THE TRAGEDY OF PHILOTAS.

By SAM. DANIEL.

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To the Prince.

TO you most hopefull Prince, not as you are,
But as you may be, doe I giue these lines:
That when your iudgement shall arriue so farre,
As t'ouer-looke th'intricate designes
Of vncontented man: you may beholde
With what encounters greatest fortunes close,
What dangers, what attempts, what manifolde
Incumbrances ambition vnergoes
How hardly men digest felicitie;
How to th'intemprate, to the prodigall,
To wantonnesse, and vnto luxurie,
Many things want, but to ambition all.
And you shall finde the greatest enemie
That man can haue, is his prosperitie.
Here shall you see how men disguise their ends,
And plant bad courses vnder plensing shewes,
How well presumptions broken wayes defends,
Which cleere-eyed Iudgement grauely doth disclose.
Here shall you see how th'easie multitude
Transported, take the partie of distresse;
And onely out of passions doe conclude,
Not out of iudgement; of mens practises;
How pow'rs are thought to wrong, that wrongs debar,
And Kings not held in danger, though they are.
These ancient representments of times past
Tell vs that men haue, doe, and alwayes runne
The selfe same line of action, and doe cast
Their course alike, and nothing can be done,

Whilst they, their ends, and nature are the same:
But will be wrought vpon the selfe same frame.
This benefit, most noble prince, doth yeeld
The sure records of Bookes, in which we finde
The tenure of our State, how it was held
By oll our Ancestors, and in what kinde
We holde the same, and likewise how in the end
This fraule possession of felicitie,
Shall to our late posteritie descend
By the same Patent of like destinie.
In them we find that nothing can accrew
To man, and his condition that is new.
Which images here figured in this wise
I leaue vnto your more mature suruay,
Amongst the vowes that others sacrifice
Vnto the hope of you, that you one day
Will giue grace to this kinde of Harmonie.
For know, great Prince, when you shall come to know
How that it is the fairest Ornament
Of worthy times, to haue those which may shew
The deedes of power, and liuely represent
The actions of a glorious Gouernement.
And is no lesser honor to a Crowne
T'haue Writers then haue Actors of renowne.
And though you haue a Swannet of your owne,
Within the bankes of Douen *meditates*
Sweet notes to you, and vnto your renowne
The glory of his Musicke dedicates,
And in a lofty tune is set to sound
The deepe reports of sullen Tragedies:
Yet may this last of me be likewise found
Amongst the vowes that others sacrifice
Vnto the hope of you, that you one day
May grace this now neglected Harmonie,
Which set vnto your glorious actions, may
Record the same to all posteritie

Though

Though I the remnant of another time
Am neuer like to ſee that happineſſe,
Yet for the zeale that I haue borne to rime
And to the Muſes, wiſh that good ſucceſſe
To others trauell, that in better place,
And better comfort, they may be incheerd
Who ſhall deſerue, and who ſhall haue the grace
To haue a Muſe held worthy to be heard.
And know, ſweet Prince, when you ſhall come to know,
That tis not in the pow'r of Kings to raiſe
A ſpirit for Verſe that is not borne thereto,
Nor are they borne in euery Princes dayes:
For late Eliza's *raigne gaue birth to more*
Then all the Kings of England *did before.*
And it may be, the Genius of that time
Would leaue to her the glory in that kind,
And that the vtmoſt powers of Engliſh Rime
Should be within her peacefull raigne confin'd;
For ſince that time our Songs could neuer thriue,
But laine as if forlorne; though in the prime
Of this new raiſing ſeaſon, we did ſtriue
To bring the beſt we could vnto the time.
And I although among the latter traine,
And leaſt of thoſe that ſung vnto this land,
Haue borne my part, though in an humble ſtraine,
And pleaſd the gentler that did vnderſtand:
And neuer had my harmeleſſe pen at all
Diſtain'd with any looſe immodeſtie,
Nor euer noted to be toucht with gall,
To aggrauate the worſt mans infamie.
But ſtill haue done the faireſt offices
To vertue and the time, yet naugh preuailes,
And all our labours are without ſucceſſe,
For either fauour or our vertue failes.
And therefore ſince I haue out-liu'd the date
Of former grace, acceptance and delight,

I would my lines late-borne beyond the fate
Of her ſpent line, had neuer come to light
So had I not beene tax'd for wiſhing well,
Nor now miſtaken by the cenſuring Stage
Nor, in my fame and reputation fell,
Which I eſteeme more then what all the age
Or th'earth can giue. But yeeres hath done this wrong,
To make me write too much, and liue too long.
And yet I grieue for that vnfiniſht frame,
Which thou deare Muſe didſt vow to ſacrifice,
Vnto the bed of Peace, and in the ſame
Deſigne our happineſſe to memorize,
Muſt, as it is, remaine, though as it is:
It ſhall to after-times relate my zeale
To Kings and vnto right, to quietneſſe,
And to the vnion of the Common-weale.
But this may now ſeeme a ſuperfluous vow,
We haue this peace; and thou haſt ſung enow,
And more then will be heard, and then as good
As not to write, as not be vnderſtood.

SAM. DAN.

THE ARGVMENT.

Philotas the Sonne of *Parmenio*, was a man of great eſtimation, among the *Macedonians*, and next vnto *Alexander*, held to be the moſt-valiant of the *Greekes*: patient of trauell, exceeding bountifull, and one that loued his men and friends better then any Noble-man of the Campe: but otherwiſe, noted of vaine-glory and prodigalitie, inſomuch, as his father (hauing notice of his carriage) warned him to make himſelfe leſſe then he was, to auoide the enuie of the Campe, and the diſlike of the King, who grew ſuſpicious of him, in reſpect of the greatneſſe of his father, and his owne popularitie, and by hauing intelligence of certaine vaunts of his, vſed to *Antigona* a faire Curtizan, borne in the City of *Pidna*; with whom being in loue, hee let fall many braue words and boaſts of a Souldier, to aduance his owne actions and his fathers, terming *Alexander* at euery word, The yong man. Which ſpeeches *Antigona* reuealing to a Companion of hers, were at length brought to *Craterus*, who with the woman, carried them to *Alexander*; whereby *Philotas* lay open to all the aduantages that might worke his ouerthrow: and in the end, concealing a conſpiracie (which was reuealed vnto him) intended againſt the Kng, was thereby ſuſpected to haue beene a party in the plot: but brought before *Alexander*, he ſo defended himſelfe, that hee obtained his pardon for that time, ſupped with the King that night, and yet the next day, notwithſtanding, was arraigned for the ſame fact, which hee ſtoutly denying, was afteward put to torture, and then confeſt his treaſon. And indeede, *Alexanders* drawing a Pedegree from Heauen, with aſſuming the *Perſian* magnificence, was

Plutarch in the life of *Alex.*

Q. Curtius lib. 6.

the cause that withdrew many the hearts of the Nobilitie and people from him, and by the confession of *Philotas* was that, which gaue a purpose to him and his father to haue subuerted the King as soone as hee had established *Asia*, and freed them from other feares, which being by *Ephestion* and *Craterus*, two the most especiall Councellers of *Alexander*, grauely and prouidently discerned, was prosecuted in that manner as became their neerenesse and deerenesse with their Lord and Master, and fitting to the safety of the State, in the case of so great an Aspirer; who, no doubt, had he not beene preuented (howsoeuer popularly in the Army it might be otherwise deemed) hee had turned the course of gouernement vpon his father himselfe, or els by his imbroilements made it a monster of many heads, as it afterward proued vpon the death of *Alexander*. The *Chorus* consisting of three *Graecians* (as of three estates of a Kingdome) and one *Persian*, representing the multitude and body of a People, who vulgarly (according to their affections, carried rather with compassion on Great-mens misfortunes, then with the consideration of the cause) frame their imaginations by that square, and censure what is done.

The

The Names of the Actors.

Philotas.
Chalisthenes.
Alexander.
Ephestion.
Craterus.
Thais a Curtezan.
Antigona, sometimes one of the Concubines of *Darius.*
Attarras.
Sostratus.
Chorus.
Cebalinus.
Polidamas.
Nichomachus.
Metron.
Clitus.
Perdiccas.
Three *Gracians* and a *Persian.*

THE TRAGEDY OF *Philotas.*

ACTVS I.

Philotas. Chalisthenes.

Philotas reading his fathers Letter.

MAke thy selfe lesse *Philotas* then thou art.
What meanes my father thus to write to me?
Lesse then I am? In what? How can that be?
Must I be then set vndernearh my hart?
Shall I let goe the hold I haue of grace,
Gain'd with so hard aduenture of my blood,
And suffer others mount into my place,
And from below, looke vp to where I stood?
Shall I degrade th'opinion of my worth?
By putting off imployment; as vndone
In spirit or grace: whilst other men set forth
To get that start of action I haue wonne?
As if such men as I, had any place,
To stay betwixt their ruine and their grace.
Can any goe beyond me, but they will
Goe ouer me, and trample on my state,
And make their fortunes good vpon my ill,
Whilst feare hath powre to wound me worse then hate?
Chal. Philotas, you deceiue your selfe in this,
Your father meanes not you should yeeld in place,

But

But in your popular dependences:
Your entertainements, gifts and publike grace,
That doth in iealous Kings, diſtaſte the Peeres,
And makes you not the greater but in feares.

Phi. Alas, what popular dependences
Doe I retaine? Can I ſhake off the zeale
Of ſuch as doe out of their kindneſſe,
Follow my fortunes in the Common-weale?

Cha. Indeed *Philotas* therein you ſay true:
They follow doe your fortunes, and not you.

Phi. Yea, but I find their loue to me ſincere.

Cha. Euen ſuch as to the Woolfe the Fox doth beare,
That viſits him but to partake his pray,
And ſeeing his hopes deceiu'd, turnes to betray.

Phi. I know they would, if I in danger ſtood,
Runne vnto me with hazzard of their blood.

Cha. Yes, like as men to burning houſes run,
Not to lend aide, but to be lookers on.

Phi. But I with bountie and with gifts haue tide
Their hearts ſo ſure, I know they will not ſlide.

Cha. Bountie and gifts leſe more then they doe finde,
Where many looke for good, few haue their minde;
Each thinkes he merits more then that he hath;
And ſo gifts laide for loue, doe catch men wrath.

Phi. But many meerely out of loue attend.

Cha. Yea, thoſe that loue and haue no other end.
Thinke you that men can loue you when they know
You haue them not for friendſhip, but for ſhow?
And as you are ingag'd in your affaires,
And haue your ends, thinke likewiſe they haue theirs.

Phi. But I doe truly from my heart affect
Vertue and worth where I doe find it ſet:
Beſides, my foes doe force me in effect
To make my party of opinion great,
And I muſt arme me thus againſt their ſcornes:
Men muſt be ſhod that goe amongſt the thornes.

Cha.

Cha. Ah, good *Philotas*, you your ſelfe beguile,
Tis not the way to quench the fire with Oile:
The meeke and humble Lambe with ſmall adoo
Suckes his owne damme, we ſee, and others too.
In Courts men longeſt liue, and keepe their rankes,
By taking iniuries, and giuing thankes.

Phi. And is it ſo? Then neuer are theſe haires
Like to attaine that ſober hew of gray,
I cannot plaſter and diſguiſe m'affaires
In other colours then my heart doth lay.
Nor can I patiently endure this fond
And ſtrange proceeding of authoritie,
That hath ingroſt vp all into their hand
By idol-liuing feeble Maieſtie,
And impiouſly doe labour all they can
To make the King forget he is a man,
Whilſt they diuide the ſpoyles, and pray for powre,
And none at all reſpect the publike good:
Thoſe hands that guard and get vs what is our,
The Solderie ingag'd to vent their blood,
In worſe caſe ſeeme then *Pallas* old-grow'n Moile
Th'*Athenians* foſtred at their publike coſt,
For theſe poore ſoules conſum'd with tedious toile,
Remaine neglected, hauing done their moſt,
And nothing ſhall bring home of all theſe warres,
But empty age, and bodies charg'd with ſcarres.

Cha. *Philotas*, all this publike care, I feare,
Is but ſome priuate touch of your diſlike,
Who ſeeing your owne deſignes not ſtand to ſquare
With your deſires, no others courſes like.
The griefe you take things are not ordered well,
Is, that you feele your ſelfe, I feare, not well;
But when your fortunes ſhall ſtand parabell
With thoſe you enuie now, all will be well:
For you Great-men, I ſee, are neuer more,
Your end attain'd, the ſame you were before,

You

You with a finger can point out the ſtaines
Of others errours now, and now condem
The traine of ſtate, whil'ſt your deſire remaines
Without. But once got in, you iumpe with them,
And interleague yee with iniquitie,
And with a like neglect doe temporize
And onely ſerue your owne commoditie:
Your fortune then viewes things with other eyes.
For either greatneſſe doth transforme the hart
In t'other ſhapes of thoughts, or certainely
This vulgar honeſtie doth dwell apart
From pow'r, and is ſome priuate quality.
Or rather thoſe faire parts which we eſteeme
In ſuch as you, are not the ſame they ſeeme:
You double with your ſelues or els with vs.
And therefore now, *Philotas*, euen as good
T'imbrace the times, as ſwell and doe no good.

Phi. Alas, *Chaliſthenes*, you haue not laid
True leuell to my nature, but are wide
From what I am within: all you haue ſaid
Shall neuer make me of another ſide
Then that I am, and I doe ſcorne to clime
By ſhaking hands with this vnworthy time.

