

PANDOSTO

The Triumph of Time

Wherein is discovered by a pleasant history that, although by the means of sinister fortune truth may be concealed, yet by time, in spite of fortune, it is most manifestly revealed.

Pleasant for age to avoid drowsy thoughts, profitable for youth to eschew other wanton pastimes, and bringing to both a desired content.

Temporis filia veritas.

By Robert Greene, Master of Arts in Cambridge.

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit vile dulci.

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1588

To the gentlemen readers, health.

The paltering poet Aphranus, being blamed for troubling ye Emperor Trajan with so many doting poems, adventured notwithstanding still to present him with rude and homely verses, excusing himself with the courtesy of ye Emperor, which did as friendly accept as he fondly offered. So, gentlemen, if any condemn my rashness for troubling your ears with so many unlearned pamphlets, I will straight shroud myself under the shadow of your courtesies, & with Aphranus lay the blame on you as well for friendly reading them as on myself for fondly penning them, hoping though fond curious, or rather curish, backbiters breathe out slanderous speeches, yet the courteous readers (whom I fear to offend) will requite my travail, at the least with silence, and in this hope I rest, wishing you health and happiness.

Robert Greene.

To the right honourable George Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, Robert Greene wisheth
increase of honour and virtue.

The Rascians (right Honourable) when by long gazing against the sun they become half blind, recover their sights by looking on the black loadstone. Unicorns being gluttoned with browsing on roots of licorice sharpen their stomachs with crushing bitter grass.

Alexander vouchsafed as well to smile at the crooked picture of Vulcan as to wonder at the curious counterfeit of Venus. The mind is sometimes delighted as much with small trifles as with sumptuous triumphs, and as well pleased with hearing of Pan's homely fancies as of Hercules' renowned labours.

Silly Baucis could not serve Jupiter in a silver plate, but in a wooden dish. All that honour Aesculapius deck not his shrine with jewels. Apollo gives oracles as well to the poor man for his mite as to the rich man for his treasure. The stone echites is not so much liked for the colour as for virtue, and gifts are not to be measured by the worth but by the will. Myson, that unskilful painter of Greece, adventured to give unto Darius the shield of Pallas so roughly shadowed as he smiled more at the folly of the man than at the imperfection of his art. So I present unto your Honour *The Triumph of Time* so rudely finished as I fear your Honour will rather frown at my impudency than laugh at my ignorancy, but I hope my willing mind shall excuse my slender skill, and your Honour's courtesy shadow my rashness.

They which fear the biting of vipers do carry in their hands the plumes of a phoenix. Phidias drew Vulcan sitting in a chair of ivory. Caesar's crow durst never cry *Ave* but when she was perked on the Capitol. And I seek to shroud this imperfect pamphlet under your Honour's patronage, doubting the dint of such envenomed vipers as seek with their slanderous reproaches to carp at all, being oftentimes most unlearned of all, and assure myself that your Honour's renowned valour and virtuous disposition shall be a sufficient defence to protect me from the poisoned tongues of such scorning sycophants, hoping that as Jupiter vouchsafed to lodge in Philemon's thatched cottage, and Philip of Macedon to take a bunch of grapes of a country peasant, so I hope your Honour, measuring my work by my will, and weighing more the mind than the matter, will, when you have cast a glance at this toy, with Minerva under your golden target cover a deformed owl. And in this hope I rest, wishing unto you and the virtuous Countess, your wife, such happy success as your Honours can desire, or I imagine.

Your Lordship's most dutifully to command,
Robert Greene.

The History of Dorastus and Fawnia

Among all the passions wherewith human minds are perplexed, there is none that so galleth with restless despite as that infectious sore of jealousy, for all other griefs are either to be appeased with sensible persuasions, to be cured with wholesome counsel, to be relieved in want, or by tract of time to be worn out, jealousy only excepted, which is so sauced with suspicious doubts and pinching mistrust that whoso seeks by friendly counsel to raze out this hellish passion, it forthwith suspecteth that he giveth this advice to cover his own guiltiness. Yea, whoso is pained with this restless torment doubteth all, distrusteth himself, is always frozen with fear and fired with suspicion, having that wherein consisteth all his joy to be the breeder of his misery. Yea, 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 razed out by spiteful distrust there oft ensueth bloody revenge, as this ensuing history manifestly proveth, wherein Pandosto, furiously incensed by causeless jealousy, procured the death of his most loving and loyal wife and his own endless sorrow and misery.

In the country of Bohemia there reigned a king called Pandosto, whose fortunate success in wars against his foes and bountiful courtesy towards his friends in peace made him to be greatly feared and loved of all men. This Pandosto had to wife a lady called Bellaria, by birth royal, learned by education, fair by nature, by virtues famous, so that it was hard to judge whether her beauty, fortune or virtue won the greatest commendations. These two, linked together in perfect love, led their lives with such fortunate content that their subjects greatly rejoiced to see their quiet disposition. They had not been married long but Fortune, willing to increase their happiness, lent them a son so adorned with the gifts of nature as the perfection of the child greatly augmented the love of the parents and the joy of their commons, insomuch that the Bohemians, to show their inward joys by outward actions, made bonfires and triumphs throughout all the kingdom, appointing jousts and tourneys for the honour of their young prince, whither resorted not only his nobles, but also divers kings and princes which were his neighbours, willing to show their friendship they owed to Pandosto and to win fame and glory by their prowess and valour. Pandosto, whose mind was fraught with princely liberality, entertained the kings, princes and noblemen with such submissive courtesy and magnificent bounty that they all saw how willing he was to gratify their goodwills, making a general feast for his subjects which continued by the space of twenty days, all which time the jousts and tourneys were kept, to the great content both of the lords and ladies there present.

This solemn triumph being once ended, the assembly taking their leave of Pandosto and Bellaria, the young son, who was called Garinter, was nursed up in the house to the great joy and content of the parents. Fortune, envious of such happy success, willing to show some sign of her inconstancy, turned her wheel and darkened their bright sun of prosperity with the misty clouds of mishap and misery. For it so happened that Egistus, King of Sicilia, who in his youth had been brought up with Pandosto, desirous to show that neither tract of time nor distance of place could diminish their former friendship, provided a navy of ships and sailed into Bohemia to visit his old friend and companion, who hearing of his arrival, went himself in person, and his wife Bellaria, accompanied

with a great train of lords and ladies, to meet Egistus, and espying him, alighted from his horse, embraced him very lovingly, protesting that nothing in the world could have happened more acceptable to him than his coming, wishing his wife to welcome his old friend and acquaintance, who, to show how she liked him whom her husband loved, entertained him with such familiar courtesy as Egistus perceived himself to be very well welcome.

After they had thus saluted and embraced each other, they mounted again on horseback and rode towards the city, devising and recounting how, being children, they had passed their youth in friendly pastimes, where by the means of the citizens Egistus was received with triumphs and shows in such sort that he marvelled how on so small a warning they could make such preparation. Passing the streets thus with such rare sights they rode on to the palace, where Pandosto entertained Egistus and his Sicilians with such banqueting and sumptuous cheer so royally as they all had cause to commend his princely liberality, yea, the very basest slave that was known to come from Sicilia was used with such courtesy that Egistus might easily perceive how both he and his were honoured for his friend's sake.

Bellaria, who in her time was the flower of courtesy, willing to show how unfeignedly she loved her husband by his friend's entertainment, used him likewise so familiarly that her countenance betrayed how her mind was affected towards him, oftentimes coming herself into his bedchamber to see that nothing should be amiss to mislike him.

This honest familiarity increased daily more and more betwixt them, for Bellaria noting in Egistus a princely and bountiful mind adorned with sundry and excellent qualities, and Egistus finding in her a virtuous and courteous disposition, there grew such a secret uniting of their affections that the one could not well be without the company of the other, insomuch that when Pandosto was busied with such urgent affairs that he could not be present with his friend Egistus, Bellaria would walk with him into the garden, where they two in private and pleasant devices would pass away the time to both their contents. This custom still continuing betwixt them, a certain melancholy passion entering the mind of Pandosto drove him into sundry and doubtful thoughts. First, he called to mind the beauty of his wife Bellaria, the comeliness and bravery of his friend Egistus, thinking that love was above all laws and therefore to be stayed with no law, that it was hard to put fire and flax together without burning, that their open pleasures might breed his secret displeasures. He considered with himself that Egistus was a man and must needs love, that his wife was a woman and therefore subject unto love, and that where fancy forced, friendship was of no force.

These and suchlike doubtful thoughts a long time smothering in his stomach began at last to kindle in his mind a secret mistrust which, increased by suspicion, grew at last to a flaming jealousy that so tormented him as he could take no rest. He then began to measure all their actions and to misconstrue of their too private familiarity, judging that it was not for honest affection but for disordinate fancy, so that he began to watch them more narrowly to see if he could get any true or certain proof to confirm his doubtful suspicion.

While thus he noted their looks and gestures, and suspected their thoughts and meanings, they two silly souls, who doubted nothing of this his treacherous intent, frequented daily each other's company, which drove him into such a frantic passion that he began to bear a secret hate to Egistus and a lowering countenance to Bellaria, who marvelling at such unaccustomed frowns began to cast beyond the moon and to enter into a thousand sundry thoughts which way she should offend her husband, but finding in herself a clear conscience, ceased to muse until such time as she might find fit opportunity to demand the cause of his dumps.

In the meantime Pandosto's mind was so far charged with jealousy that he did no longer doubt, but was assured (as he thought) that his friend Egistus had entered a wrong point in his tables, and so had played him false play, whereupon (desirous to revenge so great an injury) he thought best to dissemble the grudge with a fair and friendly countenance, and so, under the shape of a friend, to show him the trick of a foe. Devising with himself a long time how he might best put away Egistus without suspicion of treacherous murder, he concluded at last to poison him, which opinion pleasing his humour, he became resolute in his determination, and the better to bring the matter to pass he called unto him his cup-bearer, with whom in secret he brake the matter, promising to him for the performance thereof to give him a thousand crowns of yearly revenues.

His cup-bearer (either being of a good conscience, or willing for fashion's sake to deny such a bloody request) began with great reasons to persuade Pandosto from his determinate mischief, showing him what an offence murder was to the gods, how such unnatural actions did more displease the heavens than men, and that causeless cruelty did seldom or never escape without revenge. He laid before his face that Egistus was his friend, a king, and one that was come into his kingdom to confirm a league of perpetual amity betwixt them, that he had and did show him a most friendly countenance, how Egistus was not only honoured of his own people by obedience but also loved of the Bohemians for his courtesy, and that if now he should without any just or manifest cause poison him, it would not only be a great dishonour to his majesty and a means to sow perpetual enmity between the Sicilians and the Bohemians, but also his own subjects would repine at such treacherous cruelty.

These and suchlike persuasions of Franion (for so was his cup-bearer called) could no whit prevail to dissuade him from his devilish enterprise, but remaining resolute in his determination (his fury so fired with rage as it could not be appeased with reason), he began with bitter taunts to take up his man, and to lay before him two baits: preferment and death, saying that if he would poison Egistus he should advance him to high dignities; if he refused to do it of an obstinate mind, no torture should be too great to requite his disobedience.

Franion, seeing that to persuade Pandosto any more was but to strive against the stream, consented as soon as opportunity would give him leave to dispatch Egistus, wherewith Pandosto remained somewhat satisfied, hoping that now he should be fully revenged of

such mistrusted injuries, intending also as soon as Egistus was dead to give his wife a sop of the same sauce, and so be rid of those which were the cause of his restless sorrow.

