
EUPHUES HIS CENSURE TO PHILAUTUS

Wherein is presented a philosophical combat between Hector and Achilles, discovering in
four discourses interlaced with divers delightful tragedies the virtues necessary to be
incident in every gentleman,

Had in question at the siege of Troy betwixt sundry Grecian and Troian lords, especially
debated to discover the perfection of a soldier,

Containing mirth to purge melancholy, wholesome precepts to profit manners, neither
unsavoury to youth for delight, nor offensive to age for scurrility.

Ea habentur optima quae & Iucunda, honesta & vtilia.

Robertus Greene, in Artibus Magister.

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door of Paul's, at the sign of the Gun.

1587.

To the right honourable Robert, Earl of Essex & Eu, Viscount of Hereford and Bouchier,
Lord Ferrers of Chartley, Bouchier and Lovaine, Master of the Queen's Majesty's
Horse, Robert Greene wisheth increase of honour and virtue.

The Egyptians, right Honourable, seeing the counterfeit of Mercury figured with his caduceus in his right hand, offered for sacrifice nothing but bay-leaves, in that they knew such oblations best fitted his humour; such as sought to beautify the temple of Pallas set up for jewels books & shields, for that the goddess did most patronage learning and soldiers; Hector's delight was martial discipline, and they presented him with horse & armour. Noting by these precedents how all have sought in their presents to keep a decorum, having by hap chanced on some part of Euphues' counsel touching the perfection of a soldier sent from Silexetra, his melancholy cell, to his friend Philautus, new chosen general of certain forces, wherein under the shadow of a philosophical combat between Hector and Achilles, imitating Tully's *Orator*, Plato's *Commonwealth*, and Baldesar's *Courtier*, he aimeth at the exquisite portraiture of a perfect martialist, consisting, saith he, in three principal points: wisdom to govern, fortitude to perform, liberality to encourage, I thought good, right Honourable, having heard of your noble & virtuous resolutions not only in laudable and honourable qualities generally inserted in your Lordship's mind, but especially in the favour of warlike endeavours, following the steps of your honourable father, whose life and actions left an admiration of his virtues, to present your Lordship with this homely gift, unperfect as the half-formed counterfeit of Apelles, and shadowed with such bad colours as, might I not excuse my boldness in that blind men are ever most rash, and honourable men ever the most courteous, I should the more grieve at my inconsidered presumption.

But two especial conjectures do somewhat salve the sorrow of my forward folly: the first, the report of your approved courage and valour in the Low Countries showed in the face of your enemy, maintained with such a magnanimous resolution as the foe was fain to confess virtue in his adversary; the second, your Lordship's courtesy in acceptance of goodwill from the meanest. Th' one, manifesting your desire to be thought an honourable soldier, biddeth me hope that, as Alexander did vouchsafe of Myson's rude and unpolished picture of Mars for that the prince delighted in wars, so your Honour will give a glance at this toy, if not for the workmanship yet for that it treateth of martial discipline; the other assures me that amongst many other I shall, though without desert, taste of your Lordship's honourable courtesy in vouchsafing such a mean and unsavoury present. Wherewith if I be favoured (as I hope well), my labour hath his reward and my desire his content, in which assured hope resting, I commit your Honour to the Almighty.

To the reader.

Gentlemen, by chance some of Euphues' loose papers came to my hand wherein he writ to his friend Philautus from Silixedra certain principles necessary to be observed by every soldier. Conjecturing with myself the opinion of the man would be not only authentical but pleasing, and that the time required such a discourse as necessary, I thought not to conceal his censure, but to participate what I had to your courteous favours, although intended by him for the private use of his dearest friend, hoping, as ever I have done, to find your courteous acceptation, and that you will for Euphues' sake vouchsafe of the matter, and in requital of my travail make some favourable conjecture of my good meaning, which hoping to obtain, I rest satisfied.

SOPHOMACHIA

A philosophical combat between Hector and Achilles wherein, in the persons of the Troians and Grecian lords, are in four discourses, enriched with four delightful histories, the virtuous minds of true nobility and gentility pleasantly discovered.

Helena, the hapless wife of unhappy Menelaus, beautified from above to inflict a mortal punishment upon men beneath, honoured in Greece more for her beauty than her honesty (a fault which fondlings account for a favour), fulfilling the dream of Hecuba that she hatched a fire-brand which should bring Troy to cinders, through her lawless consent to Paris so troubled the quietness of Asia that Priamus, flourishing as prince of that part of the world, was with his sons and daughters brought to ruin (the end of voluptuous appetites), which they maintained with the sword. For Agamemnon, copartner of Menelaus' grief (as friendship is the friend to revenge), added [sic for 'aided'?] with all the kings, princes, dukes and knights of Greece, intended a regular leaguer to the city of Troy, which, continued two years without truce by sundry assaults, skirmishes and canvasadoes, had devoured of both parts so many valiant captains that by common consent after a friendly parley they resolved upon a truce for thirty days, during which time the Troian ladies (resembling Proserpina that must of necessity taste a grain of the forbidden pomegranate), namely Andromache, Cassandra and Polyxena, accompanied with Hector, Troilus, Aeneas, Helenus and divers other of royal parentage, went to see the Grecian tents peopled with their enemies.

Fame, the speedy discoverer of news, bewaying their intent to the states of Greece, Achilles amongst the rest (for that the report of Polyxena's beauty had made a conquest of his affections, in that the ear leadeth to the inward senses as well as the eye), craved of the governor and general of their forces that he might be honoured with the entertainment of the Troians. His request granted, accompanied with his Myrmidons, he went to meet them in this manner.

First marched on before the rest a hundred and fifty on the most gallant coursers that Greece did afford, their caparisons of green velvet interseamed with stars of gold, about which was written this imprese, *Lux & tenebrae*. Next to these, Achilles mounted upon an Arabian courser, colour black, whose furniture was blue velvet fringed with gold, whereon was curiously embroidered the target of Pallas with a Gorgon's head; his imprese, *Sic amor*. His companions were Ulysses, Diomedes, Patroclus, with many lords of great valour and progeny.

The Grecians, thus marching on in order, met Hector, who was first of his company, whose very face, harbouring an extraordinary kind of majesty, gave them all to know by supposition that this was he which by his valour had made such dismal massacres, even to their very pavilions. Letting him and the rest of his crew pass with an envious courtesy, as feeling in their minds the scars of his manhood, at last Achilles and he came within view, who never having seen each other before but in armour, as enemies menacing revenge in the field, stood a long time as men in a trance, till Hector burst forth into speeches:

Lords of Greece, enemies by defiance, and yet friends by fortune, hoping to find you as firm in promise of truce as resolute in performance of valour, in that noble minds prefer honour before conquests, the ladies of Troy, whose princely thoughts account none enemies but in armour, noting from ye walls your experience in martial discipline, desirous to praise virtue in an enemy, are come under the conduct of naked knights (yet armed by the law of arms) to see if the Grecian policy in civil courtesy be comparable to their prowess in warlike endeavours. This only cause hath made the ladies thus far adventurous. If they have licence to pass further, their sight satisfied and the end of their desires favoured with well construing of their travails, they mean, safe returned, to make requital with thanks and praise, the truest tokens of liberality and surest defensories against ingratitude. If their labour be in vain, and further grant of passage denied, to make a counterpoise of discourtesy to the utterance, I avow by the oath of knighthood to seal the sum of such injury (the truce ended) at the tent of your general, maugre Achilles and all his Myrmidons, and for that you shall challenge which I promise in silks to be performed in armour, know I am Hector.

His charge given him by the ladies uttered, the lords of Greece pausing upon the magnanimity of Hector, that durst amidst his enemies resolve upon revenge, Achilles, whose senses generally were troubled with special objects, lending as well his eye to the beauty of Polyxena as his ear to the parley of Hector, gathering his wits together, returned him boldly and briefly this answer:

The Grecians, worthy lords, whose fore-pointed resolutions are ever limited within the proportion of justice, hold their words as laws, and sacrifice their thoughts with their deeds at the altars of equity, measuring enemies at the point of the lance and friends by performance of league, using their hands and hearts as the instruments of Delphos, which might not be touched by any appeached of perjury, honouring ladies as well in armour as in laurel, and counting it the chief point of chivalry to succour the oppressed enemy with the sword. These premises considered, in the behalf of the rest, I confirm specially to the ladies, as enforced by duty, and yet generally to all, as constrained by promise, a friendly welcome, for whose safety I pawn the pledge of a prince, which is honour. Threats that are conditional are the more easily brooked, and therefore omitting such frivolous suppositions, lovely ladies of Troy and your attendants, I swear a hearty welcome, for performance of which, take the faith of Achilles.

This promise passed, these two princes embraced each other. The rest of the lords, imitating their mutual favours, interchanged the like courtesies, so that joining their troops together, they rode on towards the camp.

Achilles, who knew as well how to tune the lute with Venus as to sound the trumpet with Mars, and had as great affability in his tongue to entertain a lady as strength in his hand to repulse an enemy, that could as well lead a dance as follow a march, after general courtesies passed between the Grecian lords and the dames of Troy, he subtilly singled himself with Polyxena, whom he held in prattle to his tent in this manner:

I see, madam, that your father Priamus is as politic to make a conquest as his sons be valiant to attempt a victory, and that his endeavour to captivate our minds will be of more efficacy than their labour to weaken our forces, for that beauty is of more vigour than prowess, and affection a sorer enemy to resist than fortitude. Hercules found the sight of Deianira more perilous than all the rest of his travails. Mars had rather oppose himself against all the gods than enter a jar with Venus. Beauty is metaphysical, and therefore challengeth a supremacy above nature. Exterior actions are tied to the wings of fortune, but thoughts, as they are passionate, so they are within the compass of fancy. I speak this, madam, in that the senators of Troy, seeing how well the Greeks are able to brook the force of Hector and Troilus, the two hopeful champions of Asia, have now, not in defiance, but under patronage of truce, sent such sweet enemies as are able with their very looks to make a greater conquest than all our hardy knights with their lances. If then, madam, unarmed as we be, beauty take us at discover, and make a beach, maugre our teeth, into our rampires, yet hold we ourselves good soldiers in that her weapons are enchanted, and such as the more they are resisted, the more they pierce.

Polyxena, who as she was fair, so she was wise, seeing how clerkly Achilles began to claw her by the elbow, willing to let him know she was able to espy a pad in the straw, cut him off in the midst of his talk with this answer:

I cannot think, sir, but my father Priamus standeth in better hope to fire the pavilions of his enemies with a brand than with a book, and putteth more assurance in the valour of his sons than in the counsel of his senators, yet knowing the goddess Pallas, whose sacred palladium we have in Troy, useth as well a pen as a spear, he counteth policy a necessary friend to prowess, and a scholar's laurel-wreath no disgrace to a soldier's steeled helmet. But whereas in dishonour of our knights you allege he hath sent ladies to make a conquest by beauty that cannot be achieved with the sword, this were, good sir, but a slender shift to deceive himself, for we know that the eye, being impartial in censuring of colours, never flattereth itself in the emblazing of beauty. The Grecian ladies then, being far our superiors in those favours which the Graces give, commandeth us to blush at comparisons, I must, as simple as I am, suppose your conjecture dissimuled, sith so little probability draws me on to belief.

But put case this supposition bear some likelihood of truth, do we not know our enemies are Grecians, taught in their schools amongst their philosophers that all wisdom is honest that is profitable, that their heads are as full of subtilty as their hearts are of valour, how their thoughts are plumed with the feather of time, & that fancy hangeth at their eyelids, which never maketh so deep an impression but it may be shaken off at every wink? For an instance, give me leave to allege Theseus, who was as valiant as most, and yet, saith Helena, as variable as might be. Then, sir, fear not our forces, for we ladies come but to fetch fire, neither to see as desirous to choose, nor to be seen as willing to please, only to try the Grecian courtesy, and that we look for by promise.

Achilles, amazed with the check of such an unlooked for mate, perceiving that the ladies of Troy had a deep insight into the Grecian actions, blushed at his own conceits in that he

knew better how to redouble a blow upon his enemy than give a countercheck to such a subtle reply, yet following his footing, thus he made answer:

'Tis hard indeed, madam, to harbour belief in the bosom of mistrust, or to blind suspicion with a false colour, especially when conceit standeth at the door of an enemy, but were there a league between Asia and Greece, as a flag of defiance waveth over the walls of Troy, then might a cripple halt without check, whereas now, tread we never so even, our steps are supposed awry. But time, the perfect herald of truth, shall prove the Grecians so far out of love with the god Janus that, frown he never so much, they will not offer him a mite for a sacrifice.

Your honour, my Lord, quoth Polyxena, doth but dream with Endymion in the mount. Women's wills are peremptory, & like falcons sometime they will bate at a full fist. Time is ye best orator to a resolute mind, & therefore argue not where a principle is denied, for there the party is incredulous. Let love alone, for we come not to feed our eyes with beauty, nor our ears with passions. Our country smoke burns clear enough for us to warm us at, setting down which rest, I pray you, my Lord whose tent is this that appeareth so rich?

Achilles, seeing the stone was so pure that his coin would bear no touch, fell from his amorous prattle, and told her that the foremost of azure bice, topped with a dragon pierced with a spear, was the pavilion of their general, Agamemnon.

What, the father, quoth Polyxena, of Iphigenia, so famous for her wisdom and chastity, whom the Grecians have so honoured in their madrigals as a second Diana?

The same, quoth Achilles, and so, madam, you are welcome to the Greekish host.

Leaving off thus their private prattle, Agamemnon, accompanied with aged Nestor and other lords, stood at the door of Achilles' tent ready to entertain the Troians, who with the rest dismounting from their horse, Hector pacing hand in hand with Achilles, Troilus with Ulysses, and Helenus with Patroclus, they were together with the ladies in great magnificence conducted into the inner part of the pavilion, where Agamemnon, after he had saluted the lords and welcomed the ladies, he presented ye Troians with as brave a spectacle as they encountered the Grecians, for there came out in most rich attire Iphigenia, Briseis and Cressida, three nothing inferior in favours to the daughters of Priamus. An interchange of courtesy passed between these dames, and some parley had which I overpass, they sat down to dinner, where sumptuously served, taking their repast without any great talk, the tables taken up, Ulysses, naturally desirous to have an insight into the manners of men, began to break their silence in this manner:

I can but wonder, worthy lords of Troy, at the madness of Paris, that allured by the ear, passed the seas to possess himself of a supposed gem, sith his own country soil afforded far more precious jewels, but less is the margarite accounted of in the western world where it is found that the seed pearl in a strange country where it is unknown; thoughts, the farther they wade, the sweeter, and desires ended with peril savour of the greatest

delight. Open praises are counted secret flatteries, but the mouth of an enemy seldom overflows with good words; if then without prejudice I may speak of wisdom at the shrine of Apollo, let me say, courteous knights, that your dames, if either ye rest be like these, or their daily actions may be measured by their present behaviour, are beautiful, as favoured by nature in their exterior lineaments; wise, as graced with a divine influence; sober & silent, as portending a temperate & unfeigned chastity. The perfection of nature consisting in these points, I marvel Paris would make his choice of such a piece, and hazard the welfare of his father, country and friends for a woman only endued with the bare title of beauty, such a fading good as scarce can be possessed before it be vanished.

Cressida, tickled a little with a self-concept of her own wit, willing to let ye Troians know the phrase of her speech was as fair as the form of his [sic for 'her'] face, & that women's tongues pierced as deep as their eyes, interrupted Ulysses in his talk thus:

And as great marvel, my Lords, have we, the ladies of Grecia, that Hector and his brethren, so famous through all ye world for their martial exploits, should bear arms in her defence whose dishonesty ruins both their fame & their country. Justice, giving every man his due, allots little privilege to defraud a man of his wife, which is the surest fee simple. The faith of a knight is not limited by valour, but by virtue; fortitude consisteth not in hazarding without fear, but in being resolute upon just cause. Helena is stolen, a fact repaid with infamy. Menelaus is injured, a thing crying for revenge. The princely soldiers of Troy defend such amiss with the sword; a shameful victory, if happily they might obtain the conquest.

Hector, as choleric as she was scrupulous, roundly without longer debating with himself, made her this answer:

As, madam, justice is a virtue that gives every man his own by equal proportion, so revenge, the sweetest content to persons thwarted with injuries, looks not to end her actions with an even balance, but useth legem talionis, repaying like for like, stirring up the fire with a sword, and for brass weighing down the scales with lead. As my brother hath brought a trull from Greece, so mine aunt perforce (a fault far surpassing this fact) was stolen from Troy, and from the daughter of a king made a servile concubine. Nature, that despite of time will frown at abuse, and honour, that hurt, thirsteth to salve herself with revenge, hath taught us (although we offer Helena thoughts fit for her offence) to maintain my brother's deed with the sword, not to allow such a fact honourable, but as holding it princely with death to requite an injury.

If then, quoth Achilles, honour hangs in revenge, I hope our resolute minds to acquit Menelaus' abuse shall witness to the world we prefer a princely thought before a private life, and choose rather to die satisfied than live dishonoured.

Troilus, willing to show that the weapons of Troy were as sharp-ground as the swords of the Grecians, and that fear had as little privilege to creep within their walls as to lurk within ye others' tents, made Achilles this answer:

My lords of Greece, the talk of a soldier ought to hang at the point of his sword. Threats are not to be menaced with the tongue but with the lance, & time craves a proportion in all things. We came to see the order of your pavilions, not to discourse of attempts in battle. To sacrifice the talk of wars to Mars before ladies is to offer a drum and trumpet to dainty Venus for a present. Greece complaineth of injury; Troy is impatient of dishonour; both grieved, aim at revenge. The truce expired, let the doubt by the favour of the gods and fortune be decided.

