After that Basilius (according to the oracles promise) had received home his daughters, and settled himselfe againe in his solitary course and accustomed company, there passed not many dayes ere the now fully recomforted Dorus having waited a time of Zelmanes walking alone towards her little Arbor, tooke leave of his master Dametas husbandry to follow her. Neere wherunto overtaking her, and sitting downe together among the sweet flowers whereof that place was very plentifull, under the pleasant shade of a broad leaved Sycamor, they recounted one to another their strange pilgrimage of passions, omitting nothing which the open harted frendship is wont to lay forth, where there is cause to comunicate both joyes & sorows, for indeed ther is no sweeter tast of frendship, then the coupling of soules in this mutualitie either of condoling or comforting: where the oppressed minde finde~ itself not altogether miserable, since it is sure of one which is feelingly sory for his misery: and the joyfull spends not his joy, either alone, or there where it may be envied: but may freely send it to such a well grounded object, from whence he shall be sure to receive a sweete reflection of the same joye, and, as in a cleere mirror of sincere good will, see a lively picture of his owne gladnes. But after much discourse on eyther parte, Dorus (his hearte scarce serving him to come to the pointe, whereunto his then comming had bene wholie directed, as loth in the kindest sorte to discover to his friend his owne unkindnes) at length, one word emboldening
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another made knowne to Zeimane, how Pamela upon his vehement othe to offer no force unto her, till hee had invested her in the Duchie of Thessalia, had condescended to his stealing her awaie to the next sea porte. That besides the straunge humors she sawe her father more and more falling into, and unreasonable restraint of her libertie, whereof she knewe no cause but light grounded jealousies, added to the hate of that manner of life, and confidence she had in his vertue, the chiefest reason had wonne her to this, was the late daunger she stoode in of loosing him, the like whereof (not unlike to fall if this course were continued) she chose rather to dye then againe to undergoe. That now they wayted for nothing else, but some fit time for their escape, by the absence of their three lothsome companions, in whom follie ingendred suspicion. And therefore now, sayd Dorus, my deere Cozen, to whome nature began my friendship, education confirmed it, and vertue hath made it eternall, heere have I discovered the very foundacion whereupon my life is built: bee you the Judge betwixt mee and my fortune. The violence of love is not unknowne to you: And I knowe my case shall never want pittie in your consideration. How all the joyes of my hearte doo leave mee, in thinking I must for a time be absent from you, the eternall truth is witnesse unto mee, I knowe I should not so sensiblie feel the pangs of my last departure. But this enchantment of my restlesse desire hath such authoritye in my selfe above my selfe, that I am become a slave unto it, I have no more freedome in mine owne determinacions. My thoughtes are now all bent how to carrie awaie my burdenous blisse. Yet, most beloved Cozen, rather then I should thinke I doo heerein violate that holie bande of true friendship, wherein I unworthie am knit unto you, commaund mee stay. Perchaunce the force of your commandement may worke such impression into my hearte, that no reason of mine owne can imprint into it. For the Gods forbid, the foule word of abandoning Pyrocles, might ever be objected to the faithfull Musidorus. But if you can spare my presence, whose presence no way serves you, and by the division of these two Lodges is not oft with you: nay if you can thinke my absence may, as it shall, stand you in stead, by bringing such an armye hither, as shall make Basilus, willing or unwilling, to knowe his owne happe in graunting you Philoclea: then I will cheerefullie goe about this my most desired enterprise,
