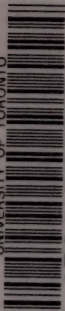


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PANDOSTO.

The Triumph of Time.

WHEREIN IS DISCOVERED

by a pleasant Historie, that although by the meanes
of sinister fortune Truth may be concea-
led, yet by Time in spight of fortune it
is most manifestly reuealed.

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

Temporis filia veritas.

By Robert Greene Maister of Artes
in Cambridge.

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.



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

1588.

Title of the first Edition, now in the British Museum.

PANDOSTO

11



GREENE'S 'PANDOSTO'
OR 'DORASTUS AND
FAWNIA' BEING THE
ORIGINAL OF SHAKE-
SPEARE'S 'WINTER'S
TALE' NEWLY EDITED
BY P. G. THOMAS

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CHATTO AND WINDUS, PUBLISHERS
LONDON MCMVII

CRADLE SONG

QUAND TU CHANTES, BERCÉE
LE SOIR, ENTRE MES BRAS,
ENTENDS-TU MA PENSÉE
QUI TE RÉPOND TOUT BAS ?
TON DOUX CHANT ME RAPPELLE
LES PLUS BEAUX DE MES JOURS ;
AH ! CHANTEZ, CHANTEZ, MA BELLE,
CHANTEZ, CHANTEZ TOUJOURS !

QUAND TU RIS, SUR TA BOUCHE
L'AMOUR S'ÉPANOUIT,
ET SOUDAIN LE FAROUCHE
SOUPÇON S'ÉVANOUIT.
AH ! LE RIRE FIDÈLE
PROUVE UN CŒUR SANS DÉTOURS !
AH ! RIEZ, RIEZ, MA BELLE,
RIEZ, RIEZ TOUJOURS !

(VICTOR HUGO)

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INTRODUCTION

Editions.—The popularity of *Pandosto* or *Dorastus and Faawnia* may be gauged from the fact that the British Museum alone contains ten editions of the novel, dated before the end of the eighteenth century. Of these, the *editio princeps* of 1588 is a unique copy, and forms the basis of the present modernized edition. Unfortunately, the whole of sig. *b* is missing, and the impression has, therefore, been completed from the 1607 ed. in the Bodleian. The chief difference between these two editions is the fact that whereas in the former the words of the oracle run “The king shall *live* without an heir,” in the latter we have “The king shall *die* without an heir,” which version appears again in the editions of 1614, 1632, 1636, 1648, 1688, 1696 and 1703. The statement in the Variorum edition of *The Winter's Tale* that Collier, Hazlitt, and Grosart all have “shall *live*” and, therefore, did not copy the 1588 edition is not conclusive. On the other hand, the fact that Shakespeare

adopts this form of the oracle (*Winter's Tale*, III. ii. 135) points to his having used the edition of 1588 or an earlier one, if such existed.

The edition of 1614 shows considerable modernization in spelling. The word "guiltlesse" replaces the "sackles(se)" of 1588 and 1607, the meaning of which had probably become obscure by this period. As for the title, *Pandosto* appears for the last time in the edition of 1632, the novel being afterwards known as *The Pleasant History of Dorastus and Fawnia*. Of modern editions those of Collier, Hazlitt, Grosart, and Furness are the most important. Hazlitt's text (*Shakespeare Library*, 2nd ed., 1875) is inferior to Collier's in spite of the assertion that it is based upon "a new collation of the original copies." It varies considerably from the original of 1588, preserving an archaism or adopting a modernization almost at random. In some instances, the resemblances between different letters of the old type seem to have caused the errors, *so* being read as *to* and *feared* as *scared*. A curious mistake occurs in the note on p. 33 where it is stated that the text adopted differs from that of the 1588 edition. As a matter of fact, the whole of this passage is wanting in the *editio princeps*. Finally, it seems unlikely that Hazlitt sup-

character of young Maximillius is developed, merely the statement that the guards "coming to the Queen's lodging found her playing with her young son, Garinter." In the same way, Greene's reference to the storm at sea is expanded into Act III. sc. iii. of *The Winter's Tale*.

Some further points of difference between the play and the novel are the following: (i) The change of names throughout. The part of Pandosto of Bohemia is taken by Leontes of Sicily, that of Egistus of Sicily by Polixenes of Bohemia. Hermione = Bellaria, Maximillius = Garinter, Florizel = Dorastus, Perdita = Fawnia, Camillo = Franion and Capnio. (ii) The reversal of the scenes. Fawnia is wrecked on the coast of Sicilia, whereas, in the play, Antigonus lands with the child on the coast of Bohemia. (iii) The part played by the queen. In the novel the queen actually dies, is embalmed, and has an epitaph set over her tomb. Hermione swoons only, in order that the *motif* of a return to life may be afterwards introduced. (iv) The mitigation of the coarseness and "horrors." Greene exhibits Pandosto trying to murder himself after the queen's death, and actually ending by suicide.

It is no small tribute to Greene's literary skill that Shakespeare, on many occasions, adopted words or phrases from the novel, employing them often in wholly different

contexts. The expression used by Hermione in reference to the king's cruelty, "'Tis rigour and not law," is Greene's. Again, in Paulina's speech—

"'Tis such as you,
That creep like shadows by him and do sigh
 At each his needless heavings, such as you
 Nourish the cause of his awaking," (Act ~~III~~ ^{II} iii.)

we have a reminiscence of Greene's words regarding the commons of Bohemia, "They went like shadows not men." The mythological description—

"The gods themselves
 Humbling their deities to love, have taken
 The shape of beasts upon them: Jupiter
 Became a bull and bellow'd; the green Neptune
 A ram and bleated; and the fire-robed god,
 Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
 As I seem now," (Act IV. iii.)

is closely modelled on Greene's lines: "And yet Dorastus shame not at thy shepherd's weed: the heavenly gods have sometimes 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." Finally, such expressions in the play as "bag and baggage," "make Fortune blush," "I appeal to your conscience," "I do refer me to the oracle," "by the seaside, browsing of ivy,"

“mistress of the feast,” etc., are mere echoes or adaptations of the original.

It was this close following of his model that led Shakespeare into many of his anachronisms and geographical errors. The descriptions of Delphos as an island and of Bohemia as surrounded by the sea had occurred earlier in Greene. No doubt, Shakespeare, in his indifference to such matters, went one more than the novelist, setting side by side Apollo’s oracle, a reference to Judas Iscariot, a Puritan “who sings psalms to horn-pipes,” “whitsun pastorals,” and the sculptor, Julio Romano. Brandes is wrong, however, in making Shakespeare alone responsible for introducing the queen as “a daughter of a Russian emperor.” The hint came from Greene, who applies a similar title to Egistus’ wife (cf. *Dorastus*, p. 16). It is interesting, in view of the close relationship between the two books, to find in the speech of the second gentleman what seems like Shakespeare’s direct reference to his original: “This news, which is called true, is so like an old tale that the verity of it is in strong suspicion.” (Act V. ii.)

Sources.—In a series of articles contributed to *Englische Studien* (1878, 1888), Caro traced the germ of the romance to certain events which occurred in the

fourteenth-century history of Poland and Bohemia. Duke Ziemowit of Massow, conceiving suspicions of his wife, cast her into prison, where she bore a son. By the duke's orders, the queen was strangled, but the boy, carried away in secret, was brought up by a peasant woman. The king never ceased to lament his action, and eventually his son was restored to him.) We may see in the unfortunate wife the prototype of Bellaria and Hermione, and in the cup-bearer Dobek that of Franion and Camillo. Caro further imagined that in Dorastus' description of himself as "a knight born and brought up in Trapolonia" there is a reference to Massow. The name Sicilia he took to be a corruption of Silesia. It is significant in this connection, that Greene makes the wife of Egistus a daughter of the Emperor of Russia. The story was probably carried to England on the occasion of the marriage between Richard II and Anne of Bohemia in 1382, seeing that the lady in question was attached to the Bohemian court of Carl IV. In the neighbourhood of Rawa, at all events, the story soon became the subject of popular ballads.

It is in regard to the story of the queen that Shakespeare differs most from Greene, by introducing an *Alcestis motif*. No English adaptation of the *Alcestis* is known to

have existed before the date of *The Winter's Tale* (1610–11), but it is not impossible that Shakespeare read the play in a literal Latin version, such as Stephens' (1567).* The influence of the *Alcestis* may be traced again in the character of Katharine in *Henry VIII*. Both Greene's novel and *The Winter's Tale* may have been influenced, directly or indirectly, by the *Phænissæ* of Euripides, an adaptation of which by Gascoigne and Kinwelmersh was produced at Gray's Inn in 1566. The same *motif*, that of a child exposed by the cruelty of a parent and discovered by a shepherd, occurs there—

“For so it chanced, a shepherd passing by,
 With pity moved, did stay his guiltless death;
 He took him home and gave him to his wife
 With homelier fare to feed and foster up.” (Act I.)

Shakespeare's *dramatis personæ* may sometimes be traced to a classic source. Autolycus can be referred back to the XIXth book of the *Odyssey* and to the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid, with which Shakespeare was familiar in Golding's translation. The name Hermione may have been derived from the *Andromache*. Whatever may be said of Shakespeare's “little Latin and less Greek,” he

* The story of Alcestis is found in Pettie's *Petite Palace of Pleasure* (see “King's Classics.”)

was, at least, familiar with the subject-matter of many classical stories.

Other forms of the story.—Edward Ford's long-forgotten romance, *The famous and pleasant History of Parismus, the valiant and renowned Prince of Bohemia* (1597), bears little enough resemblance to either *Dorastus* or *The Winter's Tale*, but it is interesting to discover therein certain of the motives employed by both Greene and Shakespeare. Laurana, heiress to the crown of Thessaly, is carried to the Island of Rocks, where she is delivered of Parismenos. The child is, at length, abandoned to the mercy of a nurse, who "having a tender love for so sweet a babe fled with it into the wilderness, and there preserved it many years." Parismenos is eventually restored to his parents. The expression "coast of Bohemia" occurs in the romance, and may serve to justify both Greene and Shakespeare. The fact that the nurse is devoured by a bear reminds one of the fate of Antigonus in *The Winter's Tale*.

According to Koeppel, Act IV. of *The History of the Trial of Chivalry* contains a scene similar to that in *The Winter's Tale*, in which Hermione is shown as a statue (Act V. iii.).

Lope's *El Manuel de Felisardo* has been compared with

Shakespeare's play, but the only point of resemblance is the marriage of the young lover to a marble statue. The Dutch drama, *Alcinea*, is probably a mere imitation of *The Winter's Tale*.

In France, Greene's novel became very popular in its translated form, and passed through numerous editions. It was dramatized by both Hardy and Puget de la Serre, but the former's version is now lost. The *Pandoste ou la Princesse Malheureuse* of Puget de la Serre was performed at the Hotel de Bourgogne in 1631. The scene-shifter, Laurent Mahelot, has left behind him an album containing sketches of the scenery used during the two days' performance. The album is now preserved in the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris. The list of movables required for the play consists of "a chafing dish, a ewer, a chaplet of flowers, a flask full of wine, a cornet of incense, a thunder and some flames; for the fourth act a child, two candlesticks and some trumpets must be provided."—(Cf. Jusserard's *Shakespeare in France* and the *Appendix* to this volume.)

In 1815-16, Coleridge attempted to combine the motives of *Cymbeline* and *The Winter's Tale* in his *Zapolya*. The play is preceded by a prelude. Emerick secures the throne of Illyria by murdering the reigning king, Andreas; the queen, Zapolya, taking flight with

her infant boy. Twenty years elapse, after which the boy, who has meanwhile been brought up by an old mountaineer, returns to his father's dominions, where he becomes king on the death of Emerick. Coleridge's play has little merit from the dramatic point of view.

The Author.—Robert Greene was born at Norwich about the year 1560. He entered St. John's College, Cambridge, as a sizar in November, 1575, took the B.A. degree in 1578-79, and proceeded M.A. in 1583. *The Groatworth of Wit bought with a million of repentance* (1592) gives a lurid description of the dissolute life led by Greene and those companions with whom he "consumed the flower of his youth." Impiety and dissipation were, at this period, rampant in the Universities. Despite Ascham's tirade against the Italianate Englishman Greene seems to have made a tour of Italy and Spain, where, according to his own confession, he indulged in vices "abominable to declare." He was back in London by 1580, in which year his first novel *Mamillia* was entered at Stationers' Hall. The tone of this book was entirely euphuistic, and the same may be said of the rest of the "love-pamphlets" which appeared in rapid succession during the next few years. In 1585-86 Greene married, but deserted his wife at the end of a year.

“For as much,” he tells us, “as she would persuade me from wilful wickedness . . . I cast her off, having spent the marriage money which I had obtained by her.”

