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WILLIAM WARNER'S

Syrinx

OR

A SEVENFOLD HISTORY

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*Edited with introduction and notes*

*by*

WALLACE A. BACON

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NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY PRESS

EVANSTON, ILLINOIS

1950

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**NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY STUDIES**

VIRGIL B. HELTZEL, *editor*

Humanities Series: Number Twenty-Six

Open access edition funded by the National Endowment for the  
Humanities/Andrew W. Mellon Foundation Humanities Open Book Program.

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Wallace A. Bacon. William Warner's *Syrinx* or A Sevenfold History.  
Evanston, Ill.: Northwestern University Press, 1950.

ISBN 978-0-8101-3822-3 (paper)

ISBN 978-0-8101-3823-0 (ebook)

*For*  
JOHN R. REINHARD



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## PREFACE

Although it appeared in print twice during the author's lifetime, William Warner's *Syrinx* thereafter escaped the notice of critics until Thomas Warton finally referred to it briefly, in 1781, as a work much in the style of Heliodorus's *Aethiopica*, most famous of the Greek Romances. But even since then, the book has remained, for most students of Elizabethan fiction, merely a name.

Its undeserved neglect may be due to the scarcity of copies. Only a handful of exemplars of the two editions remain in existence today, and those are not easily accessible to scholars removed from the great libraries which own them. The present edition seeks to remedy that situation, and to restore the novel to the important place which it holds in the development of English prose fiction. Since the author of *Syrinx* is almost as little known as the novel which he wrote, the introduction to the present edition reviews the facts of his life and of his fame among his own contemporaries. No other work up to now, with a single exception, has attempted to paint for modern readers the portrait of the man who, in his own day, was called the English Homer.

That single exception is an unpublished doctoral dissertation, accepted at Harvard University in 1926, by Dr. William Irving Zeitler. I cannot express too warmly my gratitude to Dr. Zeitler for placing his dissertation at my disposal and for permitting me to make use freely of the material contained in it. While I have added to it, departed from certain of its judgments, corrected occasional errors of fact, and extended considerably its treatment of *Syrinx*, I must acknowledge in full my feeling that of all the critical works which I have used in prepar-

ing the present volume, Dr. Zeitler's *The Life, Works, and Literary Influence of William Warner (1558-1609)* has been by far the most valuable to me. In addition, it was from a hint supplied in a letter from Dr. Zeitler that I first discovered the extent of the indebtedness of T. D.'s *The Bloody Banquet* to Warner's *Syrinx*.

Many others have been helpful in replying to my queries during the preparation of the edition: Mr. Carey S. Bliss, Assistant Curator of Rare Books at the Henry E. Huntington Library; the Rev. J. A. Humphries of Gazeley Vicarage, Newmarket; Miss Carolyn E. Jakeman, of the Houghton Library at Harvard University; Mr. Richard M. Ludwig, a former student; the Rev. C. Edward C. Walker of Great Amwell Vicarage; and Mr. Arthur Wheen, Keeper of the Dyce Library, the Victoria & Albert Museum, as well as the officials of the British Museum, the Rosenbach Company, and the archivists of Lincolnshire and Hertfordshire. Miss Phyllis W. Shield and Miss Nellie McNeill O'Farrell have been at great trouble to assist me in searching for Warner materials in legal records and documents in England. I owe a particular debt to Dr. Leslie Hotson, who in the midst of his own heavy research schedule took the time to give friendly counsel and specific assistance in the matter of Warner's biography.

To the Henry E. Huntington Library I owe permission to base the text of the present edition of *Syrinx* upon the copy of the second edition now in its possession; and to the British Museum, the filming of its copy of the first edition for collation. To the staffs of both the Huntington Library and the Folger Shakespeare Library, and in particular to Dr. Louis B. Wright at both libraries, I owe a very real debt for the many courtesies extended to me during the course of my work. No one engaged in Renaissance studies



in the United States needs to be told of the measure in which Dr. Wright serves the cause of such research. To the Rockefeller Foundation I am indebted for a Fellowship in the Humanities during 1948-1949, during which time the edition of *Syrinx* has been brought to completion. It is a pleasure, too, to record my thanks to Virgil B. Heltzel, editor of Northwestern University Studies, for his suggestions and help in the preparation of the manuscript.

Finally, I record once more my gratitude to the teacher under whom, in the past, my interest in Elizabethan fiction was first awakened—Dr. John R. Reinhard, to whom *Syrinx* is here inscribed.

WALLACE A. BACON

Evanston, Illinois

July 10, 1950



## INTRODUCTION

Everyone knows what a novel is, and how it differs from other forms of prose writing, until he comes to define it. Then suddenly he finds that the boundaries between such forms as romance, short story, novelette, and novel are not at all clearly marked, and he may in addition be troubled by the somewhat arbitrary line dividing the prose novel from what appear to be novels in verse. He discovers, too, that in periods earlier than our own, even history is composed in goodly measure of what we should now call fiction.

George Gascoigne's *The Adventures of Master F. J.*, which runs from page 201 to page 293 of Gascoigne's collection *A Hundreth Sundrie Flowres*, has been called the first English novel.<sup>1</sup> Published in 1573, it tells the story of an adulterous intrigue between a lady and a house guest during a summer in the north of England, giving in some detail the rise, complication, and conclusion of the intrigue. The plot, as Professor Bradner has pointed out, is motivated and developed with scenes and incidents. The conversation is well handled; the picture of upper class English life is unusually realistic for its day, even unique.<sup>2</sup> But no one would claim that Gascoigne's novel is without antecedents in prose fiction. Love intrigues were by Gascoigne's day part of the stock in trade of those who

<sup>1</sup> See Percy Waldron Long, "From *Troilus* to *Euphues*," *Kittredge Anniversary Papers* (Boston, 1913), pp. 367-376; Leicester Bradner, "The First English Novel: A Study of George Gascoigne's *Adventures of Master F. J.*," *PMLA*, XLV (1930), 543-552; and Charles Prouty, *George Gascoigne* (Columbia University Press, 1942), pp. 188-212.

<sup>2</sup> While nothing is to be made of the point here, it is worth noting that the second edition of the novel Italianizes the setting and characters of the story, so that in a sense Gascoigne spoils his own first achievement.

imitated such writers as Boccaccio, Bandello, and Cinthio, Italian masters of the *novella*, the usually terse, scenario-like forerunner of the modern short story. Equivalents may be pointed out for Gascoigne's use of the symposium, for his use of poetry as an integral part of his story, for his use of love letters in forwarding the intrigue. The point is simply that *The Adventures of Master F. J.*, with its single connected account of a love affair, its extended use of episode and dialogue and characterization to promote unity of plot and tone, and its "realistic portrayal of English upper class life,"<sup>3</sup> seems to some critics to mark an advance over the earlier *novelle* on the one hand and the long and somewhat disconnected romances on the other, and thus to deserve the distinction of being called the first novel.

It was once the fashion to call John Lyly's *Euphues* by that title. Published in 1578, and followed by *Euphues and His England* two years later, *Euphues* seemed to R. W. Bond, who edited the works of Lyly in 1902, to be the first English novel with a real sense of form and structure, though again with a debt to earlier writers (Pettie, for example, in his *Petite Pallace of Pettie His Pleasure*, 1576). But as Bond observed, Lyly is deficient in action, characterization, and pathos, and both Pettie and Lyly sought not so much to tell a story as to discourse on set themes, to pen moralistic and 'passionate' essays on subjects involving the persons of the novel. Both in terms of date and in terms of content, Gascoigne has far better right to the designation "first" than has Lyly.

But whereas Gascoigne's novel produced little in the

<sup>3</sup> The phrase is Professor Bradner's.

way of immediate imitations,<sup>4</sup> Lyly's *Euphues* became, of course, an outstanding stylistic model. Whatever Lyly's debt to such forerunners as Pettie and Grange, *Euphues* remains the classic example of the highly conscious and rhetorical style to which it gave its name, and the fact that it was one of the most popular of all books in its time (something like sixteen editions of *Euphues* and fifteen editions of its sequel appeared between 1578 and 1638) is an indication of the great hold which the high-flown and tiresome mode of composition exercised upon the readers of the day.

Such contemporary writers as Painter, Pettie, Whetstone, and Grange do not in the same sense qualify as writers of early novels. The first three leaned heavily upon Italian sources, and remained essentially in the earlier traditions. Grange, as even a quick reading of his *Golden Aphroditis* (1577) will show, is more concerned with rambling through his account of the classical gods and their blessing of a mortal marriage, with his inept love speeches, poems, and letters, than he is with forming a novel. But after Lyly, the stream gradually widens. One of the tributaries is of immediate concern to us here.

In 1581, Barnaby Rich published the first part of his *Strange and Wonderful Adventures of Don Simonides, a Gentleman Spaniard*.<sup>5</sup> In the same year he published his *Farwell to Military Profession*. *Don Simonides* is simply a series of short episodes or stories arbitrarily connected by the presence of the gentleman Spaniard. Built after the

<sup>4</sup> Professor Long's argument for John Grange's *The Golden Aphroditis* as a link between Gascoigne and Lyly is concerned primarily not with matters of plot and character, but with details of style.

<sup>5</sup> Following it with a second part in 1584.

Italian and Spanish models, the stories tell of amorous intrigue, hermit life, the course of true love, pastoral adventure, disputations on human events. There is nothing really new in them. *Farewell to Military Profession*, however, is a kind of landmark in the development of English prose, for it is the first of the Elizabethan works of fiction to bear clear and extended testimony to the influence of Greek Romance.

I have told elsewhere the story of the rebirth of the Greek Romances in the time of Elizabeth.<sup>6</sup> *Apollonius of Tyre*, generally included among the Greek Romances in spite of the fact that no Greek original exists, had long been in the stream of English literature, but it was the translation in 1569, by Thomas Underdowne, of the famous *Theagenes and Chariclea*, or *Aethiopica*, of Heliodorus which began a considerable influence upon the history of the English novel. Underdowne's translation, revised in 1577, reappeared in 1587, 1604, 1606, and 1622. No doubt it called forth Angel Day's translation of another Greek Romance, *Daphnis and Chloe* (attributed to Longus) in 1587, and William Burton's translation of Achilles Tatius' *Clitophon and Leucippe* in 1597 (following an earlier Latin version issued perhaps in 1589). Of these, of course, only *Apollonius* and Heliodorus could have been known to Rich in English, and indeed only the latter was needed to give him what he used in his *Farewell* in 1581.<sup>7</sup>

The late Greek Romances, as they are called, were actually the first Western novels in prose. Of extended

<sup>6</sup> In my forthcoming *Shakespeare's Dramatic Romances*, Part One. Proof that Rich knew Heliodorus is found in his reference to that author's hero and heroine in *Don Simonides*.

<sup>7</sup> Both Longus and Achilles Tatius existed in French translations before Rich, the first translated by Amyot and the second by Belleforest and Baudouin.

length, compounded of love and adventure, they told the stories of pairs of young lovers who in virtuous innocence triumphed over the machinations of Time and Fortune and were led by Providence to a joyous and richly deserved marriage. *The Aethiopica*, while it is a series of adventures, is not a series of unrelated adventures, for through most of the episodes may be found one or the other, or both, of the young lovers. The story begins *in medias res*, doubling back upon itself as past events are retold, one time becoming fourfold, making it somewhat difficult for a reader to keep track of chronology. Ingeniously joined, its connections established largely by Fortune and Providence, *Theagenes and Chariclea* tells at length the story of the exposure with tokens, the growth, and the adventures of the royal Ethiopian Princess Chariclea, her love for the beautiful and virtuous youth Theagenes, the separation of the lovers by cruel chance and the operation of pirates and thieves, and the protection of the lives and chastity of the lovers until Chariclea is finally restored to her royal parents in a theatrically splendid recognition scene at the close of the novel. It includes international wars, the attentions of unwanted suitors, murder, black magic, religious observances, suicide, the operation of oracles and visions and prophetic dreams, and the separation and reunion of children and parents. The entire story is conceived in dramatic (or melodramatic) terms, with spectacular recognitions, sudden appearances and disappearances of characters, and extended laments by the lovesick characters. The Elizabethans had never lost their taste for long stories, though they had begun to look with less favor upon the old chivalric romances; having fed for some years on the briefer, terser *novelle* imitated from the Italian

by French and English translators and writers, they were more than ready for such a story as Sidney was to give them in the highly popular *Arcadia*, written (or rewritten), as we know, in part upon the model furnished by the *Aethiopica*. Indeed, Sidney's original *Arcadia*, though it did not appear in print until 1590, was being written at about the time that Rich's *Farewell* appeared. This is not to say that the *novella* ceased to be a living influence on English fiction, nor to suggest that *novella*, Euphuism, and Greek Romance did not appear together in mingle-mangle, for they did; the presence of the *novella* was long to be felt in Elizabethan literature, and it was to leave its mark forever upon the great body of the drama. But during the last two decades of the sixteenth century, the rising influence was Greek Romance. Rich may with some justice be called the first in those decades to reproduce elements of the Greek Romance in his prose *Farewell*.

These are to be found in Rich's first, second, fourth, and seventh stories of the collection. The central motif of separation and reunion, with the accompaniment of amorous and other adventures, appears in three of the stories; a variation of it appears in a fourth. Professor Starnes has shown in detail the relationship between the first story (*Sappho, Duke of Mantona*) and Heliodorus: the common use of ensemble effects, of a father seeking his daughter, of an elopement and the father's demands for justice, of the father's condemnation of his own child whom he does not recognize, of the final reconciliation and celebration of nuptials.<sup>8</sup> Heliodorus was not the only source of the tale, to be sure, but his book was effective in shaping

<sup>8</sup> "Barnabe Rich's 'Sappho Duke of Mantona': A Study in Elizabethan Story-Making," *SP*, XXX (1933), 455-472.



the course of the story and perhaps in providing such details as the trial, unwanted suitors, wars, the operation of Fortune, and so on. The story of *Aramanthus* (number seven in the collection) employs the motif of a child who is exposed with tokens and brought up by a fisherman, who is declared by the foster parent, at the moment of the wedding, not to be his own, and who is at that moment claimed as her own by the queen of the land, who in turn gives her consent to the marriage. This is not unlike the recognition ensemble in Heliodorus, where foster parent, tokens, and recognition are combined in an ensemble scene which leads towards marriage. A similar scene, it may be remarked, occurs in Longus, and is imitated by Greene in *Pandosto* (1588).

Rich's *Farewell*, however, is a collection of separate stories rather than a novel. Whatever he may have thought of Heliodorus, he was not persuaded by the *Aethiopica* to fashion a full-length novel after its pattern. That accomplishment remained for William Warner, who, in his *Syrinx*, wrote Greek Romance in English.

Unlike Gascoigne's *Adventures of Master F. J.*, *Syrinx* can lay no claim to being a realistic portrayal of upper-class English society. But that is to say only that *Syrinx* is like all other works of prose fiction of its time in ignoring the challenge set by Gascoigne. Native realism was not for the Renaissance novelist, as it has been for so many writers subsequently, a goal of goals, and most realism concerned itself with low-life. Few things, for example, could seem less realistic than Lyly's *Euphues*; that does not mean, on the other hand, that *Euphues* did not reflect certain very real elements in English taste of its time. "Realism" is a literary method, a way of looking at things

and writing about them; things may be real enough without seeming to be, in the critical sense, "realistic." *Syrinx*, for example, seems realer than either *Euphues* or *Arcadia*.

The novels of Lyly and Sidney were aristocratic in tone, written by courtiers for a courtly audience. Their characters were highly sophisticated, mannered, and stylized. Lyly's ladies and gentlemen were typed rather than individualized, and their conversations were a delight at least as much for their manner as for their meat. Sidney's royal shepherds and shepherdesses behaved as never a shepherd or shepherdess in this world; their activities were strange mixtures of pastoral, chivalric romance, and Greek novel. No one knew better than Sidney how artificial his material was. The delight in the total construct—in episode, lament, disquisition, ornamentation, moral tone—was the chief delight.

Unlike Lyly, but like Sidney, William Warner was interested in a well-woven story, a frame which would include and hold together the episodes of which his book was constructed, a frame which would permit a good deal of action, would draw upon the great themes, love and adventure, would appeal to a new taste for novels showing the triumph of man over chance. Following the model of Greek Romance, Warner wrote of young people dragged through adventure after adventure, over much of the civilized world, tried by Fate and by Fortune, undergoing torments of a variety of kinds, finally being directed by the auspicious gods to a comfortable close.

His novel, if we may judge by the number of editions it saw in its own day—two, as opposed to the many editions of *Euphues* and *Arcadia*—met with less favor among the reading public than the stylized novels written by the

courtiers. It came perhaps a little early (and from an unknown writer) to take full advantage of the popularity of *Arcadia*, and perhaps a little late to compete stylistically with *Euphues*, though it combines in part the structural devices of the former with the literary style of the latter. And while it dealt with persons of high birth, it was written by a middle-class writer out of middle-class ideals, and its tone can scarcely be called courtly. While it was probably not the rage among readers (though it was "allowed of by some"), it did not go undiscovered by writers, as we shall see—proof, it must be, in the absence of great popularity, of *Syrinx's* hint of things to come: of the increasing interest of English novelists in large-scale pictures of love and adventure. Though a world still separates them, Warner is closer to Fielding and to Richardson than is Lyly or Sidney. And for the modern, *Syrinx* is, I am inclined to believe, a more interesting novel than either of its great (and greatly tedious) contemporaries.

#### *The Author*

The author of *Syrinx*, a poet of great distinction in his own day, has since fallen upon evil times. In 1589, in an address To the Gentlemen Students prefixed to Greene's *Menaphon*, Thomas Nashe includes him among the English great: "As Poetrie hath beene honoured in those her forenamed professours, so it hath not beene any whit disparaged by *William Warners* absolute *Albions*." Francis Meres, in *Palladis Tamia* (1598), now forever associated with the career of Shakespeare, pays him greater tribute:

As the Greeke tongue is made famous and eloquent by *Homer*, *Hesiod*, *Euripedes*, *Aeschilus*, *Sophocles*, *Pindarus*, *Phocylides* and *Aristophanes*; and the Latine tongue by

*Virgill, Ouid, Horace, Silius Italicus, Lucanus, Lucretius, Ausonius and Claudianus*: so the English tongue is mightily enriched, and gorgeously inuested in rare ornaments and resplendent abiliments by sir *Philip Sidney, Spencer, Daniel, Drayton, Warner, Shakespeare, Marlow, and Chapman*.

f. 280

On the next leaf, Meres continues:

As *Decius Ausonius Gallus in libris Fastorum*, penned the occurrences of the world from the first creation of it to his time, that is, to the raigne of the Emperor *Gratian*: so *Warner* in his absolute *Albions Englande* hath most admirably penned the historie of his own country from *Noah* to his time, that is, to the raigne of Queene *Elizabeth*; I haue heard him termd of the best wits of both our Vniuersities, our English *Homer*.

As *Euripedes* is the most sententious among the Greek Poets: so is *Warner* among our English Poets.

f. 281v

And again:

As *Homer* and *Virgil* among the Greeks and Latines are the chiefe Heroick Poets: so *Spencer* and *Warner* be our chiefe heroicall Makers.

f. 282v

Gabriel Harvey, too, paid tribute to this English Homer. Commenting upon Speght's folio of the poetry of Chaucer, Harvey wrote:

Not manie Chawcers, or Lidgates, Gowers, or Occluees, Surries, or Heywoods, in those days: & how few Aschams, or Phaers, Sidneys, or Spencers, Warners or Daniels, Siluesters, or Chapmans, in this pregnant age.

On fol. 394v of the same volume, he refers to *Spencer, Constable, Fraunce, Watson, Daniel, Chapman, Sylvester,*

Shakespeare, and Warner and “the rest of ovr flourishing metricians,” and pens this particular comment:

The Earle of Essex much commendes Albions England: and not unworthily for diuerse notable pageants, before, & in the Chronicle. Sum English, & other Histories nowhere more sensibly described, or more inwardly discouered.<sup>9</sup>

All of this praise is directed to Warner as the author of *Albions England*. It is the chronicle, too, which is quoted extensively in *England's Parnassus*, a cento of the “choycest Flowers of our Moderne Poets” which appeared from the hands of Robert Allott in 1600. Of a total of 2,350 quotations in the volume, 171 (or something over 7%) are from *Albions England*. Only two poets, Spenser and Drayton, surpass Warner in the number of passages included from their works. Charles Crawford, editing the collection in 1913, observed that almost all extracts from Warner—and some from Joshua Sylvester, Abraham Fraunce, and Sir Philip Sidney—were printed in italics, and attributed that fact to Allott’s design thus to confer particular honor on those poets. Allott’s book was arranged alphabetically, for the most part, under topics. While ten extracts from Warner appeared in a miscellaneous group at the end of the book, the other 161 may be tallied thus, the figure after each topic indicating the number of Warner quotations given thereunder:

Angels.....	1	God.....	3	Opportunity.....	1
Ambition.....	3	Good deeds.....	1	Patience.....	1
Audacity.....	2	Hell.....	1	Passion.....	1
Avarice.....	3	Honor.....	1	Parents.....	1

<sup>9</sup> The quotations are from G. C. Moore-Smith’s *Gabriel Harvey’s Marginalia* (Shakespeare Head Press, 1913), pp. 231–233.

Beauty . . . . .	7	Humility . . . . .	1	Poesy . . . . .	1
Bliss . . . . .	1	Hypocrisy . . . . .	2	Poets . . . . .	2
Charity . . . . .	1	Jealousy . . . . .	3	Poverty . . . . .	4
Christ . . . . .	4	Impatience . . . . .	1	Praise . . . . .	2
Change . . . . .	1	Justice . . . . .	1	Princes . . . . .	3
Content . . . . .	1	Kings . . . . .	5	Quietness . . . . .	1
Courage . . . . .	2	Knowledge . . . . .	1	Religion . . . . .	2
Court . . . . .	3	Labor . . . . .	2	Repentance . . . . .	2
Danger . . . . .	1	Learning . . . . .	1	Riches . . . . .	1
Death . . . . .	2	Lechery . . . . .	3	Sight . . . . .	1
Delay . . . . .	1	Laws . . . . .	3	Sin . . . . .	2
Despair . . . . .	1	Liberty . . . . .	2	Slander . . . . .	1
Error . . . . .	1	Life . . . . .	1	Suspicion . . . . .	1
Faith . . . . .	2	Love . . . . .	1	Virtue . . . . .	2
Fear . . . . .	1	Man . . . . .	1	Vice . . . . .	1
Fools . . . . .	1	Marriage . . . . .	4	Virginity . . . . .	2
Flatterer . . . . .	3	Might . . . . .	1	Wit . . . . .	1
Fortune . . . . .	5	Melancholy . . . . .	1	Words . . . . .	1
Friends, Friend- ship . . . . .	3	Mind . . . . .	1	Women . . . . .	6
Gifts . . . . .	2	Monarchs . . . . .	3	Wrath . . . . .	2
Gluttony . . . . .	2	Muses . . . . .	1	World . . . . .	1
		Nature . . . . .	2	Youth . . . . .	3
		Old age . . . . .	4		

No wonder that Edward Phillips' *Theatrum Poetarum*, 1675, calls Warner "a good honest plain writer of Moral Rules and Precepts."

Henry Chettle paid tribute to the author of *Albions England* in *Englandes Mourning Garment*, 1603, a prose and verse eulogy to Elizabeth. Lamenting the late queen's death and the fact that the writers who praised her in her lifetime now remain silent at her passing, Chettle writes:

He that sung fortie yeares her life and birth,  
And is by English Albions so much famde  
For sweete mixt layes of maiestie with mirth,  
Doth of her losse take now but little keepe,  
Or else I gesse he cannot sing, but weepe.

The first line of the quotation is puzzling if one take it to mean that Warner has written of Elizabeth for forty years, since the first edition of *Albions England* was in 1586. More likely Chettle is saying that Warner has sung of Elizabeth all his life, for as we shall see, Warner was probably only 45 when the queen died.

