

C72



THE HUTH LIBRARY.

LIFE AND WORKS
OF
ROBERT GREENE, M.A.

VOL. IV.

THE CARDE OF FANCIE.
THE DEBATE BETWEENE FOLLIE AND LOUE.
AND
PANDOSTO: THE TRIUMPH OF TIME.
1584—1588.



MINE apparel is not like unto thine,
Disguised and jagged, of sundry fashion;
Howbeit, it is not gold always that doth shine,
But corrupting copper of small valuation.
THE TRIALL OF TREASURE (*Hazlitt's Doddsley*, iii. 264).

The South Library

ELIZABETHAN JACOBÆAN

Unique or Very Rare

BOOKS

IN
VERSE AND PROSE

LARGELY

From the Library of



Henry Hall, Esq.

(Born 1777, died 1844, from a lithograph.)

Edited with Introductions, Notes and Illustrations, etc

BY THE

Rev. Samuel H. Green, LL.D., F.R.S.

FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION ONLY

The Duth Library.

THE
LIFE AND COMPLETE WORKS
IN
PROSE AND VERSE
OF
ROBERT GREENE, M.A.
CAMBRIDGE AND OXFORD.

IN TWELVE VOLUMES.

FOR THE FIRST TIME COLLECTED AND EDITED,
WITH NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS, ETC.,

BY THE REV.
ALEXANDER B. GROSART, LL.D. (EDIN.), F.S.A.,
St. George's, Blackburn, Lancashire.

VOL. IV.—PROSE.
THE CARDE OF FANCIE.
THE DEBATE BETWEENE FOLLIE AND LOUE.
AND
PANDOSTO: THE TRIUMPH OF TIME.
1584—1588.

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION ONLY.
1881—83.

50 Copies.]

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE CARDE OF FANCIE	I
✓ THE DEBATE BETWEEN FOLLIE AND LOUE	197
PANDOSTO: THE TRIUMPH OF TIME	225
NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS, ETC.	321

SOME man, that to contention is inclin'de
With anything he sees, a fault wil finde,
As, that is not so good, the same's amisse,
I have no great affection unto this ;
Now I protest, I doe not like the same,
This must be mended, that deserveth blame,
It were farre better such a thing were out,
This is obscure, and that's as full of doubt.
And much adoe, and many words are spent
In finding out the path that Humours went,
And for direction to that idle way,
Onely a busie tongue bears all the sway.
The diſh that *Esop* did commend for best,
Is now a daies in wonderful request ;
But if you finde fault on a certaine ground,
Weele fall to mending when the fault is found.

SAMUEL ROWLANDS *Humors Looking Glasse*, 1608 (J. P. Collier).

VI.

CARDE OF FANCIE.

1584—1587.

NOTE.

There is no entry of the 'Carde of Fancie' in the Stationers' Register (Arber); but our text is from an exemplar of the earliest known edition of 1587, from Henry Pyne, Esq., Uckfield. He has written the following note on the fly-leaf:—

"'Unique, but wants title page and a leaf of dedication, and two other leaves f. 2 and f. 3.' The above note in the Bibliotheca Heberiana, Part IV., No. 796, goes far to prove two facts: 1st, that the present was the Heber copy, the four leaves referred to having been supplied in facsimile; and 2nd, that the present copy is *not* unique [*i.e.* the leaves in facsimile must have been derived from another exemplar].—HENRY PYNE."

See Life in Vol. I. for the bibliography of 'Carde of Fancie.' It is somewhat odd that the name 'Gwydonius' should have been misprinted 'Gwydemus' in the title-page of 1587. It is supposed that the 'Carde of Fancie' was originally published in 1584. Collation—'Carde of Fancie' 71 leaves (A to s), 'Debate' 10 leaves, continuous press marks (T to x ii).—G.

GREENES
CARDE OF
FANCIE.

Wherein the Folly of those car-
pet Knights is deciphered, which gui-
ding their course by the compase of Cu-
pid, *either dash their ship against most*
dangerous Rocks, or else attaine
the haven with pain & peril.

Wherein also is described in the person
of *Gwydemus* a cruell Combate be-
tween Nature and Necessitie.

By ROBERT GREEN Master of
Art, in Cambridge.



AT LONDON,
Printed for William Ponsonby,
1587.



TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE, *Edward de Vere Earle of Oxford, Vicount Bulbeck, Lord of Esgales and Badlesmire, and Lord great Chamberlain of England*: Robert Green wisheth long life with increase of Honour.



He poet *Castilian Frontino* (Right Honourable) being a very vnskilful Painter, presented *Alphonfus*, the Prince of *Aragon*, with a most imperfect Picture, which the King thankfully accepted, not that hee liked the work, but that hee lov'd the art. The paltering Poet *Cherillus*, dedicated his duncing *Poems* to that mightie Monarch *Alexander*, saying that he knew assuredly if *Alexander* would not accept them, in [that] they were not pithie, yet he would not vtterly reject them, in that they had a shew of Poetry. *Cesar* oft times praised the Souldiers for

their wit, altho' they wanted skil: & *Cicero* as well commended stammering *Leatulus* for his paynfull industrie, as learned *Laelius* for his passing eloquence, which considered (although wisdom did me not wil to strain / further than my sleeue would stretch) I thought good to present this imperfect Pamphlet to your Honours Protection; hoping your Lordship will deign to accept the matter in that it seemeth to be prose, tho' something vsfauorie for want of skill, and take my wel meaning for an excuse of my boldnesse, in that my poor will is not on the wane, whatsoeuer this imperfect work do want. The Emperour *Traian*, was neuer without suters, because courteously he would heare euery complaint. The *Lapidarie* continually frequented the Court of *Adrobrandinus*, because it was his chief study to search out the nature of Stones; All that courted *Atlanta* were hunters, and none sued to *Sapho* but Poets; Whosoeuer *Mecenas* lodgeth, thither no doubt will Schollers flock. And your Honour being a worthy fauorer and fartherer of Learning, hath forced many, thro' your exquisite virtue to offer the fruits of their studie at the shrine of your Lordships curtesie. But though they have waded farre and found mires, and I gadded abroad to get nothing but mites, yet this I assure myself, they neuer presented vnto your Honour their treasure with a more willing minde,

then I do this simple Truth ; which I hope your Lordship will so accept. Resting therefore vpon your Honours wonted Clemencie, I commit your *Lordship* to the Almighty.

* * *

Your Lordship's most dutifully to command

ROBERT GREENE. /



TO THE GENTLE-
men Readers, health.



AN blowing vpon an Oten pipe a little homelie Musick, & hearing no man dispraised his small cunning, began both to plaie so loude, and so long, that they were more wearie in hearing his musick, than he in shewing his skill, till at last to claw him and excuse themselves, they said his pipe was out of tune: So Gentlemen, because I haue before time rashlie retcht about my pitch, & yet your curtesie such as no man haue accused me, I haue once again aduentured vpon your patience (but I doubt so far) as to be rid of my follie, you will at the least saie, as *Augustus* said to the Grecian, that gaue him oft times many rude verses: Thou hadst need (quoth he) reward me wel, for I take more paines to reade thy workes, than thou to write them. But yet willing to abide this quip, because I may counteruaile it with your former curtesie, I put my selfe to your patience, and commit you to the
Almightie. Farewell.

Robert Greene./





AD LECTOREM IN
laudem Authoris.

Pvllulat en stirpi similis speciosa propago
Aureolusq; nouo reuirescit ramus amoris
Vere: (tuo verè iam VERE dicandus honori :)
Ista salus Iuueni, Comiti sit gloria nosse
Accepisse decus: Comites vbi passibus æquis
Ales amor virtusq; sagax decurrere nôrunt.
Ventilat iste faces, restinguit at illa furentes
Tædas. Nec tædet Pueri sic tædia cæci
Fallere, qui, cæcis conuoluit viscera flammis.
Ergo refer grates qui deuitare cupi'sti
Spumosos Veneris fluctus, scopulosq; minaces
Qui fragilem tumidis cymbam meris'se procellis
Possent. Hac iter est, hac dirige, tutior ibis.

Richardus Portingtonus.





THE CARDE OF Fancie.



Here dwelled in the Citie of *Metelyne*, a certain Duke called *Clerophontes*, who through his prowesse in all martiall exploits waxed so proude and tyrannous, vsing fuche mercilesse crueltie to his forraine enimies, & such modelesse rigour to his natieue citizens, that it was doubtfull whether he was more feared of his foes for his crueltie, or hated of his friends for his tyrannie: yet as the worst weede springeth vp more brauely then the wholesomest herbe, & as the crookedst tree is commonly laden with most fruit, so this rigorous Duke was so fauoured and fostered vp by fortune, his estate being so established with honour, and so beautified with wealth, so deckt with the Diadem of dignitie, and endued with fortunate prosperitie, hauing in

warres such happie successe against his foes, & in peace such dutifull reuerence of his friends (although more for feare then fauor) as he seemed to want nothing that eyther fortune or the fates could alow him, if one onely fore which bred his sorrow, could haue beene salued. But this grieve so galled his conscience, and this cursed care so combred his minde, y his happinesse was greatly furcharged with heauinesse, to see the cause of his care could by no meanes be cured. For this *Clerophontes*, was indued with two children, the one a Daughter named *Lewfippa*, and the other a sonne called *Gwydonius*: / this *Lewcippa*, was so perfect in the complection of her bodie, and so pure in the constitution of her minde, so adorned with outward beautie, and endued with inward bountie, so pollished with rare vertues and exquisite qualities, as she seemed a seemely *Venus*, for her beutie, and a second *Vesta*, for her virginitie: yea, Nature and the Gods hadde so bountifully bestowed their giftes vpon her, as Fame her selfe was doubtfull whether shee should make greater report of her excellent vertue, or exquisite beautie. But his sonne *Gwydonius*, was so contrarie to his sister *Lewfippa*, (though not in the state of his body, yet in the stay of his minde) as it made all men meruaile how two such contrarie stems could spring out of the selfe same stocke: His personage

in deede was so comely, his feature so well framed, each lim so perfectlie couched, his face so faire, and his countenance so amiable, as he seemed a heauenly creature in a mortall carcasfe.

But his minde was so blemished with detestable qualities, and so spotted with the staine of voluptuousnesse, that he was not so much to be comended for the proportion of his bodie, as to be condemned for the imperfection of his minde. He was so endued with vanitie, and so imbrued with vice, so nursed vp in wantonnesse, & so nussed vp in wilfulnesse, so carelesse to obserue his Fathers commaund, and so retchlesse to regard his counsell, that neither the dread of Gods wrath, nor the feare of his fathers displeasure, could driue him to desist from his detestable kinde of liuing. Nay, there was no fact so filthie, which he would not commit, no mischiefe so monstrous, which he would not enterprife: no daunger so desperate, which he would not aduenture: no perill so fearefull, which he would not performe: nor no action so diuelish, which he would not execute. So immodeft in his manners, so rude in his iestures, yea, and so prodigall in his expences, as mines of golde were not able to maintaine such / witleffe prodigalitie. This loathsome lyfe of *Gwydonius*, was such a cutting corasue to his Fathers carefull conscience, and such a haplesse clogge to his heauie heart, that

no ioye could make him inioye any ioye, no mirth could make him merrie, no prosperitie could make him pleasant, but abandoning all delight, and auoyding all companie, he spent his dolefull dayes in dumpes and dolours, which he vttered in these words.

Now (quoth he) I proue by experience, the saying of *Sophocles* to be true, that the man which hath many children shall neuer liue without some mirth, nor die without some sorrow: for if they be vertuous, he shall haue cause whereof to reioyce, if vicious, wherefore to be sad, which saying I trye performed in my selfe, for as I haue one childe which delights mee with her vertue, so I haue another that despights mee with his vanitie, as the one by dutie brings me ioye, so the other by disobedience breeds my annoy: yea, as if one is a comfort to my mynde, so the other is a fretting corasue to my heart: for what grieve is there more griping, what paine more pinching, what crosse more comberfome, what plague more pernitiuous, yea, what trouble can torment mee worse, then to see my sonne, mine heire, the inheritour of my Dukedom, which should be the pillar of my parentage, to consume his time in roysting and ryot, in spending and spoiling, in swearing and swashing, and in following wilfullye the furie of his owne frantike fancie. Alasse, most miserable

& lamentable case, would to God the destinies had decreed his death in y swadling clouts, or y the fates had prescribed his end in his infācy. Oh y the date of his birth had bene y day of his burial, or y by some sinister storme of fortune he had bene stifled on his mothers knees, so y his vntimely death might haue preuēted my ensuing sorrowes, and his future calamities : for I see that y young frie will alwaies proue old frogs, that the crooked twig will / proue a crabbed tree, that the sower bud will neuer be sweete blossome, how that which is bredde by the bone wil not easly out of the flesh, that he which is carelesse in youth, will be lesse carefull in age, that where in prime of yeeres vice raigneth, there in ripe age vanitie remaineth. Why *Clerophontes*, if thou seest the fore, why doest thou not apply the salue, and if thou dost perceiue the mischief, why doest not [thou] preuent it with medicine : take away the cause and the effect faileth : if *Gwydonius* be the cause of thy ruth, cut him off betimes, least he bring thee to ruine : better hadst thou want a sonne then neuer want sorow. Perhaps thou wilt suffer him so long till he fall sicke of the Father, and then he will not onely seeke thy lands and liuing, but life and all, if thou preuent not his purpose : yea, and after thy death he will be through his lasciuious lyfe the ouerthrow of thy house, the consumer of

thy Dukedome, the wrack of thy common weale, and the verie man that shall bring the state of *Metelyne*, to mischiefe & miserie. Sith then thy sonne is such a sinke of sorrowes, in whose life lies hid a loathsome masse of wretched mishaps, cut him of as a gracelesse graft, vnworthie to grow out of such a stocke. Alasse *Clerophontes*, shalt thou be so vnnatural as to seeke the spoile of thine owne childe, wilt thou be more sauage thē the brute beastes in committing such crueltie : no, alasse, the least misfortune of our children doth so moue vs, that as the Spider feeleth if her web be prickt, so if they be toucht but with the point of a pinne, so if they be toucht but with the least trouble, wee feele the paines thereof with prickinge griefe to pinch vs. Why, hath not nature then caused loue to ascend as wel as to descend, and placed as dutiful obedience in the childe as louing affection in the father : & with that he fetcht such a deepe fighe, that it was a signe of the extreame sorrow he conceiued for his sonnes witleffe folly. But as he was readie againe to enter into his dole/ful discourse, to aggrauate his griefe the more, & increase his care, certaine complaints were brought him by fundrie Citizens, of the outrageous behaiour of his son *Gwydonius*, which being attentiuely heard he in great cholar called for his sonne, against whome he thundered out such threatning reproches, laying

before his face the miserie that would insue of such recklesse mischiefes, and promising that if he directed not his course by a new compasse, and levelled his life by a new line, he would not onely repay his folly with the penaltie of the lawe, but also by consent of his Commons, disinherite him of his Dukedome: that *Gwydonius*, greatly incensed with the seuerer censure of his Father, broyling with furious rage, sturdely burst forth into these stubborne tearmes.

Sir (quoth he) if *Terence* his *Menedemus* were aliue, and heard these your fond and fantasticall reasons, he would as readely condemne you of crabbednesse, as he accused *Chremes* of curriishnesse: for as he by too much austeritie procured his sonnes mishappe, so you by too much seueritie seeke to breede my misfortune. You old men most iniustly, or rather iniuriously measure our staylesse moode by your stayed mindes, our young yeeres by your hoarie haire, our flourishing youth by your withered age, thinking to directe our doings by your doatings, our wills by your wits, our youthfull fancies by your aged affections, and to quench our fierie flames by your dead coales and cinders: yea, supposing that the Leueret should be as skilfull in making of a head, as the olde Hare, that the young Cubs should as soone tapissh, as y old Fox, that y young Frie should as well auoid the net as the olde Fish, and that the

young wantons should be as warie as the old wyfards. But this fir, is to make fire frost, to change heate to colde, mirth to mourning, finging to sadnesse, pleasure to paine, and to tye the Ape and / the Beare in one tedder: sith then young stemmes will not be set on a withered stocke, that the young twig liketh not vnder the olde tree, that the toyish conceites of youth are vnfit for the testie cogitations of age: I meane for your satisfaction and my solace, to depart from the Court, and to spend my dayes in trauell.

Clerophontes no sooner heard this determination of his sonne *Gwydonius*, but his sorrow was halfe salued, and his care almost cured, thinking that by trauell hee should either ende his life, or amend his lewdnesse, and therefore both hearted and hastened his sonne in this his newe course, least delay might breede daunger, or time by some toye cause him tourne his tippet, furnishing and finishing all thinges necessarie for his sonnes iournie, who readie to goe (more willing to trauell, than his father to intreate him) had this friendly farewell giuen him by *Clerophontes*.

Sonne (quoth he) there is no greater doubt which dooth more deeply distresse the minde of a younge man, then to determine with himselfe what course of life is best to take, for there is such a cōfused *Chaos* of contrarie conceites in young wits,

that whiles they looke for that they cannot like, they are lost in such an endlesse laberinth, as neither choice nor chance can draw them out to their wished desires, for so many vaines so many vanities: if vertue draweth one way, vice driueth another way: as profit perswades the, so pleasures prouokes the: as wit weigheth, will wresteth: if friends counsel them to take this, fancie forceth them to choose that: so that desire so long hangs in doubt, as either they choose none, or else chaunce on the worst. But in my opinion, the fittest kinde of life for a young gentleman to take (who as yet hath not subdued the youthfull conceites of fancie, nor made a conquest of his will by witte) is to spende his time / in trauell, wherein he shall finde both pleasure and profit: yea, and buye that by experience, which otherwise with all the treasure in the world hee cannot purchase. For what chaungeth vanitie to vertue, staylesse wit to stayed wisedome, fonde fantasies to firme affections, but trauell: what represseth the rage of youth, and redresseth the witlesse furie of wanton yeeres, but trauell: what tourneth a secure lyfe to a carefull liuing, what maketh the foolish wise, yea, what increaseth witte and augmenteth skill, but trauell: in so much that the fame *Vlisses* wonne, was not by the tenne yeeres hee lay at *Troy*, but by the time he spent in trauell. But there is nothing *Gwydonius*,

so precious, which in some respect is not perillous, nor nothing so pleasant which may not be painefull: the finest Gold hath his drosse, the purest Wine has his lees, the brauest Rose his prickles, eacheweete hath his fower, eache ioye his annoye, eacheweale his woe, and euerie delight his daunger.

So trauaile *Gwydonius*, is a course of lyfe very pleasant, and yet verie perillous, wherein thou maist practise vertue if thou take heede, or purchase discredit if thou beest carelesse: where thou maist reape renowne if thou beest vertuous, and gaine reproche if thou be vicious: whereout doe springe wisdome and follie, freedome and bondage, treasure and trash, fame and discredit, honour and shame, according to the disposition of him which either vseth it to his profit, or abuseth it to his discommoditie. Sith then thou shalt beare faile in such perillous Straighthes, take heede least thou dashe thy Shippe against most daungerous Rockes. It is a saying *Gwydonius*, not so common as true, that he which will heare the *Syrens* sing, must with *Vlisses*, tie himselfe to the mast of a ship, least happily he be drowned. Who so meanes to be a tutor to *Circes*, must take a Preferuatiue, vnlesse he will be inchaunted. He / that will fish for the *Torpedo*, must anoint his hand with the oyle of *Nemiphar*, least he be charmed, & who so meaneth to enter combat with vanitie, must first surely

defence himfelfe with the target of vertue, vnleffe he meane to be a captiue to care, or calamitie. I ſpeake this *Gwydonius* by experience, which afterwarde thou ſhalt know by prooffe, for to trauell thou ſhalt finde ſuch ſubtill *Syrens*, as will indaunger thee, ſuch forcering *Circes*, as will inchaunt thee, ſuch poyſoned *Torpedos*, as will not onely charme thy hand, but thy heart, if by my experience and other mens perills thou learne not to beware. Firſt *Gwydonius*, be not to ſumptuous, leaſt thou ſeeme prodigall, nor too couetous, leaſt they compt thee a niggard: for by ſpending in exceſſe, thou ſhalt be thought a vaine glorious foole, and by to much ſparing, a couetous peſant. Be not wilfull in thy doings, that they count thee not witleſſe, nor to raſh, that they think thee not deuoyde of reaſon: be not to merrie, that they count thee not immodeſt, nor to ſober, leaſt they call thee fullen, but ſhew thy ſelfe to be an olde man for thy grauitie, and a young youth for thy actiuitie: ſo ſhall all men haue cauſe to prayſe thee for thy manners, and commend thee for thy modeſtie. Be not to curious *Gwydonius*, that they deeme thee not proud, nor to curteous, leaſt they call thee counterfaite. Be a friend to all, & a foe to none, and yet truſt not without triall, nor commit any ſecret to a friendlye ſtranger, leaſt in to much truſt lye treaſon, and thou be forced by

repentaunce to crye *Peccau*. The sweetest Muske is slower to be tasted, the finest Pils most bitter to be chewed, and the flattering friend most tickle being tried: then beware least faire words make fooles faine, & glozing speeches cause had I wist to come to late. Lend not *Gwydonius*, a listning eare to the alarums of Loue, nor yeeld not thy freedome to the assault of lust, be not dazeled with the beames of fading beautie, nor daunted with / the desire of euerie delicate damsell, for in time such blisse will proue but bane, and such delightfull ioy, but despitefull anoie. Lust *Gwydonius* will proue an enimie to thy purse, and a foe to thy person, a canker to thy minde, and a corasue to thy conscience, a weakener of thy wit, a molester of thy minde, a besotter of thy senses, and finallie, a mortall bane to all thy bodie, so that thou shalt finde pleasure the pathwaie to perdition, and lusting Loue the load-stone to ruth and ruine. Seeke not then *Gwydonius*, greedelie to deuour that bait, where-vnder thou knowest a hurtfull hooke to bee hidden: frequent not that pleasure which will turne to thy poison, nor couet not that companie which will conuert to thy confusion, least through such follie thou haue cause in time to be sad, and I to be sorrowfull. Now *Gwydonius* that thou hast heard the aduertisement of a louing father, followe my aduice as a dutifull child, and

the more to binde thee to performe my former precepts, that this my counsaile bee not drowned in obliuion, I giue thee this Ring of golde, wherin is written this sentence, *Præmonitus, Premunitus*. A posie pretie for the wordes, and pithie for the matter, short to bee rehearsed, and long to bee related, inferring this sence, that hee which is forewarned by friendlie counsaile of imminent daungers, is fore-armed against all future mishappe and calamitie, so that hee may by fore-warning preuent perilles if it be possible, or if by sinister fortune hee cannot eschue them, yet hee may beare the crosse with more patience and lesse grieve. Keepe this Ring *Gwydonius* carefullie, that thou maist shew thy selfe to respect thy owne case, and regarde my counsaile: and in so doing thou shalt please mee, and pleasure thy selfe.

Clerophontes hauing thus ended his discourse, embracing his sonne with fatherlie affection, and giuing / him his blessing, went secretlie into his Chamber, the more to couer his grieve, which he conceiued for his sonnes departure: vnwilling his sonne should perceiue by his sorrow how vnfaignedlie hee both liked and loued him.

Well, *Gwydonius* hauing taken his leaue of his Father, furnished both with counsaile and coine, with aduice of wisedome and aide of wealth, passed on his iourney verie solempnlie, vntill hee was past

the bounds of his Fathers Dukedome, and then as merrie as might bee, he trauailed by the space of feauen weekes without anie residence, vntill hee came to a Citie called *Barutta*, where (whether he were delighted with the scituation of the place, or deluded with the perswasion of some Parasiticall persons) hee securelie setteled himselfe by the space of a whole yeere: in which time hee so careleslie floated in the seas of voluptuoufnesse, and so reckleslie raunged in licentious and lawlesse libertie, thinking himselfe a peasant if he were not prodigall, counting nothing comelie, if not costlie, nothing seemelie if not sumptuous, vsing such monstrous excesse in all his actions, that the Citizens of *Barutta* noted him for a myrrour of immoderate lyfe, and a verie patterne of witleffe prodigalitie: yea, his excesssiue expences daylie so increased, that Mines of golde had not beene sufficient to maintaine his pompeous magnificence, infomuch, that the Magistrates of *Barutta*, not onelie meruailed where hee had coine to counteruaile his expences, but also beganne to suspect him eyther for some skilfull Alcumist, or that hee hadde some large commission to take vp those purses that fell into lapse, for want of sufficient defence: whereupon beeing called before the Magistrates and strictlie examined what trade he vsed, why hee stayed / so long in the Citie, and how hee was able to maintaine

so princelie a porte as he carried: *Gwydonius* unwilling to haue them priuie to his parentage, began to coyne a scuse, yet not so cunninglie but hee was trapt in his owne talke, and so cast in prison, where he laie clogged with care and deuoide of comfort, hauing not so much as one trustie friend, amongst all those trothlesse flatterers which in prosperitie had so frequented his companie: the ingratitude of whom so perplexed his molested minde, as furcharged with sorow, hee burst forth into these tearmes.

Alasse (quoth hee) now haue I bought that by haplesse experience, which if I had beene wise, I might haue got by happie counsaile: Nowe am I taught that with paine and perill, which if selfe-loue had not besotted my senses, I might haue learned with profite and pleasure, that in the fayrest Sandes is most sicklenesse, out of the brauest Blossome moste commonlie springeth the worste Fruite, that the finest flower seldome hath the best smell, that the moste glistering Stone hath often-times the least vertue, and that in the greatest shewe of good will, lyes ofte times the smallest effect of friendshippe, in most flatterie, least fayth, in the fayrest face, the falsest heart, in the smoothest Tale the smallest Truth, and in the sweetest gloses most fower ingratitude: Yea, I see nowe (quoth hee) that in truth lies treason,

that faire wordes make fooles faine, and that the state of these fained friendes are lyke to the Marie-golde, which as long as the Sunne shineth openeth her leaues, but with the leaft Clowde, beginneth to close, lyke the Violettes in *America*, which in Summer yeelde an odoriferous smell, and / in Winter a most pestilent fauour: so these Parasites in prosperitie professe most, but in aduersitie performe least: when Fortune fauoureth, they laughe, when shee frowneth they lowre: at euerie full Sea, they flourish, but at euerie dead Neape, they fade: Like to the fish *Palerna*, which beeing perfectlie white in the Calme, yet turneth passing blacke at euerie storme: to the trees in the desarts of *Affrica*, that flourish but while the South winde bloweth, or to the *Celedonie* stone, which retaineth his vertue no longer than it is rubbed with golde.

Sith then *Gwydonius* (quoth hee) thou findest such falsehoode in friendshippe, and such faithlesse deeds in such painted speeches, shake off these fawning cures with the flag of defiance, and from hence forth trie ere thou trust. I, but (quoth hee) it is too late to applie the salue when the sore is incurable, to crie alarum when the Citie is ouer-runne, to seeke for couert when the storme is past, and to take heede of such flattering mates, when already thou art deceiued by such fawning merchants: now thou wilt crie *Cave* when thy coine is

confumed, and beware when thy wealth is wracked : when thou hast nothing whereof to take charge, thou wilt bee charie, and when follie hath alreadie giuen thee a mate, thou wilt by wisedome seeke to auoide the checke, but nowe thou triest it true that thy Father foretolde thee, that so long thou wouldest be carelesse, as at last Repentaunce would pull thee by the sleeue, and then had I wist would come too late.

Wel *Gwydonius*, sith that which is once past can neuer bee recald againe, if thou hast by follie made a fault, seeke by wisedome to make amends, and heape not care vpon care, nor adde not grieve to sorrow, by these pittifull complaintes, but cheere vp thy selfe and take heart at grasse, for the ende of woe is the beginning of weale, and / after miserie alwaies insueth most happie felicitie.

Gwydonius hauing thus dolorouslie discoursed with himselfe, remained not aboue tenne daies in prison, but that the Senate taking pittie of his case, and seeing no accusations were inferred against him, set him free from his Purgatorie, and gaue him good counsaile that heereafter hee shoulde beware by such witlesse prodigalitie to incurre such suspicion. *Theseus* neuer triumphed more after hee had escaped the danger of the perillous laborinth, than poore *Gwydonius* did when he was set free from this pernicious Limbo : now the bitternesse of bondage

made his freedome seeme farre more sweete, and his danger so happelie escaped, caused his deliuerie seeme far more delightfull. Yet hee conceiued such discurtesie against the Citizens, for repaying his liberall good will with such loathsome ingratitude, that the next morning he departed from *Barutta*, not stored with too much monie for molesting his minde, nor ouercharged with coine for combering his conscience with too much care, but hauing remaining of all his treasure onelie that ring which his Father gaue him, traauailing verie solemmlie toward *Alexandria*.

Where at that time there reigned a certaine Duke named *Orlanio*, who was so famous and fortunate, for the peaceable gouernment of his Dukedome, administering iustice with such sinceritie, and yet tempering the extremitie of the law with such lenitie, as he both gained the good will of strangers on hearing his vertue, and won the heartes of his subiects in feeling his bountie, counting him vnworthie to beare the name of a Soueraigne, which knew not according to desert, both to cherish and chastise his subiects.

Fortune and the fates willing to place him in the pal/lace of earthlie prosperitie, endowed him with two children, the one a sonne named *Thersandro*, and the other a daughter called *Castania*, either of them so adorned with the giftes of Nature, and

beautified with good nurture, as it was hard to know whether beautie or vertue held the supremacy. But leaft by this happie eftate *Orlanio* fhould bee too much puffed vp with prosperitie, Fortune fparing him the mate, yet gaue him a slender checke, to warne him from securitie, for before his daughter came to the age of foureteene yeeres, his wife died, leauing him not more sorrowfull for the losse of her whom he moft entirelie loued, than carefull for the well bringing vp of her whome he fo deerelie liked. Knowing that as his Court was a fchoole of vertue to fuch as brideled their mindes with difcreation, fo it was a nurfe of vice to thofe tender yeeres that meafured their willes with witleffe affection, efteming libertie as perillous to the ftate of youth, as precious to the ftate of age, and that nothing fo foone allureth the minde of a young maide to vanitie, as to paffe her youth without feare in securitie. Feared with the confideration of thefe premifes, to auoide the inconueniences that might happen by fuffering *Caftania* to leade her lyfe in lawleffe libertie, hee thought it beft to choofe out fome vertuous Ladie to keepe her companie, who might direct her courfe by fo true a compaffe, and leuell her lyfe by fo right a line, that although her young yeeres were verie apt to bee intangled in the fnares of vanitie, yet by her counsaile and companie, fhee might fteddilie

tread her steppes in the trace of vertue: and none hee could finde more fit for the purpose, than a certaine old Widdowe, called Madame *Melytta*, honoured for her vertuous lyfe throughout all *Alexandria*, who beeing sent for to the Court, hee saluted on this manner.

Madame / *Melytta*, (quoth hee) the reporte of thy honest conditions, and the renowme of thy vertuous qualities are such, as thereby thou hast not onelie purchased great praise, but wonne great credit throughout all the Countrie. Infomuch that I incensed by this thy singular commendation, I haue selected thee as the onelie woman to whome I meane to commit my chiefeft treasure, I meane *Melytta*, my Daughter *Castania*, to whome I will haue thee be both a companion and a counsaillour, hoping thou wilt take such care to traine her vp in vertue, and trace her quite from vice, to winne her minde to honestie, and weane her quite from vanitie, that she in her ripe yeares shall haue cause to thanke thee for thy paines, and I occasion to regard thee as a friend, and reward thee for thy diligence.

Firft *Melytta*, see that shee leade her lyfe both charlie and chastlie. Let her not haue her owne will, least shee proue too wilfull: or too much libertie, least shee become too light. The Palme tree pressed downe, groweth notwithstanding but too fast. The hearbe *Spatania*, though troden on,

groweth verie tall, and youth although strictlie restrained will proue but too stubburne.

The vessell fauoureth alwaies of that licour wherewith it was first seasoned, and the minde retaineth those qualities in age wherein it was trained vp in youth. The tender twigge is sooner broken than the stronge branch, the young stem more brittle than the olde stocke, the weake bramble shaken with euerie winde, and the wauering will of youth tossed with euerie puffe of vanitie, readie to bee wracked in the waues of wantonneffe, vnlesse it bee cunninglie guided by some wise and warie Pilot.

Then / *Melytta*, youth is so easilie entrapped with the alluring traine of foolish delightes, and so soone entangled with the trash of pernicious pleasures, suffer not my Daughter to passe her time in idlenesse, least happilie being taken at discouert, shee become a carelesse captiue to securitie, for when the minde once floateth in the furling seas of idle conceites, then the pusses of voluptuous pleasures, and the stiffling stormes of vnbrideled fancie, the raging blastes of alluring beautie, and the sturdie gale of glozing vanitie, so shake the shippe of recklesse youth, that it is dailie in doubt to suffer most daungerous shipwracke. But let her spend her time in reading such auncient authors as may sharpen her wit by their pithie sayings, and learne

her wisedome by their perfect sentences. For where nature is vicious, by learning it is amended, and where it is vertuous, by skill it is augmented. The stone of secret vertue is of greater price if it bee brauelie polished, the Golde though neuer so pure of it selfe, hath the better coulour if it bee burnished, and the minde though neuer so vertuous, is more noble if it bee enriched with the giftes of learning. And *Melytta*, for recreation sake, let her vse such honest sportes as may driue awaie dumps, least shee bee too pensiue, and free her minde from foolish conceites, that shee bee not too wanton.

Thus (Madame) as you haue hearde my fatherlie aduise, so I praie you giue my Daughter the lyke friendlie aduertisement, that heereafter shee maye haue both cause to reuerence mee, and to rewarde thee.

Melytta hauing hearde with attentiu heede the minde of *Orlanio*, conceiued such ioye in this newe charge, and such delight in this happie chaunce, as with cheerefull countenance she repaied him this aunswere.

Sir / (quoth shee) although in the largest Seas are the forest tempestes, in the broadest wayes most boysterous windes, in the hig[h]est hilles, most dangerous haps, and the greatest charge the greatest care, yet the duetie which I owe you as my Soueraigne, and the loue I beare you as a subiect,

the care I haue to please you as my Prince, and to pleasure you as a Potentate, the trust you repose in my truth without sufficient triall, the confidence you put in my conscience without sure prooffe, the curtesie your Grace doeth shew mee without anie desert, haue so inflamed the forepassed fire of dutifull affection, and so encouraged mee to encounter your Graces curtesie, with willing constancie, that there is no happe so harde which I would not hazard, no daunger so desperate which I would not aduenture, no burthen so heauie which I would not beare, no perill so huge which I would not passe, no charge so great, which both willingly and warilie I would not performe. For, since it hath pleased your Grace to vouchsafe so much of my simple calling, as to assigne me for a companion for your daughter *Castania*, I will take such care in the charie performance of my charge, and indeauour with such diligence both to counsaile and comfort *Castania*, as your Grace shall perceiue my dutie in pleasuring you, and my diligence in pleasuring her.

The Duke hearing the friendlie and faithfull protestation of the good Ladie *Melytta*, tolde her that although it were great trouble for one of her age to frame her selfe as a companion to such yong youth, and that some care belonged to such a charge, yet hee would so counteruaile her painfull

labour with princelie liberalitie, that both shee and all *Alexandria* should haue cause to speake of his bountie.

Melytta / thanking the Duke for such vnderferued curtesie, setting her householde affaires in good order, repaired to the Court as speedelie as might be. But leauing her with *Castania*, againe to *Gwydonius*. Who now being arriued in *Alexandria*, pinched with pouertie, and distressed with want, hauing no coine lefte wherewith to counteruaile his expences, thought it his best course, if it were possible, to compasse the Dukes seruice: repairing therefore to the Court, he had not staied there three daies before hee found fit opportunitie to offer his seruice to *Orlanio*, whome verie dutifullie he saluted in this manner.

The report (right worthie Prince) of your incomparable curtesie and peerelesse magnanimitie, is so blazed abroad throughout all Countries, by the golden trumpe of Fame, that your Grace is not more loued of your subiects which tast of your liberall bountie, than honoured of straungers, which onelie heare of your princelie vertue. Insomuch that it hath forced me to leaue my natiue soile, my parents, kindred, and familiar friends, and pilgrime like to passe into a straunge Countrie, to trie that by experience heere, which I haue heard by report at home. For it is not (right worthie Sir) the state

of your Countrie that hath allured me (for I deeme *Bohemia*, whereof I am, no lesse pleasant than *Alexandria*,) neither hath want of liuing or hope of gaine intised mee, for I am by birth a Gentleman, and issued of such parents as are able with sufficient patrimonie to maintaine my estate, but the desire, not onelie to see, but also to learne such rare curtesie and vertuous qualities as fame hath reported to be put in practise in your Court, is the onelie occasion of this my iourney. Now if in recompence of this my trauaile, it shall please your Grace, to vouchsafe of my seruice, I shall thinke my selfe fullie satisfied, and / my paines sufficiently requited.

Orlanio hearing this dutifull discourse of *Gwydonius*, marking his manners, and musing at his modestie, noting both his excellent curtesie and exquisite beautie, was so inflamed with friendlie affection toward this young youth, that not onelie he accepted of his seruice, but also preferred him as a companion to his sonne *Thersandro*, promising that since he had left his Countrie & parents for this cause, he would so counteruaile his dutifull desert with fauour and friendship, as he should neuer haue cause to accuse him of ingratitude.

Gwydonius repaying heartie thanks to the Duke for his vnderferued curtesie, being now brought

from woe to weale, from despaire to hope, from bale to blisse, from care to securitie, from want to wealth, yea from hellish miserie to heauenlie prosperitie, behaued himselfe so wiselie and warilie, with such curtesie in conuersation, and modestie in manners, that in short time he not onelie purchased credit & countenance with *Orlanio*, but was most entirelie liked and loued of *Thersand[r]o*.

Now there remained in the Court, a young knight, called Signor *Valericus*, who by chance casting his glancing eies on the glittering beautie of *Castania*, was so fettered in the snare of fancie, and so entangled with the trap of affection, so perplexed in the Laborinth of pinching loue, and so inchaunted with the charme of *Venus* Sorcerie, that as the Elephant reioyceth greatlie at the sight of a Rose, as the Bird *Halciones* delighteth to view the feathers of the *Phænix*, and as nothing better contenteth a Roebuck, than to gaze at a red cloth, so ther was no obiect that could allure the wauering eies of *Valericus*, as the surpassing beautie of *Castania*, yea, his onelie blisse, pleasure, ioy, and delight, was in feeding his fancie with staring on the heauenlie face of his Goddesse. But alasse her beautie bredde his bane, her lookes, his losse, / her sight his sorrow, her exquisite perfections his extreame passions, that as the Ape by seeing the Snaile is infected, as the Leopard falleth in a

So Orphanion XII. 28

trance at the sight of the Locust, as the Cockatrice dieth with beholding the Chrysolite, so poore *Valericus* was pinched to the heart with viewing her comelie countenance, was griped with galing griefe, and tortured with insupportable torments, by gazing vppon the gallant beautie of so gorgeous a dame: yea, he so framed in his fancie the forme of her face, and so imprinted in his heart the perfection of her person, that the remembraunce thereof would suffer him take no rest, but he passed the daie in dolour, the night in sorrow, no minute without mo[u]rning, no houre without heauinesse, that falling into pensiue passions he began thus to parle with himselfe.

Why how now *Valericus* (quoth hee) art thou haunted with some hellish hagge, or possessed with some frantike furie? art thou enchanted with some magicall charme, or charmed with some bewitching Sorcerie, that so sodainlie thy minde is perplexed with a thousand fundrie passions? alate free, and now fettered, alate swimming in rest, and now sinking in care, erewhile in securitie, and now in captiuitie, yea, turned from mirth to mourning, from pleasure to paine, from delight to despight, hating thy selfe, and louing her who is the chiefe cause of this thy calamitie. Ah *Valericus*, hast thou forgot the saying of *Propertius*, that to loue howsoeuer it bee, is to loose, and to fancie, how

charie so euer thy choice be, is to haue an ill chance, for Loue though neuer so fickle, is but a *Chaos* of care, and fancie, though neuer so fortunate, is but a masse of miserie: for if thou inioye the beautie of *Venus*, thou shalt finde it small vauntage, if thou get one as wise as *Minerua*, thou maiest put thy winninges in thine eie, if as gorgeous as *Iuno*, thy accountes beeing cast, thy gaine shall be but losse: yea, bee shee vertuous, be / she chaste, be she curteous, be she constant, bee she rich, be shee renowmed, be she honest, be she honourable, yet if thou bee wedded to a woman, thinke thou shalt finde in her sufficient vanitie to counteruaile her vertue, that thy happineffe will bee matcht with heauiuesse, thy quiet with care, thy contentation with vexation: that thou shalt sowe seede with sorrow, and reape thy corne with sadnesse, that thou shalt neuer liue without grieffe, nor die without repentaunce, for in matching with a wife there is such mischiefes, and in marriage such miseries, that *Craterus* the Emperour wishing some sinister fortune to happen vppon one of his foes, praied vnto the Gods, that he might be married in his youth, and die without issue in his age, counting marriage such a cumbersome crosse, and a wife such a pleasant plague, that hee thought his foe could haue no worse torment, than to bee troubled with such noisome trash. Oh *Valericus*, if the consideration

of these premises be not sufficient to perswade thee: if the sentence of *Propertius* cannot quench thy flame, nor the saying of *Craterus* coole thy fancie, call to minde what miseries, what mischiefes, what woes, what wailings, what mishappes, what murthers, what care, what calamities haue happened to such, as haue beene besotted with the balefull beautie of women, enioying more care than commoditie, more paine than profite, more cost than comfort, more grieve than good: yea, reaping a tunne of drosse for euerie dramme of perfect golde.

What carelesse inconstancie ruled *Eriphila*? What currish crueltie raigned in *Philomela*? How incestuous a life lead *Aeuropa*? And how miserable was that man that married *Sthuolea*? What gaines got *Tereus* in winning *Progne*, but a loathsome death for a little delight. *Agamemnon* in possessing the beautie of *Crecida*, caused the Grecian armie most grieuousslie to be plagued. *Candau / les* was slaine by his murthering wife whom so intirelie he loued. Who was thought more happie than the husband of *Helena*, and yet who in time lesse fortunate? What haplesse chances infued of the chastitie of *Penelope*? What broiles in *Rome* by the vertue of *Lucrecia*? The one caused her sutors, most horrible, to be slaine, and the other that *Tarquine* and all his posteritie were rooted out of their regall dignities. *Phaedra*

in louing killed her haplesse sonne *Hippolitus*, and *Clitemnestra* in hating slewe her louing husband *Agamemnon*. Alasse *Valericus*, how daungerous is it then to deale with such dames, which if they loue, they procure thy fatall care: and if they hate thee, thy finall calamitie?

But ah blasphemous beast that I am, thus reckleslie to raile and rage without reason, thus currishtlie to exclaime against those, without whom our life though neuer so lucklie, should seeme most loathsome: thus *Tymon* like, to condemne those heauenlie creatures, whose onelie sight is a sufficient salue against all hellish sorrowes: is this right, to conclude generallie of perticular premises? Is it iustice to accuse all for the fault of some? Is it equitie to blame the state of vertuous women, for the state of vicious wantons? Dost thou thinke *Valericus* to shake off the shackles of fancie with this follie? Or to eschue the baite of beautie, by breathing out such blasphemie? No, no, assure thy selfe, that these thy raging reasons, will in time bee most rigorously reuenged, that the Gods themselues will plague thee for braying out such iniurious speeches. Alasse, Loue wanting desire, maketh the minde desperate: and fired fancie bereaued of loue tourneth into furie. The loiall faith I beare to *Castania*, and the loathsome feare of her ingratitude, the deepe desire which inforceth

my hope, and the deadlie despaire which infringeth my happe, so tosseth / my minde with contrarie cogitations, that I neither regard what I saie to my harme, nor respect what I doe, to my owne hurt: yea, my senses are so befotted with pinching loue, and my minde so fretted with frying fancie, that death were thrice more welcome, than thus to linger in despairing hope.

And with that to passe awaie those pensiue passions, hee floung out of his Chamber with his Hauke on his fist, thinking by such sport to driue awaie this melancholie humour, which so molested his minde.

But as hee was passing through the Court, hee was luckelie encountered by *Melytta* and *Castania*, who minding to haue some sporte with *Valericus* before hee did passe: had the onfet thus pleasantlie giuen him by *Castania*.

It is hard Signor *Valericus* (quoth she) to take you either without your Hauke on your fist, or your heart on your halfepenie, for if for recreation you bee not retriuing the Partridge with dogs, you are in solempne meditation driuing awaie the time with dumpes, neither caring for companie to solace your sadnesse, nor pleasantlie discoursing of some amorous *Parle*: which makes the Gentlewomen of this Court thinke, that you are either an Apostata to Loue, as was *Narcissus*, or haue displayed the

flagge of defiance against Fancie, as dyd *Tyaneus*. If these their surmised coniectures bee true, *Valericus*, I warne thee as a friend to beware by other mens harmes, leaft if thou imitate their actions, thou bee mangled with the like miserie, or maimed with the lyke misfortune.

Valericus hearing his Saint pronouncing this sugered harmonie, feeling himselfe somewhat toucht with this quipping talke, was so rapte in admiration of her /eloquence, and so rauisht in the contemplation of her beautie, that hee stode in a mase, not able to vtter one word, vntill at last gathering his wits together, he burst forth in these speeches.

Madame (quoth he) what it pleaseth the Gentlewomen of this Court to surmise of my solitarinesse, I know not, but if they attribute it to curiousnesse, or coinesse, to strangenesse or statelinesse, either that I am an enimie to loue, or a foe to fancie, that I detest their bountie with *Narcissus*, or contempne their beautie with *Tianeus*, they offer me great iniurie so rashlie to coniecture of my diseafe, before rightlie they haue cast my water. But to put your Ladiship out of doubt what is the cause of my dumpes, so it is that of late raunging the fieldes, my heart (my Hauke I should saie Madame), houered at such a princelie praie, and yet mist of her flight, that since she hath neither prunde her selfe, nor I taken anie pleasure. Marie, if the fates

should so fauour mee, or fortune so shrowde mee vp in prosperitie, that my desire might obtaine her wish, I would not onelie chaunge my mourning to mirth, my dolour to delight, and my care to securitie, but I would thinke to haue gotten as rich a praie as euer *Cæsar* gained by conquest.

Surelie Signor *Valericus* (quoth *Melytta*) no doubt the praie is passing princelie, since the value thereof is rated at so precious a price, and therefore we haue neither cause to condemp[n]e your Hauke of haggardnesse, for want of pruning, nor you of foolishnesse for want of pleasure. And if your heart (your Hauke I should saie, Signor *Valericus*) hath reacht farther with her eie, than she is able to mount with her wing, although I am no skilfull Fawlkener, yet I thinke you had better keepe her on the fist still, and so feede her with hope, than let her misse / againe of her flight, and so she turne taile and be foiled.

In deede Madame (quoth *Valericus*) your counsaile is verie good, for as there is no better confect to a crazed minde, than hope, so there is no greater corasue to a carefull man, than dispaire, and the Fawlkeners also iumpe with you in the same verdite, that the Hauke which misseth her praie, is doubtfull to soare aloofe and proue haggard. Yet if shee were so tickle, as she wold take no stand, so ramage as she would be reclaimed with no

lure, I had rather happelie hazard her for the gaining of so peerelesse a praie, though I both lost her, and wanted of my wish, than by keeping her still in the Bines, to proue her a kite, or me a coward.

In deede Sir (quoth *Castania*) Fortune euer fauoureth them that are valiant, and things the more hard, the more haughtie, high and heauenlie: neither is anie thing harde to bee accomplished, by him that hardelie enterpriseth it. But yet take heede that you fishe not so faire, that at lengthe you catch a Frogge, and then repentaunce make you mumble vp a masse with *Miserere*.

No Madame (quoth hee) it is neuer seene that he which is contented with his chance, should euer haue cause to repent him of his choice.

And yet (quoth shee) hee that buies a thing too deere, may be content with his chaffer, and yet wish he had ben more charie.

Truth Madame (quoth *Valericus*) but then it is trash and no treasure, for that which is precious is neuer ouer-prised, and a bad thing though neuer so cheape is thought too chargeable.

Oh Sir (quoth *Melytta*) and is it not an olde saying, that a man maye buy golde too deare, and that Jewelles though neuer so precious, may bee set at too high / a price. I see if you had no better skill in manning of a Hauke, than in making of a bargaine, you woulde proue but an ill Fawlkener.

But since we haue so long troubled you with our talke, we will now leaue you to your sport, and so bid you farewell.

Valericus with a courteous *Conge*, repaying their curtesie, and with a glauncing eie giuing his Goddesse the dolefull *A dio*, went solitarilie into the secret woods, where laying him downe in the shade, he fell into these musing meditations.

What greater prosperitie (quoth hee) can happen vnto anie earthlie wight, than if hee bee crossed with care, to finde a confect to cure his calamitie: then if hee bee pinched with paines, to get a plaister for his passions: if hee bee drenched in distresse, to finde a meanes to mittigate his miserie, which I see by prooffe performed in my feelie selfe: for the sight of my Goddesse hath so salued my fore-passed sorrowes, her sweete wordes hath so healed my heauie woundes, that where before I was plunged in perplexitie, I am nowe placed in felicitie: where before I was oppressed with care, I am now refreshed with comfort. O friendlie Fortune, if from hence forth thou furiously frowne vppon mee, if thou daunt mee with disaster mishappe, or crosse mee with perpetuall care, yet this thy friendlie courtesie shall bee sufficient to counteruaile all future enormities.

But alasse, I see euerie prosperous puffe hath his boisterous blaste, euerie sweete hath his fower,

euerie weale his woe, euerie gale of good lucke, his storme of sinifter fortune: yea, euerie commoditie his discommoditie annexed: the bloud of the Viper is most healthfull for the sight, and most hurtfull for the stomacke, the / stone *Celonites* is verie precious for the backe, and verie perillous to the braine: the flower of *India* pleafant to be feene, but who so fmelleth to it, feeleth present smart: so as the ioye of her prefence procureth my delight, the annoie of her abfence breedeth my defpight: yea, the feare that ſhe will not repaie my loue with liking, and my fancie with affection, that ſhe will not conſent to my request, but rather meanes to ſtifle me with the raging ſtormes of repulſe, and daunt me with the doome of deadlie denials, ſo fretteth my hapleſſe minde with helliſh furie, that no plague, no paine, no torment, no torture can worſe moleſt mee, than to be diſtreſſed with this dreadfull deſpaire.

Alaſſe, her calling is too high for me to climbe vnto, her roiall ſtate is farre aboue my reach, her haughtie minde is too loftie for mee to aſpire: no doubt if I offer my ſute vnto her, ſhee will proue lyke the Stone of *Silicia*, which the more it is beaten, the harder it is: or like the ſpices of *Ionia*, which the more they are pounded the leſſe fauour they yeeld: lyke to the *Iſſiphilon*, which yeeldeth forth no iuyce though neuer ſo well bruſed: ſo, though I

should with neuer so great deuotion offer vp at her Shrine, prayers, promises, sighes, sobbes, teares, troth, faith, freedome, yea, and my heart itselfe, as a pledge to pleade for pittie, yet shee would make so small account of these my cares, and as lyttle regarde my ruth and ruine, as *Eriphila* did her faithfull friend *Infortunio*.