The Grecians greatly commended the reply of Troilus, so tempered with mildness and valour as he seemed to hold a martial peace in his forehead. Ulysses, grieving that he was the author of this jar, seeking subtilly to cast the shackle from his own foot, followed his former parle in this manner:

Think me not so forgetful, worthy Troians, either of time or place that my intent was to mingle the bitter potions of Mars with the sweet liquor of Bacchus, that I meant to make a consort between the trumpet and the lute, or by rehearsing of Paris' loves to call in question our open wars, only lest time should accuse us of niggardise, and the ladies grow too melancholy by overmuch silence, by accusing Paris of folly I thought to discover the force of fancy, which partial in her censures, proveth beauty more predominant in affection than virtue. Helena was fair and a queen, witty and therefore the sooner won, but yet dishonest, a cooling card to desire, a stain manifest to the mind, and yet so quickly overslipped by the eye as it shows how little judicial the thoughts be of unbridled affection.

Had the Troians, quoth Iphigenia, Academies like to the Grecians, or were their cities peopled as well with philosophers as soldiers, Paris had learned by their wise precepts to have preferred virtue before beauty, & not to have bought repentance so dear. Pallas stands sacred in troy, but Priamus and his sons looks at her spear, not at her book. They find in her forehead war, but they see not in her breast the portraiture of wisdom. They pen down volumes of martial discipline, but know not Apian [sic for 'a pin'?] of moral philosophy, which is the cause they measure all their passions by will, and call Venus a goddess only for her outward glory.

Andromache, hearing how hardly Iphigenia did inveigh against their want of learning, thought a little to be pleasant and yet satirical, so that she made her this sharp answer:

Indeed, madam, you say well. The Grecians have such a self-conceit in their wisdom as they count all barbarians that are not limited within the confines of Greece, and so studious are they of philosophy that every economical state stands upon precepts. The wife says not Salve to her husband but she hath a warrant of her action from the philosopher. Our ladies, like homely housewives, beguile time with the distaff; your dames apply their minds to their books, and become so well lettered that after long study they prove as virtuous as Helena. Give me leave, madam, to bring her for a precedent of your philosophical wisdom, as well as you induced Paris for an instance of our barbarous ignorance.

Iphigenia, seeing herself so clerkly overtaken in her own invective, blushed, & the noblemen smiled to see how smoothly Andromache thwarted her presumption. But Briseis, willing to show her skill, made Andromache this answer:

And yet, madam, by your leave, the particular instance of one woman condemns not the general profit of good letters. Helena's dishonesty is no prejudice to the study of philosophy, neither do our Grecian ladies blush at her folly, sith what Greece refuseth as an abject, Troy harboureth as an idol, wherein we may say without offence that such lips, such lettuce, that which the citizens love in their hearts, they maintain with the sword. Venus entreated Jupiter for Callisto when Diana had exiled her for a refuse, and so Priamus honours her for a goddess that we hated for a strumpet.

Cassandra, who all this while buried up this talk in silence, at last, as forced to speak in defence of her country, began in this manner:

*Greece indeed swarmeth with philosophers, the fathers and forepointers of wisdom, but the learned deliver that in precepts which the people never put in practice. Apollo, the glory of Greece and god and prophet at Delphos, saith that virtue is not perfect without action, that study and contemplation is frivolous nisi adiungatur actio, for it is not sufficient, as Hermes Trismegistus, your great philosopher, affirms, to spend time in the knowledge of any science unless by attaining unto that skill we show the fruits of such doctrine in our lives. Then if action must of necessity be joined to study and contemplation, otherwise a virtuous and happy life is not perfected, then we barbarians may boast of our own disposition, that honour virtue in our deeds which you only account for a goddess in thought. We through ignorance have fetched a harlot from Greece, and you that are learned make a challenge to recall vice with a sword. Whose folly is the greatest let the verdict of one of your own philosophers witness, whose censure is that *Qui inuito peccat, minus peccat quam qui sponte peccat.**

This philosophical answer of Cassandra so satisfied the Grecians as they admired her speech and held her reason for an oracle. All driven with this censure into silence, Ulysses, as he was first, thought to be last, and therefore made this reply:

It is not seen, madam, by your sweet self, but philosophers are honoured in Troy that you have their precepts so well in memory. They which sacrifice to Neptune can talk of the sea, and such as honour Mars, of warlike discipline. The strings of ye heart reach to the tip of the tongue; thoughts are blossoms of the mind, & words the fruits of desires. Your physical reasons bewrays a good naturalist, & your opinion of moral actions, an insight into philosophy. Therefore, madam, to give everyone their due, we cannot but confess the Troians are as wise as warlike, & the ladies can apply the eye as well to the book as the finger to the distaff. Yet to set truth in her prime, let me say thus much without offence, that never have I seen lawless love end without loss, nor the nuptial bed defiled escape without revenge. Men determine, but the gods dispose. Human actions are often measured by will, but the censures from above are just and peremptory. Fortune is a goddess, but hath no privilege in punishing of faults, which one of our poets noting well, by a plague inferred for some offence, yieldeth this reason [Greek phrase]: It was the will

of Jupiter. To confirm which, if the Troian lords and ladies give me leave, I will rehearse a pleasant history.

We heard, quoth Cassandra, before any bark came within ken of Troy, that Agamemnon was full of majesty, Achilles of courage, Nestor of wisdom, Ulysses of eloquence, and the rest of the lords endued with sundry and several virtues, to make a proof of which, for that misfame is oft prodigal in her praises, we adventured this parle, & therefore, paying thanks for your pains, we promise to be silent auditors to your discourse.

Ulysses taking her word for warrant, seeing how all the company settled themselves to silence, began on this manner.

Ulysses' tale; a tragedy

In our country of Greece, and in a province called Ithaca, as the annal records makes mention, there reigned a prince named Polimestor, happy as one favoured every way by fortune, for he was graced with a diadem, as of royal parentage born to command; rich in possessions, able to be liberal in all his attempts; wise, as sought to for his censures like a second saint of Delphos; and martial, as accounted one of the best soldiers in his time. Endued with these special favours, and adorned with sundry virtues, he was feared of his enemies as one that ended his quarrels in revenge, and loved of his friends as a prince, limiting no time in friendship, being every way of such perfect disposition, both in the complexion of his body and constitution of his mind, as it was a question whether the lineaments of his face or the proportion of his wisdom held the greater supremacy.

Polimestor, being thus happy for that nature and fortune had made him so specially happy, the goddess, whose actions are measured by inconstancy, willing to place him on the top of the highest pyramids of bliss, that so being a mark for envy, the fall of her wheel might be the end of his content and the deep declining to mishap & misery, gave him in the prime of his years a wife by birth royal, fair by nature and learned by education, graced with such sundry excellent & exquisite qualities as might not only tie the affection of her husband by endless desire to like and love her, but also force fame to make such report of her supposed virtues as the world should not only admire her perfection, but count Greece happy for possessing so fair and virtuous a creature. But as the panther, having the fairest skin, hath the most infectious breath, and as the tree aipyna is the more bitter the smoother his bark is, so nature, having drawn such an absolute counterfeit of beauty as might discover what her cunning could afford, yet had placed in the midst of such a mirror so imperfect a mind as the stain of the one did add disgrace to the glory of the other. For this lady, whose name was Moedyna, as she had an exterior kind of discretion so waresly to moderate her actions as report could not pry into her deeds, so inwardly had she such a subtile dissimulation to cloak the foulest spot of vice with the mask of virtue that fame feared to enter into the discovery of her thoughts, so equal was the outward proportion of her behaviour. But time, the herald that best emblazeth the conceits of the mind, willing to make an anatomy of her deceits, began his tragedy in this manner.

In the court of Ithaca there served a gentleman of good parentage, though of small patrimony, who counting to make a supply of his want by ye favour of his prince, endeavoured himself to all laudable qualities, not only in the exercise of his body but in the devise of his mind, as well, I mean, in wearing the laurel with Pallas as the helmet with Mars, being so courteous both in duty to his superiors and in affability to his equals as he was generally loved and honoured of all men.

Vortymis, for so was the gentleman's name, living thus fortunate because favoured in the service of his prince, thinking that the fruit of time was savoured with all one taste, found that she was of the offspring of Janus, double-faced, having as well wrinkles in the one to prognosticate mishap as dimples in the other to make assurance of prosperity, for envy, resembling the serpent hydaspis, that always purgeth his venom on the fairest flower, seeing that fortune had resolved to make him a lease of his happiness, joining in league with fancy, the worm that biteth sores, the flourishing blossoms of youth gave him such a braie [sic for 'brave'?] by the means of beauty as he for a while thinking to be but a small check, found at last to be so hard a mate as no shift but misery could countermand. For the princess, whose hand sacrificed perfumes to Vesta when her heart offered smoking thoughts to Venus, noting the perfection of Vortymis (as women's eyes delight in the variety of objects), seeing that the sharpness of his wit (a spark that soonest inflameth desire) was answerable to the shape of his body, and that his mind was adorned with so many sundry good qualities that if his fortune had been equal to his face, his deserts might have made him a prince, she began so far to enter into consideration of his virtues that, hazarding too rashly in so dangerous a labyrinth, she felt her mind begin to alter, and her affections to stoop to such a stake as repent she might, but recall she could not.

But taking these thoughts for passionate toys that might be thrust out at pleasure, cursing love that attempted such a change, & blaming the baseness of her mind that would make such a choice, to avoid the siren that enchanted her with such deceitful melody, she called to one of her maids for a lute, whereupon singing a solemn madrigal she thought to beguile such unacquainted passions, but finding that music was but to quench the fire with a sword, feeleth [sic for 'feeling'?] assaults to be so sharp as her mind was ready to yield as vanquished, she began with divers considerations to suppress this frantic affection, calling to mind that Vortymis was but a mean gentleman, one for his birth not worthy to be looked at of a princess, much less to be loved of such a mighty potentate, thinking what a discredit it were to herself, what an infamy to her husband, what a grief to her friends, yea, what a mighty shame should be guerdon for such a monstrous fault, blaming fortune and accusing her own folly that should be so fond as but once to harbour such a thought as to falsify her faith to her husband, or stoop so low as one of the meanest of her subjects.

As thus she was raging against herself, love feared, if she dallied long, to lose her champion, stepped more nigh, and gave her such a fresh wound as pierced her at the very heart, that she was fain to yield, maugre her former considerations, and forsaking all company to get her into her privy garden, where being solemnly set in a cool arbour, she burst forth into these passionate tears:

Infortunate Moedyna, hath fame hitherto feared to speak ill of thy thoughts, & shall report now dare to misconstrue of thy actions? Hath Greece honoured thee for thy virtues, and shall the whole world at last abhor thee for thy vanities? Shall the ladies of Ithaca, who allege thee for a precedent of chastity, blush when they hear of thy unbridled fancy? Nay, shall Polumestor, who desired thee for thy honourable qualities, have cause to loathe thee for thy dishonest conditions? No, Moedyna, think this, there is no sweeter friend than fame, nor worse enemy than report. Princes' thoughts, as they are royal, so they ought to look no lower than honour. More is homely Baucis accounted of for her honesty in her poor cottage than Venus with all her amours in her sumptuous temples.

And yet, Moedyna, love is divine, feared of men because honoured of the gods; not to be suppressed by wisdom because not to be comprehended by reason; without law, and therefore above all law.

And why, fond woman, dost thou blaze that with praises which thou hast cause to blaspheme with curses? Offer not doves to Venus, but hemlock; seek not to extinguish the flame with oil, but temper the sweetest potions with the sharpest vinegar. Yea, Moedyna, blush at thy fortune, thy choice, thy love, sith thy thoughts cannot be conceived without secret shame, nor thy affections uttered without open discredit. Far are these fancies, or rather follies, unfit for thy birth, thy dignities, thy kingdoms. Hast thou not heard, as an oracle from Apollo, that it is better to perish with high desires than to live in base thoughts? Daphne chose rather to lose her human shape than to make shipwreck of her honesty.

But yet Vortymis is beautiful. A favour, fond fool, framed to feed the eye, not to fetter the heart. He is wise. So think he is virtuous, and will censure of thy actions according to desert, not desire. Tush, being both beautiful and wise, why should he not be loved? Wilt thou so far forget thyself, Moedyna, as to suffer affection to suppress wisdom, & love to violate thine honour? Let consideration, the enemy to untimely attempts, tell thee that repentance in infamy is no amends, that there is no salve against the hurt that cometh from report, that honour lost biddeth a farewell to hope. Fear then to hazard that for the gain of a momentary pleasure as is so precious that once cracked it can never be recovered. How dismal would the fact be to thy husband, how sorrowful to thy subjects, how grievous to thy friends, how gladsome to thy foes, the greatest grief of all, sith the smile of a foe that proceedeth from envy is worse than the tear of a friend that cometh of pity.

These premises then duly considered, prefer not a barley-corn before a precious jewel, set not a fading content before a perpetual honour, suppress thy affections and cease to love him whom thou couldst not love unless blinded with too much love.

As thus she was perplexed with sundry passions, one of her ladies came into the arbour, whereupon she cased her complaints, hoping that time would wear out that which fond love and fortune had wrought, calling for her work, that with easy labours she might pass over her new conceived amours. But see the old saying: *Naturam expellas furca tamen*

vsque recurret [=Though you drive nature out with a pitchfork, she will always return]. Nature hath such a predominant power over the mind as the ramage hawk will hardly be reclaimed, the tiger will never be tamed, the snail cannot be enforced to be swift, nor a woman that resolveth possible to be persuaded by reason, which Moedyna proved true, for so did the remembrance of her late conceived love alienate her thoughts from her wonted disposition that shame and dishonour, the greatest preventers of mishap, were no means to dissuade her from her determined affection, insomuch that, not possible to hide fire in straw not to smother up fancy in youth, she bare such a favourable countenance to Vortymis that not only herself but the rest of the court marvelled at her submiss familiarity, yet in that her Grace had heretofore trodden her shoe so even as no step was so much as thought awry, they construed all to the best, and thought her favours towards Vortymis proceeded as a reward for his virtues, not from a regard to his beauty. But at last, being Venus' scholar, & therefore daring with her to dance in a net, she so manifestly discovered her affections as all Ithaca spake of her fancy, and the gentleman himself began to blush at her folly. For wheresoever he was resident, she made it her chamber of presence; his words were music, and construed with proportion; his looks were calendars of her thoughts, for if he smiled she could not but laugh, & every frown of his made a wrinkle in her forehead. He did nothing but, if she were present, passed with a plaudite. To be brief, she noted the sequel of his life by the censure of his own doings. Which, well marked by Polumestor, he began to be a little jealous, but measuring in his consideration her forepassed life, he began thus for his own suspicion to inveigh against himself:

Shamest thou not, Polumestor, to be so unequal a judge as to reward virtue with distrust, or to be suspicious where no occasion of doubt is offered? Knowest thou not that among all the passions wherewith human minds are perplexed, there is none that galleth with restless despite as that infectious sore of jealousy, for all other griefs are to be appeased with sensible persuasions, to be cured with wholesome counsel, to be relieved by want, or by tract of time to be worn out, jealousy only excepted, which is so sauced with susities [sic for 'suspects'?), doubts and pinching mistrust that whoso seeks by friendly counsel to race out this hellish passion, forthwith suspecteth that he giveth this counsel to cover his own guiltiness. Yea, who is so pained with this restless torment doubteth all, distrusteth himself, is always frozen with fear & fired with suspicion, having that wherein consisteth all his joy to be the breeder of his misery. Yea, Polumestor, it is such a heavy enemy to that holy estate of matrimony, sowing between the married couple such deadly seeds of secret hatred as, love being once raced out by sackless distrust, thereof through envy ensueth bloody revenge. If then jealousy be such a fiend as pestereth the mind with incessant passions, suffer not, Polumestor, such a saturnine infusion of melancholy to be predominant in thy thoughts. Oppose ye proof of thy wife's virtue as a defensory to withstand suspicions; think her private familiarity with Vortymis is an honest courtesy that springs from a royal courage, not from a dishonest concubine. Suppose the best, lest in urging a blameless mind she begin to hate, and endeavour to revenge.

And in this resolution Polumestor rested, using his lady with such good and wonted favour as might have drawn her from her foolish determination, for seeing her given to be solitary and sad, he provided shows, triumphs, masques and other pastimes to recreate her

mind, but love, that attempteth a secret joy with an open grief, gave no content but a pensive musing of the success of her new thoughts, which thus fondly laid to the view of everyone, Vortymis, not so blind but he could judge of colours, espied by the half what the whole meant, and therefore, puffed a little up in conceit with the favour of a princess, seeing opportunity laid her happy forehead on his lap, he began somewhat pertly to pry into the exquisiteness of her perfection, seeing she was passing beautiful, & that majesty added a grace unto nature, & being of royal parentage, beauty decked nature with dignity. This interchange considered, so charmed the poor gentleman's affections that fain he would have made requital of her favours with like courtesy if her princely state had not quatted his presumption with fear. Hovering thus between two streams, at last he brast [=burst] forth into these bitter complaints:

Dost thou not know, poor Vortymis, that actions wrought against nature reap despite, and thoughts above fortune disdain; that what bird gazeth against the sun but the eagle waxeth blind, and that such as step to dignity, if unfit, fall; that thoughts are to be measured by fortunes, not by desires; how falls come not by sitting low but by climbing high? Shall, therefore, all fear to aspire because some hap to fall? No, Vortymis, thou art favoured, yea, and fancied of a princess whose dignity may shield thee from mishap. Ah, fond man, dost thou count every dimple in the cheek a decree in the heart, every laugh a warrant of love? Venus looked on more than she loved, or else she was passing amorous; women's smiles are oft more of custom than of courtesy, and princes are prodigal with their eyes when they are niggards in thoughts, for think not, fond man, that eagles will catch at flies, cedars stoop to brambles, or mighty princes look at such homely peasants. No, no, think her disdain is greater than thy desire. She is a princess that respecteth her honour, thou a beggar's brat that forgettest thy calling. Cease then not only to say but to think she loves thee.