After his successful career as a pamphleteer Greene turned to the drama in the hope of rivalling Marlowe. *Tamburlaine* had set the fashion. Accordingly, as Greene himself tells us in the prologue to *Alphonsus*—

“ My hand, which used for to pen
The praise of love and Cupid’s peerless power,
Will now begin to treat of bloody Mars,
Of doughty deeds and valiant victories.”

Unfortunately, *Alphonsus* has all the rant but none of the saving graces of *Tamburlaine*. Greene is, perhaps, happiest in his attempt to imitate the famous Zenocrate passage (*Tamburlaine* I. i.). But there is nothing in his version to rival the effrontery of the Marlowan couplet—

“ And scale the icy mountains’ lofty tops
Which with thy beauty will be soon resolved.”

Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay was written in rivalry with *Faustus*, but is conceived in the spirit of comedy rather than of tragedy. Here again Greene attempts imitations of particular passages in his model. The lines—

“ Shall I be Helen in my forward fates
As I am Helen in my matchless hue
And set rich Suffolk with my face afire ? ”

(*Friar Bacon*, III. 3.)

recall the famous apostrophe in *Faustus*. Greene's contributions to the drama—his romantic vein, his humour and his developed type of womanhood—were all important in the preparation for Shakespeare, and the great dramatist, passing by the personal attack in *The Groat-worth of Wit*, paid Greene the well-deserved tribute of a personal reference in *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, and at the same time adopted his *Pandosto* as the basis of *The Winter's Tale*.

During the last two years of his life, Greene turned on his old associates, "the cony-catchers, cross-biters, lifts, high lawyers, and all the rabble of that unclean generation of vipers," and exposed their methods to their confusion. These latter pamphlets are the most realistic of Greene's writings, though to accept either these or the *Repentance* too literally would be unwise. The closing scene of Greene's life, as described by his arch-enemy, Gabriel Harvey, is infinitely pathetic. His famous letter to his abandoned wife on behalf of the poor shoemaker, which the pedant saw with his own eyes and transcribed for posterity, points the moral of Bohemianism—

"Doll, I charge thee by the love of our youth and by my soul's rest that thou wilt see this man paid ; for, if he and his wife had not succoured me, I had died in the streets."

PANDOSTO.

¶ The Triumph
of Time.

WHEREIN IS DISCOVERED

by a pleasant History, that although by the means
of sinister fortune Truth may be concea-
*lea 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 de-
sired content.*

Temporis filia veritas.

¶ *By Robert Greene, Master of Arts
in Cambridge.*

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.

Imprinted at London by *Thomas Orwin* for *Thomas
Cadman*, dwelling at the Sign of the *Bible*, near
unto the North door of Paul's,

1588.

TO THE GENTLEMEN READERS HEALTH

THE paltering Poet Aphranus, being blamed for troubling the Emperor Trajan with so many dotting poems, adventured notwithstanding still to present him with rude and homely verses, excusing himself with the courtesy of the 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, and 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 currish 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 load-stone. Unicorns, being gluttred with browsing on roots of liquorice, 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 Esculapius 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. Mison, 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 impudence, than laugh at my ignorance: 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 Phœnix. Phidias drew Vulcan sitting in a chair of ivory. Cæsar's crow durst never cry, Ave, but when she was peaked on the Capitol. And I seek to shroud this imperfect pamphlet under your honour's patronage, doubting the dint of such invenomed 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 the 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 rase out this hellish passion, it forthwith suspecteth that he giveth this advice to cover his own guiltiness. Yea, who so 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 couples

such deadly seeds of secret hatred, as, love being once rased 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 child¹ greatly augmented the love of the parents and the joy of their commons; in so much 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 shew their friendship they ought 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 submiss courtesy and magnificent bounty, that they all saw how willing he was to gratify their good wills, 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 shew 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,² desirous to shew 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 shew 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 toward 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 shew 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 bed chamber 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: in so much, 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 such like 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.⁷ 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 drave him into such a frantic passion, that he began to bear a secret hate to Egistus and a louring countenance to Bellaria;⁸ 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,⁹ 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,¹⁰ and so under the shape of a friend to shew 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;¹¹ 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 cupbearer,¹² 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 cupbearer, either being of a good conscience or willing for fashion sake to deny such a bloody request, began with great reasons to persuade Pandosto from his

determinate mischief,³ shewing him what an offence murder was to the Gods; how such unnatural actions did more displease the heavens than men, 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 shew 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 he now 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 such like persuasions of Franion—for so was his cupbearer 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 should poison Egistus, he would 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.¹⁶ 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 :^b wherewith Pandosto remained somewhat satisfied, hoping 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.¹⁷ 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 refused 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 ton 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 burthen. 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 Ægeum will never be sweet : the herb Trigion 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 such like 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.¹⁸ 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 bewraying 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,¹⁹ 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,¹⁰ and that, if the Bohemians had intended any such 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 pleased his Majesty to fly into Sicilia for the safeguard of his life, he would go with him, and if then he found not such a practise 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. ²²

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 would 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, ²³ by the help of Franion conveyed himself and his men out at a postern gate ²⁴ 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 bewrayed 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 ; in so much that, incensed with rage, he commands that his wife should be carried to straight 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 sorrowful 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 bewrayed his secrets, and that Egistus might

well be railed on, but not revenged,³⁰ determined to wreak all his wrath on poor Bellaria.³¹ 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;³² whereupon the traitor Franion A was fled away with Egistus, and Bellaria was most justly imprisoned. This proclamation being once blazed through the country,³³ 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 throughly 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 ofttimes 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,³⁴ for he married the Emperor's daughter of Russia.³⁵ These and the like considerations something daunted Pandosto his courage, so that he was content rather to put up a manifest injury with peace, than hunt after revenge, dishonour and loss; determining, since Egistus had escaped scot-free, that Bellaria should pay³⁶ for all at an unreasonable price.

Remaining thus resolute in his 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 just 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 those heavy injuries. As thus she lay crossèd 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 thou hadst 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 despise ; accused without cause, and therefore oughtest to die without care, for patience is a shield against fortune, and a guiltless mind yieldeth 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 trumpet : thy suspected adultery shall fly in the air, and thy known virtues shall lie hid in the earth ; one mole staineth the 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 terms : 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,³⁷ and let sorrow bite them which offend, not touch thee that art faultless. But alas, poor soul, how canst thou but sorrow ? Thou art with child, and by him that in stead of kind pity pincheth thee in cold prison.'

And with that, such gasping sighs so stopping 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 jailor, pitying those her heavy passions, thinking that if the king knew she were with child he would somewhat appease his fury³⁸ 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 jailor 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 [big] withal should die if the Gods themselves said no³; thinking that surely by computation of time⁴⁰ that Egistus and not he was the father to the child. This suspicious thought galled afresh this half healed sore, in so much as he could take no rest⁴¹ 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.⁴² His nobles hearing of the king's cruel sentence sought by persuasions to divert him from his bloody determination, laying before his face the innocency of the child, and 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.⁴³ 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

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causeless cruelty nor innocent blood never scapes without revenge. These and such like reasons could not appease his rage, but he rested resolute in this, that Bellaria being an aduress 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 worse 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 mercies 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 swoond, so that all thought she had been dead: yet at last being come to herself, she cried and scritch'd out in this wise:

‘ Alas, sweet unfortunate babe, scarce born before envied by fortune! would the day of thy birth had been the term of thy life; then shouldest 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 ghastful seas, with a sorrowful kiss I bid thee farewell, and I pray the gods thou mayest fare well.'

Such and so great was her grief, that her vital spirits being suppressed with sorrow, she fell again down into 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 and 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 calamity. 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 hus-

band, but their pretence being partly spied, she counselled them to fly away by night for their better safety.⁴ 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 past all shame in committing the fault:⁵ 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.⁵ And if she had borne a

friendly countenance to Egistus, it was in respect he was his friend,² and not for any lusting affection; therefore, if she were condemned without any further proof it was rigour and not law.³

The noblemen, which sate in judgment, said that Bellaria spake reason,⁴ and intreated 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,⁵ 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 inquire of the oracle of Apollo⁶ 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.⁵⁷

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 weeks⁵³ 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,⁵⁹ 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. 60

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:⁶³ 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 hath 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.'⁶⁴

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.⁶⁵ 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 shew 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 cupbearer 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,⁶⁶ 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, and could be never revived.⁶⁷ This sudden sight so appalled the king's senses, that he sank from his seat in a swoond, 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, diversely 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 such like 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 wrapt 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;

pastor
 Corvus
 Fawnia

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.
 WHAT ERE 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 tomb⁶⁴, 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 shew 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 tempest⁷⁰ ceased and the little boat was driven with the tide into the coast of Sicilia⁷¹, where sticking upon the sands it rested. Fortune minding to be wanton, willing to shew 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 fortun'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,⁷² 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.⁷³

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. ⁷⁴ 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 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) swore 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 for ever : 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 shewed 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 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 good wife 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, in so much that they began both of them to be very fond of it, seeing as it waxed in age so it increased in beauty. The shepherd every night at his coming home would sing and dance it on his knee and prattle, that in 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), 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, in so much 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

idea of grace

born of some high parentage¹⁹; 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. 60

Fortune, who all this while had shewed a friendly face, began now to turn her back and to shew 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, but all his commons

rejoiced that God had lent them such a noble prince to succeed in the kingdom. ⁹¹ 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 : *Like Porcibus*

'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 no 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 awhile, 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

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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 fortuned 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 Actæon 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 fired 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 that 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,

LOVE
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PERISH

As thus he was raging against himself, Love, fearing if she dallied long to lose her champion, stept 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

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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. Phœbus 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 diversely 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, in so much that, as she sate upon the side of a hill, she began to accuse her own folly in these terms:

‘Unfortunate Fawnia, and therefore unfortunate because Fawnia! thy shepherd’s hook sheweth 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 Anita, growing higher than six inches, becometh a weed. Nylus, flowing more than twelve cubits, procureth a dearth. Daring affections that pass measure are cut short by time or fortune: suppress

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then, Fawnia, those thoughts which thou mayest 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 drave 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 more beautiful. And with that she rose up, saluting the prince with such modest curtesies as

He wondered how a country maid could afford such courtly behaviour. Dorastus, repaying her curtesy 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 your 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, shew 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 beholding 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 as 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.⁸² 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 puffing 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.’^q 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 hill side, 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 seemest 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. Heigh 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 hieing 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: in so much 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 new 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 those 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 affection. 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 becomes 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 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 wouldest 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 to become a shepherd, and see I have made the change, and, therefore, 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 affection ; but that, in despite of the destinies, he would remain loyal unto death. Having thus plighted 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, shewing by his merry countenance that either the state of his body was amended, or

the case 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 good will 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 good will, 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

her self 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 snare 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 inclosed 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 good wife 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 some one, 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 bade his wife kiss him for good luck, and so he went towards the palace. But, as he was going, fortune, who meant to shew 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 by 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 the 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 a land 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 him 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 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 drove 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 past 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 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, conceiving 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 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 bark 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 Trapolonia called Meleagrus. The ship-

men, willing to shew what friendship they could to Dorastus, promised to be as 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 Trapolonia, and this gentlewoman, whom 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 Trapolonia; 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, hath 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 Trapolonians, Pandosto, contrary to his aged years, began to be somewhat tickled with the beauty of Fawnia, in so much 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 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 mayest 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 : king's 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 vulture : 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 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 hath won me by love, and none but he shall wear me : his sinister mischance shall not diminish my affection, but rather increase my good will : 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, unfortunate 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: haddest thou rested content to have been a shepherd, thou needest 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: haddest 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

Bellarina
Pamella

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 in 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 ton of gold. I have promised to 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 ungrateful 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 speed 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 Trapolonia, 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 home in safety. Pandosto, having attentively and with great marvel heard their embassy, willing to reconcile himself to Egistus and to shew 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 bewrayed, sate 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 his 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 that thou shalt die. And thou, old dotting fool, whose folly hath 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 shew thee equity. I, therefore, award that thou shalt 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 vile 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 inquired 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 a while 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 had sent to float in the seas.

irony
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 past 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 most 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 into 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.

TEXTUAL NOTES

H. = Hazlitt's Shakespeare Library (2nd ed., 1875).

G. = Grosart's Edition.

P. xxv., l. 9. *to* H.

P. xxvii., l. 10. *sharpē* 1588.

l. 20. *mā* 1588.

P. xxviii., l. 17. *slaunderours* 1588: *slaunderous* 1607:
slanderous 1614.

l. 18. *oftentims* 1588: *often times* 1607.

P. 2, l. 16. *cōtent* 1588.

l. 21. *joys* H.

P. 3, l. 10. *So* 1607: *making a feast for subjects* H.
and G.

l. 20. *sun* 1588: *sunne* H.

