
CICERONIS AMOR.

Tully's Love.

Wherein is discoursed the prime of Cicero's youth, setting out in lively portraitures how young gentlemen that aim at honour should level the end of their affections, holding the love of country and friends in more esteem than those fading blossoms of beauty that only feeds the curious survey of the eye.

A work full of pleasure as following Cicero's vein, who was as conceited in his youth as grave in his age, profitable as containing precepts worthy so famous an orator.

Robert Greene *in artibus magister*.

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit vile dulci.

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To the right honourable Ferdinando Stanley, Lord Strange, ennobled with all titles that honour may afford or virtue challenge, Robert Greene wisheth increase of virtuous and lordly resolutions.

The tripods (right honourable) engraven with *Detur sapienti*, was by the oracle allotted to Socrates; Achilles' shield, maintained with the sword, fell to Ulysses for his wisdom; Pallas had her library and her lance, and such as read *Non ultra* on Hercules' pillars pointed out the characters with their spears. Proportion, the mother of geometry and mistress of arts, commands that Hector have his honors, Alcides his glories, and that Olympus be never without bright glittering armour nor green wreathed garlands as well to grace the soldier as to glory the poet. This considered (right honourable), having done my endeavour to pen down the loves of Cicero which Plutarch and Cornelius Nepos forgot in their writings, I presumed to present unto your Honour not high-written poems as Maro did to Augustus, but the fruits of well-intended thoughts as Calymachus' scholar did to Alexander, thinking nothing rare nor view-worthy sufficiently patronized unless shrouded under the protection of so honourable a Maecenas. Whatsoever was pleaded *in rostro* was not penned by Hortensius, and yet the senators heard and gave plausible censures. Homer spent verses as well on Irus the beggar as Eurymachus the wooer. Every sentence cannot *Cleanthis lucernam olere*, and yet men will read poems & praise them. Then (right honourable) if my work treating of Cicero seem not fit for Cicero, as eclipsing the beautiful show of his eloquence with a harsh and unpolished style, yet I crave that your Honour will vouch of it only for that it is written of Cicero. Ennius laboured as hard in his rough poesies as Virgil in high poems; Phidias' pencil in his own conceit was as sharp-pointed as Pygmalion's chasing-tools; mean wits in their follies have equal pains with learned clerks in their fancies. Apollo yielded oracles as well to poor men for their prayers as to princes for their presents; stars have their lights, and hairs their shadows; mean scholars have high thoughts though low fortunes. Thus persuaded & emboldened (right honourable), I present this pamphlet of Cicero's loves to your Lordship, resolved upon your courteous acceptance that, weighing the mind not the matter, your Honour will say, *If not Bucephalus, yet a horse*. And in this hope resting, I wish to your Lordship as much health and happiness as your Honour can desire or I imagine.

Your Lordship's humbly devoted,
Robert Greene.

To the gentle readers, health.

Gentlemen, I have written of Tully' love, a work attempted to win your favours, but to discover mine own ignorance in that, coveting to counterfeit Tully's phrase, I have lost myself in unproper words, but hoping as ever I have done of your courtesies, I have, like bold Bayard, put my head out of the stable. If my method be worse than it was wont to be, think that skill in music marred all, for the clef was so dissonant from my note that we could not clap up a concord together by five mark. Chiron the sagittary was but a feigned conceit, and men that bear great shapes and large shadows, and have no good nor honest minds, are like the portraiture of Hercules drawn upon the sands. If I speak mystically, think 'tis musically, and so desiring that you will take Tully's loves as penned for your pleasure, I bid you farewell.

Robert Greene.

Ad Lectorem Hexasticon.

*In lucem prodit tenebris exuta malignis
Romulei petulans, vesanaque flammula Phoebi:
Rorantem Authori (Lectores) spargite florem,
Intyba, Narcissos, Latacen, pictique roseti
Dulces diuitias: Illum concingite lauru:
Emerito solers industria reddat honorem.*

Thomas Watson. Oxon.

Ad Lectorem de Ciceronis amore, Hexasticon.

*Miraris fortasse legens Ciceronis amorem?
Desine mirari, qui bene scribit, amat.
Crimen inesse putas? semel insaniuimus omnes,
Quae faciunt iuuenes, condoluere senes.
Linguae qui laudat Ciceronis, laudet amorem,
Greni solus honor, sit Ciceronis amor.*

G.B. Cantabrigiensis.

*Varro and Tucca wrote of Maro's verse,
And Dares dared to tell of Homer's skill;
Of Ovid's works Latins have made rehearse,
And poets have discoursed of Pindar's quill;
Many have writ cosmography of lands,
And told of Gihon and of Tagus' sands;
Of Helen's beauty and of Leda's hue
The winged fancies of the learned have told,
But of the proudest poets, old or new,
Who dared sweet Tully's fancies once unfold,
As far too high for all that yet hath been?
Then give the palm and glory unto Greene.*

Thomas Burneby, Esquire.

*Now blooms the blossoms of fair Adon's flower,
Cupid is stol'n from Paphos' secret shrine,
Diana lurks, she and her nymphs do lour,
Bacchus that tempers sacred love with wine,
Ceres and all the gods have made agree
That Love is god, and there is none but he.
The poems wanton Ovid set in verse,
His Art of Love that banished him from Rome,
Did never such quaint amoretts rehearse
As are deciphered under Tully's doom,
Whose Roman phrase, fetched from Parnassus' hill,
Says none but Tully in the depth of skill.*

Edward Rainsford, Esquire.

TULLY'S LOVE

There dwelled in the city of Rome, being metropolitan of the world, famous as well for martial champions as delicate for beautiful ladies, a consul called Flaminius, made glorious by fortune as having twice rode in the triumphing chariot and worn the laurel-wreath given as a palm to such as have been happy for many great victories. This consul famous in the commonwealth for his martial exploits, Fortune, whose conceit rests in extremes, either too prodigal in her favours or prejudicial in her frowns, to make this man the miracle of her deity, lent him one only daughter of such excellent exquisite perfection as nature in her seemed to wonder at her own works. Her hair was like the shine of Apollo when shaking his glorious tresses he makes the world beauteous with his brightness. The ivory of her face over-dashed with a vermilion dye seemed like the blush that leapt from Endymion's cheeks when Cynthia courts him on the hills of Latmos. So did the proportion of her body answer to the perfection of the mind, and the honour of her thoughts so fitted to the glory of her favours, as it rested doubtful whether her outward beauties or inward virtues held the supremacy. Insomuch that as men flock to Delphos to hear the oracles of Apollo, so divers resort to Rome to take view of the excellency of Terentia, who once delighted with the sight of her graces set down this as an axiom, that Pallas the patroness of Troy for wisdom, or Venus the wonder of heaven for beauty, might not disgrace the dignities of this gorgeous damosel. Rome dwelling with the pride of this matchless virgin, whose thoughts were more humble than her face beautiful, and yet the painters of that time feared to attempt her portraiture, as finding the perfection of nature to exceed the proportion of art, made her the mistress of their vestals, as one that counted fancy as unfit for a maid as Alexander cowardice for a soldier. Cupid, sitting on his mother's knee by the fount of Alcydalion, seeing how Terentia, enemy to his amorous philosophy, set love at so light esteem, and for a charm against his magical enchantments carried the ever-burning fire of Vesta in her breast, clasping his mother wantonly about the neck he began thus to prattle. Seeing, mother, we have left the places of our accustomed residence to avoid the troops of such suitors as only end their loves with their lives, & have stolen to this secret fount here awhile to be solitary to wear away the time with some conceited chat, I pray you tell me whereof are women's hearts made? I ask the question, mother, for that I find the distinction of their fancies like the difference of their faces, which as they be distinguished in proportion, so they be altogether unlike in properties. Venus, hearing her son make such a waggish demand, began thus to reply. Some say, my boy, of the liver of the chameleon, whose nature is to be changeable in hues, and women as variable in their thoughts. Others of a pyrite stone, which handled softly is as cold as ice, but pressed between the fingers burneth like fire; they which infer this comparison say that women brook not favourable persuasions, nor may be won by entreaties, but the ready way to kindle them to desire is to cross them with disdain. Some say their hearts are of marble, which being hard yet drops tears against every storm; some of wax that is soft, admitting every impression, those women have their loves in their looks, which taken in with a gaze is thrust out with a wink; some of adamant, they be hard-hearted, and yet men say the lapidaries have tools to pierce them; others of gold, and they be like Danae that will admit no lover but such as Jupiter. To be brief, my boy, so many fancies so many fictions, every one censuring of women's hearts as his own experience hath found her froward or favourable. Cupid, hearing his mother discourse

thus cunningly, demanded amongst all these whereof was Terentia's heart of Rome formed. At this Venus, fetching a deep sigh, prosecuted her former premises thus. Well, wag, for all you play the wanton, hast thou insight so far into thine enemy's thoughts that thou hast coted in thy tables the resolution of Terentia, whom men count more beautiful than myself, and more chaste than Diana? Her heart, my boy, is framed of the purest diamond, which as it is hard to entertain love, so it is clean, fit for the receipt of virtue. I tell thee, Cupid, Terentia makes desire her drudge, and disdain her champion. She honours all the gods but thee, and admits all recreations but love. She armeth her youth with contempt of passions that she may finish her age with content of patience. The prime of her years are grave that the fruits of her time may be gracious, and she strives to be as full of honour in her life as full of favours in her looks. To conclude, my boy, she is Terentia, who seeks with labours to avoid loves, & endeavours to be called as virtuous as other ladies amorous. Thus Venus ended with a frown, and Cupid began with a smile, she scorning at her honours, he studying on revenge. After a little pause the choleric boy burst forth into these terms. And shall Terentia offer perfumes to Vesta and hemlock to Venus? Shall she, mother, straw Diana's lawns with roses and your palaces with nettles? Shall she set desire in rags, and disdain in silks? No, Cupid hath his bolts feathered with the wings of swallows that fly swift, and his arrows headed with strong-tempered steel that pierce deep; like to Achilles' lance, that did wound & heal, my shafts, mother, are of sundry metals; the strongest of them all will I aim at Terentia, and if my fortune fail me not, I will change her songs to sighs and her chaste prayers to amorous passions. And with that, leaping from his mother's lap, he bent his bow, shot an arrow, and hit Terentia on the heart, but it was of such proof as the bolt rebounded and brake into a thousand shivers. At this Cupid scorned, seeing his deity counterchecked with such constant chastity, & Venus smiled, seeing her son in such a rage, which so increased his choler that he discharged all his arrows at random, careless of his aim, so he might anyways revenge. Amongst the rest young Lentulus, a Roman cavalier, under whose conduct the consul [sic?] sent many legions to make war against the Parthians, was one of those infortunate men that Cupid had bruised with his arrows. For having fought a set battle, and bought the victory with great loss, fresh supplies were sent him from Rome. Lentulus, welcoming his new-come soldiers, demanded what news. After they had made report of the state of the commonwealth, they then (as a thing miraculous and supernatural) discoursed to him the excellency of Terentia, setting out her glories with such emphatical descriptions that Lentulus, leaning his head on his hand, became a willing auditor to such pleasant philosophy. Smiling thus in the over-sweet potions that love had tempered like Circes to bewitch the wary and warlike Ulysses, he caused his soldiers with often repetitions of Terentia's beauty to graft in the scions(?) of his new-entertained fancies. In the day his head was troubled with thoughts of Terentia; in the night conceit presented the visions of Terentia. Where before he laid plots how to circumvent the Parthians, now he devised how to compass his passions; love wished him to make light esteem of war, but growing to be careless, he gave his enemies occasion of encouragement. Being thus perplexed with unacquainted fits, he began thus soldierlike to debate with himself. Have not the ancient Romans, whose statues and trophies hath filled the world with wonder of their chivalry, made the end of their honours to consist in arms? Have they not fetched fame from the heavens with their swords, and bound her to their fortunes with circumscriptions of blood? Have not their lances pierced oblivion to the

heart, and their martial deeds registered their names in the chronicles of memory? And yet, Lentulus, dost thou make light esteem of war, whose very frowns are honour, and whose favours immortal glories? Blush at thy thoughts that are so base, & weep with Caesar that thou hast not done wonders with Alexander. Thou art elected by the consuls as a choice man of Rome, as high prized for thy valour as thy parentage, and yet thy mother was of the great Aemilii; thou art sent against the Parthians, a nation warlike and resolute, either to challenge thy grave with thy sword or carve out their tombs with thy curtal-ax. Darest thou then, Lentulus, amidst those glorious thoughts of a soldier, admit the least passion of a lover? Shall thy policies, too little for the Parthians, be employed in purchasing Terentia? No, Lentulus, draw thy falchion, brandish it against Rome, and if love look but over the walls, menace her with thy martial weapons, and yet, Lentulus, be not so stoical as to reject such a mighty deity. Have not the Romans erected a temple near unto Campus Martius? Are not knights dubbed to defend ladies? Make they not their helms proud with their mistress' favours? Mars hath his amours as he hath his armours, Alexander gloried in his loves as he triumphed in his victories. Great Pompey hath his Julia, Caesar his paramour, soldiers have loved, and so will I. Having thus discoursed with himself, the hope of his loves drave such an invincible courage into his mind that he passed not many days without giving battle to the Parthians, in which getting a glorious victory, he sent great treasure and many captives home to Rome, with great intercession to the senate that he might not winter from his own country. The consuls, glad to favour him with any reasonable grant, sent Lepidus to take his place, and recalled Lentulus home to the city, the fame of whose high-intended thoughts, his conquest enlarged with infinite treasures & rich captives, made Rome to ring with echoes of his matchless excellency, insomuch that passing through the streets to the Capitol, there to be invested with the honours due to his victories, multitudes of Romans were placed on scaffolds to take view of so brave and hardy a captain, and the gorgeous windows of the city were stuffed with troops of beautiful ladies tickled with an earnest desire to satisfy their sights with his personage. Passing thus in pomp, Julius Caesar, then being dictator, after the solemn rites & magnificent triumphs were ended had him home to dinner where he feasted him with such royalty as might beseem the greatness of the day and the highness of his own thoughts. Thus flew the fame of Lentulus through Rome as the wonder of this [sic?] time, but all those triumphant dignities could not extirpate the melancholy of this Roman's thoughts inserted into his mind by the fond enchantments of love, but as the wounded deer wringeth forth tears, and the myrtle pierced yieldeth gum, so Lentulus, after this deep impression of love, could afford naught but sighs and sorrows. The gem of Terentia's excellency reflected in his mind like an object in a crystal mirror, that amidst his most serious affairs he found the passions of love to be intermeddled. Fortune, that had tied her favours in the top of his crest, half persuaded to become constant to this warlike champion, seeing Cupid wrong him without cause, thought with a sovereign antidote to prevent the further ensuing prejudices of fancy; forcing therefore opportunity to dance attendance upon this her darling, it fell out that Flaminius, the father of Terentia, seeing how Lentulus was generally feasted of all the senators in Rome, thought amongst the rest to welcome home the warrior with a banquet, & therefore meeting him at one Titus Annius Milo's house he solemnly invited him home to dinner. Lentulus, as full of courtesy as courage, after great thanks promised to be his guest whereupon Flaminius, passing home, made provision, & Lentulus, stealing to his