and shall thinke the better halfe of it alreadie atchieved, beeing begunne in the fortunate houre of my friendes contentment. These wordes, as they were not knitte together with such a constant course of flowing eloquence, as Dorus was woont to use: so was his voice interrupted with sighes, and his countenaunce with enterchanging coulour dismayed. So much his owne heare did finde him faultie to unbende any way the continuall use of theyr deare friendshipe. But Zelmaune, who had all this while gladlie hearkened to the other tydings of her friends happye successse, when this last determination of Dorus strake her attentive eares, she stayed a great while oppressed with a dead amazement. Ther came streight before her mind, made tender with woes, the images of her own fortune. Her tedious longings, her causes to despaire, the combersome follie of Basilius, the enraged Jealousie of Gynecia, her selfe a Prince without retinewe; a man annoyed with the troubles of woman-kinde; lothsomey loved, and daungerouslie loving; And now for the perfecting of all, her friend to be taken away by himself, to make the losse the greater by the unkindnes. But within a while she resolutely passed over all inwarde objeCtions, and preferring her friends proffitt to her owne desire, with a quiet but hartie looke, she thus aunsweared him. If I bare thee this Love vertuous Musidorus, for mine owne sake, and that our friendshipp grew because I for my parte, might rejoyce to en joye such a friend: I shoulde nowe so thorowly feele mine owne losse, that I should call the heavens and earth to witnesse, howe cruelly yee robbe mee, of my greatest com forte, measuring the breach of friendshipe by myne owne passion. But because indeede I love thee for thy selfe, and in my judgement judge of thy worthines to be loved, I am content to builde my pleasure uppon thy comforte: And then will I deeme my happe in friendshipe great, when I shall see thee, whom I love happie. Let me be onely sure, thou lovest me still, the onely price of trew affection goe therefor on, worthye Musidorus, with the guide of vertue, and service of fortune. Let thy love be loved, thy desires prosperous, thy escape safe, and thy jornye easie. Let every thing yeed till the deserte, for my part absence shall not take thee from mine eyes, nor afflictions shall barre mee from gladding in thy good, nor a possessed harte shall keepe thee from the place it hath for ever allotted unto thee. Dorus would faine have replied againe, to
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have made a liberall confession that Zelmane had of her side the advantage of well performing friendshipp: but partelie his owne griefe of parting from one he loved so dearely, partly the kinde care in what state hee should leave Zelmane, bredd such a confiçte in his minde, that many times he wished, he had either never attempted, or never revealed this secret enterprise. But Zelmane, who had now looked to the uttermoste of it, and established her minde upon an assured determination, my onely friend said shee since to so good towardnes, your courteous destinies have conduCted you, let not a ceremoniall consideration of our mutuall love, be a barre unto it. I joye in your presence, but I joye more in your good, that friendshipp brings forth the fruites of enmitie, which preferres his owne tendernes, before his friends damage. For my parte my greatest griefe herein shalbe, I can bee no further serviceable unto you Zelmane said Dorus with his eyes even covered with water, I did not think so soone to have dil;played my determination unto you, but to have made my way first in your loving judgement. But alas as your sweet disposition drew me so farre: so doth it now strengthen me in it. To you therefore be the due commendation given, who can conquere me in Love, and Love in wisedome. As for mee, then shall goodnes turne to evill, and ungratefulnes bee the token of a true harte when Pyrocles shall not possesse a principall seate in my soule, when the name of Pyrocles shall not be helde of me in devout reverence.