But oh vilde wretch that I am, why doe I thus without cause condemne *Castania*? Why doe I accuse her of crueltie, in whom raigneth nothing but curtesie? Why doe I appeach her of coineffe, in whome bountie sheweth small curiousnesse? How / friendlie, how familiarlie, yea, how faithfullie did she talke with me, what a cheerefull countenance did shee carrie towards mee, what sodaine glaunces, what louelic lookes, which no doubt are signes, that though shee repulse mee at the first, she will not refuse mee at the last: though she be straight in words, she will not be straunge in minde: though shee giue mee some bitter pilles of deniall, it shall bee but for the better triall. And shall I then beeing fedde with this hope proue such a mecocke, or a milkesoppe, as to bee feared with the tempestuous Seas of aduersitie, when as at length I shall arriue at the hauen of happie estate: shall I dread to haue my ship shaken with some angrie blasts, hoping to be safelie landed on the shoare, and so haue my share of that, which the

showers of shrewde Fortune for a time hath denied mee. No, no, *Dulcia non meruit, qui non gustauit amara*. Hee is not worthie to sucke the sweete, which hath not first sauoured the sowre: hee is not worthie to eate the kernell which hath not crackt the shell, hee deserueth not to haue the crowne of victorie, which hath not abidde the brunt of the battaile: hee meriteth not to possesse the praie, which will not willinglie take some parte of the paine: Neyther is hee worthie of so heauenlie a Dame as *Castania*, that woulde not spend the most precious bloud in his bodie, in the pursuite of so peerelesse a peece.

Valericus thus mittigating his paine with the milde medicine of hope, and rooting out the dead flesh of despaire with the plaister of trust, determined to strike on the Stith while the yron was hot, and to pursue his purpose while his Mistresse was in her good moode. And therfore leauing his sport for this time, highed him to / the Court in haft; where insinuating himselfe into the societie of the Ladies and Gentlewomen, hee shewed himselfe in sport so pleasant, in talke so wittie, in manners so modest, in conceites so cunning, in *parle* so pithie, and in all his conuersation so comelie, that whereas before hee was speciallie loued of none, now hee was generallie liked of all: insomuch that for a time there was no talke in the

Court but of the Metamorphosis of *Valericus* minde. Who oftentimes determining in plaine tearmes to present his fute to *Castania*, when he came to the point, feare of offence, and dreade of deniall, disappointed his purpose, that hee remained mute in the matter: but at last perceiving delaie bredde daunger, seeing his mistresse sit alone in his presence, howering betweene feare and hope, hee began the assault with this march.

Madame (quoth he) for that I see you sitting thus solitarie in dumps, I am the bolder to prease in place, although the most vnworthie man to supplie it. Hoping you will pardon my rudenesse for troubling thus rashlie your musing meditations, and count my companie the lesse offensive in that I see you busied with no such serious matters wherevnto my presence may bee greatlie preiudiciall. *Cyneas* the Philosopher, Madame, was of this minde, that when the Gods made beautie, they skipt beyond their skill, in that they framed it of greater force than they themselues were able to resist: if then there is none so wise or worthie whome beautie cannot wracke, nor none issued of such princelie birth whome beautie cannot bend, though I haue beene intangled with the snare of fancie, and haue listned to the lure of beautie, I am the more to be borne with, and the lesse to be blamed. For I must of

force confesse Madame, that the giftes of nature so abundantlie bestowed vppon you, your excelent / beautie and exquisite vertue, haue so scaled the wals of my fancie, and sacked the fort of my freedome, that for my last refuge I am forced to appeale vnto your curtesie, as the onelie medicine which may cure my intollerable disease. Naie incurable I may wel call it, for (I speak with teares outwardlie, and droppes of bloud inwardlie) vnlesse the misling showers of your mercie mittigate the force of my fancie, the droppes of your princelie fauour quench the flame of my affection, and the guerdon of your good will giue a soueraigne plaister for my secret sore, I am like to passe my life in more miserie, than if I had taken the infernall torments. But I hope it is not possible, that out of a sugered Fount should distill a bitter streame, out of a fragrant flower a filthie sappe, and from such diuine beautie should proceed hate and hellish crueltie.

It is Madame, your beautie which hath wrought my wo, and it is your bountie which must worke my weale. It is your heauenlie face which hath depriued mee of libertie, and your curteous consent must be the meanes to redeeme mee from captiuitie : for as he that eateth of the Briane leafe, and is infected, can by no meanes bee cured, vnlesse hee taste of the same roote : As hee which is wounded

of the Porcuntine, can neuer be healed vnlesse his woundes be washt with the bloud of the same beaſt: as there is nothing better againſt the ſtinging of a Snake, than to be rubbed with an Adders ſlough, and as he which is hurt of the Scorpion [muſt] ſeeke a ſalue from whom he receiued the fore, ſo Loue onelie is remedied by Loue, and fancie by mutuall affection: You Madame, muſt miniſter the medicine, which procured the maladie, and it onelie lies in your power to applie the plaifter which inferred the paine.

Therefore I appeale to your good grace and fauour, and at the barre of your beautie, I humblice holde vp my handes, / reſting to abide your ſentence, either of conſent vnto life, or of deniall vnto death.

Caſſania hearing this ſolempne diſcourſe of *Valericus*, was driuen into a maze with this vnlookt for motion, muſing that hee woulde ſo farre ouerſhoote himſelfe, as to attempt ſo vnlikelie a match, and therefore with diſdaineſull countenance ſhee gaue him this daunt.

As your preſent ariuall Signor *Valericus*, dooth not greatlie preiudice my muſes, ſo I thinke it will as little profit your motion: as your companie pleaſeth me regarding the perſon, ſo it much miſliketh me, reſpecting the *parle*: that your cõpntes beeing once caſt, you ſhall finde your

absence might haue more pleased you, and better contented mee. For it is vnpossible *Valericus*, to call the Fawlkon to that Lure wherein the pens of a Camelion are pricked, because she doth deadlie detest them, it is hard to traine the Lyon to that trappe which fauoureth of *Diagredium*, because he loatheth it. And it is as impossible to perswade mee to enter league with fancie, which am a mortall foe to affection, and to vow my seruice to *Venus*, which am alreadie addicted to *Diana*. No, no sir, I meane not to loue least I liue by the losse, nor to choose, least my skill being small, I repent my chance. She that is free and willinglie runneth into fetters is a foole, & who so becommeth captiue without constraint, may be thought either wilfull or witleffe. It is good by other mens harmes to learne to beware, and to looke before a man doth leap, least in skipping beyond his skill, he light in the mire. Who so considereth the ficklenesse of mens affections, and the fleeting fondnesse of their fading fancie, who carefullie looketh at the lightnesse of their loue, and marketh the inconstancie of their wauering / minde, who readeth the records which make mention of their deepe dissemblings, faithlesse protestations, false vowes, periured promises, fained loue, and forged flatterie: how poore *Ariadne* was abused, how *Medea* was mocked, how *Dido* was deceiued, how

Oenone was reiected, and how *Phillis* was forsaken, and yet would be allured to the traine with such filthie scraps, I woulde count her chaunce too good, were her choice neuer so bad. But leauing these necessarie doubttes, *Valericus*, I tell you for troth, if I meant to loue, it is not you I meane to like, if affection forced me, it is not your person I meane to fancie : your patrimonie is not sufficient to counteruaile my parentage, nor your bringing vp my birth, and therefore I would wish you to sow the seede of your sute in a more fertile soile, for in me you shall finde no grafts of grant to grow, nor no consent to bee cropped, for I neither like of your vnlikelie loue, nor meane not to be framed to your fancie.

Valericus being pricked with this pike, thought it a signe of small courage to yeeld at the first foine, and therefore looking more narrowlie to his ward, and gathering himselfe within his weapon, he stood to his tackling with this replie.

Madame (quoth hee) if you condemne mee of follie for climbing a staffe too high, or accuse me of fondnesse for laying my loue on a person of such princelie parentage, if I seeme to make an ill market in cheaping such precious chaffer, as the price thereof is far aboue my reach, yet my offence is to small to beare anie waightie penance, sith where the fault proceedeth of loue, ther the

pardon insueth of course, but your beautie shall beare all the blame, as the onelie spurre of this my rash enterprise. For as it is impossible for the yron to resist the operation of the Adamant, or the filie strawe the vertue of the sucking / Jeat, so as impossible it is for a louer to withstande the brunt of beautie, to freeze if he stand by the flame, or to pervert the lawes of Nature. So that madame, if you knew what a breach your beautie hath made into my breast, and how deeply I haue shrined the Idoll of your person in my happelasse heart, I assure my selfe though my person and parentage, my birth and bringing vp be farre vnfit for such a mate, yet you would deeme my loue and loyaltie to deserue no lesse. Loyaltie I call it madame, for as all things are not made of one mould, so all men are not of one minde, as the Serpentine powder is quickly kindled, and quickly out, so the Salamander stone once set on fire can neuer be quenched, as the soft Waxe is apt to receiue euerie impression, so the hard mettall neuer chaungeth forme without melting. *Iason* was neuer so trouthlesse as *Troilus* was trustie: *Paris* was neuer more fickle then *Pyramus* was faithfull: *Aeneas* was neuer so light as *Leander* was faithfull: And sure madame, I call the Gods to witnesse, I speake without faining, that sith your beautie and vertue eyther by fate or fortune is so deeply shrined

in my heart, if it please you to accept mee for your slaue or seruauant, and admitte mee so farre into your fauour, as that I may freely enioy the sight of your sweete face, and feede my fancie in the contemplation of your beautie: in liewe thereof, I will repaie such dutifull seruice, as the betrothed faith of *Erasa* to his *Perfida*, shal not compare with the loue of *Valericus* and *Castania*.

Castania hearing these perplexed passions, proceede from wofull *Valericus*, pricked forward to take some remorse of his tormentes, felte within her minde a careful conflict betweene fancie & the fates, loue & the destinies: fancie perswaded her to take pitie of his paines, & fates forced her to giue him the repulse: loue wisht / her to retourne his good will with gaine, the destinies draue her to denie his request: tossed thus with contrarie cogitations, at last she burst forth into these doubtfull speeches.

Valericus, as I am not altogether to rewarde thy good wil with hate, so I cannot repaie it with loue, because fancie denies me to like: to mary I meane not, to retaine seruants I may not. Marie, to let thee either to loue or looke, take this for an aunswere, I neither can nor will.

And with that she went her waye, leauing *Valericus* greatlie daunted with this doubtfull aunswere, with feare and hope so fiercely assailed,

that beeing left alone, he beganne thus to consider of his amorous conceits.

If euer wofull creature had cause to complaine his wofull case, then vndoubtedly may I preace for the formost place, for there is no sorrow more sower, no torment more terrible, no grieve more grievous, no heauinesse more hurtfull, then to haue desire requited with despight, and good will with hate, then to like vpon hope of courtesie, and to finde nothing but hate and hellish crueltie.

Alasse poore *Valericus*, is thy true loue thus triflingly accounted of? is this the guerdon for thy good will? Doeth thy deepe desire merite no better desert? then hast thou no choice, but either to dye desperatelie, or else to liue loathsomelie? Why fonde foole, doest thou count her cruell, that at the first giues not a free consent? Doest thou thinke her coye that commeth not at the first call? wouldest thou haue the match made at the first motion? Shee that is wonne with a word, will be lost with a winde, the Hauke that bates at euerie cast of the / Lure will neuer be stedfast on the stonde, the woman that frame[th] her will to euerie wish will proue but a blinde wanton. No, no *Valericus*, let not her denials daunt thee, let not the sower taste of her talke quat thy queasy stomacke, conster all things at the best: tho' her censure was very seuer, yet shee knit vp her talke with a

courteous close. The hound which at the first defaulte giueth ouer the Chace, is called but a curre. The Knight that finding the first encounter cumberfom giueth ouer the quest, is counted but a coward, and the louer that at the first deniall is daunted with despayre is neyther worthie to obtaine his desire, nor to enioye his desert. And with that he flung out of his chamber both to auoid the melancholy which tormented his mind and see if he could haue a fight of his goddesse.

But *Castania* altogether vnwilling to *parle* with her new patient, kept herself out of his sight: which *Valericus* espying was no whit amazed, but like a valiant souldiour gaue the fort a fresh assault, with a new kinde of batterie, seeking to obtaine that with writing which he could not gaine with words, and therefore speedilye framed a letter to this effect.

Signor Valericus, to the Ladye Castania, health.

There is no Creature (*Madame Castania*) so bereaued of reason, or depriued of sense, which being oppressed with direfull calamities, findeth not by mere instinct of nature, a present remedy for his malady, man only excepted, who by reason of this want, may iustly accuse the iniurious gods of iustice with iniustice. The Tigre, though neuer so deadlye wounded taketh the roote of the *Tamariske*, and

is presently cured: The Deere beeing stroken, though neuer / so deep, feedeth on the herb *Distaninum*, and forth with is healed: The Lyon salueth his sicknesse by eating the Sea Woolfe, and the Unicorne recouereth his health, by swallowing vp the buds of a Date-tree. But man being crossed with care, or oppressed with griefe, pinched with fancie, or perplexed with loue, findeth no herbe so wholesome, nor medicine so milde, no plaister so perfect nor no salue so soueraigne, which by their secrete virtues can appease his passions: the which *Madame*, I knowe by prooffe & now speake by experience: for your diuine beautie and secrete vertue, the perfection of your bodie and the beautie of your mind, hath kindled such a flaming fire in my hopelesse heart that by no meanes it may be quenched, but will turne my bodie into drie earth and cinder, vnlesse by the droppes of your pittie it be speedily redressed. Then *Madame* fith your beauty is my bale, let it be my blisse: since it hath wrought my woe, let it work my weale, and let not my faithfull seruice & loyal loue be recompenced with such rigorous refusals. Striue not for my life, since you haue my liberty, seeke not my death, since you are the Saint to whō I offer vp my deuotion. But good *Madame*, let the sweete balme of thy beneuolence salue the sore that so painfully afflicteth my careful conscience. And with the

deawe of your grace redeame him frō most hellish tormentes, whose life and death standeth in your aunswere, which I hope shall be such as belongeth to the desert of my loue, and the shewe of your beautie.

*Yours, if he may be,
Don Valericus.*

*V*alericus / hauing thus finished his Letter, sent it, with as much speed as might be by his Page, to *Castania*, who finding her at conuenient leifure, with most reuerent dutie deliuered it. *Castania*, at the firste sight, cōiecturing the contents, with scornfull looks, and disdainfull countenance, vnripped the seales, where seeing and reading his deep deuotion, she perceiued that his affection was no lesse indeede than he professed in word ; She notwithstanding would take no remorse at his torment, but to driue him more into doleful dumps shee returned him this damp.

Castania to Seignor Valericus.

AS it is impossible (*Seignor Valericus*) to straine moist liquor out of the dry flint, & procure flaming heate in that which is already nipped with the chilling cold, to force the sturdy streames to run against their common course, so as hard is it to win vnwilling loue, either with tears or truth. For if thy birth or patrimony could counteruaile my

Parentage, if my Father were content to knit the knot, yet neither his command nor thy entrētye, should make me to choose without my owne loue and liking. Sith then thou art the man whome I rather loathe then like, cease from thy sute, make a vertue of necessitie, and assuage the flame thy selfe which no other will quench. By importunate persisting in thy purpose, where no hope is, thou prouest thy selfe rather a desperate sot, then a discrete souldier. To hop against the hill, is extreme fondnesse; to striue against the streame, mere folly: then *Valericus*, auoid the one, & eschewe the other, for if thou wilt seeke to gain my good-will, thou shalt turne the endlesse stone with *Sisphus*, and therefore take my nay for aunswer. For / if I would I cannot, and if I could I will not, and so farewell.

No way yours

Castania.

*V*alericus hauing receiued this rigorous Letter frō ruthlesse *Castania*, seeing with what great disdain she reiected his dutifull deuotion, and how with coy countenance she rewarded his loyall loue, he began with reason somewhat to vent his rage, and with wisdom to redresse his witleffe folly; for comparing her crueltie with his own curtesie, and her wilful disdain with his willing dutie, his disordinate desire began not only to decay, but his

extreame loue turned to his extreame hate, in-
much, that forced to despight, he sent her (in
reuenge) these raging lines.

Valericus the despised, to despightfull Castania.

D *Iogenes* being demaunded why so extreame-
ly hee hated woman, answered, (quoth hee)
because they be women. So if thou aske of me
why so rudely I raile against thy recklesse folly, I
aunswere, because thou art *Castania*, whose mercilesse
minde is so misled with ingratitude, & whose
currish nature is foyled with carelesse inconstancy,
that like *Menechmus Subreptus* his wife, thou doest
not begin to loue, ere again thou seekest to hate.
Thou plaicest like the young Eagles, which being
hatched by the bird *Olyphaga*, neuer seek to perke
on loftie mounts but to / fitte in durty Dales, and
lyke the greedie Kite which leaueth the sweete
fleshe, to pray on the stincking carrion. But why
doe I so farre forget my selfe? Is she to be blamed
that leaueth her choyce to haue a better chaunce,
or is the Faulchon to be accused of bastardie, that
leaueth the Starling to praye on the Larke? No :
and no doubt such is thy case, for if it bee true
that all speaketh, or at the least suspecteth, thou art
lyke by thy louers Parentage to become a great
Potentate: for if armes bee the bewrayer of
auncient discentes, no doubt hee is come of an olde

houfe. Yea, thy Father *Orlanio* may reioyce if he liue to fee the daye that his Daughter shall be so well wedded as to fuch a wrangling Wifard. But *Pafiphae* preferred a Bull before a King, and *Venus* a fmiered Smith before *Mars* the God of battaile. Tush, *Pfomneticus* was father to *Rhodopes* children, whofoeuer begat them, and that cloake is of a courfe spinning, that cannot keepe of the raine. Farewell.

*Liuing he hopes to reuenge
thy iniuries.*

Wofull Valericus.

Castania no fooner hadde read thefe despitefull lynes of *Valericus*, but her minde fired with the flames of furie, and her breaft boyled with raging wrath, in fuch forte, that fhe could not be in quiet nor take any reft: fhe bufied her felfe fo carefullie in studying with what kinde of reuenge fhe might beft wreake her wrath vppon him, and requite his fpitefull fpeeches. At laft womanlike, fhe found her tongue the beaft weapon, & with that fhe plagued him in this fort.

Castania / to Valericus, neither health nor good hap.

THE Maffiffe Dogge (*Valericus*) can neuer queft like a Spaniell, but he muft alwaies barke lyke a Curre: it is naturall for the Pie to chatter, for the Jaye to iangle, and for thee to raile and

rage like a frantike foole. Doeſt thou thinke (*Valericus*) by brawling lyke a beggar to become a King, or by thy moodeleſſe follie to obtaine my fauour? no, as I knowe thy knauerie, ſo I paſſe not for thy brauerie : neither can thoſe vauntes ſtand for paiment, where the partie is prickt for a peeuiſh paltering patch. It is no meruaile if thy doggiſh Letters fauour of *Diogenes* doctrine, for in troth thou art ſuch a Cinicall kinde of Dunce, that thy fond felicitie is in biting bitterlie thoſe whom otherwiſe thou canſt not reuenge. In deede, gentle *Balaams* Aſſe, if I had beene ſo light as to haue loued you, I might iuſtly haue beene accuſed to haue beene a Curre or a Kiſtrell, for in faith ſhee that feedes her fancie on thy face, may onelie reape this profite, to fill her eyes full with the figure of a foole. For my louers armes, *Valericus*, they are imblaſed in ſuch a coate, as it is harde for thee to controule. But I knowe thou boaſteſt that thou haſt gotten thy antiquitie by conqueſt, and keepeſt thy Letters pattents in the beggars boxe. Thus adieu Sir Dunce, the more you miſlike mee, the better I loue my ſelfe.

Thy deteſted foe,

Caſtania.

*V*alericus his heart was ſo hardned with hate,
as hee was nothing diſmaied with this rigorous
replie, but thought himſelfe halfe ſatiſfied, that he

hadde thus kind / lie toucht her to the quicke, praying the Gods, that sith it was not in his possibilitie to make anie sufficient reuenge, they would by some finifter meanes requite her crueltie. But leauing him to his dumpes, at last to *Gwydonius*, who besides the beautie of his bodie, and the bountie of his minde (whereat all *Alexandria* wondered) had by good gouernment and perfect practise, obtayned such a dexteritie in all thinges, as in feates of armes no man more forward, in exercise none more actiue, in plaie none more politike, in *parle* none more pleasant, amongst his auncients verie wise, amongst the youthfull who more merrie: so that there was no time, person, nor place, whereto aptlie he applied not himselfe: insomuch that hee entered into such fauour and familiaritie with *Thersandro* and *Castania*, that hee was the onelie man whose companie they desired to inioy. But especiallie *Castania*, who by casting a gazing glaunce sometime vpon the beautie of *Gwydonius*, felte a certaine restraint of lybertie in her affections, an alteration of minde, and as it were a ciuile assault within her selfe: but hauing small practise in the pangs of loue, shee could not coniecture the secrete cause of these her sodaine passions, thinking that as it was a toie lightlie taken, so it would as lightlie be left: and vpon this still she rested, conceiuing onelie an ordinarie kinde of liking towards *Gwydonius*.

Who bathing thus in the streames of blisse, and safelie harboured in the hauen of happinesse, wanting nothing which might content his minde, either for pleasure or profit, thought it a point of meere follie either to seeke or wish for more than inough, knowing that to strain further than the sleeue would stretch, was but to make the arme bare, and to skippe beyond a mans skill, was to leape, but not to know where to light: to auoid therefore haсти/nesse in hazard-ing, he fell a slumbering in the carelesse seate of securitie.

But as it is impossible for a man to sleepe by the viper and not bee inuenomed, to gaze vpon the Cockatrice and not be infected, to stare vpon the Sunne and not be dazeled, to looke vpon *Medusas* head and not be transformed, to wade in the waues and not be drenched, to handle coales and not be scorched, so it was as impossible for yong *Gwydonius* to gaze vpon the beautie of *Castania* and not be galled, to fixe his eies vpon her feature & not be fettered, to see her vertuous qualities and not be inueigled: for her curtesie had so encountred him, her modestie had so amazed him, and her charie chastitie so inchaunted him, that whereas he came to *Orlanio* his Court free from affection, hee was now become a seruile slaue to fancie, before a foe to lust, now a friend to loue, yea hee felte such

an alienation of his senses, and such a strange Metamorphosis of his minde, as reason was tourned to rage, mirth to mourning, ioye to annoie, delight to despight, weale to woe, blisse to bale : in fine, fuche contrarie passions so perplexed the doubtfull Patient, as maugre his face, hee yeelded the forte to fancie, and pulde in the former flagge of defiance, intreated for truce, and beganne to enter *parle* with *Cupide* on this manner.

○ *Gwydonius* (quoth hee) what strange chaunce, nay, what rare chaunge, what solempne motion, nay, what sodaine madnesse, what foolish phrenzie, or rather what frantike affection hath possessed thee? Is thy lawelesse lybertie tourned to a flauish captiuitie? Is thy freedome fettered? Are thy senses befotted? Is thy wit inueigled? Wert thou of late a defier of *Venus*, and art thou now a defender of vanitie? Didst thou of / late renounce beautie as a foe, and wilt thou nowe embrace her as a friend? Is this the carefull keeping of thy Fathers commandement? Or is this the dilygent dutie in obseruing the counsayle of thy olde Sire *Clerophontes*? Hast thou so soone forgot his fatherlie preceptes, or committed to obliuion his friendlie aduertisement? Did hee carefullie warne thee to beware of loue, and wilt thou careleslie wed thy selfe to lust? Did hee shew thee what poisoned bane is hidden vnder the

painted baites of beautie, and wilt thou bee haled to the hooke?

O haplesse case: nay rather, if the charie charge thy Father gaue thee will bee no constraint, if his counsayle will not commaund thee, if his warning will not make thee warie, nor his aduice bee thy aduertisement: yet let imminent perilles, and insuing daungers bee a precious preseruatiue against future calamities. Consider with thy selfe *Gwydonius*, what difference is betweene freedome and bondage, betweene libertie and captiuitie, mirth and mourning, pleasure and paine, rest and care. happinesse and heauinesse: and so farre doth hee which is free from affection, differ from him which is fettered in fancie.

Why but *Gwydonius*, why doest thou thus reckleslie rage against reason? Why doest thou thus fondlie exclaime against thine owne welfare? Why doest thou condemne thy selfe of that crime whereof thou art not guiltie?

Thy Father warned thee to beware of fickle fancie, but this thy lyking is firme affection. His counsayle was to perswade thee from lewde lust, but not from lawfull loue, from vanitie, not from vertue: yea, his will was to wish thee from liking such a lewde minion, who had neither birth, wealth, nor vertue, but / a little fading beautie to be either her credite or thy countenance, not to warne thee

from louing fuch a chaft maiden, nay, a peereles Princeffe, whose birth may countenance thy calling, whose power maye promote thee, whose liuings may enrich thee, whose vertue may aduance thee: yea, in obtaining whome, thou shalt gaine both honour, and perhappes the inheritaunce of a Dukedome.

Doeft thou thinke then *Gwydonius*, in winning so worthie a peece, to purchase thy Fathers displeasure, nay assure thy selfe he will not onelie be content with thy chaunce, but he will thinke thou hast runne a happier race, than *Hyppomanes* did in winning *Atlante*. Content with thy chance. Why *Gwydonius*, art thou so fond a foole, as to count the Castle conquered, that as yet thou hast not compassed: to suppose the Citie sacked, which thou hast not besieged: to thinke the Bulwarke beaten, which as yet thou hast not battered: or to count the Ladie wonne, whome as yet thou hast not wooed? Naie *Gwydonius*, if thou weigh thy case in the equall ballance, thou hast more cause of feare than of hope, of doubt than of assurance, of missing thy pretence, than of obtaining thy purpose.

The Faulkon (*Gwydonius*) seldome pearketh with the Merline, the Lion seldome lodgeth with the Mousc, the Hart seldome feedeth with the Pricket, *Aquila non capit Muscas*, and a Dame indued with

Nobilitie vouchsafeth not to match with a man of meane Gentilitie. Of meane Gentilitie *Gwydonius*? Yea trulie, for *Castania* rather thinketh thee sprong of some poore peasant, than of anie princelie personage.

Besides, alasse, Fortune her selfe denieth mee anie such fauour: my good will as yet hath deserued no such guerdon, my desire is farre aboue my deserts, my ambition / aboue my condition, and the poore staie of wandering *Gwydonius*, farre vnfit for the princelie state of worthie *Castania*. But put case shee did will as I did, wish that shee were pricked in the same veine, caught in the same snare, trapped with the like traine, and fired with the like fancie, yet the Duke her Father wil neither condescend to her minde, nor consent to my motion, neither thinke well of her liking nor of my loue, nay if he should but once heare of such recklesse follie, as he hath wrought my promotion, so he would worke my confusion, as hee hath beene my friend, so he would be my foe, and in troth *Gwydonius*, not without cause, for art thou so voide of vertue, or vowed to vice, so nursed vp in vanitie, & nussed vp in villanie, as to requite his liberalitie with such disloialtie, to returne the trust which he repositeth in thee, with such treason? Tush, Loue is aboue Lord or Lawe, friend or faith. Where Loue leadeth, no maister is made account off: no king

cared for, no friend forced off, no dutie respected, but all things done according to the qualitie that is predominant. Why *Gwydonius*, what doubts are these that thou thus dreamest on? Why dost thou cast beyond the Moone, and feare before thou art in daunger to fall: knowing that Loue and fortune desireth not them that are dastards, nor careth not for them that are cowards? The Capitaine that retyreth from the walles before he hath the repulse, shall neuer returne a conquerour, the souldiour that fainteth before the battaile bee fought, shall neuer vaunt himselfe of victorie. Hee that feareth euerie tempest is not fit to bee a trauailer. Hee that doubteth euerie waue shall neuer proue a perfect Pilot, and he that in loue dreadeth euerie chip of mischance, may well encounter, but neuer obtaine the conquest. Sith then *Gwydonius*, harde venturing is a signe of happie victorie, sound out the march with the trumpet of trust, begin the assault, giue the onset. Laie the battering / peece of loue, against the bulwarke of beautie, and no doubt thy successe shall be such as thou shalt triumph with *Cæsar*, and saie, *Veni, Vidi, Vici*. And art thou so presumptuous fond foole, as to promise thy selfe the conquest? knowest thou not that the path of loue is perillous? And with that he fell into such melancholike passions, such contrarie cogitations, such doubtfull thoughts,

such fearefull supposes, that as hee which eateth of the Goorde roote looseth his memorie, and as the Elephant when hee eateth of the Heliotropian leafe, is then verie sleepe, so *Gwydonius* was so perplexed with these vnacquainted passions, that contrarie to his custome he had driuen mirth into mourning, pleasant conceites into painfull cares, laughing into lowring, singing into sorrowe, as beeing thus befotted : to solace himselfe, he went into a Parke adioyning to the Dukes Pallace, where sitting vnder the shade of a Beech tree, leaning his head on his hand, he laie as one in a slumber. But fortune willing fomewhat to fauour this young nouice, brought it so to passe, that *Thersandro*, *Valericus*, *Castania*, & *Melytta*, with diuerse other Gentlemen, were for recreation sake ranging in the same Parke, who espying ghostly *Gwydonius* sitting as one in a trance, *Castania* passing before the rest, pulling him by the sleeue, draue him thus out of his dumpe.

Why how now *Gwydonius* (quoth she) are you dreaming or doubting, or is your minde musing vpon some metaphusicall motions, that you sit thus as a man halfe mortified? your solemne iecture makes me remember the picture of *Pigmalion*, which once I sawe portraied out by a skilfull painter, who leaning his head on his Marble mistres (that so vnfaignedlie he loued) fate with his eyes as one in

a slumber, hauing his face notwithstanding so bedewed with brinish teares, as his outward plaintes / did sufficientlie bewraie his inward passions. In truth *Gwydonius*, I had taken thee for *Pigmalion*, if thou haddest had teares as thou wert in a trance, for thou doest not greatlie differ from him neither in countenance nor colour: well, if it were but a dreame *Gwydonius*, that thus cumbered thy conscience, or a doubt that made thee thus dumpish, I will deuine the one if it be not too darke, or decide the other if it bee not too secret: marie, if the case be cumbersome, I leaue it to the iudgement of these Gentlemen.

Gwydonius wakened out of his musing slumber with this sugered harmonie, seeing before his eies his gorieous Goddesse, the verie Saint, at whose shrine he was offering vp scalding sighs, farre fetcht sobs, plaints, praiers, and protestations, was so apalde with her presence, that as the *Basiliske* looseth his senses, with the sight of a naked man, as the *Tortoise* seeing the North starre is benumbed, as the *Hermeline* looking on the stone *Echites*, is greatly amazed, so *Gwydonius* seeing the incomperable beautie of his best beloued *Castania*, was so astonished, yea, so enchanted with the rare perfection of this heauenlie *Pallas*, that as one besotted he sate senselesse, not beeing able to vtter one word, vntill at length reuiued with the

view of her cheerefull countenance, hee repaide her with this pleasant answere.

M *Adame* (quoth he) whereas iestinglie you saie, that at the first sight you had taken mee for perplexed *Pigmalion* by my pittifull plaintes and carefull countenance, but that I wanted trickeling teares to decypher my sorrowe, I aunswere, that woe maye verie well bee without watric wailinges, for when the Stone *Garatides* frieth without, it freezeth within, the Germaunder leafe, when it is most full of moisture, looketh then / most drie, where the streame is most deepe, there it is most still, and where is the smallest shew of teares, there is the greatest signe of sorrow. And also I call the heauens to witnesse, that when you wakened mee out of my dreame by your diuine eloquence, I tooke you either for beautie to bee *Venus*, for comelineesse to bee *Pallas*, or for porte and honour to bee *Iuno*, so that both your presence and curtesie daunted my minde: your presence in dazeling my eyes so sodainlie with so solempne a sight, your curtesie, in that your Ladyship without curiositie would vouchsafe to talke with so meane a Gentleman. But Madame, sith that I perceiue your skill in nauigation to be greate, in that you made so cunning a coniecture, and without anie great aiming, so rightlie hit the marke, to put you out of doubt, I confesse I was both in a dreame and a

so Orpharion^{all} 33

doubt, wherein fith it pleafeth your honour to take fo much paine, I will craue your aide to deuine the one, and decide the other.

The Dreame.

I was walking (*Madame Caftania*) in my dreame (as I fupposed) folitarie by the fea fide, whereas I tooke delight to fee the Dolphins leape, (which as the Mariners faie, is a figne of imminent tempeft) I forthwith espied a rocke in the Sea, wherevpon stood a Ladie araied with roabes of burnisht golde, fo formed and framed, fo adorned and decked with the giftes of Nature, as at the first I tooke her to be *Thetis*, that had fo gorieouflic clad her felfe, to welcome home her loue and Lord *Neptunus*. But viewing her countenance more narrowlie, I perceiued her to be a mortall creature (though vnworthie fuch diuine beautie shoulde be shrouded in the fubftance of an earthlie carcafse) which fo inflamed my affection, fo fired my fancie, & fo kindled my defire, that the torments / of *Tantalus*, the torture of *Ixion*, the sorrow of *Sifphus*, were not halfe comparable to the perplexed paffions that pinched my haplefse heart, when I faw all hope cut awaye from inioying this earthly Goddeffe: the fea which compaffed the rocke was fo deepe and daungerous, the cliffes fo fteep-downe and feareful, as to defcend was no leffe daunger then death

it selfe: thus as I surged in griefe, and wandered vp and downe in woe, I spied a bridge a farre off, whereby was a passage to the rocke, which fight so salued my forepassed sorrow, and so reuiued my daunted minde, as I was driuen into an extasie for ioy, to see so good meanes to inioy my wished desire. Comming to the bridge, I found it built of glasse so cunningly and so curiously, as if Nature her selfe hadde fought to purchase credit by framing so curious a peece of workmanship. But yet so slenderly, as y^e least waight was able to pash it into innumerable peeces, and vnderneath the bridge did run so terrible a sea, such bouncing billowes, such tumbling waues, such fearefull surges, such roaring streames, such hideous goulfs, as it made the passage seeme a thousand times more perillous. This terrible sight was such a cooling Card to my former conceits, as hope was turned to feare, blisse to bale, & supposed happinesse to assured heauinesse. And yet my fancie was not quenched, but rather far the more inflamed, my desire was not diminished, but augmented, & my liking no lesse, but rather enlarged, so that to liue in loue without hope was loathsome, to seeke redresse was losse of life, to want my wish, was horror: to inioy my will, was hel: to liue in care without comfort, was calamitie: to seeke for cure, was more then miserie: not to possesse the pray,

was hellish daunger: to venture for the prise was haplesse death. Thus crossed with cares, & daunted with such diuers doubts, desperate hope so repulsed direfull feare, that incouraged by ventrous desire, I had either obtained my / wish, or wanted of my will, if your Ladiship hadde not so sodainly wakened mee out of my slumber. Thus madame *Castania*, you haue heard my dreame: now the doubt is, whether it had beene better to haue ventured vpon the brickle bridge, and so either desperately to haue ended cares with death, or else valiantly to haue inioyed desire with renowme, or still like a fearefull dastard to haue ended my dayes in lingering loue with miserie?

Castania hearing the surmised dreame of *Gwydonius*, both smelled the fetch, and smiled at the follie of this young youth, knowing that these fantastickall visions and pre-supposed passions, would in time (if he tooke not heede) proue but too true: to preuent therefore such imminent perills, she nipt her young nouice on the pate with this *parole*.

Gwydonius (quoth shee) I haue listened to thy drouisie dreame, with deepe deuotion, by so much the more desirous attentiuely to heare it, by how much the more I finde it strange and wonderfull: yea, so straunge, as if I my selfe had not wakened thee out of thy slumber, I would either haue thought it a fained vision, or a fantastickall inuen-

tion, but sith these Gentlemen heere present, and mine owne Eyes, are witnesses, and thine owne tongue a testimonie of thy talke, suffice I beleeeue it, though I cannot diuine it: to giue a verdict where the euidence is not vnderstoode, is vanitie: to yeelde a reason of an vnknownen case, is meere follie: and to interpret so straunge a dreame without great practise, is but to skip beyond my skill, and to lye fast in the mire.

Yet least I might seeme to promise much and performe nothing, I will decide your doubt, if you please to take my doome for a censure.

It is a saying *Gwydonius*, not so common as true, that the hastie manne neuer wants woe, and that hee which / is rash without reason, seldome or neuer sleepeeth without repentaunce. To venture amidst the Pikes when perills cannot bee eschewed, is not fortitude but folly, to hazarde in daungers, when death ensueth, is not to bee worthely minded, but wilfully mooued. Vertue alwayes consisteth between extremities, that as too much fearefulnesse is y^e signe of a quaking coward, so too much rashnesse betokeneth a desperate Ruffian. Manhoode *Gwydonius* consisteth in measure and worthinesse, in fearing to hazard without hope. But to giue a verdict by thine owne voyce, I perceiue thou art guiltie of the same crime, for when the bridle-nesse of the Bridge portendeth, and the surging

Seas inferred losse of lyfe, yet desire draue thee to aduenture so desperate a daunger.

Better it is *Gwydonius*, to liue in grieve, then to die desperately without grace : better to choose a lingering life in miserie, then a speedie death without mercie, better to be tormented with haplesse fancie, then with hellish fiends, for in life it is possible to repressse calamitie, but after death neuer to redresse miserie. *Tully*, *Gwydonius*, in his *Tusculans* questions, discoursing of the happinesse of life and heauinesse of death, faith, that to liue we obtaine it of the louing Gods, but to dye, of the vnluckie destinies : meaning heereby, that life though neuer so loathsome, is better then death, though neuer so welcome : whereby I conclude *Gwydonius*, that to liue carefully, is better than to die desperately.

Gwydonius perceiuing that *Castanias parle* was nothing to the purpose, and that shee toucht not that point whereof hee desired moste to bee absolued, but meant to shake him off with a fleecueleffe aunswere, beganne to drawe her to the Trappe with this traine.

Madame *Castania* (quoth he) I confesse that rashnesse neuer raigneth without repentance, nor hastie hazarding without haplesse harmes, that he which aduentureth desperate dangers is a foole, & he that passeth ineuitable perills is worse than an

affe : yet from these so generall rules, Madame, I exempt these particular exceptions, namelie Loue and Necessitie, which two are tied within no bonds, nor limited within no lawe, for whom the diuell driues he must needs runne, be the passage neuer so perilous : and whom Loue or Necessitie forceth he must v[e]nture, be the danger neuer so desperate : for as there is no enterprise so easie, which to an vnwilling man seemeth not verie hard to be atchieued, so there is no encounter so cumbersome where will wisheth, that seemeth not passing easie to be performed : now this will is with nothing sooner pricked forward, than either with the force of Loue, or sting of Necessitie. So that whosoever aduentureth in a danger, though neuer so desperate, is not to be blamed, if inforced by fancie, or encouraged by affection, and especiallie where the perill is in possibilitie to bee passed without death, and in the performance thereof, the possession of such a prise, as the passionate person more esteemeth than landes, lims, or life it selfe, bee it neuer so sweete. In which case (Madame) my cause consisteth. For the Ladie who was an heauenlie object to my glazing eies, was so beautified with the gifts of nature, and so perfectlie polished with more than naturall perfection, that with the onelie view of such diuine beautie, my senses were so besotted, my wit and wil so inueigled, my affection so in-

flamed, and my freedome so fettered, yea, loue alreadie hath made so great a breach into the bulwarke of my breast, that to obtaine so gorieous a Goddesse, I thought death no daunger, though neuer so direfull, nor losse of life no torment, though neuer so terrible.

In / deed *Gwydonius* (quoth *Thersandro*) I agree with thee in this point, that there is no carpet Knight so cowardly, that would not passe most perillous pikes to possesse so liuely a Dame as thou dost decipher, nor no dastard so daunted with dread, which would not greatlie indanger himselfe to inioy so louely a damsell, in y^e fruition of whome consisteth nothing but ioy, blisse, rest, contentation of minde, delight, happinesse, yea, all earthlie felicitie.

And yet Sir (quoth *Gwydonius*) your sifter *Castania*, condemnes mee of follie, in ventring for so precious a price, when as hope perswaded mee, that no hazarde could be haplesse, and assured mee that Loue & Fortune fauoureth them that are bold: that the gods themselues seeing my perplexed passions, would of pittie defend mee from those perillous daungers. For if *Theseus* by Diuine power, were ayded againste the force of the monstrous *Minotaure*, or if *Iason*, who constrained with a couetous desire to obtaine the golden Fleece, arriuing at *Colchos*, was preferred

by the Gods, from the dint of the deadly Dragons, no doubt *Iupiter* himselfe would either haue made the staggering bridge more strong (considering that no hope of wealth, no desire of riches, no greedinesse of gaine, no loue of lucre, but beautie hir selfe was the victorie I meant to vaunt off,) or else if I had sowed in the roaring Seas, he would haue provided some happie Dolphin, that *Arion* like, I might ariue at the desired Rocke: and then my daungers should haue bene tourned into delight, my perills into pleasures, my hazarding into happinesse: yea, I should haue possessed that heavenly paragon, and enjoyed the loue of that louelie *Venus*, whose onely fight were a sufficient salue, against all fore-passed sorrowes. •

Stay there Master *Gwydonius* (quoth the Ladie *Me/lytta*) for I see to graunt one false proposition, is to open a doore to innumerable absurdities, and that by suffering you to long, of these supposed premisses, you will inferre some cauilling conclusion to your former reasons: thus I replye. That I confesse necessitie to haue no law, but I graunt not the same of Loue: for if it be lawlesse, it is lewde: if without limits, lasciuious: if contained within no boundes, beastlie: if obserued with no order, odious: so that lawelesse Loue without reason, is the verie Load-stone to ruth and ruine.

Sith then Master *Gwydonius*, as your selfe affirme, this was the pricke that pusht you into perill, how can the effecte be good, when the cause was naught, or how can you clarkely defend your desperate motion, proceeding of such a fond and foolish occasion. But it was the perfection of her comelie person, her exquisite feature, and rare beautie, that so kindled thy desire, and so bewitched thy senses: for, who is so fearefull that beautie will not make bolde? who so doubtfull, that beautie will not make desperate? yea, what so harde that a man will not hazard, to obtaine so diuine a thing, as beautie.

Oh *Gwydonius*, hast thou not heard y the Fish *Remora*, lystening to the sound of a Trumpet is caught of the Fishers, that while the *Porcupine* standeth staring at the glimmering of the starres, he is ouertaken with dogges, that the Deare gazing at the bow is striken with the bolte, that the Leopard looking at the Panthers painted skinne, is taken as a praie, and that hee which taketh too much delight to gaze vpon beautie, is oftentimes galled with grief and miserie. Yea, his pleasure shall inferre such profite, and his good will such gaine, as if he reapt the beautifull apples of *Tantalus*, which / are no sooner toucht, but they tourne to ashes.

Beautie *Gwydonius*, no sooner flourisheth but it

fadeth, and it is not fullie ripe before it beginne to rot : it no sooner bloffometh, but it withereth, and scarcely beeing toucht it staineth, like to the *Guyacum* leafe, that hath the one halfe parched, before the other halfe be perfect : to the Birde *Acanthus*, which hatched white, yet tourneth blacke at the first storme : or lyke to the Stone *Astites*, that chaungeth colour with the onelie breath of a man.

If then *Gwydonius*, Beautie be so fading, so fickle, so momentarie, so moouing, so withering, so waning, so soone passed, and so soone parched : is this the Jewell, which you count more deere than life ? and the Jemme which you thinke worthie to be purchas'd with the danger of death ? No doubt *Gwydonius*, if you wonne the victorie, you might vaunt of a great Conquest, and if your long hope were repayed with a great happe, it shoulde be much lyke to his, which thinking to embrace *Iuno*, caught nothing but a vanishing clowde.

You doe well Madame (quoth *Castania*) to put an If, in it, because hee that vaunteth of victorie before hee hath wonne the felde, may proue himselfe a foole : hee that bragges of gaines before the accompts be cast, may perhappes put his winnings in his eyes : and hee that bloweth the Mort before the fall of the Buck, may verie well misse of his fees : so hee that counts himselfe a speeder before he be a

woer, sheweth himselfe a vaine person or a vaunting patch.

Might it not be I pray you maffer *Gwydonius*, that passing the bridge, scaping the dangerous seas, & happely arriuing at the desired Rock, yet you might misse of your purpose? Yes forsooth: for many a man bendeth his bow, that neuer killeth his game, layeth the strap that neuer catch/eth the foole, pitcheth the Net that neuer getteth the Fish, & long time are heaue woers that never proue happie speeders.

So perhaps *Gwydonius*, you might be crossed with a chippe of the same mischaunce, and the gorgeous Dame whome you adore for a Goddesse, might repaie your liking with loathing, your loue with hate, your good will with despite, and your fixed fancie with small affection, either that she liked you too little, or loued another too much. All these doubts *Gwydonius*, are carefully to be cast, and wisdome it is to feare the worst, and finde the best: but you Sir, like a lustie champion, thinke a Ladie wonne at the first looke, and the good will of women gained at y first glaunce, thinking the Gods themselues are to be accused of iniustice, if they be not aiders to your enterprife, infomuch that if in ventring ouer the perillous passage, you had by disafter Fortune fallen into the dangerous Seas, you doubted not but that *Iupiter*

would haue sent a Dolphin, that *Arion* like, you might escape the fearefull furies: but *Gwydonius*, be not so ventrous, leaft though you harpe verie long, you get not the like hap. Theſe premisses conſidered, if my cenſure might ſtande for a ſentence, I deeme it better to be counted a daſtardly coward, than a deſperate caitife, better to forſake your Goddeſſe than your God, better to liue pinched with a few momentarie paſſions, than with deſperate death to deſtroy both ſoule and bodie: for there is no ſore ſuch, which in time may not be ſalued, no care ſuch which cannot be cured, no fire ſo great which may not be quenched, no loue, liking, fancie, or affection, which in time may not either be repreſſed, or redreſſed.

Valericus hearing this rough replie of *Caſtania*, ſuppoſed that although ſhe leuelled at *Gwydonius*, yet ſhee ſhot at him, and fearing the forte ſhould be to much ſhaken / with this fierce aſſault, hee ſtiſſie defended the walls with this freſh alarum.

Madame (quoth he) I ſee you will fit nigh the wals eare you bee thruſt out for a wrangler, and that you will ſpeake againſt your owne conſcience, but you will haue the conqueſt: for my owne parte Madame, howſoeuer I ſeeme to like it, I will not ſaie I miſlike it, but I am ſorrie you Madame *Melytta* ſhoulde ſo blaſphemouſlie imblaze the armes of beautie, and ſo reckleſſie raile againſt

the sacred lawes of loue : take heede for crossing *Cupide* so crabbedlie, for though hee forgiue and forget, *Venus* is a woman, and wil seeke reuenge.

Valericus (quoth shee) take no care what daunger I incurre for speaking the truth : if I chaunce to bee harmed, it is mine owne mishappe, and for *Venus* reuenge I care for it the lesse, because I feare it not : if I speake against my selfe, you may see I am the fitter to bee a Judge, because I am not partiall, nor haue anie respect of persons.

These quips Madame (quoth *Gwydonius*) are nothing to the purpose, therefore in the behalfe of my selfe and beautie, thus I answere. That as there is nothing that so soone procureth a man to loath, as deformitie, so there is nothing which sooner procureth a man to loue than beautie : for the most precious stone is chosen by the most glisterng hiew, the purest golde by the most perfect coulour, the best fruit by the brauest blossomes, and the best conditions by the sweetest countenance, so that where beautie raigneth, there vertue remaineth, and vnder a faire face resteth a faithfull heart. Since then beautie and bountie cannot bee parted, what man is hee so brutish, whome the least of these will not make to breake or bend ?

And / whereas you condemne me of vanitie in vaunting before the victorie, I saie, that if fortune had so fauoured me, that I had gained the presence

of my Goddesse, I would neuer haue doubted to haue obtained my desire: for if shee had seene the desperate daunger which I aduentured, and the fearefull perills which I passed for her sake, shee could not but of conscience, repaie my loue with vnfained loialtie, and my good will with treble gaine. And in troth I thinke it vnpossible, that such heauenlie beautie should bee eclipsed with crueltie, and such perfect comelineffe bee blemisht with curious coynesse.

Why *Gwydonius* (quoth shee) doest thou call it crueltie, not to condescend to the request of euerie one that wooeth, or doest thou tearme it coineffe, not to yeeld to the assault of euerie flattering louer? Then in my iudgement, it were good for euerie woman to be both cruel and coie, that by crueltie she might auoide the traine of trothlesse wooers, and by coineffe eschue the troupe of faithlesse futors.

And so Madame (quoth *Valericus*) she shoulde reape small comfort and lesse credit.

Tush Signor *Valericus* (quoth *Gwydonius*) it pleaseth her thus merilie to iest, whereas I know shee doth account more of a curteous dame, than of a curious damsell, and that her Ladishippe so detesteth the name of crueltie, that shee would bee loth to bee thought to haue a minde deuouide of mercie. And in troth to leaue these perticular in-

staunces, women in generall, or for the most parte, are bountifull, courteous, sober, chaste, demure, not imbrued with vice, but indued with vertue : so that by how much womens bodies are weaker than mens, by so much their mindes are more strong and vertuous.

What *Gwydonius* (quoth she) doe you thinke to be a free / man in *Wales*, for offering a Leeke to Saint *Dauie*, or to bring *Pan* into a fooles Paradise by praifing his Pipe.

Not so Madame (quoth hee) but I hope in extolling a souldiers life to haue Saint *George* to my friend, and in giuing verdit with *Venus*, to gaine her good will, and to reape the reward that *Paris* had for his censure.

Marie fir (quoth *Castania*) if you haue no better gettings, you may gaine long inough, and yet liue by the losse: for in obtaining one friend, you shall reape two foes, as *Paris* did, who was more plagued by *Pallas* and *Iuno*, than pleased by flattering *Venus*.

And yet Madame (quoth he) his mishap shal not make me to beware: for if *Venus* woulde graunt me but one Ladie in the world, whom most entirelie I loue, I wold neither respect *Pallas*, *Iuno*, nor *Diana* her selfe, were she neuer so despitfull.

Yes but you would (quoth she) if she pinched

you but with *Asteons* plague, to pester your head with as many hornes as a Hart: It woulde cause you coniecture your new mistres were too much giuen to the game, or that you were come from *Cornetto* by descent.

Tush Madame (quoth he) doe you count *Asteons* hap such a great harme? the onelie fight in seeing *Diana* naked, was a recompence for all his insuing sorrowes, & if my selfe might inioy my wish, and obtaine the heauenlie dame that so hartlie I desire, the plague of *Asteon*, nay, the griping griefes the ghostlie spirits doe suffer, should not counteruaile the ioy I should conceiue in inioying so peerelesse a iewell.

Trulie (quoth *Thersandro*) thou art worthie *Gwydonius* to bee a chapman, that thou bidst so well for thy chaffer, and in my mind she is not in *Alexandria*, who for her beautie is so to be loued, or at the least would deeme thee not worthie to be liked. But leauing these amorous dis / courses, let vs hie vs in hast to the Court, least in tarrying *Orlanio* misse vs, and so we be shent. The companie obeying the minde of *Thersandro*, passed as speedelie as might be to the pallace, where being ariued, they departed euerie man to his owne lodging.

Castania had no sooner conueied her selfe closelie into her chamber, but her mind was moued with a

thousand sundrie motions, and she felt such a cruell conflict in her haplesse heart, by the assault of diuerse contrarie passions, that how stoutlie so euer she defended the wals, she found her force too weake to resist the rage of so recklesse a tyrant. Now the praiers *Valericus* poured forth came to effect, now *Venus* meant to bee reuenged for the crueltie she vsed to her valiant Captaine, *Valericus*, who so valiantlie had fought vnder the flagge of affection, & yet could by no meanes preuaile. For *Castania* hearing the sugered eloquence, which so sweetlie flowed from the sappie wit of *Gwydonius*, framing in her fancie the forme of his face, and printing in her heart the perfection of his person, was so intangled in the snares of loue, as shee could by no reason redresse her miserie, but will she, nill she, fell into these bitter complaints.