Cha. The time, *Philotas*, then will breake thy necke.

Phi. They dare not, friend, my father will keepe my necke,
My ſeruice to the State hath cauſioned
So ſurely for mine honor, as it ſhall
Make good the place my deedes haue purchaſed,
With danger, in the loue and hearts of all.

Cha. Thoſe ſeruices will ſerue as weights to charge
And preſſe you vnto death, if your foot faile
Neuer ſo little vnderneath your charge,
And will be deem'd, done for your owne auaile.
And who haue ſpirits to doe the greateſt good,
May doe moſt hurt, if they remaine not good.

Phi. Tuſh, they cannot want my ſeruice in the State.

Cha.

Cha. These times want not men to supply the State.
Phi. I feare not whilst *Parmenios* forces stand.
Cha. Water farre off quenches not fire neere hand.
You may be faire dispatcht, ere he can heare,
Or if he heard, before he could be here.
And therefore doe not build vpon such sand,
It will deceiue your hopes when all is done,
For though you were the Minion of the Land,
If you breake out, be sure you are vndone.
When running with the current of the State,
Were you the weakest man of men aliue,
And in Conuentions and in Counsell sate,
And did but sleepe or nod, yet shall you thriue,
These motiue spirits are neuer fit to rise,
And tis a danger to be held so wise.
Phi. What call you running with the State? Shall I
Combine with those that doe abuse the State?
Whose want of iudgement, wit and honesty,
I am asham'd to see, and seeing hate.
Cha. Tush, tush, my Lord, thinke not of what were fit:
The world is gouern'd more by forme, then wit.
He that will fret at Lords, and at the raine,
Is but a foole, and grieues himselfe in vaine,
Cannot you Great-men suffer others to
Haue part in rule, but must haue all to do.
Now good my Lord conforme you to the rest,
Let not your wings be greater then your nest.
Phi. solus. See how these vaine discoursiue Book-men talke,
Out of those shadowes of their ayrie powers
And doe not see how much they must defalke
Of their accounts, to make them gree with ours.
They little know to what necessities
Our courses stand allied, or how we are
Ingag'd in reputation otherwise,
To be our selues in our particular.
They thinke we can command our harts to lie

Out

Out of their place; and still they preach to vs
Pack-bearing Patience, that base propertie,
And silly gift of th'all enduring Asse.
But let them talke their fill, it is but winde,
I must sayle by the Compasse of my minde.

Enters a Messenger.

My Lord, the King call's for you, come my Lord away.
Phi. Well, then I know ther's some new stratagem
In hand, to be consulted on to day,
That I am sent for, with such speede, to him,
Whose youth and fortune cannot brooke delay.
But her's a suter stands t'impeach my haste:
I would I had gone vp the priuie way,
Whereby we escape th'attending multitude,
Though, I confesse, that in humanity
Tis better to denie, then to delude.

Enters Cebalinus.

My Lord *Philotas*, I am come with newes
Of great importance, that concernes vs all,
And well hath my good fortune met with you,
Who best can heare, and best discharge my care.
Phi. Say what it is, and pray-thee friend be briefe.
Ceb. The case requires your patience, good my Lord,
And therefore I must craue your eare a while.
Phi. I cannot now be long from *Alexander*.
Ceb. Nor *Alexander* will be long with vs,
Vnlesse you heare: and therefore know, the newes
I bring, concernes his life; and this it is:
There is one *Dymnus* here within the Campe,
Whose low estate, and high affections,
Seeme to haue thrust him int'outragious wayes.
This man, affecting one *Nichomachus*,
A youth, my brother, whom one day h'allures
Int'a Temple, where being both alone,

He

He breakes out in this sort: *Nichomacus*,
Sweet louely youth; ah, should I not impart
To thee the deepest secrets of my heart;
My heart that hath no locke shut against thee,
Would let it out sometimes vnwares of me;
But as it issues from my faithfull loue,
So close it vp in thine, and keepe it fast.
Sweare to be secret, deare *Nichomacus*,
Sweare by the sacred God-head of this place,
To keepe my counsell, and I will reueale
A matter of the greatest consequence
That euer man imparted to his friend.
Youth and desire drawne with a loue to knew,
Swore to be secret, and to keepe it close.
Then *Dymnus* tels him, That within three dayes
There should b'effected a conspiracy
On *Alexanders* person, by his meanes
And diuers more of the Nobility,
To free their labours, and redeeme them home.
Which when *Nichomacus* my brother heard:
Is this your tale? sayth he, O God forbid
Mine oath should tie my tongue to keepe in this!
This ougly sinne of treason, which to tell
Mine oath compels me; faith against my faith
Must not be kept. My falshood here is truth,
And I must tell. Friend or friend not, I'l tell.
Dymnus amaz'd, hearing beyond conceit
The selfe-will'd youth vow to reueale their plot,
Stands staring on him, drawing backe his breath,
Or els his breath confounded with his thoughts
Busied with death and horror, could not worke,
Not hauing leasure now to thinke what was,
But what would be, his feares were runne before,
And at misfortune ere she came to him.
At length yet, when his reason had reduc'd
His flying thoughts backe to some certaine stand,

Perceiuing yet ſome diſtance was betwixt
Death and his feares, which gaue him time to worke,
With his returning ſpirits he drew his ſword,
Puts it t'his owne then to my brothers throat,
Then laies it downe, then wrings his hands, then kneeles,
Then ſtedfaſt lookes, then takes him in his armes,
Weeps on his necke, no word, but, O wilt thou?
VVilt thou, be the deſtruction of vs all?
And finding no relenting in the youth,
His miſeries grew furious, and againe
He takes his ſword, and ſweares to ſacrifice
To ſilence and their cauſe, his deareſt bloud.
The boy amaz'd, ſeeing no other way,
VVas fame to vow, and promiſe ſecrecy;
And as if woon t'allow and take that part.
Prayes him tell, who were his complices.
Which, though perplext with griefe for what was done,
Yet thinking now t'haue gain'd him to his ſide,
Dymnus replies: No worſe than *Locem*,
Demetrius of the priuy Chamber, and
Nicanor, *Amyntas*, and *Archelopis*,
Drocenus, *Aphebetus*, *Leuculaus*,
Shall be th'aſſociats of *Nichomacus*.
This when my brother once had vnderſtood,
And after much adoe had got away,
He comes and tells me all the whole diſcourſe,
Which here I haue related vnto you,
And here will I attend t'auouch the ſame,
Or bring my brother to confirme as much,
Whom now I left behinde, leſt the conſpirators
Seeing him here vnuſing to this place,
Suſpecting t'b'appeach'd, might ſhift away.

Phil. Well fellow, I haue heard thy ſtrange report,
And will finde time t'acquaint the King therewith.

SCENA SECVNDA.

Antigona, and *Thais*.

VVHat can a free estate affoord me more
Than my incaptiu'd fortune doth allow?
Was I belou'd, inrich'd, and grac'd before?
Am I not lou'd, inrich'd, and graced now?
Tha. Yea, but before thou wert a Kings delight.
Ant. I might be his, although he was not mine.
Tha. His greatnes made thee greater in mens sight.
Ant. More great perhaps without, but not within:
My loue was then aboue me: I am now
Aboue my loue. *Darius* then had thousands more:
Philotas hath but me as I do know,
Nor none els will he haue, and so he swore.
Tha. Nay, then you may beleeue him, if he swore.
Alas, poore soule, she neuer came to know
Nor liberty, nor louers periuries.
Ant. Stand I not better with a meaner loue,
That is alone to me, than with these powres,
Who out of all proportion must b'aboue
And haue vs theirs, but they will not be ours.
And *Thais*, although thou be a Grecian,
And I a Persian, do not enuy me,
That I embrace the onely gallant man
Persia, or *Greece*, or all the world can see.
Thou, who art entertein'd and grac'd by all
The flowre of honour els, do not despise,
That vnto me, poore captiue, should befall
So great a grace in such a worthies eyes,
Tha. *Antigona*, I enuy not thy loue,
But thinke thee blest t'enioy him in that sort.
But tell me truly, Didst thou euer proue
Whether he lou'd in earnest or in sport?

Ant. *Thais*, let m'a little glory in my grace,
Out of the passion of the ioy I feele,
And tell the a secret, but in any case,
As y'are a woman, do not it reueale.
One day, as I was sitting all alone,
In comes *Philotas* from a victory
All blood and dust, yet iolly hauing wonne
The glory of the day most gallantly:
And warm'd with honour of his good successe,
Relates to me the dangers he was in:
Whereat I wondring, blam'd his forwardnesse.
Faith wench, sayes he, thus must we fight, toyle, win,
To make that yong-man proud: thus is he borne
Vpon the wings of our deserts; our blood
Sets him aboue himselfe, and makes him scorne
His owne, his country, and the authors of his good.
My father was the first that out from *Greece*
Shew'd him the way of *Asia*, set him on,
And by his proiect rais'd the greatest peece
Of this proud worke which now he treads vpon.
Parmenio without *Alexander* much hath wrought,
Without *Parmenio*, *Alexander* hath done nought.
But let him vse his fortune whilst he may
Times haue their change, we must not still be led.
And sweet *Antigona* thou mayst one day
Yet, blesse the houre t'haue knowne *Philotas* bed;
Wherewith he sweetly kist me. And now deeme,
If that so great, so wise, so rare a man
Would, if he held me not in deare esteeme,
Haue vttred this t'a captiue Persian.
But *Thais* I may no longer stay, for feare
My Lord returne, and find me not within,
Whose eyes yet neuer saw me any where
But in his chamber, where I should haue been,
And therefore *Thais* farewell.

Tha. Farewell *Antigona*.

Now

Now haue I that, which I desired long,
Layd in my lap by this fond woman heere,
And meanes t'auenge me of a secret wrong
That doth concerne my reputation neere.
This gallant man, whom this foole in this wise
Vants to be hers, I must confesse t'haue lou'd,
And vs'd all th'engins of these conquering eyes,
Affections in his hie-built heart t'haue mou'd,
Yet neuer could: for what my labour seekes
I see is lost vpon vaine ignorance,
Whil'st he that is the glory of the Greekes,
Virtues vpholder, honours countenance,
Out of this garnish of his worthy parts
Is fall'n vpon this foolish Persian,
To whom his secrets grauely he imparts,
Which she as wisely keepe and gouerne can.
Tis strange to see the humour of these men,
These great aspiring spirits, that should bewise,
We women shall know all: for how and then,
Out of the humour of these iollities,
The smoake of their ambition must haue vent,
And out it comes what racks should not reueale:
For this her humour hath so much of winde,
That it will burst it selfe if too close pent;
And none more fit than vs their wisdomes finde,
Who will for loue or want of wit conceale.
For being the nature of great spirits, to loue
To be where they may be most eminent;
And rating of themselues so farre aboue
Vs in conceit, with whom they do frequent,
Imagine how we wonder and esteeme
All that they do or say; which makes them striue
To make our admiration more extreme:
Which they suppose they cannot, lesse they giue
Notice of their extreme and highest thoughts:
And then the opinion, that we loue them too,

Begets a confidence of ſecrecy;
Whereby what euer they intend to doo,
We ſhall be ſure to know it preſently.
But faith, I ſcorne that ſuch a one as ſhe,
A ſilly wittied wench, ſhould haue this grace
To be preferr'd and honor'd before me,
Hauing but only beauty, and a face.
I that was euer courted by the great
And gallant'ſt Peeres and Princes of the Eaſt,
Whom *Alexander* in the greateſt ſtate
The earth did euer ſee him, made his gueſt.
There where this tongue obtained for her merit
Eternity of Fame: there where theſe hands
Did write in fire the glory of my ſpirit,
And ſet a trophey that for euer ſtands.
Thais action with the Grecian acts ſhall be
Inregiſtred alike. *Thais*, ſhe that fir'd
The ſtatelieſt palace th'earth did euer ſee,
Darius houſe that to the clouds aſpir'd,
She is put backe behinde *Antigona*.
But ſoone *Philotas* ſhall his error ſee,
Who thinkes that beauty beſt, mens paſſions fits,
For that they vſe our bodies, not our wits:
And vnto *Craterus* will I preſently,
And him acquaint with all this whole diſcourſe,
Who, I am ſure, will take it well of vs:
For theſe great Minions, who with enuious eie
Looke on each others greatneſſe, will be glad,
In ſuch a caſe of this importancy,
To haue th'aduantage that may here be had.

CHORVS.

VVE *as the Chorus of the vulgar, ſtand*
Spectators heere, to ſee theſe great men play

Their

Their parts both of obedience and command,
And censure all they do, and all they say.
For though we be esteem'd but ignorant,
Yet are we capable of truth, and know
Where they do well, and where their actions want
The grace that makes them proue the best in show,
And though we know not what they do within,
Where they attire, their mysteries of State:
Yet know we by th'euents, what plots haue beene,
And how they all without do personate,
We see who well a meauer part became,
Faile in a greater and disgrace the same.
We see some worthy of aduancement deem'd,
Saue when they haue it: some againe haue got
Good reputation, and beene well esteem'd
In place of greatnesse, which before were not.
We see affliction act a better scœne
Than prosperous fortune which hath marr'd it cleane.
We see that all which we haue praisd in some,
Haue only beene their fortune, not desart:
Some warre haue grac'd, whom peace doth ill become,
And lustfull ease hath blemisht all their part.
We see Philotas *acts his goodnesse ill,*
And makes his passions to report of him
Worse than he is: and we do feare he will
Bring his free nature to b'intrapt by them.
For sure there is some engin closely laid
Against his grace and greatnesse with the King:
And that vnlesse his humors proue more staid,
We soone shall see his vtter ruining.
And his affliction our compassion drawes,
Which still lookes on mens fortunes, not the cause.

