the Alteration.

The rest of the Additions or Alterations may be seen at once by comparing the present Play with the Original; if the Reader does not, on such Occasions, of himself too easily discover the Patchwork of a Modern Hand.

There is extant in the Works of the *Duke of Buckingham*, who wrote *The Rehearsal*, and altered *The Chances*, an Alteration of this Play, under the Title of *The Restoration, or Right will take Place*. The Duke seems to have been very studious to disguise the Piece, the Names of the *Dramatis Personæ*, as well as the Title, being entirely changed; and the whole Piece, together with the Prologue and Epilogue, seeming intended to carry the Air of an oblique political Satire on his own Times. However that may be, the Duke's Play is as little (if not less) calculated for the present Stage, as the Original of our Authors. The Character of *Thrasomond* (for so the Duke calls the *Spanish Prince*) is much more ludicrous than the *Pharamond* of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*. Few of the Indecencies or Obscenities in the Original are removed; and with what Delicacy the Adventure of *Megra* is managed, may be determined from the following Specimen of his Grace's Alteration of that Circumstance, not a Word of the following Extract being to be found in *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*.

*Enter the Guard, bringing in Thrasomond, in DRAWERS, muffled up
in a Cloak.*

Guard. Sir, in Obedience to your Commands,
We stopt this Fellow stealing out of Doors.

[*They pull off his Cloak.*

Agreement. Who's this, the Prince?

Cleon. Yes; he is incognito.

King. Sir, I must chide you for this Looseness:
You've wrong'd a worthy Lady; but no more.

Thrasomond.

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Thrasomond. Sir, I came hither but to take the Air.

Cleon. A witty Rogue, I warrant him.

Agremont. Ay, he's a Devil at his Answers.

King. Conduct him to his Lodgings.

If to move the Passions of Pity and Terror are the two chief Ends of Tragedy, there needs no Apology for giving that Title to the Play of *Philaster*. If *Lear*, *Hamlet*, *Othello*, &c. &c. notwithstanding the casual Introduction of comick Circumstances in the natural Course of the Action, are Tragedies; *PHILASTER* is so too. The *Duke of Buckingham* entitles his Alteration a *Tragi-Comedy*; but that Word, according to its present Acceptation, conveys the Idea of a very different Species of Composition; a Play, like *The Spanish Friar*, or *Oroonoko*, in which two distinct Actions, one serious and the other comick, are unnaturally woven together; as absurd a Medley (in the Opinion of *Addison*) as if an Epick Writer was to undertake to throw into one Poem the Adventures of *Æneas* and *Hudibras*.

As to the Form in which the Piece is now submitted to the Publick, some, perhaps, will think that the Editor has taken too many Liberties with the Original, and many may censure him for not having made a more thorough Alteration. There are, it must be confessed, many Things still left in the Play, which may be thought to lower the Dignity of Tragedy, and which would not be admitted in a Fable of modern Construction: But where such Things were in Nature, and inoffensive, and served at the same Time as so many Links in the Chain of Circumstances, that compose the Action, it was thought better to subdue in some Measure the Intemperance of the Scenes of low Humour, than wholly to reject or omit them. It would not have been in the Power, nor indeed was it ever in the Intention or Desire, of the Editor, to give *Philaster* the Air of a modern Performance; no more than an Architect of this Age would endeavour to embellish the Magnificence of a Gothick Building with the Ornaments of the Greek or Roman Orders. It is impossible for the severest Reader to have a meaner Opinion of the Editor's Share in the Work than he entertains of it himself. Something, however, was necessary to be done; and the Reasons, for what he has done, have already been assigned; nor can he repent of the Trouble he has taken, at the Instance of a Friend, whom he is happy to oblige, when he sees himself the Instrument of restoring *Philaster* to the Theatre, of displaying new Graces in *Mrs. Yates*, and of calling forth the extraordinary Powers of so promising a Genius for the Stage as *Mr. Powell*.

PROLOGUE.

P R O L O G U E.

Written by GEORGE COLMAN.

Spoken by Mr. KING.

*W*HILE modern Tragedy, by Rule exact,
Spins out a thin-wrought Fable, Act by Act,
We dare to bring you one of those bold Plays
Wrote by rough English Wits in former Days;
Beaumont and Fletcher! those Twin Stars, that run
Their glorious Course round Shakespeare's golden Sun;
Or when PHILASTER Hamlet's Place supplied,
Or Boëtius walk'd the Stage by Falstaff's Side.
Their Souls, well pair'd, set Fire in mingled Rays,
Their Hands together twin'd the social Bays,
Till Fashion drove, in a refining Age,
Virtue from Court, and Nature from the Stage.
Then Nonsense, in Heroicks, seem'd sublime;
Kings rav'd in Couplets, and Maids sigh'd in Rhime.
Next, prim, and trim, and delicate, and chaste,
A Hush from Greece and France, came Modern Taste.
Cold are her Sons, and so afraid of dealing
In Rant and Fustian, they ne'er rise to Feeling.
O say, ye Bards of Phlegm, say, where's the Name
That can with FLETCHER urge a rival Claim?
Say, where's the Poet, train'd in pedant Schools,
Equal to SHAKESPEARE, who o'erleapt all Rules?
Thus of our Bards we boldly speak our Mind;
A harder Task, alas, remains behind:
To-night, as yet by publick Eyes unseen,
A raw, unprais'd Novice fills the Scene.
Bred in the City, his theatrick Star
Brings him at length on this Side Temple-Bar;
Smit with the Muse, the Ledger he forgot,
And when he wrote his Name, he made a Blot.
Him while perplexing Hopes and Fears emburrows,
Skulking (like Hamlet's Rat) behind the Arras,
Me a dramattick Fellow-Feeling draws,
Without a Fee, to plead a Brother's Cause.
Genius is rare; and while our Great Comptroller,
No more a Manager, turns arrant Stroller,
Let new Adventurers your Care engage,
And nurse the Infant Saplings of the Stage!

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

<i>King,</i>	—	—	Mr. BRANSBY.
<i>Philaster,</i>	—	—	Mr. POWELL.
<i>Pharamond,</i>	—	—	Mr. LEE.
<i>Dion,</i>	—	—	Mr. BURTON.
<i>Cleremont,</i>	—	—	Mr. CASTLE.
<i>Thrasiline,</i>	—	—	Mr. ACKMAN.
<i>Captain,</i>	—	—	Mr. BADDELY.
<i>Countryman,</i>	—	—	Mr. PARSONS.
<i>Messengers,</i>	—	—	{ Mr. FOX.
			{ Mr. MARR.
<i>Woodmen,</i>	—	—	{ Mr. WATKINS.
			{ Mr. STRANGE.
<i>Arethusa,</i>	—	—	Miss BRIDE.
<i>Euphrasia,</i> (disguised under the Name of <i>Bellarion</i>)	—	—	} Mrs. YATES,
<i>Megara,</i> (a Spanish Lady)	—	—	
<i>Galatea,</i>	—	—	Mrs. LEE.
<i>Lady,</i>	—	—	Miss MILLS.
			Mrs. HIPPISELY.

Scene, SICILY.



PHILASTER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *an Antechamber in the Palace.*

Enter Dion, Cleremont, and Thrasiline.

CLEREMONT.

HERE's nor Lords, nor Ladies
Dion. Credit me, Gentlemen, I wonder at it. They receiv'd strict Charge from the King to attend here: Besides, it was loudly publish'd, that no Officer should forbid any Gentlemen that desired to attend and hear.

Cle. Can you guess the Cause?

Dion. Sir, it is plain, about the *Spanish* Prince; that's come to marry our Kingdom's Heir, and be our Sovereign.

Cle. Many, that will seem to know much, say, she looks not on him like a Maid in Love.

Thra. They say too, moreover, that the Lady *Megra* (sent hither by the Queen of Spain, *Pharaon*'s Mother,

ther, to grace the Train of *Arethusa*, and attend her to her new Home, when espoused to the Prince) carries herself somewhat too familiarly towards *Pharamond*; and it is whisper'd, that there is too close an Intercourse between him and that Lady.

Dion. Troth, perhaps, there may; tho' the Multitude (that seldom know any thing but their own Opinions) speak what they would have. But the Prince, before his own Approach, receiv'd so many confident Messages from the State, and bound himself by such indissoluble Engagements, that, I think, their Nuptials must go forwards, and that the Princess is resolv'd to be ruled.

Cle. Sir, is it thought, with her he shall enjoy both these Kingdoms of *Sicily* and *Calabria*?

Dion. Sir, it is, without Controversy, so meant. But 'twill be a troublesome Labour for him to enjoy both these Kingdoms with Safety, the right Heir to one of them living, and living so virtuously; especially, the People admiring the Bravery of his Mind, and lamenting his Injuries.

Cle. Who, *Philaster*?

Dion. Yes, whose Father, we all know, was by our late King of *Calabria* unrighteously depos'd from his fruitful *Sicily*. Myself drew some Blood in those Wars, which I would give my Hand to be wash'd from.

Cle. Sir, my Ignorance in State-Policy will not let me know, why, *Philaster* being Heir to one of these Kingdoms, the King should suffer him to walk abroad with such free Liberty.

Dion. Sir, it seems, your Nature is more constant than to enquire after State-News. But the King, of late, made a Hazard of both the Kingdoms of *Sicily* and his own, with offering but to imprison *Philaster*. At which the City was in Arms, not to be charm'd down by any State-Order or Proclamation, till they saw *Philaster* ride through the Streets pleas'd, and without a Guard; at which they threw their Hats,
and

and their Arms from them; some to make Bonfires, some to drink, all for his Deliverance: Which, wise Men say, is the Cause the King labours to bring in the Power of a Foreign Nation to awe his own with.

[*Flourish.*]

Thra. Peace, the King.

Scene draws, and discovers the King, Pharamond, Arethusa, and Train

King. To give a stronger Testimony of Love Than sickly Promises (which commonly In Princes find both Birth and Burial In one Breath) we have drawn you, worthy Sir, To make your fair Indearments to our Daughter, And worthy Services known to our Subjects, Now lov'd and wonder'd at: Next, our Intent To plant you deeply, our immediate Heir, Both to our Blood and Kingdoms. For this Lady, (The best Part of your Life, as you confirm me, And I believe) though her few Years and Sex Yet teach her nothing but her Fears and Blushes; Think not, dear Sir, these undivided Parts, That must mould up a Virgin, are put on To shew her so, as borrow'd Ornaments; To speak her perfect Love to you, or add An artificial Shadow to her Nature. Last, noble Son, (for so I now must call you) What I have done thus publick, is not only To add a Comfort in particular To you or me, but all; and to confirm The Nobles, and the Gentry of these Kingdoms, By Oath to your Succession, which shall be Within this Month at most.

Pha. Kissing your white Hand, Mistress, I take Leave, To thank your Royal Father; and thus far, To be my own free Trumpet. Understand, Great King, and these your Subjects! Gentlemen, Believe me in a Word, a Prince's Word, There shall be nothing to make up a Kingdom

Mighty, and flourishing, defenced, fear'd,
 Equal to be commanded and obey'd,
 But through the Travels of my Life I'll find it,
 And tie it to this Country. And I vow,
 My Reign shall be so easy to the Subject,
 That ev'ry Man shall be his Prince himself,
 And his own Law: (yet I his Prince and Law.)
 And dearest Lady, let me say, you are
 The Blessed'st living; for, sweet Princess, you
 Shall make him your's, for whom great Queens must die.

Thra. Miraculous!

Cle. This Speech calls him *Spaniard*, being nothing but
 A large Inventory of his own Commendations.
 But here comes one more worthy those large Speeches,
 Than the large Speaker of them.

Enter Philaster.

Phi. Right noble Sir, as low as my Obedience,
 And with a Heart as loyal as my Knee,
 I beg your Favour.

King. Rise; you have it, Sir.
 Speak your Intent, Sir.