Vortymis with these pithy persuasions somewhat appeasing the sparkling flames of love that had already warmed his breast, applied himself to his wonted exercises in hunting, hawking, running at tilt and other pastimes wherein the king took chiefest delight, suppressing his affections with the due consideration of her majesty and his mean estate, and counting it frenzy, not fancy, to covet that which the very destinies would deny him to obtain. But Moedyna was more impatient in her passions, for love so fiercely assailed her that neither place, company, time nor music could mitigate any part of her lawless martyrdom, but did rather far more increase her malady. Shame, the handmaid to dishonest attempts, would not let her crave counsel in this case, nor fear of report suffer her to reveal it to any secret friend, but she made a secretary of herself, & did participate her thoughts with her own troubled mind, lingering for the time till at last fortune, willing in a sweet fig to present her bitter wormwood, found such fit opportunity that Vortymis and she met alone in the privy garden where (as lust by continuance groweth into impudency) she revealed unto him the sun of her desires. Vortymis, for that custom in offending had not yet taken away the feeling of the fault, began to blush, and whether it were for conscience or fear, begun with great reasons to persuade Moedyna from her determined folly, showing first what an offence adultery was to the gods, how such unlawful actions did more displease the heavens than men, that nuptial faith violated did seldom or never escape without revenge. He laid before her face that Polumestor was his

sovereign, & a king to whom he was bound by duty and allegiance, recounting what sundry favours he had received at his hands, and what villainous ingratitude it should be to requite him with such disloyalty. He told her that princes are glorious objects to be gazed at with every eye, that their deeds are even table-talk among beggars, that shame and infamy followeth at the heels of unbridled lust, and report glorieth in blazing the mishap of princes. These and suchlike persuasions of Vortymis could not prevail to dissuade her from her wicked resolution, but remaining obstinate in her determination, her fury so fired with rage at this repulse as it could not be appeased with reason, she began with bitter taunts to take up the gentleman, and to lay before him two baits, preferment and death, promising if he granted her desires to be a means for his advancement to high dignities, and vowing if he rejected her love as refuse, she would with injury worse than death requite his scornful cowardice.

Vortymis, seeing that to persuade Moedyna any more was but to strive against the stream, as few entreaties serve to lead unto vice, consented, as secret opportunity should give them leave, to be her faithful servant & friend at command. Moedyna, hearing this friendly conclusion of Vortymis, promised in requital of his grant that neither time nor adverse fortune should diminish her affection, but in that [sic for 'that in?'] despite of the destinies she should be always faithful, & thereupon for fear of further suspicion she went into her chamber, leaving Vortymis in a doubtful dyleman [sic for 'dilemma'] which he began thus to discuss with himself:

Too true it is, Vortymis, that unjust offences may escape for a time without anger, but never without revenge, that what the gods defer they take not away, that delay in punishment is no privilege of pardon. Fear then, Vortymis, to commit that which thou ought'st to fear, if not past all fear. Adultery, yea, adultery, vile wretch, for thou canst not grace the crime with a better colour, a fault so opposite to the heavens, so contrary to nature, so odious to men, as the gods revenge without forgetfulness, brute beasts by mere instinct of nature abhor, and men as a fault most impious censure with ye guerdon of death. Truth, but 'tis a princess that persuades, a queen that holdeth in the one hand death and the other dignity. Ah, Vortymis, what then? The higher honour is seated by virtue, the deeper is her fall overthrown by vice; the greater the persons be that offend, the more foul and loathsome is the fault. Base thoughts, as they are odious, so they are inconstant; hot love is soon cold, and faith p[l]ighted with an adulterous vow, as it is tied without conscience, so t'is [sic for 'tis'] broken without care. Conscience, yea conscience, Vortymis, which is such a worm that fretteth like the Seres' wool, secretly and deeply, easily gotten, but hardly worn out. Whatso is rubbed with the stone galactites will never be hot; flesh dipped in the sea Egenun [sic?] will never be sweet. The herb tragion, being once bit with an aspis, never groweth, & conscience, once stained with treacherous adultery, is always tied to a guilty remorse.

But yet remember, Vortymis, that folly refuseth gold, and frenzy preferment. Wisdom seeketh after dignity, & counsel after gain. A pound of gold is worth a tun of lead. Great gifts are little gods. There is nothing sweeter than promotion, nor lighter than report. Care not then for conscience, so thou beest rich; if not chastely, yet charily. Step not at a straw, but prefer an ounce of dignity before a scruple of honesty.

And with that he stayed as half out of love with his own wicked resolution, for having muttered out these or suchlike words, seeing either he must die with a clear mind or live with a spotted conscience, he was cumbered with divers cogitations, till at last fancy growing to be predominant over virtue, he yielded to the alarms of lust, and seeking after opportunity, found the desires of both their minds satisfied.

Remaining thus drowned awhile in this supposed pleasure, doubting, as fear is the companion to a guilty conscience, that their wickedness should be espied, they determined as secretly and speedily as might be to fly out of Ithaca into Samos, that harbouring there unknown, they might end their delights without disturbance, for they knew if ever (as time is a bad secretary) their adulterous practices should come to the ears of Polimestor, a worse mishap than death should be allotted for their ingrateful mischief. Resolving therefore upon departure, lest delay might breed danger and the grass be cut from under their feet, they severally settled themselves to their secret endeavours, for Vortymis, who was skilful in the depth and dangers of the havens, ports and creeks about Ithaca, provided a bark and laid it ready as soon as wind and weather would permit to make way, for he had warped it down into the main, and let her ride at anchor. And Moedyna had gathered together a mass of treasure, all her rich and costly jewels, yea, whatsoever was anything precious in the whole palace, which by a man of hers, who only she made privy to this practice, was conveyed into the ship. Fortune, willing under the suppose of their felicity to hide the very substance of their misery, brought the wind about so fair for Samos that Vortymis giving the queen intelligence, passing out at a postern gate they went down to ye shore where the mariners, ready with a cock-boat to fet them aboard, hoised sails, and singling into the main, bade farewell to Ithaca. These two thus favoured, as they thought, by fortune, had so happy a gale that in short time they arrived at the desired harbour, where bountifully rewarding the mariners for their pains, the master of the ship, to colour his voyage, made for another coast, and they remaining as strangers, placing themselves in a country village, lived peaceably a long while unknown.

But to return to Polimestor, who missing his wife, and wondering what the cause should be of her long absence for that supper was ready & they stayed only for her presence, made inquiry of the ladies where her Majesty was become, & caused diligent search to be made, for ye time of the night was not to make any longer walk. Her ladies returned answer they knew not of her departure. Ye king, half suspicious before, became now a little jealous, and demanded where Vortymis was. No man could tell or make direct answer of his being, which set the king in a fury, so that posting himself with his sword drawn thorough every privy place, at last not finding what he sought for, he was constrained to use patience perforce at so strait an exigent, and so quieted himself at that time, unwilling by an open discovery of his thoughts to breed a manifest infamy to the queen.

The court being thus in an uproar for this night, ye next morning one of her maids of honour, being strictly examined, confessed that her Grace had made conveyance of all her treasure, jewels, and apparel, and was secretly departed with Vortymis, but whither

she knew not. Upon this [+the] king sent divers noblemen to make search in every place and in every part if it could be known of her passage, but return was made in vain, and he only rested resolved that she was fled away with Vortymis. Continuing thus pensive, the grief of her absence (for that love in excess yieldeth to no censure of reason) so overcharged the king with melancholy that he fell into a quartan fever, and was brought so low as his subjects hoped for no life, so that as men distract of their wits they passed away the time in bitter complaints and sorrows. But time, the sweetest physician, that allotteth a medicine for every mishap, so alienated the king's mind with a due consideration of her incestuous behaviour, that finding it folly to set that at his heart which other set at their heel, contrary causes producing contrary effects, love wronged by injury half turned into hate, he began to take heart at grass, & so changing his melancholy into mirth, waxed daily more strong in the constitution of his body, so that within ye space of a month he adventured to walk abroad, and to comfort him the more in his conceit, he heard news by a passenger that came from Samos where the queen and Vortymis were, how as man and wife they lived in mean estate in Samos.

The king, smiling at the force of unbridled lust, that maketh no exception of fortune, caused the passenger to stay in the court while he should consider with his counsel what were best to do, for his mind was diversly perplexed. The injury proffered by her adulteror's [sic for 'adulterous?'] willed him to cast out no lure to such a haggard as would turn tail to a full fist, but love, that amidst the coldest cinders of hate had smothered up little sparks of forepassed affection, persuaded him to think no fault so great but might be salved with honest repentance. Again, he called to mind that the governor of Samos was his enemy, who if by any means he should become privy to this fact would not only encourage his wife in her wickedness, but as a foe laugh at his mishap. Hovering thus in sundry cogitations, at last thus he resolved with himself to send a friendly letter to Moedyna that she should return with as much speed as might be to Ithaca. But the better to manifest Polumestor's meaning, as near as I can guess these were the contents:

Polumestor to Moedyna, health.

To begin Moedyna, with a discourse of thy follies or my sorrows were but, in penning down my thoughts, to aggravate my griefs, and in committing such a cartel to thy view, to rub a scar half healed. Omitting therefore such needless preambles, let me say that love, as it is variable, so it is mighty, enforcing his effects without denial, for as by constraint it wrought in thee a new choice, so it hath tied me perforce so partially to think of thy fault as, injury offering no disparagement to affection, I have, upon thy repentance, resolved quite to forgive & forget such folly. Venus hath her charms to enchant, fancy is a sorceress that bewitcheth the senses, every miss must not breed a mislike, and first offences, they say, crave pardons of course. I consider, Moedyna, the purest glass is most brittle, the finest lawn taketh the soonest stain, the highest honour the readiest fall, and the quickest wit the more easily won. Others have fore-run thee in the like fault, & have been forgiven; return thou with such resolved repentance, & I vow before the gods to grant thee like pardon. Let Vortymis remain there for his punishment in exile, but for that he was thy friend, leave him thy jewels, that although he live banished, he may live

rich. Do this, Moedyna, and doubt not, for I write no treachery, and if I should, better were thou die in Ithaca repentant than live in Samos dishonest. Farewell, and whatsoever thou dost, I have forgiven thee, but shall never forget thee.

He whom no injury shall alienate, Polumestor of Ithaca.

This letter thus ended, by the consent of his council he sent it by the forenamed messenger to Samos, causing him to be accompanied with two or three of his nobles disguised, that his command might be wrought with more efficacy. They having received their charge, apparelled like merchants, carrying over some small commodities with them, departed, and as fast as wind and weather would permit, came over to Samos, where being safely and speedily arrived, making offer of their chaffer to sale the better to pass the country without suspicion, the messenger that brought news first to Polumestor, leaving the nobles, went himself alone with the letter to the village where the queen remained.

Coming thither, contrary to his expectation he found that time, the mother of mutability, had made a strange metamorphosis since his last departure, for meeting with her servant, who through her inconstancy grudged at her actions, he did understand that Moedyna, misliking of her old choice, through the tickling desire of a new change had so cunningly feasted Vortymis at a banquet, that closely giving him some empoisoned potion, the next day he was found dead in his bed, the end of such adulterous ingratitude as, preferring the love of a strumpet before the laws of the gods, run headlong upon mishap and revenge. His death being passed over with a few feigned tears, as women's eyes shed both sorrow and dissimulation, her mourning month was scarce ended but she was fallen in love with a gentleman in the same town (the supposed cause of Vortymis' overthrow), who aiming at her beauty and riches, two great persuasions to affection, entertained her with such favours that she only thought her content in his company.

This notice by her servant given to the messenger somewhat amazed him when he entered into the consideration of the inconstant dispositions of concubines, yet going forward in his purpose he found opportunity to deliver her the letter, which when she had read and thoroughly construed over the contents, conscience, the worm that galleth with remorse, pinched her so at the heart with remembrance of her forepassed life, and shame of her present estate, that blushing at her own thoughts, she burst forth into tears, half resolved to accept of her husband's proffer. But lust, that still kindleth a restless heat of desire, had so drowned her in obstinacy, feared [sic for 'fear'?] that her husband's promises were but trains to revenge, shame to return into Ithaca from whence so shameless she had fled with such infamy, all these considered made her oppose resolution to remorse, and to cast the letter presently into the fire, with strait command to the messenger that he should with as much speed and secrecy as might be haste him out of Samos, lest if by his means her calling or estate were discovered, in revenge she repaid his villainy with death.

He, that by other men's harms thought best to beware, fearing if he made any stay he might with Vortymis taste of revenge, as fast as horse would carry him posted to the

noblemen, who amidst their merchandise were attending his coming. After he had discoursed unto them from point to point the fore-rehearsed premises of ye empoisonment of Vortymis, her new love, her obstinate resolution, her threats to revenge all of them, wondering at the wilfulness and wickedness of such a lascivious woman, thought their king happy that fortune by ill fortune had at hazard given him such good fortune.

Long had they not stayed in the country to have a fair wind for their departure but that Moedyna's servant, seeking to find out the messenger, was by mere chance come to the port where the nobles were, who seeing a lord of Ithaca whom for all his disguised apparel he knew, calling him aside, was desirous to speak with him. The nobleman, narrowly noting his face, called him to remembrance, and desirous to hear what news, he carried him to his chamber where, the rest of his company gathered together, the poor man, suppressed with anguish & remorse, brast forth into tears, and after long repentant style for the sorrow of his fact, told them that the next night after she received the letter from Polumestor, being all blubbered with tears and as a woman in despair, she delivered him a scroll which she charged him upon his life to deliver unto Polumestor, after receipt whereof, before he could make preparation for his journey, she had slain herself.

The noblemen, seeing by the sequel of this tragical stratagem the guerdon of adultery and the justice of the gods, received the scroll, and would have had the man passed with them into Ithaca, but he made a vow in penance of his former fault to live a poor exiled life in Samos. They, as soon as the wind came about, having all things necessary aboard, they made way home into their own country. No sooner they were got into the coast of Ithaca, but posting with all speed to the court they revealed to the king the success they had in their journey, of Vortymis' mishap and his wife's death, delivering him the scroll, which contained these few lines.

The contents of the scroll

Moedyna, once the unhappy wife of happy Polumestor, as graceless in her deeds as he princely in his thoughts, wisheth him that she [sic for 'he'?] rest from herself a long and contented life. Wisdom taught by experience (the dearest price to buy wit) told me my fault was so impious as despair served better to call on revenge than repentance to wish a remorse. Infamy and shame, the inseparable sequels of adultery, forbade me to see the smoke of Ithaca, for that death is more sweet than discredit. A guilty conscience, being a hell of restless passions, wished me, as I sought mishap, so to end misery. Preferring therefore thy fame which was impaired by my folly, and seeking quiet of mind by quickness of death, despair and sorrow closing mine eyes, let the messenger report how willingly I died.

Moedyna.

Polumestor having read the contents, perceiving how shame and remorse had made her repentant, grieving that despair had made her so wilful, burst into tears and passed a week or two in secret sorrows, which ended, & he somewhat comforted, he kept a solemn show

of her funerals, which performed with magnificence, he passed the rest of his years in quiet.

Ulysses having ended his tale with a plausible silence of both parts, although Hector perceived that this tragical history was induced in hope of a restitution of Helena, yet dissimulating the matter, he only gave praise to Ulysses for his good method, yet superficially glancing, he said that it ill fitted a subject to be so treacherous sith his sovereign had kindly tied him with so many forepassed favours, and that ingratitude challengeth by custom revenge.

Then, quoth Diomedes, let not Paris hope to escape without peril, who being so princely entertained by Menelaus, yet repaid him with such discourteous unthankfulness.

What needs, quoth Troilus, the rubbing of this scar unless the Grecians be fearful to end their attempt, and had rather make a conquest of us with philosophy than the sword. For our parts, we hold it the point of soldiers to talk pleasantly at the table, and fight valiantly in the field.

Agamemnon, unwilling any choleric replies should procure a jar, knowing in terms to injury men unarmed were a precedent of cowardice, desired them to grant him this favour as they were knights, that amidst all their talk neither the plaintiff Menelaus nor the defendant Paris should be once named sith the rehearsal of their actions were but an alarum to further quarrel. This request thought honourable, and promise passed on both parts, Achilles was warned that the tables were covered for supper, whereupon desiring the general to place his guests, they sat down to supper, where passing the time with many pleasant discourses and satisfying their stomachs with sundry delicates, the Troians by their entertainment perceived their princely welcome.

The second discourse after supper

Supper was no sooner ended but after a hearty proface changed betwixt them, aged Nestor, whose words in Greece were holden for principles, began to break silence in this manner:

Worthy peers of Greece and Asia, resolved to prove inward virtue by outward valour, or else to buy fame with death, sith Hector and Achilles, the two hopeful gentlemen of both armies, accompanied with sundry princes of great parentage are here united in a desired presence, omitting women's prattle and leaving the ladies to their private chat, let us see if we can make a perfect description of a soldier so proportioned in every part as he may, directing his course by our principles, live fortunate and die honourably. The doubt then to be discussed is what is necessary to the perfecting of a soldier, which might I with his favour request, I would commit to the charge of Hector, as to him who of his very enemies is counted an exact martialist.

