

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,  
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1587.



TO THE RIGHT HONO-  
rable, *Edward de Vere* Earle of *Oxen-*  
*ford*, *Vicount Bulbeck*, *Lord of Escales*  
and *Badlesmire*, and *Lord great Chamber-*  
*lain of England*: *Robert Green* wi-  
sheth long life with increafe  
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 sleecue 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 vnfaourie 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, whatsoever 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 searck 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 faurer 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 themselues, 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 vpo 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 VERÈ 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 merisisse 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 suche mercilesse crueltie to his forraine enimies, & such modelesse rigour to his natiue 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 faouered 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 forrow, could haue beene salued. But this grieffe so galled his conscience, and this cursed care so combred his minde, y his happineffe 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 polished 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 perfonage

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 corasieue to his Fathers carefull conscience, and such a hableffe 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 dolors, which he vttered in these words.

**N**ow (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 grieffe 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<sup>e</sup> swaddling clouts, or y<sup>e</sup> the fates had prescribed his end in his infācy. Oh y<sup>e</sup> the date of his birth had bene y<sup>e</sup> day of his burial, or y<sup>e</sup> by some sinister storme of fortune he had bene stifled on his mothers knees, so y<sup>e</sup> his vntimely death might haue preuēted my ensuing sorrowes, and his future calamities : for I see that y<sup>e</sup> 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 grieffe 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 sigh, 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 grieffe the more, & increase his care, certaine complaints were brought him by fundrie Citizens, of the outragious 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, disinherit 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 currihnesse: for as he by too much austeritie procured his sonnes mishappe, so you by to 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 haies, 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 tapish, 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 necessarrie 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 thē, so pleasures prouokes thē: 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 witleffe 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*,



fo precious, which in some respect is not perillous, nor nothing fo pleafant which may not be painefull: the fineft Gold hath his drosse, the pureft Wine has his lees, the braueft Rose his prickles, eacheweete hath his fower, eache ioye his annoye, eacheweale his woe, and euerie delight his daunger.

So trauaile *Gwydonius*, is a courfe of lyfe very pleafant, and yet verie perillous, wherein thou maift practife vertue if thou take heede, or purchafe difcredit if thou beeft carelefse: where thou maift reape renowne if thou beeft vertuous, and gaine reproche if thou be vicious: whereout doe fpringe wifedome and follie, freedome and bondage, treasure and trash, fame and difcredit, honour and fhame, according to the difpofition of him which either vseth it to his profit, or abuseth it to his difcommoditie. Sith then thou shalt beare faile in fuch perillous Straighthes, take heede leaft thou dashe thy Shippe againft most daungerous Rockes. It is a faying *Gwydonius*, not fo common as true, that he which will heare the *Syrens* fing, must with *Vliffes*, tye himfelfe to the maft of a fhip, leaft happily he be drowned. Who fo meanes to be a futor to *Circes*, must take a Preferuatiue, vnleffe he will be inchaunted. He / that will fifh for the *Torpedo*, must anoint his hand with the oyle of *Nemiphar*, leaft he be charmed, & who fo meaneth to enter combat with vanitie, must first furely

defence himfelfe with the target of vertue, vnleffe he meane to be a captiue to care, or calamitie. I fpeake this *Gwydonius* by experience, which afterwarde thou fhalt know by prooffe, for to trauell thou fhalt finde fuch fubtill *Syrens*, as will indaunger thee, fuch forcering *Circes*, as will inchaunt thee, fuch poyfoned *Torpedos*, as will not onely charme thy hand, but thy heart, if by my experience and other mens perills thou learne not to beware. Firft *Gwydonius*, be not to fumptuous, leaft thou feeme prodigall, nor too couetous, leaft they compt thee a niggard: for by fpending in exceffe, thou fhalt be thought a vaine glorious foole, and by to much fparing, a couetous pefant. Be not wilfull in thy doings, that they count thee not witleffe, nor to rash, that they think thee not deuoyde of reafon: be not to merrie, that they count thee not immodest, nor to fober, leaft they call thee fullen, but fhew thy felfe to be an olde man for thy grauitie, and a young youth for thy actiuitie: fo fhall all men haue caufe to prayfe thee for thy manners, and commend thee for thy modettie. Be not to curious *Gwydonius*, that they deeme thee not proud, nor to curteous, leaft they call thee counterfaite. Be a friend to all, & a foe to none, and yet truft not without triall, nor commit any fecret to a friendlye ftranger, leaft in to much truft lye treason, and thou be forced by