Phi. Shall I speak 'em freely?—
 Be still my Royal Sovereign.

King. As a Subject,
 We give you Freedom.

Dion. Now it heats.

Phi. Then thus I turn
 My Language to you, Prince; you, Foreign Man.
 Ne'er stare, nor put on Wonder, for you must
 Indure me, and you shall. This Earth you tread on
 (A Dowry, as you hope, with this fair Princess)
 By my dead Father (Oh! I had a Father,
 Whose Memory I bow to) was not left
 To your Inheritance, and I up and living;
 Having myself about me and my Sword,
 The Souls of all my Name, and Memories,

These

These Arms and some few Friends, besides the Gods,
 To part so calmly with it, and sit still,
 And say, *I might have been.* I tell thee, *Pharamond,*
 When thou art King, look, I be dead and rotten,
 And my Name Ashes: For hear me, *Pharamond,*
 This very Ground thou goest on, this fat Earth,
 My Father's Friends made fertile with their Faiths,
 Before that Day of Shame, shall gape and swallow
 Thee and thy Nation, like a hungry Grave,
 Into her hidden Bowels: Prince, it shall;
 By *Nemesis*, it shall.

King. You do displease us:
 Your are too bold.

Pbi. No, Sir, I am too tame,
 Too much a Turtle, a Thing born without Passion,
 A faint Shadow, that every drunken Cloud sails over,
 And maketh nothing.

Pba. What you have seen in me to stir Offence,
 I cannot find; unless it be this Lady
 Offer'd into mine Arms, with the Succession,
 Which I must keep, though it hath pleas'd your Fury
 To mutiny within you. The King grants it,
 And I dare make it mine. You have your Answer.

Pbi. If thou wert sole Inheritor to him
 That made the World his, and were *Pharamond*
 As truly valiant, as I feel him cold,
 And ring'd among the choicest of his Friends,
 And from this Presence, spite of all these Stops,
 You should hear further from me.

King. Sir, you wrong the Prince:
 I gave you not this Freedom to brave our best Friends,
 You do deserve our Frown: Go to, be better temper'd:

Pbi. It must be, Sir, when I am nobler us'd.

King. *Philester*, tell me
 The Injuries you aim at in your Riddles.

Pbi. If you had my Eyes, Sir, and Sufferance,
 My Grievs upon you, and my broken Fortunes,
 My Wants great, and now nought but Hopes and Fears,
 My

My Wrongs would make ill Riddles to be laughed at.
Dare you be still my King, and right me not?

King. Go to :

Be more your Self, as you respect our Favour ;
You'll stir us else : Sir, I must have you know
That you're, and shall be, at our Pleasure, what Fashion we
Will put upon you : Smooth your Brow, or by the Gods—

Phi. I am dead, Sir, you're my Fate : It was not I
Said I was wrong'd : I carry all about me
My weak Stars led me to, all my weak Fortunes,
Who dares in all this Presence speak, (that is
But Man of Flesh and may be mortal) tell me,
I do not most entirely love this Prince,
And honour his full Virtues !

King. Sure, he's possess'd.

Phi. Yes, with my Father's Spirit: It's here, O King!
A dangerous Spirit ; now he tells me, King,
I was a King's Heir ; bids me be a King ;
And whispers to me, these be all my Subjects.
'Tis strange, he will not let me sleep, but dives
Into my Fancy, and there gives me Shapes
That kneel, and do me Service, cry me King :
But I'll suppress him, he's a factious Spirit,
And will undo me : Noble Sir, your Hand,
I am your Servant.

King. Away, I do not like this :

For this Time I pardon your wild Speech.

[*Exeunt King, Pha. Are. and Train.*]

Dion. See, how his Fancy labours : Has he not
Spoke home, and bravely ? What a dangerous Train
Did he give Fire to ! How he shook the King !
Made his Soul melt within him, and his Blood
Run into Whey ! It stood upon his Brow
Like a cold Winter Dew.

Phi. Gentlemen,

You have no Suit to me : I am no Minion :
You stand, methinks, like Men that would be Courtiers,
If you could well be flatter'd at a Price,
Not to undo your Children : You're all honest :

Go get you home again, and make your Country
A virtuous Court ; to which your Great Ones may,
In their diseas'd Age, retire, and live recluse.

Cle. How do you, worthy Sir ?

Pbi. Well, very well,
And so well, that if the King please, I find,
I may live many Years.

Dion. The King must please,
Whilst we know what you are, and who you are,
Your Wrongs and Injuries : Shrink not, worthy Sir,
But add your Father to you : In whose Name
We'll waken all the Gods, and conjure up
The Rods of Vengeance, the abused People ;
Who, like to raging Torrents, shall swell high,
And so begirt the Dens of these Male-Dragoons.
That, through the strongest Safety, they shall beg
For Mercy at your Sword's Point.

Pbi. Friends, no more ;
Our Ears may be corrupted : 'Tis an Age
We dare not trust our Wills to : Do you love me ?

Thra. Do we love Heav'n and Honour ?

Pbi. My Lord *Dion*,
You had a virtuous Gentlewoman call'd you Father :
Is she yet alive ?

Dion. Most honour'd Sir, she is :
And for the Penance but of an idle Dream,
Has undertook a tedious Pilgrimage.

Enter a Lady.

Pbi. Is it to me, or any of these Gentlemen you come ?

Lady. To you, brave Lord ; the Princess would intreat
Your present Company.

Pbi. Kiss her fair Hand, and say, I will attend her.

Dion. Do you know what you do ?

Pbi. Yes, go to see a Woman.

Cle. But do you weigh the Danger you are in ?

Pbi. Danger in a sweet Face ?

Her Eye may shoot me dead, or those true red
 And white Friends in her Face may steal my Soul out :
 There's all the Danger in't : But be what may,
 Her single Name hath armed me. [Exit.

Dion. Go on :

And be as truly happy as thou art fearless :
 Come, Gentlemen, let's make our Friends acquainted,
 Lest the King prove false. [Exeunt.

Scene changes to another Apartment.

Enter Arethusa and a Lady.

Are. Comes he not ?

Lady. Madam ?

Are. Will *Philaster* come ?

Lady. Dear Madam, you were wont
 To credit me at first.

Are. But didst thou tell me so ?
 I am forgetful, and my Woman's Strength
 Is so o'ercharg'd with Danger like to grow
 About my Marriage, that these under Things
 Dare not abide in such a troubled Sea :
 How look'd he, when he told thee he would come ?

Lady. Why, well.

Are. And not a little fearful ?

Lady. Fear, Madam ? Sure he knows not what it is.

Are. You are all of his Faction ; the whole Court
 Is bold in Praise of him ; whilst I
 May live neglected, and do noble Things,
 As Fools in Strife throw Gold into the Sea,
 Drown'd in the Doing : But, I know, he fears.

Lady. Fear ? Madam, methought, his Looks hid more
 Of Love than Fear.

Are. Of Love ? to whom ? to you ?
 Did you deliver those plain Words I sent
 With such a winning Gesture, and quick Look,
 That you have caught him ?

Lady. Madam, I mean to you.

Are. Of Love to me ? Alas ! thy Ignorance
 Lets thee not see the Crosses of our Births.

Nature, that loves not to be question'd why
 She did or this, or that, but has her Ends,
 And knows she does well, never gave the World
 Two Things so opposite, so contrary,
 As He, and I am.

Lady. Madam, I think I hear him.

Are. Bring him in :

[*Exit Lady.*

You Gods, that would not have your Dooms withstood,
 Whose holy Wisdoms at this Time it is,
 To make the Passion of a feeble Maid
 The Way unto your Justice, I obey.

Re-enter Lady and Philaster.

Lady. Here is my Lord *Philaster*.

Are. Oh! 'tis well :

Withdraw yourself.

[*Exit Lady.*

Phi. Madam, your Messenger
 Made me believe, you wish'd to speak with me.

Are. 'Tis true, *Philaster* ;

Have you known,
 That I have ought detracted from your Worth ?
 Have I in Person wrong'd you ? Or have set
 My baser Instruments to throw Disgrace
 Upon your Virtues ?

Phi. Never, Madam, you.

Are. Why then should you, in such a public Place,
 Injure a Princess, and a Scandal lay
 Upon my Fortunes, fam'd to be so great ;
 Calling a great Part of my Dowry in Question ?

Phi. Madam, this Truth, which I shall speak, will seem
 Foolish : But for your fair and virtuous Self,
 I could afford myself to have no Right
 To any thing you wish'd.

Are. *Philaster*, know,

I must enjoy these Kingdoms, of *Calabria*
 And *Sicily* : By Fate, I die, *Philaster*,
 If I not calmly may enjoy them both.

Pbi. I would do much to save that noble Life :
Yet would be loth to have Posterity
Find in our Stories, that *Philaster* gave
His Right unto a Scepter, and a Crown,
To save a Lady's Longing.

Are. Nay, then hear :
I must, and will have them, and more.

Pbi. What more ? Say, you would have my Life ;
Why, I will give it you ; for it is of me
A Thing so loath'd, and unto you that ask
Of so poor Use, I will unmov'dly hear.

Are. Fain would I speak, and yet the Words are such
I have to say, and do so ill befeem
The Mouth of Woman, that I wish them said,
And yet am loth to utter them.—Oh turn
Away thy Face!—a little bend thy Looks!—
Spare, spare me, Oh *Philaster* !

Pbi. What means this ?

Are. But that my Fortunes hang upon this Hour,
But that Occasion urges me to speak,
And that perversely to keep Silence now
Would doom me to a Life of Wretchedness,
I could not thus have summon'd thee, to tell thee,
The Thoughts of *Pharamond* are Scorpions to me,
More horrible than Danger, Pain or Death!
Yes—I must have thy Kingdoms—must have thee!

Pbi. How me ?

Are. Thy Love!—without which all the Land
Discovered yet, will serve me for no Use
But to be buried in.

Pbi. Is't possible ?

Are. With it, it were too little to bestow
On thee : Now, though thy Breath doth strike me dead,
(Which, know, it may) I have unript my Breast.

Pbi. Madam, you are too full of noble Thoughts,
To lay a Train for this contemned Life,
Which you may have for asking : To suspect
Were base, where I deserve no ill : Love you!

By all my Hopes, I do, above my Life :
But how this Passion should proceed from you
So violently—

Are. Another Soul, into my Body shot,
Could not have fill'd me with more Strength and Spirit,
Than this thy Breath : But spend not hasty Time,
In seeking how I came thus : 'Tis the Gods,
The Gods, that make me so ; and, sure, our Love
Will be the nobler, and the better blest,
In that the secret Justice of the Gods
Is mingled with it. Let us leave and part,
Lest some unwelcome Guest should fall betwixt.

Phi. 'Twill be ill,
I should abide here long.

Are. 'Tis true, and worse
You should come often : How shall we devise
To hold Intelligence, that our true Loves
On any new Occasion may agree,
What Path is best to tread ?

Phi. I have a Boy
Sent by the Gods, I hope, to this Intent,
Not yet seen in the Court. Hunting the Buck,
I found him sitting by a Fountain-Side,
Of which he borrow'd some to quench his Thirst,
And paid the Nymph again as much in Tears ;
A Garland lay by him, made by himself,
Of many several Flowers, bred in the Bay,
Stuck in that mystick Order, that the Rareness
Delighted me : But ever when he turned
His tender Eyes upon 'em, he would weep,
As if he meant to make 'em grow again.
Seeing such pretty helpless Innocence
Dwell in his Face, I ask'd him all his Story ;
He told me, that his Parents gentle dy'd,
Leaving him to the Mercy of the Fields,
Which gave him Roots ; and of the crystal Springs,
Which did not stop their Courses ; and the Sun,
Which still, he thank'd him, yielded him his Light ;

Then took he up his Garland, and did shew,
 What every Flower, as Country People hold,
 Did signify; and how all, ordered thus,
 Exprest his Grief; and to my Thoughts did read
 The prettiest Lecture of his Country Art
 That cou'd be wish'd: So that, methought, I cou'd
 Have studied it. I gladly entertain'd him,
 Who was as glad to follow; and have got
 The trustiest, loving'st, and the gentlest Boy,
 That ever Master kept: Him will I send
 To wait on you, and bear our hidden Love.