Hector, whose thoughts swelling with honour dyed his cheeks with the fame of his praise, willing to avoid with one blast both self-love and curiosity, made Nestor this answer:

Although foreign favours are domestical treasures, and it better fitteth honour to praise an enemy than a friend, yet to offer incense to Pallas in the temple of Mars were to profane his deity, and to make me an instance, Achilles in presence, is to injure his dignity. Report is partial, and the tip of the tongue soundeth not always the depth of the heart, but let fame fly how she list, I deny not but I have dared to bear armour, and to have pressed amidst the thickest of mine enemies; therefore I think the most requisite virtue in a soldier to be fortitude or magnanimity.

I think it necessary, quoth Achilles, as Causa sine qua non, for therefore is he called Siles, for that he doth Animam fortem gerere, but yet the colour that giveth the sweetest glose [=gloss] to honour, in my opinion, is liberality.

Two necessary virtues, quoth Helenus, but yet a more principal point than these, which hath made many monarchs triumph without blood, is wisdom joined with science.

Agamemnon, desirous to hear these three discussed at large, thought to encourage them forward in this manner:

With so equal a proportion, worthy gentlemen, have you made a distinct division of the incident properties of soldiers, as what is necessary not only in martial discipline but in human life is sufficiently in these three comprehended. For wisdom mixed with learning and knowledge is so precious a virtue in the life of man as it behoveth not only a prince to have the possession thereof for the policy of his civil government, but also to the performing of his warlike endeavours. Fortitude, the fairest blossom that springs from a noble mind, is not only requisite in peace to bewray majesty, but in wars necessary to strengthen policy, and were a prince endued with both these so as no defect might be objected, yet were he a covetous man, that aimed at the suppression of his subjects by extorting their substance by grievous imposts, the want of liberality, especially amongst soldiers, would breed such a mislike that he should reap more discredit by his niggardise than fame for his wisdom and fortune. Seeing then, worthy Grecians and Troians, these three points as precedents are set down to be decided, let us first begin with the discourse of wisdom, which we will refer to Helenus and Nestor, as to them which we know are most famous for those qualities in both our armies, exception always made of Ulysses for that he hath so well played his part amongst the ladies.

Helenus, blushing at the grant of this honourable charge, desired that sith Nestor was aged, and had by long art amongst the philosophers and by experience in civil government attained to the summary perfection of wisdom, that he would ease him of such a burden as was both unfit for his knowledge, experience and years. Nestor, as willing amongst such an audience to put the Troian to the plunge, said that age was forgetful, and that his grey hairs were declining steps from memory, that what experience had engraven, time had almost worn out, and that were his memory never so fresh, yet it were a grief for him, through feebleness, to utter that with the tongue which he did conceive in his mind; therefore, for the reverence of his age he would lay the charge upon

Helenus, who seeing that fortune had tied him to his task, gathering his wits together boldly, as one that was the brother of Hector, began on this manner.

Helenus his discourse of wisdom

The fall that Phaeton had was because he would *altum sapere*, stretched [sic for 'stretch'?] his strings too high, & being mortal, would intermeddle with divine attempts. The shoemaker had not this check from Apelles, *ne sutor vltra crepidam*, because he found fault with the latchet, but that he meddled with the leg. Everyone that gazeth at the stars is not fit to discourse of astrology, neither can fishermen tell the phusical [sic for 'physical'] reasons of the motion of the sea although their lives are spent, and their livings got, from the bosom of Neptune, and, noble gentlemen, it may be that report, who is oft a false herald of human actions, hath blabbed that she hath seen some philosophers' works in my hands, & you hereof suppose that I have their principles in my head, but many handled Orpheus' harp that knew not the secrets of music, and divers may gaze into philosophers' conclusions that cannot analuze [sic for 'analyze'] their reasons. Yet howsoever it be, seeing I am enjoined, I will rather be counted too forward than too froward, & therefore briefly, this is my bare censure.

The philosopher whom Apollo's oracle long since graced with the title of a wise man, being demanded what wisdom was, made answer: a divine influence infused into the minds of men, which being metaphysical, keepeth them from committing that whereunto they are forced by sensual appetite. Epictetus calleth it the touchstone of mortality [sic for 'morality'?], meaning that as reason is the difference that distinguisheth a man from a brute beast, so wisdom is that perfect index that showeth how far one man excelleth another in the precious constitution of his mind. Therefore did our poets rightly feign Minerva to spring from the brain of Jupiter, and that he durst do nothing without her consent but his loves and amours, meaning by this enigmatical allegory that she, being the goddess of wisdom, was the loadstone for Jupiter to direct his actions, and where he digressed, there she sealed his thoughts with a frown.

The Phoenicians were reported to have their beginning from the gods in that they were the first that found out characters whereby to express openly the hidden secrets of wisdom; the inhabitants of Egypt, as fame telleth us, were honoured of all men sith they were the first that founded schools of philosophy, and the Chaldees were companions to kings, so highly hath wisdom been esteemed in all ages. But to leave antiquities and to come to our present time, what availeth royal parentage and the possession of many territories, what profiteth a crown and stately diadem to the majesty of a king, if to these forenamed favours of fortune he have not adjoined wisdom and learning? The civil policy is not maintained in his prime, martial discipline wanteth her chieftest colour; courage is counted rashness, not fortitude; liberality knoweth not the circumstances how to give if wisdom bend not their course by a right compass, so that I remember a certain philosopher of yours, wishing ill fortune might befall on the inhabitants of Samos, he prayed only their king might be unlettered and a fool, thinking no greater prejudice could happen to a commonwealth than to be governed by an unwise price. But omitting this general discourse of wisdom, sith there is none so obstinate or opposite to her honour but

will and must confess that no human action whatsoever can rightly be counted perfect or virtuous if not bounded within the limits of wisdom, to a more particular proof, and to the intent of our purpose, that it is especially requisite in a soldier.

A Grecian king being demanded how it happened that his country flourished in such happy estate, made answer, for that our captains and generals are philosophers, and our philosophers made our captains in war, proving by this reason that where the martial man was instructed in philosophy, there prowess was strengthened with policy, and valour redoubled by wisdom. The senate of Sparta never chose any to go forth with their army but such as had spent many years in their Academy, as well in natural contemplation as in moral conversation, and were as eloquent an orator as a hardy warrior, counting encouragement given by wisdom of as great force as a precedent manifested by prowess. When Esthemius, the Macedonian monarch, successor to the offspring of mighty Nymroth, had thought to make a conquest of the south-east part of the world, by chance he made war with a barbarous people so fierce and strong as his forces could not subdue. Delighted with the sweetness of the soil, and seeing prowess was in vain, he sent an orator clad in rich and sumptuous attire, who so tickled their ears with the pleasantness of his speech that he reduced the barbarians not only to submit as vanquished, but to become civil, as ashamed of their former life.

How necessary the knowledge of the liberal sciences is for a soldier let experience manifest, for what captain shall be able to make choice of his ground to fight with his enemy, to entrench, to embattle, to leaguer, to pitch his pavilions at advantage, unless skilful in geography to know the nature and plot of the country so lately discovered? How shall he order his men, or divide them in companies; how shall he bring them into square, round, triangle, cornet or any other form unless instructed in arithmetic and geometry? The necessity of astronomy may be proved by a manifest instance, for Penthesilea, the famous queen of the Amazons, was resident in the city of Troy, making war against Orythius, her bordering enemy. As the battles were ready to join, there chanced in their sight to happen an eclipse of the sun most fearful and terrible, which greatly daunted both armies, but Penthesilia, nothing amazed, as a good philosopher discoursed to her ladies the natural cause of the eclipse, that it happened by the shadowing of the earth and the moon, which so lightly accounted of by their general, they, encouraged, set upon Orythius, who ignorant of so strange a sight, and not knowing the cause of so prodigious an appearance, fled and was vanquished. *Sapiens dominabitur astris*, a wise man may govern the stars, meaning hereby (as I conjecture) that if fate and fortune should oppose themselves to wisdom, yet their attempt were in vain. Therefore wisely did the poets decipher Pallas to have a helmet on her head and a book in her hand, and drew her spears always wreathed with laurel, signifying by this emblem that Mars and Mercury were of one brood, that a valiant mind, unless guided by wisdom, roameth into many inconsidered actions, which is so perilous in the state of a soldier that one foolish thought that beareth in the forehead had-I-wist maketh an overthrow of a whole legion of men. We find written in our annals of Troy that Danaus, the grandfather of Priamus, making war against the King of Hetruiria, when both the armies were encamped and the battles ready to join, his men, seeing so great a multitude, were afraid, although their prince, foremost in the field, sought to encourage them by the example of his valour.

His forwardness nor threats no whit prevailing, but they still ready to flee, Apias, a lame and impotent poet, stepping up amongst them, through certain eloquent verses that he uttered in every rank so animated the soldiers that, ashamed at their cowardice, they furiously ran upon the enemy, and like valiant men obtained the victory, so much doth learning and wisdom prevail in martial discipline.

I remember in need [sic for 'indeed'?], quoth Nestor, that I have heard in the ancient records of Greece kept in the temple of Apollo at Delphos that ye god, being demanded the reason why Jupiter should be governor above the rest, sith Mars was the best warrior, his answer was that as Mars was valiant, so Jupiter was wise, concluding by this oracle that wisdom is of more force to subdue than valour.

And by your leave, sir, quoth Helenus, t'is [sic for 'tis'] a question what prowess doth avail without wisdom, for suppose the captain hath courage enough to brave the enemy in the face, yet if he knew not by a wise and deep insight into his enemy's thoughts how with advantage to prevent such ambushes as may be laid to prejudice his army, had he as great courage as the stoutest champion in the world, yet might the defect of wisdom in the prevention of such perils ruate both himself, his honour and his soldiers, insomuch as your great philosopher Hermes Trismegistus was wont to say that wise men did therein resemble the gods in that they were wise, and that many things imperfect by nature were made perfect by wisdom, to confirm their [sic for 'the'?] force whereof, may it please the Grecian lords to favour me with patience, I will rehearse a pleasant tragedy.

The noblemen, delighted with the sweetness of his discourse, by settling themselves to silence gave a proof how they meant to be attentive, which Helenus noting, began his tale in this form.

Helenus his tragedy
Ex sapientia sumus prouidi

There reigned not long since in the country of Lydia a worthy prince called Ebritius, who being happy, as one favoured with the fruition of exterior pleasures, and fortunate, as by a plausible success in all his affairs enjoying an inward content, yet in this was crossed by the destinies, that he wanted a son to wear the diadem after his death. Only one daughter he had (a recompense that nature had given to salve the defect that fate and fortune had inserted), who being beautiful, and therefore feared of her father, sith oft beauty is the fairest mark that leadeth to mishap, and of excellent wit, a benefit that sometime is tasted with loss, had for her sundry good qualities wherewith she was graced divers suitors (princes, I mean) that were his bordering neighbours, sent thither by fame to see if her beauty and wit were answerable to that which report had blazed to be without comparison, amongst the rest, Rascianus, King of Caspia, a man greatly feared for his valour and prowess, not that he himself was so hardy, but that his generals and captains were of such courage as they never entered field from whence they returned not victors.

A league of truce having long continued betwixt them, and yet with a dissimuled reconciliation sith the Caspians and the Lydians were like the wolf and the tiger, whose

blood can never be mixed in one bowl, it fortune'd that Rascianus, under the protection of his league and intent to visit Ebritius, had a sight of Cimbriana, for so was the lady called whose beauty seemed so sweet an object in his eyes, and whose wit sounded such a pleasing harmony in his ears, that, forgetting himself, he suffered his thoughts to be subdued by affection that never before felt the foil of any conquest. For love, seeing that fortune either for fear or favour, as the goddess is both partial and deceitful, had drowned him with such variety of secure contents as he was grown to be an epicure in conceit, thought at last to show that fancy hath her frowns as well as fortune, and can either bliss with happiness or curse with disfavour at her own pleasure, so fettered his mind with the perfections of Cimbriana that, maugre his teeth, he was fain to sacrifice his dearest good to Cupid, that hitherto had scorned to offer a little incense to Mars.

The passions driving the prince to become pensive, and the idea of Cimbriana's beauty imprinted in his heart breeding a disquiet in his mind, so perplexed him that for his last refuge he was fain to commence suit to Ebritius for the grant of his daughter in marriage. He, that like Janus bare two faces under one hood, wearing a laurel in his hand, as desirous of peace, and a sword in his heart, as wishing revenge, as he would not deny for fear of a quarrel, so he would not grant to such hated affinity, but having forewarned his daughter, and therefore forearmed her against the entreaties of the Caspian monarch, he subtilly referred his grant to the will of Cimbriana, which being sought for of Rascianus, but found by a frivolous suit that he warred with the giants against Jupiter and with Danae's daughters filled the bottomless tub, forced by affection, that is impatient of denial, and encouraged by the valour of his captains (a thought that brooketh not abuse), falling out in flat terms with Ebritius, he entered after some parle with him and his daughter into this peremptory resolution, that if he could not have her by a favourable consent as a friend, he would both win her and wear her as an enemy by the sword, and upon this departed out of the confines of Lydia, and no sooner came to Caspia, but mustering his men and storing himself with munition for the wars, he marched forfard [sic for 'forward?'] to make challenge of Cimbriana for his wife.

In the meantime Ebritius, having lived long in peace, a word that beareth honey in the mouth and yet oft ill hap in the war, for that as it affordeth quiet, so it sinketh in security, had better civilians than soldiers, and senators that could govern more by policy than attempt by prowess, as men that so long had forgotten the noise of the trumpet as they counted it rather a trouble to the ear than an encouragement to the heart, so that he feared when report told him that Rascianus was near his dominions to make a challenge both for his daughter and diadem, yet majesty, which in princely thoughts guardeth ye mind from cowardice, made him resolute rather to die honourably by withstanding an enemy than to live tainted with a shameful stain of disgrace. Resting upon this resolute point, before Rascianus came within his territories, he fell sick upon such a mortal disease as, feeling no hope of life, calling his daughter Cimbriana & his senators before him, [+who] with tears bewailed the suspected loss of their prince, as his last farewell he gave these precepts:

Cimbriana, thou seest my white hairs are blossoms for the grave, and thy fresh colours fruit for time & fortune, so that it behoveth me to think how to die, & for thee to care how

to live. Sickness & old age, the two crutches whereon life walketh on to death, have arrested me to pay nature her due, which being debt, I am most willing to discharge. My crown I must leave, appointed so by fate, and thou enjoy my kingdom by succession, wherein I hope thy virtue and wisdom shall be such as, though my subjects want my person, yet they shall see in thee my perfection. That nothing therefore may fail to satisfy my mind or increase thy dignities, hear what age and experience hath taught me that thy youth is not yet able to conceive. Know, daughter, that opportunities neglected are signs of folly, whereas actions measured by time are seldom bitten with repentance. Honour is fickle, a sweet seat, but a slippery passage, no sooner grown to a fair blossom but fame, enforced by envy, seeks to blast it with the black and dismal trumpet of report. A crown, Cimbriana, yea, Cimbriana, a crown, a thing that all desire, few obtain, and most account it once gotten a weary and grievous burden, is so sugared and pleasing an object to the eye as it maketh men by ambition to forget they are men, and to think themselves more than gods. Thou shalt have a crown, but be not proud; majesty is no privilege to contempt. Thy glory is great, but thy care is more if thou meanest to live beloved and die honoured. Self-love is not fit for princes, nor pride an ornament to a diadem, but if thou must be tickled with self-conceit, let it be, Cimbriana, at the remembrance of thy virtues, not thy dignities, lest if fortune frown, and thou shouldst hap to fall, to be envied, not pitied.

When my body is closed in the grave, thy head impaled with a crown, think thou art a woman and a maid, though a queen and a princess; therefore be mild, as becoming thy sex, and chaste, as fitting thine honour. Let the senators be thy fathers, and the laws the directors of thy thoughts, lest perverting law by will, thy subjects count thy government foolish and effeminate tyranny. Take heed, Cimbriana, of love, thy years being fruit for fancy. Kings' seats are high marks whereat Cupid can aim, be he never so blind. The feet of princes have Ceres and Bacchus for their footstools; then cannot it be but Venus must play the wanton in their palaces. But if affection, as women must love for that they are women, hap to tread upon thy heel, then sweet Cimbriana, choose flowers not weeds. Thou art a princess; look no lower than majesty. Thou hast a crown; then gaze not after riches, but virtues. Tie not thyself to a mean person, for Venus is painted in silks, not in rags, and Cupid treadeth on disdain when he reacheth at dignity. But above all, Cimbriana, take heed of Rascianus, a reconciled enemy. Him account as thy supposed friend and thy father's foe. What he cannot persuade with words, he seeketh to constrain with weapons, but rather die than consent. So shall my departing breath breathe out nothing upon thee but bliss.

And with that, before he could end the sentence, he gave a gasp and yielded up the ghost. Cimbriana, seeing her father's liveless body almost between her arms, melting into tears, burst forth into such lamentable complaints that her ladies carrying her away [-in] apace, & the sorrowful senators and peers of Lydia amazed at the sudden death of their prince departed, nothing sounded in the palace but sighs and tears, no house in the city not filled with mournings, in such sort that a long while the people ran as men bereft of their wits up and down the streets, forgetful of their private and necessary business. But time, that limiteth an end to the greatest sorrows, caused Cimbriana, after consideration how nature claimed but his, to take order for the precious balming of her father's corps, & for the

magnificence of his funerals, which she performed in such sumptuous sort as might bewray her dutiful affection and her father's princely progeny.