While thus he lived in this hope, Franion, being secret in his chamber, began to meditate with himself in these terms:

Ah Franion, treason is loved of many, but the traitor hated of all. Unjust offences may for a time escape without danger, but never without revenge. Thou art servant to a king, and must obey at command. Yet, Franion, against law and conscience it is not good to resist a tyrant with arms nor to please an unjust king with obedience. What shalt thou do? Folly refuseth gold, and frenzy preferment; wisdom seeketh after dignity, and counsel looketh for gain. Egistus is a stranger to thee, and Pandosto thy sovereign. Thou hast little cause to respect the one, and oughtest to have great care to obey the other. Think this, Franion, that a pound of gold is worth a tun of lead, great gifts are little gods, and preferment to a mean man is a whetstone to courage. There is nothing sweeter than promotion, nor lighter than report. Care not then though most count thee a traitor, so all call thee rich. Dignity, Franion, advanceth thy posterity, and evil report can hurt but thyself. Know this: where eagles build, falcons may prey; where lions haunt, foxes may steal; kings are known to command, servants are blameless to consent. Fear not thou then to lift at Egistus; Pandosto shall bear the burden. Yea, but Franion, conscience is a worm that ever biteth, but never ceaseth. That which is rubbed with the stone galactites will never be hot. Flesh dipped in the sea Aegeum will never be sweet. The herb tragion, being once bit with an aspis, never groweth, and conscience once stained with innocent blood is always tied to a guilty remorse. Prefer thy content before riches, and a clear mind before dignity. So, being poor, thou shalt have rich peace, or else rich, thou shalt enjoy disquiet.

Franion having muttered out these or suchlike words, seeing either he must die with a clear mind or live with a spotted conscience, he was so cumbered with divers cogitations that he could take no rest until at last he determined to break the matter to Egistus, but fearing that the King should either suspect or hear of such matters, he concealed the device till opportunity would permit him to reveal it. Lingerin thus in doubtful fear, in an evening he went to Egistus' lodging, and desirous to break with him of certain affairs that touched the King, after all were commanded out of the chamber Franion made manifest the whole conspiracy which Pandosto had devised against him, desiring Egistus not to account him a traitor for betraying his master's counsel, but to think that he did it for conscience, hoping that, although his master, inflamed with rage or incensed by some sinister reports or slanderous speeches, had imagined such causeless mischief, yet when time should pacify his anger and try those talebearers but flattering parasites, then he would count him as a faithful servant that with such care had kept his master's credit.

Egistus had not fully heard Franion tell forth his tale but a quaking fear possessed all his limbs, thinking that there was some treason wrought, and that Franion did but shadow his craft with these false colours, wherefore he began to wax in choler and said that he doubted not Pandosto sith he was his friend and there had never as yet been any breach of amity. He had not sought to invade his lands, to conspire with his enemies, to dissuade his subjects from their allegiance, but in word and thought he rested his at all times. He

knew not therefore any cause that should move Pandosto to seek his death, but suspected it to be a compacted knavery of the Bohemians to bring the King and him at odds.

Franion, staying him in the midst of his talk, told him that to dally with princes was with the swans to sing against their death, and that if the Bohemians had intended any such secret mischief, it might have been better brought to pass than by revealing the conspiracy, therefore his Majesty did ill to misconstrue of his good meaning sith his intent was to hinder treason, not to become a traitor, and to confirm his promises, if it please his Majesty to flee into Sicilia for the safeguard of his life, he would go with him, and if then he found not such a practice to be pretended, let his imagined treachery be repaid with most monstrous torments.

Egistus, hearing the solemn protestation of Franion, began to consider that in love and kingdoms neither faith nor law is to be respected, doubting that Pandosto thought by his death to destroy his men, and with speedy war to invade Sicilia. These and such doubts throughly weighed, he gave great thanks to Franion, promising if he might with life return to Syracuse that he would create him a duke in Sicilia, craving his counsel how he might escape out of the country. Franion, who having some small skill in navigation was well acquainted with the ports and havens and knew every danger in the sea, joining in counsel with the master of Egistus' navy rigged all their ships, and setting them afloat let them lie at anchor to be in the more readiness when time and wind should serve.

Fortune, although blind, yet by chance favouring this just cause, sent them within six days a good gale of wind, which Franion seeing fit for their purpose, to put Pandosto out of suspicion, the night before they should sail he went to him and promised that the next day he would put the device in practice, for he had got such a forcible poison as the very smell thereof should procure sudden death. Pandosto was joyful to hear this good news, and thought every hour a day till he might be glutted with bloody revenge, but his suit had but ill success, for Egistus, fearing that delay might breed danger, and willing that the grass should not be cut from under his feet, taking bag and baggage, with the help of Franion conveyed himself and his men out of a postern gate of the city so secretly and speedily that without any suspicion they got to the sea-shore, where, with many a bitter curse taking their leave of Bohemia, they went aboard. Weighing their anchors and hoisting sail, they passed as fast as wind and sea would permit towards Sicilia, Egistus being a joyful man that he had safely passed such treacherous perils.

But as they were quietly floating on the sea, so Pandosto and his citizens were in an uproar, for seeing that the Sicilians without taking their leave were fled away by night, the Bohemians feared some treason, and the King thought that without question his suspicion was true, seeing his cup-bearer had betrayed the sum of his secret pretence. Whereupon he began to imagine that Franion and his wife Bellaria had conspired with Egistus, and that the fervent affection she bare him was the only means of his secret departure, insomuch that, incensed with rage, he commanded that his wife should be carried to strait prison until they heard further of his pleasure. The guard, unwilling to lay their hands on such a virtuous princess and yet fearing the King's fury, went very sorrowfully to fulfil their charge. Coming to the Queen's lodging, they found her playing with her young son

Garinter, unto whom with tears doing the message, Bellaria, astonished at such a hard censure, and finding her clear conscience a sure advocate to plead in her case, went to the prison most willingly, where with sighs and tears she passed away the time till she might come to her trial.

But Pandosto, whose reason was suppressed with rage and whose unbridled folly was incensed with fury, seeing Franion had betrayed his secrets and that Egistus might well be railed on but not revenged, determined to wreak all his wrath on poor Bellaria. He therefore caused a general proclamation to be made through all his realm that the Queen and Egistus had by the help of Franion not only committed most incestuous adultery, but also had conspired the King's death, whereupon the traitor Franion was fled away with Egistus, and Bellaria was most justly imprisoned.

This proclamation being once blazed through the country, although the virtuous disposition of the Queen did half discredit the contents, yet the sudden and speedy passage of Egistus and the secret departure of Franion induced them, the circumstances thoroughly considered, to think that both the proclamation was true and the King greatly injured. Yet they pitied her case, as sorrowful that so good a lady should be crossed with such adverse fortune. But the King, whose restless rage would admit no pity, thought that although he might sufficiently requite his wife's falsehood with the bitter plague of pinching penury, yet his mind should never be glutted with revenge till he might have fit time and opportunity to repay the treachery of Egistus with a fatal injury. But a curst cow hath oft-times short horns, and a willing mind but a weak arm, for Pandosto, although he felt that revenge was a spur to war and that envy always proffereth steel, yet he saw that Egistus was not only of great puissance and prowess to withstand him but had also many kings of his alliance to aid him if need should serve, for he was married to the Emperor's daughter of Russia. These and suchlike considerations something daunted Pandosto his courage, so that he was content rather to put up a manifest injury with peace than hunt after revenge with dishonour and loss, determining, since Egistus had escaped scot free, that Bellaria should pay for all at an unreasonable price.

Remaining thus resolute in this determination, Bellaria, continuing still in prison and hearing the contents of the proclamation, knowing that her mind was never touched with such affection nor that Egistus had ever offered her such discourtesy, would gladly have come to her answer, that both she might have known her unjust accusers and cleared herself of that guiltless crime. But Pandosto was so inflamed with rage and infected with jealousy as he would not vouchsafe to hear her nor admit any just excuse, so that she was fain to make a virtue of her need, and with patience to bear these heavy injuries.

As thus she lay crossed with calamities (a great cause to increase her grief) she found herself quick with child, which as soon as she felt stir in her body, she burst forth into bitter tears, exclaiming against fortune in these terms:

Alas Bellaria, how unfortunate art thou because fortunate! Better hadst thou been born a beggar than a prince. So shouldst thou have bridled Fortune with want where now she sporteth herself with thy plenty. Ah, happy life, where poor thoughts and mean desires live

in secure content, not fearing Fortune because too low for Fortune! Thou seest now, Bellaria, that care is a companion to honour, not to poverty, that high cedars are crushed with tempests when low shrubs are not touched with the wind. Precious diamonds are cut with the file when despised pebbles lie safe in the sand. Delphos is sought to by princes, not beggars, and Fortune's altars smoke with kings' presents, not with poor men's gifts. Happy are such, Bellaria, that curse Fortune for contempt, not fear, and may wish they were, not sorrow they have been. Thou art a princess, Bellaria, and yet a prisoner, born to the one by descent, assigned to the other by despite, accused without cause, and therefore oughtest to die without care, for patience is a shield against Fortune, and a guiltless mind yieldeth not to sorrow. Ah, but infamy galleth unto death, and liveth after death. Report is plumed with Time's feathers, and envy oftentimes soundeth Fame's trumpets. Thy suspected adultery shall fly in the air, and thy known virtues shall lie hid in the earth. One mote staineth a whole face, and what is once spotted with infamy can hardly be worn out with time. Die then, Bellaria! Bellaria, die, for if the gods should say thou art guiltless, yet envy would hear the gods but never believe the gods. Ah, hapless wretch, cease these tears! Desperate thoughts are fit for them that fear shame, not for such as hope for credit. Pandosto hath darkened thy fame, but shall never discredit thy virtues. Suspicion may enter a false action, but proof shall never put in his plea. Care not then for envy, sith report hath a blister on her tongue, and let sorrow bite them which offend, not touch thee that are faultless. But alas, poor soul, how canst thou but sorrow? Thou art with child, and by him that instead of kind pity pincheth thee in cold prison.

And with that such gasping sighs so stopped her breath that she could not utter any more words, but wringing her hands and gushing forth streams of tears she passed away the time with bitter complaints.

The jailer, pitying these her heavy passions, thinking that if the King knew she were with child he would somewhat appease his fury and release her from prison, went in all haste and certified Pandosto what the effect of Bellaria's complaint was, who no sooner heard the jailer say she was with child but as one possessed with a frenzy he rose up in a rage, swearing that she and the bastard brat she was withal should die if the gods themselves said no, thinking assuredly by computation of time that Egistus, and not he, was father to the child. This suspicious thought galled afresh this half-healed sore, insomuch as he could take no rest until he might mitigate his choler with a just revenge, which happened presently after. For Bellaria was brought to bed of a fair and beautiful daughter, which no sooner Pandosto heard but he determined that both Bellaria and the young infant should be burnt with fire.

His nobles, hearing of the King's cruel sentence, sought by persuasions to divert him from this bloody determination, laying before his face the innocency of the child and the virtuous disposition of his wife, how she had continually loved and honoured him so tenderly that without due proof he could not nor ought not to appeach her of that crime. And if she had faulted, yet it were more honourable to pardon with mercy than to punish with extremity, and more kingly to be commended of pity than accused of rigour. And as for the child, if he should punish it for the mother's offence, it were to strive against

nature and justice, and that unnatural actions do more offend the gods than men, how causeless cruelty nor innocent blood never scapes without revenge.