Enter Lady.

Are. 'Tis well; no more.

Lady. Madam, the Prince is come to do his Service.

Are. What will you do, Philaster, with yourself?
 Dear, hide thyself. Bring in the Prince.

Phi. Hide me from *Pharamond!*

When Thunder speaks, which is the Voice of *Jove*,
 Though I do Reverence, yet I hide me not.

Are. Then, good *Philaster*, give him Scope and Way
 In what he says; for he is apt to speak
 What you are loth to hear: For my Sake do.

Phi. I will.

Enter Pharamond.

Phi. My Princely Mistrefs, as true Lovers ought,
 I come to kiss these fair Hands; and to shew,
 In outward Ceremonies, the dear Love
 Writ in my Heart.

Phi. If I shall have an Answer no directlier,
 I am gone.

Phi. To what would he have an Answer?

Are. To his Claim unto the Kingdom.

Phi. I did forbear you, Sir, before the King.

Phi. Good Sir, do so still; I would not talk with you.

Phi. But now the Time is fitter.

Phi. Pharamond,

I loath

I loath to brawl with such a Blast as thou,
 Who art nought but a valiant Voice: But if
 Thou shalt provoke me further, Men shall say,
Thou wert, and not lament it.

Pha. Do you slight

My Greatness so, and in the Chamber of the Princess!

Phi. It is a Place, to which, I must confess,
 I owe a Reverence: But were't the Church,
 Ay, at the Altar, there's no Place so safe,
 Where thou dar'st injure me, but I dare punish thee:
 Farewell. [*Exit* Philaster.]

Pha. Insolent Boaster! offer but to mention
 Thy Right to any Kingdom—

Arc. Let him go;

He is not worth your Care.

Pha. My *Arethusa*!

I hope our Hearts are Knit; and yet so slow
 State Ceremonies are, it may be long
 Before our Hands be so: If then you please,
 Being agreed in Heart, let us not wait
 For Pomp and Circumstance, but solemnize
 A private Nuptial, and anticipate
 Delights, and so foretaste our Joys to come.

Arc. My Father, Sir, is all in all to me;
 Nor can I give my Fancy or my Will
 More Scope than he shall warrant. When he bids
 My Eye look up to *Pharamond* for Lord,
 I know my Duty; but, till then, farewell. [*Exit.*]

Pha. Nay!—but there's more in this—some happier
 Man!

Perhaps *Philaster*!—Sdeath! let me not think on't.
 —She must be watch'd—He too must be ta'en Care of,
 Or all my Hopes of her and Empire rest
 Upon a sandy Bottom.—If she means
 To wed me, well; if not—I swear Revenge. [*Exit.*]



ACT II. SCENE I.

Scene, an Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Philaster and Bellario.

Pbi. **A**ND thou shalt find her honourable, Boy;
Full of Regard unto thy tender Youth.
For thine own Modesty, and for my sake,
Apter to give, than thou wilt be to ask,
Ay, or deserve.

Bel. Sir, you did take me up
When I was nothing; and only yet am something,
By being yours: You trusted me unknown;
And that which you are apt to construe now
A simple Innocence in me, perhaps,
Might have been Craft, the Cunning of a Boy
Hardened in Lies and Theft; yet ventur'd You
To part my Miseries and me: For which,
I never can expect to serve a Lady,
That bears more Honour in her Breast than You.

Pbi. But, Boy, it will prefer thee; thou art young,
And bear'st a childish overflowing Love
To them that clap thy Cheeks, and speak thee fair.
But when thy Judgement comes to rule those Passions,
Thou wilt remember best those careful Friends,
That plac'd thee in the noblest Way of Life.
She is a Princess I prefer thee to.

Bel. In that small Time that I have seen the World,
I never knew a Man hasty to part with
A Servant he thought trusty: I remember,
My Father would prefer the Boys he kept

To

To greater Men than he; but did it not,
Till they were grown too faucy for himself.

Pbi. Why, gentle Boy, I find no Fault at all
In thy Behaviour.

Bel. Sir, if I have made
A Fault of Ignorance, instruct my Youth;
I shall be willing, if not apt, to learn:
Age and Experience will adorn my Mind
With larger Knowledge: And if I have done
A wilful Fault, think me not past all Hope
For once. What Master holds so strict a Hand
Over his Boy, that he will part with him
Without one Warning? Let me be corrected,
To break my Stubbornness, if it be so,
Rather than turn me off, and I shall mend.

Pbi. Thy Love doth plead so prettily to stay,
That, trust me, I could weep to part with thee.
Alas! I do not turn thee off; thou know'st,
It is my Business that doth call thee hence;
And, when thou art with her, thou dwell'st with me:
Think so, and 'tis so; and when Time is full,
That thou hast well discharg'd this heavy Trust,
Laid on so weak a one, I will again
With Joy receive thee; as I live, I will.
Nay, weep not, gentle Boy; 'tis more than Time
Thou didst attend the Princess.

Bel. I am gone;
But since I am to part with you, my Lord,
And none knows whether I shall live to do
More Service for you, take this little Prayer:
Heav'n bless your Loves, your Fights, all your Designs!
May sick Men, if they have your Wish, be well!
And Heav'n hate those you curse, though I be one!

[*Exit.*

Pbi. The Love of Boys unto their Lords is strange!
I have read Wonders of it! yet this Boy,
For my Sake, (if a Man may judge by Looks,

And

And Speech) would out-do Story. I may see
A Day to pay him for his Loyalty. [Exit.

Scene changes to Arethufa's Apartment.

Enter Arethufa and a Lady.

Are. Where's the Boy? Where's *Bellarion*?

La. Within, Madam.

Are. Gave you him Gold to buy him Clothes?

La. I did.

Are. And has he don't?

La. Madam, not yet.

Are. 'Tis a pretty fad talking Boy; is it not?

Enter Galatea.

Are. O, you are welcome! What good News?

Gal. As good as any one can tell your Grace,
That says she has done that you would have wish'd.

Are. Hast thou discovered then?

Gal. I have. Your Prince,
Brave *Pharamond's* Disloyal.

Are. And with whom?

Gal. Ev'n with the Lady we suspect; with *Megra*.

Are. O, where! and when?

Gal. I can discover all.

Are. The King shall know this; and if Destiny,
To whom we dare not say, *it shall not be*,
Have not decreed it so in lasting Leaves,
Whose smallest Characters were never chang'd,
This hated Match with *Pharamond* shall break.
Run back into the Presence, mingle there
Again with other Ladies; leave the rest
To me. [Exit Gal.

Where's the Boy?

La. Here, Madam.

Enter

Enter Bellario.

Are. Why art thou ever melancholy? Sir:
You are sad to change your Service: Is't not so?

Bel. Madam, I have not chang'd; I wait on you,
To do him Service.

Are. Thou disclaim'st in me;
Tell me, *Bellario*, thou can'st sing and play?

Bel. If Grief will give me Leave, Madam, I can.

Are. Alas! what Kind of Grief can thy Years know?
Had'st a curst Master when thou went'st to School?
Thou art not capable of other Grief:

Thy Brows and Cheeks are smooth as Waters be,
When no Breath troubles them: Believe me, Boy,
Care seeks out wrinkled Brows and hollow Eyes,
And builds himself Caves to abide in them.

Come, Sir, tell me truly, does your Lord love me?

Bel. Love, Madam? I know not what it is.

Are. Can'st thou know Grief, and never yet knew'st
Love?

Thou art deceiv'd, Boy; does he speak of me,
As if he wish'd me well?

Bel. If it be Love,
To forget all Respect of his own Friends,
In thinking on your Face: If it be Love,
To sit cross-arm'd, and sigh away the Day,
Mingled with Starts, crying your Name as loud
And hastily, as Men i'th'Streets do Fire:
If it be Love, to weep himself away,
When he but hears of any Lady dead,
Or kill'd, because it might have been your Chance;
If, when he goes to Rest (which will not be)
'Twixt ev'ry Prayer he says, he names you once
As others drop a Bead, be to be in Love:
Then, Madam, I dare swear he loves you.

Are. O!

You are a cunning Boy, taught to deceive,
For your Lord's Credit: but thou know'st, a Falsehood

D

That

That bears this Sound, is welcomer to me,
 Than any Truth, that says, he loves me not.
 Lead the Way, Boy. Do you attend me too;
 'Tis thy Lord's Business hastes me thus. Away.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene changes to another Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Megra and Pharamond.

Meg. What then am I? a poor neglected Stale!
 Have I then been an idle toying She,
 To fool away an Hour or two withal,
 And then thrown by for ever?

Pba. Nay, have Patience!

Meg. Patience! I shall go mad! why I shall be
 A Mark for all the Pages of the Court
 To spend their Wit upon!

Pba. It shall not be.

She, whose Dishonour is not known abroad,
 Is not at all dishonour'd.

Meg. Not dishonour'd!

Have we then been so chary of our Fame,
 So cautious think you, in our Course of Love
 No Blot of Calumny has fall'n upon it? Say,
 What Charm has veil'd Suspicion's hundred Eyes,
 And who shall stop the cruel Hand of Scorn?

Pba. Cease your Complaints, reproachful and un-
 kind!

What could I do? Obedience to my Father,
 My Country's Good, my plighted Faith, my Fame,
 Each Circumstance of State and Duty, ask'd
 The Tender of my Hand to *Arethusa*.

Meg. Talk not of *Arethusa*! She, I know,
 Would fain get rid of her most precious Bargain.
 She is for softer Dalliance; she has got
 A Cherub, a young Hylas, an Adonis!

Pba. What mean you?

Meg. She, good Faith, has her *Bellarion*!
 A Boy—about Eighteen—a pretty Boy!
 Why this is he that must when you are wed

Sit

Sit by your Pillow, like a young Apollo
Sing, play upon the Lute, with Hand and Voice
Binding your Thoughts in Sleep: She does provide him
For you and for herself.

Pha. Injurious *Megra*!

Oh, add not Shame to Shame! To rob a Lady
Of her good Name thus, is an heinous Sin,
Not to be pardon'd; yet, though false as Hell,
'Twill never be redeem'd, if it be sown
Amongst the People, fruitful to increase
All Evil they shall hear.

Meg. It shall be known.

Nay, more, by Heav'n 'tis true! a thousand Things
Speak it, beyond all Contradiction, true:
Observe how brave she keeps him; how he stands
For ever at her beck! There's not an Hour,
Sacred how'er to female Privacy,
But he's admitted; and in open Court
Their tell-tale Eyes hold soft Discourse together.
Why, why is all this? Think you she's content
To look upon him?

Pha. Make it but appear

That she has play'd the Wanton with this Stripling,
All Spain as well as Sicily shall know
Her foul Dishonour, I'll disgrace her first,
Then leave her to her Shame.

Meg. You are resolv'd.

Pha. Most constantly.

Meg. The rest remains with me:

I will produce such Proofs, that she shall know
I did not leave our Country, and degrade
Our Spanish Honour and Nobility,
To stand a mean Attendant in her Chamber,
With hood-wink'd Eyes, and Finger on my Lips.
What I have seen, I'll speak; what known, proclaim:
Her Story shall be general as the Wind,
And fly as far.—I will about it strait.

Expect News from me, *Pharamond*. Farewell.