repentaunce to crye *Peccauis*. 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 leaft 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, leaft 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 grieffe. 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 grieffe, 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 wisdome and aide of wealth, passed on his iourney verie solempnie, 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 fetteled 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 bene 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 strietlie examined what trade he vsed, why hee stayed / so long in the Citie, and how hee was able to maintaine

fo princelie a porte as he carried: *Gwydonius* vn-willing 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 ficklenesse, 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 seee 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 least 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 woulde pull thee by the sleeue, and then had I wist woulde 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 grieffe 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 witleffe prodigalitie to incurre such suspection. *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 discourtesie 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, traouailing verie solemmlie toward *Alexandria*.

Where at that time there raigned a certaine Duke named *Orlano*, 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 fteddie

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 chiefest 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.

First *Melytta*, see that shee leade her lyfe both charlie and chastlie. Let her not haue her owne will, leaft shee proue too wilfull: or too much libertie, leaft 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 wauer-ing 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 idlennesse, 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 puffes 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 wifedome 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 pensiuē, 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 attentiuē 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 boyfterous 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 willinglie 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 woulde 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 speedelic 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 liberrall bountie, than honoured of straungers, which onelie heare of your princelie vertue. Infomuch 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 experiencè 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 pleafant than *Alexandria*,) neither hath want of liuing or hope of gaine intifed mee, for I am by birth a Gentleman, and iffued of fuch parents as are able with fufficient patrimonie to maintaine my eftate, but the defire, not onelie to fee, but alfo to learne fuch rare curtefie and vertuous qualities as fame hath reported to be put in practife in your Court, is the onelie occafion of this my iourney. Now if in recompence of this my trauaile, it fhall pleafe your Grace, to vouchsafe of my feruice, I fhall thinke my felfe fullie fatisfied, and / my paines fufficiently requited.

*Orlanio* hearing this dutifull difcourfe of *Gwydonius*, marking his manners, and mufing at his modeftie, noting both his excellent curtefie and exquisite beautie, was fo inflamed with friendlie affection toward this young youth, that not onelie he accepted of his feruice, but alfo preferred him as a companion to his fonne *Therfandro*, promifing that fince he had left his Countrie & parents for this caufe, he would fo counteruaile his dutifull defert with fauour and friendship, as he fhould neuer haue caufe to accufe him of ingratitude.

*Gwydonius* repaying heartie thanks to the Duke for his vnderferued curtefie, 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 himfelse so wiselie and warilie, with such curtesie in conuersation, and modestie in manners, that in short time he not onelie purchafed 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 *Phenix*, 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 Snail is infected, as the Leopard falleth in a

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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 remembrance 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 heuiness, 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 fo 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 vantage, 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 heauineffe, 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 worfe 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 murders, what care, what calamities haue happened to such, as haue beene besotted with the balefull beautie of women, enjoying more care than commoditie, more paine than profite, more cost than comfort, more griefe 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 grieuoufull to be plagued. *Candau / les* was slaine by his murdering 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 reafon, thus currishlie 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 staie of vertuous women, for the staie of vicious wantons? Doest thou thinke *Valericus* to shake off the shackles of fancie with this follie? Or to eschue the baite of beautie, by breathing out suche blasphemie? No, no, assure thy selfe, that these thy raging reasons, will in time bee most rigorousslie 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 toffeth / 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 pensive passions, hee sloung 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 curiosnesse, 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 disease, 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 verдите, 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 faouureth 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, from hence forth thou furiouslie 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 difcommoditie annexed: the bloud of the Viper is most healthfull for the fight, and most hurtfull for the stomacke, the / stone *Celomites* is verie precious for the backe, and verie perillous to the braine: the flower of *India* pleafant to be feene, but who fo fmelleth to it, feeleth present smart: fo 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 ſtiffle me with the raging ſtormes of repulſe, and daunt me with the doome of deadlie denials, fo fretteth my hapleſſe minde with helliſh furie, that no plague, no paine, no torment, no torture can worfe 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 fute 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 *Iſphilon*, which yeeldeth forth no iuyce though neuer ſo well bruſed: fo, 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 vild 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 fauoured 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 therefore 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: infomuch 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 perceiuing delaie bredde daunger, seeing his mistresse sit alone in his presence, houering 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 offensiue 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 blood inwardlie) vnlesse the missing 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 secreet 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 beaft: 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 plaister which inferred the paine.