Drayton, who stands between Spenser and Warner in popularity in *England's Parnassus*, and who was also distinguished in his day for poetical historical works, particularly for his *Poly-Olbion* (a "chorographically description of Great Britain"), speaks with warm friendliness of the man in his poem "To my most dearely-loved friend Henery Reynolds Esquire, of Poets and Poesie":

Then *Warner* though his lines were not so trim'd,  
Nor yet his Poem so exactly lim'd  
And neatly joynted, but the Criticke may  
Easily reprove him, yet thus let me say;  
For my old friend, some passages there be  
In him, which I protest have taken me,  
With almost wonder, so fine, cleere, and new  
As yet they have bin equalled by few.

These words, written some time after Warner's death, show that his fame was already less than it had been. Gradually his reputation sank, recovered from time to time only momentarily by those with an antiquarian interest in the history of English letters. The taste for versified and fictionized history is one which the modern reader finds it difficult to understand, and while much is to be said for the historical and literary importance of some of the old chronicles, few readers will go to them nowadays for pleasure. Today, William Warner is only a name.

Indeed, it is most difficult to establish the facts of his

life. The entry on Warner in the *Dictionary of National Biography* gives almost all that is known. Or rather, it gives even more than is known. It draws upon the earlier accounts of the writer without questioning the reliability of the sources, of which there are so few; hence it states as fact certain things which are apparently at best suppositions.

The list of early accounts, which give all that is to be found in any later accounts save the article by R. R. Cawley and the dissertation by Dr. Zeitler,<sup>10</sup> is included in a note on page xli of the introduction. I shall review the facts briefly, drawing heavily upon Dr. Zeitler's work but augmenting it where I have found that possible.

To begin with, the single recorded document about William Warner is an entry in the parish register of Great Amwell, Hertfordshire, making the following statement under the year 1608-9:

Ma William Warner a man of good yeares and of honest reputation; by his profession an atturnye at the common plese: author of Albions England who diinge suddanly in his bedde w̄hout any former complaynt or sicknesse on Thursday night beeing the 9th daye of march, was buried the Satturday following and lyeth in the Church at the upper end under the stone of Gwallter ffader.

Tho. Hassall Vicars.<sup>11</sup>

<sup>10</sup> R. R. Cawley, "Warner and the Voyagers," *MP*, XX, 119-143. William Irving Zeitler, "The Life, Works, and Literary Influence of William Warner (1558-1609)," unpublished doctoral dissertation deposited in the Widener Library of Harvard University. Of my general indebtedness to Dr. Zeitler, I have spoken in the preface to this edition of *Syrinx*.

<sup>11</sup> This version of the entry, which differs slightly from others, is a true copy extracted from the parish register of Great Amwell on July 22, 1949, and certified by C. Edward C. Walker, present vicar of the parish. Walter Fader was a juryman in an Inquisition at Stanstead Thele in 1454.



This document went unnoticed in the early accounts of the poet. It was first included in the notes of John Scott's descriptive poem entitled *Amwell*, in 1776. The following statement from Dr. Zeitler's dissertation sums up the importance of Scott's contribution:

This record settled all questions as to the date of Warner's death. Scott stated that the poet spent some time in the village, and guessed that he may have used it for the setting of a famous story which became the most popular part of *Albion's England*; here are the lines referring to this pleasant assumption (II. 345-352):

He, who in verse his country's story told,  
 Here dwelt a while; perchance here sketched the scene,  
 Where his fair Argentile, from crowded courts  
 For pride self-banished, in sequester'd shades  
 Sojourn'd disguis'd, and met the slighted youth  
 Who long had sought her love.—The gentle bard  
 Sleeps here, by Fame forgotten; fickle Fame  
 Too oft forgets her favourites.

Scott was a Quaker draper who lived towards the end of his life in Amwell. The title page of his poem, as described by Dr. Zeitler, contains an engraved view of Amwell village; the last page has an engraving of the church where Warner was buried. Whatever local accounts of Warner may have been known to Scott, only this fact of his death in 1609 is recorded. Bishop Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, fourth edition (1794), repeats the account of Warner's death but attributes the information not to Scott, but to John Hoole, the translator of Tasso and of Ariosto. Hoole, like Scott and Warner, knew Amwell, and in 1785 wrote Scott's biography when Dr. Johnson's death prevented that worthy from carrying out the project himself. The

attribution of the parish register account to Hoole *via* Percy continued in some later accounts, but Joseph Ritson, in his *Bibliographia Poetica* (1802) footnotes the reference thus: "Scotts 'Poeticall works,' 1786, p. 84; but (according to mister Park) first inserted in his notes to 'Amwell, a descriptive poem,' 1776."

The two documented facts about Warner's life are, then, that he died suddenly in 1609 and that he was an attorney of the Common Pleas. The remaining "facts" largely appear for the first time in Anthony à Wood's *Athenae Oxonienses*, second edition of 1721 (there is no material on Warner's life in the first edition of 1691). Wood states that Warner was "born in Warwickshire, or at least, descended from those of his name there." He says that Warner was educated at Oxford, in Magdalen Hall, though he departed without a degree and went to London, where he

wrote several specimens of poetry, whereby his name was cried up among the minor poets: and at length, when years came on, he wrote and published matters of greater moment, that made him to be numbred among the refiners of the English tongue, which by his pen, (as one living in the latter end of Q. Elizabeth saith [i.e., Meres]) was much enriched and gorgeously invested in rare ornaments and resplendent habiliments.<sup>12</sup>

To the writer Wood attributes specifically only *Albions England* ("printed at London at least twice"), and the translation of Plautus' *Menaechmi* printed in 1595 under the initials W. W. Not until the third edition of *Athenae Oxonienses* (by Philip Bliss, in 1815) was the account from

<sup>12</sup> Warner's title indicates that of the various parts of *Albion* (i.e., Great Britain), only *England* is his subject.

the Amwell parish register included. Bliss also adds to the list of writings *Syrinx* (1597), which he says was licensed in 1584. In 1765, Percy repeated Wood's assertion that Warner was born in Warwickshire and educated at Oxford, adding that "in the latter part of his life he was retained in the service of Henry Cary lord Hunsdon, to whom he dedicates his poem. More of his history is not known." The statements appear again in all later accounts paying any attention to Warner's biography. Alexander Chalmers, in his *Works of the English Poets* (1810), listed Warner as an Oxfordshire man; this slip of the pen (which it must have been) was followed by Thomas Campbell in his *Specimens of the English Poets* (1819), and is to be found in as recent a study as Saintsbury's *Short History of English Literature* (which, by the way, abruptly dismissed *Syrinx*, giving only the date 1597).

Two other items of interest must be mentioned before we begin to examine the evidence before us. They concern two bibliographical ghosts. In his *History of English Poetry*, Thomas Warton refers to a certain correspondence between Bishop Tanner and the "learned and accurate" Thomas Baker, of Cambridge, in which there is mentioned a prose translation of Bandello's *Novelle*, dated 1580, by one W. W. Warton confesses that he is unable to find the book, but assumes that W. W. is William Warner, though he adds in a footnote that W. W. may also stand for William Webbe, who wrote *A Discourse of English Poetrie* in 1586. Actually, no one has ever seen the book to which Bishop Tanner referred; it must be assumed that the memory of either the Bishop or Warton was in error.

The other item is of interest because of Anthony à Wood's reference to early minor poetry by Warner. In

Joseph Ames' *Typographical Antiquities* (London, 1749) under the name of the printer George Robinson, there is the entry "1586: Warner's poetry. *Twelves*."<sup>13</sup> Joseph Ritson was right when he suggested that "Warner's Poetry" could mean nothing but *Albions England*; to prove that no earlier poetry could have existed, one need only refer to the address "To the Reader" in the first edition of *Albions England* where Warner implies almost certainly that, although he has already written in prose, *Albions England* is the first verse to come from his pen. Hence one may safely say that neither "Warner's poetry" nor the missing translation of *Bandello* need receive further consideration among Warner's works.

Furthermore, I should agree with Dr. Zeitler that the translation of Plautus' *Menaechmi* is very unlikely to be Warner's. The attribution of it to Warner on the basis of the initials alone is surely risky. No other evidence can be brought forth. Dr. Zeitler argues that the translator is more likely to have been William Webbe, whose interest in Latin drama is perhaps more certain, as a letter from

<sup>13</sup> Bishop Percy, in his first edition of the *Reliques* (1765), refers to the entry thus: "See Ames's *Typograph.* where is preserved the memory of another publication of this writer's intitled, 'Warner's Poetry' printed in 1586, 12mo. and reprinted in 1602." Percy's note was continued in his second edition, but removed later, not being found in the fourth edition of 1794. Meanwhile, William Herbert's continuation and revision of Ames, in 1786, amends the entry to read "Warner's Poetry. Octavo. 1586." Underneath it, Herbert has "'Albion's England. . . by Wm. Warner.'—for Tho. Cadman. Quarto. 1586." Ames was wrong on the format, but surely he meant his original entry to refer to *Albions England*, for under the name of Edmund Bollifant, who printed the 1602 edition of *Albions England*, he says, "*He printed Warner's poetry 1602, and other books afterwards.*" Herbert somehow altered *Twelves* to Octavo, but whether he thought the entry referred to a separate work or whether he meant it to be explained by the reference to *Albions England* following it (but listed as a Quarto), I do not know.

him to his friend Robert Wilmot, the author of *Tancred and Gismund*, in August of 1591 shows. Furthermore, Webbe seems to have translated Virgil's *Georgics* into English, as he suggests in the Epistle Dedicatory of his *Discourse*, where he worries lest the translation get into print in its tentative form. There is no ground for suggesting that Warner was interested either in the drama or in translation.

That leaves us, for Warner, then, only *Albions England* and the novel *Syrinx*. *Albions England* is a metrical chronicle which appeared in a series of parts between 1586 and 1606. The first edition, 1586, contained Part I (Books 1-4). Part II (Books 5-6) was added, with a separate title page and with an added prose *Aeneidos*, in 1589. The edition of 1592 dropped the designation of parts and the separate title page and continued the chronicle through part of Book 9. The edition of 1596 contained 12 books, with a dedication, preceding the enlarged Book 9, to Sir George Carey, whose father Henry Carey, to whom the work had thus far been dedicated, had died earlier in that year. In 1602, a new edition added a thirteenth book and a prose "Epitome of the whole Historie of England" (each edition after the first had continued to include the *Aeneidos*), but dropped the 1597 dedication to Sir George Carey and kept only the earlier dedication to his father. In 1606 Books 14-16 appeared separately with a dedication to Sir Edward Coke. In 1612 a final edition of Books 1-13 appeared, with the added prose material. The copy I have seen in the Folger Shakespeare Library has bound with it the edition of 1606, making all told the complete volume of 16 books. The title page of the 1612 edition contains the words "First penned and published by William Warner:

and now reused, and newly enlarged a little before his Death."<sup>14</sup>

*Syrinx*, the subject of the present edition, was first entered on 22 September, 1584, to Thomas Purfoote. It appeared in a second edition in 1597. While the date for the first edition is not specifically known, the general assumption is that it appeared in 1584 about the time of its entry in the *Stationers' Register*. Both editions were printed by Thomas Purfoote, though the second edition was evidently sold by Joan Broome, the widow who owned the place of business described on the title page of the second edition as "the signe of the Bible" in "Pawles Churchyard." The first edition had been sold at Purfoote's own shop "ouer-against S. Sepulchres-Church," as the colophon states.

There is no known evidence for Wood's assertion that Warner seems to have been born in Warwickshire. We know, from Drayton's tribute already quoted, that the author of the poem to Henry Reynolds was a friend of Warner.<sup>15</sup> We know, too, that Drayton was a Warwickshire man. It may be that some such fact as this made it appear to Wood that Warner must therefore likewise have come from Warwickshire. But the statement made by Wood is undoubtedly based on a misconception. In Hebel's edition of the works of Drayton there is a comment about a certain "Thomas Hassel, *Gent.*," who wrote prefatory verses for the 1598 edition of *Englands Heroicall Epistles*.<sup>16</sup>

<sup>14</sup> I omit any further discussion of *Albions England* here, since an edition of the chronicle begun by Professor Ray Heffner and Professor Lewis Ball is now being brought to completion by Professor Ball.

<sup>15</sup> There is no similar evidence to show that Warner was a friend of Marlowe's, though Wood couples Marlowe with Drayton.

<sup>16</sup> *The Works of Michael Drayton*, V (Oxford, 1941), 101. The notes and additional material are edited by Kathleen Tillotson and Bernard H. Newdigate.

There Hassel is taken to be the Thomas Hassall of Amwell, Hertfordshire, who as vicar of Great Amwell signed the death notice of Warner in the parish register in 1609. Thomas Hassall, B. A. (1594-5) and M. A. (1598) at Cambridge, not only was vicar of Great Amwell from 1599 to 1657, when he died, but also held the living of St. Alphage in London. Furthermore, he was chaplain to one of the Hunsdons, Warner's patrons. It is not unlikely that, as the editors of Drayton suggest, Hassall may have been the link between Drayton and Warner, the link between Amwell and London.

More important than that fact, however, is Warner's own statement in *Albions England* (ed. of 1612, XI, lxii, 272):

Nor let vs heere forgit  
(In which I first did breath this aire) *London*, preferring it.

In XI, lxvi, 281-2, referring to Jenkinson's first voyage to Russia, which was made in 1557-8, he writes:

Nor my rejoicing small,  
That from *Elizabeth* to Raigne, and I to liue begunne,  
Hath hapned that Commerce and Fame he to his Natiues wonne.

The two statements taken together say quite clearly that Warner was born in London in the year when Jenkinson was in Russia and Elizabeth began her reign—in short, in 1558. It is likely, then, that Warner knew both Hassall and Drayton in the city.<sup>17</sup>

Nothing is known of Warner's early schooling. Further-

<sup>17</sup> George Ellis suggested 1558 as the date of Warner's birth in the second edition of his *Specimens of the Early English Poets*, 3 vols., London, 1801. He was followed by Thomas Campbell in *Specimens of the British Poets*, 7 vols., London, 1819, and presumably by Nathan Drake in *Shakespeare and His Times*, 2 vols., London, 1817.

more, in spite of Anthony à Wood's claiming Warner for Oxford, nothing is known of his university training, if he ever had any. Nothing in the registers of Oxford supports Wood's claim, for there is no William Warner at the university when the poet would have been there. Wood seems to have leaped to his conclusion by observing that there had been four William Warners among the students at Oxford between 1516 and 1632, and that two of them, both from Warwickshire, had been members of Magdalen Hall. But none of these will do.<sup>18</sup> It is to be doubted that William the poet ever attended Oxford.

One would rest content with the judgment that William Warner was not a university man at all, were it not for a passage in *Albions England* which has seemed to suggest otherwise:

There is an *Academie*, which I reuerence so much,  
As gessed gainst it splenous thoughts me splenously would  
touch:

For as (so Historie) it was the Primer-schooling Heere,  
So euer haue Religion and the Muses held it deare;  
What of Precisians? most retract, did Papists else-where so,  
Amisse were well amended: but too West-ward now we go.  
Not miles from it a Township is, I know not whether in  
A neighbouring Mart more famous, or infamous for the sinne  
Of Beggars, Brothels, Cheaters, Bawds, and Vagrants once a  
yeere

Resorting thither, then to put their sinnes in practise there.

(XV, xcix, 390)

<sup>18</sup> The William who matriculated in 1516 (date of birth, college, and home not listed) is far too early. The William who matriculated in 1605 (born in 1588, of Magdalen College, home in Bucks) is clearly too late, as are the two Williams from Warwick (both of Magdalen Hall) who matriculated in 1628 and 1632, respectively. The entry for our William, the poet, which appears in Joseph Foster's *Alumni Oxoniensis*, is based simply upon Wood's unsupported assertion.



Nothing can be judged from the fact that Warner calls his *Academie* the elder, for claims to that distinction were put forth in favor of both Oxford and Cambridge. Writers and men of religion attended both universities. Nor has it been possible, thus far, to identify the Township, though the neighboring Mart is probably London. Reference to the registers of Cambridge shows, indeed, that there were Warners in attendance, but of the two possible entries each must be discarded in the search for the author of *Albions England*.<sup>19</sup> And so we are left where we began, with no evidence supporting William Warner's attendance at either of the universities, unless it be the words cited above from his own poetry.

We do know that he was an attorney of the Common Pleas, but since he was an attorney and not a barrister, he presumably did not attend one of the Inns of Court. At any rate, no record exists to show that he was there. No roll of attorneys of the Common Pleas existed in Warner's time—or rather, exists from Warner's time—so that no help is available from that quarter, and we must depend upon the Amwell statement.

We know nothing of the mother of William Warner, but something we do know of his father. Again the source of information is the poet's own poetical chronicle of England. First of all, Warner makes it quite certain that his father, some time before the poet was born, was "one of those/Did through the Seas of Isie Rockes the *Muscovites*

<sup>19</sup> There was a William Warner of Norfolk who matriculated at Caius College in 1582 (though this is really too late for the poet), but he is known to have been ordained deacon and priest in Norwich in 1605. And there was a Warner whose Christian name is unrecorded, who matriculated at Corpus Christi College in 1581. The unknown Warner is the only possibility in any of the university registers, but he, too, is somewhat late for a William Warner born in 1558.

disclose" (XI, lxii, 271), meaning that his father was a member of the voyage of Richard Chancellor to Russia in 1553. Hakluyt does not, to be sure, include the name Warner on the ship-list for Chancellor's voyage, but the facts that the Chancellor voyage *did* open up trade with Russia and that it *did* occur only a few years before the poet's birth make it a safe assumption that Warner the elder was there. Secondly, writing of voyages to the Near East, Warner, paying tribute to the pen of Hakluyt in trumpeting the fame of the English, adds:

Nor be my father here forgot: for he, amongst the rest,  
Deserueth in this Generall remembrance with the best.<sup>20</sup>

The memorializing tone used in reference to his father is explained by the passage (XII, lxx, 294) where Warner makes it clear that the elder Warner died on one of Towerson's voyages to Guinea. Towerson's last voyage to Guinea (and the only one subsequent to William's birth in 1558) was in 1577; Hakluyt records the death of six members of the expedition in April of that year, though he gives no names.<sup>21</sup>

This is all we know of Warner's parentage, but it is enough to make it not unlikely that William spoke with something of personal interest when, in the story of *Belopares* in *Syrinx*, he wrote feelingly of both the rewards and the terrible dangers of sea travel. Both his voyaging father and his own profession as attorney left their indelible mark upon the novel and contributed to its positive virtues.

Two other references in *Albions England* must be men-

<sup>20</sup> XI, lxviii, 288. See Cawley, *op. cit.*; the facts about Warner's father are assembled by Dr. Zeitler.

<sup>21</sup> *Principall Navigations* (MacLehose edition, Glasgow, 1903), VI, 242-243.

tioned before we complete our survey of that book. Warner refers (VII, xxxvii, 186) to his having seen a traitor die in Essex for feigning to be Edward VI. He identifies the traitor only as a friar. There were other pretenders, of course. One of them, William Constable *alias* Fetherton, a miller's son, was drawn, hanged, and quartered at Tyborne on March 13, 1556, as recorded in Stow's *Annals*. But Warner may have been referring to Mantell, the traitor and pretender who appears in the *Calendars of State Papers, Domestic: Elizabeth* during February and March of 1586, some six years before Warner's Book 7 appeared. On 27 March, a certain Collen, of Maldon, Essex, requested that for his part in discovering the traitor, who had escaped from the authorities the month before, he be given a license as a free victualler for twenty-one years, or in lieu of that a license to transport four hundred tuns of beer, or in lieu of that forty pounds in money. The only point of interest to us is the fact that Warner was in Essex when a traitor was put to death. His treatment of treason in *Syrinx* is no mere matter of literary convention! The other point, more important for our survey, concerns Warner's possible connection with the village of Ware, Hertfordshire, only a few miles removed from Great Amwell.

Ware is used as the locale of a story in *Albions England* (XII, lxxv, 310) and is referred to in the lines quoted below:

At *Ware* (in *Hertford*-shire a Towne, not bettered, I winne,  
Of thorough-Faires, from Thence to *Twede* for many an  
harbrous Inne,  
Washt with the once ship-bearing *Ley* by *Alfred* slu'ste in  
Three,  
To dissipate the *Dane* Fleete that expugning *Hertford* bee.)  
Next day they timely tooke their Inne.

Elsewhere (XIV, lxxxiii, 348) Warner seems clearly to have a knowledge of local tradition in Ware, for he refers to "an old & common Speech in Ware" about the king's coming to Wigger. These two references, one a tribute and one betraying knowledge of local sayings, are significant not only because Ware is near Great Amwell, but because Warner is known to have had connection with the Barons of Hunsdon who lived not far away. Henry Carey, Knight of the Order of the Garter, first Lord Hunsdon, was the son of Mary, sister of Anne Boleyn, and was thus, through her, first cousin to Queen Elizabeth, who granted him the honor of Hunsdon and manor of Eastwick in Hertfordshire in March of 1559, and finally in 1583 made him Lord Chamberlain of the Household. He died at Somerset House on 23 July, 1596. To this Henry Carey, William Warner dedicated the first edition of *Albions England* in 1586, calling him "my very good Lord and Maister." The dedication, as we have seen, continued to honor Henry Carey (until, in 1606, Books 14-16 were dedicated to Sir Edward Coke), with a single curious exception—the dedication to Sir George Carey, Henry's son, preceding Book 9 in the edition of 1596, just after Henry's death.

George Carey, as "son and heir apparent to the Right Honorable the lord of Hunsdon, my very good lord and master," had already been honored by Warner in the dedication of the first edition of *Syrinx* in 1584. He was similarly honored in the dedication of the revised novel in 1597, when he had become Baron of Hunsdon and Lord Chamberlain of Elizabeth's household. The relationship between poet and patron seems to have been personal (rather than simply literary), and between the unique dedication in *Albions England* in 1596 and the brief and formal dedication of the second edition of *Syrinx* in 1597,

the relationship seems to have grown somewhat cool. The change is hinted at, as Dr. Zeitler has shown, in the address to the reader prefacing the 1602 edition of *Albions England*, where the poet refers somewhat bitterly to his "Pouertie of Arte, worthy no better than the answerable patronizing of some my former thanks starued dedications." Apparently the son did not continue the kindnesses of his father's patronage; when George Carey died in September of 1603, Warner was through with the family. His dedication of the final books of *Albions England* to Sir Edward Coke has been taken to indicate that the break was complete. It was not the first time that George Carey had rubbed an attorney the wrong way, for the *Dictionary of National Biography* records the old story told of Sir George's residence in the Isle of Wight, how "an attorney coming to settle in the island was, by his command, with a pound of candles hanging at his breech lighted, with bells about his legs, hunted owte of the island."<sup>22</sup>

This, then, is what is known of the man who, in his own day, was called the English Homer, the English Euripedes: He was born in 1558 in London, the son of a voyager who died, apparently in 1577, on a voyage to Guinea. He became an attorney of the Common Pleas, served (at least with his pen) the powerful Careys of Hertfordshire, wrote a famous poetic chronicle and a prose novel, witnessed the death of a traitor in Essex, and died in March, 1609, at the age of 50 or 51, in the little village of Great Amwell, Herts. Though I have searched, I have searched in vain for his will, for a record of a marriage, for the

<sup>22</sup> It was this same George Carey who is mentioned in Leslie Hotson's *Shakespeare Vs. Shallow* as the patron of Langley, Shakespeare, and their friends at the Swan.

Christian names of his parents, for any reference to brothers or sisters or children. Of his education, nothing can thus far be proved. Many William Warners there were, of course, in the poet's day. Chancery Proceedings, Town Depositions, and other records show cases involving a William Warner in Norfolk (who let the rectory of East Dereham to a "covetous and unconscionable person" who tried to take advantage of him)<sup>23</sup> in 1582; a William Warner of Kinges Lynn, Norfolk, aged 52 in November of 1610 (when he was a deponent in the case of Thomas Utber v. Richard Smale and others);<sup>24</sup> a William Warner of Merston, Warwickshire (whose father, in 1586, became bound with one Walter Warner for a debt to Thomas Wakelyn of Greys Inn);<sup>25</sup> a William Warner who was one of the executors of Harman Warner, the father of the famous John Warner, Bishop of Rochester;<sup>26</sup> a William Warner, servant of one Edmund Dameron, who is charged with having broken into the close of Henry Church of Hendley and having done 40 li. damage with his horses, sheep, cows, and other cattle;<sup>27</sup> and a variety of other William Warners following the occupations of chandler, servant to a beer brewer, weaver, yeoman, and clothier. All of them, for one reason or another, must be set aside. In all the legal cases I have run down, only two seem possible for our William.

