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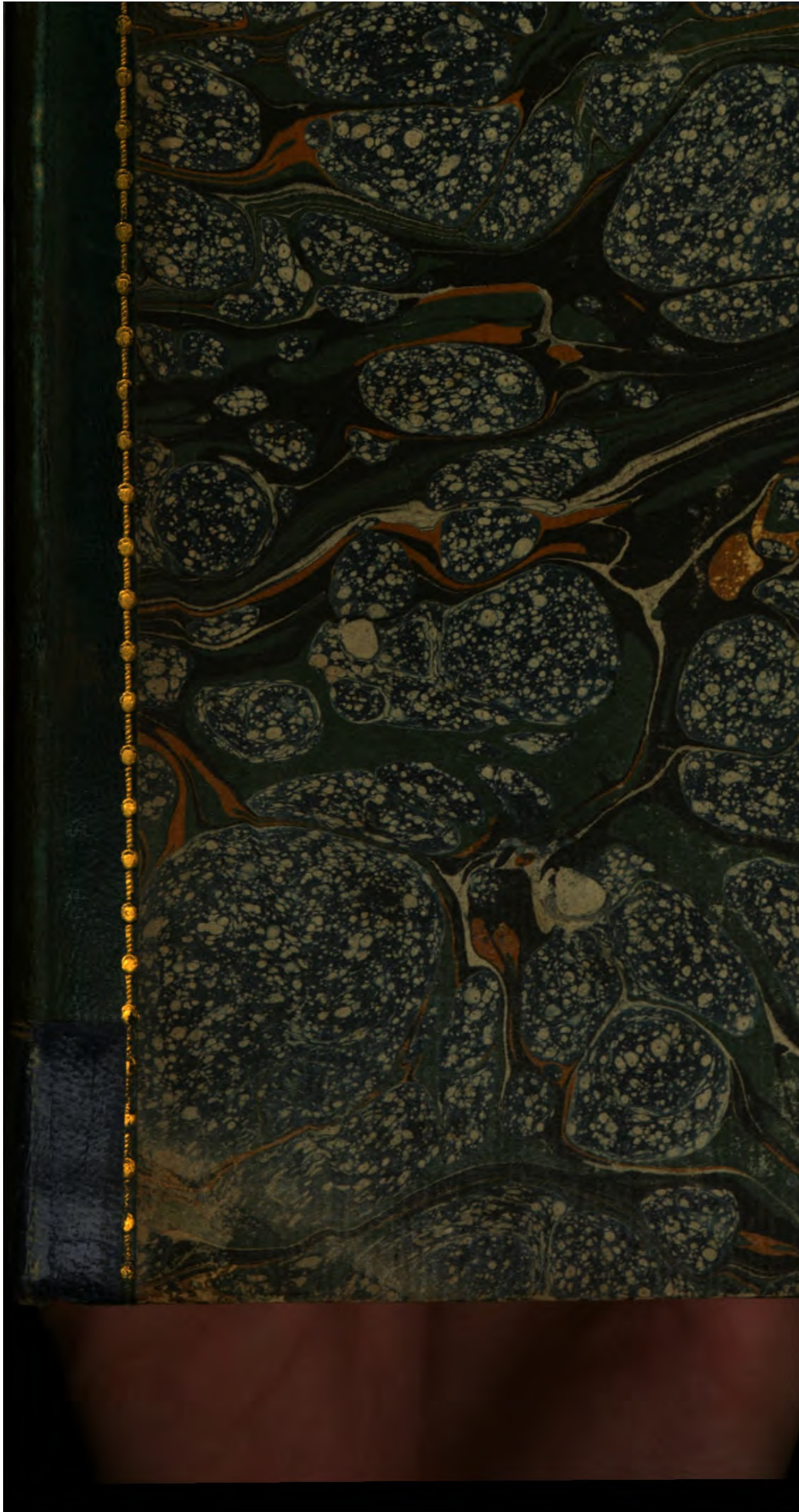
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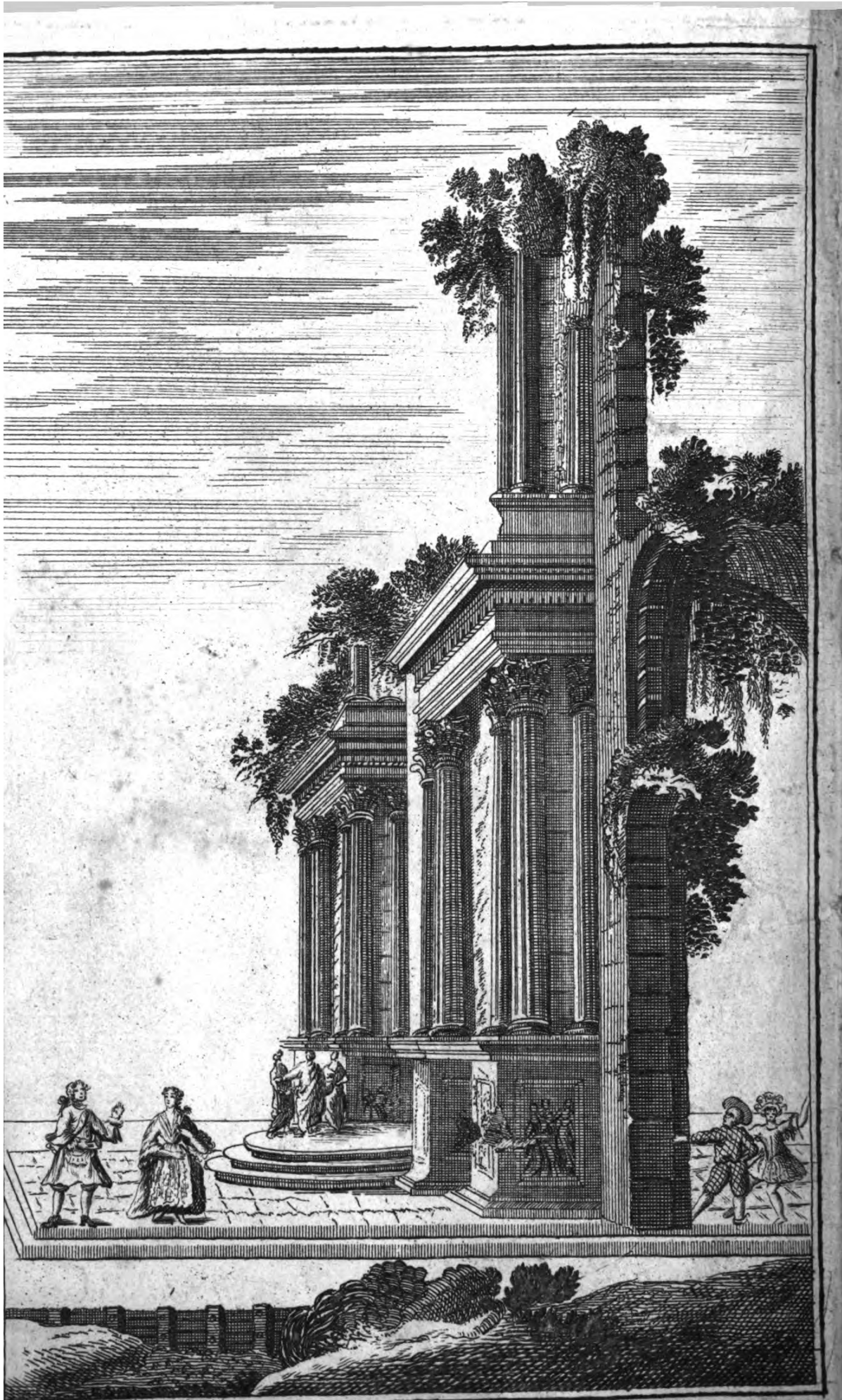
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Oh! Look Vanella for my Eyes impart,

ALEXIS'S PARADISE:

O R,

*A Trip to the Garden of Love at
VAUX-HALL.*

A

COMEDY.

As privately Acted by the Ladies of Honour, &c.

Written by JAMES NEWTON, Esq;

*Is she not fair as Painting can express,
Or youthful Poets fancy when they love?*



L O N D O N:

Printed for T. DORMER in *Fleet-street.*

[Price 1 s. 6 d.]

Dramatis Personæ.

ALEXIS, }
MORAMANTA. }

SAPHIRA, }
BELLESA }



AGENOR, }
GENORIO, }
PALANTE. }

FIDAMIRA, }
GEMELLA, }
MIRANDA. }

The K---
PANTAMORA.

CAMENA.
MELIDORO.

MARTYRO.
BONORIO.

OSORIO.
TIMANTE.

VOTORIO.
ROMERO.



ALEXIS'S PARADISE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

OSORIO, TIMANTE.

Osorio.



WHAT Whisper's this, *Timante*, that wakes our Prince out of his amorous Slumber, and blows him thus abroad to seek for Rest in Agitation?

Timante. This Noise, *Osorio*, hath pass'd by my Ears—but judge you how unfit to be let into our Beliefs!

—When it must be a Woman's Virtue that's of Proof against such Power, Youth, and Honour, as our matchless Prince attempts with, whose Repulse must counsel this Retreat; and that cannot be, *Osorio*,—Constancy would too much cheapen herself, should she impart such a Proportion of Virtue unto a Woman, when the Rarity of it in that Sex, is that which hath raised Constancy to such a Virtue.

Osorio. There's a Degree in Virtue Women may attain to in their Defence, that they retain even after they are taken.—But against a Prince's Assaults, there's nought to be requir'd but a Neglect of speedy Composition.

Timante. They say, *Osorio*, 'tis *Agenor* that intercepts *Fidamira's* Love to the Prince—'tis surely fix'd on him!

Osorio. If it be so, he is but justly punish'd.—But look, *Timante*, the Prince and *Fidamira* comes—Let us retire.

[*Ex. Osorio and Timante.*

Enter ALEXIS and FIDAMIRA.

Alexis. Gentle *Fidamira*, forgive these Looks and Words that come in a Morning to demand *Albricias* of you for the News; the Use I mean to make of this my Heaviness, is, but to sink me down to a Level even with you, that from thence you may receive your Equal, not your Prince.—I owe your Virtue my Conversion, for in pursuit of that which fled before me up to Heaven for Safety, my Thoughts were raised thither, and detain'd; and were thus blest for following you, and their Intent forgiven. So now I may justlier resume the Name of Prince thus given by you; and yet preserve Disparity between us: for my becoming thus a Prince proves you an Angel, and that prompts me to a Demand which I dare ask, because it is the greatest Blessing Mortality can taste, and consequently you only can impart; and sure I was not destin'd to owe you less than all the Good that you can give.

Fidamira. If I were sad before for one attempted Innocence, I might be much more now, for this so general Injury to all our Sex, in which, Sir, you seem to exalt but a Resistance of unruly Wishes to that Height of Virtue our Sex can rise to. Nothing can be call'd Temptation, Sir, to Innocence, to make itself away all's lost in the possessing; but such a Virtue as should dare resist a Prince's fair and honourable Love, when the yielding is a Victory, such a Bravery of Virtue were a Subject worthy of your Praise. To what a Height of Contemplation would such a Subject raise your Soul, the which the Preservation but of Innocence hath carried even already into Heaven?

Alexis. Sure *Fidamira's* Virtue is not near such an Extream! What Reason can Virtue bring with it, to justify it's Temper in the Neglect of so fit an Exercise of itself, as in a Prince's fair and virtuous Love?

Fidamira. It must produce that which is above all Reason, Faith either to the Gods or Men: Virtue preserves her Temper in the Tenderness of either of these Vows; nor can a Prince bring any Reason, that this virtuous Tenderness may not o'erflow, and not resist.

Alexis. Faith to the Gods, *Fidamira*!—'Tis scarce a good Excuse for a Despair!—How can it then protect a forward Contempt of all the Joys and Blessings the Gods ordain for those they represent themselves by? And Faith to Men cannot be so religious, as not to be subject to so high a Dispensation.

sation. Might it not thus remit itself, even Constancy might seem to be a Sin. No, *Fidamira*, the Gods have not left such a Temptation for Princes to repine, as the Permission of such a Frowardness to defeat their just Desires.

Fidamira. I wonder not to see a Prince so much mistaken in this Virtue, Constancy, that is so free as Tyranny enlargeth it. Princes should do well to prove it to be no Virtue, since it may warrant Disobedience to them, nor have you that call your selves the Images of the Gods, reason to repine, if, in your large Commission, they have reserv'd the Sovereignty of our Wills unto themselves. You then, young Prince, you that have inthroned your self among the Gods, by the Confinement of your Wishes to be just; know there are none so, that would distress, or much less break, a promised Faith.

Alexis. By these turning Steps I shall wind myself into an Admiration, so as I shall not wonder at her Refusal; 'tis time to go directly to my Wish. I am so humble after my Repentance, I do not bring my Person, or my Birth, to claim a joyful Acceptation; but alledge your Virtue and your Beauty, to which you owe even some Constraint, to place them in such a Light, where they may be most conspicuous: which I can plead to be preferr'd by your making me happier than any other.

Fidamira. O how blessed am I, that have the means to make so brave a Prince happier than he can wish!

Alexis. No more, my *Fidamira*.—I will not exact a Word more than is necessary for a Consent.

Fidamira. If, Sir, I must expound this Happiness unto you, you will not understand it at the first. Else know, Sir, I love you so, I joy to think you may leave so new, and an unmatch'd Example of your Virtues, as my Condition doth afford you.

Alexis. O do not mock me thus in a submissive Deluge of the Sentence of the justest Heavens, in which you have an Angel's Part to be the Bearer of it. It is not fit, I should so soon be trusted with that Innocence, I am so lately reconcil'd to; and Heaven will be so just to make the guilty Fire of my Lust, but the Refiner of your Virtue for another Use. But I find Heaven merciful in this, that it would vouchsafe me a Miracle for Consolation as well as Punishment, that an Accession of my Love to *Fidamira*, should bring a Patience with it consent to this perpetual Distance you have pronounced; all Merit to *Fidamira*. In this Separation from my self to this exalted Patience, I disclaim,

and own my bad Humanity in my Affliction for my Curse ; but I will promise you the rest of my sad Life to study this hard Happiness, which is not at the first so easily understood. But I am afraid the Thoughts of you which must be always mix'd with my Study, must keep it long obscure.

Fidamira. O that I were, young Prince, what you have call'd me but in my Excuse, an Angel, that I might fly thro' all the Quarters of the World, and with an Angel's Voice proclaim the yet unheard of Virtues of the matchless *Alexis*.

Alexis. I must no longer, *Fidamira*, trust my infant-Virtue, against the growing Strength of thy Beauty, which improves in this thy Interdiction of them. I'll leave you, *Fidamira*, and without asking any thing, not so much as, Who is that Subject, so much richer than his Prince by the Consignment of your Faith ; and I doubt not but the Heavens think me so fully punished, as they will ne'er consent to the Breach of this my Vow, of ever being guilty even of the directest Solicitation of your Love. And some auspicious Deity antedates this Ease unto me, the Belief that no other Man shall ever enjoy the matchless *Fidamira*.

Fidamira. Go, worthy Prince.—And may you never remember me, till your glorious Life, glutted with Praises of out-doing all your Sex, may look back on me for a more transcendent Honour by this Mark of how much you have out-done your self, and so present you with an unhop'd for Joy, which is the only Retribution I can hope to make you. Till then, let me, and Sin, be at a distance from your Thoughts.

Alexis. Farewel, fair Maid,—you shall soon hear of Resolutions, shall some way deserve those good Wishes you have now advanc'd.

Fidamira. May all the Blessings which I would wish you, which are unexpressible, fall down as Wonders on you. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter AGENOR.

Agenor. The Prince staid long with *Fidamira*, and is now going hastily to the King his Father. His Looks, methinks, imply some strange Resolve. He purposed now to make his last Attempt, and to venture even his Crown to take my *Fidamira*, whose Virtue's such, as I believe her Beauty was bestowed upon her, to prove a Tryal of it worthy of her glorying in. And the Earth hath not a fitter than the just Offers of this worthy Prince,—O here he comes.

Enter

Enter ALEXIS hastily.

Alexis. O *Agenor*, had I now leisure equal to my Sense of *Fidamira's* Goodness, I should not defer a Minute from the making thee admire her! She hath made me happier than I did hope. I am resolv'd, *Agenor*, and I have already so disposed my Father, as I believe the second time will carry his Consent: come, *Agenor*, let's not lose a Minute.

Agenor. Stay, I beseech you, Sir, a while, that I may be acquainted with your Will, and so know how to argue for you.

Alexis. Come away, *Agenor*, I'll tell you as I go; the King may intend to imploy your Credit with me to dissuade me; but I'll convince you by the Way.—I shall but reel along, between my shaking Fear, and shaking Trust of *Fidamira*.

Enter the King, OSORIO, TIMANTE.

King. Leave us all! How much Alay have all Princes Treasures in them; even those that they are ordained to coin themselves for Blessings, their Children, even these rich Images do sometimes prove Burdens, not Treasures, to them: I am in this Distress. The Name of King which doth exalt the Blessings of a Father, is only that which doth forbid me the Indulgence of a common Parent. Were he intirely mine, I could let my Judgment fall into a Complacency of this his Wish: but as I am but as it were his Guardian, to account to all my Kingdom for him, I must not consent to expose this State to such a Hazard as his Absence, when I stand as it were propt up by him. I am resolv'd to offer him rather to quit the Thought of the Princess of *Navarre*, and to give him my Consent to marry *Fidamira*, whom they say he loves with a Passion able to controul his Reason, much more his Follies.