ACTVS II. SCENA I.

Alexander, Ephestion, Craterus.

Alexander.

EPhestion, thou doest *Alexander* loue,
Craterus, thou the King: yet both you meet
In on selfe point of loyalty and loue,
And both I find like carefull, like discreet,
Therefore my faithfull'st Counsellers, to you
I must a weighty accident impart,
Which lies so heauy, as I tell you true
I finde the burthen much t'oppresse my hart.
Ingratitude and stubburne carriage,
In one of whom my loue deseru'd respect,
Is that which moues my passion into rage,
And is a thing I ought not to neglect.
You see how I *Philotas* raised haue
Aboue his ranke, his Peeres, beyond his terme;
You see the place, the offices I gaue,
As th'earnest of my loue to binde his firme:
But all, he deeming rather his desarts,
Than the effects of my grace any way,
Beginnes to play most peremtory parts,
As fitter to controule than to obay.
And I haue beene inform'd, he fosters too
The faction of that home-bent cowardize,
That would run backe from glory, and vndoo
All the whole wonder of our enterprize;
And one day to our selfe presumes to write,
(Seeming our stile and title to abraid,
Which th'oracles themselues held requisite,
And which not I, but men on me haue laid)
And sayd he pitied those who vnder him should liue,
Who held himselfe the sonne of *Iupiter*.
Alas good man, as though what breath could giue

Could

Could make mine owne thoughts other than they are!
I that am Arbitrer betwixt my heart
And their opinion, know how it ſtands within,
And finde that my infirmities take part
Of that ſame frailty other men liue in.
And yet, what if I were diſpos'd to winke
At th'entertain'd opinion ſpred ſo farre,
And rather was content the world ſhould thinke
Vs other than we are, that what we are.
In doing which, I know I am not gone
Beyond example, ſeeing that maieſty
Needs all the props of admiration
That may be got, to beare it vp on hie;
And much more mine, which but eu'n now begun
By miracles of fortune, and our worth,
Needs all the complements to reſt vpon
That reu'rence and opinion can bring forth,
Which this wiſe man conceiues not, and yet takes
Vpon him to inſtruct vs what to do.
But theſe are but the flouriſhes he makes
Of greater malice he is bent vnto:
For ſure, me thinkes, I view within his face
The map of change and inuocation:
I ſee his pride contented with no place,
Vnleſſe it be the throne I ſit vpon.

Epheſt. Had I not heard this from your ſacred tongue,
Deare Souereigne, I would neuer haue beleeued
Philotas folly would haue done that wrong
To his owne worth and th'honours he receiued:
And yet me thought, of late, his carriage
In ſuch exceeding pompe and gallantry,
And ſuch a world of followers, did preſage
That he affected popularity,
Eſpecially, ſince for his ſeruice done
He was adiudg'd to haue the ſecond place
In honour with *Antigonus*: which wonne

To

To ſome th'opinion to be high in grace;
Then his laſt action, leading the right wing,
And th'ouerthrow he gaue, might lap in large
Th'opinion of himſelfe, conſidering
Th'eſpeciall grace and honour of his charge,
Whereby perhaps in rating his owne worth,
His pride might vnder-value that great grace
From whence it grew, and that which put him forth,
And made his fotune ſuting to the place.
But yet I thinke he is not ſo vnwiſe,
Although his fortune, youth, and iollity
Makes him thus mad, as he will enterpriſe
Ought againſt courſe, his faith, and loyalty:
And therefore, if your Grace did but withdraw
Thoſe beames of fauour, which do daze his wits,
He would be ſoone reduc'd t'his ranke of aw,
And know himſelfe, and beare him as befits.

Alex. Withdraw our grace, and how can that be done,
Without ſome ſulliuation to enſue!
Can he be ſafe brought in, being ſo farre gone?
I hold it not. Say *Craterus*, What thinke you?

Cra. Souereigne, I know the man: I finde his ſpirit;
And malice ſhall not make me (I proteſt)
Speake other than I know his pride doth merit:
And what I ſpeake, is for your intereſt,
Which long ere this I would haue vttered,
But that I fear'd your Maieſty would take,
That from ſome priuate grudge it rather bred,
Than out of care, for your deare ſiſters ſake;
Or rather, that I ſought to croſſe your Grace,
Or, to confine your fauour within bounds:
And finding him to hold ſo high a place
In that diuine conceit which ours confounds,
I thought the ſafeſt way to let it reſt,
In hope, that time ſome paſſage open would,
To let in thoſe cleere lookes into that breſt

Tha

That doth but malice and confusion hold.
And now I see you haue discern'd the man
Whom (I protest) I hold most dangerous.
And that you ought, with all the speede you can,
Worke to represse a spirit so mutinous:
For eu'n already he is swoll'n so hie,
That his affections ouerflow the brim
Of his owne pow'rs, not able to deny
Passage vnto the thoughts that gouerne him:
For but eu'n now I heard a strange report,
Of speeches he should vse t'his Curtizan,
Vanting what he had done, and in what sort
He labour'd to aduance that proud yong man.
(So terming of your sacred Maiesty)
With other such extrauagant discourse,
Whereof we shall attaine more certeinty
(I doubt not) shortly, and discry his course.
Meane while, about your person (I aduise)
Your Grace should call a more sufficient guard,
And on his actions set such wary eyes,
As may thereof take speciall good regard;
And note what persons chiefly he frequents,
And who to him haue the most free accesse,
How he bestowes his time, where he presents
The large reuenue of his bounteousnesse.
And for his wench that lies betwixt his armes,
And knowes his heart, I will about with her,
She shalbe wrought t'apply her vsuall charmes,
And I will make her my discouerer.

Alex. This counsell (*Craterus*) we do well allow,
And giue thee many thankes for thy great care:
But yet we must beare faire, lest he should know
That we suspect what his affections are:
For that you see he holds a side of pow'r,
Which might perhaps call vp some mutiny.
His father, old *Parmenio*, at this howre

Rules

Rules *Medea* with no lesser pow'rs than I;
Himselfe, you see, gallantly followed,
Holds next to vs a speciall gouernment;
Cænus, that with his sister married,
Hath vnder him againe commandement;
Amentas and *Symanus*, his deare friends,
With both their honourable offices;
And then the priuate traine that on them tends,
With all particular dependences,
Are motiues to aduise vs how to deale.

Crat. Your Grace saies true, but yet these clouds of smoke
Vanish before the sun of that respect
Whereon mens long-inur'd affections looke
With such a natiue zeale, and so affect,
As that the vaine and shallow practises
Of no such giddy traytour (if the thing
Be tooke in time which due aduisednesse)
Shall the least shew of any fearing bring.

Alex. Well, then to thee (deare *Craterus*) I refer
Th'especiall care of this great businesse.

SCENA SECVNDA.

Philotus, Ceballinus, Seruus.

Ceballinus.

MY Lord, I here haue long attendance made,
Expecting to be call'd t'auouch my newes.

Phi. In troth (my friend) I haue not found the King
At any leasure yet to heare the same.

Ceb. No, not at leasure to preuent his death!
And is the matter of no more import?
I'l try another. Yet me thinkes such men
As are the eyes and eares of Princes, should
Not weigh so light such an intelligence.

Ser. My Lord, the summe you willed me to giue
The captaine that did visit you to day,

To

To tell you plaine, your coffers yeeld it not.
Phi. How if they yeeld it not? Haue I not then
Apparell, plate, iewels? Why ſell them,
And go your way, diſpatch, and giue it him.

Plutarch in the life of *Alexander.*

Philotas alone.

Me thinkes I find the King much chang'd of late,
And vnto me his graces not ſo great:
Although they ſeeme in ſhew all of one rate,
Yet by the touch, I find them counterfet:
For when I ſpeake, although I haue his eare,
Yet do I ſee his mind is other where;
And when he ſpeakes to me, I ſee he ſtriues
To giue a colour vnto what is not:
For he muſt think, that we, who ſtates, whoſe liues
Depend vpon his Grace, learne not by rote
T'obſerue his actions, and to know his trym.
And though indeed Princes be manifold,
Yet haue they ſtill ſuch eyes to wait on them,
As are too piercing, that they can behold
And penetrate the inwards of the heart,
That no deuice can ſet ſo cloſe a doore
Betwixt their ſhew and thoughts, but that their art
Of ſhadowing it, makes it appeare the more.
But many, malicing my ſtate of grace,
I know no worke, with all the power they haue
Vpon that eaſie nature, to diſplace
My fortunes, and my actions to depraue.
And though I know they ſeeke t'incloſe him in,
And faine would locke him vp and chamber him,
Yet will I neuer ſtoppe, and ſeeke to win
My way by them, that came not in by them;
And ſcorne to ſtand on any other feet
Than theſe of mine owne worth; and what my plaine
And open actions cannot fairely get,
Baſeneſſe and ſmoothing them, ſhall neuer gaine.
And yet, I know, my preſence and acceſſe

Cleeres

Cleeres all these mists which they haue rais'd before,
Though, with my backe, straight turnes that happinesse,
And they againe blow vp as much or more.
Thus do we roule the stone of our owne toyle,
And men suppose our hell, a heauen the while.

SCENA III.

Craterus, Antigona.

Craterus.

A*Ntigona*, there is no remedy,
You needs must iustifie the speech you held
With *Thais*, who will your confrence verifie,
And therefore now it can not be conceal'd.

Ant. O, my good Lord, I pray you vrge me not:
Thais only of a cunning enuious wit,
Scorning a stranger should haue such a lot,
Hath out of her inuention forged it.

Crat. Why then, shall racks and tortures force thee show
Both this and other matters which we know?
Thinke therefore, if 't were not a wiser part
T'accept of rest, rewards, preferment, grace,
And being herhaps, so beautious as thou art,
Of faire election for a neerer place,
To tell the truth, than to be obstinate,
And fall with the misfortune of a man,
Who, in his dangerous and concussed state,
No good to thee but ruine render can.
Resolue thee of this choice, and let me know
Thy minde at full, at my returning backe.

Ant. What shall I do, shall I betray my Loue,
Or die disgrac'd? What, do I make a doubt!
Betray my Loue! O heauenly pow'rs aboue
Forbid that such a thought should issue out
Of this confused brest: Nay rather first
Let tortures, death and horror do their worst.

But out alas, this inconsiderate tongue,
Without my hearts consent and priuity,
Hath done already this vnwilling wrong,
And now it is no wisdome to deny.
No wisdome to deny! Yes, yes, that tongue
That thus hath beene the traytour to my heart,
Shall either pow'rfully redeeme that wrong,
Or neuer more shall words of breath impart.
Yet, what can my denial profit him,
Whom they perhaps, whether I tell or not,
Are purpos'd, vpon matters knowne to them,
To ruinate on some discouered plot?
Let them do what they will. Let not thy heart
Seeme to be accessary in a thought,
To giue the least aduantage of thy part,
To haue a part of shame in what is wrought.
O this were well, if that my dangers could
Redeeme his perill, and his grace restore;
For which, I vow, my life I render would,
If this poore life could satisfie therefore.
But tis not for thy honour to forsake
Thy Loue for death, that lou'd thee in this sort.
Alas, what notice will the world take
Of such respects in women of my sort!
This act may yet put on so faire coate
Vpon my foule profession, as it may
Not blush t'appeare with those of cleanest note,
And haue as hie a place with fame as they.
What do I talke of fame? Do I not see
This faction of my flesh, my feares, my youth
Already entred; and haue bent at me,
The ioyes of life, to batter downe my truth?
O my subdued thoughts! what haue you done?
To let in feare falshood to my heart.
Whom though they haue surpriz'd, they haue not won;
For still my loue shall hold the dearest part.

Crat.

Crat. *Antigona*, What, are you yet resolu'd?
Ant. Resolu'd, my Lord, t'endure all misery?
Crat. And so be sure you shall, if that b'your choice,
Ant. What will you haue me do, my Lord, I am
Content to say what you will haue me say.
Crat. Then come, go with me to *Alexander*.

CHORVS.

HOw dost thou weare, and weary out thy dayes,
Restlesse ambition neuer at an end!
Whose trauels no Herculean pillar stayes,
But still beyond thy rest thy labours tend,
Aboue good fortune thou thy hopes dost raise,
Still climing, and yet neuer canst ascend:
For when thou hast attaind vnto the top
Of thy desires, thou hast not yet got vp.
That height of fortune either is controld
By some more pow'rfull ouerlooking eye,
(That doth the fulnesse of thy grace withhold)
Or counter-checkt with some concurrency,
That it doth cost farre more ado to hold
The height attain'd, than was to get so hie,
Where stand thou canst not, but with carefull toile,
Nor loose thy hold without thy vtter spoile.
There dost thou struggle with thine owne distrust,
And others iealousies, their counterplot,
Against some vnder-working pride, that must
Supplanted be, or els thou standest not,
There wrong is playd with wrong, and he that thrust
Downe others, comes himselfe to haue that lot.
The same concurssion doth afflict his brest
That others shooke, oppression is oppreſt.
That etheir happinesse dwells not so hie,
Or els aboue, whereto pride cannot rise:
And that the highst of mans felicity,

But

But in the region of affliction lies:
And that we climbe but vp to misery.
High fortunes are but high calamities.
It is not in that Sphere, where peace doth moue;
Rest dwell's below it, happinesse aboue.
For in this height of fortune are imbred
Those thundring fragors that affright the earth:
From thence haue all distemp'ratures their head,
That brings forth desolation, famine, dearth:
There certaine order is disordered:
And there it is confusion hath her birth.
It is that height of fortune doth vndoo
Both her owne quietnesse and others too.