These and suchlike reasons could not appease his rage, but he rested resolute in this, that Bellaria being an adultress, the child was a bastard, and he would not suffer that such an infamous brat should call him father. Yet at last, seeing his noblemen were importunate upon him, he was content to spare the child's life, and yet to put it to a worser death, for he found out this device, that seeing, as he thought, it came by Fortune, so he would commit it to the charge of Fortune, and therefore he caused a little cock-boat to be provided wherein he meant to put the babe and then send it to the mercy of the seas and the Destinies. From this his peers in no wise could persuade him but that he sent presently two of his guard to fetch the child, who being come to the prison and with weeping tears recounting their master's message, Bellaria no sooner heard the rigorous resolution of her merciless husband but she fell down in a sound, so that all thought she had been dead, yet at last being come to herself, she cried and screeched out in this wise:

Alas, sweet infortunate babe, scarce born before envied by Fortune, would the day of thy birth had been the term of thy life, then shouldst thou have made an end to care, and prevented thy father's rigour. Thy faults cannot yet deserve such hateful revenge, thy days are too short for so sharp a doom, but thy untimely death must pay thy mother's debts, and her guiltless crime must be thy ghastly curse. And shalt thou, sweet babe, be committed to Fortune when thou art already spited by Fortune? Shall the seas be thy harbour, and the hard boat thy cradle? Shall thy tender mouth instead of sweet kisses be nipped with bitter storms? Shalt thou have the whistling winds for thy lullaby, and the salt sea foam instead of sweet milk? Alas, what Destinies would assign such hard hap? What father would be so cruel? Or what gods will not revenge such rigour? Let me kiss thy lips, sweet infant, and wet thy tender cheeks with my tears, and put this chain about thy little neck, that if Fortune save thee, it may help to succour thee. Thus, since thou must go to surge in the gastful seas, with a sorrowful kiss I bid thee farewell, and I pray the gods thou may'st fare well.

Such and so great was her grief that, her vital spirits being suppressed with sorrow, she fell again down in a trance, having her senses so sotted with care that after she was revived yet she lost her memory and lay for a great time without moving, as one in a trance. The guard left her in this perplexity and carried the child to the King, who, quite devoid of pity, commanded that without delay it should be put in the boat, having neither sail nor rudder to guide it, and so to be carried into the midst of the sea and there left to the wind & wave as the Destinies please to appoint. The very shipmen, seeing the sweet countenance of the young babe, began to accuse the King of rigour and to pity the child's hard fortune, but fear constrained them to that which their nature did abhor, so that they placed it in one of the ends of the boat and with a few green boughs made a homely cabin to shroud it as they could from wind and weather. Having thus trimmed the boat they tied it to a ship, and so haled it into the main sea, and then cut in sunder the cord, which they had no sooner done but there arose a mighty tempest which tossed the little boat so vehemently in the waves that the shipmen thought it could not continue long without

sinking, yea, the storm grew so great that with much labour and peril they got to the shore.

But leaving the child to her fortunes, again to Pandosto, who not yet glutted with sufficient revenge, devised which way he should best increase his wife's calamities. But first assembling his nobles and counsellors, he called her for the more reproach into open court, where it was objected against her that she had committed adultery with Egistus and conspired with Franion to poison Pandosto, her husband, but their pretence being partly spied, she counselled them to fly away by night for their better safety. Bellaria, who, standing like a prisoner at the bar, feeling in herself a clear conscience to withstand her false accusers, seeing that no less than death could pacify her husband's wrath, waxed bold and desired that she might have law and justice, for mercy she neither craved nor hoped for, and that those perjured wretches which had falsely accused her to the King might be brought before her face to give in evidence. But Pandosto, whose rage and jealousy was such as no reason nor equity could appease, told her that for her accusers, they were of such credit as their words were sufficient witness, and that the sudden and secret flight of Egistus and Franion confirmed that which they had confessed, and as for her, it was her part to deny such a monstrous crime and to be impudent in forswearing the fact since she had passed all shame in committing the fault, but her stale countenance should stand for no coin, for as the bastard which she bare was served, so she should with some cruel death be requited.

Bellaria, no whit dismayed with this rough reply, told her husband Pandosto that he spake upon choler and not conscience, for her virtuous life had been ever such as no spot of suspicion could ever stain. And if she had borne a friendly countenance to Egistus, it was in respect he was his friend, and not for any lusting affection. Therefore if she were condemned without any further proof, it was rigour and not law.

The noblemen which sat in judgment said that Bellaria spake reason, and entreated the King that the accusers might be openly examined and sworn, and if then the evidence were such as the jury might find her guilty (for seeing she was a prince, she ought to be tried by her peers), then let her have such punishment as the extremity of the law will assign to such malefactors. The King presently made answer that in this case he might and would dispense with the law, and that the jury being once panelled, they should take his word for sufficient evidence; otherwise he would make the proudest of them repent it.

The noblemen, seeing the King in choler, were all whist, but Bellaria, whose life then hung in the balance, fearing more perpetual infamy than momentary death, told the King if his fury might stand for a law, that it were vain to have the jury yield their verdict, and therefore she fell down upon her knees and desired the King that for the love he bare to his young son, Garinter, whom she brought into the world, that he would grant her a request, which was this: that it would please his Majesty to send six of his noblemen whom he best trusted to the Isle of Delphos, there to enquire of the oracle of Apollo whether she had committed adultery with Egistus or conspired to poison him with Franion, and if the god Apollo, who by his divine essence knew all secrets, gave answer that she was guilty, she were content to suffer any torment, were it never so terrible. The

request was so reasonable that Pandosto could not for shame deny it unless he would be counted of all his subjects more wilful than wise. He therefore agreed that with as much speed as might be there should be certain ambassadors dispatched to the Isle of Delphos, and in the mean season he commanded that his wife should be kept in close prison.

Bellaria, having obtained this grant, was now more careful for her little babe that floated on the seas than sorrowful for her own mishap. For of that she doubted, of herself she was assured, knowing if Apollo should give oracle according to the thoughts of the heart, yet the sentence should go on her side, such was the clearness of her mind in this case. But Pandosto, whose suspicious head still remained in one song, chose out six of his nobility whom he knew were scarce indifferent men in the Queen's behalf, and providing all things fit for their journey, sent them to Delphos. They, willing to fulfil the King's command and desirous to see the situation and custom of the island, dispatched their affairs with as much speed as might be, and embarked themselves to this voyage, which, the wind and weather serving fit for their purpose, was soon ended. For within three weeks they arrived at Delphos, where they were no sooner set on land but with great devotion they went to the temple of Apollo, and there offering sacrifice to the god and gifts to the priest, as the custom was, they humbly craved an answer of their demand. They had not long kneeled at the altar but Apollo with a loud voice said, *Bohemians, what you find behind the altar, take, and depart.* They forthwith obeying the oracle found a scroll of parchment wherein was written these words in letters of gold:

The Oracle.

Suspicion is no proof. Jealousy is an unequal judge. Bellaria is chaste, Egistus blameless, Franion a true subject, Pandosto treacherous, his babe an innocent, and the King shall live without an heir if that which is lost be not found.

As soon as they had taken out this scroll, the priest of the god commanded them that they should not presume to read it before they came in the presence of Pandosto unless they would incur the displeasure of Apollo. The Bohemian lords carefully obeying his command, taking their leave of the priest, with great reverence departed out of the temple and went to their ships, and as soon as wind would permit them, sailed toward Bohemia, whither in short time they safely arrived, and with great triumph issuing out of their ships went to the King's palace, whom they found in his chamber accompanied with other noblemen.

Pandosto no sooner saw them but with a merry countenance he welcomed them home, asking what news. They told his Majesty that they had received an answer of the god written in a scroll, but with this charge: that they should not read the contents before they came in the presence of the King, and with that they delivered him the parchment. But his noblemen entreated him that sith therein was contained either the safety of his wife's life and honesty or her death and perpetual infamy, that he would have his nobles and commons assembled in the judgment hall, where the Queen brought in as prisoner should hear the contents. If she were found guilty by the oracle of the god, then all should have

cause to think his rigour proceeded of due desert. If her Grace were found faultless, then she should be cleared before all, sith she had been accused openly.

This pleased the King so that he appointed the day and assembled all his lords and commons and caused the Queen to be brought in before the judgment seat, commanding that the indictment should be read wherein she was accused of adultery with Egistus and of conspiracy with Franion. Bellaria, hearing the contents, was no whit astonished, but made this cheerful answer:

If the divine powers be privy to human actions (as no doubt they are) I hope my patience shall make Fortune blush, and my unspotted life shall stain spiteful discredit, for although lying report both sought to appeach mine honour, and suspicion hath intended to soil my credit with infamy, yet where virtue keepeth the fort, report and suspicion may assail but never sack. How I have led my life before Egistus' coming, I appeal, Pandosto, to the gods and to thy conscience. What hath passed betwixt him and me the gods only know, and I hope will presently reveal. That I loved Egistus I cannot deny; that I honoured him I shame not to confess. To the one I was forced by his virtues, to the other for his dignities. But as touching lascivious lust, I say Egistus is honest, and hope myself to be found without spot. For Franion, I can neither accuse him nor excuse him, for I was not privy to his departure, and that this is true which I have here rehearsed, I refer myself to the divine oracle.

Bellaria had no sooner said but the King commanded that one of his dukes should read the contents of the scroll, which after the commons had heard, they gave a great shout, rejoicing and clapping their hands that the Queen was clear of that false accusation. But the King, whose conscience was a witness against him of his witless fury and false suspected jealousy, was so ashamed of his rash folly that he entreated his nobles to persuade Bellaria to forgive and forget these injuries, promising not only to show himself a loyal and loving husband but also to reconcile himself to Egistus and Franion, revealing then before them all the cause of their secret flight, and how treacherously he thought to have practised his death if the good mind of his cup-bearer had not prevented his purpose. As thus he was relating the whole matter, there was word brought him that his young son Garinter was suddenly dead, which news so soon as Bellaria heard, surcharged before with extreme joy and now suppressed with heavy sorrow, her vital spirits were so stopped that she fell down presently dead, & could be never revived. This sudden sight so appalled the King's senses that he sank from his seat in a sound so as he was fain to be carried by his nobles to his palace, where he lay by the space of three days without speech. His commons were as men in despair, so diversly distressed there was nothing but mourning and lamentation to be heard throughout all Bohemia, their young prince dead, their virtuous queen bereaved of her life, and their King and sovereign in great hazard. This tragical discourse of Fortune so daunted them as they went like shadows, not men, yet somewhat to comfort their heavy hearts they heard that Pandosto was come to himself and had recovered his speech, who as in a fury brayed out these bitter speeches:

O miserable Pandosto, what surer witness than conscience? What thoughts more sour than suspicion? What plague more bad than jealousy? Unnatural actions offend the gods more than men, and causeless cruelty never escapes without revenge. I have committed such a bloody fact as repent I may, but recall I cannot. Ah jealousy, a hell to the mind and a horror to the conscience, suppressing reason and inciting rage, a worse passion than frenzy, a greater plague than madness. Are the gods just? Then let them revenge such brutish cruelty. My innocent babe I have drowned in the seas. My loving wife I have slain with slanderous suspicion. My trusty friend I have sought to betray. And yet the gods are slack to plague such offences. Ah, unjust Apollo, Pandosto is the man that hath committed the fault. Why should Garinter, silly child, abide the pain? Well, sith the gods mean to prolong my days to increase my dolour, I will offer my guilty blood a sacrifice to those sackless souls whose lives are lost by my rigorous folly.