Enter ALEXIS and AGENOR.

I have, my *Alexis*, been so affected with thy Wishes, as when by the enquiring of my collected Thoughts, I could find no Reason to approve of thy intended Separation from us, I did addict them all to search for an Excuse of the Indulgency of my Consent. And thou art so unhappy in thy Birth as I have Multitudes to satisfy, on whom Wisdom itself can seldom have it's Operation. For my own Interests, which are such as

I cannot repeal, without reproaching *Alexis* of Unnaturalness, in preferring of his Fancies so before them, I will by Silence give him leave to pass by, and remit them all into his Power as a Suitor, not a Judge, and for my Part do make him King of this his Wish by my Consent.

Alexis. Oh! Sir.

[Goes to kneel.

King. Hold, *Alexis*, I made you thus a King, that you might have somewhat to give worthy a Father's asking, and that the Deposition of this your Wish might be by your Gift to me, not my Refusal of it. And now I do conjure you, *Alexis*, by the Power of a King, that hath depos'd himself, rather to pray than to command, to change this your Desire of leaving us, into any other you can think of, and stay here; and by the Gods we wish may move you; with us, the Agreement to it shall be esteem'd a Blessing to us.

Alexis. O that the angry Gods would pity me so much, that I might now obey you in a fatal Silence! it is not a feather'd Fancy that carrieth me to fly above my Will, but a weighty Misfortune that bears me down before you, to demand Ease for my Oppression, which I must have some Time and Distance to discharge my self of. Nor hath my Curse been so defective in any Circumstance, as to distract me quite, and so free me from the Sense of all your Interests; but it seems to admit an Unsensibleness of all my own, to keep me wholly from the Survey of you, whose Contradiction of my Ease is the refin'd'st Torment. Now, Sir, have pity of one whom you have robb'd of Praise, by making him a King against his Will, and this Submission of myself unto your Will, think a Sacrifice worthy of a Father and a King to value. And for your large Offer, Sir, I am so reduced, I had but this one to ask of you, the which to ease you, I am content to deny my self.

[Exit the Prince sadly.

King. O *Agenor*, is not *Alexis* unjust to add unto my Sorrows, by his sharing with me in them? into what a Parallel of Misery are we both come, by thus our meeting one another?

Agenor. In this Agreement, Sir, where your Misfortunes meet and not your Wishes, a Subject may interpose himself and break off the Accord. I do not see, Sir, how the Hazard of the Prince's Desires equals that of your's; you endanger, Sir, the Loss of your own Wish in the possessing it, for you shall rather keep a Prisoner than a Son; and by his Liberty, on those Conditions he hath propos'd, you shall be more secured than by his Residence; your People by the Fame of him from all neighbouring Nations shall think he is a Prince of them

them too, and therefore fear you more. My Opinion is you consent to his first Choice, upon those Terms he desires to take it.

King. There is, *Agenor*, such a Darkness spread over *Alexis* as o'er-casts my Reason, and clears up his to me; methinks I see this his Obedience sit too heavy on him, as it oppresseth me, for whom he offers to sink under it. No, *Alexis*, thou shalt not thus acquit thy self of all those Obligations, I can challenge as a Father and a King, by this out-suffering all the Benefits that ever those Names can e'er confer.

Enter ALEXIS.

Throw off, my *Alexis*, the Supposition of these Clouds which hang upon thee, thou art deceiv'd if thou believest thy Looks are dark, or over-cast.—The bright Obedience of thy Soul, shines thro' them, and hath dissolv'd those Clouds that shadowed me into these Drops; which fall but now like Sunshine Showers in sign of fair Weather: therefore now upon this Condition of thy so full Obedience, I may venture, *Alexis*, to command thee any thing, and I will keep thee in the Exercise of this thy Virtue; and therefore I command thee now to enjoy thy first Choice, thy intended Travel upon what Conditions thy own Discretion shall make when thou art gone, and not before.—It were a Sin not to reward thy Duty with full Liberty, rather than engage it, and in all that's left to me to express a Trust of thee I shall, which is in this, not to enquire the Cause of this thy Resolution; but believe it is fitter for thee to act, than me to ask. I have only this to demand of thee, that thou wouldst not make me so impoverish'd by this Grant, that I have nothing else to give to *Alexis*. Accept of my first Offer added to thy Choice, and leave me some Request even as a Benefit to engage thee by my Performance of it, to the like Observance of my latest Will, which I shall wish no other Prosecution of, by *Alexis*, than that the World shall find me of his imparted Wishes in his Absence.

Alexis. I must again in this remov'd Extreme wish for Silence to comprise an Answer which no Words can carry. You have been, Sir, so exact in this your Blessing, as you have put it into a Name that doth improve it, my Obedience. You are, Sir, now so enrich'd in this your Liberality, as I can ask you now a Blessing almost equal to your first, the Protection of the heavenly *Fidamira*. In which I dare boast some Retribution of your Benefits, having in her given you a Subject for the Exercise of all the Worth and Virtue that even you are

King

King of. Then, Sir, your Leave to part immediately with *Agenor* only, that this your most generous Gift may be extraordinary in every Respect. That the Grant and the Receipt may be together: and I the sooner may begin to praise the Divinity of this your Goddess.

King. Stay, and take these Blessings with thee.—If it be Fame hath press'd thee by giving thee in hand already a Share of publick Honour, may thy successful daring carry thee so soon to such a Height of true Renown, as thou mayest quickly be so much above the Praise of personal Activeness, as even Honour itself may soon restrain thee to command. And may that send thee home to this I keep but for thee. If it be Love's Attractiveness that drives thee from us, may'st thou obtain unknown, without the Help of any Title shewn which may'st thou give her in Reward, not Condition. Whate'er it be that parts us, *Alexis*, let it be thy own Success, and not my Distress, that may bring us soon to meet. For *Fidamira* you shall not be able to go so far, nor so conceal'd, but my strange Care of her shall be told you as the Wonder of the Time.

Alexis. The Consciousness of myself of being your Son is an Advantage I am scrupulous of in my Undertaking, and I shall not so distrust myself, as to seek more by my professing it. It is a Title, Sir, I will leave here, and you shall not hear you have a Son abroad, but by my Obedience to any of your Summons, upon which I kiss your Royal Hands.

King. I must look off this parting.—With all my Blood farewell.—*Agenor*, I look to hear from you of *Alexis*, what's unfit from him.

Agenor. Best of Kings, and Fathers; remain in Peace, 'till the loud Glories of your Son, repay you these in Tears of Joy.

[*Exeunt Prince and Agenor.*]

King. Do any of you know where *Fidamira* lives?

Timante. I do, Sir.

King. Go then presently, and bring her to me, with all the shew of Honour and Respect.

Timante. I shall, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter FIDAMIRA.

Fidamira. 'Tis strange this sudden Resolution of the Prince! —Sure this is that he told me I should hear of, when he went away.

Enter

Enter AGENOR.

Agenor. The Life of Man protracted to a Miracle were yet too short to tell the Wonder of thy Faith, much more that instant is but left me now for Admiration of it. The Prince is instantly resolv'd to leave his Father's Kingdom, and hath obtain'd his Leave. And hath chosen me the only Partner of his Thoughts, and his Companion in his mean Disguise. So as Heaven finding thy Virtue such as it might easily draw into a Miracle, resolv'd to raise it more Eminence by this farther Tryal. And I for this their End am punished with Love, and Trust of *Alexis*.—The Time we had resolv'd for Consummation of our Wishes, we must now defer till our Return.—Sure, *Fidamira*, thou hast refin'd thyself so near Divinity, thou art above the being enjoy'd by Sense!—And it were Insolence in me to hope for such a Temptation in this Absence as you have met with, but even the Love of Queens is not so impossible as my embracing it.—The Prince's parting doth depend on nothing now but my Return; which he is almost as impatient of, as I of staying here; which is a Blessing I repine so much to leave, as I have need of't.

Fidamira. It is a strange Resolve, *Agenor*.—There is a Transcendency in that young man above the Fate of Princes; and could any Action endear *Agenor* to me, it should be *Alexis*' Trust.—For the deferring of our Wishes, the Occasion is so strange, it doth import the Will of Heaven.—Go then, *Agenor*, and serve that glorious Prince with such successful Faith, as he may think, at your Return, not knowing of our Loves by the Opinion of thy Faith, that Nature meant our Faiths only to match one another, and for Improvement of our Joys, he may have his Share in the bestowing them.—Stay not for any thing, but for a Confirmation of my Wish.

Agenor. How opportune a Blessing is this last Command of *Fidamira*'s? by which she doth appropriate my Faith so solely to herself, as she applies my Duty to the Prince as meritorious unto her.—I can now serve the Prince with such a rare uninterested Faith, it shall not wish for Recompence, having already more Reward than he can give the Will of *Fidamira*. Which the Gods keep for a Reward of all his glorious Deeds at his Return, in giving him but even as much to give to *Fidamira* as his Consent unto her Will. Which as the Consummation of his Glories, and our Joys, I must expect. And now, by loosing of your Hands, let fall this Partition which they

they yet hold up. And in this Darkness pray our Hearts may not lie long under the whole Weight of Love they now must bear, but that our Joys may be restor'd to ease them.

Fidamira. Mine shall turn inward all their Light upon my Thoughts, which shall be polished as they shall still answer one another, with the Reflex of my *Agenor's* Image.

Agenor. Move, *Fidamira*, now, and let's with equal Steps fall thus from one another, while this Earth we tread by interposing of itself between thy Light and me, shall shadow out this dark Eclipse, [Exeunt.

Enter ALEXIS in his Disguise.

Alexis. It is no Injury to *Fidamira* to leave her, when I have put off myself.—I find a yielding in my Genius to the Curiosity of passing by the *Shepherds Paradise*, to which peaceful Harbour I have heard of such a strange Repair of wrackt and hopeless Fortunes, as the Distress hath proved a Blessing.

Enter AGENOR.

Here comes *Agenor* not yet fitted for our Journey.—Have you taken your leave of my Sister, *Agenor*?—Did she not cry?—she is fond of you.

Agenor. She is pleas'd with me, Sir, as the Object of your Goodness.

Alexis. I'll advise with him.—You come, *Agenor*, opportunely to vote in a Cause concerns you too; whether we may take fitly this Opportunity to see the *Shepherd's Paradise*, as we pass forward's to *Navarre*. I can have Admission by a Blank of my Father's with a Warrant for it; and the Time of the Election of the Queen, which is every Year the first of *May*, is now within three Days:—What says *Agenor*?

Agenor. I do believe it, Sir, a Curiosity worthy of an entire Purpose. Therefore not to be omitted, lying in the way of our Design, which cannot be better begun than by the Information of your self in such a Variety, as all foreign Nations do admire, as it were a heavenly Institution that extends itself to all Strangers, whose Births are such, as may be worthy Fortune's Prosecution, and the Distress seem so desperate as it may bring Honour to the Remedy. And this may prove, Sir, your nearest Way unto your Journey's End—the forgetting *Fidamira*.—For, Sir, Beauty is soonest worn out of our Memories, by the Imposition of new Weight upon it, and so the last presseth away the former,

Alexis

Alexis. Well, *Agenor*, we shall have leisure to discourse of this, as we go.—Let's set forward.—But we must change our Names—I'll call myself *Moramante*.

Agenor. And I'll change my Name into *Genorio*.—We must make Haste, Sir, the Journies equal the Days we have left for them.

Enter the King, OSORIO, and TIMANTE.

King. Are the Lodgings prepared as I commanded?

Timante. They are, Sir, your are obey'd in all things.

King. When *Fidamira* comes, bring her in; forbear till then.—I must do her some Honour may be so sudden, so strange, as may o'ertake *Alexis* before he can get out of our Kingdom.

Enter FIDAMIRA all in black, led by OSORIO and TIMANTE; the King looks amazedly on her at the first.

King. I thought I might be tempted to own some Power to oblige such a Creature, on whom Nature seems to glory to have bestow'd all her's. Yet I will not be so unjust to the departed *Alexis*, as to appropriate any thing I am to deliver to you. For in his Will he hath left you all that I can give you. Neither could I have believed, it could have been so difficult the being Executor to a Prince. For I find more due to you than he could bequeath, or I dispose unto you. Therefore be pleas'd, fair Maid, to ease me so much, as to name your Wishes; since you have reduc'd a King to the Belief of having nothing worthy of you, and therefore dares not chuse for you.

Fidamira. If the departed Prince, Sir, have in his Will bequeathed any thing to pious Uses, to purchase Prayers for his Success, and fair Return, your Majesty will prove an improvident Dispenser of them in the Choice of me, whose Devotion is already kindled in so pure a Flame as Interest would dim it, and not nourish. And even my Wishes, Sir, are all so clear from any Stain of self Advantage, as they are such as your Majesty cannot possess me of.

King. I will acknowledge, *Fidamira*, my Impotency as a King in the disposing any thing so worthy; and yet beg the Knowledge of thy Will in a more powerful Name, a Servant unto *Fidamira*. And by the Virtue of that Name believe myself inforc'd to a Captivity of any thing that she shall wish.

Fidamira.

Fidamira. You have already, Sir, furnish'd me with an unlook'd for Wish, the Expiation of the Guilt your proclamation of yourself hath cast upon me.—I had another, Sir, so innocent, as it was fit for you to join, tho' you could not grant, the Prince's soon Return, so crown'd with his Desires, as he may think he brings more Joy with him, than even your Crown can promise him. And this is, Sir, my only Wish. And it is so propitious to me, as it makes your Majesty all the Return I can e'er hope, for those your offered Benefits, the wishing of you all increase of Joys and Glories.

King. Do not wonder, *Fidamira*, at the Title I took on me.—I spake to you in *Alexis's* Name, and it was not improper, in the Performance of his Will to use his Name.—The Wish which you have chosen, hath so indebted me unto you, as I must speak something now in my own Name, and retract the Promise I had made to *Alexis*, to possess myself of all my Power, which I think yet too little to tempt thy Modesty to the Choice of any thing it doth contain.—But do not, *Fidamira*, in Duty to your King, reduce him to repine at his Condition, in having nothing to present you with, but Wishes back again.

Fidamira. In all Humility and Reverence to your Power, Sir, I thus fall down to beg of you, and that which only as a King you can bestow, *Liberty*.

King. I cannot part with *Fidamira* thus—you must not leave me.—If you will accept this Palace. I'll leave it to you, and your Privacy shall be secur'd to you by a Guard.—Chuse what Temple you like best, and the Entrance shall be deny'd to any other, that no impure Breath may mix with your's.—It were Impiety to let you live in the Crowd of common Persons, and your own Piety will enjoin you to allow my Daughter your Companion, as a Pattern for virtuous Youth.

Fidamira. It would be to me, Sir, a Retreat out of myself, to be any where but in my Father's House; whither I beseech you, Sir, I may have leave to return.

King. *Fidamira*, you shall be conducted to your Father's House, and there remain undisturb'd, till your own Pleasure gives me Admission to you.—Who waits without?

Enter OSORIO, and TIMANTE.

Carry *Fidamira* back again to her Father's House.

Timante. How hath this Face displeas'd the King, that was resolv'd, before he saw her, to lodge her in the Palace with such prepar'd Honour, as rais'd all the Court into a Wonder
of

of the Cause?— Methinks, I find now more than e'er I could have guess'd. (*Aside.*) [*Exeunt all but the King.*]

King. O what a Mock was this, to ask me Liberty while she was captivating me? I had not so much Power left, as to keep her here, when she would go.—She is so much already Mistress of my Will, as she disposeth of it even against itself.—Whither shall I repair for Liberty, that am besieged by my own Guard—Oh! these traiterous Eyes! I must condemn them to perpetual Darkness, or they'll betray me to such a Light, as will darken all my other Senses, even by the Inflammation of them. Will Love be content with no less Trophy, than the Inversion even of Nature, turning the Branches down into the Ground, and make the Roots to bud and blossom in the Air? Must Love needs have a Garland of such prodigious Flowers? Now, *Alexis*, I find, thou hast left me somewhat to do for thee, worthy of a King to brag of, the wrestling with these Passions for thy sake; which else I shall embrace, and let into my Heart, as an Enlargement of it, and my Life.

*But I will so allay this Heat,
By taking thee into it's Seat.
As it still shall be withstood,
As if I liv'd but by thy Blood.*

The End of the First A C T.

A C T



ACT II. SCENE I.

PANTAMORA, CAMENA, MELIDORO, MARTYRO, VOTORIO, GENORIO, BELLESA,
and all the Shepherdesses.

BELLESA chosen Queen.

PANTAMORA, *delivering the Crown to VOTORIO.*

Pant. **A**ND I into your Hands resign,
The Sphere wherein our Majesty doth shine,
Which mov'd and govern'd by a heavenly Force,
Thus every Year doth terminate it's Course.

Votorio. The Gods, *Bellefa*, by the Voices of your Sisters, have chose you Queen, and you must now take your Throne, with this Oath I am to give you, for the fair Observance of all those Conditions you are trusted with this Crown upon. Which are the faithful Executions of the Laws, we live under and reign over.—Read the Oath.