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

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

As your present ariual 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 *parole*: that your countes 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 persuaade 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 inueth 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 happesse 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 truthlesse 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 conflictt 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.

**I**f 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 grieffe more grieuous, no heauineffe 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 coy 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 fight: 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 deadly 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 vertues 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 aunfwere, 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.*

**A**S 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 choofe 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 extremely  
 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 mercileffe  
 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 durtie Dales, and  
 lyke the greedie KYTE 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 see the daye that his Daughter shall be so well wedded as to such a wrangling Wifard. But *Pasiphae* preferred a Bull before a King, and *Venus* a smeered Smith before *Mars* the God of battaile. Tush, *Pfomneticus* was father to *Rhodopes* children, whofoeuer begat them, and that cloake is of a course spinning, that cannot keepe of the raine. Farewell.

*Liuing he hopes to reuenge  
thy iniuries.*

*Wofull Valericus.*

*Castania* no sooner hadde read these despitefull lynes of *Valericus*, but her minde fired with the flames of furie, and her breast boyled with raging wrath, in such forte, that she could not be in quiet nor take any rest: she busied her selfe so carefullie in studying with what kinde of reuenge she might best wreake her wrath vppon him, and requite his spitefull speeches. At last womanlike, she found her tongue the beast weapon, & with that she plagued him in this sort.

*Castania / to Valericus, neither health nor good hap.*

**T**He Mastiffe Dogge (*Valericus*) can neuer quest like a Spaniell, but he must 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 bene accuſed to haue beene a Curre or a Kiſtrel, 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 practife, 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 pleafant, 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: infomuch 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 practife 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 fleecue 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 hazarding, 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 tounred 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 change, what solempne motion, nay, what sodaine madnesse, what foolish phrenzie, or rather what frantike affection hath possessed thee? Is thy laweless libertie tounred 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 infusing daungers bee a precious preferuatiue 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 perfwade thee from lewde lust, but not from lawfull loue, from vanitie, not from vertue: yea, nis 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 chafft 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.

Doest 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 Mous, 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, & nursed vp in villanie, as to requite his liberalitie with such disloialtie, to returne the trust which he reposeth 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, found out the march with the trumpet of trust, begin the assault, giue the onset. Laie the battering / peeces 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 loofeth his memorie, and as the Elephant when hee eateth of the Heliotropian leafe, is then verie sleepeie, 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, finging 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 faouour 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 vnfainedlie 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 cumberfome, I leaue it to the iudgement of these Gentlemen.

*Gwydonius* wakened out of his musing slumber with this fugged 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 fate senselesse, not being able to vtter one word, vntill at length reuiued with the

view of her cheerefull countenance, hee repaide her with this pleafant anfwere.

*M* *Adame* (quoth he) whereas ieftinglie you faie, that at the firft fight you had taken mee for perplexed *Pigmalion* by my pittifull plaintes and carefull countenance, but that I wanted trickeling teares to decypher myorrowe, I aunfwere, that woe maye verie well bee without watric wailings, for when the Stone *Garatides* frieth without, it freezeth within, the Germaunder leafe, when it is moft full of moifture, looketh then / moft drie, where the ftream is moft deepe, there it is moft fill, and where is the fmalleft fhew of teares, there is the greateft figne oforrow. And alfo I call the heauens to witneffe, that when you wakened mee out of my dreame by your diuine eloquence, I tooke you either for beautie to bee *Venus*, for comelineffe to bee *Pallas*, or for porte and honour to bee *Iuno*, fo that both your prefence and curtefie daunted my minde: your prefence in dazeling my eyes fo fodainlie with fo folempne a fight, your curtefie, in that your Ladyfhip without curiofitie would vouchfafe to talke with fo meane a Gentleman. But Madame, fith that I perceiue your skill in nauigation to be greate, in that you made fo cunning a coniecture, and without anie great aiming, fo rightlie hit the marke, to put you out of doubt, I confefse I was both in a dreame and a

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doubt, wherein sith it pleaseth your honour to take so much paine, I will craue your aide to deuine the one, and decide the other.