And with that he reached at a rapier to have murdered himself, but his peers, being present, stayed him from such a bloody act, persuading him to think that the commonwealth consisted on his safety, and that those sheep could not but perish that wanted a shepherd, wishing that if he would not live for himself, yet he should have care of his subjects and to put such fancies out of his mind, sith in sores past help, salves do not heal but hurt, and in things past cure, care is a corrosive. With these and suchlike persuasions the King was overcome and began somewhat to quiet his mind, so that as soon as he could go abroad he caused his wife to be embalmed and wrapped in lead with her young son Garinter, erecting a rich and famous sepulchre wherein he entombed them both, making such solemn obsequies at her funeral as all Bohemia might perceive he did greatly repent him of his forepassed folly, causing this epitaph to be engraven on her tomb in letters of gold:

The Epitaph.

*Here lies entombed Bellaria fair,
Falsely accused to be unchaste;
Cleared by Apollo's sacred doom,
Yet slain by jealousy at last.
Whate'er thou be that passest by,
Curse him that caused this queen to die.*

This epitaph being engraven, Pandosto would once a day repair to the tomb and there with watery plaints bewail his misfortune, coveting no other companion but sorrow, nor no other harmony but repentance. But leaving him to his dolorous passions, at last let us come to show the tragical discourse of the young infant, who being tossed with wind and wave, floated two whole days without succour, ready at every puff to be drowned in the sea, till at last the tempest ceased and the little boat was driven with the tide into the coast of Sicilia, where sticking upon the sands, it rested. Fortune, minding to be wanton, willing to show that as she hath wrinkles on her brows so she hath dimples in her cheeks, thought after so many sour looks to lend a feigned smile, and after a puffing storm to bring a pretty calm. She began thus to dally.

It fortune'd a poor mercenary shepherd that dwelled in Sicilia, who got his living by other men's flocks, missed one of his sheep, and thinking it had strayed into the covert that was hard by, sought very diligently to find that which he could not see, fearing either that the wolves or eagles had undone him (for he was so poor as a sheep was half his substance), wandered down toward the sea-cliffs to see if perchance the sheep was browsing on the sea-ivy, whereon they greatly do feed, but not finding her there, as he was ready to return to his flock he heard a child cry, but knowing there was no house near, he thought he had mistaken the sound and that it was the bleating of his sheep. Wherefore, looking more narrowly, as he cast his eye to the sea he spied a little boat, from whence, as he attentively listened, he might hear the cry to come.

Standing a good while in a maze, at last he went to the shore, and wading to the boat, as he looked in he saw the little babe lying all alone, ready to die for hunger and cold, wrapped in a mantle of scarlet richly embroidered with gold, and having a chain about the neck. The shepherd, who before had never seen so fair a babe nor so rich jewels, thought assuredly that it was some little god, and began with great devotion to knock on his breast. The babe, who writhed with the head to seek for the pap, began again to cry afresh, whereby the poor man knew that it was a child which by some sinister means was driven thither by distress of weather, marvelling how such a silly infant, which by the mantle and the chain could not be but born of noble parentage, should be so hardly crossed with deadly mishap. The poor shepherd, perplexed thus with divers thoughts, took pity of the child and determined with himself to carry it to the King, that there it might be brought up according to the worthiness of birth, for his ability could not afford to foster it, though his good mind was willing to further it.

Taking therefore the child in his arms, as he folded the mantle together the better to defend it from cold there fell down at his foot a very fair and rich purse wherein he found a great sum of gold, which sight so revived the shepherd's spirits as he was greatly ravished with joy and daunted with fear, joyful to see such a sum in his power, and fearful, if it should be known, that it might breed his further danger. Necessity wished him at the least to retain the gold, though he would not keep the child; the simplicity of his conscience feared him from such a deceitful bribery. Thus was the poor man perplexed with a doubtful dilemma until at last the covetousness of the coin overcame him, for what will not the greedy desire of gold cause a man to do? So that he was resolved in himself to foster the child, and with the sum to relieve his want.

Resting thus resolute in this point, he left seeking of his sheep, and as covertly and secretly as he could went by a by-way to his house lest any of his neighbours should perceive his carriage. As soon as he was got home, entering in at the door, the child began to cry, which his wife hearing, and seeing her husband with a young babe in his arms, began to be somewhat jealous, yet marvelling that her husband should be so wanton abroad sith he was so quiet at home. But as women are naturally given to believe the worst, so his wife, thinking it was some bastard, began to crow against her goodman, and taking up a cudgel (for the most master went breechless) sware solemnly that she would make clubs trumps if he brought any bastard brat within her doors. The goodman, seeing his wife in her majesty with her mace in her hand, thought it was time to bow for fear of

blows and desired her to be quiet for there was none such matter, but if she could hold her peace they were made forever. And with that he told her the whole matter, how he had found the child in a little boat without any succour, wrapped in that costly mantle and having that rich chain about the neck. But at last when he showed her the purse full of gold she began to simper something sweetly, and taking her husband about the neck kissed him after her homely fashion, saying that she hoped God had seen their want, and now meant to relieve their poverty, and seeing they could get no children had sent them this little babe to be their heir.

Take heed in any case, quoth the shepherd, that you be secret and blab it not out when you meet with your gossips, for if you do we are like not only to lose the gold and jewels but our other goods and lives.

Tush, quoth his wife, profit is a good hatch before the door. Fear not, I have other things to talk of than of this. But, I pray you, let us lay up the money surely, and the jewels, lest by any mishap it be spied.

After that they had set all things in order, the shepherd went to his sheep with a merry note, and the goodwife learned to sing lullaby at home with her young babe, wrapping it in a homely blanket instead of a rich mantle, nourishing it so cleanly and carefully as it began to be a jolly girl, insomuch that they began both of them to be very fond of it, seeing as it waxed in age, so it increased in beauty. The shepherd every night at his coming home would sing and dance it on his knee, and prattle, that in a short time it began to speak and call him Dad, and her Mam.

At last when it grew to ripe years, that it was about seven years old, the shepherd left keeping of other men's sheep, and with the money he found in the purse he bought him the lease of a pretty farm and got a small flock of sheep, which when Fawnia (for so they named the child) came to the age of ten years, he set her to keep, and she with such diligence performed her charge as the sheep prospered marvellously under her hand. Fawnia thought Porrus had been her father and Mopsa her mother (for so was the shepherd and his wife called) and honoured and obeyed them with such reverence that all the neighbours praised the dutiful obedience of the child. Porrus grew in short time to be a man of some wealth and credit, for Fortune so favoured him in having no charge but Fawnia that he began to purchase land, intending after his death to give it to his daughter, so that divers rich farmers' sons came as wooers to his house, for Fawnia was something cleanly attired, being of such singular beauty and excellent wit that whoso saw her would have thought she had been some heavenly nymph, and not a mortal creature, insomuch that when she came to the age of sixteen years she so increased with exquisite perfection both of body and mind as her natural disposition did bewray that she was born of some high parentage, but the people, thinking she was daughter to the shepherd Porrus, rested only amazed at her beauty and wit. Yea, she won such favour and commendations in every man's eye as her beauty was not only praised in the country but also spoken of in the court. Yet such was her submiss modesty that, although her praise daily increased, her mind was no whit puffed up with pride, but humbled herself as became a country maid and the daughter of a poor shepherd. Every day she went forth with her sheep to

the field, keeping them with such care and diligence as all men thought she was very painful, defending her face from the heat of the sun with no other veil but with a garland made of boughs and flowers, which attire became her so gallantly as she seemed to be the goddess Flora herself for beauty.

Fortune, who all this while had showed a friendly face, began now to turn her back and to show a louring countenance, intending as she had given Fawnia a slender check, so she would give her a harder mate, to bring which to pass she laid her train on this wise.

Egistus had but one only son called Dorastus, about the age of twenty years, a prince so decked and adorned with the gifts of nature, so fraught with beauty and virtuous qualities as not only his father joyed to have so good a son, and all his commons rejoiced that God had lent them such a noble prince to succeed in the kingdom. Egistus, placing all his joy in the perfection of his son, seeing that he was now marriageable, sent ambassadors to the King of Denmark to entreat a marriage between him and his daughter, who willingly consenting, made answer that the next spring, if it please Egistus with his son to come into Denmark, he doubted not but they should agree upon reasonable conditions. Egistus, resting satisfied with this friendly answer, thought convenient in the meantime to break with his son. Finding therefore on a day fit opportunity, he spake to him in these fatherly terms:

Dorastus, thy youth warneth me to prevent the worst, and mine age to provide the best. Opportunities neglected are signs of folly; actions measured by time are seldom bitten with repentance. Thou art young, and I old. Age hath taught me that which thy youth cannot yet conceive. I therefore will counsel thee as a father, hoping thou wilt obey as a child. Thou seest my white hairs are blossoms for the grave, and thy fresh colour fruit for time and fortune, so that it behoveth me to think how to die, and for thee to care how to live. My crown I must leave by death, and thou enjoy my kingdom by succession, wherein I hope thy virtue and prowess shall be such as, though my subjects want my person, yet they shall see in thee my perfection. That nothing either may fail to satisfy thy mind or increase thy dignities, the only care I have is to see thee well married before I die, and thou become old.

Dorastus, who from his infancy delighted rather to die with Mars in the field than to dally with Venus in the chamber, fearing to displease his father, and yet not willing to be wed, made him this reverent answer:

Sir, there is no greater bond than duty, nor no straiter law than nature. Disobedience in youth is often galled with despite in age. The command of the father ought to be a constraint to the child. So parents' wills are laws, so they pass not all laws. May it please your Grace therefore to appoint whom I shall love. Rather than by denial I should be appeached of disobedience, I rest content to love, though it be the only thing I hate.

Egistus, hearing his son to fly far from the mark, began to be somewhat choleric, and therefore made him this hasty answer:

What, Dorastus, canst thou not love? Cometh this cynical passion of prone desires, or peevish frowardness? What, dost thou think thyself too good for all, or none good enough for thee? I tell thee, Dorastus, there is nothing sweeter than youth, nor swifter decreasing while it is increasing. Time passed with folly may be repented but not recalled. If thou marry in age, thy wife's fresh colours will breed in thee dead thoughts and suspicion, and thy white hairs her loathsomeness and sorrow. For Venus' affections are not fed with kingdoms or treasures, but with youthful conceits and sweet amours. Vulcan was allotted to shake the tree, but Mars allowed to reap the fruit. Yield, Dorastus, to thy father's persuasions, which may prevent thy perils. I have chosen thee a wife fair by nature, royal by birth, by virtues famous, learned by education, and rich by possessions, so that it is hard to judge whether her bounty or fortune, her beauty or virtue, be of greater force. I mean, Dorastus, Euphania, daughter and heir to the King of Denmark.

Egistus pausing here a while, looking when his son should make him answer and seeing that he stood still as one in a trance, he shook him up thus sharply:

Well, Dorastus, take heed. The tree alpya wasteth not with fire, but withereth with the dew. That which love nourisheth not perisheth with hate. If thou like Euphania, thou breedest my content, and in loving her thou shalt have my love; otherwise. . . .

And with that he flung from his son in a rage, leaving him a sorrowful man in that he had by denial displeased his father, and half angry with himself that he could not yield to that passion whereto both reason and his father persuaded him.

But see how Fortune is plumed with Time's feathers, and how she can minister strange causes to breed strange effects. It happened not long after this that there was a meeting of all the farmers' daughters in Sicilia, whither Fawnia was also bidden as the mistress of the feast, who, having attired herself in her best garments, went among the rest of her companions to the merry meeting, there spending the day in such homely pastimes as shepherds use.