The first reports an action by William Warner of London, gentleman, by his attorney Richard Belfeld, against one Francis Birchmore of Shenly in the county of Herts.,

<sup>23</sup> Chancery Proceedings, Series II C 3/220/34.

<sup>24</sup> Town Depositions, C 24/361/112 Michs. 8 Jas. I.

<sup>25</sup> Chancery Proceedings, Series II C 3/230/87.

<sup>26</sup> Request 2/96/35 (May, 30 [38?] Eliz.).

<sup>27</sup> Coram Rege Roll Trin 42 Eliz. (K. B. 27/1362 m 369-).

yeoman in the custody of the Marshal, to collect “forty pounds of lawful money of England which he owes him and unjustly detains from him that is to say as aforesaid on the 28 of December 35 Eliz. at London aforesaid namely in the parish of St Mary at Bow in the ward of Cheap.”<sup>28</sup>

There is nothing to militate against the supposition that this is the poet; at least the connection between London and Hertfordshire is the proper one. But the other case is the more interesting. It concerns the suit of Alexander Founde and Anne his wife, daughter of William Humfrey, plaintiffs, against Richard Martyn, knight, in 1597. As a deponent in the suit, on behalf of the plaintiffs, there appeared one “William Warner of Ware Hertfordshire gentleman aged 42.” Since William Warner the poet was born in 1558, the age is, strictly speaking, three years off; still, it is close enough to make it possible that the gentleman of Ware is the gentleman for whom we seek. Speaking *ex parte* Alexander Founde, the deponent said “that he verie well knewe William Humfrey deceased . . . who was both God-father to this deponant & married his mothers systers daughter.” Identifying Anne and Elizabeth as William Humfrey’s daughters, he said they and he “have knowne & ben conversent together at all tymes synce they have ben children aswell in the house of the said William Humfrey as elsewhere.” He adds that he has known Elizabeth’s son Thomas Ledger “every synce the said Thomas was an Infant.”<sup>29</sup>

If this suit indeed involve our William Warner, the deposition tells us more of the poet than any record other

<sup>28</sup> Coram Rege Roll Michs. 39/40 Eliz. (K. B. 27/1346 m 182).

<sup>29</sup> Town Deps. (C 24./257 No 24) [Trin 39 Eliz.].

than the Great Amwell parish register and *Albions England* itself. William Humfrey, godfather to William Warner, was Assay Master of the Mint in the Tower of London. Thus Warner's connection with London in his childhood is reaffirmed by the statements of the gentleman from Ware, a cousin by marriage to Humfrey and a second cousin to Anne Founde and Elizabeth Ledger.

*The Calendars of State Papers, Domestic: Elizabeth* is full of allusions to William Humfrey, giving his opinion on the values of Scottish moneys, reporting assays made by him, reporting his letter about a newly invented engine able to raise water one hundred fathoms high, showing how in case of his death he has prepared many young men to carry on the work of the goldsmith, and particularly discussing his interest in a commission for working mines in England and Ireland. In September of 1565, for example, he and four others were granted a license to dig for minerals and ores in England and given the power to impress workmen, wagons, and horses. On October 17 he was charged with a robbery committed at the Treasury of the Mint; within three days one John Bull confessed that he and Mr. Humfrey had committed the robbery in order to do one Mr. Stanley "a shrewd turn." Apparently there were no serious consequences, for Humfrey continued with his work in the mines, reporting during 1566 that with the aid of his German miners he had found calamine and coal. In April, 1567, a petition was under way to have him restored to his office as Assay Master of the Mint.

The single additional fact which I have been able to uncover regarding Warner simply reaffirms his presence in Great Amwell. In the Lay Subsidies for Hertfordshire, he was assessed twice for goods, 1604/5 and 1605/6, the



assessment each time being 40s. Apparently he did not own lands, nor does the size of the assessment indicate any great wealth in goods.

No more can be said, at present, concerning the author of *Syrinx*. One can only imagine him, in his maturity, and before he retired to Great Amwell, where he died, pursuing his literary career first as a novelist and later as a poet and historiographer, in London and in Hertfordshire, under the shadow of the great Careys, Lords of Hunsdon, and earning his living by his profession of attorney of the Common Pleas.<sup>30</sup>

<sup>30</sup> Below are listed in chronological order the accounts of Warner, both critical and biographical, upon which earlier studies consistently have been based. Taken together with the statements of Warner's contemporaries, as recorded in the introduction, the list omits nothing heretofore known of Warner and his work save for the material recorded by R. R. Cawley and William Irving Zeitler.

Edward Phillips, *Theatrum Poetarum, or A Compleat Collection of the Poets*, London, 1675; William Winstanley, *The Lives of the Most Famous English Poets, or The Honor of Parnassus*, London, 1687; Giles Jacob, *An Historical Account of the Lives and Writings of Our Most Considerable English Poets, Whether Epick, Lyrick, Elegiack, Epigramatists, &c.*, 2 vols., London, 1720; Anthony à Wood, *Athenae Oxonienses. An Exact History of All the Writers and Bishops Who Have Had Their Education in the University of Oxford*, 2nd edition, London, 1721; Elizabeth Cooper, *The Muses Library; or A Series of English Poetry, from the Saxons, to the Reign of King Charles II. . .*, London, 1737; Bishop Percy, *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry: Consisting of Old Heroic Ballads, Songs, and Other Pieces of Our Earlier Poets. . .*, 3 vols., London, 1765; John Scott, *Amwell: a Descriptive Poem*, London, 1776; Thomas Warton, *The History of English Poetry*, 3 vols., London, 1774-1781; Henry Headley, *Select Beauties of Ancient English Poetry*, London, 1787; George Ellis, *Specimens of the Early English Poets*, 3 vols., London, 1801 (the second edition); Joseph Ritson, *Bibliographia Poetica: A Catalogue of English Poets of the Twelfth, Thirteenth, Fourteenth, Fifteenth, and Sixteenth Centuries, with a Short Account of Their Work*, London, 1802; Alexander Chalmers, *The Works of the English Poets*, 21 vols., London, 1810; Nathan Drake, *Shakespeare and His Times*, 2 vols., London, 1817; Thomas Campbell, *Specimens of the British Poets: With Biographical and Critical Notices, and an Essay on English Poetry*, 7 vols., London, 1819;

*Syrinx*

*Syrinx*, as we have said, was Warner's first publication, appearing in print when the author was about twenty-six years of age. The address "To the Reader" in the second edition calls the work "an imperfection of my non-age," as indeed it may, by 1597, have seemed to Warner, dealing as it does with love in a highly euphuistic manner. But in 1584, Lyly was the man to imitate. It is interesting to contrast the comparatively simple title of 1597 with the full title given in 1584:

Pan his Syrinx, / OR PIPE, COM- / *pact of seuen Reedes: inclu-* / ding in one, seuen Tragical and Comi / *call Arguments, with their di-* / uers Notes not im- / pertinent: / Whereby, in effect, of all thinges is touched, in / few, sometking [*sic*] of the vayne, wanton, / proud, and inconstant course of / the World. / *Neither herein, to somewhat praise-* / worthie, is prayse / wanting. / By William Warner. / *Vel volo vel vellem.* / AT LONDON, / *Printed by Thomas Purfoote,* / and are to be sold at his shop ouer- / gainst Saint Sepulchers / Church.<sup>31</sup>

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J. Payne Collier, *A Bibliographical and Critical Account of the Rarest Books in the English Language*, 2 vols., London, 1865; Thomas Corser, *Collectanea Anglo-Poetica: or, A Bibliographical and Descriptive Catalogue of a Portion of a Collection of Early English Poetry . . .*, 11 parts divided into 5 vols. for the Chetham Society, 1860-1883. (Corser died in 1876 after two volumes had been completed. The remainder was seen through the press by the president of the Society.)

<sup>31</sup> There are perfect copies of this first edition in the British Museum and in the Dyce Library, Victoria & Albert Museum. The White copy, now in the Houghton Library at Harvard, is imperfect and lacks the title page. Lines 9, 10, and 11 of the title page are in Black Letter. There is in the Dyce Library a copy of the second edition (also in perfect condition), concerning which the

The second edition, omitting the emphasis upon the moralistic essays embedded in the text, chooses to present *Syrinx* simply as a seven-fold history containing comical and tragical argument.

The title of the novel comes, of course, from Ovid's story of Pan's pursuit of the nymph Syrinx. (See "To the Reader," Appendix B.) As Pan made up his pipe out of seven of the reeds into which Syrinx had been turned in her flight from the amorous god, so Warner composes his novel of seven interwoven tales, the first story or *calamus* being split to provide a framework for the other six; thus, as a pupil of Pan, he 'sorts out' his music in rude harmony.

The novel has many references to classical stories, but none of them is extensive. The title is the most significant debt to mythology. More important, in terms of source materials, is the chronicle history begun "by a studious yonge man named *Thomas Lanquet*" and continued by Thomas Cooper in a series of editions between 1549 and 1565.<sup>32</sup> Warner was to use the book again in the early Asiatic and Biblical sections of *Albions England*, as Dr. Zeitler has demonstrated at some length in his dissertation. Meanwhile, to the same source Warner owes the material on the history of Persia, Media, Assyria, Cicyona, Scythia, Lydia, Lycia, and Egypt which appears as a background for the action in *Syrinx*. Cooper furnished the

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Keeper of the Library writes as follows: "On a loose fly leaf in the 2nd ed., STC 25087, of which there is also a perfect copy in the Dyce Library, is written in Charles Lamb's autograph: 'Mr. Charles Lamb' with the following note by Mr. Dyce: 'This rare book was given to me by Mr. Moxon after Lamb's death.'"

<sup>32</sup> In 1559, Thomas Marshe published a pirated edition of the *Chronicle* with additions down to the time of Elizabeth by Robert Crowley. Cooper's edition of 1560 admonishes the reader that Marshe's printing was without authority. After the first edition of the book (*An Epitome of Cronicles . . .*), the title is *Cooper's Chronicle*.

novelist with the following names: Ninus, Ninias, Chus, Cham, Nemroth, Arbaces, Armatrites, Atys, Belopares, Chebron, Marpissa, Phaemonoe, Sorares, Staurobates, Belus, Iapeth, Noah, Semiramis, Aegialeus, Selchim, Thetis, Menophis, and Farnus. Both Warner and Cooper call Cham "the Egyptian Saturn"; specific historical events referred to in *Syrinx* are to be found with ease in the *Chronicle*, which provided Warner with all the factual material he needed to give to his stories the tone of authenticity.<sup>33</sup>

Almost all the stories in Warner's novel seem, however, to be his own invention. More often than not, claims for a writer's originality arise from his editor's own ignorance, and it would be folly to say that Warner has not used material to be found elsewhere, but I must confess that I have been unable to track down more than a single story among the seven.<sup>34</sup> That single story is the tale of *Thetis*, which is *Calamus Secundus* in the novel, the story of the adulterous wife who is punished by being forced to eat the remains of her dead lover. Like all motifs in romantic fiction, this variation of the *wife punished* theme is difficult to limit, but its history seems to be as follows.

Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* relates as an historical event the tragic tale of Alboin, King of the Lombards, and the fair Rosamond.<sup>35</sup> Alboin overcomes

<sup>33</sup> See the following pages in the first edition of Cooper: 10v-11, 12v, 13, 14, 16v, 17, 20, 22v, 27v, 28, 30, 37v, 46. Most of these references are to be found listed by Dr. Zeitler.

<sup>34</sup> It is true that the woman-page motif (*Opheltes*) is common. One finds it, indeed, in Rich, the story of *Apolonius and Silla*, which became Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*. But the differences between Warner and Rich are many.

<sup>35</sup> In the 1811 edition, the story will be found in Vol. VIII, p. 129. The names of the characters vary somewhat from one account to another. Alboin, for example, occurs variously as Albinus, Alboino, Albovine; Rosamond as Rose-

Cunimond, King of the Gepidae, and marries his daughter, Rosamond. Later, in the midst of his drinking and feasting in celebration of his victories, he forces Rosamond to join in a toast by drinking from the skull of her father. In revenge, Rosamond seduces one of the king's followers and persuades him to murder his lord. The bloody story comes to a tragic conclusion when, after marrying her lover Helmichis, Rosamond is later persuaded to poison him in order to marry one Longinus; but Helmichis, feeling the poison at work, forces Rosamond to drink also, and she dies with him. This story of the *wife punished* is told, essentially unchanged, in Caxton's *The Golden Legend*, in Gower's *Confessio Amantis* (where it is softened and moralized), in Macchiavelli's *Florentine History*, in Bandello (III. 14), in the tragic histories of Belleforest (IV. 19), in Middleton's play *The Witch*, and in Davenant's *Albovine, King of the Lombards*. It is retold in Swinburne's *Rosamund, Queen of the Lombards*.<sup>36</sup>

The other version which is of interest here is that to be found in the *Gesta Romanorum* (Tale LVI: "Of remembering death"), in Margaret of Navarre's *Heptameron* (No. 32), in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure* (I, 57), and in Whetstone's *Aurelia* (the third day). While the details vary from one account to another, the story concerns a traveler who asks and is granted a night's lodging in the castle of a

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mund, Rosmunda, Rosamund, and Rosamunda; her father as Gurmond, and as Comundo; the lover as Helmege, Almachilde, Helmichis, etc. Rosamond's story was first told by Paulus Diaconus (*Historia*, lib. ii, ch. 28-30) in the eighth century. See Virgil B. Heltzel's account of the confusion of this story with the story of Rosamond Clifford and Henry II in his *Fair Rosamond: A Study of the Development of a Literary Theme* (Evanston, Illinois, 1947).

<sup>36</sup> Professor Heltzel lists additional nineteenth and twentieth century versions of the story in *Fair Rosamond*, p. 83, n. 40.

lord. There, at dinner, he is amazed to see a pale, sad, patient lady with cropped hair drinking out of a cup fashioned from a skull. In answer to his guest's queries, the lord explains that the lady is his wife, who so far forgot herself as to commit adultery with one of her husband's friends. Catching them in the act, the lord killed the lover as he lay in the bed, hung his skeleton in the wife's chamber, and forced her thereafter to look upon this grim reminder of her guilt and to drink, during meals, from her lover's skull.

The point at which the two groups of stories meet is, of course, in their employment of the skull as a drinking cup,<sup>37</sup> and in their punishment of adultery. In none of the tales, however, is a woman made to feast upon her dead lover's remains, as she does in *Thetis*. Perhaps the nearest to such a detail is found in the *Gesta Romanorum* story, where all are served food from the skull. At some point, the second of the two groups of stories seems to have borrowed the feast of human flesh from the classical story of *Thyestes*. At least the motifs are combined in Warner's story, though I have not found the combination elsewhere; *Thetis* thus seems to me in a real sense unique, in spite of Warner's borrowings of earlier details.<sup>38</sup> And all the other *calami* in *Syrinx* are, so far as I know, Warner's own, for the material drawn from classical stories and from *Cooper's Chronicle* is simply for background,

<sup>37</sup> The well-known tale of Tancred and Gismunda is sometimes considered with these stories, but it seems to me essentially different from the tale which is exemplified in *Syrinx*. Nor is the tale told by Greene in his *Planetomachia* (Jupiter's story of Lyndana) of particular interest here, for although it has the motif of the skull-cup, it is not a story of a wife punished.

<sup>38</sup> I have omitted from this account the story to be found in *Bandello* II. 12, *Belleforest* I. 78, and *Painter* I. 43 ("The Lady of Turin") since it does not affect the argument.

atmosphere, and illustration, and does not materially affect the narrative content and the construction of the tales themselves.

We must consider now, however, two other sorts of influence: one the influence upon style exercised by *Euphues* and the other the influence upon structure exercised by Heliodorus. Both are of great importance.

Any student of Elizabethan fiction will recognize at a glance the debt to Lyly. Wherever the euphuistic mode began, it reached its culmination in Lyly's two novels, as his contemporaries well recognized, and Warner's close imitation of stylistic devices shows that he learned from the master. One may well wish that he had not fallen so largely under the spell.

At its best, however, and when it is used with discretion, euphuism suggests elegance and makes a direct sensuous appeal to its audience with its highly developed (though artificial) form. It is a language, or a style, calculated to express *sententiae* or maxims, to present disputations with elaborate balances and antitheses, to ornament matter with wit. The danger is that it may result in replacing matter with mere manner, that it may emphasize the neat turns of a sentence and ignore the point of a paragraph, that its constant movement back and forth, back and forth, may lull the reader into a state of insensibility. For euphuistic prose is meant to be read aloud; there can be little question of the fact that it is an aural style, and that the modern reader who seeks to study it by the eye alone will never fully appreciate it. Oratory and rhetoric were of tremendous importance in the education of the day, and they left their mark upon Elizabethan prose and poetry. *Syrinx*, like *Euphues*, needs to be read aloud; when it is, the long sentences take on a coherence which

they do not quite seem to the eye to have, and the resemblances in sound (in quantity and quality) produce a music all their own. In *Euphues*, with its deficiency of characterization and action, they tend to produce slumber; in *Syrinx*, they more nearly escape that danger. When the elaborate style is centered in disputations between characters, as it frequently is, it proves a not ineffective instrument.

Euphism depends for its effects largely upon variations of three rhetorical figures: isocolon, parison, and paromoion.<sup>39</sup> Of these, the first refers to approximate equality in length among the members of a period, the second to similarity in form between such members, and the third to similarity of sound among words thus similarly placed. For example:

but know, *Selchim*, that he is the natural son of *Pheone*  
thy neglected sister, she the contracted wife of unconstant  
*Staurobates*, he the unnatural father of condemned *Crisippus*,  
and myself. . .the same *Pheone*. . .either of you hath longer  
lost than lacked

*Pheone*, p. 96

Observe that the members of the period are of about equal length (*isocolon*) and that in general the form is personal pronoun, adjective expressing manner of relationship, noun

<sup>39</sup> John Hoskins, in *Directions for Speech and Style*, observed that Warner was too given to paronomasia (alliteration). Hoyt Hudson, Hoskins' editor, suggests that the allusion may be an error, "because Warner did not use alliteration to excess." Perhaps not in *Albions England*, but in *Syrinx* he did.

In this connection, those who have not seen the articles by Morris W. Croll on the development of Attic prose in the seventeenth century will be amply repaid by reading what he has to say about the relationships between rhetoric and style. See particularly the article in *Studies in Philology*, XVIII (1921), 79-128.



indicating degree of relationship, the preposition *of*, adjective expressing condition, and proper noun (*parison*). Another example of the same two figures:

when after this order they fraught the ship with their wealth,  
they unballast their heads of wit, exchanging their warm  
gowns for cold jacks, their soft pillows for hard couches,  
their sweet chambers for stinking cabins, their brave walks  
for the bleak hatches, their sweet wine for stale water, and  
their fine dainties for gross diets.

*Belopares*, p. 55

Note in addition the similarity of sound between parallel words within members (*paromoeon*): *sweet chambers*, *stinking cabins*, *sweet wine*, *stale water*. Such alternate, or transverse, alliteration is to be found everywhere in Warner as it is in Lyly. It not infrequently extends to three or four pairs of words: "more sure in their *wild caves* than now *safe* in their *walled castles*." Nor need the alliteration be restricted to the beginnings of words: "any *consideration*, *care*, or *forecast* of *afterclaps*." The similarity may result from consonance rather than alliteration:<sup>40</sup> *admit*, *remit*; *omitting*, *admitting*. Or from assonance: *meeting*, *clean*; *inevitable*, *Destiny*. From annomination: *checketh*, *choketh*. From rhyme: *insolent*, *impudent*; *distressed*, *oppressed*. From *homoioteleuton* (similar endings): *aptly*, *strongly*, *directly*. From *polyptoton* (repetition of words derived from the same root): *blood*, *bleed*; *death*, *die*; *perform*, *performance*, *performing*. Or, finally, from combinations of such figures as these. The changes which may be rung upon the similarities of sound seem amazing indeed

<sup>40</sup> I follow the scheme employed by Child and Feuillerat in their analyses of euphuism: consonance means similarity at once of vowel and consonant sounds in stressed syllables, assonance means similarity of vowel sounds only, annomination means consonance plus non-asonance.

to the modern who does not know how ingrained the figures of language were in the writers of the Renaissance. It must be remembered, of course, that the changes must be rung within a space small enough so that the hearer is conscious of them. The series "perform, performance, performing," for example, occurs thus:

For albeit we find the person pliant to perform, the place apt for performance, and the time convenient for performing, yet at that very instant should we remember that we ought not to do all that we would, nor so much as we may, but only that which is lawful and honest.

*Thetis*, p. 45

The members of equal length may be complicated by the figure known as *antimetabole* (reversal of the order of key words): "Though *Thetis* is not every woman, yet followeth it not but that any woman may prove a *Thetis*"; "either doth not the rich man's dalliances feed her diet, or the poor man's diet fit her dalliances." Indeed, alliteration itself may be thus inverted: "not so happy as to suffer *shipwreck* on the seas, being predestined to sorrows on the *shore*." Thought is expressed in terms of antitheses and paradoxes: "then is she in fashion, when most out of fashion"; "the first of their recovery is the last date of our liberty"; "neither the mighty potentate nor the mean peasant"; "which themselves, living, might with joy possess, and, dead, their posterity should by law inherit." Alliteration frequently sharpens the antithesis, as in the third example in the preceding sentence, and as here: "bright in the dark and black in the daytime."

Other common devices are the use of successive rhetorical questions:

And lookest thou, man, so grim as if thou wert offended I should charge thee so deeply? Dost thou blush, as if but even now ashamed of the bawdry? Or art thou dumb, as thou wouldst plead ignorance in a matter so manifest?

*Thetis*, p. 48

the use of the periodic sentence (*hirmus*):

And then (alas) the heart by degrees delighteth, consenteth, fulfilleth, continueth, confirmeth, commendeth, and not (but too too late) repenteth the act.

*Thetis*, p. 43

the use of one verb to serve several clauses (*zeugma*):

Besides her attire, eyes hath she to entice, tears to excuse, looks to attract, smiles to flatter, embracements to provoke, resistance to yield, frowns to delay, becks to recall, lips to enchant, kisses to inflame, and all these to poison.

*Thetis*, p. 40

While one does not find in Warner the extensive use of recondite knowledge that one finds in Lyly, *Syrinx* is not entirely without similes drawn from natural history. Perhaps Warner was sensitive to the criticism which was directed against Lyly's overuse of such similes. But while he holds back at that point, he follows Lyly's use of anecdotes and allusions to historical or pseudo-historical figures, his allusions to classical mythology, and his employment of proverbs and witty sayings. He makes great use, too, of the technique of the rhetorical disputation, presenting two or even more sides of a dispute in such fashion that each presentation carries considerable weight. It is not too fanciful, I think, to assume that Warner's work as an attorney had something to do with the marked success of his "legal" pleadings in the stories which make up *Syrinx*.

Laws and lawyers are drawn upon a number of times, and indeed *Philargus* is in one sense a testimony to the man of justice.

Doubtless a study of Warner's use of figures could be much extended. Such a work as Sister Miriam Joseph's *Shakespeare's Use of the Arts of Language* (Columbia University Press, 1947) will show how extensive the possibilities are. But enough has been said to indicate that *Syrinx* is highly euphuistic, that its style is consciously architectural, and that it is meant for the eye and the ear rather than for the eye alone. It swings for page after page with the regularity of a metronome—or to put it more accurately, with the near-regularity of heads following a ball back and forth, back and forth, back and forth, over the net in a tennis match. There are clear changes in tempo, halts and turns, occasional suspensions through the use of parentheses. Almost any passage taken at random will illustrate the point. But while Lyly and Pettie before him employed this heavily artificial style largely in moralized essays, in writing upon set themes, and particularly in discoursing of love, Warner employed it to distinguish between dialogue and non-dialogue. Much of his story is in dialogue form, and his elaborate rhetorical style is meant to reflect the high station of his personages. The narrative links are far simpler in structure, and provide a blessed relief from the strain of aristocratic speech. Furthermore, because he devotes considerable time to episode and event, Warner escapes the danger of having his novel stand or fall on the virtues of its wittiness alone. It is the action, indeed, which keeps the book from being simply a courtly tract devoted to the setting forth of platitudes. This action is modelled upon Heliodorus, and is responsible for the middle-class tone of the novel.