lodging, being solitary, conceived such inward joy at this sweet opportunity that, leaning upon his left hand, smiling to himself, he breathed out these words, viz., Such, I see well, as Mars honours with favours, Venus will not cross with frowns; those that conquer in wars shall not perish in loves. Cupid favours his father's followers, & such as Fortune smiles on in battle, she laughs on in fancies. I coveted to bear charge against the Parthians, and the senate elected me lord of their legions; desire wished me to have a sight of Terentia, and her father entertains me for a guest; I made conquest of mine enemies with the sword, and why may I not win my love with my loyalty? Fear not, Lentulus, these concluded comparisons are prodigious; be augur then to thyself, and calculate thy good fortunes by thy thoughts; loves and wars craves courage. Fear not, man, for thy entreaties are as mighty as her denials can be contrary. As thus he was debating with himself, the clock told him it was time to go visit his host, so that he made himself as sumptuous as might be, and at the parting from his chamber-door he said thus. If, Venus, (quoth he) thou favour me in my loves, I will become thy vowed servant in my life; I will strew thy altars with roses, and set thee up shrines at Paphos; I will bind up my temples with myrtle boughs, and for the martial garland wear a wreath of flowers. I will have doves' nests in my palaces, and what belongs to thee shall be some of my delight; only grace me with the favour of Terentia. Ending this his vow he paced forward with his train towards the house of Flaminius, where being arrived the grave senator entertained him with such magnificence as Lentulus perceived his welcome by his honours. The board covered and the company ready to sit, Lentulus was placed chief at the table, who all this while having no sight of Terentia sat as a man nipped on the head, although there were at the table to grace the feast many brave & beautiful damosels. Sitting thus in a dump he was cheered up by all the company, but at last to set him in his jollity, Terentia was commanded by her father to bring him in a cup of Greekish wine. She that little cared to be seen in open banquets, as holding it contrary to the rites of Vesta, durst not yet but with all diligence signify her obedience. Therefore attired in a rich robe of white spotted with stars of gold, tempering the porphyry of her face with a vermilion blush, looking like Diana when she bashed at Actaeon's presence, she came into the hall, where humbly saluting all the company she delivered the wine to her father. Lentulus, seeing that fame had but blemished her favours in being too partial of her praises, sate so amazed at the beauteous excellency of Terentia as did the centaur enamoured of Juno. His eye made survey of her beauties, who posting them over to the contemplation of his thoughts, so set on fire his heart with her perfections as his stomach shut up her orifice to give his eyes leave to wonder at the serious conceit of nature's cunning; his looks began to sparkle love as did those of Adon when he pried upon the face of his paramour; the change of his colour bewrayed his new-entertained passions, which noted by Terentia, half angry at love's folly, she discovered her choler with such a blush as Lentulus, letting fall his knife on his trencher, said aloud, *Non fortuna, non bellum*, meaning that neither the highest state of fortune nor the fatal intent of war could conquer that heart that her beauty hath made subject. Terentia at this unexpected exclamation abashed, and the rest of the company marvelled, but Flaminius, willing to move some table-talk, demanded of Lentulus what he meant by this sudden emblem. Lentulus, willing to make flight at the fowl, and yet not to have a bell at his heel, answered thus. Whilst I lay in leaguer, entrenching the Parthians more hardly with legions of men than with deep-raised countermures, my soldiers discovered a castle

which, once won, displaced the strength of the country; seeing the Romans had made me vice-gerent of their forces, although the place seemed impregnable, being as well defended by nature, situate upon a mount, as by prowess, stored with men and munition, yet prizing honour more dear than blood, and country's profit beyond the content of life, I bent certain legions against the castle, and following the opinion of Quintus Fabius Maximus, sought by delay to drive them to composition. For it was said of him,

*Unus homo nobis cunctando restituit rem,
Non ponebat enim rumores ante salutem,
Ergo postque, magisque, viri nunc gloria claret.*

Seeking so to get conquest by famine which would have been prejudicial with the sword, at last seeing their forces greatly weakened, I gave assault and entered, putting the soldiers to the sword, yet willing to save the lord of the castle for that his valour discovered his thoughts, searching him out I found him in his bedchamber, his wife slain, and the blade yet varnished with blood grasped in his fist, staring me in the face with a ghastly look, that stood amazed at the stratagem, he spake thus. Roman, report in the senate-house that where you excel us in policy, we exceed you in resolution. This lady which thou seest here weltering in her gore is my wife, and for she brooks not second fancies, she craved to end her love with her life. I married her a virgin and honourable; she dies a wife and honest, as famous in Parthia for her virtues as your Roman dames for their braveries. We lived without jars for that the desire of the one was the content of the other; constancy banished jealousy, and true love held suspicion at the lance's point. Our fortunes, Roman, thou hast pulled down with thy prowess; war hast made wrack of our safeties, but for our love this sword shall link them together by death so that *Non fortuna, non bellum*. And with that the resolute soldier stabbed himself. Astonied at this peremptory massacre although all stained with the blood of the Parthians, yet I could not but grieve at the passion of the man, and enter into consideration what that love should be that wrought in men's minds such resolved effects, so well liking of his determined death that I vowed in my thoughts if ever I obtained the favour of some gracious damosel to write in blood with the Parthian, *Non fortuna, non bellum*. The remembrance (honourable senators) of this tragedy made me to show myself so passionate. Lentulus having ended his discourse, the senators generally praised the resolution of the Parthian, and the ladies the constancy of his wife, all concluding that no impression could be so deeply inserted into the heart as love. Terentia, spying the flame by the smoke, smiled to see how covertly Lentulus had cloaked his thoughts and how in vowing to be constant he discovered his conceit, so that turning her back she went into her closet and there blamed Venus that had wrapped so brave a champion in her subtleties, not feeling either the personage or perfections of Lentulus to stir the staid continency of her mind. Well, the senators, not willing to let this fall to the ground, talked still of the Parthian, and amongst the rest of those honourable guests that were there feasted, Archias the poet, a man of a pleasant disposition, took the tale by the end and began to prosecute it thus.

Grave senators, I remember I have heard Hortensius [sic], the great orator, say that in times past the consuls for recreation would use light & honest pastimes, especially mirth at meat, as the fittest minister for digestion, alleging Scipio & Gracchus, who coveted to

be as jocund at their banquets as they were serious in matters of estate. Seeing then (reverend fathers) Lentulus hath entered into the discourse of love, producing the Parthian, who amongst his other singularities boasted that his fancy had never been stained with jealousy, a plague that is greatly now-a-days predominant in Rome, might it please you to favour us with your gracious consent, we would entreat Lentulus to discourse to us his opinion of jealousy. The senators granted, and Terentia, being come to give attendance on her father, smiled. Lentulus, casting his eye upon his love, seeing a dimple in her cheek which was to him *cos amoris*, made Archias this present answer.

Had the Thebans appointed Zetus to have discoursed of music, or they of Thessaly Menalcas to have described the court, the principles of the one had been as void of art as the precepts of the other far from honour, the one being an enemy to music, the other a swain and a shepherd. So (reverend senators and honourable ladies of Rome) Archias, how skilful soever in poetry, yet hath failed in his policy, to request him to discourse of jealousy that never as yet offered incense at the altars of love. If it had been to make description of a battle, to have discoursed the order of the phalanx, or any point of martial discipline, then could I as a soldier have dilated such principles as warlike captains register in the field with their sword, but of love whose amorous deity greeth not with drum and trumpet, or of jealousy as the shadow of fancy, it fitteth me as little to discourse as the shoemaker of Apelles' portraiture. But if ever Venus shall vouch me that favour to grace me with a special look from my mistress' excellency, and that mine eye be allowed as Paris' was to judge of beauties, Archias shall command me as a friend; in the meantime, for poets and painters ought to have their conceits feathered with Mercury's plumes, I will desire Archias to supply my ignorance, and to describe the effects of jealousy. The senators and the rest of the company, hearing how cunningly Lentulus retorted the argument upon Archias, with a resolute consent they enjoined Archias to play the orator, who being pleasantly disposed began thus.

The wolves in Syria that bark against the moon suffer small rest and great hunger. Arrows shot against the stars pierce downward, and the sirens that sought to entrap Ulysses perished themselves. So gentlemen, I sought to make experience of Lentulus' eloquence, and fortune hath allotted me to discover mine own ignorance, but lest I might be counted either too stoical or too too [sic?] full of self-conceit, for jealousy thus.

Archias' Discourse Of Jealousy.

Such as have searched into the deepest aphorisms of Anacreon, or pried into the principles that Ovid set down in his volumes, find love to be such a pure passion of the mind as like the crystal it admitteth no bruise without a crack; it groweth from the union of two minds conceived by the special liking of some excellent good consisting in exterior beauty or interior virtues or the combining of them both in one sole and singular perfection. This choice of excellency confirmed by election once imprinted in the heart is so precious as the pearls of Cleopatra, the fleece of Colchos, the sands of Tagus are trash if brought into compare with this divine and metaphysical passion; man having swilled in this nectar of love is so chary that he not only brooketh no corrival of his thoughts but admitteth no partaker of his favours, and from this fear proceedeth that fury

which men call jealousy, being a secret suspicion that others should enjoy that excellency that he hath chosen sole and singular to himself. This, noble Romans, is that fiend that Pluto sent to check Cupid in his deity, this springing from hell bringeth worse torments to the mind than the stone of Sisyphus, vulture of Titius, or wheel of Ixion. This is the canker that fretteth the quiet of the thoughts, the moth that secretly consumeth the life of man, and the poison specially opposed against the perfection of love; after the heart be once infected with jealousy the sleeps are broken, the dreams disquiet slumbers, the thoughts cares & sorrows, the life woe & misery, that living he dies, & dying prolongs out his life in passions worse than death. None looketh on his love but suspicion says this is he that covets to be corral of my favours; none knocks at his door but starting up he thinks them messengers of fancy; none talks but they whisper of affection; if she frown, she hates him and loves others; if she smile it is because she hath had success in her loves; look she frowardly on any man, she dissembles; if she favour him with a gracious eye, then as a man straight with frenzy he crieth out that neither fire in the straw nor love in the [sic?] women's looks can be concealed; thus doth he live restless, and maketh love, that of itself is sweet, to be in taste as bitter as gall.

This discovereth, reverent senators, that love, being of itself a most excellent passion, is only blemished by this foul and disgraced stain of jealousy, as hateful and hurtful to the mind as the cockatrice to the eye, or hemlock to the taste. The purest chrysolite hath his strakes, the flowers in Sidon, as they are precious in the sight, so they are pestilent in savour; love as it is divine with loyalty, so it is hellish with jealousy, wherefore by an ancient poet were written these verses:

*When gods had framed the sweet of women's face,
And locked men's looks within their golden hair,
That Phoebus blushed to see their matchless grace,
And heavenly gods on earth did make repair,
To quip fair Venus' overweening pride,
Love's happy thoughts to jealousy were tied.*

*Then grew a wrinkle on fair Venus' brow,
The amber sweet of love was turned to gall,
Gloomy was heaven, bright Phoebus did avow
He could be coy and would not love at all,
Swearing no greater mischief could be wrought
Than love united to a jealous thought.*

Had not Juno been jealous over Jupiter, Io had not been turned into a heifer; if suspicion had not pricked Menelaus, Helena had not stolen away with Paris. Procris had been alive had she not suspected Cephalus. Then, worthy Romans, we see what a prejudicial monster groweth from the fearful excess of love that not only shorteneth the life, disquieteth the mind, but oft is the cause of most strange and unnatural massacres. If fortune frown in love, we fly to patience; if there happen jars, why lovers' brawls are introductions to delight; if poverty, why they hope upon time, thinking that there is *vicissitudo omnium rerum*. The lowest ebb may have his flow, and the deadest neap his

full tide; if griefs, sorrows, repulses, unkindness, these be but *amantium irae*, and therefore *amoris redintegratio*, but as the pumice-stone freeth the paper from spots, and the fire consumeth flax, so this infernal plague of jealousy rooteth & raceth all true love from the heart, that yielding my censure I conclude with this poem:

*Vita quae tandem magis est iucunda,
Vel viris doctis magis expetenda,
Mente quam pura sociam iugalem,
Semper amare?*

*Vita quae tandem magis est dolenda,
Vel magis cunctis fugienda, quam quae,
(Falso suspecta probitate amicae)
Tollit amorem?*

*Nulla eam tollit medicina pestem,
Murmur, emplastrum vel imago sagae,
Astra nec curant, magicae nec artes,
Zelotipiam.*

Archias having thus ended his discourse, the senators greatly praised his description of jealousy, and from that fell to other pleasant talk as occasion offered. Till dinner being ended they arose, and after many thanks and courtesies according to the custom of the Romans, Flaminius, to honour Lentulus the more, taking him by the hand carried him into a garden where Terentia sat accompanied with other virgins of Rome, namely Flavia, Cornelia, and Julia, all of such exquisite features as they seemed to be the choice paragons of that time. Lentulus, amazed at this gorgeous sight, wondered not only at their beauties but marvelled why Flaminius brought him so friendly into their presence. At last the old man burst forth into these words: Lord Lentulus, I measure the thoughts of young gentlemen by the prime of my forepassed youth, not being so cynical as with Chremes in Terence to proportion young affections by the cinders of old age, but to think with Menedemus that the spring hath flowers and blossoms whereas winter hath dried branches and tawny leaves; we old men over whom Saturnus is predominant, having infused melancholy in our minds, covet either to sit solitary, or that our talk be serious; you that are young, whose thoughts aim at delight, seek to pass the time in pleasant discourses. Lest therefore the time might be tedious, I have brought you amongst these fair ladies that you may make experience of loves as you have done of wars; Mars no sooner puts off his helmet but he salutes Venus, and you, come from conquest of the Parthians, see how you can enter combat with passions, and so Lord Lentulus, I leave you.

Lentulus seeing himself thus environed with these miracles of beauty, casting his eye upon the goddess whose favourable aspect might be the sum of his fortunes, bashed at the first as Paris did in the vale of Ida, and stood as the foes of Perseus when he uncased the head of Medusa and turned them to marble pictures, so amazed stood Lentulus at the sight of such divine excellency, till the ladies, seeing this novice thus in a quandary,

began to smile, which reviving a kind of amorous choler in the soldier's mind, he began thus to play the champion.

Ladies, believe me, love is of more force than wars, and the looks of women pierce deeper than the stroke of lances; there is no curtal-ax so keen but armour of high proof can withstand, but beauty's arrows are so sharp, and the darts that fly from women's eyes so piercing, as the corslet tempered by Vulcan for Dido's paramour holds not out the violence of their stroke. The gods tremble when Mars shaketh his lance, but he feareth when Venus casteth a frown. Alexander never took notice of the legions of his enemies, but he stood frightened at the beauty of the Amazon. Then, sweet saints of Rome, marvel not if I were driven into a maze at the sight of such beauteous creatures whose faces are Venus' weapons wherewith she checketh the pride of over-daring warriors; I cannot (ladies) court it as your Roman youngsters that tie their wits to their fancies, nor fill your ears with amorous discourses as Cupid's apprentices that spend their time in such loving philosophy, nor can I feign conceited supposes of affection to prove myself lovesick by poetry. But as a blunt soldier new come from the wars, I offer myself a devoted servant to your beauties, swearing to defend your honours against all men with the hazard of my blood, and in pawn thereof generally to you all, but specially to one (as love hath his unity), I desire to be entertained as a dutiful servant to the Lady Terentia. Lentulus having thus boldly boarded these lovely virgins, the ladies, seeing with what affection he offered his service to Terentia, began to bite the lip and she to blush, who, seeing herself touched to the quick, made him this answer.

I know not, Lord Lentulus, how to answer of love because as yet I never knew love, ignorant of his forces because never acquainted with his fortunes. Vesta forbids us virgins to name Venus, as they of Ephesus hateful Erostratus. Diana deals not in Paphos, nor suffers she any of her maidens to hunt on Erycinus, lest meeting with Venus' meacocks they skip with Callisto and so seek after loss. The less you are private to love's passions, the more welcome to our presence, for rather had we fill our ears with war's fortunes than with love's follies, and sweeter are the tears that grows from a constant stratagem than a smile from a comic tale of fancy. For your service, Lord Lentulus, finding myself unworthy, I crave pardon, nor can we by Vesta's charter admit such servants. But if it please you to be accepted as a worthy Roman and my father's friend, look for such favour as mine honour and virginity can afford.

Lentulus hearing the plausible answer of Terentia, although her first insinuation seemed to answer for her purpose, as preferring the lawns of Diana and fires of Vesta before love's holy temples, yet she concluded so sweetly as might stand with the modesty of her honour; he therefore made thus his reply.