Bellefa. Give me leave, fair Sisters, while I am yet myself, before I do become your Creature, and so more obliged to wonder at your Goodness, to renounce all Merit to this Honour; unless the being surpris'd by it may pass for any, which if my Person do not prove enough, my foreign Birth will certify much more. Which as it will advance me towards your particular Civilities, must needs remove me from the Pretension of this Eminence amongst you. Therefore your former Favours can only give a Reason for this Excuse, that to recover the desperate Debt I owe you all, you have resolv'd to lend me more, so to enable me to make a Retribution may comprise them all, and for this end I may avow a Joy in this your Choice: which I shall study so to justify your Judgments in, by the complying both with the Obligations of your Debtor, and your Queen, as when I shall resign that, I shall have purchas'd one I shall esteem as much, a Creditor to you all.

Camena.

Camena. We too, *Belleſa*, are deputed in the Name of all, to aſſiſt the Ceremony of your Oath, and the Publication of the Laws.

Votorio. Proceed, *Belleſa*, to the reading of the Oath.

Belleſa. *By Beauty, Innocence, and all that's fair,*
I, Belleſa, as a Queen, do ſwear,
To keep the Honour, and the Regal Due,
Without exacting any thing that's new
And to aſſume no more to me than muſt
Give me the Means, and Power to be juſt.
And but for Charity and Mercy's Cauſe,
Reſerve no Power to ſuſpend the Laws.
This I do vow, even as I hope to riſe,
From this, into another Paradise.

Votorio. When your Highneſs hath poſſeſſed your Throne; I muſt begin to read the Laws. [*Belleſa aſcends the Throne, and Votorio reads.*]

That the Queen is to be elected the firſt of May, every Year, by the Plurality of the Sisters Voices; from which Election the Brothers are excluded.

That the Queen muſt be aged under thirty, and Beauty to be moſt regarded in the Election.

That both the Brothers and Sisters muſt vow Chſtity and ſingle Life, while they remain of the Order; and the Breach of this Law is to be puniſhed with Death.

That every Year at the Election of this Queen, what Brothers or Sisters ſhall deſire to retire out of the Order, upon Deſign of Marriage; ſhall then, upon their Demand, be licensed, and at no other time.

That the Queen ſhall admit of none into the Order, but one every Year by Grace, the reſt upon Publication of their Pretence; which muſt be, either a Vow of Chſtity, which is not ever to be diſpenſed with; or the Verification of ſome Miſfortune, worthy the Charity of this honourable Sanctuary, which all the Sisters and Brothers are to be Judges of.

That there is no Propriety of any thing among the Society, but a Community of all which the World calls Riches and Poſſeſſions.

That Detraction from the Honour of a Siſter, without Proof, is to be puniſhed with the Penalty enacted for that Fault.

That no Brother or Siſter ſhall ever go out of the Limits of the Kingdom, but by a final Diſmiſſion.

That no ſuch ſhall ever be received again upon any Pretence.

That Strangers shall be admitted only by the Grace of the Queen, or by particular Warrant from the King. And on no condition stay above three Days.

Votorio. These be the Laws your Majesty is sworn to protect. — And now, I, in the Name of all the blessed Society, bow in Obedience to you.

Camena. We, in the Name of all the Sisters, salute you Queen, and beg to leave the Seal of all our Duties in your Royal Hands. [*They kiss her Hands.*]

Votorio. Now, Madam, after an Hour's Rest, the Order requires your Majesty to repair to the Temple, there to perfect all the Ceremony.

Bellefa. I can have no such Rest, *Votorio*, as on my Knees before the Gods; for I have yet a greater Blessing to implore of them than this they have bestowed, their Propitiousness towards my Discharge of what they have impos'd upon me.

Princes, *Votorio*, have no less
To pay the Gods, than to possess.

What are those Strangers?

Votorio. They are admitted, Madam, by special Warrant from the King. [*Exeunt all but Moramante and Genorio, Moramante pulls Votorio back.*]

Moramante. If you have leisure to allow us so welcome a Civility, as to satisfy a Stranger's Curiosity, you may oblige us in acquainting us, what the Queen said of us.

Votorio. My Profession, and your Habit, Sir, enjoins me both to this; and after I have satisfied you in this Demand, to offer you my Service, in easing you of any Curiosity, this Place hath put upon you. — The Queen desired to know only who you were, and how admitted, which I gave her an Account of, as far as my Knowledge led me. — Which was no farther than your Admission by the King's Letters.

Moramante. The Limitation, Sir, which is upon the Stay of Strangers here, where Curiosity is fed so much fuller than it can swallow, much less digest, might excuse an importunate Detension of any one but you, Sir, whose Habit renders you so necessary to the Residents, as it were a Sacrilege to rob them of your Time.

Votorio. As it is a pious Work, the Distribution of hospitable Civility, I am the properest you could have met, Sir, to pay the Ingenuousness of your Curiosity, with the Knowledge of any thing you can ask here. — But at present I must take my leave for a small time. [*Exit Votorio.*]

Moramante.

Moramante. What say you, *Genorio*, are you not indebted to this Digression of my Curiosity?

Genorio. Take not upon you the Digression, Sir, it was some Infusion from above.—But doth your Curiosity carry you farther yet? doth not this Place promise you the Diversion you seek, from thinking on *Fidamira*?—Here you may have Choice, either the Remedy I prescribed, or that which you intended, the admission of new Beauty to displace that, or you may harden yourself by the Neglect of this, into such a Habit of Insensibleness, as you may be Proof against all Temptation.

Moramante. Had not my Vow, *Genorio*, a much nobler Aim than my own, I might consent to let it fall here, and break even to humour thee, so little I esteem myself. But I have pointed it at the Expiation of a Guilt, that doth so darken me, as the Neglect of Beauty might now seem a Curse of Blindness on me. But when I have cleared myself of that, then, *Genorio*, I will return, even thither if thou wilt, with opened Eyes, to let thee see my Quarrel to myself is greater than Love can reconcile, in living so unmoved with Beauty, as *Fidamira*'s Suit to me shall not unsettle me.

Genorio. I can imagine no Quarrel you can have to yourself but one, which this your Resolution of Unsensibleness of Beauty must compose, the Misfortune of the Princess of *Navarre*, whose repair you cannot render so much void of Sense of Beauty.

Moramante. 'Tis that, *Genorio*, which must value this my Penance, the prostitution to her only for Pardon, not Reward. I will seek her to add one Glory more to her, the forgiving me, and when I have but seen her, leave there my Guilt, and take in place of it, the Punishment of never seeing of her more. Methinks, *Genorio*, had I but once payed my Devotion to her Hands, I should then rest absolved in Peace.

Genorio. Look, Sir, how we are blest'd; the Queen comes this Way, and the Priest leading her.—Let us stand by.

Enter the Queen and Shepherdeses going towards the Temple.

Votorio. Madam, these Strangers, Curiosity assures me, they would be displeas'd to leave any Privilege unenjoy'd.—If your Majesty shall please to give the Honour of your Hand to their welcome.

Queen. What Countrymen are they?

Votario. Castilians, Madam.

[*Moramante and Genorio, kiss the Queen's Hand.*]

Queen. This Place is civil only in making all Strangers, of whatever Nation, that are not Residents; and for that, that there are are none that are not so to Virtue and to Honour.

[*Exeunt Queen and Shepherdesses.*]

*Genorio. I am not yet so fast but I can fly,
And still preserve my Faith and Liberty.*

While I intend to keep the Prince here, as nearer *Fidamira*, I find myself removed from her; come, Sir, I'll jest no more, we have seen all:—shall we go on in pursuit of our Design.

Moramante. O what Inchantment's this!—Methinks I find myself fix'd here, and yet the Virtue of this Touch quickens and moves my Senses so, as it implies Divinity rather than Magick.—Methinks I find the Hand that holds me, as it presseth, print Characters upon me, such as my haste reads, and satisfies for this detension.

Genorio. In what Contemplation are you, Sir? will you set forward, Sir, towards your Lodgings, to prepare you for your Journey?

Moramante. I was thinking how ridiculous a thing, *Genorio*, your Proposition of staying here was, since, if we would, the Order admits it not.

Genorio. It were some loss of Time in your Design, but not impossible to do.

Moramante. How might we conceal or disguise ourselves if we meant it?

Genorio. The Means were not so unfit as the Resolution, for the Way must be noble; by a direct Profession of some Misfortune, and so be received into the Order, which the disguising of yourself at any time would dispense with you; but, Sir, let us go, it grows late.

Moramante. We cannot go before we be dismiss'd by the Priest, who is now assisting at the publick Service; we must stay till the Queen's return from the Temple, and so take our leaves.

Genorio. That Hand with one Touch more, would plant me here, I do not like this backwardness; Sir, sure the Princess of *Navarre* is not here. I am glad to find the Burthen of your Guilt so light, as you do choose rather to stand still under it, than move towards your discharge of it.

Moramante. I am so willing to be punished for her sake, *Genorio*, as I take kindly this Reproach; and as you are her Sollicitor, to be my Guide towards her, tell me where
you

you think the likeliest Place to find her, for in *Navarre* we may believe she is not so long conceal'd from her Father.

[As they are going out, they meet the Queen's Company coming from the Temple.]

Gen. You must now needs stay while the Queen be past.

Queen. I understand you are *Castilians*, Gentlemen: — Come you lately from the Court?

Mor. We came directly from thence, Madam, and made such haste to be here at the Ceremony of the Election, as it is not three Days since we left the King.

Queen. How does the King and Prince? — have any of you had such access to the Prince, as to be able to inform us of his Person and Humour?

Gen. The Honour I have, Madam, of being his Domestick, allows me to think myself a fitter Reporter of him than this Gentleman. — For his Person, Madam, Nature hath thrown away so many Perfections on it, so that his Birth needs not to make him lovely. — For the Composition of his Mind, it seems to have injured him by his Birth, that exposeth him to so much probability of Flattery; the Truth of his Virtues being such, as Parasites deceive themselves in the Exaltation of them. In my Opinion, Madam, he hath all that Youth can brag off, with all that Age can reproach Youth with the want of.

Queen. I have heard the Prince much valued by all Relations, and of so strange a Passion of his for a Lady of his Court, as though all other Advantages being ascribed to him, he intended this only; the loving her more than all the World.

Gen. 'Tis true, Madam, he hath long loved a Lady called *Fidamira*, who is such a Subject for a noble Passion, as it seems no Wonder; even the Prince's Constancy in insensibility, and the only strangeness is, that she is not moved toward him by his Virtues, not that he moves not from her by Neglects.

Queen. You give her Beauty a great Power, that can dispence with her Discretion, and the Obligation to her Prince. — Did you ever see her, Sir? I see your Friend is partial to her.

Mor. I have, Madam, and may allow her all the Beauty in the World left out of this Society.

Queen. We are not subject, Sir, so easily to Envy, as you should have needed so soon to have qualified your Friend's Praises of her; — but pray, Sir, doth the Prince persist in this so meritorious Constancy?

Gen. There was a Rumour, Madam, when we came from Court, that the Prince to crown her Virtue and his Wishes, had offered her Marriage, which she had excused the acceptance of, by a pre-engagement of her Faith. And that the generous Prince resolving to vie with her for the braver Fame, took this Excuse with the Humility of a private Servant, and resolved to leave his Father's Court; that at some Distance from her, he might settle his Resolution of leaving her Liberty, and taking his again.

Mor. This we have heard, Madam, but dare not affirm as true.

Queen. Fame of itself charged with the weightiest Things, is light enough to be suspected; but carrying Love's Quarrels, it grows incredible for Thoughts to reconcile them, and so the Truth which Fame set out with, may be changed before it can arrive. If this were true, though it were hard to decide an advantageous Glory in this Case to either of them, yet I should incline to recompense his Sufferings with some Odes of Honour, since she is to enjoy her Wish, and he nothing but the Virtue of performing hers.—What say you, Ladies?

Pantamora. As it is a strange Virtue, Madam, must preserve Faith so intire, when it may be set in a Crown, as the loss of a Corner would never be perceived: I confess I wonder more at her, that might have had so large an Evasion for her Faith as a Kingdom, than at him, whose Kingdom being not enough to purchase such a Faith, was then content with patient Admiration of her.

Camena. I believe, Madam, the Prince's Virtue hath resisted by far the greater Temptation; for her Insensibleness might have justified his Change, but even his Constancy could not authorize her's.

Queen. Whensoever you see the Prince again, you may let him know, how his Honour hath been noted here; and hath prevailed against the Competition of our Sex.

Genorio. Give us leave, Madam, to receive our Dismission by your Royal Hands, and to wish the Prince had but once seen your Majesty.—The desperateness of the Ill, and the eminency of the Afflicted, both concur to make the Cure worthy of you.

Queen. I could wish, Sir, he did enjoy the best Part of me, which is the peace and quiet of my Mind.

[*Exeunt all but Moramante and Genorio.*]

Genorio. My Fear was quicker-sighted than my Sense, that did propose to me at first the readiest Safety that that Passion knows, of flying from Danger. Which I obeyed so fast, as
nothing

nothing could have overtaken it; therefore my Curse was forced to meet me, so to bring me back, and now methinks, I am so fixed, I can but move against my Fear, for having been so bold as to precede my Love. Oh how I curse my Fear for having disputed so against the Prince's staying here; but since my Soul is changed, I must disguise myself also to the Prince. Will you be pleased to go, Sir?

Moramante. How out of Tune are these Words, *Genorio*?

Genorio. Have my Eyes so soon infected my Voice with Treachery, that it betrays me to the Prince? — Is it not the Sense, and not the Sound, is out of Tune?

Moramante. No, *Genorio*, but methinks thy Words were dragg'd along with such a Sound, as if they had gone to suffer for a Fault.

Genorio. Alas, Sir, what Accent can fall low enough to reach the Depth of your Dejection; no Tune, no Words sad enough. The Pity that I owe you, Sir, that are not only going out of Paradise, but into such a Labyrinth, as 'tis uncertain whether every Step carry you backward or forward towards your Journey's End; since we know no more where to find her we seek, than she knows we seek her.

Moramante. 'Tis true, *Genorio*. — But how might we unwind this maze of Pilgrimage, and make the Way Director to my Vow? — Come let us away, *Genorio*.

Genorio. Stay, Sir, Heaven is so careful of your Ease, as it vouchsafes, methinks, even me an Inspiration, that whispers to me, that your staying here will be auspicious to you; so that the Gods are pleased to recompense my Loss with a Provision of your Happiness. — And now my leaving you, is become their Direction, and the Presage of it is made a Joy. — Therefore now I do expect nothing but your Instructions for my parting.

Moramante. The Gods had need join with me, *Genorio*, to recompense thy Merits. — I was resolved to stay here and profess myself of the Society; till you had found the Way to this strayed Saint; then upon your return, my Profession of myself would dispense with the Engagement, and I might, guided by you, the easier perform my Vow.

Genorio. I will go, Sir, without expecting any Merit from my Diligence, besides this of my Obedience; for my Mind gives me, that your resting here, not your remove, must settle your Peace.

Moramante. Come, *Genorio*, we will go together to the Priest, you for Dismission, I for Entertainment.

Genorio. I'll leave you, Sir, with this Prefage, that I shall find your Atheism converted into Idolatry at my return.

Moramante. Methinks I find myself nearer a Change of Torment, than of Ease. [*Exeunt.*

Enter FIDAMIRA.

Fidamira. O where doth Innocence reside! Is she always in her Journey here on Earth? and lodgeth but in Court sometimes; and that which Honour, Glory, and Ambition makes their Journey's End, the Palaces of Princes she takes but in her Way, and passeth on. Is she so froward as not to love good Company; sure 'tis not that. But that she wants, that pliable Complacency that is required in the Society of Courts. She cannot consent to give herself away in Complement. Sure if she be fixt any where on Earth, 'tis in the Shade of Solitude, where the clear Soul by the Reflex of Speculation shews fair Innocency herself. Where she inamour'd of her own Beauty lives, and makes Self-love so meritorious, as it were a Sin to be delivered from it. Thither must I carry mine, while it is yet unstained, the Breath of the Court would muste it over at the least, should I consent to this Intention of the King's, of placing me at Court, tho' it were with a Pretence of a Companion to his Daughter, who they say is my Companion already in what she knows not of; why should he come hither to retract his Promise of my Privacy before the time he had allotted it was expired? And he spoke with such a Degradation of himself, as if he meant to ask somewhat, which would not suit with the divine Image; and therefore did depose himself from being King, to make himself all Man for his Pretension: Such preposterous Humility to me could imply no less, though yet his Words have had no other Guilt than his Submission. And I am bound in sense of all his gracious Care, to provide against the Perversion of all this into his Sin, and to secure his Innocence even by my Hazard. Therefore I must suddenly fly from hence; and Heaven, to encourage this Intent, presents me with such a Retreat, as may make the Extremity a Blessing, the Shepherd's Paradise. Thither will I fly, Fortune in all her Oppressions hath enrich'd me with a full Pretence for my Admission. The Prince's return cannot ask less than a Year; then I shall be free again for my *Agenor*, whom since this Face hath twice endangered in the loss of me, I'll change it till I may deliver it him. Therefore it shall put on Mourning

ing for its Faults, and his Absence. The Order admits equally of all Nations, and as a Moor I will fly thither.