As the evening grew on and their sports ceased, each taking their leave at other, Fawnia, desiring one of her companions to bear her company, went home by the flock to see if they were well folded, and as they returned it fortuneed that Dorastus (who all that day had been hawking and killed store of game) encountered by the way these two maids, and casting his eye suddenly on Fawnia he was half afraid, fearing that with Acteon he had seen Diana, for he thought such exquisite perfection could not be found in any mortal creature,

As thus he stood in a maze, one of his pages told him that the maid with the garland on her head was Fawnia, the fair shepherd, whose beauty was so much talked of in the court. Dorastus, desirous to see if nature had adorned her mind with any inward qualities as she had decked her body with outward shape, began to question with her whose daughter she was, of what age, and how she had been trained up, who answered him with such modest reverence and sharpness of wit that Dorastus thought her outward beauty was but a counterfeit to darken her inward qualities, wondering how so courtly behaviour could be

found in so simple a cottage, and cursing Fortune that had shadowed wit and beauty with such hard fortune.

As thus he held her a long while with chat, Beauty, seeing him at discover, thought not to lose the vantage, but struck him so deeply with an envenomed shaft as he wholly lost his liberty and became a slave to love which before contemned love, glad now to gaze on a poor shepherd who before refused the offer of a rich princess, for the perfection of Fawnia had so fixed his fancy as he felt his mind greatly changed and his affections altered, cursing love that had wrought such a change, and blaming the baseness of his mind that would make such a choice. But thinking these were but passionate toys that might be thrust out at pleasure, to avoid the siren that enchanted him he put spurs to his horse and bade this fair shepherd farewell.

Fawnia (who all this while had marked the princely gesture of Dorastus), seeing his face so well featured and each limb so perfectly framed, began greatly to praise his perfection, commending him so long till she found herself faulty, and perceived that if she waded but a little further she might slip over her shoes. She therefore, seeking to quench that fire which never was put out, went home, and feigning herself not well at ease, got her to bed, where casting a thousand thoughts in her head she could take no rest, for if she waked she began to call to mind his beauty, and thinking to beguile such thoughts with sleep, she then dreamed of his perfection. Pestered thus with these unacquainted passions she passed the night as she could in short slumbers.

Dorastus, who all this while rode with a flea in his ear, could not by any means forget the sweet favour of Fawnia, but rested so bewitched with her wit and beauty as he could take no rest. He felt fancy to give the assault, and his wounded mind ready to yield as vanquished. Yet he began with divers considerations to suppress this frantic affection, calling to mind that Fawnia was a shepherd, one not worthy to be looked at of a prince much less to be loved of such a potentate, thinking what a discredit it were to himself and what a grief it would be to his father, blaming Fortune and accusing his own folly that should be so fond as but once to cast a glance at such a country slut.

As thus he was raging against himself, Love, fearing if she dallied long to lose her champion, stepped more nigh and gave him such a fresh wound as it pierced him at the heart, that he was fain to yield, maugre his face, and to forsake the company and get him to his chamber, where being solemnly set, he burst into these passionate terms:

Ah, Dorastus, art thou alone? No, not alone while thou art tired with these unacquainted passions. Yield to fancy thou canst not by thy father's counsel, but in a frenzy thou art by just Destinies. Thy father were content if thou couldst love, and thou therefore discontent because thou dost love. O divine love, 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!

How now, Dorastus, why dost thou blaze that with praises which thou hast cause to blaspheme with curses? Yet why should they curse love that are in love? Blush,

Dorastus, at thy fortune, thy choice, thy love. Thy thoughts cannot be uttered without shame, nor thy affections without discredit. Ah, Fawnia, sweet Fawnia, thy beauty, Fawnia!

Shamest not thou, Dorastus, to name one unfit for thy birth, thy dignities, thy kingdoms? Die, Dorastus! Dorastus, die! Better hadst thou perish with high desires than live in base thoughts. Yea, but beauty must be obeyed because it is beauty, yet framed of the gods to feed the eye, not to fetter the heart. Ah, but he that striveth against love shooteth with them of Scyrum against the wind, and with the cockatrice pecketh against the steel. I will therefore obey because I must obey. Fawnia, yea Fawnia, shall be my fortune in spite of Fortune. The gods above disdain not to love women beneath. Phoebus liked Sibylla, Jupiter Io, and why not I then Fawnia, one something inferior to these in birth but far superior to them in beauty, born to be a shepherd but worthy to be a goddess.

Ah, Dorastus, wilt thou so forget thyself as to suffer affection to suppress wisdom, and love to violate thine honour? How sour will thy choice be to thy father, sorrowful to thy subjects, to thy friends a grief, most gladsome to thy foes? Subdue then thy affections, and cease to love her whom thou couldst not love unless blinded with too much love.

Tush, I talk to the wind, and in seeking to prevent the causes I further the effects. I will yet praise Fawnia, honour, yea, and love Fawnia, and at this day follow content, not counsel. Do, Dorastus, thou canst but repent.

And with that his page came into the chamber, whereupon he ceased from his complaints, hoping that time would wear out that which Fortune had wrought.

As thus he was pained, so poor Fawnia was diversly perplexed, for the next morning, getting up very early she went to her sheep, thinking with hard labours to pass away her new-conceived amours, beginning very busily to drive them to the field and then to shift the folds. At last, wearied with toil, she sat her down, where, poor soul, she was more tried with fond affections, for love began to assault her, insomuch that as she sat upon the side of a hill she began to accuse her own fall in these terms:

Infortunate Fawnia, and therefore unfortunate because Fawnia, thy shepherd's hook showeth thy poor state, thy proud desires an aspiring mind. The one declareth thy want, the other thy pride. No bastard hawk must soar so high as the hobby, no fowl gaze against the sun but the eagle. Actions wrought against nature reap despite, and thoughts above Fortune, disdain.

Fawnia, thou art a shepherd, daughter to poor Porrus. If thou rest content with this, thou art like to stand; if thou climb, thou art sure to fall. The herb aneta, growing higher than six inches, becometh a weed. Nilus flowing more than twelve cubits procureth a dearth. Daring affections that pass measure are cut short by Time or Fortune. Suppress then, Fawnia, those thoughts which thou may'st shame to express. But ah, Fawnia, love is a lord who will command by power and constrain by force.

Dorastus, ah Dorastus is the man I love! The worse is thy hap, and the less cause hast thou to hope. Will eagles catch at flies, will cedars stoop to brambles, or mighty princes look at such homely trulls? No, no, think this: Dorastus' disdain is greater than thy desire. He is a prince respecting his honour, thou a beggar's brat forgetting thy calling. Cease then not only to say, but to think to love Dorastus, and dissemble thy love, Fawnia, for better it were to die with grief than to live with shame. Yet in despite of love I will sigh to see if I can sigh out love.

Fawnia, somewhat appeasing her griefs with these pithy persuasions, began after her wonted manner to walk about her sheep and to keep them from straying into the corn, suppressing her affection with the due consideration of her base estate and with the impossibilities of her love, thinking it were frenzy, not fancy, to covet that which the very Destinies did deny her to obtain.

But Dorastus was more impatient in his passions, for love so fiercely assailed him that neither company nor music could mitigate his martyrdom, but did rather far the more increase his malady. Shame would not let him crave counsel in this case, nor fear of his father's displeasure reveal it to any secret friend, but he was fain to make a secretary of himself, and to participate his thoughts with his own troubled mind. Lingerin thus awhile in doubtful suspense, at last stealing secretly from the court without either men or page he went to see if he could espy Fawnia walking abroad in the field. But as one having a great deal more skill to retrieve the partridge with his spaniels than to hunt after such a strange prey, he sought but was little the better, which cross luck drove him into a great choler, that he began both to accuse Love and Fortune. But as he was ready to retire, he saw Fawnia sitting all alone under the side of a hill making a garland of such homely flowers as the fields did afford. This sight so revived his spirits that he drew nigh, with more judgment to take a view of her singular perfection, which he found to be such as in that country attire she stained all the courtly dames of Sicilia.

While thus he stood gazing with piercing looks on her surpassing beauty, Fawnia cast her eye aside and spied Dorastus, which sudden sight made the poor girl to blush, and to dye her crystal cheeks with a vermilion red, which gave her such a grace as she seemed far more beautiful. And with that she rose up, saluting the prince with such modest courtesies as he wondered how a country maid could afford such courtly behaviour. Dorastus, repaying her courtesy with a smiling countenance, began to parley with her on this manner:

Fair maid, quoth he, either your want is great, or a shepherd's life very sweet, that you delight is in such country labours. I cannot conceive what pleasure you should take, unless you mean to imitate the nymphs, being yourself so like a nymph. To put me out of this doubt, show me what is to be commended in a shepherd's life, and what pleasures you have to countervail these drudging labours.

Fawnia with blushing face made him this ready answer:

Sir, what richer state than content, or what sweeter life than quiet? We shepherds are not born to honour, nor beholden unto beauty; the less care we have to fear fame or fortune. We count our attire brave enough if warm enough, and our food dainty if to suffice nature. Our greatest enemy is the wolf, our only care in safe keeping our flock. Instead of courtly ditties, we spend the days with country songs. Our amorous conceits are homely thoughts, delighting is much to talk of Pan and his country pranks as ladies to tell of Venus and her wanton toys. Our toil is in shifting the folds and looking to the lambs, easy labours; oft singing and telling tales, homely pleasures; our greatest wealth not to covet, our honour not to climb, our quiet not to care. Envy looketh not so low as shepherds; shepherds gaze not so high as ambition. We are rich in that we are poor with content, and proud only in this: that we have no cause to be proud.

This witty answer of Fawnia so inflamed Dorastus' fancy as he commended himself for making so good a choice, thinking if her birth were answerable to her wit and beauty that she were a fit mate for the most famous prince in the world. He therefore began to sift her more narrowly on this manner:

Fawnia, I see thou art content with country labours because thou knowest not courtly pleasures. I commend thy wit and pity thy want, but wilt thou leave thy father's cottage and serve a courtly mistress?

Sir, quoth she, beggars ought not to strive against fortune nor to gaze after honour, lest either their fall be greater or they become blind. I am born to toil for the court, not in the court, my nature unfit for their nurture; better live then in mean degree than in high disdain.

Well said, Fawnia, quoth Dorastus, I guess at thy thoughts; thou art in love with some country shepherd.

No sir, quoth she, shepherds cannot love that are so simple, and maids may not love that are so young.

Nay, therefore, quoth Dorastus, maids must love because they are young, for Cupid is a child, and Venus, though old, is painted with fresh colours.

I grant, quoth she, age may be painted with new shadows and youth may have imperfect affections, but what art concealeth in one, ignorance revealeth in the other.

Dorastus, seeing Fawnia held him so hard, thought it was vain so long to beat about the bush. Therefore he thought to have given her a fresh charge, but he was so prevented by certain of his men who, missing their master, came posting to seek him, seeing that he was gone forth all alone, yet before they drew so nigh that they might hear their talk, he used these speeches:

Why, Fawnia, perhaps I love thee, and then thou must needs yield, for thou knowest I can command and constrain.

Truth, sir, quoth she, but not to love, for constrained love is force, not love. And know this, sir, mine honesty is such as I had rather die than be a concubine even to a king, and my birth is so base as I am unfit to be a wife to a poor farmer.

Why then, quoth he, thou canst not love Dorastus?

Yes, said Fawnia, *when Dorastus becomes a shepherd.* And with that the presence of his men broke off their parle, so that he went with them to the palace and left Fawnia sitting still on the hillside, who seeing that the night drew on, shifted her folds and busied herself about other work to drive away such fond fancies as began to trouble her brain.