[*Exit.*

Pharamond

Pharamond *alone.*

True or not true, one Way I like this well,
 For I suspect the Princess loves me not.
 If *Megra's* Charge prove Malice, her own Ruin
 Must follow, and I'm quit of her for ever :
 But if she makes Suspicious Truths, or if,
 Which were as deep Confusion, *Arethusa*
 Disdain our proffer'd Union, and *Philaster*
 Stand foremost in her Heart, let *Megra's* Proofs
 Wear but the Semblance, and the Garb of Truth,
 They shall afford me Measure of Revenge.
 I will look on with an indifferent Eye,
 Prepar'd for either Fortune ; or to wed
 If she prove faithful, or repulse her sham'd. [Exit.

Scene, the Presence Chamber.

Enter Dion, Cleremont, Thrafiline, *Megra,* and
 Galatea.

Dion. Come, Ladies, shall we talk a Round !

Gal. 'Tis late.

Meg. 'Tis all

My Eyes will do to lead me to my Bed.

Enter Pharamond.

Thra. The Prince !

Pha. Not a-bed, Ladies ! You're good Sitters up,
 What think you of a pleasant Dream, to last
 Till Morning ?

Enter Arethusa and Bellario.

Are. 'Tis well, my Lord, you're courting of Ladies.
 Is't not late, Gentlemen ?

Cle. Yes, Madam.

Are. Wait you there.

[Exit *Arethusa.*

Meg.

Meg. She's jealous, as I live. Look you, my Lord,
The Princess has a Boy!

Pha. His Form is Angel-like!

Dion. Serves he the Princess?

Thra. Yes.

Dion. 'Tis a sweet Boy!

Pha. Ladies all, good Rest: I mean to kill a Buck
To-morrow Morning, 'ere you've done your Dreams.

[*Exit Pha.*]

Meg. All Happiness attend your Grace! Gentle-
men, good Rest.

Gal. All, Good Night.

[*Ex. Gal. and Meg.*]

Dion. May your Dreams be true to you!
What shall we do, Gallants? 'Tis late. The King
Is up still. See, he comes, and *Arethusa*
With him.

Enter King, Arethusa and Guard.

King. Look, your Intelligence be true.

Are. Upon my Life, it is: And I do hope,
Your Highness will not tie me to a Man,
That in the Heat of Wooing throws me off,
And takes another.

Dion. What should this mean?

King. If it be true,
That Lady had much better have embrac'd
Curclefs Diseases. Get you to your Rest.

[*Ex. Are. and Bel.*]

You shall be righted. Gentlemen, draw near:
Haste, some of you, and cunningly discover
If *Megra* be in her Lodging.

Cle. Sir,

She parted hence but now with other Ladies.

King. I would speak with her.

Dion. She's here my Lord.

Enter

Enter Megra.

King. Now Lady of Honour, where's your Honour now ?

No Man can fit your Palate, but the Prince,
Thou troubled Sea of Sin; thou Wildernefs,
Inhabited by wild Affections, tell me,
Had you none to pull on with your Courtesies
But he that must be mine, and wrong my Daughter ?
By all the Gods! all these, and all the Court
Shall hoot thee, and break scurvy Jest upon thee,
Make ribald Rhimes, and sear thy Name on Walls.

Meg. I dare, my Lord, your Hootings and your Clamours.

Your private Whispers, and your broader Fleerings,
Can no more vex my Soul, than this base Carriage,
The poor Destruction of a Lady's Honour,
The publishing the Weakness of a Woman.
But I have Vengeance yet in Store for some,
Shall, in the utmost Scorn you can have of me,
Be Joy and Nourishment.

King. What means the Wanton ?

D'yc glory in your Shame ?

Meg. I will have Fellows,
Such Fellows in't, as shall make noble Mirth.
The Princess, your dear Daughter, shall stand by me,
On Walls, and sung in Ballads, any thing.

King. My Daughter ?

Meg. Yes, your Daughter, *Arethusa*,
The Glory of your *Sicily*, which I,
A Stranger to your Kingdom, laugh to Scorn.
I know her Shame, and will discover all;
Nay, will dishonour her. I know the Boy
She keeps, a handsome Boy, about Eighteen ;
Know what she does with him, and where, and when.
Come, Sir, you put me to a Woman's Madness,
The Glory of a Fury.

King. What Boy's this

She raves about ?

Meg. Alas, good-minded Prince!
 You know not these Things : I will make them plain.
 I will not fall alone : What I have known
 Shall be as public as a Print : All Tongues
 Shall speak it, as they do the Language they
 Are born in, as free and commonly : I'll set it
 Like a prodigious Star, for all to gaze at ;
 And that so high and glowing, other Realms,
 Foreign and far, shall read it there ; and then
 Behold the Fall of your fair Princess too.

[*Exit.*

King. Has she a Boy ?

Cle. So, please your Grace, I've seen
 A Boy wait on her, a fair Boy.

King. Away ! I'd be alone : Go, get you to your
 Quarters.

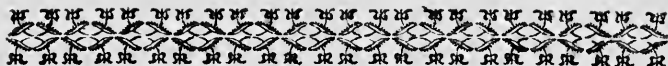
[*Exeunt.*

Manet King.

You Gods, I see, that who unrighteously
 Holds Wealth or State from others, shall be curst
 In that which meaner Men are blest withal :
 Ages to come shall know no Male of him
 Left to inherit, and his Name shall be
 Blotted from Earth. If he have any Child,
 It shall be crossly match'd. The Gods themselves
 Shall sow wild Strife between her Lord and her ;
 Or she shall prove his Curse, who gave her Being.
 Gods ! if it be your Wills—But how can I
 Look to be heard of Gods, who must be just,
 Praying upon the Ground, I hold by Wrong ?

[*Exit.*

A C T



ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, the Court.

Enter Philaster.

O That I had a Sea
 Within my Breast, to quench the Fire I feel
 More Circumstances will but fan this Fire.
 It more afflicts me now, to know by whom
 This Deed is done, than simply that 'tis done.
 Woman, frail Sex! the Winds that are let loose
 From the four several Corners of the Earth,
 And spread themselves all over Sea and Land,
 Kiss not a chaste one! Taken with her Boy!
 O, that, like Beasts, we could not grieve ourselves
 With what we see not! Bulls and Rams will fight
 To keep their Females standing in their Sight;
 But take 'em from them, and you take at once
 Their Spleens away; and they will fall again
 Unto their Pastures, growing fresh and fat;
 And taste the Water of the Springs as sweet
 As 'twas before, finding no Start in Sleep.
 But miserable Man—See, see, you Gods,
[Seeing Bellario at a Distance.
 He walks still! and the Face, you let him wear
 When he was innocent, is still the same,
 Not blasted. Is this Justice? Do you mean
 To intrap Mortality, that you allow
 Treason so smooth a Brow?

Enter

Enter Bellario.

I cannot now
Think he is guilty.

Bel. Health to you, my Lord!

The Princess doth commend her Love, her Life,
And this unto you. [*Gives a Letter.*]

Pbi. Oh *Bellario*,

Now I perceive she loves me; she does shew it
In loving thee, my Boy; sh'as made thee brave.

Bel. My Lord, she has attired me past my Wish,
Past my Desert; more fit for her Attendant,
Though far unfit for me, who do attend.

Pbi. Thou art grown courtly, Boy. O, let all Wo-
men, [*Reads.*]

That love black Deeds, learn to dissemble here!

Here, by this Paper she does write to me,

As if her Heart were Mines of Adamant

To all the World besides; but, unto me

A maiden Snow that melted with my Looks.

Tell me, my Boy, how doth the Princess use thee?

For I shall guess her Love to me by that.

Bel. Scarce like her Servant, but as if I were
Something allied to her, or had preserv'd

Her Life three Times by my Fidelity:

As Mothers fond do use their only Sons;

As I'd use one that's left unto my Trust,

For whom my Life should pay, if he met Harm;

So she does use me.

Pbi. Why, this is wondrous well:

But what kind Language does she feed thee with?

Bel. Why, she does tell me, she will trust my Youth
With all her loving Secrets; and does call me

Her pretty Servant; bids me weep no more

For leaving you; she'll see my Services

Reward'd; and such Words of that soft Strain,

That I am nearer weeping when she ends
Than e'er she spake.

Phi. This is much better still.

Bel. Are you not ill, my Lord?

Phi. Ill! No, *Bellarrio.*

Bel. Methinks your Words

Fall not from off your Tongue so evenly,
Nor is there in your Looks that Quietness,
That I was wont to see.

Phi. Thou art deceiv'd, Boy:
And she stroaks thy Head?

Bel. Yes.

Phi. And does clap thy Cheeks?

Bel. She does, my Lord.

Phi. And she does kiss thee, Boy? ha!

Bel. How, my Lord!

Phi. She kisses thee?

Bel. Not so, my Lord.

Phi. Come, come, I know she does.

Bel. No, by my Life.

Phi. Why, then, she does not love me; come, she does,
I bad her do it; I charg'd her by all Charms
Of Love between us, by the Hope of Peace
We should enjoy, to yield thee all Delights.
Tell me, gentle Boy,

Is she not past Compare? Is not her Breath
Sweet as *Arabian* Winds, when Fruits are ripe?
Is she not all a lasting Mine of Joy?

Bel. Ay, now I see why my disturbed Thoughts
Were so perplext. When first I went to her,
My Heart held Augury; you are abus'd;
Some Villain has abus'd you: I do see
Whereto you tend: Fall Rocks upon his Head,
That put this to you! 'tis some subtle Train,
To bring that noble Frame of yours to nought.

Phi. Thou think'st, I will be angry with thee; come,
'Thou shalt know all my Drift: I hate her more
'Than I love Happiness; and plac'd thee there,

To pry with narrow Eyes into her Deeds.
 Hast thou discover'd? Is she faln to Lust,
 As I would wish her? Speak some Comfort to me.

Bel. My Lord, you did mistake the Boy you sent:
 Had she a Sin that way, hid from the World,
 Beyond the Name of Sin, I would not aid
 Her base Desires; but what I came to know
 As Servant to her, I would not reveal,
 To make my Life last Ages.

Pbi. Oh, my Heart!
 This is a Salve worse than the main Disease.
 Tell me thy Thoughts; for I will know the least
 That dwells within thee, or will rip thy Heart
 To know it; I will see thy Thoughts as plain
 As I do now thy Face.

Bel. Why, so you do.
 She is (for ought I know) by all the Gods,
 As chaste as Ice; but were she foul as Hell,
 And I did know it thus, the Breath of Kings,
 The Points of Swords, Tortures, nor Bulls of Brass,
 Should draw it from me.

Pbi. Then it is no Time
 To dally with thee; I will take thy Life,
 For I do hate thee; I cou'd curse thee now.

Bel. If you do hate, you could not curse me worse;
 The Gods have not a Punishment in Store
 Greater for me, than is your Hate.

Pbi. Fie, fie!
 So young and so dissembling! Tell me when
 And where thou didst possess her, or let Plagues
 Fall on me strait, if I destroy thee not!

Bel. Heav'n knows, I never did: And when I lie
 To save my Life, may I live long and loath'd!
 Hew me asunder, and, whilst I can think,
 I'll love those Pieces you have cut away,
 Better than those that grow; and kiss those Limbs,
 Because you made them so.

Pbi. Fear'st thou not Death?
 Can Boys contemn that?

Bel.

Bel. Oh, what Boy is he
Can be content to live to be a Man,
That sees the best of Men thus passionate,
Thus without Reason?

Pbi. Oh, but thou dost not know
What 'tis to die.

Bel. Yes, I do know, my Lord;
'Tis less than to be born; a lasting Sleep,
A quiet Resting from all Jealousy;
A Thing we all pursue: I know, besides,
It is but giving over of a Game
That must be lost.

Pbi. But there are Pains, false Boy,
For perjur'd Souls; think but on these, and then
Thy Heart will melt, and thou wilt utter all.

Bel. May they fall all upon me whilst I live,
If I be perjur'd, or have ever thought
Of that you charge me with! If I be false,
Send me to suffer in those Punishments
You speak of; kill me.