In *Shakespeare's Dramatic Romances*, a study of Shakespeare's late plays, now near completion, I have alluded to the acknowledgements by Oeftering, Wolff, and E. A. Baker that Warner's book reflected an interest in Greek Romance. Wolff, referring to Oeftering's discussion, calls *Syrinx* an "imitation" of Heliodorus, and says that the book is "a collection of prose tales based on the 'Aethiopica.'" Baker, referring to Wolff's note, says more generally that "The general features of his plot indicate that he was under the spell of Greek romance." Long ago, Thomas Warton remarked that Warner's novel was "much in the style of the adventures of Heliodorus's Ethiopic romance."<sup>41</sup> It remains now to see what this resemblance is.

So complex and ingenious is Warner's frame tale that a careful summary of it will prove helpful to a reader of the novel. It concerns the Median nobleman Arbaces (more than two hundred years old in *Calamus Primus*) and his separation from his wife Dircilla, daughter of the Median King Farnus, during the persecutions of Ninus, grandson of the mighty Nimrod and Emperor of Assyria. When Ninus' troops slew King Farnus and seven of his children,<sup>42</sup> Arbaces and a company of Medes fled in a ship,

<sup>41</sup> S. L. Wolff, *The Greek Romances in Elizabethan Prose Fiction* (Columbia University Press, 1912), p. 433 n. 57; E. A. Baker, *History of the English Novel*, II (London, 1929), 121. Warton's remark is to be found in his *History of English Poetry*, in the various editions.

<sup>42</sup> Arbaces, in the first part of *Calamus Primus*, says there were seven; Dircilla, in the second half of the tale, makes clear that she was the eighth child. Arbaces leaves us in ignorance whether he did or did not believe his wife to have been slain, but Dircilla says specifically that she lost her husband "by death or captivity, I wot not which." Warner never makes clear why Arbaces left Dircilla behind when he fled; supposedly they were separated during the confusion of battle and thought one another forever lost.

carrying treasure with them. After undergoing many dangers and sailing through numberless seas, they arrived at an island and struck sail. Almost at once contention fell between two of the noblemen over the division of the treasure, and before the quarrel was resolved, the ship was fired and the Scythian isle was the scene of such great bloodshed that within five or six hours only sixteen men remained alive out of the more than one hundred who had arrived at the island. Soon the abandoned island saw the death or suicide of fourteen of the sixteen survivors. Arbaces and his miserable companions lived as best they could on roots, grass, and leaves, lodging upon moss in a cave.

Meanwhile Dircilla, having beheld the royal pavilion of her father consumed with fire and her parents and their children slain, was carried off by ship to be a concubine of the Emperor Ninus. But the Assyrian Empress, Ascolanta Semiramis, jealous of Dircilla's beauty, had the princess set ashore on a wild island, leaving behind on the ship her and Arbaces' son, Sorares, then an infant. On the island, Dircilla was first taken by the savages for a goddess and later made their ruler. Meanwhile Orchamus, brother of Arbaces and companion with Dircilla on Ninus' ship, accompanied Sorares to Ninus' court and there saw him nurtured with princelike attendance and made a captain.

After the wars with the Bactrians, in the time of the Emperor Zamieis Ninias, son of Ninus and Semiramis, the victorious Sorares was returning with over a hundred of his soldiers to Assyria when, near Scythia, a terrible storm separated his ship from the rest of the Assyrian fleet and drove it to the same island where Arbaces and his companion were then living as aged men. Hearing their story, the Assyrians dreamed of finding the Medes' hidden treas-

ure; but not content with what Arbaces and his friend willingly showed them, they threatened to torture the two old men unless they promised to produce what, alas, could not be produced. In a lucky moment, Arbaces and his friend boarded Sorares' ship and set out from shore, leaving Sorares and his Assyrians on the island.

Meanwhile Atys and Abynados, sons of Sorares, wishing to find their missing father, set out from Assyria with their great uncle Orchamus to make a search. On a hill in Scythia, they encountered the lord of a castle and heard the strange tale of Thetis (*Calamus Secundus*); and while they sat in the castle and listened, the soldiers and sailors on their ship conversed, as is told in *Calamus Tertius*, about seafaring and travel and the terrible dangers thereto pertaining. The day after Atys and Abynados returned and the ship had set sail, the ship's pilot continued his remarks of the night before and told the story of long-suffering Pheone (*Calamus Quartus*).

Thereafter, Atys, Abynados, and Orchamus met on the high seas a Lycian captain named Tymetes, who told them the tragic tale of betrayal and usurpation in the kingdom of Lydia, a realm once ruled by Tymetes' father (*Calamus Quintus*). At the end of his story, Atys and Abynados spied upon Tymetes' ship a fair target, engraved with colors and depicting the terrible image of enraged Semiramis. Recognizing it as having belonged to their father, Sorares, the two brothers inquired of Tymetes where he had found it, and he replied that it had been given him by his uncle, ruler of Sarmatia, who had received it from two aged and impotent Medes who had arrived in his nation aboard a distressed ship laden with a mass of treasure and armor belonging to certain cruel Assyrians whom the two old Medes, despite their treatment, wished to see delivered

from the barren island. The two Medes, Tymetes explained, were still in Sarmatia waiting until favorable weather might permit them, with the aid of the Sarmatian king, to carry out the rescue. Tymetes suggested that if Atys and Abynados wished to accompany him first to Lydia, then ruled by the usurping King of Cilicia, he would afterwards conduct them to his uncle in Sarmatia; the two young Assyrians assented.

In Lydia, however, Tymetes' love for the Cilician princess Aphrodite provoked the jealousy of one Mazerès, who thereupon had Tymetes, Atys, and Abynados thrust into a vile dungeon. News of Tymetes' imprisonment reaching Lycia, where the deprived Lydian king his father was then living with his nephew King Deipyros (the traitor earlier responsible for the fall of Lydia), the aged parent landed with an army in Lydia to save his son. But to no avail; Tymetes' head was struck off before his father's eyes, and Atys and Abynados escaped with their lives only through the aid of Xenarchus, the brother of Aphrodite and fast friend to the deceased Tymetes. Thereafter Mazerès slew Xenarchus in a duel, Atys and Abynados slew Mazerès in return, Aphrodite died of sorrow, the usurping King of Cilicia died by swallowing red burning coals, and Tymetes' father was restored to the throne of Lydia. *Calamus Septimus*, the only tale in the novel which in no sense involves the leading characters of the frame tale, is the story of the woes of one of the Lydian countrymen, Philargus, during the Cilician occupation. At the end of it, Warner reminds the reader that the tale has been a digression, and adds that during the stay of Atys and Abynados in Lydia, Arbaces and his elderly companion have resailed to the barren island to recover Sorares and his soldiers.

Directing their sails towards Sarmatia, Atys and Aby-



nados coasted by a very pleasant and delectable island where they landed for fresh water. There they and their companions were taken prisoner by the islanders and brought before the governess of the place. Aged though she was, Dircilla (for it was she) retained majesty of countenance and grandeur of mien; seeing the Assyrians, as she thought them, she demanded that they be executed as spies in company with other Assyrians seized the day before. When the two groups of captives were brought together, Atys and Abynados found among the earlier band their father Sorares. As Dircilla, urging the reluctant islanders to execute the strangers, told how she had many years before suffered at the hands of the Assyrians, Orchamus identified himself as a Mede and brother of Arbaces and pointed out to the warlike governess her long-lost son Sorares. But before Dircilla might reply to Orchamus or embrace her son, she was interrupted by a second old Mede who had recovered from a swoon occasioned by the story of her life. This was Arbaces, her husband. Thus, as Warner puts it, “(after many years, and every person severally scattered in a sundry countries) the husband had recovered his wife, she her husband, both their son, he his parents, him his sons, he them, the brother his brother, the kinsman his kindred, and the friend his friend, and (which more is) after extreme miseries attaining to such unspeakable joys—yea, and at that instant when nothing was less hoped-for than life . . .”

This, then, is the frame tale. Like the four-fold narrative of Heliodorus, *Syrinx* is made up of stories within stories, the whole embroidered, as in Heliodorus, with moralizing disquisitions upon various aspects of the human lot. This is the framework of loss, adventure, and recovery in a grand ensemble which Heliodorus signified in the Renais-

sance and which made him the best-loved and the most-imitated of the Greek Romancers. By comparison, *Apolonius* and *Daphnis and Chloe* and *Clitophon and Leucippe* are children's play.

True it is that the frame tale is not centered upon the love between a beautiful maiden and a handsome youth, as in the *Aethiopica*. Warner's tale, laid as it is in Biblical times, has as hero and heroine people over two hundred years of age as the story closes! But the search proper is conducted by young Atys and Abynados over a period of about three years, and the activities complicating their search are filled with suffering young people: Thetis and her lord, Staurobates and Pheone, Marpissa and Crisippus, Tymetes and Aphrodite, Opheltis and Alcippe. Even here the passage of time is emphasized, for Thetis lives on after her adulterous escapade, Staurobates and Pheone are the parents of the young Crisippus, and the story of Tymetes covers not only his own but his parents' woes. Ships sail from land to land; storms and battles upset well-laid plans; children are condemned, unknowingly, by their own parents; those supposed dead are found alive; lust and murder glow darkly amidst the most spectacular adventures—all these in the best tradition of Greek Romance as set by the *Aethiopica*. Of the individual stories, the third, *Pheone*, is most like Greek Romance within its own limits, for it recounts the love, separation, and reunion of two lovers, with a modification of the exposure motif, use of the trial ensemble where a judgment condemning a child is reversed by the announcement that the child is royal and the offspring of the sentencing judge, speeches on chastity, letters and lovesick laments, international warfare, a terrible storm at sea, jealousy, the flight of two young people from parents disapproving of their love, and the producing

of tokens in the final ensemble. *Opheltes*, as a reading of the story will show, likewise has some of the elements. *Thetis* more nearly resembles, in itself, a *novella*. *Belopares* is largely a set of speeches.

Underdowne, in translating Heliodorus, complained that “*Mort Darthure, Arthur* of little *Britaine*, yea, and *Amadis* of *Gaule*. &c. accompt violente murder, or murder for no cause, manhood: and fornication and all unlawful luste, friendly loue.” In this sense, he found that none of the earlier romances containing somewhat similar argument could compare with his Greek original, for “This booke punisheth the faultes of Euill doers, and rewardeth the well liuers.” The same moral doctrine dictates the endings of tales in *Syrinx*, though it is true that Aphrodite and Tymetes die innocently: Phaemonoe is punished for her harlotry, Thetis pays for her adultery, Pheone is rewarded for her long-suffering love, Mazerus and his king die for their inhumanity, and Alcippe regains Opheltes as a result of her constancy. Above all, the true love of Dircilla and Arbaces is repaid after decades of separation. The didactic tone of Heliodorus was most certainly one of the elements of his popularity in Warner’s time.

But it is not only in its structure and framework, its moral atmosphere, its pronouncements on human events, its locale, and its theme that *Syrinx* resembles the *Aethiopica*. The opening scene in the Greek Romance, the scene of death and fire at the mouth of the Nile, reminds one in part of the scene of desolation with which *Syrinx* begins. Each paints a scene of gloom; each describes watchers observing at a distance the actions of two characters who are to be central in the story now beginning. The resemblance is not in the details so much as it is in the point of view, the dramatic perspective, of the observer.

It seems almost certain that Warner learned from Heliodorus how to center the reader's attention quickly and spectacularly upon his leading characters—the *entrée en scene*. (Greene employs the same device to open *Mena-phon*.) The details of the opening scene in Heliodorus are perhaps reflected later in Warner's novel, in Chapter V and in Chapter LIV, where murder and plunder are described. And it may be that Chariclea's goddess-like beauty provided the hint for Dircilla's amazement of the islanders as she retells it in the last story in Warner.

Perhaps the most striking dissimilarity between *Syrinx* and *Theagenes and Chariclea* lies in Warner's ignoring dreams, oracles, and other Providential disclosures in the conduct of his action. Such things were a real part of Heliodorus' narrative method. Warner may have felt that they were not in keeping with his own Christian attitude, even though his characters owed homage to non-Christian gods. Or he may have felt that such disclosures told too much, and that the story unfolded more excitingly if events were left to the operation of Fortune. On the whole, however, one must conclude that it was the narrative method of Heliodorus that appealed to Warner rather than the particular content of his story. The structural complexity of *Theagenes and Chariclea* provided the pattern for the construction of *Syrinx*.

The union of Heliodorus and Lyly (for that is what *Syrinx* is, after all) is not entirely happy. When Warner concentrates on the action, he does so rather skillfully. Certainly he leaves few threads hanging. But he is equally fond of the Lylyesque conversations, and finds it difficult to tear himself away from them once they are begun. As a result, the reader often comes to the end of a dialogue only to discover that he has forgotten what the plot is about,

and he must flounder about for a while until he recovers his bearings. In spite of the fact that the characters speak a great deal, there is little characterization (in our sense of that word) in the entire novel. The conversation is general and didactic, maximized; reactions to situations are pretty much stereotyped, in the Renaissance fashion. We are more often impressed with wit than with wisdom, with form than with feeling.

Much of the dialogue is interesting in itself. The modern reader's impulse to skip the talk is therefore with *Syrinx* a fatal impulse, for the rhetorical and moralizing comments upon human conditions are like set pieces, capable of being enjoyed within and for themselves. The speeches of Philargus and the King of Lydia in *Opheltes*, for example, are both eloquent and moving on the question of justice and the operation of the law. The exhortation of the sailors by Menophis to endure death is not without its persuasion. The discussion by the master, the master's mate, and the pilot of the joys and tribulations of travel is an interesting commentary on the Elizabethan traveller. The point is simply that it is difficult to combine such static materials with the rapid and varied action demanded by the Greek Romance variety of novel. Warner has only partly succeeded in accomplishing the combination. But his recognition of the virtues of Greek Romance, and his attempt to impose action upon the static narrative manner of Lyly are to be commended. These things make of *Syrinx*, representing the meeting of two distinctly significant currents of influence, one of the really important novels of its day. If for no other reason, it merits renewed examination.

Apparently the first edition of *Syrinx* in 1584 met with a certain amount of favor, since Purfoote saw fit to

reissue it in 1597. In the 1596 edition of *Albions England*, Warner hinted in the dedication to Sir George Carey, inserted just preceding Book 9, that his novel might ere long sound anew to his patron. And while Warner seemed to demur at Purfoote's resolution to reimprint the volume, he must have been at work on his revision at least the year before it appeared.

The revisions are interesting. Certain mechanical changes—for example the alterations in orthography—may be as much the work of the typesetter as of the author, and no general conclusion can, it appears, be drawn from them. Upon the changes in the prefatory material it is unnecessary to comment, since the material from the first edition has been included in Appendices A and B of the present edition; the introductory material of the second edition is much simplified. The changes in punctuation are perhaps significant, though again it is difficult to say whether they represent the intention of the writer or the whims of the typesetter. A simple table of the changes in punctuation in the first three tales of the novel will show the variations:

	<i>Punctuation added</i>	<i>Altered</i>	<i>Deleted</i>
<i>Arbaces</i>	26	34	83
<i>Thetis</i>	29	27	61
<i>Belopares</i>	22	40	133

Thus the first three tales in the second edition alter a total of 101 marks of punctuation and eliminate a total of 200 (277-77). The elimination seems, on the whole, to speed the sentences and to simplify the style. In addition, the deletion of paragraph indentations has been shown in the table below, which includes also changes in individual

words, the addition of phrases or longer passages, and the cutting of phrases or longer passages:

	<i>Words del., alt'd., or added</i>			
	<i>Deleted</i>		<i>Additions</i>	<i>Cuts</i>
<i>Arbaces i</i>	43	28	0	17
<i>Thetis</i>	47	49	7	31
<i>Belopares</i>	39	37	1	18
<i>Pheone</i>	31	72	3	19
<i>Deipyryus</i>	25	54	5	12
<i>Aphrodite</i>	32	108	0	16
<i>Opheltes</i>	1	10	0	2
<i>Arbaces ii</i>	18	75	0	13
	—	—	—	—
	236	433	16	128

The deletion of paragraph indentations, while it may seem a rather superficial and arbitrary change, and may even have resulted from the exigencies of printing, actually succeeds in drawing the narrative more closely together, adding thus to the effect of the smaller number of commas, colons, semicolons, and periods. While the notes do not show the changes in punctuation, they show with as scrupulous detail as I could manage the alterations in words and phrases.

As one might expect from the tables given above, the second edition is somewhat shorter than the first—152 pages, as compared with 167 in the original. Anyone interested in a detailed comparison of the two texts will find the notes helpful, but for the general reader it will suffice here to point out the nature of the major alterations and to comment in general upon the effects of the changes.

Warner seems by 1597 to have become aware of the monotony of the endless euphuistic periods, and to have found that in 1584 he was likely to have been content to

let alliteration gloss over fuzziness in thought or image. His changes reflect a desire to correct that condition and to clarify his text wherever possible. Thus:

1. He simplified by tightening his sentences and clarifying the thought:

1584 Ah sweet ladies, no longer would I live than I honor you; but sooner would I die than I shall hate you; otherwise old age should draw my head to join with my feet, and a loathed life make me glad with my nails to scrape mine own grave, and nevertheless still to live in sorrow rather than to die a recreant in your service.

1597 Sweet ladies, no time longer would I live than do I honor you; but then may I die when I prove a recreant to your praises.

*Aphrodite*, p. 126

1584 I have heard that whilst the vainglorious crow opened her beak to sing, the flattering fox obtained a booty by flight, but if you (*Atys*) have let slip for the like suppose, you must leap short of the like success. In every clownish auditory our praise or dispraise is made so common a text that if *Venus* be at the tongue's end, *Cupid* is at the tail's end; yea, sometimes from her bosoms they leap so deep into his belly that their hasty ingress hath hardly a regress. Thus I say, *Atys*, the plenty of your rhetoric hath bred a scarcity of regarders.

1597 I have heard that whilst the vainglorious crow opened her beak to sing, the flattering fox obtained a booty by flight, but if you (*Atys*) have let slip for the like suppose, you must leap short of the like success, for the plenty of your rhetoric hath bred a scarcity of regarders.

*Aphrodite*, p. 129

2. He simplified by eliminating added comparisons or items in a series:



1584 But if you can be content to chirp in cages that may sing in the bushes, if you can digest that these feast with full dishes, whilst you shall fast with empty bellies, that they sing whilst you sorrow, that they be adorned with chains of gold in token of their superfluity whilst you shall be fettered with irons, as pledges of your necessity. . .

1597 But if you can be content to chirp in cages that may sing in the bushes—that these feast while you fast. . .

*Arbaces*, p. 26

1584 If she be wise (at the least in her own conceit) then with a precise singularity she will overrule all; if foolish, then with peevish simplicity she will not be ruled at all; the first will be too bravely minded, the latter too basely mannered; the one opinionate, the other obstinate, but both cumbersome.

1597 If she be wise (at the least in her own conceit) then with a precise singularity she will overrule all; if foolish, then through a peevish simplicity she will not be ruled at all; either too bravely minded, or too basely mannered, opinionate and cumbersome.

*Thetis*, p. 41

### 3. He simplified by eliminating alliteration or rhyme:

1584 as he that esteemed himself so long distempered whilst I deemed her in anything disturbed

1597 as he that esteemed himself so long distempered whilst I thought her in anything disturbed

*Thetis*, pp. 45-46

1584 King *Selchim* his only daughter and heir, a perfect blossom of beauty, a matchless paragon for personage, perfected by nature and polished by nurture. . .

1597 King *Selchim* his only daughter and heir, perfected by nature and polished by nurture. . .

*Pheone*, p. 79

## 4. He sharpened contrasts, thereby clarifying the idea:

1584 [Woman] is like to the glow worm that is bright  
in the hedge and black in the hands.

1597 [Woman] is like to the glow worm that is bright in the  
dark and black in the daytime.

*Thetis*, p. 40

1584 These comforts, being in part counterchecks against  
the fantastical conjectures of the three careful watchmen

1597 These comforts, being in part counterchecks against  
the discomfortable conjectures of the three careful watchmen

*Belopares*, p. 53

## 5. He deleted needless detail:

1584 O succorless estate of mine, O world not loved but  
for my womb, and it the map of all my sorrows, for which  
nevertheless and not else I yet live, as expecting a comfortable  
child in place of so unconstant a father. And yet, *Staurobates*,  
thou canst not work to *Pheone* such ill but that *Pheone* wisheth  
unto thee so well as not for her greatest wrongs to crave the  
meanest revenge; yea (to pleasure thee yet more), as my love  
is already remote from thine heart, so of my person I hence-  
forth deliver thine eyes. O unkind *Staurobates*; ah, unhallowed  
*Pheone*.

1597 O succorless estate of mine, O unkind *Staurobates*,  
ah unhallowed *Pheone*.

*Pheone*, p. 78

1584 But after their honorable host had frankly given  
in commandment that the dry bowls should be plentifully  
controlled, and that the wine with often quaffing had now  
animated their courages, in the end the personable proportion  
of *Thetis* was rather wantonly remembered than her penance  
by them with any extraordinary pity regarded, for they were

well, and all was well, and so it commonly fareth with churls that forget in their chairs the succorless in the cold.

1597 But after their honorable host had frankly given in commandment that the emptied bowls should be plentifully controlled, and that the wine with often quaffing had now animated their courages, in the end the personable proportion of *Thetis* was rather wantonly remembered than her penance by them with any extraordinary pity regarded.

*Thetis*, p. 50

6. He removed Latin passages which he must have thought either obscure or pretentious:

1584 Fortune is said thus to have spoken of herself:

*Dicit Fortuna, si starem rota sub una,  
Et non mutarer, non tunc Fortuna vocarer.*

And why then should I think it impossible that did sometimes on the very top of the wheel vaunt *Glorior elatus*, though anon *Decendo mortificatus*, and now *Infimus axe aeror*, in time to add *Rursus ad astra feror*?

1597 *If still the same, I lose my name* is said to be Fortune's only and pregnant poesy.

*Deipyrus*, p. 113

1584 [Of lascivious passion] whose smoke is infamy, whose ashes is filthiness, and whose end is

*Vermis & umbra, flagillum, frigus, & ignis,  
Demonis aspectus, celerum confusio, luctus.*

1597 whose smoke is infamy, whose embers is filthiness, and whose ashes is heaven's loss and hell's purchase.

*Thetis*, p. 43

The elimination of such inkhorn passages, of which there are a number in the first edition, is perhaps surprising, but it is certainly deliberate and thorough.

7. He worked for a sharper expression of meaning through syntactical changes:

1584 laying boughs slightly overthwarts and artificially covering the same over with green turves so that the subtilty thereof might hardly be espied

1597 laying boughs slightly overthwarts and so artificially covering the same over with green turves that the subtilty thereof might hardly be espied.

*Deiptyrus*, p. 108

1584 then (I say) might such mine offenses surcease to survive deceased *Deiptyrus*, which (alas) will then be hardly ripe when I shall be haply rotten.

1597 then (I say) might such mine offenses surcease to survive deceased *Deiptyrus*, which mine infamies (alas) will then be hardly ripe when I shall be haply rotten.

*Deiptyrus*, p. 109

8. He made certain changes apparently in order to remove doctrinal errors:

1584 For with the gods, to intend is to trespass. to will is to work, and in either the offense all one.

1597 To intend is to trespass, to will is to work, and externally to give occasion is dangerous.

*Thetis*, p. 44

1584 and were it so (what shall it advantage me to dissemble) that I could without offense absolve myself of the vow I have taken, I would most willingly dissolve her from the woes she tasteth.