Fortune, seeing the lady not greatly checked with this mate, thought to sport himself [sic for 'herself'?] in the tragical mishap of this young princess. For the funeral ended, and she by will of the senators going to her coronation, the solemnity thereof was scarcely finished before word was brought her that Rascianus, with a multitude of his Caspians, had placed a monstrous and strong leaguer about the city. Cimbriana, willing to spite fortune with patience, made no answer, as one not caring what the enemy could do by force, and as resolved by her father's command rather to die than consent; committing therefore the guard of the city to the charge of the senators, she remained quiet and secure in her chamber. But the senators, whose heads, though not armed with helmets, yet stored with politic foresight of their enemies' endeavours, caused the gates to be shut up, the portcullises to be let down, the walls to be countermured with rampires of forces [sic?], and every quarter of the city to be guarded with several companies, both of captains and soldiers fit for such a charge. Rascianus, seeing how ye citizens prepared themselves to defence, scorning to bear the brave of such a paltry town, yet willing to win the lady rather by entreaty than by force, send a herald of arms, who friendly let into the gates and admitted to Cimbriana's presence, he delivered his message from Rascianus in this manner:

The mighty prince of Caspia sendeth greeting to Cimbriana, the famous queen of the Lydians, letting her to understand that he is copartner with her of sorrows, as he would be of affections, grieving at her father's loss, especially growing so to her mislike, but sith fate and necessity may not be avoided, he wisheth the princess to comfort herself in her griefs, and not to be amazed that he cometh as an enemy denouncing wars, sith he holdeth both fire and water in his hands, both death and life, upon friendly conditions, namely if Cimbriana yield herself as his wife, her crown and kingdom into his hands, the citizens in joy of the marriage shall fill their bellies with feasts, their ears with music, and with solemnity have their heads decked with garlands of laurel, but if she deny, his love being changed into hate, Cimbriana shall live the concubine of Rascianus in contempt, the senators' grave heads shall go untimely to the grave, the children shall be slain, and the citizens have no refuge but the sword, nor no pardon but death.

Before the herald could end his charge, Cimbriana, not bearing the presumptuous brave of such a tyrant, returned him this brief answer:

For that, herald, messengers carry privileges in their foreheads to free them from any foreign prejudice, I hear with patience what thou hast in charge, but unwilling to be further privy to his frivolous threats, say thus from me to Rascianus, that Cimbriana, having tears in her eyes and sighs from her heart for her father's death, hath no place left to grieve at the daring terms of any tyrant; that she scorneth his proffer or [sic for 'of?'] friendship as a prince unworthy her majesty, much less her love; that her senators and citizens think they are as politic as he is valiant, and are as able to defend as he to assault; therefore will the proud prince to do his worst, for he cannot affright them with death that fear not death.

And with that she turned her back, leaving the messenger amazed at an answer so full of majesty. The senators, conducting him out of the city with a friendly farewell, suffered him to depart, who returning to the king told him the resolute reply of the princess, which perplexed Rascianus with a double passion, for as he was environed [sic?] with courage of such a peerless queen as preferred majesty and honour before death, so he was grieved that she was so obstinate as to give him the repulse of such a sweet and desired benefit. Revenge, crying to take leave of affection, so hardened his heart that, swearing never to entreat again, he presently commanded his general, called Mandavior, a man of invincible courage and valour, to give a fierce and furious assault to the city sith the cowards had so fearfully harbored themselves within the walls. He, whom nothing better pleased than the command of martial attempts, presently upon this charge gathering his men-at-arms together fitted with their scaling-ladders and other munition, Mandavior foremost, as one full of courage, began so valiantly to give an assault as, had not the citizens made as violent an intermedley by throwing down hot pitch, timber and stones from off the walls, the city had been scaled and sacked. But such a hot resistance was made that the Caspians fled from the walls, but Mandavior, with the example of his fortitude and the threats of revenge upon the cowards, he so encouraged them that afresh they assaulted, but with such great slaughter that despite of himself the general was fain to sound retrait, and with some loss retire to the camp. This repulse nothing amazing them, they assayed sundry times to endamage the town, but all in vain, which so grieved Mandavior that, impatient of fortune's frown, he so desperately at the next assault offered to climb the wall that he was slain, and his men beaten back with great effusion of blood.

Mandavior dead, Rascianus appointed in his room one Prelides, a man far more liberal than the other was valiant, who promising to perform that by prodigal expenses that Mandavior missed of by his valiant endeavours, told his lord that there was no city so strong whereinto an ass laden with gold could not enter, that great gifts were little gods, that pelf hath such force to persuade as *Auri sacra fames quid non mortalia pectora cogit* [=Accursed thirst for gold, what does it not compel mortals to do]? Men have their thoughts and their passions, and so great a conflict is there between a liberal purse and a covetous, that might it please his majesty to grant him the distributing of his treasures, he pawned his life for the speedy recovery of the city. The king, desirous to hazard himself for the hope of revenge, gave him free use of all his coin, which once in possession of Prelides, he began first to pay all his soldiers' wages, the greatest encouragement that may be given to a free mind, and to bestow bountifully of every mean man beyond his desert, with promise that if they sacked the city, the spoil should be equally divided amongst them, the king only craving for his share the princess Cimbriana, with crown and kingdom. This persuasion alleged, and his soldiers' hearts set on fire with hope of gain, the next morning by break of the day he made an assault with such force as the citizens never felt before, but they, poor men, fighting not for gold but for their lives and family, so hardily abid the brunt that Prelides was fain to retire with great dishonour.

His purpose not fitted by this pretence, secretly he got to speak with one of the senators, to whom he promised two talents of gold that the city might be delivered. The Lydians [sic for 'Lydian'?] being more politic than he was prodigal, after a faint denial gave

consent & confirmed it with an oath that for such a sum he would deliver up the city. The agreement ended and appointed, Prelides carrying his gold met, according to promise, the senator, who receiving him and his money with a great troop of soldiers, brought them within an ambush and made such a bloody massacre of them all as there was not one left to bear dismal report of such merciless butchery, yet the triumph made in the city, their heads set over the walls and the Caspians' ancients displayed on the turrets of the city, gave Rascianus to understand what ill fortune had fallen to his general Prelides.

This mishap still increasing the fury of the Caspian, called him so fast on to revenge that now intending to lose in one day both his men and himself, understanding that the citizens were greatly weakened, & also weary of their war & of the siege, he resolved in person to give the assault, but Cleophanes, a nobleman in the camp whose wisdom excelled either the fortitude or the liberality of the other, noting with a deep insight the sundry accidents, & seeing that the senators were more wise than valiant, and defended the city better by wisdom than they could do with policy, he thought to give them a sop of the same sauce, and to thrust out one wile with another; therefore he desired of his sovereign that he would suffer him to overthrow that with his head that his whole host could not once shake with their hands. The king, knowing him to be of great experience, not only granted his request but added a promise of higher dignity if he fulfilled his desire, whereupon he willed the king to crave a truce for ten days, which being granted, during the time of the league it was lawful for any Caspian to go into the city and for any citizen to visit the camp. This interchange of friendship confirmed, Rascianus, by the counsel of Cleophanes, sent four and twenty of his chief nobles and chieftains into the city as pledges that the senators might come safely into the camp without prejudice, so to parle of the peace with the king. This request thought necessary by Cimbriana and her council, the senators came, in whose residence at the camp, Cleophanes going into the city and into the market-place, gathering a multitude of the rude and common sort together, he subtilly began to insinuate into their minds with this pleasing oration.

Cleophanes' oration to the citizens

Worthy citizens and inhabitants of Lydia, whose forepassed peace, darkened with a mortal and resolute war, and whose long happiness quaketh at the thought of incident miseries, I cannot, though an enemy, yet pass the streets without complaints, nor though sworn to your fatal ruin, yet foresee your fall without tears. Hath this city been famous for her walls, her turrets & stately edifices, bewrayed a pomp to the eye by her sumptuous buildings, and shall it be laid waste as a desolate place, so that strangers shall ask where stood the glorious city of Lydia? Shall so many men as are here present, whose years are young enough many days hence to pass with quiet into the grave, perish at the city walls with the sword? Shall these sweet women, whose angel faces plead for pity, be led as sorrowful widows into captivity? Shall the little babes and tender infants be taken from the teat, and lie strangled in the streets? Shall the virgins, whose chastity is so precious, be a prey to the soldier, and be deflowered before the face of their parents? Nay, forgetful citizens of Lydia, shall fire and sword without mercy finish what I forewarn, and you so senseless as to believe the dotting senators that feed you with hope

of our remove? Hath not the mighty Caspian compassed the city with such an host, and your liberty is not further than the limits of your walls, yea, and hath he not sworn to continue the siege till he be king and invested with the crown? Consider what he craves, nothing but to have the queen to be his wife, and you to continue his true and lawful subjects. He seeks not your lives, your goods, your overthrow, but to be as sovereign and protector of so fair a city and so honest citizens. What madness then (this request so reasonable) hath incensed your senators to resist him whom fortune hath in far more dangerous attempts sent away with conquest. Believe me, citizens, it is the fear of their wealth, not the care your welfare; the dread of their own mishap, not ye desire of your goods that drives them to make slaughter of the citizens without reason. Seeing then you are forewarned, be forearmed. Provide for your own safety; suffer the king to come in, and I myself will remain here among you as a pledge of your safety.

As these words the unbridled multitude, desirous of novelty, as men in a fury ran to the palace, thinking by force to have carried the queen to the tent of Rascianus, but she having notice of their intent, secretly fled out of the palace and conveyed her into one of the senator's houses adjoining. The citizens, not finding her, fell to spoil of the treasures, which done, setting open the gates, they getting branches of laurel in their hands went to the pavilion of Rascianus, where seeing the senators talking for the estate of their commonwealth, after certain complaints uttered against them, they delivered up the keys of the city into the king's hand. He taking opportunity at the rebound, casting a frowning look upon the senators, and with a submiss courtesy and a friendly oration of welcome entertaining the citizens, he presently departed, and with all his host was received into the city. No sooner had Rascianus possessed himself of the town, and his pledges come into his presence, but by the persuasion of Cleophanes he put all the senators and chief of the city to the edge of the sword, giving the rest of the city as a prey to the soldiers. Then they which were by the pleasing harmony of his fore-rehearsed oration deluded, seeing themselves brought into extreme misery, found that the politic wisdom of Cleophanes had more ruined their estate than all the former forces of Mandavior or Prelides.

Well, repentance coming too late, the senators slain, the city sacked and all brought to ruin, yet had not the king his purpose, for Cimbriana was missing & could by no means be found, so that the Caspian, raging in the heat of his affection, having made a privy search, and all in vain, was driven again for his last refuge to the policy of Cleophanes, who counselled his Majesty to assemble all the women of what age or degree soever into the palace, and afterward to select out of all the aged matrons or others whatsoever above the age of twenty and under the years of 60, which done, that the rest might be appointed to dance. The king, following the counsel of Cleophanes, assembled them all and sorted them. Now amongst the maids was left Cimbriana in disguised apparel, who falling to the lot of one of the mean soldiers, as soon as the music sounded and they began to tread the measures, could not so well dissemble but that there appeared in her gestures such a majesty as every eye might easily judge her to be some extraordinary person. Hereupon Rascianus, licensing all to depart, seized himself upon Cimbriana, who seeing fortune would not let her escape her determined ill fortune, without fear confessed she was daughter to Ebritius, and rightly possessor of that crown which he did wrongfully usurp. The king, seeking by laying down the sum of her miseries to make her more submissive,

so prevailed that, two or three days passed in sorrows, he found her as tractable as he could desire, and upon her friendly and loving consent, resolved to solemnize the marriage, and so to become peaceable possessor of her and her kingdom. Resting upon this resolution, while all things were preparing for such a sumptuous feast, Cimbriana, accompanied with her ladies, finding that none but they and herself were present, falling into sighs, and from sighs to tears, burst at last into these terms:

Honourable ladies of Lydia, renowned through the world for your beauties & virtues, whose youth hath been crossed by fortune, and whose age is assigned to misery, deprived of your husbands, your parents, your children, your wealth, your liberty, yea, and in hazard of daily dishonour by the Caspians, the greatest loss of all, whitherto do we look but to shame and mishap? To what end do we live but to disgrace and infamy? Hath our friends made defence of our safety with their lives, and shall we enter league with their enemies after death? Shall that hand that slaughtered your parents be thrust freely into your ivory bosoms? Shall he entertain you with amours, through whom our city perished in armours? No, ladies, let the sight of their carcasses yet unburied hale us on to revenge. Let us prefer death before dishonour; let us choose rather to accompany our friends in their fortunes than sport in our enemies' favours. Better is a moment of grief than a world of misery. I seek not to persuade wherein I will not myself be foremost. Let the tragedy be resolved on, and I will be first actor to bathe my hands in blood, to bring which to pass, at the marriage, midst our mirth and in the thickest of our cups, let every lady choose a lord into whose cup let her put a dram of this deadly poison, and so drinking the half, purchase an honourable death with revenge.

The ladies freely consenting to this motion, Cimbriana gave secret notice to such citizens as were left that when ye city should be in an uproar for the death of Rascianus, ready in armour they would set upon the sorrowful soldiers, & put all to the edge of the sword. This determination agreed upon, and the confiction [=confection] parted amongst them, the ladies, seeming marvellous pleasant, ceased not daily to banquet with the Caspian lords till the marriage morning was come, whereon Rascianus going to the temple accompanied with his lords, & Cimbriana attended upon with her ladies, they were solemnly married by the flamen. The rites performed and ended, and they returned to the palace, the Caspians, feasting for joy of this great triumph, passed away dinner with great solemnity. Rascianus and the rest, sweetly swilled in their cups, Bacchus' liquor adding a heat to Venus charms, they fell after their manner to dallying with the ladies, who taking opportunity by the forehead called for wine whereinto they put the poison, which drinking of to the lords, after the pledge passed, & Cimbriana saw her purpose had taken effect, with a stern countenance looking upon Rascianus, she told him that now she had quitted her city's spoil with revenge. *For know, tyrant, quoth she, that thou and all thy lords are empoisoned by the hands of women who rather choose to die in despair than live unrevenged in the hands of an enemy.*

Scarce had she uttered this but some of the ladies whose complexions were tender fell down dead. Rascianus and his nobles amazed, and feeling the force of the poison to work, called to the physicians, but all in vain, for within one hour there was not one of them alive. The Caspian soldiers, seeing their king and their captains dead, stood as men

metamorphosed from their former sense. The citizens, of the contrary part, hearing of the desperate attempt of their princess, as men furious and incensed with the heat of revenge, getting on their armour, gathered in troops, and setting upon the naked and amazed Caspians, made such a bloody massacre of the poor wretches that they left not one alive, whatsoever he was that came as mercenary to Rascianus. This stratagem performed, the dead carcasses cast out of the city, Cimbriana and her ladies richly entombed, the citizens [-and] long after maintained their civil estate with a peaceable and quiet democracy.

Helenus having ended his tragedy, the Grecian lords with a plausible assent praising his discourse, confessed that wisdom was of great force, able to perform as much in human affairs as any other virtue whatsoever.

And yet, quoth Hector, we see that the end of Cleophanes' policy had a dismal counterpoise of revenge; that his wisdom could not prevent the feeble force of one woman; that fortune, grudging at such treachery, repaid all his craft with confusion.

Let me, quoth Troilus, have such a conquest as men shall attribute to courage, not to deceit, and that may end, despite of the enemy himself, in honour, not in curses, that fortune may glory in for her favours, not fame have cause to obscure with her darkest colours. I deny not but wisdom is necessary in a captain, and therefore natural, as given to every man of necessity, but valour, as it is expedient, so it is singularly bestowed upon few, as a thing so precious that the gods do grudge to impart it in common.

You measure, quoth Nestor, this wisdom which your brother Helenus discoursed with too bare a proportion, as counting what wit or rather reasonable government we have by the ordinary or natural direction of our actions to be wisdom, but his description proveth the contrary, for he setteth down that to be wisdom which is a habit inserted by nature but augmented by art and science, such as is able to discern between virtue & vice, so that none can attain to be called fortis unless first he be sapiens, for without wisdom he shall fall either to excess or defect, either to be too fearful or too rash, and so passing that mean, for want of wisdom commit something worthy of blame.

As thus they were ready to make further reply, Andromache and the other Troian ladies, seeing the sun declining to the west, desirous to take their leave, hastened Hector from the company, who with the rest breaking off from talk, after great thanks to his host Achilles, to Agamemnon, Ulysses and the other lords for their sumptuous entertainment, with a request from Polyxena and her sister Cassandra that the next morrow they would accompany Iphigenia, Briseis, and Cressida to the city, who had passed their promise to come, they offered to depart. Agamemnon only making excuse for himself, but granting his consent to his daughter, the other noblemen promised to accompany the ladies, and for confirmation thereof, after an interchange of courtesies, mounting upon their coursers, they rode with the ladies to the very walls of Troy, where after a friendly farewell they returned to their pavilions. Priamus, glad to see his children so merry at home, began to question with them of their entertainment, which Hector from point to point rehearsed unto him as before, with this addition, that the Grecians meant to dine with him the next day, whereupon Priamus made most princely preparation.

 The third discourse

The gladsome rays of Phoebus had no sooner shaken off, by the consent of blushing Aurora, the dusky and darksome mantle that denied Tellus and Flora the benefits of Titan, but the Grecian ladies, and especially Cressida, who all that night had smothered in her thoughts the perfection of Troilus, were up and at the pavilion of Achilles, to waken him from his drowsy nest, whose dreams were but sweet slumbers conceited by imagination of the beauty of his fair Polyxena. The worthy captain, glad he had such pretty cocks to crow him from his dreams, hied him out of his bed, and with as much speed as might be, sending for Ulysses, Diomedes, Patroclus, Nestor and the rest, after a small disjune for fear of the air, they mounted with the ladies, and trotted on a solemn pace towards Troy.