*The Dreame.*

I was walking (*Madame Castania*) in my dreame (as I supposed) solitarie by the sea side, whereas I tooke delight to see the Dolphins leape, (which as the Mariners saie, is a signe of imminent tempest) I forthwith espied a rocke in the Sea, wherevpon stood a Ladie araied with roabes of burnisht golde, so formed and framed, so adorned and decked with the giftes of Nature, as at the first I tooke her to be *Thetis*, that had so gorieouslie clad her selfe, to welcome home her loue and Lord *Neptunus*. But viewing her countenance more narrowlie, I perceiued her to be a mortall creature (though vnworthie such diuine beautie shoulde be shrouded in the substance of an earthlie carcasse) which so inflamed my affection, so fired my fancie, & so kindled my desire, that the torments / of *Tantalus*, the torture of *Ixion*, the sorrow of *Sisphus*, were not halfe comparable to the perplexed passions that pinched my haplesse heart, when I saw all hope cut away from inioying this earthly Goddesse: the sea which compassed the rocke was so deepe and daungerous, the cliffes so steep-downe and feareful, as to descend was no lesse 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 sight so salued my forepassedd 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 sought to purchase credit by framing so curious a peece of workmanship. But yet so slenderly, as y<sup>e</sup> least waight was able to pass 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 encouraged 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 fantasticall 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 *parle*.

*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 fantasticall 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 beleue it, though I cannot diuine it: to giue a verdit where the euidence is not vnderstoode, is vanitie: to yeelde a reason of an vnknowne 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 amiddest 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 moued. Vertue alwayes consisteth between extremities, that as too much fearefulnesse is y<sup>e</sup> 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 verдите by thine owne voyce, I perceiue thou art guiltie of the same crime, for when the brickle-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 grieffe, 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 *Tuscullans* questions, discoursing of the happinesse of life and heauinesse of death, saith, 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 mooste to bee absolued, but meant to shake him off with a sleuelesse 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 enterprife 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<sup>e</sup> 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 perfwaded mee, that no hazarde could be haplesse, and assured mee that Loue & Fortune faouere 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 preserued

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 heauenly 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 *Melitta*) 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 repley. 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 *Asfites*, that chaungeth colour with the onelic 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 glance, thinking the Gods themselues are to be accused of iniustice, if they be not aiders to your enterprise, 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.

**M**adame (quoth he) I ſee you will ſit 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 ſorry 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 coulde 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 woeth, 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 futurs.

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 deuoide of mercie. And in troth to leaue these perticular in-

ftaunces, women in generall, or for the moft parte, are bountifull, courteous, fober, chafte, demure, not imbrued with vice, but indued with vertue : fo that by how much womens bodies are weaker than mens, by fo much their mindes are more ftrong 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 fo Madame (quoth hee) but I hope in extolling a fouldiers 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 pleaſured 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 deſpitefull.

Yes but you would (quoth ſhe) if ſhe pinched

you but with *Acteons* 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 *Acteons* hap such a great harme? the onelie sight 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 *Acteon*, 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 fundrie 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 witleffe 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 looks 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 reiected 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 vnknown 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, & eſpeciallie *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 iewel & chiefeſt treaſure into the hands of a ſragling 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<sup>e</sup> 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 pittiuoslie 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<sup>e</sup> 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 *Castania*, 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 iewel 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.

*Castania* hauing thus pittifully poured out her plaints, would gladly haue giuen *Gwydonius* intelligence (with modettie 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, comānd 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 pleafant conceits thou doeſt vſe penſiue 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 entierelie. 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 countenance 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 vnſained frienſhip 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 pensue 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, fire 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 beleuee 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<sup>e</sup> 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<sup>e</sup> 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<sup>e</sup> 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 sickeneffe 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



felfe 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 delai 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 bene 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 reiect 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 fauce: not that she misliked of his loue, for it was the onelie thing she desired, but to make him the more seruient in affection, vttering these or such like wordes to her selfe 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 scarcelie found and hardlie gotten, euer of greatest value? what so is gained by perill, is thought alwaies precious, hardlie come by, warilie 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 chafstie, 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.