*Love, let not this averse disguise
Those of thy Order scandalize,
Thy Honour's not advanc'd by Beauty
So much as by a true Love's Duty.*

[Exit.

Enter BELLESA and MARTYRO.

Martyro. Did I not so much admire, Madam, your transcendent Virtues, I should wonder at the Triumph the Gods have rais'd them to.—How well are the Prince's Corrections and your Glories fitted? He by his Faith to you is suspended from his Principality in the top of all his promised Joys; and you for your Discontents, are advanced the sooner to a Crown.

Bellefa. 'Tis true, *Martyro.*—But here comes *Votorio.*

Enter VOTORIO

Votorio. The Occasion, Madam, will crave Pardon for this Presumption on your Majesty's Privacies. One of the Gentlemen that your Majesty lately dismiss, demands admission into this Society. And that your Majesty would appoint the time of his Allegation of his Pretence; the other is departed.

Bellefa. I will not defer his Wish a Day, this Afternoon give order for a Convocation, and I will go and prepare myself for the Ceremony. [Exit Bellefa.

Martyro. I will ask pardon of my Love for all my past Complaints, and bring my Joys in suffering to plead for a Forgiveness.—He that will have the Glory of a Love, that out of Choice affects Impossibilities, must needs delight in suffering.—I will preserve my Vow, and this Darkness may keep my Passion from becoming Madness.

Enter MELIDORO, and CAMENA.

Melidoro. Are you behind, *Martyro*? the Queen is past, they say to the Convocation, and we by you shall be stronger in our Excuse.

Martyro. It is a fair Excuse for you too, *Melidoro*; you being together, it will not seem strange, the time past you unawares. My being with you may discredit that Pretence, and may imply, you could not be so well pleased, as to forget how the Time passed.

Camena.

Camena. No, *Martyro*, you must go with us, the Exercise of Charity may better excuse a Fault than an idle Pleasingness. We may be thought to have borrowed the Time, to lend your Sorrow some Comfort in, better than to have forgot it in our own Security.

Martyro. I am not so miserable, as to be relievable by so cheap a Comfort as common Charity. There's but one in the World happy enough to pity me, and I can pity all the World, whose Joys, though they be clear, and make some Noise as they go on, yet are so shallow as the Bottom's to be seen.

Melidoro. Come, *Martyro*, this Cloud of your's may break one Day; then we shall see what it contains. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter BELLESA, PANTAMORA, CAMENA, MELIDORO, MARTYRO, VOTORIO, and MORAMANTE.

Votorio. When your Majesty is pleased, the Pretender by your leave, may begin his Plea.

Moramante. With all Respect to the presiding Majesty, and Honour to the blest Society, I beg leave to deliver my Plea in Writing; which, if it procure me Admittance into this Society, I shall triumph over Fortune; whose Depression of me, hath sunk me to the Center of Rest and Peace.

Bellefa. *Votorio*, collect the Voices for his Admittance.

[*Votorio goes along, and receives all their Votes softly; and says, All the Votes agree for this Reception.*]

Bellefa. And mine, *Votorio*, shall confirm all.—Methinks both Sexes are interested in Gratitude in his Pretension. Women for the Demonstration of their Power; and Men for the Exaltation of their Love.

Moramante. My Admission here is such a Blessing, as it shames all my former Wishes, and removes me from the probability of ever remembering the Frustration of them, but as a Benefit, which frees me now from wishing any thing.

Bellefa. Let the Oath be given him, and the Habit, and this Convocation dismiss.

[*He kisses the Queen's Hand, and is re-saluted by the rest of the Ladies, and so goes out.*]

The End of the Second A C T.

A C T.



A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter GENORIO.

Gen. SINCE the Exclusion of that Light that lightned me out of myself, I find myself settling again into my own Temper, and the Dispute reduced now only to my Memory. — *Fidamira* doth prevail, having the deeper Seat; my Eyes had drawn a superficial Darknes over it, which had but shadowed, not displaced, my *Fidamira*. And I find those Shadows vanished, now removed out of those Beams that made them. Therefore I will now first go and take out the Stains of these new Colours which my Eyes had received in such haste, and gild my Thoughts over a-new with *Fidamira's* Rays, on which no other Beams shall ever shine, but to make them glister more. — Oh! that the Prince's stay might settle his Passion, as much as my departure hath unsettled mine; so that this Journey may doubly secure my *Fidamira*. I will first visit her, and from thence dispatch trusty Enquiries into several Parts, to discover the Abode of this wild Princess of *Navarre*. Upon my Discovery I will repair unto the Prince, who I doubt not but before his return from thence may well be at his Journey's End.

Enter FIDAMIRA, disguised like a Moor.

Fidamira. The King's impatient search hath followed me so fast, as it hath been my Habit, not my Legs, hath saved me from reprisal. — Here is one, but his easy Pace, doth not imply he follows any Body. — The Gods guide you, Sir, towards your Desires.

Genorio. As much good Fortune wait on all your Wishes, Lady.

Fidamira. It may be, Sir, you may much contribute to mine in the direction of my Way, which my haste would be much advantaged by a certain Knowledge. — The Way to the Shepherd's Paradise.

Genorio. You are in your right Way, Lady, my own immediate coming from thence may assure you of it — And one Day's

Day's Journey, if your Person furnish strength for your haste, will render you there.

Fidamira. Your coming from thence, Sir, may inform somewhat may more advance me than the present prosecution of my Journey, if your own haste permit you.

Genorio. Though I move not upon my own Occasions, yet they are so address'd to the service of your Sex, as I dare allow you any Time you shall demand.

Fidamira. Sure, Sir, you are much indebted to our Sex, that think you owe so much Civility to me, that seem to be one of those that Nature hath appointed for a Punishment, thus to mourn for Beauty's Martyrs—My Curiosity shall not presume too much, since it is seconded with such a face—I would only know, whether you were there at the last Election of the Queen; and how the Form is of receiving those into the Society that desire Admission.

Genorio. I owe the Sex so much, Lady, I am confident I shall not add one to the Number of those you call Mourners: but methinks your black becomes you so well, as if Beauty itself, weary of white and red, had retired a while to black for a Variety. I can resolve you, Lady, of the Election of the Queen, who's called *Belleſa*; and having heard the Laws read at the Coronation, can instruct you in the Form of receiving Pretenders into the Society, which is the manifestation of some Cause wherein Virtue, prest by Fortune to an extremity, flies thither for a Sanctuary, and brings her self intire.

Fidamira. I doubt not then of my being received, unless my Birth prove such a misfortune, as may make me unfit for that beauteous Society, which I hear are all such, they need not so much as a Foil to set them out. Otherwise my Misfortunes are such, as it may seem a Shame to Virtue to be the Subject of so many.

Genorio. Virtue, Lady, is always in Hostility with divers Enemies, and even her Scars do not impair her, but make her still intire. Therefore she suffers nothing by her liability to Distress, and she is so beautiful, as she gives your Colour a Loveliness, that perswades me it is the Brightness of your Soul shines through the Darknes of your Face, and brings me a Pleasantness that seems rather inspired than attracted from your Looks.

Fidamira. You have professed yourself so happy, Sir, you must needs have store of Pity to throw away upon Misfortune; so I may please you in the Exercise of your own Virtue, as Necessity is delightful to an ingenuous Liberality.—

Is the Queen, Sir, that is to be chosen most by her Beauty, unquestionable the handsomest of all the Society?

Genorio. She is such a one, Lady, as will so much oblige you as to make you equal to the rest of the Society compared with her, there is in my Mind so much Disparity, as all Comparisons reach her alike. She put me that was arm'd with Love, I thought, of Proof against all the World, to fight to save myself.

Fidamira. You have forgot nothing, Sir, there that may serve you in recompence of this Civility?

Genorio. Yes, Lady, I have forgot that there, which I never hope to remember more, but as a Danger from which I owe the Gods Thanks for my Delivery.—You will find, Lady, a Shepherd, called *Moramante*, lately received, he was a Friend of mine, to him you may be pleased to present the Wishes of his Friend that left him lately.

Fidamira. I think, Sir, our haste may now part us upon equal Terms, they both seem to require the Prosecution of our Way.

Genorio. The gentleness of your Conversation, Lady, and the harshness of your Condition doth deserve, and seem to need a Wish, I will leave with you.

*May all your Joys have leisure, Sorrows haste,
Your Wishes only by Success displac'd.*

Enter PANTAMORA.

Pantamora. How unsure are the calmest Harbours, Mortality can anchor in? Fortune hath raised a Storm for me, that drives me out even of this Security, and makes the exposure of myself to the wide Ocean of the World again, a wish'd for Safety.—My sinking here now is inevitable, and this safe Descent is more unsufferable to me than striking on a Rock, and so to perish with Preheminence.—The sad Misfortune which admitted me into this Sanctuary is so outweighed by this that falls on me now, as even this Place that did relieve me then, becomes my Persecution. Here I found Ease for all the Pains, that spiteful Death, by his cursed seizure on my Love, inflicted on me. But here comes *Melidoro* and *Camena*; they are so pleased, they will easily be deceived.

Enter MELIDORO, and CAMENA.

Camena. We may give you, *Pantamora*, as much Joy in the Resignation of your Power, as *Bellefa* in the Possession; since she

she can enjoy but what you have done, and she cannot till she resign that Joy as you have done.

Pantamora. I don't repine, *Camena*, at my Resignation, but 'tis to avoid a Sin; not as I am void of Sense of Sovereignty, so as to prefer a private Condition before so publick an Eminence: And I believe the Possession of ones self, enlarged much by the extent of Power. Active Thoughts are not to be wearied out by Ease. They that prefer Retreats and Privacies for the enjoying of themselves, cozen themselves of what they might improve in Company; and so, it may be, lose more in that they might acquire, than that they make use of in the easiness of their Contentedness. Sure, for the Prospect of my Thoughts, I would chuse an Eminence to set them in.

[*Exit Pantamora.*]

Enter VOTORIO.

Votorio. *Melidoro* and *Camena*, I come to warn you both to the Convocation.—The Queen hath appointed this Day for the hearing of a new Pretender, the Hour is near at hand.

Camena. We will both attend. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter FIDAMIRA called GEMELLA.

Gemella. My Innocence hath strengthened even the weakest part of me, so as to defeat the King's Pursuit. And now secured from those Fears, lest I should once enjoy a thoughtless Ease, I find a Care rise up before me, how I should disguise my Story. Fortune hath provided such an Excess for me, as I might spare the half, lest my Distress may seem so irremediable, as to exclude me from this Ease.—The Strangeness of my Curse is such, as it excludes all Belief, otherwise than that my Complaint is vain: And 'tis no Discretion to alledge the Love of Princes, for a Misfortune. I must therefore degrade them of that Quality, and relate them but as Father and Son, this will interest both Sexes in my Pity, who am fled hither, chusing so to make Peace for others, to come and beg my own.

Enter Queen and the Society.

Queen. The Pretender is already here, I see, but I find my self disorder'd, and she must be examin'd in private.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Enter

Enter BONORIO.

Bonorio. How much doth Heaven approve of this Compassion? It hath already paid me with all the Blessings Earth affords, and hath made the King the Recompencer of my happy Disobedience.—He hath, since *Fidamira's* Flight, heaped so much Fortune and Honour on me, as if he meant that Amazement should take up all my Senses, and leave me none to lament or love with, which Sorrow seems to him his Prerogative, she would admit no Partner in it. But I have a Pain deeper than any Guess can reach to allay.—Such a one as the Name of Father forbids the Cure of. The King is gone this Way, his Afflictions make my Curse inevitable; for even their Relief, the finding *Fidamira*, must prove her Loss to me. [Exit.

Enter King.

King. O *Fidamira*, thy Fears have blemish'd even thy Innocence, in this unjust Affliction of thy Prince, that had no Thought, but how to shew that Princes are happy in the means of setting Virtue in it's truest Light.—If this purpos'd Remove of thee out of thy Father's House did shake thee into needless Fears, 'twas thy Humility, that did not know, that thy transcendent Merit was so much, that a King could not spare the smallest Circumstance in all his Power to honour it enough; so what I was forc'd to do even to avoid omission, thou didst avoid for an Excess. Was it not Pain enough for me to part with *Alexis*, without the Addition of this strange heavy Curse, that his Return should prove a Torment to me? For so it must by this Distress of *Fidamira*, whose Happiness I only was to account for, upon his Request. O that he were come back, that I might free the Name of King from such Misfortunes! and resigning to his guiltless Youth break off this Thread by ruder Motions, and not stay till it wear out with Age. I would myself undergo a boundless Pilgrimage, which tho' it had no end but the Expiation of my Guilt to *Alexis* by the Expiration of myself, I'd undergo it so. Most of those I sent in Search of her already are return'd, and with their silent Sadness, bring mourning only for their Answers. Into how wild a Divination have my straying Sorrows led me here alone? and they have brought me to a Way, whose shady Melancholy seems to invite me to begin my Pilgrimage.—But here comes one too whose Looks fore-speak his News.—What, have you found her?

Bonorio.

Genorio. Who should I have found?

King. Canst thou look so and ask, who? is there so much Sorrow left in all the rest of the World as thou pretendest to, and not employed in *Fidamira*? What art thou, that seemest so boldly sad to vie with me?

Genorio. This is the King, I must dissemble. (*Aside.*) I am one that may allow you any Subject you can chuse about your self, and then dispute Afflictions with you.—I am a voted Pilgrim, whose wandring Motions seek their Aim, hopeless of so much Rest as even the Knowledge of the End they are directed to.

King. Alas, thou art so short of me, as even thy Misery is my Wish. Were it in my Choice to be a Pilgrim or a King, I'd chuse thy Curse for Ease. If you have nothing else to vie with me, you may add this unto your Grievs, if you did mean they should exceed all others; they being now outforrow'd by me, whose Condition, if you knew, would shame all your Complaints.

Genorio. My Sorrows, Sir, do lie so heavy on me, I cannot raise them up so high as a Relation; your's must be lighter, needs, that you can lift them so high as your Mouth.

King. This dumb Dejection of your self under the Pressure of Affliction, may as well imply your Weakness as the Sorrows Weight. And Silence so may equal all Pretensions unto Misery. Therefore raise your Complaints so high to put them in a Balance against mine, to try the which out-weighs.

Genorio. I am content to lighten your's to weigh with you. I have loved, and have been so near enjoying, as the Disappointment did double the Pain, by the Reflex of that which light on her I lov'd, by this deferring of our Joys, which I am now more distanc'd from, than I was ever near.

King. I did resist and overcome a Passion, whose Opposition had but left me one Pain in all the World greater than it, and that fell on me, the Disappointment of his Love, for whose Success I only could have yielded, and I remain guilty in the Opinion of them both, as the Defeater of their Joys. The one I shall ne'er see again, to undeceive: The other I must see so guiltily deceiv'd, as he unjustly must condemn his Father.

Genorio. This is the only Misery (I do confess) I could allow a Pity to. This is a lending of your Senses to others Torments, whose Joys only they cannot taste. Your own Wishes, in my Mind, could not relieve you, since they tend only to others ends. I do allow you so much Advantage, Sir, as I confess your present Misery is above my Fears. But give me leave to ask, as a Stranger to your Country and your
Story,

Story, Whether this *Fidamira*, that you named, be yet alive Methinks her death might ease you much.

King. Kind Pilgrim, In the Absence of my Son, jealous of so much Comfort as my Care, my cursed Fate guided her the only way unto my Guilt, her Flight. I do not think her dead, no more than a Disguise may be a Preparation to it. As Death may have a better Pretence to seize her than as not herself, than in the lively Illustration of herself, to whom all Lives are due. And to let thee see, kind Pilgrim, how due to me this thy ingenuous yielding was; I will direct thee to an Ease of all thy Miseries, while mine are unrelievable. I'll terminate thy aimless Course, and point thee out to such an End, whose safe Attainder shall center thy Sorrows up in Rest. You have heard sure of the *Shepherds Paradise*, whose peaceable Bounds have that strange Virtue from the Gods, as to include all those within a peaceful Acquiescence, that are admitted there. Thither repair, for tho' you have not Grief enough to weigh with mine, yet your Misfortune's full enough for a Pretence to be receiv'd even there. And when you find the Smiles of that smooth Place, laugh at your wrinkled Sorrows past; then, for my sake, dispute your Joys with those contented Souls. For you may sooner there outvie all their Delights, than my Distresses, should you run on in this sad Maze, till you did measure all the World and end your Days.

Genorio. I will submit myself to your Directions, Sir, but to an End differing so far from what you do prescribe, as mine shall be in a Defiance unto Peace. I will even there raise up new Sorrows which my distracted Soul shall there erect for Trophies, got from the contesting Virtue of that Place; which my sad Life shall so defeat, as all those Joys that shall encompass me, shall, by the Deadness of my Sense, serve but to prove my Miseries the more compleat.

King. Follow my Counsel, Friend, it may be the Virtue of this Place may be so strong, it shall incline your own Willingness towards your Relief. I must leave you, and I am sure not far out of your Way towards my Advice.