In that, madam, we are both novices in love, the simpler are our thoughts and the nearer should be the sympathy of our affections. Doves match when they are young, scions(?) are grafted when they are sprigs; the one part not but by death, nor are the other severed but they perish. Soldiers are like virgins, the one striving to live virtuous, the other to die valiant, both enemies to love while they wait on those which brook not love, I mean war and Vesta, but both must love as having hearts and thoughts, eyes to see beauty, and ears

to judge of virtue. I, madam, while I thought none greater than Mars was vowed to Mars, but seeing women's wits are worse than weapons, and that their looks pierce deeper than lances, I have resigned over my fortunes at the shrine of war, and mean to make proof of the sweetness of love, glad that in my first entrance I have the patronage of your gracious favour, armed with the which Mars well may frown, but not conquer. But sir, quoth Terentia, I granted my favour to Lentulus the soldier, not to Lentulus the lover. And so, madam, quoth he, I accept of it, for I am a soldier to do you honour, and a lover despite of myself. Flavia, hearing Lentulus began to reason prettily to the purpose, being a lady of passing merry disposition whose wit was as full of wiles as her face of favour, second in the excellency of beauty to the Lady Terentia, thought to sift her soldier in this manner.

I see well, Lord Lentulus, that as women have their favours, so men have their sayings, the one prodigal in graces, the other politic in deceits, being as cunning to dissemble love as we chary to discharge love. We Roman ladies thought to have found you a flat soldier, as ignorant in loves as we of fancies, but how closely soever you cover the flame, the fire will be known by the smoke. For your talk so savours of love's principles as we judge you are as cunning in feigning a passion as in figuring a battle, and can as soon deceive a woman with a pen as slaughter an enemy with a lance. This will make us to take you for a day-friend, and what we like in you present to disallow tomorrow, swearing if you bring amongst us Venus' roses, we will beat you with Vesta's nettles, and therefore if you will be admitted as our soldier, we either forbid you the name of love or else you shall be out of our favours. Cornelia, willing to break a jest with this champion, thwarted Flavia thus. And what of that, madam? Hath not war taught him patience; he hath passed sharper brunts than women's frowns. But how [sic?], your level is without aim. If Madam Terentia smile, his penny is good silver; 'tis her favour that is the lodestar of his fortunes, and how can we enter into her thoughts but by conjectures, she full of beauty, and he a proper young gentleman? At this frump the ladies smiled, and Terentia blushed for anger. But Lentulus, seeing such a broad jest pinned on his shoulder, willing to make answer for his mistress, although he was sore put to his trumps as half set at a nonplus, yet he followed his fortunes thus.

Indeed, ladies, think I have patience to bear women's frumps that hath encountered an enemy's blow, but if I could as well answer the one as quit the other, you should neither carry it to hell nor to heaven. But to revenge myself as well as I can, thus. First, madam, to clear my cunning in love, I refer myself to the verdict of your own conscience, who were you but as favourable as you are frumpish, would soon censure by my talk how deep I am read in love's principles. But women speak by contraries, crying like the lapwing farthest from their nests, and so I take it, being checked for overmuch love when you see I am a novice in love. Or perhaps, Madam Flavia, you would have me love; if it be so, I will become more studious to satisfy your wish, but your calling me a day-friend, that peremptory punishment were passing sharp, for one fault to shake me out of service, were it not that for so deep a wound the Lady Cornelia bringeth in a lenitive plature, alleging my security if I be armed with Terentia's favour. Blame me not, sweet goddesses, if I aim at the fairest; soldiers have eyes that can judge of beauty though they have not weapons to win beauty, & ears to deem of perfections though they want tongues to discover passions. The harmony of love, I have heard them say, consists in unities,

and nothing is more prejudicial to fancy than plurality, either of thoughts or of persons. Amongst many, then, am I charged but to like of one mistress; if I make choice of Terentia, and she vouch to grace me with her favour, Cornelia concludes truly, that armed with the imagination of her beauty I think myself able to brook your frumps, and to withstand the hardy resolution of Mars.

I marvel, then, quoth Flavia, half in choler, if women's beauty be like *Delphicus gladius* (of high proof to defend, and of sharp edge to offend), why the senators choose not out legions of ladies, that with little cost and great assurance they may make conquest of the world? But perhaps all soldiers be not of your temper, for they use their weapons and you your looks.

No, madam, quoth Lentulus, that is not the cause, for were it not that every woman would be a captain, and strive for supremacy, they had resolved upon this long ago, but fearing a mutiny amongst themselves for superiority, sith every one at home will be counted most wise & most beautiful though their wits be mean and favours less, the senate are glad to foresee such an inconvenience. The ladies, hearing how cunningly Lentulus had galled Madam Flavia on the right side, began all to smile, and she after a blush for very anger began to laugh. Lentulus, glad that he had given her a sop of the same sauce, and paid her her debt in her own coin, calling to his boy to fetch him a lute, willing to show his mistress he was not ignorant in music, said he would prove the force of beauty by a sonnet which he heard was made by Orpheus when he fell first in love with Eurydice; tuning therefore his lute to his voice he sung this ditty.

*Mars in a fury gainst Love's brightest Queen
Put on his helm and took him to his lance,
On Erycinus' mount was Mavors seen,
And there his ensigns did the god advance,
And by heaven's greatest gates he stoutly swore
Venus should die, for she had wronged him sore.*

*Cupid heard this, and he began to cry,
And wished his mother's absence for a while;
Peace, fool, quoth Venus, is it I must die?
Must it be, Mars? with that she coined a smile;
She trimmed her tresses and did curl her hair,
And made her face with beauty passing fair.*

*A fan of silver feathers in her hand,
And in a coach of ebony she went;
She passed the place where furious Mars did stand,
And out her looks a lovely smile she sent;
Then from her brow leapt out so sharp a frown
That Mars for fear threw all his armour down.*

He vowed repentance for his rash misdeed,

*Blaming his choler that had caused his woe;
Venus grew gracious, and with him agreed,
But charged him not to threaten beauty so,
For women's looks are such enchanting charms
As can subdue the greatest god in arms.*

Lentulus having sung this ditty, Terentia, willing a little to show her wit, began thus. I remember, Lord Lentulus, I have heard my father say that soldiers were wont to carry favours in their helms, not fancies in their heart, and made choice of their mistress to encourage their thoughts, not to enchant their affections. But I see the ancient honour of the Romans is slipped from prowess to passions, and the [sic?] men covet to be counted rather amorous wooers than hardy warriors, gazing Mars in the face with bright armour, but offering orisons to Venus in secret conceits. This did not Quintus Lucius Cincinnatus, who set it down as *crimen capitale* to speak of love in the army. Nor Scipio Africanus the Great, who made laws that no women should be brought prisoners within the camp lest love, entering pell-mell with war, might hazard the haughtiness of their honours. And yet, madam, quoth Lentulus, Cincinnatus had a wife, and Scipio was married. But, quoth she, it was in their age, rather chosen for succours than amorous passions; their youth was wholly spent in wars as enemies to loves, counting fancy as a dishonour to their martial dignities, rightly indeed with a deep insight entering into the enormities that grow from following too precisely the court of Venus. For believe me, gentleman, poets and painters err much that ascribe a deity to Cupid, and were worthy to bear some grievous punishment for such a new-invented heresy, which I will approve with a sonnet that one of Diana's nymphs made when Jupiter had faulted with Calypso. And so Terentia, taking the lute in her hand, began to warble out this roundelet:

*Fond feigning poets make of love a god,
And leave the laurel for the myrtle boughs,
When Cupid is a child not past the rod,
And fair Diana Daphnis most allows;
I'll wear the bays, and call the wag a boy,
And think of love but as a foolish toy.*

*Some give him bow and quiver at his back,
Some make him blind to aim without advise,
When, naked wretch, such feathered bolts he lack,
And sight he hath, but cannot wrong the wise,
For use but labours weapon for defence,
And Cupid like a coward flieth thence.*

*He is a god in court, but cottage calls him child,
And Vesta's virgins with their holy fires
Do cleanse the thoughts that fancy hath defiled,
And burns the palace of his fond desires,
With chaste disdain they scorn the foolish god,
And prove him but a boy not past the rod.*

Terentia having ended her roundelay, as Lentulus was ready to reply, Flaminius came into the garden with the rest of the senators, whose grave presence brake off their amorous prattle, for that he leaving the ladies, taking his leave friendly of them all, but specially with a pitiful glancing look of Terentia as craving some favour for his farewell, he went to the senators, amongst whom he discoursed long of the manner and custom of the Parthians, of their resolution in wars, and of such serious matters concerning martial discipline. Passing thus away part of the afternoon, the company at last taking their leaves, yielding great thanks to Flaminius for their good cheer, they parted to their several mansions. Lentulus slipping from the rest of the company, and with a gracious courage took his adieu of Terentia and the other of the ladies, vowing to be theirs ever in any due honourable service, and so staying [sic?] Terentia by the hand, he went home with Titus Annius Milo, where he found Marcus Tullius Cicero, then a youth in Rome about the age of twenty years, & very private and familiar with Milo. The fame of this Tully's surpassing eloquence was so bruited abroad in Rome as they counted him the mirror of that time, & as in Greece they wondered at Demosthenes for his orations, and the popular people fed their eyes with his sight, so as Tully passed through the streets they cried out, *Hic est ille Cicero*, saying that as Orpheus with his music made the stones and trees pliant to his melody, so Tully tied the people's ears to his tongue by his eloquence, and that Plato, who for his philosophical sentences was called divine, in whose lips bees rested as presaging his future excellency, was inferior to Tully in the musical concord of his phrase. Lentulus noting his perfections, although his parentage was base, yet thinking his eloquence might be profitable to his loves, grew to be very familiar with Tully, insomuch that of unacquainted citizens they grew to be dear and private friends, that their thoughts were united with a sure league of amity, and their hearts were receptacles for their mutual passions, so that their most secret affairs were frankly participated without any doubting suspicion. But leaving their familiarity, conversing in Milo's house, let us, gentlemen, see how Terentia brooked his departure. Cornelius Nepos forgets it in Tully's life, but if you will believe me, it was thus.

No sooner were the senators and Lentulus departed from Flaminius' house but Flavia and the rest of the ladies took leave of Terentia, who being solitary by herself, sitting alone in an arbour of roses, began to ruminate on the ideae of Lentulus' perfection, and to call to mind his several and singular qualities, his parentage, his person, honours, and his great possessions, but all in vain. Love's poison was prevented with an antidote, and her thoughts sealed up with an invincible chastity. For after she had long sat, at last with a smile she burst forth into these terms.

If Venus could not infuse more dismal aspects in other ladies' thoughts than into my mind, they should neither hold her as a goddess nor honour her temples with presents; fond are those women that are inquisitive after astrologers whether Venus be retrograde or combust in their nativities. Had they but tasted the sweet savour of Vesta's incense, they would abandon her as a planet careless in their nativities, and not trouble the augurs or aruspices to censure of their fatal or fortunate fancies. For had they but insight into the sweet life of virgins, how secure they live if they live virtuous, they would never entangle themselves with the inconstant snares of fancy. Vesta allows us free thoughts, Venus

disquiet passions; at her altars we have sweet sleeps, in the other's palace broken slumbers. Diana countervails our labours with mirth and quiet; in Cyprus we find toil tempered with care and sorrows. Being virgins we have liberty; married, we tie ourselves to the variable disposition of a husband, who be he never so excellent in perfection or exquisite in proportion we shall find sufficient whereof to gather dislike. Then, Terentia, let Lentulus pass with his honours he hath subdued. What though Alexander won the whole world, his glories are but fortune's favours. Account him then only as thou promised, thy father's friend and thine as far as he treats not of wedding, and with this upon a sudden she sat up and went to pass away the time amongst company, holding Cupid's deity at disdain, and accounting of love as the Samnites did of gold, which they sent as presents to their enemies but banished from their own commonwealth. But Flavia, poor lady, was not pierced with so easy a passion, for she having more deeply imprinted in her thoughts his honours and virtues, and measuring the man by the height of his fortunes, fell into these bitter complaints.

With what little proportion doth injurious love bestow his favours? With how small regard doth blind fortune pour out her treasures? Making in all their actions contrarieties, that so they may triumph in inconstancy. Love hath brought Lentulus from the wars to Rome only to see Terentia. Fortune hath brought Flavia to the house of Flaminius only to love Lentulus, she little regarding him, he lightly respecting me. Thus hath the contrariety of love and fortune made Lentulus unhappy, and me without hope. Ah, but Terentia, though she seem coy at the first, will be more courteous at the last, when she hath had but a month's meditating on the excellency of Lentulus. Then, oh then sigh, Flavia, and say, oh then will Terentia not reject so honourable a personage; when she considers his youth, his beauty, his parentage, his dignities, Lentulus no sooner shall woo but she will be won. This is the conjecture of her hap, & the despair of my hope. And yet it may be that the destinies have appointed their disagree. For stars are sticklers in love, and fates are principal fautors of wedlock. If my prayers may serve to Venus, if my incense to Cupid, if my vows to Lucina, if my suit to Love, let their love perish in the bud, and wither in the blossoms. Had I Medea's magic, the drugs of Calypso, the enchantments of Circes, the skill of Hecate, all these should be employed to break the love of Terentia and Lentulus. Fond Flavia, to be so frantic in thy passions; suppose Terentia hated Lentulus; can this conclude he will love thee? No, his thoughts are settled, his rest set down, his vows made, his fancy fixed, & all upon the beautiful Terentia. Aye, there, Flavia, that is the word that galleth, to *the beautiful Terentia*. For of such surpassing beauty is the lady that as Cynthia brooks no compare with her glorious brother, so thou must not enter comparison with the daughter of the senator Flaminius. But what is this to Lentulus? If she be fair, yea, as fair as ever was Sulpicia, if she be as coy and disdainful as Caelia, had he not better love homely Flavia, who will countervail with love what she wants in beauty, and proportion out in duty what she defects in dignity? But what of this? Love admits no exceptions; he cannot mislike aught in Terentia. Doth not present examples, yea, instances, executed in Rome aver so much? Is not Anthonio enamoured of the black Egyptian, Cleopatra? Doth not Caesar envy him in his loves, and covets to be corival of his fancies? Affection is oft blind, and deemeth not rightly; the blackest ebon is brighter than the whitest ivory, and Venus thought Vulcan at the first a proper stripling. Were Terentia never so coy, Lentulus will count her disdain

but chastity; yet Flavia, pray then she may live in this mislike; then hast thou yet some cause to hope; otherwise, weep thy fill, despair and then die, for sweeter is death than to live and see Lentulus enjoy the love of Terentia. Having at this period breathed awhile, ready to go forward in passions, one of her waiting-women came in, who breaking off her complaints passed away the rest of the day in prattle. Leaving her therefore and her maid at chat, again to Lentulus, who took such inward grief at this new-conceited love that his colour began to wax pale and to discover passions, his sighs many and often to bewray his sorrows, his sudden starts in his sleeps, and his musings surcharged with melancholy. These noted by Tully, his private friend, made him conjecture that somewhat was amiss with Lentulus. Having therefore fit opportunity, he began to sift him in this manner.

The ancient Grecians, sweet Lentulus, that set down principles of friendship, account the secret conversing of friends, and their mutual participating either of private sorrows or concealed pleasures, the principal end of such professed amity. Therefore did Theseus choose Pirithous, Orestes Pylades, & to that end, or else you wrong me, serves Tully to his Lentulus. If then it be requisite in friendship to abandon suspicious secrecy, I cannot but take it unkindly that Tully is not made partaker of Lentulus' passions. For as the carbuncle is not hid in the dark, nor the fire shut up in straw, so sorrows cannot so covertly be concealed but the countenance will portray out the cause by the effects. Think me not then so blind but I can judge of colours, nor so simple but I can deem of affections; what mean these far-fetched sighs, broken slumbers, this new delight to be solitary, but that Lentulus, feeling a passion that pierceth to the quick, yet seeks to keep it secret from his friend Tully? Know this, my good Lentulus, that smoke depressed stifeth more deadly, that the oven, the closer it is dammed up, the greater is the heat, and passions, the more private the more prejudicial. Stop not then the stream lest it overflow. Conceal not sorrows lest they overcharge and prove like wounds that kept long from the surgeon grow to be incurable ulcers; if it be a father's frown, an enemy's wrong, a friend's mishap, reveal it and seek remedy. If Lentulus grieves [he] hath left his honours in Parthia, fear not, Rome will have more wars, and Lentulus new dignities. If the senators have dealt ingratfully, *Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris*. The most famous Romans have fore-run thee in such hard fortunes. Scipio subdued Africa; what his reward was, let our annuals report. If Lentulus mislike aught in Rome, let him abandon Rome, and Tully will banish himself from his country too with his friend Lentulus. If since thy coming into this storehouse of nature's prodigality thine eye hath made survey of any gorgeous damsel, and so my Lentulus be in love, although wisdom wills to hide amours even from amity, and to tie fancy in the lowest cell of his heart, yet reveal it to thy friend Tully, and if any way he may ease his Lentulus' passions, he vows to salve thy sore, though with the hazard of his own safety. Lentulus hearing his friend level so near the mark, gave a great groan at the name of love, and fetching a deep sigh said, *Aetna grauius amor*. And with that, starting from the place where he sat, taking Tully by the hand, he began thus.