But all this could not prevail, for the beauty of Dorastus had made such a deep impression in her heart as it could not be worn out without cracking, so that she was forced to blame her own folly in this wise:

Ah, Fawnia, why dost thou gaze against the sun, or catch at the wind? Stars are to be looked at with the eye, not reached at with the hand; thoughts are to be measured by fortunes, not by desires; falls come not by sitting low, but by climbing too high. What then, shall all fear to fall because some hap to fall? No, luck cometh by lot, and fortune windeth those threads which the Destinies spin. Thou art favoured, Fawnia, of a prince, and yet thou art so fond to reject desired favours. Thou hast denial at thy tongue's end, and desire at thy heart's bottom; a woman's fault, to spurn at that with her foot which she greedily catcheth at with her hand. Thou lovest Dorastus, Fawnia, and yet seem'st to lour. Take heed; if he retire, thou wilt repent, for unless he love, thou canst but die. Die then, Fawnia, for Dorastus doth but jest. The lion never preyeth on the mouse, nor falcons stoop not to dead stales. Sit down then in sorrow, cease to love, and content thyself that Dorastus will vouchsafe to flatter Fawnia, though not to fancy Fawnia. Hey ho! Ah, fool, it were seemlier for thee to whistle as a shepherd than to sigh as a lover.

And with that she ceased from these perplexed passions, folding her sheep, and hying home to her poor cottage.

But such was the incessant sorrow of Dorastus to think on the wit and beauty of Fawnia, and to see how fond he was being a prince, and how froward she was being a beggar, that he began to lose his wonted appetite, to look pale and wan; instead of mirth, to feed on melancholy; for courtly dances to use cold dumps; insomuch that not only his own men but his father and all the court began to marvel at his sudden change, thinking that some lingering sickness had brought him into this state. Wherefore he caused physicians to come, but Dorastus neither would let them minister nor so much as suffer them to see his urine, but remained still so oppressed with these passions as he feared in himself a farther inconvenience. His honour wished him to cease from such folly, but love forced him to follow fancy. Yea, and in despite of honour love won the conquest, so that his hot desires caused him to find devices, for he presently made himself a shepherd's coat, that he might go unknown and with the less suspicion to prattle with Fawnia, and conveyed it secretly into a thick grove hard joining to the palace, whither, finding fit time and

opportunity, he went all alone, and putting off his princely apparel got on these shepherd's robes, and taking a great hook in his hand which he had also gotten, he went very anciently to find out the mistress of his affections. But as he went by the way, seeing himself clad in such unseemly rags, he began to smile at his own folly and to reprove his fondness in these terms:

Well said, Dorastus; thou keepest a right decorum, base desires and homely attires! Thy thoughts are fit for none but a shepherd, and thy apparel such as only become a shepherd. A strange change, from a prince to a peasant! What is it, thy wretched fortune or thy wilful folly? Is it thy cursed destinies or thy crooked desires that appointeth thee this penance? Ah, Dorastus, thou canst but love, and unless thou love thou art like to perish for love. Yet, fond fool, choose flowers, not weeds; diamonds, not pebbles; ladies which may honour thee, not shepherds which may disgrace thee. Venus is painted in silks, not in rags, and Cupid treadeth on disdain when he reacheth at dignity. And yet, Dorastus, shame not at thy shepherd's weed. The heavenly gods have sometime earthly thoughts. Neptune became a ram, Jupiter a bull, Apollo a shepherd; they gods, and yet in love, and thou a man, appointed to love.

Devising thus with himself he drew nigh to the place where Fawnia was keeping her sheep, who casting her eye aside and seeing such a mannerly shepherd perfectly limbed and coming with so good a pace, she began half to forget Dorastus and to favour this pretty shepherd, whom she thought she might both love and obtain. But as she was in these thoughts, she perceived then that it was the young prince Dorastus, wherefore she rose up and reverently saluted him. Dorastus, taking her by the hand, repaid her courtesy with a sweet kiss and, praying her to sit down by him, he began thus to lay the battery:

If thou marvel, Fawnia, at my strange attire, thou wouldst more muse at my unaccustomed thoughts. The one disgraceth but my outward shape; the other disturbeth my inward senses. I love, Fawnia, and therefore what love liketh I cannot dislike. Fawnia, thou hast promised to love, and I hope thou wilt perform no less. I have fulfilled thy request, and now thou canst but grant my desire. Thou wert content to love Dorastus when he ceased to be a prince and granted to become a shepherd, and see, I have made the change, and therefore hope not to miss of my choice.

Truth, quoth Fawnia, but all that wear cowls are not monks; painted eagles are pictures, not eagles; Zeuxis' grapes were like grapes, yet shadows. Rich clothing make not princes, nor homely attire beggars. Shepherds are not called shepherds because they wear hooks and bags, but that they are born poor and live to keep sheep; so this attire hath not made Dorastus a shepherd, but to seem like a shepherd.

Well, Fawnia, answered Dorastus, were I a shepherd, I could not but like thee, and being a prince, I am forced to love thee. Take heed, Fawnia, be not proud of beauty's painting, for it is a flower that fadeth in the blossom. Those which disdain in youth are despised in age. Beauty's shadows are tricked up with Time's colours which, being set to dry in the sun, are stained with the sun, scarce pleasing the sight ere they begin not to be worth the sight, not much unlike the herb ephemeron which flourisheth in the morning and is withered

before the sun setting. If my desire were against law, thou mightest justly deny me by reason, but I love thee, Fawnia, not to misuse thee as a concubine but to use thee as my wife. I can promise no more, and mean to perform no less.

Fawnia, hearing this solemn protestation of Dorastus, could no longer withstand the assault but yielded up the fort in these friendly terms:

Ah, Dorastus, I shame to express that thou forcest me with thy sugared speech to confess. My base birth causeth the one, and thy high dignities the other. Beggars' thoughts ought not to reach so far as kings, and yet my desires reach as high as princes. I dare not say, Dorastus, I love thee, because I am a shepherd, but the gods know I have honoured Dorastus (pardon if I say amiss), yea and loved Dorastus with such dutiful affection as Fawnia can perform or Dorastus desire. I yield, not overcome with prayers but with love, resting Dorastus' handmaid ready to obey his will, if no prejudice at all to his honour nor to my credit.

Dorastus, hearing this friendly conclusion of Fawnia, embraced her in his arms, swearing that neither distance, time nor adverse fortune should diminish his affections, but that in despite of the Destinies he would remain loyal unto death. Having thus plight their troth each to other, seeing they could not have the full fruition of their love in Sicilia for that Egistus' consent would never be granted to so mean a match, Dorastus determined, as soon as time and opportunity would give them leave, to provide a great mass of money and many rich and costly jewels, for the easier carriage, and then to transport themselves and their treasure into Italy, where they should lead a contented life until such time as either he could be reconciled to his father or else by succession come to the kingdom. This device was greatly praised of Fawnia, for she feared if the King his father should but hear of the contract, that his fury would be such as no less than death would stand for payment. She therefore told him that delay bred danger, that many mishaps did fall out between the cup and the lip, and that to avoid danger it were best with as much speed as might be to pass out of Sicilia lest Fortune might prevent their pretence with some new despite. Dorastus, whom love pricked forward with desire, promised to dispatch his affairs with as great haste as either time or opportunity would give him leave, and so resting upon this point, after many embracings and sweet kisses they departed.

Dorastus, having taken his leave of his best beloved Fawnia, went to the grove where he had his rich apparel, and there uncasing himself as secretly as might be, hiding up his shepherd's attire till occasion should serve again to use it, he went to the palace, showing by his merry countenance that either the state of his body was amended or the ease of his mind greatly redressed. Fawnia, poor soul, was no less joyful that, being a shepherd, Fortune had favoured her so as to reward her with the love of a prince, hoping in time to be advanced from the daughter of a poor farmer to be the wife of a rich king, so that she thought every hour a year till by their departure they might prevent danger, not ceasing still to go every day to her sheep, not so much for the care of her flock as for the desire she had to see her love and lord Dorastus, who oftentimes, when opportunity would serve, repaired thither to feed his fancy with the sweet content of Fawnia's presence, and although he never went to visit her but in his shepherd's rags, yet his oft repair made him

not only suspected but known to divers of their neighbours who, for the goodwill they bare to old Porrus, told him secretly of the matter, wishing him to keep his daughter at home lest she went so oft to the field that she brought him home a young son, for they feared that, Fawnia being so beautiful, the young prince would allure her to folly. Porrus was stricken into a dump at these news, so that thanking his neighbours for their goodwill he hied him home to his wife, and calling her aside, wringing his hands and shedding forth tears, he brake the matter to her in these terms:

I am afraid, wife, that my daughter Fawnia hath made herself so fine that she will buy repentance too dear. I hear news which, if they be true, some will wish they had not proved true. It is told me by my neighbours that Dorastus, the King's son, begins to look at our daughter Fawnia, which if it be so, I will not give her a halfpenny for her honesty at the year's end. I tell thee, wife, nowadays beauty is a great stale to trap young men, and fair words and sweet promises are two great enemies to a maiden's honesty, and thou knowest where poor men entreat and cannot obtain, there princes may command and will obtain. Though kings' sons dance in nets they may not be seen, but poor men's faults are spied at a little hole. Well, it is a hard case where kings' lusts are laws, and that they should bind poor men to that which they themselves wilfully break.

Peace, husband, quoth his wife, take heed what you say. Speak no more than you should, lest you hear what you would not. Great streams are to be stopped by sleight, not by force, and princes to be persuaded by submission, not by rigour. Do what you can, but no more than you may, lest in saving Fawnia's maidenhead you lose your own head. Take heed, I say, it is ill jesting with edged tools, and bad sporting with kings. The wolf had his skin pulled over his ears for but looking into the lion's den.

Tush, wife, quoth he, thou speakest like a fool. If the King should know that Dorastus had begotten our daughter with child (as I fear it will fall out little better), the King's fury would be such as no doubt we should both lose our goods and lives. Necessity therefore hath no law, and I will prevent this mischief with a new device that is come in my head which shall neither offend the King nor displease Dorastus. I mean to take the chain and the jewels that I found with Fawnia and carry them to the King, letting him then to understand how she is none of my daughter, but that I found her beaten up with the water alone in a little boat, wrapped in a rich mantle wherein was enclosed this treasure. By this means I hope the King will take Fawnia into his service, and we, whatsoever chanceth, shall be blameless.

This device pleased the goodwife very well, so that they determined as soon as they might know the King at leisure to make him privy to this case. In the meantime Dorastus was not slack in his affairs, but applied his matters with such diligence that he provided all things fit for their journey. Treasure and jewels he had gotten great store, thinking there was no better friend than money in a strange country. Rich attire he had provided for Fawnia, and because he could not bring the matter to pass without the help and advice of someone, he made an old servant of his called Capnio, who had served him from his childhood, privy to his affairs, who seeing no persuasions could prevail to divert him

from his settled determination, gave his consent, and dealt so secretly in the cause that within short space he had gotten a ship ready for their passage.

The mariners, seeing a fit gale of wind for their purpose, wished Capnio to make no delays, lest if they pretermitted this good weather they might stay long ere they had such a fair wind. Capnio, fearing that his negligence should hinder the journey, in the night-time conveyed the trunks full of treasure into the ship, and by secret means let Fawnia understand that the next morning they meant to depart. She upon this news slept very little that night, but got up very early and went to her sheep, looking every minute when she should see Dorastus, who tarried not long for fear delay might breed danger, but came as fast as he could gallop, and without any great circumstance took Fawnia up behind him and rode to the haven where the ship lay, which was not three-quarters of a mile distant from that place. He no sooner came there but the mariners were ready with their cock-boat to set them aboard, where being couched together in a cabin, they passed away the time in recounting their old loves till their man Capnio should come.