They would never have come to the cruell instant of parting, nor to the il-faring word of farewell, had not Zelmane sene a farre off the olde Basi/ius, who having perfourmed a sacrifice to Apollo, for his daughters, but principally for his mistresse happy returne, had since bene every where to seeke her. And nowe being come within compasse of discerning her, he beganne to frame the loveliest coiitance he could, stroking up his legges, setting his beard in due order, and standing bolte upright. Alas said Zelmane, behold an evill fore-token of your sorrowfull departure. Yonder see I one of my furies, which doth daylie vexe me, farewell farewel my Musidorus, the Gods make fortune to waite on thy vertues, and make mee wade through this lake of wretchednes. Dorus burst out into a flood of teares wringing her fast by the hande. No, no, said he, I go blindfold, whither the course of my ill happe caries me: for now too late my harte
ARCADIA. LIB. 3.

gives me this our separating can never be prosperous. But if I
live, attend me here shortly with an army. Thus both appalled
with the grievous renting of their long Combination, (having first
resolved with theselves that, whatsoever fell unto them, they
should never upon no occasion utter their names for the côserving
the honour of their Royal parentage, but keep the names of Daiphantus & Palladius, as before had ben agreed between the)
they tooke diverse waies: Dorus to the lodg-ward, wher his
heavy eyes might besomthing refreshed; Zelmanetowards Basilius:
saying to her selfe with a skornefull smiling: yet hath not my
friendly fortune deprived me of a pleasant companion. But he
having with much searche come to her presence, Doubt & Desire
bred a great quarrel in his mind. For his former experience had
taught him to doubt: & true feeling of Love made doubts
dangerous, but the working of his desire had ere long wonne
the fielde. And therefore with the most submissive maner his
behaviour could yeeld: O Godesse, said hee towards whom I
have the greatest feeling of Religion, be not displeased at some
shew of devotion I have made to Apollo: since he (if he know
any thing) knowes that my harte beares farre more awful
reverèce to your self then to his, or any other the like Deity.
You wil ever be deceaved in me, answered Zelmane: I wil make
my selfe no competitor with Apollo, neither can blasphemies
to him be duties to me. With that Basilius tooke out of his
bosome certayne verses he had written, and kneling downe, pre-
sented them to her. They contained this:

Phæbus farewell, a sweeter Saint I serve,
The high conceits thy heav'nly visedames breed
My thoughts forget: my thoughts, which never swerve
From her, in whose name is sowne their freedames seeds,
And in whose eys my dayly doome I reede.

Phæbus farewell, a sweeter Saint I serve.
Thou art farre off, thy kingdome is abO'lJe:
She heav'n on earth with beauties doth preserve.
Thy beames I like, but her cleare rayes I love:
Thy force I feare, her force I still do prove.

Phæbus yeelde up thy title in my minde.
She doth possesse, thy Image is defaste,
But if thy rage some brave revenge will finde,
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On her, who hath in me thy temple raste,
Employ thy might, that she my fires may taste.

And how much more her worth surmounteth thee,
Make her as much more base by loving me.

This is my Hymne to you, said he, not left me by my auncestors, but begone in my selfe. The temple wherin it is daylie songe, is my soule: and the sacrifice I offer to you withall is all whatsoever I am. Zelmane, who ever thought shee founded in his speeches the ill taste of a medecine, and the operation of a poysone, would have suffred a disdainful looke to have bene the onely witnesse of her good acceptation; but that Basilius began a fresh to lay before her many pittifull prayers, and in the ende to conclude that he was fully of opinion it was onely the unfortunatenes of that place that hindered the prosperous course of his desires. And therefore since the hatefull influence; which made him embrace this solitary life, was now past over him (as he doubted not the judgment of Philanax would agree with his) and his late mishapes had taught him how perillous it was to commit a Princes state to a place so weakely guarded: He was now enclined to returne to his pallace in Mantinea, and there he hoped he should be beter able to shew how much he desired to make al he had hers: with many other such honnie wordes which my penne grows almost weary to set downe: This indeede neerely pierced Zelmane. For the good beginning shee had there obtained of Philoclea made her desire to continue the same trade, till unto the more perfecting of her desires: and to come to any publike place shee did deadly feare, lest her maske by many eyes might the sooner be discovered, and so her hopes stopped, and the state of her joyes endaungered. Therefore while shee rested, musing at the dayly chaunging labyrinth of her owne fortune, but in her selfe determined it was her onely best to keepe him there: and with favors to make him love the place, where the favors were received, as disgraces had made him apte to chaunge the Soyle.