Pbi. Oh, what shou'd I do?
Why, who can but believe him? He does swear
So earnestly, that if it were not true,
The Gods would not endure him. Rise, *Bellarion*;
Thy Protestations are so deep, and thou
Dost look so truly, when thou utterest them,
That though I know 'em false, as were my Hopes,
I cannot urge thee further: But thou wert
To blame to injure me, for I must love
Thy honest Looks, and take no Vengeance on
Thy tender Youth: A Love from me to thee
Is firm whate'er thou dost: It troubles me,
That I have call'd the Blood out of thy Cheeks,
That did so well become them. But, good Boy,
Let me not see thee more: Something is done,
That will distract me, that will make me mad,
If I behold thee; if thou tender'st me,
Let me not see thee.

Bel.

Bel. I will fly as far
 As there is Morning, e'er I give Distaste
 To that most honour'd Mind. But through these Tears,
 Shed at my hopeless Parting, I can see
 A World of Treason practis'd upon you,
 And Her, and Me. Farewell, for evermore!
 If you shall hear, that Sorrow struck me dead,
 And after find me loyal, let there be
 A Tear shed from you in my Memory,
 And I shall rest at Peace. [Exit Bel.

Pbi. Blessing be with thee,
 Whatever thou deserv'st! Oh, where shall I
 Go bathe this Body? Nature, too unkind,
 That made no Medicine for a troubled Mind!
[Exit Philaster.

Scene, Arethusa's Apartment.

Enter Arethusa.

Are. I marvel, my Boy comes not back again.
 But that I know my Love will question him
 Over and over; how I slept, wak'd, talk'd!
 How I remembered him, when his dear Name
 Was last spoke! and how, when I sigh'd, wept, sung,
 And ten thousand such! I should be angry at his Stay.

Enter King.

King. What, at your Meditations! Who attends
 you?

Are. None but my single Self; I need no Guard;
 I do no Wrong, nor fear none.

King. Tell me, have you not a Boy?

Are. Yes, Sir.

King. What Kind of Boy?

Are. A Page, a Waiting-Boy.

King. A handsome Boy?

Are. I think he be not ugly;
 Well qualified, and dutiful, I know him;
 I took him not for Beauty.

King.

King. He speaks, and sings, and plays ?

Are. Yes, Sir.

King. About Eighteen ?

Are. I never ask'd his Age.

King. Is he full of Service ?

Are. By your Pardon, why do you ask ?

King. Put him away.

Are. Sir !

King. Put him away ; 'has done you that good
Service

Shames me to speak of.

Are. Good Sir, let me understand you.

King. If you fear me,

Shew it in Duty ; put away that Boy.

Are. Let me have Reason for it, Sir, and then
Your Will is my Command.

King. Do you not blush to ask it ? Cast him off,
Or I shall do the same to you. You're one
Shame with me, and so near unto myself,
That, by my Life, I dare not tell myself
What you have done.

Are. What have I done, my Lord ?

King. Understand me well ;

There be foul Whispers stirring ; cast him off,
And suddenly do it. Farewell.

[*Exit King.*]

Are. Where may a Maiden live securely free,
Keeping her Honour safe ? Not with the Living,
They feed upon Opinions, Errors, Dreams,
And make 'em Truths : They draw a Nourishment
Out of Defamings, grow upon Disgraces,
And when they see a Virtue fortified
Strongly above the Battery of their Tongues,
Oh, how they cast to sink it ; and defeated
(Soul-sick with Poison) strike the Monuments
Where noble Names lie sleeping.

Enter

Enter Philaster.

Phi. Peace to your fairest Thoughts, my dearest
Mistress!

Are. Oh, my dear Servant, I have a War within me.

Phi. He must be more than Man, that makes these
Crystals

Run into Rivers. Sweetest Fair, the Cause;
And as I am your Slave, tied to your Goodness,
Your Creature made again from what I was,
And newly spirited, I'll right your Honours.

Are. Oh, my best Love; that Boy!

Phi. What Boy?

Are. The pretty Boy you gave me.——

Phi. What of him?

Are. Must be no more mine.

Phi. Why?

Are. They are jealous of him.

Phi. Jealous! who?

Are. The King.

Phi. Oh, my Fortune!

Then 'tis no idle Jealousy. Let him go.

Are. Oh cruel,

Are you hard-hearted too? Who shall now tell you,
How much I lov'd you? Who shall swear it to you,
And weep the Tears I send? Who shall now bring you
Letters, Rings, Bracelets, lose his Health in Service?
Wake tedious Nights in Stories of your Praise?
Who now shall sing your crying Elegies,
And strike a sad Soul into senseless Pictures,
And make them mourn? Who shall take up his Lute,
And touch it, till he crown a silent Sleep
Upon my Eyelid, making me dream and cry,
Oh my dear, dear *Philaster*.

Phi. Oh, my Heart!

Would he had broken thee, that made thee know
This Lady was not loyal! Mistress, forget

The Boy, I'll get thee a far better one.

Are. Oh never, never, such a Boy again,
As my *Bellarion*.

Phi. 'Tis but your fond Affection.

Are. With thee, my Boy, farewell for ever
All Secrecy in Servants: Farewell Faith,
And all Desire to do well for itself:
Let all that shall succeed thee, for thy Wrongs,
Sell and betray chaste Love?

Phi. And all this Passion for a Boy?

Are. He was your Boy; you gave him to me, and
The Loss of such must have a Mourning for.

Phi. O thou forgetful Woman!

Are. How, my Lord?

Phi. False *Arethusa*!

Hast thou a Medicine to restore my Wits,
When I have lost 'em? If not, leave to talk,
And to do thus.

Are. Do what, Sir? Would you sleep?

Phi. For ever, *Arethusa*. Oh, you Gods,
Give me a worthy Patience: Have I stood
Naked, alone, the Shock of many Fortunes?
Have I seen Mischiefs numberless, and mighty,
Grow like a Sea upon me? Have I taken
Danger as stern as Death into my Bosom,
And laugh'd upon it, made it but a Mirth,
And flung it by? Do I live now like him,
Under this Tyrant King, that languishing
Hears his sad Bell, and sees his Mourners? Do I
Bear all this bravely, and must sink at length
Under a Woman's Falsehood? Oh, that Boy,
That cursed Boy! None but a villain Boy,
To ease your Lust.

Are. Nay, then I am betray'd;
I feel the Plot cast for my Overthrow;
Oh, I am wretched.

Phi. Now you may take that little Right I have

To

To this poor Kingdom: Give it to your Boy!
 For I have no Joy in it. Some far Place
 Where never Womankind durst set her Foot,
 For bursting with her Poisons, must I seek,
 And live to curse you:

There dig a Cave, and preach to Birds and Beasts,
 What Woman is, and help to save them from you.
 How Heav'n is in your Eyes, but in your Hearts
 More Hell than Hell has; how your Tongues, like
 Scorpions,

Both heal and poison: how your Thoughts are woven
 With thousand Changes in one subtle Web,
 And worn so by you. How that foolish Man,
 That reads the Story of a Woman's Face,
 And dies believing it, is lost for ever.

How all the Good you have, is but a Shadow,
 I'th' Morning with you, and at Night behind you,
 Past and forgotten. How your Vows are Frost,
 Fast for a Night, and with the next Sun gone.
 How you are, being taken all together,

A meer Confusion, and so dead a *Chaos*,
 That Love cannot distinguish. These sad Texts,
 Till my last Hour, I am bound to utter of you.
 So farewell all my Woe, all my Delight!

[*Exit.*]

Are. Be merciful, ye Gods, and strike me dead;
 What way have I deserv'd this? Make my Breast
 Transparent as pure Crystal, that the World,
 Jealous of me, may see the foulest Thought
 My Heart holds. Where shall a Woman turn her Eyes,
 To find out Constancy? Save me, how black,

Enter Bellario.

And guiltily, methinks, that Boy looks now?
 Oh thou Dissembler, that, before thou spak'st,

F

Wert

Wert in thy Cradle false! Sent to make Lyes,
 And betray Innocents; thy Lord and thou
 May glory in the Ashes of a Maid
 Fool'd by her Passion; but the Conquest is
 Nothing so great as wicked. Fly away,
 Let my Command force thee to that, which Shame
 Should do without it. If thou understoodst
 The loathed Office thou hast undergone,
 Why, thou wouldst hide thee under Heaps of Hills,
 Lest Men should dig and find thee.

Bel. Oh what God,
 Angry with Men, hath sent this strange Disease
 Into the noblest Minds? Madam, this Grief
 You add unto me is no more than Drops
 To Seas, for which they are not seen to swell;
 My Lord hath struck his Anger through my Heart,
 And let out all the Hope of future Joys:
 You need not bid me fly; I came to part,
 To take my latest Leave.
 I durst not run away in Honesty,
 From such a Lady, like a Boy that stole,
 Or made some grievous Fault. Farewell! The Gods
 Assist you in your Suff'rings! Hasty Time
 Reveal the Truth to your abused Lord,
 And mine; that he may know your Worth! Whilst I
 Go seek out some forgotten Place to die.

[*Exit.*

Are. Peace guide thee! thou hast overthrown me
 once,
 Yet, if I had another Heaven to lose,
 Thou, or another Villain, with thy Looks,
 Might talk me out of it.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Madam, the King would hunt, and calls for you
 With Earnestness.

Are.

Are. I am in Tune to hunt!
Diana, if thou canst rage with a Maid,
As with a Man, let me discover thee
Bathing, and turn me to a fearful Hind,
That I may die pursu'd by cruel Hounds,
And have my Story written in my Wounds.

[*Exeunt.*





ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE, *a Wood.**Enter Philaster.*

OH, that I had been nourish'd in these Woods
 With Milk of Goats, and Acorns, and not known
 The Right of Crowns, nor the dissembling Trains
 Of Womens Looks ; but dig'd myself a Cave,
 Where I, my Fire, my Cattle, and my Bed,
 Might have been shut together in one Shed ;
 And then had taken me some Mountain Girl,
 Beaten with Winds, chaste as the harden'd Rocks
 Whereon she dwells ; that might have strew'd my Bed
 With Leaves, and Reeds, and with the Skins of Beasts
 Our Neighbours ; and have borne at her big Breasts
 My large coarse Issue ! This had been a Life
 Free from Vexation.

*Enter Bellario.**Bel.* Oh, wicked Men !

An Innocent may walk safe among Beasts :
 Nothing assaults me here. See, my griev'd Lord
 Looks as his Soul were searching out the Way
 To leave his Body. Pardon me, that must
 Break thro' thy last Command ; for I must speak :
 You, that are griev'd, can pity ; hear, my Lord.

Phi. Is there a Creature yet so miserable,
 That I can pity ?

Bel. Oh, my noble Lord,

View my strange Fortune, and bestow on me,
According to your Bounty (if my Service
Can merit nothing) so much as may serve
To keep that little Piece I hold of Life
From Cold and Hunger.

Phi. Is it thou? Be gone:
Go, sell those misbefeeing Cloaths thou wear'st,
And feed thyself with them.

Bel. Alas! my Lord, I can get nothing for them:
The silly Country People think, 'tis Treason
To touch such gay Things.

Phi. Now, by my Life, this is
Unkindly done, to vex me with thy Sight;
Thou'rt faln again to thy dissembling Trade:
How shouldst thou think to cozen me again?
Remains there yet a Plague untry'd for me?
Even so thou wept'st, and look'd'st, and spok'st, when first
I took thee up: Curse on the Time! If thy
Commanding Tears can work on any other,
Use thy old Art, I'll not betray it. Which
Way wilt thou take? that I may shun thee; for
Thine Eyes are Poison unto mine; and I
Am loth to grow in Rage. This Way, or that Way?

Bel. Any will serve. But I will chuse to have
That Path in Chase that leads unto my Grave.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter Dion and the Woodmen.

Dion. This is the strangest sudden Chance! You,
Woodman!—

1 Wood. My Lord *Dion*.—

Dion. Saw you a Lady come this Way on a sable
Horse studded with Stars of White?