Porrus, who had heard that this morning the King would go abroad to take the air, called in haste to his wife to bring him his holiday hose and his best jacket, that he might go like an honest substantial man to tell his tale. His wife, a good cleanly wench, brought him all things fit and sponged him up very handsomely, giving him the chains and jewels in a little box, which Porrus for the more safety put in his bosom. Having thus all his trinkets in a readiness, taking his staff in his hand he had his wife kiss him for good luck, and so he went towards the palace. But as he was going, Fortune, who meant to show him a little false play, prevented his purpose in this wise.

He met by chance in his way Capnio, who trudging as fast as he could with a little coffer under his arm to the ship, and spying Porrus, whom he knew to be Fawnia's father, going towards the palace, being a wily fellow began to doubt the worst, and therefore crossed him the way and asked him whither he was going so early this morning.

Porrus (who knew by his face that he was one of the court), meaning simply, told him that the King's son Dorastus dealt hardly with him, for he had but one daughter, who was a little beautiful, and that his neighbours told him the young prince had allured her to folly; he went therefore now to complain to the King how greatly he was abused.

Capnio (who straightway smelt the whole matter) began to soothe him in his talk, and said that Dorastus dealt not like a prince to spoil any poor man's daughter in that sort. He therefore would do the best for him he could because he knew he was an honest man. *But, quoth Capnio, you lose your labour in going to the palace, for the King means this day to take the air of the sea, and to go aboard of a ship that lies in the haven. I am going before, you see, to provide all things in a readiness, and if you will follow my counsel, turn back with me to the haven, where I will set you in such a fit place as you may speak to the King at your pleasure.*

Porrus, giving credit to Capnio's smooth tale, gave him a thousand thanks for his friendly advice, and went with him to the haven, making all the way his complaints of Dorastus,

yet concealing secretly the chain and the jewels. As soon as they were come to the sea-side, the mariners, seeing Capnio, came aland with their cock-boat, who still dissembling the matter demanded of Porrus if he would go see the ship, who, unwilling and fearing the worst because he was not well acquainted with Capnio, made his excuse that he could not brook the sea, therefore would not trouble him.

Capnio, seeing that by fair means he could not get him aboard, commanded the mariners that by violence they should carry him into the ship, who like sturdy knaves hoisted the poor shepherd on their backs, and bearing him to the boat, launched from the land.

Porrus, seeing himself so cunningly betrayed, durst not cry out, for he saw it would not prevail, but began to entreat Capnio and the mariners to be good to him and to pity his estate; he was but a poor man that lived by his labour. They, laughing to see the shepherd so afraid, made as much haste as they could, and set him aboard. Porrus was no sooner in the ship but he saw Dorastus walking with Fawnia, yet he scarce knew her for she had attired herself in rich apparel which so increased her beauty that she resembled rather an angel than a mortal creature. Dorastus and Fawnia were half astonished to see the old shepherd, marvelling greatly what wind had brought him thither, till Capnio told them all the whole discourse, how Porrus was going to make his complaint to the King if by policy he had not prevented him, and therefore now, sith he was aboard, for the avoiding of further danger it were best to carry him into Italy. Dorastus praised greatly his man's device and allowed of his counsel, but Fawnia (who still feared Porrus as her father) began to blush for shame that by her means he should either incur danger or displeasure.

The old shepherd, hearing this hard sentence that he should on such a sudden be carried from his wife, his country and kinsfolk into a foreign land amongst strangers began with bitter tears to make his complaint, and on his knees to entreat Dorastus that, pardoning his unadvised folly, he would give him leave to go home, swearing that he would keep all things as secret as they could wish. But these protestations could not prevail, although Fawnia entreated Dorastus very earnestly, but the mariners, hoisting their mainsails, weighed anchors and haled into the deep, where we leave them to the favour of the wind and seas, and return to Egistus, who having appointed this day to hunt in one of his forests, called for his son Dorastus to go sport himself because he saw that of late he began to lour. But his men made answer that he was gone abroad none knew whither, except he were gone to the grove to walk all alone, as his custom was to do every day.

The King, willing to waken him out of his dumps, sent one of his men to go to seek him, but in vain, for at last he returned, but find him he could not, so that the King went himself to go see the sport, where passing away the day, returning at night from hunting he asked for his son, but he could not be heard of, which drave the King into a great choler, whereupon most of his noblemen and other courtiers posted abroad to seek him, but they could not hear of him through all Sicilia, only they missed Capnio, his man, which again made the King suspect that he was not gone far.

Two or three days being passed and no news heard of Dorastus, Egistus began to fear that he was devoured with some wild beasts, and upon that made out a great troop of men to go seek him, who coasted through all the country and searched in every dangerous and secret place until at last they met with a fisherman that was sitting in a little covert hard by the sea-side mending his nets when Dorastus and Fawnia took shipping, who being examined if he either knew or heard where the King's son was, without any secrecy at all revealed the whole matter, how he was sailed two days past, and had in his company his man Capnio, Porrus, and his fair daughter Fawnia.

This heavy news was presently carried to the King who, half dead for sorrow, commanded Porrus' wife to be sent for. She being come to the palace, after due examination confessed that her neighbours had oft told her that the King's son was too familiar with Fawnia, her daughter, whereupon her husband, fearing the worst, about two days past, hearing the King should go an-hunting, rose early in the morning and went to make his complaint, but since she neither heard of him nor saw him. Egistus, perceiving the woman's unfeigned simplicity, let her depart without incurring further displeasure, concealing such secret grief for his son's reckless folly that he had so forgotten his honour and parentage by so base a choice to dishonour his father and discredit himself, that with very care and thought he fell into a quartan fever, which was so unfit for his aged years and complexion that he became so weak as the physicians would grant him no life.

But his son Dorastus little regarded either father, country or kingdom in respect of his lady Fawnia, for Fortune, smiling on this young novice, lent him so lucky a gale of wind for the space of a day and a night that the mariners lay and slept upon the hatches. But on the next morning, about the break of the day, the air began to overcast, the winds to rise, the seas to swell, yea, presently there arose such a fearful tempest as the ship was in danger to be swallowed up with every sea, the mainmast with the violence of the wind was thrown overboard, the sails were torn, the tacklings went in sunder, the storm raging still so furiously that poor Fawnia was almost dead for fear but that she was greatly comforted with the presence of Dorastus. The tempest continued three days, all which time the mariners every minute looked for death, and the air was so darkened with clouds that the master could not tell by his compass in what coast they were. But upon the fourth day, about ten of the clock, the wind began to cease, the sea to wax calm, and the sky to be clear, and the mariners descried the coast of Bohemia, shooting off their ordnance for joy that they had escaped such a fearful tempest.

Dorastus, hearing that they were arrived at some harbour, sweetly kissed Fawnia and bade her be of good cheer. When they told him that the port belonged unto the chief city of Bohemia where Pandosto kept his court, Dorastus began to be sad, knowing that his father hated no man so much as Pandosto, and that the King himself had sought secretly to betray Egistus. This considered, he was half afraid to go on land but that Capnio counselled him to change his name and his country until such time as they could get some other barque to transport them into Italy. Dorastus, liking this device, made his case privy to the mariners, rewarding them bountifully for their pains and charging them to say that he was a gentleman of Trapalonia called Meleagrus. The shipmen, willing to show what friendship they could to Dorastus, promised to be secret as they could or he might

wish, and upon this they landed in a little village a mile distant from the city, where after they had rested a day thinking to make provision for their marriage, the fame of Fawnia's beauty was spread throughout all the city so that it came to the ears of Pandosto, who then being about the age of fifty, had notwithstanding young and fresh affections, so that he desired greatly to see Fawnia, and to bring this matter the better to pass, hearing they had but one man and how they rested at a very homely house, he caused them to be apprehended as spies, and sent a dozen of his guard to take them, who being come to their lodging told them the King's message. Dorastus, no whit dismayed, accompanied with Fawnia and Capnio went to the court (for they left Porrus to keep the stuff), who being admitted to the King's presence, Dorastus and Fawnia with humble obeisance saluted his Majesty.

Pandosto, amazed at the singular perfection of Fawnia, stood half astonished viewing her beauty, so that he had almost forgot himself what he had to do. At last with stern countenance he demanded their names, and of what country they were, and what caused them to land in Bohemia.

Sir, quoth Dorastus, know that my name Meleagrus is, a knight born and brought up in Trapalonia, and this gentlewoman who I mean to take to my wife is an Italian born in Padua, from whence I have now brought her. The cause I have so small a train with me is for that, her friends unwilling to consent, I intended secretly to convey her into Trapalonia, whither as I was sailing by distress of weather I was driven into these coasts. Thus have you heard my name, my country, and the cause of my voyage.

Pandosto, starting from his seat as one in choler, made this rough reply:

Meleagrus, I fear this smooth tale hath but small truth, and that thou coverest a foul skin with fair paintings. No doubt this lady by her grace and beauty is of her degree more meet for a mighty prince than for a simple knight, and thou, like a perjured traitor, hast bereft her of her parents, to their present grief and her ensuing sorrow. Till, therefore, I hear more of her parentage and of thy calling, I will stay you both here in Bohemia.

Dorastus, in whom rested nothing but kingly valour, was not able to suffer the reproaches of Pandosto, but that he made him this answer:

It is not meet for a king without due proof to appeach any man of ill behaviour, nor upon suspicion to infer belief. Strangers ought to be entertained with courtesy, not to be entreated with cruelty, lest, being forced by want to put up injuries, the gods revenge their cause with rigour.

Pandosto, hearing Dorastus utter these words, commanded that he should straight be committed to prison until such time as they heard further of his pleasure, but as for Fawnia, he charged that she should be entertained in the court with such courtesy as belonged to a stranger and her calling. The rest of the shipmen he put into the dungeon.

Having thus hardly handled the supposed Trapalonians, Pandosto, contrary to his aged years, began to be somewhat tickled with the beauty of Fawnia, insomuch that he could take no rest, but cast in his old head a thousand new devices. At last he fell into these thoughts:

How art thou pestered, Pandosto, with fresh affections and unfit fancies, wishing to possess with an unwilling mind, and in a hot desire troubled with a cold disdain! Shall thy mind yield in age to that thou hast resisted in youth? Peace, Pandosto, blab not out that which thou may'st be ashamed to reveal to thyself. Ah, Fawnia is beautiful, and it is not for thine honour, fond fool, to name her that is thy captive and another man's concubine. Alas, I reach at that with my hand which my heart would fain refuse, playing like the bird ibis in Egypt, which hateth serpents yet feedeth on their eggs.

Tush, hot desires turn oftentimes to cold disdain. Love is brittle where appetite, not reason, bears the sway. Kings' thoughts ought not to climb so high as the heavens, but to look no lower than honour. Better it is to peck at the stars with the young eagles than to prey on dead carcasses with the vultures. 'Tis more honourable for Pandosto to die by concealing love than to enjoy such unfit love. Doth Pandosto then love? Yea. Whom? A maid unknown, yea, and perhaps immodest, straggled out of her own country; beautiful, but not therefore chaste; comely in body, but perhaps crooked in mind. Cease then, Pandosto, to look at Fawnia, much less to love her. Be not overtaken with a woman's beauty, whose eyes are framed by art to enamour, whose heart is framed by nature to enchant, whose false tears know their true times, and whose sweet words pierce deeper than sharp swords.