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

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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 staine 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 verditte 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 fute 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 witnesses 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 beggers 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 deprived 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 answere.

*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 ŷ 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 Fawlcrons neaſt? or is it the meanes to haue him to thy friend, 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: thē 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 fugred 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 aduerfitie: 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 countenance 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 fought 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 pretēded 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 grieffe can neuer be redressed, but with drinking ſ̄ bloud of his deereſt frend. And as he that is venomed 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 fugred poyſon of your diuine beautie, as through the extremitie of pinching grieffe, 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 discourtesie, nor so reckleslie regard your poore *Gwydonius*, whose loue & loyaltie is so great, that as the stones which are founde in the riuier *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 change, crauing in lieuve 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  $\text{h}$  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 found 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 field. 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 *Trophees* in signe of a most victorious conquest. To put therefore the matter in question, she returned him this answere.

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

**M**aister *Gwydonius*, your letter being more hastelie receiued then heartelie read, I perceiue 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 enterprise 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 wreaft 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

2 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 Fawlccon 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 fal into most hatefull passions. Cease then *Gwydonius*, to condempne 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 mitigatethy 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 grieffe, 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 feure 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 griuouoslie 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 mercileffe 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 myrroure 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 asswage 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 stīl, 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 experience, 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 slauerie to be subiect vnto vertue? 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 ŷ requests of his most deereft friends wout great entrety & lōg sute, answered, ŷ thīgs 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 feruent 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 dutifull, neither did I euer reiect 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 missing 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,



onelic 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 freelie 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 fighte, 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  $\text{y}$  tongue is both tied, & the senses so restrained,  $\text{y}$  the heart is neither able to conceiue  $\text{y}$  ioye, nor the tongue able to expresse  $\text{y}$  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 presence. Yea, thy

faithfull and vnfained 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 þ̄ 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 stave 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 : leaft by boasting of thy bootie, thou loose thy praie, and be thought a pratler. And *Gwydonius* aboue all men beware of *Valericus*, leaft vnder the shape of a friend, he proue in time thy

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

**T**uff *Castania* (quoth *Gwydonius*) he that is afraide to venter on the Bucke, becaufe he is tapisht in the briers, shall neuer haue hunters hap, and he that puttes his doubt in loue for euerie chaunce, shall 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*, leaft (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 closelie 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 stayleffe wits, both waxe and wane with the Moone, whose lunatike mindes change with euerie sodaine motion: yea, whose lightnesse and leawdnesse is such, as they delyght with the Rauen 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 brafen Harnesse.

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 perfwadeth them? No, they are pesants. 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 virginitie, how they will cloake themselues with the colour 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 womankinde? It is not *Castania* that thus crosseth thee with care, but *Gwydonius* that breedeth thy grieffe. 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 *Clerophontes* 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 preface: 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 griuousslie 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 venimous 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 vilde wretch (as though I had drunke of the Riuer *Lincestis* in *Bohemia*, which presentlie turneth whatfoeuer 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 benee 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 benee too greate to heare of his hastie returne, my peruerse furie hath benee 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 cholericke 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

infue 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 ferue 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 w̄ 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 see) 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 hereupon 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 pithelic performed his charge, *Clerophontes* tolde him that vppon a sodaine 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 countenance: 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 yeelde 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 wifht 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 Princeffe, as no salue but her selfe was able to mitigate his sorrow, no medicine but her courtesie was able to cure his calamitie : and hee thought to preferre his fute 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.

**M**adame (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 deprived of reason, so devoid of sense, which by some naturall instinct doth not skilfully preface of perills before they come, & warily prevent 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 providentlie prevent their disease. 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 bewrayeth 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 preface 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 heuineffe.

I came to your Fathers Court, Madame, a free man of *Alexandria*, and am like to retourne a captiue of *Metelyne*: I ariued deuoide 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 howsoeuer 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 incouuntered with the like affection. Yet, leaft *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 sir, doe you suppose mee so sottish, 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 Paradiſe: 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 sir, 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 smally 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 returned her this replie.