P. 4, l. 23. *cōmend* 1588.

P. 5, l. 5. *intertainemēt* 1588.

l. 10. *familiaritie* 1588: *familiarite* H.

P. 6, l. 21. *frequēted* 1588.

P. 7, l. 4. *cōscience* 1588.

l. 7. *jealously* H.

l. 10. *whereupō* 1588.

P. 8, l. 1. *murther* 1588.

l. 3. After *men* the whole of sig. *b* is missing in

the 1588 ed. The text has been supplied from that of 1607.

l. 4. *sildome* 1607: *seldome* H.

l. 8. *coûtenance* 1607.

l. 22. *would poison* H.

P. 9, l. 3. *an opportunity* H.

l. 19. *counsel keepeth* H.

l. 21. *has* H.

P. 10, l. 5. *but hurt* H.

l. 6. *Lyons* H.

l. 12. 1607 has *Ægium*.

l. 14. *alwaies* H.

l. 14. *guiltie* H.

l. 15. *cleare* H.

l. 22. *determined* 1607.

l. 24. *devise* 1607.

P. 11, l. 7. *Traytor* H.

l. 7. *counsaile* H.

l. 17. *shaddow* H.

l. 22. *allegance* 1607: *allegeance* H.

P. 12, l. 2. *to oddes* H.

l. 3. *the middst* H.

l. 8. *misconsture* 1607.

l. 19. *weyghed* H.

l. 23. *Countrie* H.

P. 13, l. 1. *daunger* H.

l. 2. *Maister* H.

l. 11. *y^e* 1607.

l. 11. 1607 has a semicolon after *death*.

l. 13. *bloudy* H.

l. 18. *of a* H.

l. 21. Hazlitt's punctuation.

P. 14, l. 2. *oproare* H.

l. 5. *seeing the* H.

l. 11. *straight to prison* H.

l. 13. *one such* H.

l. 19. *cause* H.

P. 15, l. 16. *remit no pittie* H.

l. 21. *totall* H.

l. 22. *oftentimes* H.

P. 17, l. 8. *too low(e)*. For *Fortune* 1607 and 1614.

Hazlitt's text is adopted here. The footnote to his text (1875 2nd ed., p. 33) speaks of the original of this passage as belonging to 1588, though the 1588 copy is here defective.

l. 13. *peable* 1607.

P. 18, l. 3. *stayreth* 1607.

l. 13. *baite* H.

P. 19, l. 3. *y'* 1607.

l. 5. *computatiō* 1607.

P. 20, l. 11. H. omits the first *be*.

l. 11. *coche-boat* 1607.

l. 13. *destenies* H.

l. 17. *rigorious* H.

l. 20. *screeched* H.

P. 21, l. 14. *thy necke* H.

l. 24. At this point the 1588 ed. continues the text.

P. 22, l. 1. *other* 1588: *rudder* 1607 and 1614.

l. 9. *shrowd* 1607: *shrowde* 1614.

P. 23, l. 11. *such, as no reason* 1607: *such, no reason*

H.

l. 18. *countedaunce* 1588.

P. 24, l. 9. (*for seeing she was a Prince*) *she ought*, etc. 1588. The text adopted is that of the 1607 ed.

P. 25, l. 4. *poyson with* H.

P. 26, l. 20. *the King shall die without an heire* 1607.
So 1614, 1632, 1636, 1648, 1688, 1696, 1703.

P. 27, l. 1. *presēce* 1588.

P. 28, l. 11. *stayne spitefull discredite* 1607 and 1614:
staine spightful discredit H.: *spightfully* 1588.

P. 29, l. 20. *whith* 1588.

l. 22. *could never be revived* 1607, 1614 and H.

l. 24. *in a souūd* 1588: *in a swoune* 1607 and 1614.

P. 31, l. 6. *guiltlesse* 1614.

l. 23. *sollenne* 1588: *solemne* 1607 and 1614.

P. 32, l. 6. *Appollos* H.

P. 33, l. 12. *mistakē* 1588.

P. 34, l. 23. *scared* 1607: *feared* 1614: *scared* H.

P. 36, l. 24. *in a short time* H.

P. 37, l. 16. The words *death to* are obliterated in 1588 ed., but are supplied from 1607.

P. 40, l. 17. *farre* 1607: *so farre* H.

l. 22. *doost* 1607: *durst* H.

P. 41, l. 13. *Euphania* 1607: *Euphrania* H.

l. 21. *Euphania* 1607: *Euphrania* H.

P. 44, l. 8. *begā* 1588.

l. 24. *cōūtry* 1588.

P. 46, l. 8. *womē* 1588.

l. 14. *hononour* 1588.

P. 49, l. 20. *with* H.

P. 50, l. 8. *being you, selfe* 1588. The text is that of 1607.

P. 52, l. 11. *was prevented* H.

- P. 55, l. 16. *strang* 1588: *strange* 1607.
- P. 56, l. 12. So 1607: *perceived then, that* H.
- P. 61, l. 21. *maydē-head* 1588.
- P. 64, l. 9. *in a readinesse* 1607: *in readines* H.
- P. 65, l. 11. *in a readinesse* 1607: *in redinesse* H.
- P. 68, l. 19. *cōpany* 1588.
- P. 69, l. 7. *conceiling* 1588: *consealing* 1607. Hazlitt's text is here adopted.
- l. 19. *to be overcast* H.
- P. 70, l. 3. *at which time* H.
- P. 71, l. 12. *apprehēded* 1588.
- l. 17. 1588 has a full stop after *presence*.
- l. 18. *obeysance* 1607: *obedience* H.
- P. 74, l. 22. H. omits *for*.
- P. 76, l. 19. *feching* 1588.
- l. 20. *frō* 1588.
- P. 77, l. 3. *despight* 1607: *despright* H.
- P. 79, l. 15. *by Marchants* 1607: *by the Merchauntes* H.
- P. 80, l. 1. So 1607: *too* H.
- l. 4. Hazlitt adopts Collier's emendation *relieve*; 1588, 1607, 1632, 1636 and 1648 have *receive*.
- l. 11. *thē* 1588.
- l. 15. *Pādosto* 1588.
- P. 81, l. 12. *labour* 1588: *favor* 1607: *favour* 1632, 1636, 1648: *favour* H.
- P. 83, l. 5. *Emabassadours* 1588.
- l. 7. *disburdē* 1588

GLOSSARY

- ABIDE**, to suffer, 31
ACTÆON; as a punishment for having seen Diana bathing, he was torn to pieces by his own hounds on Mt. Cithæron, 42
ADVENTURED, ventured, xxv
ÆGEUM; 'the sea Æ.,' the Ægean sea, named after Ægeus, grandson of Cecrops, 10
ALEXANDER (B.C. 356-323), conqueror of the East, xxvii
ALLOTTED, appointed, 41
ALPYA; 'the tree A.,' canary grass or alpist, 41. See Parkinson's *Theater of Plants* (1640) for its reputed medicinal qualities.
AMOURS, affections, 41, 47
ANCIENTLY, old-fashionedly, 55
ANITA, the common dill, 47. The Latin name appears in two forms, *anisum* and *anethum*, Gk. *ἀνιτρον*. Cf. Matt. xxiii. 23 (marginal note).
ANSWER; 'have come to her a.,' have undergone cross-examination, 16
ANSWERABLE; 'a. to,' proportionate to, 51, 75
APHRANIUS. The reference is not clear. There was a Roman comic poet of the first century B.C., *Lucius Afranius*, classed by his contemporaries with Menander for realistic descriptions of low scenes and manners, but he can have had no connection with Trajan, xxv
APOLLO, the sun-god; also known as the god of

- prophecy and the healing art, xxvii, 25, etc.
- APPEACH, to impeach, 40, 72
- APPLIED; 'a. his matters,' performed his business, 62
- APPOINT, to ordain, 40
- ASPIS, asp, a poisonous serpent, 10
- AT; 'a. other,' of the other, 42
- AVE, a shout of welcome, xxviii
- BAITS, offers, enticements, 8, 75
- BATTERY; 'to lay the b.,' to begin the onset, 56
- BAUCIS, a Phrygian woman, who, with her husband Philemon, hospitably entertained Jupiter and Mercury, xxvii
- BEHOLDING, beholden, 50
- BEREFT; 'b. her of her parents,' taken her from her parents, 72
- BEWRAYED, betrayed, 5, 14
- BEWRAYING, disclosing, 11
- BLAZED, sounded, 15
- BLOSSOMS; 'b. for the grave,' 39. Cf. lines in Percy's *Reliques*, ii. 177 (1812)—
 "His reverend lockes in comelye curles did wave,
 And on his aged temples grewe the blossomes of the grave."
- BOHEMIA; 'sailed into B.,' 4. Under Ottocar II. Bohemia annexed Austria and Styria, and extended from the Baltic to the Adriatic. According to Mr. Stronach, De Quincey refers to this fact in his *Memorial Chronology*—
 "The word Bohemia I have myself seen stretching in a curve from the Baltic to the Adriatic."
- BOW, to give way, 35
- BRAVE, handsome, 50
- BRAVERY, fine appearance, 6
- BRAYED, shouted, 30
- BREAK; 'to b. with his son,' to inform his son, 39
- BREECHLESS; 'master went

- b., *i. e.* the wife wore the breeches, 35
- BREED, to promote, cause, 6, 34, 41
- BRIDLED, restrained, 17
- BROOK, to endure, 65
- CÆSAR'S CROW, xxviii. The reference to Cæsar is obscure. In one of his fables Phædrus tells of a man who mistook the caw of a crow for the word *ave*.
- CARE, be anxious, 18, 39, 51
- CAREFUL, anxious, 25
- CARP, to cavil, xxviii
- CARRIAGE; 'his c.,' his burden, 35; 'for the easier c.,' for greater ease in carrying, 59
- CASE; 'made his c. privy to the mariners,' informed the mariners of his situation, 70
- CAST, considered, 73
- CERTIFIED, informed, 81
- CHARGE, burden, duty, 37
- CHARGE, onset, 52
- CHAT; 'with c.,' in conversation, 43
- CHECK; 'a slender c.,' a slight check (term from chess), 38
- CHOLER, anger; 'in c.,' 'upon c.,' in anger, 24, 72, 23; 'to wax in c.,' to grow angry, 11
- CHOLERIC, angry, 40
- CLEAR, innocent, 10
- CLEARNESS, innocence, 25
- CLIFFORD, GEORGE (1558-1605), "courtier, gambler and buccaneer, created third Earl of Cumberland in 1569. He went on several expeditions to the West, and in 1588 commanded a ship against the Spanish Armada" (*D. N. B.*), xxvii
- CLUBS; 'make c. trumps,' to be quits, 35
- COCKATRICE, a legendary serpent hatched from a cock's egg, able to kill by a glance, 46
- COCK-BOAT, small boat, 20, 63, etc.
- COLOUR, complexion, 39
- COLOURS, beauties, 41

- COMMENDED; 'c. of pity,'
 commended for pity, 19
 COMPACTED, planned by
 compact, 12
 COMPLEXION, state of health,
 69
 CONCEITS, thoughts, 41
 CONSISTED; 'c. on,' de-
 pended on, 31
 CORROSIVE, grief, annoy-
 ance, 31
 COUCHED, laid, 63
 COUNTERFEIT, portrait, xxvii
 COUNTERVAIL, to compen-
 sate, 50
 COVERTLY, by a retired way,
 35
 CREDIT, honour, 18, 28, 58
 CROOKED, evil, 55, 74
 CROSS; 'c. luck,' ill luck,
 49
 CROSSED, thwarted, 15, 16,
 34; 'c. him the way,'
 stepped in his path, 64
 CROW; 'to c. against,' to
 upbraid, 35
 CURRISH, snappish, quarrel-
 some, xxv, 82

 DALLY, to trifle, 12, 33
 DANCE; 'd. in nets,' 61.
- An allusion, according
 to Hazlitt, "to the old
 story of the fisherman's
 daughter, who was
 ordered to dance before
 a great lord so that she
 might be seen yet not
 seen, to effect which she
 covered herself with one
 of her father's nets."
- DARIUS (521-485 B.C.),
 founder of the Persian
 Empire, xxviii
 DAUNTED, overcome, sub-
 dued, 34
 DEGREE; 'of her d.,' in
 her rank, 72
 DELPHOS; 'isle of D.,' a
 geographical blunder, 25.
 Delphi lay on the south
 side of Mt. Parnassus.
 DESPITE, hatred, 1, 17, etc.;
 'in d. of,' in spite of, 48,
 54, etc.
 DESPITED, hated, 79
 DESPITEFUL, hateful, 82
 DESTINIES, fates, 20, 82
 DEVICE, plot, 20, 59
 DEVICES, amusements, 5
 DEVOTION, reverence, 33
 DIANA, goddess of the