Genorio. The Gods be with you, Sir; and may you live to be a Wonder in the contrary Extream of what you now are. —Alas! good King, how patient have I been to allow your Sorrows Victory, striving with mine, which these were too that you brought forth. For *Fidamira's* Flight belongs simply to me, and hath no Comfort but the Admiration of her Virtues, which this happy meeting with the King hath so exalted, as the Wonder mingles with the Sense of my Disappointment,

ment, and so tempers it into an hopeful Patience. The King's Counsel is so good, it will serve for more than he intends it, and I hope for as much Joy to him, as he meant Ease to me. I will go back directly to the Prince, and now assure him that the Princess of *Navarre* is dead, to stop his Father's Course. And as I find his Thoughts are fix'd or moved from *Fidamira*, so contrive his Return; the which will quickly unconceal my *Fidamira*, who must needs be hid in some neighbouring Privacy secure from her virtuous Fears. This Penance of not seeing her, I take as due unto these faulty Eyes that have been pleased with another Object. Which now redeemed shall make me watch their straying Motions with a stricter Care.

*Beauty shall slide from them as it falls
Like smooth things lighting upon crystal Balls
Whose Touch doth part, and not together fix,
Their own agreeing makes them cannot mix.
So Beauty in mine Eye shall meet with such
I cannot fix, but pass as it doth touch.* [Exit.]

Enter BELLESA, MORAMANTE, and MARTYRO.

Belleſa. That which you reported of the Prince, *Moramante*, is now fully confirmed by this Moor that we admitted laſt. In private ſhe paſſ'd that way ſhe ſaid, and ſo deſcribes his Perſon and his Parts, it ſeems a Miracle that Faith or Honour could have Virtue to reſiſt his Will.

Moramante. I know the Prince, Madam, ſo well, I wonder more at the Unfitneſs of his Wiſhes, than at the Gods Refuſal. Which was a gentle Punishment of his forgetting ſelf. And I believe wherever he is gone, Heaven will direct him to a Choice, between which, and his own, there ſhall be as much odds, as between his chuſing and the Gods.

Belleſa. You believe then, *Moramante*, he will love again, and by a high Succeſs ſhall know he was reſerv'd by Heaven, for more than he could wiſh at firſt, you think Heaven doth allow of Love twice.

Moramante. As it doth intend, Madam, all good ſhould riſe to it's Perfection, our Minds are but Love's Pupils at the firſt. [Aside.] I ſee there is no vizarding of Love to make it paſs abroad unknown; the Eye or Mouth are even enough to ſhew what 'tis. Nay, did young Love itſelf with a Diſguiſe he could not ever be fitted. For who can take a meaſure of
a growing

a growing Love? where every instant adds as much as even your Thought can comprehend. And now Love seems to promise more Advantage by this self Discovery. It prompts me to *Martyro's* Friendship, whose Trust will both afford my Love more room for Recreation of itself, and help to carry it nearer *Bellefa* by an insensible Approach, which it may make by him. I will profess my Passion freely to *Martyro*. I am sure to be believed, that's a Joy which I defy my own Misfortune to oppose me in. But I must not provoke it with Unthankfulness. I must acknowledge to my Misfortune the Debt of this Experience.

*All Love's a Light, which as it doth eject
Shadows, by them it doth itself detect.
So he that thinks Love can be shadow'd quite,
Knows not there is no Shadow without Light.*

I will contribute now to *Bellefa* Knowledge, and will leave these Verses here, which she must find at her Return.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter GEMELLA.

Gemella. Is this strange Discovery part of my Curse, my finding out the Prince, only that I might miss *Agenor*? The Peace this Place affords had been too much for me without this Disquiet of *Agenor's* parting with the Prince. I can guess no Reason, unless he should, finding him settled here, have asked Leave to go back again unto the King, with the Design of seeing me. Which I am aptest to suspect, it doth so well agree with my Misfortunes such a Disappointment. And yet I find some bold divining Thoughts, that, thank my Fears, brought me hither. And promise me I shall redeem the Prince's Favour, by so strange a Service. He may think I owe the Virtue of my Faith unto his Fate, that did compel me to Inconstancy. Which was ordained that his Despair might welcome this destined Blessing so much more; and I shall have a double Merit by my Contribution of Despair and Hope. I do confess his Passions, and already have professed his Praises, and he is himself our Prince. And now I must apply myself to the Success of his Disguise. I shall so studi-

ously pursue his Mind, as his Consent unto *Agenor's* Choice and mine shall be a Joy of his, and no Reward. Here lies a Paper. This is his Hand, I cannot mistake, mine Eyes are not disguised. These are Verses full of Passion. I'll keep them so, as she he sent them to, shall see them more recommended than this Chance can do.

Enter PANTAMORA.

Pantamora. I thank my Thoughts for this Reproach they send me. Now the Wish of my Contribution to the Successes of my Love, which now again hath master'd my Ambition; and all the Quarrel I have now unto *Bellefa*, is, the having envy'd her, that so low a Passion should be in me, for which I will accept no less Satisfaction from myself than the dislustering of her in *Moramante's* Eyes. I am confident she is already settled there with all the Advantage Love can chuse. And sure she cannot chuse but see herself there by the Reflex of his Addresses, which are so clear as her Connivance implies she finds herself no way disfigured there. Yet all this is no more Advantage than I may allow her. I would not meet with lesser Difficulties to expiate my Envy, which my Heart hath let itself descend to. And now my Thoughts shall take their Rise no lower than the Admiration of her Beauty and her Virtues, and from thence carry my Love's Success above them all. I will not strike on the Flat of Envy or Detraction, but in fair conspicuous Flights will make above her. [Exit.

Enter MORAMANTE.

Moramante. To what a Rashness hath my Love transported me? as if I might expect my Passion had given me an equal Power over others to that it had assumed over me. I did deliver up my Wishes to *Martyro*, with such a Confidence, as if I had granted his Contribution to them as a Suit. He answered me with such cold Civility as did imply Surprize. He said, he wonder'd that so noble a Passion could be so defective in so essential a Point as Secrecy. But that he would impute this opening of myself to him a Desire of making him a Friend by this Advance of such a Trust, as must express my Confidence

Confidence in him by the Exposure of my Happiness to his Discretion. In return of which, he said he would promise me so strict a Secrecy, as my Love should be lock'd up with the profoundest Secrets of this World, his hidden Thoughts; which should never have more Air than would afford them Breath only to live, but not to speak. How dull was I, not to believe that before all that had seen her, were in Love with her? I'll give Security now for my believing it, a general Distrust of all the World. — All Women needs must envy her, and all Men me for the out-loving them. — I will punish this my looseness so, I will endure the Guilt of breach of Friendship for it, and lock it up even from *Genorio* at his return.

Enter GENORIO, led by two Soldiers.

Soldier. We may discharge ourselves of this Charge now, having met you, Sir, who are of the Society. He demands *Votorio*, to whom, you can direct him better than we.

Moramante. This Stranger, Friends, is addressed to me, where you may leave him, and take your Discharge.

Soldier. We obey, Sir, and leave you [Exeunt Soldiers.]

Moramante. Dost thou bring News, *Genorio*, that thou hadst rather thy Clothes should tell than thou? What black Traverse hast thou brought, to draw between me and my Joys were flying to embrace thee.

Genorio. I am happy, Sir, to come to be embraced by you in this infectious Colour, which must sully and black you too.

Moramante. Throw then, *Genorio*, those blacks over me, for nothing can appear so ugly unto me as this party-coloured Doubt.

Genorio. If the Blacks be not so polished, Sir, as you may see yourself in them, then let your Thoughts sink down as low as possibility can fall, and they must needs find your Misfortune there. You have not many to confound your Choice.

Moramante. It must be that, *Genorio*, that which sinks beyond the Center of Misfortune, so as it ascends upward unto Heaven in a Rebellion for *Saphira's* Elevation thither. My Distraction tells me it must be that, and justifies this Seizure on me. — I am so mad already, I do not wish it should be less. — And I am not so happy as to be naturally mad, for I have so much Sense left yet, *Genorio*, as to thank thee for the exempting thyself from so foul a Thing as telling it me.

Genorio. Give me leave to tell you, Sir, you have not guessed so much Misfortune as your Distraction is going now to make. — Suppose heavenly *Saphira* at her Home. — Will not the Part of Lamentation that you owe her, ask an entire Soul to pay it her? why then do you tear that to pieces, which even whole will be too little to offer up unto her Memory? — do you think that less than a Man can be enough to mourn for her? Then, Sir, collect your Senses, and by this Union strengthen them for the imposture of this Weight, that they may be the Bearers of this sacred Hearse. This light Distraction shows they would fly from it as a Burthen. Therefore, Sir, consider what Shame it will be for you to mourn for the divine *Saphira*, as you are not yourself.

Moramante. As I am myself, *Genorio*, I must needs be the unfittest to mourn for her; for so I owe her most, and am unworthy even of an Ability to acquit myself. Should I speak to save those Senses that are guilty of her Death? No, *Genorio*, no less than running mad, and biting even the Virtue of the Place, so as by my Infection it may distracted die, and turn this Paradise into a mourning Wilderness, where nothing but wild Sorrow shall abide. — There is nothing but the Virtue of this Place so inverted, can be a Monument of Grief fit for the divine *Saphira*. [*He offers to go out.*] But stay, before I go, *Genorio*, tell me the Manner of her leaving of this World, that I may be higher swollen with this black raging Poison I must spread, that I may overcome all Antidotes this Place is strengthened with.

Genorio. The Knowledge of this Circumstance will be so useful to you, Sir, as you must give me leave now to condition for the imparting of it; since not yourself, I need not own my Duty, therefore promise, Sir, to resume so much Sense as to comply with your own Duty, and your dear Father's Wishes; whose Sorrows for your Absence, joining with his Age, will quickly rob you of some Part of those distracted Grievs, requiring a great Share for him. Therefore your Duty to *Saphira* should advise you to avoid so sad a Mixture as his Death must be, which must part Grievs with her. — And were it but to raise your Mourning as a private Man up to the Height of a great Prince, you were obliged for that to re-inthroned yourself, that by this low Dejection of yourself, it might so become the greater Fall, and so you advanced in your Design of honouring *Saphira*.

Moramante. Doth my Father summon me, *Genorio*, to the Performance of my Word, in my return? I will begin at this great Height of straining Nature, in my Disobedience to him,

him, I must benight the Lustre of this Place.—Courts of themselves are sad enough, *Genorio*, each one hath there his own particular Affliction that benums him of the Sense of others.—No, *Genorio*, it must be here, among these Joys, where Grief's a Miracle, that I must celebrate the Funerals of the divine *Saphira*, and so give Blacks to all this Society.—If you will leave to me to guess the Manner of her Death, I'll shew I am so stark mad, as I'll believe she dy'd for love of me.

Genorio. I'll contribute so much to the madness of the Belief, Sir, as to let you know she dy'd married to the King of *Albian*, whom her Beauty, which was only undisguised in her retreat into his Country, which she chose for Solitude, raised her to the publick Eminence of Queen, without the help of any other Quality; all which until her Death she kept conceal'd, unwilling to owe any thing but to her Beauty.

Moramante. This may allay my Grief into a sober Melancholy which I must now impose upon myself, the only Means of Expiation left. This methinks hath brought me to myself again, her having been another's. And now, *Genorio*, I will promise thee to stay but to use the Virtues of this Place for the Recovery of this sad Disease was growing on me. Therefore do you pretend to be admitted here, and I will promise within few Days to declare myself, and so return. I go and send *Votorio* to you. [Exit *Moramante*.

Genorio. I will obey you, Sir, and with no less Merit by the Pain of staying now, than in the leaving you before.—Sure Fortune is not blind, it could not lead us up and down thus, as it were in such intricate and many Changes as it doth. She hath brought me back hither, and perswades me now she will convey me to my End by staying here. Sure this Pretence of staying here to mourn, was but found out as the best Disguise Love can put on, because the blackest Sorrow. And nothing will conceal Love longer than an approved Pretence to Sadness.—I must apply my Observation, and my Curiosity as a Stranger, to discover whether his Thoughts be not more fixt on *Bellefa's* Life than *Saphira's* Death.

Enter V O T O R I O.

Votorio. The Gods protect you, Sir,—I come by Desire of *Moramante*, to let you know, the Queen is going to the Audience-Seat, and 'tis Time for you to move that Way, being this is a private Day.

Genorio. I'm ready.

[Exeunt.

Enter.

Enter GEMELLA.

Gemella. The Gods should too much enlarge me, to furnish me with more Admiration of the Virtue of this Place. Sure they chuse to make me thus happy, as the Subject whereon the Virtue of this Place might get the greatest Honour by the Despair of my Condition, that I should live to miss *Genorio*, to endear the finding him here.—This is he, my Joys tell it me better than my Eyes.—The Prince is here, and least the Sense of the Princess *Saphira's* Death might qualify these Joys, the Prince being in Love with the divine *Bellefa*, is fallen out to make her Death as it were a Sacrifice to all our Lives. This frees the Prince from any Scruple in his Love, and so prepares the wished Success unto *Agenor* and myself: I will conceal myself still unto *Agenor*.—It is not Jealousy, but to do him right by this Allowance of so much Merit, as his Constancy must be, in this Place, imparadised in the Strength of Temptations of our Sex; and I love him so I'd have him out-merit me in what only I can alledge it, Constancy, which in a Defence against this Place's Beauty will be done. I do not despair of *Bellefa's* taking too, my Approaches have been successful yet.

*Love's well advanc'd, intrench'd within our Ears,
It works securely covered from our Fears.
If e'er it come to parley under Ground
But with our Thoughts, we likely do compound.*

The End of the Third ACT.

ACT



A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Enter PANTAMORA, and MORAMANTE.

Pan. **I** WONDER, *Moramante*, how so much Sorrow did remain for you, since your Affliction hath been parted among all of us. And none hath taken a larger Share of it than I.

Moramante. I need not, *Pantamora*, excuse this Sense, occasioned by me, since all your Sex is interested more in this your Loss, than any one of ours, as you might glory that she was your own.

Pantamora. Sure, *Moramante*, the desire of that Glory must have been the Rack on which your Soul hath been extended, to raise your Sorrows thus. Friendship gets not so far within us, as to shake us so.

Moramante. As Friendship appropriates all Joy, so, *Pantamora*, I have wish'd it as the greatest Blessing I could wish the Prince, if he desired it, to appropriate his Sorrows also.

Pantamora. This is Vanity, *Moramante*, that lightens thro' those Clouds incompass it; as if you would seem to present the Prince with all you have, your Love, and Sorrows too. I will help you forward, *Moramante*, by my belief, that there goes not only your Passion, but her sense of it to justify your Grievs. And, I confess, 'tis not unlikely you should move wheresoever you should apply.

Moramante. I was never so near any Happiness as even this mistake of your's. For this, Princess, I confess, I was not in so much certainty of Despair, as in all other good Fortunes I have been, because I never saw her, nor she me.

Pantamora. I confess I guessed, by that nearness to the Prince your Sadness did avow you, you might have been employed by him, in his Passion to *Fidamira*, which we have heard of, either to divert, or delay the Match, and from thence derive your Interest to so much Sorrow. But will you so far affirm this Truth, as to profess you love another
now?

now? for I cannot allow any thing else but Love, such a Passion of a noble Heart, as this, your thoughtfulness implies.

Moramante. If I did love *Pantamora*, would you infer from thence the justness of my Grievs, and so conclude me unhappy even by Fate? — But here comes *Genorio*.

Enter GENORIO.

Moramante. I congratulate, *Genorio*, your Admission here: what think you of this Place? were I not better stay here a while, then venture back so soon into that dangerous Air where *Fidamira* breathes.

Genorio. I believe, *Moramante*, this Place already hath furnished you with such an Antidote, as you might venture to seek out *Fidamira*, and defy the Power of her Love. You may much less then apprehend the Danger of the Place, from which she hath now removed all Virtue, your Father's Court.

Moramante. Why? is she gone from thence, *Genorio*? didst thou call her *Saphira*, mistrusting my Obligation of a Sorrow great enough for her? or hast thou Plagues in store for me, and dost produce them thus successively, least, overcharged, I should break all in Pieces?

Genorio. No, *Moramante*, *Fidamira* is not dead. She is only frighted from your Father's Court by the Fears of too conspicuous a Life, to avoid the Guilt of other Sins, Rumour, and Calumny; and guided by her Virtue, that was shy, even to a degree of Wildness, is fled, and whither known only to the Gods: your Father's Search hath proved that she is hid from all Mortality, his Care hath been so exquisite.

Moramante. No, I am confident she is not dead by this, *Genorio*, I could not have been so long suspended from the Sense of such a Curse. She's not so much as strayed, for the Gods must needs guide her in a Journey they have sent her.

Genorio. Methinks, you should not name the Gods without remembrance of the Bonds of Nature, and of Piety you stand ingaged to them in, to relieve your Father, whose tenderness of all your Prayers, sinks under the Pressure of a fresher Grief than your unhappy Absence, the Flight of *Fidamira*. His Goodness is such, he fears more your Imputation of it to the Forfeit of his Promise, than he fears all his present Sorrows.

Moramante.

Moramante. I will presently, *Genorio*, ease him of all those Fears, by writing to him, as from *France*, to thank him for such Honours meant to *Fidamira* as did make good his Promise. Her Fears, better than her Assurance, proves it. I will acquaint him too, with the remove of all those sad Occasions drew me from him. And I will promise him a speedy, and a joyful Meeting, which I will perform too; for at the next Election, which approacheth now, I will declare myself, and so return.