Hector, having by his espials understanding of their coming, accompanied with a worthy troop of Troians went to meet them, having before him upon white Arabian coursers three hundred gentleman clad in purple bice, their hats plumed with crimson feathers that reached to the arcons of their saddles, their coparisons [sic for 'caparisons'] interpointed with broken lances spotted with blood; about the borders was written this sentence: *Haec fortis sunt insignia*.

Next to these, Hector, whose countenance threatened wars, & in whose face appeared a map of martial exploits, framing his colours to his thoughts, was seated on a black Barbarian jennet whose furniture was black velvet set with adamants, interseamed with floods wherein salamanders bathing in content, there was embroidered in letters figured with pearl this: *Sic pro Marte*.

Hector thus in his furniture met Achilles and the ladies, whom after friendly salutations and a second repaying of thanks for their good cheer, they conducted to the city, where they no sooner entered the gate but Hecuba, the stately Troian queen, attended on by Penthesilea, the princess of the Amazons, her daughters, and other ladies of great dignity, met them with most royal entertainment, whom after generally they had saluted with a particular welcome, they accompanied to the temple of Pallas, where aged Priamus, with six and thirty other kings, his allied friends, amazed the Grecians with the sight of their majesty, insomuch that Achilles, as a man in a trance, confessed in his thoughts that this city was *microcosmos*, a little world, in respect of the cities of Greece. Priamus, noting how they stood in a muse, saluted them in this manner:

Worthy Grecians, whom revenge and thirst of honour hath haled out of your native kingdoms to sacrifice your blood at the walls of Troy, sith martial minds' enmity ought to hang at the sword's point, and thoughts in majesty ought to be measured by promise, a league of friendship being pass [sic for 'passed'?] for a preffred [sic for 'prefixed'?] time, I account our city a free mart for the Grecians, and your tents a sanctuary for the peaceable Troians, which my daughters confirmed by proof in hazarding upon the oath of an enemy, and you now ratify by committing yourselves into a walled city peopled with your professed foes, but honour and majesty, brooking no treacherous suspicion, putteth

in assurance of safety. Omitting therefore all frivolous protestations, the ladies first, as respecting that once I was young, and the lords, as now I am old, and both, as I am Priamus, are heartily and unfeignedly welcome to the poor besieged city of Troy, where if you find no sights but armour, no music but the drum, nor no delicates but soldiers' fare, impute it to your own wilfulness and our necessities, which are forced to bear revenge with fortune. Hoping therefore you will measure your entertainment by the time, follow me to the palace of Ilium.

The Grecians, thanking Priamus for his princely courtesy, paced on to the palace, where alighting and entering, they found all things ready furnished for dinner, so that set down every man in his degree, they fell to such cheer as so sudden warning would afford, which was so sumptuous and (to say troth) served in with such prodigal magnificence as the Grecians thought Bacchus and Ceres meant there to discover their superfluity. Feeding thus more with the eye than glutting the stomach, yet taking their repast with good appetite, they passed over dinner with many pleasant discourses, which for brevity's sake I omit. Well, the tables uncovered, Hecuba and the ladies went to walk and to see the pleasures of the palace, but the lords sat still silent, until Priamus began to put them from their muses with these words:

I remember, mighty princes of Greece and Asia, that my son Helenus commended the Grecian banquets to be more delicate than any other that before he had seen. His reason was thus, that their fare was not so sumptuous as their philosophical discourses were delightful, so that to spend time well, they amidst their cups ceased not to learn precepts of moral virtue, so allaying the heat of Bacchus' vine-press with the sweet conserves fetched from Minerva's library, which as I greatly commend [sic for 'commended'?), he discoursed unto me your late disputation about the perfection of a soldier, consisting by your distinct division in three parts, wisdom, fortitude and liberality, all three necessary, but the question which of them is more precious. The first being discussed, bad enough, as I conjecture by the man, it resteth, if with your good favours I might crave it, that now, to adapt a fit digestion, we might hear the second question decided.

Aged Nestor, seeing they sat all silent, rising up and uncovering his hoary head that shined like the silver-gleaming ivory, made him this answer:

Mighty Priamus, honourable for thy thoughts and famous for thy issue, feared of fortune because in resolute majesty above fortune, the Grecians, knowing their descent from the gods, therefore covet in actions to resemble the gods, which they imagine to do by studying philosophy to become virtuous, so that they measure their time by pleasures and their pleasures by profit, counting nothing delightful which is not both profitable and honest, which enforced us to entertain thy sons with our philosophical discourses to try if their virtues were only engraven by nature, or perfected by learning. How we found them, give us leave to report in Greece, not in Troy, but so we esteem of them as we desire thy Highness to forward our former disputation which belongeth unto thy son Hector, namely to discourse of fortitude.

Priamus promised to father so good a motion, and therefore commanded Hector, sith he took the defence of such a virtue, to maintain his charge, who dutifully obeying his father's command, seeing the princes began to be attentive, began his discourse in this manner.

Hector's discourse of fortitude

Although it might amaze Aesculapius to allege any of his aphorisms in the presence of Apollo, or Silenus to treat of the nature of grapes in the hearing of Bacchus, yet it is no offence in Pallas' temple to treat of wisdom, nor at Venus' altars to parle of loves, sith the goddesses do patronage such affections. So although the presence of such mighty princes whose chivalry is famous from the east to the west, and whose valour by experience is able to deliver principles of magnanimity, might affray me from this enjoined discourse on fortitude, yet for that my father's command is a law of constraint which nature wills me to obey, and the request of the Grecians such a claim as duty forceth me to grant, I will rather hazard my credit on the honourable thoughts of these mighty potentates than seem either scrupulous or froward in gainsaying such a charge, hoping they will with Prometheus censure well of the workmanship of Lisias, & rather cast an eye at the nature of the stone by secret instinct than at the beauty polished by art, in which hope resting, thus to the purpose.

The philosophers, whose lives spent in metaphysical contemplation, having set down in their precepts the perfect portraiture of virtue, figure her bare counterfeit placed by equal proportion between two vices, noting thereby that the mean kept between the two extremes is that laudable action which by no other name can be termed but by the title of virtue, neither in excess soaring too high with Bolerophon [sic for 'Bellerophon'], and so to hazard on the heat of ye sun, nor in defect falling too low with Icarus, by the moisture of the sea wetting his feathers, but flying with Daedalus in the mean, so with ease and quiet attaining to the desired end, as for an instance, fortitude seated between two extremities, *timiditas* and *audacia*, fear failing in defect, and rashness faulty in excess, the mean being that courage which ought to be in a soldier.

For all desperate attempts that bear the shadow of prowess and are of the common sort honoured with the name of fortitude are not comprehended within the precinct of this virtue, for he only is counted a valiant man that without any furious or rash resolution feareth not to hazard himself in ye greatest perils whatsoever for the weal of his country, so that by this definition we see that he, limited within the bonds [=bounds] of measure, is not to adventure or make proof of his valour in every light cause, yea, for every trifling thing, but with such proportion as, in scorning death, yet he may honourably seek not to be counted desperate. For I remember that Isadus, a worthy Lacedaemonian, seeing their city besieged, and that the soldiers resolutely issued out to fight with the enemy, he being their captain, stripped himself naked, and taking a pollar [sic for 'poleaxe'?] in his hand, with such a desperate fury gave the attempt, and so amazed and repulsed them that his soldiers, imitating his courage, put all their foes to the edge of the sword. The battle ended, the senators gave him a crown of laurel for the victory, but fined him in a sum of money for his rashness in that he did so unadvisedly put himself in danger, being the

general of their forces. So that we see there ought, in this virtue of fortitude, certain circumstances to be necessary, as how it be done, where it be done, & why it be done, and when it be done, lest in defect he be counted a coward, and in excess a desperate and unadvised gover[n]or. Your Grecian annals tells us of one Lamedos, that being a captain over the Athenians, in a skirmish fled, which one of his own soldiers seeing, cried, in retiring to him: *Lamedos, why dishonourest thou thy country by flight? Thou deceivest thyself, man,* quoth he, *I do but look to the profit that is behind me.* Which after he confirmed by proof, for taking advantage of the place, he discomfited the enemy, showing that he feared not death, but sought how, to the profit of his country, best to make manifest his courage.

Theseus yet living, who for his worthy and incomparable victories is canonized as come from the offspring of the gods, being in a battle against the Athenians, entrenched himself with a strong countermure, and would not in many days be drawn out to fight, which his enemy Lymestor seeing, coming to the trench cried out and said: *Theseus, if thou beest such a hardy soldier as fame reports thee to be, why comest thou not out, but like a coward liest entrenched?* *Nay,* quoth Theseus, smiling, *Lymestor, if thou beest of such courage, why dost thou not force me out of my trenches,* by this delay showing that he sought to set fortitude in her prime to add opportunity to his valour, and so to favour his prowess with fortunate advantage that his attempt, as it should be resolute, so it might be for the profit of his country, which ensued according to his thoughts, for he slew Lymestor & all his people.

Experience then tells us, as fortitude is necessary, so it is to be used with such moderation as by keeping the mean, it be counted a virtue. How requisite it is in a captain, consideration of his place makes manifest, for being appointed general, and therefore guider and governor of the rest, he is to measure all his actions, yea, his very thoughts with such an honourable resolution as, laying apart all fear of death whatsoever, his charge and duty is to hazard himself in any perils, though never so dangerous, thereby to encourage his soldiers by imitating his valour to attempt the like, to be foremost in the march and last in the retrait, to prefer honour before death, and not to make estimation of the enemies, how many they be, but where they be; otherwise, in seeming to doubt of the multitude, his fearful imagination greatly discourage his soldiers.

Sergius, a worthy captain, having but one hand, was of such courage and valour that being always in the face of the enemy, he returned victor in two and fifty great battles. Lysias, the worthy prince of the Lacedaemonians, being demanded how he was honoured with so many conquests, pulling out his sword made answer that with this he made fortune subject to his desires, attributing more credit to his own prowess than to the inconstant deity of such a fickle goddess. A Grecian captain whose name cometh not readily to memory, being in a sore battle against that mighty monarch Pisandros, seeing his countrymen ready to flee for fear of the multitude of the enemy, whose fleet almost covered the sea, sought to persuade them, but in vain, whereupon he sent secretly one of his sons in a little skiff to Pisandros to tell him that his countrymen would escape by such a passage, which he taking kindly, and presently stopping, added such a courage to the cowards that by this policy drawn to battle, they put Pisandros with great loss to flight,

where we see how greatly the incomparable fortitude of the captain did prevail in the getting of victory.

Indeed, quoth Troilus, I do remember that Apollo, being demanded by the inhabitants of Phasiaca what captain they should choose for the subduing of the Milesians, his oracle answered, such a one as dare for the weal of his country leap into the Milesian gulf, whereupon they returned and made proclamation that their freedom could not be unless one willingly offered himself as a sacrifice to Neptune. The man of Phasiaca, naturally fearful, sought every man his own safety, till at last a poor man, whom want had made desperate, offered himself. Him they chose for their captain, and going forth to meet the Milesians, having little skill in ordering his men, yet with such resolution set upon the enemies that by his means they returned victors.

Truth, quoth Hector, of such force is fortitude that the very name of courage daunteth the enemy, for I have heard my father Priamus often make mention of one Nasycles, who was so famous for his chivalry and prowess that his very name was a warrant of victory to his soldiers, insomuch that after his death, in a great battle his countrymen, being almost discomfited, causing one to put on his armour, they fought afresh, & cried, Nasycles, which so affrighted the enemy that they fled, & were vanquished. To be short, what can a captain, were he never so wise, attempt by policy but he must perform by fortitude? What ambush so cunningly planted but would be overthrown if guarded with cowards? What encounter, though fortune swore the victory, and taken with most great advantage, could be achieved if the captain for fear discourage his soldiers from the assault? Which the forenamed Sergius noted very well, in that how small soever his number was, yet he would always give the onset, saying that soldiers which stood at receipt, & felt the furious attempt of the enemy, were half discomfited. Neither doth liberality prevail to encourage the soldiers to battle when they see their captain stand more upon his purse than his person, & had rather encounter with pelf than with the sword. To confirm which fore-rehearsed premises, pleaseth your honourable patience to give me leave, I will rehearse a pleasant and tragical history.

Priamus taking a delight in his son's discourse, nodding his head gave sufficient proof they were content to be patient auditors, whereupon Hector began his tale thus.

Hector's tragedy.
Audaces fortuna adiuvat

In the kingdom of Egypt, as the chronicles of the Chaldees maketh mention, there ruled sometime as king and sovereign of the country one Sosthenes, a prince whose courts flourished with laurel-wreaths more than with steeled armour, and in whose city of Memphis were more Academies for philosophers than storehouses for warlike munition, as one that delighteth wholly in a peaceable time to apply himself and his subjects to the study of good letters, accounting nothing more precious than what was cunningly begun by nature curiously to be perfected by art. Loved generally he was of his bordering neighbours, in that finding content in his thoughts, he sought not to enlarge that his father had left him by extorting another man's due, but quietly lived a friend to foreign princes,

and studied to keep his own dominions from civil mutinies. Being thus happy, as one that knew not what mishap meant, fortune, intending to make him a particular instance on whom without change to pour her momentane pleasures, lent him three sons.

The eldest, named Frontinus, was from his youth addicted to martial discipline, taking no delight but in armour, insomuch that before he was come to ye age of sixteen years, he excelled most of all ye Egyptian lords in feats of arms, which seeing in a peaceable country he could not practice, he secretly stole from his father and travelled into those parts where he heard blood and revenge were painted on their ensigns, being of such courage and dexterity in the field that the fame of his valour & prowess was not only renowned in the court of Memphis, but blazed throughout the whole world like a second Mars.

His other brother, called Martignanus, contrariwise followed the steps of his father, seeking rather after the precepts of philosophy than ye knowledge of martial discipline, counted that head as glorious that was crowned with a laurel-garland as that which was impaled with a diadem, thinking as great dignity to come from the pen as the sceptre, as high renown to flow from the well-spring of wisdom as from the possession[s] of the greatest monarch in the world, insomuch that neither the Bragmans [=Brahmins], Gymnosophists, Chaldees or other philosophers whatsoever did exceed him either in moral principles or in the physical reasons of natural philosophy.

The youngest, whose name was Ortellius, being neither so martial as Frontinus nor so bookish as Martignanus, yet had a special conceit above them both in the bounty of his mind, being so liberal as he counted no action virtuous which ended not in reward, nor no day well spent wherein he had not bestowed some gift, placing his *summum bonum* in this, that with a restless desire of largess he won the hearts of all the commons of Egypt.

Sosthenes, blessed thus with three such sons as for their several virtues were famous through ye world, feeling that old age, the forerunner of death, had given him summons by his herald, sickness, to pay his debt unto nature, seeing neither crowns nor kingdoms could privilege the necessity of fate, he only sorrowed that at his death his eldest son was wanting, and unknown where, whom otherwise he might in his life have installed in his kingdom, yet using the benefit of time, calling his two sons Martignanus and Ortellius before him with the rest of his nobles, he uttered unto them these words as his last farewell:

Age and time, two things, sons, that men may forethink of but not prevent, have with a fatal necessity enjoined that my soul leave this mortal body and transitory cell to go to that place of rest appointed, according to well deserved actions, for those that pass out of this pilgrimage. Feeling therefore my feeble age to wax weak, and my breath so short as I look every moment to go to my last home, I thought at my death to give some sign of my forepassed life and so to make distribution of my crown and kingdom as no dissension after my death may breed any civil mutiny. This therefore is my will, that Frontinus have my crown and kingdom as his by right and inheritance and by desert of martial discipline, but in his absence, till hearing of my funerals he make repair to Memphis, I

*commit it into the hands of you two, to be governed by your advice, and at his sight, peaceably to be redelivered into his possession. The dukedom of Lysia, Martignanus, I give unto thee, and son Ortellius, to thee I bequeath all my moveables, wealth and treasures whatsoever. Having thus first placed you as joint-partners in a kingdom, take heed, my sons, gaze not too high; aspiring thoughts, as they are lofty, so they are perilous, and danger ever hangs at the heel of ambition. A crown is a sugared object, and there is no sweeter good than sovereignty, but *Est virtus placidis abstinuisse bonis* [=It is a virtue to abstain from things that are pleasant, and therefore seem good]. Take heed; the finest delicates are oft most infectious, and crowns are as brittle as they are glistering. Then live in content; think it is your brother's right, and your father's gift.*

*Son Ortellius [sic for 'Martignanus'?), thou art wise and learned, but beware thou soar not too high in self-conceit, and with Phaeton fall headlong into mishap. Endymion was counted but too rash in falling in love with Luna; *Quae supra nos nihil ad nos* [=That which is above us is nothing to us]. Take heed, my son, *Noli altum sapere* [=Be not too high-minded]; climb not too high in imaginations. Gaze not with the astronomer so long at the stars that thou stumble at a stone; peer not so long at thy book that thou forget domestical affairs; pass not so far in the motions of the heavens that thou be negligent what to do upon earth. Let not the old proverb tread on thy heel, that the greatest clerks are not the wisest men. Thou hast a dukedom; that possess in quiet, and govern with justice; so shalt thou live happy and die honourable.*

Ortellius, to thee I have given all my treasure, so much as exceedeth number, but take heed, for riches are thorns that prick men forward to many mishaps. Be not too prodigal, for of courtesy I need not forewarn thee. Excess in everything is a vice. Goods wasted are like blossoms nipped off with an untimely frost. Poverty is the sorest burden that can fall upon honour, & riches consumed, men cease to be envied & begin to be pitied. But such exchange is miserable. Gifts are little gods, which as they are honoured in time, so the remembrance thereof perisheth with time. Give not, and thou shalt not be galled with ingratitude; ye some give, and be liberal, for it is the cognizance of majesty, but so as respecting the main chance, thou mayest have always to give.