ACTVS TERTIVS.

Alexander, Metron, Ceballinus, Craterus, Perdiccas, Ephestion.

Alexander.

COme, *Metron* say, of whom hast thou receiued
Th'intelligence of this conspiracy,
Contriu'd against our person, as thou sayst,
By *Dymnus* and some other of the Campe?
Is't not some vaine report borne without cause,
That enuy or imagination drawes
From priuate ends, to breed a publike feare,
T'amuze the world with things that neuer were?
Met. Here, may it please your Highnesse is the man,
One *Ceballinus*, that brought me the newes.
Ceb. O, *Alexander*! I haue sau'd thy life;
I am the man that haue reueal'd their plot.
Alex. And how cam'st thou to be inform'd thereof?
Ceb. By mine owne brother, one *Nichomacus*,
Whom *Dymnus*, chiefe of the conspiratours,
Acquainted with the whole of their intents.
Alex. How long since is it, this was told to thee?

Ceb. About ſome three dayes, my ſouereigne Lord.
Alex. What, three dayes ſince! and haſt thou ſo long
The thing conceal'd from vs, being of that weight? (kept
Guard, Take and lay him preſently in hold.
Ceb. O, may it pleaſe your Grace, I did not keep
The thing conceal'd one houre, but preſently
Ran to acquaint *Philotas* therewithall,
Suppoſing him a man, ſo neere in place,
Would beſt reſpect a caſe that toucht ſo neere;
And on him haue I waited theſe two dayes,
Expecting t'haue beene brought vnto your Grace;
And ſeeing him weigh it light, pretending that
Your Graces leaſure ſeru'd not fit to heare,
I to the Maſter of your armoury
Addreſt my ſelfe forthwith, to *Metron* here
Who, without making any more delay,
Preſt in vnto your Grace being in your bath,
Locking me vp the while in th'armoury:
And all what I could ſhew reuealed hath.
Alex. If this be ſo then, fellow, I confeſſe,
Thy loyall care of vs was more than theirs,
Who had more reaſon theirs ſhould haue bin more.
Cauſe *Dymnus* to be preſently brought forth.
And call *Philotas* ſtreight, who, now I ſee,
Hath not deceiu'd me, in deceiuing me.
Who would haue thought one, whom I held ſo neere,
Would from my ſafety haue beene ſo farre off,
When moſt it ſhould and ought import his care,
And wherein his allegeance might make proofe
Of thoſe effects my fauours had deſeru'd.
And ought t'haue claim'd more duty at his hands
Than any of the reſt? But thus w'are ſeru'd,
When priuate grace out of proportion ſtands,
And that we call vp men from of below,
From th'element of baſer property.
And ſet them where they may behold and know

The

The way of might, and worke of maiesty;
VVhere see'ng those rayes, which being sent far off,
Reflect a heate of wonder and respect,
To faile neere hand, and not to shew that proofe,
(The object only working that effect)
Thinke (seeing themselues, though by our fauour, set
VVithin the selfe same orbe of rule with vs)
Their light would shine alone, if ours were set;
And so presume t'obscure or shadow vs.
But he shall know, although his neerenesse hath
Not felt our heat, that we can burne him too;
And grace that shines, can kindle vnto wrath;
And *Alexander* and the King are two.
But here they bring vs *Dymnus*, in whose face
I see is guilt, despaire, horror, and death.

Guar. Yea, death indeed, for ere he could b'attach'd
He stabb'd himselfe so deadly to the heart,
As tis impossible that he should liue.

Alex. Say *Dymnus*, what haue I deserud of thee,
That thou shouldst thinke worthier to be thy King,
Philotas, than our selfe? hold, hold, he sinks;
Guard keepe him vp, get him to answer vs.

Guar. He hath spoke his last, h'wil neuer answer more.

Alex. Sorry I am for that, for now hath death
Shut vs cleane out from knowing him within,
And lockt vp in his brest all the others hearts.
But yet this deed argues the truth in grosse,
Though we be barr'd it in particular.
Philotas, are you come? Looke here, this man,
This *Ceballinus* should haue suffred death,
Could it but haue beene prou'd he had conceal'd
Th'intended treason from vs these two dayes;
Wherewith (he sayes) he streight acquainted thee.
Thinke, the more neere thou art about our selfe,
The greater is the shame of thine offence:
And which had beene lesse foule in him than thee.

Phil. Renowmed Prince, for that my heart is cleere,
Amazement cannot ouer caſt my face,
And I muſt boldly with th'aſſured cheere
Of my vnguilty conſcience tell your Grace,
That this offence (thus hapning) was not made
By any the leaſt thought of ill in me;
And that the keeping of it vnbewrai'd,
Was, that I held the rumour vaine to be,
Conſidering ſeme, who were accus'd, were knowne
Your ancient and moſt loyall ſeruitours,
And ſuch, as rather would let out their owne
Heart blood, I know, than once indanger yours.
And for me then, vpon no certaine note,
But on the brabble of two wanton youthes,
T'haue tolde an idle tale, that would haue wrought
In you diſtruſt, and wrong to others truths,
And to no end, but only to haue made
My ſelfe a ſcorne, and odious vnto all.
(For which I rather tooke the bait was layd,
Than els for any treachery at all.)
I muſt confeſſe, I thought the ſafeſt way
To ſmoother it a while, to th'end I might,
If ſuch a thing could be, ſome proofes bewray,
That might yeeld probability of right;
Proteſting that mine owne vnſpotted thought
A like beloeſe of others truth did breed,
Iudging no impious wretch could haue bin wrought
T'imagine ſuch a deteſtable deed.
And therefore, O dread Souereigne, do not way
Philotas faith by this his ouerſight,
But by his actions paſt, and only lay
Error t'his charge, not malice nor deſpight.

Alex. Well, loe, thou haſt a fauourable Iudge,
When, though thou haſt not pow'r to cleere thy blame,
Yet hath he pow'r to pardon thee the ſame;
Which take not as thy right, but as his grace,

Since

Since here the perſon alters not the caſe.
And here, *Philotas*, I forgiue the offence,
And to confirme the ſame, loe here's my hand.
Phi. O ſacred hand, the witneſſe of my life!
By thee I hold my ſafety as ſecure
As is my conſcience free from treachery,
Alex. Well, go t'your charge, and looke to our affaires,
For we to morrow purpoſe to remoue, *Exit.*
Alex. In troth I know not what to iudge herein,
Me thinkes that man ſeemes ſurely cleere in this,
How euer otherwiſe his hopes haue beene
Tranſported by his vnaduiſedneſſe:
It cannot be, a guilty conſcience ſhould
Put on ſo ſure a brow; or els by art
His lookes ſtand newtrall, ſeeming not to hold
Reſpondency of int'reſt with his heart.
Sure, for my part, he hath diſſolu'd the knot
Of my ſuſpition, with ſo cleere a hand,
As that I thinke in this (what euer plot
Of miſchiefe it may be) he hath no hand.
Crat. My Lord, the greater confidence he ſhewes,
Who is ſuſpected, ſhould be fear'd the more:
For danger from weake natures neuer growes;
Who muſt diſturbe the world, are built therefore.
He more is to be fear'd, that nothing feares,
And malice moſt effects, that leaſt appeares.
Preſumption of mens pow'rs as well may breed
Aſſuredneſſe, as innocency may;
And miſchiefe ſeldome but by truſt doth ſpeed.
Who Kings betray, firſt their beleefe betray.
I would your Grace had firſt conferr'd with vs,
Since you would needs ſuch clemency haue ſhow'n,
That we might yet haue aduis'd you thus,
That he his danger neuer might haue know'n.
In faults wherein an after-ſhame will liue,
Tis better a conceale, than to forgiue:

For who are brought vnto the blocke of death,
Thinke rather on the perill they haue past,
Than on the grace which hath preseru'd their breath;
And more their suffrings than their mercy tast:
He now to plot your danger still may liue,
But you his guilt not alwayes to forgiue.
Know, that a man so swoll'n with discontent,
No grace can cure, nor pardon can restore;
He knowes how those who once hath mercy spent,
Can neuer hope to haue it any more.
But say, that through remorse he calmer proue,
Will great *Parmenio* so attended on
With that braue army, fostred in his loue,
Be thankfull for this grace you do his sonne?
Some benefits are odious, so is this,
Where men are still ashamed to confesse
To haue so done, as to deserue to die;
And euer do desire, that men should gesse
They rather had receiu'd an iniury
Than life; since life they know in such a case
May be restor'd to all, but not to grace.
Perd. And for my part, my liege, I hold this minde,
That sure, he would not haue so much suppreſt
The notice of a treason in that kinde,
Vnlesse he were a party with the rest.
Can it be thought that great *Parmenios* sonne,
The generall commander of the horse,
The minion of the campe, the only one
Of secret counsell, and of free recourse,
Should not in three dayes space haue found the King
At leasure t'heare three words of that import;
Whil'st he himselfe in idle lauishing
Did thousands spend t'aduance his owne report?
Crat. And if he gaue no credit to the youth,
Why did he two dayes space delay him then?
As if he had beleeu'd it for a truth,

To

To hinder his addresse to other men.
If he had held it but a vaine conceit,
I pray why had he not dismist him streight?
Men in their priuate dangers may be stout,
But in th'occasions and the feares of Kings
We ought not to be credulous, but doubt
The intimation of the vainest things.

Alex. Well, howsoeuer, we will yet this night
Disport and banquet in vnusuall wise,
That it may seeme, we weigh this practise light,
How euer heauy, here, within it lies.
Kings may not know distrust, and though they feare,
They must not take acquaintance of their feare.

SCENA II.

Antigona, Thais.

O Y'are a secret counsell-keeper, *Thais:*
In troth I little thought you such a one.

Tha. And why, *Antigona*, what haue I done?

Ant. You know ful-well, your conscience you bewraies.

Tha. Alas, good soule, would you haue me conceale
That, which your selfe could not but needs reueale?
Thinke you, another can be more to you,
In what concernes them not, than you can be
Whom it imports? Will others hold them true,
When you proue false to your one secrecy?
But yet this is no wonder: for we see
Wiser than we do lay their heads to gage
For riotous expences of their tongues,
Although it be a property belongs
Especially to vs, and euery age
Can shew strange presidents what we haue been
In cases of the greatest plots of men;
And t'is the Scene on this worlds stage we play,
Whose reuolution we with men conuert;

And are to act our part as well as they,
Though commonly the weakeſt, yet a-part.
For this great motion of a State we ſee
Doth turne on many wheeles, and ſome (thogh ſmal)
Do yet the greater moue, who in degree
Stirre thoſe who likewiſe turne the great'ſt of all.
For though we are not wiſe, we ſee the wiſe
By vs are made, or make vs parties ſtill
In actions of the greateſt qualities
That they can manage, be they good or ill.

Ant. I cannot tell: but you haue made me doo
That which muſt euermore afflict my heart.
And if this be my wofull part, t'vndoo
My dereſt Loue, would I had had no part,
How haue I ſilly woman ſifted been,
Examin'd, trid, flatt'red, terrifi'd,
By *Craterus*, the cunningeſt of men,
That neuer left me till I had deſcri'd
What euer of *Philotas* I had known!

Tha. What, is that all? Perhaps I haue thereby
Done the more good than thou canſt apprehend.

Ant. Such good I rather you ſhould get than I,
If that can be a good t'accuſe my friend.

Tha. Alas, thy accuſation did but quote
The margin of ſome text of greater note.

Ant. But that is more then thou or I can tell.

Tha. Yes, yes, *Antigona*, I know it well.
For be thou ſure, that alwayes thoſe who ſeeke
T'attacke the Lyon, ſo prouide, that ſtill
Their toyles be ſuch, as that he ſhall not ſcape
To turne his rage on thoſe that wrought his ill.
Philotas neither was ſo ſtrong nor hie,
But malice ouerlookt him, and diſcride
Where he lay weake, where was his vanity,
And bui't her countermounts vpon that ſide,
In ſuch ſort, as they would be ſure to race

His

His fortunes with the engins of disgrace.
And now mayst thou, perhaps, come great hereby,
And gracious with his greatest enemy:
For such men thinke, they haue no full succes,
Vnlesse they likewise gaine the mistresses
Of those they master, and succeed the place
And fortunes of their loues with equall grace.

Ant. Loues! Out alas! Loue such a one as he,
That seekes t'vndoo my Loue, and in him me?

Tha. Tush, loue his fortunes, loue his state, his place,
What euer greatnesse doth, it must haue grace.

Ant. I weigh not greatnesse, I must please mine eye.

Tha. Th'eye nothing fairer sees than dignity.