Genorio. This is the least you owe your Father, Sir; but all I think you can yet spare him, ingaged as you are here.

Moramante. Well, *Genorio*, this I resolve; and believe you had rather stay here too, than be the Messenger. I must now go wait upon the Queen for my Acknowledgments for the Honour of her Visit.

Genorio. I believe, *Moramante*, that (Visit) may begin your Letter to your Father, but hardly end it with the Promise of your Resolve. [Exit *Moramante*.]

Genorio. O that I could shut up those false Lights that dazzel thus my Faith to *Fidamira*.

Enter GEMELLA unperceiv'd.

Gemella. I have found *Agenor*, but with a Look so heavy as it weighs down his Eyes, so that he hath not seen me yet, it is my Darkness that hath so benighted him. I will stay yet unseen, and in the deadeft time of his Complaints, this Cloud shall break and give him all the Light, whose want obscures him so.

Genorio. Have not my Eyes attracted Poison strong enough to stop my Breath, before I do break out into this foul Profession of my tainted Faith? or may I thus recover, if I can breathe it out thro' these opening Pores, before it seizeth on the nobler Parts? I will take *Fadimira's* Name, and try if that can yet expel it before it fix; there's Force enough in this Receipt. For this great Cordial, Love, unlike to others, doth improve it's Virtue by the Habit, not remit it; and, to enforce what I have taken inward, her Name and Memory, [he pulls out a Picture] I will send this after the Infection the same way it did get in, to try if this can overtake it, and so bring it back. I will not go without this Shield before me. 'Tis no Indearment, blessed Image, unto thee, to say, Thou wants but Speech: for, I confess, I hear thee,

thee, and thou speakest as loud as Thunder to me, in so just reproaches, as they welcome the Amazement that they bring. Thus armed, I will go on, and challenge even *Belleſa* to ſatisfy my injured Love, and to repair his Honour. In this Strife between theſe two, I'll give the odds of Life.

[Exit *Genorio*.

Gemella. I did not think to have found *Agenor* thus o're caſt, he hath out-done me in a Diſguiſe, he hath black'd o're his Soul. Have I lived to be obliged to a Concealment of myſelf unto *Agenor*, upon my diſcovery of him; O that I had enlightned him, before I had been thus enlightned by him! Thoughts that fly by us like inſtant Lightnings, never ſo little ill, are not emptied Sins. I might have found him dazzled, and might have freed him from the Danger of this Darkneſs he is now conteſting with, and this my blind Belief might well move me to that: but my Miſfortune's ſo exact, as it hath overturned the Intention of the heightning of his Joy down to the loweſt Curſe between us both. I will yet find him out before he meets *Belleſa* with that odds which he hath offer'd her. I am ſo far from that Vanity, as I would not conteſt with her, unleſs Advantage given me more than even *Agenor* for the Judge. [Exit *Gemella*.

Enter the Queen.

Belleſa. What gentle Fair is this that murmurs ſo within my Thoughts like breath of Air that ſeems to hold Diſcourſe between the Leaves? I ne'er knew any thing yet ſo near Love as the fear of it. But I muſt ſtill theſe Noiſes in my Thoughts. For Innocence ſo gentle is, we need not take the Pains to blow it off, we may even think't away: therefore I muſt not give my Thoughts the Liberty to play with Love, as 'tis an Infant, in belief that they can rule it.

Enter MORAMANTE.

Moramante. Your Maſteſty will be pleaſed to pardon this breach of your Privacies, 'twas to perfect the Cure you began, by this Acknowledgment of my Health to your Maſteſty.

Belleſa. I receive gladly theſe Acknowledgments, as they declare your Health, not as they bring me any belief of Contribution to it.

Moramante.

Moramante. To assure you, Madam, of the Virtue of your Favour, I must acquaint you with News, by which I have been set up since I saw you, that might have pulled me down as low as did *Saphira's* Death, as I believe it will afflict the Prince as much, *Fidamira's* Flight; whither unknown to all the search the King can make. But now I am so changed into your Creature, that I have sense for nothing but what comes to me thro' your's.

Bellefa. Why, Do you think the Prince will be so much mov'd at this? — Is there any Love can give neglect the help of a long Absence to join against it, and yet master both.

Moramante. I do believe, Madam, they are strong Enemies joined; but against either of them single, Love will have the better.

Enter GENORIO, looking on a Picture, which MORAMANTE perceiving goes off the Stage.

Bellefa. What's that, *Genorio*, your Eyes so fix'dly seem to call your Mind upon? Hath it withdrawn your Tongue too?

Genorio. 'Twas a little Manual of Devotion I was looking over. — It was so long, Madam, since I read it, I had almost forgot it.

Bellefa. Let me see't, *Genorio*, — I do not think but I can show you as good a one.

Genorio. I believe that, Madam, — Sure never any Body contested with you to your Face. And I, Madam, yield without shewing.

Bellefa. No, *Genorio*, I will shew with you, — Flattery is so ill in nothing as in Piety.

Genorio. Give me leave, Madam, only to yield now, and another time, to shew you I had reason, — I will put the Book into your Hands, you shall peruse it.

Bellefa. I will be civiller than you, *Genorio*, I'll yield to your Refusal, since you will not to my Desire.

Genorio. To shew you, Madam, that even your Curiosity is already above my Devotion, and more dear to me, I'll put this into your Hands, whose shewing is a Mark of yielding.

Bellefa. Now I must ask your Pardon, *Genorio*, — This is a Devotion which I yield to at first Sight, without examining how much you are addicted to it. — Look here [*she calls Gemella in on one Side of the Stage*] *Gemella*, here's a Face that

that makes your Colour better than mine, as you cannot blush to see it.

Gemella. 'Tis a lovely Face, and you may safely commend it; Methinks I have seen somewhere a Face that, upon a little thinking, I should know this Picture by.

Genorio. As Beauty is best exalted by Comparison, you, Madam, may receive this as a Devotion to you, but I believe all Beauty is so assuredly your Trophy, as 'tis no merit to bring any to you.

Bellefa. This is such a Face, *Gemella*, there must go much Virtue in a Woman to the loving of it, because it is not easy to do so.

Gemella. Madam, I remember now who 'tis. — As I pass'd by the Court, I had Curiosity, hearing *Fidamira* so much talked of for the Prince's Mistress, to see her, and I remember perfectly, Madam, this is her Picture.

Genorio. 'Tis true, Madam, 'tis her you have taken from me.

Bellefa. I have borrowed it, *Genorio*, to restore it you better by as much as our Admiration can improve it.

Gemella. It would be Cruelty, Madam, to keep it, for surely he is in love with her.

Genorio. As I am with you, *Gemella*. And if you, Madam, are but pleas'd with looking on't, as you seem to be, you may be pleas'd to keep it, and I shall love it then better than ever, as it pleaseth you.

Bellefa. Let not your Civility, *Genorio*, be so bold with your Love, make much of this Picture, for they may say, she is fled out of all Knowledge, so, that not so much as her Picture is likely to be had again.

Genorio. It may be, Madam, she is gone to search that lost which she once cast away, the Prince. Womens Esteems are governed by uncertainties: but had I loved her ne'er so much, she could not take this ill, to be left in your Hands.

Gemella. *Fidamira's* Valuation of her Faith above a Crown assures me she cannot let it fall so low, as the seeking to put it off.

Bellefa. Here, *Genorio*, take your Picture; and in your private Devotions recant this Dissembling of your Faith. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E

S C E N E *A Solitude.**Enter the King.*

King. As dying Men whose Spirits having run out their Course are now so out of Breath, they can scarce carry the Soul one Step farther; yet sometimes as she is going out of them, refreshed with some strong Cordial, the Spirits rise again, and hold her there a-while: like Lamps expiring when they shut their Eyes, given but a Drop of Oil, dart forth an instant Flash, and live a-while, not by that Life they had left, but did receive anew. This was my Case. My Spirits had scarce so much Motion left as panting, when they received this Cordial, this so sovereign Remedy, as it hath recovered a King, whose Disease it was the being so. I find more than a Reflection of my Spirits in change of them into a Youthfulness. — I am already grown better than he that minister'd this Cure *Alexis*, by as much as I love *Fidamira* more than he. [*I think on Fidamira now only by the Sense of your Afflictions for her, which if you had forgot I should once more think of her to rejoice at your forgetting her, and never more.*] Now, *Fidamira*, I am free to think of thee which I do fully. I will forget even that which is so hard to do my Age. I cannot be so old. I have been all this while in Wardship to my Son, he hath till now dispos'd of my Love. I am to day but come of Years, and now my Passions come into my own Hands, which I will all bestow on *Fidamira*. This from *Alexis* must imply that some Success hath so possess'd his Thoughts, as the Remembrance of his Sufferings cannot get so much as one, and only my Affliction now can make him think that he is capable of any; he hath such Superfluities of Joys, as I am fed out of his Waste. I find my Body and my Soul so reconcil'd, the one offers Curiosity, the other Strength to satisfy it. A Visit to the *Shepherds Paradise* is a Design worthy the Newness of my Thoughts, the Election of their Queen is now within three or four Days, and I have heard of such eminent Beauty there, that it will be the greatest Right I can do *Fidamira*, to carry her Memory thither to disustrate even their Faces.

*I'll ask no more of Love, but being thus kind,
He would conform my Body to my Mind.*

[*As the King is going out he meets the Society coming to pay Respect to the Souls of the departed; which Ceremony is performed at the Tomb.*]

S C E N E



*Enter the Society to the Ceremony, VOTORIO
approacheth the Tomb.*

VOTORIO.

ADmired Pair! whose Wonders did perplex
All Judgment to decide to either Sex
Advantage, so each chose to live alone,
Left joining so, the one might th'other own;
And so you both, did one another love
Too well to be but one, until above
Meeting, you were ordain'd to be but one
And now shine in a Constellation.
Vouchsafe that by your sacred Influence
We may be drawn to follow you from hence.

BELLES A.

Peace wait upon your Souls which seem t'ha'been.
Such as you died, but for Reward not Sin.
Our Virtues here, even in their best Extent,
Are but erected for your Monument.

PANTAMORA.

Fair Parallels whose Souls so purely met,
It seems that they your Bodies did forget,
Each being more than all the World forbore,
The having one another to have more.
So short of you our Imitation stays,
As we can hardly reach you with our Praise.

MORAMANTE.

Wonder of Women, on whose Chastity
Heaven hath bestow'd such a Posterity.
As is a self Perpetuation
Without the Help of Propagation.
We thus your Children in our yearly Task,
Come here to leave our Prayers, and Blessing ask.
Camena.

Gam. Rest, glorious Couple, in that greater Bliss
 You went to take, when you did leave us this.
 Be pleas'd your Virtues back to us to send,
 Now they have brought you to your Journey's End.

Mel. You that were such, your Virtues ask'd no less
 Reward from Heaven, than all the World to bless.
 Even after you were gone, so did entice
 The Gods to let you make a Paradise
 For Mortals, which your Virtues still implore,
 That following you, we may yet owe you more.

Mar. Divinest Lovers! 'bove the Praise of Breath,
 So much you scorn'd to join by less than Death.
 By which Emission you so much enjoy,
 As one another would but seem a Toy.
 Accept this Tribute, and our Souls inspire,
 So far tow'rds your Example, as Desire.

Gem. Illustrious Lights of Honour, and of Love,
 We but your Shadows are that shine above.
 Vouchsafe t' obtain that we, as Shadows do,
 May be admitted too to follow you.

Gen. Blessed Souls that copied Heaven here so
 Together, as each other not to know.
 I find these Marks which Paradise imply,
 As Gain of Sight, and Loss of Memory.
 This Scruple only now doth here remain,
 That I cannot from wishing yet refrain.
 If it were meant this Heavenly Residence
 Should but refine, and not extinguish Sense;
 Let it my grosser Spirits so refine,
 As my undarken'd Soul may through them shine.



ACT V. SCENE I.

After the Ceremony of the Tomb, GENORIO stays alone.

Gen. **M**ETHINKS I find my Mind on Wing, loose from my Senses, which, like Limed Twigs, held it till now. --- It is so light, and so ascensive now, it means to work it self above *Martyro's*. --- I am already so far towards it, as the Belief that I did never love till now. --- O how I was deceived, while I conceived that Love was so material it could be touched, and grasped! I find it an undepending Airiness that both supports, and fills it self, and is to be felt by what it nourisheth, no more than Air, whose Virtue only we discern. I knew before all I could have. I am so far above that now, I cannot suppose what I can hope, and yet am better pleased with this; this inoffensive Purity of my Love emboldens me to shew it to *Bellefa*; and in Humility to her, it shall ask somewhat of her, as Begging is the only Present Impotency hath to make to Power, and it shall be so far from being sensual, it shall be nothing but Belief.

Enter BELLESA.

Bel. Your Sadness seems so welcome to you, as I may excuse the Interruption of it.

Gen. You are so far from Interruption of it, Madam, as you bring the Cause along with you.

Bel. Have you not yet forgiven my Curiosity to see the Picture? --- Are you of *Martyro's* Mind?

Gen. Why she's an Angel, even in the Knowledge of Mens Thoughts --- I? What, Madam, do you think I am of *Martyro's* Mind?

Bel. In keeping your Love invisible, and therefore are displeased that we saw so much as the Shadow of it.

Gen. I am not of his Mind in that. --- I would shew mine, because 'tis such a Wonder, 'twill not else be believed; and

as Wonders, Madam, hardly obtain that, so mine shall pretend to no more.

Bel. Do you pretend, *Genorio*, to be a Friend unto the Prince, and will make the loving *Fidamira* a Wonder in any Body?

Gen. Yes, Madam, that were a greater, after having seen you, than that which I tell you.

Bel. I have only Leisure now to tell you *Genorio*, that in Revenge of this Flattery, I will accuse you of it to your Friend *Moramente*, who loves the Prince so much, as he will chide you for it. I am now going into a Privacy, I must desire to leave you.

Gen. I am so cursed, Madam, as Truth seems disflustered by my bringing it. I never committed Sin enough against another, to be equal to this Punishment of leaving you. [*As he goes out*] To what am I transformed when the Name *Fidamira* is a Torture to me!

BELLESA alone.

Bel. Sure *Moramente* hath employed his Friend *Genorio* to save him the Shame of speaking for himself; *Genorio* speaks so boldly it must needs be for another. I need not be so shy of this my Thoughtfulness, since all the Virtues they should fix upon, are here objected to them in *Moramente's* Carriage; Love and Honour bent by Humility into a lovely Arch; on which my Thoughts may safely pass on towards his Person; which, when I consider, I find it such, as scarce needs Humility to recommend it. --- His Fate hath so directed him to me, as he hath had a real Sense of my Misfortune, and his Destiny hath been so kind to him in that, as to indebt me some Pity to him, as my self and the reviving of *Saphira*, though it be by *Bellefa's* Death, 'twill not be welcome to him. Methinks my Thoughts would take Air a little to refresh themselves. That Infant Love that's come to visit them, would carry them abroad with him; they shall go with him, and be so civil as to entertain him with Musick.

Prefs me no more, kind Love, I will confess
 And tell you all, nay rather more than less.
 So you will promise me, when I have told you then
 Not to bring me to witness it to Men.
 Though thus y'are strong enough to make me speak,
 Help'd out by Virgin Shame you'll be too weak.
 If I find thus I may be safely free,
 Best by this Freedom I engag'd may be.

I find a glowing Heat that turns red hot
 My Heart, but yet it doth not flame a Jot.
 It doth but yet to such a Colour turn,
 It seems to me rather to blush than burn.
 You would persuade me that that flaming Light,
 Rising, will change this Colour into White:
 I would fain know if this White's Inference
 Pretend pale Guilt, or candid Innocence.
 If you will tell me which, without Deceit,
 I will allow you Light as well as Heat.
 Then take you Care of me, a Mean so rare
 Betwixt Mens Vanity, and their Despair.

I find so gentle Drowfiness flow o'er my Senses, as if my Thoughts had wearied them in carrying them thus far; and my Thoughts are so innocent they do not oppose the Rest my Senses ask. [*She falls a sleep, and Moramente enters to her.*]

Mor. Was it the Rapture my Soul was always in, when she contemplates the divine *Belleſa*, that did present her Voice unto me here in Heaven? Sure it was: Her Soul, useleſs now unto her Body, is gone to viſit Heaven, and did ſalute the Angels with a Song. Let Sleep no more be called Death's Image, here is an Animation of it. [*He ſees her here lie ſleeping and ſtands ſurprized.*] Sure, all the Life that Sleep takes from the reſt of the World he hath brought hither and lives here. --- Methinks I ſhould be innocent too now. --- Sure, had I but even an ill-coloured Thought, her Soul that is in Heaven would know it, and come back to awake her with the Alarm. --- I will ſtay at this Diſtance ſtill, and only take this Advantage now to wonder. --- Nearer her thus parted from her Soul than I can do, united. [*he goes to ſtep toward her*] Doth the Ground move to carry me nearer than my Soul durſt go? --- 'Tis true, I find it is the Earthlineſs about me moves me nearer, than my Reverence ſhould keep me. Methinks I am ſo near her now, as I all Soul, my Body by whoſe Carriage it was brought, is now recoiled, and my Spirit is now ſhot out upon *Belleſa*. And thus all Spirit I may touch her and not be felt. Therefore thus all my Soul abſtracted ſhall fall upon her Hand, to do it Reverence. My Spirit hath found a Body in this Touch, [*He kiſſeth her Hand*] and ſuch a one as it cannot contain from venturing to loſe it ſelf to touch but this again, [*he kiſſeth her Hand again, and ſhe begins to ſtir*] I was afraid the leaſt Mixture of a Body would diſquiet hers by that Averſion ſhe hath to all, the firſt ſpiritual Touch moved her to note, then ſeveral Airs that join

move

move one another. Never was so much Fear in any Body without the Will of flying it. 'Tis but just my Body thus refined should be stay'd here, now to expect its Sentence.