1597 but forasmuch as vows made to the gods are not to be revoked at the discretion of men, I esteem it better that

she by correction become hereafter penitent than that I by infringing my oath, and she by escaping unpunished, become either of us probate.

*Thetis*, p. 50

9. In certain instances, alterations seem to have been made to preserve decency and propriety in either thought or language:

1584 But what shall I say to those stoical precisions, or rather supernatural hoddipeaks, that bark out their railings against the excellency of all women in general?

1597 But what shall I say to these stoical precisions that do bark out all their railings against all women in general?

*Aphrodite*, p. 121

1584 The tears thus stopping her words, she wringeth his moist fists amorously betwixt her delicate hands.

1597 The tears thus stopping her words, she wringeth his hands amorously betwixt hers

*Phoebe*, p. 87

10. Finally, Warner made certain expansions in the interests of exposition:

1584 In this purpose, therefore, accompanied with divers other gentlemen, whose friends were also missing

1597 In this purpose, therefore, accompanied with an aged uncle of theirs called *Orchamus*, and divers *Assyrian* gentlemen whose friends were also missing

*Thetis*, p. 33

1584 albeit, *Staurobates*, at thy departure and at the delivery of this ring thy flattering tongue could then whisper that 'mine absence should be bitter, and the delay of my presence death.'

1597 albeit, *Staurobates*, at thy departure and at the delivery of this ring (she shewed him a ring) thy flattering tongue could then whisper that 'mine absence should be bitter, and the delay of my presence death.'

*Phoebe*, p. 96

These are the smaller changes. Examples could be multiplied many times for most of the ten groups, but those who wish further evidence will find it in the notes. Everything points to the fact that Warner revised carefully and thoughtfully, though it is true, as the author himself points out in his address "To the Reader," that "also in this impression is much in sundry places added, falsed, and omitted, contrary to the copy." Necessary corrections in the text of the edition have been supplied, in the present edition, in square brackets, usually from the first edition but on occasion by the editor himself. The notes will in either case give the source.

So far, nothing has been said about certain more striking changes. One of them, for example, occurs at the conclusion of Chapter IX (*Thetis*), and concerns the characterization of the Scythian lord. In the first edition, Warner writes as follows:

If, therefore, any modest matron, wife, or maiden had been here present, either I would then have spoken in the book or could be contented to bear a faggot for any probable heresy; and no doubt they would pardon my glib tongue in respect of my galled heart, for blameless may losers chafe.

Well, best is no women are here to traverse my choleric allegations, for hardly find we any pleading so formal wherein the judge (especially if favoring the cause) cannot, or at the least doth not, assign errors.

The notion of speaking by the book is out of keeping with the character of the Scythian lord, though very much in

keeping with Warner's way of thought. Observe, too, the legalistic turn of the second paragraph, another instance of the attorney's shining through the writer, upon which observation has already been made. In the second edition, the passage reads thus:

If, therefore, any modest matron, wife, or maiden were here present and would not pardon my glib tongue in respect of my galled heart (for losers should have leave to chafe), then would I contentedly bear a faggot for any probable heresy.

A pronounced change in narrative detail is made in Chapter XXXII (and duly recorded in the notes). In the original edition, Deipyrus is discovered in the pit when one of the king's party tumbles into the pit on top of him. In the interests, apparently, of simplicity, the second edition omits the unnecessary detail and reports only that Deipyrus' lamentations were heard by the king as he and his men came by the pit. Though such changes in plot are few, they indicate once again Warner's desire to tighten his story where he could.

In Chapter XXXIV of *Deipyrus*, Warner eliminated a false note by deleting the king's statement "that first his intent was to seek out his Queen and two children, affirming their miss to touch nearer than any other his misfortunes," for the old king immediately afterwards, in both editions, refuses to accompany Deipyrus to rescue the lady and her two infants whom the nephew has been succoring in the forest. If the king were so set upon finding his queen, he would have been less likely to refuse Deipyrus' request. At any rate, that seems to have been Warner's thought; consequently he eliminated the king's assertion.

A final change may be mentioned as of interest in connection with Meres' *Palladis Tamia*. On fol. 136 of his

work, published in 1598, Meres quotes from *Syrinx* a passage comparing love with "the sore called an Oncom or Fellon." One might suppose Meres to have used the second edition of the novel, which had appeared just the year before. Actually, however, he had employed the edition of 1584, for the passage in question does not appear in the second edition of *Syrinx*. It was one of those passages of Lylyesque wisdom which underwent pruning as Warner trimmed the luxuriance of his prose. What was to Meres a flower of rhetoric was for Warner a dead limb—one further proof that between 1584 and 1597 Warner recognized the excesses of his earlier novel and tried to cut down the tribute to *Euphues*. The debt to Heliodorus remained as clear as ever.

Despite the fact that these introductory remarks are already overlong, we have still to consider one important matter. The preface to *Syrinx*, 1597, pointedly accuses two writers of having plagiarized stories from the novel. One of them is all but explicitly designated in the punning allusion to his name—that scholar and pregnant writer "on whose grave the grass now groweth green, whom otherwise, though otherwise to me guilty, I name not." It is unquestionable that the reference is to the popular and influential Robert Greene, whom Warner accuses of having "borrowed out of every *calamus* or story herein handled argument and invention to several books by him published."

The phrase "though otherwise to me guilty" has been taken by Dr. Zeitler, and surely with justice, to refer to Greene's use of the famous Curan and Argentile episode which appeared in *Albions England*, Book 4. Greene's debt to Warner's pastoral tale has long been recognized in *Menaphon* (1589, three years after the appearance of War-



ner's story). While *Menaphon* owes considerable to the traditions of Greek Romance, through Heliodorus and Sidney's *Arcadia*,<sup>43</sup> it is now a commonplace that between Greene's pastoral tale and the early episode by Warner there exists, as Professor Pruvost calls it, an unquestionable and fundamental resemblance,<sup>44</sup> and Warner undoubtedly had that resemblance in mind when he wrote the preface to his new *Syrinx*.

Greene's debt to Warner seems to have begun the year after *Syrinx* first appeared. His *Planetomachia* (1585), a series of stories connected by a framework, is reminiscent of *Thetis*, *Calamus Secundus* in Warner; of *Pheone*, *Calamus Quartus*; and of *Deipyryus*, *Calamus Quintus*. The suggestion of similarity to *Thetis* arises out of details in Jupiter's story, which, like *Thetis*, is laid in Scythia and concerns a lady (Lyndana) whom Jupiter finds in a castle molesting a human heart and drinking wine from two skulls. The borrowing does not extend beyond locale and the skull-cup device; it is what Warner would call a borrowing of "invention" rather than of "argument."<sup>45</sup> But the more interesting similarity is that between the conduct of Jupiter's story of Charaxes and Lyndana and the general "argument" of *Thetis*, *Pheone*, and *Deipyryus-Aphrodite* combined. Professor Pruvost has discussed the abundance of incidents, the use of peripeteia, which seem to him to

<sup>43</sup> I have summarized the matter briefly in *Shakespeare's Dramatic Romances*.

<sup>44</sup> S. L. Wolff, J. Q. Adams, J. Le Gay Brereton, Robert Jordan, and Rene Pruvost have all had their say on the matter. We shall not here engage in the discussion of authorship of *The Thracian Wonder*, a play based upon the same story and on occasion attributed to Greene.

<sup>45</sup> The story appears, as I have shown earlier, in other versions. And it is true that Greene's story resembles the old story of Tancred and Sigismonda in its use of the heart. Still, Greene's knowledge of *Syrinx* at this time seems almost certainly a factor contributing to his use of the story in *Planetomachia*.

mark Greene's route from the Lylyesque stories of his earlier days to the mode of *Planetomachia*. No doubt Greene knew Greek Romance, from which he was to borrow increasingly. But in *Planetomachia* the influence seems to Pruvost to have been through Warner; for *Planetomachia*, while it was remote from Lyly, does not, says Pruvost, much more resemble the English stories drawn, in the twenty-five years preceding its publication, from the Italian *novelle*. *Syrinx* alone offers a similar mixture of intrigues and turns of Fortune, with its wars, treason, depositions, and restorations complicated by rival loves.<sup>46</sup>

Two years later, in 1587, Greene published *Penelope's Web*, another group of stories loosely held together by a frame. It is possible that the story of Barmenissa and Saladyne springs from Warner's *Opheltes*, for Saladyne, like Opheltes, casts off his wife and cleaves to a concubine but is later brought to his senses and returns to his wife. A somewhat similar story is to be found in Barnaby Rich's *Farewell to Military Profession* in 1581 (the tale of Agatha, drawn by Rich from Cinthio); Pruvost thinks, indeed, that Rich rather than Warner is the source of Greene's tale, but whether that is actually the case or not, Warner might well have identified Barmenissa and Saladyne as springing from his own Alcippe and Opheltes.<sup>47</sup>

The next year (1588) saw the appearance of *Pandosto*, that novel whose popularity was equalled only by *Euphues* and *Arcadia*. I repeat, in *Shakespeare's Dramatic Romances*, the well-known connections between *Pandosto* and Greek Romance—the use of the Heliodorean trial scene, the device of a child's exposure, the oracle vindicating a woman's

<sup>46</sup> *Robert Greene et ses romans* (Paris, 1938), p. 222. The influence of Greek Romance, even through Warner, has, I think, been underestimated by Pruvost.

<sup>47</sup> Pruvost mentions other analogues, *op. cit.*, p. 237.

chastity and promoting the eventual restoration of her child, the use of the sea storm, the father's condemnation of his child followed by disclosure of her identity, the pastoral episode characteristic of Longus, the flight of lovers to avoid a parent's wrath, and so on. Unquestionably Greene followed *Daphnis and Chloe* in the middle section of his narrative—the pastoral section—and the oracle and trial scene may have come either from Heliodorus or the earlier *Arcadia* (since, apparently, the revised version was not accessible to him in 1588). However, Dr. Zeitler has made a point which deserves repetition here. Reminding us that Greene has reversed the sexes in telling the story, he asks whether *Pandosto* does not reproduce in effect the detail of Warner's *Pheone*, for in both stories one has a royal child eloping with an apparently low-born but in reality princely child who was exposed and brought up by humble folk, the condemnation of the low-born child by the royal parent who does not recognize him, and the reversal in which a third person discovers the truth. Warner is closer to Greene than is Heliodorus in this respect, that King Selchim and Staurobates (in Warner) correspond, in being *two* judges, with Egistus and Pandosto. While Heliodorus seems to be involved in either case, his connection with Greene may thus have been indirect. The point is simply that Warner, in reading *Pandosto*, may well have observed that Greene's story was like his own, and may have felt that Greene had helped himself to it.

*Menaphon* appeared in 1589, as we have said, and its borrowing from *Albions England* is certain. Dr. Zeitler shows that *Menaphon* also owes a good deal to Greene's own *Pandosto*, in its turn indebted to *Syrinx*.<sup>48</sup> The debt

<sup>48</sup> As Dr. Zeitler points out, J. Q. Adams had observed the relations existing between *Pandosto* and *Menaphon* in *Studies in Language and Literature in Cele-*

of *Menaphon* to *Pandosto* is largely in matters for which Greek Romance provided the initial impulse, but at one point Greene's later story may be indirectly indebted to *Syrinx*. In Warner's *Pheone*, both Staurobates and his son Crisippus (whom he does not know) are in love with the same woman, the Princess Marpissa. In *Pandosto* there is a variation on the theme of intra-family passion, for Pandosto loves his own daughter, Fawnia, whom he does not know and who is in turn loved by Prince Dorastus. In *Menaphon*, to ring a final change, both King Democles and his grandson Pleusidippus love Samela, daughter of the king and mother of the grandson, each man being in ignorance of the identity of the other. Warner's story stays within the bounds of acceptable morality, even though the notion of father and son's striving for the same princess has a certain strongness of flavor. Warner was, indeed, a sententious and moral writer, though critics of a later century were to find him on occasion somewhat indelicate. But Greene was not averse to spicier, hotter fare. His seasoning of Warner's feast is quite in keeping with his general tastes. To Democles and Pleusidippus, Greene added Melicertus, the true husband of Samela, who loved her without knowing her to be his own wife and who fought over her with his son Pleusidippus. Dr. Zeitler has noted the resemblance between the trial scene in *Menaphon* and the trial and judgment in *Pheone*. The prophetess who knows the past history of the lost royal child, is, as a device, in this respect equivalent to Pheone (compare the shepherd Porrus in *Pandosto*). Furthermore, *Menaphon*, like *Pandosto* and like *Pheone*, has two judges at the trial,

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*bration of the Seventieth Birthday of James Morgan Hart* (New York, 1910), pp. 32-33.

though this time both love the princess and wish their rival to be destroyed. Thus it may be said, as Dr. Zeitler does say, that Warner's "distinctive contributions to the trial scene in Heliodorus impressed and influenced Greene especially in these two prose romances . . ." <sup>49</sup>

Another debt to Warner has been found in *Francesco's Fortunes* (1590). Jusserand mentioned the resemblance some sixty years ago, and subsequent studies have reiterated his view. Both Warner and Greene tell the story of a husband who leaves his wife and becomes enamored of a prostitute on whom he spends all his money. Both husbands are eventually cast off by the prostitute. In both the repentant husband is eventually happily reunited with his faithful wife. There are very clear differences between *Francesco's Fortunes* and Warner's tale of *Opheltes*, but it is certainly not incredible that *Syrinx* here once more provided him with a springboard for his invention. For both Jusserand and M. Pruvost, the resemblance is forcible. <sup>50</sup>

Dr. Zeitler has referred to the fact that Greene's *Farewell to Follie* (1591) contains in the tale of Cosimo the names of Nynus, Belus, Semyramis, and Babylon, used by Warner in the frame tale of *Syrinx*, but he shows that whereas Warner's material was derived from Cooper's *Chronicle*, Greene went straight to Diodorus (and not, as Jordan suggested, to Primaudaye). If Warner thought Greene was borrowing from him here, he was surely mistaken.

Summarizing the findings in the above discussion, one sees that Warner's accusation against Greene is not en-

<sup>49</sup> Zeitler, p. 527

<sup>50</sup> John C. Jordan, in *Robert Greene* (Columbia University Press, 1915), says flatly that Greene's story of Francesco's adventures with Infida in Troynovant is wholly derived from Warner.

tirely beside the point. Greene seems to have made use of *Thetis*, *Pheone*, *Deipyrus*, *Aphrodite*, and *Opheltes* (the second, fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh tales, respectively, in *Syrinx*), sometimes borrowing or imitating the general argument or mode of the book and sometimes copying invention or detail.<sup>61</sup> The story of Arbaces is so badly split by the multiplicity of detail intervening between the first and second sections of it that one would not expect to find it, as a whole tale, making any very decided impression. The third story, *Belopares*, is given over mainly to dialogues between subsidiary characters.

But Greene was only the first of two writers specifically designated by Warner. The second is referred to in these words:

Another of late, having (feigning the same a translation) set forth an history of a Duke of *Lancaster*, never before authored, hath vouchsafed (I thank him) to insert therein even whole pages *verbatim* as they are herein extant.

This writer was Henry Roberts (or Robarts).

On 5 March, 1593, the *Stationers' Register* contains the following entry:

John Danter: Entred for his copie in full court holden this Day a book intituled *The pleasant history of Edward Lord of Lancaster knight of the holy cross with his adventures &c.*

This entry has been taken to refer to a book which first appeared in 1598 with the following title:

Honours Conquest. Wherin is contained the famous Hystorie of *Edward of Lancaster*: recounting his honourable trauailes

<sup>61</sup> I have not seen fit to record the resemblances between *Syrinx* and Mariana's story in *Perimedes*, for which Greene's source was clearly Boccaccio.

to *Ierusalem*, his *hardie aduentures and honours, in sundrie Countries* gained. . . With the famous victories perform[ed] by the knight, of the vnconquered Castel, a gallant English *Knight*. . .

Louis B. Wright, in his excellent study of Roberts, gives without further comment the following note concerning the book:

On the fly-leaf of the Bodleian copy (Douce R. 126), in Douce's hand is the notation: "See the preface to Warner's 'Syrinx' where it is said that 'Honours conquest' was stolen from him." Warner, in his preface to the 1597 quarto of *Syrinx*, after alluding to borrowings of "a Scholler better than my selfe, on whose graue the grasse now groweth green," comments further: "An other of late, hauing (fayning the same a Translation) set forth an historie of a Duke of *Lancaster*, neuer before authored, hath vouchsafed (I thanke him) to incerte therein euen whole Pages *verbatim* as they are herein extant. For which their doing so farre off am I from detracting, as that I holde myselfe much graced, in that they haue accompted my meere Inuention, Arguments, and words worthy their vsurpation."<sup>52</sup>

But *Honour's Conquest* is not the book to which Warner had reference, though Henry Roberts is the man to whom he refers. The truth is that *Honour's Conquest* is only the second of a series of three books giving the whole story of Edward of Lancaster. Chapter One says quite specifically:

It hath been said . . . in the first part of this Hystorie, that this most famous Prince . . . hauing finished with great solemnitie, his marriage, to the good content of himselfe, and more increase of joy to his Ladie Valia, making small stay, as desirous to see the holie place where our Sauour was aliue and dead, giuing the Thracian King most honourable thanks

<sup>52</sup> Louis B. Wright, "Henry Roberts: Patriotic Propagandist and Novelist," *SP*, XXIX (1932), n. 44, pp. 195-196.

for their great intertainment, & honour [sic] done him and his Princes at their marriage, embarked first his Ladie in a small Sattia . . . committing the care of her, & her seruant Alinda, to the good regard of the Frier who married them.

Sig. B

And at the end of the book (Chapter 38), a third part is promised. Since Warner's second edition of *Syrinx* appeared before *Honour's Conquest* was published, the reference which he makes in his preface can only be to the first of the three parts of Edward's story, which was published between 1584 (the date of the first edition of *Syrinx*) and 1597—in short, the volume entered to John Danter in 1593, and entitled *The Pleasant History of Edward Lord of Lancaster*. Unhappily the work is not now in existence; it is impossible, therefore, to see what "whole pages *verbatim*" are to be found lifted from *Syrinx*.<sup>53</sup>

We have mentioned earlier the fact that *The Thracian Wonder* [1599?] is a dramatization of Greene's *Menaphon*. It must, therefore, be added to Greene's and Roberts' novels as a work owing its origin at least in part to Warner. Likewise, Thomas Forde's play *Love's Labyrinth* (1660) indirectly owes a debt to Warner, for it, too, is a dramatization of *Menaphon*.<sup>54</sup> But two other plays, neither ranking very high in literary value, it must be confessed, owe an immediate and pronounced debt to *Syrinx*. They are

<sup>53</sup> *Honour's Conquest* is not the only incomplete work of Roberts. *A Defiance to Fortune*, published in 1590, promises a continuance; and indeed, a second part was entered to Jeffes on 7 August, 1592, but it is apparently not now in existence, if it ever appeared.

<sup>54</sup> In *Shakespeare's Dramatic Romances* I have discussed the relationships between *Pandosto* and later works based on it, including Shakespeare's *The Winter's Tale*. The story of Curan and Argentile was plagiarized in a poem by William Webster in 1617, and William Mason based a play on it in 1786. There is also a ballad on the subject, in Percy. See Sidney Lee's life of Warner in the *Dictionary of National Biography* for the titles.



*The Bloody Banquet* (1639), a play attributed to Dekker (perhaps with the aid of Middleton), and Robert Daborne's *The Poor-Mans Comfort*, not printed until 1655 but dating between 1610 and 1617.

*The Bloody Banquet* derives its title from the incident in Act V, Scene ii, where the young queen Tethis is forced by her husband, the tyrant Armatrites, King of Cilicia, to eat meat cut from the body of her dead lover, Tymethes, son of the exiled King of Lydia.<sup>55</sup> The episode is taken directly from Warner's *Calamus Secundus*. T. D. (as the author is identified on the title page) borrows not only the incident but also the name of the lady, for his *Tethis* is probably only a metathesis of Warner's *Thetis*. To the story of Tethis, T. D. adds the story of the husband, Armatrites, a tyrant who after supposedly assisting the old King of Lydia to regain his kingdom from the King of Lycia, turns upon the old king and seizes Lydia for himself, driving the old king into exile and forcing Lydia's queen to flee with her two infants into the forest. In the forest, the queen meets her traitorous nephew, Lapirus, earlier in league with the Lycian forces but now an exile like herself. He discloses his identity to her and is willing to die at her hands for his earlier treason, but after some hesitation the queen bids him live and provide succor for her and her two babes, which he does. One day, while wandering in the forest, Lapirus falls into a pit which shepherds have dug to catch wolves; after he has lain there for some time, he is rescued by the old King of Lydia, who happens to be passing by with his followers. This tale of Lapirus and the queen is the matter of the

<sup>55</sup> As I have indicated in the preface, it was a remark in a letter written to me by Dr. Zeitler which permitted me to discover the extent of the play's indebtedness to Warner.

Inductio, the opening Chorus, and I, ii and iii, II, i and ii, and II, iv, in *The Bloody Banquet*, and it is taken directly from Warner's *Calamus Quintus*, where the King of Cilicia, the kings of Lydia and Lycia, the old queen and her babes, and the traitorous nephew are all to be found, except that in Warner the King of Cilicia is unnamed and the nephew is named Deipyros rather than Lapiros. The shepherds and the clown, added by T. D., are suggested by Warner's statement that the pit into which Deipyros fell was dug by "Shepherds, to take Wolues and other rauening beasts haunting their Flocks . . . laying boughes slightly ouer-thwarts, & so artificially couering the same ouer with greene Turues that the subiltie thereof might hardly bee espyed."

T. D. further complicates his plot by adding the story of Tymethes, son of the old King of Lydia, who, when his father is driven into exile, remains behind at the court of Armatrites because of his friendship with Armatrites' son Zenarchus and his love for Armatrites' daughter Amphrodote. This material comes directly from *Calamus Sextus* in Warner, where Warner's names for the characters are Tymetes, Xenarchus, and Aphrodite. T. D. proceeds then, however, to depart from Warner by turning the story of true love into an ugly and melodramatic story of lust. In Warner's *Syrinx*, Tymetes is killed by Armatrites, his head struck off, and both head and body cast over the walls of the city to his father, the King of Lydia. Thereafter, Zenarchus, Tymetes' loyal friend, loses his life in a duel with Mazerus, the favorite of Armatrites and the man really responsible for Tymetes' death; and Aphrodite, mad with sorrow over the deaths of her brother and the prince she loved, falls dead. T. D. makes Tymethes not only

the suitor of Amphridote but also the man with whom Tethis, Amphridote's mother, commits adultery, thus violating the whole nature of Warner's idealistic young prince. (The playwright uses the name of the man with whom Warner's Thetis commits adultery [Armatrites] for the name of his Cilician king.) Mazerès goes by the same name in both stories. In *The Bloody Banquet*, he is the man who makes known to Armatrites the adultery of which Tethis and Tymethes are guilty, and for which both queen and lover are made to pay—Tymethes with his life, and the queen by being made to drink from Tymethes' skull and to eat his flesh.

At the end of the play T. D. borrows from still another tale in *Syrinx*, for he goes to the story of *Pheone* to find an additional element for his spectacular and bloody climax. In Warner the old queen of Lydia is rescued with her two babes when her husband saves Deipyrus from the pit, for Deipyrus leads the king to the queen.<sup>56</sup> But in the play, during Lapidus' absence, as is told in dumb show, one of the queen's two babes dies, and as she is burying it the shepherds carry off the other infant. Thereafter the queen meets the shepherds, offers (still in dumb show) to be nurse to the child, and then disappears from the action until the concluding scene in Act V. In the climax, Armatrites, entertaining guests at dinner (they are the old King of Lydia and his friend, disguised as pilgrims), tells them the amazing story of his adulterous queen, who is brought into the room to feast upon the flesh of her

<sup>56</sup> In Warner's story, Deipyrus does not know, while he watches over her in the forest, that the forlorn woman is the queen, though she is aware of his identity. In T. D.'s play, the two know each other during their period in the forest.

lover, and announces that the corpse is that of Tymethes. The old King of Lydia conceals his sorrow until he is assured that Armatrites' castle has been surrounded by his men; then he denounces the usurper who, in rage, kills Tethis and is in turn killed by the Lydians. At that moment, the old Lydian queen enters, removes her disguise, and announces that Lydia will have an heir even though Tymethes be dead, for the child to whom she has all this while been nurse is in reality the surviving infant, now the young prince Manophes (a name taken, apparently, from Warner's Menophis, a duke who plays no part in these activities in *Syrinx*). This variation made by T. D. in the plot of the novel is clearly borrowed from Warner's tale of the distressed Pheone, who likewise lived long in exile as a nurse to her own child, and who likewise disclosed her son's identity at a dramatic moment in the action.