Alasse witlesse wretch (quoth she) that I am, what fire flames of fancie doe frie within mee? What desire, what lust, what hope, what trust, what care, what dispaire, what feare, what furie? That to be pained with these perplexed passions, to me that neuer felt the force of them before, is no lesse dolour than death it selfe, be it neuer so direfull. O Gods, where are now become those loftie lookes I vsed to *Valericus*? Where is the disdainfull dealings, the coie countenaunces, the curious congies, the causelesse crueltie? Yea, the

hard heart, which so rigorouſlie reiecteth the loue of him / which ſo entirelie liked mee? Could I, fond foole that I am, valiantlie withſtand the aſſaultes of a worthie Gentleman, and ſhall I cowardlie yeeld to an vnknownen ſtraunger? Did I loath him, whoſe parentage was little inferiour to mine, and ſhall I loue another of baſe and vile birth? Did I diſdaine to looke at the lure, and ſhall I now ſtoope without ſtall, come without call, yea, and to ſuch an emptie fiſt? O lawleſſe Loue, O witleſſe will, O fancie, fraught full of phrenſie and furie. Alaffe, if I ſhould bee ſo careleſſe as to conſent to this frantike toie, what will they ſaie, that praized me for my vertue? Will they not as faſt diſpraiſe me for my vanitie? Will not my father fret, my kinsfolkes crie out, my friends bee ſorrie, my foes, & eſpecially *Valericus*, laugh me to ſcorne, and triumph of this my miſhap? Yea, will not all the world wonder to ſee me alate giuen to chaſtitie, and now ſhake hands with virginitie, to yeeld my deereſt iewell & chiefeſt treaſure into the hands of a ſtragling ſtraunger, who came to my fathers Court without countenance or coine, wealth or worſhip, credit or calling : yea, who by his owne report is but a perſon of ſmall parentage. Seeke then *Caſtania* to aſſwage this flame, and to quench this fire, which as it commeth without cauſe, ſo it will conſume without reaſon : For the greateſt flow

hath the soonest ebbe, the forest tempest hath the most sodaine calme, the hottest loue hath his coldest end, and of the deepest desire oft times insueth the deadliest hate : so that she which settles her affection with such speede as shee makes her choice without discretion, may cast her corne she knowes not where, and reapes she wots not what, and for her hastie choosing, may perhaps get a heauie bargaine. Alasse, I know this counsaile is good, but what then? Can I denie that which the destinies haue decreed? Is it in my power to peruert y which the Planets haue placed? Can I resist that which is stirred vp by the starres? No, what neede / I then make this exclamation, sith I am not the first nor shall not be the last, whom the frantike phrenzie of flickering fancie, hath with more wrong and greater vantage pittiouffie oppressed. What though *Gwydonius* be not wealthie, yet he is wise, though he be not of great parentage, yet he is of comelie personage : it is not his coine that hath conquered me, but his countenance, not his vading riches, but his renowned vertues, and I farre more esteeme a man than money : I, but the Duke my father is not so base minded, as to bestow me vpon so meane a Gentleman, he neuer wil consent that poore *Gwydonius* should inioy y which he hopeth some peerelesse Prince shall possesse. What then? Shall I prefer my Father's weale before mine owne will.

his liking before mine owne loue? no, no, I will choofe for my felfe whatfoeuer my choice bee. Why, but perchance *Gwydonius* will no more esteeme thee than thou didft *Valericus*, & repaie thee with as fmall fancie, as thou him with affection? Tush, doubt it not *Caftania*, thou art the dame which he fo deciphered in his dreame, thou art that *Venus* which he faw in his vifion, thou art that Goddeffe, whose beautie hath fo bewitched him, thou art that iewell to poffeffe the which there is no hap fo hard which he wold not hazard, no danger fo desperate which he would not aduenture, no burthen fo heauie which he would not beare, nor no perill fo huge which he would not paffe. And fhall not then *Gwydonius* be my feruant, fith I am his Saint, fhall not I like him which loueth me, fith he is my ioy, fhall I not inioy him? Yes, *Gwydonius* is mine, and fhallbe mine in defpite of the fates and fortune.

Caftania hauing thus pittifully poured out her complaints, would gladly haue giuen *Gwydonius* intelligence (with modestie if fhe might) of her good will towards him, and God knowes how faine *Gwydonius* wold haue difcouered his feruent affection, if too much feare had not astonifhed him, / & too great bashfulneffe ftayed her. She therefore houering betweene feare and hope, perfeuered fo long in her penfue paffions and carefull cogitations, that by

couert concealing of her inward sorrow, the flame so furiously fired within her, that she was constrained to keepe her bed. Wherevpon *Melytta* coniecturing the cause of her care by the colour of her countenance, thought to sift out the occasion of her sorrow, that by this meanes she might apply a medicine to her maladie, and finding fit opportunitie, she brake with her in this wise.

Madame *Castania* (quoth she) since I haue by the Duke your father ben assigned to you as a companion, I haue in such louing wife both comforted & counsailed you, as I hope you haue iust cause to saie, y I haue most carefullie tendered your estate, for perceiuing how willing you were to follow my direction, I counted your wealth my weale, your pleasure my profit, your happinesse my ioy, & your prosperitie my felicitie. Which friendlie care if it were not to be considered, if I should shew you what great sorrow I sustaine by your heauinesse, you would iudge my wordes to proceede either of follie or flatterie, but if your fore be such as it may be salued, if your care may be cured, if your griefe may be redressed, or your maladie mitigated by my menes, cōmand me good *Castania*, in what I may to pleasure thee, & thou shalt finde me so charilie to performe my charge, as my willing minde shall euidentlie bewraie my wel meaning. I see *Castania*, of late, such a strange Metamorphosis

in thy minde, as for pleasant conceits thou doest vse penfue cogitations, thy cheerefull countenance is changed into lowring lookes, thy merrie deuifes into mournfull dumps, and yet I cannot coniecture no cause of this sodaine alteration. If want of riches should work thy wo, why, thou swimst in wealth, if losse of friends, thou hast infinite of noble parentage, which loues thee most entirelie. If thou meanest no longer to leade / a single life, no doubt thy father will provide thee of such a princelie match, as shal content thee for his person, and countenaunce thee with his parentage. But if in all these supposes I haue mist the marke, and haue not toucht the case of thy calamitie, vnfolde vnto me *Castania*, what the paine is that thus doth pinch thee, and assure thy selfe I will be so secret in thy affaires, as euer *Lampana* was to her Ladie *Cleophila*.

Castania hearing this friendlie discourse of *Melytta*, thought for all this faire glose, the text might bee too intricate, and that these painted speeches would proue but rotten pillers : fearing therefore the fetch, and doubting the worst, if she bewraie her minde, she framed her this answere.

Madame (quoth she) the incomparable curtesie and vnfaigned friendship which since your first comming I haue found in you by experience, will neither suffer mee to suspect your Ladishippe of

flatterie, nor my selfe willinglie to bee accused of ingratitude, for your diligence hath bene so great, & my deserts so small, that if I might but liue to requite some part of your good will, it were the second felicitie I looke for in this life. But touching the pensiue passions which thus diuerslie perplexed mee, I answere, that as he which is wounded of the Bores tuske, if his sore take aire, is verie hardlie healed, as hee which stroken with a Scorpion, if his wound take wind can neuer be cured: so Madame, many inward maladies carrie this nature, that if they be once discouered, they are farre the more hardlie recouered, that it is better to conceale them with griefe, than reueale them in hope of releefe.

Not so *Castania*, your principle is not true, for if your passions proceeded of loue, which of all other inward fores requireth greatest secrecie, yet vndoubtedlie the more it / is discouered, the sooner it is cured, for as the stone of *Armenia* beeing couered with Sand, burneth most extreamlie, and no sooner taketh aire, but it cooleth, so the fire flames of loue raked vp in silence, frie most furiouslie, but being by discourse disclosed, they soone conuert from flame to fume and smoke. Wherefore good *Castania* impart vnto me the matter which doth import thee so neere, and I sweare vnto thee by the sacred rites of *Ceres*, which is so honoured in *Alexandria*, that if thou doest loue

where thy friends doe not like, and thy wish be contrarie to their will, yet I will seeke all meanes possible to redresse thy sorrow.

Alasse good Madame, rather than you should thinke mee so incredulous or suspitious, as not to beleue your oth, or doubt of your secret dealing, I will without delaie make you priuie to the cause of my paine, what perill so euer I incurre by reuealing it. So it is *Melytta*, that the perfection of *Gwydonius*, his exquisite qualities, and excellent vertues, haue fierclie assaulted the forte of my fancie, as I am perforce constrained to resigne my libertie captiue vnto his curtesie, and to make his person the prison of my heart. This lucklesse and vnlikelie loue madame, is the cause of my care, and the sum of my sorrow: this frantike affection hath driuen my drooping heart to shew forth these drouse lookes, this is it which hath made me an enimie to my selfe, a foe to all good companie, & to delight in nothing but sorrow and solitarinesse: yea, this is the sore, which if in time it be not salued, will preuent by death all other miseries.

And is this (quoth *Melytta*) the paine that so greatlie perplexeth you? Is this the care which so cumbers your conscience? Is this the danger which driues you into such deepe distresse? Do you thinke so superstitiouslie of *Gwydonius*, or so abiectlie of your selfe, that you deeme this matter

impossible to bee brought to passe? no, no, doubt not / *Castania*, I my selfe dare absolutelie promise thee, that thy loue shall sort to such happie successe, as thou thy self doest seeke for.

And with that *Melytta* staied by a sodaine sight shee had of y^e Saint that *Castania* so hartely serued, for *Gwydonius* was entering in at the chamber doore with a dish of delicates, which *Orlanio* hearing his Daughter was sicke, had sent her. *Melitta* seeing y^e Cupid began to fauour the cause of his clients, in giuing them such fit opportunitie to discouer their cares, went her waie, leauing *Gwydonius* the first man to plaie his part in this tragical Comedie, who seeing his goddesse thus surprisid with sicknesse, was so galled with grieffe, so pinched with hellish passions, & so tortured with extreame torments, y^e his colour began to change & he fetcht a deep sigh or two, which, *Castania* hearing, she perceiued without touching his pulses, the cause of these his sodaine passions. In fine, such melancholike motions so amazed his minde, that he was almost mute in his message, yet at length encouraging himselfe, he presented it vnto her in this wise.

Madame (quoth he) the Duke your Father hearing of your sodaine sicknesse, in token of his fatherlie affection, amongst all his dainties, hath sent you this dish, which hee thinkes most meete

for your diet, wishing your Ladiship to let no doubtfull motions distresse your minde, nor no carefull thoughts cumber your conscience, for you shall lacke nothing if you reueale to him your want, which either your will or wish can desire. And trulie Madame, to manifest my willing duetie (if the praiers of a poore Gentleman may be heard of the heauenlie Gods) I wish that before you tast of this foode, it may turne to *Nectar*, whereby not onelie your sickenesse should bee salued, but your diuine. beautie and vertue according to desert, should be crowned with immortalitie.

Castania perceiuing with what feruent affection *Gwydonius* / vttered these words, began to cheere vp her selfe, in hope that her good will should not be repaied with ingratitude : taking therefore the present at his hands, and liking it neuer the worfe for his sake that brought it, she returned him this replie.

Gwydonius (quoth she) as I haue cause most reuerentlie to accept of my fathers louing curtesie, & to repaie his naturall affection with most dutifull obedience, so I haue cause to thanke thee for thy paines, and to thinke well of thee for thy wish, promising in recompence of thy good will, if in any respect I may pleasure thee, to seeke and sue to my father for preferment.

Madame, I account the performance of my message no paine, but pleasure, and I thinke my

selfe as much honored by this office, and thrice more happie than if I should in *Ganimedes* place, present the cup to *Iupiter*. But Madame, sith that to stop the streame, is to make the floud flow more fiercelie, to repress the fire, is to make it flame more furiously, and to restrain the force of loue, is to kindle a greater flame, least too long delaie should breede too greate daunger, and by concealing my sorrowe I should make the sore incurable, I thought good eyther presently to heare the curteous sentence of my life, or the cruell doome of my death. So it is Madame, that too long gazing vpon the beames of your heauenlie beautie, and too narrowlie construing ouer your vertuous conditions, I remaine so caught in the snare of your bountie, and so thraled in the threed of your vertue, that the staie of my life hangeth in your hands, either to driue me downe to hellish miserie, or to hoist mee vp to heauenlie felicitie. For although I haue not heeretofore by dutifull seruice made manifest the loyaltie of my loue, yet since I first framed in my fancie (as in a mirrour) the shape of your surpassing beautie, my heart hath beene crossed with such cruell Camizados for your sake, as if with the Target of / hope, I had not withstoode the furious force of such raging furies, I had by dispaire bene dashed against most dangerous rockes. Sith then Madame, the sight of your sweete face

hath fast fettered my fancie in the linkes of loue, as without your meanes I can neither be redressed nor released : I humbly desire you neither to resist the motion of my well meaning, nor to reject the deuotion of my good will, but to accept your poore *Gwydonius* as a faithfull seruant.

Castania hearing diligentlie the faithfull discourse of distressed *Gwydonius*, perceiuing by his sighs, the pinching sorrow of his thoughts, & seeing him so fast fettered in follie, on a sodaine to giue her the slip, had that she desired : and now her louing lookes was turned to lowering glances, her delightfull curtesie, to disdainfull coinesse, & she thought to repaie the sweet meate wherewith before she fed him, with most sowre sauce : not that she misliked of his loue, for it was the onely thing she desired, but to make him the more seruient in affection, vttering these or such like wordes to herselfe secretelie.

And is not (*Castania*) the victorie most accounted of, where the conquest is most doubtfull ? Is not the Castle which abideth the longest battery, thought the richest bootie ? Are not those pearles which are scarcely found and hardlie gotten, euer of greatest value ? what so is gained by perill, is thought alwaies precious, hardlie come by, warily kept. The maide that by long sute & much trauel is obtained, by how much the more

she was hard in the winning, by so much the more she wil be sweet in ſ wearing : she which in her virginitie is charie of her chafitie, in her marriage will be as warie of her honestie : therfore I will qualifie the hot loue of *Gwydonius* with a colde potion : & with that she made him this waspifh anfwere.

Orphanus XII 35. 37. | Why *Gwydonius*, shall the olde Prouerbe be verified in thee, that the Priest forgets himselfe that euer he was a / clarke, that too much familiaritie breedes contempt. I see well if *Appelles* that cunning Painter, suffer the greasie Souter to take a view of his curious worke, hee will grow so malapert, as to meddle with his picture : if the proude Centaure *Ixion* bee bidden to the Feast of the Gods, no lesse than *Iuno* her selfe will suffice him for his choice.

Set a beggar on horse backe, they saie, and hee will neuer alight. Extoll one of base stocke to anie degree of dignitie, and who so proud and haughtie? I speake this *Gwydonius* to thy reproofe : is thy stomacke alate waxen so queasie, that no diet will downe but my Fathers owne dish? Will no meaner mate suffice thee, vnles thou match with a Prince? Is there no Ladie will like thee, but my loue? Is there no courser Dame to couet, vnlesse thou court vnto me? Did my Father promote thee to this thou art, from the state of a begger, and wilt thou

now presume to be my better? Haue my lookes bene so louing, my countenance so curteous, my glaunces so full of good will, as to promise so much as thou doest presume? No : but one onelie countenance in a seruile mind is too much incouragement. Doest thou thinke *Gwydonius*, that I account so meanelie of my person, as to match with a man of thy pitch? Shall I so farre cracke my credit, as to cumber my selfe with one of thy calling? Shall I so stainie my state, as to stoope to thy lure? No. Where is thy coine to maintaine my countenance? Where is thy wealth to vphold my worship? Where is thy patrimonie to counteruaile my personage? But put case I accepted of thy sute, doest thou thinke euer to gaine my fathers good will? Doest thou thinke it is possible to compasse his consent? Doest thou hope euer to take him in such a vaine, as he will be willing to giue his verdite on thy side? No *Gwydonius*, but if he were priuie to this thy presumption, hee would repaie thy follie with/ too much furie, hee would vnplume thee of all his feathers, that like *Æsops* Crowe thou mightest receiue the reward of thy rashnesse. If therefore thou loue thine owne welfare, keepe thy selfe within thy bounds, and striue not farther than thy sleue will stretch, least in climbing to high, thou catch the forer fall.

Castania hauing thus sharplie shaken vp my young youth *Gwydonius*, thought she had giuen him a sufficient cooling Card : but he no whit dismaied with this denial, like a lustie champion entered peece meale with her in this wise.

Madame (quoth he) the poore shoemaker was not blamed for viewing *Appelles* picture, but because in finding fault hee went beyond his shoe : the Centaure *Ixion* was not reprov'd for his familiaritie with *Iuno* as he was a guest, but in that his sute tended to the sacking of her honestie: familiaritie neuer breeds contempt in a good minde, neither am I to be accused of that crime, for the most seruile slaue in *Alexandria* (I call the heauens as witnesse of my wordes) doth not with more louing duetie reuerence and honour your person and parentage, than doth your poore seruant *Gwydonius*. Well Madame, though my nature and nurture be such in your sight, as they bewraie my bringing vp and birth to be so base, as if I meane to drawe my descent (I must as you saie) imblaze mine armes in the beggars coate : yet thus much I answere in respect of my parents, and without arrogancie, thus farre I stand on my pantuffles, that the credite I haue in your fathers Court, is not coequall with the calling I haue in mine owne Countrie, if I did not count it more greater credite and honour, in that I haue sometime inioyed a curteous counten-

ance of your sweete selfe since my comming. But if I were the most famous Prince in the world, I so esteeme your diuine beautie and exquisite vertue, as I would thinke my selfe farre / vnworthie to possesse such heauenlie perfection : which if I could obtaine, the displeasure of your Father could no whit discourage mee, his thundering threates could no whit amaze mee, no, death itselfe could neuer daunt my minde, were it neuer so despitefull. But who (saie you) can laie their loue where is no desert, & where want breeds a flat deniall?

Ah *Castania*, Nature by her secret motion hath indued all creatures with some perfect qualities, to supplie that want which breedes misliking. The Moule depriued of sight hath a wonderfull hearing : the Hare beeing verie fearefull is most swift : the fish hauing no eares, hath most cleare eies : so though want of dignitie disgrace mee, though want of coine discountenance mee, though lacke of wealth impaires my credit, yet Nature hath giuen mee such a loyall and louing heart, as I hope in the perfection of that, shee hath supplied the want of all the rest : so that Madame, though I want coine, I doe not want constancie, though I haue no lands, yet I lacke not loyaltie, though I want wealth, yet I want not will to end my life to doe you good, or spend my time to doe you seruice.

Gwydonius hauing thus pithelic replied, draue *Castania* into a great doubt, whether she should presentlie consent to his demand, or still driue him off with delaies, whether she should yeelde the forte at the first skirmish, or stand to the doubtfull euent of battaile: at length leaft she should digresse from the course of womankinde, she thought best to denie that she most of all desired, and therefore then gaue him this answer.

Gwydonius (quoth shee) in what state you came to my Fathers Court I knowe, what you are by descent I know not, nor I care not, and if I did, it auaileth not, / but this I saie, that it is harde taking of Fowle, when the net is descried, and ill catching of fish, when the hooke is bare: impossible it is *Gwydonius*, to inferre beleefe, when no credite will bee giuen, and to deceiue her that spieth the fetch: when the string is broken, it is harde to hit the white, and when a mans credite is called in question, perswasions can little preuaile. It is a religion amongst louers to sweare and forswear, to promise mountaines, and performe moulhilles, to bee ripe without and rotten within, to carrie a rustie blade in a veluet scabberde, and a siluer Bell with a leaden clapper. Therefore *Gwydonius*, I had rather mistrust too soone than mislike too late, I hadde rather feare my choice than rue my chaunce, I had rather stop at the brim than at the bottome: for the Signet being set, it is

too late to reclaime affection. For the loue of a woman is lyke the Oyle of Flint, which being once conieald will neuer bee dissolued: lyke the Diamond, which being once rubbed with the gum of a Pine tree, will neuer bee broken: so if I fancie anie, sith I meane not to fleete, it shall bee such a one, as I neede not repent mee.

And whereas you saie *Gwydonius*, that in despight of Fortune, Nature hath giuen you a louing heart, I my selfe surely did neuer deeme ~~any~~ lesse, but thought you of the crue of those louers that loue too much, hauing as many Ladies as they haue wits, and that is not a few: who count that euerie face must haue a new fancie, and if they see a thousand, they must be all viewed with a sigh, which considered *Gwydonius*, I meane not to like nor to loue neither you nor anie other.

And shall then Madame (quoth hee) my merite be repaide with no meede? Shall my good wil be requited with / no gaine? shal I haue in lieu of my loue no liking? will you so swarue from Justice, as not to giue euerie one according to his desert? at the least recompence not desire with despight and heartie loue, with loathing hate, for as the Poet saythe: *Quis enim succenset amanti.*

Well *Gwydonius*, as I wil not be thy priuie friend, so I will not be thine open foe, and as I cannot bee so curteous as to requite thee for thy paines, so I

will not be so cruell as to despight thee for thy presumption, and whereas thou crauest gaines for thy good will, I am content to remaine thy vnwilling debter.

Yet Madame (quoth he) where the debte is confest, there remaineth some hope of recouerie, for though the creditor be neuer so vnwilling to pay, the debt being due, hee shall by constraint of lawe and his owne confession (maugre his face) be forced to make restitution.

Truth *Gwydonius* (quoth she) if he commence his action in a right case, and the plea he puts in, proue not imperfect. But yet take this by ſ way, it is hard for that plaintiffe to recouer his costes, where the defendant beeing Judge, sets downe the sentence.

Gwydonius feeling himselfe pincht to the quick with this pretie quip, made no further reply, but least his long tarying might breed suspition, wishing his mistres welfare, tooke his leaue verie solemnely and sorrowfully, of *Castania*: who seeing him gone and her selfe alone, began thus to muse and meditate vppon the sharpe aunsweres she had giuen her best beloued *Gwydonius*.

Why *Castania*, what frantike follie hath made thee thus far to forget thy selfe? Is the bird inticed to the strappe by the shew of the nettes? is the Foxe allured to the traine by the view of the

trappe? will the Mouſe march vnder that Enſigne, where the Cat proclaimeth her / ſelfe Captaine? wil the fillie Doue lay her Egges in the Fawlcchons neaſt? or is it the meanes to haue him to thy frend, whome with bitter blowes thou doeſt rebuke? is there no other call for courteſie but crueltie? doeſt thou finde no fitter meanes to obtaine a reaſonable requeſt but by a rigorous repulſe? or is it the nature of women to deſie that outwardlie which they moſt deſire inwardlie, to loath that in their mouth, which they loue in their minde, to reiect that with their hand, which they moſt willinglie would receiue in their heart? Doſt thou thinke *Caſtania*, to draw *Gwydonius* to thy deſire, by deteſting him? Doeſt thou thinke to allure him to thy loue, by loathing him? Doeſt thou ſuppoſe to win him to thy will by theſe waſpiſh aunſweres? No: and what, doeſt thou know what perill will inſue of this repulſe, what daunger will follow of this deniall? Is it like he will put it vp patientlie? No ſure, either looke to haue his extreeme loue tourned to extreeme hate, or that he will perſiſt no longer in the purſute of his purpoſe.

Oh would to God *Gwydonius*, thou wert againe to begin thy demaund, and I to frame mine aunſwere: then would I ſalue thy fores with ſweet firops, not with cutting coraſiues: thẽ would I .

mittigate thy maladie with easie medicines, not with pinching plaisters: then would I comfort thee with consent, not daunt thee with denials. But alas, had I wist now comes to late, and therefore *Castania*, if thou haste made a faulte, seeke to make amends, & recompence this his iniurie with most friendly courtesie.

And with that came *Melitta*, who comforting *Castania*, passed away the rest of the day in *parle*.

But *Gwydonius*, who all this while hadde a flea in his eare, was driuen into a quandarie with the taunting quips of his Mistresse, fearing that although his accompts / were great, his gaines should be little, & though he made a verie long haruest, yet he should reape but a verie small croppe, thinking that vnder such sower speeches, a fugged minde could not be contained: yet at last entring into deeper consideration with himselfe, he fell into these tearmes.

But by the sweete (quoth hee) how should we know the sower: but by the blacke how should we know the white: he neuer greatlie accompteth of prosperitie which hath not bene before pinched with aduersitie: which perchaunce *Castania* meanes to make me trie by experience, thinking to feede me first with bitter broaths, that hereafter daintie fare may more delight mee: to daunt mee with the

raging stormes of deniall, that the calme of her consent may more content mee : to make mee tast the bitter pills of annoie, that heereafter I maie enioie the greater ioye : for the chilling colde of winter makes the sprowting spring time seeme farre more pleasant, the parching heate of Summer, makes the coole shade more delightfull, and the frowning lookes of *Castania*, will make her smiling countenaunce seeme more cheerefull. Then cease *Gwydonius*, to pursue thy sute with endlesse paine, either to enioy her curtesie, or tast of her crueltye, to thy great happinesse or extreeme heauinesse.

Gwydonius thus like a valiant champion, neuer amazed with anie chip of misfortune, neuer feared to giue the assault for all the first repulse, but onely sought opportunitie how he might in close combat once againe incoüter with *Castania*, vowing either to return with some signe of victory, or else to put lim & life in hazard. But fortune meaning pleasatlie to sport with this young nouice, wold neuer minister such fit occasiō, y he might haue solitarie accesse to his goddes, for *Castania* of pretended purpose / so warelie auoided his companie, and with such disdaineful lookes so reiected his dutie as *Gwydonius* was constrained to seeke his course by a new compasse, delyuering vnto one of her maides, a friendlie letter, to this effect.

*Disdained Gwydonius to his desired Castania,
health.*

WHo so tasteth (*Madame Castania*) of the River *Licos* in *India*, feeleth such a continuall flame to frye and fret his intrayles, as it is more torture than to bee tormented with the hellish furies, and this grieve can neuer be redressed, but with drinking ſ̄ bloud of his deereſt frend. And as he that is venomd by the *Phalanga*, feeleth such painefull paſſions, as he runneth mad, and is onely cured [by] the meanes of moſt harmonious Muſicke: ſo Madame, the furious heate of fancie, dooth ſo ſcorch and ſcale my hapleſſe heart, and doth perplexe mee with ſuch helliſh pangues, as death it ſelfe were thrice more deſired, than thus to driue my dayes in dolour. And I haue ſo greedely ſwallowed vp the ſugred poyſon of your diuine beautie, as through the extremitie of pinching grieve, which ſo direfullie diſtreſſeth mee, I reſt as one diſtracte from his ſenſes, not poſſible to obtaine a cure for this my calamitie, vnleſſe with the deaw of mutuall affection you mittigate my maladie, or with the pleaſant harmonie of your Muſicall conſent, you appeaſe my miſerie.

Sith then madam, my care proceedeth from your beautie, let my ſore be cured by your bountie, ſith the perfection of your perſon hath wrought my bane, let the effect of your courteſie procure my

blisse, and reiect him not so / rigorously which respecteth you so reuerently: loath him not so hatefully, which loueth you so heartelie: nor repaie not his dutifull amitie, with such deadlie enmitie. The pike fatallie profecuteth the fish *Mugra*, as his mortall foe, and yet seeing him snared on the fishers hooke, he speedelie shreddeth the line in funder, to deliuer him: the Snake most deadlie detesteth the field-mouse, & yet shee heapeth vp in her hole store of prouision to preuent her enemies penurie: and shall then madame, your crueltie so farre exceede these fencelesse creatures? shall your rigour be so voide of reason, as to requite your friend with paine, when they repaie their foes with pleasure? to driue your friends into distresse, when they redeeme their foes from daunger? no, madame, I hope you will not counteruaile my constancie with such discurtisie, nor so reckleslie regard your poore *Gwydonius*, whose loue & loyaltie is so great, that as the stones which are founde in the riuer *Lynceffis*, the lower the winde bloweth, & the deeper they are drencht in the water, the more they burne and blaze: so the more you seeke to coole my fancie with disdaine, the more my affection is kindled with desire: the more you loath, the more I like: the greater dispaire you driue me into by denials, the greater hope (incouraged by constancie) I haue to obtaine my

request: in which feruent affection, I meane to remaine without chaunge, crauing in liewe of this my loyaltie, that you will speedelie sende the messenger of present consolation, to him which pineth awaie, and is yours onelie, and euer.

Still in hope, Gwydonius.

Castania, hauing receiued this letter from her assured friend *Gwydonius*, although she perceiued by $\frac{1}{2}$ contents / that his loue was not counterfait, but constant: not light, but loiall: not floting, but faithfull: and that she should not finde him immutable in prosperitie, which was so permanent in aduersitie. Yet (whether it were for coineffe in consent, or charinesse of choise I know not) she once againe thought to sound him more deeper, to keepe out still the flagge of defiaunce, and to spende one Vollee of shot in the face of her enimie, to see if a hot skirmish would make him flie the fiede. And if like a valiant souldier he did manfullie march on, and not refuse the brunt of the battaile, she would then resigne the fort of her freedome into his hands, and yeeld vp the bulwarke of her breast, which so long he had battered, that triumphantlie he might sette vp *Trophies* in signe of a most victorious conquest. To put therefore the matter in question, she returned him this answere.

*Caftania to Gwydonius, which hopeth in vaine,
health.*

Maifter *Gwydonius*, your letter being more
hastelie receiued then heartelie read, I per-
ceiue by the contents, that you are stil perplexed
with your pen-sick passions, and that your diseafe
is incurable, for if your paines may be appeased,
or your maladie mittigated by no medicine, but by
my means, you are like either to pay your due vnto
death, or still to linger in distresse. My cunning
is to smal to enterprife the composition of anie
secrete simples, & my calling to great to become
a Phisition to such a paltering patient, so that I
neither can nor wil cure another mans harme by
mine owne mishap. To loue him whome I cannot
like, were but to wreat against mine owne will, to
flatter him whome I meane not to fancie, is but a
meere tricke of extreame follie.

What the cause is *Gwydonius*, that thy good
will reaps so small gaine, and that so rigorously I
repaie thy loue with hate, I know not, vnlesse the
constellation of the Starres by some secrete influence
haue so appointed it in the calculation of our
natiuitie. But this I am sure, that as no Serpent
can abide the smell of a harts horne, as the Panther
escheweth the companie of the Owncce, as the
Vulture is mortal enimie to the Eele, and as it is
impossible to hatch vp a Swanne in an Eagles

& Euphuus.

So in Orphanion

XII 42

neast, to temper Oile & Pitch together in one vessel, to mixe the bloud of a Lion and a Woolfe, in one bowle, and to procure amitie betweene the Fawlcen called *Tilo*, and the Foxe, so hard is it to procure me by ruthful request to be thy friend, which am by instinct of nature thy protested foe, and as hard to winne me to thy wife, who so little likes of thy loue, that the verie remembrance of thy person makes me fall into most hatefull passions. Cease then *Gwydonius*, to condemne me of crueltie, and leaue off at last to appeale to my curtesie, for thou shalt alwaies bee sure to feede the one, & neuer to finde the other. Yet least thou shouldest accuse me of ingratitude, though I cannot inwardlie mittigate thy miserie, yet I will outwardlie teach thee to applie such plaisters (as if the experience of them proue true) shall greatlie appease thy paine. *Plinie Gwydonius* reporteth, that he which drinketh of the River *Auerna*, cooleth and mortifieth his affections, but if the water be toucht by anie meanes before it be drunk, the vertue thereof is of no value. He that weareth the feathers of the Birde *Exalon* about him, shall euer bee fortunate in his loue, but if they be not pulde when the Sunne is eclipsed, they are of no force: and to conclude, there is nothing that sooner driueth awaie amorous conceits, then to rub þ temples of thy head with þ sweat of an / Affe,

which if you canne performe it, as no doubt you may put it in practise, I hope you shall be redressed from your intollerable griefe, and I released from such an importunate sute.

*Forced by the destinies still
to denie thee, Castania.*

Gwydonius hauing viewed and reuiewed ouer this letter, seeing the rigorous resolution of his mistres, could by no meanes be remoued, and that a most seuer sentence was pronounced against him by a most iniurious Judge, was driuen into a doubt whether he should still with plaints sue for pittie, or else blasphemously exclaim against her brutish crueltie, whether he should bewraye his parents and parentage to the Duke and her, or still stand to the doubtfull chaunce of Fortune, to pursue his purpose still with plaints : her hellish crueltie perswaded him, to blaspheme against her : the sinceritie of his loue, would not let him to bewray his birth: diuerse daungers might insue: to stande to the chaunce of Fortune, was still to hazard without hope: combred thus with diuers cogitations, at last he determined to breake vp the batterie, and to laie too an inuincible hold, but to returne with as much speede as might bee to his Father *Clerophontes* Court, there by absence to mitigate the maladie which so grieuouuslie molested

him : yet he thought before his departure to giue her a friendlie farewel, that might both confirme his constancie, and contempne her crueltie : which he framed to this effect.

*Gwydonius to Castania, prosperous
successe in all her affaires.*

I meane not, most mercilesse mistresse, any longer to sue for mercie, nor with pittifull plaints to trouble your patience, sith to stirre that which the Starres hath staied, is to striue against the streame, and to force that which the fates haue framed, is to couet to be counted a foole, but as one whome fortune meanes to make a myrrour of miserie, and ouer whome *Venus* her selfe meanes to vaunt as of a most haplesse vassal, I sorrowfully send you this fainting farewell, as a faithfull token of my feruent affection : for seing neither my person can please, nor my liuing like you, nor my base calling content you, nor I my selfe reape anie guerdon for my good will, to auoid remēbrance of these passions, which renue my pains, and to assuage the rigour of my raging loue, I purpose as speedelie as winde & weather wil permit me, to abandon the place of your abode : not incensed by furie, as one in despight, but inforced by the rage of fancie to depriue my selfe of all delight, either to consume in solitarie cares without compassion, or by absence

to mittigate some part of my martirdome : for to hope stil, I see is but to heap wo vpon wretchednesse, & care upon calamitie. Yet madame thus much I say, that *Dido* Queene of *Carthage* loued *Aeneas*, a banished exile, & a stragling stranger. *Enphinia* daughter to the king of *Corinth*, & heire apparent to his crowne, who for her feature was famous throughout all the East countries, vouchsafed to applie a foueraigne plaister to the furious passions of *Acharisto*, her fathers bondman. The dutchesse of *Malphey* chose for her husband her seruant *Vlrico* : and *Venus*, who for her surpassing beautie, was canonized for a Goddesse, disdained not the loue of limping *Vulcan*. They madame, respected the man, & not their money, their wills, & not their wealth, their loue, not their liuings : their constancie, not their coine : their person, not their parentage : and the inward vertue, not the outward value. But you are to addicted to / the opinion of *Danae*, that vnlesse *Iupiter* himself be shrouded in your lappe, vnder the shape of a shower of golde, he shall haue the repulse, for all his deitie : seeing then it is not in my poore power, either to performe or praetise it, I cease off to seeke for impossibilities : promising in what coast or Countrie so euer I shall remaine, to haue my heart whollie dedicated to your diuine beautie and vertue, both by dutie and seruice, and

so commending my health to the Gods, I bid you
farewell.

*Yours while he is Gwydonius,
sans espoier.*

Castania hauing received this Letter from
Gwydonius, perceiuing the constant minde of the
yong Gentleman, that these his protestations were
not vanitie, but veritie: not trifling, but troth: no
signes of fleeting fancie, but of a firme affection:
standing a while in a dump, at last she fell into
this discourse.

I now (quoth she) both see and trie by ex-
perience, that there is no fish so fickle, but will
come to the baite: no Doe so wilde, but will stande
at the gaze: no Hauke so haggard, but will stoope
at the lure: no Niesse so ramage, but will be
reclaimed to the Lunes: no fruit so fine, but the
Caterpillar will consume it: no Adamant so hard
but will yeelde to the File: no mettall so strong,
but will bend to the stampe: no maide so free,
but Loue will bring her to bondage and thraldome.
And doe I call it bondage, fond foole, to bee bound
vnto beautie? is it flauerie to be subiect vnto ver-
tue? is it thraldome to liue in league with him who
will like mee in my youth, and loue mee in my
age, in whome I shall finde nothing but pleasure
and contentation: who will be the hauen of my

happinesse, wherein I may rest: and the port of my prosperitie, wherein I may be safe harboured from the tempests / of froward fortune, & shroud mee frō þ bitter blasts of bale? Shall I repent mee sith my bargaine is good, or complaine of the losse of libertie, sith I haue a change for farre more worthie chaffer? Shall I grudge when the gods are agreed, or defer it, when the destinies driue it: or froune at it, sith fortune frames it? No, *Gwydonius* is my Saint, and him will I serue, he is my ioye, and him will I inioye. He hath laide the siege, and he shall sacke the citie, he hath abode the batterie, and he shall haue the bulwarke of my breast: he hath fought the combat, and he shall be victor in the conquest. For I cannot be so vnnaturall, to reward his loue with loathing: so without reason, to defraude him of his right: so diuellish for his deepe desire, to giue him a dolefull dish of dispaire. No, no, I haue setteled with my selfe, that if euer I marrie, *Gwydonius* shall bee the man I will match with. And therefore as I haue driuen him with delays, & fed him with follie, so now I will send him a setteled aunswere of my good will and fauor, as I haue giuen him cutting corasiues, so I will send him confects of comfort. As I haue bene fearefull to shew my liking for the better tryall, so now I will be bolde to shew my loue in token of a

better trust, and with that she wrote him a Letter to this effect.

Castania to Gwydonius, wishing him such happie successe, as either fortune or the fates can allow him.

Plato Gwydonius, being demāded why he wold neuer cōdescend to ſ requests of his most deereſt friends wout great entrety & lōg ſute, answered, ſ thiſgs lightly granted (though neuer ſo coſtly) are ſmally accounted off: which ſaying *Gwydonius*, I take as a ſufficiēt excuſe for my folly: for my ſtraightnes in words was no ſtrāgnes in minde, / my bitter ſpeeches were written with my hand, not wrought with my heart, my deniall was onelie for the better triall, and thoſe rigorous repulſes were either to rip vp thy fained fancie, or ſeruent affection: for if thou hadſt retired at the firſt foile I would haue thought thy fancie but a flaſh, readie to bee quenched with the leaſt miſſing deaw of miſfortune. But ſince thou haſt kept thy courſe ſo rightlie by thy compaſſe, amidſt moſt dangerous rockes, and haſt ſtoode to thy tackling againſt all the bluſtering blaſts of fortune. Aſſure thy ſelfe in lieu of this thy loue, thou haſt not heeretofore found me ſo diſdainfull, as hereafter thou ſhalt finde me dutiſull, neither did I euer reieſt thee ſo curriſhlie, as I will accept thee curteouſlie, being readie to reſtore the iniurie I haue offred thee,

with anie curtesie that thou maist either honestlie require, or I iustlie affoord. But alasse *Gwydonius*, what curtesie shall I euer be able to shew thee, that may counteruaile thy kindnesse? How entirely shal I loue thee to requite thy loialtie? What dutie can be a due recompence to this thy good will: yea, if by anie meanes I can quit this thy loue, I neuer doubt to be deemed vngratefull while I liue. Thy worthie constancie (*Gwydonius*) hath won the castle which many haue besieged, and thou hast obtained that which diuerse haue sought to gain: yet it is not the shape of thy beautie, but the hope of thy loialtie, which entiseth me, not thy faire face, but thy faithfull heart: not thy comelie countenance, but thy modeest curtesie, not thy wordes, but thy vertues: not thy wealth, but thy wit: for she that builds her fancie vpon such fading subiects, tieth her loue to the inconstant wheele of fortune. And what though the Duke my father be incensed against me, for making (in his minde) so carelesse a choice? What care I for his friendship, so I haue thy fauour: let him fret, let my friends frowne, let liuings be lost, hap what hap will, no misling showers of mischance, no / boysterous blasts of aduersitie, no terrible tempeste of disaister fortune, shall make my constant minde in any respect to moue: no torments, no trauaile, no care, no calamitie, no penurie, no pouertie, no,

onellie the losse of life, shall diminish my loue: in liew whereof remaine thou but constant, and in pledge of my protested good will, haue heere my heart and hande, to be thine in dust and ashes.

Thine, though the Gods say no :

Castania.

This Letter being most luckelie deliuered into the hands of *Gwydonius*, I leaue you to iudge Gentlemen into what a quandarie this young youth was brought, to see such a sodaine chaunge, and so happie a chaunce, as to haue his hellish bale requited with heauenlie blisse, his despightfull annoy, with delightfull ioye: his heauinesse with happinesse, & doubtfull despaire tourned to assured hope: to see Fortune which of late defied him as a foe, now to imbrace him as a friend, and to wil that he did wish: to see his mistresse crueltie tourned to curtesie, her disdaine to desire, her bitter pilles to sugered potions, her stormie repulses to calme consent, and her contemptuous protestations, to most constant promises. For if the carefull captiue, who by the doome of *J* Judge expecteth eache houre to dye, reioyceth when he heareth his pardon pronounced, no doubt *Gwydonius* ioye could be no lesse, sith deniall was his death, and consent the conserue to heale his woundes: the greater care, the greater ioy, the more paine, the

greater pleasure, the more hellish miserie, the more heauenlie felicitie. Yea, *Gwydonius* was driuen into such an extasie for ioye, that he was in doubt, whether this letter was preferred to him / in deede, or presented to him in a vision, whether hee were wrapt into a Traunce, or rauished with some drowfie slumber: but at last perceiuing it to be no fained fantasie, such a deepe desire inforced his affection, as hee thought euerie moment a month, euerie houre a yeare, euerie day a thousand, vntill he might freele inioye the presence and sight of his loue and Ladie *Castania*. Fortune meaning to aduance him to the toppe of her inconstant wheele, brought it so to passe, that beefore the weeke was ended, he spied *Castania* walking alone in the garden: which sodaine sight so reuiued his senses, that without any dread or doubt, he manfullie marcht on towards her, and was as hastelie and hartelie incountred by *Castania*: who embracing *Gwydonius* in her armes, welcommed him with this salutation.

As the Whale (*Gwydonius*) maketh alwaies signe of great ioye at the sight of the fishe called *Talpa Marina*, as the Hinde greatlie delighteth to see the Leopard, as the Lion fawneth at the view of the Unicorne, and as he which drinketh of the Fountaine *Hipenis* in *Scithia*, feeleth his mind so drowned in delight, that no grieve though neuer

so great, is able to assuage it: so *Gwydonius* I conceiue such surpassing pleasure in thy presence, and such heauenlie felicitie in the sight of thy perfection, that no miserie though neuer so monstrous, is able to amaze mee, no dolour though neuer so direfull, is able to daunt mee, nor no mishap though neuer so perillous, is able to make mee sinke in sorrow, as long as I inioy thy presence, which I count a soueraine preferuatiue against all carefull calamities. That as he which tasteth of the hearbe *Hyacinthus* is neuer combred with care, and as he that weareth the stone *Agathes* about him, is surelie defenced against all insuing sorrowes, so inioying the sight of thy seemly selfe, and feeding / mine eyes with the forme of thy feature, I think my selfe sufficiently shrowded against all the tempestuous showers of sinister fortune. And to proue these my promises to be no fained vanities but faithfull veritie, I commit my selfe, my staye, and state, into thy hands, to dispose of mee at thy pleasure, wishing rather to liue with thee in most distressed penurie, than to linger heere in most fortunate prosperitie.

Gwydonius listening attentiuely to this sugred harmonie, was so rauished with the sight of her sweete face, and so rapt into a traunce with the contemplation of her beautie, that as the Lyon tasting of the gumme Arabicke becommeth sense-

lesse, as the Bull by broufing on the barke of a Juniper tree falleth a sleepe, as the Camill standeth astonished at the sight of a Rat: to *Gwydonius* seeing in his armes the Saint whome in heart he did honour, and imbracing the Goddesse whome with most deepe deuotion he did adore, was so amazed, that he was not able to vtter one worde, as witnesse of his happinesse: vntill at last gathering his wits together, he began thus to replie.

Castania (quoth hee) it is an axiome in Philosophie, that the colour ioyned hard to the sighte, hindereth the sence, the flower putte into the nose-thrill, stoppeth the smelling: the Wine vessell being full, lettes passe no Wine, though neuer so well vented: the water-pot beeing filled to the brimme, yeelds foorth no licour, though hauing a thousand holes: so where the minde is furcharged with ouermuch ioy, or to much pleasure, ther $\frac{y}{y}$ tongue is both tied, & the senses so restrained, $\frac{y}{y}$ the heart is neither able to conceiue $\frac{y}{y}$ ioye, nor the tongue able to expresse $\frac{y}{y}$ pleasure. Which *Castania* I now speake / by prooffe, and know by experience, for I am so drowned in delight by inioying that princely Jemme, which I esteeme the rarest and richest Jewell, not onelie in *Alexandria*, but in all the worlde, and so puffed vp in pleasure by thy diuine prefence. Yea, thy

faithfull and vnfaigned affection, the promise of thy constancie, and the hope of thy loyaltie, the report of thy chastitie, and the renowme of thy modestie, the force of thy beautie, and the fame of thy vertue. But aboue all, thy prodigall bountie, in bestowing these heauenlie perfections on thy poore *Gwydonius*, being by person and parentage most vnworthie to possesse them, so furchargeth my fillie heart with excessiue ioye, that my tongue not being able in part to expresse the extreame pleasure of my minde, I am with *Philistion* the Comickall Poet, constrained by silence to vnfold that affection, which in words, the filed phrase of *Demosthenes*, were not able to decipher. But this assure thy selfe *Castania*, that if *Iuno* would aduance mee to bee Monarch of the world, if *Pallas* would preferre mee to exceede hautie *Hercules* in valour, if *Venus* would present mee with some princelie peece of heauenlie perfection, yet would I not so gladlie receiue their proffers, as I doe gratefullie accept the promise of thy loue and loyaltie. No, I accompt the treasure of *Cræsus* but trash, in respect of the guerdon of thy good will: I accompt the fortune of *Cæsar* but follie, respecting the fruites of thy fauor: I esteeme the dignities of *Priamus* as dregs, in respect of thy diuine perfection. Yea, *Castania*, I am so snared with thy beautie, and so intangled in the trap of thy bountie, as I shall

neuer leaue to loue thee, nor euer beginne to like anie other.

It is easie *Gwydonius* (quoth *Castania*) to purchase credite, where the partie is alreadie perswaded, and to infer beleefe, wher euery word is counted an Oracle : there/fore omitting these friuolous protestations, thus much I say touching the purpose. *Cecillius Metellus* was wont to say, that as it was necessar[i]e þ̃ olde men should be graue in counsaile, so it was expedient yong men should be secret in loue, and therefore when the contract was made between *Fuluius* and his daughter, he sealed vp their lippes with his signet, meaning that to violate the secret conference of louers, was to commit a second sacriledge. I speake thus *Gwydonius*, as one carefull of thy staye and my state : for if *Orlanio* my father should but once heare of our loue, or suspect our liking, it would breede thy mishap and my miserie : yea, no doubt hee would speedelie preuent our pretence, which would bee thy care and my calamitie. Dispose our affaires at thy pleasure, but discouer not our purpose : if thou hast won the castell, vaunt not of the conquest : if thou hast made a good market, bragge not of thy gaines : least by boasting of thy bootie, thou loose thy praie, and be thought a pratler. And *Gwydonius* aboue all men beware of *Valericus*, least vnder the shape of a friend, he proue in time thy

mortall foe, leaft his fained amitie proue faithlefse enmitie : that in trufting too much without triall, thou finde not treason : and then though thou repent, yet had I wift commeth too late, and fo thou wift thou hadft neuer loued, and I neuer liked.

Tuffh *Caftania* (quoth *Gwydonius*) he that is afraide to venter on the Bucke, becaufe he is tapisht in the briers, fhall neuer haue hunters hap, and he that puttes his doubt in loue for euerie chaunce, fhall neuer haue louers lucke. Cannot the Cat catch Mice, without ſhe haue a bell hanging at her eare? Cannot the Hobbie feaze on his praie, but he muſt check? Cannot the Spaniell retrieue the Partridge, but he muſt queſt? / And cannot we deale ſo warilie but all the world muſt wonder at it? Yes, it is a ſubtile Bird that breedes among the aerin of Hawkes, and a ſhifting ſheepe that lambes in the Foxes den, and he ſhall looke narrowlie that ſpies mee halting. Let *Orlanio* not onelie weigh our workes, but our wordes, and let *Valericus* both deeme our deedes and deuine our thoughtes, and yet I hope wee will deale ſo ſecretlie in our affaires, as neither the one ſhall haue cauſe to ſuſpect our familiaritie, nor the other to detect our affection. And therefore *Caſtania*, leaſt (if wee bee ſpied) the time and place giue occaſion of miſtruſt, I will leaue you as I found you, and ſo farewell.

Well, these two louers placed thus by fortune in the pallace of earthlie prosperitie, floated so securelie in the streames of blisse, as they thought no chippes of mischance might change their present happinesse to future heauinesse, as long as their priuie contract was kept so secret to themselues. But as they which cannot see fire in the strawe are stone blind: so he that cannot see the flame of fancie is a foole. It is harde to couer smoake, but more harde to conceale loue, which these two louers in tract of time tried true. Who as close as they kept their cloake, yet it was most easie to espie the lining: for fancie secretlie restrained, is like the sparke couered with ashes, which at length bursteth into a great flame. For there passed betweene *Gwydonius* [and *Cassania*] such amorous glaunces, such louing lookes, such curteous congies, such countenances, and such friendlie familiaritie, such often meetinges, such open greetinges, such sighes, such sobbes, and such strange passions, as not onelie *Valericus*, but all the Court (though they poore soules thought to daunce in a Net and not bee seene) / perceiued how entirelie they loued and liked each other. Which as it dyd not displease many which loued *Gwydonius* as their friend, so it greatlie despighted *Valericus* which was his foe, to see one of small countenance preferred before one of his calling: that *Gwydonius* should winne the bulwarke

which he so long had battered: that he pitching the field, another should obtaine the conquest: that he laying the siege, another shoulde vaunt of the victorie: that while he beate the bush, another should catch the birds: and that the meede of his merite, should be giuen to one of small desert. Being cumbered with these cholerike cogitations, and perplexed with these despightfull passions, inflamed with wrathfull furie, he fell into these tearmes.

O Gods (quoth hee) what curtesie is there to bee found in such Kites of *Cræsus* kinde? Or what constancie is there to be hoped for in such daintie disdaining Dames? Whose wauering willes and staylesse wits, both waxe and wane with the Moone, whose lunatike mindes chaunge with euerie sodaine motion: yea, whose lightnesse and leawdnesse is such, as they delyght with the Rauens to feede on the moste loathsome flesh, with the shee Woulfe to choose the foulest make, with *Æsops* Cocke to prefer the Barlie Corne before a most precious Pearle, and with *Glaucus* to make a change of his golden armour for brazen Harneesse.

Did not *Euphinia* forsake most famous Princes, and embrace a most infamous bondslaue? Did not *Sirithia* the Princeesse of *Denmarke* reiect most princelie Potentates, and at last accepte a poore peasant? Yea, dydde not *Venus* her selfe with the Beetle disdaine/all daie to light on the most

fragrant flowers, and at night vouchsafeth to lodge in a filthie cowheard: I meane, did not refuse the renowned Gods, & choose a most deformed Smith?