Therefore casting a kinde of corner looke upon him, it is truely saide, (saide she) that age cooleth the bloud. Howe soone goodman you are terrified before you receave any hurte? Doe you not knowe that daintines is kindly unto us? And that hard obtayning, is the excuse of womans graunting? Yet speake I 6
not as though you were like to obtaine, or I to graüt. But be­
cause I would not have you imagin, I am to be wonne by
courtely vanities, or esteeme a man the more, because he hath
handsome men to waite of him, when he is affraid to live with­
out them. You might have seene Basilius humbly swell, and
with a lowly looke stand upon his tiptoes; such diversitie her
words delivered unto him. O Hercules answerwed he; Basilius
africa? Or his bloud cold, that boyles in such a fournace? Care
I who is with mee, while I enjoy your presence? Or is any
place good or bad to me, but as it pleaseth you to bless or curse
it? O let me be but armed in your good grace, and I de fie
whatsoever there is or can be against mee. No, no, your love
is forcible, and my age is not without vigoure. Zelmane
thought it not good for his stomacke, to receave a surfet of too much
favoure, and therefore thinking he had enough for the time, to
keepe him from any sodaine removing, with a certaine gracious
bowing downe of her heade towarde him, she turned away, say­
ing, she would leave him at this time to see how temperately
hee could use so bountiffull a measure, of her kindenes. Basilius
that thought every dropp a flood that bred any refreshment,
durst not further presse her, but with an ancient modestie left
her to the sweete repast of her owne fancies. Zelmane assoone
as he was departed went towarde Pamela's lodge in hope to have
seen her friende Dorus, to have pleased her selfe with another
paynefull farewell, and further to have taken some advise with
him touching her owne estate, whereof before sorowe had not
suffered her to thinke. But being come even neere the lodge,
she saw the mouth of a cave, made as it should seeme by nature
in despite of Arte: so fitly did the riche growing marble serve
to beautifie the vawt of the first entrie. underfoot, the ground
seemed mynerall, yeelding such a glistering shewe of golde in it,
as they say the ryver Tagus caries in his sandie bed. The cave
framed out into many goodly spatioius Roomes such as the selfe­
liking men, have with long and learned delicacie founde out the
most easefull. There rann through it a little sweete River, which
had lefte the face of the earth to drowne her selfe for a smale
wayne in this darke but pleasant mansion. The very first shewe
of the place entised the melancholy minde of Zelmane to yeeld:
her selfe over there to the flood of her owne thoughtes. And
therefore sitting downe in the first entrie, of the Caves mouth,
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with a song shee had lately made, shee gave a dolefull waye to her bitter AffeCtes, shee sunge to this effeCte:

S
ince that the stormy rage of passions darcke
(Of passions darke, made darke of beauties light)
W
ith rebell force, bath close in dungeon darke
M
y minde ere now led forth by reasons light :
S
ince all the thinges which give mine eyes their light
D
o foster still, the fruietes of fancies darke :
S
o that the windowes of my inward light
D
o serve, to make my inward powers darke :
S
ince, as I say, bath minde and sences darke
A
re hurt, not helpt, with piercing of the light :
W
hile that the light may shewe the horrors darke
B
ut cannot make resolved darknes lights :
I
like this place, wherat the least the darke
M
ay keepe my thoughtes, from thought of wonted light.

In steede of an instrument, her song was accompanied with the wringing of her hands, the closing of her weary eyes, and even sometime cut off with the swellinge of hir sighes, which did not suffer the voice to have his free and native passage. But as she was a while musing upon her songe, raising up her spirites, which were something falne into the weakenes of lamentation, considering solitary complaints do no good to him whose helpe stands with out himselfe, shee might a far off, first heare a whispering sounde which seemed to come from the inmost parte of the Cave, and being kept together with the close hollownes of the place, had as in a Truncke the more liberall accesse to her eares, and by and by she might perceave the same voice, deliver it selfe into musicall tunes, and with a base Lyra give forth this songe:

H
Arke plaintfull ghostes, infernall furies barke
U
nto my woes the hatefull heavens do sende,
Th
e heavens conspir’d, to make my vitall sparke
A
 wrecked wracke, a glasse of Ruines ende.
S
eeing, Alas; so mightie powers bende
Thi
eireful shotte against so weake a marke,
Co
me cave, become my grave, come death, and lende
Re
ceipte to me, within thy bosome darke.