Thus T. D. has borrowed liberally from four of the seven tales or *calami* which make up *Syrinx*, taking independent stories and weaving them together to form a more or less integrated plot. While he alters motivation, personality, and detail in order to fashion the plot for the stage, and makes an original contribution in the character of the crafty servant Roxano, his narrative materials are lifted boldly from the novel.

*The Poor-Mans Comfort*, by Henslowe's man Robert Daborne, a far less melodramatic play—a better play, too—is equally indebted to *Syrinx*, making up its plot by drawing upon *Opheltes* and *Deipyros*, particularly the former. Daborne alters the names of the characters and adds a humorous subplot, but the heart of his play is Warner's story of the faithful Alcippe, the faithless Opheltes, and Alcippe's old father, Philargus, who is the poor

man of the play's title. Of the borrowing from *Syrinx*, there can be no question.<sup>57</sup>

The only novel to come from the pen of William Warner—indeed, one of his only two works, if one be unwilling, as I am, to call the non-existent *Bandello* and the initialed *Menaechmi* his—is thus seen to be a work of considerable importance for the student of English prose fiction. Reflecting the vogue for euphuistic rhetoric, combining with it more successfully than any earlier published novel the Greek Romance mode which was to become increasingly popular and influential during the two decades following, Warner's inventiveness fashioned a novel which gave direct impetus to at least two playwrights and two novelists, one of the novelists being Robert Greene himself. Furthermore, the second edition of the novel, in 1597, shows Warner's awareness of the excesses to be found in the edition of 1584, and shows him carefully and lengthily at work paring and pruning his text to eliminate much that was worthless. While *Albions England* was Warner's masterpiece in his day, and while his name has been mentioned subsequently in literary histories mainly because of the high tribute paid him by Essex, Meres, Drayton, Harvey, Nashe, Allott, and Chettle for his contribution to historiography, it may well be that his significant contribution was really the book which is here offered to the public again for the first time since 1597. That, at any rate, is the opinion of the editor.

<sup>57</sup> I have treated the matter in detail in "The Source of Robert Daborne's *The Poor-Mans Comfort*, *MLN*, LVII (May, 1942), 345-348.



## Note on the Text of the Present Edition

No attempt has been made to duplicate the idiosyncrasies of Elizabethan punctuation and spelling. The purpose in reprinting the novel has been to make it readily readable for the student as well as available to the scholar, and there seems to be no point in adding to the complexities of the prose style by retaining haphazard orthography and punctuation.

I have, however, followed Warner's practice in two respects: I have retained his parentheses wherever they occur, and I have distinguished between the black letter and roman letter printing in the original. In the present edition, roman type replaces the original black letter; the original roman type is indicated in the present text by italic type, in accord with the usual custom. In no case have I added parentheses or italics of my own.

Variations between the first and second editions of the text will be found recorded in what is, I trust, complete detail in the notes, save for the fact that variations in orthography and punctuation have been ignored. Where the second edition has been emended, emendation has been supplied in square brackets, and a note explains the source of the emendation—usually the first edition. In general, the paragraphing of the present edition follows that in Warner's second edition, though occasionally I have departed silently from his practice. I have glossed for the reader only such words as are not found in *Webster's Collegiate Dictionary*.

The prefatory material of the first edition is included in Appendices A. and B.







# SYRINX

or

## A Sevenfold History

*Handled with variety of  
pleasant and profitable  
both comical and trag-  
ical argument*

Newly perused and amended  
by the first author.

*W. Warner*



AT LONDON

Printed by *Thomas Purfoote* and are to be  
sold in *Paul's Churchyard* at  
the sign of the Bible

1597



To his right honorable Lord,

*GEORGE CAREY,*

Baron of *Hunsdon,*

Knight of the most *noble Order of the Garter,*

*Lord* Chamberlain of Her Majesty's most honorable Household,

Captain of the honorable band of Her Majesty's Pensioners and  
of the Isle of *Wight,*

and one of Her Highness' most honorable Privy Council, &c.

Most humbly continueth *the recommended patronage of his re-*  
*formed* SYRINX.

*W. WARNER.*

## TO THE READER

If long after my full-age I confirm an imperfection of my non-age, it is rather the printer's too forwardness than mine own folly; for (contrary to mine expectation, or approbation) finding him at the point and resolute to reprint this, erroneous as it then was, I held it not amiss (much being then amiss) to revise and correct the same, such as it now is. Simple enough, I confess, howbeit badder have, with applause of readers, undergone gracious pardons; and (which somewhat encourageth) one (in penning pregnant and a scholar better than myself, on whose grave the grass now groweth green, whom otherwise, though otherwise to me guilty, I name not) hath borrowed out of every *calamus* or story herein handled argument and invention to several books by him published. Another of late, having (feigning the same a translation) set forth an history of a Duke of *Lancaster*, never before authored, hath vouchsafed (I thank him) to insert therein even whole pages *verbatim* as they are herein extant. For which their doing so far off am I from detracting, as that I hold myself much graced in that they have accounted my mere invention, arguments, and words worthy their usurpation. Negligently also in this impression is much in sundry places added, falsed, and omitted, contrary to the copy, unto which vouchsafe a silent pardon, and with thy pen a sensible correction.

*Pan*, the god of the rustics, is said the inventor of th'*Arcadian* pipe, which he composing of seven of the reeds into which his sweetheart, flying his amorous pursuit, was transformed, termed after her name *Syrinx*. I, therefore, a pupil of such a tutor, proportionably to *Pan's* nature and that pipe's number, have herein sounded mine

homely medley, imitatively and modulatively under the title *Syrinx*. Whereof (courteous reader) if thou shalt modestly construe, more shall I, that (prevented though) had sentenced this to silence, be indebted to thy gratitude than this hath worth or myself had will to have readventured this to censures. But howsoever, thine is ever,

W. W.

The Table

*ARBACES*

*Calamus Primus*

*Sorares* and his company, in their sailing, are tempestuously driven into a sterile and harborless island; unto whom two forlorn and desolate men discover themselves.

Chapter I

Of the speech and petition made by one of the two miserable men unto *Sorares* and his *Assyrians*.

Chapter II

He proceedeth, showing by what occasion they and a many *Medes*, their countrymen, first happened into that barren island; and of a great mutiny there begun at their first arrival.

Chapter III

The speeches of one *Chebron*, inveighing against ambition and avarice, of which faults he teacheth two *Medes* then aspiring to sovereignty.

Chapter IV

Of the tragical event of *Chebron's* foresaid invective, and of rashness ending in too late repentance.

Chapter V

Of it that befell, through avarice and cruelty, to *Sorares* and his company, and how the two *Medes* escape out of the island.

Chapter VI

*THETIS*

*Calamus Secundus*

*Atys* and *Abynados* embark themselves in quest of *Sorares* their father; their arrival at a castle in *Scythia*; how they are there terrified and entertained.

Chapter VII

Of the pitiful penance of a most beautiful lady in the same castle, and somewhat of the temperance, frugality, and manners of the *Scythians*.

## Chapter VIII

The *Scythian* lord reporteth his sometimes love towards *Thetis*, the foresaid lady. His choleric invective against the levity and vanity of women.

## Chapter IX

He showeth by what means lust breedeth, increaseth, and what it effecteth.

## Chapter X

He prescribeth rules against lasciviousness.

## Chapter XI

Of *Thetis* her disloyalty, and by what chance the *Scythian* lord escaped the unsuspected conspiracy of her and *Armatrites*.

## Chapter XII

How the *Scythian* lord by the rude salutation of *Armatrites* his concubine understood of the evil that was practiced against him.

## Chapter XIII

How the *Scythian*, taking tardy the lechers, dealeth by either.

## Chapter XIV

*BELOPARES**Calamus Tertius*

How the absence of *Atys* and *Abynados*, causing their friends a shipboard to doubt of their safety, occasioned them to speak of the incommodities of seafaring and travel.

## Chapter XIV\*

How the master approveth seafaring and travel to be commodious and commendable, the *pilot* qualifying the controversy, etc.

## Chapter XV

\* *Sic*. This duplication of the number XIV is preserved within the text in both the first and second editions of the novel.

The *pilot*, to show how dangers are no less incident to men on shore than at the seas, speaketh his own experience.

Chapter XVI

The *pilot* also reporteth a story of his experienced danger and distress on the seas.

Chapter XVII

A speech by *Menophis* to his despairing soldiers on shipboard, dehorting them from the fear of death, and exhorting them to the contrary resolution.

Chapter XVIII

The *pilot's* prosecution of the sea-distressed story: how himself, contrary to hope, escaped; and of *Atys* and *Abynados* their return from the *Scythian's* castle.

Chapter XIX

### PHEONE

#### *Calamus Quartus*

The *pilot* reporteth the occasion of th'aforesaid disastrous voyage of *Menophis*; and of the love betwixt *Staurobates* and *Pheone*.

Chapter XX

How *Pheone*, causeless suspicious of *Staurobates* his loyalty, exclaimeth of the credulity of her sex, and the inconstancy of men; and how she lastly resolveth.

Chapter XXI

King *Staurobates*, hearing no tidings of *Pheone*, became enamored on *Marpissa*, her niece. *Marpissa*, not affecting his love, is enamored of one *Crisippus*.

Chapter XXII

*Marpissa* taketh occasion to disclose to *Crisippus* her affection towards him.

Chapter XXIII

Of *Crisippus* his timorous answer to *Marpissa's* kind offer.

Chapter XXIV

*Crisippus* becometh passionately amorous; he writeth to *Marpissa*; how they conclude, and their calamity that succeeded.

Chapter XXV

*King Selchim* his speech and cruel sentence pronounced against his daughter and *Crisippus*.

Chapter XXVI

*Pheone* discloseth herself unto the two kings, reverseth their rigorous sentence, telleth *Crisippus'* descent, and her own former courses concerning herself and him, etc.

Chapter XXVII

### DEIPYRUS

#### *Calamus Quintus*

An entry by occasion into a new reported story; and first of the insecurity of worldly bliss.

Chapter XXVIII

*Tymetes* telleth how *Deipyryus*, distressed and afterward in a forest, rescued out of peril a queen and her two infants.

Chapter XXIX

What speeches and passions passed betwixt the wretched queen and repentant *Deipyryus*, whilst either knew not the other.

Chapter XXX

More of it that passed betwixt the queen and *Deipyryus* in the forest; and what in the meantime befell the king her husband, through treachery of a false friend reconciled.

Chapter XXXI

Of *Deipyryus* his great contrition and repentance, he being fallen into a deep pit; and how and by whom he was holpen thereout.

Chapter XXXII

How the king after this their unexpected interview dealt with *Deipyryus*.

Chapter XXXIII



How it fared and fell out afterwards, with the king, *Deipyrus*, the queen, and her infants.

Chapter XXXIV

How, by a sight in the *Lycian* ship and *Tymetes* his speeches, *Atys* and *Abynados* had hope concerning their father; with him they sail into *Lydia*.

Chapter XXXV

### APHRODITE

*Calamus Sextus*

*Xenarchus* his friendly advertisement to *Tymetes* to beware of falsehood in fellowship; *Lydia* and the lovely lasses there described.

Chapter XXXVI

*Atys* frameth an apology for women, condemning the too curious prying of men into their infirmities.

Chapter XXXVII

More in discommendation of their detractors, and in commendation of women.

Chapter XXXVIII

He further prosecuteth the praise of women and of matrimony.

Chapter XXXIX

The censure of *Atys* his auditory touching the foresaid apology; how *Mazeres* procured the apprehension and imprisonment of *Tymetes*, *Atys*, and *Abynados*.

Chapter XL

How the woeful father of *Tymetes*, both by war and fair words, endeavoreth the delivery of his son; and of his passionate speeches.

Chapter XLI

*Tymetes* his magnanimity, his opinion and contempt of death, and of his end.

Chapter XLII

*Aphrodite* with tears frequenteth the tomb of *Tymetes*; *Atys* and his brother are conveyed out of prison. *Xenarchus* to

revenge his friend's death combateth *Mazeres*, and what ensued.

Chapter XLIII

Of *Aphrodite* her moan. Of *Mazeres'*, hers, and the tyrant's deaths; and of the restoration of *Tymetes* his father to his kingdom.

Chapter XLIV

### OPHELTES

#### *Calamus Septimus*

An occasion of a new story. Of good and bad magistrates, and of the tedious suits of poor clients.

Chapter XLV

*Philargus* his complaint against *Opheltes*, an ungrateful unthrift, his son-in-law.

Chapter XLVII\*

Ingratitude and disdain condemned; their contraries commended; and of man, as he is flesh, deciphered; with a just sentence against *Opheltes*.

Chapter XLVIII

Of the rare constancy and patience of *Alcippe*; *Opheltes* his dotage on a harlot, for whom he would have foredone himself. The loyalty of a wife, and levity of a courtesan.

Chapter XLIX

*Alcippe* her kindness and good advice to *Opheltes*; and more concerning his dotage.

Chapter L

How *Opheltes* was reclaimed from his folly. Of the harlot's end, and of the comical event ensuing.

Chapter LI

### ARBACES

#### *Pars Calami Primi*

How *Atys*, *Abynados*, and their followers, being in quest of *Sorares*, are taken prisoner in an island; and of the cruelty

\* So numbered in the text, thus offsetting the duplication in numbers for Chapter XIV.

purposed against them by *Dircilla*, the governess of the same island, etc.

## Chapter LII

Of the commiseration of the islanders had towards the captive and condemned *Assyrians*, and of *Sorares'* being found of his sons.

## Chapter LIII

How *Dircilla*, offended with the islanders, prosecuteth her revengeful hatred against the *Assyrians*.

## Chapter LIV

Of the speeches of one of the singled-out *Medes*, on the behalf of the condemned *Assyrians*.

## Chapter LV

Of the other singled-out *Mede* his speeches, and an unexpected joyful meeting then discovered.

## Chapter LVI

*Dircilla* reporteth her first landing and terrors in that island, with other matters not unworthy observation.

## Chapter LVII

She declareth how, and in what condition, she found those islanders at her first coming; and by what means she reformed them, and became their sovereign.

## Chapter LVIII

Of their general resolution after this their happy meeting.

## Chapter LIX

*The end of the table*



# ARBACES

## CHAPTER I

*Sorares and his company in their sailing are tempestuously driven into a sterile and harborless island; unto whom two forlorn and desolate men discover themselves.*

### *Calamus primus*

At what time *Zamieis Ninias*, the fifth emperor of *Assyria*, son of *Ninus* and *Ascolanta Semiramis*, had in battle vanquished the accursed son of his father\* and common enemy to mankind, *Cham*, otherwise called the Egyptian *Saturn* and son of *Noah*, then usurping over the *Bactrians*, part of his navy (upon occasion) returning by *Scythia*, was so dangerously tossed with storms and seas that they which seemed even now most glorious and insolent victors appeared then most miserable and desolate wretches. Nevertheless, after long despair of their lives and great loss of their treasure,<sup>1</sup> the disparkled\*\* fleet of the *Assyrians* arrived at *Nineveh*, one only ship excepted, wherein were embarked more than an hundred brave soldiers, over whom one *Sorares* was captain.

Not far from that place whereas the mountains *Taurus* and *Caucasus* begin the headsprings of all the *Asian* seas, which take their sundry names according to the channels whereinto the scattered waters fall, there lieth an island no less obscure for the situation than unfrequented for the infertility thereof. Into this island the ship of *Sorares* was by tempest driven. There<sup>2</sup> having landed his men and repaired his weatherbeaten vessel, he determined a farther search into the island, as well to learn what commodities might there be found as to keep his soldiers occupied until

\* I. e., *Cham's* own father, and not *Ninias's* father.

\*\* Dispersed, scattered.

time might serve more conveniently for their departure away; and therefore marching from his ship in good order, he pierced a great part of the same island, wherein he found nothing but miry bogs or steepy rocks, not worth the discovery, much less the travel or hazard of a conquest; and he made it no wonder that he found no people there to defend it, seeing he himself thought every day a year until he had left it. At the length, finding the wind to be more favorable than their discovery profitable, his purpose was to retire his men and forthwith to have weighed anchor.

But whilst he rested in this resolution, the *Assyrians* might espy descending towards them from a mountain two men, altogether unweaponed and naked, saving that their pined bodies were in some parts disorderly covered with a few unhandsome rags. Their looks seemed wild, their countenances full of heaviness, their color swarth, their hair and beards long, loathsome, and unkempt; and (to describe them in a word) being men in shape, they seemed monsters in show, but yet such monsters as were rather to be pitied than feared.<sup>3</sup> These being come before the *Assyrians*, albeit their then<sup>4</sup> demeanor savored more of the place of their present abode than of the civility (small though it were) of the country wherein they were bred, yet remembering that they were men, and that they were to deal with men, the one of them (whose name was *Arbaces*, sometime a duke in *Media*) had these following speeches:

## CHAPTER II

*Of the speech and petition made by one of the two miserable men unto Sorares and his Assyrians.*

“Most happy people (to whom otherwise I should have given a contrary salutation, had not I descried your ship,

a friendly instrument to rid you out of so fruitless an island), I would not have you imagine that wanting weapons<sup>5</sup> to expel you, we endeavor by words to terrify you. We are but twain (as you see), and the only inhabitants of this uninhabitable island; yet twain a greater number than that the plenty of this place is able to satisfy—not for that we are covetous, desiring all, but miserable, having nothing. Our food is roots, grass, and leaves; our lodging, a cave framed by nature out of the hard quarry; our bed, moss; our apparel, only such as you see, and the same the unhappy spoils of our hapless companions. Yet these are but<sup>6</sup> trifles in respect of a tragedy. And for that you have partly some experience of the place, though better cheap by all than we that have paid therefore to the uttermost, I leave you to judge how the same doth battle by the view of our forlorn personages, saying, in a word, that hell is no hell in comparison of this, or that this is hell itself without any comparison. In that we live, we are not ungrateful to the gods; but in that we are not dead, we account ourselves unfortunate, for had death been pliant to our petitions, the end of our lives had been long since the end of our sorrows. But hope overcoming despair, for that in the one is possibility, in the other no remedy, knowing that as the gods have power by justice to punish, so they have will by mercy to pardon,<sup>7</sup> we have made necessity a virtue, continuance a custom, and patience our protector. Whence we are, our language bewrayeth; what you are, your ensigns do manifest; but what we demand resteth as yet untouched.

“We will not fear to speak, though you spare not to strike. Abundance of hardness hath made us hardy; the worst of your malice can be but death, and the best thing may betide us shall be change of our lives. We are *Medes*,

not monsters; civil people, not savage islanders, banished from home through your prosperity, and betrayed here through our own practices; once flying your enmity and now following your friendship, as men enforced to the former<sup>8</sup> by your wrongs and constrained to the latter through our own wretchedness. With this courage, nevertheless (ye *Assyrians*), we solicitate your favour, that if the old rancour of [your]<sup>9</sup> grudge be not yet qualified with the new spectacle of our present calamities, our sides (know ye) have not as yet taken so much the property of these hard rocks but that they will easily give entrance to your revenging weapons. Albeit, by the way, it might be said that as you are to deal roughly with those that stand against you in combat, so ought you to deal mercifully with those which at your feet lie prostrate, for in the one is not courage more magnificent<sup>10</sup> than in the other charity meritorious; and though it be glorious to be overcome by battle, yet it is<sup>11</sup> more glorious to be overcome by pity. For (alas) shall men, whom nature hath endued with reason and united in original amity, by occasion of any corrupt accident unnaturally degenerate towards their own comforts?<sup>12</sup> Or doth it derogate anything from virtue if, by our industry, we better the vicious? Or shall we cut off those limbs that are now sound because the same were once sore? Well, if, remembering what we have been, you will not conceive what we would be; if our humble submission be thought an insufficient reconciliation; if you fear us that have neither will nor power to harm you; if you will not (which is the sum of our suit) deliver us from hence, that of our own accord are fallen into your hands; if (I say) it be your pleasures that we shall not weep for unexpected kindness, whom you shall not enforce to dread



for any practiced torments, then assure yourselves you cannot be more tyrannous than we patient, and our death shall be more dishonorable to you than our graves discontenting to us. The only thing we crave is to be conveyed out of this island, a small petition and easily performed. The poiziness\* of twain shall not be burdenous to your bark, and the hire for our passage shall lighten your hearts. But to what purpose should I use more speeches? If you be merciful, enough is said; if merciless, much more will not serve."

### CHAPTER III

*He proceedeth, showing by what occasion they and a many Medes their countrymen first happened into that barren island; and of a great mutiny there begun at their first arrival.*

How ruefully these words were uttered by the miserable *Mede*, and how effectually the same wrought in the hearts of the *Assyrians*, the passioned gestures of the one and the pitiful regards of the other did witness.<sup>13</sup> Let it suffice that the silly\*\* souls were pitied, their pensiveness comforted, their bodies apparelled, all former enmity pardoned, and liberty promised.

But see what an evil event followed so good an hansel.† In the night before the *Assyrians* should depart, *Sorares*, calling divers the chief of his soldiers to sup with him in his cabin, invited amongst the rest the two *Medes*; and after supper ended, he entreated *Arbaces*,<sup>14</sup> the miserable duke, to declare by what mishap they chanced into that harborless island. Whereupon *Arbaces* proceeded in this

\* Weight.

\*\* Pitiful, helpless.

† Omen.

manner:

“Albeit (good *Sorares*)<sup>15</sup> the remembrance of our passed sorrows will be little less than a present death to our spirits, the which without anguish we cannot rehearse, nor you without pity hear, yet shall you not find us dainty to answer your request whom we have found so forward to yield us release. Above two hundred years of mine age are already passed—a short time, if not lengthened out with continual sorrows, the root thereof chiefly springing from *Assyria*. And yet (good *Sorares*), think not that having cause to curse your countrymen that banished us into this island, that therefore we will cease our prayers for you, by whom our delivery is promised. The purport of this my speech is to be construed to this purpose: that as we are not to accuse you for our received injuries at the hands of your predecessors, so is it not necessary or of necessity<sup>16</sup> that in malice you become their successors; for if we shall make their old controversies our new quarrels, it will follow that the first world and all things shall cease to be before strife and discord shall cease to grow. But hitherto I have been rather tedious to your ears than answering to your demands; yet pardon my beginning, and with patience tarry an end. It is a world to note the wondrous alteration of all things, even of late days; for omitting to speak of the time before the general deluge, I will only glance at the superfluity of this our present age. It hath been—yea, within the time of my remembrance—that men thought themselves more sure in their wild caves than now safe in their walled castles, better contenting themselves with the unforced fruitfulness of the earth than now satisfied with their fruitless compounds enforced by art. The simplicity of nature pre-

scribed unto them an absolute law, but overmuch curiosity now subverteth both law and nature. What speak I of part, when it is manifest that no sooner gold and silver (the ambassadors from hell) had insinuated themselves into the hearts of men but that a general subversion was made of all. *Nimrod*,\* then taking upon him an unknown title, not ever heard of before in all the world, much less in *Chaldea*, became a king in *Babylon*, who, by subtlety having won the hearts of the unpolitic people, by that means got them under the yoke of servitude. *Nimrod* being dead, his son *Belus*, hunting after greater superiority than was by his father newly exacted, pretended by wars to dilate his dominions, whose dreadful purpose being by death made frustrate, his son *Ninus*, your late Emperor and our then persecutor, did execute, making his new invention of war and battle not only terrible to those that did taste it, but horrible to us which as yet did [not]<sup>17</sup> feel it. After a while it came to pass that we who hitherto did only hear much mischief of war reported did now suffer the effects of that which of long time we feared; for *Ninus*, landing an army of soldiers in *Media*, obtained an easy victory against us, being indeed bad warriors,<sup>18</sup> and in respect of holds,\*\* armor, and artillery a people utterly naked.