Why, but *Valericus*, is it fancie that forceth them in this follie? Doth loue leade them? Do the destinies driue them? Doth beautie allure them? Is it their countenance that constraineth them? No, they are clownes: Is it their person or parentage that perswadeth them? No, they are peasants. But like craftie *Calippos*, they thinke by these vnequall matches to rule the roast after their owne diet, to be soueraigne mistres of their owne mindes, with *Venus* to let *Vulcan* possesse the tree, and *Mars* inioy the fruit, to haue their husbands feede the sheepe, and some other reape the fleece: vnder the shadowe of his head, doe defend themselues from such heate as would otherwise greatlie scorch their credite, to make him followe the bent of their bowe, although he set the Cuckoldes end vpward. It is a simple cloake that cannot couer one from a shower of raine, and a feelie husband that is not able to father that another doth beget. But to see howe these gallant girles if they like not the partie, what shew of shamefastnesse they will make, howe they will vale their face with the visour of virginities, how they will cloake themselues with the coulour of continencie, how charie they will be of their chastitie: whereas if they fancie, who so loofe of

their lippes, and free of their flesh as they? But *Valericus*, why doest thou thus reckleslie raile and rage against womankind? It is not *Castania* that thus crosseth thee with care, but *Gwydonius* that breedeth thy griefe. It is not she that inferreth thy sore, but he that procureth thy sicknesse. She is not the meanes of thy maladie, but hee the hinderer of thy medicine. She is not the worker of thy woe, but he is the sower / of thy sorrow. And shall he be puffed vp with prosperitie, and I pressed downe with miserie? Shall he swim in wealth, and I sinke in want? Shall he bath in blisse, and I waile in woe? Shall he be pampered vp with pleasure, and I pinde awaie with penurie? No, I will either spoile him, or spill my selfe, in despite of the fates and fortune.

While thus *Valericus* sought opportunitie to reuenge his wrath vppon guiltlesse *Gwydonius*, Fortune minding to bewraie her immutabilitie, brought it so to passe, that whereas *Orlanio* was accustomed to paie a yeerelie tribute to the Duke of *Metelyne*, which surmounted to the sum of thirtie thousand Duckets, either wilfullie or wittinglie he with-held this debt, which *Clerophantes* claimed as his due, infomuch that beeing demanded by embassage for the paiment of this tribute, hee flatlie answered, that he would not from hence forth disburse one denier, & he was sorie that in

paying it heeretofore he proued himselfe such a foole. Wherevpon *Clerophontes* being fraught with raging furie, was so incensed against *Orlanio*, that taking counsaile of his nobilitie, hee determined with as much speede as might bee, to wage battaile against him, and to obtaine that by constraint, which he denied him of curtesie. As thus he was musing with himselfe whom he should appoint Captaine generall of his armie, because hee meant not in proper person to abide the hazard of the battaile, the remembrance of his sonne *Gwydonius* came into his minde, which not onelie amazed him, but so molested him, as he was driuen into most distressed dolour: now hee called to minde his mercilesse crueltie in correcting his faults, and his moodlesse rigour in rebuking his follie: now hee bewailed his long absence, and wished his speedie prefence: yea, he was so diuerslie perplexed, as he began thus dolorous/lie to discourse with himselfe.

Alasse (quoth he) now I see the saying of *Cicero* to bee true, that who so wilfullie peruerteth the lawes of nature, seemeth to proclaime himselfe an enimie to the Gods, for that Nature neuer framed anie thing amisse: wherein I haue most grieuously offended: For in beastlie rage I haue surpassed the brute beastes, and in crueltie, the sencelesse creatures: I haue beene more deuoide of pittie than the Fowles of the aire, and more vnnaturall

than the Fishes of the sea. The Birde called *Apis Indica*, seeing the venomous Viper readie to deuour her yong ones in the neast, presenteth her selfe to death, to preferue them from destruction. The Eagle is so carefull ouer her young, that if it happe by her default one of them doe perish, shee willinglie woundeth her selfe in many places with her owne beake. The Lion so louinglie fostereth vp her Whelpes, that shee neuer tasteth of the prairie vntill they bee fullie satisfied. The Foxe is so carefull ouer her cubbes, that shee willinglie falleth into the Hunters handes to defend her young from harme. But I wilde wretch (as though I had drunke of the Riuer *Lincestis* in *Bohemia*, which presentlie turneth whatsoeuer it toucheth into stones). In stead of friendlie courtesie haue abused mine owne sonne with frowning crueltie, the fatherlie affection I haue shewed him, hath beene raging furie : yea, my rigorous Nature, naye rather my vnnaturall rage hath beene such towardes him, as hee liueth a bannished exile in a straunge Countrie, perhappes pinched with penurie, oppressed with pouertie, wandering in the wilde Desartes, in daunger of deuouring, in perill of spoyling, afflicted not onelie with the maladie of the bodie, but the miserie of the minde : so that no doubt hee wisheth that / I had neuer bene Father to such a sonne, or he neuer sonne to such a Father.

Alasse what ioy can I now inioy when I want my onelie ioye? What comfort can I haue to see my childe in calamitie? What pleasure can I take while hee toyleth in penurie, who nowe in mine age shoulde bee the staffe whereon to staie, that by his valiant courage and warlike prowesse (wherewith from his infancie hee hath beene indewed) might defend mee from mine enimies, and reuenge mee of my foes. But alasse I lament too late, the calme commeth out of time, when the Shippe alreadie hath suffered shipwracke, and these pittifull plaintes little preuaile, where the Patient is alreadie pushed into perill. No, no, my rage hath beene too greate to heare of his hastie returne, my peruerse furie hath beene such, as hee dare not abide my prefence: and surelie my sorrowe is too greate euer to be salued.

And with that *Clerophontes* start vp, minding to reuenge these his cholerike cogitations by bloudie battaile vpon the confines of *Alexandria*, and therefore in great hast mustered all his men, made great prouisions for the warre, and caused his Nauie to bee rigged, for that hee meant to conueie his armie by sea into *Alexandria*.

While thus there was no worde through the whole Dukedome of *Metelyne* but warre, warre and no newes but of the cruell conflict that shoulde

insue betweene the two Dukes. Certaine Merchants of *Alexandria*, which then roade in the Hauen, durst not goe a shoare to sell their Commodities, but as fast as winde and weather would serue them, highed them out of the harbour, and coasted speedelie into their owne Countrie: where they no sooner ariued, but they made reporte thereof to *Orlanio*, who driuen into a dumpe with this noisome / newes, whether he doubted of the puisant power of *Clerophontes*, who was such a worthie warriour, and in battaile so bolde, that no man durst abide him, or whether he feared his owne force was not able to resist the furie of his raging enimie. He presentlie summoned all his Lordes to a Parliament, where after some conference, it was concluded that *Thersandro* should bee sent Embassadour to *Metelyne* to *parle* of peace with *Clerophontes*: which determination was no whit deferred, but with as much speede as might be, the Barke wherein he should passe was prouided, the charge of the Embassage was giuen him, & he accompanied with a traine of braue Gentlemen, departed.

But if this newes was dolefull to *Orlanio*, no doubt it was death it selfe to *Gwydonius*, who hearing that his Father would bend his force against the place, wherein hee was, sawe all possibilitie taken awaie from obtayning his purpose: for hee

feared death if hee were knowen to *Orlanio*, and hee doubted despightfull hate at the least, if he bewraide himselfe to *Castania*. Which double dolour so distressed him, as he felt himselfe diuerflie perplexed with dumpish passions: his mirth was turned to mourning, his pleasant conceites, to painfull cogitations: his wanton toies, to wailing thoughtes: now he abandoned all good companie, and delighted onelie in folytarie life, the wildsome woods were his wished walkes, and the secret shades the couert he chieflie courted. In fine, he seemed rather a *Tymon* of *Athens* than a Gentleman of *Alexandria*, so that all the Court meruailed at this so sodaine a chaunge, but especiallie *Castania*, who coniecturing his dolefull heart by his drouisie lookes, was astonished at this his strange state, casting in her minde whether she had giuen him anie cause of this care, or whether by her occasion, he was crossed wth this calamitie. But alas poore soule, howsoeuer she aimed she mist the marke, for / *Gwydonius* felt his disease so secret, as he knew none could but himself deuine the cause of his maladie, which no doubt was such, that it would haue inferred present death, if he hadde not hoped for some happie newes by *Thersandro*.

Who no sooner luckely ariued at *Metelyne*, but *Clerophontes* was certified that the Dukes sonne of *Alexandria* was come to impart with his grace

some waightie matters of importaunce. Now at this instant when the message was brought him, his Daughter *Lewcippa* was by, who (as the nature of women is, desirous to see and bee seene) thought she should both heare the *parle*, and view the person of this young Embassadour, and therefore found fish on her fingers, that she might staye still in the chamber of presence: whether presently *Thersandro* was sent for: who curteously and curiously dooing his obeysance to the Duke, deliuered his Embassage in this manner.

Whereas (right worthie sir) *Orlanio*, the Duke of *Alexandria*, more vnwittingly then wilfullie denied certaine tribute, which hee confesseth both hee and his predeceffours haue paide to you & your auncestours. Hearing that herevpon your grace meaneth rather to wage battaile, then to loose any part of your due, although he feareth not your force, as one able euery way to withstand it, nor passeth of your puissaunce, as a Potentate sufficient to resist your power. Yet, the care hee hath of his subiects safetie, & the loue he hath to preferue the life of his commons, the regard he hath to paye and performe that which conscience and custome requireth: and lastly, meaning with *Tully*, *Iniquissimam pacem iustissimo bello anteponere*. He hath sent mee both to sue for conditions of peace, and to paye the tribute, which if your grace

shall refuse, of force he must put his hope / in the hazard of Fortune.

Thersandro hauinge thus pithelie performed his charge, *Clerophontes* tolde him that vppon a fodaine he would not dispatch so waightie a matter: but meant first both to consult and take counsaile of his Nobles: which done, within three dayes hee shoulde haue an aunswere. In the meane time hee commaunded *Lucianus* the Steward of his house, verie courteoullie to entreate both *Thersandro* and his traine, and to feast them with such sumptuous fare, as they might haue cause most highlie to extoll his magnificence.

But leauing *Clerophontes*, to consult with his learned counsaillours, and *Thersandro* to accompanie with the lustie Courtiers, againe to *Lewcippa*, who while this young youth was telling of his tale, neuer markte the matter, but the man: nor regarded not the *parle*, but respected the person: neuer noted the contentes, but viewed his countenaunce: In such sort, that she was so scorched with the fire of fancie, and so scalded with the flame of affection, so bewitched with his beautie, and so inueigled with his bountie, as hee was the onely man that made her checke at the praie, bate at the Lure, and willinglie yeelede to the first assault of fancie. And on the other side, Fortune so fauoured, that *Thersandro* printing in his heart the perfection of

Lewcippas person, felt his freedome so fettered by the view of her heauenlie face, and so snared in the beames of her amorous glaunces, that hee wisht that either this discention had neuer growen, or that hee hadde not beene the deliuerer of the message : for hee felte his heart alreadie so ouergrown with good will, towards this young Princeesse, as no salue but her selfe was able to mittigate his sorrow, no medicine but her courtesie was able to cure his / calamitie : and hee thought to preferre his sute to his professed foe, was follie : to linger still in loue, was death and miserie : to seeke for helpe at her handes, neither would the present state permitte him, nor time suffer him to prosecute his purpose : daunted with these diuerse doubts, to auoyde the melancholike motions that molested his minde, hee presentlie went from his lodging to the Court, that by companie he might driue away these dumps : where hee found in the great chamber diuerse Ladies and gentlewomen, passing awaye the time in pleasaunt *parle* : amongst whome was that pearelesse Paragon, princely *Lewcippa* : who (after due reuerence done to the Gentlewomen in generall) was singled out by *Thersandro*, and courted in this wise.

Madame (quoth hee) if any creature hath iust occasion to accuse either nature or the gods of iniustice, man onelie hath the greatest cause to

make this complaint : for there is none either so deprivied of reason, so deuoid of sence, which by some naturall instinct doth not skilfully prefage of perills before they come, & warily preuent ere they be past.

The Goates of *Lybia*, know certainlie when the Canicular daies beeginne, wherein commonlye they fall blinde, and therefore by eating the hearbe *Polopodium*, they prouidentlie preuent their diseafe. When the Lion leaueth his Lawnes, and raungeth in forraine Deserts, hee alwaies foresheweth a drought. When the Fish called *Vranascapos* sinketh downe to the bottome of the Sea, hee beewrayeth great tempestes to bee imminent. But man is so farre from this secret foresight, that not onely he cannot deuine of these ensuing daungers, but rather wilfully or willing : pusheth himselfe into most manifest perills, which Madame, I speake, as / feeling my selfe distressed with this want. For if I had bene indued with this sacred prescience, perfectly to prefage of ensuing perills, I had not bene crossed with such cares as I am like to incurre, nor hadde cause to repent this my present ariall. But sith lacke of such skill hath procured my losse, and that when the hurt is hadde it is too late to take heede, though reuealing of my mishappe cannot heale my miserie, nor repeating of my paines redresse my sorrow: yet, I meane to participate

my passions to your good grace, that though you cannot or will not mittigate my maladie, yet you may pittie my estate, which will somewhat ease my heauinesse.

I came to your Fathers Court, Madame, a free man of *Alexandria*, and am like to retourne a captiue of *Metelyne* : I ariued deuoid of care, and am like to departe, drenched with calamitie : I landed free from affection, but feare to passe hence fraught with fancie : my charge was onely to *parle* of peace, but my chaunce is to discourse of passions. Yea, your beautie hath so fettered my freedome, and so snared my heart in the linkes of your loue, that it shall neuer bee raced out by anie finister meanes of Fortune, although I see it is almost impossible to obtaine it.

For I doubt our parents are lyke to proclaime themselues professed foes, and the vrgent necessitie of my affaires, forceth mee to departe so speedelie, as want of time will not suffice to make tryall of my loue, whereby I might claime a sufficient guerdon for my good wil : yet howsoever the matter shall happe, whether my hope be voide, or my happe be vaine, I meane madame to remaine yours for euer.

Lewfippa took such delight in hearing *Thersandro* discourse so louingly as she could scarcely keep her countenance from bewraying the pleasure she

conceiued in this / *parle*, seeing that her loue was requited with liking, and her fancie incountered with the like affection. Yet, least *Thersandro* should thinke her to curteous if shee should come at the first call, and verie light of loue, to like at the first looke, she framed this aunswere.

Sir (quoth she) if of your sute for conditions of peace there insue no better successe than the reuealing of your passions shall reape pittie at my hands, or if the intreatie for truce be as lightlie respected by my Father, as either your person or petition is regarded by mee, you are like to carrie home colde newes to your countrie, and to vaunt that you bad faire, but bought little: that your Haruest was long, but your corne not worth the cropping: that your venter was much, but your gaines such, as if your winning proue no better, you are like to liue by the losse. For fir, doe you suppose mee so fottish, as to thinke euerie one that flatters doeth fancie, or so addicted to selfe loue as by a few filed phrases to be brought into a fooles Paradice: knowing that it is the fashion of men by their fained subtiltie to deceiue our faithfull simplicitie. No, for if you meane to counterfaite, take this for a rule, it is ill halting before a creple. But fir, this your sodaine liking bewraies the lightnesse of your loue: this your fond affection, imports the ficklenesse of your fancie: for soone

hot, soone colde : easely inflamed, as quicklie quenched : like to the Apples of *Arabia*, which begin to rot, ere they be halfe ripe. And if I meant to loue, had I none to like but my Fathers foe? should I desire him whome my Father doth detest? And if I should so farre forget mine owne stay or my Fathers state, as to consent, it were impossible either to appease his wrath, or to get the graunt of his good will, so / that to desire that which I can neuer inioy, were to driue my selfe whollie into dispaire, which would finally profit you, and greatlie displeasure mee : and therefore cease to sue for that, which may well be wisht, but neuer obtained.

Thersandro although he heard *Lewcippa* decide the case sufficientlie, yet he was so wilfull, that he would not take her doome for a verdite, but retourned her this replie.

Madame (quoth he) where in lieu of hate there insueth loue, it is alwayes the signe of the greater affection : and that it is a thing either confirmed by the Fates, or appointed by the Gods. *Tereus* the Prince of *Thrace*, being sent by his Father to desie *Pandion* the king of *Athens*, was enamoured of his daughter *Progne*, whereby betweene the Parents in steede of fatall enmitie, there insued friendly amitie. When as the blouddie warres betweene *Atis* the king of *Libia*, and *Lycabas* the Prince of

Affur, was most hot, young *Admetus* being sent Ambassadour into *Libia*, was so stricken in loue with *Alceft*, onely Daughter to his fathers foe, and she repaying his lyking with such loyaltie, as death it selfe could neuer dissolve their amitie. If Madame, these premisses may perswade you to take pittie of my passions, or these examples induce you, not to let the hatred of our parents, be a hinderaunce of our loue, whether your father reiect mee as a foe, or accept me as a friend, I doubt not but the destinies will driue the bargaine through, in despight of them and fortune.

Sir (quoth she) I confesse *Progne* poore wench loued *Tereus*, but how wretchedly dyd he reward her loyaltie? and *Scilla* was enamored of *Minos* her fathers foe, but how tyrannouslie dyd he repaie her loue with trecherie? *Tar / peia* betrayed the Tower of *Rome* to one of the *Sabynes* whome she most entirely loued, but the meede of her merite, was extreame miserie. Shall I then *Thersandro* see the traine and yet fall into the trappe? shall I spie the nettes and yet strike at the stale? shall I see the mishap, and yet wilfullie incurre the mischaunce? no, I meane not for an inch of ioye, to reape an ell of annoy, for a moment of mirth, a month of miserie: for a dram of pleasure, a whole pound of paine, and by procuring mine owne delight, to purchase my fathers death and destruction. But

let this suffice *Thersandro* to signifie how I pittie thy passions, and thinke well of thy person, that if my Fathers will might be framed to my wish, if he would condescend as I would consent, thou onely arte the man who in the way of marriage should dispose of mee at thy pleasure. But sith the frowning state of Fortune denies our loue to haue suche happie successe, hope well, and rest vppon this point, that I wil alwaies like thee as a friend, though not loue thee as my phere.

As *Thersandro* was readie to reply, and to seale vp the bargaine of their loue vpon her sweete lippes, *Clerophontes* came in, who marred all their market, and tourned their sweete to sower, for he gaue *Thersandro* his aunswere before *Lewcippa*, which was this. That he neither ment to accept of the conditions of peace, nor to receiue the tribute, but to claime his due by the doubtfull euent of battaile. That he shortly pretended in person, to visite *Orlanio*, and within the walles of *Alexandria* to demaund his debt, and that he would bestow his Fathers Dukedome vpon a Lord of his called *Lucianus*, in dowrie with his Daughter *Lewcippa*.

Thersandro was nothing amazed with the first part of / the message, but when he heard how *Clerophontes* meant presumptuously both to deprauce him of his liuing, and depriue him of his Loue, he

was so puffed vp with wrath and choller, as hap what hap would, he fell into these tearmes.

I Remember (quoth he) that *Caligula* the Emperour, prouiding a mightie armie to subdue great *Britaine*, when he was come to the Sea, readie to post ouer his Souldiours in his Nauie, he left off his endlesse enterprife, and set them to gather Cockles. *Siphax* boldly boasting that he would bestow the kingdome of *Numidia* vpon his second Sonne, was by *Massinissa* ouerthrowen, and sold as captiue to the *Romanes*. I dare not fir inferre comparifons, because they be odious, nor apply the examples, fith time and place forbids mee: but this I say, that to fish before the net, is alwaies counted folly, and to vaunt before the victorie, is but vanitie. Yea, and if I hadde as good right to your Daughter *Lewcippa*, as I haue to the supposed Dowrie which you assigne her, I would in despight of *Lucianus* and the diuell him selfe, dispose her at my pleasure.

Clerophontes hearing the cholericke conclusion of *Thersandro*, could scarcely bridle his frantike furie from raging without reason against this young youth, yet somewhat mittigating his moode, he breathed out these cruell threatnings.

If the law of armes (quoth he) did not both safelie protect thee, and surely forbid mee to hurt thee in that thou art a messenger, I would with

such feueritie chastice these thy presumptuous speeches, as thou shouldest learn hereafter to answer with more reuerence : yet I wish thee not to stande too stiffe vpon this point, least if thou be / so recklesse as to breake the bondes of reason, I bee so forgetfull as to passe the limites of the lawe. Thou hast receiued a determinate answer for the Embassage, and there I charge thee this present to depart out of my Dominions.

Thersandro fearing the tyrannie of this cruell *Clerophontes*, presentlie passed out of the Chamber of Presence, taking his leaue of Ladie *Lewcippa*, onelie with louing lookes, which shee requited with such glaunces of good will, that they were sufficient signes what insupportable sorrowe shee receiued by his so sodaine departure : yet knowing that her fancie was incountered with mutuall affection, she droue awaie the mystie clowdes of despaire, hoping that the Gods seeing their faithfull amitie, would take pittie of their passions, & in time redresse their miserie.

But *Thersandro* hauing with speede dispatch his affaires (all his traine being set aboard, and they coasting the straights with a luckie gale) was so cumbered with care, and so ouer-grown with grieve, that hee passed no houre, minute, nor moment, without wofull wailing, sorrowfull sobs, and far fetcht sighs, so that the Gentlemen his

companions, supposing that he was thus painfullie perplexed for feare of *Clerophontes* puissance, began both to comfort and incourage him, not to doubt or dreade the force of the enimie, sith his Father was able to repulse him, without anie daunger to himselfe, or anie great damage to his subiects. But these their perswasions could no whit preuaile to assuage his passions, this their incouragement could not cure his care.

But as there is no greater bane to the bodie, than trouble of the minde: so *Thersandro* so long continued in these pensive passions and carefull cogitations, concealing his grieffe so couertlie, which so much the more furiously flamed within him, that hee was constrained to / keepe his Cabbine till his arriuell at *Alexandria*. Where being set on shore, and presentlie conuied to the Court, hee remained for the space of three dayes so strangelie perplexed, as he was not able to make reporte of his message: which so griped *Orlanio* with such inspeakable grieffe, as he wished rather to haue died valiantlie with the force of his enimie, then to put the death of his sonne in hazard by passing so perilleous a iourney. But *Thersandro* seeing that sorrow would not salue his sore, but rather increase his sicknesse: that mourning would not appease his maladie, but rather augment his miserie: began to take heart at grasse, and within few daies began to

recouer his former health. And then hee declared to his Father what he had in charge from *Clerophontes*, how he meant speedelie to wage warre against him, and by force of armes to driue him out of his Dukedome, which he had alreadie promised to one *Lucianus* in dowrie with his daughter.

Orlanio hearing this proude presumption of this bragging Duke, thought the greatest barkers were not alwayes the forest biters, and that it was farre more easie with wordes to obtaine the victorie, then with deedes to attaine the Conquest. Yet, leaft hee might bee taken at vnwares, hee made a generall muster thorought all his Dominions, providing in euerie place necessarie munition for the defence of his Countrie. And assembling his Nobilitie to giue their verdite, who were fittest to bee Captaines in this skirmishe : after some consultation hadde in this cause, they concluded, that since *Clerophontes* meant to ioyne battayle in his owne person, that lykewise hee should bee Generall of the felde, and *Gwydonius* who surpassed all the rest in martiall exploites, shoulde be Lieuetenant, and conduct the armie: which he no sooner heard but hee was tormented with inspeakable grieve: he beganne to pull / downe his Peacockes feathers, to hang his wings, and crie creak: euerie man hoping to winne fame was merrie, but he alone mourning:

euerie man laughed, and he alone lowred : in-
much that hee was generallie suspected to be a
fearefull coward, and that drede of daunger draue
him into these dolefull dumpes. But as they
rashlie coniectured the cause of his sorrowe, so they
mist the nature of his sicknesse : for *Gwydonius*
seeing that of this cruell conflict his calamitie
should insue, and that this bloudie broile woulde
breede his bane, hee fell into such solitarie furrises,
and such musing meditations, that *Valericus* his
open friend, and yet his secrete foe, sought by
fundrie meanes to search out the cause of his care,
but not beeing able to wring out anie thing, either
by flattering promises, or fained protestations, he
ceased from his importunate sute. But frowarde
Fortune brought it so to passe, that *Valericus*
comming by the chamber of *Gwydonius*, heard him
thus desperatlie discourfing with himselfe.

Alasse (quoth he) I see the Sun being at the
higheft declineth, the Sea being at the full tide
ebbeth : calme continueth not long without a
storme, neither is happinesse had long without
heauinesse, blisse without bale, weale without wo,
mirth without mourning. For who a late so
floated in the flouds of felicitie as I, which now
by the sinister meanes of frowning Fortune am
sowled in the seas of sorrow, exalted alate to the
higheft degree of happinesse, am now driuen to the

greatest extremitie of euill: alate puffed vp with prosperitie, and now pushed downe with aduerfitie: yea, alate placed in Paradise, and now plunged in perplexitie.

Oh *Gwydonius*, if thy Fathers friendlie preceptes might / haue perswaded thee; if his aduice had beene thy aduertisement, and thou hadst carefullie kept his counsaile, then by his fore-warning, thou hadst bene fore-armed against all mishap and miserie. The force of fickle fancie had not then giuen thee the foile, Loue had not so lightlie procured thy losse, nor the painted shew of beautie had not so soone procured thy bane. My bane? Why fond foole, beautie hath bredde my blisse, fancie hath not giuen me the foile, but hath yeelded mee the forte: Loue hath not wrought my losse, but requited mee with treble gaine!

Hath not *Castania* requited my loue with loyaltie, and repayed my good will with mutuall affection? Is shee not my Saint, and I her seruant? Are wee not contracted together by loue, and shall continue together by lawe? May I not dispose of her in the waie of Marriage at my pleasure? Yes, but what then? The more is my griefe, and the greater my care. For if her presence procureth my delight, will not her absence breede my despight? If her consent preferued my life, will not her contempt inferre my death? Yes. For

alasse, since the destinies meane to dissolue that fancie hath decreed, since the frowning fates seeke to vnloose that which loue hath linked, since froward fortune meanes to breake the bonds wherein beautie hath bound vs, since these bloudie broiles will cause *Castania*, (where before shee accepted mee for a friend) now to reiect mee for a foe: What better lucke can I looke for than a loathsome life, or what better happe can I hope for than horroure and heauinesse? Yea, which waie so euer I tourne mee, I see nothing but woe and wretchednesse. For if *Orlanio* perceiued our liking, howe woulde hee storme at our loue? If he knew my chaunce, how woulde hee fret at his Daughters choyce? Woulde hee euer consent, that / *Castania* should match with so meane a mate, that her princelie personage should be disgraced with my base parentage, that her calling should be crazed with my slender countenance? no, hee would no doubt first banish me out of all his dominions. Tush *Gwydonius*, would God this were the worst, and then thou mightest hope in time by some meanes to redresse this doubt. But if *Orlanio* shoulde knowe thou wert heire apparant to the Dukedome of *Metelyne*, and onelie sonne to *Clerophon*tes his fatall foe, what torment were there so terrible, which thou shouldst not trie? What paine so pinching, which thou shouldest not passe?

What hap so hard which thou shouldest not hazard? Yea, what death so direfull, which at his cruell handes thou shouldest not suffer? And what if *Castania* were priuie to thy state, doest thou thinke her so constant as to consent to her fathers foe? Doest thou thinke she wold wish the sonnes weale, when the father wisheth her mishap? No, assure thy selfe if thy state be once knownen, that *Castania* will most deadlie detest thee, which will be more grieuous to thee than death it selfe, be it neuer so terrible. Sith then *Gwydonius*, thou must shortlie either go in armes against thine owne father, or else loose both thy loue and thy life, let not delaie breede daunger, but strike on the stith while the yron is hot: *Castania* hath promised to forsake both father, friends, and her owne Countrie, to passe where and when it pleaseth thee: she doubteth no daungers, she forceth of no misfortune, she careth for no calamitie, she passeth for no perils, so she inioy thy desired companie, and therefore as speedelie as may be, conuey her closelie into the confines of *Meteline*, before either she know thy staie or thy state. And shall I so practise her with pollicies? Shall I so sift her with subtiltie? Shall I put so little trust in her troth, and so small confidence in her constancie, as to conceale from her anie secret? No, come woe, come wretchednesse, / come death, come daunger,

hap what hap will, I will presentlie impart vnto her my present state, and my pretended purpose.

Valericus hearing this doubtfull discourse of *Gwydonius*, was driuen into an extasie for ioy, to see that he had found such fit meanes, whereby hee might not onelie purchase the Dukes fauour, aspire vnto honour and dignitie, but also obtaine the loue of *Castania*, for hee meant speedelie to preuent the pretence of *Gwydonius*, by vnfolding to the Duke the sum of his secret purpose, assuring himselfe, that after *Orlanio* knew his parents and parentage, that he was sonne and heire to *Clerophontes*, no price though neuer so precious, no ranfome though neuer so rich, might redeeme him from the most despightfull death that could be deuised. And of these premises he inferd this conclusion, that if the cause be taken awaie the effect faileth: that *Gwydonius* being reiected, he should be receiued: that he being despighted with hate, he should be requited with loue, and vppon this hope he went presentlie to bewray this matter to *Orlanio*, whom he found with his sonne *Thersandro*, and diuerse other noble men consulting what course they had best take against *Clerophontes*, whom *Valericus* saluted in this wise.

Plato (right worthie Prince) that graue and wise Philosopher, whose sentences in all ages haue bene holden as most diuine Oracles, portrayeth out in

his bookes of the Common wealth, the picture of a perfect Citizen, whose liniaments being first leuelled, he tricketh vp with these colours, that hee loue his Prince loiallie, keepe the lawes carefullie, and defend his Countrie valiantlie, in which three pointes (saith he) consisteth the chieftest duetie of a trustie subiect: This saying of *Plato* throughlie considered, and calling to minde the fundrie good / turnes which without desert your grace hath bestowed vppon mee, I thought if I shoulde not repaie your fauour with faithfulnessse, and your trust you repose in mee with inuiolable troth, I might bee counted a vicious vassall deuoide of all vertues, a trecherous Citizen, rather then a trustie subiect, a carelesse slaue, than a carefull Gentleman: yea, a gracelesse monster, nussed with ingratitude. I am come (right worthie Sir) not to betraie my foe, but to bewraie my friend, not to discouer the fault of my enimie, but to disclose his essence, which liueth with mee in perfect amitie, in whose companie hetherto hath beene all my ioy, pleasure and delight: but since his presence is greatlie preiudiciall to your graces person, I thought to preferre your profite before mine owne pleasure, and the commoditie of my Countrie before mine owne private contentation. So it is, that *Gwydonius*, whome your Grace hath honoured and all the Court esteemed, is sonne and heire

to *Clerophontes* the Duke of *Metelyne*, who by the peeuish pollicie of his Father, ynder the pretence of seruice, is purposed to procure your fatall death, and the finall destruction of your Dukedome. And the better to performe this diuelish practise, he hath contracted himselfe to my Ladie *Castania*, who blinded with his beautie, and inueigled with his wit, hath consented not onelie to keepe his counsaile to your confusion, but also closelie to conuey her self with him into his Countrie. Which pretence if your Grace doth not speedely preuent you shal finde that delay breeds daunger, and that procrastination in perils is but the mother of mishap.

And haue I (quoth *Orlanio*) brought vp the Birde that will picke out mine owne eies? Haue I fostered vp the Serpent in my bosome that will breede my bane? - Haue I giuen her life, that seekes to yeelde mee death? Haue I cherisht her beeing young, and will shee consume / me being older: Was there none to choose but *Gwydonius*, nor none to loue, but the sonne of her fathers foe? Will she prefer her lust before my life, her priuate pleasure before the safetie of my person? Wel, as she forgets the dutie of a childe, so I will forget the naturall affection of a father, and therefore *Valericus*, goe speedelie with these noble men to *Gwydonius* chamber, and apprehend him, that I

may requite his hatefull trecherie with most hellish torments. And *Thersandro*, see you that *Castania* be closelie kept vntill we haue caught the traitor, leaft she vnderftanding that their deuife is difclofed, ſhee ſaue her ſelfe by flight.

Valericus hauing this Commiſſion giuen him from the Duke, made no delaie, but paſſed to *Gwydonius* lodging with as much ſpeede as might be: but fortune who after euery chip of miſchance, ſendeth ſome lot of good lucke, and after euerie ſtorme of aduerſitie, ſendeth a quiet calme of proſperitie, ſo carefully prouided to free *Gwydonius* from miſhap, that he was newlie gone towards *Castania*, to impart vnto her this his pretence, but before he came to her chamber, he was incountered by *Thersandro*, who ſtearnlie taking *Gwydonius* by the boſome, pulling out his Rapier, commanded him as a traitour to ſtand, or elſe without anie farther doome, he ſhould feele the dint of death.

Gwydonius amazed with this ſodaine motion, ſtoode as one in a traunce, neither being able to defend himſelfe with word or weapon, but yeelded himſelf into the hands of *Thersandro*, who ſhakt him vp with theſe bitter ſpeeches.

Thou traiterous wretch (quoth he) as it is impoſſible for the flame ſo closelie to bee couered, but it will bee ſpied, ſo it is impoſſible, but that

treason, though neuer so secret, should in tract of time bee disclosed, which now by / experience is verified in thee, for although thou hast hetherto falselie fained thyselfe to be a straunger of a forraine nation, thou art now knowen to be sonne and heire to *Clerophontes* that cruell tyrant my Fathers foe, by whose peeuisht pollicie thou hadst not onely brought the common wealth to confusion, but didst pretend to be preiudiciall to my fathers person, if thy deadly practise and diuellish purpose had not by *Valericus* his meanes beene preuented. Hast thou bene so trained vp in trecherie, or is thy minde so spotted with villanie, as to repaie my Fathers good will with such barbarous ingratitude, and to deuise his destruction which simply foresought thy preferment? Yea, to counsell my sifter *Castania*, not onely to consent to thy desire, but to my fathers death? Is this the manner of *Metelyne*, or the custome of thy countrie, to be such coosoning counterfaits? Well, since I haue happelic attached thee as a traitrur, & as a villanous rebell, both transgressing humane and diuine lawes, thou shalt abide the paine & punishment due to such diuellish offenders. Now let thy cruel fire *Clerophontes*, free thee from those torments which thou art like to suffer for thy trecherie, & let the Lords of *Metelyne* deliuer thee from his hands, who meanes in most miserable

wife to martir thee. Yea, let thy Concubine *Castania*, who is like for her gracelesse disobedience, to sippe of the same sorrow, see, if her teares will now preuaile to moouue *Orlanio* to pittie. No, if *Iupiter* him selfe sent *Mercurie* to mittigate his moode, neither the authoritie of the one, nor the eloquence of the other might preuaile to pacifie his furie.

Gwydonius seeing that not onely his purpose was preuented, and his secrets disclosed, but that also *Valericus* most villanously had accused him and *Castania* of that which they neuer so much as once imagined, was so perplexed, and driuen into such dumps, as he seemed by silence / to auerre that which *Thersandro* had alleadged : yet at last he began thus to reply.

Thersandro (quoth hee) as I meane not to affirme that which is false, so I will not denie that which is true, but come dolor, come death, come miserie, come martirdome, come torture, come torments, I wil neither accuse my selfe iniustly, nor excuse my selfe by periurie. I confesse *Thersandro*, that I am sonne and heire to the Duke of *Meteline*, and contracted to thy sister *Castania*, that *Clerophontes* is my Father by the lawe of nature, and *Castania* my wife by the league of loue, but that I either pretended or purposed to be preiudiciall to *Orlanios* person, or that *Castania* was counsailed or euer

consented to her fathers confusion, I not onely deny, but I will proue by combat, that *Valericus* most villanously doth accuse vs of that whereof we are altogether sacklesse.

Why *Gwydonius*, (quoth he) wilt thou seeke to proue thy selfe loyall, when the hearers deeme thee a lyar, or to make a tryall of thy troth, when thy wordes can haue no trust? Dost thou think my fathers furie wil suffer thee to fable? Dost thou think his wrathful rage wil abide thy reasons, or that he will be so patient as to heare thee pleade thine owne cause? No, if thou wert as cleere from these crimes alleadged against thee by *Valericus* as I am, yet in that thou art sonne to *Clerophontes*, the coine of *Cræsus*, and kingdomes of *Cæsar*, were not sufficient raunsome to redeeme thee from death. But *Gwydonius*, since thy health hangeth in my handes, and thy lyfe or death is in my power, I will neither bee so bloudie minded as to breede thy bane, nor so cruell as to be the cause of thy confusion. The guerdon *Gwydonius* I craue for this my good will, and the recompence I claime for this curtesie, is, that when thou comcest to *Metelyne*, / thou certifie thy sifter and my loue and Ladie *Lewcippa*, that for her sake I haue procured thy safetie, that her perfection hath preserued thee from perill, the loue I beare her hath saued thy life, the duetifull deuotion I owe vnto her,

hath redeemed thee from death & daunger. And in token of this my vnfaigned affection, I will lift my hande againſt none that commeth from *Metelyne*, but againſt *Lucianus* onely.

Before *Therſandro* was able fullie to vnfolde his minde, or that *Gwydonius* had time to yeeld him thanks for the ſafegarde of his lyfe, they heard a great noyſe, which made *Gwydonius* flie, and *Therſandro* hie him haſtely to *Caſtanias* lodging. Now the companie which came, was *Orlanio* himſelfe, who certified by *Valericus* that *Gwydonius* could not be found, laid not onely watch and ward throughout all his Dukedome to attach him, but went in proper perſon with his Gard to apprehend *Caſtania*, and lay her in cloſe priſon: whome he found all blubbered with teares, for that ſhe had vnderſtoode the cauſe before of her brother *Therſandro*: *Orlanio* no ſooner ſpied her thus weeping, but he raged againſt her in this wiſe.

Hath the force of loue, nay rather the furie of luſt (vild wretch) ſo blinded thy vnderſtanding, that to accompliſh it, thou paſſeſt not to peruert both humane and diuine lawes? Doth laſciuious affection and fleſhly fancie ſo furiously frie within thee, as thou wouldeſt procure thy fathers death to purchaſe thy diuellish deſire? Could no rules of reaſon, no prick of conſcience, no reſpect of honeſtie, no feare of God, nor dread of man,

prohibit thee frō pretēding such a monstrous mischief, as to conclude with my mortal foe to worke my fatal confusion? The young Storkes so tender the old ones in their age, as they will not suffer thē so much as to flie to get their owne liuing. The / Bird called *Apis Indica*, beeing young, seeing the olde ones through age growen so weake, as they are not able to waue their wings, carrie them continually from place to place on their backs : these sauage creatures haue but onely sence, and are obedient, thou hast both reason & sence, & art more vnnatural: these brute beastes are most dutiful to their parents, and thou a reasonable creature art most disobedient to thy Father : yea, contrarie both to the lawes of Nature and nurture, thou seekest to bath thy hands in his guiltlesse bloud, & without care or conscience, to commit most cruell murther : which is hatefull to all things, as the sencelesse plants & stones most deadlie detest such villanie. The Oliue tree so hatefully abhorreth a Parasite, that who so beeing guiltie of that crime, attempteth to plant it, doth not onely himselfe presently perish, but the tree forthwith wayneth and withereth. The stone *Episrites*, so loatheth this offence, counting it a fact so repugnant to Nature, that it will not vouchsafe to be worne by a murtherer. And shall I then let thee liue, whom the sencelesse creatures doe so deadly

loath? No, this hand which cherisht thee beeing a childe, shall now chastise thee being such a curfed caitife. And with that he drew out his Faulcon readie to haue slaine her. But that *Thersandro* kneeling downe, desired him that he would not so in his furie forget himselfe, as without the sentence of the law put her to death, but to commit her to warde, vntill the warres betweene him and *Clerophontes* were happely ended, and then vpon more straight examination, if she were found faultie, to assigne her a punishment due for such an offence. *Orlanio*, somewhat pacified with his sonnes perswasion, commaunded that presently she should be carried to prison, and the ladie *Melytta* with her, as an actor in this Tragedie. And that with all speede they shuld post the cuntry for the attaching of the traytor *Gwydonius*. Who / after that he parted from *Thersandro*, seeing before his eyes the terrour of torments, and the hellish horror of death, was driuen forward so with the dread of danger, and feare of imminent perills, that knowing perfectly the coast of the Countrey, he passed so secretlie and speedelie, as he was not so much as once descried by the Postes that pursued him, but scaped safely out of the Dukedome of *Alexandria*. Beeing now without the dint of the Dukes daunger, seeing that although he had escaped himselfe, yet he had left his Loue and Ladie *Cassania* in hazarde

of her life, he began thus to exclaime againſt his owne follie.

Ah *Gwydonius* (quoth he) what folly haſt thou committed by this fearefull flight, what carefull calamitie is like to inſue of this thy cowardiſe, in auoiding *Scilla* thou art falne into *Charibdis*, in preuenting one daunger, thou art like to be plagued with a thouſand diſcommodities. Had it not bene better for thee to haue died in *Alexandria* with honor, than to liue heere with ſhame and reproch, to haue ſuffered miſhap with *Caſtania*, then to linger heere in miſerie? Doeſt thou thinke that ſhe will euer count of ſuch a prating Paraſite, as will loue her in proſperitie, and leaue her in aduerſitie, as preferreth his owne ſafetie before her ſecuritie, his life before her loue, and draweth himſelfe out of daunger to leaue her in diſtreſſe? No, ſhe will contempne thee as a coward, more fit to be a mate to ſome countrie ſlut, than a match for ſuch a courtly Princeſſe: ſhe will think thy greateſt faith was but fained fickleneſſe, thy forged loue was but filthie luſt, thy promiſes was but periuries, and that thy greateſt amitie was but moſt diſſembled enmitie: ſo that of a profeſſed friend, ſhe will become thy profeſſed foe: her deſire will tourne to deſpite, and her loue to moſt helliſh hate./

Why alas, would my paine haue pleaſed her,

would my martirdome haue contented her minde, had my peril procured her profit, or my care her commoditie? Nay, rather would not my daunger haue beene her death, my mishap her miserie, my torture her torments, and my fatall destinie her finall destruction? By sauing my lyfe, in time we may enioy our loue, but by death no hope had bene left for obtaining our desire : so that I assure my self, *Castania* wil rather allow of my policie by preuenting perills by flight, than mislike of my practise in procuring mine owne safetie. And vpon this point I rest, hoping that the Gods seeing how vniustly *Valericus* hath accused vs, will in tract of time ridde vs from blame, & reward him with shame.

Gwydonius was not more distressed with dolour, than poore *Castania* was combred with care, to see so stränge a chaunce, and so sodaine a chaunge, that she who of late was a royall Princeesse, was now a ruthfull prisoner, that her freedome was tourned to fetters, her dignitie to miserie, and her happie staie to a most hellish state : that after flouds of teares which fell from her Christal eyes, she burst forth into these tearmes.

Alas (quoth she) what poore damofell was euer driuen into such doubtfull distresse? What Princes was euer perplexed with such doleful passiōs? what maid was euer crossed with such mishap? nay,

what creature euer was clogged with the like calamitie? Haue the frightfull destinies decreed my destruction, or y peruerse Planets conspired my bitter bane? Doeth froward fortune meane to make mee a mirrour of her mutabilitie, or is this the rewarde that *Cupid* bestowes vpon his Clyents? Is euerie one that doth fancie, maimed with the / like misfortune, or is loue alwaies accompanied with such haplesse lucke? Alas no, for their loue is lafull, & mine lewde and lasciuious: their fancie is fixed vpon vertue, and mine vpon vanitie, they make their matche with consent of their parents, and I my market without my Fathers counsaile: so that I am like in choosing such chaffe, to chop and chaunge and liue by the losse: yea, to buy repentance at an vnreasonable rate. Had it not bene better for thee *Castania*, to haue condescended to the requests of *Valericus*, than consented to the sute of *Gwydonius*: to haue liked thine owne Countrie man, than loued a straggeling stranger: to haue satisfied thy selfe with assuraunce, than vaine lie to fish for hope? Truth, but what then? Can the strawe resist the vertue of the pure Jet? Can the flaxe resist the force of the fire? Can a louer withstand the brunt of beautie? Freeze, if he stand by the flame: peruert the lawes of nature, or eschue that which is framed by the fates, or flie from the force of fancie? No, for

who so escapeth the deadlie dartes of *Cupid*, shall be scorched with his fire, and she that with the dew of chastitie quencheth this flame, shall be ouertaken with his wings, so that to seeke by flight to eschue affection is foolishlie to enterprife that which can neuer be atchieued.

But alas, if I must needs lende a listning eare to the allurements of loue, was there none to like but thy Fathers foe? How fonde foole, couldest thou shew him courtesie, that intendes to repaye thee with crueltie? How couldest thou choose the sonne to thy mate, when the Father seekes thy miserie? It is not possible to mixe the bloud of a Bull and a Beare, together in one vessell. The Lions whelpes will neuer companie with the yong Wolues: the Fawlchons called *Pelagra*, will neuer flye with the yong Lauarets, and if the Egges of a Crowe and a Curlewe bee put in one nest, they both / forthwith burst in sunder, because there is such ancient enmitie betweene the olde ones. And wilt thou then bee so wilfull to loue him whome thy Father doth loath, or so peruerse as to place thy selfe in that parentage, where there is such mortall hatred betweene the Parents? Wilt thou so farre forget the dutie of a childe, as more to respect thy fatall enimie than regarde thy naturall Father? But why vilde wretch doe I thus fondlie fable, though *Clero-*

phontes be my Fathers foe, yet *Gwydonius* is my faithfull frend: though the one seeke to procure my paine, the other seekes to purchase my pleasure: though the olde fire striues to subuert my Fathers state, yet the sonne neuer sought to be preiudiciall to his person: although that periured Parasite *Valericus* hath most vniustlie accused him of trecherie. Shall I then hate him who hath alwaies honored me? Shall I worke his wo that wifeth my weale? Shal I be his bane, who hath bred my blisse? Shal I detest him which serueth me with most deepe deuotion? No, I heere heartelie powre out most pittifull plaintes to the gods to preferue my *Gwydonius* from perill, and that Fortune may so fauour him as he may passe out of *Alexandria* without death or danger. What though I heere in prison pine in paine? What though I sinke in sorrow? What though I be distressed with griefe and oppressed with miserie? What though I be crossed with care, and cumbered with calamitie? Tush, let my Father fret and fume in his furie, let my brother rage and raile, let that traitor *Valericus* triumph, and all the Countrie most bitterlie curse me, yea, let them martyr mee most miserable, let them torment me most terriblie, yet direfull death shall not feare me, as long as I know *Gwydonius* is deuoid of danger. For I hope though Fortune frowne, though the

destinies denie it, though the fates forswear it, yea, though the Gods themfelues saie no, yet in time wee shall haue such / happie succeffe, as the loyaltie of our loue, and the cleerenesse of our conscience by the lawe of iustice doe deserue. And therefore *Gwydonius* shall bee the Planet whereby to direct my doings, he shall be the starre shall guide my compasse, he shall be the haven to harbour in, and the Saint at whose shrine I meane to offer my deuotion.

Castania hauing thus discoursed with her selfe, shee determined when the warres were ended, if shee coulde haue no hope to inioy the loue of *Gwydonius*, to confesse her faults, and to sue for mercie at the barre of her Fathers curtesie : not that she meant to liue without *Gwydonius*, or to loue or like anie other, but to prolong her daies in dolour, that she might most rigorousslie reuenge the villanie of *Valericus*, and by bathing in his bloude, she might both satisfie her selfe and signifie to *Gwydonius* how entirelie shee loued and liked him. But leauing her perplexed with these passions, againe to *Clerophontes*.

Who frying still in his frantike furie, was not anie whit perswaded to conclude peace with *Orlanio*, but hauing mustered his men, as speedelie as might be, imbarckt them, and with a luckie gale ariued at the coast of *Alexandria*, where the

borderers not able to abide his force, were constrained to faue themfelues by flight. But hee as a man hauing exiled from his heart both pietie and pittie, bathed his handes in guiltlesse bloud, firing euerie fort, battering downe euerie bulwarke, facking each Cittie, racing downe the walles to the ground, and commanding his souldiours vpon paine of most grieuous punishment, not to haue anie respect of persons, neither to regard the hoarie haire of the aged Citizens, nor the tender yeeres of the sucking Infants, but to imbrue their blades with the bloud of all men, of what degree so euer. /

Orlanio hearing how *Clerophontes* had inuaded his dominions, and with what barbarous crueltie hee hadde murdered his subiects, hauing also intelligence by his Scowtes, that his armie was passing huge, the better to resist the furious force of his enimie, hired out of other Countries a great multitude of Mercenarie souldiours, so that he gathered a meruailous great hoast, wherein was an infinit number indued with great skill and long experience.

Furnished thus sufficientlie both with men and munition, like a wise and warie Captaine, seeing that he no waie else might resist the puissant power of so mightie a Prince, determined without further delaie to meete him and giue him present battaile,

hauing meruailous affiance in the approued man-hood and vertue of his souldiours.

Clerophontes likewise being of such a valiant and inuincible courage, as he seemed from his infancie to be vowed to *Mars* and martiall affaires, manfullie marched forward to meete with his enimies, which he performed so speedelie, that within few daies, both the armies were within view : which *Clerophontes* seeing, hee began to incourage his souldiours on this sort.

Although most trustie subiects (quoth he) I neyther doubt of your prowesse, nor haue cause to feare your manhood, as hauing mine armie fraught with f̃ most courageous Captaines, and boldest blouds of *Metelyne*, yet I wish you to consider how desperatlie wee haue aduentured vpon the conquest of this Dukedome : which if we atchieue, we shall not onelie gaine perpetuall fame and renowne, but reape such riches and treasure, as shall sufficientlie counteruaile our trauaile. But to obtaine this victorie wee must behaue our selues valiantlie, neither dreading anie daunger, though neuer so desperate, nor / doubting anie perill though neuer so fearefull. Before our face we haue enimies, behinde our backes the furling seas, so that fight we must, but flie we cannot : in being courageous we winne the field and returne conquerours : in prouing cowards, we both loose our

liues and the conquest: if we foile our foes, we returne with triumph, if we faint and flie, we haue no hope of safetie, but death and desperation is imminent. Be then hardie to hazard, and valiant to venture amiddest the prease of your enimies, that daunted with your valour, they may bee forced to flie, and wee both triumph and inioye the treasure.

Clerophontes hauing thus louinglie encouraged his souldiours, *Orlanio* on the other side seeing his men began to feare the force of the enimie, and were amazed with such a monstrous multitude, prickt them forward with this *parole*.

That mightie Monarch *Alexander* the great, who for his martiall exploits was a mirrour to all his posteritie, whose prowesse was such, as he danted *Darius*, &c by his inuincible courage made a conquest of the whole world: hearing on a time one of his captaines to demand what multitude was in their enimies campe, answered, that it was not the point of a good souldior, to inquire how many the enimies were, but where they were: meaning that to feare the multitude is rather the signe of cowardise, than a token of courage. Which saying I wish you carefully to consider, that the huge armie of *Clerophontes* neither amaze your minds, nor abate your valor, sith that the equitie of our cause doth more than counteruaile his com-

panie. He inuadeth our realme without reason, & we defend but our owne right: he cruelly seeketh to depriue vs of freedome, & we lawfully doe maintain our own liberty. He / tyrannousslie striueth to make vs bondslaues, and we fight to free our selues from captiuitie. If hee preuaile let vs looke for no pittie, but that we shall be murdered without mercie: wee shall see before our face our wiues rauished, our daughters deflowred, our parents put to death, our children slaine, our goods spoiled, our Citie sacked, and our selues brought to vtter ruth and ruine. Sith then we are placed betweene two extremities, either to possesse our owne with plentie, or to passe our liues in penurie: let vs valiantlie venter whatsoeuer we gaine, let vs fight without feare: for better it is to die with honor, than to liue with shame.