Let a few precepts suffice, and print them well in your hearts, and therefore imitate them in your life, sith I mean to seal them with my death.

After this many days did not pass before Sosthenes died, whose funerals sorrowfully and solemnly celebrated, and they by their father's will and consent of the lords appointed joint-protectors of the kingdom, ambition, ye serpent that slyly insinuateth into men's minds, not suffering love or lordship to brook any fellowship, entering league with envy and fortune, two enemies to peace and prosperity, began to present them with the desire of a kingdom, and to think that fathers' wills were buried with their bodies in their graves, and that for a crown both father and law is to be neglected.

Martignanus, wisest and eldest, thought that Pallas had power on earth as she had in heaven, that men's hearts were tied to their ears, that eloquence could as much prevail to persuade as Mercury's pipe to enchant, that the commons, whose minds were to be won

by plausible discourse, would sooner create him king than his brother. Taking therefore time by the forehead, seeing his eldest brother was absent, and uncertain assurance of his life, he began to imagine how he might displace Ortellius from ye part of such a royal legacy. His mind was not thus fraught with aspiring thoughts but Ortellius was as forward in the same supposition, for feeling by a little experience what a sweet thing it is to command, & taking a delight in the pleasant taste of a crown, he thought by creeping into the commons' hearts to rase his brother quite out of their books, and this his conjecture was somewhat probable. For he considered with himself that *Quid non mortalia pectora cogit auri sacra fames* [=Accursed thirst for gold, what does it not compel mortals to do]; that liberality was the soundest rhetoric; that gifts were books [sic for 'hooks'?] that men would willingly swallow were they never so bare; how wisdom was a good thing, but men did esteem more of gold than of books, and would sooner be won by the feeling of wealth than the hearing of words; that conscience bare no touch where coin brought in her plea; that the common people, whose minds sought after ease and satiety, had rather live rich than wise, and would make more account of a coffer full of gold than of ten of the greatest libraries in the whole world. Hoping upon these conjectures, sparing no expense, sith a day should come that would pay for all, he gave freely of that which his father lent him, keeping great hospitality (a great persuasion to win the common sort), and giving frankly (a bait to allure the highest and wisest peer in the kingdom).

Martignanus, espying a pad in the straw, and seeing how subtilly his brother stole away the commonalty, nay, the whole realm by his liberality, began to check his prodigality in open audience, and with a long discourse to reprehend the spending of his father's goods in such riotous manner. Ortellius taking occasion of these speeches, told him what he spent was upon his friends, and that he could have no surer stewards of his wealth than his faithful and loving subjects, upon which they fell to jar in words, and from words to blows, so that not only the city of Memphis but the whole monarchy of Egypt was in an uproar, and this dissension grew at last to civil mutiny, so that taking arms, the brothers began to encamp themselves in the field, and parts being taken on both sides, Ortellius for his surest placard proclaimed himself king of Egypt, and caused himself to be crowned.

Martignanus, not behind, challenged the diadem, and installed himself with the like proclamation, whereupon in flat terms of defiance they fell to mortal and deadly wars, the eldest with his sweet orations promising so wisely and warely to govern the commonwealth as in choosing him for king they should have peace and quiet as in his father's days, whose virtuous actions he meant to take for a precedent of his government. The youngest swore to be bountiful, and that in taking him for king the streets should flow with milk and honey, & poverty should never be heard within the gates of Memphis. Armed thus on both sides, a day of battle was set wherein, when both the armies were marshaled and placed in their several ranks, and either vantgards ready to join, Martignanus encouraged his soldiers with long & sweet orations, Ortellius promised, if the victory were his, he would bestow all the spoil amongst his men, and make the meanest of them all to live in plenty. The skirmish furiously begun, continuing for the

space of three hours with great massacre and bloodshed, fell at last on Ortellius' side, so that Martignanus was fain to fly, and for safety to encamp himself upon a hill.

While these two brethren continued in civil dissension, fame, the speedy herald of news, had brought it to the ears of Frontinus (who then was in the court of Maesion, the great despot of Africa, and for sundry services valiantly performed in wars in high estimation) how his father was dead and his brothers at strife for the kingdom, upon which report, discovering the news to Maesion, he craved his aid to set him peaceably in his kingdom. The despot of Africa, glad that fortune had offered him occasion to show himself grateful to Frontinus, granted him ten thousand of his best-approved soldiers, all of them so hardy and well experienced in martial discipline that the worst of them would have seemed to have governed a whole army.

Frontinus, guarded thus with these gendarmes, taking his leave of Maesion, passed on in all haste towards Egypt, where after wearisome journeys arrived, he was no sooner entered but report had bruited abroad his return, which no sooner came to the ears of the two brothers but it strook them in a maze, for neither did Martignanus trust so much upon his wisdom nor Ortellius upon his liberality but that they feared to encounter with the fortitude of Frontinus, whose valour was such as his very name was sufficient to repress the rebellious thoughts of his enemies. Now began there to be a combat between envy and ambition, for envy, thirsting for revenge, willed the brethren particularly to revolt to Frontinus, but ambition persuadeth them rather to become friends, and to part a kingdom betwixt them than utterly to be dispossessed from the diadem. Resolving thus with themselves, they concluded friendly, and swore to keep Frontinus from his inheritance, but he whom no report could daunt, drawing nigh to the place where his brethren lay encamped, whom jointly, as he understood, were contracted and resolved to bend both their forces against him, thought to demand his right by courtesy, and so sent one of his lords to know the cause of their civil wars, & to crave a parle. Martignanus, who was very politic, consented, and pledges given on both sides, they met, where after a dissembled courtesy passed between them, Frontinus began in brotherly terms to check their foolish and unbridled presumption, that would so rashly seek each other's overthrow for the momentary possession of another man's right. *The kingdom I mean, quoth he, which my father left me both by will and inheritance, such a legacy as I mean not to lose, nor I hope you intend not to desire; therefore laying down these weapons, and wiping out this civil controversy, dismiss your soldiers, & friendly let us go home to the city.*

You mistake you greatly, quoth Martignanus, for howsoever you conclude your supposed syllogism upon inheritance, we mean to deny your argument by the proof of my father's testament, for as birth by eldership allots you a crown, so his will by command hath deprived you of that privilege, and parted the kingdom betwixt us; therefore without any more frivolous circumstances, for your welcome take this of me: we have it, and we will keep it, despite of him that dare gainsay, swearing until death to maintain our right by the sword.

Frontinus, whose courage could not brook entreaties, especially for his own right, told them that he sorrowed at their follies sith they did not with a deep insight foresee their

own miseries and espy revenge, that presented a fatal tragedy of their misfortunes, and with that he turned his back in great choler, swearing before night either to wear the crown or leave his carcass in the field. Ortellius, smiling at his brother's attempt for that they had ten to one, passing with Martignanus to the army, set their men in array and embattled them with great speed, the one giving encouragement by sweet orations, the other with the remembrance of his forepassed liberality. Frontinus, having ordered his soldiers and come within view, by computation might conjecture that his enemies were about threescore thousand, and seeing his men half frightened at ye presence of such a multitude, began to hasten them forward in this manner:

I need not, worthy gentlemen & soldiers of Africa, seek to encourage you with a long discourse, unless putting oil in the flame I should add a spur to a free horse; your former valiant resolutions manifested in many battles, the honour whereof still glories your names with renown, assures me, were the enemy like the sands in the sea, and Mars opposed against our forces, yet the quarrel good & our minds armed with invincible fortitude, the virtue that dareth fortune in her face, maugre fates and destinies we shall, as ever hitherto we have done, return with conquest. And for that ye cause toucheth myself, and you fellow-partners of my fortunes, I will be the first man in the battle and the last man in the field, unless death give me an honourable quittance of my kingdom. Let me be a mirror this day of your magnanimity; let my actions be your precedents. Press but as far as your general, & courage, gentlemen, the victory is ours. See how my sorrowful countryman stand to receive us, whose cowardice dare scarcely march a foot to meet; I see, yea, I see indeed in their very faces the portraiture. Therefore, God & our right, & with that, catching a strong staff, pulling down his beaver, & putting spurs to his horse, he furiously rushed upon ye enemy, his soldiers following with such a desperate resolution that ye Egyptians, amazed at ye valour of their king, who like a lion massacring whom he met ran without stop through the troops, they laid down their weapons & yielded without any great slaughter, whereupon ye Africans stayed, but Frontinus, forgetful that they were his native countrymen, still raged, till meeting his brother Martignanus, he slew him, & never left murdering till finding out Ortellius, that fled in chase, he gave him his death's-wound. Stayed at last by one of the lords of Africa, & told how the battle was ended by ye submission of his subjects, who were ashamed that they had been so forgetful of their allegiance, causing the retreat to be sounded, he peaceably marched on towards Memphis, where putting certain of the chief offenders to the sword, and interring his brethren, after his coronation he sent the Africans home, well rewarded with many rich presents, to their king, living himself afterward most fortunate.

Hector having ended his tragedy, the Grecians noting in his countenance the very counterfeit of magnanimity, and in discoursing of valour his very face presented a mirror of fortitude, measuring his inward thoughts by his outward gestures, did both commend the history and allow of [+his] censure, saying that where courage menaceth revenge with the sword, there it is folly to bring in wisdom in his purple robes.

Helenus, hearing how the Grecians favoured his brother Hector's verdict, wished them to take heed they infringed not the sacred praise of wisdom. *For, quoth he, as Pallas is*

learned, so she is martial, and Minerva hath as well a spear as a pen. Perhaps Martignanus was only a philosopher & no soldier, whereas by the sequel it is inferred that Frontinus was both wise and valiant, so that adding to his wisdom fortitude, he did the more easily obtain the conquest.

Truth, quoth Nestor, for Hector himself confessed that fortitude could not be without wisdom, seeing being placed between two extreme [sic for 'extremes'?], want of wisdom might make him offend in defect, and so be counted a coward, or in excess, and be thought too desperate. If then fortitude cannot be perfect without wisdom, and yet a man may be wise without courage, it may be concluded that wisdom is the most necessary point in a soldier.

We deny not, quoth Troilus, but it is necessary, but not in the superlative degree, for wisdom supposed the cause, fortitude consequently is the effect, sith the one of itself may intend by policy, but the other is put in practice by prowess.

Still for our purpose, quoth Helenus, for the logicians hold it as a principle that the cause is greater than the effects; the philosophers account a wise man only to be virtuous, thinking that wisdom, being the chief virtue, produceth the rest as seeds sprung from so fair a stem, for it is possible for a man to want others having this, but to possess none if this be absent.

Hector, a little choleric that so bravely they went about to prove his harvest in the grass, stammered out these or suchlike words:

I tell you, brother Helenus, both you and the rest are deceived, & that I will prove against the wisest soldier in the world with my sword, that senators who sit to give counsel for civil policy had need to be wise, sith their opinions are holden for oracles, & captains valiant, whose deeds are accounted peremptory conquests. Put case wisdom & fortitude be in a general, yet is he called wise as he gives judgment, and courageous as with a hardy mind he attempts the victories. Let men have science in their heads, and no weapons in their hands, and whom can they prejudice? I say therefore, which none rightly can gainsay, that fortitude is most necessary for a soldier sith our common phrase confirms my reason with evidence in saying, He is a wise senator, and a hardy soldier.

The Grecians, seeing the sparkling flames of choler to burn in the face of Achilles [sic for 'Hector'], smiled to see how hot he was in disputation, measuring by probable conjecture that if he met them in the field he would affright them more with his sword than either Nestor or Helenus with all their books. Ulysses, merrily disposed, being ready to reply, the ladies came in, who broke off their talk with telling them the unlooked for bravery of Ilium, discoursing so long of the sundry sights they had seen within the walls of Troy till, the board being covered, aged Priamus rising from his seat, placed all his guests down at supper.

The fourth discourse, of liberality.

So desirous were the kings and princes to hear the discourse of liberality to be discussed by Achilles that no sooner was supper ended, and the ladies walked abroad, but that they settling themselves as philosophers in some Academy, framed themselves to be silent auditors to his parle, but he, if possible it had been, unwilling to have been actor in such a royal audience, sat still without pressing to the discovery of ye former purposes, until Hector wakened him out of his melancholy in this manner:

Seeing, honourable Achilles, fortune hath dealt unequally in allotting the former charge to two such as, ignorant of philosophical principles, have rudely delivered what experience hath set down by proof, and now to recompense her wrong proportion hath fore-pointed such a champion to defend the patronage of liberality as hath tempered martial affairs with the sweet dew of sacred sciences, let us not miss of that which the slippery goddess, so chary of, hath given us with such niggardly proportion. It resteth, therefore, you show the necessity of liberality in a soldier, and not only that it is requisite, but more expedient than either wisdom or fortitude, which if you confirm by reasons, and we allow as plausible, we yield ourselves vanquished by him whom we never hoped to overcome.

It standeth, quoth Priamus, for his credit, sith being accounted one of the most worthy soldiers in the world, he cannot but know what is most necessary in the state of a captain.

As Achilles was ready to reply, the ladies came, and desirous to know the effect of their discourse, Ulysses made answer that it was a discovery of women's rhetoric.

And I pray you, sir, quoth Hecuba, what might that be? Do not men and women agree in the principles of that science?

Marry, madam, quoth he, it is to describe the force of liberality, such a sweet plea in a woman's ear that hardly it may be asked that bounty hath not of free will granted, for an ounce of give in a lady's balance weigheth down a pound of love me.

Are you Grecian dames, quoth Hecuba to Iphigenia, so covetous as you measure affection by gold, and tie up fancy in the purse-strings? I am sure my Lord Ulysses speaks by experience, & yet he was never acquainted with any Troian ladies to make proof of their desires.

Iphigenia blushed, and Ulysses, to maintain his quarrel, told them that Juno was jealous as well in earth as in heaven; Venus wanton as well in Paphos as in Cyprus; that the women had generally one mind, wheresoever they were bred, and therefore his conclusion was general.

Hold there, quoth Priamus, these women are but stumbling blocks for our eyes and our thoughts. Let them chat with themselves, and leave us to our discourse. Hecuba sitting down, and the rest of the ladies silent, Achilles, seeing the sovereign of his desire, fair Polyxena, endeavoured to do his best, and therefore thus rudely went to the matter.

Achilles' discourse of liberality.

Orpheus, whose music was so sweet that the poets feign his melody appeased the passionate ghosts from their avails [sic for 'travails'?] when he went for Eurydice, say that he was so bashful in his science, though the most exquisite that ever was, as he blushed to tune his harp before Mercury, whereas Hypercion, an unskilful musician, shamed not to trouble him with his dances. Ignorance hath ever the boldest face; blind Bayard is foremost in the front, and they which worst may, will foremost desire to hold the candle. I speak this sith myself, whom years and experience would have wished to be silent, by too over-rash censuring of a soldier's estate, fondly thrust myself into the opinions of many, resembling herein Minerva's owl, that seeks [sic for 'sticks'?] not to shroud her deformity in the temple. But forward minds, if not offensive, may fore-crave pardon; actions well meant ought to be well taken. Honour judgeth with partiality in being opinative towards strangers; majesty winketh at follies, and sooner will Jupiter bear with a fault than Vulcan. The higher thoughts, the sooner pleased, which considered, I am the more bold in such an audience to hazard my credit on the sequel of their verdicts, and rather be counted a little too rash than too much unruly. Hoping therefore my discourse shall be favoured with your honourable patience, thus to the purpose.

Hermes Trismegistus, whom some for his divine precepts have thought to be the son of Mercury, made such account of this virtue of liberality that he doubted not to call it the heavenly influence that the gods most niggardly had infused into the minds of men, this resembling their deities, that they grudged not to impart what fortune frankly had bestowed upon them. For the philosopher that coveteth in his *Ethics* to pen down a platform for the perfecting of human life, amongst other virtues placeth this as forerunner of them all, inferring his argument for proof *a contrarijs*. *If, saith he, covetousness be the root of all ill, from whence proceeds, as from a fountain of mishap, the ruin of commonwealths, the subversion of estates, & the wrack of economical societies; if from thence hath issue injustice, robbery, the stain of conscience, slaughters, treasons, breach of amity, confusion of mind, and a million of other mischievous enormities, how precious a jewel, how divine a motion, how sweet a virtue is liberality, that preserveth all these in a true and peaceable concord?* Prodigality, which without care wasteth what time and diligence by long travail hath purchased, is such a moth to eat out the labours of men that our predecessors called it a fire of the mind, which is so impatient in heat as it ceaseth not, while any matter combustible is present, to burn necessary things to very dust and cinders. Through this cometh poverty, want, distress, and in the end despair, whereas liberality, the contrary to this vice, keepeth such a direct mean between both as it preserveth fortune, fame and honour in their just and equal proportion.

So exquisite are the principles to be observed in this virtue as it sufficeth not to attain to the perfection of it by giving, only respecting the circumstances of time, person and quality, but in receiving standeth the principal point of liberality, for if either we take from him that can ill spare it, or more than desert affords, or without a resolution to be grateful, did we ourselves give mountains, yet we cannot be honoured with the title of liberality in that by greedy receipt of untimely gifts we bewray certain sparks of insatiable covetise which Lysander noted very well, who being presented by certain of his

poor neighbours with sundry presents, sent them all home, but with great thanks, saying to one of his friends: *Seest thou not how liberal Lysander hath been today in bestowing so many good gifts upon poor men? Nay, I have not,* quoth his friend, *seen thee give anything at all. But I have,* answered Lysander, *returned those presents which I could not have taken without their hindrance,* meaning that prejudicial gifts are rubbed with dishonour, and bring with them hatred and infamy. Theocritus, an ancient poet of ours, calleth liberality the thief that most secretly stealeth away the minds of men. His reason is that that all estates, for the most part addicted to covetousness and greedy desire of gain, cast their eyes ever after that object that glistereth most with riches, and set their opinions and censures with partiality on those whom fortune hath favoured with many treasures. Such, saith he, (as most be) that are blinded with this covetous desire are tied so strictly to the purse of a liberal man as he may at his pleasure draw to what he purposeth to employ their use. In such estimation have our predecessors had this virtue that they accounted not that day amongst the terms of their years wherein they did not liberally bestow some benefits.