- moon, protector of the female sex; identified with Artemis, 42
- DIGNITIES, honours, rank, 8, 45, 58
- DINT, blow, xxviii
- DISCOURSE, narrative, 66; 'd. of fortune,' rapid change of fortune, 30
- DISCOVERT; 'at d.,' out of covert, at her advantage, 43
- DISORDINATE, uncontrolled, 82
- DISSEMBLING; 'd. the matter,' disguising their intentions, 80
- DISSEVERED, separated, 84
- DIVERSELY, variously, 47
- DOLOROUS, grievous, 32
- DOLOUR, grief, 31
- DOTING, foolish, xxv, 82
- DOUBTED, suspected, 6
- DOUBTFUL, suspicious, 5, 6, etc.; 'a d. dilemma,' a difficult dilemma, 34
- DOUBTING, fearing, suspecting, xxviii
- DRAVE, drove, 6
- DRUDGING; 'd. labours,' drudgery, 50
- DUMP; 'stricken into a d.,' saddened, 60
- DUMPS; 'cold d.,' melancholy, 54
- ECHITES, a precious stone, dark green, red, or violet, with fabulous properties, found in India and Persia (*N. E. D.*), xxvii
- EMBARKED; 'e. to,' embarked on, 26
- ENSUETH, followeth, 2
- ENTREATED, dealt with, 72, 79, 84
- EPHEMERON, a plant or insect supposed to live for one day only, 57
- EQUITY, justice, 'sense of right, 23, 82
- ESCULAPIUS, god of the healing art, xxvii
- ESTATE, condition, 48; 'chair of e.,' chair of state, 81
- FACT, deed, 30
- FALSE; 'f. suspected,' falsely suspected, 29
- FANCY, imagination, 6

- FARE; 'f. well,' to have good speed, 21
 FAULTED, sinned, 19
 FEARED, scared, 34
 FINE, fastidious, 61
 FIRED, stirred, kindled, 1, 8, 43
 FLEA; 'with a f. in his ear,' in an agitated spirit, 44
 FLUNG; 'f. from,' rushed from, 41, 79
 FOLDED, penned, 42
 FOND, fond, foolish, xxv, 44
 FONDLY, foolishly, xxv
 FOR, as for, 23
 FORCE; 'of no f.,' without influence, 6; 'of greater f.,' the greater, 41
 FOREPASSED, passed, 31
 FORSWEARING, denying with an oath, 23
 FORT; 'yielded up the f.,' surrendered, yielded, 58; 'where virtue keepeth the f.,' where virtue is supreme, 38
 FORTUNE; 'F. turned her wheel.' Fortune's wheel played a large part in medieval tragedy, 3
- FORTUNED, chanced, 42
 FOWL, bird, 47
 FRAUGHT, furnished, 3, 38
 FROWARD, perverse, 54
 GALACTITES; 'the stone g.,' a precious stone of a white colour (*N. E. D.*), 10
 GALLANTLY, splendidly, 38
 GHASTFUL, dreadful, 21
 GIFTS; 'great g. are little gods,' a proverbial expression, 9
 GLUTTED, gorged, 13, 15, etc.
 GOTTEN, obtained, 55, 62
 GRANT; 'g. to,' to grant, 58; 'would g. him no life,' would not answer for his life, 69
 GRANT, assurance, promise, 25
 GREATLY, largely, 33
 HAILED; 'h. into the deep,' sailed into the open sea, 67
 HAILED, drew, 22
 HAP, fortune, 48, 80, etc.
 HARDLY, severely, cruelly, 34, 64, 73

- HATCH; 'profit is a good h. before the door,' profit ensures silence, 36
- HAZARD, danger, 30
- HERCULES, worshipped by Romans as god of physical strength and courage, xxvii
- HOBBY, small species of falcon, 47
- HOLE; 'at a little h.,' through a little hole, 61
- IBIS, an Egyptian bird, allied to the stork and heron, 74
- INDIFFERENT, unconcerned, unprejudiced (G.), 25
- INFER; 'i. belief,' to consider as truth, 73
- IO, metamorphosed by Zeus into a white cow, daughter of Inachus, king of Argos, 46
- IVY; 'sea i.,' 33. The term 'ivy' is applied to various plants (either climbing or creeping) of other genera.
- JOINING; 'hard j.,' close to, 55
- JOLLY, fine, 36
- JOUSTS, tilting-matches, 3, 84
- JUST, real, 16; appropriate, 19
- KEEPEST, preservest, 55
- KNAVES, fellows, 66
- LAND; 'came a l.,' came ashore, 65
- LIFT; 'to l. at,' to aim so high as, 10
- LIQUORICE, lit. 'sweet root' (*see* Pliny, *Nat. Hist.*, xxii., 9, 11), xxvii
- LOAD-STONE, lit. 'leading-stone,' magnet, xxvii
- LOOKING; 'l. when,' expecting, 41
- LOUR, to be melancholy, 53, 67
- LUSTING, lustful, 24
- MACE, club, 35
- MADE, become prosperous, 35
- MADE; 'm. out,' collected, 68
- MAGNIFICAL, magnificent, 3

- MAIDENHEAD**, virginity, 61
MAN; 'to take up his m.,' to reprimand him, 8
MANNERLY, well mannered, 56
MARS, the Roman god of war, identified with the Greek Ares, 40, 41
MATE, checkmate (term from chess), 38
MAUGRE, in spite of; 'm. his face,' 45
MAZE; 'into a m.,' into amazement, 84; 'in a m.,' confused, 33, 42
MEED, reward, 82
MERCENARY, hired, 33
MINERVA, one of the three chief divinities in Roman mythology, daughter of Jupiter, xxix
MINISTER, to attend to, 54; to furnish, 42
MISCHANCE, ill luck, 76
MISCONSTRUE; 'to m. of,' to misconstrue, 6, 12
MISHAP, misfortune, 3, 25, etc.
MISLIKE, to displease, 5; to dislike, 56
MISON, xxviii. The refer-
- ence is obscure. The Athenian artist, *Micon* (fifth century B.C.), designed for the Painted Porch a fresco representing the deeds of Marathon. On the other hand, the shield of Pallas on the Acropolis at Athens was the work of one *Mys*, and the statue with which it was associated was constructed out of the spoils taken at Marathon.
MISS; 'to m. of,' to fail of, 57
MOON; 'to cast beyond the m.,' to employ every conjecture, 7
MOST; 'for the m.,' for the most part, 35
NEED; 'to make a virtue of her n.,' to make a virtue of necessity, 16
NEPTUNE, god of the sea, son of Saturn, 56
NEWS; 'upon this n.,' at this news, 63
NIPPED, pinched, 21

- NOTE; 'with a merry n.,' cheerfully, 36
- NYLUS, the river Nile, 47
- OBJECTED, laid as a charge, 22
- ODDS; 'to bring the king and him at o.,' to set the king and him at variance, 12
- OUGHT, owed, 3
- OVERCOME, won over, 58
- OVERTAKEN; 'o. with,' overcome by, 74
- PACE; 'with so good a p.,' so quickly, 56
- PAINFUL, painstaking, 38
- PALLAS, Greek name for Minerva, xxviii
- PALTERING, worthless, xxv
- PAN, in ancient Greek mythology the god of pastures, forests and flocks. In art he was usually represented with the horns, beard, tail and feet of a goat, xxvii, 50
- PANELLED, empanelled, 24
- PARLE, parley, 53
- PASSAGE, departure, 15
- PEARKED, perched, xxviii
- PEEVISH, perverse, 40
- PENURY, want, 15
- PERILS; 'which may prevent thy p.,' which may preserve thee from danger, 41
- PHILEMON, xxviii, *see* Baucis
- PHILIP OF MACEDON (382-336 B.C.), overcame the Greeks at Chæronea in 338, xxviii
- PHÆBUS, the sun-god, Apollo, 46
- PHENIX, a fabulous bird said to rise again from its own ashes, xxviii
- PHIDIAS, a famous Greek sculptor, born 500 B.C., probably at Athens; supervised public work at Athens, xxviii
- PINCHETH, reduces to straits, 18
- PLAINTS, complaints, 32
- PLUMED, feathered, 17, 42
- POINT; 'entered a wrong p. in his tables,' term from backgammon, 7
- POSTED, rode post-haste, 68
- PRACTICE, evil design, 12

- PRACTISED, brought about, 29
- PRATTLE, to chatter, 36, 55
- PRESENTLY, immediately, 19
- PRETENCE, intent, 14
- PRETENDED, intended, 12
- PRETERMITTED, let pass, 63
- PREVENT, to forestall, 20, 39
- PRICKED, spurred, 59
- PRINCE, princess, 17, 24
- PRINCELY, in princely manner, 85
- PRIVILY, secretly, 81
- PRIVY; 'p. to,' acquainted with, 28; 'to make him p. to,' to inform him of, 62, 63
- PRONE, wild, headlong, 40
- PROSECUTE, to pursue, continue, 75
- PUFF, gust of wind, 32
- PUFFING, windy, 32
- PUISSANCE, power, 16
- PUT; 'p. up,' to endure, 16, 73
- QUARTAN; 'q. fever,' a fever which recurs on the fourth day, 69
- QUICK; 'at the q.,' in a sensitive part, 81
- RAILED; 'r. on,' abused, 15
- RASCIANS, people of Rascia, a region in S. Bosnia, xxvii
- RASE, to rub out, 1, 2
- RAVISHED, carried away, 34
- REDRESSED, restored, 60
- REHEARSED, narrated, 29
- REPAIR; 'his oft r.,' his frequent visits, 60
- REPORT, rumour, 17
- RESPECT; 'in r. he was his friend,' inasmuch as he was his friend, 24
- RESTED, remained, 11, 20, etc.
- RESTING, remaining, 35, 39, etc.
- REVENGED, made a subject of vengeance, 15
- REVERENT, respectful, 40
- REVERENTLY, respectfully, 56
- RIGOROUS, stern, 31
- RIGOUR, severity, cruelty, 20, 27, etc.
- RUDELy, imperfectly, xxviii

- SACK, to plunder, 28
 SACKLESS, harmless, 31
 SAFETY; 'for the more s.,'
 for the greater safety, 64
 SALVES, ointments, 31
 SCAPES, escapes, 20
 SCOT-FREE, without pay-
 ment, 16
 SCYRUM, river in south of
 Arcadia (Pauly), 46
 SEASON; 'in the mean s.,'
 meantime, 25
 SET, seated, 45
 SHADOW, to conceal, xxviii,
 11
 SHADOWED, shaded, sad-
 dened, 43
 SHEPHERD, shepherdess, 42,
 47, 54
 SHIFT; 's. the folds,' change
 the sheep-pens, 47, 50,
 53
 SHIPPING; 'took s.,' took
 ship, 68
 SHOES; 'slip over her s.,'
 sink deep into the mire,
 44
 SHOOK; 's. him up,' re-
 buked him, 41
 SHROUD, to cover, protect,
 xxv, xxviii, 22
- SIBYLLA, a woman gifted
 with special powers of
 prophecy and divination,
 46
 SIFT, to examine, 51
 SILLY, innocent, 6, 30, 34
 SIMPLICITY, innocence, 34,
 69
 SIMPLY; 'meaning s.,' in
 all innocence, 64
 SINISTER, inauspicious, 75,
 77
 SITH, since, 11, 12, etc.
 SLACK, slow, 31
 SLEIGHT, skill, 61
 SLENDER, slight, xxviii, 38
 SLUT, heavy, idle person, 44
 SMOOTH; 's. tale,' plausible
 story, 65, 72
 So; 's. parents' wills are
 laws, s. they pass not all
 laws,' parents' wishes
 are laws, provided they
 do not go beyond all
 laws, 40
 SONG; 'in one s.,' in one
 tone, 25
 SOP; 'to give his wife a s.
 of the same sauce,' to
 treat his wife in the same
 way, 9