Madame (quoth he) where in lieu of hate there infueth 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 infused 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 *Alcest*, 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 vpon 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 enterprise, 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 comparisons, because they be odious, nor apply the examples, sith 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 cloudes 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 grieffe, 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 asswage his passions, this their encouragement 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 furiousslie flamed within him, that hee was constrained to / keepe his Cabbin 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 throught all his Dominions, providing in euerie place necessarie munition for the defence of his Countrie. And assembling his Nobilitie to giue their verdict, 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 exploit, shoulde be Lieutenant, 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 creake: 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 dreade 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 surmises,  
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 discoursing with himselfe.

Alasse (quoth he) I see the Sun being at the  
highest 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  
highest 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 bene 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 yeilded 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 grieffe, 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 horrou 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* 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 known, 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 clofelie 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 vpon 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 chiefest 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 ditclose 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 practife, 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, fhee faue her felfe by flight.

*Valericus* hauing this Commiffion giuen him from the Duke, made no delaie, but paffed to *Gwydonius* lodging with as much fpeede as might be: but fortune who after euery chip of mifchance, fendeth fome lot of good lucke, and after euerie ftorme of aduerfitie, fendeth a quiet calme of prosperitie, fo 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 ftearnlie taking *Gwydonius* by the bofome, pulling out his Rapier, commanded him as a traitour to ftand, or elfe without anie farther doome, he fhould feele the dint of death.

*Gwydonius* amazed with this fodaine motion, ftoode as one in a traunce, neither being able to defend himfelfe with word or weapon, but yeelded himfelf into the hands of *Thersandro*, who fhakt him vp with thefe bitter fpeeches.

Thou traiterous wretch (quoth he) as it is impoffible for the flame fo closelie to bee couered, but it will bee fpied, fo it is impoffible, 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 peeuissh 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 diuelish 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 moouie *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 sifter *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 sackleffe.

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 fooner 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 accōplish 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 monstros  
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 sense,  
and are obedient, thou hast both reason & sense,  
& 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 guileffe  
bloud, & without care or conscience, to commit  
most cruell murther : which is hatefull to all things,  
as the senselesse plants & stons most deadlie detest  
such villanie. The Oliue tree so hatefully ab-  
horreth a Parasite, that who so beeing guiltie of  
that crime, attempteth to plant it, doth not onely  
himselſe presently perish, but the tree forthwith  
wayneth and withereth. The stone *Epistrites*, so  
loatheth this offence, counting it a fact so repug-  
nant to Nature, that it will not vouchsafe to be  
worne by a murtherer. And shall I then let thee  
liue, whom the senselesse creatures doe so deadly

loath? No, this hand which cherisht thee beeing a childe, shall now chastise thee being such a cursed 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 countrie 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*. Being now without the dint of the Dukes danger, seeing that although he had escaped himselfe, yet he had left his Loue and Ladie *Castania* 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 infue 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? Doeft 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 himfelfe 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 Princeffe: 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 Princeffe, 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 ſþ peruerſe Planets conſpired my bitter bane? Doeth froward fortune meane to make mee a mirroure 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 change 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 affuraunce, than vaineſie 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 quenchem 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 wisheth 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 rigoroullie 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 perfwaded 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 puisant power of so mightie a Prince, determined without further delaie to meete him and giue him present battaile,

having meruailous affiance in the approued manhoode 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 f̄ 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*, & 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 whatfoeuer we gaïne, 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 resolved either / valiantlie to die in the field with glorie, or to inioye 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 murmure and mutine against him, condemning him of follie that he would so vnaduisedlie commit his own state & their staie to the doubtful hazard of one mans hap. *Orlanio* seeing  $\ddot{y}$  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 feure 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 riuier *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 asswage 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 peril? 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 Cittie sackt, and my natiue Countrie brought to vtter confusion. And shall I for the loue of a straunger wish 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 fuspitious, as to accuse him of trecherie, which hath ben but too trustie : to count him a counterfait, 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 prise 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<sup>e</sup> 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 grieffe hath tormented mee? what direfull dolour hath distressed mee? what hellish horreur hath haunted me? yea, what woe and wretchednesse hath wracked my wittes, since thou hast bene proclaimed a pray to him whofoeuer 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 howfoeuer 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. Infomuch ȳ 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 sifter *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 disauster 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 y 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 confer 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 y rigor of *Orlanio* might haue giuē him sufficiēt cause of fuspitiō, 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 valued 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 away the time when delaye breeds 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 subtill 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 founded, 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 profecuted 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 vnlacing 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* aunswered, 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. /