Ant. But what is dignity without our loue?

Tha. If we haue that, we cannot want our loue.

Ant. Why, that giues but the out-side of delight:
The day time ioy, what comfort hath the night?

Tha. If pow'r procure not that, what can it do?

Ant. I know not how that can b'attain'd vnto.

Tha. Nor will I teach thee, if thou know'st it not:
Tis vaine, I see, to learne an Asian wit. *Exit.*

Ant. If this be that great wit, that learned skill,
You Greeks professe, let me be foolish still,
So I be faithfull. And now, being here alone,
Let me record the heauy notes of mone.

SCENA III.

Craterus, Ephestion, Clitus, &c.

Craterus.

MY Lords, you see the flexible conceit
Of our indangered souereigne: and you know
How much his perill, and *Philotas* pride,
Imports the State and vs; and therefore now

We

We either muſt oppoſe againſt deceit,
Or be vndone: for now hath time diſcrido
An open paſſage to his fartheſt ends;
From whence, if negligence now put vs backe,
Returne we neuer can without our wracke.
And, good my Lords, ſince you conceiue as much,
And that we ſtand alike, make not me proſecute
The cauſe alone, as if it did but touch
Only my ſelfe; and that I did both breed
And vrge theſe doubts out of a priuate griefe.
Indeed, I know, I might with much more eaſe
Sit ſtill like others; and if dangers come,
Might thinke to ſhift for one, as well as they:
But yet the faith, the duty, and reſpect
We owe both to our ſouereigne and the State,
My Lords, I hold, requires another care.
Eph. My Lord, aſſure you we will take a time
To vrge a ſtricter count of *Dymnus* death.
Crat. My Lords, I ſay, vnleſſe this be the time,
You will apply your phyſicke after death.
You ſee the King inuited hath this night
Philotas with the reſt, and entertaines
Him with as kinde an vſage (to our ſight)
As euer: and you ſee the cunning ſtraines
Of ſweet inſinuation, that are vs'd
T'aſſuce the eare of grace with falſe reports:
So that all this will come to be excus'd
With one remoue; one action quite tranſports
The Kings affections ouer to his hopes,
And ſets him ſo beyond the due regard
Of his owne ſafety, as one enterprize.
May ſerue their turne, and may vs all ſurprize.
Clit. But now, ſince things thus of themſelues breake out,
We haue aduantage to preuent the worſt,
And eu'ry day will yeeld vs more, no doubt;
For they are ſau'd, that thus are warned firſt.

Crat.

Crat. So, my Lord *Clitus*, are they likewise warn'd
T'accelerate their plot, being thus bewrai'd.
Cli. But that they cannot now, it is too late:
For treason taken ere the birth, doth come
Abortiue, and her wombe is made her tombe.
Crat. You do not know how farre it hath put forth
The force of malice, nor how farre is spred
Already the contagion of this ill.
Clit. Why then there may some one be tortured
Of those whom *Ceballinus* hath reueal'd,
Whereby the rest may be discouered.
Crat. That one must be *Philotas*, from whose head
All this corruption flowes; take him, take all.
Clit. *Philotas* is not nam'd, and therefore may
Perhaps not be acquainted with this plot.
Crat. That, his concealing of the plot bewraies:
And if we do not cast to find him first,
His wit (be sure) hath layd so good a ground,
As he will be the last that will be found.
Clit. But if he be not found, then is this case
We do him more, by iniuring his grace.
Crat. If that he be not found t'haue dealt in this,
Yet this will force out some such thoughts of his,
As will vndoo him: for you seldome see
Such men arraign'd, that euer quitted be.
Eph. Well, my Lord *Craterus*, we will moue his Grace
(Though it be late) before he take his rest,
That some course may be taken in this case:
And God ordaine, it may be for the best.

Exeunt.

CHORVS.

CHORVS.

SEE how these great men cloath their priuate hate
In those faire colours of the publike good;
And to effect their ends, pretend the State,
As if the State by their affections stood:
And arm'd with pow'r and Princes iealousies,
Will put the least conceit of discontent
Into the greatest ranke of treacheries,
That no one action shall seeme innocent:
Yea, valour, honour, bounty, shall be made
As accessaries vnto ends vniust:
And euen the seruice of the State must lade
The needfull'st vndertakings with distrust.
So that base vileness, idle luxury
Seeme safer farre, than to do worthily.
Suspition full of eyes, and full of eares,
Doth thorow the tincture of her owne conceit
See all things in the colours of her feares,
And truth it selfe must looke like to deceit,
That what way t'euer the suspected take,
Still enuy will most cunningly forelay
The ambush of their ruine, or will make
Their humors of themselues to take that way.
But this is still the fate of those that are
By nature or their fortunes eminent,
Who either carried in conceit too farre,
Do worke their owne or others discontent,
Or els are deemed fit to be suppreſt,
Not for they are, but that they may be ill,
Since States haue euer had far more vnrest
By spirits of worth, then men of meaner skill;
And find, that those do alwayes better proue,
Wh'are equall to imployment, not aboue.
For selfe-opinion would be seene more wise,

Than

Than present counsels, customes, orders, lawes:
And to the end to haue them otherwise,
The Common-wealth into combustion drawes,
As if ordaind t'imbroile the world with wit,
As well as grosnesse, to dishonour it.

ACTVS IIII. SCENA I.

Attaras, Sostratus.

Sostratus.

CAn there be such a sudden change in Court
As you report? Is it to be beleeu'd,
That great *Philotas*, whom we all beheld
In grace last night, should be arraign'd to day?
Att. It can be: and it is as I report:
For states of grace are no sure holds in Court.
Sost. But yet tis strange they should be ouerthrow'n
Before their certeine forfeitures were know'n.
Att. Tush, it was breeding long though suddenly
This thunder-cracke comes but to breake out now.
Sost. The time I waited, and I waited long,
Vntill *Philotas*, with some other Lords,
Depart the Presence, and as I conceiu'd,
I neuer saw the King in better mood,
Nor yet *Philotas* euer in more grace.
Can̄ such stormes grow, and yet no clouds appeare?
Att. Yea, court stormes grow, when skies there seeme (most cleare
It was about the deepest of the night,
The blackest houre of darknesse and of sleepe,
When, with some other Lords, comes *Craterus*,
Falles downe before the King, intreates, implores,
Coniures his Grace, as euer he would looke
To saue his person and the State from spoile,
Now to preuent *Philotas* practises,
Whom they had plainly found to be the man
Had plotted the destruction of them all.

The

The King would faine haue put them off to time
And farther day, till better proofes were knowne:
Which they perceiuing, preſt him ſtill the more,
And reinforc'd his dangers and their owne;
And neuer left him till they had obtain'd
Commiſſion t'apprehend *Philotas* ſtreight.
Now, to make feare looke with more hideous face,
Or els, but to beget it out of forme,
And careſull preparations of diſtruſt,
About the Palace men in armour watch,
In armour men about the King attend,
All paſſages and iſſues were forelayd
With horſe, t'interrupt what euer newes
Should hence breake out into *Parmenios* campe.
I, with three hundred men in armour charg'd,
Had warrant to attach and to commit
The perſon of *Philotas* preſently:
And comming to his lodging where he lay,
Found him imburied in the ſoundeſt ſleepe
That euer man could be; where neither noyſe
Of clattering weapons, or our ruſhing in
With rude and trampling rumour, could diſſolue
The heauy humours of that drowſie brow,
Which held perhaps his ſences now more faſt,
As loth to leaue, becauſe it was the laſt.

Soſt. *Attaras*, what can treaſon ſleepe ſo ſound?
Will that lowd hand of Horror that ſtill beats
Vpon the guilty conſcience of diſtruſt
Permit it t'haue ſo reſolute a reſt?

Att. I cannot tell: but thus we found him there,
Nor could we (I aſſure you) waken him,
Till thrice I call'd him by his name, and thrice
Had ſhooke him hard; and then at length he wakes:
And looking on me with a ſetled cheere,
Deare friend *Attaras*, what's the newes? (ſayd he)
What vp ſo ſoone, to haſten the remoue,

Or

Or rais'd by ſome alarme or ſome diſtruſt?
I told him, that the King had ſome diſtruſt,
VVhy, what will *Nabarzanes* play (ſayth he)
The villaine with the King, as he hath done
Already with his miſerable Lord?
I ſeeing he would not or did not vnderſtand
His owne diſtreſſe, told him the charge I had:
Wherewith he roſe, and riſing vs'd theſe words;
O *Alexander*! now I ſee my foes
Haue got aboue thy goodneſſe, and preuail'd
Againſt my innocency and thy word.
And as we then inchain'd and fettred him,
Looking on that baſe furniture of ſhame,
Poore body (ſayd he) hath ſo many alarme
Rais'd thee to blood and danger from thy reſt,
T'inueſt thee with this armour now at laſt?
Is this the ſeruice I am call'd to now?
But we, that were not to attend his plaints,
Couering his head with a diſgracefull weed,
Tooke and conuai'd him ſuddenly toward;
From whence he ſhalbe inſtantly brought forth,
Here to b'arraign'd before the King, who ſits
(According to the Macedonian vſe)
In caſes capitall, himſelfe as Iudge.
Soſt. Well, then I ſee, who are ſo high aboue,
Are neere to lightning, that are neere to *Ioue*.

SCENA SECVNDA.

Alexander, with all his Councell, the dead body of Dymnus, the Reuealers of the conſpiracy, Philotas.

THe hainous treaſon of ſome few had like
T'haue rent me from you, worthy ſouldiers,
But by the mercy of th'immortall Gods
I liue, and ioy your ſight, your reuerend ſight,

Which

Which makes me more t'abhor those paricides,
Not for mine owne respect, but for the wrong
You had receiued, if their designe had stood,
Since I desire but life to do you good.
But how will you be mou'd, when you shall know
Who were the men that did attempt this shame!
When I shall show that which I griue to show,
And name such, as would God I could not name!
But that the foulnesse of their practise now
Blots out all memory of what they were:
And though I would suppresse them, yet I know
This shame of theirs will neuer but appeare.
Parmenio is the man, a man (you see)
Bound by so many merits both to me
And to my father, and our ancient friend,
A man of yeeres, experience, grauity,
Whose wicked minister *Philotas* is,
Who here *Dimetrius*, *Lucilaus*, and
This *Dymnus*, whose dead body heere you see,
With others, hath suborn'd to slaughter me.
And here comes *Metron* with *Nichomacus*,
To whom this murdred wretch at first reueal'd
The proiect of this whole conspiracy,
T'auere as much as was disclos'd to him.
Nichomacus, Looke heere, aduise thee well,
What, dost thou know this man that here lies dead?
Nic. My Soueraigne Lord, I know him very welle
It is one *Dymnus*, who did three dayes since
Bewray to me a treason practised
By him and others, to haue slaine your Grace.
Alex. Where or by whom, or when did he report,
This wicked act should be accomplished?
Nic. He sayd, within three daies your Maiesty
Should be within your chamber murdered
By speciall men of the Nobility;
Of whom he many nam'd, and they were these:

Loceus,

Loceus, *Demetrius*, and *Archelopis*,
Nicanor, and *Amentas*, *Luculeus*,
Droceas, with *Aphebatus*, and himselfe.
Mat. Thus much his brother *Ceballinus* did
Reueale to me from out this youths report.
Ceb. And so much, with the circumstance of all.
Did I vnto *Philotas* intimate.
Alex. Then, what hath been his mind, who did suppresse
The information of so foule a traine,
Your selues, my worthy souldiers, well may gesse,
With *Dymnus* death declares not to be vaine.
Poore *Ceballinus* not a moment stayes
To redischarge himselfe of such a weight;
Philotas careless, fearelesse, nothing weighes,
Nor ought reueales. His silence shewes deceit,
And tels he was content it should be done:
Which, though he were no party, makes him one.
For he that knew vpon what pow'r he stood,
And saw his fathers greatnesse and his owne,
Saw nothing in the way, which now withstood
His vast desires, but only this my crowne,
Which in respect that I am issuelesse,
He thinkes the rather easie to b'attain'd.
But yet *Philotas* is deceiu'd in this,
I haue who shall inherit all I gain'd.
In you I haue both children, kindred, friends;
You are the heires of all my purchases,
And whil'st you liue I am nost issuelesse.
And that these are not shadowes of my feares,
(For I feare nought but want of enemies)
See what this intercepted letter beares,
And how *Parmenio* doth his sonnes aduise.
This shewes their ends. Hold, reade it *Craterus*.
Crat. reads it. My sonnes, first haue a speciall care vnto your (selues,
Then vnto those which do depend on you:
So shall you do what you intend to do.