- SOTTED, confused, 21
 SPIED, found out, 36
 SPITED, hated, 21
 SPORT; 's. himself,' to
 make sport, 67
 SPORTING, trifling, 61
 STAINED, shamed, 49
 STALE, deceitful, 23
 STALES, decoys, 54, 61
 STAY, to keep back, 72
 STAYED, prevented, 6, 31
 STORE; 's. of game,' large
 quantity of game, 42;
 'great s.,' in large
 quantity, 62
 STRAGGLED, gone astray, 74
 STRAIGHT, immediately, xxv
 STRAITER, narrower, 40
 STUFF, goods, 71
 SUBMISS, submissive, 3, 38
 SUBSTANCE, property, means,
 33
 SUBSTANTIAL; 's. man,' a
 man of property, 64
 SUDDEN; 'on such a s.,' so
 suddenly, 67
 SUE, to plead, 78
 SUNDER; 'in s.,' asunder,
 22, 69
 SUPPRESSED, overwhelmed,
 14, 21, etc.
- SURCHARGED, overcharged,
 29
 SURELY, safely, 36
 SURGE, to drift, 21
 SWANS; 'with the s. to sing
 against their death,' to
 sing a swan-song pre-
 paratory to death, 12
 SWOUND, swoon, 20, 29
 SYCOPHANTS, informers,
 xxviii
- TARGET, shield, xxix
 TERM, limit, end, 20
 THOROUGHLY, thoroughly,
 12, 15
 TICKLED, aroused, 73
 TIRED, fed upon (term from
 hawking), 45
 TOUCHED, contaminated, 16
 TOURNEYS, tournaments, 3,
 84
 TOYS, trifles, 50
 TRACT; 't. of time,' length
 of time, 1, 3
 TRAIN; 'she laid her t.,'
 she devised, 38
 TRAJAN, Roman emperor
 98-117, warred against
 Dacians and Parthians
 xxv

- TRAVAIL, labour, xxv
- TRICKED; 't. up,' gaily attired, 57
- TRIGION, possibly saxifrage, known to Dioscorides as *tragium* (see Gerard's *Herball*), 10
- TRIUMPH, public rejoicing, 27
- TRULLS, country girls, 48
- TRY, to prove, 11
- UNACQUAINTED, unknown, 44
- UNDONE, ruined, 33
- USE, to indulge in, 52
- VANTAGE, advantage, 43
- VASSAL, servant (used of a woman), 82
- VENUS, goddess of love, xxvii, 40, 41, etc.; 'counterfeit of V.,' picture of Venus, xxvii
- VULCAN, god of fire and the worker of metals, patron of handicraftsmen, xxvii, xxviii, 41
- WHETSTONE, stone for sharpening instruments, 10
- WHICH, who, 30
- WHILE, until, 83
- WHILE; 'an other w.,' at other times, 77
- WHIST, put to silence, 24
- WHIT; 'no w.,' in no degree, in no way, 8, 28, etc.
- WISE, manner; 'on this w.,' as follows, 38
- WISHED, counselled, 34
- WITLESS, foolish, senseless, 29
- WRITHED, twisted, struggled, 34
- ZEUXIS, a celebrated painter of the fifth century B.C. 57

APPENDIX

THE SECOND DAY OF PUGET DE LA
SERRE'S "PANDOSTE," 1631

PANDOSTE OU LA PRINCESSE MALHEUREUSE TRAGEDIE EN PROSE

SECONDE IOVRNEE

NOMS D'ACTEURS.

DORASTE, <i>Fils d'Agatocles.</i>	Conseiller d'AGATOCLES.
PANOPE <i>son Confident.</i>	Messenger.
FAVUYE, <i>Fille de Pandoste. De-</i> <i>guisee en Bergere & Maistresse</i> <i>de Doraste.</i>	Pilote. Prevost.
Paysan & Paysanne <i>Pere &</i> <i>Mere Nourriciers de Favuye.</i>	Et Ambassadeur du Roy AGA- TOCLES.

ACTE PREMIER.

Doraste fils d'Agatocle & Panope son confident.

DORASTE.

IL faut que ie te confesse, Panoppe, que ie suis parfaite-
ment amoureux de Fauuye, cete jeune Bergere dont tu
mas ouy parler si souuent Ses beautez, & ses graces
seruent d'object a m'es desirs, & d'entretien a mes
pensées. Mon cœur luy fait homage a toute heure de
mille soupirs ; N'es tu pas enuieux de ma bonne fortune.

PANOPPE.

Cete felicité ne t'entera¹ jamais mon enuie. Et ie m'estonne que vostre cœur genereux s'attache a des objetz si bas, & si vils.

DORASTE.

Ie m'estonne bien dauantage de ton auueuglement, & de ton ignorance, n'ayant point d'yeux pour admirer ce chef d'œuure de la nature, n'y d'esprit pour en cognoitre les perfections.

PANOPPE.

Ie veux quelle soit la plus parfaite du monde ; quelle gloire ; & qu'el aduantage peut tirer vostre amour de ses merites, dans la condition ou vous estez elleué, & elle rabaissée.

DORASTE.

A ce que ie voy tu metz les dons du Ciel, & les faueurs de la Nature au rang des choses que tu mesprises le plus. Il y a quelque rapport d'elle a moy car si ie suis Roy de Epirotes, elle est Reyne des vertus, & la moindre de ses graces vaut plus que tous les trhesors que ie possede.

PANOPPE.

La vertu est tousjours a estimer ; mais ne pouuez vous pas luy dresser des autels, & luy rendre des sacrifices en un sujet plus digne. Acquitez vous de ces debuoirs enuers une Princesse qui possede les mesmes qualitez.

¹ tentera. In this text a comma is often introduced in similar fashion.

DORASTE.

La perfection est unique, elle n'a point de sœur. Ma peine seroit inutile de chercher sa pareille soit en vertu, soit en beauté, & pour sa naissance, ie porte le bandeau.

PANOPPE.

Les aueugles ont besoing de guide. Permettez que mon conseil en face l'office, pour vous elloigner du precipice ou vous vous allez jeter.

DORASTE.

I'en ayme le danger, j'en veux courre le hasard. Tu blasmes un effect, dont tu ne cognois point la cause.

PANOPPE.

Ne m'aduouïerez vous pas qu'un homme sans passion voit de plus loing qu'un autre qui en est attain.

DORASTE.

Il y en a qui ont l'esprit si louche que les plus aueugles y voyent aussy clair qu'eux, & iay du regret que tu fois¹ de ce nombre.

PANOPPE.

Ie seray tel qu'il vous plaira, mais dans mon aueuglement ie preuoy les malheurs qui vous arriueront, si vous ne changez & d'humeur, & de pensée.

DORASTE.

Ha que cet estre heureux d'encourir cete sorte d'infortunes. Si tu sçauois que c'et que d'aymer tu en enuierois la gloire.

¹ sois.

PANOPPE.

Les plus parfaites affections n'aissent d'une ressemblance reciproque.

DORASTE.

Il me suffit qu'elle me ressemble & en amour, et en fidelité.

PANOPPE.

Son amour & sa constance ne changeront point sa condition, elle sera tousjours bergere.

DORASTE.

Sa Houlette est de mesme bois que mon Sceptre ; Et si jay une Courone par dessus elle, elle en merite un nombre infini. Ne profane plus de tes discours un sujet admirable, adore, ou te tais.

Le Paysan & Paysane.

LE PAYSAN.

Il est temps de pourvoir nostre chere Fauuye de quelque bon mary. L'Amour fait tousiours la guerre a celles de son age, mettons la de bonne heure alabry de ses coups.

LA PAYSANE.

Cet bien auisé, le fils de nostre Roy la vient visiter tous les jours dans la prairie, et jay remarquéqu'elle luy fait bonne mine ; mais il luy faut couper l'herbe soubz le pied, et donner un mary a Fauuye, auant que ce Prince

s'engage plus auuant. Les hommes de ce tẽps sont trops deniaisez le pretexte de mariage en fait choir beaucoup á la renuerse.

PAYSAN.

I'espieray de si pres leurs actions que i'en euitaray les reproches.

PAYSANE.

Les plus fins y sont pris, l'Amour est plus rusé que vous. Ce n'et point avec des Lunettes qu'on decouure les intrigues des amans; En euitant le mal que nous preuoyons, nous n'auons que faire du remede.

PAYSAN.

Un bon mary est si rare, qu'il faudroit r'allumer la chandelle du Philosophe pour le chercher.

PAYSANE.

Je suis donc plus heureuse que les autres, vous ayant treuú sans beaucoup de peyne.

PAYSAN.

Il faut bien que ie sois bon, puis que tu m'as rongé iusques aux os, & n'ayant plus de cher, tu voudrois encore te dehalterer de mon sang.

PAYSANE.

Vous estes un rieur reuenons a nos moutons, & prenez bien garde que le Loup ne les mange.

PAYSAN.

Laissez m'en le soing, ie ne m'en dormiray pas.

FAVVE SEVLE.

Que ie suis heureuse, & malheureuse tout ensemble. Mes filicitez dans leur excez ne se peuvent egaler qu'a mes infortunes. Qu'el contentement destre aymée d'un grand Prince; mais qu'el deplaisir de n'ozér l'aymer comme Bergere. Ce n'et pas que mon cœur ne soupire pour luy, malgré moy; mais ie suis honteuse d'ypenser, & toutesfois ie ne sçay cõment faire pour le luy deffendre. Ah que c'et une sensible douleur d'aymer parfaitement, & de ne l'hoser dire. Je voy tous les jours ce d'oux object de ma vie. Je luy parle, il m'entretient, & parmy tant d'occasions si fauorables ie n'ay rien de plus secret que ma peyne; comme si ie me plaisois egalement & a souffrir, & ame plaindre, sans rechercher d'autre remede. L'aprehende mesme que mes yeux, retenant quelque chose de l'ardeur dont mon ame est enbrasée, ne decelent ma passion. Ce qui fait que mes regards tousiours vagabons en sa presence, cherchent un object indiferent pour s'arreter. Je ne sçay plus a qui me fier puis que mes sens, & ma Raison tiennent desja le party de l'amour qui me possede. Mais pourtant ie suis resolute de perdre la vie plutost que l'honneur, & de m'aracher moy mesme le cœur du sein, au premier soupir d'un affection inpudivque.

DORASTE.

D'ou me vient ce bonheur inesperé de vous rencontrer seulle au iourdhuy dans la prairie. Quelque belle pensée entretient vostre esprit.

FAVVE.

Le bonheur de ma recontre n'est pas grand, ma condition de bergere vous le doit rendre mesprisable, & en cete qualité, le soing de garder mes troupeaux sert d'entretien a mon esprit.

DORASTE.

Le Ciel a joint tant de rares qualitez a celle de bergere que la Nature vous a donnée ; que ie ne suis capable de mespris que pour moy mesme, ne me iugeant pas digne seulement de vous offrir, & mes veux, & mes respectz : car sans mentir le bruit de vos beautez resonance desja si puissamment par toute la Terre, que si vous ne changez de condition, les Roys a l'enuy quitteront & leurs sceptres, & leurs couronnes, pour porter la houlette avec vous.

FAVVE.

Il vous seroit bien malaizé de me donner de la vannité dans la profession que ie fais, parceque mes parrens, mes habitz, mes moutons, & l'object sensible de mes propres deffautz, sont autant de temoins qui vous accusent de flaterie, & qui vous en conuaincront a la fin si vous ne changez de discours.

DORASTE.

L'amour & la flaterie ne peuvent subzsister ensemble ; comment voulez vous que j'aye la liberté de feindre dans la seruitude ou vous m'avez réduit. Ie ne suis capable que de vous aymer, & si vous en doutez, mon obeissance vous defie d'en tirer des preuues.

FAVVYE.

L'amour de hommes ne conciste qu'en paroles. Vous voudriez rendre en moy veritable, vostre passion immaginaire, par la force de vos discours. Mais en cela vos merites trahissent vos dessains.

DORASTE.

Comme les passions sont differentes, les cœurs ou elles s'attachent different aussy & d'humeur, & d'inclination. Je vous fais serment que ie ne sçay que c'et d'inconstance, puis que ie n'ay iamais aymé que vous ; aussy ne pretend ie point d'autre merite que celuy de l'affection que ie vous ay vouée.

FAVVYE.

Vos visites seulement, me font rougir de honte dans ma bassesse car mes compaignes s'imaginent desja que vous n'en voulez qu'a mon honneur. Changez de condition, & ie changeray de croyance.

DORASTE.

Quel personnage voulez vous que ie face pour vous représenter la verité de mon amour.

FAVVYE.

Celuy de Berger

DORASTE.

Je le suis desja : car depuis le iour que ie vous vis mes desirs & mes pensées ont gardé les moutons avec vous. Et s'il ne tient qu'en porter l'habit, ie vous iure la foy que ie vous ay donnée que demain vous serez satisfaite.

FAVVE.

Je vous permetz le change, & si ie vous d'effens d'estre inconstant.

DORASTE.

Je n'auray point beaucoup d'honneur a vous obeir en cela n'y ayant pas beaucoup de peine; car la Fidelité & mon inclination ne different que de nom. A demain les effectz de mes promesses.

FAVVE.

Aperceuant le Paysan qu'elle tenoit pour son Pere, s'estonne & continue a parler a mesure qu'il s'aproche d'elle.

I'e crains que mon Pere n'aye escouté les discours de nostre entretien, il me faut changer d'action & de visage.

PAYSAN.

Fauveye ie loüe ta vertu. Cest de la sorte qu'il faut resister a ces courtisans, toutesfois ils sont si rusez qu'il vaut mieux les fuir, que les combattre. L'entretien de ce ieune Prince t'apportera plus de honte que de glorie, puis qu'il n'en veut qu'a ton honneur.