By that time *Orlanio* had ended his Oration, the armies met in a Plaine, within thirty leagues of *Alexandria*. Where both of them ordering (as became good Captaines) their people, there began in the breake of the daie the most cruell and terrible battaile that earst was heard of, considering the number on both parties, their experience and pollicie, with the valiaunt prowesse and courage of the Captaines. Thus continued they in fight euen almost vntill euen, with meruailous slaughter on both sides, the victorie yet doubtfull, till in the

end the *Alexandrians* began to faint and flie, more oppressed with the excesse of the multitude, than distressed for want of manhoode : for there were two and fortie thousand slaine, but not one taken prisoner : and of *Clerophontes* companie eight and twenty thousand slaine, and sixe hundred mortallie wounded. This monstrous massacre, and fearefull slaughter, so amazed the mindes of these two Capitaines, that for the better burying of the dead, and healing of them which were hurt, they concluded a truce betweene them for fifteene dayes, in which time *Orlanio* sent Ambassadors to parle of peace with *Clerophontes*, but in vaine : for hee was resolu'd either / valiantlie to die in the field with glorie, or to inioue the Dukedome of *Alexandria* with renowme. Yet as a worthie Prince, preferring the securitie of his souldiours before the safetie of his owne person, he offered them the combat, which *Orlanio*, to auoid the effusion of blood, most willinglie accepted. Now it was agreed & concluded betweene them, that two champions might be chofen, who by the dint of the sword shuld stint the strife betweene these two armies. If he of *Metelyne* remained victor, then *Orlanio* should not onelie paie his former tribute, but deliuer vp his Dukedome into the hands of *Clerophontes*. But if the *Alexandrians* obtained he conquest, the Duke of *Meteline* should peaceably

depart the Countrie, release the tribute, and also resigne his state, and become a subiect to *Orlanio*. And for the better keeping and confirming of these conditions, they presently despatcht Embassadours to *Fernandus* the king of *Bohemia*, to intreate his maiestie that he would vouchsafe to become iudge in the combat, who for that he wished wel to both these Dukes, graunted to their requeste, and with as much speede as might bee, came to *Alexandria*. But in the meane time there was some difference about the champions, for *Clerophontes* sayd, that sith in loosing the field consisted the losse of liuing, life, and libertie, and in getting the victorie the gaine of a Dukedome, he woulde in proper person fight the combat, and trie the chance of Fortune: and therefore made a challenge to *Orlanio*. But hee finding himselfe farre vnfit to resist his furious force, refused it. Yet promising, that none vnlesse he were descended of Nobilitie, should enter the lists: wherewith *Clerophontes* was verie well contented. Nowe while this truce continued, which was prolonged for thirtie daies, it was lawfull for them of *Alexandria* to come and view the campe of *Metelyne*, and for the *Metelynes* to goe and see the Citie. Wherevpon *Clerophontes* desirous to see *Orlanio* / and his Court, went onelie accompanied with his gard to *Alexandria*: where hee was most

roiallie entertained, and sumptuouslie feasted by *Orlanio*, both of them remitting the rigour of their mallice, till it shoulde bee shewed in effect by reason of their manhood. But as soone as *Thersandro* & the other Lordes saw *Clerophontes*, that he was rather a monster than a man, hauing each lim so stronglie couched, ech part so proportioned, so huge of stature, & so fierce of countenance, they were so danted with the sight of his person, as they almost feared to come in his presence, saying: that three of the boldest blouds in *Alexandria* were not able to abide the force of *Clerophontes*. Who now peaceablie departing to his hoast, left *Orlanio* as greatlie perplexed: for assebling his nobilitie together, amongst whom he appointed the champion should be chosen. They not onelie with one consent withstood his command, but began to murmore and mutine against him, condemning him of follie that he would so vnadvisedlie commit his own state & their staie to the doubtful hazard of one mans hap. *Orlanio* seeing y^e it was now no time to chastise this their presumption, vnlesse he meant to raise ciuill dissention in the citie, which were the next waie to confirme the enimie, & breed his owne confusion, he dissembled his cholar, & began to work a new waie. For first he freed *Castania* out of prison, then made general proclamation throughout the Dukedome, that what

Lord so euer within his land would trie to combat with *Clerophontes*, if he remained victor in the conquest, he woulde not onelie giue him his Daughter *Castania* to wife [and] let him possesse peaceable the dukedome of *Meteline* as her dowrie, but be content to acknowledge him as his liege, and paie him tribute, as he was wont to *Clerophontes*.

While he lingred and listned how this proclamation would preuaile, *Castania* hearing this seuere sentence, & dolefull doome pronounced, seeing y she should not onelie bee /, forced to forsake *Gwydonius*, but be constrained to match in marriage with one whome she should neither loue nor like, burst forth into these bitter complaints.

Alasse (quoth she) how pinching a paine is it to be perplexed with diuerse passions, what a noisome care it is to be cumbered with fundrie cogitations, what a wo it is to hang betweene desire and despaire, and what a hell it is to houer betweene feare and hope. For as to him which is assured to die, death is no dolor, in that he perfectlie knowes there is no salue can cure his sorrow, so to him which feares to die, and yet hopes to liue, death were thrice more welcome, than to linger in such doubt. In which cursed case alasse my care consisteth, for as out of the riuer *Cea* in *Sicillia* bursteth most fearefull flames, and yet the streame is passing colde, neither is the water able to quench

the fire, nor the fire cause the water to bee hotte, so the heate of hope flameth out of the chilling fountaine of feare, and yet the force of the one is not able to assuage the vehemencie of the other, but still my heauie heart is diuerslie assailed with them both. If my Father *Orlanio* win the conquest, I doubt my desire shall neuer haue happie successe, if *Clerophontes* triumph as victor, I greatlie feare his crueltie is such, as I shall not escape most haplesse death. And yet againe I hope that then my owne *Gwydonius* will accept mee for his, and with triumphant armes embrace me. But alas, will *Clerophontes* suffer him to match with his mortall foe, will he not rather preuent it by my perill? Yes no doubt, if he returne with triumph my father shall serue him as a subiect, my brother shall become his vassall, my friends shal bee forlorne, my Citty sackt, and my natie Countrie brought to vtter confusion. And shall I for the loue of a straunger with these straunge stratagems? Shall I to feede mine owne fancie, and content my lusting minde, / with my Fathers death, my Brothers bane, my friends mishap, my Countries confusion, and perhappes my owne miserie? For though *Gwydonius* loued mee when our parents were friendes, hee will not now lyke me being foes : but to reuenge the iniuries my Father offered him, will subtilly seeke to sacke my honour and

honestie, and so triumph of my shame and discredit. Had I not better praie my Father may win the combat, and then shall I bath in the streames of blisse, and flowe in the fouds of felicitie? then shall I dreade no daunger, no feare, no perils : then shall I see my Father, friends, and Countrie, flourish in most happie prosperitie : then shall I inioy some iollie Gentleman, who will loue me being young, and cherish me being olde, and possesse the Dukedome of *Metelyne* for my dowrie. And canst thou *Castania* bee so ingratefull, as to will his woe which wisheth thy weale, to desire his destruction which praieith for thy prosperitie? Canst thou be so couetous as to craue that for thy possession, which is thy *Gwydonius* patrimonie, or so suspitious, as to accuse him of trecherie, which hath ben but too trustie : to count him a counter-fait, which hath alwaies ben constant? No, come what come will, let froward fortune fauour whom she please, so I may ioy and safelie inioy my onelie ioy *Gwydonius*.

As *Castania* had thus ended her complaint, *Gwydonius* who all this while lurked about the borders of *Alexandria*, heard what successe *Orlanios* affaires had with his Father *Clerophontes*, how verie few or none at all durst trie the combat with him, that his loue and Ladie *Castania* was the prize that he should get that gained the conquest. Which

things considered, supposing that *Castania* had cast him off, and that she plaid, out of fight, out of minde, by a secret and trustie messenger, he presented her with this Letter. /

Gwydonius to Castania, health.

The fine spice *Castania*, the more it is pounded, the sweeter smel it yeelds, the Camomil increaseth most being trodden on, the Palme tree the greater waight it beareth, the straighter it groweth: the stone *Terpistretes*, the more it is beaten, the harder it is, and loyall loue is not weakened by the storlines of aduersitie, but rather far the more fortified by the froward state of frowning fortune: which Madame I speake by prooffe and experience, for since I haue sipped of the sower dregs of sorow, and bene pestered with the bitter pills of penurie, since finister fortune hath crossed me with mishaps, & disaister fates haue driuen mee downe to miserie, my fancie hath so furiously assaulted my mynde, and affection hath so incessantly battered the bulwarke of my breast, as y^e sparks of loue which were kindled in mee in prosperitie, are turned to fierce and fire flames by aduersitie. So that madame, your presence did not before procure me such pleasure, as your absence doth paine, neither was I so drowned in delight, in frequenting your companie, as I am drenched with despight, by

leading my life in sorrowfull calamitie. Alasse *Castania*, what vnspeakable grieve hath tormented mee? what direfull dolour hath distressed mee? what hellish horror hath haunted me? yea, what woe and wretchednesse hath wracked my wittes, since thou hast bene proclaimed a pray to him whosoever winneth the prise in the combat. How ofte haue I wished that I might bee the champion to make the challenge, that I might venture my life to purchase thy libertie, that my death might redeeme thee from daunger.

But alasse, I see to wish is in vaine, to craue of the Gods, / that thy Father should vaunt of the victorie, is but to wish that your loue should haue haplesse miserie : to pray that *Clerophontes* should returne with conquest, thou wilt deeme I desire thy friends misfortune : thus assailed with diuers doubts, I driue of my dayes in dolour : hoping howsoever fortune frowne, that the fates will assigne vs a perfect calme of permanent felicitie, for this sturdie storme of pinching miserie.

*Thine euer, exiled
Gwydonius.*

Castania hauing receiued this Letter, seeing that no sinister chaunce of fortune was able to change the fixed fancie of *Gwydonius*, conceiued such assured hope in his constancie, as now she thought

his troth was filed with no spot of trecherie, that his faith was quite deuoid of flatterie, and that whatfoeuer chaunced, she might safely repose her staie & state in his loyaltie. Insomuch y to driue out the euill opinion which she thought her brother *Thersandro* hadde conceiued of *Gwydonius* conspiracie, shee secretylye showed him the Letter, / which after he had read ouer, and carefully construed euerie clause, he began both to detect and detest the villanie of *Valericus*, desiring his sister *Castania* that she would earnestly perswade *Gwydonius* in disguised apparell speedelie to repaire to her lodging, promising with solempne vowes and sacred oathes, not to bee preiudiciall to his person: *Castania* affying greatly in her brothers faith, and desiring to haue a sight of her louing *Gwydonius*, returned him these few lines. /

Castania to Gwydonius, prosperitie.

Who so tasteth *Gwydonius* of the hearbe *Mely Sophilos* is neuer tormented with the sting of aduersitie, and she that weareth the stone *Mephites* about her, neuer sorroweth at sinister fortune: who so fancieth without faining neuer proueth fickle, and she that loueth loyallie may well be crossed with calamitie, but neuer iustly accused of inconstancie. Account thy *Castania* good *Gwydonius* to be in the same predicament, for let disaister mishap

drive mee downe to most deadlie miserie, lette the cruell fates compasse mee with cursed care, let fortune and the destinies conclude my confusion, yet it shall not diminish my fancie, but rather increase my affection. I wil still in weale, in woe, in bale, in blisse, in mirth & miserie, say I loue, and it is onely *Gwydonius*. For shall our fancie bee such as it shal be foiled with misfortune? no, but as *Thetis* chaunging into manie shapes, at last returned into her owne forme, so into what mishap I be driuen by miserie, yet I will stand in mine olde state in despight of f fates and fortune. Come therefore *Gwydonius* to the Court in disguised apparell, but without care, for thou shalt finde me so trustie, as my troth shall be without spotte, and thy health without hazard. Thus wishing thy curtesie to confter well of my constancie, I bid thee farewell.

*Thine or not her owne,
constant Castania.*

Gwydonius hauing carefully cōstrued ouer the contents of this louing letter, although f rigor of *Orlanio* might haue giuē him sufficiēt cause of suspitiō, yet the cleerenes of his own cōscience, & the loue he bare to *Castania*, would not / suffer him either to suspect any treason, or to doubt of any deceit, but determined without any delay

to put the safetie of his person and the safegarde of his life into her handes. But leauing him to bring his purpose luckely to passe, againe to *Orlanio*.

Who seeing that his proclamation could not preuaile, and that his nobles preferred their owne safetie before his securitie, was perplexed with such hellish passions, and griped with such pinching grieffe, as the Ghoasts tormented with grisly fiends, felt no such haplesse furie. To fight with *Clerophontes*, he felt his strength farre vnfit to resist his force: to denie the combat, he neither could nor would, although he brought himselfe to confusion, & his children to captiuitie, so that howsoeuer he tourned himselfe, he saw before his face death and despaire, woe and wretchednesse, mishap and miserie. Combred thus with this curelesse care, and sitting solitarily in sorrow, seeing the dismall day drew on, and hearing that *Fernandus* the king of *Bohemia* was lately landed, he fell into more furious passions, vntill he was driuen out of his dumps by his sonne *Thersandro*: who perceiuing his father thus dolefully daunted, he began most louingly to comfort him, promising that since none durst venter to deale with *Clerophontes*, hee himselfe would fight the combat, and either worthelie winne the conquest with renowme, or manfully dye on the field with honour.

Orlanio hearing the bold courage of this new champion, felt his sorrow somewhat salued by this profer, perswading himselfe that his sonne was better able to abide the brunt then hee, and hoping that the Gods would fauour the equitie of the cause, and assuredly by iustice graunt him the victorie. Resting I saye, vpon this hope, and thanking *Thersandro* for his naturall affection, and praying him for his noble courage, hee presently went to meete *Fernandus*, whom he most princely entertained, con / ducting him very royally into *Alexandria*, where hee most sumptuously feasted him and all his traine. But as they passed away the time in pastime and pleasure, so poore *Thersandro* spent the daye in dolour and the night in sorrow. For although to comfort his Father he made light of the combat, and valiantly offered himselfe to trye the chaunce of Fortune, yet seeing his enimies force far to exceed his feeble strēgth, he began to faint, although like a worthie Gentleman he couered his dreadfull courage with a desperate countenance, raunging vp and downe the fieldes to driue away his melancholy : wher by chāce in disguised appaile he met *Gwydonius*, to whom after some *parle* past between them, he bewraied the whole state of the matter : how he was to enter combat with *Clerophontes*, and that he doubted greatlie of the euent of the victorie,

fearing the force of his Father, and fainting at his owne imbecilitie. Which *Gwydonius* hearing, he made this short aunswere.

Thersandro (quoth hee) it is vaine with long talke to passe awaye the time when delaye breedes daunger, and follye to hope for faire weather when the Aire is ouercast with clowdes: leauing off therefore all oathes to confirme my faith, thus much to the purpose. If it please thee to trust mee without tryall, and to giue any confidence to my wordes, I heere promise both to make manifest my loyall loue to *Castania*, and to repay thy courtesie, that I will, resembling thy person, and disguised in thy armour, enter combat with my Father *Clerophontes*, either intending by winning the victorie to obtaine my will, or by loosing the conquest to want my wish: if this my profer please thee, I will passe priuelie to the Court, if not, good *Thersandro*, let me goe as I came./

Thersandro commending the subtile deuise of *Gwydonius* caried him as couertly as could be to *Castania*, to whome he was farre more welcome than soone come, remaining closely in her closet till the next morning: *Castania* notwithstanding knowing nothing of their pretence.

Fernandus king of *Bohemia*, the next day being gone with all his nobilitie to the place appointed

for the combat, *Orlanio*, *Castania*, and all the Lords of *Alexandria*, clad in mourning attire followed him, thinking this dismall day should be the date of their destruction. And *Clerophontes* as a balefull wretch thirsting after bloud, and glorying in the hope of his supposed conquest, stode in the listes, expecting his fatall foe. To whome *Gwydonius* his sonne furnished with the armour of *Thersandro*, presented himselfe. Who seeing, that forced by the fond allurements of loue, he was to fight, not with his mortall foe, but with his naturall father, he fell into these doubtfull dumps.

Alas poore *Gwydonius* (quoth he) how art thou combred with diuers cogitations, what a cruell conflict dost thou finde in thy minde betweene loue and loyaltie, nature and necessitie? who euer was so wilfull as willingly to wage battaile against his owne father? who so cruell as to enter combat with his owne fire? Alas, duetie perfwades mee not to practise so monstrous a mischiefe: but the deuotion I owe to *Castania*, driues mee to performe the deede, were it thrice more daungerous or desperate. The honour I owe to my Father, makes mee faint for feare but once to imagine so brutish a fact: the loue I owe to *Castania*, constraineth mee to defend the combat if *Iupiter* himselfe made the challenge. And is not (fond foole) necessitie above nature, is not the law of

loue about King or Keyfar, Father or friend, God or the diuell? Yes. And so I meane to take it : for either I will valiantly win the conquest and my *Castania*, or lose the / victorie, and so by death ende my miseries.

With that the Trumpets sounded, and *Gwydonius* lustely leaping into the lyftes, fell presently into furious fight with his Father, driuing not onely *Fernandus* and *Orlanio*, but also both the armies into a great doubt, for although *Clerophontes* most cruelly prosecuted him, yet he alwaies received the strokes, but neuer so much as once returned one blow : till at last looking aloft, & spying *Castania*, his courage increased, that all feare set aside, he carelessly flung away his sword and shield & ranne vpon his Father, not onely tearing from him his Target, but violentlie casting him vpon the ground, & speedely unlacing his Helmet, offered to cut of his head with his owne sword : but *Clerophontes* crying out confessed himselfe captiue, and graunted his enimie the conquest. Wherevpon they of *Alexandria*, gaue a mightie shout, and *Fernandus* and *Orlanio* came downe readie to carrie *Clerophontes* captiue to the Citie. But *Gwydonius* first demanded of *Orlanio* if he was content to performe that which he promised by proclamation, to whome *Fernandus* answered, that he would and should, or else as he was his friend,

so he should be his foe. *Gwydonius* hearing this faithfull assertion of the king, pulling down his beauer, began to speake in this maner.

I let thee *Orlanio* (quoth he) and the worthie king of *Bohemia* to know, that I am *Gwydonius*, sonne and heire to this conquered *Clerophontes*, who for the loue of thy Daughter *Castania*, haue not spared contrarie to the law of nature, to fight with mine owne Father, hoping the destinies by my meanes haue decreed, not onely of fatall foes to make you faithfull friends, but to finish vppe our loue which otherwise could not haue bene perfourmed. / I haue wonne *Orlanio* my Fathers Dukedome by victorie, and thy daughter by conquest, the one I had before by inheritaunce, and the other by loue, yet I would willingly haue thy good will : which if thou graunt, I hope my father will both pardon my offence, and thinke well of my proffer.

Clerophontes kissing and imbracing *Gwydonius*, tolde him his care was halfe cured, in that such a good Captaine had wonne the Conquest. *Fernandus* and *Orlanio* stoode astonished at this straunge Tragedie, doubting whether they dreamt of such a rare deuice, or saw it in effect. At last *Orlanio* as one wakened out of a trance, with trickling teares, imbraced *Clerophontes*, honouring him as his Soueraigne, and promising not onelye to giue

Castania to *Gwydonius*, but also halfe his Duke-
dome in dowrie. *Clerophontes* thanking him for
his courtesie, consented most willingly to this
motion, so that before *Fernandus*
departed, the marriage betweene
Gwydonius and *Castania*,
Thersandro and *Lew-*
cippa : was most
sumptuously
solempnized.

FINIS. /





VII.

THE DEBATE BETWEENE
FOLLIE AND LOUE.

Translated out of French by
ROBERT GREENE,
Maister of Artes.



THE DEBATE BE- tweene Follie & Loue,

Translated out of French by Robert
Greene, Maister of Artes.

The Argument.

I*upiter made a great Feast, at the
which all the Gods were commanded to
be present. Loue and Follie ariue at
one instant at the gate of the pallace,
which was shut, hauing nothing
open but the wicket. Follie seeing Loue readie to
enter in, passeth before, which repulse driueth Loue
into cholar. Follie auoucheth that of right shee
ought to bee the formost. Whereupon they enter into
disputation of their power, dignitie, and superioritie.
But Loue not able to get the conquest by wordes, taketh
his bow in hand and shooteth at her, but in vaine,
for Follie became inuisible, and in despight pulleth
out Cupides eies. And for to couer this deformitie,
shadoweth his face with a vaile, so framed by the
Destinies, that it was not possible to take it awaie.*

Venus complaineth of Follie vnto Iupiter, who appointeth Appollo and Mercurie to pleade the case of these two Clients, whose discourse being heard, he pronounceth his sentence.

FOLLIE.

I feare greatlie that I shall be the last of the Feast of *Iupiter*, where all the Gods (no doubt) doe attend me. / And yet me thinke I see the sonne of *Venus* which is as late as I. I will passe before him, least they call me sluggish and slothful.

Loue.

What foole is this that repulseth me so rudelie? Take heede least hast make wast, and that thy rashnesse cause thee not crie *Peccauit*.

Follie.

Oh Sir, blame me not though I make hast, for I goe before to tell the Gods that you come at leasure.

Loue.

Nay, that which is easilie begun, is not alwaies lightlie ended: for before you escape me I will reuenge this thy iniurious iesting.

Follie.

Let me goe fond Loue, and staie me not, for as it is a shame to quarell with a woman, so it is more discredite to take the foile.

Loue.

The foile? What boasting brags be these?

Who hath euer aduentured to despise me, much lesse to defie mee? But doest thou knowe what I am?

Follie.

Thou art *Cupid* the sonne of *Venus*.

Loue.

How darest thou then vaunt thy selfe against mee, which how little so euer I be, am the most redoubted of all the Gods?

Follie.

Thy words are great whatsoeuer thy workes be, but tell me, what or wherein lieth this thy great power?

Loue.

The heauens and the earth, (fond foole) are witneses of / my wordes: there is no place where I haue not lefte Trophees in signe of triumph. Looke into heauen, and demaund if anie of the Gods haue escaped my handes? Begin with olde *Saturne*, *Iupiter*, *Mars*, *Apollo*, and end with the Demi-gods, *Satyres*, *Fawnes*, and *Siluanes*: Nay, the Goddeses themselues will not shame to confesse somewhat. Looke vppon the earth, and see if thou canst finde one which hath not been foiled by my meanes. Behold in the furious Seas, both *Neptune* and his *Tritons* doe yeeld mee obeisance. Yea, and lastlie, looke into Hell it selfe, if I haue not forced *Pluto* that infernall Prince, to steale

awaie *Proserpina* the daughter of *Ceres*. And to the end thou doubt not with what engines I haue atchieued these victories, beholde this Bowe and these arrowes onelie, which haue wonne mee these worthie conquestes. I haue no neede that *Vulcan* doe temper my tooles. I am not accompanied with the Furies and Harpies, to cause mee to be feared before the Combat. I haue not to doe with Chariots, Souldiours, Captaines, men of armes, nor great troupes of Horsemen, without the which mortall men cannot triumph. No, I haue no other counsaile, munition, nor aide, but my telfe. When I see mine enimies in the Field, I present my telfe with my Bowe, and let flie my Boltes, and the victorie is alwayes gotten at the first stroke.

Follie.

I excufe thy youthfull yeeres poore *Cupid*, or else I wolde blaze thee for the most presumptuous patch in the world. It seemeth by thy vaine vaunting, that euerie one holdeth his life of thy mercie, and that thou art the onelie Lord and soueraigne both in Heauen, Earth, the Sea, and Hell. But many things are spoken which are neuer beleueed. /

Loue.

And art thou so hard of beleefe, to denie that which euerie one confesseth?

Follie.

I haue not to doe with other mennes opinions :

but this I am fure, that it is not by thy force and prowesse, that so many myracles are wrought in the world, but by my industrie, by my meanes, and by my diligence, although thou knowest me not. But if thou doest continue long in this thy cholar, I will let thee vnderstand, that thy bow and thy arrowes whereof thou vauntest so much, are more weake than waxe, if I bend not the one, and temper the other.

Loue.

Doest thou thinke by this scoffing to pacifie mine anger, or by contemptuous threatning to qualifie my cholar? Hast thou euer (fond foole) handled my bow, or directed my boltes? Is it thy prowesse & not my force which performeth such valiant conquests? But since thou regardest mee, and respectest my force so little, thou shalt presentlie feele the prooffe thereof.

*Follie maketh her selfe inuifible, so that
Loue cannot hit her.*

Loue.

But where art thou become? How hast thou escaped me? This onelie is the strangest case that euer chanced vnto me. I had thought that amongst all the Gods I onelie could haue made my selfe inuifible. But now I see I am deceiued.

Follie.

Did not I tell thee before, that thy bowe and thy arrowes are of no force, but wher it pleaseth mee, and that by / my meanes thou alwaies obtainest the conquest. Meruaile not if I bee inuisible, for if I list, the eies of the Eagle or of the Serpent *Epidaurus* cannot espie mee, for Camelion like, I take the shape of them with whom I do remaine.

Loue.

Trulie as I coniecture, thou art some Sorceresse, or some Inchauntresse, some *Circe*, some *Medea*, or some Fairie.

Follie.

Well, since thou doest thus reckleslie raile vpon me, know that I am a Goddesse as thou art a God: my name is Follie, I am she which raiseth thee vp, and casteth thee downe at my pleasure. Thou vnloosest thy bow, and lettest flie thine arrowes in the aire, but I place them where it pleaseth mee. Thou doest addresse thy selfe against *Iupiter*, but hee is of such puissance, that if I both guided not thy hand, and tempered thy arrowe, thy feeble force could little preuaile against his prowesse. In deede thou diddest force *Iupiter* to loue, but I caused him to change himself into a Swan, into a Bull, into Gold, into an Eagle. Who caused *Mars* and thy mother *Venus* to bee taken in bed

together by the limping couckold *Vulcan*, but I? If *Paris* had done no other thing but loued *Helena*, *Sparta* had neuer reioyced, nor *Troy* ben brought to ruine. But did not I cause him to goe to *Menelaus* vnder colour of Embassage, to Court vnto his wife, to leade her awaie by force, and after to defend his vniust quarell against all *Greece*? Who had spoken of the loue of *Dido*, if he had not desired to goe a hunting, that shee might haue the better opportunitie to communicate with *Aeneas*, that by such priuate familiaritie he might not be ashamed to take from her that which long before most willinglie she would haue giuen him. I beleeeue no mention had beene made of *Artemizia*, if I had not caused her / drinke the cynders of her husbands dead carcasfe, for else who hadde knowen whether shee had loued her husband more than other women? The effect and issues of things alwaies makes them to bee praised or dispraised. If thou makest men to loue, yet I am ofte times the chiefeft cause. But if anie strange aduenture or great effect chanceth, in that thou hast no parte, but the onelie honour belongeth vnto mee. Thou rulest nothing but the heart, the rest I gouerne: yea, I leade thee, I conduct thee, and thine eies serue thee to no more vse than the beames of the Sunne to a blinde man. But to the ende thou knowe mee from hence forth, and that

thou mayest giue mee thanks for conducting thee carefullie, beholde nowe howe greatlie thine eyes doe profite thee.

Follie putteth out Cupids eies.

Loue.

Alasse *Iupiter*, O my mother *Venus*, what auaieth it to be thy sonne so feared, so redoubted, both in heauen and in earth, if I be subiect to be iniured as the most vile slaue in the world: Alasse, haue I thus lost mine eies by an vnknownen woman.

Follie.

Take heede fond foole another time to raile vppon those, who perhappes are of more force and puissance than thou. Thou hast offended the Queene of men, thou hast outraged her who gouerneth the heart, the braine, and the minde: vnder whose shadow euerie one once in his life shroudeth himselfe, and there remaineth either long or short time according to his merite: thou hast displeased her who procureth thy renowme, thou hast contemned her who hath aduanced thee, and therefore hath this / misfortune fallen vpon thy head.

Loue.

Alasse how is it possible for me to honour her whome I neuer knew, or to reuerence that person

whom before I neuer sawe: but if thou hast borne mee such great good wil as thou saiest, pardon this my offence, and restore me my sight.

Follie.

To restore thee thine eies is not in my power, but I will couer the place to hide the deformitie.

Follie couereth Cupids face with a Scarfe, and giueth him winges.

And in lieu of this haplesse lucke, thou shalt haue these wings which shall carrie thee whether thou wilt wish.

Loue.

But where hadst thou this vaile so readie to couer my deformitie.

Follie.

It was giuen me as I came hether by one of the destinies, who told me it was of that nature, that if it were once fastned, it could neuer be vnloosed.

Loue.

How vnloosed? Am I then blind for euer? O vile and traiterous wretch, could it not suffice to pull out mine eyes, but to take awaie the meanes, that the Gods cannot restore them: now I see the sentence verified in my selfe, that it is not good to take a present at the hande of an enimie: O cruell destinies, O cursed daie: shall not the heauens, the

earth, and the seas haue cause to waile, fith Loue is blinde. But why doe I complaine heere in vaine, it is better for me to sue to the Gods for reuengement. /

The Second Discourse.

Loue goeth from the pallace of Iupiter, lamenting to himselfe his mischiefe.

Loue.

Alasse in what miserable case am I : what can either my bow or mine arowes auaille me? now can I not cause whom I list to loue, but without respect of persons, euerie one is in daunger of my darts? Hetherto I haue onelie caused daintie Damfells, and young youths to loue, I did choose out the brauest blouds, and the fairest and most well featured men : I did pardon vile and base persons, I excused the deformed creatures, and let olde age remaine in peace. But now thinking to hit a young gallant, I light vpon some olde doating lecher : in stead of some braue Gentleman, I strike some filthie lurden. And it shall happen (I doubt) that they shall be most fortunate in their loue, so that by patrimonie, presence, or wealth, they shall soonest win the fauor of women, and by this meanes my kingdome shall come to ruine,

when men see in it such disorder and euill gouernment.

*Venus hauing long fought Cupid
now meeteth him.*

I haue carefullie long fought thee my deere Sonne, meruailing what the cause shoulde bee that thou hast not bene present at the banket of *Iupiter*. Who is greatlie incensed against thee, not onely for thy absence, but for the complaintes which are powred out against thee by fundrie poore artificers, labouring men, pefants, slaues, hand maides, olde men, and toothlesse aged women, crying all vnto *Iupiter*, that they loue, thinking themselues greatlie iniured in this respect, that the passion which is proper to worthie and noble men, should be inflicted vppon them which are of the base and vildest fort.

Loue.

Had not the great misfortune which is chanced vnto me happened, I had neither ben absent from the banquet, nor their grieuous complaints had not bene inferred against me.

Venus.

Why? And art thou hurt? Who hath thus vailed thine eies?

Loue.

Follie hath not onelie pulled them out, but also

hath put this band before mine eies, which can neuer be taken awaie.

Venus.

O curfed enimie of all wisedome, O haplesse wretch, vniustlie called a Goddesse, and more vnrightlie tearmed immortall, hast thou depriued me of my chieft delight and felicitie? O disafter loue, O dissolute mother, O wofull *Venus*, who seest thy sonne, thy ioy, and onelie care, thus cruellie depriued of his sight. Wel, since thy mishap is so great, I vowe that euerie one that shall loue (what fauour or happie successe so euer he shall haue) shall not be without some care, trouble, or calamitie, that he vaunt not himselfe to be more happie than the sonne of *Venus*.

Loue.

Cease off good mother from these sorrowful complaints, and redouble not my griefe by these your dolorous discourses: suffer me to beare mine owne misfortune, and wish not euill vnto them which shall be my subiects.

Venus.

Well, let vs then goe to *Iupiter*, and complaine of this curfed inchantresse.

The third discourse.

Venus.

If euer thou haddest pittie of my plaintes, most iust *Iupiter*, when thou sawest mee labour to saue my sonne *Aeneas* from the furie of the raging seas, and to defend him from other daungers, in the which hee was present at the siege of *Troy*. If my teares for the death of my deare *Adonis* moued thee to compassion. The surpassing sorrow that I doe conceiue for the great iniurie offered to *Cupid*, I hope shal moue thee to pittie. If teares wold suffer me, I would bewraie the cause of my sorrow, but behold my sonne in what plight he is, and thou shalt easilie perceiue the cause of my complaint.

Iupiter.

Alasse my deere daughter, what doe these teares preuaile: knowest thou not what fatherlie affection I haue alwaies borne thee? what, doest thou distrust that I will not succour thee, or that I cannot?

Venus.

No, I neither doubt the one, nor distrust the other, I onelie demande iustice against *Follie*: the most outrageous furie in the world, which hath thus grieuousslie abused *Cupid*.

Follie.

Most mightie and soueraigne *Iupiter*, beholde I

am heere readie to answere to *Venus* complaints,
and to debate my right against *Cupid*.

Iupiter.

Follie, I will neither accuse nor excuse thee,
vntill I haue heard the defence of the one, as well
as the plaint of the other, leaft I should be thought
partiall, neither for the more auoiding of iniustice
in the matter, wil I suffer you to pleade your own
caufes, but *Venus* choofe you one of the Gods, and
Follie take you another.

Venus.

I choofe *Apollo* to defend my caufe.

Follie.

And / I *Mercurie* to maintaine my right.

Iupiter.

Then *Apollo* & *Mercurie* prepare your felues to
plead well in your clients cafes, and *Apollo* fince
you take the plaintiefes part, let vs heere what you
can faie.

Apollo.

The common people, right foueraign *Iupiter*,
although their minds be fotted, & almost fenceleffe,
yet they haue alwaie had loue in fuch fecret
eftimation, y they haue carefullie rewarded them
with the titles of honor & dignitie, which haue
excelled in that holie affection, esteeming this onelie
vertue (if fo rightlie it may be tearmed) fufficient
of a man to make one a God. The *Scythians* for

this cause canonized *Pilades* & *Orestes*, creating temples vnto them, & calling them the Gods of amitie. *Castor* and *Pollux* were made immortall by this meanes, not in that they were brothers, but in that (which is rare) their loue was inuiolable. How hath fame blazed abroad the loue of *Dauid* & *Ionathas*, the amitie of *Pithias* & *Damon*, and of *Titus* & *Gisippus*. But the better to make manifest the force of loue & amitie, I will alledge the saying of *Darius*, who opening a Pomgranat, being demanded whereof he would haue as many as there were graines within, answered, of *Zopires*: this *Zopires* was his faithfull friend, by the meanes of whom he conquered *Babylon*. I remember also a certaine *Syrian* demanding a maide in marriage, & being willed to shew of what wealth he was, said y he had no other riches, but two friends, esteeming himselfe rich inough with such possessions to craue the daughter of a great Lord in marriage. Did not loue cause *Ariadne* saue *Theseus* life, *Hipermnestra* redeeme *Linceus* from danger, & *Medea* free *Iason* from perill? Haue not many poore souldiours bene advanced to high dignities by the meanes of loue? Yea, doth not all pleasure & profit proceede to man by loue, causing him to looke with an amiable / countenance, to speake pleasantlie, and to be curious in his iestures, although by nature he be dull, sottish, & of a

fierce looke? What causeth a man to go braue & fine in apparell, seeking euerie daie new fashions, but loue? What procureth Gentlewomen to haue their haire frizeled, crisped, and embrodered with golde, to be dressed after the Spanish, French, or Italian fashion, but Loue? Painting their faces if they be foule, with liuely colours. But if they be faire, they so carefullie keep their beautie from the parching heate of Summer, from the chilling colde of Winter, from winde, raine, and aire, as they remaine almost euer young: not so much as forgetting to haue their shooes made fine and neate (because the curiosnesse of men is such, as they leaue not to looke from the crowne of the head to the sole of the foote), to haue their iemmes, iewells, ouches, rings, perfumed gloues, and what not? In fine, what beautie or brauerie is in the apparell, either of man or woman, all proceedeth of Loue. Shall I saie that Musicke was onelie inuented by loue? yea truelie, for either it mittigateth the passions wherewith men are perplexed, or else augmenteth their pleasure, so that dailie they inuent diuerse kindes of instruments, as Lutes, Citrons, Violles, Flutes, Cornets, Bandoras, whereon they plaie Midrigalls, Sonettes, Pauins, Measures, Galiardes, and all these in remembrance of Loue, as hee for whome men doe more than for anie other. What causeth men to iust, tourney, runne

at tilt, & combat, but Loue? Who caused Comedies, shews, Tragedies and Maskes to be inuented, but Loue? Whereof commeth it that men delight to rehearse their amorous chaunces and straunge passions, and to relate them to their companions: some praising the curtesie of his Ladie, another condemning his Mistresse crueltie: yea, recounting a thousand mishappes which happen in their Loues: as Letters disclosed, euill reportes, sus/pitious ielousie, sometimes the husband coming home sooner than either the louer woulde, or the wife doeth wish: sometimes coniecturing without cause, and other whiles beleeuing nothing, but trusting vpon his wiues honestie. To bee short, the greatest pleasure after Loue, is to tell what perillous dangers are passed. But what maketh so many Poets in the worlde: is it not Loue? The which seemeth to be the plaine song whereon all Poets doe descant: yea, there is few which write vpon anie serious matter, but they close vp their worke with some amorous clause, or else they are the worse accepted. *Ouide* hath celebrated the fame of *Cupid*, *Petracke* and *Virgil*, *Homere* and *Liuius*, *Sapho*, yea, and that seuerer *Socrates* wrote somewhat of his loue *Aspasia*. Tush, who rightlie can denie, that Loue is not the cause of all the glorie, honour, profite, and pleasure which happeneth to man, and that without it hee

cannot conuenientlie liue, but shall runne into a thousande enormities.

All this happie successe came by Loue, as long as hee had his eies, but now beeing deprived of his sight, and accompanied with Follie, it is to be feared, nay certainlie to be beleeued, that he shall be the cause of as manye discommodities, mischiefes and mishaps, as hetherto hee hath bene of honour, profit, and pleasure. The noble men which loued their inferiours, and the subiects which dutifullie serued their Lordes, shall be meruailouslie changed by the meanes of Follie, for the master shall loue his seruant onelie for his seruice, and the seruant his master onelie for commoditie. Yea, there is none so addicted vnto vertue, but if once he loue, hee shall presentlie commit some foolish touch: and the more straight and firme Loue is, the greater disorder there shall be by the meanes of Follie. There will returne into the world more than one *Biblis*, more than one *Semyramis*, than one *Myrrha*, than / one *Canace*, than one *Phædra*. There shall be no place in the world vnspotted. The high walls and trelissed windowes shall not keepe the Nunnes and Vestall Virgins in safegard. Olde age shall turne her aged affections into fond fancies and wanton desires. Shame shall liue as an exile. There shall bee no difference betweene the noble and peasant, betweene the Infidell and the Moore,

the Turke and the Jewe: the Ladie, the Mistresse, and the hand-maide. But there shall insue such a confused inequality, that the faire shall not be matched with the well featured, but shall be oft times ioyned with foule and deformed persons. Great Ladies and noble Dames shall fall in loue with them whome before they would disdain to accept as their seruantes. And when the loyal and faithfull louers haue long languished in the loue of some beautifull Dame, whose mutuall good will they haue gained by desert: then Follie will cause some fickle and false flatterer to inioye that in one houre, which in all their life they coulde not attaine. I passe ouer the continuall debates and quarrells that shall insue by Follie, whereof shall spring wounds, massacres, and most fearefull murthers. And I greatlie feare that whereas Loue hath inuented so many laudable sciences, and brought forth so many commodities, that now he will bring great idleneffe, accompanied with ignorance, that hee will cause yong Gentlemen to leaue feates of armes, to forsake the seruice of their Prince, to reiect honourable studies, and to applie themselues to vaine songs and Sonets, to chambering and wantonneffe, to banketting and gluttonie, bringing infinite diseases to their bodies, and sundrie dangers and perills to their persons: for there is no more dangerous companie than of Follie.

Beholde O soueraigne *Iupiter*, the mischiefes & miseries that are like to insue, if *Follie* be appointed companion / to *Loue*. Wherefore I in the person of all the Gods, beseech your Maiestie to graunt that *Loue* maye not be ioyned with her, and that *Follie* may grieuouſlie be punished for the outrage she hath done to *Cupid*.

As soone as Apollo had ended his Oration, Mercurie in the defence of Follie began to speake in this wise.

Mercurie.

Whereas (right worthie *Iupiter*) *Apollo* hath with his painted eloquence ſet out the praises of *Loue*, and hath ſought with his filed phraſes to diſcredit *Follie*, I hope when your Maieſtie ſhall throughlie heare the cauſe decided, you will commend his eloquence more than his reaſons. For it is not vnknown vnto you and all the Gods, that *Follie* is no whit inferiour vnto *Loue*, and that *Loue* ſhould be of no force without her, neither could his kingdome indure without her help, aide, and counſaile. I praie you call to remembraunce how *Follie* incontinently after man was placed in *Paradiſe*, began moſt imperiouſlie to rule, and hath euer ſince continued in ſuch credite, as neuer anie Goddeſſe had the lyke raigning and ruling amongſt men, from time to time, from age to

age, as the onelie Princeffe of the world. Infomuch that who haue bene more honoured than fooles? Who was more subiect vnto Follie than *Alexander* the greate: which feeling himselfe to suffer hunger and thirst, to be subiect to sorrowe and sicknesse, not able to keepe himselfe from drunkennesse, yet would be honoured for a God.

What kinde of people hath beene in greater credite than Phi/losophers, and who more fooles? Did not *Aristotle* most foolishlie die for sorrowe, because hee knew not the ebbing and flowing of the sea? Did not *Crates* in casting his treasure into the Sea, commit a wise deede? What follie shewed *Empedocles*, by his straunge coniectures? What say you to *Diogenes* tunne, and to *Aristippus* flatterie? Who so throughlie considereth their opinions, shal find them subiect to the state of Follie. How many other sciences are there in the world, which are altogether foolish, and yet the professors of them had in high reputation amongst men. They which are Calculators of Natiuities, makers of Charecters, casters of Figures, are they not Friers of this fraternitie? Is it not Follie to be so curious, as to measure the heauen, the height of the starres, the breadth of the earth, and the deapth of the sea: and yet the professors heereof are highlie esteemed, and onlie by the meanes of Follie. Nay, how could the world continue, if the daungers,

troubles, calamities, and discommodities of marriage were not couered by Follie. Who would haue coasted the seas if Follie had not bene his guide? To commit himselfe to the mercie of the wind and the waues, to liue in daunger of fearefull surges, and perillous Rockes, to trafficke with sauage and barbarous people, onelie incensed by the meanes of Follie. And yet notwithstanding by this meanes the common wealth is maintained, knowledge and learning augmented, the properties of hearbes, stones, Birdes, and beastes, perfectlie searched out. What Follie is it most dangeroullie to passe into the bowells of the earth to dig for yron, and seeke for golde? How many artes and occupations should be driuen out of the world if Follie were banished? Trulie the most part of men should either beg for want, or die for hunger? How should so many Aduocates, Procurators, Sergeants, Attorneies, Scriueners, /Imbroderers, Painters, and Perfumers liue, if Ladie Follie were vtterlie exiled? Hath not Follie inuented a thousand deuices to drawe a man from idlenesse, as Tragedies, Comedies, Dancing schooles, Fencing houses, wrastring places, and a thousand other foolish sportes?

Hath she not made men hardie and venterous to fight with Lions, Bores, and Bulls, onelie to gaine honor, and to passe other in Follie? What did *Antonie* and *Cleopatra* when they straue who

should spend most in beaftlie banketting? What caused *Cæſar* lament that hee had not begun to trouble the world in that age, wherein *Alexander* had conquered the greateſt part? Why did diuerſe ſeeke to fill vp the Valleyes, to make plaine the mountaines, to drie vp riuers, to make bridges ouer the ſea, as *Claudius* the Emperour did? What made *Rodope* builde the Pyramides, and *Artemiſia* frame the ſumptuous ſepulchre, but Follie? In fine, without this Goddeſſe, man ſhoulde bee carefull, heauie, and wholie drowned in ſorrow: whereas Follie quickneth his ſpirite, maketh him ſing, dance, leape, and frame himſelfe altogether to pleaſure. It is not poſſible that Loue ſhould be without the daughter of youth, which is Follie. For Loue ſpringeth of ſodaine and fundrie cauſes, by receyuing an apple, as *Cidippe*: by looking out at a Windowe, as *Scilla*: by reading in a Booke, as the Ladie *Francis Rimhi*: ſome fall in loue by ſight, ſome by hearing, but all liuing in hope to obtaine their deſires. And yet ſome haue loued without anie naturall cauſe, as *Pigmalion* who fell in loue with his Marble picture: and I praiſe you what *Sympathia* could there bee betweene a liuelie youth and a dead ſtone? what was it then but follie that kindled this flame? What forced *Narciſſus* to fall in loue with his owne ſhadowe, but Follie? Yea, what aduenture is paſſed in loue

without Follie? For the Philo / fophers define Follie to bee a depriuation of wisedome, and wisedome is altogether without passions : of the which when loue shall bee voide, then no doubt, the Sea shall bee without waues, and the fire without heate.

Consider but a young man which onelie placeth his delight in amorous conceites, decking, dressing, and perfuming himselfe most delicatelie, who passeth out of his lodging, fraught with a thousand fundrie fancies, accompanied with men and Pages, passing to the place where he may haue a sight of his Mistresse, obtaining for his trauaile no gaine but perhaps some amorous glance, making long futes, spending his time and his treasure, consuming his wit, and wasting his wealth, and yet reaping nothing but disdaine and discredite. But if it chance that his Mistresse condescend vnto his requests, shee appointeth him to come at some suspitious houre, which he cannot performe without great peril. To come with companie, were to bewraie his secrets: to go alone, most daungerous: to goe openlie, too manifest: so that he must passe disguised, sometime like a woman, other times like a pefant or some vilde person, scaling the wals with ladders, climbing vp to the windowes by cordes: yea, continuallie in danger of death, if Follie did not holde him vp by the hand. It is not also vnknownen vnto you how many fundrie

passions doe perplexe the poore passionate Louers, all which proceede of Follie : as to haue ones heart separated from himselfe, to bee now in peace and than in warre, now couering his dolour, blushing one while and looking pale another, fraught wholie with feare, hope, and shame, seeking that carefullie which hee seemeth to flie, and yet doubtfullie dreading not to finde it, to laugh feldome, to figh often, to burne in colde and freeze in heate, to bee crossed altogether with contraries, which be signes not onely of folly, but of phrensie. Who / shall excuse *Hercules*, handling so carefully the distaffe of *Omphale*, or *Salomon* for combring himselfe with so many Concubines, *Annibal* in submitting himselfe to his loue, *Aristotle* in obeying *Hermia*, and *Socrates* in yeelding to *Aspasia*, and many other which we see dayly to be so blinded, as they know not themselves : and what is the cause hereof, but follie? so that wee see that it is she which maketh loue to be so feared and redoubted, it is she that honoureth him, exalteth his name, and causeth him to be counted as a God. Further, whosoever loueth must applie himself to the affection of his mistres, although it be contrarie to his naturall constitution : if he be quiet, wise and discreete, yet if his louer please to haue him chaunge his state, he must turne his stearne, & hoise his saile, to goe with another winde. *Zethius* and *Amphion* could

not agree, for because the delight of the one was a despight to the other, vntill *Amphion* left his Musicke. If the Lady whome thou louest be couetous, thou must chaunge thy selfe into golde, and so fall into her bosome: if she be merrie, thou must be pleasant: if fullen, thou must be sad. All the seruants and sutors to *Atlanta* were hunters, because she delighted in that sport. Many gentlewomen to please their louers which were Poets, left the socke and the needle, & tooke in hand pens and bookes: now tell mee if these strange Metamorphoses be not meere points of follie? Doe you thinke that a Souldier which goeth to the assalt, marketh the trenches, thinketh of his enimies, or of a thousand harquebusshes, whereof euerie one is sufficient to destroy him? No, he onely hopeth to win the conquest, and doth not so much as once imagine the rest. He which first inuented sayling, doubted not of the perillous daungers: and he that playeth, neuer thinketh to become a looser, yet are they all three in daunger to be slaine, drowned, and vndone. But what then? they neither doe see nor wil see what is hurtfull / vnto them. So we must coniecture the like of louers, for if they did see the dreadful dangers, and the fearfull perills wherein they are, how they be deceiued and beguiled, they would neuer honour loue as God, but detest him as a

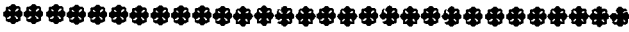
diuell, and so should the kingdome of loue be destroyed, which now is gouerned by ignorance, carelesnesse, hope & blindnesse, which are all the handmaidens of folly. Remaine in peace then fond loue, and seeke not to breake the auncient league which is betweene thee & follie. For if thou doest, thy bow shall be broken, thy darts be of no force, *Contemptq. faces et sine luce iacent.*

*When Mercurie had finished the defence of Folly,
Iupiter seeing the gods to be diuersly affected, that
some held with Cupid, and some with Folly, to
decide the doubt, he pronounced this sentence.*

For the difficultie and importaunce of this difference and diuersitie of opinions, we haue remitted the deciding of it vntill three times seauen times, & nine ages be past: in the mean while we straightly command you to liue friendly together, without offering iniurie one vnto another. And Folly shall guide and conduct blinde Loue whether she seemeth best, and for the restoring of his eyes, after we haue spoken with the Destinies
it shall be decreed.

F I N I S.

AT LONDON
Printed for William Ponsonby,
1587.

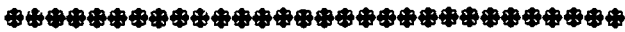


VIII.

PANDOSTO:

The Triumph of Time.

1588.



NOTE.

Of the relation of 'Pandosto' to Shakespeare's 'Winter's Tale,' see annotated Life in Vol. I. Mr. J. Payne Collier's text, as reproduced by Mr. W. C. Hazlitt in his Shakespeare Library, has been collated with the original, with no little benefit. Of the bibliography of 'Pandosto'—of which there were very many editions, earlier and later—see as before. An exemplar of the 1614 edition, "London, Printed by T. C. for C. Potter, and are to be sold by John Tap. at his shop, neere to S. Magnus corner," is in the British Museum.—G,

PANDOSTO.

¶ THE TRIUMPH
OF TIME.

WHEREIN IS DISCOVERED

by a pleafant Historie, that although by the meanes
of finifter fortune, Truth may be concea-
*led yet by Time in fpight of fortune it
is moft manifestly reuealed.*

*Pleasant for age to auoyde drowfie thoughtes,
profitable for youth to eschue other wanton
pastimes, and bringing to both a de-
sired content.*

Temporis filia veritas.

¶ By Robert Greene, Maister of Artes
in Cambridge.

¶ Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit vile dulci. ¶



Imprinted at London by *Thomas Orwin* for *Thomas
Cadman*, dwelling at the Signe of the *Bible*, neere
vnto the North doore of Paules,
1588.



TO THE GENTLEMEN READERS HEALTH.

HHe paultring Poet *Aphranius*, being blamed for troublinge y^e Emperour *Traian* with so many doting *Poems*: aduentured notwithstanding, stil to present him with rude and homely verses, excusing himselfe with the courtesie of y^e Emperour, which did as friendly accept, as he fondly offerd. So Gentlemen, if any condemne my rashnesse for troubling your eares with so many vnlearned Pamphlets: I will straight shroud my selfe vnder the shadowe of your courtesies, & with *Aphranius* lay the blame on you aswell for frendly reading them, as on my selfe for fondly penning them: Hoping though fond curious, or rather currish backbiters breathe out slaunderous speeches: yet the courteous Readers (whom I feare to offend) wil requite my trauell, at the least with silence: and in this hope I rest: wishing you health and happines.

Robert Greene. /



TO THE
RIGHT HONORABLE
GEORGE CLIFFORD, EARLE OF CUMBERLAND,
ROBERT GREENE

*Wisheth increase of honour
and Vertue.*

He *Rascians* (right honorable) when by long gazing against the Sunne, they become halfe blinde, recouer their fightes by looking on the blacke Loade-stone. Unicornes being gluttet with brousing on roots of Licquoris, sharpe their stomacks with crushing bitter grasse.

Alexander vouchsafed as well to smile at the croked picture of *Vulcan*, as to wonder at the curious counterfeite of *Venus*. The minde is sometimes delighted as much with small trifles as with sumptuous triumphs, and as wel pleased with hearing of *Pans* homely fancies, as of *Hercules* renowned laboures.