Alex. See but how close he writes, that if these lines
Should come vnto his sonnes, as they are sent,
They might incourage them in their designes;
If enterpriz'd, might mocke the ignorant.
But now you see what was the thing was meant,
You see the fathers care, the sonnes intent.
And what if he, as a conspirator,
Was not by *Dymnus* nam'd among the rest?
That shewes not his innocency, but his pow'r,
Whom they account too great to be suppreſt,
And rather will accuse themselues than him:
For that whil'st he shall liue, there's hope for them.
And how h'hath borne himselfe in priuate sort,
I will not stand to vrge, it's too well knowne;
Nor what hath beene his arrogant report,
T'imbase my actions, and to brag his owne;
Nor how he mockt my letter which I wrote:
To shew him of the stile bestow'd on me,
By th'Oracle of *Ioue*. These things I thought
But weaknesses, and words of vanity,
(Yet words that read the vlcers of his heart)
Which I suppreſt, and neuer ceast to yeeld
The chiefe rewards of worth, and still compart
The best degrees and honors of the field,
In hope to win his loue, yet now at length,
There haue I danger where I look't for strength,
I would to God my blood had rather beene
Powr'd out, the offring of an enemy,
Than practiz'd to be shed by one of mine,
That one of mine should haue this infamy.
Haue I beene so reseru'd from feares, to fall
There where I ought not to haue fear'd at all!
Haue you so oft aduis'd me to regard
The safety which you saw me running from,
When with some hote pursute I prefled hard
My foes abroad; to perish thus at home!

But now, that ſafety only reſts in you,
Which you ſo oft haue wiſht me looke vnto:
And now vnto your boſomes muſt I flye,
Without whoſe will I will not wiſh to liue:
And with your wils I cannot, leſſe I giue
Due puniſhment vnto this treachery.

Amin. *Attaras*, bring the hatefull priſoner forth,
This traytor, which hath ſought t'vndoo vs all,
To giue vs vp to ſlaugher, and to make
Our blood a ſcorne, here in this barbarous land,
That none of vs ſhould haue returned backe,
Vnto our natiue country, to our wiues,
Our aged parents, kindred, and our friends:
To make the body of this glorious hoſt
A moſt deformed trunke without a head,
Without the life or ſoule to guide the ſame,

Can. O thou baſe traytor, impious paricide,
Who mak'ſt me loath the blood that matcht with thine;
And if I might but haue my will, I vow,
Thou ſhould ſt not die by other hand than mine.

Alex. Fie, *Canus*, what a barbarous courſe is this:
He firſt muſt to his accuſation plead,
And haue his triall, formall to our lawes,
And let him make the beſt of his bad cauſe.
Philotas, here the Macedonians are,
To iudge your fact, what language wilt thou vſe?

Phi. The Perſian language, if it pleaſe your Grace:
For that, beſide the Macedonians, here
Are many that will better vnderſtand,
If I ſhall vſe the ſpeech your grace hath vs'd;
Which was, I hold, vnto no other end,
But that the moſt men here might vnderſtand.

Alex. See how his natiue language he diſdaines!
But let him ſpeake at large, as he deſires;
So long as you remember he doth hate,
Beſides the ſpeech, our glory and the State, *Exit.*

Phi, Blacke are the colours layd vpon the crime,
Wherewith my faith ſtands charg'd, my worthy Lords,
That as behind in fortune ſo in time,
I come too late to cleere the ſame with words:
My condemnation is gone out before
My innocency and my iuſt defence,
And takes vp all your hearts, and leaues no doore
For mine excuſe to haue an enterance;
That deſtitute of all compaſſion, now,
Betwixt an vpright conſcience of deſart
And an vniuſt diſgrace, I know not how
To ſatisfie the time, and mine owne heart.
Authority lookes with ſo ſterne an eye
Vpon this wofull bar, and muſt haue ſtill
Such an aduantage ouer miſery,
As that it will make good all that it will.
He who ſhould onely iudge my cauſe, is gone;
And why he would not ſtay, I do not ſee,
Since when my cauſe were heard, his pow'r alone
As well might then condemne as ſet me free.
Nor can I by his abſence now be clear'd,
Whoſe preſence hath condemn'd me thus vnheard.
And though the greuance of a priſoners toong
May both ſuperfluous and diſgraceſull ſeeme,
Which doth not ſue, but ſhewes the Iudge his wrong:
Yet pardon me, I muſt not diſeſteeme
My rightfull cauſe for being deſpis'd, nor muſt
Forſake my ſelfe, though I am left of all.
Feare cannot make my innocency vniuſt
Vnto it ſelfe, to giue my truth the fall.
And I had rather (ſeeing how my fortune drawes)
My words ſhould be deformed than my cauſe.
I know that nothing is more delicate
Than is the ſenſe and feeling of a State:
The clap, the bruit, the feare but of a hurt
In Kings behalfs, thruſts with that violence

The

The ſubiects will, to proſecute report,
As they condemne ere they diſcerne th'offence.
Eph. *Philotas*, you deceiue your ſelfe in this,
That thinke to win compaſſion and beliefe
B'impugning iuſtice, and to make men geſſe
We do you wrong out of our heat of griefe;
Or that our place or paſſion did lay more
On your miſfortune, then your owne deſert;
Or haue not well diſcern'd your fact before;
Or would wihout due proofs your ſtate ſubuert,
Theſe are the vſuall theames of traytors tongues,
Who practiſe miſchiefs, and complaine of wrongs,
Your treaſons are too manifeſtly knowne,
To maske in other liuery then their owne.
Crat. Thinke not, that we are ſet to charge you here
With bare ſuſpitions, but with open fact,
And with a treaſon that appeares as cleare
As is the ſun, and know'n to be your act.
Phi. What is this treaſon? who accuſes me?
Crat. The proceſſe of the whole conſpiracy.
Phi. But where's the man that names me to be one?
Crat. Here, this dead traytor ſhewes you to be one.
Phi. How can he, dead, accuſe me of the ſame,
Whom, liuing, he nor did, nor yet could name?
Crat. But we can other teſtimony ſhow,
From thoſe who were your chiefeſt complices.
Phi. I am not to b'adiudg'd in law, you know,
By teſtimony, but by witneſſes.
Let them be here produc'd vnto my face,
That can auouch m'a party in this caſe.
My Lords, and fellow Souldiers, if of thoſe
Whom *Dymnus* nominated, any one
Out of his tortures will a word diſcloſe
To ſhew I was a party, I haue done.
Thinke not ſo great a number euer will
Endure their torments, and themſelues accuſe.

Non teſtimonijs ſunt teſtibus.

And leaue me out; ſince men in ſuch a caſe, ſtill
Will rather ſlander others than excuſe,
Calamity malignant is, and he
That ſuffers iuſtly for his guiltineſſe,
Eaſes his owne affliction but to ſee
Others tormented in the ſame diſtreſſe.
And yet I feare not whatſoeuer they
By rackes and torturres can be forſt to ſay.
Had I beene one, would *Dymnus* haue conceal'd
My name, being held to the principall?
Would he not for his glory haue reueal'd
The beſt to him, to whom he muſt tell all?
Nay, if he falſly then had nam'd me one,
To grace himſelfe, muſt I of force be one?
Alas, if *Ceballinus* had not come to me,
And giuen me note of this conſpiracy,
I had not ſtood here now, but beene as free
From queſtion, as I am treachery:
That is the only cloud that thundereth
On my diſgrace. Which had I deemed true,
Or could but haue diuin'd of *Dymnus* death,
Philotas had, my Lords, ſat there with you.
My fault was, to haue beene too credulous:
Wherein I ſhew'd my weakneſſe, I confeſſe.

Crat. *Philotas*, what, a Monarch, and confeſſe
Your imperfections, and your weakneſſe?

Phi. O *Craterus*, do not inſult vpon calamity,
It is a barberous groſneſſe, to lay on
The weight of ſcorne, where heauy miſery
Too much already weighs mens fortunes downe:
For if the cauſe be ill I vndergo,
The law, and not reproch, muſt make it ſo.

Can. There's no reproch can euer be too much
To lay on traytors, whoſe deſerts are ſuch.

Phi. Men vſe the moſt reproches, where they feare
The cauſe will better proue than they deſire.

Cau. But sir, a traytors cause that is so cleare
As this of yours, will neuer neede that feare.
Phi. I am no traytor, but suspected one
For not beleeuing a conspiracy:
And meere suspect, by law, condemneth none;
They are are approued facts for which men die.
Crat. The law, in treasons, doth the will correct
With like seuerenesse as it doth th'effect:
Th'affection is the essence of th'offence;
The execution only but the accidence;
To haue but will'd it, is to haue done the same.
Phi. I did not erre in will, but in beliefe:
And if that be a traytor, then am I the chiefe.
Crat. Yea, but your will made your beliefe consent
To hide the practise till th'accomplishment.
Phi. Beliefe turnes not by motions of our will,
And it was but the euent that made that ill.
Some facts men may excuse, though not defend,
Where will and fortune haue a diuers end.
Th'example of my father made me feare
To be too forward to relate things heard,
Who writing to the King, wisht him forbeare
The portion his Physitian had prepar'd:
For that he heard *Darius* tempted had
His faith, with many talents, to be vntrue:
And yet his drugs in th'end not prouing bad,
Did make my fathers care seeme more than due:
For oft, by an vntimely diligence,
A busie faith may giue a Prince offence.
So that, what shall we do? If we reueale
We are despis'd; suspected if conceale.
And as for this, where euer now thou be,
O *Alexander*, thou hast pardon'd me:
Thou hast already giuen me thy hand,
The earnest of thy reconciled heart;
And therefore now O let thy goodnesse stand

Vnto thy word, and be thou as thou wert.
If thou beiceu'dst me, then I am absolu'd;
If pardon'd me, my fetters are dissolu'd.
What haue I els deseru'd since yester night;
When at thy table I such grace did find,
What hainous crime hath since beene brought to light,
To wrong my faith, and to diuert thy mind?
That from a restfull, quiet, most profound
Sleeping, in my misfortunes made secure
Both by thy hand and by a conscience sound,
I must be wak't for giues, for robes impure;
For all disgrace that on me wrath could lay,
And see the worst of shame, ere I saw day,
When I least thought that others cruelty
Should haue wrought more than thine owne clemency?

Crat. *Philotas*, whatsoeuer glosse you lay
Vpon your rotten cause, it is in vaine;
Your pride, your carriage, euer did bewray
Your discontent, your malice, and disdaine:
You cannot palliat michiefe, but it will
Th'row all the faireft couerings of deceit
Be alwayes seene. We know those streames of ill
Flow'd from that head that fed them with conceit.
You foster malecontents, you entertaine
All humors, you all factions must embrace;
You vaunt your owne exployts, and you disdaine
The Kings proceedings, and his stile disgrace;
You promise mountaines, and you draw men on
With hopes of greater good than hath been seene;
You bragg'd of late, that something would be done
Whereby your Concubine should be a Queene.
And now we see the thing that should be done;
But, God be prais'd, we see you first vndone.

Phi. Ah, do not make my nature if it had
So pliable a sterne of disposition,
To turne to euery kindnesse, to be bad,

For

For doing good to men of all condition.
Make not your charity to interpret all
Is done for fauour, to be done for ſhow,
And that we, in our bounties prodigall,
Vpon our ends, not on mens needs beſtow.
Let not my one dayes errour make you tell,
That all my life-time I did neuer well;
And that becauſe this falles out to be ill,
That what I did, did tend vnto this ill.
It is vniuſt to ioyne t'a preſent fact
More of time paſt, than it hath euer had
Before to do withall, as if it lackt
Sufficient matter els to make it bad.
I do confeſſe indeed I wrote ſomething
Againſt this title of the ſonne of *Ioue*,
And that not of the King, but to the King
I freely vs'd theſe words out of my loue:
And thereby hath that dangerous liberty
Of ſpeaking truth, with truſt on former grace,
Betrai'd my meaning vnto enmity,
And draw'n an argument of my diſgrace:
So that I ſee, though I ſpeake what I ought,
It was not in that manner as I ought.
And God forbid, that euer ſouldiers words
Should be made liable vnto miſdeeds,
When fainting in their march, tir'd in the fight,
Sicke in their tent, ſtopping their wounds that bleeds.
Or haue and iolly after conqueſt got,
They ſhall out of their heate vſe words vnkinde;
Their deeds deſerue, to haue them rather thought
The paſſion of the ſeaſon, than their minde:
For ſouldiers ioy, or wrath, is meaſureleſſe,
Rapt with an inſtant motion: and we blame,
We hate, we prayſe, we pity in exceſſe,
According as our preſent paſſions frame.
Sometimes to paſſe the Ocean we would faine,

Some-

Sometimes to other worlds, and sometimes slacke
And idle, with our conquests, entertaine
A sullen humor of returning backe:
All which conceits one trumpets sound doth end,
And each man running to his ranke, doth lose
What in our tents dislikt vs, and we spend
All that conceiued wrath vpon our foes.
And words, if they proceede of leuity,
Are to be scorn'd; of madnesse, pitied;
If out of malice or of iniury,
To be remiss'd or vnacknowledged:
For of themselues, they vanish by disdaine,
But if pursude, they will be thought not vaine.
Crat. But words, according to the person way,
If his designes are haynons, so are they:
They are the tinder of sedition still,
Wherewith you kindle fires inflame mens will.
Phi. *Craterus*, you haue th'aduantage of the day,
The law is yours, to say what you will say:
And yet doth all your glosse but beare the sence
Only of my misfortune, not offence.
Had I pretended mischiefe to the King,
Could not I haue effected it without
Dymnus? Did not my free accesse bring
Continuall meanes t'haue brought the same about?
Was not I, since I heard the thing discride,
Alone, and arm'd, in priuate with his Grace?
What hindred me, that then I had not tride
T haue done that mischiefe, hauing time and place?
Crat. *Philotas*, euen the Prouidence aboue,
Protectresse of the sacred state of Kings,
That neuer suffers treachery to haue
Good counsell, neuer in this case but brings
Confusion to the actors, did vndo
Your hearts in what you went about to do.
Phi. But yet despaire, we see, doth thrust men on,

Se'ing

Se'ing no way els, t'vndo ere be vndon.