FAVVE.

Je ne scaurois me deffendre de ses visites; mais ie suis fort aize que vous en soyez temoing, pour faire taire la medisence.

PAYSAN.

Tu parles bien, mais il faut faire encore mieux, & cet le moyen de luy imposer silence.

ACTE SECOND.

FAVVE.

O QU'IL est mal aisé de feindre quand on ayme parfaitement, je ne sçay plus quelle mine tenir. Mon visage pale, & mon humeur reueuse decelent le secret de ma passion. Et quoy que mon cœur, mes yeux ; & mes pensees soient egalement muetz, l'un publie mon amour par ses soupirs : Les autres par leurs regards, & celles cy par mes reueries continuelles. Desorte que mon corps trahit mon ame, & de mon ame encore les puissances en sont si contraires quelles ne s'accordent jamais ensemble. Et ce diuorce me contraint de viure hors de moy mesme pour treuer le repos que ie cherche. O douce vie, puis que mon cher Doraste en est l'ame. O douce vie, puis que ne respirant que d'amour, & ne soupirant encore que de cete passion, je treue dans son objet, le comble de toute sorte de delices. Ah Doraste, Doraste, que tes merites sont Tyrans. Ilz mont rauy le cœur auant que jaye eu le moyen de te l'offrir, & non contans encore ils menent ma Raison en triomphe pour m'hoster l'esperance de recouurer ma liberté. Mais ie consens a toutes ces violences ie ne t'ayme que comme mon vainqueur ; Car ma desfaite est si glorieuse que ie ne scaurois estre tentée d'encourir un fort¹ plus heureux. Voicy cependant l'heure, & le lieu, ou ie doibs receuoir des preuues reciproques de son amour, j'attandray son arriuée a l'ombre de cet arbre, laissant charmer mes ennuis, au doux murmure de cete Fontaine. O Dieux que les momens d'une inpatience amoureuse sont de longuedurée. Mais ne le voy je pas qui vient m'acoster en habit de berger cet luy mesme.

¹ sort.

DORASTE.

Et bien ma belle doubterez vous encore de la verité de ma passion.

FAVVE.

Mes yeux n'en doubtent plus ; mais mon esprit est tousiours dans sa mes fiance.

DORASTE.

Nay-je pas acomply mes promesses.

FAVVE.

Ouy mais ie crains qu'en changeant d'habit ; vous ne changiez d'amour.

DORASTE.

Mon obeissance est attacheé a mon habit, & non pas mon affection. Il me faudroit changer d'ame, & de cœur, auant qu'estre capable d'inconstance.

FAVVE.

Quelle assurance m'en voulez vous donner.

DORASTE.

Celle qui vous plaira.

FAVVE.

Mon honneur cherche labry du mariage.

DORASTE.

Ie vous en offre le port entre mes bras.

FAVVYE.

Ce servient les Ecueils de ma Pudicité & la mort
m'est plus agreable.

DORASTE.

Croyez vous que ie voulusse raurir par tiranie ce que ie
puis conquerrir par amour, gardez ma foy pour assurance.

FAVVYE.

La Foy d'un Amant est sujete a caution.

DORASTE.

Mais si ie vous ayme que pouuez vous craindre.

FAVVYE.

La violence de ce mesme amour.

DORASTE.

Le Respect & l'Amour ne se faucent iamais compaignie.

FAVVYE.

Ie le veux croire, mais non pas l'experimenter.

DORASTE.

Si est ce que dans la seruitude ou vous m'avez reduit,
ie n'ay que ma parole a vous donner pour gaigne.

FAVVYE.

Comme les paroles se forment de vent, le vent les
emporte. I'ayme mieux les effectz.

DORASTE.

Que voulez vous que ie face.

FAVVE.

Faites moy vostre moitié, puis que vous estes mon tout.

DORASTE.

Ie n'attandois que l'honneur de voz commandemens pour pretendre a cete gloire. Ie me refous¹ a vous enleuer & a vous epouser si vous l'avez agreable.

FAVVE.

Vous pouuez bien enleuer le corps dont vous auez rauy & l'ame, & le cœur. Ie suis trop heureuse de courre vostre fortune.

DORASTE.

Une barque nous attendra sur le riuage a dix heures du soir, mais cependant seruons nous de l'occasion que l'Amour, & le Temps nous presentēt, & goutons les douceurs de ce beau lieu solitaire, lombrage, & la fraicheur nous inuitent a ce contentement.

FAVVE.

Ie le veux ; aussi bien ay je resolu de vous faire presēt d'un bouquet de fleurs ; n'ayant rien de plus digne a vous offrir.

DORASTE.

Laissez ce soing a ma bouche, elle en veut choisir les fleurs sur voz leures ; [*Il la baize*] O Dieux quelles

¹ résous.

sentent bon, les apas de leur odeur me font pasmer de joye. Mais le trepas en est trop delicieux pour le craindre, ie veux mourir tout a fait.

FVVYE.

Ne parlez point de mort quand vous mourriez de joye, ie ne laisserois pas de mourir de tristesse.

DORASTE.

Mourons donc tous deux d'amour. Mais il me semble que vostre sein soupire de cholere, ou de jalousie, de ce que ie ne cueil pas des fleurs de son jardin j'en veux faire un nouveau bouquet.

Il baise son sein.

Il continue toujours a parler.

Les epines de ses roses mon piqué, mais iecroy qu'elles ont la vertu des armes de Telephe, aprez m'auoir causé le mal, elles m'en donneront le remede. [*Il rebaize son sein.*] Me voila guery mais ie me plains de ma guerison, l'ayme mieux ma blessure.

FVVYE.

Vous ne prenez pas garde que le Soleil ialoux de noz felicitez seua chacher dans l'onde.

DORASTE.

Il s'est echaufé au feu de noz caresses. Ce qui luy fait hater sa course pour esteindre l'ardeur dõt il est embrasé. Vos cõmandemens me pressent plus que luy. Adieu ie vous laisse mon cœur, mon ame, & mes pensées, & n'importe rien que mon corps animé de vostre amour.

FAVVE.

Qu'avez vous fait de mon cœur.

DORASTE.

Ne scauez vous pas qu'il est däs le mien, & que de la sorte vous les possédez tous deux ensemble.

FAVVE.

Si i'emporte vostre cœur vous emportez mon ame, puis que vous estes ma vie, adieu.

DORASTE.

Je ne scaurois vous dire adieu. La voix & le courage me manquent egalemment.

PANOPPE.

On dit que l'Amour est tout puissant, mais ie me moque de sa force, il a beau porter des traitz mon cœur est a l'epreuve, & le feu de son flambeau ne scauroit faire fondre la glace de mon humeur. Je veux que ses ailes le facent voler par tout, il n'est point d'entree dans mon ame, & quoy qu'il cache ses ruses soubz son bandeau, jay l'esprit assez clair pour en percer les tenebres. Tellement que ma liberté donne des limites a son Empire. Ce n'est pas que ie n'aye aymé autresfois, mais mon amour allant tousiours du pair avec mon esperance, le plaisir & l'utilité animoient egalemment ma passion, & dans mon intherest, la raison luy seruoit de guide. Je voudrois que le Prince Doraste eut les mesmes sentimens. Mais il s'est laissé surprendre avec tant dauantage, de cet antien ennemy de nostre repos, que quand il auroit le courage de luy resister,

il n'a plus le pouuoir de la vainere. Toutesfois s'il est vray que les delices de la jouissance assouissent l'apetit de noz amoureuses passions, il peut tirer son remede de la cause de son mal, & mener en triomphe, celle qui luy fait la loy. Le voicy qui vient m'accoster, ie voudrois estre assez hardy pour luy donner ce conseil.

DORASTE.

Cher amy l'occasion de m'obliger se presente. Il est temps de me rendre les effectz du seruice que tu m'as voué, ie resomme de ta promesse.

PANOPPE.

Si vous desirez quelque chose de moy, mon Prince, Adressez vous a vous mesme, puis que ie suis tout a vous; Ne sçauiez vous pas que voz desirs sont mes volontez, & que ie ne suis point capable d'obeissance que pour vos seuls commandemens.

DORASTE.

Ie ne sçauois doubter de ton affection en mon endroit si tu m'en rendz les preuues que ie desire. Prete moy t'on secours pour faire rehussir le dessain que iay d'enleuer Fauuye, & de l'epouser á la premiere occasion qui se presentera.

PANOPPE.

Au lieu de tirer des preuues du seruice que ie vous ay voué, vous voulez exiger de moy des temoignages de ma perfidie. La mesme affection qui me rend vostre, me donne le courage, & la force de resister a la passion qui vous domine, comme inseparable de vostre malheur.

DORASTE.

Tu veux donc soubz un faux pretexte damitié, troubler le repos de ma vie. Je voy bien que tu ne cognois pas le pouuoir de la belle passion que me possede, ton courage, & ta force me seruiront de nouvelles armes dans ta resisence, pour t'immoler a ma fureur. Mon esprit resolu n'a que faire de ton conseil, & mon autorité absolue, me fournira le secours que tu me refuses.

PANOPPE.

La partie est mal faite d'un suiet contre son Prince, & d'ailleurs vostre amour & vostre cholere sont si redoutables, dans vostre puissance souueraine, que ie ne scaurois vous resister, & quoy que j'en aye la volonté, j'en perdz le courage. Commandez moy ce qui vous plaira, ie vous obeiray, & si mon obeissance est criminelle, j'en effaceray la tache avec mon sang.

DORASTE.

Ne t'est ce pas tousiours de l'aduantage de partager avec moy & la gloirie, & la honte qui pourroient accompagner mes entreprises. Tu doibs attendre ta fortune de mon Destin puis que cet luy seul qui peut ourdir la trame des beaux jours de ta vie. Dispose donc toutes choses a l'accomplissement de mon dessain. L'heure du depart s'aproche.

PANOPPE.

I'y apporteray autant de soing que de diligence.

FAVVYE.

Que jay peu de courage pour auoir tant d'amour. Je

suis tout a fait resoluë de courre la fortune de mon amant, & toutes fois ie demande encore conseil a ma pudeur ; comme si j'aprehendois la jouissance du bien que ie desire. Je say ce qui m'et possible pour chasser la crainte qui me poursuit, mais cet en vain, tout mespouente. Le murmure d'une fontaine, le gasouillis d'un ruisseau, le branle d'une feuille d'arbre, le ramage des oyseaux ; & le Zephir mesme tiennent egalemeut mon esprit en alarme ; Et si est ce qu'au plus fort de ma crainte ie ne sçauerois dire de quoy jay peur. Mais quoy ce sont des accidentz affectera ma passion, le chemin est trop beau pour m'arrester, il faut fouler aux pieds toutes ces epines.

DORASTE.

Voicy le Rauisseur qui vient chercher le corps de son ame.

FAVVE.

Vous faites bien de le venir chercher : Car il estoit en chemin de s'aller joindre a elle. Mais auant que partir donnez moy cete satisfaction de renoueller les promesses que vous m'avez faites.

DORASTE.

Je voudrois maintenant que mon cœur se peut metamorphoser en langue pour vous confirmer les assurances de fidelité que vous desirez. Mais dans mon inpuissance ie prens les Dieux a temoing que ie changeray plutost de vie, que d'amour, & si ie suis parjure, ie destine ma teste a leur vengeance.

FAUVYE.

Il faut necesserement que ie vous croye : Car toutes les puissances de mon ame tiennent desja vostre party. Les Dieux me donnent a vous & j'y consens soubz l'autorité de vostre foy royalle. Fuyons loin dicy.

Paysan, & Paysane.

LE PAYSAN.

Il me semble que iay ouy du bruit a la chambre de Fauuye. Je suis tousiours en mesfiance depuis que nostre Prince contrefaisant le Berger, vient garder les Moutons avec elle. I'aprehende fort que ce Chat ne minge nostre fromage.

PAYSANE.

Vous sçavez bien ce que ie vous en ay dit, il n'est point de fumée sans feu.

PAYSAN.

Peut estre que de ce mal ie n'en auray que la crainte Fauuye, Fauuye elle ne repond point. Ouurez la porte Fauuye. Je n'entens que le vain resonement de mes cris. Nostre Prince la enleuè sans doubte, mais le Roy m'en fera raison, sa justice ne scauroit souffrir les reproches d'une telle violence. Je m'en vay de ce pas me jeter a ses piedz.

PAYSANE.

Si vous eussiez suiuy mon conseil vous ne seriez pas en cete peine.

Panoppe avec un Page.

PANOPPE.