Syllie *Baucis* coulde not serue *Iupiter* in a siluer plate, but in a woodden dish. Al that honour *Esculapius*, decke not his shrine with Iewels. *Apollo* giues Oracles as wel to the poore man for his mite, as to the rich mā for his treasure. The stone *Echites* is not so much liked for the colour, as for vertue, and giftes are not to be measured by the worth, but by the will. *Mison* that vnskilfull Painter of *Greece*, aduentured to giue vnto *Darius* the shielde of *Pallas*, so roughlie shadowed, as he smiled more at the follie of the man, then at the imperfection of his arte. So I present vnto your honour, the triumph of time, so rudelie finished, as I feare your honour wil rather frowne at my impudencie, then laugh at my ignorancie: But I hope my willing minde shal excuse my slender skill, and your honours curtesie shadowe my rashnes. /

They which feare the biting of vipers doe carie in their hands the plumes of a *Phenix*. *Phydias* drewe *Vulcan* sitting in a chair of Iuory. *Cæsars* Crow durst neuer cry, *Aue*, but when she was peaked on the Capitoll. And I seeke to shroude this imperfect Pamphlet vnder your honours patronage, doubting the dint of such inuenomed vipers, as seeke with their slaunderous reproches to carpe at al, being oftentimes, most vnlearned of all; and assure myselfe, that your honours re-

nowmed valure, and vertuous disposition shall be a sufficient defence to protect me from the Poysoned tongues of such scorning Sycophants, hoping that as *Iupiter* vouchsafed to lodge in *Philemons* thatched Cotage: and *Phillip* of *Macedon*, to take a bunche of grapes of a country pefant: so I hope your honour, meafuring my worke by my will, and wayghing more the mind than the matter, will when you haue cast a glaunce at this toy, with *Minerua*, vnder your golden Target couer a deformed Owle. And in this hope I reft, wishing vnto you, and the vertuous Countesse your wife: fuch happy fucceffe as your honours can defire, or I imagine.

Your Lordships most duetifully to commaunde:

ROBERT GREENE. /





THE HISTORIE OF DORASTUS AND FAWNIA.

AMong al the Passions wherewith humane mindes are perplexed, there is none that so galleth with restlesse despight, as *ſ* infectious soare of Jealousie: for all other griefes are eyther to bee appeased with sensible perfwasions, to be cured with wholesome counfel, to be relieued in want, or by tract of time to be worne out, (Jealousie only excepted) which is so sawsed with suspitious doubttes, and pinching mistrust, that whoſo ſeekes by friendly counsaile to rase out this hellish passion, it foorthwith suspecteth that he geueth this aduise to couer his owne guiltinesse. Yea, who ſo is payned with this restlesse torment doubteth all, dystrusteth himſelfe, is alwayes froſen with feare, and fired with suspicion, hauing that wherein consisteth all his ioy,

to be the breeder of his miserie. Yea, it is such a heauy enemy to that holy estate of matrimony, sowing betweene the married couples such deadly seedes of secret hatred, as Loue being once rased out by spightful distrust, there oft ensueth bloody reuenge, as this ensuing Hy storie manifestly prooueth: wherein *Pandoſto* (furiously incensed by causelesse Jealousie) procured the death of his most louing and loyall wife, and his owne endlesse sorrow and misery.

In the Countrey of *Bohemia* there raygned a King called *Pandoſto*, whose fortunate successe in warres against his foes, and bountifull curtesie towards his friendes in peace, made him to be greatly feared and loued of all men. This *Pandoſto* had to Wife a Ladie called *Bellaria*, by birth royall, learned by education, faire by nature, by vertues famous, so that it was hard to iudge whether her beautie, fortune, or vertue, wanne the greatest commendations. These two lincked together in perfect loue, led their liues with such fortunate content, that their Subiects greatly reioyced to see their quiet disposition. They had not beene married long, but Fortune (willing to increase their happines) lent them a sonne, so adorned with the gifts of nature, as the perfection of the Childe greatly augmented the love of the parentes, and the ioy of their commons, in so much that the *Bohemians*,

to shewe their inward ioyes by outward actions, made Bonafires and triumphs throughout all the Kingdome, appointing Iustes and Turneyes for the honour of their young Prince: whether reforted not onely his Nobles, but also diuers Kings and Princes, which were his neighbours, willing to shewe their friendship they ought to *Pandofto*, and to win fame and glory by their prowesse and valour. *Pandofto*, whose minde was fraught with princely liberality, entertayned the Kings, Princes, and noble men with such submisfe curtesie and magnifical bounty, that they all sawe how willing he was to gratifie their good wils, making a feast for Subjects, which continued by the space of twentie dayes; all which time the Iustes and Turneys were kept to the great content both of the Lordes & Ladies there present. This solemne tryumph being once ended, the assembly, taking their leaue of *Pandofto* and *Bellaria*: the young sonne (who was called *Garinter*) was nursed vp in the house to the great ioy and content of the parents. Fortune enuious of such happy successe, willing to shewe some signe of her inconstancie, turned her wheele, and darkned their bright sun of prosperitie, with the mistie cloudes of mishap and misery. For it so happened that *Egistus*, King of *Sycilia*, who in his youth had bene brought vp with *Pandofto*, desirous to shewe that neither tracte of time, nor distance of place

could diminish their former friendship, provided a nauie of ships, and sayled into *Bohemia* to visite his old friend and companion, who hearing of his arriuall, went himselfe in person, and his wife *Bellarina*, accompanied with a great traine of Lords and Ladies, to meete *Egistus*: and espying him, alighted from his horse, embraced him very louingly, protesting that nothing in the world could haue happened more acceptable to him then his comming, wishing his wife to welcome his olde friend and acquaintance: who (to shewe how she liked him whom her husband loued) intertayned / him with such familiar curtesie, as *Egistus* perceiued himselfe to bee verie well welcome. After they had thus saluted and embraced eche other, they mounted againe on horsebacke and rode towards the Citie, deuising and recounting, howe being children they had passed their youth in friendely pastimes: where, by the meanes of the Citizens, *Egistus* was receyued with triumphs and shoues in such fort, that he maruelled how on so small a warning they coulde make such preparation. Passing the streetes thus with such rare sightes, they rode on to the Pallace, where *Pandofto* entertained *Egistus* and his *Sycilians* with such banqueting and sumptuous cheare, so royally, as they all had cause to comend his princely liberality; yea, the verie basest slaue that was knowne to come from *Sycilia* was vsed with such

curtesie, y *Egistus* might easily perceiue how both hee and his were honored for his friendes sake. *Bellaria* (who in her time was the flower of curtesie), willing to show how vnfaynedly shee looued her husband by his friends intertainemēt, vsed him likewise so familiarly, that her countenance bewraied how her minde was affected towardes him: oftentimes comming her selfe into his bed chamber, to see that nothing should be amis to mislike him. This honest familiarity increasēd dayly more and more betwixt them; for *Bellaria*, noting in *Egistus* a princely and bountifull minde, adorned with fundrie and excellent qualities, and *Egistus*, finding in her a vertuous and curteous disposition, there grew such a secret vniting of their affections, that the one could not well be without the company of the other: in so much that when *Pandoſto* was busied with such vrgent affaires, that hee could not bee present with his friend *Egistus*, *Bellaria* would walke with him into the Garden, where they two in priuat and pleasant deuises would passe away the time to both their contents. This custome still continuing betwixt them, a certaine melancholy passion entring the minde of *Pandoſto* draue him into fundry and doubtfull thoughts. First, he called to minde the beauty of his wife *Bellaria*, the comelines and brauerie of his friend *Egistus*, thinking that Loue was aboue all Lawes

and therefore to be staied with no Law; that it was hard to put fire and flaxe together without burning; that their open pleasures might breede his secrete displeasures. He considered with himselfe that *Egistus* was a man, and must needes loue: that his wife was a woman, and / therefore subiect vnto loue, and that where fancy forced, friendship was of no force. These and such like doubtfull thoughtes a long time smoothing in his stomacke, beganne at last to kindle in his mindē a secrete mistrust, which increased by suspition, grewe at last to be a flaming Jealousie, that so tormented him as he could take no rest. He then began to measure all their actions, and to misconstrue of their too private familiaritie, iudging that it was not for honest affection, but for disordinate fancy: so that hee began to watch them more narrowly to see if hee could gette any true or certaine prooffe to confirme his doubtfull suspition. While thus he noted their lookes and gestures, and suspected their thoughtes and meaninges, they two feely soules who doubted nothing of this his treacherous intent, frequēted daily eache others companie: which draue him into such a franticke passion, that he beganne to beare a secrete hate to *Egistus*, and a lowring countenance to *Bellaria*, who marueiling at such vnaccustomed frowns, began to cast beeyond the Moone, and to enter into a thousand fundrie

thoughtes, which way she should offend her husband: but finding in her selfe a cleare cōscience, ceased to muse, vntil such time as she might find fit opportunitie to demaund the cause of his dumps. In the meane time *Pandoftoes* minde was so farre charged with Jealousy, that he did no longer doubt, but was assured (as he thought) that his Friend *Egiftus* had entered a wrong pointe in his tables, and so had played him false play: whervpō desirous to reuenge so great an iniury, he thought best to dissemble the grudge with a faire and friendly countenance: and so vnder the shape of a friend to shew him the tricke of a foe. Deuising with himself a long time how he might best put away *Egiftus* without suspition of treacherous murder, hee concluded at last to poyson him: which opinion pleasing his humour, he became resolute in his determination, and the better to bring the matter to passe, he called vnto him his cupbearer, with whom in secret he brake the matter: promising to him for the performance thereof to geue him a thousande crownes of yearely reuenues: his cupbearer, eyther being of a good conscience, or willing for fashion sake, to deny such a bloody request, began with great reasons to perswade *Pandofto* from his determinate mischief: shewing him what an offence murther was to the Gods: how such vnnaturall actions did more displease the

heauens, than men, / & that causelesse cruelty did
feldome or neuer escape without reuenge: he layd
before his face, that *Egistus* was his friend, a King,
& one that was come into his Kingdome, to con-
firme a league of perpetuall. amitie betwixt them;
that he had, and did shew him a most friendly
countenance: how *Egistus* was not onely honoured
of his owne people by obedience, but also loued
of the *Bohemians* for his curtesie. And that if he
now should, without any iust or manifest cause,
poyson him, it would not onely be a great dis-
honour. to his Maiestie, and a meanes to sow
perpetuall enmity between the *Sycilians* and the
Bohemians, but also his owne subiects would repine
at such treacherous cruelty. These and such like
perswasions of *Franion* (for so was his Cup-bearer
called) could no whit preuaile to dissuade him
from his diuellish enterprize: but remaining
resolute in his determination (his fury so fired
with rage, as it could not be appeased with reason)
he began with bitter taunts to take vp his man,
and to lay before him two baites; preferment and
death: saying that if he would poyson *Egistus*, he
would aduance him to high dignities: if he refused
to doe it of an obstinate minde, no torture should
be too great to requite his disobedience. *Franion*
seeing that to perswade *Pandoſto* any more, was
but to striue against the streame, consented, as

soone as an opportunity would giue him leaue, to dispatch *Egistus*: wherewith *Pandoſto* remained somewhat ſatisſied, hoping now he ſhould be fully reuenged of ſuch miſtruſted iniuries, intending alſo as ſoon as *Egistus* was dead, to giue his wife a ſop of the ſame ſawce, & ſo be rid of thoſe which were the cauſe of his reſtles ſorrow. While thus he liued in this hope, *Franion* being ſecret in his chamber, began to meditate with himſelfe in theſe terms.

Ah *Franion*, treaſon is loued of many, but the Traitor hated of all: uniuſt offences may for a time eſcape without danger, but neuer without reuenge. Thou art ſeruant to a King, and muſt obey at command: yet *Franion*, againſt law and conſcience, it is not good to reſiſt a tyrant with armes, nor to pleaſe an uniuſt King with obedience. What ſhalt thou doe? Folly reſuſed gold, / and frenzie preferment: wiſdome ſeeketh after dignity, and counſell keepeth for gaine. *Egistus* is a ſtranger to thee, and *Pandoſto* thy Soueraigne: thou haſt little cauſe to reſpect the one, and oughteſt to haue great care to obey the other. Thinke this *Franion*, that a pound of gold is worth a tunne of Lead, great gifts are little Gods: and preferment to a meane man is a whetſtone to courage; there is nothing ſweeter then promotion, nor lighter then report: care not then though

most count thee a traitor, so all call thee rich. Dignity (*Franion*) aduanceth thy posteritie, and euill report can but hurt thy selfe. Know this, where Eagles builde, Falcons may prey; where Lyons haunt, Foxes may steale. Kings are knowne to commaund, seruants are blamelesse to consent: feare not thou then to lift at *Egistus*, *Pandofo* shall beare the burthen. Yea but *Franion*, conscience is a worme that euer biteth, but neuer ceaseth: that which is rubbed with the stone *Galactites* will neuer bee hot. Flesh dipped in the Sea *Egeum* will neuer bee sweete: the hearbe *Trigion* beeing once bit with an *Aspis*, neuer groweth, and conscience once stayned with innocent blood, is alwaies tyed to a guiltie remorse. Prefer thy content before riches, and a cleare minde before dignity: so beeing poore, thou shalt haue rich peace, or else rich, thou shalt enioy disquiet.

Franion hauing muttered out these or such like words, seeing either he must die with a cleare minde, or liue with a spotted conscience, hee was so cumbred with diuers cogitations that hee could take no rest: vntill at last he determined to breake the matter to *Egistus*; but fearing that the King should eyther suspect or heare of such matters, he concealed the deuice till opportunitie would permit him to reueale it. Lingring thus in doubtfull

feare, in an euening he went to *Egiftus* lodging, and desirous to breake with him of certaine affaires that touched the King, after all were commaunded out of the Chamber, *Franion* made manifest the whole conspiracie which *Pandofto* had deuised against him, desiring *Egiftus* not to account him a Traytor for bewraying his Maisters counsaile, but to thinke that he did it for conscience: hoping that although his Maister inflamed with rage, or incensed by some sinister reportes, or slanderous speeches, / had imagined such causelesse mischiefe: yet when time should pacifie his anger, and try those talebearers but flattering Parasites, then he would count him as a faithfull Seruant that with such care had kept his Maisters credite. *Egiftus* had not fully heard *Franion* tell forth his tale, but a quaking feare possessed all his limmes, thinking that there was some treason wrought, and that *Franion* did but shaddow his craft with these false colours: wherefore he began to waxe in choller, and saide that he doubted not *Pandofto*, sith he was his friend, and there had neuer as yet beene any breach of amity: he had not fought to inuade his lands, to conspire with his enemies, to dissuade his Subiects from their allegiance; but in word and thought he rested his at all times: he knew not therefore any cause that should mooue *Pandofto* to seeke his death, but suspected it to be a compacted

knauery of the *Bohemians* to bring the King and him to oddes. *Franion* staying him in the middst of his talke, told him, that to dally with Princes was with the swannes to sing against their death, and that if the *Bohemians* had intended any such mischiefe, it might haue beene better brought to passe then by reuealing the conspiracie: therefore his Maiestie did ill to misconstrue of his good meaning, sith his intent was to hinder treason, not to become a traytor: and to confirme his promises, if it pleased his Maiestie to flie into *Sicilia* for the safegarde of his life, hee would goe with him, and if he then found not such a practise to be pretended, let his imagined treacherie be repayed with most monstrous torments. *Egistus* hearing the solemne protestation of *Franion*, beganne to consider, that in Loue and Kingdomes, neither faith, nor lawe, is to bee respected: doubting that *Pandosto* thought by his death to destroy his men, and with speedy warre to inuade *Sycilia*: These and such doubtles throughly weyghed, he gaue great thanks to *Franion*, promising if hee might with life returne to *Syracusa*, that hee would create him a Duke in *Sycilia*: craving his Counsell how hee might escape out of the Countrie. *Franion*, who hauing some small skill in Nauigation, was well acquainted with the Ports and hauens, and knew euery daunger in the Sea, ioyning in counsell

with the Maister of *Egistus* Naue, rigged all their ships, / and setting them a flote, let them lie at anchor, to be in the more readines, when time and winde should serue. Fortune although blind, yet by chaunce fauouring this iust cause, sent them within fixe dayes a good gale of winde; which *Franion* seeing fit for their purpose, to put *Pandoſto* out of suspition, the night before they should sayle, he went to him, and promised, that the next day he would put the deuice in practice, for he had got such a forcible poyſon, as the very smell thereof wold procure suddain death. *Pandoſto* was ioyfull to heare this good newes, & thought euery houre a day, till he might be glutted with bloody reuenge: but his ſuit had but ill ſucceſſe. For *Egiſtus* fearing that delay might breede danger, and willing that the graſſe ſhould not be cut from vnder his feete, taking bagge and baggage, by the helpe of *Franion*, conueied himſelfe and his men out of a poſterne gate of the Cittie, ſo ſecretly, and ſpeedily, that without any ſuſpition they got to the Sea ſhoare: where, with many a bitter curſe taking their leaue of *Bohemia*, they went aboard. Weighing their Anchors and hoisting ſayle, they paſſed as faſt as wind & ſea would permit towards *Sycilia*: *Egiſtus* being a ioyfull man that he had ſafely paſt ſuch treacherous perils. But as they were quietly floating on the ſea, ſo *Pandoſto* and

his Cittizens were in an oproare ; for seeing that the *Sycilians* without taking their leaue, were fled away by night, the *Bohemians* feared some treason, and the King thought that without question his suspection was true, seeing the Cup-bearer had bewrayed the sum of his secret pretence. Wherevpon he began to imagine that *Franion* and his wife *Bellaria* had conspired with *Egistus*, and that the feruent affection shee bare him, was the onely meanes of his secret departure : in so much that incensed with rage, he commaunded that his wife should be carried straight to prison, vntill they heard further of his pleasure. The Guard vnwilling to lay their hands on such a vertuous Princeesse, and yet fearing the Kings fury, went very sorrowfull to fulfill their charge : comming to the Queenes lodging, they found her playing with her yong sonne *Garinter* : vnto whom with teares doing the message, *Bellaria* astonished at such a hard censure, and finding her cleere conscience a sure aduocate to pleade in her cause, went to the prison most willingly : where with sighes and teares shee past / away the time, till she might come to her triall.

But *Pandosto* whose reason was suppressed with rage, and whose vnbridled follie was incensed with fury : seeing *Franion* had bewrayed his secrets, and that *Egistus* might well be rayled on, but not

reuenged: determined to wreake all his wrath on poore *Bellaria*. He therefore caused a generall proclamation to be made through all his Realme, that the Queene & *Egistus* had by the helpe of *Franion*, not onely committed most incestuous adultery, but also had conspired the Kings death: wherevpon the Traitor *Franion* was fled away with *Egistus*, and *Bellaria* was most iustly imprisoned. This proclamation being once blazed through the country, although the vertuous disposition of the Queene did halfe discredit the contents, yet the suddaine & speedy passage of *Egistus*, and the secret departure of *Franion*, induced them (the circumstances throughly considered) to thinke that both the proclamation was true, and the King greatly iniured: yet they pittied her case, as sorrowful that so good a Lady should be crossed with such aduerse fortune. But the King, whose restlesse rage would remit no pittie, thought that although he might sufficientlie requite his wiues falshood with the bitter plague of pinching penury, yet his minde should neuer be glutted with reuenge, till he might haue fit time and opportunity to repay the trechery of *Egistus* with a totall iniury. But a curst Cow hath oftentimes short hornes, and a willing minde but a weake arme. For *Pandofto* although he felt that reuenge was a spurre to warre, and that enuy alwaies proffereth steele, yet

he saw, that *Egistus* was not onely of great puissance and prowesse to withstand him, but had also many Kings of his alliance to ayde him, if neede should serue: for he married the Emperours daughter of *Russia*. These and the like considerations something daunted *Pandosto* his courage, so that hee was content rather to put up a manifest iniurie with peace, then hunt after reuenge, dishonor and losse; determining since *Egistus* had escaped scot-free, that *Bellaria* should pay for all at an vnreasonable price.

Remayning thus resolute in his determination, *Bellaria* continuing still in prison and hearing the contents of the Proclamation, knowing that her minde was neuer touched with such / affection, nor that *Egistus* had euer offered her such discourtesie, would gladly haue come to her answere, that both shee might haue knowne her iust accusers, and cleared her selfe of that guiltlesse crime.

But *Pandosto* was so inflamed with rage, and infected with Jelousie, as he would not vouchsafe to heare her, nor admit any iust excuse: so that shee was faine to make a vertue of her neede, and with patience to beare those heauie iniuries. As thus shee lay crossed with calamities (a great cause to increase her grieve) she found her selfe quicke with childe: which as soone as she felt stirre in her

body, she burst forth into bitter teares, exclaiming against fortune in these termes.

Alas, *Bellaria*, how infortunate art thou, because fortunate: Better thou hadst beene borne a beggar, then a Prince, so shouldest thou haue bridled Fortune with want, where now shee sporteth her selfe with thy plentie. Ah happy life, where poore thoughts, and meane desires liue in secure content, not fearing Fortune because too low for Fortune. Thou seest now, *Bellaria* that care is a companion to honor, not to pouertie: that high Cedars are crushed with tempests, when low shrubs are not touched with the winde: pretious Diamonds are cut with the file, when despised pibbles lye safe in the sand. *Delphos* is sought to by Princes, not beggars: and Fortunes Altars smoke with kings presents, not with poore mens gifts. Happie are such *Bellaria*, that curse Fortune for contempt, not feare: and may wish they were, not sorrow they haue beene. Thou art a Princeesse *Bellaria*, and yet a prisoner: borne to the one by descent, assigned to the other by dispite: accused without cause, and therefore oughtest to dye without care: for patience is a shield against Fortune, and a guiltlesse minde yeeldeth not to sorrow. Ah but infamy galleth vnto death, and liueth after death: Report is plumed with times feathers, and Enuie oftentimes soundeth Fames trumpet: thy suspected

adultery shall fly in the ayre, and thy knowne vertues shall lye hid in the Earth: one Moale staineth a whole Face: and what is once spotted with Infamy can hardly be worne out with time. Die then *Bellaria*, *Bellaria* die: for if the Gods should say thou art guiltlesse, yet / enuie would heare the Gods, but neuer beleewe the Gods. Ah haplesse wretch, cease these tearmes: desperate thoughtes are fit for them that feare shame, not for such as hope for credite. *Pandoſto* hath darkened thy fame, but shall neuer discredite thy vertues. Suspition may enter a false action, but prooffe shall neuer put in his plea: care not then for enuie, sith report hath a blister on her tongue: and let sorrow baite them which offend, not touch thee that art faultlesse. But alas poore soule, how canst thou but sorrow? Thou art with childe, and by him, that in steed of kind pittie, pincheth thee in cold prison. And with that, such gasping sighes so stopping her breath, that shee could not vtter any more words, but wringing her hands, and gushing forth streames of teares, shee passed away the time with bitter complaints.

The Jaylor pitying those her heauie passions, thinking that if the King knew she were with childe, he would somewhat appease his fury and release her from prison, went in al haſt, and certified *Pandoſto*, what the effect of *Bellarias*

complaint was: who no sooner heard the Jaylor say she was with childe, but as one possessed with a phranzie, he rose vp in a rage, swearing that shee and the basterd brat she was withall should die, if the Gods themselues said no: thinking that surely by computation of time, that *Egistus* and not he was father to the childe. This suspitious thought galled a fresh this halfe healed sore, in so much as he could take no rest, vntill he might mittigate his choller with a iust reuenge, which happened presently after. For *Bellaria* was brought to bed of a faire & beautifull daughter: which no sooner *Pandosto* hearde, but he determined that both *Bellaria* and the young infant should be burnt with fire. His Nobles, hearing of the kings cruell sentence, sought by perswasions to diuert him from his bloodie determination: laying before his face the innocencie of the childe, and vertuous disposition of his wife, how she had continually loued and honoured him so tenderly, that without due prooofe he could not, nor ought not to appeach her of that crime. And if she had faulted, yet it were more honourable to pardon with mercy, then to punish with extremity, and more kingly, to be commended of pittie, than accused of rigour: and as for the childe, if he should punish it for the mothers offence, it were to strue against nature and iustice; and that vnnatural actions doe more offend the Gods then men: how

causelesse cruelty, nor innocent blood neuer escapes without reuenge. These and such like reasons could not appease his rage, but he rested resolute in this, that *Bellaria* being an Adultresse, the childe was a Bastard, and he would not suffer that such an infamous brat should call him Father. Yet at last (seeing his Noble men were importunate vpon him) he was content to spare the childes life, and yet to put it to a worse death. For he found out this deuise, that seeing (as he thought) it came by fortune, so he would commit it to the charge of Fortune, and therefore caused a little cock-boat to be provided, wherein he meant to put the babe, and then send it to the mercies of the Seas, and the destenies. From this his Peeres in no wise could perswade him, but that he sent presently two of his guard to fetch the childe: who being come to the prison, and with weeping teares recounting their Maisters message: *Bellaria* no sooner heard the rigorous resolution of her, mercilesse husband, but she fell downe in a fwoond, so that all thought she had bin dead: yet at last being come to her selfe, shee cryed and screeched out in this wise.

Alas sweete infortunate babe, scarce borne, before enuied by fortune, would the day of thy birth had bene the terme of thy life: then shouldest thou haue made an ende to care and preuented thy Fathers rigour. Thy faults cannot yet deserue

such hatefull reuenge, thy dayes are too short for so sharpe a doome, but thy vntimely death must pay thy Mothers Debts, and her guiltlesse crime must bee thy gastly curse. And shalt thou, sweete Babe, be committed to Fortune, when thou art already spited by Fortune? Shall the Seas be thy harbour, and the hard boate thy cradle? Shall thy tender Mouth, in steede of sweete kisses, be nipped with bitter stormes? Shalt thou haue the whistling windes for thy Lullabie, and the salt Sea fome in steede of sweete Milke? Alas, what destinies would assigne such hard hap? What Father would be so cruell? Or what Gods will not reuenge such rigor? Let me kisse thy lippes (sweete Infant) and wet thy tender cheekes with my teares, /and put this chayne about thy little necke, that if fortune faue thee, it may helpe to succour thee. Thus, since thou must goe to surge in the gastfull Seas, with a sorrowfull kisse I bid thee farewell, and I pray the Gods thou maist fare well.

Such, and so great was her griefe, that her vitall spirits being suppressed with sorrow, she fell againe downe into a trance, hauing her fences so fotted with care, that after she was reuiued yet shee lost her memorie, and lay for a great time without mouing, as one in a trance. The guard left her in this perplexitie, and carried the child to the King, who quite / deuoide of pity commanded that

without delay it should bee put in the boat, hauing neither faile nor rudder to guid it, and so to bee carried into the midst of the sea, and there left to the wind & wave as the destinies please to appoint. The very shipmen, seeing the sweete countenance of the yong babe, began to accuse the King of rigor, and to pity the childes hard fortune: but feare constrayned them to that which their nature did abhorre; so that they placed it in one of the ends of the boat, and with a few greene bows made a homely cabben to shroud it as they could from wind and weather: hauing thus trimmed the boat they tied it to a ship, and so haled it into the mayne Sea, and then cut in sunder the coarde: which they had no sooner done, but there arose a mighty tempest, which tossed the little Boate so vehemently in the waues, that the shipmen thought it coulde not continue longe without fincking, yea the storme grewe so great, that with much labour and perill they got to the shoare. But leauing the Childe to her fortunes, againe to *Pandofto*: who not yet glutted with sufficient reuenge, deuised which way he should best increase his Wiues calamitie. But first assembling his Nobles and Counsellors, hee called her for the more reproch into open Court, where it was objected against her, that she had committed adulterie with *Egistus*, and conspired with *Franion* to poyson *Pandofto* her

husband, but their pretence being partely spyed, shee counselled them to flie away by night for their better safety. *Bellaria*, who standing like a prisoner at the Barre, feeling in her selfe a cleare Conscience to withstand her false accusers: seeing that no lesse then death could pacifie her husbands wrath, waxed bolde, and desired that she might haue Lawe and Justice, for mercy shee neyther craued nor hoped for; and that those periured wretches, which had falsly accused her to the King, might be brought before her face, to giue in euidence. But *Pandofo*, whose rage and Jealousie was such, as no reason, nor equitie could appease: tolde her, that for her accusers they were of such credite, as their wordes were sufficient witnesse, and that the sodaine & secret flight of *Egistus* & *Franion* confirmed that which they had confessed: and as for her, it was her parte to deny such a monstus crime, and to be impudent in forswearing the fact, since shee had past all shame in committing the fault: but her stale countenance should stand for no coyne, for as the Bastard which she / bare was serued, so she should with some cruell death be requited. *Bellaria* no whit dismayed with this rough reply, tolde her Husband *Pandofo*, that he spake vpon choller, and not conscience: for her vertuous life had beene euer such, as no spot of suspition could euer staine. And if she had borne

a friendly countenance to *Egistus*, it was in respect he was his friende, and not for any lustyng affection: therefore if she were condemned without any further prooffe, it was rigour, and not Law.

The noble men which sate in iudgement, said that *Bellaria* spake reason, and intreated the king that the accusers might be openly examined, and sworne, and if then the euidence were such, as the Jury might finde her guilty (for seeing that she was a Prince she ought to be tryed by her peeres) then let her haue such punishment as the extremitie of the Law will assigne to such malefactors. The king presently made answer, that in this case he might, and would dispence with the Law, and that the Jury being once panneld, they should take his word for sufficient euidence, otherwise he would make the proudest of them repent it. The noble men seeing the king in choler, were all whist, but *Bellaria*, whose life then hung in the ballaunce, fearing more perpetuall infamie then momentarie death, tolde the king, if his furie might stand for a Law, that it were vaine to haue the Jury yeeld their verdict; and therefore she fell downe vpon her knees, and desired the king that for the loue he bare to his young sonne *Garinter*, whome she brought into the world, that hee would graunt her a request, which was this, that it would please his maiestie to send fixe of his noble men

whome he best trusted, to the Isle of *Delphos*, there to enquire of the Oracle of *Apollo*, whether she had committed adultery with *Egistus*, or conspired to poyson with *Franion*: and if the God *Apollo*, who by his deuine essence knew al secrets, gaue answere that she was guiltie, she were content to suffer any torment, were it neuer so terrible. The request was so reasonable, that *Pandosto* could not for shame deny it, vnlesse he would bee counted of all his subiects more wilfull then wise: he therefore agreed, that with as much speede as might be there should be certaine Embassadors dispatched to the Ile of *Delphos*: and in the meane season he commanded that his wife should be kept in close prison.

Bellaria hauing obtained this graunt, was now more carefull / for her little babe that floated on the Seas, then sorrowful for her owne mishap. For of that she doubted: of her selfe shee was assured, knowing if *Apollo* should giue Oracle according to the thoughts of the hart, yet the sentence should goe on her side: such was the clearenes of her minde in this case. But *Pandosto* (whose suspitious heade still remained in one song) chose out six of his Nobility, whom hee knew were scarce indifferent men in the Queenes behalfe, and prouiding all things fit for their iourney, sent them to *Delphos*: they willing to fulfill the Kinges

commaund, and desirous to see the situation and custome of the Iland, dispatched their affaires with as much speede as might be, and embarked themselves to this voyage, which (the wind and weather serving fit for their purpose) was soone ended. For within three weekes they arrived at *Delphos*, where they were no sooner set on lande, but with great deuotion they went to the Temple of *Apollo*, and there offering sacrifice to the GOD, and giftes to the Priest, as the custome was, they humbly craued an aunswere of their demaund: they had not long kneeled at the Altar, but *Apollo* with a loude voice saide: *Bohemians*, what you finde behinde the Alter take and depart. They forthwith obeying the Oracle founde a scroule of parchment, wherein was written these words in letters of Golde.

The Oracle.

Suspition is no prooffe: Jealousie is an vnequall iudge: *Bellaria* is chaste: *Egistus* blamelesse: *Franion* a true subiect: *Pandofo* treacherous: his babe an innocent, and the King shall liue without an heire: if that which is lost be not founde.

As soone as they had taken out this scroule, the Priest of the God commaunded them that they should not presume to read it, before they came in

the prefce of *Pandoſto* : vnleſſe they would incurre the diſpleaſure of *Apollo*. The *Bohemian* Lords carefully obeying his commaund, taking their leaue of the Priſt, with great reuerence departed out of the Temple, and went to their ſhips, and as ſoone as wind would permit them, ſailed toward *Bohemia*, / whither in ſhort time they ſafely arriued, & with great tryumph iſſuing out of their Ships, went to the Kinges pallace, whom they found in his chamber accompanied with other Noble men : *Pandoſto* no ſooner ſaw them, but with a merrie countenance he welcomed them home, aſking what newes : they tolde his Maieſtie that they had receiued an aunſwere of the God written in a ſcroule, but with this charge, y they ſhould not reade the contents before they came in the preſence of the King: and with that they deliuered him the parchment : but his Noble men intreated him that ſith therein was containd either the ſafetie of his Wiues life, and honeſty, or her death, and perpetuall infamy, that he would haue his Nobles and Commons aſſembled in the iudgment Hall, where the Queene brought in as pryſoner, ſhould heare the contents : if ſhee were found guilty by the Oracle of the God, then all ſhould haue cauſe to thinke his rigour proceeded of due deſert : if her Grace were found faultleſſe, then ſhee ſhould bee cleared before all, ſith ſhe had bene accuſed openly.

This pleased the King so, that he appointed the day, and assembled al his Lords and Commons, and caused the Queene to be brought in before the iudgement seate, commaunding that the inditement shoulde bee read, wherein she was accused of adultery with *Egistus*, and of conspiracy with *Franion*: *Bellaria* hearing the contentes, was no whit astonished, but made this chearefull aunswer.

If the deuine powers bee priuy to humane actions (as no doubt they are) I hope my patience shall make fortune blushe, and my vnspotted life shall staine spightfully discredit. For although lying Report hath sought to appeach mine honor, and Suspition hath intended to soyle my credit with infamie: yet where Vertue keepeth the Forte, Report and suspition may assayle, but neuer sack: how I haue led my life before *Egistus* comming, I appeale *Pandofto* to the Gods & to thy conscience. What hath passed betwixt him and me, the Gods onely know, and I hope will presently reueale: that I loued *Egistus* I can not denie: that I honored him I shame not to confesse: to the one I was forced by his vertues, to the other for his dignities. But as touching lasciuious lust, I say *Egistus* is honest, and hope my selfe to be found without spot: for *Franion*, I can neither accuse him nor excuse him, for I was not priue / to his departure,

and that this is true which I haue heere rehearsed, I referre myselfe to the deuine Oracle.

Bellaria had no sooner sayd, but the King commaunded that one of his Dukes should reade the contentes of the scroule ; which, after the commons had heard, they gaue a great showt, reioysing and clapping their hands that the Queene was cleare of that false accusation : but the King whose conscience was a witnesse against him of his witleffe furie, and false suspected Jealousie, was so ashamed of his rashe folly, that he intreated his nobles to perswade *Bellaria* to forgiue, and forget these iniuries : promising not onely to shew himselfe a loyall and louing husband, but also to reconcile himselfe to *Egistus*, and *Franion* : reuealing then before them all the cause of their secrete flighte, and how treacherously hee thought to haue practised his death, if the good minde of his Cup-bearer had not preuented his purpose. As thus he was relating the whole matter, there was worde brought him that his young sonne *Garinter* was sodainly dead, which newes so soone as *Bellaria* heard, furcharged before with extreame ioy, and now suppressed with heauie sorrowe, her vitall spirites were so stopped, that she fell downe presently dead, & could neuer be reuiued. This sodaine sight so appalled the Kinges Sences, that he sanck from his seate in a soūd, so as he was fayne to be carried

by his nobles to his Pallace : where hee lay by the space of three dayes without speache : his commons were as men in dispaire, so diuerfly distressed : there was nothing but mourning and lamentation to be heard throughout al *Bohemia* : their young Prince dead, their vertuous Queene bereaued of her life, and their King and Soueraigne in great hazard : this tragicall discourse of fortune so daunted them, as they went like shadowes, not men ; yet somewhat to comfort their heauie hearts, they heard that *Pandofto* was come to himselfe, and had recouered his speache, who as in a fury brayed out these bitter speeches :

O miserable *Pandofto*, what surer witnesse then conscience ! what thoughts more sower then suspicion ! What plague more bad then Jealousie ! Unnaturall actions offend the Gods more than men, and causelesse crueltie neuer escapes without reuenge : / I haue committed such a bloudy fact, as repent I may, but recall I cannot. Ah Jealousie, a hell to the minde, and a horror to the conscience, suppressing reason, and inciting rage : a worse passion then phrensie, a greater plague than madness. Are the Gods iust ! Then let them reuenge such brutishe crueltie : my innocent Babe I haue drowned in the Seas ; my louing wife I haue slaine with slanderous suspicion ; my trusty friend I haue sought to betray, and yet the Gods are slacke to

plague such offences. Ah uniuſt *Apollo*, *Pandoſto* is the man that hath committed the faulte: why ſhould *Garinter*, feely childe, abide the paine! Well, ſith the Gods meane to prolong my dayes, to increaſe my dolour, I will offer my guiltie bloud a ſacrifice to thoſe ſackles ſoules, whoſe liues are loſt by my rigorous folly. And with that he reached at a Rapier, to haue murdered himſelfe, but his Peeres being preſent, ſtayed him from ſuch a bloody acte: perſwading him to think, that the Common-wealth conſiſted on his ſafetie, and that thoſe ſheepe could not but periſh, that wanted a ſheepheard: wiſhing, that if hee would not liue for himſelfe, yet he ſhould haue care of his ſubiects, and to put ſuch fancies out of his minde, ſith in ſores paſt help, ſalues do not heale, but hurt: and in things paſt cure, care is a corraſiue: with theſe and ſuch like perſwaſions the Kinge was ouercome, and began ſomewhat to quiet his minde: ſo that aſſoone as he could goe abroad, hee cauſed his wife to be embalmed, and wrapt in lead with her young ſonne *Garinter*: erecting a rich and famous Sepulchre, wherein hee intombed them both, making ſuch ſolemne obſequies at her funeral, as al *Bohemia* might perceiue he did greatly repent him of his forepaſſed folly: cauſing this Epitaph to be ingrauen on her Tombe in letters of Gold:

¶ *The Epitaph.*

*Here lyes entombde Bellaria faire,
 Falsly accused to be vnchaste:
 Cleared by Apollos sacred doome,
 Yet slaine by Iealousie at last.
 What ere thou be that passest by,
 Cursse him, that causde this Queene to die. /*

This epitaph being ingrauen, *Pandosto* would once a day repaire to the Tombe, and there with watry plaintes bewaile his misfortune ; coueting no other companion but sorrowe, nor no other harmonie, but repentance. But leauing him to his dolorous passions, at last let vs come to shewe the tragicall discourse of the young infant.

Who beeing tossed with Winde, and Waue, floated two whole daies without succour, readie at euery puffe to bee drowned in the Sea : till at last the Tempest ceassed and the little boate was driuen with the tyde into the Coast of *Sycilia*, where sticking vppon the sandes, it rested. Fortune minding to be wanton, willing to shewe that as she hath wrinckles on her browes, so shee hath dimples in her cheekes : thought after so many sower lookes, to lend a fayned smile, and after a puffing storme, to bring a pretty calme : shee began thus to dally. It fortun'd a poore mercenary Sheepheard, that dwelled in *Sycilia*, who got his liuing

by other mens flockes, missed one of his sheepe, and thinking it had strayed into the couert, that was hard by, sought very diligently to find that which he could not see, fearing either that the Wolues or Eagles had vndone him (for hee was so poore, as a sheepe was halfe his substaunce), wandered downe toward the Sea cliffes, to see if perchaunce the sheepe was browsing on the sea luy, whereon they greatly doe feede: but not finding her there, as he was ready to returne to his flocke, hee heard a childe crie: but knowing there was no house nere, he thought he had mistakē ſound, & ſo it was the bleatyng of his Sheepe. Wherefore looking more narrowly, as he cast his eye to the Sea, he ſpyed a little boate, from whence as he attentiuely liſtened, he might heare the cry to come: ſtanding a good while in a maze, at laſt he went to the ſhoare, and wading to the boate, as he looked in, he ſaw the little babe lying al alone, ready to die for hunger and colde, wrapped in a Mantle of Scarlet, richely imbrodered with Golde, and hauing a chayne about the necke. The Sheepheard, who before had neuer ſeene ſo faire a Babe, nor ſo riche Jewels, thought aſſuredly, that it was ſome little God, and began with great deuocion to knock on his breſt. The Babe, who wrythed with ſo head, to ſeeke for the pap, began againe to cry a freſh, whereby the poore man

knew that it was / a Childe, which by some finifter meanes was driuen thither by distresse of weather ; maruailing how such a feely infant, which by the Mantle, and the Chayne, could not be but borne of Noble Parentage, should be so hardly crossed with deadly mishap. The poore shepheard perplexed thus with diuers thoughts, tooke pittie of the childe, and determined with himselfe to carry it to the King, that there it might be brought vp, according to the worthinesse of birth : for his ability coule not afforde to foster it, though his good minde was willing to further it. Taking therefore the Chylde in his armes, as he foulded the mantle together, the better to defend it from colde, there fell downe at his foote a very faire and riche purse, wherein he founde a great summe of golde : which sight so reuiued the shepheards spirits, as he was greatly rauished with ioy, and daunted with feare : Joyfull to see such a summe in his power, and feareful if it should be knowne, that it might breede his further daunger. Necessitie wisht him at the least, to retaine the Golde, though he would not keepe the childe : the simplicity of his conscience feared him from such deceitfull briberie. Thus was the poore manne perplexed with a doubtfull *Dilemma*, vntil at last the couetousnesse of the coyne ouercame him : for what will not the greedy desire of Golde cause a man to doe ! So that he

was resolu'd in himselfe to foster the child, and with the summe to relieue his want: resting thus resolute in this point, he left seeking of his sheepe, and as couertly, and secretly as he coulde, went by a by way to his house, leaſt any of his neighbours should perceauē his carriage: as ſoone as he was got home, entring in at the doore, the childe began to crie, which his wife hearing, and ſeeing her husband with a yong babe in his armes, began to bee ſomewhat ielouſſe, yet marueiling that her husband should be ſo wanton abroad, ſith he was ſo quiet at home: but as women are naturally giuen to beleeeue the worſte, ſo his wife thinking it was ſome baſtard: beganne to crow againſt her goodman, and taking up a cudgel (for the moſt maiſter went breechles) ſware ſolemnly that ſhee would make clubs trumps, if hee brought any baſtard brat within her dores. The goodman, ſeeing his wife in her maieſtie with her mace in her hand, thought it was time to bowe for feare of blowes, & deſired her to be quiet, for there was non ſuch matter: but if ſhe could holde her peace, they were made for euer: and with that / he told her the whole matter, how he had found the childe in a little boat, without any ſuccour, wrapped in that coſtly mantle, and hauing that rich chaine about the neck: but at laſt when he ſhewed her the purſe full of gold, ſhe began to ſimper ſomething ſweetely,

and taking her husband about the neck, kissed him after her homely fashion: saying that she hoped God had seene their want, and now ment to relieue their pouerty, and seeing they could get no children, had sent them this little babe to be their heire. Take heede in any case (quoth the shepherd) that you be secret, and blabbe it not out when you meete with your goffippes, for if you doe, we are like not only to loofe the Golde and Jewels, but our other goodes and liues. Tush (quoth his wife), profit is a good hatch before the doore: feare not, I haue other things to talke of then of this: but I pray you let vs lay vp the money surely, and the Jewels, least by any mishap it be spied. After that they had set all things in order, the shepherd went to his sheepe with a merry note, and the good wife learned to sing lullaby at home with her yong babe, wrapping it in a homely blanket instead of a rich mantle: nourishing it so clenly and carefully as it began to bee a iolly girle, in so much that they began both of them to be very fond of it, seeing, as it waxed in age, so it increased in beauty. The shepherd euery night at his coming home, would sing and daunce it on his knee, and prattle, that in a short time it began to speake, and call him Dad, and her Mam: at last when it grew to ripe yeeres, that it was about seuen yeares olde, the shepherd left keeping of

other mens sheepe, and with the money he found in the purse, he bought him the lease of a pretty farme, and got a smal flocke of sheepe, which when *Fawnia* (for so they named the child) came to the age of ten yeres, hee set her to keepe, and shee with such diligence performed her charge as the sheepe prospered marveilously under her hand. *Fawnia* thought *Porrus* had ben her father, and *Mopsa* her mother (for so was the shepheard and his wife called), honoured and obeyed them with such reuerence, that all the neighbours praised the duetifull obedience of the child. *Porrus* grewe in a short time to bee a man of some wealth and credite: for fortune so fauoured him in hauing no charge but *Fawnia*, / that he began to purchase land, intending after his death to giue it to his daughter: so that diuerse rich farmers sonnes came as woers to his house: for *Fawnia* was something cleyly attired, beeing of such singular beautie and excellent witte, that who so sawe her, would haue thought shee had bene some heauenly nymph, and not a mortal creature: in so much, that when she came to the age of sixteene yeeres, shee so increased with exquisite perfection both of body and minde, as her natural disposition did bewray that she was borne of some high parentage: but the people thinking she was daughter to the shephard *Porrus*, rested only amazed at hir beauty and wit: yea she

won such fauour and commendations in euery mans eye, as her beautie was not only prayſed in the countrey, but alſo ſpoken of in the Court: yet ſuch was her ſubmiſſe modeſtie, that although her praiſe daily increaſed, her mind was no whit puffed vp with pride, but humbled her ſelfe as became a country mayde and the daughter of a poore ſheepheard. Euery day ſhe went forth with her ſheepe to the field, keeping them with ſuch care and diligence, as al men thought ſhe was verie painfull, defending her face from the heat of the ſunne with no other vale, but with a garland made of bowes and flowers: which attire became her ſo gallantly, as ſhee ſeemed to bee the Goddeſſe *Flora* her ſelfe for beauty. Fortune, who al this while had ſhewed a frendly face, began now to turne her back, and to ſhewe a lowring countenance, intending as ſhe had giuen *Fawnia* a ſlender checke, ſo ſhe woulde giue her a harder mate: to bring which to paſſe, ſhe layd her traine on this wife. *Egiſtus* had but one only ſon called *Doraſtus*, about y age of twenty yeeres: a Prince ſo decked and adorned with the gifts of nature: ſo fraught with beauty and vertuous qualities, as not onely his father ioyed to haue ſo good a ſonne, & al his commons reioyced that God had lent them ſuch a noble Prince to ſuccede in the Kingdom. *Egiſtus* placing al his ioy in the perfection of his ſonne: ſeeing

that he was now mariage-able, sent Embassadors to the king of *Denmarke*, to intreate a mariage betweene him and his daughter, who willingly consenting, made answer, that the next spring, if it please *Egistus* with his sonne to come into *Denmarke*, hee doubted not / but they shoulde agree upon reasonable conditions. *Egistus* resting satisfied with this friendly answer, thought conuenient in the meane time to breake with his sonne: finding therefore on a day fit oportunity, he spake to him in these fatherly tearmes.

Dorastus, thy youth warneth me to preuent the worst, and mine age to provide the best. Opportunities neglected, are signes of folly: actions measured by time, are seldome bitten with repentance: thou art young, and I olde: age hath taught me that which thy youth cannot yet conceiue.

I therefore will counsell thee as a father, hoping thou wilt obey as a childe. Thou seest my white hayres are blossomes for the grave, and thy freshe colour fruite for time and fortune, so that it behooueth me to thinke how to dye, and for thee to care how to liue. My crowne I must leaue by death, and thou enioy my Kingdome by succeffion, wherein I hope thy vertue and prowesse shall bee such, as though my subiectes want my perfon, yet they shall see in thee my perfection. That nothing either may faile to satisfie thy minde, or increase

thy dignities: the onely care I haue is to see thee well married before I die, and thou become olde.

Dorastus, who from his infancy, delighted rather to die with *Mars* in the Fielde then to dally with *Venus* in the Chamber: fearing to displease his father, and yet not willing to be wed, made him this reuerent answere. .

Sir, there is no greater bond then duetie, nor no straiter law then nature: disobedience in youth is often galled with despight in age. The commaund of the father ought to be a constraint to the childe: so parentes willes are laws, so they passe not all laws: may it please your Grace therefore to appoint whome I shall loue, rather then by deniall I should be appeached of disobedience: I rest content to loue, though it bee the only thing I hate.

Egistus hearing his sonne to flie farre from the marke, began to be somewhat chollericke, and therefore made him this hastie aunswere. /

What *Dorastus* canst thou not loue? Commeth this cynicall passion of prone desires or peeuish frowardnesse? What doest thou thinke thy selfe to good for all, or none good inough for thee? I tell thee, *Dorastus*, there is nothing sweeter then youth, nor swifter decreasing, while it is increasing. Time past with folly may bee repented, but not recalled. If thou marrie in age, thy wiues freshe

couloures will breede in thee dead thoughtes and fuspition, and thy white hayres her lothesomnesse and sorrowe. For *Venus* affections are not fed with Kingdomes, or treasures, but with youthfull conceits and sweet amours. *Vulcan* was allotted to shake the tree, but *Mars* allowed to reape the fruite. Yeele *Dorastus* to thy Fathers perswasions, which may preuent thy perils. I haue chosē thee a Wife, faire by nature, royall by birth, by vertues famous, learned by education, and rich by possessiōs, so that it is hard to iudge whether her bounty, or fortune, her beauty, or vertue, bee of greater force: I meane, *Dorastus*, *Euphania* daughter and heire to the King of *Denmarke*.

Egistus pausing here a while, looking when his son should make him answere, and seeing that he stoode still as one in a trance, he shooke him vp thus sharply.

Well *Dorastus* take heede, the tree *Alpya* wasteth not with fire, but withereth with the dewe: that which loue nourisheth not, perisheth with hate: if thou like *Euphania*, thou breedest my content, and in louing her thou shalt haue my loue, otherwise; and with that hee flung from his sonne in a rage, leauing him a sorrowfull man, in that he had by deniaht displeased his Father, and halfe angrie with him selfe that hee could not yeele to that passion, whereto both reason and his Father perswaded

him: but see how Fortune is plumed with Times feathers, and how shee can minister strange causes to breede straunge effectes.

It happened not long after this, that there was a meeting of all the Farmers Daughters in *Sycilia*, whither *Fawnia* was also bidden as the mistres of the feast: who hauing attired her / selfe in her best garments, went among the rest of her companions to the merry meeting: there spending the day in such homely pastimes as shepheards vse. As the euening grew on, and their sportes ceased, ech taking their leaue at other, *Fawnia* desiring one of her companions to beare her companie, went home by the flocke, to see if they were well folded, and as they returned, it fortuneth that *Dorastus* (who all that daye had bene hawking, and kilde store of game) incountred by the way these two mayds, and casting his eye sodenly on *Fawnia*, he was halfe afraid, fearing that with *Atteon* he had seene *Diana*: for hee thought such exquisite perfection could not be founde in any mortall creature. As thus he stood in a maze, one of his Pages told him, that the maide with the garland on her heade was *Fawnia*, the faire shepheard, whose beauty was so much talked of in the Court. *Dorastus* desirous to see if nature had adorned her minde with any inward qualities, as she had decked her body with outward shape, began to question with her, whose daughter

she was, of what age and how she had bin trained vp, who answered him with such modest reuerence and sharpnesse of witte, that *Dorastus* thought her outward beautie was but a counterfait to darken her inward qualities, wondring how so courtly behauiour could be found in so simple a cottage, and cursing fortune that had shadowed wit and beauty with such hard fortune. As thus he held her a long while with chat, Beauty seeing him at discouert, thought not to lose the vantage, but strooke him so deeply with an inuenomed shafte, as he wholly lost his libertie, and became a slaue to Loue, which before contemned Loue, glad now to gaze on a poore shepheard, who before refused the offer of a riche Princeesse: for the perfection of *Fawnia* had so fired his fancie as he felt his minde greatly chaunged, and his affections altered, cursing Loue that had wrought such a chaunge, and blaming the basenesse of his mind, that would make such a choice: but thinking these were but passionat toies that might be thrust out at pleasure, to auoid the Syren that inchaunted him, he put spurs to his horse, and bad this faire shepheard farewell.