Were it, my Tully, that my passions had any hope of remedy, or that my wound were such as might be cured by counsel, long ere this had Lentulus poured his complaints into the bosom of his friend Cicero, but my sorrows, as they are piercing, so I have kept them private, as hoping for no ease and yet delighting in my martyrdom. The bird flieth the

snare of the fowler. No sooner doth the woodman bend his bow but the deer trips through the lawns; every creature is taught by nature to fear his fall, and yet wretched Lentulus hunteth after his own mishap. So have I described the fury of my passions as I cannot but say it is love that is thus impatient. Love, my Tully, that is such a lord as, insinuating his power with favour, he keeps possession by force. Wars have their ends, either honours or death, and in battle prowess oft makes constraint of fortune, but in love delay is the unhappy deathsman that, holding thee up, neither saves nor kills. Since my coming to Rome (my Tully), coveting to converse with beautiful ladies as before I had done with martial soldiers, amongst many curious pearls I found one orient margarite richer than those which Caesar brought from the western shores of Europe; so long I gazed at the beauty of this precious gem that I found myself galled with such affection as well repeat [sic?] I might, but recall I could not, and for thou shalt say she is lovable, hear how in describing her excellency I have played the poet.

Lentulus' description of Terentia in Latin.

*Qualis in aurora splendescit lumine Titan,
Talis in eximio corpore forma fuit:
Lumina seu spectes radiantia, siue capillos,
Lux Ariadne tua & lux tua Phoebe iacet.
Venustata fuit verbis, spirabat odorem,
Musica vox, nardus spiritus almus erat:
Rubea labra, genae rubrae, faciesque decora,
In qua concertant lilius atque rosa.
Luxuriant geminae formoso in pectore mammae,
Circundant niueae candida colla comae:
Denique talis erat diuina Terentia, quales
Quondam certantes, Juno, Minerua, Venus.*

Thus in English.

*Brightsome Apollo in his richest pomp
Was not like to the trammels of her hair;
Her eyes, like Ariadne's sparkling stars,
Shone from the ebon arches of her brows;
Her face was like the blushing of the east
When Titan charged the morning's sun to rise;
Her cheeks, rich strewed with roses and with white,
Did stain the glory of Anchises' love;
Her silver teats did ebb and flow delight;
Her neck, columns of polished ivory;
Her breath was perfume made of violets,
And all this heaven was but Terentia.*

No sooner had Lentulus ended his well-written poem, and concluded his cunning with the name of his mistress, but Tully, hearing Terentia was the saint at whose shrine Lentulus offered up his devotion, entering his exordium with a smile, he began to be thus pleasant.

And is there no fruit will serve your taste but such as grow in the gardens Hesperides, nor no colour content your eye but such as is stained by the fish murex? Must your senses be fed with nothing but that is excellent, nor your love have no mean but to aim at the fairest? What, Terentia, the beauty of Rome, the pride of nature, the wealth of all the favouring graces, whose excellencies are spread throughout the triple division of the world? I see, my Lentulus, soldiers have eyes as they have hands, and thoughts as they have weapons, and that how bluntly soever brought up in the wars, yet they are curious in the choices of their loves. Well, be it Lentulus loves Terentia, an honour to set his fancy on her, but he kept his love secret from Tully, a fault to be suspicious of his friend. But why grieves Lentulus? Is not his parentage greater than the house of Flaminius? Is not his honours sufficient to countervail her beauties? Why then is he so impatient in so agreeable a passion? Lentulus upon this discoursed unto Tully from point to point the success of his loves, how he gave his charge over to Lepidus only that he might have a sight of Terentia, and then recounting what prattle had passed betwixt him and her after dinner, her coy answers and firmed resolution to remain chaste, craving counsel how he might ease the disquiet of his thoughts. Tully, pitying the extreme passion of his friend, devised sundry means how to make him lord of his desires. But after the discourse of sundry plots, it was decreed that Lentulus should write unto Terentia. Lentulus, despairing of his own style and method, required Tully to writ him a letter passionate and full of familiar eloquence, which at his request Cicero contrived after this manner, where by the way, gentlemen, I am to crave you to think that Terentia kept the copy secret, so that neither it can be found amongst Lentulus' loose papers, nor in the familiar epistles of Cicero. If the phrase differ from his other excellent form of writing, imagine he sought to cover his style, and in his pen rather to play the blunt soldier than the curious orator, neither using those *verborum fulmina* that Papyrius objects, nor that sweet and musical cadence of words which he useth to Atticus, but howsoever or whatsoever, thus it was.

Lentulus, Terentiae salutem.

Quod natura in venustatis & formae tua Idaea formavit (suauissima Terentia) nullo modo silentio praeterire possum: Ne cum nimis cautus amoris ignem celare conarer, incautus tanquam Aetna meipsum consumens, in cineres redigar. Cum inter Parthos versarer, nihil nisi bellum & arma cogitans, a Roma vsque formae tuae pulchritudo, morumque integritas a multis saepe nuntiata est. Cuius rei fama ea iucunditate aures meas permulsit, vt (syrenum quasi cantu delectatus) arma abijcere & amorem cogitare coeperim, meque totum in Terentiae potestatem tradere non erubescerem. Divinae autem excellentiae tuae cogitatio, eos mihi pro tempore in bellicis negotijs addidit animos, vt breui deuictis & profligatis Parthis, totam hanc Prouinciam Lepido commiserim, quem vnum tum honoris, tum fortunae meae participem feci, Parthisque relictis Romam me contuli, vt iucundissimo fructu tum aspectus, tum consuetudinis tuae frui liceat. Forma vero & pulchritudinis tuae dignitas, tanta tamque excellens fuit, vt non modo famam, sed expectationem meam longe superarit. Vnde exquisitam tuam perfectionem oculis

contemplans, & singulares animi dotes auribus accipiens, excellentiae tuae Idaeam in imo pectore collocaui meque totum amori, quasi constringendum tradidi. Cum igitur tua vnus causa (suauissima Terentia) famam fortunasque & arma proiecerim, verum amantis officium fac praestes, & me non meritis, sed amore fac metiare, vt in amore tu mihi respondens, ego in omni officio tibi satisfaciam. Taceo genus & parentes, quos tamen bonos ciues & senatores fuisse constat; taceo triumphos, qui quales fuerint Capitolium populusque Romanus locupletissimi sunt testes; de diuitijs non gloriator, quas tamen mediocres esse constat, sed virtutis vim & amoris constantiam tibi propono, quae nec parui facienda, nec ingratitude compensanda sunt. Me igitur fac redames (mea Terentia) & pulchritudini comitatem coniungens, parentibus honorem, amicis fidem, Lentulo amorem tribuas, vt parentibus gaudio, amicis vtilitati, & Lentulo voluptati esse possis. Non diserte, vt Orator, sed peramanter, vt imperator tibi scribo, quod si amori nostro consentire digneris, de patris voluntate nihil est quod dubites: sed si alieno amore non nostro delecteris, dolores meos & augebo & celabo, & quamcunque in partem te flexeris, tibi tum vitam tranquillam, tum mortem gloriosam, vt fidelissimus amator exoptabo. Vale, plus oculis mihi dilecta Terentia, & me tui desiderio iam pene languentem aut ames cito aut oderis semper, vale & rescribe.

Lentulus to Terentia, health.

I cannot (sweet sovereign of my thoughts and chief mirror of our Roman excellency) smother that with silence which nature hath figured in the portraiture of my looks unless keeping the flame too secret I should, like Aetna, consume to cinders. When seated amongst the Parthians, having nothing in my thoughts but wars and stratagems, thy beauty was repeated as special news from Rome amongst the legions, the melody seemed so pleasing to mine ears as if the music of the sirens had enchanted my senses. I ceased from wars to think of love, and from love to dote on the conceit of Terentia. The thoughts of thy excellency doubled such courage in my attempts that I conquered the Parthians, yielded up my charge to Lepidus, made him partaker of my honours and fortunes, and came to Rome only to see Terentia, whose sight was so beauteous, and so far beyond the report of fame, that mine eyes surveying exquisitely thy perfections, and mine ears censuring of thy wit and virtues, both in league conspired to present the idea of thyself to the contemplation of my heart, which, greedily entertaining such rare beauties, hath ever since remained a poor distressed captive. Sith then, Terentia, thy Lentulus hath left his fortunes to follow fancy and hath forsaken the wars to win thy loves, holding thee more dear than country or honour, show thyself a Roman lady, that striving in mind to be matchless thou mayest be more prodigal in favours than I worthy in deserts, and yield me such meed for my love as Lentulus for his loyalty doth merit. I boast not of my parents; they are citizens & of the senate with thy father. I speak not of mine honours; the Capitol can witness what shouts passed from the Romans as victors, what tears from the Parthians as vanquished, both these passions growing from the fortunes of Lentulus. My revenues are such as satisfy my desires. But all these are external favours, which though I rehearse, yet I brag not of. But the constancy of my love, the loyalty of my thoughts, these, Terentia, are gifts of the mind, deserving no light esteem, much less to be requited with ingratitude. Consider then (sweet goddess) the sincerity of mine affections; weigh how Lentulus loves, and so use him in love; measure his fortunes by his fancies. As thou

art beautiful, so use justice; give everyone his due, honour to the gods, reverence to thy father, faith to thy friend, and love to Lentulus, and, if it please thee to grace me with the title, to thy husband, Lentulus, for I covet to like honestly, not to love wantonly. I write, Terentia, as a soldier without eloquence, and as a lover without flattery; if thou satisfy my love with thy favours, I doubt not to seal up thy content with thy father's and friends' agree. If either thou art tied to former loves, or mislikest of mine, I will close up my sorrows with silence. Howsoever it shall please thee to return answer, live with content, and die with honour.

*Terentia's new-entertained soldier,
Publius Cornelius Lentulus.*

If, gentlemen, I have not translated Lentulus' letter verbatim word for word, let me in mine own excuse yield these reasons, that neither the familiar phrase of the Romans can brook our harsh cadence of sentences, nor durst I attempt to wrest Tully's eloquence to my rude and barbarous English, fearing either to wrong so worthy an orator in displacing, or rather disgracing, his phrase, or, in too far presuming, purchase your frown, which I have ever in all duty sought to avoid. But howsoever my translation seems wrested, I have kept his. And so to Lentulus, who hearing Tully read the epistle, both conceited the method and allowed of the manner, only careful where to get a fit and convenient messenger. Tully at last calling to remembrance one Eutrapelus, an especial friend of his who frequented the house of Flaminius, by him did Lentulus send the letter, and so living in hope of a happy answer he left Tully in his study and went to the Capitol. Cicero no sooner was by himself, but calling to mind the description of Terentia set out with such excellency by Lentulus in his new-learned poetry, and weighing how all Rome wondered at her beauties, began to feel certain sparks of love kindling in his young desires which made him blush at his own thoughts, and smile that fancy should lie lurking amongst his library to take him at discover. But as soon as he remembered that Lentulus was in love with her, the [sic?] faith to his friend was a cooling card to his affections, and he quenched those sparks at the first, lest suffered they might grow to a greater flame, yet was he, maugre his head, forced to say thus much.

Hast thou lived fortunate and favoured in Rome, hath honour raised thee from a mean cottage to be a companion to the sons of senators? Do the consuls make thee for thy learning one of the praetextati? And wilt thou, for the hope of foolish beauty, stain all thy favours and fortune with disgrace? Nay, rather, Tully, it will be honour to woo the daughter of so famous a Roman, but shame to thee to take the repulse and be denied. Thinkest thou Terentia will look so low? Will eagles catch at flies? Will the wonder of our time, the paragon of our age, allied to the noblest houses in Rome, make choice of so base and mean a person? What hast thou to deserve her love, any more than a little babbling eloquence? Women's ears are not their touchstones, but their eyes; they see and make choice, not hear and fancy. A dram of honour weighs down a pound of wit, and better is it to court with wealthy revenues than with sweet lines or fine-couched poems. Thou hast nothing left but a poor farm called Cumanum, whose rents quits not the charges of thy studies. But suppose thou couldst win Terentia, suffice she is loved by Lentulus, and therefore from this day name her not in thy mouth, nor wear her in thy

thoughts, lest thou violate friendship, which thou ought to prize dearer than life. Thus Tully, appeasing his passions, went out of his study and willed Eutrapelus to deliver the letter with secrecy, who being one of Tully's chief familiars went with all speed to the house of Flaminius, where finding the Lady Terentia sitting with Flavia & Cornelia at work, he being *homo facetus*, began merrily to commend their housewifery, & after some jests broken betwixt the gentlewomen & him, he craved to speak with Terentia about certain serious affairs that greatly imported her father. Whereupon she rising & going with Eutrapelus into her closet, he there delivered unto her Lentulus' letter. Terentia, abashed at the sight, blushed as half angry with Eutrapelus that he made himself messenger in so vain a matter, yet considering it came from so honourable a personage as Lentulus, she vouchsafed it, & wished Eutrapelus in the evening to come for an answer. He was no sooner departed but Terentia unripped the seals and then read the contents, which being contrary to her resolution, she determined to return with a denial. But for that she would make her friends privy to her new love's passions, she went smiling in and showed them the letter. Upon poor Lentulus' plain-song they all began to descant, Cornelia praising Terentia's fortunes, that was so entirely beloved of so honourable & brave a gentleman, but Flavia hung the lip and, saying little, only asked what a loving answer she would write. I know not how to reply, quoth Terentia, he hath written so eloquently and so cunningly. But, quoth Flavia, I durst pawn my credit it was written by young Tully, that brave orator, for I have read some of his epistles, and 'tis both his method and his very phrase. That Tully, quoth Terentia, whom I have heard my father and the senators so highly commend for his wit, thinking him to exceed either Crassus or Hortensius? And with that, sitting down they began to enter into discourse of Tully's excellencies, concluding all that he was as singular amongst the Romans as ever Demosthenes was amongst the Grecians. At last Terentia, remembering herself, took leave for awhile of her two friends, and stealing into her closet, stepping to the standish, she was about to write, but calling to mind the discourse of Tully's perfection, letting fall her pen, she fell into a passion. Cupid, waiting to spy this vestal at advantage, seeing her half at discover, unloosed a bolt headed with desire and feathered with conceit, which piercing the tender beast of this young damosel, he made her shrink at the blow, and so breathe out this complaint.