Cest estre bien malheureux de porter la peyne du crime d'autruy. Nous ne contribuons que par force au dessain de nostre Prince. Et toutesfois nous courons le hasard d'estre punis du mal qu'il a fait. Ma foy si ie n'estois engagé si auant ie changerois de condition, ou de maistre.

LE PAGE.

Vous avez raison, mais on doit tousiours prendre le temps, comme il vient. Il faut courre des grands hasards pour faire une grande fortune.

Le Paysan sort.

PANOPPE.

Ou vas tu arrete.

LE PAYSAN.

Messieurs ie vous crie mercy sauuez moy la vie, voila ma bourse. I'e men alois treuuer le Roy pour me faire rendre ma fille que le Prince Doraste son filz a enleuée. Suyz nous, & remercie les Dieux du bonheur de nostre rencontre.

ACTE TROISIÈSME.

Agatocles avec un de ses Conseillers.

AGATOCLES.

AH que les Dieux me vendent cher les felicitez de mon Hymenée. Ie me pouuois vanter d'auoir un jeune Hercule

qui en son enfance auoit des ja ecrasé les Serpens des guerres ciuiles. C'estoit la consolation de ma viellesse, l'esperance de mon peuple, l'appuy de mon Royaume l'hornement de ma Cour. Et la Terreur, & l'Effroyde mes ennemis. Mais de ce bien les Dieux ne m'en ont donné la jouissance que pour m'en faire ressentir la priuation. Perte si sensible, que comme ie n'ay rien plus a esperer, aussi n'ay-je rien plus a craindre.

CONSEILLER.

Sire vostre Majesté se plaint d'un malheur d'ont elle n'aura que les menaces. L'absence de Monseigneur le Prince, Monseigneur vostre Fils, nous presage plutost une suite volontaire, qu'une perte infaillible. Et son depart precipité me fait croire que l'Amour luy tient compagnie.

AGATOCLES.

Les eclairs deuantent les foudres. L'absence de mon Filz est l'auantcouriere de sa mort. Mon ame est trop affligée pour estre capable de consolation.

CONSEILLER.

Sire les grands malheurs sont reseruez pour les grands espritz, assin que la force de leur courage, soit proportionnée a la pesanteur de leur fardeau. Desorte que vostre magnanimité peut supporter aizement cete infortune, quand les nouvelles en seroient aussi veritables qu'incertaines.

AGATOCLES.

Cet manquer de courage de vouloir resister a une douleur dont la playe est incurable. En prolongeant mes jours j'accrois le nombre de mes peynes.

Androcle député.

Sire mes soings & ma diligence ont esté inutiles. Je n'ay jamais sceu apprendre des nouvelles de Monseigneur le Prince, Monseigneur vostre Fils en tous les diuers lieux ou jay esté. Un Matelot toutesfois ma assuré que hier au soir une Barque plaine de gens deguisez, abandonna le port au plus fort de la tempeste, mais non pas sans courre le danger du naufrage.

AGATOCLES.

O funeste Nouvelle. Grands Dieux, ne m'avez vous fait present d'un sceptre, & d'une courone qu'a condition de me rendre le plus miserable du monde. Que voulez vous que ie face de mes grandeurs, & de mes richesses en l'age ou ie suis, si vous englourissez¹ dans l'onde le seul heritier de mon Empire. Quel Prodiges de cruauté, de m'arrecher le cœur du sein sans me faire mourir, ou plutost aprez m'auoir osté la vie, de rendre ma mort viuante pour eterniser mes douleurs. Me voila donc maintenant a labry de vos foudres, puis que vous m'avez reduit en cendres : Car en effect que suis je autre chose qu'un peu de cendre, & de poussiere de trempées dans leau de mes pleurs, ma constance rend ses derniers efforts.

CONSEILLER.

Que vostre Majesté reserue ses soupirs & ses plaintes pour la verité de ce malheur, il semble quelle veuille celebrer les funerailles d'un homme viuant, il y a plus de suiet d'esperer, que de craindre.

¹ engloutissez.

AGATOCLES.

L'Esperance ne vit plus en moy, & l'aprehension mortelle dont ie suis ataint est un funeste presage de mon infortune. Puis que Doraste est priué de la lumiere du jour, celuy cy sera le dernier de ma vie.

Doraste, Fauuye, Panoppe, Paysan, & Pilote.

DORASTE.

Que ne te puis ie oster le sentiment de tes maux, de mesme que i'en souffre la douleur, ma chere vie. Ie n'endure que pour toy, & toutesfois tes peines n'en sont point d'iminuees.

FAVUYE.

Tous ces nouueaux temoignages de vostre amour, sont autant de nouvelles playes que vous faites dans mon ame. Car comme vous ne souffrez que pour moy ie n'endure que pour vous.

DORASTE.

Ie ne diray donc plus que ie t'ayme puis qu'aussi bien mes paroles ne scauroient exprimer la verité de mon amour ; mais comment pourray ie cacher le resentment que j'ay de tes peynnes.

PANOPPE.

Il faut changer de discours. Ce n'et pas tout d'auoir euitté les ecueils de la mer, on doit songer maintenant aux dangers que nous pouons encourir sur la Terre.

DORASTE.

J'approuve vostre conseil, mais a quoy se peut on resoudre parmy tant de malheurs qui nous assaillent de tous cotez.

FAVVE.

Nous sommes soubz la protection des Dieux que pouuons nous craindre.

DORASTE.

En effect l'esperance de leur secours, & les apas de vostre chere compagnie sont des puissans charmes pour soulager mes Ennuis.

PANOPPE.

Les Dieux ne font plus de miracles, il faut agir avec eux pour meriter leur assistance. Et a cet effect le conseil du Pilote nous seruira de guide.

PILOTE.

Nous ne pouuons prendre port que sur les Terres du Roy Pandoste, il n'est point d'abry n'y plus proche, n'y plus assuré.

DORASTE.

J'ayme mieux me fier a l'inconstance de la mer, & a la legereté des ventz, qu'a cet antien ennemy de ma race. Sa cruauté, & sa perfidie sont plus redoutables que les Tempestes.

FAVVE.

Les ventz & les flotz n'ont point d'yeux, n'y d'oreilles ; peut estre que l'objet de nos misereres ou la triste armonie de nos cris pourront emouuoir ce Tiran.

PANOPPE.

Puis que la fortune nous donne le choix de ces diuers dangers, cherchons la Pitié parmy les hommes, plutost que parmy les ondes ; que si nos peignes s'õt inutiles, cete consolation nous demeurera, d'auoir manqué de bonheur, plutost que de Prudence.

PAYSAN.

Il faut s'esloigner des dangers aparens comme des Ecueils, & des Syrenes. Pour moy iamerois mieux estre mangé des vers, que des poissons.

PILOTE.

Nostre perte est infalible sur la mer ; que si elle est incertaine sur la terre, il n'y a point de conseil a prendre.

DORASTE.

Changeons donc de nom, & de qualité, & disons nous habitans de Candie, pour donner moins de iour a la verité, de peur que ce perfide Pandoste ne nous dresse quelque enbuche.

FAVVE.

Je ne scaurois changer de nom, n'y de qualité en qu'elque lieu que ie fois. Je veux tousiours porter le nom de vostre cœur, & la qualité de vostre seruante.

DORASTE.

Vous pouuez bien porter le nom de mon Cœur puis que vous l'etez en effect, mais pour la qualité de seruante, vos perfections nous trahiroient, celle de M'aitresse vous sera plus conuenable, & a nous plus utile.

PANOPPE.

Ne Changeons donc point d'opinion, le Temps seschape peu a peu de nous : & Comme les astres versent sans cesse sur nos testes leurs influences : peut estre qu'en ce moment les bones se repandent inutilement.

PAYSAN.

L'occasion s'enfuit aussi bien que le Temps, & tous deux courent si vite, qu'il est bien malaize de les attaindre.

PILOTE.

Prenons tousiours les Dieux pour protecteurs, puis que dans le port nous courons danger de naufrage.

DORASTE.

C'et le seul appuy qui nous reste, en l'estremité ou nous sommez reduitz.

ACTE QUATRIESME.

Le Roy Pandoste, & le Prevost.

PANDOSTE.

I AY appris qu'une ieune dame estrãgere estoit arriuee hier au soir. Le Recit qu'on ma fait de sa beauté me donne l'enuie de la voir, & j'en meurs d'inpatience, sans scauoir pourquoy.

LE PREVOST.

Vostre Majesté peut receuoir ce contentement a toute heure. Sa puissance absolue change tous ses desirs en

effectz. Mais la Voycy sans doubté, son habit estrangier m'en donne la creance.

Doraste Fauuyc Panoppe & Paysan.

DORASTE.

Sire nous venons rendre l'hommage de nos debuoirs a vostre Majesté & en luy demandant sa protection, luy offrir en passant nos tres humbles seruices.

LE ROY.

Vous estes arriuez sans y penser en vostre Pays, ou plutost en vostre maison : Car ce Royame vous seruira d'abry contre toute forte¹ d'incommoditez ; M'ais qu'elle est vostre nation, & de qu'el coté se termine vostre voyage.

DORASTE.

Nous sommes de Candie, & allons vers la Cote visiter un de nos Parens. Ceté jeune Damoiselle est ma compaigne de lict, & de fortune, comme ayant esté marié avec elle de puis peu.

LE ROY.

Ie me rejouis grandement de vostre arriuée, & vous offre avec ma protection tout ce qui sera necessere pour vostre voyage. Allez voir les raretez de mon Palais tandis que ie m'entretiēdray avec vostre chere Épouse. Sa chasteté, & mon age vous deffendent d'en estre ialoux.

DORASTE.

Que pourrois ie craindre Sire, dās vostre Palais ; si cet un Temple ou l'on ne sacrifie qu'a la vertu.

¹ sorte.

Le Roy avec Fauvye seule.

LE ROY.

Il faut que ie confesse que ie n'ay jamais rien veu de si beau que vous. Vos appas sont si d'oux, & vos graces si charmantes qu'en lage ou ie suis, ie n'en puis parler qu'en soupirant. Vos yeux ont alumè la glace de mon cœur, & ie ne mestonne pas de cete merueille, puis que vostre tein est tout de feu, quoy qu'il soit tout de neige.

FAUVYE.

Comme ie ne suis belle qu'aux yeux de mon Epoux, ie n'ose le croire que quand luy mesme m'en assure. Et de me vouloit persuader que mes yeux vous ayent rendu amoureux, il n'y a pas beaucoup d'aparance. Parce que ilzont donné tout l'amour qu'ils auoient a celuy qui me possede : & hors de luy, tous les objetz du monde leur sont indiferens.

LE ROY.

Ce n'et pas pour vous tenter de vannité que ie parle de vos perfections, j'en publie la grandeur parce que j'en ressens la force. Et quoy que vos yeux ayent donné tout l'amour qu'ils auoient, leur nature aymable les faict tousiours aymer, & cete Verité m'est si sensible, que ie ne la puis taire.

FAUVYE.

Ie n'ay point d'autre perfection que celle de scauoir aymer uniquement mon Epoux. Et mes yeux presagent plutost la pluye, que le beau temps, en l'abzance de leur Soleil.

LE ROY.

Ne me sera t'il point permis de vous demander la guerison du mal que vous m'avez fait ; Que si vos yeux me menacêt de la pluye mon sort n'en sera pas moins glorieux. P'ayme autant encourir le naufrage dans leau de leurs l'armes, que l'embrasement dans le feu de leurs regards.

FAVVE.

Si vostre mal est veritable, demandez en le remede a la Raison ; si'l est immaginere vostre immagination vous guerira.

LE ROY.

Si la Raison me pouuoit guerit ie n'implorerois pas vostre pitié ; Que faut il que ie face ; que voulez vous que ie deuiene. Rendez moy la liberté que vous m'avez ostée, ou agréez ma seruitude.

FAVVE.

Vostre Majesté m'accuse d'un crime dont mes pensees sont innocentes ; Comment pourroisie auoir rauy sa liberté dans la seruitude ou ie suis reduite.

LE ROY.

Ie veux croire que vos pensees sont innocentes de ce rauissement puis que vous l'avez fait sans y penser, mais voz beautez en sont coupables ; Et comme vous debuez repondre d'elles, ie vous demande le remede du mal quelles me font.

FAVVE.

Si vostre Majestè ne meurt que des blessures que ie luy ay faites elle se peut vanter d'estre immortelle.

LE ROY.

Les douleurs d'un mal incurable sont plus insupportables que la mort, & le mien est de cette nature, si vous m'en refusez la guerison.

FAVVE.

Vostre Majestè presche un Rocher : Car jay le cœur de roche contre toutes ces ataintes. Mon honneur & ma vie ne sont qu'une mesme chose, qui aspire a l'un, conspire contre l'autre.

LE ROY.