Here Pandosto ceased from his talk but not from his love, for although he sought by reason and wisdom to suppress this frantic affection, yet he I could take no rest, the beauty of Fawnia had made such a deep impression in his heart. But on a day, walking abroad into a park which was hard adjoining to his house, he sent by one of his servants for Fawnia, unto whom he uttered these words:

Fawnia, I commend thy beauty and wit, and now pity thy distress and want, but if thou wilt forsake Sir Meleagrus, whose poverty, though a knight, is not able to maintain an estate answerable to thy beauty, and yield thy consent to Pandosto, I will both increase thee with dignities and riches.

No, sir, answered Fawnia, Meleagrus is a knight that both won me by love, and none but he shall wear me. His sinister mischance shall not diminish my affection, but rather increase my goodwill. Think not, though your Grace hath imprisoned him without cause, that fear shall make me yield my consent. I had rather be Meleagrus' wife and a beggar than live in plenty and be Pandosto's concubine.

Pandosto, hearing the assured answer of Fawnia, would notwithstanding prosecute his suit to the uttermost, seeking with fair words and great promises to scale the fort of her chastity, swearing that if she would grant to his desire, Meleagrus should not only be set at liberty but honoured in his court amongst his nobles. But these alluring baits could not

entice her mind from the love of her new-betrothed mate, Meleagrus, which Pandosto seeing, he left her alone for that time to consider more of the demand. Fawnia, being alone by herself, began to enter into these solitary meditations:

Ah, infortunate Fawnia, thou seest to desire above fortune is to strive against the gods and fortune. Who gazeth at the sun weakeneth his sight. They which stare at the sky fall oft into deep pits. Hadst thou rested content to have been a shepherd, thou need'st not to have feared mischance. Better had it been for thee by sitting low to have had quiet than by climbing high to have fallen into misery. But alas, I fear not mine own danger but Dorastus' displeasure. Ah, sweet Dorastus, thou art a prince but now a prisoner, by too much love procuring thine own loss. Hadst thou not loved Fawnia, thou hadst been fortunate. Shall I then be false to him that hath forsaken kingdoms for my cause? No, would my death might deliver him, so mine honour might be preserved.

With that, fetching a deep sigh, she ceased from her complaints and went again to the palace, enjoying a liberty without content, and proffered pleasure with small joy.

But poor Dorastus lay all this while in close prison, being pinched with a hard restraint and pained with the burden of cold and heavy irons, sorrowing sometimes that his fond affection had procured him this mishap, that by the disobedience of his parents he had wrought his own despite, another while cursing the gods and fortune that they should cross him with such sinister chance, uttering at last his passions in these words:

Ah, unfortunate wretch, born to mishap, now thy folly hath his desert. Art thou not worthy for thy base mind to have bad fortune? Could the Destinies favour thee which hast forgot thine honour and dignities? Will not the gods plague him with despite that paineth his father with disobedience? Oh gods, if any favour or justice be left, plague me, but favour poor Fawnia and shroud her from the tyrannies of wretched Pandosto, but let my death free her from mishap, and then, welcome death!

Dorastus, pained with these heavy passions, sorrowed and sighed but in vain, for which he used the more patience.

But again to Pandosto, who broiling at the heat of unlawful lust could take no rest, but still felt his mind disquieted with his new love, so that his nobles and subjects marvelled greatly at this sudden alteration, not being able to conjecture the cause of this his continued care. Pandosto, thinking every hour a year till he had talked once again with Fawnia, sent for her secretly into his chamber, whither though Fawnia unwillingly coming, Pandosto entertained her very courteously, using these familiar speeches, which Fawnia answered as shortly in this wise:

Pandosto: Fawnia, are you become less wilful and more wise, to prefer the love of a king before the liking of a poor knight? I think ere this you think it is better to be favoured of a king than of a subject.

Fawnia: Pandosto, the body is subject to victories, but the mind not to be subdued by conquest. Honesty is to be preferred before honour, and a dram of faith weigheth down a tun of gold. I have promised Meleagrus to love, and will perform no less.

Pandosto: Fawnia, I know thou art not so unwise in thy choice as to refuse the offer of a king, nor so ingrateful as to despise a good turn. Thou art now in that place where I may command, and yet thou seest I entreat; my power is such as I may compel by force, and yet I sue by prayers. Yield, Fawnia, thy love to him which burneth in thy love, Meleagrus shall be set free, thy countrymen discharged, and thou both loved and honoured.

Fawnia: I see, Pandosto, where lust ruleth it is a miserable thing to be a virgin. But know this, that I will always prefer fame before life, and rather choose death than dishonour.

Pandosto, seeing that there was in Fawnia a determinate courage to love Meleagrus, and a resolution without fear to hate him, flung away from her in a rage, swearing if in short time she would not be won with reason, he would forget all courtesy and compel her to grant by rigour. But these threatening words no whit dismayed Fawnia but that she still both despited and despised Pandosto.

While thus these two lovers strove, the one to win love, the other to live in hate, Egistus heard certain news by merchants of Bohemia that his son Dorastus was imprisoned by Pandosto, which made him fear greatly that his son should be but hardly entreated. Yet considering that Bellaria and he was cleared by the oracle of Apollo from that crime wherewith Pandosto had unjustly charged them, he thought best to send with all spend to Pandosto that he should set free his son, Dorastus, and put to death Fawnia and her father Porrus.

Finding this by the advice of counsel the speediest remedy to release his son, he caused presently two of his ships to be rigged and thoroughly furnished with provision of men and victuals, and sent divers of his nobles ambassadors into Bohemia, who willing to obey their king and receive their young prince, made no delays for fear of danger, but with as much speed as might be sailed towards Bohemia. The wind and seas favoured them greatly, which made them hope of some good hap, for within three days they were landed, which Pandosto no sooner heard of their arrival but he in person went to meet them, entreating them with such sumptuous and familiar courtesy that they might well perceive how sorry he was for the former injuries he had offered to their king, and how willing, if it might be, to make amends.

As Pandosto made report to them how one Meleagrus, a knight of Trapalonia, was lately arrived with a lady called Fawnia in his land, coming very suspiciously, accompanied only with one servant and an old shepherd, the ambassadors perceived by the half what the whole tale meant, and began to conjecture that it was Dorastus, who for fear to be known, had changed his name. But dissembling the matter, they shortly arrived at the court, where after they had been very solemnly and sumptuously feasted, the noblemen of Sicilia being gathered together they made report of their embassy, where they certified Pandosto that Meleagrus was son and heir to the King Egistus, and that his name was

Dorastus, how contrary to the King's mind he had privily conveyed away that Fawnia, intending to marry her, being but daughter to that poor shepherd Porrus, whereupon the King's request was that Capnio, Fawnia and Porrus might be murdered and put to death, and that his son Dorastus might be sent him in safety.

Pandosto having attentively and with great marvel heard their embassy, willing to reconcile himself to Egistus and to show him how greatly he esteemed his favour, although love and fancy forbade him to hurt Fawnia, yet in despite of love he determined to execute Egistus' will without mercy, and therefore he presently sent for Dorastus out of prison, who marvelling at this unlooked for courtesy, found at his coming to the King's presence that which he least doubted of, his father's ambassadors, who no sooner saw him but with great reverence they honoured him, and Pandosto, embracing Dorastus, set him by him very lovingly in a chair of estate.

Dorastus, ashamed that his folly was betrayed, sat a long time as one in a muse till Pandosto told him the sum of his father's embassy, which he had no sooner heard but he was touched at the quick for the cruel sentence that was pronounced against Fawnia. But neither could his sorrow nor persuasions prevail, for Pandosto commanded that Fawnia, Porrus and Capnio should be brought to his presence, who were no sooner come but Pandosto, having his former love turned to a disdainful hate, began to rage against Fawnia in these terms:

Thou disdainful vassal, thou currish kite, assigned by the Destinies to base fortune, and yet with an aspiring mind gazing after honour, how durst thou presume, being a beggar, to match with a prince, by thy alluring looks to enchant the son of a king to leave his own country to fulfil thy disordinate lusts? O despiteful mind! A proud heart in a beggar is not unlike to a great fire in a small cottage, which warmeth not the house, but burneth it. Assure thyself thou shalt die, and thou, old doting fool, whose folly both been such as to suffer thy daughter to reach above thy fortune, look for no other meed but the like punishment. But Capnio, thou which hast betrayed the King and hast consented to the unlawful lust of thy lord and master, I know not how justly I may plague thee. Death is too easy a punishment for thy falsehood, and to live, if not in extreme misery, were not to show thee equity. I therefore award that thou shall have thine eyes put out, and continually, while thou diest, grind in a mill like a brute beast.

The fear of death brought a sorrowful silence upon Fawnia and Capnio, but Porrus, seeing no hope of life, burst forth into these speeches:

Pandosto, and ye noble ambassadors of Sicilia, seeing without cause I am condemned to die, I am yet glad I have opportunity to disburden my conscience before my death. I will tell you as much as I know, and yet no more than is true. Whereas I am accused that I have been a supporter of Fawnia's pride, and she disdained as a vild beggar, so it is that I am neither father unto her nor she daughter unto me. For so it happened that I, being a poor shepherd in Sicilia, living by keeping other men's flocks, one of my sheep straying down to the sea-side, as I went to seek her I saw a little boat driven upon the shore wherein I found a babe of six days old wrapped in a mantle of scarlet, having about the

neck this chain. I, pitying the child and desirous of the treasure, carried it home to my wife, who with great care nursed it up and set it to keep sheep. Here is the chain and the jewels, and this Fawnia is the child whom I found in the boat. What she is, or of what parentage, I know not, but this I am assured that she is none of mine.

Pandosto would scarce suffer him to tell out his tale but that he enquired the time of the year, the manner of the boat, and other circumstances, which when he found agreeing to his count, he suddenly leapt from his seat and kissed Fawnia, wetting her tender cheeks with his tears, and crying, *My daughter Fawnia, ah sweet Fawnia, I am thy father, Fawnia!* This sudden passion of the King drave them all into a maze, especially Fawnia and Dorastus. But when the King had breathed himself awhile in this new joy, he rehearsed before the ambassadors the whole matter how he had entreated his wife Bellaria for jealousy, and that this was the child whom he sent to float in the seas.

Fawnia was not more joyful that she had found such a father than Dorastus was glad he should get such a wife. The ambassadors rejoiced that their young prince had made such a choice, that those kingdoms which through enmity had long time been dissevered should now through perpetual amity be united and reconciled. The citizens and subjects of Bohemia, hearing that the King had found again his daughter which was supposed dead, joyful that there was an heir apparent to his kingdom, made bonfires and shows throughout the city. The courtiers and knights appointed jousts and tourneys to signify their willing minds in gratifying the King's hap.

Eighteen days being passed in these princely sports, Pandosto, willing to recompense old Porrus, of a shepherd made him a knight. Which done, providing a sufficient navy to receive him and his retinue, accompanied with Dorastus, Fawnia and the Sicilian ambassadors, he sailed towards Sicilia, where he was most princely entertained by Egistus, who hearing this comical event, rejoiced greatly at his son's good hap, and without delay, to the perpetual joy of the two young lovers, celebrated the marriage, which was no sooner ended but Pandosto, calling to mind how first he betrayed his friend Egistus, how his jealousy was the cause of Bellaria's death, that contrary to the law of nature he had lusted after his own daughter, moved with these desperate thoughts he fell in a melancholy fit and, to close up the comedy with a tragical stratagem, he slew himself, whose death being many days bewailed of Fawnia, Dorastus and his dear friend Egistus, Dorastus, taking his leave of his father, went with his wife and the dead corpse into Bohemia, where after they were sumptuously entombed, Dorastus ended his days in contented quiet.