Bel. My Soul's Centinels kept not so ill Watch, as not to rise up against this Attempt upon them. I should be glad to find some Body else here, *Moramente*, to whom to impute this Insolence which--- But hold; here comes *Genorio*.--- I must not discover my self to him. [Exit Bellefa.]

Enter GENORIO sadly.

Mor. What Sadness is this, *Genorio*, that diverts even mine, as to take Notice of it?

Gen. The Joys I owe you, *Moramente*, may justify this Sorrow.---Is not this a strange Curse?

Mor. So strange a one, I understand it not!

Gen. Had I not had already the Joy of all your Trust, it could not so afflict me, the not being trusted now with such a Joy of yours, as all the Society believes; and I have no other Reason to doubt but your not having told it me.

Mor. My Curse is so malignant, it infects thee for being my Friend; and it is much now, *Genorio*, for me to say, that I have any Sense left for thy unjust Affliction. I had no Ease left but the Belief that I had made thee happy, and thy Mistake is never come to rob me, even of that.

Gen. It would be as hard for me, *Moramente*, to find a Cause for the least of your Benefits, as 'tis to repeat them all; they began so much before my Memory, as I must trust Report for that, and what I know may warrant my Belief of that you saved my Life, when my Infant-innocence was Guilt to you, as it was cursed to be born your Enemy. The Education you gave was such as might make my Life worthy your owning, since, after having given me so much Wealth and Honour as an Accession unto that could expect no more Sense of it. Then, as if you did study my Blessing in making you some Return, you have given me the disposing of your Life, and the Treasure of your Trust, such a Gift as but by keeping it, I might make you a Retribution, but you take it away without a daily Addition to it. I have repeated this to you, which is too much for you to remember, that you may see I am thus far towards the deserving this, as the accounting all this is a Curse, if the only Means of Gratitude which I have left, the joying in your Joys, be but suspended from me.

Mor. Thou art too partial to me, *Genorio*, to believe me in my Misery, which, if I have not let thee know, 't has been for Fear thy Misbelief should add to it: But now I find

even that Misfortune which I only thought I could avoid, thy Distrust, is fallen on me.

Gen. I shall easily, *Maramente*, believe you as miserable as you would have me, if you were capable of any, loved by *Bellefa*, as they say you are.

Mor. Though I had Tenderness enough, *Genorio*, to be sensible of thy Distrust, as thy Affliction; I have no Sense left for this thy Scorn, because 'tis mine.

Gen. Pardon my Duty, Sir, that did believe there could not have been guess'd a Blessing for you greater than your Merit. That did make it more probable to me.

Mor. Believe me, *Genorio*, I am as far from that, as if I wished it, I could fear.

Gen. Let it not seem Insolence then in me, in this your Affliction, to profess my self happy. For I think my self so only, as I hope to transfer it upon you. If, Sir, it be the Memory of *Fidamira* that darkens all Things else unto you, I do believe the Miracle of my Gratitude shall draw Light out of that Darkness for you. For it can seem no less to you that *Fidamira* should be given away; but the Wonder of my Obligation will lessen much this Miracle; they make I am that Subject, Sir, you would not know for Fear of envying, in whose Hands *Fidamira* hath deposited her Faith. And now you shall know to be envied by him, and all the rest of the World whose Merits Heaven will not honour with a less Miracle than a Lover's Resignation of his Mistress. And this, Sir, I now beg of you the Acceptation of a Blessing, and that you may have her so purely her self, without the Abatement of Inconstancy, I will give her Reason for't, and only for that wait on you to her once, to bring my self so criminal unto her, as her loving me shall be one, which then she can no longer do, as she can ne'er do Ill. I do not owe you less than Breach of Faith, but this Apparency of Guilt is less. --- Therefore, Sir, resolve at this next Election, which is within two Days, to declare your self, and so begin with this Blessing of your self, the comforting your Father. I will wait on you till I may deliver *Fidamira* to you, and then return hither. And the only Favour I will ask, shall be the Leave to live here, with your Belief of such a Pleas'dness in my Condition, you may think you have given more in Acceptation than you have received.

Mor. It is so hard, *Genorio*, to believe that *Fidamira* can be given away, as it had need of such a Faith as mine in thee to credit it; but to assure thee that I believe that thou not only canst, but wouldst, do so strange a Thing for me, I will not venture

venture to accept it. Glory in this, *Genorio*, that from the Depth of this Dejection, thou hast had the Power to raise me up to Joy that thou shalt have *Fidamira* as fully with my Wishes as thy own.

Gen. What a strange Curse were this, if I believed this Offer were your Wish; but it is true, Sir, it is not fit you should wish any Thing that can be offer'd you. And I must needs owe my good Fortune less Sense than e'er I did, since even the first of it affords me no Means of Retribution unto you.

Enter GEMELLA.

Gem. I have a Message to deliver you, *Moramente*, from *Bellefa*.

Mor. 'Tis welcome, *Gemella*, whatsoe'er it be.

Gem. She commands your Presence immediately.

Mor. I obey her Majesty. [Exit *Moramente*.

[Scene changes and discovers FIDAMIRA dress'd in Black.

Fid. Methinks I do now so much neglect all Men, as I have no Sense so low, as to be moved with any of their Injuries. I do forgive *Agenor* so, as all the Memory I have now left, is of my own Fault, that it was ever in the Power of a Man so to offend me. I confess I could wish his Repentance, only to expiate that Fault of mine, by shewing how much I repent of it, by being now incapable of such an Exposure of my self again. I am not so vain as to believe my Looks can persuade him to this Repentance; therefore I have thought a Way how they may fright him to it, and for that I must put on this Colour's contrary, and like a Ghost appear unto him. His Guilt will join with me in the Perswasion of it. Thus I will watch him the next Evening, as he goes to the Temple. His Fears would now be welcomer than his Love: But he may chance be so vain, as to believe that even dead I cannot choose but follow him; for Vanity even feeds on Dreams and Apparitions, and loving *Bellefa*, he had need sustain his Love with such like airy Nourishments. I am resolved I will once more change my Disguise: I am sure it cannot succeed worse with me than this hath done.

*My Fate inverting these two Colours right,
Puts Innocence in Black, and Guilt in White.*

[Exit *Fidamira*.

Enter the Queen, and MORAMENTE kissing her Hand.

Mor. Soon only this might prove a Cure to me, if I could prophane with the Thought of being a Queen.---There are a thousand Qualities in this Hand, the least of them above all.---

Bel. Behold, *Moramente*, *Melidoro* and *Camena* comes

this Way.--- Let us withdraw a While. [*Exeunt Mor. & Bel.*

Enter MELIDORO and CAMENA.

Mel. What think you now, *Camena*?---How much doth *Bellefa* love?

Cam. What think you, *Melidoro*?---I know how much she loves.

Mel. Have you got the Model of it, pray?---I would not for an Empire build my Hope by such a one, therefore pray do not proportion yours to it.

Cam. They that have taken the true Dimensions of Love and Honour, may model hers by that.---She is so exactly what she should be, as they that know that, may know directly what she is.

Mel. What, then, d'ye think she answers *Moramente's* Love?

Cam. If Women at first be but so civil as an Echo, 'tis enough if she shew that she did hear.---But look where *Genorio* comes!---Methinks he looks as if he would out-act all that hath been writ of Sorrow: This Sight, methinks, *Melidoro*, should make no Hope seem little.

Mel. Pray, *Camena*, let's leave him, he looks as if he would taint the Air, and make Misfortune infectious.

[*Exeunt Melidoro & Camena.*

Enter GENORIO.

Gen. How well hath Fortune shewed I am her own, in having thus employed my self to betray that Strength of Happiness which was impregnable, and must have been delivered thus by me, since her self could not take it? Sure Fortune grew jealous, lest the World should think she was in Love with me; and there's nothing so detracting from Fortune's Reputation, as the Opinion that she can fasten her self to any one. She is the whole World's Mistress, and her loose Variations entertain all her Servants in Variety of Hopes, and so draws on those general Addresses which busy and divert her so. Methinks she might have counted me her Child, and so have justified unto her self her Tenderness of me. For when my Infant-blood seem'd destin'd to the Thirst of Multitudes, even there she took me in her Arms, and set me at the Breasts of Princes to be nurs'd; and not content with that, endeared me so unto them, as if I had suck'd their Hearts into me, and they liv'd by me. This hath been confirm'd unto me by such a Disposition of their Powers, as if they had no Power but this of giving me so much: And because all this might be thought subject still to fortune, she provided me a Blessing above

bove her Power of resum'g *Fidamira's* Love. And sure 'tis that which hath incens'd my Mother Fortune thus against me, the Repulse that she received in her attempting *Fidamira*: For never was Fortune more affronted, than in her Refusal of the Prince. It must be so that she grew jealous of my being set above her Reach, and finding her self so weak, hath got Love to join with her to take me by my self, that I might give away what could not be resum'd. And now I am so compleatly miserable, I cannot call my Affliction Misfortune. I have this Circumstance to perfect it, the Attribution of it wholly to my self. I have told *Bellefa* my Passion so directly, she seems not to understand it. Sure it had so wild a Boldness, it looked liker Madness than Love. It is but just that I that have so much neglected Truth, should be discredited by it. Whither but to my self should I repair for Satisfaction, since I am my own Offender? Therefore from thence I derive a Happiness that shall defy even Fortune, the Adoration of the not epitheted *Bellefa*; it shall be so little subject to Chance or Change, it shall make Despair a Reason for it, to be sure to defy both those. Nay, I will not exact less of my self than the doing what was never done before, the allowing *Bellefa* to love another, and even proportion my Joy in this, to what she shall receive in that. Thus I am so resolv'd, as I could even already tell it *Fidamira*.

Enter FIDAMIRA like a Ghost.

Gen. Though Fortune hath taken me at this Disadvantage, before my Resolution had Time to fall from my Mouth into my Heart: Yet thus half armed, I will defend my self, tho' Beauty and Death, even those great Enemies, are reconciled to join against me, nay, I will give thee yet more Odds, I will suppose thee an Angel and so conclude thou knowest my Thoughts, and justify them even against any Reason thou canst bring: By naming but *Bellefa*, thou must needs know her, if Angels know one another. She is here your Delegate on Earth. Tell me, blessed Spirit, wert thou not sent down to visit her! To fright me thou canst not come in such a Shape, and less to change me, that am fixt above the Power of Miracles. When you have seen *Bellefa*, you will think Constancy to any but her self so ill a Miracle, as you will not approve it. How blessed am I in this Descent of yours? For if you came but to reproach me, I shall have this Merit to *Bellefa*, the having brought an Angel down to see her, which may describe her, where she only can be prais'd enough, in Heaven: Go then, fair Spirit, and when you have but looked on her,
the

the Impatience of the News you carry will quicken your Ascendancy again, to entertain the blessed Choir with a Relation may endanger your being envied there. For me, I doubt not but you will approve so of my Adoration here, as in Pity of my Want of Spirit and Soul enough you will inspire some such Transcendency as may lessen the Disproportion is between the Admiration of all Mortals, and the divine *Belleſa*.

Ghost. I am ſo unhappy, I can think my ſelf leſs ſo, for the Improbability of thy ever being ſo, which to remove from thee, I am content to impart to thee. All the Angelicalneſs I will own, is the Previſion of thy Miſfortune, to which thy Belief may preſcribe ſome Remedy. I know *Belleſa* ſo much better than thou, as I can tell even what ſhe ſhall be.

She a Woman unto one ſhall be,

But ſtill an Angel unto thee.

And, to thy Shame too, Fidamira lives,

And is an Angel, but as ſhe forgives.

Gen. Sure the Heavens have conſpir'd this Miracle of my Love, and by an Angel have been pleas'd thus to aſſure me of the Conjunction that muſt make it ſo, *Belleſa* loving *Moramente*. And what a Joy hath Heaven ſent me to begin with? The making me an Angel unto *Moramente*, by the Delivery of theſe News, which is ſuch as even the Relation of it over-pays all his Benefits. I will inſtantly ſeek him, with this Obligation muſt remain to me. For *Fidamira*, I can wiſh nothing in her Life, but her being here for an Exaltation of the Wonder of my Love unto *Belleſa*. [Exit Genorio.]

The King at the other Door following FIDAMIRA, ſhe flying from him.

Fid. In what Diſtreſs am I?---As I was going out of the Temple, the King meets me thus.---Sure he hath believed me dead, and ſearch'd out my *Ghost*! For thus he follows me rather joyed than frighted.---And ſince this Habit cannot deliver me from him, my Tongue muſt needs deliver me to him.

King. Stay, *Fidamira*, whatſo'er thou art, Angel or *Ghost*.---I do not miſ-call thee by that Name.---O do not foul that pure Reverence I bear thee, with ſuch a Stain as Violence. 'Tis thou that offer'ſt the firſt Violence by flying; and if I ſhall dare to touch thee, 'tis in my Defence, to ſtay thee here.

Fid. [I muſt reveal my ſelf and truſt him, or his Wilfulneſs in following me muſt needs diſcover me: Beſides, to Morrow is the Day that ſhall unriddle all our Stories. I ſhall not advance his Knowledge of me much, and ſo prevent his finding of the Prince unopportunely. I will reſolve it. *Aside*] Heaven

ven

you hath been so careful of your Comfort, Sir, as it hath made me my self again, I believe only for that, and hath employed another's Guilt to advance this Ease unto your Innocence.

King. Your Body, *Fidamira*, is but lent you then again for Apparition unto me, not Life to you. And it was kindly done to call my Knowledge of it an Ease, since it will surely deliver my Spirit from the Cords and Ligaments that hold it yet.

Fid. You are mistaken, Sir, I am not dead, only transfigured into this Colour's contrary; which I have put on but as a Case, to keep it from fallying.

King. If thou livest, *Fidamira*, speak on; for I will believe thee so, as well as if thou wert an Angel.

Fid. Will you forgive me, Sir, if I call that, which it may be you meant an Honour, your resuming of your Grant of Privacy, an Intermission of my Peace? From whence I did derive such Fear, as the Protection of a King did most expose me to, the Apprehension of such an Eminence intended me, as I could only come near the deserving, by the avoiding: And yet so possess my self of a more affected Happiness, your Estimation of my Virtue; which I tender'd the Preservation of the more, because yours must have suffered with it. For the Honours you had designed for me, were rais'd to such a Height, as being above the Capacity of the greatest Part of the Lookers on, were likely to be misunderstood. Therefore to avoid the Occasion of being but so much as an Error in your unquestionable Worth, I chose this as the less Danger, the flying into some conceal'd Retreat, and not trusting so much to my Legs, I made my Face run away to carry me securely; and in this Disguise of a *Moor* I fled hither, where I made bold to use your Name to be receiv'd. And here I found my Flight and my Disguise so much out-done by Strangers, as I had no Wonder left for my own Condition. And these upon your Promise of taking no Knowledge of, till I shall advise you to it, I will impart unto you.

King. Ask no other Caution, *Fidamira*, but thy Belief that I cannot disobey thee. Should'st thou tell me that my Son were here, and you two in Love with one another, I would ne'er take Notice of it, till all your Blessings did ask me mine for Consummation of them. In which Gift I would ask nothing but the breathing out my Soul upon it; so willingly I would give it you.

Fid. Your own Guess hath engaged you, Sir. The Prince and *Agenor* are both here, admitted into the Order by the Names
of

of *Moramante* and *Genorio*. The Approbation, Sir, which you have promised of his Choice, if it had miscarried so as to have light on me, is a Joy that over-pays me this Comfort I have brought you, as it assures me of your Consent unto his Wishes, which are so justifiable, and I believe want nothing else for their Perfection. To Morrow is a new Election of a Queen, and that Light will clear all that must yet remain obscure to you. And the Day warns me to benight my self again. For no Light ever interpos'd it self between this Darknes, since I put it on, till now. And the Reason of this Eclipse of my Darknes (I may call it so) shall no longer than to Morrow be clouded to you. Therefore give me now Leave to return to *Gemella*, the Name my Darknes owns. And I doubt as little the justifying to you to Morrow the Fitness of all my Requests, as I do of your Observance of your Word till then. [Exit *Fidamira*.