Fawnia (who all this while had marked the princely gesture / of *Dorastus*) seeing his face so wel featured, and each lim so perfectly framed, began greatly to praise his perfection, commending

him so long, till she found her selfe faultie, and perceiued that if she waded but a little further, she might slippe ouer her shooes: shee therefore seeking to quench that fire which neuer was put out, went home, and faining her selfe not well at ease, got her to bed: where casting a thousand thoughts in her head, she could take no rest: for if she waked, she begā to call to minde his beautie, and thinking to beguile such thoughts with sleepe, she then dreamed of his perfection: pestered thus with these vnacquainted passions, she passed the night as she could in short slumbers.

Dorastus (who all this while rode with a flea in his eare) could not by any meanes forget the sweete fauour of *Fawnia*, but rested so bewitched with her wit and beauty, as hee could take no rest. He felt fancy to giue the assault, and his wounded mind readie to yeeld as vanquished: yet he began with diuers considerations to suppress this frantick affection, calling to minde, that *Fawnia* was a shepheard, one not worthy to bee looked at of a Prince, much lesse to bee loued of such a potentate, thinking what a discredite it were to himself, and what a grieve it would be to his father, blaming fortune and accusing his owne follie, that should bee so fond as but to once cast a glaunce at such a couñtry slut. As thus he was raging against him selfe, Loue, fearing if shee dallied long, to loose her

champion, stept more nigh, and gaue him such a fresh wounde as it pearst him at the heart, that he was faine to yeeld, maugre his face, and to forsake the companie and gette him to his chamber: where being solemnly set, hee burst into these passionate tearmes.

Ah, *Dorastus*, art thou alone? No, not alone, while thou art tired with these vnacquainted passions. Yeld to fancy, thou canst not by thy fathers counsaile, but in a frenzie thou art by iust destinies. Thy father were content, if thou couldest loue, and thou therefore discontent, because thou doest loue. O deuine Loue, feared of men because honoured of the Gods, not to be suppressed by wisdom, because not to be comprehended / by reason: without Lawe, and therefore aboue all Law.

How now *Dorastus*, why doest thou blaze that with praises, which thou hast cause to blaspheme with curses? yet why should they curse Loue that are in Loue?

Blush *Dorastus* at thy fortune, thy choice, thy loue: thy thoughts cannot be vttered without shame, nor thy affections without discredit. Ah *Fawnia*, sweete *Fawnia*, thy beautie *Fawnia*.

Shamest not thou *Dorastus* to name one vnfitte for thy birth, thy dignities, thy Kingdomes! Dye *Dorastus*, *Dorastus* die, better hadst thou perish

with high desires, then liue in base thoughts. Yea but, beautie must be obeyed, because it is beauty, yet framed of the Gods to feede the eye, not to fetter the heart.

Ah but he that striueth against Loue, shooteth with them of *Scyrum* against the winde, and with the Cockatrice pecketh against the Steele. I will therefore obey, because I must obey. *Fawnia*, yea *Fawnia* shal be my fortune, in spight of fortune. The Gods aboue disdain not to loue womē beneath. *Phæbus* liked *Sibilla*, *Iupiter Io*, and why not I then *Fawnia*, one something inferiour to these in birth, but farre superiour to them in beautie, borne to be a Shepheard, but worthy to be a Goddesse.

Ah *Dorastus*, wilt thou so forget thy selfe as to suffer affection to suppress wisedome, and Loue to violate thine honour? How sower will thy choice be to thy Father, sorrowfull to thy Subiects, to thy friends a grieve, most glad some to thy foes? Subdue then thy affections, and cease to loue her whome thou couldst not loue, vnlesse blinded with too much loue. Tush, I talke to the wind, and in seeking to preuent the causes, I further the effectes. I will yet praise *Fawnia*, honour, yea and loue *Fawnia*, and at this day followe content, not counsaile. Doo *Dorastus*, thou canst but repent: and with that his Page came into the chamber: wherevpon hee ceased from his complaints, hoping

that time would weare out that which fortune had wrought. As thus he was pained, so poore *Fawnia* was diuerfly perplexed: for the next morning getting vp very earely, she went to her sheepe, thinking with hard / labours to passe away her new conceiued amours, beginning very busily to driue them to the field, and then to shift the foldes: at last (wearièd with toile) she sate her down, where (poore soule) she was more tryed with fond affections: for loue beganne to assault her, in so much that as she sate vpon the side of a hill, she began to accuse her owne folly in these tearmes.

Inf fortunate *Fawnia*, and therefore inf fortunate because *Fawnia*, thy shepherds hooke sheweth thy poore state, thy proud desires an aspiring mind: the one declareth thy want, the other thy pride. No bastard hauke must soare so hie as the Hobbie, no Fowle gaze against the Sunne but the Eagle: actions wrought against nature reape despight, and thoughts about Fortune disdaine.

Fawnia, thou art a shepheard, daughter to poore *Porrus*: if thou rest content with this, thou art like to stande, if thou climbe thou art sure to fall. The Herb *Anita* growing higher then fixe ynches becommeth a weede. *Nylus* flowing more then twelue cubits procureth a dearth. Daring affections that passe measure, are cut shorte by time or fortune: suppressse then *Fawnia* those thoughts

which thou mayest shame to expresse. But ah *Fawnia*, loue is a Lord, who will commaund by power, and constraîne by force.

Dorastus, ah *Dorastus* is the man I loue! the woofe is thy hap, and the lesse cause hast thou to hope. Will Eagles catch at flies, will Cedars stoupe to brambles, or mighty Princes looke at such homely trulles? No, no, thinke this, *Dorastus* disdaine is greater then thy desire: hee is a Prince respecting his honor, thou a beggars brat forgetting thy calling. Cease then not onely to say, but to thinke to loue *Dorastus*, and dissemble thy loue *Fawnia*, for better it were to dye with griefe, then to liue with shame: yet in despight of loue I will figh, to see if I can figh out loue. *Fawnia* somewhat appeasing her griefes with these pithie perswasions, began after her wonted maner to walke about her sheepe, and to keepe them from straying into the corne, suppressing her affection with the due consideration of her base estate, and with the impossibilities of her loue, thinking it were frenzy, not fancy, to couet that which the / very destinies did deny her to obtaine.

But *Dorastus* was more impatient in his passions: for loue so fiercely assayled him, that neither companie, nor musicke, could mittigate his martirdome, but did rather far the more increase his maladie shame would not let him craue counsaile in this

case, nor feare of his Fathers displeasure reueyle it to any secrete friend : but hee was faine to make a Secretarie of himselfe, and to participate his thoughtes with his owne troubled mind. Lingring thus awhile in doubtfull suspence, at last stealing secretly from the court without either men or Page, hee went to see if hee could espie *Fawnia* walking abroad in the field : but as one hauing a great deale more skill to retriue the partridge with his spaniels, then to hunt after such a straunge pray, he sought, but was little the better : which crosse lucke draue him into a great choler, that he began to accuse loue and fortune. But as he was readie to retire, he sawe *Fawnia* sitting all alone vnder the side of a hill, making a garland of such homely flowres as the fields did afford. This sight so reuiued his spirites that he drew nigh, with more iudgement to take a view of her singular perfection, which hee found to bee such, as in that countrey attyre she stained al the courtlie Dames of *Sicilia*. While thus he stood gazing with pearcing lookes on her surpassing beautie, *Fawnia* cast her eye aside, and spied *Dorastus*, w^{ch} suddenn sight made the poore girle to blush, and to die her christal cheeks with a vermilion red : which gaue her such a grace, as she seemed farre more beautiful. And with that she rose vp, saluting the Prince with such modest

curtesies, as he wondred how a country maid could afoord such courtly behaiour. *Dorastus*, repaying her curtesie with a smiling countenance, began to parlie with her on this manner.

Faire maide (quoth he) either your want is great, or a shepheards life very sweete, that your delight is in such country labors. I can not conceiue what pleasure you should take, vnlesse you meane to imitate the nymphes, being yourself so like a Nymph. To put me out of this doubt, shew me what is to be commended in a shepherdes life, and what pleasures / you haue to counteruaile these drudging laboures. *Fawnia* with blushing face made him this ready aunswere.

Sir, what richer state then content, or what sweeter life then quiet? we shepheards are not borne to honor, nor beholding vnto beautie: the lesse care we haue to feare fame or fortune: we count our attire braue inough if warme inough, and our foode dainty, if to suffice nature: our greatest enemy is the wolfe: our onely care in safe keeping our flock: in stead of courtlie ditties we spend the daies with cuntry songs: our amorous conceites are homely thoughtes: delighting as much to talke of Pan and his cuntry pranks, as Ladies to tell of *Venus* and her wanton toyes. Our toyle is in shifting the fouldes, and looking to the Lambes, easie labours: oft singing and telling tales, homely

pleasures: our greatest welth not to couet, our honor not to climbe, our quiet not to care. Enuie looketh not so lowe as shepheards: Shepheards gaze not so high as ambition: we are rich in that we are poore with content, and proud onely in this, that we haue no cause to be proud.

This wittie answer of *Fawnia* so inflamed *Dorastus* fancy, as he commended him selfe for making so good a choyce, thinking, if her birth were aunswerable to her wit and beauty, that she were a fitte mate for the most famous Prince in the worlde. He therefore beganne to sifte her more narrowly on this manner.

Fawnia, I see thou art content with Country labours, because thou knowest not Courtly pleasures: I commend thy wit, and pittie thy want: but wilt thou leaue thy Fathers Cottage and serue a Courtlie Mistresse?

Sir (quoth she) beggers ought not to striue against fortune, nor to gaze after honour, least either their fall be greater, or they become blinde. I am borne to toile for the Court, not in the Court: my nature vnfit for their nurture: better liue then in meane degree, than in high disdaine.

Well saide, *Fawnia* (quoth *Dorastus*) I gesse at thy thoughts: thou art in loue with some Countrey Shephearde./

No sir (quoth she) shepheards cannot loue, that

are so simple, and maides may not loue that are so young.

Nay therefore (quoth *Dorastus*) maides must loue, because they are young, for *Cupid* is a child, and *Venus*, though olde, is painted with fresh coloures.

I graunt (quoth she) age may be painted with new shadowes, and youth may haue imperfect affections: but what arte concealeth in one, ignorance reuealeth in the other. *Dorastus* seeing *Fawnia* held him so harde, thought it was vaine so long to beate about the bush: therefore he thought to haue giuen her a fresh charge: but he was preuented by certaine of his men, who missing their maister, came posting to seeke him, seeing that he was gone forth all alone: yet before they drewe so nie that they might heare their talke, he vsed these speeches.

Why *Fawnia*, perhappes I loue thee, and then thou must needes yeelde, for thou knowest I can commaunde and constraine. Trueth fir (quoth she) but not to loue: for constrained loue is force, not loue: and know this fir, mine honesty is such, as I hadde rather dye then be a Concubine euen to a King, and my birth is so base as I am vnfitte to bee a wife to a poore farmer. Why then (quoth he) thou canst not loue *Dorastus*? Yes saide *Fawnia*, when *Dorastus* becomes a shepheard: and

with that the prefence of his men broke off their parle, fo that he went with them to the palace, and left *Fawnia* fitting ftill on the hill fide, who feeling that the night drewe on, fhifted her fouldes, and bufied her felfe about other worke to driue away fuch fond fancies as began to trouble her braine. But all this could not preuaile, for the beautie of *Dorastus* had made fuch a deepe impreffion in her heart, as it could not be worne out without cracking, fo that fhe was forced to blame her owne folly in this wife.

Ah *Fawnia*, why doeft thou gaze againft the Sunne, or catch at ſ̃ Winde! ftarres are to be looked at with the eye, not reacht at with the hande: thoughts are to be meafured by Fortunes, not by defires: falles come not by fitting low, but by climbing too hie: what then ſhal al feare to fal, becaufe ſome happe to fall! No, lucke commeth by lot, and fortune windeth thoſe threedes which the deftinies ſpin. Thou art fauored *Fawnia* of a prince, and yet thou art ſo fond to reiect desired fauours: thou haſt deniall at thy tonges end, and deſire at thy hearts bottome: a womans fault, to ſpurne at that with her foote, which ſhe greedily catcheth at with her hand. Thou loueſt *Dorastus*, *Fawnia*, and yet ſeemeſt to lower. Take heede, if hee retire, thou wilt repent; for vnles hee loue, thou canſt but dye. Dye then *Fawnia*: for

Dorastus doth but iest: the Lyon neuer prayeth on the mouse, nor Faulcons stoupe not to dead stales. Sit downe then in sorrow, ceasse to loue, and content thy selfe, that *Dorastus* will vouchsafe to flatter *Fawnia*, though not to fancy *Fawnia*. Heigh ho: Ah foole, it were seemelier for thee to whistle as a Shepheard, then to sigh as a louer. And with that she ceassed from these perplexed passions, folding her sheepe, and hying home to her poore Cottage. But such was the incessant sorrow of *Dorastus* to thinke on the witte and beautie of *Fawnia*, and to see how fond hee was being a Prince: and how froward she was being a beggar, that he began to loose his wonted appetite, to looke pale and wan: instead of mirth, to feede on melancholy: for courtly daunces to vse cold dumpes; in so much that not onely his owne men, but his father and all the court began to maruaile at his sudden change, thinking that some lingring sicknes had brought him into this state: wherefore he caused Phisitions to come, but *Dorastus* neither would let them minister, nor so much as suffer them to see his vrine: but remained stil so oppressed with these passions, as he feared in him selfe a farther inconuenience. His honor wished him to ceasse from such folly, but Loue forced him to follow fancy: yea and in despight of honour, loue wonne the conquest, so that his hot desires caused

him to find new deuises, for hee presently made himselfe a shepheards coate, that he might goe vnknowne, and with the lesse suspition to prattle with *Fawnia*, and conueied it secretly into a thick groue hard ioyning to the Pallace, whether finding fit time, and oportunity, he went all alone, and putting off his princely apparel, got on those shepheards roabes, and taking a great hooke in his hand (which he had also gotten) he went very anciently, / to finde out the mistres of his affection: but as he went by the way, seeing himselfe clad in such vnseemely ragges, he began to smile at his owne folly, and to reprove his fondnesse, in these tearmes.

Well said *Dorastus*, thou keepest a right *decorum*, base desires and homely attires: thy thoughtes are fit for none but a shepheard, and thy apparell such as only become a shepheard. A strang change from a Prince to a pesant! What is it? thy wretched fortune or thy wilful folly! Is it thy cursed destinies? Or thy crooked desires, that appointeth thee this penance? Ah *Dorastus* thou canst but loue, and vnlesse thou loue, thou art like to perish for loue. Yet fond foole, choose flowers, not weedes: Diamondes, not peables; Ladies which may honour thee, not shepheards which may disgrace thee. *Venus* is painted in filkes, not in ragges: and *Cupid* treadeth on disdaine, when he

reacheth at dignitie. And yet *Dorastus* shame not at thy shepheards weede: the heauenly Godes haue sometime earthly thoughtes: *Neptune* became a Ram, *Iupiter* a Bul, *Apollo* a shepheard: they Gods, and yet in loue: and thou a man appointed to loue.

Deuifing thus with himfelfe, hee drew nigh to the place where *Fawnia* was keeping her shepe, who casting her eye aside, and seeing fuch a manerly shepheard, perfectly limmed, and comming with fo good a pace, she began halfe to forget *Dorastus*, and to fauor this prety shepheard, whom she thought shee might both loue and obtaine: but as shee was in thefe thoughts, she perceiued then, that it was the yong prince *Dorastus*: wherfore she rofe vp and reuerently faluted him. *Dorastus* taking her by the hand, repaied her curtesie with a sweete kiffe, and praying her to fit downe by him, he began thus to lay the batterie.

If thou maruell *Fawnia* at my strange attyre, thou wouldest more muse at my vnaccustomed thoughtes: the one disgraceth but my outward shape, the other disturbeth my inward fences. I loue *Fawnia*, and therefore what loue liketh I cannot mislike. *Fawnia* thou hast promised to loue, and I hope / thou wilt performe no lesse: I haue fulfilled thy request, and now thou canst but graunt my desire. Thou wert content to loue

Dorastus when he ceast to be a Prince, and to become a shepheard, and see I haue made the change, and therefore not to misse of my choice.

Trueth, quoth *Fawnia*, but all that weare Cooles are not Monkes: painted Eagles are pictures, not Eagles. *Zeus* Grapes were like Grapes, yet shadowes; rich clothing make not princes; nor homely attyre beggers: shepheards are not called shepheardes, because they we[a]re hookes and bagges, but that they are borne poore, and liue to keepe sheepe; so this attire hath not made *Dorastus* a shepherd, but to seeme like a shepherd.

Well *Fawnia*, answered *Dorastus*, were I a shepherd, I could not but like thee, and being a prince I am forst to loue thee. Take heed *Fawnia*, be not proud of beauties painting, for it is a flower that fadeth in the blossome. Those which disdayne in youth are despised in age: Beauties shadowes are trickt vp with times colours, which being set to drie in the sunne are stained with the sunne, scarce pleasing the sight ere they beginne not to be worth the sight, not much vnlike the 'herbe *Ephemeron*, which flourisheth in the morning and is withered before the sunne setting: if my desire were against lawe, thou mightest iustly deny me by reason, but I loue thee *Fawnia*, not to misvse thee as a Concubine, but to vse thee as my wife: I can promise no more, and meane to performe no lesse.

Fawnia hearing this solemne protestation of *Dorastus*, could no longer withstand the assault, but yeelded up the forte in these friendly tearmes.

Ah *Dorastus*, I shame to expresse that thou forcest me with thy sugred speeche to confesse: my base birth causeth the one, and thy high dignities the other. Beggars thoughts ought not to reach so far as Kings, and yet my desires reach as high as Princes. I dare not say, *Dorastus*, I loue thee, because / I am a shepherd, but the Gods know I haue honored *Dorastus* (pardon if I say amisse) yea and loued *Dorastus* with such dutiful affection as *Fawnia* can performe, or *Dorastus* desire: I yeeld, not ouercome with prayers, but with loue, resting *Dorastus* handmaid ready to obey his wil, if no preiudice at all to his honour, nor to my credit.

Dorastus hearing this freendly conclusion of *Fawnia* embraced her in his armes, swearing that neither distance, time, nor aduerse fortune should diminish his affection: but that in despight of the destinies he would remaine loyall vnto death. Hauing thus plight their troath each to other, seeing they could not haue the full fruition of their loue in *Sycilia*, for that *Egistus* consent woulde neuer bee graunted to so meane a match, *Dorastus* determined assone as time and opportunitie would giue them leaue, to prouide a great masse of money,

and many rich & costly iewels, for the easier cariage, and then to transporte themselues and their treasure into *Italy*, where they should leade a contented life, vntil such time as either he could be reconciled to his Father, or els by suceffion come to the Kingdome. This deuise was greatly prayfed of *Fawnia*, for she feared if the King his father should but heare of the contract, that his furie would be such as no lesse then death would stand for payment: she therefore tould him, that delay bred daunger: that many mishaps did fall out betweene the cup and the lip, and that to auoid danger, it were best with as much speed as might be to passe out of *Sycilia*, leaft fortune might preuent their pretence with some newe despight: *Dorastus*, whom loue pricked forward with desire, promised to dispatch his affaires with as great haft, as either time or oportunitie would geue him leaue: and so resting vpon this point, after many imbracings and sweete kisses they departed. *Dorastus* hauing taken his leaue of his best beloued *Fawnia*, went to the Groue where hee had his rich apparel, and there vncafsing himself as secretly as might be, hiding vp his shepheards attire, till occasion should serue againe to vse it: hee went to the pallace, shewing by his merrie countenaunce, y either the state of his body was amended, or the ease of his minde greatly / redressed: *Fawnia*, poore soule, was no

less ioyful, that being a shepheard, fortune had fauoured her so, as to reward her with the loue of a Prince, hoping in time to be aduanced from the daughter of a poore farmer to be the wife of a riche King: so that she thought euery houre a yeere, till by their departure they might preuent danger, not ceasing still to goe euery daye to her sheepe, not so much for the care of her flock, as for the desire she had to see her loue and Lord *Dorastus*: who oftentimes, when oportunitie would serue, repaired thither to feede his fancy with the sweet content of *Fawnias* presence: and although he neuer went to visit her, but in his shepheards ragges, yet his ofte repaire made him not onely suspected, but knowne to diuers of their neighbours: who for the good will they bare to old *Porrus*, tould him secretly of the matter, wishing him to keepe his daughter at home, leaft she went so oft to the field that she brought him home a yong sonne: for they feared that *Fawnia* being so beautifull, the yong Prince would allure her to folly. *Porrus* was stricken into a dump at these newes, so that thanking his neighbours for their good will: he hyed him home to his wife, and calling her aside, wringing his handes and shedding foorth teares, he brake the matter to her in these tearmes.

I am afraid wife, that my daughter *Fawnia* hath

made her selfe so fine, that she will buy repentance too deare. I heare newes, which if they be true, some will wish they had not proued true. It is tould me by my neighbours, that *Dorastus* the Kinges sonne begins to looke at our daughter *Fawnia*: which if it be so, I will not geue her a halfe peny for her honestie at the yeeres end. I tell thee wife, nowadaies beautie is a great stale to trap yong men, and faire wordes and sweete promises are two great enemies to a maydens honestie: and thou knowest where poore men intreate, and cannot obtaine, there Princes may commaund, and wil obtaine. Though Kings sonnes daunce in nettes, they may not be seene: but poore mens faultes are spied at a little hole: Well, it is a hard case where Kinges lustes are lawes, and that they should binde poore men to that, which they themselues wilfully breake.

Peace / husband (quoth his wife) take heede what you say: speake no more then you should, least you heare what you would not: great streames are to be stopped by sleight, not by force: and princes to be perfwaded by submission, not by rigor: doe what you can, but no more then you may, least in sauing *Fawnias* maydē-head, you loose your owne head. Take heede I say, it is ill iesting with edged tooles, and bad sporting with Kinges. The Wolfe had his skinne puld ouer his

cares for but looking into the Lions den. Tush wife (quoth he) thou speakest like a foole, if the King should knowe that *Dorastus* had begotten our daughter with childe (as I feare it will fall out little better) the Kings furie would be such as no doubt we should both loose our goodes and liues: necessitie therefore hath no lawe, and I will preuent this mischiefe with a newe deuise that is come into my head, which shall neither offend the King, nor displease *Dorastus*. I meane to take the chaine and the iewels that I found with *Fawnia*, and carrie them to the King, letting him then to vnderstand how she is none of my daughter, but that I found her beaten vp with the water alone in a little boate wrapped in a riche Mantle, wherein was inclosed this treasure. By this meanes I hope the King will take *Fawnia* into his seruice, and we whatsoeuer chaunceth shal be blamelesse. This deuice pleased the good wife very well, so that they determined, assoone as they might know the King at leifure, to make him priuie to this case. In the meane time *Dorastus* was not slacke in his affaires, but applied his matters with such diligence, that he prouided all thinges fitte for their journey. Treasure and Jewels he had gotten great store, thincking there was no better friend then money in a strange countrey: rich attire he had prouided for *Fawnia*, and, because he could not

bring the matter to passe without the helpe and aduise of some one, he made an old seruant of his called *Capnio*, who had serued him from his childhood, priuie to his affaires: who seeing no perswasions could preuaile to diuert him from his settled determination, gaue his consent and dealt so secretly in the cause, that within short space hee had gotten a ship ready for their passage: the Mariners seeing a fit gale of winde for their purpose, wished *Capnio* to make no delayes, least / if they pretermitted this good weather, they might stay long ere they had such a fayre winde. *Capnio* fearing that his negligence should hinder the journey, in the night time conueyed the trunckes full of treasure into the shippe, and by secrette meanes let *Fawnia* vnderstand, that the next morning they meant to depart: she vpon this newes slept verie little that night, but gotte vp very early, and wente to her sheepe, looking euery minute when she should see *Dorastus*, who tarted not long, for feare delay might breede daunger, but came as fast as he could gallop, and without any great circumstance tooke *Fawnia* vp behinde him and rode to the hauen, where the shippe lay, which was not three quarters of a mile distant from that place. He no sooner came there, but the Marriners were readie with their Cockboate to set them aboard, where being coucht together in

a Cabben they past away the time in recounting their old loues, til their man *Capnio* should come. *Porrus* who had heard that this morning the King would go abroad to take the ayre, called in haste to his wife to bring him his holyday hose and his best Jacket, that he might goe like an honest substantiall man to tell his tale. His Wife a good cleanly wenche, brought him all things fitte, and spunged him vp very handsomlie, giuing him the chaines and Jewels in a little boxe, which *Porrus* for the more safety put in his bosom. Hauing thus all his trinkets in a readines, taking his staffe in his hand he bad his wife kisse him for good lucke, and so hee went towards the Pallace. But as he was going, fortune (who meant to shoue him a little false play) preuented his purpose in this wise.

He met by chaunce in his way *Capnio*, who trudging as fast as he could with a little coffer vnder his arme to the ship, and spying *Porrus* whome he knewe to be *Fawnias* Father, going towards the Pallace, being a wylie fellow, began to doubt the worst, and therefore crost him the way, and askt him whither he was going so carely this morning.

Porrus (who knew by his face that he was one of y^e Court) meaning simply, told him that the Kings son *Dorastus* dealt hardly with him; for he

had but one Daughter who was a little Beautifull, and that his neighboures told him the young Prince / had allured her to folly: he went therefore now to complaine to the King, how greatly he was abused.

Capnio (who straight way smelt the whole matter) began to sooth him in his talke, and said that *Dorastus* dealt not like a Prince to spoyle any poore manes daughter in that sort: he therefore would doe the best for him he could, because he knew he was an honest man. But (quoth *Capnio*) you lose your labour in going to the Pallace, for the King meanes this day to take the aire of the Sea, and to goe aboard of a shippe that lies in the hauen. I am going before, you see, to provide all things in redinesse, and if you wil follow my counsaile, turne back with me to the hauen, where I will set you in such a fitte place as you may speake to the King at your pleasure. *Porrus* giuing credit to *Capnios* smooth tale, gaue him a thousand thanks for his frendly aduise, and went with him to the hauen, making all the way his complaintes of *Dorastus*, yet concealing secretlie the chaine and the Jewels. Assone as they were come to the Sea side, the marriners seeing *Capnio*, came a land with their cock-boate, who still dissembling the matter, demaunded of *Porrus* if he would go see the ship, who vnwilling and fearing the worst, because he

was not well acquainted with *Capnio*, made his excuse that he could not brooke the Sea, therefore would not trouble him.

Capnio seeing that by faire meanes hee could not get him aboard, cōmaunded the mariners that by violence they should carrie him into the shippe, who like sturdy knaues hoisted the poore shepheard on their backes, and bearing him to the boate, lanced from the land.

Porrus seeing himselfe so cunningly betraied durst not crie out, for hee sawe it would not preuaile, but began to intreate *Capnio* and the mariners to be good to him, and to pittie his estate: hee was but a poore man that liued by his labour: they laughing to see the shepheard so afraide, made as much haste as they could, and fet him aboorde. *Porrus* was no sooner in the shippe, but he saw *Dorastus* walking with *Fawnia*, yet he scarce knew her: for she had attired her selfe in riche apparell, which so increased her beauty, that shee resembled rather an Angell then a mortall creature.

Dorastus and *Fawnia*, were halfe astonished to see the olde shepheard, maruailing greatly what wind had brought him thither, til *Capnio* told them al the whole discourse; how *Porrus* was going to make his complaint to the King, if by pollicie he had not preuented him, and therefore now sith he

was aboard, for the auoiding of further danger, it were best to carrie him into *Italy*.

Dorastus praised greatly his mans deuise, and allowed of his counsaile; but *Fawnia* (who stil feared *Porrus*, as her father) began to blush for shame, that by her meanes he should either incure daunger or displeasure.

The old shephard hearing this hard sentence, that he should on such a sodaine be caried from his Wife, his country, and kinsfolke, into a forraine Lande amongst straungers, began with bitter teares to make his complaint, and on his knees to intreate *Dorastus*, that pardoning his vnaduised folly he would giue him leaue to goe home: swearing that hee would keepe all thinges as secret as they could wish. But these protestations could not preuaile, although *Fawnia* intreated *Dorastus* very earnestly, but the mariners hoisting their maine sailes waied ankers, and hailed into the deepe, where we leaue them to the favour of the wind and seas, &c returne to *Egiftus*.

Who hauing appointed this day to hunt in one of his Forrests, called for his sonne *Dorastus* to go sport himselfe, because hee saw that of late hee began to loure; but his men made answer that hee was gone abroade none knew whither, except he were gone to the groue to walke all alone, as his custome was to doe euery day.

The King willing to waken him out of his dumps sent one of his men to goe seeke him, but in vaine, for at last he returned, but finde him he could not, so that the King went himselfe to goe see the sport: where passing away the day, returning at night from hunting, hee asked for his sonne, but he could not be heard of, which draue the King into a great choler: where vpon most of his Noblemen and other Courtiers, boasted abroad to seek him, but they could not heare of him through all *Sicilia*, onely they missed *Capnio* his man, which againe made / the King suspect that hee was not gone farre.

Two or three daies being passed, and no newes heard of *Dorastus*, *Egistus* began to feare that he was deuoured with some wilde beastes, and vpon that made out a great troupe of men to go seeke him: who coasted through all the Country, and searched in euerie daungerous and secrete place, vntill at last they met with a Fisherman that was sitting in a little couert harde by the sea side mending his nettes, when *Dorastus* and *Fawnia* tooke shipping: who being examined if he either knewe or heard where the Kings Sonne was, without any secrecie at all reuealed the whole matter, how he was sayled two dayes past, and had in his cōpany his man *Capnio*, *Porrus* and his faire Daughter *Fawnia*. This heauie newes was pre-

fently caryed to the King, who halfe dead for sorrow, commaunded *Porrus* wife to bee sent for: she being come to the Pallace, after due examination, confessed that her neighbours had oft told her that the Kings Sonne was too familier with *Fawnia*, her Daughter: wherevpon, her husband fearing the worst, about two dayes past (hearing the King should goe an hunting) rose early in the morning and went to make his complaint, but since she neither hearde of him, nor saw him. *Egistus* perceiuing the womans unfeyned simplicity, let her depart without incurring further displeasure, conceiuing such secret greefe for his Sonnes recklesse follie, that he had so forgotten his honour and parentage, by so base a choise to dishonour his Father, and discredit himselfe, that with very care and thought he fel into a quartan feuer, which was so vnfit for his aged yeeres and complexion, that he became so weake, as the Phisitions would graunt him no life.

But his sonne *Dorastus* little regarded either father, countrie, or Kingdome in respect of his Lady *Fawnia*, for fortune smyling on this young nouice, lent him so lucky a gale of winde, for the space of a day and a night, that the maryners lay and slept vpon the hatches: but on the next morning about the breake of the day, the aire began to be ouercast, the winds to rise, the seas to

swel, yea presently there arose such a fearefull tempest, as the ship was in danger to be swallowed vp with euery sea, the maine mast with the violence of the wind was thrown ouer / boord, the sayles were torne, the tacklings went in sunder, the storme raging still so furiously that poore *Fawnia* was almost dead for feare, but that she was greatly comforted with the presence of *Dorastus*. The tempest continued three dayes, al which time the Mariners euerie minute looked for death, and the aire was so darkned with cloudes that the Maister could not tell by his compasse in what Coast they were. But vpon the fourth day about ten of the clocke, the wind began to cease: the sea to wax calme, and the sky to be cleare, and the Mariners descryed the coast of *Bohemia*, shooting of their ordnance for ioy that they had escaped such a fearefull tempest.

Dorastus hearing that they were arriued at some harbour, sweetly kissed *Fawnia*, and bad her be of good cheare: when they tolde him that the port belonged vnto the cheife Cittie of *Bohemia* where *Pandofto* kept his Court, *Dorastus* began to be sad: knowing that his Father hated no man so much as *Pandofto*, and that the King himself had sought secretly to betray *Egistus*: this considered, he was halfe afraide to goe on land, but that *Capnio* counselled him to chaunge his name and his countrey,

until such time as they could get some other Barke to transport them into *Italy*. *Dorastus* liking this devise made his case priuy to the Marriners, rewarding them bountifully for their paines, and charging them to saye that he was a Gentleman of *Trapalonia* called *Meleagrus*. The shipmen willing to shew what friendship they could to *Dorastus*, promised to be as secret as they could, or hee might wish, and vpon this they landed in a little village a mile distant from the Citie, where after they had rested a day, thinking to make prouision for their mariage; the fame of *Fawnias* beauty was spread throughout all the Citie, so that it came to the eares of *Pandofo*: who then being about the age of fifty, had notwithstanding yong and freshe affections: so that he desired greatly to see *Fawnia*, and to bring this matter the better to passe, hearing they had but one man, and how they rested at a very homely house: he caused them to be apprehended as spies, and sent a dozen of his garde to take them: who being come to their lodging, tolde them the Kings message. *Dorastus* no whit / dismayed, accompanied with *Fawnia* and *Capnio*, went to the court (for they left *Porrus* to keepe the stuffe) who being admitted to the Kings prefence, *Dorastus* and *Fawnia* with humble obeyfance saluted his maiestie.

Pandofo amased at the singular perfection of

Fawnia, stood halfe astonished, viewing her beauty, so that he had almost forgot himselfe what hee had to doe : at last with stearne countenance he demaunded their names, and of what countrey they were, and what caused them to land in *Bohemia*. Sir (quoth *Dorastus*) know that my name *Meleagrus* is a Knight borne and brought vp in *Trapalonia*, and this Gentlewoman, whom I meane to take to my wife is an *Italian* borne in *Padua*, from whence I haue now brought her. The Cause I haue so small a trayne with me is for that her friends vnwilling to consent, I intended secretly to conuey her into *Trapalonia* : whither as I was sailing, by distresse of weather I was driuen into these coasts : thus haue you heard my name, my country, and the cause of my voiage. *Pandoſto* starting from his seat as one in choller, made this rough reply.

Meleagrus, I feare this smooth tale hath but small trueth, and that thou couerest a foule skin with faire paintings. No doubt this Ladie by her grace and beauty is of her degree more meete for a mighty Prince, then for a simple knight, and thou like a periured traitour hast bereft her of her parents, to their present grieſe, and her insuing sorrow. Till therefore I heare more of her parentage and of thy calling, I wil stay you both here in *Bohemia*.

Dorastus, in whome rested nothing but Kingly

valor, was not able to suffer the reproches of *Pandosto*, but that he made him this answer.

It is not meete for a King, without due prooffe to appeach any man of ill behaiour, nor vpon fuspition to inferre beleefe: ftraungers ought to bee entertained with courtesie, not to bee intreated with crueltie, least being forced by want to put vp iniuries, the Gods reuenge their cause with rigor.

Pandosto hearing *Dorastus* vtter these wordes, commaunded that he should ftraight be committed to prifon, vntill fuch time / as they heard further of his pleasure, but as for *Fawnia*, he charged that she should be entertained in the Court, with fuch curtesie as belonged to a ftraunger and her calling. The rest of the shipmen he put into the Dungeon.

Hauing thus hardly handled the fuppofed *Trapalonians*, *Pandosto* contrarie to his aged yeares began to be fomewhat tickled with the beauty of *Fawnia*, in fo much that hee could take no rest, but caft in his old head a thoufand new deuifes: at laft he fell into these thoughtes.

How art thou peftered *Pandosto* with fresh affections, and vnfitte fancies, wifhing to poffeffe with an vnwilling mynde and a hot defire troubled with a could difdaine! Shall thy mynde yeeld in age to that thou haft refifted in youth! Peace *Pandosto*, blabbe not out that which thou maieft be afhamed

to reueale to thy self. Ah *Fawnia* is beautifull, and it is not for thine honour (fond foole) to name her that is thy Captiue, and another mans Concubine. Alas, I reach at that with my hand which my hart would faine refuse; playing like the bird *Ibys* in *Egipt*, which hateth Serpents, yet feedeth on their egges.

Tush, hot desires turne oftentimes to colde disdaine: Loue is brittle, where appetite not reason, beares the sway: Kinges thoughtes ought not to climbe so high as the heauens, but to looke no lower then honour: better it is to pecke at the starres with the young Eagles, then to pray on dead carkasses with the Vulture: tis more honourable for *Pandosto* to dye by concealing Loue, than to enioy such vnfitte Loue. Dooth *Pandosto* then loue! Yea: whome! A maide vnknowne, yea, and perhapps immodest, stragled out of her owne countrie: beautifull, but not therefore chaste: comely in bodie, but perhappes crooked in minde. Cease then *Pandosto* to looke at *Fawnia*, much lesse to loue her: be not ouertaken with a womans beauty, whose eyes are framed by arte to inamour, whose heart is framed by nature to inchaunt, whose false teares knowe their true times, and whose sweete wordes pearce deeper then sharpe swordes. Here *Pandosto* ceased from his talke, but not from his loue: although he sought by reason and wisedome

to / suppress this franticke affection: yet he could take no rest, the beautie of *Fawnia* had made such a deepe impression in his heart. But on a day walking abroad into a Parke which was hard adioyning to his house, he sent by one of his seruants for *Fawnia*, vnto whome he vttered these wordes.

Fawnia, I commend thy beauty and wit, and now pittie thy distresse and want: but if thou wilt forsake Sir *Meleagrus*, whose pouerty though a Knight, is not able to maintaine an estate aunswerable to thy beauty, and yeld thy consent to *Pandosto*: I will both increase thee with dignities and riches. No sir, answered *Fawnia*: *Meleagrus* is a knight that hath wonne me by loue, and none but he shal weare me: his sinister mischance shall not diminishe my affection, but rather increase my good will: thinke not though your Grace, has imprisoned him without cause, that feare shall make mee yeeld my consent: I had rather be *Meleagrus* wife, and a begger, then liue in plenty, and be *Pandostos* Concubine. *Pandosto* hearing the assured aunswere of *Fawnia*, would, notwithstanding, prosecute his suite to the vttermoſt: seeking with faire wordes and great promiſes to ſcale the fort of her chaſtitie, ſwearing that if ſhe would graunt to his deſire, *Meleagrus* ſhould not only be ſet at libertie, but honored in his courte amongſt

his Nobles: but these alluring baytes could not entise her minde from the loue of her newe betrothed mate *Meleagrus*: which *Pandoſto* seeing, he left her alone for that time to consider more of the demaund. *Fawnia* being alone by her selfe, began to enter into these solitarie meditations.

Ah infortunate *Fawnia* thou seeſt to desire about fortune, is to strue against the Gods, and Fortune. Who gazeth at the sunne weakeneth his sight: they which stare at the skie, fall ofte into deepe pits: haddeſt thou rested content to haue bene a shepheard, thou needeſt not to haue feared mischaunce: better had it bene for thee, by sitting lowe, to haue had quiet, then by climbing high to haue fallen into miserie. But alas I feare not mine owne daunger, but *Doraſtus* displeasure. Ah sweete *Doraſtus*, thou art a Prince, but now a prisoner, by too much loue procuring thine owne losse: haddeſt thou not loued *Fawnia* thou haddeſt bene fortunate: shall I then bee false to him that hath forsaken Kingdomes for my cause? no, would my death might deliuer him, so mine honor might be preferred. With that feching a deepe sigh, she ceased frō her complaints, and went againe to the Pallace, inioying a libertie without content, and profered pleasure with smal ioy. But poore *Doraſtus* lay all this while in close prison, being pinched with a hard restraint, and pained with the

burden of colde, and heauie Irons, sorrowing sometimes that his fond affection had procured him this mishappe, that by the disobedience of his parentes, he had wrought his owne despight: an other while cursing the Gods and fortune, that they should crosse him with such sinister chaunce: vttering at last his passions in these words.

Ah vnfortunate wretch borne to mishappe, now thy folly hath his desert: art thou not worthie for thy base minde to haue bad fortune? could the destinies fauour thee, which hast forgot thine honor and dignities? wil not the Gods plague him with despight that payneth his father with disobedience? Oh Gods, if any fauour or iustice be left, plague me, but fauour poore *Fawnia*, and shrowd her from the tirannies of wretched *Pandosto*, but let my death free her from mishap, and then welcome death. *Dorastus* payned with these heauie passions, sorrowed and fighed, but in vaine, for which he vsed the more patience. But againe to *Pandosto*, who broyling at the heat of vnlawfull lust, coulde take no rest but still felt his minde disquieted with his new loue, so that his nobles and subiectes marueyled greatly at this sudaine alteration, not being able to coniecture the cause of this his continued care. *Pandosto* thinking euery hower a yeare til he had talked once againe with *Fawnia*, sent for her secretly into his chamber,

whither though *Fawnia* vnwillingly comming, *Pandoſto* entertained her very courteouſly, vſing theſe familiar ſpeeches, which *Fawnia* answered as ſhortly in this wiſe.

Pandoſto.

Fawnia are you become leſſe wilfull and more wiſe, to preferre the loue of a King before the liking of a poore Knight! I thinke ere this you thinke it is better to be fauoured of a King then of a ſubiect.

Fawnia.

Pandoſto, the body is ſubiect to victories, but the minde not to be ſubdued by conqueſt: honeſty is to be preferred before honour, and a dramme of faith weigheth downe a tunne of gold. I haue promiſed *Melaegrus* to loue, and will performe no leſſe.

Pandoſto.

Fawnia, I know thou art not ſo vnwiſe in thy choice, as to reſuſe the offer of a King, nor ſo ingrateful as to diſpiſe a good turne: thou art now in that place where I may commaunde, and yet thou ſeeſt I intreate: my power is ſuch as I may compell by force, and yet I ſue by prayers: Yeelde *Fawnia* thy loue to him which burneth in thy loue: *Melaegrus* ſhall be ſet free, thy countrymen diſcharged, and thou both loued and honoured.

Fawnia.

I see *Pandoſto*, where luſt ruleth it is a miſerable thing to be a virgin, but know this, that I will alwaies preferre fame before life, and rather chooſe death then diſhonour.

Pandoſto ſeeing that there was in *Fawnia* a determinate courage to loue *Meleagrus*, and a reſolution without feare to hate him, ſlong away from her in a rage : ſwearing if in ſhorte time ſhe would not be wonne with reaſon : he would forget all courteſie, and compel her to graunt by rigour : but theſe threatning wordes no whit diſmayed *Fawnia* : but that ſhe ſtill both deſpighted and diſpiſed *Pandoſto*. While thus theſe two louers ſtroue, the one to winne loue the other to liue in hate : *Egiſtus* heard certaine newes by the Merchauntes of *Bohemia*, that / his ſonne *Doraſtus* was imprifoned by *Pandoſto*, which made him feare greatly that his ſonne ſhould be but hardly intreated : yet conſidering that *Bellarina* and hee was cleared by the Oracle of *Apollo* from that crime wherewith *Pandoſto* had vniuſtly charged them, hee thought beſt to ſend with all ſpeed to *Pandoſto*, that he ſhould ſet free his ſonne *Doraſtus*, and put to death *Fawnia* and her father *Porrus* : finding this by the aduiſe of Counſaile the ſpeedieſt remedy to releaſe his ſonne, he cauſed preſently two of his ſhippes to be rigged, and thoroughly furniſhed

with prouision of men and victuals, and sent diuers of his nobles, Embassadoures into *Bohemia*; who willing to obey their King, and receiue their yong Prince, made no delayes, for feare of danger, but with as much speede as might be, sailed towards *Bohemia*: the winde and seas fauored them greatly, which made them hope of some good happe, for within three daies they were landed: which *Pandofto* no soner heard of their arriual, but hee in person went to meete them, intreating the with such sumptuous and familiar courtesie, that they might well perceiue how sory he was for the former iniuries hee had offered to their King, and how willing (if it might be) to make amendes. As *Pandofto* made report to them, how one *Meleagrus*, a Knight of *Trapolonia*, was lately ariued with a Lady called *Fawnia* in his land, comming very suspitiously, accompanied onely with one seruant, and an olde shepheard. The Embassadours perceiued by the halfe, what the whole tale ment, and began to coniecture, that it was *Dorastus*, who for feare to bee knowne, had chaunged his name: but dissembling & matter, they shortly ariued at the Court, where after they had bin verie solemnly and sumptuously feasted, the noble men of *Sicilia* being gathered together, they made reporte of their Embassage: where they certified *Pandofto* that *Meleagrus* was sonne and heire to

the King *Egistus*, and that his name was *Dorastus*: how contrarie to the Kings minde he had priuily conuailed away that *Fawnia*, intending to marrie her, being but daughter to that poore shepheard *Porrus*: wherevpon the Kings request was that *Capnio*, *Fawnia*, and *Porrus*, might bee murdered and put to death, and that his sonne *Dorastus* might be sent home in safetie. / *Pandofto* hauing attentiuely and with great meruaile heard their Embassage, willing to reconcile himselfe to *Egistus*, and to shew him how greatly he esteemed his fauour: although loue and fancy forbad him to hurt *Fawnia*, yet in despight of loue hee determined to execute *Egistus* will without mercy: and therefore he presently sent for *Dorastus* out of prison, who meruailing at this vnlooked for curtesie, found at his comming to the Kings presence, that which he least doubted of, his fathers Embassadours: who no sooner sawe him, but with great reuerence they honored him: and *Pandofto* embracing *Dorastus*, set him by him very louingly in a chaire of estate. *Dorastus* ashamed that his follie was bewraied, sate a long time as one in a muse, til *Pandofto* told him the summe of his Fathers embassage: which he had no sooner heard, but he was toucht at the quicke, for the cruell sentence that was pronounced against *Fawnia*: but neither could his sorrow nor perswasions preuaile, for *Pandofto* commaunded that

Fawnia, *Porrus*, and *Capnio*, should bee brought to his prefence: who were no sooner come, but *Pandoſto* hauing his former loue turned to a disdainfull hate, began to rage againſt *Fawnia* in theſe tearmes.

Thou diſdainfull vaſſal, thou curriſh kite, aſſigned by the deſtinies to baſe fortune, and yet with an aſpiring minde gazing after honor: how durſt thou preſume, being a beggar, to match with a Prince! By thy alluring lookes to inchant the ſonne of a King to leaue his owne countrie to fulfill thy diſordinate luſts! O deſpightfull minde, a proud heart in a beggar is not vnlike to a great fire in a ſmal cottage, which warmeth not the houſe, but burneth it: aſſure thy ſelfe thou ſhalt die: and thou old doating foole, whoſe follie hath bene ſuch, as to ſuffer thy daughter to reach aboue thy fortune: looke for no other meede, but the like puniſhment. But *Capnio*, thou which haſt betrayed the King, and haſt conſented to the vnlawfull luſt of thy Lord and maiſter, I know not how iuſtly I may plague thee: death is too eaſie a puniſhment for thy falſehood, and to liue (if not in extreme miſerie) were not to ſhew thee equitie. I therefore award that thou ſhalt haue thine eyes put out, and continually / while thou dieſt, grinde in a mil like a brute beaſt. The feare of death brought a ſorrowfull ſilence upon *Fawnia* and

Capnio, but *Porrus* seeing no hope of life, burst forth into these speeches.

Pandofto, and ye noble Embassadours of *Sicilia*, seeing without cause I am condemned to die: I am yet glad I haue opportunitie to disburdē my conscience before my death: I will tel you as much as I know, and yet no more than is true: whereas I am accused that I haue bene a supporter of *Fawnias* pride, and shee disdained as a vilde begger, so it is that I am neither Father vnto her, nor she daughter vnto me.

For so it happened that I being a poore shepherd in *Sicillia*, liuing by keeping other mens flocks: one of my sheepe straying downe to the sea side, as I went to seeke her, I saw a little boat driuen vpon the shoare: wherein I found a babe of fixe daies olde, wrapped in a mantle of skarlet, hauing about the necke this chaine: I pittying the child, and desirous of the treasure, carried it home to my wife, who with great care nursed it vp, and set it to keepe sheepe. Here is the chaine and the Jewels, and this *Fawnia* is the childe whome I found in the boate: what shee is, or of what parentage I knowe not, but this I am assured that shee is none of mine.

Pandofto would scarce suffer him to tell out his tale, but that he enquired the time of the yeere, the manner of the boate, and other circumstaunces,

which when he found agreeing to his count, he sodainelie leapt from his seate, and kiffed *Fawnia*, wetting her tender cheeks with his teares, and crying my daughter *Fawnia*: ah sweete *Fawnia*, I am thy Father, *Fawnia*. This sodaine passion of the King draue them all into a maze, especially *Fawnia* and *Dorastus*. But when the King had breathed himselfe a while in this newe ioy, hee rehearfed before the Embassadours the whole matter, how hee hadde entreated his wife *Bellaria* for iealousie, and that this was the childe whome hee sent to floate in the seas.

Fawnia was not more ioyfull that she had found such a Father, then *Dorastus* was glad he should get such a wife. The Embassadors / reioyced that their yong prince had made such a choice, that those Kingdomes, which through enmitie had long time bin disseuered, should now through perpetual amitie be vnited and reconciled. The Citizens and subiects of *Bohemia* (hearing that the King had found againe his Daughter, which was supposed dead, ioyfull that there was an heire apparent to his Kingdome) made Bonfires and shoves throughout the Cittie. The Courtiers and Knights appointed Jufts and Turneis to signifie their willing mindes in gratifying the Kings hap.

Eighteene daies being past in these princely sports, *Pandofto* willing to recompence old *Porrus*,

of a shepheard made him a Knight: which done, prouiding a sufficient Naue to receiue him and his retinue, accompanied with *Dorastus*, *Fawnia*, and the *Sicilian* Embassadours, he sailed towards *Sicilia*, where he was most princelie entertained by *Egistus*: who hearing this comicall euent, reioyced greatly at his sonnes good hatte, and without delay (to the perpetuall ioy of the two yong Louers) celebrated the marriage: which was no sooner ended, but *Pandofto* (calling to mind how first he betraied his friend *Egistus*, how his ieaousie was the cause of *Bellarias* death, that contrarie to the law of nature hee had lusted after his owne Daughter) moued with these desperate thoughts, he fell into a melancholie fit, and to close vp the Comedie with a Tragicall stratageme, he slewe himselfe: whose death being many daies bewailed of *Fawnia*, *Dorastus*, and his deere friend *Egistus*, *Dorastus* taking his leaue of his father, went with his wife and the dead corps into *Bohemia*, where after they were sumptuously intoombed, *Dorastus* ended his daies in contented quiet.

FINIS.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS
ETC.

I. NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

. See general explanatory remarks prefixed to Notes and Illustrations in Vol. II., pp. 301-2.

THE CARDE OF FANCIE.

- Page 3, l. 4, '*carpet Knights*' = those knighted, not for military service, as was the original and proper cause, but as said in Twelfth Night (iii. 4), "on *carpet* consideration." See note in Vol. II., p. 321 : l. 5, '*deciphered*' = unfolded, as before in Vol. II., p. 302, *et alibi* : l. 11, '*Gwydemus*'—see note on page 2 : l. 13, '*Green*'—it is of biographical and bibliographical interest to note that Greene himself sometimes spelt his name without the final 'e.' See annotated Life in Vol. I.
- „ 5, '*Edward de Vere, Earle of Oxenford*'—the historical earl of Oxford, made notorious by having named Sir Philip Sidney 'a puppy.' He was a versifier of some slight memorableness. See Miscellanies in Fuller Worthies' Library : l. 14, '*paltering*' = paltry, trivial, *ut frequenter* : l. 15, '*duncing*' = stupid or dunce-like. Words in 'ing'

were then used in a more extended sense than that of the present participle.