Crat. That ſame deſpaire doth likewiſe let me fall
In that amaze, they can do nought at all.

Phi. Well, well, my Lords, my ſeruice hath made know'n
The faith I owe my Souereigne, and the State,
Philotas forwardneſſe hath euer ſhow'n
Vnto all nations, at how high a rate
I priz'd my King, and at how low my blood,
To do him honour and my country good.

Eph. We blame not what y'haue been, but what you are;
We accuſe not here your valour, but your fact,
Not to haue beene a leader in the warre,
But an ill ſubiect in a wicked act;
Although we know, thruſt rather with the loue
Of your owne glory, than with duty lead,
You haue done much; yet all your courſes proue
You tide ſtill your atchieuements to the head
Of your owne honour, when it hath beene meet
You had them layd downe at your Souereignes feet.
God giues to Kings the honour to command,
To ſubiects all their glory to obay,
Who ought in time of war as rampiers ſtand,
In peace as th'ornaments of State aray.
The King hath recompens'd your ſeruices
With better loue than you ſhew thankfulneſſe.
By grace he made you greater than you were
By nature he; you receiu'd that which he was not tide
To giue to you: his gift was far more deere
Than all you did, in making you imployd.
But ſay your ſeruice hath deſeru'd it all,
This one offence hath made it odious all:
And therefore here in vaine you vſe that meane,
To plead for life, which you haue cancell'd cleane.

Phi. My Lord, you far miſtake me, if you deeme
I plead for life, that poore weake blaſt of breath,
From which ſo I ran with light eſteeme,

And ſo well haue acquainted me with death:
No, no, my Lords, it is not that I feare,
It is mine honour that I ſeeke to cleare;
And which, if my diſgraced cauſe would let
The language of my heart be vnderſtood,
Is all which I haue euer ſought to get,
And which, O leaue me now, and take my blood.
Let not your enuy go beyond the bound
Of what you ſeeke: my life ſtands in your way,
That is your ayme, take it; and do not wound
My reputation with that wrong, I pray.
If I muſt needs be made the ſacrifice
Of enuy, and that no oblation will
The wrath of Kings, but only blood, ſuffice,
Yet let me haue ſome thing left that is not ill.
Is there no way to get vnto our liues,
But firſt to haue our honour ouerthrowne?
Alas, though grace of Kings all greatneſſe giues,
It cannot giue vs vertue, that's our owne.
Though all be theirs our hearts and hands can do,
Yet that by which we do is only ours.
The trophees that our blood erects vnto
Their memory, to glorifie their pow'rs,
Let them enioy: yet onely to haue done
Worthy of grace, let not that be vndone;
Let that high ſwelling riuer of their fame
Leaue humble ſtreames, that feed them yet their name.
O my deare father, didſt thou bring that ſpirit,
Thoſe hands of vallour, that ſo much haue done
In this great worke of *Aſia*, this to merit,
By doing worthily, to be vndone?
And haſt thou made this purchaſe of thy ſword,
To get ſo great an Empire for thy Lord,
And ſo diſgrac'd a graue for thee and thine,
T'extinguiſh by thy ſeruice all thy line?
One of thy ſonnes by being too valourous,

But fiue dayes ſince, yet O well, loſt his breath;
Thy deare *Nicanor* th'halfe arch of thy houſe;
And here now the other at the barre of death,
Stands ouercharg'd with wrath in far worſe caſe,
And is to be confounded with diſgrace;
Thy ſelfe muſt giue th'acquitance of thy blood,
For others debts, to whom thou haſt done good:
Which, if they would a little time afford,
Death would haue taken it without a ſword.
Such the rewards of great imployments are,
Hate killes in peace, whom Fortune ſpares in warre.
And this is that high grace of Kings we ſeeke,
Whoſe fauour and whoſe wrath conſumes alike.

Eph. Lo here the miſery of Kings, whoſe cauſe
How euer iuſt it be, how euer ſtrong,
Yet in reſpect they may, their greatneſſe drawes
The world to thinke they euer do the wrong.
But this foule fact of yours, you ſtand vpon
Philotas, ſhall, beſide th'apparency
Which all the world ſees plaine, ere we haue done,
By your owne mouth be made to ſatisfie
The moſt ſtiffe partialiſt that will not ſee.

Phi. My mouth will neuer proue ſo falſe (I truſt)
Vnto my heart, to ſhew it ſelfe vniuſt;
And what I here do ſpeake, I know, my Lords,
I ſpeake with mine owne mouth, but other where
What may be ſayd, I ſay, may be the words
Not of my breath, but fame that oft doth erre,
Let th'oracle of *Ammon* be inquir'd
About this fact, who, if it ſhall be true,
Will neuer ſuffer thoſe who haue conſpir'd
Againſt *Ioues* ſonne, t'eſcape without their due:
But will reueale the truth: or if this ſhall
Not ſeeme conuenient, why then lay on all
The tortures that may force a tongue to tell
The ſecret'ſt thought that could imagine ill.

Bel. What need we ſend to know more than we know?
That were to giue you time to acquant your friends
With your eſtate, till ſome combuſtion grow
Within the campe to haſten on your ends,
And that the gold and all the treaſury
Committed to your fathers cuſtody
In *Medea*, now might arme his deſp'rat troups
To come vpon vs, and to cut our throats.
What, ſhall we aske of *Iaue*, that which he hath
Reueal'd already? But let's ſend to giue
Thanks, that by him the King hath ſcap't the wrath
Of thee, diſloyall traytor, and doth liue.

Guar. Let's teare the wretch in pieces, let vs rend
With our owne hands the traytors paricide.

Aley. Peace *Belon*, ſilence louing ſouldiers.
You ſee, my Lords, out of your iudgements graue,
That all excuſes ſickly colours haue,
And he that hath thus falſe and faithleſſe beene
Muſt find out other gods and other men
Whom to forſweare, and whom he may deceiue;
No words of his can make vs more beleeue
His impudence: and therefore, ſeeing tis late,
We, till morning, do diſmiſſe the Court.

ACTVS. V. CHORVS.

Græcian *and* Perſian.

Perſian.

VVEll, then I ſee there is ſmall difference
Betwixt your ſtate and ours, you ciuill Greeks;
You great contriuers of free gouernments,
Whoſe skill the world from out all countries ſeeks,
Thoſe whom you call your Kings, are but the ſame
As are our Sonereigne tyrants of the Eaſt;
I ſee they only differ but in name,

The

The effects they shew, agree, or neere at least.
Your great men here, as our great Satrapaes,
I see layd prostrate are with basest shame,
Vpon the least suspect or iealousies
Your Kings conceiue, or others enuies frame;
Only herein they differ, That your Prince
Proceeds by forme of law t'effect his end;
Our Persian Monarch makes his frowne conuince
The strongest truth: his sword the processe ends
With present death, and makes no more ado:
He neuer stands to giue a glosse vnto
His violence, to make it to appeare
In other hew than that it ought to beare,
Wherein plaine dealing best his course commends:
For more h'offends who by the law offends.
What need hath Alexander *so to strine*
By all these shewes of forme to find this man
Guilty of treason, when he doth contrine
To haue him so adiudg'd? Do what he can,
He must not be acquit, though he be cleere,
Th'offender, not th'offence, is punisht heere.
And what auailes the fore-condemn'd to speake?
How euer strong his cause, his state is weake.

Græ. *Ah, but it satisfies the world, and we*
Thinke that well done w'ich done by law we see.

Per. *And yet your law serues but your priuate ends,*
And to the compasse of your pow'r extends:
But is it for the maiesty of Kings,
To sit in iudgement thus themselues, with you?

Græ. *To do men iustice is the thing that brings*
The greatest maiesty on earth to Kings.

Per. *That by their subalternate ministers*
May be per form'd as well, and with more grace:
For, to command it to be done, infers
More glory, than to do. It doth imbase
Th'opinion of a pow'r t'inuulgar so

That

That sacred presence, which should neuer go,
Neuer be seene, but euen as gods, below,
Like to our Persian King in glorious show;
And who, as starres affixed to their spheare,
May not descend to be from what they are. (men.

Græ. *Where Kings are so like gods, there subiects are not*

Per. *Your king begins this course, and what will you be then?*

Græ. *Indeed since prosperous fortune gaue the raine*
To head strong pow'r and lust, I must confesse,
We Gracians haue lost deeply by our gaine,
And this our greatnesse makes vs much the lesse:
For by th'accession of these mighty States,
Which Alexander *wonderously hath got,*
He hath forgot himselfe and vs, and rates
His state aboue mankind, and ours at nought.
This hath thy pompe (O feeble Asia*) wrought,*
Thy base adorings hath transform'd the King
Into that shape of pride, as he is brought
Out of his wits, out of acknowledging
From whence the glory of his greatnesse springs,
And that it was our swords that wrought these things,
How well were we within the narrow bounds
Of our sufficient yeelding Macedon,
Before our Kings inlarg'd them with our wounds,
And made these sallies of ambition!
Before they came to giue the regall law
To those free States which kept their crownes in aw!
They by these large dominions are made more,
But we be come far weaker than before.
What get we now by winning, but wide minds
And weary bodies, with th'expence of blood?
What should ill do, since happy fortune findes
But misery, and is not good though good?
Action begets still action, and retaines
Our hopes beyond our wishes, drawing on
A neuer ending circle of orr paines,

That

That makes vs not haue done, when we haue done.
What can giue bounds to Alexanders *ends,*
Who counts the world but ſmall, that call's him great;
And his deſires beyond his pray diſtends,
Like beaſts, that murder more than they can eat?
When ſhall we looke his trauels will be done,
That tends beyond the Ocean and the Sunne?
What diſcontentments will there ſtill ariſe
In ſuch a Campe of Kings, to inter-ſhocke
Each others greatneſſe, and what mutinies
Will put him from his comforts, and will mocke
His hopes, and neuer ſuffer him to haue
That which he hath of all which Fortune gaue?
And from Philotas *blood (O worthy man)*
Whoſe body now rent on the torture lies,
Will flow that vaine of freſh conſpiracies,
As ouerflow him will, do what he can:
For cruelty doth not imbetter men,
But them more wary makes than they haue been.

Per. *Are not your great men free from tortures then,*
Muſt they be likewiſe rackt as other men?

Græ. *Treaſon offoords a priuiledge to none,*
Who like offends hath puniſhment all one.

SNENA II.

Polidamas, Soſtratus.

Polidamas.

FRiend *Soſtratus*, come, haue you euer know'n
Such a diſtracted face of Court, as now;
Such a diſtruſtfull eye, as men are grow'n
To feare themſelues and all; and do not know
Where is the ſide that ſhakes not; who lookes beſt
In this foule day, th'oppreſſor or th'oppreſt?
What poſting, what diſpatches, what aduice!

What ſearch, what running, what diſcoueries!
What rumors, what ſuggeſtions, what deuice
To cleere the King, pleaſe people, hold the wiſe,
Retaine the rude, cruſh the ſuſpected ſort
At vnawares, ere they diſcerne th'are hurt!
So much the fall of ſuch a weighty Peere
Doth ſhake the State, and with him tumble downe
All whom his beames of fauours did vpbeare,
All who to reſt vpon his baſe were knowne:
And none, that did but touch vpon his loue,
Are free from feare to periſh with his loue.
My ſelf (whom all the world haue know'n t'imbrace
Parmenio in th'intireneſſe of my heart,
And euer in all battels, euery chace
Of danger, fought ſtill next him on that part)
Was ſeazed on this laſt night, late in my bed,
And brought vnto the preſence of the King,
To pay (I thought) the tribute of my head:
But O 'twas for a more abhorred thing!
I muſt redeeme my danger with the blood
Of this deare friend, this deare *Parmenio's* blood;
His life muſt pay for mine, theſe hands muſt gore
That worthy heart from whom they fought before.

Soſt. What, hath the King commanded ſuch a deed,
To make the hearts of all his ſubiects bleed?
Muſt that old worthy man *Parmenio* die?

Pol. O *Soſtratus*, he hath his doome to die,
And we muſt yeeld vnto neceſſity.
For comming to the King, and there receiu'd
With vnexpected grace, he thus began:
Polidamas, we both haue beene deceiu'd,
In holding friendſhip with that faithleſſe man
Parmenio, who, for all his glozing mine,
Thou ſeeſt hath ſought to cut my throat and thine;
And thou muſt worke reuenge for thee and me:
And therefore haſt to *Media* ſpeedily,

Take

Take these two letters here, the one from me
Vnto my sure and trusty seruants there,
The other signed with *Philotas* seale,
As if the same t'his father written were:
Carry them both, effect what I haue sayd,
The one will giue th'accesse, the other ayd.
I tooke the letters, vow'd t'effect the same:
And here I go the instrument of shame.
Soft. But will you charge your honor with this shame?
Pol. I must, or be vndone, with all my name:
For I haue left all th'adamantiue ties
Of blood and nature, that can hold a heart
Chain'd to the word, my brethren and allies,
The hostages to caution for my part:
And for their liues must I dishonour mine;
Els should the King rather haue turn'd this sword
Vpon my heart, than forst it impiously,
(Hauing done all faire seruice to his Lord,
Now to be imploy'd in this foule villany.)
Thus must we do who are inthrall'd to Kings,
Whether they will iust or vnlawfull things.
But now *Parmenio*; O, me thinkes I see
Thee walking in th'artificiall groue
Of pleasant *Susis*, when I come to thee,
And thou remembring all our ancient loue,
Hastes to imbrace me, saying, O my friend,
My deare *Polidamas*, welcome my friend,
Well art thou come, that we may sit and chat
Of all the old aduentures we haue run.
Tis long *Polidamas* since we two met,
How doth my souereigne Lord, how doth my son?
When I vile wretch, whil'st m'answere he attends,
With this hand giue the letter, this hand ends
His speaking ioy, and stabb's him to the heart.
And thus *Parmenio* thou rewarded art
For all thy seruice: thou that didst agree

For *Alexander* to kill *Attalus*,
For *Alexander* I must now kill thee.
Such are the iudgements of the heauenly pow'rs
We others ruines worke, and others ours.