“*Ninus* being thus conqueror, and we conquered, our king *Farnus*, his wife and seven children murdered, continual likelihoods of an universal slaughter still appearing, and the desolation of the whole country being generally expected for, divers nobles of *Media*, and others not of the basest calling, to the number of 100 and upwards,

\* Spelled *Nemroth* in the text.

\*\* I.e., ships.

of the which number, and the whole number now living, we two are, having conveyed into a ship the gold and chiefest treasure of our late slaughtered king, and rather trusting to the uncertainty of the seas than to the inhumanity of the *Assyrian* soldiers, in an unlucky hour hoisted up our sails, leaving with tears our wasted country as men compelled to search after some new inhabitation.

“The seas we passed were numberless, the dangers we escaped were perilous;<sup>19</sup> how far we had sailed we accounted not; how far we should sail we knew not; where to arrive we were ignorant, and all places (if far enough from the *Assyrians*) seemed to us indifferent. In the end, being no less unfortunate in our seafaring than unexpert in the new art of navigation, seeing our victuals to waste, our vessel to leak, and our tackling to fail, such was then our comfortless despair that (having no hope at all to escape the threatening waves) it did only forthink us that we forsook our natural graves in our native country to finish our lives without honor amongst the merciless surges. But cork wanteth weight to sink, and lead is over heavy to swim; we were not so happy as to suffer shipwreck on the seas, being predestinate to sorrows on the shore.

“At the length we espied this island, and making to the same, near about the place where this ship now rideth, we struck sail, and (unhappy men) so joyful to us seemed this our arrival that (then promising to ourselves security when we did but newly enter into our sorrows) we leapt from our ship<sup>20</sup> with minds never to reenter the same, kissing the very earth that first received us ashore. This happened about midday, but before night our mirth was turned to moan.<sup>21</sup> Not having, as yet, made any sacrifice

to the gods, before search of the profit or disprofit of the place, any consideration, care, or forecast of afterclaps whatsoever, we began to unfreight our ship, laying our gold and treasure on the next shore. Scarcely had the last man brought the last burden from the ship but that a contention fell betwixt two of the noblemen (severally beforetime noted of ambition and avarice) about the division of the same treasure; and such was their madness that albeit their present plight rather required lowly tears than haughty titles, yet ambition not yielding an inch to avarice, either of them sought by far descents to fetch their pedigrees from *Japeth* and *Madus*, of whom we are the offspring, as near as possible they might. Amongst the inferior sort there was one *Chebron*, a lusty, tall fellow, of a choleric complexion<sup>22</sup> and an invincible courage. He, seeing the controversy that now began more and more to increase, bending his brows and laying hand on his weapon, spake many words much displeasing to either of the contentious competitors. And were it not (*Sorares*) that I should cloy your ears with over long a discourse, I would also repeat his words, the which I yet remember, as (in my conceit) well worthy the noting."

Here *Sorares*, interrupting him, said, "If (good my friend) it shall not be troublesome for you to speak, it shall not be tedious for us to hear. Our day's work is done, and it is yet but early night. Let those that will, sleep; as for myself, I am provided to wake."

"And were I also able (quoth *Arbaces*) to counterfeit the magnanimity that then appeared in his countenance, I would not willingly pretermitt the same. But these were the words that *Chebron* then used.

## CHAPTER IV

*The speeches of one Chebron inveighing against ambition and avarice, of which faults he teacheth two Medes then aspiring to sovereignty.*

“ ‘If so be,’ quoth *Chebron*,<sup>23</sup> ‘(my dear friends and countrymen) the invasion of the *Assyrians*, the ruin of *Media*, and our late passed perils had been to me by oracle or otherwise revealed, I then would have made you acquainted beforehand with that which was threatened to follow; so might we either have pacified the gods by prayer, encouraged ourselves to abide the danger, or else before it happened<sup>24</sup> have died for sorrow. But contrary to our expectations, we have avoided the outrage of our foes, and, though hardly, yet safely escaped the seas. But now, if I, that cannot divine as a prophet, prognosticate as an astrologer, invoke as a necromancer, observe as an augur, interpret as a dreamer, calculate as a wizard, or [cast]<sup>25</sup> figure as an artist, should say unto you that the mischiefs yet behind are more and greater than whereof we have already our shares, you (perhaps thinking it impossible) would esteem it as a fable, and account me as a fool. O people, for your inconsiderate peevishness to be pitied, that having your senses will nevertheless seem senseless,<sup>26</sup> and seeing imminent destruction dare nevertheless be desperate, have ye<sup>27</sup> been overcome by men between whom and you ought to be an equality, and yet are ye fearless of monsters between whom and you consisteth no indifference? Muse not at that which I have spoken, for you are likely to find more than monsters, being to encounter with ambition and avarice. The one by presumption would rend the gods from the skies, and the other rest discontented to possess their seats; and unless both be encountered,

neither of both can be conquered, such is their undivisible properties. Know ye not (my friends) that the ambitious person, neither having gentry to elate him, revenues to enrich him, personage to adorn him, wit to advance him, good qualities to prefer him, or any one virtue to commend him, if by the benefit of Fortune her blindness he attaineth to dignity, he forthwith becometh a lordlike tyrant, a vainglorious magnifico, careless of other men's profit, and arrogant of his own preferment? His countenance is fastidious, his speech lofty, his thought<sup>28</sup> aspiring, not brooking his superior nor bearing his equal, to his inferiors an incarnate devil, and to himself a conceited god.<sup>29</sup> If beggars thus set on horseback ride agallop, let us then make account that these claiming by gentry will ply the spur. Briefly what can I say more than in effect is already experienced? See you not, or are you willingly blind, how these two gallants, only remembering what they sometime were, but not acknowledging what they presently be, make no question of our common<sup>30</sup> safety, but fall to quarrels for their private superiority, not considering that fire once quenched forgoeth both heat and brightness, that grass once mowed loseth both sap and greenness, and that a noble man exiled is to be fashioned to his altered fortune? But omitting that they be now declined, and admitting them to be still honorable and happy, yet should we for our own assurance respect the sequel and have an eye to their inclinations whom we admit our governors.<sup>31</sup> For mine own part, I carry this opinion—that had these men no other fault, yet are they therefore unfit for government because so forward to govern. Authority should be denied to such as desire it, and offered to those that refuse it; for a wise man and one well minded never receiveth any office

unless thereunto compelled, as foreseeing that the same to his body shall be a travail, to his conscience a care, that he shall be marked of all, envied of many, and cannot but dance in a net. But such as are these high-minded intruders (whom we may therefore call ignoble, because not virtuous, as having already dashed at home against the rocks of ignominy, and now here entered into utter shipwreck of the small remain of their credit), these I say challenge preeminence not for deserts, but of duty, exacting that of us through ambition which they can neither discreetly discharge, nor we dangerless dispose. And<sup>32</sup> yet like as violent waters are prone to often eruptions, becoming shallowest within their ordinary channels, so proud persons evermore would seem capable<sup>33</sup> of higher dignities, though not well able to exercise their present mean offices: still doth the proud man flatter himself in that that he would, not esteeming of himself in any point as he ought. There is hardly that thing so good but there may be a better, or that thing so bad but there may be a worsen; there is no beauty without some blemish,<sup>34</sup> nor any blemish that is not either natural or necessary; no perfection without some imperfection, and yet the same imperfection either to be cured or tolerable. Only ambition, until of it own self it be devoured, is bloodless for blushing and intractable for taming; penury doth not decrease it, and plenty doth increase it; in well doing it is insolent, in ill doing impudent. As for the other monster, avarice, a little varying from ambition in quality of affection, but not in quantity of affecting, this (I say) is still hunting but evermore hungering, still preying but continually pining, and still hoarding but never having.<sup>35</sup> For as the hollow spout receiveth much water and yet retaineth nothing but air,



so the covetous man gathereth much wealth and yet possesseth nothing but cares, and only he of all monsters in his ravenous devouring is unsatiable; for whereas commonly all other vices by old age are impaired, this only vice is thereby repaired, the nearness of the grave the rather adding to niggardliness. O most miserable man, to whom is wanting as well that which he possesseth as that which wanteth—he hungereth after that which he coveteth, and feareth to lose that which he enjoyeth; and as in adversity he craveth prosperity, so in prosperity he feareth adversity; in his superior he dreadeth force, in his inferior he mistrusteth theft. Such (I say) is his wretched estate that he presently suffereth all and so much as he feareth. Therefore is it a true saying that nothing may be wished more harmful to a covetous man than long life. And (trust me), if we consider with what toil wealth is got, with what danger it is kept, what chariness in using it, what detriment in abusing it, and with what anguish we leave it, then shall we find more profit in poverty than quietness in riches. One thing it is to be happy, and another to be rich; but detestable is the exchange when to follow gold we forsake the gods, as no doubt doth the covetous man, of whom what should I more say but that his life is detested of many, his death desired of all, and being dead, the poor man curseth, his heir rejoiceth, the saints weep, and the devils laugh? How harmful (ye *Medes*) these two monsters have been all the world hath found, we have felt, and more shall feel, except being yet but young snakes they be cut off before they grow to be old serpents. If these two jolly champions had been well counselled and not so covetous, or more politic and less proud, then this unnecessary strife should have been the last thing of a

thousand for our behoofs much more necessary. Neither would they have persuaded themselves to be kings, not being assured of subjects, nor have contended for a kingdom, not having conquered a plot wherein to plant it.<sup>36</sup> Alas, how much more unfortunate are we in transporting these relics of gentry and small remnant of treasure into *Scythia* than in leaving the blood of our friends and masses of wealth behind us in *Media*! But if you can be content to chirp in cages that may sing in the bushes—that these feast while you fast;<sup>37</sup> if it be your pleasures to make them your lords, and you to become their slaves, yet shall you understand that *Chebron* hath set an higher prize of his freedom than to exchange it for such bondage. And though it be not my meaning to be superior to the worst here, yet think I myself equal to the better of these two, and he which hath deserved anything at all hath deserved more than either of them. Only their new courage seemeth strange to me so well acquainted with their late cowardice. Are not these the men, or were they then metamorphosed from eagles into owls, that whilst we labored on the hatches lay quaking in their cabins? Yes, verily these are the same jolly fellows, to one of which (for not above one may be received into a kingdom) you may resign the pleasures of your over-passed perils; as for myself, I more account of liberty than esteem of such policy, and am more zealous of your welfare than careful of mine own safety, fearing more a coming than our common scourge.'

#### CHAPTER V

*Of the tragical event of Chebron's foresaid invective, and of the rashness ending in too late repentance.*

“Thus much *Chebron* with a courageous countenance spake, and was about to have said more but that he espied

one of those two against whom he thus inveighed (impatient of his speeches) to aim a dart against his head. Wherefore the same anger that before had occasioned him to speak and then had tied his tongue moved him now to use his weapon, the which he pierced into the bowels of him that threatened the flinging of the dart, and with the like success he also dispatched the other, standing amazed in beholding his dying companion, saying, 'Happily you shall find hell a gulf as unrepletable as yourselves have been men unsatiable.'

"Believe me (*Sorares*), whether it were the vigorous magnanimity<sup>38</sup> that then proceeded from him (for I may term him magnanimous whom neither flattering nor frowning fortune can alter, that preferreth mediocrity before superfluity, a common profit before a private gain, and an honorable death before a thrall'd life), or whether it were the timorous astonishment then planted in us that gave spurs to these his proceedings, I know not; but most certain it is that, like as the shepherd entereth into the cote, there sequestering from amidst the flocks what sheep it pleaseth him to appoint to the slaughter, so *Chebron*, even in the middle of us, on these two performed this tragedy, so courageous was he and so amazed were we. Anon, as our appalled spirits were revived, we began diversely to construe of *Chebron* his words and to conceive of his deeds; and being amongst ourselves divided, one part protested that he had well done, another company detested his deed; and some, not intermeddling at all, stood as neuters. The more that *Chebron* intreated the factious accomplices with reason, the more they threatened him and his adherents with rigor, so that seeing them desperately addicted to assault, he unwillingly provided to

resist; whereupon they fell from brawling to blows, and from wrangling to wounds, and he that now killeth is himself by and by killed. Whilst we yet persist in this same frantic mutiny, making horrible havoc one of another, those before-named persons, which either for fear durst not or for policy would not be dealers in this quarrel, these men had loaden themselves with great store of the treasure, and minding whilst we were thus busied in the fray to have made a mart of our miseries, drew towards the ship with purpose to have sailed away. But a common soldier, a factious fellow, smelling out this their pretence and getting aboard before any of these neuters<sup>39</sup> might enter, had fired the same in sundry places, the which, having of itself sufficient of combustible matter, was quickly consumed. This we espied, and as we could not then intend it for the fray, so remained we so far off from quenching the flame that it rather rejoiced us of the so preventing of those dastards (as we did then term them) than once thought on the misery that hereof ensued; for having gold we vainly persuaded ourselves not to want anything. But by this means those that would thus have fled were now enforced to take a part in our civil fight, and<sup>40</sup> still persevere we in mangling and murdering one another, until *Chebron* and his adherents had utterly confounded the adverse party, and that of an hundred men and more that arrived here, within five or six hours only sixteen remained unslain. Yet we (though so small a number to divide so great a booty) in the sharing had well near begun a second broil, and that day (I would we had been so happy) had been the last to us all, had not night prevented our heady<sup>41</sup> proceedings and darkness stayed our desperateness. But daylight thus failing us, every man bestowed himself upon

a several pile of the heaped treasure, keeping a wakeful and suspicious watch of all that night. As soon as the gray morning appeared, and that we beheld the wolvis aspects of our own selves with blood embrued, the dead carcasses of our slaughtered companions, and looking towards the sea, remembered the burning of our ship and perishing of our victuals—then, then our furious fierceness was changed to fearful fantasies, and our heady rashness to helpless repentance. But what dwell I longer on this mischief, the matter being much more dolorous that resteth yet unre-cited? When our hands were thus oversoon filled with blood, and that our eyes had over late emptied their tears, although our weary<sup>42</sup> limbs required<sup>43</sup> rest, yet our sharp appetites did hunger food; and therefore, as well pricked forwards by hunger and travel as desirous to be instructed what a profitable plot we had picked out for our here abode, we discovered into the farthest circuit of this island. But the same seemed abhorred of the gods, and we found it utterly abandoned of men, beasts, fowls, fruits, and every other thing necessary for man's behoof. And (worsor than so) we, being shipless and on every side with main seas environed, did also remain hopeless of our delivery from hence. Now, in this melancholy, every man laid violent hands upon *Chebron*, fathering our woes upon those his late invective words, whereby (in my conceit) he rather intended quietness than pretended any such quarrels. Howbeit, our mutinous minds, altered with the time and troubles, made a new construction of his zealous meaning; and do what he could, we pressed him to death under an huge heap of gold, whose bones under the pile are yet extant. After this, some of our company, not able to abide the extremity of this climate, the stench of the air, and

sterility of the island, by mutual consents made mutual dispatch of their own persons; and shortly after, untimely death finished the lives of the residue, who, being far more fortunate in dying than we in surviving, left only us two the unhappy inheritors of these unspeakable calamities. Thus have you heard (*Sorares*) the effect, though not the full, of our tragical arrival, and tomorrow we will gratify you with so much gold as shall partly countervail your great courtesy, though not comparable to the conceived comfort of our promised delivery."

*Arbaces* thus finished his lamentable discourse, and *Sorares* dismissed the whole company.<sup>44</sup>

#### CHAPTER VI

*Of it that befell, through avarice and cruelty, to Sorares and his company; and how the two Medes escape out of the island.*

The next morning *Arbaces* and the other *Mede* his fellow conducted the *Assyrians* unto the piles of gold, being in a manner overgrown with moss and rust, with which booty the *Assyrians* with merry hearts and many hands had quickly freighted their ship. But unceaseable are the mischiefs that gold procureth, and unsatiabable are the minds of covetous men.

*Sorares* being thus sped of his<sup>45</sup> booty, and having consulted with his countrymen of a further inquisition, began now to exact at the hands of the poor *Medes* a greater prey than wherein they could satisfy their avarice, hunting after that which was not there to be had, and seeking, as it were, to extort fire out of water. They would not be persuaded but that the guiltless souls had reserved unto themselves some greater treasure. Denial might not acquit them, nor entreaty save them from tortures, so that, hav-

ing already passed some, to them were threatened other and greater, except they would promise what (poor wretches) they could not perform.

But in the end this devilish device of the *Assyrians* hastened their own mischief,<sup>46</sup> who, thus dreaming of hidden treasure, for search thereof had scattered themselves, without any one man remaining aboard, into every corner of the island. When in the meantime *Arbaces* and his fellow, remembering how hardly they had been hampered and were still endangered under those ungrateful men whom they had even now so much<sup>47</sup> enriched, taking therefore that time as fit opportunity to avoid their menaces, boarded the unmanned ship of *Sorares* and, cutting the cables, launch out at the pleasure of the winds and the waves.

The *Assyrians* anon (contrary to their expectations) perceiving their ship afloat, ran like mad men up and down the shore, where by outward signs and sorrowful gestures<sup>48</sup> they signified such apparent motions of their perplexed minds that even the two *Medes*, experienced of the self-same distress and moved with compassion towards the ungrateful people, endeavored in all they possibly might to return back again into<sup>49</sup> their succor; but all in vain—do what they might, contrary winds resisted their merciful meaning, carrying them quite away with an invaluable freight of that treasure which (as before) had chiefly procured all their troubles, whom we leave safely to arrive in *Sarmatia*, and *Sorares* with his covetous *Assyrians* shut up in the barren island, as meritorious possessors of so miserable a possession. Of all which, of their success, and of other not impertinent accidents, remaineth as followeth.<sup>50</sup>





# THE TIS

## CHAPTER VII

*Atys and Abynados embark themselves in quest of Sorares their father; their arrival at a castle in Scythia; how they are there terrified and entertained.*

### *Calamus secundus*

In this meanwhile, after that *Zamieis* his imperial fleet (except that ship of *Sorares*) was arrived in *Assyria*, albeit the vanquishing of the *Bactrians* moved a common mirth to all, yet the lack of *Sorares* and his company caused peculiar<sup>1</sup> moan to some, and that especially to *Atys* and *Abynados*, two brave youths, the sons of the same *Sorares*, whom at his departure to the *Bactrian* wars he had left at *Nineveh*.

These two youthful gentlemen and brethren took the miss of their father with such impatience that neither enticed with their pleasant welfare at home nor dreading whatsoever dangers might happen them abroad, nor yet dissuaded by any their dearest friends, did voluntarily vow themselves to continual travels, until either they should hear tidings of the life or death of their father or at the leastwise their own days should be determined in such travel.<sup>2</sup>

In this purpose, therefore, accompanied with an aged uncle of theirs called *Orchamus*, and divers *Assyrian* gentlemen whose friends were also missing, in a well-pavised\* ship they launch from *Nineveh*;<sup>3</sup> and having sailed through many seas were now entered into that channel whereas the river *Arexes*, leaving the sea *Caspium*, doth glide by

\* Well defended with pavises or shields, forming a continuous protective screen around the sides of the ship.

the deserts of *Scythia*. Here on the top of an hill they descry an ancient castle, and minding there (as in divers other places before) to learn tidings of that whereunto their travel tended, they came ashore. And whilst [the rest were]<sup>4</sup> otherwise busied, *Atys* and *Abynados* went unto and entered the castle, wherein they found no living creature, but yet, respecting the small ostentation and curiosity of that nation, bravely furnished with all things necessary.

At the last, entering into an inner room as it were a parlor, in the middle whereof on an hearth was a great fire, looking up by chance into the roof they espy hanging smoke-dried three quarters of a man, as it seemed to them not long before so dismembered.<sup>5</sup> What might be deemed of this monstrous spectacle they stand not to descant; neither durst they hazard to stay the enquiry, but esteem it better policy to fear and fly what they did not yet feel than to feel what they did fear and might fly. And therefore, such was their posthaste to be gone and so great their fear in running away that though to others they ran as harts, yet to themselves they crept as snails, thinking every threshold a thicket and every rush a ridge in their way. But whilst they thus scud in their amazedness, at the foot of the hill they were encountered by the lord of the castle, waited upon with a number of servants, some of them loaden with sundry beasts by them newly chased in those deserts. The affrighted gentlemen being now come into the presence of the *Scythian* lord (at whose hands they only expected some rare tyranny, not looking amongst those barbarous people, specially in that place, to find at all any civil entertainment) were by him nevertheless courteously saluted; and at length, more upon importunate

entreaty on his part than any willingness of their own (for his fair speech might not shake off their fearful conjectures), for that night entertained his guests.<sup>6</sup>

### CHAPTER VIII

*Of the pitiful penance of a most beautiful lady in the same castle, and somewhat of the temperance, frugality, and manners of the Scythians.*

When the *Scythians* had (according to their cookery) dighted the venison they had killed, and that the *Scythian* lord had sat a small while at supper,<sup>7</sup> he rose up suddenly, unlocking a strong door opening into that parlor, and then sitteth him down again at the table. Anon after this came forth a lady most richly attired, in gesture so comely, in countenance so lovely, in face so amiable, and in every lineament so proportionable<sup>8</sup> that nature might not possibly work more beauty in any creature, or any creature better become such largesse of nature; howbeit, as the hanging up of a net directly against the sun doth partly obscure the brightness of his beams, so pensiveness seemed somewhat to diminish the featured regards of his beautiful paragon.

Hard by was provided a sideboard, and there (having made low curtesy) she sitteth her down, presently whereupon her mess was furnished only with two or three broiled collops cut from off the dead man his quarters; and before her was set water in the skull. Then one of the servants taking a rib out of a box, poundeth the same very small, and putteth it into the water. Better or other victuals than these (sweet soul) she got not; and albeit her<sup>9</sup> appetite disdained so loathsome a diet, yet either must she thus feed or else pine without food, so that rather enfee-

bling than filling her weak stomach with these dainties, she sheddeth more tears than the quantity of water she drinketh, and feedeth as sparingly as her fare was homely, for soon was she satisfied and as suddenly put again under lock by her over-ungentle jailer.

No marvel though *Alys* and *Abynados* were now afresh drowned in their dumps, and had small liking to their meat, who, not yet freed of their former fear, saw new occasions of greater dread. They pity the lady and doubt their own safety, wishing her at large and themselves out of jeopardy; for (think they) seeing this tyrant handleth thus ungently so goodly<sup>10</sup> a lady, making the murdered carcasses meat for those whom he hath reserved to further misery, what shall become of us wretches? How are we entrapped, and what death hath he for us prepared?

The *Scythian* lord, perceiving by their outward shows their inward fear, cheereth them up with courteous welcome, saying, "Gentlemen, you (perhaps), accustomed to fare more finely,<sup>11</sup> cannot acquaint yourselves to feed here so coarsely;<sup>12</sup> yet we that are the chiefest in *Scythia* do covet no better, and could be contented with worse, not esteeming anything or any more to be needful, but only that and so much as is presently necessary. Full furnished tables (say we) breed feeble surfeits, but mean repasts make healthful persons. We know that few things sufficeth nature, that superfluity is a mere vanity, that over much meat sotteth the senses, that heavy cups make light heads, that curious cooks make careful masters, that prodigality endeth in beggary, and that gluttony is opposite to virtue. And yet (alas) what fowl flieth, what fish swimmeth, or what beast paceth that man burieth not within his bowels? Howbeit man that so often devoureth death in other crea-

tures is himself at length by death devoured. With others, change of services and costly entertainment is an occasion of seldom meetings, slender familiarity, and therefore small friendship; but with us welcome covereth the board, temperance marshaleth the dishes, and friendly acceptance setteth on the voider;\* and only he whosoever that seeketh a sumptuous host is in *Scythia* accounted a saucy guest. As for dainty food or any like effeminacy, it is as rare here as elsewhere common. The thieves affright us not for our money, the moths harm not our wardrobes, the wasps waste not our junkets, neither make we our stomachs apothecary's shops; but hunger maketh all meats to us right savory, and thirst sheer water as pleasant as *nectar*. We feed for the most part but of one dish, and that not very dainty. We use but one coat and that not very costly, and possess but one house, and that (as you see) homely. Yea, and I speak now of the best, not of the most that lack of thus well and yet like as well, not wanting anything that content themselves with everything, poverty yielding us this advantage: that whereas for wealth other nations be invaded with war, the lack thereof keepeth us at home in peace. Neither fear we to fight, if occasion shall serve; for although we shun all causes of controversy, yet know we how to revenge proffered injuries, and that can all *Asia* well witness, whom our bows have made three times unto us tributary."<sup>13</sup>

All this while the two brethren continue dismayed, by reason of the sights they had lately beheld, taking small delight in those his speeches; whereupon their gentle host brake off his former argument and spake to his guests as followeth.