- Page 6, l. 3, '*passing*' = surpassing : l. 19, '*who-soeuer*'—defensible, but query misprint for '*wheresoeuer*' ? l. 26, '*mites*'—smallest things generally, as smallest coin, the cheese insect, etc.
- „ 8, l. 7, '*claw*' = act parasitically, as the old slander alleges the cat does ; or as one scratches an itching back for another. Hence the proverbial variants 'Ka (or K) me and I'll Ka (or K) thee.' So in *Much Ado* (i. 3), "*claw* no man in his humour" = flatter : l. 28, '*countervaille*' = balance, as before *et frequenter* : l. 26, '*retcht*' = reached.
- „ 9, l. 16, '*Richard Portingtonus*.' See Vol. II., page 11, and related note, pages 305-6.
- „ 11, l. 7, '*modelesse*' = moody : or qy. without mode, moderation or limit, *est modus in rebus*. See page 135, l. 16 and note.
- „ 12, l. 11, '*indued*'—Greene may have extended the sense of the Latin *induere* in its English use, but more likely it is a variant spelling for 'endowed.' Chaucer so uses it. See onward : l. 14, '*complection*' = constitution : last l., '*personage*' = person or personality.
- „ 13, l. 1, '*feature*.' See Glossarial-Index, s.v., for a full note. The present is a noticeable example of the word being used for the 'make' of one's body generally, and not as now limited : l. 2, '*couched*' = placed,

laid or set. It was then a (technical) artistic word, and 'couch' - a pallet. Baret. So Anth. and Cleop. (iv. 12), "where souls do *couch* as flowers"; 1 Henry VI. (iii. 2), "Brauer soldier neuer *couched* lance": l. 10, '*imbrued*' - steeped in, *i.e.* infected with (vice): l. 13, '*retchlesse*' - reckless: l. 27, '*carefull*' - full of care, as frequently.

Page 14, l. 12, '*trye*' - prove, *frequenter*: l. 25, '*roysting*' - roistering, wild, irregular: l. 27, '*swashing*' - cutting and quarrelling, *i.e.* means metaphorically a 'blusterer,' just as did *swash-buckler* or one who made more noise than he did execution.

" 15, l. 24, '*fall sick of the Father*'—a phrase or sort of equivoque, suggested by the then common one 'sick of the mother,' said of one hysterical or suffering from affections, due to the mother (or uterus). Of course it had a darker meaning behind it: l. 24, '*Leueret*' - young hare: l. 27, '*tapish*' or *tappish* - to squat, lurk or lie close, used of partridges when hunted (*French*).

" 18, l. 1, '*wysards*'—then = wise men, now in the similar but more restricted sense, of male witches: l. 19, '*turn tippets*'—excellent example of the use of the phrase.

" 20, l. 27, '*Nemiphar*'—see separate lists, as before.

" 21, ll. 10-11, 'to' and 'too'—example of the arbitrary or unformed spelling of identically the same particle: l. 22, '*manners*'

morals, character ; or it may be simply
'good-breeding,' grace of manner : l. 23,
'curious' - over-careful : l. 25, 'counterfaite'
- impostor.

Page 22, l. 3, '*tickle*' - unsteady, wavering. See p.
43, l. 24 : l. 19, '*ruth*' - sorrow, with touch
of remorse.

" 24, l. 3, '*residence*' - not house or lodging-place,
but without any fixed residing place : l. 23,
'*Alcumist*' - alchemist.

" 25, l. 1, '*porte*' - bearing, state, as still used.

" 26, l. 1, '*faine*' - used with a double meaning
- feign, and agree : l. 12, '*fish Palerna*' -
see separate lists, as before.

" 27, l. 4, '*mate*' - check mate at chess, as before
and after : l. 15, '*take heart at grasse*'
- of grace. See Notes and Illustrations to
Vol. III., pp. 203-4 : l. 21, '*inferred*' -
preferred : last l., '*Limbo*.' See Notes and
Ill. to Vol. III., page 274, on p. 218, l. 15.

" 28, ll. 7-8, '*for molesting*,' etc. - a then com-
mon use of '*for*' - to the molesting, etc.

" 30, l. 1, '*trace*' - track. We say '*traces*' -
foot-marks.

" 31, l. 22, '*stiffeling*' - stifling as now used.
See p. 46, l. 14.

" 33, last l., '*painfull*' - painstaking.

" 36, l. 16, '*Elephant*' - '*Halciones*' - '*Roebuck*.'
See separate lists, as before, in the last vol.

" 37, l. 14, '*parle*' - discourse and discuss : l. 20,
'*alate*' - lately : last l., '*loose*' - lose, as
then usually.

- Page 40, l. 10, '*lucklie*' - lucky : l. 24, 'desire'—
 qy. - [the fruition of, or the object of] desire?
- „ 41, l. 1, '*infringeth*' - breaketh into : l. 17,
 '*onset*' - assault, love-greeting : l. 22, '*re-
 trieuing*'—hence the name of a special
 dog, 'retriever.' A technical hunting term
 for finding (dead or wounded) game.
- „ 42, l. 16, '*curiousnesse*' - over-carefulness :
 l. 21, '*coniecture*'—as now used : l. 22,
 '*cast my water*' - ancient medical exami-
 nation of urine.
- „ 43, l. 11, '*haggardnesse*' - wildness. Cf. l. 26 :
 l. 22, '*confect*' - confection: *ibid.*, '*crased*' -
 creased, broken, or weakened : l. 24, '*iump*'
 - agree : l. 26, '*haggard*' - untamed, there-
 fore 'wild' : l. 28, '*ramage*' - wild. See
 Nares, *s.v.*
- „ 44, l. 4, '*Bines*'—qy., error for 'Bin[d]es,'
 though that was not a technical phrase; but
 Lines = tænia (Holyoke's Ryder).
- „ 45, l. 23, '*disaster*' - transition-form of 'dis-
 astrous,' *frequenter*.
- „ 46, l. 2, '*sinister*' - disaster, *i.e.* disastrous :
 l. 14, '*stiffle*.' Cf. page 31, l. 22.
- „ 47, l. 8, '*vilde*' - vile : l. 19, '*straight*' - strait,
 chary : l. 23, '*meacock*' - a weak effeminate
 fellow. The origin is disputed. Query—
 from a cock mewing or mouthing, he being
 then ailing and out of spirits, and therefore
 craven? The same may explain the
 'mewing' at theatres when an actor or
 piece does not please or come up to ex-

pectation. Cf. its solitary use by Shakespeare in *Taming of Shrew* (ii. 1), 'a meacock wretch.' Schmidt, *s.v.*, has - spiritless, pusillanimous, henpecked: *ibid.*, 'milkesoppe' - babyish, one fed like a young child on sops and milk.

Page 48, l. 15, 'dead flesh' - proud flesh: l. 17, 'stith' - stithy or anvil.

" 49, l. 5, 'disappointed' - defeated or frustrated: l. 10, 'march' - his address, the word being fetched from the 'march' preliminary to an assault.

" 50, l. 7, 'disease' - discomfort, love-trouble, albeit the context shows that the medical significance was meant (metaphorically): l. 10, 'misling' - mizzling, small-dropping, as before. Cf. p. 123, l. 4.

" 51, l. 1, 'Porcuntine' - porcupine. Cf. p. 82, l. 16: l. 6—for [must], perhaps better read 'seekes': l. 11, 'inferred' - brought in, as frequently: l. 14, 'holde vp my handes'—as a criminal at the bar when pleading for mercy.

" 52, l. 2, 'vnpossible' - impossible, as before; but see l. 7 and p. 54, l. 3: ll. 3-4, 'pens of a Camelion'—this would seem to indicate that Greene thought the chameleon was a bird: l. 4, 'pricked' - set up? l. 6, 'Diagredium'—see separate lists, as before: l. 21, 'fondnesse' - foolishness.

" 53, l. 3, 'scraps,' *i.e.* of food [placed in the trap]: l. 14, 'nor meane not'—double

negative, frequent in Greene and contemporaries : l. 18, '*foine*' = fencing term, *i.e.* thrust : l. 22, '*staffe too high*'—this may be a reference to music and = going a stave too high, a note beyond : l. 25, '*cheaping*' = cheapening or bargaining over : *ibid.*, '*chaffer*' = ware to be sold, as before.

- Page 54, l. 4, '*Adamant*' = magnet : l. 5, '*straw . . . iet*' = the ordinary electric experiments : l. 18, '*Serpentine powder*'—see separate lists, as before : l. 19, '*Salamander stone*'—asbestos?
- „ 55, l. 11, '*remorse*' = pity : l. 24, '*let*' = hinder, prevent.
- „ 56, l. 5, '*preace*' = press : l. 21, '*bates*' = stoops to, descends : l. 23, '*stonde*' = stand : l. 25, '*frame[th]*'—perhaps the word '*bates*' in the parallel clause suggests '*frame[s]*' : l. 26, '*quat*' = satiate : l. 27, '*conster*' = construe, as before.
- „ 57, l. 26, '*Tigre*,' etc., etc.—see separate lists, as before.
- „ 59, l. 17, '*remorse*' = pity, as in p. 55, l. 11 : l. 19, '*damp*' = damper, as we now say.
- „ 60, l. 9, '*sot*'—qy. misprint for '*foe*'?
- „ 61, l. 11, '*foyled*'—qy. misprint for '*soyled*'? Yet it can be made intelligible if we take it as = lined with foil, as a worthless counterfeited is lined or coated with equally worthless '*foil*' : l. 15, '*pearke*' = perch, as before, and see p. 68, l. 25.
- „ 62, l. 3, '*wisard*' = wise man, as before : l. 24, '*quest*' = search or hunt.

- Page 63, l. 3, '*moodeless*,' as before—see Glossarial-Index, *s.v.* : l. 4, '*passe not*' - care not, as before : l. 7, '*patch*' - a domestic fool, *ut frequenter*. So in *Tempest* (iii. 2), "thou scurvy *patch*," and in *Comedy of Errors* (iii. 1), "capon, coxcomb, idiot, *patch*": l. 14, '*Kistrell*' - kestrell, poor kind of hawk.
- " 64, l. 1, '*kindlie*' - in kind, or after the same manner [as herself] ?
- " 67, l. 28, '*countenance*' - the excuse or covering (for thy folly).
- " 68, l. 27, '*Pricket*' - a young buck in his second year.
- " 69, l. 12—delete comma (,) after 'did.'
- " 70, l. 14, '*doubteth*' - feareth, as before : l. 24, '*mortified*' - died, or made dead.
- " 71, l. 1, '*supposes*' - imaginations or fancies.
- " 72, l. 16, '*gorieous*.' Cf. spelling in p. 74, l. 13 ('*gorieouslie*'), and p. 80, l. 3 : l. 22, '*Hermeline*' - ermine.
- " 73, l. 22, '*curiositie*' - scruple or over-carefulness.
- " 74, l. 6, '*whereas*' - where : l. 7, '*Dolphin's leape*' - porpoise, as then not unfrequently—a bit of sea-belief still.
- " 75, l. 11, '*pash*' - dash or smash "- to dash violently, so as to break into pieces" (*Palsgrave*) : l. 13, '*bouncing*' - up-leaping, and also 'of large size,' as we vulgarly say 'a bouncing lass or lad': l. 17, '*cooling Card*'—see Notes and Illustrations in Vol. II., and Glossarial-Index, *s.v.*

Page 76, l. 10, '*brickle*' - brittle : l. 16, '*fetch*' - stratagem.

„ 78, l. 21, '*absolued*'—*qy.* resolved ? l. 22, '*sleeuelesse answer*' - unprofitable. I've often in Scotland heard and used the phrase 'he went on a sleeveless errand.' What is the origin ? May one guess, that one is supposed to bring home the result, if there be result, in one's sleeve (or a boy's ordinary pocket) ?

„ 79, l. 24, '*glasing eyes*' - fixed eyes. So Ben Jonson, '*glassei eie*.'

„ 80, l. 10, '*liuely*' - life-like. See '*louely*,' l. 13 : l. 19, '*price*' - prize.

„ 81, l. 7, '*soused*' - dipped or dropped into any liquor : l. 14, '*onely sight*' - sight only : l. 27, '*ruth*' - sorrow, as before.

„ 82, l. 4, '*clarkely*' = learnedly (as a '*clerk*' in orders) : l. 19, '*bolte*' = arrow, as before.

„ 83, l. 26, '*mort*' = blast of trumpet proclaiming 'fall of the buck.' So in Winter's Tale (i. 2), "as 'twere the *mort* o' the deer."

„ 85, l. 3, '*harpe*,' *i.e.* as Arion did on the dolphin's back—possibly an intended equivoque, for to '*harp*' on a thing is to dwell on it overmuch : l. 5, '*censure*' - opinion or verdict, it not having then its present restricted sense of disapproval.

„ 86, l. 11, '*Madame*' - Castania, it being her title of address, and not, as generally now applicable merely to a married woman.

„ 87, l. 10, '*curious*' - scrupulous, as before.

- Page 89, l. 5, '*Cornetto*'—meaning seems evident, but the Italian '*Cornetto*' does not suit : l. 22, '*shent*' = blame. Shakespeare has it five times.
- „ 91, l. 9, '*stall*' = the covering (glove) worn to protect the falconer's hand.
- „ 93, l. 28, '*carefull*' = full of care, as before.
- „ 94, l. 14, '*estate*' = state of being : l. 15, '*wealth*' = weal, as in Church of England Communion Service.
- „ 96, l. 24, '*fume and smoke*'—synonymous words are often (as here) multiplied by Greene and his contemporaries, for euphony and mouth-filling phrases. There could be really no intended distinction between '*fume*' and '*smoke*.' It is just possible that a double meaning might be conveyed by the twofold sense of '*fume*' as = anger or passion and '*smoke*.'
- „ 97, l. 22, '*preuent*' = go before, as in Church of England Collect : l. 27, '*superstitiouslie*' = ultra-reverently. See p. 99, l. 20, and Acts xvii. 22 in Authorised Version, "I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious." Cf. in Henry VIII. (iii. 1), "*superstitious* to him."
- „ 98, l. 3, '*sort*' = fortune, happen : Latin '*sors*.'
- „ 100, l. 14, '*construing*' = arranging in order and pondering : l. 16, '*thraled*' = thralled : l. 24, '*camisados*.' See Notes and Illustrations to Vol. III., pages 275-6, and Glossarial-Index, *s.v.*

- Page 101, l. 11, '*had that she desired*'—had she desired that (or it)—obscure context:
 l. 12, '*lookes was*'—collective plural, so that this frequent use of singular for plural was not then deemed ungrammatical:
 l. 24, '*scarcelie*'—rarely: last l., '*trauel*'—travail.
- „ 102, l. 12, '*souter*'—shoemaker. So Burns' immortal '*Souter Johnnie*' in *Tam o' Shanter*: l. 19, '*Extoll*'—not '*extol*' by word, as now, but raise by act: l. 25, '*will like thee*'—will cause liking in thee—verb in its causal sense, as then not uncommon.
- „ 103, l. 5, '*countenance*,' etc. The sense is—one kindly look of favour from one of rank is too much encouragement to one of servile mind: l. 12, '*countenance*'—in old law = the support necessary for upholding one's rank.
- „ 104, l. 5, '*peece meale*' = brokenly, fragmentarily, imperfectly. What is the origin of this still-used word? l. 27, '*more greater*'—double comparatives and superlatives are frequent in Greene and his contemporaries.
- „ 105, l. 15, '*Moule*,' etc.—see separate lists, as before.
- „ 106, l. 17, '*fetch*' = trick, stratagem, as before:
 l. 18, '*string is broken*,' i.e. of the bow.
- „ 107, l. 2, '*Oyle of Flint*,' etc., etc.—as on page 105, l. 15: l. 23,—rectify punctuation thus—despight [,] and delete comma (,) after '*love*.'

- Page 108, l. 9, '*maugre his face*' = notwithstanding his resolution not to do so. We should perhaps express it by '*maugre his out-facing it*': l. 27, '*strappe*' = those with which the captured birds were tied (about the waist of the fowler, etc.), so as to clear the nets for the next attempt: l. 28, '*traine*' = lure, as a 'train' of seed for birds, or a goose fixed within the trap for a fox.
- „ 110, l. 6, '*his iniurie*' = the injury done to him: l. 12, '*quandarie*' = perplexed uncertainty, as before: l. 21, '*But*' = except: l. 26, '*trie*' = prove, *ut frequenter*.
- „ 111, l. 24, '*pretended*' = intended, *ut frequenter*.
- „ 112, l. 13, '*scale*'—qy. misprint for '*scal[d]e*'? l. 19, '*distracte*' = distracted, as '*scituate*' for '*situated*,' '*conuict*' for '*convicted*,' etc. See Glossarial-Index, *s.v.*
- „ 113, ll. 2-4—excellent example of studied alliteration: l. 5, '*Mugra*'—see separate lists, as before.
- „ 114, l. 11, '*floting*'—probably misprint for '*fleeting*': l. 12, '*immutable*'—another example of '*im-*' used as intensive = so very mutable. See Glossarial-Index, *s.v.*
- „ 115, l. 6, '*pen-sick*'—qy. equivoque '*passions merely penned, and not real?* and pensick (Fr. *pensée*) = our pensive?
- „ 117, l. 25, '*to laie too*' = to, and the phrase = lay aside the attempting of, or to cease from.
- „ 119, l. 11, '*dutchesse of Malphey*'—a play by

this title was written by Webster (1616), but the servant's name is not Ulrico.

Page 120, l. 12, '*trie*' = prove (excellent example):

l. 16, '*Messe*'—see Notes and Illustrations to Vol. II., page 309, l. 15: *ibid.*, '*ramage*' = wild, untutored: l. 17, '*Lunes*'—qy. lines? It cannot be here '*lunes*,' as explained in Notes and Illustrations to Vol. II., pp. 331-33.

„ 121, l. 7, '*chaffer*' = merchandise, as before.

„ 122, '*straightness*' = straitness: *ibid.*, '*strānes*' = strangeness.

„ 123, l. 7, '*quite*' = requite, repay—still used: l. 24, '*disaster*' = disastrous, as frequently: last l., '*penurie*, *pouertie*'—synonymous, but used as so often by Greene for euphony.

„ 124, l. 17, '*mistresse*' = mistress's, as commonly with words ending in 's': l. 21, '*carefull*' = full of care, as frequently.

„ 125, l. 22, '*Whale*,' etc.—see separate lists, as before.

„ 126, l. 5, '*amaze*'—in our sense of 'maze.'

„ 128, l. 9, '*sillie*' = weakly.

„ 129, l. 20, '*pretence*' = intention, *ut frequenter*: l. 26, '*pratler*' = a childish talker, *i.e.* a mere talker or twaddler. Greene's frequent use of the noun and verb is different from present-day use, *e.g.*, here boastfulness is included.

„ 130, l. 9, '*tapisht*.' See on p. 15, l. 27: ll. 14-15, '*retrieue . . . quest*'—'Retrieve' as a

sporting term seems to have been used in a sense rather different to its modern use. See Glossarial-Index, *s.v.*, for examples and illustrations. '*Quest*' - the then technical term for 'to give tongue when on the trail': l. 18, '*aerin*' - aerie or nest: l. 22, '*deeme*' - judge.

Page 131, l. 11, '*tried*'—excellent example of - proved: l. 17, '*congies*' from Fr. *congé*, leave or dismissal, and hence in English, as here, it came to mean the gestures on leave-taking. Thus we speak of making a *congé*.

„ 132, l. 5, '*meede*' - reward, as occasionally still: l. 11, '*Kites of Cræsus kind*.' In Shakespeare we have 'lazar kite of Cressids kind' (Henry V., ii. 1). So that doubtless '*Cræsus*' was a printer's error for '*Cressid*' here. See Glossarial-Index, *s.v.*, for other examples.

„ 133, l. 12, read—'*did not* [she] *refuse*': l. 19, '*set the Cuckoldes end upward*'—see Glossarial-Index, *s.v.*, for a full note: l. 23, '*partie*' - person, or individual, *ut frequenter*: l. 24, '*shamefastness*' - shamefacedness, modesty.

„ 134, l. 5, '*inferreth*' - (in strictly literal sense) bringeth in. Cf. p. 139, l. 24, *et alibi*: l. 19, '*immutabilitie*'—If not an error for '*mutabilitie*' a noteworthy use; for it is clear that the '*im-*' (as on p. 114, l. 12) is not a negative, but an intensive, the

whole word meaning exceeding 'mutabilitie': l. 22, '*surmounted*' - mounted up to: l. 23, '*Duckets*' - ducats—a coin once common on the continent of Europe. They were either of silver or gold, the former - 4s., the latter - 8s. sterling. It is said the coin first appeared in Venice, and that it bore the following motto—"Sit tibi, Christe, datus quem tu regis, iste *Ducatus*," whence the name: last l., '*denier*' - denarius, small Fr. coin.

Page 135, l. 2, '*fraught*' - filled (as a ship with its freight): l. 12, '*amazed*'—good example of a sense not our 'astonished' but - put him into a maze or labyrinth or perplexity of thoughts: l. 16, '*moodlesse*.' This confirms previous note on page 11, l. 7—see last four lines on this page, which enlarges on the meaning.

„ 136, l. 1, '*Birde called Apis Indica*'—see separate lists, as before: l. 24, '*denouring . . . spoyling*'—noteworthy because used as - of being devoured . . . of being spoiled.

, 137, l. 19, '*start vp*' - started—as before with verbs ending in 't' and 'ed.'

„ 138, l. 5, '*highed*' - hied, departed.

„ 140, l. 7, '*fount fish on her fingers*.' See Vol. II., Notes and Illustrations, p. 342. It does not explain this saying, but we still use, with the same sense, 'other fish to fry.' Not improbably the phrase means

they have other fish (= business) to busy themselves with, because fishermen, etc., generally carry their fish by hooking their fingers into the gills. In such case the bearer must find 'fish' scales, etc., on 'the fingers': l. 10, '*curiositie*' = with scrupulousness: l. 20, '*passeth*' = regards. When one chooses a soldier, as did Falstaff, or a thing, one 'passes' those which he accepts as up to his standard and rejects the others. See also p. 156, l. 19.

- Page 141, l. 10, '*entreate*' = treat—all such semi-superfluous additions of 'en,' etc., to be noted for Shakespearian study.
- „ 143, l. 6, '*Goates*,' etc., etc.—see separate lists, as before.
- „ 144, l. 14, '*raced*' = razed: l. 17, '*doubt*' = fear. Cf. p. 156, l. 18, *et alibi*: l. 20, '*tryall*' = proof.
- „ 145, l. 21, '*filed phrases*'—one of several examples of this. See Vol. II., p. 306, and Glossarial-Index, *s.v.*: l. 27, '*fond*' = foolish.
- „ 147, l. 21, '*train*'—here is an example of train and trap being quite different; 'train' = the lure, as of a 'train' of corn or other food leading to the trap or inside it.
- „ 148, l. 10, '*phere*' = husband: l. 19, '*pretended*' = intended, as before. See p. 157, ll. 2, 19: l. 27, '*deprauē*' = *depravare*, to vitiate or corrupt.
- „ 151, l. 12, '*carefull*' = full of care, as frequently:

l. 21, '*inspeakable*'—unspeakable—the 'in' here and elsewhere is to be noted. So p. 152, l. 25.

Page 152, l. 27, '*creake*'—croak as a crow or daw (as in the fable of the daw self-adorned with peacocks' feathers).

„ 154, l. 11, '*foile*'—fall, defeat.

„ 156, l. 18, '*doubteth*'—feareth, as before, and frequently. We have the same in Titus Andr. (II. ii., l. 68), "'Tis . . . to be doubted that your Moor and you / are singled forth to try experiments." So too in Lear (V. i., l. 6), "'Tis to be doubted, Madam." See Glossarial-Index, *s.v.*, for more: *ibid.*, '*forceth*'—seems—careth, this verbal use being taken from the use of the phrase 'no force'—it matters not: l. 19, '*crased*'—made infirm or weaker.

„ 157, l. 3, '*doubtfull*'—full of doubt, as before 'carefull'—full of care, etc. See Glossarial-Index, *s.v.*: l. 9, '*pretence*'—intention. See on p. 148, l. 19; so too p. 160, l. 15.

„ 158, l. 3, '*leuelled*'—traced—the word being adopted from artificers' work: l. 25, '*commoditie*'—good or welfare.

„ 159, l. 2, '*peeuish*.' So page 161, l. 7.—'silly, foolish, trifling,' etc., as Dyce in his Shakespeare Glossary says; but also as now, 'pettish, perverse.' In the present text it is used as 'perverse' in a sense stronger than it now is. Cf. Henry VI., II. iv., 76, "leave this peevish broil"; Richard III.,

- III. i., 31, "what an indirect and *peevish* course," *et alibi*: l. 9, '*closely*' = secretly.
- Page 161, l. 16, '*foresought*'—as we use 'forearmed,' 'forewarned,' etc., etc.
- " 163, l. 4, '*sacklesse*' = innocent, as before.
- " 164, l. 13, '*attach*' = arrest. So p. 166, l. 16: l. 22, '*passeth*' Cf. on p. 156, l. 19 = account it not—apparently from the idea of 'passing' a thing or letting it slip by as of no account. But it is curious to notice the various and almost contradictory use of the same word.
- " 165, l. 3, '*young Storkes*,' etc., etc.—see separate lists, as before, and so with 'olive,' etc., below.
- " 167, l. 4, '*feareful*' = full of fear.
- " 168, l. 20, '*ruthfull*' = pitiful, or to be pitied because 'sorrowful': l. 26, '*doubtful*' (as the verb) = full of fear.
- " 170, l. 17, '*Lauarets*' = a variant for laverock, *i.e.* lark? l. 18, '*if the egges*,' etc.—an odd bit of country lore, which I do not chance to have met with elsewhere.
- " 177, l. 23, '*stint*' = stop.
- " 178, l. 8, '*graunted to*': p. 184, l. 18, '*driuen of[f]*': p. 208, l. 17, '*Cease off*.' These and other examples in this volume, and throughout Greene, show the habit in those days of annexing what we should call superfluous prepositions to verbs: l. 12, '*sith*' = since, *ut frequenter*.
- " 179, l. 7, '*couched*.' See on p. 13, l. 2. Here

also from our use of the Fr. *coucher*, to plant or set: l. 11, '*blouds*'—see Glossarial-Index, *s.v.*: l. 18, '*mutine*'—substantive form, as frequently, used as verb.

Page 182, l. 8, '*iollie*' = fine looking, or not impossibly 'lusty or stout': l. 24, '*successe*'—here, as elsewhere and contemporaneously, = result, or that which follows or succeeds, whether good or ill. Hence Greene frequently uses 'good success.'

" 183, l. 12, '*storlines*'—query misprint for '*stormes*'?

" 184, l. 6, '*pray*' = prey. Fuller and others are never weary in playing upon *pray v.* prey: l. 18, '*doubts*' = fears: l. 21, '*sturdie*' = strong.

" 185, l. 1, '*filed*' = de-filed: l. 15, '*affying*' = trusting: l. 28, '*disaster*' = disastrous, as before. We still use '*sinister*,' same form. So page 208, l. 7.

" 186, l. 3, '*conclude*' = determine: l. 17, '*conster*' = construe. See l. 21.

" 188, l. 21, '*dreadfull*' = full of dread (excellent example).

" 189, l. 12, '*resembling*'—example of verb used in causative reflective sense = making myself to resemble: l. 23, '*closely*' = secretly, as before: l. 25, '*pretence*' = intention or design.

" 190, l. 4, '*baleful*' = mischievous, deadly: l. 11, '*naturall*' = produced by—modernly = illegitimate.

Page 191, l. 17, '*Target*' - shield.

„ 192, l. 3, '*beauer*' - that part of the helmet which covered the face. See Douce, i. 438. Greene makes the '*beauer*' to lower, Shakespeare to be raised—both fashions being probably in use.

„ 193, l. 10, '*solempnized*'—whence came the '*p*' of Elizabethan spelling in this and other words?

THE DEBATE BETWEENE FOLLIE AND LOUE.

Page 197, l. 3, '*out of French*.' On the sources—alleged and actual—of Greene's translations, see the annotated Life in Vol. I. : l. 11, '*wicket*' - small opening in a larger gate (as in the East, and in old castles, etc., in France and England). Now mostly in use in cricket.

„ 198, l. 26, '*foile*' - fall, defeat, as before.

„ 200, l. 14, '*Boltes*' - arrows with a round knob at their end, whence proceeded a spike : l. 18, '*blaze*' - blazon, as frequently : *ibid.*, '*patch*' - fool. I think I have met with '*Jack Patch*' as the name of a fool somewhere.

„ 201, l. 22, '*become*' - gone (A.S.) : l. 23, '*onlie*'—not apparently so much our '*only*' as - this oddness or this odd thing.

- Page 206, l. 3, '*reuengement*.' Used in 1 Henry IV., iii. 2 : l. 8, '*his mischiefe*'—good example of = not the mischief he has done but the mischief done to him : l. 22, '*lurden*' = a clown or ill-mannered person—Scoticè still = a slatternly woman : l. 23, '*doubt*' = fear, as before, *et frequenter*.
- „ 207, l. 17, '*vildest*' = vilest : l. 21, '*banquet*.' Cf. '*banket*,' l. 7. These are examples on a single page of the still unformed spelling of the period.
- „ 208, l. 8, '*dissolute*.' The context does not allow of the Latinate sense of dissoluteness; probably an error for '*desolate*.'
- „ 209, l. 18, '*preuaile*' = avail. Or can he use the word Latinate, = what are you the better for these tears? or is '*What*' an error for '*Why*'?
- „ 212, l. 16, '*ouches*'—it would seem to mean a golden or jewelled ornament, but was used generally for various kinds : l. 23, '*citrons*' = citterns : l. 24, '*Bandoras*'—also '*Mandoras*' (see Vol. III., pp. 264-5). Cotgrave gives them as small gitterns : l. 25, '*Midrigalls*,' etc. They would seem to have called the tunes by the names we now appropriate to the verse sung, etc. '*Midrigall*' = a tune to which a madrigal was sung, a '*Sonnette*' the same, a '*pauin*' that to which a '*pauin*' was danced, as we now use quadrille or waltz.
- „ 213, l. 18, '*plaine song*' = the simple melody

on which one can descant at will : l. 19, 'is few'—note singular 'is.'

Page 214, l. 14, '*commoditie*' = good or advantage, as before : l. 28, '*betweene the Infidell and the Moore*'—this whole passage shows—and so doing is valuable Shakespear-eanly—that in contemporary opinion Othello was neither a Turk (*i.e.* Mahometan) nor a renegade.

„ 218, l. 7, '*incensed*' = drawn to it, called to it.

„ 219, l. 11, '*carefull*' = full of care, *ut frequenter*.

„ 222, l. 15, '*harquebushes*' = arquebusses, or hand guns : l. 19, '*doubted not*' = feared not, as before.

PANDOSTO.

As stated in the prefatory NOTE (page 226), 'Pandosto' as reprinted by Mr. W. C. Hazlitt in his Shakespeare's Library, was taken as our copy for collation with the original, with benefit. Besides the restoration of the Author's own spelling, etc., these oversights have been corrected :—

Page 229, l. 9, '*so*' misprinted 'to.'

„ 233, l. 14, '*suspecteth*' misprinted 'suspected.'

„ 234, last l., '*ioy*' misprinted 'joys.'

„ 250, l. 20, '*any*' dropped.

„ 253, l. 16, '*little*' dropped.

„ 254, l. 18, '*not continue longe*' misprinted 'not long continue.'

„ 255, l. 13, '*as*' dropped.

Page 260, l. 11, '*starue spightfully discredit*,' misprinted '*starue spightful discredit*.'

„ 263, l. 15, '*corrasine*,' misprinted '*corrosive*,' and yet noted correctly in the margin.

„ 266, l. 24, '*feared*' improved into '*scared*.'

„ 272, l. 23, '*doest*' misprinted '*durst*.'

„ 281, l. 24, '*wth*' „ '*with*.'

„ 296, l. 12, '*a readines*' „ '*in readines*.'

„ 302, l. 9, '*al*' „ '*at*.'

„ 303, l. 27, '*obeysance*' „ '*obedience*.'

„ 304, l. 23, '*hast*' „ '*hath*.'

„ 311, l. 22, '*them*' „ '*him*.'

„ 311, l. 27, '*two*' „ '*too*.'

On the other hand, I have adopted these self-vindicating corrections of the original in Hazlitt's Collier :—

Page 249, l. 10, '*Fortune. Thou seest*'—misprinted '*too low. For Fortune*.'

„ 253, l. 17, '*Thus*,' misprinted '*This*.'

„ 301, l. 12, '*conceining*' „ '*conceiling*.'

„ 313, l. 12, '*fauour*' „ '*labour*.'

Further, I gladly reproduce these notes from the same :—

Page 271, ll. 19-20, '*my white hayres are blossomes for the graue*.'

“ Percy in his '*Reliques*,' ii. 177, ed. 1812, quotes the following as part of an old song on the story of the Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal Green :—

'His reverend lockes in comelye curls did wave,
And on his aged temples grewe the blossomes of the grave.'

Page 283, l. 4, '*we are rich*,' etc.

"Poor and content is rich, and rich enough."

Othello iii. 3.

" 285, l. 12, '*Ah Fawnia*,' etc.

"Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?"

Two Gentlemen of Verona iii. 1.

" 293, l. 13, '*Though Kings sonnes*,' etc.

"Alluding to the old story of the fisherman's daughter, who was ordered to dance before a great lord, so that she might be seen, yet not seen, to effect which she covered herself in one of her father's nets. The Italian fool and jester Gonella for the same purpose is said to have put himself behind a sieve."

Page 229, l. 1, '*paultering*'—see previous note on '*paltering*,' p. 5, l. 14: l. 3, '*doting*' = excessively fond: l. 7, '*fondly*' = foolishly: l. 16, '*trauell*' = travail.

" 230, l. 3, '*George Clifford, earle of Cumberland*'—succeeded his father as 3rd earl in 1569: died 30th October, 1605. John Davies, of Hereford, has a good sonnet to him affixed to his '*Microcosmos*.' See his Complete Works in my Chertsey Worthies' Library, Vol. I., p. 96: l. 7, '*Rascians*'—see separate lists, as before: l. 15, '*counter-feite*'—picture, as before.

" 231, l. 20, '*plumes of a Phoenix*'—Elias Ashmole records among his treasures of

the (now) Ashmolean Museum, 'some of a phoenix's feathers.' See Catalogue : l. 23, '*pearked*' = perched : l. 25, '*doubting the dint*' = fearing the stroke.

Page 232, l. 11, '*Target*' = shield, as before.

„ 233, l. 10, '*tract*'—Latin *tractus*, space, as before.

„ 235, l. 2, '*Bonefires*' = fires made as an expression of joy and exultation (from Fr. *bon*, good, and *fire*). See Glossarial-Index, *s.v.* : *ibid.*, '*triumphs*'—see *ibid.* : l. 7, '*ought*' = owed.

„ 236, l. 2, '*sayled into Bohemia*'—the *trite* impossible feat in Shakespeare as well ; but very modern geographical and kindred works, have made as great '*slips*' about Africa, India, etc., etc.

„ 237, l. 27, '*brauerie*' = grand manly appearance.

„ 238, l. 22, '*doubted*' = feared, dreaded, as before.

„ 239, l. 1, '*should*'—we should write '*could* have offended' : l. 8, '*wrong pointe*' = a figure from backgammon.

„ 242, l. 7, '*lift*' = lift a hand against ?

„ 243, l. 12, '*try*' = prove.

„ 244, l. 13, '*practise*'—in evil sense, even without any determining word such as '*against*.' Cf. Shakespeare, *s.v.*, frequently : *ibid.*, '*pretended*' = intended, *i.e.* stretched or reached beforehand. So p. 246, l. 6, *et frequenter*.

„ 246, l. 10, '*meanes*'—a curious use of it for '*the reason of the meanes employed.*'

- Page 247, l. 1, '*reuenged*' - revenged [on], 'on' being supplied from the previous 'rayled on.'
- " 248, l. 10, '*scot-free*'—'scot' - the portion of a contribution which a man is liable for : l. 18, '*iust*' - real—used more as a counterpoise to 'guiltlesse' than with regard to sense. Cf. l. 22.
- " 250, l. 28, '*effect of Bellarias complaint*'—an odd way of saying what was the cause of her ailing, *i.e.* in what her complaint had resulted.
- " 253, l. 18, '*gastfull*' - frightful, from the verb 'gest,' to terrify.
- " 254, l. 10, '*bows*' - boughs.
- " 255, l. 21, '*stale countenance*' - decoying, beguiling (as a 'stale' or decoy)—*not* surely out of date, or no current coin but too defaced, seeing that Bellaria was still in all the lustre of her beauty ?
- " 256, l. 10, '*prince*' - princess. Elizabeth was often so named contemporaneously.
- " 257, l. 17, '*carefull*' - full of care (capital example of this use of the word) : l. 19, '*doubted*' - feared, as before : l. 24, '*one*' - on—a somewhat confusing spelling, as the numeral is always so spelled : l. 28, '*indifferent*' - impartial, unprejudiced.
- " 259, l. 2, '*carefully*'—see on p. 257, l. 17, *et alibi* : l. 7, '*tryumph*' - splendour as in a 'triumph,' not in modern sense : l. 23, '*contents*' - what the 'scroule' contained : but see next note.

- Page 260, l. 6, '*contentes*'—not now those of the 'scroule,' but what was contained in the king's 'inditement' or proclamation: l. 11, '*staine*' = bring a stain or disgrace upon, discredit: l. 12, '*appeach*' = impeach.
- „ 261, l. 7, '*witlesse*' = unwise: l. 16, '*practised*.' See on page 244, l. 13: l. 22, '*suppressed*' = oppressed—we 'suppress a journal,' etc.: l. 26, '*sould*' = swoon.
- „ 262, l. 6, '*discourse*' = *discursus*, a running hither and thither, the noun answering to the sense of the adjective discursive. Cf. p. 264, l. 14: l. 10, '*brayed*'—probably this word was selected in order to hit at Pandosto's asinine folly, albeit it is a libel that the ass is stupid, etc., etc.: l. 17, '*fact*' = act. Cf. p. 263, l. 8.
- „ 263, l. 1, '*seely*' = innocent or harmless, as still in Scotland. Greene often uses it = weakly. Cf. p. 266, l. 3: l. 4, '*sackles*' = innocent: l. 9, '*consisted*' = stood on.
- „ 264, l. 27, '*mercenary*' = hired.
- „ 265, l. 8, '*sea luy*'—see separate lists, as before: l. 26, '*knock on his breast*' = adore, worship.
- „ 266, l. 24, '*feared*' = causal form.
- „ 267, l. 6, '*carriage*' = that which he carried, or his burden, as not unfrequently.
- „ 268, l. 11, '*hatch*,' a heraldic term or sign—now hatchment: l. 20, '*iolly*'—see on p. 182, l. 8.
- „ 270, l. 4, '*submissee*' = submissive, as before: l. 11, '*painfull*' = painstaking, as before:

ll. 18-19, '*checke*' '*mate*' = chess terms, as before.

Page 271, l. 2, '*intreate*' - to treat for: l. 9, '*breake*' - speak with.

" 272, l. 15, '*appeached*' - impeached, as before. See p. 305, l. 4: l. 22, '*prone*' - low, mean? *ibid.*, '*peeuish*' - perverse, as before.

" 273, l. 23, '*otherwise*';—we should punctuate '*otherwise*——' showing that the rest was left in significant and angry silence.

" 275, l. 4, '*counterfait*' - mask? l. 10, '*discouert*' - [game] out of covert, *i.e.* at her advantage; see Glossarial-Index, *s.v.*: l. 14, '*shepherd*'—constantly used for 'shepherdess' by Greene: l. 21, '*toies*' - trifles.

" 277, l. 8, '*tired*' - fed on: 'tired' was a technical hawking term; but qy. misprint for 'tried'? Cf. p. 279, l. 9: l. 18, '*blaze*' - blazon, as frequently and commonly.

" 280, l. 8, '*trulles*' - country girls—deteriorated later. We must not stand too precisely on words used by Fawnia in her bitterness against herself, for she could not mean the nasty sense of 'trulles.' See Skinner, *s.v.*

" 282, l. 17, '*beholding*' = beholden or indebted.

" 284, l. 8, '*shadowes*' - paintings used as concealing the objects they cover. Cf. p. 289, l. 7.

" 285, l. 20, '*lower*' - lout.

" 286, l. 2, '*stales*' - decoys, lures.

" 287, l. 10, '*anciently*' = antequely, *i.e.* dressed up

as an aged or plain-looking shepherd. Perhaps—simply, *i.e.* in the homely dress used by the most ancient of vocations. See his next soliloquy.

Page 290, l. 23, '*plight*' = plighted, as before with verbs ending in 't.'

„ 291, l. 14, '*pretence*' = intention, as before.

„ 294, l. 23, '*applied*'—we should say 'plied' or 'applied to.'

„ 295, l. 27, '*Cockboate*': l. 28, '*coucht*'—as before—see Glossarial-Index, *s.v.*

„ 298, l. 2, '*brooke*' = bear or endure: l. 26, '*discourse*' = *discursus*, a hurrying hither and thither—as elsewhere. See Glossarial-Index, *s.v.*

„ 303, l. 15, '*age of fifty, had notwithstanding yong and freshe affections*'—so that 'fifty' was then held to be 'old age'—a Shakespearean note. Cf. p. 305, l. 18.

„ 304, l. 6, '*Meleagrus is*'—a not uncommon transposition with Greene—read 'is Meleagrus.'

„ 305, l. 4, '*appeach*' = impeach, as before: l. 15, '*calling*' = her position as evidently that of a lady of rank.

„ 314, l. 26, '*while*' = until—in constant use to-day in Lancashire. This very morning I had for answer, 'Such and such will not be in *while* 8 o'clock'—*i.e.* until 8 o'clock; and so daily.

„ 316, l. 10, '*entreated*' = treated. See on page 141, l. 10.

Page 317, l. 6, 'comicall'—as Dante named his prodigious poem a 'Divine Comedy.' So l. 15 : l. 20, 'they'—clearly an error, but not improbably of Greene himself.

II. PROVERBS, PROVERBIAL SAYINGS, PHRASES, ETC.

Page 6, l. 4, '*strain [not] further than my sleeue would stretch.*'

" 15, l. 9, '*y^e young frie will alwaies proue old frogs*'—'*the crooked twig will proue a crabbed tree*'—'*the sower bud will neuer be sweete blossome.*'

" 17, l. 17, '*measure our staylesse moode by your stayed mindes.*'

" 20, l. 3, '*the finest Gold hath his drosse, the purest Wine has his lees, the brauest Rose his prickles, each sweete hath his sower, each ioye his annoye, each weale his woe, and euerie delight his daunger.*'

" 21, l. 25, '*Be a friend to all, & a foe to none, and yet trust not without triall.*' Cf. p. 26, l. 22.

" 22, l. 4, '*beware least faire wordes make fooles faine*'—'*and had I wist to come to late.*' For the former cf. p. 26, l. 1.

" 26, l. 22, '*trie ere thou trust.*'

" 27, l. 4, '*giuen thee a mate auoide the cheke*'—chess phrases. See p. 29, l. 5.

Page 33, l. 15, '*hath pleased your Grace to vouchsafe so much of my simple calling.*' Cf. p. 35, l. 12.

„ 38, l. 6, '*put thy winnings in thine eye.*'

„ 40, l. 16, '*the staie of vertuous women the state of vicious wantons*': l. 24. A match lingers in my memory that summarizes this and parallel passages:—

“ Love when injured turns to hatred,
And when ill-requited starts to vengeance.”

„ 41, l. 20, '*your heart on your halfepenie.*' This phrase here is explained by '*in solempne Parle.*' But see Notes and Illustrations to Vol. II., and Glossarial-Index, s.v.

„ 44, l. 10, '*fishe not so faire, that at lengthe you catch a Frogge*': l. 26, '*I see if you had no better skill in manning of a Hauke, than in making of a bargaine,*' etc.

„ 45, l. 27, '*euerie prosperous puffle hath his boisterous blaste, euerie sweete hath his sower.*'

„ 47, l. 18, '*though she be straight in words, she will not be straunge in minde,*' etc.

„ 48, l. 17, '*strike on the Stith while the yron was hot.*'

„ 49, l. 7, '*perceiuing delaie bredde daunger*': l. 20, '*skipt beyond their skill.*'

„ 52, l. 17, '*looke before leap.*'

„ 56, l. 20, '*She that is wonne with a word will be lost with a winde.*'

„ 60, l. 5, '*make a vertue of necessitie*': l. 10, '*to hop against the hill.*'

- Page 70, l. 5, '*cast beyond the moone.*'
- " 76, l. 20, '*she nipt her young novice on the pale*'—a frequent Euphuism.
- " 77, l. 14, '*the hastie manne neuer wants woe.*' Sometimes it runs, 'The hasty man is the beggar's brother.'
- " 79, l. 4, '*whom the diuell driues he must needs runne.*'
- " 80, l. 21, '*Loue and Fortune fauoureth them that are bold.*' Sometimes '*Fortune always favours the brave or bold,*' and '*None but the brave deserve the fair.*'
- " 81, l. 22, '*necessitie [hath] no lawe.*' Cf. p. 60, l. 5.
- " 83, last l., '*a speeder before he be a woer.*'
- " 84, l. 7, '*many a man bendeth his bow, that neuer killeth his Game*'—'*layeth the strap [= trap] that neuer catcheth the foole [= fowl ?]*'—'*pitcheth the Net that neuer getteth the Fish*'—'*heauie woers . . . neuer proue happie speeders*': l. 20, '*wisedome it is to feare the worst, and finde the best.*'
- " 85, l. 21, '*I see you will sit nigh the wals eare you bee thrust out for a wrangler.*'
- " 88, l. 8, '*a free man in Wales for offering a Leeke to Saint Dauie.*'
- " 90, l. 16, '*will she, nill shee.*'
- " 101, l. 26, '*hardlie come by, warilie kept.*'
- " 102, l. 9, '*the Priest forgets himselfe that euer he was a clarke*': l. 10 '*too much familiaritie breedes contempt*': l. 18, '*set a*

*beggar on horse backe . . . and hee will
neuer alight.'*

Page 103, l. 8, '*cracke my credit*'—still used: l. 26,
'*striue not farther than thy sleeue will
stretch.*'

„ 104, l. 24, '*I stand on my pantuffles*'—I stand
on my dignity.

„ 108, l. 9, '*maugre his face.*'

„ 110, l. 4, '*had I wist now comes to late*': l. 11,
'*hadde a flea in his eare.*'

„ 123, l. 23, '*hap what hap will*'

„ 124, l. 26, '*the greater care, the greater ioy.*'

„ 130, l. 4, '*had I wist commeth too late.*'

„ 131, l. 22, '*daunce in a net and not be seene.*'

„ 133, l. 11, '*rule the roast*'—see Glossarial-
Index, s.v., for a full note. Here in the
deteriorated 'cooking' sense.

„ 140, l. 7, '*found fish on her fingers.*' See note
on the place, and in Vol. II.

„ 143, l. 25, '*when the hurte is hadde, it is too
late to take heede.*'

„ 145, l. 14, '*you bad faire but bought little*':
l. 18, '*you are like to liue by the losse*':
l. 25, '*it is ill halting before a creeple*':
last l., '*soone hot, soone colde.*'

„ 147, l. 24, '*I meane not for an inch of ioye, to
reape an ell of annoy.*'

„ 148, l. 13, '*marred all their market.*'

„ 149, l. 1, '*as hap what hap would*': l. 11, '*I
dare not inferre comparisons, because they
be odious.*'

„ 151, last l., '*take heart at grasse.*' See prior

Notes and Illustrations, and Glossarial-Index, s.v.

- Page 152, l. 9, '*the greatest barkers . . . not alwayes the sorest biters.*'
- „ 156, l. 14, '*let not delaie breede daunger*' . . . '*strike on the stith while the yron is hot.*'
- „ 159, l. 13, '*procrastination . . . is but the mother of mishap*': l. 15, '*Haue I . . . brought vp the Birde that will picke out mine owne eies.*'
- „ 182, l. 20, '*so I may ioy and safelie inioy my onelie ioy Gwydonius.*'
- „ 183, l. 2, '*she plaid "out of sight, out of minde."*'
- „ 185, l. 22, '*who so fancieth without faining neuer proueth fickle.*'
- „ 189, l. 5, '*delaye breedes daunger.*'
- „ 190, last l., '*necessitie aboue nature*': and p. 191, l. 1, '*is not the law of loue aboue King or Keysar.*'
- „ 198, l. 13, '*Take heede least hast make wast*': l. 17, '*tell the Gods you come at leasure*': l. 20, '*that which is easilie begun, is not alwaies lightlie ended.*'
- „ 200, l. 22, '*many things are spoken which are neuer beleueed.*'
- „ 205, l. 24, '*it is not good to take a present at the hande of an enimie.*'
- „ 237, last l., '*Loue . . . above all Lawes, and therefore to be staid with no Law.*'
- „ 238, l. 27, '*cast beeyond the Moone,*' ut frequenter.
- „ 241, l. 4, '*intending . . . to giue his wife a sop of the same sauce.*'

Page 247, l. 25, '*a curst Cow hath oftentimes short hornes*' = a cursed, vicious cow: last l., '*enuy atwaies proffereth steele.*'

" 248, l. 23, '*make a vertue of her neede.*'

" 249, l. 3, '*how infortunate art thou, because fortunate*': l. 27, '*Report is plumed with times feathers.*'

" 250, l. 1, '*adultery shall fly in the ayre, and thy knowne virtues shall lye hid in the earth.*'
Ennobled by Shakespeare into—

"The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones."

Julius Caesar, Act II., sc. ii.

" 262, l. 7, '*they went like shadowes not men*'—surely an exquisite description.

" 263, l. 14, '*sores past help, salues do not heale but hurt,*' and '*in things past cure, care is a corrasiue.*'

" 267, l. 15, '*for the most, maister went breechles,*' i.e. his wife wore the breeches or was master: l. 17, '*make clubs trumps*'—card phrase, with an equivoque.

" 271, l. 13, '*oportunities neglected, are signes of folly.*'

" 273, l. 24, '*flung from his sonne in a rage.*'

" 276, l. 3, '*might slippe ouer her shooes*': l. 13, '*a flea in his eare.*'

" 277, l. 3, '*maugre his face.*'

" 278, l. 7, '*I will therefore obey because I must obey.*'

" 279, l. 17, '*No bastard hauke must soare so hie as the Hobbie.*'

- Page 283, l. 19, '*beggers ought not to strue against fortune*': l. 23, '*better liue . . . in meane degree than in high disdaine.*'
- „ 284, l. 12, '*beate about the bush.*'
- „ 285, l. 15, '*fallas come not by sitting low, but by climbing too hie*': l. 17, '*No lucke commeth by lot,*' etc.: l. 22, '*a woman's fault, to spurne at that with her foote, which she greedily catcheth at with her hand.*'
- „ 287, l. 16, '*base desires and homely attires.*'
- „ 288, l. 24, '*what loue liketh I cannot mislike.*'
- „ 289, l. 3, '*misse of my choice*': l. 4, '*all that weare Cooles* [= cowls: Scotice so pronounced = night-caps] *are not Monkes.*'
- „ 291, l. 10, '*delay bred daunger*': l. 11, '*many mishaps . . . betweene the cup and the lip.*'
- „ 293, l. 1, '*buy repentance too deere*': l. 7, '*a halfe peny for her honestie at the yeeres end*': l. 13, '*daunce in nettes*': l. 26, '*ill iesting with edged tooles.*'
- „ 294, l. 7, '*necessitie . . . hath no lawe.*'
- „ 297, l. 12, '*lose your labour.*'
- „ 314, l. 13, '*a proud heart in a beggar,*' etc.

A. B. G.

END OF VOL. IV.

Hausell, Watson, and Viney, Printers, London and Aylesbury


3000813540