Hast thou, Terentia, been wondered at in Rome for despising love, and wilt thou now, doting girl, stumble on desire, shall fancy eclipse all thy former glories, shall Vesta leese a virgin, and Venus win a wanton? Wilt thou resemble the buds of an elder-tree, which young are sweet and wholesome, but bloomed forth are bitter and prejudicial? Think with thyself that Diana's shrubs are more pleasant than Cupid's bowers; the one harbours chaste thoughts, the other amorous fancies. Truth, but Lucina is a goddess, love is divine, and marriage honourable. Cedars are fair, but in yielding no fruit they purchase the less esteem. To be a virgin is a glorious title, but to live ever so is to wrong nature in her favours. Well, hast thou not then, Terentia, a noble gentleman of Rome, Lord Lentulus, to be thy husband, a man whose youth is filled with honours and whose spring-time flourisheth dignities? Hath he not triumphed over the Parthians in conquest, & bound fortune to his temples with wreaths of victory? Is not his parentage one of the greatest families in Rome? Is he not for beauty like the fair Greek's paramour? For wisdom like wise Ulysses that Circes could not enchant? For courage, Hector? And of such revenues

as may maintain thee with the most gorgeous dames of Italy? But the chief of his graces, is he not enamoured of Terentia, and sues for her favour? This I confess, *Sed deteriora sequor*. Love, ah that foolish passion which we term love, allows nothing excellent but what it likes. It shadowed beggary in Crates, for Hipsycratea [sic] thought him rich in that he was virtuous, deformity in Vulcan, for Venus would not believe he had a polt-foot. Love hath no lack and less reason, yet must I love, and whom, ah, Tully, sweet Tully, from whose mouth flows melody more enchanting than the sirens on whose lips the Muses make a new Parnassus, in whose thoughts rest Plato's divine spirits, and in whose head is contained the subtile wit of Aristotle. Is not he as glorious in Rome for his eloquence as thou for thy beauties? Doth not the senators wonder at his learning as at thy perfection? Why should not then both our singularities be linked in the union of love? Why should not Terentia live to Tully, and Tully to Terentia? Ah, but he is base, the first of his kin that tasted of honour; aye, but he is virtuous, and famous for his eloquence, graces that countervail the meanness of his parents. I see love hath reasons, being out of reason, still to argue against reason; therefore without further pro & contra in mine own passions, I will love Tully, & therefore thus to Lentulus. With that, taking up her pen, she wrote him this answer.

Terentia to Lentulus, health.

When I read, Lord Lentulus, thy letters, and spied thy loves, I blushed at mine own thoughts, and sorrowed at thy fortunes. I search not the cause of thy love, for it sufficeth to me thou dost love, if it lay in me either to grant thy desire or satisfy thy passions. Thy reasons are sufficient to move, were it not my vow and my destins direct my mind to contrary thy affections. Thy honours, Lentulus, knocks at the closet of my heart, thy victories sue for their lord's liberty, thy loyalty enters pell-mell with my thoughts and giveth a sore assault to my settled resolution; all these put in their pleas to purchase favour for young Lentulus. But Vesta, hard-hearted Vesta, that makes her virgings [sic] pliant to her own properties, commands that I shut mine ears against such alluring sirens. I count myself greatly honoured with the love of so worthy a Roman, and ever will Terentia covet to prove as thankful as he affectionate; only in love pardon me, for that either I never mean to love, or if I do love, my thoughts were fired before Lentulus came from Parthia. Wade not there where the ford hath no footing, bark not with the wolves of Syria against the moon, look not to climb Olympus, weigh [sic?] not at impossibilities, but pacify that with patience which thou canst not obtain with being passionate. It thou suest to my father, and he grant to conclude a marriage, yet shalt thou want a bride, for I will first die before I violate my resolution. Seek not then by my prejudice to aim at thy own content, which be it every way, yet it shall never be in my love, not that I hate Lentulus, but that my fortunes forbids me to love Lentulus. If thou thinkest these denials be but words of course, and persuadest thyself that women will be first coy and then courteous, as the marble that drops of rain do pierce, thou shalt deeply deceive thyself, and highly wrong me, but I challenge thy promise, that howsoever I frustrate thy expectation thou wilt bury thy conceit in silence. In which hope, grieving that thy showers came in autumn, I wish quiet to thy thoughts, and an end to thy love.

Thine ever but in love,

Terentia.

Terentia having thus ended her letter, and new begun her loves, the one directed to Lentulus, the other devoted to Tully, she went straight to her two friends, Cornelia and Flavia, showing them the contents of the letter. Cornelia said she was too severe and stoical in sending such a peremptory answer to so brave a gentleman. Flavia, overcharged with joy, praised the resolution of Terentia, wishing that all maids were of her mind, misliking that which she most loved, thinking by retreating Terentia from the chase to be mistress of the game herself. Well, this letter at last was sealed and delivered to Eutrapelus, who hieing himself to Tully's lodging found Lentulus and him in secret and serious discourse, and all, God wot, was about Terentia. Lentulus having received the letter, entering with Tully into his study, read the contents. No sooner had he viewed & reviewed over her cruel determination but in a great ecstasy of mind he cried out *Dulcior est mors quam amor*. And with that, flinging out of his study, he fell into bitter and extreme sorrows. Tully, grieving at his friend's hard fortune, sought with plausible persuasions to appease his furious melancholy, wishing him whatsoever Terentia wrote still to think her a woman that would one while thrust out fancy with a finger, and straight entertain love as a friend, that either time or his constancy would make her stoop to the lure of his desires. Thus sought Tully to wrest him from his passions, but in vain, for her resolution, confirmed with such effectual and persuasive determinations, so quatted the conceit of his former hope that, going passing melancholy to his bed, he fell into an extreme fever, which aggravated with the inward anguish of his mind grew to be so dangerous that Asclapo the physician, excellent at that time for his faculty, judged the disease to be mortal. The senators, hearing of Lentulus' sickness, sorrowed, as fearing Rome by death should be deprived of such high-ensuing hope; his friends flocked to his lodging to visit him, who noting the heat of the ague and the passions of his mind, his sudden starts, his gash looks and his abrupt answers, judged the extremity of his sickness had half brought him to a lunacy, all seeking by counsel to cure that which neither counsel nor medicine could mitigate. Frustrate of their expectation, they wished his weal, and returned with grief. Only Tully, whose settled friendship no misfortune could remove, still day and night as a second Aesculapius waited upon this perplexed patient. But as the depth of his passion pierced into the centre of his heart, so the fever increased, that generally Rome began to sorrow so brave a warrior should be cut off in the very prime of his fortunes, insomuch that the report of his sickness came to the ears of the three ladies. Terentia made light account, as having her heart hardened with the love of Cicero, but Flavia grew passing passionate, as being touched at the quick with the weak disposition of Lentulus, wishing he might have cure for his malady, so it were not by the means of Terentia; she frequented the temples, offered orisons, made vows and burnt incense to the gods that they would be favourable to her love Lentulus, coveting, if possible it might be, with the prejudice of herself to have profited him, but in vain, Terentia was resolute, and he was resolved, as she was dainty, so to die in despair. Flavia, if her modesty might have permitted, would have accompanied with other ladies gone to his lodging, but the rights of Vesta forbidding such familiar conversing, she rather was restrained by force than held by reason. But seeing she could by no means come to his sight, yet to manifest the sincerity of her love, she sent him a letter to this effect.

Flavia to Lentulus, health.

If I could (Lord Lentulus) portray with outward actions the secrecy of my passions, or force as many tears from mine eyes as there fly sighs from my heart, the anatomy of my thoughts would discover a disquiet mind, and the source of mine eyes a fountain of bitter laments. But seeing that barrels, the fuller they be, the less sound they yield, and where the current is deepest, there the water is most still, and the mind surcharged with extremes hath least utterance of grief, I leave you to suppose of my sorrows which I cannot manifest. But know, Lord Lentulus, that when the report of your sickness came to the ears of your new-entertained friends, Terentia sighed as pitying with a common passion the ill of her countryman, but as one that might not relieve, being intercepted with other loves. Cornelia chid, as holding yourself in highest esteem, alleging reasons to her that admitted no reasons but her own love, which is without reason. Myself sorrowed, as wishing desert should have his due where the honour of the man merits no less; we persuaded in vain, and in seeking to bring Terentia to the bay, we endeavoured to quench fire with swords. Seeing then your thoughts level at a wrong mark, and that no suits can divert her from her froward conceit, in careless extremes use patience; wrestle with love, being wronged by love; yield not to the arrest of Cupid's mace, but as he is young, so hold him a boy. Consider as Terentia is fair, so she is cruel, and as she is full of favour, so she is too too unkind. Fly not with Apollo after Daphnis; Diana hath more nymphs as chaste, and yet not so coy; use love, my Lentulus, as children do puppies, which while they are pliant and gentle, they cherish up with crumbs, but when they wax churlish, they beat away with strokes. Think Rome is the mistress of the world, and hath many fair dames, if not of such excellency as Terentia, yet are they more courteous, and no less virtuous. The curious herbalists measure not the plants by their colours but by their properties; the lapidaries make estimate of their stones not by their outward hue but by the secret virtues. Use then the ancient custom of Aesculapius: let lilies wither on the stalk, and wear violets in thy hand, the one fair and unsavoury, the other black, but of sweet verdure. Let these counsels, Lentulus, confute thee; apply them not as outward plastures, but as inward potions, which if they profit, none shall be more glad than Flavia, who wisheth, if she might, in this hard extreme to discover the honour of her thoughts and the resolution of a friend; if aught rests in me that may pleasure Lentulus, command it of Flavia, as one knowing Lentulus' desires are wholly honourable. Thus praying thou mayest have ease in thy passions through the end of thy loves, I will offer sacrifice for thy health as she that fears her own prejudice without thy recovery.

Thine, Flavia of Rome.

No sooner had Flavia ended her letter but she sealed it and sent it away, and with as much speed as might be it was conveyed to Lentulus, who reading the superscription, and perceiving it came from a woman, supposing it was sent from Terentia, started up in his bed and rent open the seals; when he had read the contents, and saw it came from Flavia, noting the extremity of her love by the plain discovery of her passions, he said to himself.

Unjust love, that settles thy delight in crossing with contraries. Some thou piercest with desire, other with disdain, infusing sundry effects in divers affects. I covet Terentia, and she is cruel; Flavia favours thee, and thou art tied to other loves. What rests in these extremes but to curse fancy, that maketh such a confused chaos of her follies? Oppose then reason against affection, and admit not of love's conclusions unless they be approved principles. Thy thoughts are devoted to Terentia, and she only vouchsafes thee the verdict of her ears. Thou art more honourable than she, of richer revenues than her dowry can satisfy, having as many deserts as she hath beauties, and yet, coy dame as she is, she twits thee with Vesta when, God wot, Venus is the goddess that heareth her orisons. If thou hast this insight into her thoughts, why wrongs thou thyself with such careless passions? If she be so ramage, let her fly, and seek for a nyas that may prove more gentle; let her glory like Narcissus in her beauties: love can chastise, if it be but with self-love. Use no physic, Lentulus, but the consideration of her frowardness; let the drugs of Apollo serve for others, not for thee. Thrust out fancy by force, and setting Terentia at light esteem, make choice of Flavia; though she be not so beautiful, yet she is second to her in graces, and far beyond her in courtesies. Tie not thyself, Lentulus, so strictly to a woman's face; beauty is but time's flower, that as it is delicate, so it soon withereth, like the colours that Phidias drew in his pictures, which showing most glorious to the eye was yet blemished with every breath. Venus was fair and wanton, Helen the miracle of Greece, but ask Troy of her qualities. Ah, but Terentia is as chaste as she is beautiful. So is Flavia, too, and far more loving. Her birth is of higher descent, her wealth more, her virtues no less, but her love such as may challenge thy affection for debt. Ah, but Lentulus, yet Terentia her excellency is more than can be shaken off with so slight reasons, and with that he shrunk down into his bed, falling to his old complaints, yet did this letter of Flavia somewhat comfort him, that he found it his best physic. But leaving him in his bed, again to Terentia, who felt the disquiet of her mind as restless. For the senators daily repairing to her father's house had no other table-talk but of the eloquence of Tully, some commending his wit, other his study, some his virtues, but all his special gifts of nature, that they put oil into the flame, and with these praises so set on fire Terentia's fancy as nothing tumbled in her thoughts but the excellency of Cicero, being so impatient as she sought by all means possible to come to his sight, and to feed her eye with that wherewith she had enchanted her ears, finding no ready way to attain the end of her desires until love, that like Mercury is full of shifts and subtlety, devised this plot. Tully being born in a little village adjoining unto Rome called Arpinatum, used often to make his intercourse between the town and the city for his pleasure, which Terentia having learned out, thought this the fittest means to have a sight of her Cicero. So that one day, to take the air, accompanied with her two friends Flavia and Cornelia, having but a page to attend upon them, she walked abroad into the fields. Passing thus in merry chat towards Arpinatum, having some glances at the sickness of Lentulus, they had not walked above a mile before Flavia spied Tully coming from Arpinatum to Rome. As soon as she had descried him, and for certainty knew that it was he, Yonder, quoth she, comes that odd man of Rome, that excellent orator Marcus Tullius Cicero, so highly renowned through all our provinces for his eloquence; now shall we hear from Lentulus, for they are the most familiar friends and private companions in Rome. Terentia at this, as one wakened out of a dream, gave a start, and casting up her eye espied the paramour of her thoughts, which drive [sic] her into such an ecstasy that, surcharged with overmuch

joy, she felt an unacquainted trembling in her joints. Being thus perplexed, Tully drawing nigh, and seeing Terentia accompanied with his friend Flavia, gave thanks to opportunity that she had so highly favoured his friend Lentulus as that he might now plead for his safety. Tully thus encountering those three Roman damosels, after a courteous Salve which made Terentia blush, he began thus to board them.

The place, sweet Romans, so aptly agreeing to the person, this valley resembling Ida's and Rome Troy, I cannot but bash with Paris at the sight of three such goddesses whose deity surpassed [sic?] those which judicially the shepherd surveyed with his eye; humbly therefore saluting you as Diana's darlings and beauty's wonder, seeing so small a train for such excellent personages, although my affairs be serious and of importance, yet please it you to vouch of my service, I will attend on your walks, and conduct you safe to Rome. Terentia feeding her eyes on the sweet of Tully's face, and swilling down the nectar of his divine eloquence, staining her cheeks with such a dye as did the fair queen of Carthage courted by Aeneas, she made him this answer.

How you make compare, Cicero, of this valley with the plains of Troy, as little skilled in geography or read in Homer's *Iliads*, I leave without reply. For the goddesses that Paris encountered, we are equal with them in number, though far inferior to them in beauty. For your service, we accept it, and for your wages you shall have gracious looks and hearty thanks. Seeing therefore we are merrily minded, supposing yourself to be the shepherd, which of us shall be your Venus? Not you, madam, quoth Tully, above all the rest. And why so, quoth Terentia? Because, quoth Tully, the least fly hath his spleen, the smallest ant her gall; no hair so little but he hath his shadow, and no man so mean but he hath his envy. Why then, quoth Terentia, I will discard you from the office of Paris as a man partial. But I pray thee, Cicero, wherein should I offend thee, having never seen thee before? In this, quoth he, that Lentulus hath seen you; with that she blushed, and Flavia and Cornelia fell into a great laughter that Tully had so roughly crossed her over the thumbs. Tully, prosecuting his purpose, went forward thus. For know, madam, that Lentulus, the richest trophy that fortune sets up in the theatre of honour, made shipwreck of his liberty for the report of your beauty, leaving the wars and the great hope of his fortunes to have a sight of Terentia, who unkind, not like Venus in courtesy though in favours, have counterpoised his fancy with mislike, and for the honey of his amorous thoughts have poured him down heaps of bitter and displeasing gall. The cruelty of Cressida never amated so the hardy Troilus as the frown of Terentia hath pierced Lentulus, making so deep a wound as no physic can cure, only your sweet self, whose resolutions are so far from the properties of your face as it seems the gods wronged nature in placing an adamant heart within a crystal coverture. The ladies, hearing Tully so sharp, bit the lip and Terentia grieved; angry she could not be, as one that was over the shoes in affection, but thus she cut him off.