2 Wood. Was she not young and tall?

Dion. Yes; Rode she to the Wood, or to the Plain?

2 Wood. Faith, my Lord, we saw none.

[*Exeunt Wood.*]

Dion. Pox of your Questions then!

Enter Cleremont.

What, is she found?

Cle. Nor will be, I think. There's already a thousand fatherless Tales amongst us; some say, her Horse run away with her; some a Wolf pursued her; others, it was a Plot to kill her; and that armed Men were seen in the Wood: But, questionless, she rode away willingly.

Enter King, and Thrafiline.

King. Where is she?

Cle. Sir, I cannot tell.

King. How is that?

Sir, I speak you where she is.

Dion. Sir, I do not know.

King. You have betray'd me, you have let me lose
The Jewel of my Life: go, bring her me,
And set her here before me; 'tis the King
Will have it so. Alas! what are we Kings?
Why do you, Gods, place us above the rest;
To be serv'd, flatter'd, and ador'd, till we
Believe, we hold within our Hands your Thunder;
And when we come to try the Pow'r we have,
There's not a Leaf shakes at our Threatenings.
I have sinn'd, 'tis true, and here stand to be punish'd;
Yet would not thus be punish'd.

Enter Pharamond, Galatea, and Megra.

King. What, is she found?

Pha. No, we have ta'en her Horse.

He gallop'd empty by; There is some Treason:

You

You, *Galatea*, rode with her into the Wood ; Why left you her ?

Gal. She did command me.

King. You're all cuning to obey us for our Hurt ; But I will have her.

Run all, disperse yourselves : The Man that finds her, Or (if she be kill'd) the Traitor ; I'll make him great.

Pha. Come, let us seek.

King. Each Man a several Way ; here I myself.

[*Exeunt.*]

Another Part of the Wood.

Enter Arethusa.

Are. Where am I now ? Feet, find me out a Way, Without the Counsel of my troubled Head ; I'll follow you boldly about these Woods, O'er Mountains, thorough Brambles, Pits, and Floods : Heaven, I hope, will ease me. I am sick.

Enter Bellario.

Bel. Yonder's my Lady ; Heav'n knows, I want nothing, Because I do not wish to live ; yet I Will try her Charity. O hear, you that have Plenty, And from that flowing Store, drop some on dry Ground : See, The lively Red is gone to guard her Heart ; (*she faints*) I fear, she faints. Madam, look up ; she breathes not ; Open once more those rosy Twins, and send Unto my Lord, your latest Farewell ; Oh, she stirs : How is it, Madam ?

Are. 'Tis not gently done, To put me in a miserable Life, And hold me there ; I pray thee, let me go, I shall do best without thee ; I am well.

Enter

Enter Philaster.

Pbi. I am to blame to be so much in Rage:
I'll tell her coolly, when, and where I heard
This killing Truth. I will be temperate
In speaking, and as just in hearing it.
Oh monstrous! (*seeing them*) Tempt me not, ye Gods!
good Gods,
Tempt not a frail Man! what's he, that has a Heart,
But he must ease it here?

Bel. My Lord, help the Princess.

Are. I am well, forbear.

Pbi. Let me love Lightning, let me embrac'd
And kiss'd by Scorpions, or adore the Eyes
Of Basilisks, rather than trust the Tongues,
Of Hell-bred Women! Some good Gods look down,
And shrink these Veins up! stick me here a Stone,
Lasting to Ages in the Memory
Of this damn'd Act! Hear me, you wicked Ones!
You have put Hills of Fire into this Breast,
Not to be quench'd with Tears; for which may Guilt
Sit on your Bosoms! at your Meals, and Beds,
Despair await you! What, before my Face?
Poison of Asps between your Lips! Diseases
Be your best Issues! Nature make a Curse,
And throw it on you!

Are. Dear *Philaster*, leave
To be enrag'd, and hear me.

Pbi. I have done;
Forgive my Passion. Not the calmed Sea,
When *Aeolus* locks up his windy Brood,
Is less disturb'd than I. I'll make you know it.
Dear *Arethusa*, do but take this Sword,
And search how temperate a Heart I have;
Then you, and this your Boy, may live and reign
In Lust, without Controul. Wilt thou, *Bellarion*?
I prithee, kill me; thou art poor, and may'st
Nourish ambitious Thoughts, when I am dead:
This Way were freer.

Are.

Are. Kill you !

Bel. Not for a World.

Pbi. I blame not thee,

Bellario ; thou hast done but that which Gods
Would have transform'd themselves to do ! be gone,
Leave me without Reply ; this is the last
Of all our Meeting. Kill me with this Sword !
Be wise, or worse will follow ; we are Two
Earth cannot bear at once. Resolve to do, or suffer.

Are. If my Fortunes be so good to let me fall
Upon thy Hand, I shall have Peace in Death.
Yet tell me this, will there be no Slanders,
No Jealousies in the other World, no Ill there ?

Pbi. No.

Are. Shew me then the Way.

Pbi. Then guide

My feeble Hand, you that have Pow'r to do it !
For I must perform a Piece of Justice. If your Youth
Have any Way offended Heav'n, let Pray'rs
Short and effectual reconcile you to it.

Enter a Country Fellow.

Coun. I'll see the King if he be in the Forest ; I have
hunted him these two Hours ; if I should come home
and not see him, my Sisters would laugh at me.
There's a Courtier with his Sword drawn, by this
Hand, upon a Woman, I think.

Are. I am prepar'd.

Pbi. Are you at Peace ?

Are. With Heav'ns and Earth.

Pbi. May they divide thy Soul and Body !

Coun. Hold, Dastard ! offer to strike a Woman !

(preventing him)

Pbi. Leave us, good Friend.

Are. What ill-bred Man art thou, to intrude thyself
Upon our private Sports, our Recreations ?

Coun. I understand you not ; but I know the Knave
wou'd have hurt you.

Pbi. Pursue thy own Affairs ; it will be ill
To multiply Blood upon my Head, which thou wilt
force me to.

Coun. I know not your Rhetorick ; but I can lay it
on, if you offer to touch the Woman.

Pbi. Slave, take what thou deserv'st.

[*They fight.*

Are. Heav'ns guard my Lord !

Bel. Unmanner'd Boor !—my Lord !—

[*Interposing, is wounded.*

Pbi. I hear the Tread of People : I am hurt.
The Gods take l'art against me, cou'd this Boor
Have held me thus else ? I must shift for Life,
Though I do loath it.

[*Exit Phi. and Bel.*

Coun. I cannot follow the Rogue.

Enter Pharamond, Dion, Cleremont, Thrafiline,
and Woodmen.

Pba. What art thou ?

Coun. Almost kill'd I am for a foolish Woman ; a
Knave would have hurt her.

Pba. The Princess, Gentlemen !

Dion. 'Tis above Wonder ! Who should dare do this ?

Pba. Speak, Villain, who would have hurt the
Princess ?

Coun. Is it the Princess ?

Dion. Ay.

Coun. Then I have seen Something yet.

Pba. But who would have hurt her ?

Coun. I told you, a Rogue ; I ne'er saw him before, I.

Pba. Madam, who was it ?

Are. Some dishonest Wretch ;

Alas ! I know him not, and do forgive him.

Coun. He's hurt himself, and soundly too, he can-
not go far ; I made my Father's old Fox fly about his
Ears.

Pba.

Pha. How will you have me kill him?

Are. Not at all,

'Tis some distracted Fellow.

If you do take him, bring him quick to me,

And I will study for a Punishment,

Great as his Fault.

Pha. I will.

Are. But swear.

Pha. By all my Love, I will :

Woodmen, conduct the Princess to the King,

And bear that wounded Fellow unto Dressing :

Come, Gentlemen, we'll follow the Chase close.

[*Ex. Are. Pha. Dion. Cle. Thra and 1 Woodman.*

Coun. I pray you, Friend, let me see the King.

2 Wood. That you shall, and receive Thanks.

Coun. If I get clear of this, I'll go see no more gay
Sights. [*Exeunt.*

Scene, another Part of the Wood.

Enter Bellario, with a Scarf.

Bel. Yes, I am hurt ; and would to Heav'n it were
A Death's Wound to me ! I am faint and weak
With Loss of Blood : My Spirits ebb a-pace :
A Heaviness near Death sits on my Brow,
And I must sleep : Bear me, thou gentle Bank,
For ever, if thou wilt, you sweet Ones all,
Let me unworthy press you : I cou'd wish,
I rather were a Corse strew'd over with you,
Than quick above you. Dulness shuts mine Eyes,
And I am giddy. Oh ! that I could take
So sound a Sleep, that I might never wake.

Enter Philaster.

Phi. I have done ill ; my Conscience calls me false.
What strike at her, that would not strike at me !
When I did fight, methought, I heard her pray
The Gods to guard me. She may be abus'd,
And I a loathed Villain : If she be,

She'll not discover me ; the Slave has Wounds,
 And cannot follow, neither knows he me.
 Who's this? *Bellarion* sleeping! If thou beest
 Guilty, there is no Justice that thy Sleep
 Should be so sound ; and mine, whom thou hast wrong'd
 So broken.

Bel. Who is there? My Lord *Philaster*!

[*A Cry within.*

Hark! You are pursu'd, fly, fly my Lord! and save
 Yourself.

Pbi. How's this! would'st Thou I should be safe?

Bel. Else were it vain for me to live ; oh seize,
 My Lord, this offer'd Means of your Escape!
 The Princess, I am sure, will ne'er reveal you ;
 They have no Mark to know you, but your Wounds ;
 I, coming in betwixt the Boor and you,
 Was wounded too. To stay the Loss of Blood
 I did bind on this Scarf, which thus
 I tear away. Fly! and 'twill be believed
 'Twas I assail'd the Princess.

Pbi. O Heavens!

What hast thou done? Art thou then true to me?

Bel. Or let me perish loath'd! Come, my good
 Lord,

Creep in amongst those Bushes : Who does know,
 But that the Gods may save your much-lov'd Breath?

Pbi. Oh, I shall die for Grief! What wilt thou do?

Bel. Shift for myself well : Peace, I hear 'em come!

Within. Follow, follow, follow ; that Way they
 went.

Bel. With my own Wounds I'll bloody my own
 Sword!

I need not counterfeit to fall ; Heav'n knows
 That I can stand no longer.

Enter Pharamond, Dion, Cleremont, Thrasiline, &c.

Pba. To this Place we have track'd him by his
 Blood.

Cle.

Cle. Yonder, my Lord, creeps one away.

Dion. Stay, Sir, what are you ?

Bel. A wretched Creature wounded in these Woods
By Beasts ! relieve me, if your Names be Men,
Or I shall perish !

Dion. This is he, my Lord,
Upon my Soul, assail'd her ; 'tis the Boy,
That wicked Boy, that serv'd her.

Pha. O thou damn'd
In thy Creation ! What Cause could'st thou shape
To hurt the Princess ?

Bel. Then I am betray'd.

Dion. Betray'd ! no, apprehended.

Bel. I confess,
Urge it no more, that, big with evil Thoughts,
I set upon her, and did make my Aim
Her Death. For Charity, let fall at once
The Punishment you mean, and do not load
This weary Flesh with Tortures !

Pha. I will know
Who hir'd thee to this Deed.

Bel. My own Revenge.

Pha. Revenge, for what ?

Bel. It pleas'd her to receive
Me as her Page, and, when my Fortunes ebb'd,
That Men strid o'er them careless, she did shower
Her welcome Graces on me, and did swell
My Fortunes, till they overflow'd their Banks,
Threatning the Men that crost 'em ; when, as swift
As Storms arise at Sea, she turn'd her Eyes
To burning Suns upon me, and did dry
The Streams she had bestow'd ; leaving me worse,
And more contemn'd than other little Brooks,
Because I had been great : In short, I knew
I could not live, and therefore did desire
To die reveng'd.