But to touch more particularly a perfect discourse, and to prove that it is necessary in a soldier, let us note the end of martial desires, which I remember once I heard Theseus divide into three parts: the first and principal, honour, generally aimed at by all, but specially belonging to the captains, yet due to the meanest soldier for his prowess; the second, the conquest, which fortune imparteth as her favour to the general, and fame to the rest of the soldiers; the last, a desire of spoil and treasures gotten with the sword, and so hardly attained with the hazard of life. This ought the common sort of mercenary soldiers to have as their due as a recompense for their perils and an encourage to such warlike endeavours, for if the conquest and honour be allotted to the captain, what great injustice is it to deny the rest the benefit of a little momentary pelf, which moved a worthy captain of Thebes, when he had obtained a victory against the Lacedaemonians, of all the spoil only to take one sword, distributing the rest amongst his soldiers, saying: *Fellows in arms, this I challenge sith I wrung it out of the hand of mine enemy; whatsoever else is yours as the reward of your travails, for the Theban senators war for honour, not for treasure.*

The mercenary man that beareth arms for hire, and for his ordinary pay feareth not to venture his life in the face of his enemy, having but his wages, he hath but his bare due, so that if hope of spoil and the bounty of his captain did not encourage him in his attempts, he would both doubt the danger of his person, and scorn for so little gain to run upon such imminent perils, which caused Zoroaster, in his great war against the Egyptians, to give rich gifts to the meanest of his soldiers, promising the spoils of Egypt for the guerdon of their valour, his liberality taking such effect as he returned with conquest. The great monarch of the world, whose name I need not rehearse, did see that liberality was such a glory in a captain, and such a spur to a soldier, that at his departure out of Greece with resolution to make a general conquest of the whole world, he gave to his captains & other men-at-arms all his riches, treasures and possessions, reserving only for himself the hope of the prowess [sic?]. For what doth the wisdom of the captain by long and sweet orations and sundry policies? What doth the fortitude of a general by hazarding himself among the thickest of his enemies prevail? Only in these two points:

he aimeth at his own profit, the overthrow of his enemy, and perhaps a little encourageth his soldiers. But what reaps the mercenary and popular man, if withal he be covetous, but scars, wounds and penury? Nay, what doth the captain get, if with a deep insight he looketh into the soldier's mind, but a dissimuled love, a secret hate, an intended contempt, and a forced courage rather to defend themselves from peril than to hazard their lives for his safety, whereas the captain that is liberal, not only in paying their wages (which I count it a sacrilege to deny), but in imparting the spoil (which I hold as their due), so tieth the minds of his soldiers to him with an unfeigned affection that they count no peril too dangerous, no attempt too hard, no, nor force not of death to signify their love and desire to recompense his liberality. I remember I have read of Cassius, a Barbarian prince, which intending wars to the Libyans, coming with a small power into Libya, passed with little resistance even to the very pavilion of their king, where after a small skirmish he took him prisoner, and used him princely, blaming his soldiers that would not adventure more desperately for the safety of their prince. After, passing into the city, in sacking his palace he found such infinite treasure as might have hired a multitude of mercenary men for the defence of his county. Whereupon, noting the covetise of the man, he so hated him that, shutting him in his treasury amongst all his gold, he pined him to death, saying he was worthy of all mishap that would not continually keep ten legions of soldiers to eat up such riches, by which we see what contempt a covetous captain incurreth by his niggardise, whereas liberality is an ornament both to wisdom and fortitude, & such a precious jewel as no value may suffice to estimate. To confirm which, as Hector and Helenus have done, I mean to rehearse a tragedy, so your honourable presence shall favour me with patience.

Achilles seeing by their countenance they expected no less, began his tale in this manner.

Achilles' tragedy
Index animi liberalitas

In the city of Athens (famous through the world for philosophers and soldiers), amongst the senators, for the state of the city was *aristocratia*, there ruled as chief (honoured generally for his good parts) one Roxander, chosen by the consent of the senate dictator in the wars, this [sic for 'that?'] being elected captain, was so favoured by fortune as he never waged battle wherein he remained not victor, insomuch as the fame of his happy success was a warrant to the Athenians of their safety. Of stature he was small, of mean courage, no man greatly lettered, but to recompense these defects, he was of such exceeding bounty and liberality to all men, but especially to his soldiers, that his very countenance was sufficient to encourage the most bashful coward to the combat. For the Athenians by their law gave all the spoils gotten in wars to the captain, only appointing to the soldiers their ordinary pay, but Roxander, as he triumphed in many victories, never enriched himself, but equally imparted the treasures of the enemy amongst the soldiers according to their deserts, being of such a liberal mind towards them that professed martial discipline that at his own charges he founded hospitals for such as were maimed in the wars, that their relief might add a glory to his renown, giving dowries to the

daughters of such as were slain, and in peace being a father to all them over whom he had been a captain in wars.

Envy, the secret enemy of honour, grudging as well at his virtues as his fortunes, brought him in as deep hate with the senators as he was in favour with the soldiers, for they suspecting that he meant by his liberality to insinuate into the hearts of the commons, and to steal away the minds of the popular sort, so to plant himself as sole governor (the only thing they feared, lest their aristocracy should be reduced to a monarchy), by a penal law called ostracism, found fault with his aspiring, and so did not only confiscate his goods, but condemn him forever into exile. Roxander, having the sentence of his banishment pronounced, thinking fortune meant to give him a check, thought as roughly to deal with her, and therefore put up her abuse with patience, smiling that when the senate had prized the inventory of his goods, the sum amounted not to so much as would discharge his passage into Sicilia, whither he was banished. But the soldiers and the popular sort, hearing of this injury, as men furious, got them to arms, and in great multitude flocked to the door of the senate-house, where they swore to revenge the wrong offered to Roxander. The senators and censors with other officers of the city sought by threats and other persuasions to appease them, but in vain, till that Roxander, preferring the quiet of his country before his own private welfare, standing upon the stairs descending from the council-chamber, pacified them with this brief oration:

Citizens of Athens, famous through all Greece for your dutiful obedience in peace and resolute endeavours in wars, accounted the precedents of perfect subjects by manifesting reverence to such as the gods have placed as gods to govern men, I mean the grave and wise senators, what madness hath incensed your minds? What fury hath forced this uproar? What means the noise of armour & the weapons as fearful object in such a peaceable time unless, desirous to seek your own ruin, you intend a civil mutiny, the fall of yourselves, and the fatal mishap of your posterity? What do you want? Who hath offered wrong? Are not the senators set to minister justice?

And with that, before he could utter any more words they cried out:

We swear to keep thee from banishment, and have sworn to revenge thy injury, whom we love more than all the senators.

After the noise was so ceased that he might be heard, Roxander went forward in his speech:

If it be for me, worthy citizens, you have taken armour in seeking to grace me with your favour, you pinch me with dishonour; in coveting my liberty, you bring me within the bondage of infamy. The senate hath passed judgment against me in justice, and I content to brook the penalty of the law with patience. Offences must be punished, and punishments borne with quiet, not with revenge. Have I lived forty year a dutiful subject in Athens, and shall I now by your means be accounted a mutinous rebel? No, loving countrymen. If ever my deserts have been such as ye think me your friend, lay away your

weapons, return every man to his own house. So shall Roxander account you his friends; otherwise, forever take you as his enemies.

No sooner had he spoken these words but every man peaceably, though sorrowfully, went home to his house, and he within three days sailed poor and dismissed into Sicilia. Roxander had not lived long in exile but a quarrel grew between the Thebans and the Athenians about the deflowering of a maid of Athens, whereupon, as envy stirreth up a secret grudge soon to revenge, the Athenians, by advice of the senate, mustered their men, levied a great host over whom there was appointed six wise and grave senators, the youngest of which had been beforetimes dictator, to have the conduct of the army, and over them all as general was placed Clytomaches, a man of invincible valour and fortitude. Stored thus with men and munition, with wise and valiant chieftains, they passed on towards Thebes, by the way giving assault to a strong and rich city called Lisium. The soldiers, thinking to find in Clytomaches Roxander's liberality, so furiously gave onset that in short time and without any great loss they scaled the walls and almost put all to the edge of the sword. The soldiers thus courageously having entered combat and won the conquest as beforetime they had done, entering into every house to fetch out the spoil, general proclamation was made that no man upon pain of death should take one penny, but that everyone should return to the camp, which so amazed and discouraged ye mercenary men that with heartless groans they went straggling to the tents, the senators entering the houses and possessing such spoil that they sent home wagons laden with treasure to Athens.

After thus they had sacked the city, the Thebans, hearing of this victory, gathering their forces together marched on to meet them, and in a plain not far from Lisium gave them the encounter with such desire to revenge as the Athenians were forced a little to retire, but Clytomaches, whose courage no peril could daunt, encouraged his men, and for proof of his own resolution was foremost in the vanward, laying on such blows as he gave witness how willing he was to be victor. The senators likewise with eloquent phrases sought to encourage, but to small purpose, for the soldiers warely retiring, never stood stroke till they harboured themselves within the city, where rampiring up the gates like cowards, they dishonoured the forgotten fame and honour of Athens. The Thebans, whose teeth were set on edge with this repulse, laid leaguer to the walls, and compassing the city with a double trench thought either to make them issue out to the battle or else to force them yield by famine. The soldiers, careless and heartless, would scarce make defence on the walls, which the senators seeing, one of them stepped up, and calling them all into the market made them this oration:

Worthy citizens and soldiers of Athens, shall we be such cowards as to measure our thoughts by the favours of fortune, or resemble those bad hounds that at the first fault give over the chase? Shall the foil of a little skirmish affright those minds that hitherto have been invincible? Shall dishonour tear the laurel from our heads which we have worn for so many triumphs? Shall the Thebans, who have ever feared our forces, hold us begirt as bondslaves within a city? Shall ye town which of late we subdued be a harbour for ourselves against the enemy? Shall I say the world canonize our cowardice in ye records of infamy that hitherto hath emblazed our fame with restless praises? No,

soldiers and fellow-companions in arms & in fortunes, let this check be a spur to revenge, let us thirst with a passionate desire till with conquest or an honourable death we win the glory we have lost. Our silver hairs, weakened in many forepassed battles ended to the honour of the Athenians, although they might be warrants of rest, shall not privilege us from hazarding ourselves amidst the thickest of our enemies, so that encouraged and as men resolved to die or within [sic for 'win'?] the field you will with us issue out to put these unskilful Thebans from their trenches.

The soldiers (so had ye discourteous covetise quatted their courage), as men not hearing, slipped away murmuring, as malcontent, which Clytomaches espying, drawing forth his sword, cried out unto them:

How are you besotted, soldiers of Athens? Why, are your ears enchanted, that the wisdom of the senate is holden frivolous? For shame, seek not after dishonour. Behold, Clytomaches, your captain, will be the first man that shall enter the trench of the enemy. This sword, this hand, this heart, companions, shall foreguard you, as more willing to die than to brook this discredit, and if you be so obstinate, take this blade and sacrifice my blood, that dying I may shun that shame which for our cowardice is like to light on our heads.

In vain did Clytomaches cry out, for the soldiers went their way, and as melancholy men sat straggling and full of dumps in the streets. Long had they not been thus beleaguered but that news was brought to Roxander what mishap had fallen on his country. He, whom injury nor death could not withhold from wishing well to Athens, rather determined to hazard his life by breaking the ostracism in returning from exile than to be thought a fearful and base-minded coward. Passing therefore with as much speed as might be from Sicilia in poor and unknown attire, he landeth in the promontory of Lisium within three leagues of the camp, where he had not wandered half a mile but by the scouts he was taken prisoner and carried to the senate of Thebes, who thinking that Roxander was banished, took him for a poor Sicilian (as he feigned himself), & suffered him to remain quiet with free liberty to pass and repass at his liberty.

Roxander continuing thus amongst the Thebans, hearing that the city began to want victuals, and how the soldiers, mutinous, were about to deliver up the city despite of the senate upon composition, late in an evening getting close to the walls, called to the watch and told them he had a letter to deliver from Roxander to the soldiers of Athens. *Why, villain, quoth the watchman, thou art mad. Roxander is banished. Truth, quoth he, but returned, and taken prisoner by the Thebans, who tomorrow by eight of the clock shall suffer death is he be not set free. For confirmation of my words deliver this letter to his son, who knowing his father's hand, may both read it and witness it to the soldiers.* The watchman, hearing such sensible reasons to persuade him, took the letter, and Roxander secretly stole again to the camp. No sooner did the morning star & blushing Aurora begin to course [sic for 'rouse'?] herself from the bed of Titan but the watchman hied with the letter into the city and sought out Roxander's son, who was of no better account than a mercenary soldier, and to him imparted the whole matter, who receiving the letter, found that it was his father's writing, whereupon taking the watchman with him, calling

the soldiers by sound of a trumpet to the market-place, he discoursed unto them first whose son he was, secondly what had passed the last night between the watchman and an unknown man of his father's imprisonment and the speediness of his death, for proof whereof he read them the letter as followeth:

Roxander's letter

The distress of my country bruited into Sicilia, where I lived poor and exiled, such was the care I had of the commonwealth as I chose rather to die by breaking the law of the ostracism than to be counted slack in attempting what I might for the benefit of Athens. Honours are not tied to times, nor courage to places; death is sweeter than discontent, and more glorious is it to perish in wishing well to Athens than in lying quiet in Sicilia. The Thebans have overcome. That grieves me not, sith it is but a brave of fortune, whose favours are inconstant, whose frowns are momentary, whose check is the step to good hap. The Athenians are vanquished. What of this? Men are subject to the pleasures of opportunities; their actions have not always prosperity favourable. Time changeth, and more honour is gotten in a moment than hath been lost in a month. The Athenians are rampired as cowards within walls. This, countrymen, pincheth Roxander at the heart, that famous Athens, renowned Athens, Athens that was the chieftain of Greece for warlike attempts, should be stained with dishonour and cowardice. Yea, countrymen and soldiers, Roxander in bands in the hands of his enemies, ready to die, grieveth at this disgrace, and blusheth more to hear the Thebans call you cowards than to hear them pronounce the sentence of death. Once, worthy soldiers, you sought to free me from the hands of the senate, which were my friends; now seek to rid me from the Thebans, my foes and your enemies, who intend to kill Roxander only because he is Roxander, whose liberality was the cause of your favours. This if I obtain, I only in recompense promise to be thankful. Farewell.

Roxander, the friend to Athens.

No sooner had his son read the letter but that the soldiers shouted at the very name of Roxander, & pulling his son from ye place where he stood, made him their captain. The senators, hearing this alarum, were driven into a maze, till one of ye captains discoursed to them from point to point the fore-rehearsed premises, whereat being astonied, coming in with Clytomaches into the market-place, they found the soldiers in arms and in array ready to march towards the gate of the city. Clytomaches, willing to stay them that they might not issue out without advice, could not prevail, but breaking down the rampires as madmen crying, *Roxander, liberal Roxander*, they issued out, little looked for by the Thebans, who notwithstanding, standing within their trenches in defence, the Athenians so valiantly gave ye onset that in a desperate manner, as men contemning death, they ran upon the pikes, & presently discomfited th' enemy with such a slaughter as not one was left alive to carry news to Thebes of their loss. The retrait sounded, Roxander presented himself, whom with such loving submission they received, and he returning such lowly thanks to the soldiers, that they calling to remembrance first the injury the senators offered Roxander in his banishment, and their wrong at the sack of Lisium for division of spoil, that like men haunted with a fury, running into the city, before Roxander could

know the cause of the hurly-burly, they sought out the senators and Clytomaches, and put them to the edge of the sword, presenting their heads to Roxander, who with tears disallowing their disobedience, and with threats showing himself discontent, was notwithstanding, maugre his teeth, created again dictator, in which estate he lived long after in Athens.

Achilles' tragedy ended, aged Priamus, standing up, gave his verdict upon their discourse in this manner:

Although, worthy Grecians, I am not called to be a judge in this controversy, yet friendly and freely let me say that such a perfect division of qualities, or rather virtues, necessary and incident in a soldier hath been so lively portrayed, and figured forth in such comely colours, as it is hard to censure whether of them holds the supremacy, for wisdom being the means do [sic for 'to'?] dispose the army in his due order, and to have an insight by policy to prevent what the enemy can intend, yet it is but a shadow drawn with a pencil unless fortitude & courage perform that in action which hath been purposed and determined by wisdom, neither can these two have long continuance and good success except liberality, as a link to knit these two in their forces, presents the minds of the soldiers captivate by their captain's bounty. Then of these premises we may conclude that none can come to ye perfection of a soldier unless he be both wise, valiant and liberal.

With this grave censure of Priamus they rested all contented, except the ladies, who seeing Phoebus so fast declining to the west, hastened on Achilles to depart. He, fettered with the love of Polyxena, would willingly have persuaded a nightly rest at Troy but that his thoughts would have been discerned. To prevent therefore all occasions of suspicion, he made haste, so that taking his leave of Primus, Hector & the rest of the kings and princes resident at Troy, mounting upon horse he went with Iphigenia and the ladies to their pavilions.

Ite domum saturae, venit Hesperus: Ite capellae [=Go homeward, having fed your fill; the evening star is rising. Go, my she-goats].