I cannot judge, Cicero, by your sharp and peremptory invectives upon so small acquaintance but you profess yourself a Cynic. If your philosophy be such, I will brook the blows as well as Alexander, & think nothing ill that is spoken from Diogenes. Howsoever or whatsoever, Cynic or Stoic, I argue thus against Lentulus, that vows made to Vesta are to be holden inviolated, and resolutions to live a virgin are not to be broken

with marriage. Cornelia and Flavia, hearing them thus far in by the ears, walked a little aside and left Tully to school Terentia, who maintained her arguments thus. Suppose, Tully, it were not chaste thoughts but new loves that forced me to this refusal; have not trees their strings, & women their fancies and affections? If his autumn showers, coming too late, cause not his crops to prove, what is that to me? Love consisteth in unity; the heart hath but one string, the heaven one sun, and the iris one property, and women but one love, and that I tell thee, Tully, is placed on one that is as famous for his virtues as Lentulus for his wealth and dignities. And what then can I give, or he rightly challenge? Tully, although he conceived in his thoughts that Terentia yielded great reason, yet he would not give over the chase so, but made this reply. Ah, but madam, have an insight into the depth of his affection, how he aims not at your treasures, hoping to be enriched by your great dowry, for Lentulus is of the wealthiest family in Rome, but levels at your virtues, the sirens against whom he could not use Ulysses' policy. If affections be but a little passed, if love hath but drawn one line in your thoughts with his pencil, wrestle with fancy, blot out love's shadows, and help Lentulus, who if you remain so cruel shall be no more Lentulus. If he die for love, how shall the streets swarm with statues of his constancy? If you be known the chief actor of the tragedy, how will the people murmur of your cruelty? Weigh this, madam; I speak as a familiar of Lentulus, and no enemy to Terentia's honour. If he be a Roman that Terentia loves, let him either be more honourable, more valiant, more affable, more excellent every way than Lentulus, nay, more loving than the poor gentleman, or else discard him for a man insufficient either to taste of Terentia's beauty, or to be corival with Lentulus in his loves. Terentia had yielded at this fierce assault had not love laid an instance before her of her resolution, for the more Tully pleaded for his friend, the more was Terentia enamoured, so that she made him this answer.

If I knew how to certify Lentulus of this day's discourse, he should highly regard you for playing so well the orator. But I marvel, Cicero, that being young and of such eloquence, we hear not of your loves; I fear you reach so high that you think no maids in Rome honourable enough for your paramour. Were I a man, and had Tully's grace and his tongue, I would plead for myself, and use one word for my friend and two for myself. So madam (quoth he) should men account me a faithless friend and a flattering lover. But leaving these suppositions, madam, how answer you my last reasons? With love, quoth she, and that is without reason, for how might the gentleman to whom I find myself affectionate think himself wronged if without cause I should be inconstant? Grant I my love to the meanest citizen, a monarch shall not make conquest of my thoughts. Suppose, sir, it were yourself, and that Terentia loved Tully, could you brook another to brave you in your affections? I would, madam, quoth Tully, if it were not supposition. And how then, quoth Terentia, if it were not? Then would I, quoth he, become Aesculapius to Lentulus, and swear his disease should not be incurable, for I would conjure you by the rights(?) of love, by the sacred laws of Venus, and by the affection [sic?] that were imprinted in your thoughts, to bestow what you would impart upon me to my only joy, Lord Lentulus. But women cannot make love voluntary. Tush, madam, what cannot women do for love? Anything, quoth Terentia, but change love. Therefore concealing the party that I love, I will say and swear Tully is my love, and so say to Lentulus. With this Terentia blushed, and for very grief that Tully would not see into her thoughts, the

tears stood in her eyes, which Tully spying, it so pricked him to the heart that it never after was rased out. To smooth therefore his rough method with a few fine-filed phrases, he salved the matter thus.

It is, madam, impossible to drive fire downward, or to make heavy things to mount; nature will not be wronged, nor love drawn out by constraint; therefore I will leave any more at this time to sue for Lentulus, hoping the consideration of his martyrdom will at length make battery into the bulwark of your breast, & whereas you will swear Tully is your love, you know, madam, we have in our twelve tables a law against perjury, but if you vouch to grace me that title, in all duty I will rest your ever bounden servant. Why then, servant, quoth she, let us to yonder two ladies, that for want of a companion are fain to make an amorous knight of my page. Flavia, seeing they were half agreed, fearing Tully by his eloquence had persuaded Terentia, waxed pale and encountered them thus. What news, quoth she, doth Lentulus win or lose? Neither, madam, quoth Tully, but his cause hangs still in suspense; the next court-day I will end my oration, and then the judge shall give verdict. As they were ready to have gone forward in some pleasant prattle, they espied a horseman making towards them with the greatest speed that might be. When he came within ken, Tully knew it to be Lentulus' man, and before he had leisure to do his message, he demanded how his master did. Passing sick, sir, quoth he, and hath sent that you be with him presently. Tully, who was touched at the quick with this news, put foot in the stirrup and mounted, yet as one forgetting himself, he used these words. Pardon, ladies, if I pass manners and promise in leaping up without leave, and returning in such post without your company; it is for Lentulus, whom you all love, and therefore I hope to rest blameless. Now Madam Terentia, what shall I say to Lentulus? No more, quoth she, than what I said to Tully, but how concludes Tully of his last premises? That, quoth he, Terentia shall frame the argument, and so with this dark enigma he took leave of the ladies, who after his departure fell in talk of his perfections, Terentia so deeply praising the man that her companions easily perceived her loves, & smiled that in forsaking a flower she light upon a weed. Well, tracing still amongst the meadows they chanced into a valley most curiously decked with Flora's delicates, in which were such variety of flowers that nature seemed there to have planted the storehouse of her prodigality. Adjoining to this valley was a pleasant river and a grove that gave a grace to Chloris' excellency; delighted with the situation of this place, as they passed along they met a shepherd, who doing reverence to the dames, Terentia demanded of this swain what the name of this pleasant place was. Madam, quoth he, we shepherds here call it the vale of love. And why so, quoth Cornelia? Although madam, quoth he, my flock hath no guide but my dog, and now in yeaning time the wolves are very busy, yet for that I see you are senators' daughters, and withal passing courteous, I will show the reasons, and with that, leaning on his staff, the ladies sitting down, he began thus.

The Shepherd's Tale.

Not many years since here in Arpinatum dwelt a shepherdess called Phyllis, so famous for her beauty that the senators' sons which you call praetextati not only came to feed their eyes with her favours, but to satisfy their fancies with her loves, insomuch that she was courted of many brave Roman gentlemen. But she that held love at the staff's end,

although her parents had left her rich, yet to banish Cupid with labour she vouchsafed to be keeper of her own flocks, fearing the pride of the [sic?] beauty (if she should marry with one of Rome) would prove an enemy to her humble thoughts; living as chaste as she was enrolled for a vestal, and quoted by Diana for one of her special followers, her excellency was bruited abroad through all Italy. But she, who feared to gaze at stars for stumbling at stones, laid her thoughts low, and made choice of her company with country maids and homely shepherds, yet was her attire rich, as divers that travelled this way took her rather for a nymph, the follower of some goddess, than a maid and daughter of a poor swain. While thus she lived lady of the field, there was in the same village one Corydon, son to a simple shepherd, who as a mercenary man kept sheep for Vatidius the senator, that hath a farm hard by. This Corydon was a man of a perfect perfection; his hair hung in tresses, and his face was beautiful; wise he was, and wanted nothing but wealth to make him the chief of all the shepherds; being of equal years almost with Phyllis in some two years elder, he fell extremely in love with Phyllis. Enamoured was poor Corydon, and pensive by his flock sat ruminating of his passions; he smothered his love in silence for that he was meanest of the swains, and she mistress of us all. He sat and sighed, and had none but Echo to pity his plaints; his flock left their food to see their master's sorrow; his pipe ceased, the folds were never more partaker of his melody, and all these thoughts and cares for Phyllis. She wily, and spying this wanton dally in the flame, looked narrowly into the perfection of the man, whom she found worthy of love if his parents had not been too mean and his wealth none at all, suppressing this love with lack, and quenching the fire with the defects she found in Corydon. But Cupid, that could not brook such exceptions, pitying the passions of the poor shepherd, pulled forth an envenomed bolt and pierced Phyllis so deep that Corydon began to be master of her thoughts; now she praised his beauty, his behaviour, his wit, his gestures, so that nothing was amiss in Corydon. If he piped, Apollo was not like her Pan; if he sung, his voice was without compare; if he told tales, they were excellent; if put forth riddles, they were witty. Corydon was the shepherd that Phyllis did fancy, and no flocks might graze by hers but those of Corydon. This, mistress, can love do, who though he be choicely honoured in Rome, yet he finds some idle time to dally amongst shepherds. Well, at last Corydon spied Phyllis' looks, and got some hope of favour; first he courted with his eyes and after nature's law fell to prattle with interchange of glances, after from looks to words, which after their homely fashion was very faithfully performed with sighs & tears, such persuasions as shepherds use. Long had they not wooed but Phyllis was willing and she was won, that after faith and troth, as soon as the shepherds could come together a feast was made; we kept holiday, and they were married, and because these lovers made this place the concealer of their passions, the shepherds for perpetual memory of Phyllis and Corydon call this the vale of love, and in praise thereof we country shepherds made an ode, which if it please you to stay, I will rehearse. The ladies passing willing, thus the shepherd gan report.

The Shepherd's Ode.

*Walking in a valley green,
Spread with Flora, summer queen,
Where she, heaping all her graces,*

*Niggard seemed in other places,
Spring it was, and here did spring
All that nature forth can bring.
Groves of pleasant trees there grow
Which fruit and shadow could bestow,
Thick-leaved boughs small birds cover,
Till sweet notes themselves discover,
Tunes for number seemed confounded
Whilst their mixtures' music sounded,
Greeing well, yet not agreed
That one the other should exceed.
A sweet stream here silent glides,
Whose clear water no fish hides,
Slow it runs, which well bewrayed
The pleasant shore, the current stayed;
In this stream a rock was planted
Where nor art nor nature wanted;
Each thing so did other grace
As all places may give place,
Only this the place of pleasure
Where is heaped nature's treasure.
Here mine eyes with wonder stayed;
Eyes amazed and mind afraid,
Ravished with what was beheld
From departing were withheld;
Musing then with sound advise
On this earthly paradise,
Sitting by the riverside
Lovely Phyllis was descried,
Gold her hair, bright her eyes,
Like to Phoebus in his shine,
White her brow, her face was fair,
Amber breath perfumed the air,
Rose and lily both did seek
To show their glories on her cheek,
Love did nestle in her looks,
Baiting there his sharpest hooks.
Such a Phyllis ne'er was seen,
More beautiful than love's queen;
Doubt it was whose greater grace,
Phyllis' beauty, or the place.
Her coat was of scarlet red,
All in pleats a mantle spread,
Fringed with gold, a wreath of boughs
To check the sun from her brows,
In her hand a shepherd's hook,*

*In her face, Diana's look.
Her sheep grazed on the plains;
She had stol'n from the swains;
Under a cool silent shade
By the streams [sic?] she garlands made.
Thus sat Phyllis all alone,
Missed she was by Corydon,
Chiefest swain of all the rest;
Lovely Phyllis liked him best.
His face was like Phoebus' love,
His neck white as Venus' dove,
A ruddy cheek, filled with smiles,
Such love hath when he beguiles.
His locks brown, his eyes were grey,
Like Titan in a summer day,
A russet jacket, sleeves red,
A blue bonnet on his head,
A cloak of grey fenced the rain,
Thus tired was this lovely swain.
A shepherd hook, his dog tied,
Bag and bottle by his side,
Such was Paris, shepherds say,
When with Oenone he did play.
From his flock strayed Corydon,
Spying Phyllis all alone.
By the stream he Phyllis spied,
Braver than was Flora's pride,
Down the valley gan he track,
Stole behind his true love's back;
The sun shone and shadow made,
Phyllis rose, and was afraid;
When she saw her lover there,
Smile she did, and left her fear;
Cupid that disdain doth loathe,
With desire strake them both.
The swain did woo, she was nice,
Following fashion nayed him twice.
Much ado; he kissed her then,
Maidens blush when they kiss men;
So did Phyllis at that stour,
Her face was like the rose flower.
Last they greed, for love would so,
Faith and troth, they would no mo,
For shepherds ever held it sin
To false the love they lived in.
The swain gave a girdle red,*

*She set garlands on his head,
Gifts were given, they kiss again,
Both did smile, for both were fain.
Thus was love 'mongst shepherds sold
When fancy knew not what was gold;
They wooed & vowed, & that they keep,
And go contented to their sheep.*

The end of the shepherd's ode.

As soon as the shepherd repeated his ode, Terentia, delighted with the description of the pastoral love for that it touched her passions, gave him hearty thanks, and so the swain took his leave and departed. Terentia and the rest hereupon growing into the effects of love, that keeps no proportion of persons, wandering on talking towards the grove, and for that the sun grew hot and was risen to the highest zenith of the heavens, seeking for shelter they went into the grove which was seated hard by the pleasant current; finding out therein a place convenient, these three ladies sit them down upon the grass, where delighted with the melody of the birds and the coolness of the shade, they fell asleep. Then lived in Rome Vatinius the senator, which was one of the most wealthy in possessions of any that had been consul in the city, favoured every way by fortune had he not been thwarted by one grievous & doleful misfortune. For this Vatinius, amongst many children, had his eldest son, as first in birth so bravest in proportion, of such exquisite lineaments touching the outward shape as nature seemed to have been curious in her workmanship, but otherwise he was so foolish and of clownish capacity that there was no hope of his future conceit. His name was after his father, Vatinius, but for because neither by the diligence of any master, nor the flattery of his friends, correction, nor any other industry he could be made capable of learning or civility, using fashions and words from a harsh and gross voice, resembling rather a brute beast than a reasonable creature, he was in derision called of every man Fabius the fool. Vatinius grieving that the gods had offered him this wrong for that the presence of Fabius was the continual source of his sorrows, he commanded that he should go to his farm, and there live amongst his shepherds. This was no little content to Fabius, as one that delighted more in the nature of clowns and bondslaves than in the courtly behaviour of libertines & gentlemen. Fabius thus being in the country, applying himself to all principles of husbandry, one day amongst the rest walked forth with a great bat on his neck to oversee his father's pastures; at last, for that the sun was high and shone hot, he went into the grove, then all overclad with leaves for it was far spring, and feeling [sic?] a place wherein at pleasure to rest himself, he stumbled by fortune on the fount where Terentia lay asleep, who when Fabius espied, being clad in a robe of byss so thin as the whiteness of her skin did appear, having her two companions by her side, he began, as one amazed, to behold. Leaning therefore on his great bat without uttering one word, he stood in great admiration what she should be, as though he had never seen so brave a creature before, now entering into his rustical and blunt understanding (where never before could be engraven any impression of honest civility) a thought of fancy which made him confess in his gross and material spirits that this maid was the fairest thing that ever could be censured by sight. In this humour he began to descant of her several beauties, praising

her hair to be of gold, her forehead of ivory, her lips coral, & above all her two breasts, which then began to appear like pretty tender buds, in such simple sort so distinguishing of her favours that from a gross clown he became to be a judge of beauty, especially coveting to see her eyes, which heavy sleep had shut up, determining often to have waked her to have contented himself with their sight, but seeing her more fair than any creature that before he had seen, he thought her to be some goddess, having thus far knowledge that things divine should be revered more than human, and therefore durst not attempt to wake her, but (although she had a sound and long sleep) took such pleasure in contemplating her perfections that he would by no delay depart. At last after a long space Terentia awaked before any of the rest; lifting up her drowsy eyes she saw before her Fabius leaning upon his staff, whereof being half amazed, she asked of him, Fabius, what seekest thou here in this grove? Fabius, who as well by his countenance as clemency [sic?], and for the nobility of his house as the riches of his father, was generally known of all the Romans, made no answer to Terentia, but seeing her eyes open, he began to look steadfastly upon them, feeling a pleasing content to issue from those lamps which sparkle as the very flames of love, insomuch that Terentia seeing him gaze so earnestly, fearing the sturdy clown might offer her some violence, wakened her companions, and starting up said, Fabius, farewell. To whom Fabius made answer, I will go with you. And although Terentia refused, as being surprised with great fear of his rustical disposition, yet he would not forsake her till he had brought her to her father's house, where bluntly leaving the lady he went home to his father's, saying he would not return any more into the country. Although it grieved his father to have his sorrow continually before his eyes, yet wondering what the occasion of this strange motion should mean, he was content to let him remain at home in the city. Love's arrows thus piercing into the heart of Fabius, whereinto never before any civil thought could enter, made such a metamorphosis of his mind that not only his father & friends, but all Rome began to wonder at his sudden alteration, for he required to be apparelled as the son of a senator, which his father with all diligence performed, then frequenting the most courteous and honest young gentlemen of the city, especially such as were amorous, he to the great astonishing of all not only learned his letters but become very studious, grew to have deep insight into philosophy, to be skilful in music, to ride a horse, and to be expert in all gentle and manlike activity; to conclude, in short space he was one of the bravest young men of Rome.