Cho. P. Why this is right, now *Alexander* takes
The course of pow'r; this is a Persian tricke.
This is our way, here publike triall makes
No doubtfull noise, but buries clamor quicke.

Gra. Indeed now *Persia* hath no cause to rue,
For you haue vs vndone, who vndid you.

NVNCIVS.

THis worke is done, the sad Catastrophe
Of this great act of blood is finisht now,
Philotas *ended hath the Tragedy.*

Cho. *Now my good friend, I pray thee tell vs how.*

Nun. *As willing to relate, as you to heare:*
A full-charg'd heart is glad to find an eare.
The Councell being dismiss'd from hence, and gone,
Still Craterus *plies the King, still in his eare,*
Still whispering to him priuatly alone,
Vrging (it seem'd) a quicke dispatch of feare:
For they who speake but priuatly to Kings,
Do seldome speake the best and fittest things:
Some would haue had him forthwith ston'd to death,
According to the Macedonian course,
But yet that would not satisfie the breath
Of busie rumour, but would argue force:
There must be some confessions made within.
That must abroad more satisfaction win,
Craterus, *with* Cænus, *and* Ephestion,
Do mainly vrge to haue him tortured;
Whereto the King consents, and thereupon
They three are sent to see't accomplished.
Racks, irons, fires, the grisely torturers
And hideously prepar'd before his face.

Philotas

Philotas *all vnmou'd, vnchang'd appeares,*
As if he would deaths ouglieſt brow out-face,
And ſcorn'd the worſt of force, and askt them, Why
Then ſtai'd to torture the Kings enemy?

Cho. *That part was acted well, God grant we heare*
No worſe a Scene than this, and all goes cleare:
So ſhould worth act, and they who dare to fight
Againſt corrupted times, ſhould die vpright;
Such hearts Kings may diſſolue, but not defeat.
A great man where he falles he ſhould lie great,
Whoſe ruine, like the ſacred carcaſes
Of ſcattred Temples which ſtill reuerent lie,
And the religious honour them no leſſe
Than if they ſtood with all their gallantry.
But on with thy report.

Nun. *Straight were hot irons appli'd to ſere his fleſh,*
Then wreſting racks his comly body ſtraine.
Then iron whips, and then the racke afreſh,
Then fire againe, and then the whips againe;
Which he endures with ſo reſolu'd a looke,
As if his mind were of another ſide
Than of his body, and his ſenſe forſooke
The part of nature, to be wholy tide
To honour, that he would not once conſent
So much as with a ſigh t'his puniſhment.

Cho. *Yet doth he like himſelfe, yet all is well,*
This argument no tyrant can refell;
This plea of reſolution winnes his cauſe
More right than all, more admiration drawes:
For we lose nothing more, than to renowne
Men ſtoutly miſerable, highly downe.

Nun. *But now?*

Cho. *We feare that But. O, if he ought deſcend,*
Leaue here, and let the Tragedy here end.
Let not the leaſt act now of his, at laſt,
Marre all his act of life and glory paſt.

Nun. *I must tell all, and therefore gine me leaue.*
Swoll'n with raw tumors, vlcered with the ierks
Of iron whips, that flesh from bone had raz'd,
And no part free from wounds, it erks
His soule to see the house so foule defast,
Wherein his life had dwelt so long time cleane,
And therefore craues he, they would now dismisse
His grieuous tortures, and he would begin
To open all wherein h'had done amisse.
Streight were his tortures ceast: and after they
Had let him to recouer sense, he sayd,
Now Craterus, *Say what you will haue me say:*
Wherewith, as if deluded or delaid,
Craterus *in wrath calles presently againe*
To haue the tortures to be reapplied.
When, whatsoeuer secret of his heart
Which had beene fore-conceiu'd but in a thought,
What friend soeuer had but tooke his part
In common loue h'accus'd; and so forgot
Himselfe, that now he was more forward to
Confesse, that they to vrge him thereunto,
Whether affliction had his spirits vndone,
Or seeing, to hide or vtter, all was one;
Both wayes lay death: and therefore he would vie
Now to be sure to say enough to die,
And then began his fortunes to deplore,
Humbly besought them whom he scorn'd before;
That Alexander *(where he stood, behind*
A Trauers, out of sight) was heard to speake:
I neuer thought, a man that had a mind
T'attempt so much, had had a heart so weake!
There he confest, that one Hegelochus,
When first the King proclaim'd himselfe Ioues *sonne,*
Incens'd his father's heart against him thus,
By telling him, That now we were vndone,
If we endur'd, that he, which did disdaine

To

To haue beene Philips *sonne, should liue and raigne.*
He that aboue the state of man will straine
His stile, and will not be that which we are,
Not only vs contemnes, but doth disdaine
The gods themselues, with whom he would compare.
We haue lost Alexander, *lost (said he)*
The King, and fall'n on pride and vanity;
And we haue made a god of our owne blood,
That glorifies himselfe, neglects our good.
Intolerable is this impious deed
To gods, whom he would match, to men he would exceed.
Thus hauing ouer night Hegelochus,
Discours'd, my father sends next day
For me to heare the same: and there to vs
All he had sayd to him he made him resay,
Supposing, out of wine, the night before,
He might but idly raue. When he againe,
Far more inrag'd, in heat and passion more,
Vrg'd vs to cleere the State of such a staine,
Conur'd vs to redeeme the Common-weale,
And do like men, or els as men conceale.
Parmenio *thought, whil'st yet* Darius *stood.*
This course was out of season, and thereby
Th'extinguishing of Alexanders *blood*
Would not profit vs, but th'others pow'rs
Might make all th'Orient and all Asia *ours,*
That course we lik't, to that our counsell stands,
Thereto we tide our oaths and gaue our hands.
And as for this, he said, for Dymnus *plot,*
Though he were cleere, yet now he cleer'd him not.
And yet the force of racks at last could do
So much with him, as he confest that too,
And sayd, that fearing Bactra *would detaine*
The King too long, he hast'ned on his ends,
Left that his father, Lord of such a traine

And such a wealth, on whom the whole depends,
Should, being aged, by his death preuent
These his designes, and frustrate his intent.

Cho. *O would we had not heard his latter iarre:*
This all his former straines of worth doth marre.
Before this last his spirits commends,
But now he is vnpitied of his friends.

Nun. *Then was* Demetrius *likewise brought in place,*
And put to torture, who denies the deed.
Philotas *he auerres it to his face.*
Demetrius *still denies. Then he espide*
A youth, one Calin, *that was standing by,*
Calin, *sayd he how long wilt thou abide*
Demetrius *vainly to auouch a lie?*
The youth, that neuer had beene nam'd before
In all his tortures gaue them cause to gesse
Philotas *car'd not now to vtter more*
Than had beene priuy to his practises.
And seeing they had as much as they desir'd,
They with Demetrius *stow'd him vnto death:*
And all whom Dymnus *nam'd to haue conspir'd,*
With grieuous tortures now must lose their breath:
And all that were all'd, which could not flie,
Are in the hands of iustice now to die.

Cho. *What, must the punishment arriue beyond*
Th'offence! not with th'offender make an end!

Nun. *They all must die who may be fear'd in time*
To be the heires vnto their kindreds crime.
All other punishments end with our breath,
But treason is pursu'd beyond our death.

Cho. *The wrath of Kings doth seldome measure keepe,*
Seeking to cure bad parts they lance too deepe.
When punishment like lightning should appeare
To few mens hurt, but vnto all mens feare,
Great elephants and lions murder least,
Th'ignoble beast is the most cruell beast.

But

But all is well, if by the mighty fall
Of this great man, the King be safely freed:
But if this Hydra *of ambition shall*
Haue other heads to spring vp in his steed,
Then hath he made but way for them to rise,
Who will assault him with fresh treacheries.
The which may teach vs to obserue this straine,
To admire high hill's, but liue within the plaine.

The Apology.

THE wrong application, and misconceiuing of this Tragedy of *Philotas*, vrges me worthy Readers, to answere for mine innocency, both in the choice of the subiect, and the motiues that long since induced me to write it, which were first the delight I tooke in the History it selfe as it lay, and then the aptnesse, I saw it had to fall easily into act, without interlacing other inuention, then it properly yeelded in the owne circumstances, we were sufficient for the worke, and a lawfull representing of a Tragedy. Besides aboue eight yeares since, meeting with my deare friend D. *Lateware*, (whose memory I reuerence) in his Lords Chamber, and mine, I told him the purpose I had for *Philotas*, who sayd that himselfe had written the same argument, and caused it to be presented in St. *Iohns* Colledge in *Oxford*, where as I after heard, it was worthily and with great applause performed. And though, I sayd, he had therein preuented me, yet I would not desist, whensoeuer my Fortunes would giue me peace,

peace, to try what I could doe in the same subiect, where vnto both hee, and who were present, incouraged me as to an example worthy of note. And liuing in the Country, about foure yeares since, and neere halfe a yeare before the late Tragedy of ours, (whereunto this is now most ignorantly resembled) vnfortunately fell out heere in *England*, I began the same, and wrote three Acts thereof, as many to whom I then shewed it can witnesse, purposing to haue had it presented in Bath by certaine Gentlemens sonnes, as a priuate recreation for the Christmas, before the Shrouetide of that vnhappy disorder. But by reason of some occasion then falling out, and being called vpon by my Printer for a new impression of my workes, with some additions to the ciuill Warres, I intermitted this other subiect. Which now lying by mee, and driuen by necessity to make vse of my pen, and the Stage to bee the mouth of my lines, which before were neuer heard to speake but in silence, I thought the representing so true a History, in the ancient forme of a Tragedy, could not but haue had an vnreproueable passage with the time, and the better sort of men, seeing with what idle fictions, and grosse follies, the Stage at this day abused mens recreations. And withall taking a subiect that lay (as I thought, so farre from the time, and so remote a stranger from the climate of our present courses, I could not imagine that Enuy or ignorance could possibly haue made it, to take any particular acquaintance with vs, but as it hath a generall alliance to the frailty of greatnesse, and the vsuall workings of ambition, the perpetuall subiects of bookes and Tragedies.

And for *Philotas*, it is plaine, that his fathers greatnesse opened first the way to *Alexanders* suspition and the enuy of the Nobility, and then his owne vanting with dispising the new title conferred by the Oracle of *Ammon*. Vpon the King, begat and notion of his dislike of the State; and indeede *Alexanders* drawing a pedegree from Heauen, with assu-

assuming the *Persian* magnificence, was the cause that withdrew many, the hearts of the Nobility and people from him; and by *Philotas* owne confession, was that which gaue a purpose to him and his father to haue subuerted the King, when he had established *Asia*, and freed them from other feares.

And this concealing of the treason reuealed vnto him, howsoeuer he excused it, shewed how much his heart was alienated from his allegiancy. Which being by *Ephestion*, and *Craterus*, two the most graue and worthy Councellors of *Alexander* prouidently discerned, was prosecuted in that manner, as became their neerenesse, and deerenesse with their Lord and Maister, and fitting the safety of the State, in the case of so great an aspirer: Who, had he not beene preuented (howsoeuer popularly in the Army it might be otherwise deemed) he had no doubt turned the course of the gouernment vpon his father or himselfe, or else imbroyling it, made it monstrous body with many heads, as it afterwards proued vpon the death of *Alexander*. For though the affection of the multitude (whom he did mignion) and who, as I sayd, lookes still vpon mens fortunes not the cause, discerned not his ends, nor peraduenture himselfe, that knew not how large they might be, nor how much his heart would hold, nor of what capacity would be his ambition, if occasion were offered: Yet some more cleere-sighted, as if rayſed by a diuine prouidence to put off that State, till the full period of dissolution, (which after followed was come) saw well, to how hie a staine he had set his hopes by his affected carriage. And *Craterus*, who so wisely pursued this businesse is deemed to haue beene one of the most honest men that euer followed *Alexander* in all his actions, and one that was true vnto him euen after his death. And for any resemblance, that thorough the ignorance of the History may be applied to the late Earle of *Essex*. It can hold in no proportion but only in his weaknesses, which I would wish all that loue his memory

mory not to reuiue. And for mine owne parts hauing beene perticularly beholding to his bounty, I would to God his errors and disobedience to his Souereigne, might by so deepe buried vnderneath the earth, and in so low a tombe from his other parts, that hee might neuer be remembred among the examples of disloyalty in this Kingdome, or paraleld with Forreine Conspirators.

***

SAM. DANIEL.

FINIS.