King. Go, *Fidamira*, and doubt not of my Obedience, tho' you leave me in a Doubt, which is a Pain equal to that of thy preserved Life, or hastned Death. Which shall I trust to, *Basilino's* Hand, or *Fidamira's* Word? My Fears that find Nature too steep to climb directly up against it, do thus, by circular and turning Motions, seek to wind themselves up above it. As violent Storms, repuls'd by Fences that they meet, seem to fly back, and part themselves to go about, and so at last insinuate themselves through those Fences, that they could not break: Thus do my Doubts of *Basilino's* and *Fidamira's* knowing one another, and loving here, work themselves into me by winding Circumstances, which are so weak as must go about, my Reason cannot get over it. Thus doth all Jealousy run on in crooked Serpentations, and seems to embrace all Reason that it meets, but 'tis but to encompass it, and leave, as it were, so as an Island, as it cannot get out; mine must stay here all Night, expos'd to those cold Blasts my Fears can shake it with. To Morrow *Fidamira's* Promise will deliver me. [Exit *King*.

Enter BELLESA.

Bel. How surely do they think themselves away, that let Love close with their Thoughts, intending they shall wrestle with it? For Love in that Instant that it is let in, falls under our Wills, and, like an Inundation, all it finds portable it raiseth up, and carrieth forward on it self; and Love finds our Wills so light, and so ascensive then, as it doth but take them up with this Humility, and carries them along with it, and by this Subjection of it self, raiseth them higher than they

they could e're have got without it. So that Love entred into our Thoughts, as it useth no Violence to them; so it is liable to none from them. This have I learnt of my Tutor *Moramente*, and I am yet so strangely bashful, as my having my Lesson so perfect, makes me ashamed to repeat it. *Gemella* assures me I have had a Prince for my Tutor. I am glad of that: For though Birth and Quality be not the only Foundation to build Love upon, yet it is a fair Roof to cover it. I owe some Satisfaction to *Moramente* for all his humble Sufferings; and 'tis enough my going now to Love's Cabinet to consult, whether I shall yet tell him my Sense of them or no. The bringing it so near a Question is a Reparation for more than Man can suffer. I must resolve. [*Exit Bellefa.*

Enter MORAMENTE.

Mor. I should be so scrupulous of being so much my self, as having Power to resolve any Thing without *Bellefa's* Leave, had I not two such Necessities, as Nature and Time to justify still my Incapacity, by their Impulsion of me to it. Nature's internal Force would be too weak, I could forget I have a Father, I am so *Bellefa's* Creature, had not Time Power over me, and that this Light must see me a Prince, and her none. Her Words, by whose Reflex we only can see Thoughts, have sometimes been clear enough: Yet they have been always so unsteady, as like Glasses turned up and down, their Reflex hath rather dizied my Brain than assured my Sight. Now I must resolve to beg of her to fix them, so as I may see what Figure they have made for me. She is now gone towards Love's Cabinet. I will follow her thither, expecting nothing from the Place but Privacy. She's Love's Influence, and only can affect her self. And now to balance the Boldness of this Resolution with an equal Humility, I will oblige my self not so much as even to wonder at the worst she shall resolve for me. [*Exit Moramente.*

Enter BELLESA in a Wood called Love's Cabinet.

Bel. Hither where all Things look so pleasingly, and so well pleased, as you must be all in Love with one another; hither where the best of Love's Secresie doth flourish so, as you know not one another's Love, and yet live still, adding still to the Delights of one another, as 'twere by mere Instinct, by being but together. Whither but unto you should I repair for Company? To your so pure Innocence as Ill can ne're come so near, as to be withstood. For in your Vein runneth Water instead of Blood. My Breath is yet so innocent it will not blast your tenderest Purity. And I will trust
you

you as to take Counsel of you in the Discovery of my Thoughts of Love, you are the fitter because you cannot speak. For you may answer me by Instinct, as you seem to entertain one another, and not speak.

Ec. Speak.

Bel. Alas, *Eccho*, you are too generally free to be trusted. You will answer any Body, and that they please. Therefore the Gods when they placed you here, to secure the Secrecy of Solitude, restrained your Voice to a present Answer only to those that spake unto you, and so disinabled you to tell any Thing from one unto another, otherwise I would not trust even this Privacy with this Word Love.

Ec. Love.

Bel. Could I answer at that Distance thou dost and not be seen, I would word that Love. I think sure thou couldst not be so confident hadst thou not all these Curtains drawn before thee, and didst not know, that they that seek thee after thou hast spoke can never find thee. But let the Spirit of this unsuspected Place tell me, if it avow thee for its Speaker, and I will yield unto its Genius, and will resolve what methinks it would have me do.

Ec. Do.

Bel. Now you have answered so well for him, will you now answer for him to me? Dare you promise me his Constancy?

Ec. Constancy.

Bel. If he prove so, our Prayers shall intercede for thee unto the Gods, that this thy Service in our Loves may expiate thy former Fault. And that thou mayest be restored unto thy Body, and thy Voice doubled to thee, to have Speech enough to tell the Wonders of our Loves, which no less than such a Miracle can do. But if he now prove vain or e're inconstant, I will come back hither, and with my Curfes blast the Beauty of this Place. I will be so revenged, I will not leave it so much as Solitude. I will be always here, and with my loud Complaints storm it with a troubled Tumult. And for you, *Eccho*, I will with my Reproaches force you to answer so much, as it shall hoarse that little Voice is left you. Nay, I will search all the Earths Concavities, and fill them up, so to choak you quick, there shall be left you nothing to reside in but *Moramente's* Heart. That I will leave you, even for a greater Punishment, than Death; upon these Terms, if you will stand to your Counsel, I am content.

Ec. Content.

Enter

Enter MORAMENTE.

Mor. Hearing, Madam, you were gone this Way, I made Haste after you, lest you might light by Chance into this Place. --- Do you know where you are, Madam?

Bel. 'Tis you, *Moramente*, that are you know not where; if you had known where you were, you would not have hastened to divert me from this Place. --- This is Love's Cabinet; is it not?

Mor. It was, Madam, before you came hither, but all that was Love's, is yours where you are.

Bel. Do you think Love loseth any Thing in what I take from it?

Mor. Yes, Madam, it loseth more by what you keep from it, than it gives or receives from all the World besides; this Place is believed to have a tacit Influence, and works all Hearts into a Tenderness that it doth receive, as if the Air contracted with the Heart it should take Love, and breath together. This I tell you, Madam, only that you may glory in mastering Virtue, that seems to have Power over Nature.

Bel. My Heart, *Moramente*, is harder to be known than it is when it is known. --- Do not you think it can allow Love as much Virtue as any other?

Mor. Yes, Madam, as I believe all Virtue improves in its Cessation more than in its Exercise meeting with yours, as it is a greater Virtue to yield to that than trust unto its own: So your Heart may allow Love more Virtue than any other by a Resignation of its Power to your Neglect.

Bel. This Opinion, *Moramente*, makes me apprehend so little your guessing why I came hither, as I may now in Return of a Request you made me once, to guess at your Love, desire you to do so at the Reason of my coming hither.

Mor. It may be, Madam, that Love himself in Love with you hath given you this Curiosity of rifling his Cabinet to try who he holds Intelligence with. So, to discover Love's Secrets, you came hither.

Bel. Hath this Eccho run under Ground, and carried him my Voice? 'Tis true, *Moramente*, I am come to discover Love's Secrets, but more to trust, than to suspect: And I have found here so uninterested a Counsellor, as he asks nothing but Words to gratifie him; and he hath answered me so fitly, as if he had studied my Cause before. If you have any Suit, *Moramente*, speak to him, he is in his Closet here among the Trees; he is old and a little deaf, you must speak aloud, and it is likely he will answer you.

Mor.

Mor. This is clear enough. I understand it. You know I have a Suit, Madam. And I will try if you have entertained him against me. Tell me, thou faithful Speaker, doth *Bellefa* love?

Ec. Love.

Mor. It is too much a Miracle to be believed from any Voice but yours.

Bel. Why, *Moramente*, would you have me so strange a Creature as to make an *Eccho* speak false?

Mor. You were but dallying with Love, and he had not Strength enough to get above your other Words, and so the Air sent *Eccho* back with it along to you. Had Love any Power over you, it would not lose so much of its Sweetness, as the being deluded by any Voice but yours.

Bel. It is my Voice, *Moramente*, and I have let it loose from me, that it might not have so much as Modesty to hold it back. Believe it. For if you put me to take it in again, I have Virgin Coldness that would not let it speak so clear.

[*Moramente kneels.*]

Mor. I will believe it so as I will worship it. All my Soul's Faculties shall be converted into this one Belief, and give me Leave to beg for this kind Voice, that for my Sake is so unhappy as to go out of you, that you would take it in again, and let me hear it, in that Temple where it should be inshrined, your Mouth, though it speak lower. My Belief hath Ears to save you the Pains of straining it too high.

Bel. Rise, *Moramente*, unless you wish an Answer from a Queen, and not *Bellefa*. I have had long a Sense well fitted to your Sufferings, and I have believed so well of you, as I did not fear the Seemingness of my Indifferency would divert you from a meritorious Persistency. And I have been so just to you, as you have lost nothing by my deferring your Admittances to the Knowledge of my Thoughts; for they have been studying you all this while, with this Advantage too, of your not knowing it. So they have informed themselves of your Nature straitly in it self, without the Ply it takes, bent by Design. And I have so satisfied my self, as I believe my Time well spent.

Mor. You might well tell me, Madam, I was I knew not where, if I have been in your blessed Thoughts; and thus you only could have done so new a Thing as to recal Time, and in an Instant bless all that was past, as well as what's to come. I have now no Way of Humility left but Valuation of my self, ascribing so the more to the Virtue of your Thoughts,

Thoughts, which have made me what they have been, so modest as to say they have found me. For you have such a Singularity, as you cannot think on any Thing unworthy of you. Therefore give me Leave to ask you, what you have thought of my Love to you? For this was the only Thing in me worthy of your Thoughts, before you thought of me, I must therefore believe you have thought most of that.

Bel. For the first Thought, I did allow your Love, *Moramente*, it was so civil it brought me many in Return of it. And by this Exchange, stored me with Thoughts which were so clear, as they seemed Glasses for Virtue to dress her self by, not Shadows to draw over her. Therefore I have continued the Entertainment of your Love.

Mor. Judge, Madam, how absolutely you are Mistress of Love. It hath had Intelligence with you; and given and received Presents from you, without my Knowledge. I will not call this Treachery, for I will allow all that is mine to be yours more. But hath not my Love been so true to you, Madam, as to propose to you its Perfection in the Admittance of my Heart into yours to lie under it, that it may rest it self upon it?

Bel. It hath proposed that which I cannot answer yet, because it knows not who it speaks to.

Mor. [The Heavens conspire a Parity in all] Oh *Belleſa*, give me Leave to wish you any Thing rather than an Angel. For so only your Promise may defeat it self. If you be mortal, you can have no Scruple, but the making me happier than your self by the Disparity between what you give, and can receive.

Bel. I can give nothing now, *Moramente*, but my Promise to be shortly my self, and so it may be I shall be able to give you more than now: And, *Gemella*, though she hath not told me who you are, hath assured me you are not what you seem, and so an Agreement now would be void on both Sides. Therefore now take this Watch with my Promise, that before it measure three Hours more, you shall know my Story, and then I shall have a fuller Power to give: For having promised nothing, the Time now admits not the telling your Story, if you would advance the Knowledge of you. Therefore we must now part, I for Preparation of the Ceremony of the new Election.

Mor. I will then confess, Madam, only as much as the Time will give you Leave to know, which is, that I am more than I seem, even more in Love with you than I can seem to

be: But there will nothing now seem strange in all my Story, but your Qualification of me with more Honour than Nature can bestow. I accept this Pledge of your Promise, and shall thus by you try both Experiences.

*If Time in the Despair should seem to move
Slower, or towards the promised Joys of Love.*

[*Exeunt Mor. and Bel.*

Enter MARTYRO and GENORIO.

Mar. Well met, *Genorio*, --- I have good News to tell you: --- *Moramente* will surely fall in with *Bellefa*, our Queen; and then you may be happy in *Fidamira*. --- I know that's what you want, --- is it not, *Genorio*? Come, be free with a Friend. --- You know you may trust me, *Genorio*, with any Thing; --- even thy Life wou'd be safe, were it in my Power. [Genorio looks confused].

Gen. Then I'm undone for ever! --- *Moramente* marry *Bellefa*! Heavens forbid!

Mar. I thought you ever wished for *Fidamira*'s Love, my Friend, and not ---.

Gen. Prithee, no more, *Martyro*, I know not what I wish for now! --- O Heavens! --- that I should ever live to see this Day --- [*Turns to Martyro*] What, *Martyro*! Wouldst thou have me wed a common Strumpet! --- a Whore! --- a every Thing that's bad! --- Ten thousand thousand Curses light upon my Head if ever I see base *Fidamira* more, after I've ---.

Mar. I beg, *Genorio*, you'll cease to rave. --- Compose your self a little, --- while I ---

Gen. No, I'll never cease to rave, while that base Wretch *Moramente* survives! --- I'll haste away to the Audience Seat, and there discover all I know.

Mar. There will be none this Day, --- It is put off to celebrate the Nuptials of *Moramente* and *Bellefa* our Queen. --- Observe, *Genorio*, here comes poor *Fidamira*. ----

Gen. Curse light on the Strumpet! --- Well! a Woman would deceive the Devil! --- How demure she looks. ---

[*Exit Genorio in a Passion.*

Mar. She seems much troubled and disordered! --- What can this mean? ---

Enter GEMELLA.

Gem. Now I'm a Wretch indeed! *Moramente* to forsake me! --- Cruel, cruel Man! --- And yet I love him still.

Now the sharp Sting of deep Remorse I feel,
Now dwell in Rapture o're the pleasing Tale!

What moving Words can speak *Gemella's* Care,
 Who's mov'd by Love, yet tortur'd by Despair?
 What various Passions wreck the fighting Maid,
 By the deceitful Arts of Man betray'd?
 How fond I listen'd to the Tales of Love!
 How sweet they seem'd! --- But, ah! how pois'nous
 prove?

When nothing but Remorse and Guilt remain,
 We see our Folly, --- But we see in vain!

Guilt holds a faithful Mirror to my Sight,
 I view with Horror, what seem'd once Delight.

Mar. Thou beauteous Fair, cease this lamentable Tale!
 You quite distract me, to see thy Eyes thus swoln with
 Tears.

Why should such Griefs torment *Gemella's* Breast?

Alexis' Voice can lure each Care to Rest;
 By sweetest Accent ev'ry Thought remove,
 That seems repugnant to a softer Love;
 'Till each rough Passion in a gentler dies,
 And Love alone the Rage of Guilt supplies.
 So the poor Mariner by Billows toss'd,
 The Sport of Winds, each Moment thinks he's lost;
 Horrors on Horrors from each View appear,
 And Hope is banish'd far by deep Despair;
 But when the warring Winds contend no more,
 And rolling Surges cease to lash the Shore,
 When soft light Gales becalm the raging Sea,
 Then e'ery Thought of Fear in Pleasure dies away.

Dear *Gemella* dispel those Thoughts that trouble you so much.---
 Things shall be alter'd for the better. --- We'll instantly away
 to the Queen, and let her know how much the Loss of *Alexis'*
 Love disturbs you. --- I know her Goodness is so great,
 that she would sooner lose her Life, than rob you of the Man
 you love, and who by Right ought to be yours.---What say
 you?---Will you go before it is too late?

Gem. She knows the Story well already.---

Mar. By whose Means?

Gem. The King told the whole Affair, and the Reason we
 all came here.---Afterwards she examin'd me.--- [*She weeps.*]

Mar. What was her Answer?

Gem. That she pitied my hard Fate.---Bid me be entirely
 easy.---And that it was in her Power to make me happy yet.

Mar. Then, dear *Gemella*, set thy Heart at Rest.--- Her
 Goodness

Goodness is too great to rob you of the Man you love.---Behold she comes, follow'd by *Alexis* and the Train.---

Enter BELLESA, ALEXIS, &c.

Bel. Gemella, I come to bring you Joy.---*Alexis*, take the injur'd *Gemella* by the Hand, and ask Heav'n Forgiveness.--- I wou'd not for the World have depriv'd you of him.

[*Alexis takes Gemella by the Hand.*]

Alex. Can you forgive the Wrong that's past, thou injur'd Innocence?

Gem. Oh!--- Thou dear Prince, only return to poor *Gemella*, and I am happy still.--- 'Twas Death to think of seeing you in another's Arms, to one who loves you to Distraction.

Alex. Nor Love, *Gemella*, sways thy Heart alone,
I feel the Tyrant raging in my own,
With all the Fury, and with all the Fire,
That Wish can raise, or Ardor can inspire;
As when first circled in *Gemella's* Arms,
In Pleasure lost I revell'd 'mid her Charms,
As when first on her panting Breast I lay,
And in tumultuous Joys dissolv'd away.

Enter GENORIO.

Gen. I have heard the News, and now come to recommend my self to your Majesty. [Bowling.]

Bel. You know, *Genorio*, you are the first Man in my Favour now.---And this Day, I hope, will make two happy Pair. [Pointing to *Alexis* and *Gemella*.]

Gem. Oh! Blessed Day!

Mar. Oh! Gen'rous Queen!

Bel. Well, *Alexis*, *Genorio* and I'll lead the Way to the Temple, and you and *Gemella* follow, where the Priest shall crown our Happiness.---In the mean Time, *Martyro*, you go to the old King, and give him an Invitation to the Entertainment for the celebrating our Nuptials.

*Fate's dark Recesses we can never find,
But Fortune at some Hours to all is kind.*

[*Exeunt.*]

F I N I S.