8
For what is life to dayly dieng minde,
Where drawing breath, I sucke the aire of woe:
Where too much sight, makes all the bodie blinde,
And highest thoughts, downeward most headlong throw?
Thus then my forme, and thus my state I finde,
Death wrapt in flesh, to living grave assign’d.

And pawsing but a little, with monefull melodie it continued
this octave:

Like those sicke folkes, in whome strange humors flowe,
Can taste no sweetes, the souer onely please:
So to my minde, while passions daylie growe,
Whose fyrie chaines, uppon his freedome seaze,
Joies strangers seeme, I cannot bide their shoue,
Nor brooke oughte els but well acquainted woe.
Bitter griefe tastes me best paine is my ease,
Sicke to the death, still loving my disease.

O Venus, saide Zelmane, who is this so well acquainted with mee, that can make so lively a portraeture of my miseries? It is surely the spirit appointed to have care of me, which doth now in this darke place beare parte with the complaints of his unhappie charge. For if it be so, that the heavens have at all times a measure of their wrathfull harmes, surely so many have come to my blissesse lot, that the rest of the world hath too small a portion, to make with cause so wailefull a lamentation. But saide she; whatsoever thou be, I will seeke thee out, for thy musique well assures me wee are at least-hand fellowe prettises to one ungracious master. So raise shee and went guiding her selfe, by the still playning voice, till she sawe uppon a stone a little waxe light set, and under it a piece of paper with these verses verie lately (as it should seeme) written in it:

H owe is my Sunn, whose beames are shining bright
Become the cause of my darke ouglie night?
Or bowe do I captiv’d in this darke plight,
Bewaile the case, and in the cause delight?

My mangled mind huge horrors still doe fright,
With sense possest, and claim’d by reasons right:
Betwixt which two in me I have this fight,
Whe who so wynneth, I put my selfe to flight.
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Come cloudie feares close up my daseled sight,
Sorrowes suck up the marowe of my might,
Due sighes blowe out all sparkes of joyfull light,
Tyre on despaier uppon my tyred sprite.

An ende, an ende, my dulde penn cannot write,
Nor mas’d head thinke, nor faltring longe recite.

And hard underneath the sonnet, were these wordes written:

This cave is darke, but it had never light.
This waxe doth waste it selfe, yet painelesse dyes.
These wordes are full of woes, yet feelie they none.

I darkned am, who once had clearest sight.
I waste my harte, which still newe torment tryes.
I plaine with cause, my woes are all myne owne,

No cave, no wasting waxe, no wordes of griefe,
Can holde, shew, tell, my paines without reliefe.

She did not long stay to reade the wordes, for not farre off from the stone shee might discerne in a darke corner, a Ladie lieng with her face so prostrate upon the ground, as she could neither know, nor be known. But (as the generall nature of man is desirous of knowledge, and sorrow especially glad to find fel­lowes,) she went as softly as she could convey her foot, neere unto her, where she heard these words come with vehement sobbings from her. O darkenes (saide shee) which doest light somly (me thinks) make me see the picture of my inward darknes: since I have chosen thee, to be the secret witnesse of my sorows, let me receive a safe receipte in thee; and esteeme them not tedious, but if it be possible, let the uttering them be some dis­charge to my overloaden breast. Alas sorrowe, nowe thou hast the full sack of my conquered spirits, rest thy selfe a while, and set not stil new fire to thy owne spoiles: O accused reason, how many eyes thou hast to see thy evills, and thou dimme, nay blinde thou arte in preventing them? Forlorne creature that I am! I would I might be freely wicked, since wickednesse doth prevail, but the foote steppes of my overtroden vertue, lie still as bitter accusations unto me: I am devided in my selfe, howe can I stande? I am overthrowne in my selfe, who shall raise mee? Vice is but a nurse of new agonies, and the vertue I am divorsed from, makes the hatefull comparison the more