Pha. If Tortures can be found,

Long

Long as thy natural Life, prepare to feel
The utmost Rigour.

Cle. Help to lead him hence.

Philaster comes forth.

Phi. Turn back you Ravishers of Innocence !
Know ye the Price of that you bear away
So rudely ?

Pba. Who's that ?

Dion. 'Tis the Lord *Philaster*.

Phi. 'Tis not the Treasure of all Kings in one,
The Wealth of *Tagus*, nor the Rocks of Pearl
That pave the Court of *Neptune*, can weigh down
That Virtue. It was I assail'd the Princess.
Place me, some God, upon a *Piramis*,
Higher than Hills of Earth, and lend a Voice
Loud as your Thunder to me, that from thence
I may discourse to all the Under-world
The Worth that dwells in him!

Pba. How's this ?

Bel. My Lord, some Man

Weary of Life, that would be glad to die.

Phi. Leave these untimely Courtesies, *Bellario*.

Bel. Alas! he's mad; come, will you lead me on ?

Phi. By all the Oaths that Men ought most to keep,
And Gods do punish most, when Men do break,
He touch'd her not. Take Heed, *Bellario*,
How thou dost drown the Virtues, thou hast shown,
With Perjury. By all that's good, 'twas I:
You know, she stood betwixt me and my Right.

Pba. Thy own Tongue be thy Judge.

Cle. It was *Philaster*.

Dion. Is't not a brave Boy ?

Well, Sirs, I fear me, we are all deceiv'd.

Phi. Have I no Friend here ?

Dion. Yes.

Phi. Then shew it; some

Good Body lend a Hand to draw us nearer.

Would you have Tears shed for you when you die ?

'Then lay me gently on his Neck, that there

I may weep Floods, [*they lead him to Bellario*] and breathe out my Spirit:

'Tis not the Wealth of *Plutus*, nor the Gold Lock'd in the Heart of Earth can buy away This Arm-full from me. You hard-hearted Men, More stony than these Mountains, can you see Such clear pure Blood drop, and not cut your Flesh To stop his Life? To bind whose bitter Wounds, Queens ought to tear their Hair, and with their Tears Bathe 'em. Forgive me, thou that art the Wealth Of poor *Philester*!

Enter King, Arethusa, and a Guard.

King. Is the Villain ta'en?

Phi. Sir, here be two confess the Deed; but say it was *Philester*.

Phi. Question it no more, it was.

King. The Fellow, that did fight with him, will tell us.

Are. Ah me! I know he will.

King. Did not you know him?

Are. No, Sir; if it was he, he was disguised.

Phi. I was so. Oh my Stars! that I should live still.

King. Thou ambitious Fool!

Thou, that hast laid a Train for thy own Life;
Now I do mean to do, I'll leave to talk.
Bear him to Prison.

Are. Sir, they did plot together to take hence This harmless Life; should it pass unreveng'd, I should to Earth go weeping: Grant me then (By all the Love a Father bears his Child) The Custody of both, and to appoint Their Tortures, and their Death.

King. 'Tis granted: Take 'em to you, with a Guard. Come, Princely *Pharamond*, this Business past, We may with more Security go on To your intended Match.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT



ACT V. SCENE I.

Scene, the Palace.

Enter Philaster, Arethusa, and Bellario.

Are. **N**AY, dear *Philaster*, grieve not! we are well.

Bel. Nay, good my Lord, forbear; we are wond'rous well.

Phi. Oh *Arethusa*! O *Bellarion*! leave to be kind: I shall be shot from Heav'n, as now from Earth, If you continue so. I am a Man, False to a Pair of the most trusty ones That ever Earth bore. Can it bear us all? Forgive, and leave me! but the King hath sent To call me to my Death: Oh shew it me, And then forget me. And for thee, my Boy, I shall deliver Words will mollify The Hearts of Beasts, to spare thy Innocence.

Bel. Alas, my Lord, my Life is not a Thing Worthy your noble Thoughts; 'tis not a Life, 'Tis but a Piece of Childhood thrown away: Should I out-live you, I should then out-live Virtue and Honour; and, when that Day comes, If ever I shall close these Eyes but once, May I live spotted for my Perjury, And waste my Limbs to nothing!

Are. And I (the woful'st Maid that ever was, Fore'd with my Hands to bring my Lord to Death)

Do

Do by the Honour of a Virgin swear,
To tell no Hours beyond it.

Pbi. Make me not hated so.

People will tear me, when they find you true
To such a Wretch as I ; I shall die loath'd.
Enjoy your Kingdoms peaceably, whilst I
For ever sleep forgotten with my Faults.
Ev'ry just Servant, ev'ry Maid in Love,
Will have a Piece of me, if you be true.

Are. My dear Lord, say not so.

Bel. A Piece of you !

He was not born of Woman that can cut
It and look on.

Pbi. Take me in Tears betwixt you,
For else my Heart will break with Shame and Sorrow.

Are. Why, 'tis well.

Bel. Lament no more.

Pbi. What would you have done
If you had wrong'd me basely, and had found
My Life no Price, compar'd to your's ? For Love,
Sirs,

Deal with me plainly.

Bel. 'Twas mistaken, Sir.

Pbi. Why, if it were ?

Bel. Then, Sir, we would have ask'd you Pardon.

Pbi. And have Hope to enjoy it ?

Are. Enjoy it ! ay.

Pbi. Would you, indeed ? be plain.

Bel. We would, my Lord.

Pbi. Forgive me then.

Are. So, so.

Bel. 'Tis as it should be now.

Pki. Lead to my Death.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene, the Presence Chamber.

Enter King, Dion, Cleremont, and Thrasiline.

King. Gentlemen, who saw the Prince ?

H

Cle.

PHILASTER

Cle. So please you, Sir, he's gone to see the City,
And the new Platform, with some Gentlemen
Attending on him.

King. Is the Princess ready
To bring her Prisoner out?

Thra. She waits your Grace.

King. Tell her we stay.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where's the King?

King. Here.

Mes. To your Strength, O King,
And rescue the Prince *Pharamond* from Danger;
He's taken Prisoner by the Citizens,
Fearing the Lord *Philaster*.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. Arm, arm, O King, the City is in Mutiny,
Led by an old grey Ruffian, who comes on
In Rescue of the Lord *Philaster*. [*Exit.*

King. Away to th' Citadel; I'll see them safe,
And then cope with these Burghers: Let the Guard
And all the Gentlemen give strong Attendance.

[*Exit King.*

Manent Dion, Cleremont, Thrasiline.

Cle. The City up! This was above our Wishes.

Dion. Well, my dear Countrymen, if you continue,
and fall not back upon the first broken Shin, I'll have
you chronicled, and chronicled, and cut and chrono-
ricled, and sung in all-to-be-prais'd Sonnets, and grav'd
in new brave Ballads, that all Tongues shall trouble you
in Secula Seculorum, my kind Can-carriers.

Thra. What if a Toy take 'em i'th' Heels now, and
they all run away, and cry, *the Devil take the Hind-*
most?

Dion. Then the same Devil take the Foremost too,
and

and fowce him for his Breakfast! If they all prove Cowards, my Curses fly among them and be speeding! May they have Murrains reign to keep the Gentlemen at home, unbound in ealy Freeze! May the Moths branch their Velvets! May their false Lights undo 'em, and discover Presses, Holes, Stains, and Oldness in their Stuffs, and make them Shop rid! May they keep Whores and Horses, and break; and live mewed up with Necks of Beef and Turnips! May they have many Children, and none like the Father! May they know no Language but that Gibberish they prattle to their Parcels, unless it be the *Gothick* Latin they write in their Bonds, and may they write that false, and lose their Debts!

Enter the King.

King. 'Tis *Philaster*,

None but *Philaster*, must allay this Heat:
They will not hear me speak; but call me Tyrant.
My Daughter and *Bellarion* too declare,
Were he to die, that they would both die with him.
Oh run, dear Friend, and bring the Lord *Philaster*;
Speak him fair; call him Prince; do him all
The Courtesy you can; commend me to him.
I have already given Orders for his Liberty.

Cle. My Lord, he's here.

Enter Philaster.

King. O worthy Sir, forgive me; do not make
Your Miseries and my Faults meet together,
To bring a greater Danger. Be yourself,
Still found amongst Diseases. I have wrong'd you,
And though I find it last, and beaten to it,
Let first your Goodness know it. Calm the People,
And be what you were born to: Take your Love,
And with her my Repentance, and my Wishes,
And all my Pray'rs: By th' Gods, my Heart speaks this:

And if the least fall from me not perform'd,
May I be struck with Thunder!

Phi. Mighty Sir,

I will not do your Greatness so much Wrong,
As not to make your Word Truth; free the Princess
And the poor Boy, and let me stand the Shock
Of this mad Sea-breach, which I'll either turn
Or perish with it.

King. Let your own Word free them.

Phi. Then thus I take my Leave, kissing your Hand,
And hanging on your Royal Word: Be kingly,
And be not mov'd, Sir; I shall bring you Peace,
Or never bring myself back.

King. All the Gods go with thee!

[*Exeunt.*

Scene, a Street in the City.

Enter an old Captain and Citizens with Pharamond.

Cap. Come, my brave Myrmidons, let us fall on,
Let our Caps swarm, my Boys,
And your nimble Tongues forget your Mothers
Gibberish, of what do you lack, and set your Mouths
Up, Children, till your Pallats fall frighted half a
Fathom, past the Cure of Bay-salt and gross Pepper,
And then cry *Philaster*, brave *Philaster*.

All. *Philaster!* *Philaster!*

Cap. How do you like this, my Lord Prince?

Phi. You will not see me murder'd, wicked Villains?

Enter Philaster.

All. Long live *Philaster*, the brave Prince *Philaster!*

Phi. I thank you, Gentlemen; but why are these
Rude Weapons brought abroad, to teach your Hands
Uncivil Trades?

Cap. My Royal *Rosiclear*, ^{My Lord} Knight ^{hood}
We are thy Myrmidons, thy Guard, thy Roarers;
And when thy noble Body is in Durance,

Thus

Thus do we clap our musty Murrions on,
 And trace the Streets in Terror: Is it Peace,
 Thou *Mars* of Men: Is the King sociable,
 And bids thee live? Art thou above thy Foemen,
 And free as *Phœbus*? Speak; if not, this Stand
 Of Royal Blood shall be abroach, a-tilt, and run
 Even to the Lees of Honour.

Pbi. Hold and be satisfied; I am myself,
 Free as my Thoughts are; by the Gods, I am.

Cap. Art thou the dainty Darling of the King?
 Art thou the *Ilyas* to our *Hercules*?
 Is the Court navigable, and the Presence stuck
 With Flags of Friendship? If not, we are thy Castle,
 And this Man sleeps.

Pbi. I am what I desire to be, your Friend;
 I am what I was born to be, your Prince.

Pba Sir, There is some Humanity in you;
 You have a noble Soul; forget my Name,
 And know my Misery; set me safe aboard
 From these wild *Canibals*, and, as I live,
 I'll quit this Land for ever:

Pbi. I do pity you: Friends, discharge your Fears;
 Deliver me the Prince.

Good, my Friends, go to your Houses, and by me have
 Your Pardons, and my Love;
 And know, there shall be nothing in my Pow'r
 You may deserve, but you shall have your Wisheſes.

All. Long may'st thou live, brave Prince!
 Brave Prince! brave Prince!

Exeunt Phi. and Pha.

Cap. Go thy Ways; thou art the King of Courtesy:
 Fall off again my sweet Youths; come, and every Man
 trace to his House again, and hang his Pewter up;
 then to the Tavern, and bring your Wives in Muffs:
 We will have Musick, and the red Grape shall make
 us dance, and rise, Boys. [Exeunt.

Enter

Scene changes to the Court.