Here, by the way, courteous ladies and brave gentlemen, what shall I say of the transformation of Fabius? Only in my opinion this: that the high virtues of the heavens infused into his noble breast were imprisoned by the envious wrath of Fortune within some narrow corner of his heart, whose bands went asunder by love, as a lord too mighty for fortune. Cupid, the raiser up of sleepy thoughts, dispersed those virtues into every part of his mind obscured before with the eclipse of base thoughts. Let us then think of love as of the most purest passion that is inserted into the heart of man. Well, leaving Fabius studious how to excel in all laudable virtues, again to Tully, who arrived in post-haste to the lodging of Lentulus, and found him passing sick, yet somewhat comforted at the sight of Cicero, as of him that he held most dear in the world. Tully, seeing him so ill & full of passions, durst not tell him that he had seen Terentia, lest her froward answer should augment his misery; concealing therefore his chat that he had with the ladies, at last Lentulus showed him the letter of Flavia, whereupon they fell to discourse of her

beauties and virtues, how she was not much inferior to Terentia in favour, but far beyond her in honours, discoursing so long from point to point that after a vole of broken sighs tempered with some tears, he fell asleep. Tully, glad that he took a nap, stole softly out of the chamber, and being by himself, calling to mind the words of Terentia, began to enter into this combat with himself.

So pliant are the aspects of the fore-appointing stars in some men's nativity as they force fortune, maugre her own variable nature, to be constant. Amongst all that have been born in the poor village of Arpinatum, thou mayest, Tully, say that thy planets have been pleasing and thy desires favourable, who, the son of a poor farmer, art in hope to make thy house equal with the most in Rome. Measure but thy honour, and judge of thy fortunes; thy family base, yet art thou companion with senators and men of gravest account in the city. Honour treads on thy heel, and dignity danceth attendance at thy looks, but love, Cicero, that deity, that divine essence that seaeth by content in all estates, he stoopeth at thy frown, presents thee wreaths of myrtle that thou mayest enter into Paphos without check. Terentia, the wonder of Rome, nature's paragon, the refined beauty of the heavens, she that seemeth to glance on the praetextati, she that makes no account of the miracle of our time, Lord Lentulus, she, Cicero, commanded by love, yields herself captive to the son of a poor country villager in Arpinatum. Then, Tully, strew Venus' temple with roses, say there is no fount but Alcydalion, no hill but Erycinus, no bird but the dove, no god but Cupid. Lose not opportunity, take her by the forehead, let not slip occasion, for she glides away like a shadow, nor love, for she hangs at the heels of time. Now Terentia hath put the iron in the fire, strike then while it is hot; pay her down pounds of love for drams of fancy, for in matching with the daughter of a senator, think it presageth thou shalt be a senator; so shalt thou gain at one time honour, dignity, wealth, and beauty, but with that lose thy faith, Tully, thy faith thou hast vowed to Lentulus, who shuts up his secrets in thy heart, and resteth his thoughts on thy bosom. Wilt thou prefer honour before thy friend, or wealth before conscience? Ah Tully, if thou be the man that Rome wondereth at for thy eloquence, be also the man that they shall canonize for thy virtues. Beauty is but a bavin's blaze, wealth is but a fickle favour of fortune, dignity is haunted by envy, but friendship, that is the precious treasure that neither time nor fortune can violate. Why, but Terentia will never love Lentulus. Then, Tully, hate thou ever Terentia. I am a man, and subject unto love as well as Lentulus. So art thou a man, and being false to thy friend art unworthy all love. Abandon, Tully, these vain imaginations, count Terentia foul, deformed, vicious, and what not; as long as one spark of love lieth raked up in the cinders of thy thoughts, and as long as Lentulus loves her, hate her for thyself, and love her for Lentulus. Setting down his rest at this period, he went into the chamber to see if Lentulus were awake, but finding him still fast asleep, he went towards the Capitol, where he met with Flaminius, the father of Terentia, who demanded very heartily how Lentulus did. Cicero with a deep sigh said, Passing sick. Whereof, quoth Flaminius, grows the disease? I heard that Asclapo judgeth his sickness to be mortal. Tully, thinking to set all on the dice, not respecting his own love but his faith to his friend, began thus. Grave senator, I need not rehearse Lentulus' birth, as being a citizen, nor his revenues, his possessions long known to every man, nor his honours ended in victories, for the Parthians are sufficient evidence of his well-discharged dignities and valour. Lentulus, graced in the prime of his youth with these

favours, hearing of the beauty of a Roman lady, left the wars and came to Rome, where courting his mistress not with wanton poems but with terms of marriage, he found her froward, and his love dashed in the prime. The impression of her beauty, graven with too deep a character, was too fast-rooted in his heart to be thrust out with denial, yet Lentulus, to content her, plays like the phoenix, burns in his own perfumes, rather wishing to die than to contrary her resolution. This is the cause that first brought Lentulus to his bed, and this ere long will bring him to his grave. And who may it be, quoth Flaminius, of what family, of what beauty, of what degree, that can or dare deny Lord Lentulus? Is he not mighty, and may command by force what he cannot obtain by entreaty? Will not the soldiers at his beck rise in arms? Fear not the consuls themselves to wrong Lentulus? Doth not all Rome hang their thoughts at his looks? Ah, miserable father that harbours such a daughter, and stubborn huswife that denies so brave a Roman. In friendship, Tully, tell me who it is. Cicero, willing to put a spur to a free horse and to lose his own content to win his friend's quiet, told him flatly it was his daughter Terentia, and for proof he showed him the letters that passed betwixt Lentulus and her. As soon as her father had read the contents, as a man half mad he fell into furious and frantic terms, exclaiming against the headstrong humour of foolish Terentia. After he had breathed out the heat of his choler, he fell to be somewhat appeased, and bade Tully home to supper, promising all should sort according unto Lentulus' mind. With that, departing from the Capitol, Tully and he went home to his house where, the cook being somewhat slack, Flaminius hearing his daughter was all alone in the garden, he wished Tully to try her once again, and to persuade her by all possible means to grant to the request of Lentulus. Upon this Tully went into the garden, where finding Terentia sitting solitary in an arbour up to the hard ears in a dump, he wakened her out of her muse thus. Vesta's chief paragon and Venus' new-entertained darling, you, Madam Terentia, I mean, that sit in a muse, are you offering orisons to Diana for your chastity, or thanks to Cupid for your loves, or what are you thinking on when you think on nothing? Terentia, turning her head and seeing Tully all alone, blushed more than Cynthia did when she wantoned it with her fair-faced shepherd, yet welcoming her love with a smile, she took him by the hand and made him this answer.

Your subtile salutation concluding Vesta and Venus in one dilemma commands me answer that I was doing my devotion to both, offering prayers for my old thoughts & thanks for my new loves, & scarce had I said gramercy to the goddess but you must come, Cicero, to make my thanks prodigious; for my thinking when I thought of nothing, it was of men's loves, which are lighter than the flame, and sooner faded than a flash of lightning. But I pray you, say what wind hath driven you into this coast.

Marry, madam, the very sighs that fly from Lentulus' breast grew to so great a storm that I was blown hither to seek shelter for [sic] the tempest. You have nothing, quoth Terentia, but Lentulus in your mouth; I pray you, say how fares the gentleman? Ill, madam, quoth Tully, every way, for his diet is bad in that his stomach is naught, and his health is doubtful in that his thoughts are disquiet, and madam, it rests in you to save so honourable a gentleman not only from sickness but from sorrow; Aeneas was a straggling Trojan, an exile perjured and banished even from the ruins of Troy, yet Dido, the famous Carthage queen made him her paramour, Demophoon a pirate & robber in Greece cast up

as shipwreck on the shore, yet entertained by Phyllis, Phao a ferryman, a slave, yet favoured by Sapho. Lentulus, the hope of the Romans, more beautiful than Aeneas, more courageous than Demophoon, more honourable than Phao, more loving than them all, is refused and rejected by Terentia, his neighbour and familiar. Think not, Terentia, but love as he hath roses so he hath nettles, as he hath perfumes, so hath he hemlock, and holding favour he claspeth revenge, as ready to pierce as to pacify. If you procure Lentulus' death, Cupid hath power to enforce your despair, and to cause your love to be as fickle to you as you are froward to him. Then, madam, let me be the messenger of life, and from your sweet self carry such conserves to Lentulus as may recover his health and increase your honours. This discourse of Tully did but set Terentia's heart more on fire. For hearing the pleasant harmony of her Cicero, she liked of the music as of the sirens' melody, and so entangled herself with many new-conceived fancies, insomuch that forgetting whose daughter she was, she burst forth into these terms.

Did I not, Cicero, tell thee twixt Arpinatum & Rome that love hath but one cell wherein to place the idaea of the party loved? Wilt thou have me like the chameleon to have many colours, or like Helena to entertain many loves? I know Lentulus' dignities are beyond my degree, that his honours are more than my fortunes, that his love is great, and so I hold him the second in my most secret thoughts; first he cannot be, and that he craves. Thou dost wring water out of the flint, fire forth of the dry sands, & immodesty from her that hath ever been honoured for chastity, so that by wasteless persuasions for thy friend, I am forced to say thou art the friend that Terentia hath chosen amongst all the worthy Romans; before I saw thee, Tully, I loved thee, and now I have settled my affection, and thou wrongest me with discourtesy, but either cease from entreating for Lentulus, or look to see me worse than Lentulus. And with this, blushing at her own overmuch loves, she poured forth such abundance of tears as well might bewray the sincerity of her affections. Tully, grieving to see the goddess of his thoughts in this passion, answered her mildly thus: Blame me not, Terentia, if I plead for Lentulus, seeing his sorrow and entering into mine own promise. Than friendship is no sweeter jewel; then how can I but labour ere I lose so rich a prize? But seeing Terentia hath vouchsafed of so mean a man as Tully, whose honours only hangs in his studies, love being the strictest league of amity, and no such friendship as is marriage, I vow by the Roman gods ever to be a dutiful servant unto Terentia, and with my loyalty so to requite her favours as Rome shall more admire my affections than they have wondered at my eloquence, yet with this proviso (my sweet Terentia) that although I prefer thy favours before mine own life, yet if thou canst strive to love Lentulus, which if either the gods, love, fortune, or thyself can bring to pass, I will with mine own prejudice conquer mine own thoughts to satisfy the content of Lentulus. As Terentia was ready to reply, one of her father's servants came to request Cicero to come to supper, who taking his leave of Terentia went in to her father Flaminius, who sitting down to supper passed away the time in ordinary talk. Their repast being taken, Flaminius calling Tully on the one side demanded what his daughter's answer was. Peremptory, quoth Tully, still to hold Lentulus in mislike. Then you shall hear, quoth her father, what I will say, and so report to Lentulus, so calling for Terentia, they three being together, he began thus.

I know not how, Terentia, to insinuate my exordium, whether friendly to persuade with a smile, or fatherly to admonish with a frown, thy follies are so great, and my care so tender. Rome hath hitherto admired thy virtues, and I have praised thy obedience; thou hast been counted honourable and chaste, wise to eschew wantonness, but never coy to be thought disdainful, and shall now all these graces end in disgrace? Then, Terentia, mayest thou repent hereafter, and I pour forth present sorrows. I speak thus for that I hear in the city what maketh me to grieve, and may force thee to blush. They say Terentia is beautiful and proud, witty and overweening, having coy disdain crept into the place of courteous desire; this men say that envy thy follies and grieve at Lentulus' fortunes. Now daughter, thou seest the mark I aim at, and mayest judge of my shot by the level; Lentulus is fallen into a fever which Asclapo, that famous physician of Patras, censures to be mortal. Thy frowardness was the efficient of the disease, and now thou deniest cure of the malady. Unadvised girl, that neither weighest of thine own honours nor his miseries. Lentulus requires Terentia in marriage; let us make compare of the parties, and so examine the cause of thy denials. He is descended from the Lentuli and Aemilii, two house that ever have been the props of the Roman dignities. His honours are great, as proconsul in his youth against the Parthians; his fortunes mighty, doubled with his conquests and victories; his revenues such as he may with Crassus maintain legions. If like Venus' darling thou seekest to feed thine eye, his favour is more than his that pleased Cynthia. If thou covetest a soldier, Lentulus in Rome is as Hector was in Troy. If a courtier, who braves it so in Italy? To conclude, if Terentia covet to love, there is none so fit to love within the Roman empire as Lentulus. Whereas Terentia is but the daughter of a mean senator; her dowry cannot be much for that her father's wealth is not great; beautiful she is, and so are many in Rome who are of meaner parentage. Her glories are but fortune's pelf, that flourish in the morning and fade before night. What then can move Terentia to oppose herself against Lentulus unless she fatally presageth her own discredit and the ruin of her father's house? If then, daughter, thou art child to Flaminius, I charge thee by the strict law of nature which philosophers call *regius amor*, a kingly love; if thou be a maid, by the holy fires of Vesta; if beautiful, by Venus' deity; if a Roman, by thy country's love, that thou love Lentulus, which if thou refuse to perform, thy father shall curse thee, Vesta shall shut thee from her temples, Venus from her favours, and thy country from enjoying the sweet content of honour, and then make thee outcast of all the Roman virgins. More are my reasons to allege than thy reasons able to contrary, but omitting all and saying he is only Lentulus, daughter, what answer?

Terentia, seeing her father in such a choler, and that he was induced unto it by Cicero's persuasions, in a fury began thus frantic. I not deny but fathers challenge love by nature, and obedience by duty, and both those, sir, I hope I have ever performed; if not I rest sorrowful, & heartily crave pardon, but in love parents have no privilege. For the liking of the father is no contract of the daughter. Venus' conclusions grow not of parents' premises, nor can affection be like the fire stricken forth a flint, for love is chosen by the eye and confirmed by the heart; women's thoughts are not the spoils of Mars, nor is the battle of fancy fought with the sword, but with the senses, & love's arrows are pointed by fate and fortune. Weigh then Terentia, who hath not her loves in her hand but in her heart, and thereinto none can make breach but such a one as the pleasing constellation of the stars have appointed. I not deny the excellency of Lentulus, as well in exterior show

of honours, wealth, dignities, and proportion as in interior virtues & perfections of the mind, and that he merits a lady of far more esteem than Terentia, but I know not what contrary aspect, either of the planets in our nativities, or of loves in our thoughts, or of fortune in our resolution to like, that crossed his desire and my fancy, but of all the Roman gentlemen I cannot, my Lord, fancy Lentulus. Cressida confessed Troilus was the better knight, & yet the Greek held her lovely in his tent. Sith then affection grows from desire, and desire is tied to destiny, seek not, sir, to wring water out of the pumex, to couple the mouse and the elephant at one stall, to unite those loves that Venus in her synod house hath expressly counterchecked. For to answer your objection, Terentia cannot force herself to love Lentulus. She thus concluding with a few tears, her father departing from her with a frown told Tully that not reason was sufficient to induce his daughter to be affectionate, and therefore that he wished Lentulus to appease his passions, and to salve such impossibilities with patience, whereupon they, after interchange of salutations and common courtesies, parted with a friendly farewell. Tully at his home-coming revealed unto Lentulus the whole discourse how Flaminius had searched into the depth of Terentia's thoughts, both with plausible persuasions and enforced reasons, and could find no other conclusion but that she could not love Lentulus. Although this news pierced the very centre of his heart as mortally as if he had been wounded with the sting of aspis, yet cheering himself a little, he sat up and in his own mind having a bout or two with fancy, he gave her so deep a revie that he held affection at the sword's point. But Tully, who between friendship and love felt a furious combat, allured with the beauteous perfection of Terentia, and forbidden that favour by the entire amity he had vowed unto Lentulus, entered into so deep a melancholy that, not able to master his passions, he fell sick and kept his bed. Lentulus, seeing his Tully thus distressed, grieved at his friend's misfortune and cheered up himself that he might somewhat comfort his Cicero, that newly was crossed with a distempered sickness. He sought by physic to search out the nature of the disease, but Asclapo could not deem the cause by the effects; he sought by entreaties to wrest out the occasion of so sudden a sorrow, but in vain; Tully was too secret and silent to make any show of his loves though he bought such secrecy with death. This grieved Lentulus, who feeling himself every day to amend, perceived that Cicero daily waxed worse and worse. Lingerin thus in inward passions, Terentia, that took it discourteously at Tully's hand that he should force her father to enforce her to love Lentulus, seeing she had only devoted herself as his, howsoever fortune should oppose herself, to ease her mind of some choler that boiled in her secret thoughts, she took pen and ink and wrote him a letter to this effect.