Ie rends les armes a vostre chastetè, elle merite les couronnes du triomphe. Et ie suis fort aize d'estre temoing de sa gloire, aussi bien qu'admirateur. Mais sans mentir ie ne sçauois dire quel des deux emporte l'aduantage, ou de vostre esprit, ou de vostre corps : Car le Ciel a comblè l'un de tant de vertus, & la nature, l'autre de tât de Beutez, que j'en demeure egalement rauy, sans sçauoir a qui donner le prix.

FAVVE.

Ie ne merite point des loüanges pour ma chastetè Parce que cet une vertu qui est propre & affectee a celles de nostre sexce. La seule gloire que ie pretens, cet de pouuoir temoigner a vostre Majesté que ie suis sa tres humble seruante.

LE ROY.

Je croy que vostre Espoux vit en inpatience de vous reuoir, alons soullager ses inquietudes.

Le Roy Agatocles avec des Ambassadeurs qu'il enuoye en diuers Royaumes pour aprandre des nouuelles de son filz.

AGATOCLES.

Parcourez tout le monde en la recherche de mon Repos. Et ne Reuenez pas sans ramener mon filz, que pour cellebrer mes funerailles. Mes iours & les siens sont ourdis d'une mesme trame & par une mesme main, & mon sort est inseparable de la destinée.

LES AMBASSEDEURS.

Sire nous employeron tout le temps de nostre vie a la recherche de ce Pretieux Thresor. Vostre Majesté peut dormir en repos, tandis que nous veillerons pour l'establir avec toute sorte de dilligence.

AGATOCLES.

Vous pouuez desia sçauoir le prix de la recompense que ie vous prepare, par l'inportance du seruice ce que vous me rendez, j'atans l'heure de vostre de part avec inpatience.

LES AMBASSEDEURS.

Sire Puis que l'honneur & la gloire sont inseparables des seruices qu'on rend a vostre Majesté, nous ne pretendons point d'autre recompense; Qu'el plus grand aduantage sçaurions nous esperer que celuy de luy te-moigner part nostre obeissance, & nostre affection, & nostre fidelité.

AGATOCLES.

L'employ que ie vous donne, vous doit faire cognoitre en qu'elle consideration ie vous tiens. Et si vostre fortune de pend de ma puissance, mes faueurs surpasseront vostre ambition.

Le Roy Pandoste avec son Preuost.

PANDOSTE.

O que l'amour est redoubtable ; Que son bandeau est obscur puis qu'il auueugle egalement, & mes sens & ma raison ; Que son flâblea est ardent. Puis que mon sang tout gelé dâs mes veines s'enflame d'une nouvelle vigueur ; que ses traitz sont acerez, puis qu'ils ont blessé mon cœur, que l'age rendoit aussy dur que la pierre ; Et que ses coups sont ineuitables puis que par un seul regard, mon ame a esté reduite en seruitude. Cete jeune estrangere est la belle cause de tous ces maulx, & la douce ennemye de mon repos. Et pour un dernier malheur, sa vertu veut que ie meure de la blessure que sa Beauté ma faire.

LE PREVOST.

Sire vostre puissance absolue est l'unique remede de vostre mal.

LE ROY.

Comment puis ie faire la loy a mon Vainqueur Le Regne de ma puissance absolue est expiré L'amour est assis sur le trone de mon Empire.

LE PREVOST.

Les Ames les plus passionnées treuent souuent le remede de leur mal dans le desespoir¹ de sa guerison.

¹ désespoir.

Vostre Majesté doibt tenter toute sorte de perils, pour sortir du danger ou elle se trouue.

LE ROY.

Sers moy de guide dans mon auueuglement. Une mort soudaine est preferable a une vie languissante.

LE PREVOST.

Si vostre Majesté agrée mon Conseil ie fairay prisonier par son commandement le mary de cete jeune estrangere sur le pretexte aparant que c'et un Espion, & avec la moindre preuue, l'ayant conuaincu de ce crime, & condempné a mort, vostre Majesté luy pourra faire grace, en receuant celle qu'il desire.

LE ROY.

Ie veux suivre ton aduis. De quelque façon que tu me rendes heureux, j'en loueray tousiours l'entreprise.

Doraste, Fauuye, Panoppe & le Paysan.

DORASTE.

Iay bien recognu que cete ame toute noire de vices estoit desja embrazee du feu de la lubricité. Il faut songer a la retraite : nos vies, & mon honneur courent un mesme danger.

FAVUYE.

Le Plutost est trop tard pour nostre assurance : mais encor que ce Tiran en Veuille a mon honneur, plutost qu'a ma vie, i'esteindray de mon sang ses flammes crimineles, pour me sauuer en me perdant.

PANOPPE.

Il faut tenter une seconde fois les perils de la mer. La Fortune se lassera a la fin de nous pour suiure.

LE PAYSAN.

Cet mourir continuellement que de viure tousiours en alarme suiuons nostre destin sans contrainte.

LE PREVOST.

Avec ses gens.

Je vous fays prisoniers de la part du Roy. Rendez les armes.

DORASTE.

De qu'el crime nous accuse t'on.

LE PREVOST.

Vous en scaurez trop tost la verité.

FAVVE.

O qu'elle iniustice. Ma vie ne t'affliges pas, les Dieux sont protecteurs de l'innocence.

DORASTE.

Iay du regret qu'en trainant mon Corps en prison on y ameine aussy ton cœur, que ie porte däs le sein, mais mon courage soulagera ses inquietudes. Adieu, tire ta consolation de ma constance.

ACTE CINQVIÈSME.

Le Roy Pandoste, & Fauuue.

LE ROY.

IL ny a plus de feinte en ma passion, ie vous ayme parfaitement.

FAVUYE.

Comment puisje croire que vous m'aymez ayant fait enprisonner mon ame.

LE ROY.

De quoy vous pouuez vous plaindre ; Vous tenez mon cœur en captiuité.

FAVUYE.

Ie n'ay jamais eu desclaue d'eloyal.

LE ROY.

De qu'elle perfidie me pouuez vous conuaincre.

FAVUYE.

De celle d'auoir accusé de trahison un innocent.

LE ROY.

Si mon amour la accusé, mon amour le peut absoudre.

FAVUYE.

Qu'elle justice puisje atandre d'un iuge si coupable.

LE ROY.

Est ce un crime de vous aymer.

FAVVYE.

Ce n'et pas un crime a la vertu. Mais bien a une ame vitieuse comme la voste.

LE ROY.

Si ma passion est criminele vos Beutez doibuent porter la peine de leur crime.

FAVVYE.

Mes beutez ne vous ont jamais presché que la chasteté, dont elles ont succé le lait des leur enfance.

LE ROY.

La cruauté vous sied bien, parmy tant de douceurs, & de graces, dont la nature vous a comblee. Mais souffrez que ie vous die que si vous mettez apris vos bonnes graces, ie les acheptera y de ma vie.

FAVVYE.

I'en accepte la condition pour vous obliger. Mourez donc du regret de ne les meriter pas : & ie vous prometz d'honorer vostre memoire, & de cherir vos cendres.

LE ROY.

Si mon ombre pouuoit posseder vostre corps, aprez mon trepas, ie vous rendrois bien tost contente. Mais Caron ne repasse jamais deux fois une ombre dans sa barque.

FAVVYE.

Vous estes jaloux de vostre ombre. Vous n'aurez pourtant que la mienne pour object de vostre passion. Car si j'auois mille vies, ie souffrirois mille mortz auant que seruir deproye a vostre lubricité.

LE ROY.

Vos rigueurs continuelles presagent la mort de vostre Epoux.

FAVVE.

Mon Epoux n'est point immortel. Si son destin veut qu'il meure ; Que vostre Tirannie en soit le bourreau ; ie n'en espere point d'autre grace.

LE ROY.

Quelle raison pouuez vous esperer d'un homme a qui vous l'avez ostée. Vostre cruauté me fait porter le nom de Tiran, & la desespoir ou vous m'avez reduit m'en fera faire l'office.

FAVVE.

Soyez plus Tigre que les Tigres. Iay plus de courage que vous n'avez de force. Car dans ma foiblesse, ie me moque de vostre pouuoir.

LE ROY.

Ne sçavez vous pas que la vie de vostre Espoux est entre mes mains.

FAVVE.

Et les foudres aussi en celles des Dieux.

LE ROY.

Puis que mon trepas est ineuitable, j'ayme autant estre reduit en cendres par le feu de leurs foudres, que par celuy de vos yeux. Mais vous pouuez moderer la rigueur de mon sort, & me faire courre une plus douce fortune. Une seule de vos faueurs peut rachepter la vie de vostre Epoux.

FAVVYE.

Toute la faueur que vous pouuez attâdre de moy, cet de vous assurer que ie ne vous en fairay jamais, affin que vous ne per diez plus vostre temps, & que vous employez ailleurs vostre peynne. L'Honneur est plus cher que la vie.

LE ROY.

Ie voy bien que ma soubz mission anime vostre arrogance. Ie deschargeray le fardeau de ma cholere sur la teste de vostre Epoux.

FAVVYE.

Cet une lache vengeance; Mais s'il faut mourir. Un trepas glorieux est tousiours preferable a une vie infame.

Les Ambassadeurs du Roy Agatocles.

Sire le Roy de Cicile, nostre souuerain Seigneur nous a enuoyéz en embassade vers vostre Majesté pour luy demander l'elargissement de Monseigneur son filz, detenu captif dans vos prisons. Et a mesme temps la punition d'une certaine Bergere, sa compaigne, comme seule cause de sa fuite.

LE ROY.

Que le Prince de Cicile soit detenu captif dans mes prisons, l'aparance en est trop foible; estez vous bien informez de la verité.

LES AMBASSADEURS.

Sire nous en auons de si fortes assurances, que nous n'en pouuons plus doubter.

Qu'on Eslargisse cet estranger, nous sçaurons ce qui en est. Je coniure les Dieux de fauoriser egalelement en cela ; & mes desirs, & vos esperances.

LES AMBASSADEURS.

Sire nos veux sont acomplis. Cet luy mesme. Nous demandons maintenant justice a vostre Majesté, pour faire punir cete bergere.

Doraste & le Paysan.

DORASTE.

Elle est compaigne de ma fortune. Sa vye & la mienne n'ont qu'un mesme sort.

LE ROY.

Son age la rend excusable, il vaut mieux punir ce vielard en qualité de Pere, pour aprandre a ses semblables d'instruire mieux leurs enfans.

Le Paysan agenoux.

Sire ce n'et point ma fille. Il y a tantost quinze ans que ie la treuuy dans une petite nassele sur le riuage de la mer, ou le vent de sa bonne fortune l'auoit faite surgir. Et voicy la bague qu'elle auoir¹ pendue au col.

LE ROY.

Qu'el Prodiges de bonheur, cete bague dechire le bandeau de mon auueuglement, pour me faire recognoitre ma fille ; Que ie t'embrace, cher obiet de mes felicitez. Je n'oze me dire ton Pere, si tu ne me pardones le crime qui m'en a fait perdre la qualité. Mais tu ne me refuseras pas ta

¹ avait.

grace, puis que les Dieux m'accordent la leur. Je consens que tu fois¹ tousiours bergere. Mes Royaumes seront tes moutons : mon sceptre te servira de houlete : & ma courone de Guirlande de fleurs. Et ce Prince sera ton berger, & ton Epoux.

FAVVE.

Sire ie porteray tousiours la qualité de vostre servante, avec celle de vostre fille, dont vous m'honorez au iourd'hui ; Et comme ie tire mon bonheur de vos felicités, ie ne me rejouiray jamais que de vostre contentement, & vostre seule volonté sera ma destinée.

LE ROY.

Il faut rendre graces aux Dieux de nostre commune alegresse. Mais ie vous demande pardon mon Prince du mauuais traitement que vous avez receu en cete Cour, oubliez le passé en faueur de l'aduenir.

DORASTE.

Le souuenir en est desja effacé de ma memoire, & en sa place. I'y ay graué celuy de la faueur signalée dont vostre Majesté m'honore, en m'acceptant pour son gendre. Faueur qui m'est si chere, & en si forte consideration, que ie n'auray jamais pensee, ny desir que pour en mediter la recognoissance par toute sorte de seruices.

LE ROY.

Le present que ie vous fais de ma fille n'est pas une faueur, puis que vous la meritez. Je vous rends en cela ce que ie vous doibs. Vivez heureux & contans, toutes

¹ sois,

mes joyes se terminent dans vos prosperitez. Messieurs les Ambassadeurs vous cõtracteres de ma part, cette alliance avec le Roy de Cicile, vostre Maistre soubz la foy de la parole que ie vous donne.

LES AMBASSADEURS.

Nóus executerons fidelement les commandemens de vostre Majeste.

LE ROY.

Alons cependant celebrer dans mon Palais, la feste d'une joye si publique.

FIN.

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