Enter King, Arethusa, Galatea, Megra, Cleremont, Dion, Thrafiline, Bellario, and Attendants.

King. Is it appeas'd ?

Dion. Sir, all is quiet as the Dead of Night,
As peaceable as Sleep: My Lord *Philaster*
Brings on the Prince himself.

King. Kind Gentleman !
I will not break the least Word I have giv'n
In Promise to him. I have heap'd a World
Of Grief upon his Head, which yet, I hope,
To wash away.

Enter Philaster and Pharamond.

Cle. My Lord is come.

King. My Son !
Blest be the Time, that I have Leave to call
Such Virtue mine ! Now thou art in mine Arms,
Methinks I have a Salve unto my Breast
For all the Stings that dwell there: Streams of Grief
That I have wrong'd thee, and as much of Joy
That I repent it, issue from mine Eyes:
Let them appease thee ; take thy Right ; take her,
She is thy Right too, and forget to urge
My vexed Soul with that I did before.

Pbi. Sir, it is blotted from my Memory,
Past and forgotten: For you, Prince of *Spain*,
Whom I have thus redeem'd, you have full Leave
To make an honourable Voyage home.
And if you would go furnish'd to your Realm
With fair Provision, I do see a Lady,
Methinks, would gladly bear you Company.

Meg. Shall I then alone
Be made the Mark of Obloquy and Scorn ?
Can Shame remain perpetually in me,

And

And not in others? or have Princes Salves
To cure ill Names, that meaner People want?

Phi. What mean you?

Meg. You must get another Ship
To bear the Princess and the Boy together.

Dion. How now!

Meg. I have already publish'd both their Shames.
Ship us all four, my Lord; we can endure
Weather and Wind alike.

King. Clear thou thyself, or know not me for Father.

Arc. This Earth, how false it is! What Means is left
For me to clear myself? It lies in your Belief.
My Lords, believe me, and let all Things else
Struggle together to dishonour me.

Bel. O stop your Ears, great King, that I may speak
As Freedom would: Then I will call this Lady
As base as be her Actions. Hear me, Sir;
Believe your heated Blood when it rebels
Against your Reason, sooner than this Lady.

Phi. This Lady? I will sooner trust the Wind
With Feathers, or the troubled Sea with Pearl,
Than her with any thing: Believe her not!
Why, think you, if I did believe her Words,
I would outlive 'em? Honour cannot take
Revenge on you; then what were to be known
But Death?

King. Forget her, Sir, since all is knit
Between us: But I must request of you
One Favour, and will sadly be denied.

Phi. Command, whate'er it be.

King. Swear to be true
To what you promise.

Phi. By the Pow'rs above,
Let it not be the Death of her or him,
And it is granted.

King. Bear away the Boy
To Torture. I will have her clear'd or buried.

Phi. O, let me call my Words back, worthy Sir;

54 something else: Bury my Life and Right
 in one poor Grave; but do not take away
 My Life and Fame at once.

King. Away with him, it stands irrevocable.

Bel. O kill me, Gentlemen!

Dion. No, help, Sirs.

Bel. Will you torture me?

King. Hasten there; why stay you?

Bel. Then I shall not break my Vow,
 You know, just Gods, though I discover all.

King. How's that? Will he confess?

Dion. Sir, so he says.

King. Speak then.

Bel. Great King, if you command
 This Lord to talk with me alone, my Tongue,
 Urg'd by my Heart, shall utter all the Thoughts
 My Youth hath known, and stranger Things than these
 You hear not often.

King. Walk aside with him.

[*Dion and Bel. walk aside together.*]

Dion. Why speak'st thou not?

Bel. Know you this Face, my Lord?

Dion. No.

Bel. Have you not seen it, nor the like?

Dion. Yes, I have seen the like, but readily
 I know not where.

Bel. I have been often told
 In Court of one *Euphrasia*, a Lady,
 And Daughter to you; betwixt whom and me,
 They, that would flatter my bad Face, would swear
 There was such strange Resemblance, that we two
 Could not be known asunder, dress'd alike.

Dion. By Heav'n, and so there is.

Bel. For her fair Sake,
 Who now doth spend the Spring-time of her Life
 In holy Pilgrimage, move to the King,
 That I may 'scape this Torture.

Dion. But thou speak'st
 As like *Euphrasia*, as thou do'st look.

How

How came it to thy Knowledge that she lives
In Pilgrimage ?

Bel. I know it not, my Lord.

But I have heard it, and do scarce believe it.

Dion. Oh, my Shame, is it possible ? Draw near,
That I may gaze upon thee : Art thou she ?
Or else her Murderer ? Where wert thou born ?

Bel. In *Siracusa*.

Dion. What's thy Name ?

Bel. *Euphrasia*.

Dion. 'Tis just ; 'tis she ; now I do know thee ; Oh
That thou hadst died, and I had never seen
Thee nor my Shame.

Bel. 'Would I had died, indeed ! I wish it too ;
And so I must have done by Vow, e'er publish'd
What I have told ; but that there was no Means
To hide it longer ; yet I joy in this,
The Princess is all clear.

King. What have you done ?

Dion. All is discover'd.

Are. What is discover'd ?

Dion. Why, my Shame ;
It is a Woman ; let her speak the rest.

Phi. How ! that again.

Dion. It is a Woman.

Phi. Blest be you Pow'rs that favour Innocence !
It is a Woman, Sir ; hark, Gentlemen !
It is a Woman. *Arethusa*, take
My Soul into thy Breast, that would be gone
With Joy : It is a Woman—thou art fair,
And virtuous still to Ages, 'spight of Malice.

King. Speak you ; where lies his Shame ?

Bel. I am his Daughter.

Phi. The Gods are just.

But, *Bellarion*,
(For I must call thee still so) tell me, why
Thou didst conceal thy Sex ; it was a Fault ;
A Fault, *Bellarion*, though thy other Deeds

Of Truth outweigh'd it: All these Jealousies
Had flown to nothing, if thou hadst discover'd,
What now we know.

Bel. My Father oft would speak
Your Worth and Virtue, and as I did grow
More and more apprehensive, I did thirst
To see the Man so prais'd; but yet all this
Was but a Maiden-longing, to be lost
As soon as found; till sitting in my Window,
Printing my Thoughts in Lawn, I saw a God
I thought (but it was you) enter our Gates;
My Blood flew out, and back again as fast,
As I had puff'd it forth and suck'd it in
Like Breath; then was I call'd away in haste
To entertain you. Never was a Man,
Heav'd from a Sheep-cote to a Scepter, rais'd
So high in Thoughts as I; you left a Kiss
Upon these Lips then, which I mean to keep
From you for ever; I did hear you talk,
Far above Singing; after you were gone
I grew acquainted with my Heart, and search'd
What stir'd it so: Alas! I found it Love;
Yet far from Ill, for could I have but liv'd
In Presence of you, I had had my End;
For this I did delude my noble Father
With a feign'd Pilgrimage, and dress'd myself
In Habit of a Boy; and, for I knew
My Birth no Match for you, I was past Hope
Of having you: And understanding well
That when I made Discovery of my Sex,
I could not stay with you; I made a Vow,
By all the most religious Things a Maid
Could call together, never to be known,
Whilst there was Hope to hide me from Mens Eyes,
For other than I seem'd, that I might ever
Abide with you; then sat I by the Fount,
Where first you took me up.

King. Search out a Match

Within

Within our Kingdom, where and when thou wilt,
And I will pay thy Dowry ; and thyself
Wilt well deserve him.

Bel. Never, Sir, will I
Marry ; it is a Thing within my Vow.

Pbi. I grieve, such Virtues should be laid in Earth
Without an Heir. Hear me, my Royal Father,
Wrong not the Freedom of our Souls so much,
To think to take Revenge of that base Woman ;
Her Malice cannot hurt us ; set her free
As she was born, saving from Shame and Sin.

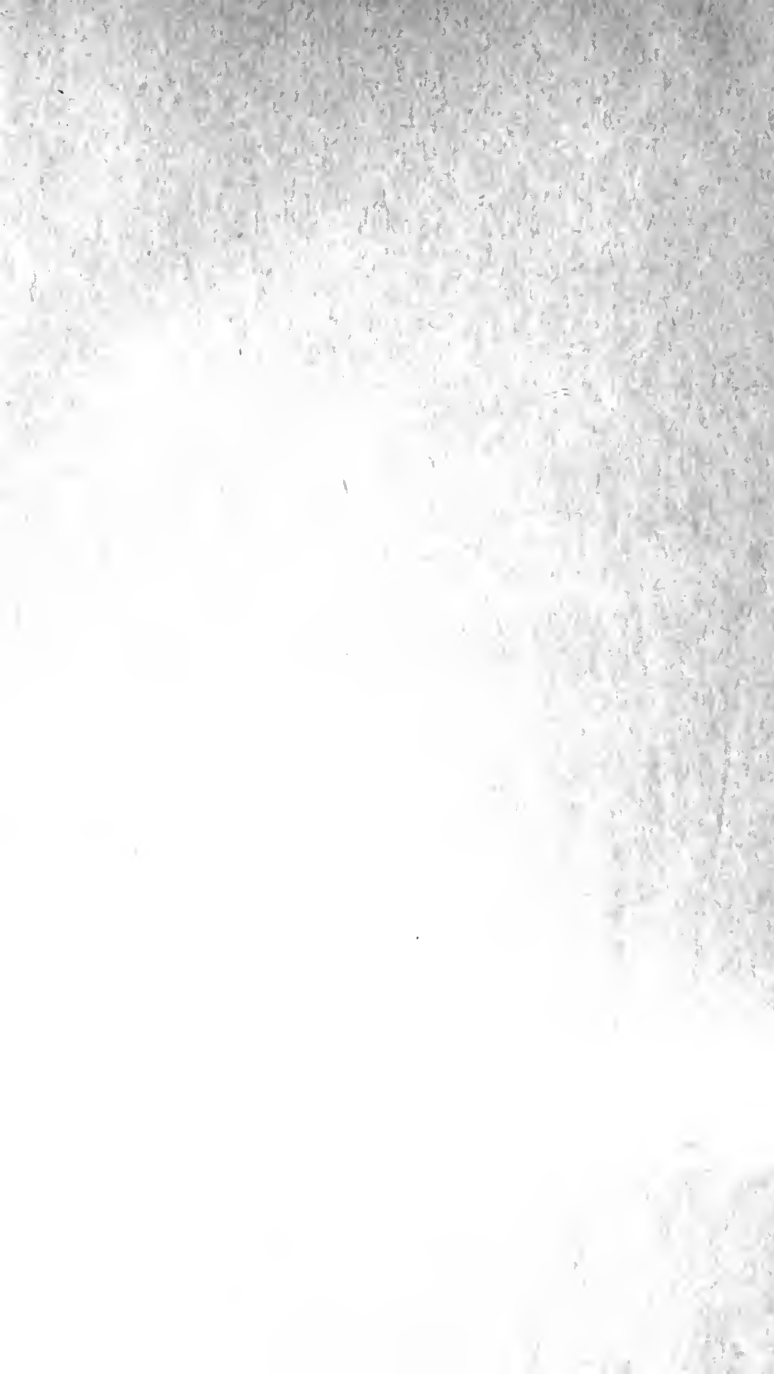
King. Well ! Be it so. You, *Pharamond*,
Shall have free Passage, and a Conduct home
Worthy so great a Prince ; when you come there,
Remember, 'twas your Faults that lost you her,
And not my purpos'd Will.

Pha. I do confess it.

King. Last, join your Hands in one. Enjoy, *Philaster*,
This Kingdom, which is yours, and after me
Whatever I call mine ; my Blessing on you !
All happy Hours be at your Marriage-Joys,
That you may grow yourselves over all Lands,
And live to see your plenteous Branches spring
Where-ever there is Sun !——Let Princes learn
By this to rule the Passions of their Blood,
For, What Heav'n wills, can never be withstood.

T H E E N D.





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