Terentia to Marcus Tullius Cicero, health.

As my thoughts are secret and my loves extreme, so is unkindness bitter and the more uneasy borne. Thou playest, Tully, with me as do the leopards with their keeper, that ever wrong them most that give them greatest store of fodder. Are these Venus' laws, to pay honey with gall, to make rods of nettles for garlands of roses, to hate them most that love most? The ingratitude of Tully hath drawn Terentia into this choler, and if I write sharply, blame me not that am used so shrewdly. Before I ever saw thy face I allowed thy favour, & only hearing of thy virtues with mine ear, I registered them up deeply in my heart. Terentia hath been courted of many, yet never made account of any; sundry have

sought my loves, but they have returned with loss. Lentulus, the terror of the Parthians, the honour of the Romans, and thy friend, hath long wooed, but what hath he won? Only Tully hath obtained that which so many have missed, and yet he deals with Terentia as crabbedly as she used him courteously; do lovers for fishes proffer scorpions, or do they, like the serpent, sting him which cherisheth him up in his bosom? I seek to favour Tully, and he importunate sues for favour for Lentulus. Art thou so deep a philosopher as to deem friendship above marriage, or faith above fancy, or thy Terentia less than thy Lentulus? If it be so, take heed that Terentia, too much wronged, scorns not both thee and Lentulus. Women's thoughts consists oft in extremes, and they that love most, if abused, hate most deadly; fear this, and beware of my frown; as yet there is but one wrinkle in my brow, but if it once prove full of angry sorrows [sic?] it will be too late to take hold of occasion behind; thou art forewarned; be forearmed, and so farewell.

Thy Terentia if thou wrong not Terentia.

After she had written this letter, she caused it to be conveyed by Eutrapelus to Tully, who reading the contents found not a salve to cure his malady, but that Terentia rubbed the scar afresh by shaking him up so sharply, yet coveting rather to die with an honourable mind to Lentulus than with a discredit to enjoy beautiful Terentia, he laid his head on his pillow and with many sighs bewrayed the depth of his sorrows. Having laid his letter at his bed's-head, overcharged with many cares poor Tully fell asleep, and so suddenly that Lentulus, by the help of Eutrapelus, got to have a sight of his letter. As soon as the gentleman saw how deeply Terentia was affected to his friend, and perceived by the circumstances that he chose rather to die than to falsify his faith, such a secret love towards Tully so pierced the closet of his honourable thoughts that he fell to conceit but meanly of Terentia, and to wish that his friend Cicero might both recover his health and his love. Now began the fancy of Lentulus to freeze that erst was so great a flame, and he that like the salamander delighted to live in the fire began to fear to *accedere ad ignem*, least he should *calescere plus quam satis*. Now he called to mind the resolution of Terentia tempered with frowardness, and with this he did proportion the virtues of Flavia mixed with courtesy, finding the favour of the one answerable to the beauty of the other. Then the faith of his friend, his sickness and extreme sorrows. These weighed with deep consideration, he vowed to seek by all means how to win Terentia wholly for his friend Cicero. In this humour he conveyed the letter under his bed's-head, and rested silent till occasion might offer him opportunity to discover the perfection of his amity. Thus grew Lentulus at one time from his sickness & his love, walking abroad & visiting Flaminus, who entertained him in all sumptuous manner. But Lentulus, seeing the three ladies, made no show to Terentia nor scarce glanced a look upon her beauty, but only courted the Lady Flavia, who he found so agreeable and pliant to his suits that Terentia and Cornelia might easily see how deeply they were linked in the league of affection. Leaving Tully thus sick on his bed, and Lentulus in sweet content with Flavia, again to our new-transformed Fabius, who in this time proved one of the bravest gentlemen in Rome, and finding a restless passion in his mind for the beauty of Terentia, as having continually before his eye the idea of her person, seeing by her means he was metamorphosed & brought to this perfection, making the force of his love privy to his father Vatinius, he was not only praised for his good choice but willed to go forward in

the obtaining of his affections. Whereupon not willing to make a long harvest to a small crop, to prevent, as he thought, that none should cut the grass from under his feet, he went to Terentia's father and bluntly craved his daughter in marriage. He, knowing him to be of honourable parents and of rich revenues, seeing she would not condescend unto Lentulus, gave him his frank goodwill if he could creep into his daughter's favour, who taking the advantage of the time went to find out Terentia who as then was very melancholy, sitting with Flavia & Cornelia talking of the sickness of Tully. As they were thus in chat, came in Fabius, who they straight knew & wondered at his strange alteration; he, to show he could as well court it as the bravest young gentleman in Rome, began thus courteously to salute the ladies.

Marvel not, ladies, if a country swain presume to attempt the presence of such rare excellencies, seeing Oenone's shepherd durst with his eye survey the beauty of divine goddesses, and they, to show they were as gracious and full of favours, gave him the greatest minion that was counted the sweetest paragon of the world. Earthly creatures you be, fair Romans, but heavenly faces, whose looks lighten divine influence into the thoughts of such as dare to contemplate your affections. I speak this as being the man that from the cart live in the court, thus metamorphosed by your supernatural beauties. For which favour I am come in duty to rest a bounden votary to your sweet selves. Terentia was so pensive for Tully's passions that she would make no answer, but Cornelia, whom already Cupid had set on fire with Fabius' feature, she returned him this reply.

I remember, Fabius, that sitting in the grove by Arpinatum a gentle swain much like yourself, in proportion though not in properties, seeing we were slenderly guarded with a page, conducted us home to Rome with his friendly company; if it be yourself, had we as brave a lady as Helena was, and were she in our power to bestow, we would make you master and sole possessor of her beauties, so to reward your courtesy. Fabius seeing the mark so fair, thought not to lose his shot, but aimed his level thus.

And for that cause, ladies, is Fabius come, that his meed may not want his merit, glad that Venus dewes down such favours, and opportunity such showers of good fortunes, to find you all here in so fit a time. For know, honourable Romans, that for my gross and rude nature, hating the civil behaviour of the city, I was surnamed Fabius, in which obscure life I lived, having my senses eclipsed with folly, till the gods, grudging at nature's spite, sent you three to be ministers of my happiness. For coming into the grove where you lay all asleep, casting mine eye on the beauty of Terentia, such a deep impression was figured in my mind that I felt an unacquainted motion with a mild reverence to think well of her perfection; surveying her singular beauties I fell so far in love with her excellency that from the country I came to the city, & how since by her gracious sight I have metamorphosed myself your own ears and the wonder of Rome is best able to witness. Then, ladies, I count the renewing of my life to come from the feature of Terentia, and that she, not as Diana, changed me from a man to be a beast, but contrary, full of favour, hath reduced me from a sensual beast to a perfect reasonable man. How deeply then I ought to be vowed to her whose sight is the well-spring of my happiness, let the greatness of my benefit make manifest. Insomuch as, feeding my thoughts with the contemplation

of Terentia's beauty, I have been thus transformed, but withal so surprised with her love that as I have gained a second essence by her sweet self, so I have lost myself within the labyrinth of her looks, that I remain her captive while it pleaseth her to grant me liberty. Be then, brave Roman dames, impartial doomers of my suit, whether my deserts crave not love, that thus have been changed for her love. My parents are senators, my revenues inferior to none, old Vatinius glad of my choice, and Terentia's father thrice happy if his daughter might like of Vatinius. Now rests it only in Terentia's power to make me blessed or infortunate. At this discourse of Fabius the ladies were astonished, and Terentia, galled to the quick with this demand, held her tongue till Cornelia and Flavia, looking earnestly upon her, asked her what answer she made to Fabius. Such, quoth she, as I returned to Lentulus, for know, sir, if either the honour of a soldier, the dignity of a Roman, the revenues of a senator's son, or the deep impression of fancy might have dawn Terentia to love, I had been ere this the wife & paramour of Lentulus. But not the courage of Hector that won Andromache, nor the wisdom of Ulysses that entangled Calypso, nor the beauty of Priamus' son that drew Greece in arms to Troy, these perfections if combined in one man should not move Terentia to listen to the allurements of Venus, not that I make light esteem of Lentulus or that I hold small account of Fabius, as two chief mirrors of our Roman gentlemen, but that either my vows are resolute to Vesta, or if Cupid hath taken me by the heel, it was before Lentulus came from Parthia, or you from Arpinatum, so that conclude howsoever it is, I cannot become affectionate to Fabius. At this reply Fabius stood so amated as if he had been an unwelcome guest at the feast of Perseus, which Cornelia noting, deeply in love with Fabius, she told him thus. Nor may you, Fabius, think much at this repulse sith Lentulus and you are in one predicament, now both become gainers in liberty that have been losers in love, and either get the willow garland and so mourn for your lady's frown, or seek a mistress that may show you more favour, for as for Terentia, she hath chosen, and none must please her but orators. If there be, Fabius, but one sun that is thought the beauty of heaven, yet there be planets that though not in shine, yet in influence, are as virtuous; what, there be ladies, I mean, of such coarse dye as myself and Flavia that when Terentia is once married look for husbands. Fabius, hearing Cornelia thus pleasant, noted this quip that none must please her but orators, which made Terentia blush for anger, and Fabius to make this answer. I know no orators in Rome, quoth he, whose years are answerable to Terentia's thoughts but only Marcus Tullius Cicero, and if it be he, I swear by the fitch that gave him his surname, Terentia shall be mistress of a goodly cottage in Arpinatum. Terentia hearing Fabius to give Tully the frump answered thus.

The more his fortune if it be he whose virtues hath made him master of his own desires; for his lands in Arpinatum, as they be little, yet shall his lack be countervailed with his loves, and if he hath not one to enrich him with dowry, yet I may perhaps content him with beauty. And therefore, Fabius, to take away all suppositions, it is Tully, & none but Tully, that shall enjoy Terentia. And, quoth Fabius, in great choler, nor Tully, nor none besides Tully but Fabius, shall enjoy Terentia. Whereupon departing without taking his farewell, going unto her father and discoursing unto him that Tully was the man that his daughter had chosen for her husband, swearing that his sword ere it were long should end their loves. Although Flaminius were grieved, yet he sought to pacify Fabius, but in vain, for he flung out of the doors in a rage, and went to Milo's house to seek Tully. Where

breathing out many despiteful threats against the orator, it came at last to Lentulus' ear. Who now, to make manifest the deep affection he bare to Cicero, trooping himself with a crew of the praetextati and chief Roman gentlemen that had been soldiers and trained up with him in the wars, he went to seek out Fabius, and found him with certain his companions about the Capitol. Lentulus not brooking the brave of any, as carrying the heart of a conqueror, singled out Fabius, and after some words they fell to blows, but Fabius' part were the weaker, so that many were wounded and some slain. Upon this the next day parts were taken, the people began to mutiny, and to fall to intestine and civil jars, that as in the time of Scilla [sic] and Marius, so the streets were filled with armed soldiers. The senators, seeing what bloody stratagems would ensue of this strife if it were not pacified, sent for the consuls and charged them to raise up some of the legions and to bring Lentulus, Tully, and Fabius the next day to the senate-house with Terentia and her father. They obeying their command put this charge in execution, and so qualifying somewhat the fury of the people, brought these three wooers with Terentia before the whole state of Rome, where being arrived, Tully fearful of nature and sick, yet somewhat strengthened with the sight of his mistress, being glad Lentulus was his friend in his loves, after due reverence began thus.

Tully's Oration To The Senate.

Conscript fathers and grave senators of Rome, I was born in Arpinatum of base parentage, the first of the Ciceros that ever pleaded *in rostris* or bare title in the city. If then advanced by your favours to these fortunes I should aspire without proportion to climb beyond my degree, let me be the first and last whose presumption shall grow to this prejudice. The temple of Janus in Rome hath her gates shut, the streets are full of armed men, the stones of the Capitol blusheth at the blood of Romans shed against her walls, and all this mutiny (cry mine adversaries) grows from Tully. Not that Tully was then out of his bed, but that men of poor families lifted up to honour are soonest bitten with envy. I appeal, grave senators, for my life to your own censures if ever I have not been more careful to profit my country than desirous of preferment for my labours. But what then, say the people, is cause of such broils? Terentia, the daughter of Flaminius, that firebrand that set Troy to cinders. Beauty is like to bring Rome to confusion, for the greatest houses and families are divided, the Lentuli and Vatinii, and this for Terentia. Let the cause be examined before the senators, and as they hear, so let them doom. Lentulus, chosen by the senate, was sent captain over many legions against the Parthians, where he tied fortune to his thoughts and by his great victories and conquests set up trophies of Roman chivalry. Returning with glory to Rome, having set in his place Lepidus, he was enamoured not only of the beauty but virtues of Terentia, the fame of whose excellency was spread amongst the Parthians. Coveting to match with so honourable a lady, he courted her, but in vain, not that she disdained Lentulus, but that she had fixed her fancy before she saw Lentulus, and the platform of love is able to receive but one impression. If honours, if conquests, if parentage, if revenues, if courage, if goods of fortune, body, or mind might have won Terentia, all this was united in young Lentulus, but love, that liketh without exceptions, had over-barred her heart with such former fancies as the passionate suit of Lentulus could have no entrance. His thoughts were extreme, and the disquiet of his mind brought a disease to his body. But when he

knew that Terentia loved his friend, he appeased his passions, and rested content with his fortunes. The unconstant goddess whose smiles are overshadowed [with] frowns, not content honour should spring up without envy, sends Terentia to walk abroad towards Arpinatum where then Fabius lived, as famous for his rustic and uncivil life as now he is wondered at for his brave and courtly behaviour. Spying Terentia he was, as Lentulus, snared in her beauty, that the Romans, to report a miracle, said love made him of a clown [a] brave and resolute gentleman. The excellency of Terentia having new polished nature in Fabius, he sues for her favour, but her thoughts that were fore-pointed with other passions entreats him to bridle affection and to make a conquest of himself by subduing the force of fancy, seeing her resolution was directed to love none but one, and that was Tully. This word, grave senators and Romans, sounding basely in the ears of Fabius, caused him take arms, and Lentulus to defend his friend Cicero, as for him before had lost his love, so he meant to lose his life, and withstood him in the face. Thus grew this mutiny, not against beauty, for it is a chief good of itself, nor against Tully, for he is mean and unworthy to be revenged by arms, but against Terentia, because she vouchsafed to love Tully. This, Romans, is the cause of this mutiny, to suppress which let Tully die, for rather had he pacify this strife by death than see the meanest Roman fall on the sword. The common people at this began to murmur, pleased with the plausible oration of Tully, which one of the senators seeing, stood up and said thus. Terentia, Cicero here hath showed reasons why thou shouldst love Lentulus and Fabius, but what reason canst thou infer to love so mean a man as Tully? Terentia, blushing, made this answer. Before so honourable an audience as these grave senators and worthy Roman citizens, women's reasons would seem no reasons, especially in love, which is without reason; therefore I only yield this reason, I love Cicero, not able to ratify my affection with any strong reason because love is not circumscrip within reason's limits, but if it please the senate to pacify this mutiny, let Terentia leave to live because she cannot leave to love, and only to love Cicero. At this she wept and stained her face with such a pleasing vermilion dye that the people shouted, None but Cicero! Whereupon before the senate Tully and Terentia were betrothed, Lentulus and Fabius made friends, and the one named Lentulus as the Annals make mention married to Flavia, and Fabius wedded to the worthy Cornelia.

FINIS.