\* The voider was a tray or basket, either for gathering dirty dishes or scraps or for passing sweetmeats. (*N.E.D.*)

## CHAPTER IX

*The Scythian lord reporteth his sometimes love towards Thetis, the foresaid lady; his choleric invective against the levity and vanity of women.*

“Were it not (gentlemen) that I myself am partly privy to some sufficient cause of your sadness, I would endeavor to prescribe you medicine for melancholy;<sup>14</sup> but, trust me, myself a stranger in another place as you are here, and seeing that which you have here seen, could not but imagine and fear as much as you have feared.<sup>15</sup> But the reason why I have suffered these your dumps and not resolved your doubts was because I gladly would have overpassed mine own sorrows in silence.”<sup>16</sup> Herewithal the water stood in his eyes, and adding a small pause to the shedding of a few tears he thus proceedeth:

“You shall understand (quoth he) that the cursed owner of yonder same dismembered quarters was evermore to me and mine a vowed enemy,<sup>17</sup> by whom I often received much scathe, but could never acquit myself of his envy. Know ye also that the same lady whom you beheld even now in this place was (without superstition be it spoken) the adored goddess of mine amorous devotions, the imperious mistress of my subjected<sup>18</sup> heart, and the only she that held me in loyalty, whose beauty was my bliss, whose sweet countenance was my sole comfort, and to whom more than to my own self I lived. Shall I tell you? For her sake was I patient of all labors, venturous of all dangers, careless of all cost,<sup>19</sup> and desperate of all deaths; for in love is nothing diffcile, but as the hunter plith his hounds, the falconer his hawks, and the fisher his angle, forgetting the pain through delight of the pastime, so the lover prosecuteth his love, esteeming all labors and troubles but

trifles in respect of the inning\* hope of his amorous harvest. What shall I say—so pleasant and steadfast was our mutual love, until on her part violated, that it might have been made a question whether of us was the lover or which the beloved, our two hearts being (as it were) to either body common. But light wantons are often overfirmly fantasied; trust hath the fairest tract leading to treason; and in security we soonest find sorrows.<sup>20</sup>

“This younker (whose guile hath been thus rewarded with a deserved guerdon), when now no farther hope was left for the exercise of his malicious madness against me, applied then mine own weapons to work unto my self wounds, solliciting secretly by loving, nay lustful, tables this wicked woman. Wicked may I well term her, and woman, for that text is an apt *etymologia*.\*\* Ah, gentlemen, or ever I pass to my penance, which will be the ripping up of *Thetis* her inconstancy, either suffer me to chew upon my melancholy and so (perhaps) choke, or else to give passage to my choler so, haply, to ease mine heart with a chafe, which chafe I wish may be to you a caution, as the cause thereof is to me a corrasive; for though *Thetis* is not every woman, yet followeth it not but that any woman may prove a *Thetis*, and then such women might justly be termed monsters in nature,<sup>21</sup> as some (how cunningly or curiously I judge not) do philosophically<sup>22</sup> note them. But what talk I of their natures that can tell much more of their manners? O, that I had been more careful in avoiding their company, and less cunning in deciphering their conditions. What else are they (I accuse not all, and may not excuse a many) but inevitable plagues, con-

\* Gathering in, as of grain; harvesting.

\*\* I.e., woe-man.

venient nuisances,<sup>23</sup> natural temptations, coveted calamities, household hostility, and delectable detriments, whom we cannot want without offense to the gods, nor hold without damage to our own persons? If she be fair, she is wooed and readily checketh; if foul, she woeth and ever choketh. Good wine lacketh not tasters, nor fair women suitors; with an easy price and an ivy bush bad wine also is uttered. If she be poor, then overchargeable to him that shall keep her, and then she flincheth; if rich, overcurious for him that shall have<sup>24</sup> her, and then she fleeceth. Her hair bought, her gestures enforced, her looks premeditated, her back bolstered, her breasts and middle splinted, and then is she in fashion, when most out of fashion.<sup>25</sup> Besides her attire, eyes hath she to entice, tears to excuse, looks to attract, smiles to flatter, embracements to provoke, resistance to yield, frowns to delay, becks to recall, lips to enchant, kisses to inflame, and all these to poison, applying to<sup>26</sup> every member and motion a several art. She prieth in her glass like an ape to prank her in her gauds like a puppet; but being pruned as she presumeth to the purpose, yet doth she but hurt nature with art, and mar form with fashion, and is like to the glow worm that is bright in the dark and black in the daytime.<sup>27</sup> She discovereth that sometimes willingly which she would seem to have done unadvisedly; she promiseth one thing and performeth another; professeth chastity but practiseth the contrary. Love her and you lose her, make strange and you win her; offer and she disdaineth, deny and she dieth; praise her and she pranketh, despise her and she pouteth; but (O devil) if taken tardy, then her tongue uttereth such art that either she avoideth cunningly the suspicion or leaveth the matter doubtful in suspense. Tears hath she at com-



mandment, and those of two sorts, weeping often for anger and seldom for sorrow. Of her two extremes, love and hate, her love is a minute but her hate a monument. As readily doth she leave as rashly she doth love, being as prone to mutability as desirous of variety, changing for pleasure but choosing for profit. And if at one time she hath twenty sundry clients, she can<sup>28</sup> please each man with a contrary countenance, and dismiss them all at her pleasure, having sotted their senses and soaked them of their substance. For small goodness, she claimeth great commendations, but for great evil hateth any controlment; having charge over all, she complaineth of servitude; being abridged of part, she exclaimeth of mistrust. If she be wise (at the least in her own conceit) then with a precise singularity she will overrule all; if foolish, then through<sup>29</sup> a peevish simplicity she will not be ruled at all; either too bravely minded, or too basely mannered, opinionate and cumbersome.<sup>30</sup> Politicly is she won, and peevishly is she lost; either doth not the rich man's dalliances feed her diet, or the poor man's diet fit her dalliances; evermore imperious, impatient, importunate, self-willed, thankless, and full of revenge. Shun (young men), I say shun (except out of golden cups you will drink poisoned draughts), to be guests in the guiles of these sweet-sour panthers; otherwise make account to find them such wayward fools to please, and such foolish wantons being pleased, that if in winning they did travel you, in wearing they will utterly tire you. But see, lavish fellow, how rashly my tongue runneth<sup>31</sup> counter? and overmuch choler (I fear me) hath so mistempered my wits that it is doubtful whether I have used *decorum* in words. If, therefore, any modest matron, wife, or maiden were here<sup>32</sup> present and would not pardon

my glib tongue in respect of my galled heart (for losers should have leave to chafe), then would I contentedly bear a faggot for any probable heresy.<sup>33</sup>

#### CHAPTER X

*He sheweth by what means lust breedeth, increaseth, and what it affecteth.*

“This my digression, gentlemen (quoth the *Scythian* lord), hath longer detained your teeth from your victuals than the discourse itself might have displeased your ears for the villainy; yet would I borrow your patience a little farther, for as I have spoken somewhat of the infirmity of the feminine sex, so would I briefly touch the impiety of lust, by both which I have been wronged, and by both which you may be warned.<sup>34</sup>

“From this fretting frenzy, though of most vile and base condition, neither the mighty potentate nor the mean peasant, or scarce any of either sex, have been or be exempted.<sup>35</sup> And the reason why it so easily overcometh and so extremely outrageth is for that it leadeth men even with willing cords to the pleasant court of vanity,<sup>36</sup> being guarded thither by conduct of abundance and prosperity, in which court gluttony doth diet them, lechery doth chamber them, pride doth apparel them, sloth doth accompany them, and folly in all things followeth their humors. But whilst tediousness doth here persuade that none may come to heaven unless barefooted upon sharp thorns,<sup>37</sup> security driveth on his sleepy chariot and bringeth them to hell as it were on soft featherbeds. Like as fire worketh wood altogether into fire, so lust wholly alienateth man into lasciviousness; for if once it entereth the eye, it anon scaleth the head, and at length sacketh the heart.

And then (alas) the heart by degrees delighteth, consenteth, fulfilleth, continueth, confirmeth, commendeth, and not (but too too late) repenteth the act.<sup>38</sup> Which lascivious passion,<sup>39</sup> besides that it bringeth wealth to want, it also effeminates the mind, enfeebleth the body, slandereth the person, and endangereth the soul; yea, it leaveth the body in such debility that it maketh the same altogether unapt to any good action, and so infecteth the mind that it utterly disharboareth even the least motion to amendment, so that body, mind, and man become wholly vicious; it<sup>40</sup> having forerunners heat and wantonness, companions scurrility and uncleanness, pursuers grief and repentance; whose matter is gluttony, whose flame is pride, whose sparkles is ribaldry, whose smoke is infamy, whose embers is filthiness, and whose ashes is heaven's loss and hell's purchase.<sup>41</sup> And albeit the pleasure passeth away in a trice, no sooner done but forgotten, and the punishment be permanent, yet so delightful is the present sweet that we never remember the following sour. It resteth then that I advertise you of tried medicine to apply to this untoward malady.<sup>42</sup>

## CHAPTER XI

### *He prescribeth rules against lasciviousness*

“Believe me, my guests,<sup>43</sup> for the avoiding both the mischief itself and the inconvenience growing thereby, six rules are especially to be observed as maxims. The first whereof is sobriety in diet, for it is often seen that in wine many things are done unadvisedly, saturity\* working access to verity;<sup>44</sup> and they have been at a wanton

\* Saturation, satiety.

banquet willingly conquered that but even now disdained parley with the assailant.

“The second is some bodily labor or studious exercise in some honest action, whereby is prevented all such lewd toys and vain meditations whereunto the mind (never but well or evilly<sup>45</sup> occupied) is easily enticed; for idleness is to a living man a sepulcher, but labor is the mind’s medicine. The third is decentness in attire and outward ornaments, the which we are to use for cold, not for color — as coverings of our nakedness, not as allurements to licentiousness. For why? To intend is to trespass, to will is to work, and externally to give occasion is dangerous.<sup>46</sup>

“The fourth is discreetly to restrain the liberty of our senses, not so to look on the sun that we dim our eyes with the brightness, not so to touch the berry that we draw blood with the briar, not so to taste honey that we be stung of the bee, not so to hear melody that we neglect modesty, nor so to smell sweet odors that we scent not unsavory orders; but so to see, touch, taste, hear, and smell the enticing lullabies of beauty and flattering preparatives to Venus that by forecasting the inconvenience we may the easilier escape the mischief, for repentance was never but a loser.

“The fifth is, seldom words, and those with sobriety; not by evil speeches to corrupt good manners, for what contenteth the ear, to that readily consenteth the heart. And because (if for no other cause) he that is still accustomed to speak ill is by good reason suspected not to do well, ribaldry is therefore not slightly to be reprovèd. For well it is said that the mind’s image is the tongue, and sometimes of words spoken but in merriment have proceeded occasions working to a mischief.

“The sixth and last is, to conquer opportunity whensoever we are offered the executing of our purposed lewdness. For albeit we find the person pliant to perform, the place apt for performance, and the time convenient for performing, yet at that very instant should we remember that we ought not to do all that we would, nor so much as we may, but only that which is lawful and honest. Otherwise, wherein differ we from unreasonable creatures?<sup>47</sup> But (my good guests),<sup>48</sup> for so much as I cannot but confess that this inordinate petulancy, delightful evil, and sweet poison, lust, is far more easy to be controlled of all than corrected of any one, as an infirmity of our corrupt flesh,<sup>49</sup> and the opposite thereof more current in praise than conversant in practice, I will therefore here lay a straw, and proceed to the matter from which I have thus far digressed.

## CHAPTER XII

*Of Thetis her disloyalty, and by what chance the Scythian lord escaped the unsuspected conspiracy of her and Armatrites.*

“*Armatrites* and *Thetis* (for *Armatrites* was his name) what by sending and resending of often tables and tokens (as I began to tell you), had concluded upon their dishonest enterprise, and making sure of mine absence, had many meetings at this my castle, where not simply contenting themselves with acted lust, they had also plotted how to have murdered me.<sup>50</sup> The night came wherein my death was determined, in which stratagem disloyal *Thetis* should have done execution. But as we lay abed amorously toying,<sup>51</sup> she suddenly fetched a deep sigh, great plenty of tears then also bursting from out her eyes; whereat I no less amazed than grieved, as he that esteemed

himself so long distempered whilst I thought<sup>52</sup> her in anything disturbed, making my preparative with a pair or leash of kisses, did earnestly demand the cause of such her passions; but she, not able of a long time to utter any word for weeping, at length, clasping her arms about mine<sup>53</sup> neck and repaying my kisses with more than double interest, shifted me off with this sleeveless answer.

“ ‘My loving lord (quoth she),<sup>54</sup> for so much as to disclose the cause of these mine extraordinary tears, the which privately concern mine own self and nothing at all touch you, would be but the new remembrance of an old sorrow, the which by silence may be in time suppressed, by recital in memory the deeper impressed; may it therefore please you of pardon in that I am unwilling to rehearse that which I would (if it might be) so willingly forget.’

“I, being blinded with love and overtaken with her dalliances, and not minding then<sup>55</sup> to urge her any farther than should stand with her own contentment, questioned<sup>56</sup> her no longer as touching this matter; but for that I perceived her mind to be perplexed, I myself was wonderfully disquieted, and so lay musing of all that night without sleeping any one wink. And (believe me), if ever any man were beholding to sorrow, then I of all other have best cause to commend sorrow, for it<sup>57</sup> kept me awake and waking alive. For albeit her mischievous mind (I wot not how relenting) did seem now almost reclaimed from such her murderous intent, yet (as she herself afterwards confessed) her new and irrevocable zeal to *Armatrites* had so over-mastered reason that, after a long combat betwixt pity<sup>58</sup> and cruelty, as she that would not have attempted anything to the annoying of me could she

otherwise have attained to the enjoying of him, was fully resolved to have finished my life, if haply of all that night she had taken me napping. But I, not doubting at all any such wrong measure, having overnight appointed with my huntsmen to be early stirring, as soon therefore as day appeared, taking a lover's leave an hundred times at her lips, leaving her abed, departed towards the woods,<sup>59</sup> where, by a strange chance (as I shall now tell you),<sup>60</sup> I got intelligence of such their false packing.

### CHAPTER XIII

*How the Scythian lord by the rude salutation of Armatrites his concubine understood of the evil that was practiced against him.*

“*Armatrites* had a very beautiful concubine, who (I know not by what means), finding out the new haunt that her sweetheart used to *Thetis*, and seeing herself to be now scanted of that pleasure which before time she possessed,<sup>61</sup> when by no means she could entice home again *Armatrites*, waxed then stark mad with anger; and not minding to die in his debt that so discourteously had given her the gleeck, but envying alike both him and his new choices,<sup>62</sup> sought opportunity to revenge herself<sup>63</sup> on them both. Not far had I gone but that I met her posting toward this place, and with these homely salutations she began our acquaintance:<sup>64</sup>

“‘Think not, thou wittol (quoth she), that thy gay titles or thine authority in these parts<sup>65</sup> shall so hinder my tongue but that I dare to inform<sup>66</sup> thee a troth. How cometh it to pass that thou which art so zealous in doing justice abroad art now so partial in winking on vices at home?<sup>67</sup> If the law maker may also be a law breaker, it will be to small purpose that I accuse thee of the often

meetings of *Armatrites* and *Thetis* at thy castle;<sup>68</sup> but if the breach of law in the magistrate is more offensive than in the mean subject (for that by his course the unskilful company are chiefly directed), then tell me (thou pandar) how canst thou excuse thyself of injustice or avoid the reproach of this trumpery? What, is it possible that the ancient enmity so long time continued betwixt *Armatrites* and thee should thus suddenly be grown to so familiar an atonement, as that thou canst be contented not only of an old foe to make a new friend, but also so kind hearted as to hold *Thetis* with him in common,<sup>69</sup> thou challenging thy property by night, and he chambering her as properly by day? It is (belike) his office to keep her warm in bed, whilst thou (for thy head as warrantable as thy game)<sup>70</sup> art hunting abroad. And lookest thou, man, so grim as if thou wert offended I should charge thee so deeply? Dost thou blush, as if but even now ashamed of the bawdry? Or art thou dumb, as thou wouldst plead ignorance in a matter so manifest? If thou art offended, I am careless of thy displeasure; if ashamed, it is not without good occasion; if thou hast been or didst counterfeit to be ignorant, now say not but thou art sufficiently warned. Yea, so warned that even now the time serveth for trial<sup>71</sup> of this that I have told thee. What, therefore, doth let (unless thou art well enough pleased with such patchery), to proceed in punishment against so detestable harlots? Oh, that I had the slitting of the strumpet's nose, and these nails of mine the scratching out of both<sup>72</sup> their eyes.'

#### CHAPTER XIV

*How the Scythian, taking tardy the lechers, dealeth by either.*

“Whilst she yet persisted in harping forth this and such like untuneable harmony, I neither rashly crediting the



unsuspected accusation, neither yet obstinately yielding to the partiality of mine own affection, leaving her in the middle of this her mad music, returned home long or ever I was looked for, and rushing suddenly into [the]<sup>73</sup> chamber I found the naughty packs in bed together. They,<sup>74</sup> perceiving me and being evil apaid\* of the presence of so boisterous a chamberlain, began to rear themselves upright in the bed. But as *Armatrites* sat hanging down his head, as it were dead in the nest, not so much ashamed of the beastly fact wherewithal he was taken, as fearing the disadvantage whereunto his evil fortune had now brought him, I at one sweep pared off his head, even at<sup>75</sup> his sweetheart's side. She looking for the like, and I meaning no less, sitting bathed in the gushing-out blood of her paramour, and bitterly bewailing the breach of her loyalty towards me, did of her own accord constantly humble herself to die, offering her naked breast to be pierced of my threatening weapon. But had I the heart (think you) to bestow my weapon in that beautiful bosom of hers which I accounted even now the increase of my solace and decrease of my sorrows? No, no (howsoever you think my head worthy or unworthy the arming), yet will I not omit a verity: thrice my heart fully purposed her death, and thrice mine hand wielded the weapon to have bereft her of life, but thrice both heart and hand fainted and failed in performance thereof. In the end, casting down my partial weapon and withdrawing myself into another chamber, after that I had a good while deliberated of the matter and over-childishly lamented the manner, I resolved upon this determination—that is, that the miserable woman should still live, detesting nevertheless utterly to dispense with her lewdness; and therefore, for punish-

\* Contented, pleased (*N.E.D.*).

ment I enjoined her this penance, never to taste any other sustenance, until time she hath buried within her own bowels the whole carcass of her libidinous paramour. This penance in my displeasure have I unadvisedly vowed, and this vow at more leisure have I repented, for the suffering is not greater to her than the sight thereof grievous to me;<sup>76</sup> but forasmuch as vows made to the gods are not to be revoked at the discretion of men, I esteem it better that she by correction become hereafter penitent than that I by infringing my oath, and she by escaping unpunished, become either of us reprobate."

Thus the *Scythian* lord, with wet cheeks, finished his tale, and *Atys* and *Abynados* were freed of further dread, though not a little grieved of so amiable a lady her infelicity.

But after their honorable host had frankly given in commandment that the emptied<sup>77</sup> bowls should be plentifully controlled, and that the wine with often quaffing had now animated their courages, in the end the personable proportion of *Thetis* was rather wantonly remembered than her penance by them with any extraordinary pity regarded.<sup>78</sup> And to conclude,<sup>79</sup> what with long watching and deep drinking sufficient quarrel being ministered to the pillow, each man did sacrifice to the god of *Ebona*, under the harmless protection of whose drowsy deity I now leave them.

But if any shall inquire farther as concerning *Thetis*, my answer must then relish after the oracle at *Delphos*, that evermore left the certainty of things to uncertain events, and howsoever it happened with or contrary to expectation, yet still the event made good the oracle. It may be, and perhaps not, that hereafter ye may hear

more of *Thetis*, until when, take what I tender for a full<sup>80</sup> payment, and what I thus promise as a desperate debt.<sup>81</sup>

In the meantime, being desirous to keep others waking, with some exercise that may haply tend to their solace, whilst I leave *Alys* and *Abynados* sleeping, as the best remedy for their surfeits, I shall make recital of some matters canvased a shipboard, whilst they two are thus entertained of the *Scythian*.



# BELOPARES

## CHAPTER XIV

*How the absence of Atys and Abynados, causing their friends a shipboard to doubt of their safety, occasioned them to speak of the incommodities of seafaring and travel.*

### *Calamus tertius*

The long tarriance of *Atys* and *Abynados*, being thus entertained at the castle, caused those in the ship diversely to descant of the matter, every man giving a several verdict as touching the presumed cause of their absence; and by how much they were assured of the fierce manners of the *Scythians*, by so much they feared the safety of the two brethren. But taking the whole company of the soldiers and sailors aboard to their natural rest, you shall be partakers only of the communication that passed between the master, the master's mate, and the pilot, whilst these three, not upon any necessary constraint but of their voluntary consent, undertook to furnish the watch for that night in their own persons.

The moon wanted nothing of her [perfect]<sup>1</sup> light, the clearness of the sky and brightness of the stars adding as it were a second moon in the firmament; tempestuous *Orion* threatened no storm, neither was any air or element contrary to<sup>2</sup> a general calm. These comforts, being in part counterchecks against the discomfortable<sup>3</sup> conjectures of the three careful watchmen, moved them, in walking all the night up and down on the hatches, to discourse many arguments, and participate divers strange adventures. And after the ripping up of many dangers, distresses, and shipwrecks which themselves before time had hardly escaped, the evil fortune of *Sorares* and his

company, after whom they were then to enquire, with the present absence of *Atys* and *Abynados*, then newly missing, did give occasion unto the master's mate to burst out into these speeches:

“My poor parents (quoth he), dying long ago, left me to the wide world, a raw thing God wot, and very young, without either wealth, friends, or wit. So that being left in this dangerous estate, I continued many years as desperate a race, and had I not chanced by haphazard, before my too much liberty had made me ripe for the rope, to have gotten into a galley, I had (no doubt) ere this day with the price of my neck paid tribute to the gallows. And therefore considering that I have begun seafaring in youth childishly, have practised since desperately, and must now continue it of necessity, I need not greatly blush though I speak somewhat against mine own profession, to the practice whereof I have been thus by chance-medley constrained; but were mine ability such that I could live and leave it, as I am forward to disable and mislike it, I would sooner make choice to live in a poor cottage within the compass of one small village than accept (if it might be) a charter to compass the great and rich ocean.<sup>4</sup> But leaving to speak of myself, I cannot muse enough at those wild younglings or witless fondlings whom neither the affairs of their prince or country compelleth, want of liberty at home constraineth, lack of maintainence enforceth, traffic abroad occasioneth, hope of profit enticeth, or any other necessary cause procureth thereunto, can notwithstanding be contented to leave their native country and parents in whom and by whom they have been bred and fostered, their wife and children unto whom they are by law and nature united, their friends and kinsfolk at whose hands

they are to receive counsel and comfort, and in strange countries to consume that their livelihood and substance which themselves, living, might with joy possess, and, dead, their posterity should by law inherit. Being only carried away with a fond desire to view unknown nations and curious monuments, setting forwards jollity but sailing forth in jeopardy, launching out in their ruffs but haling in in their rags—yea, they are ignorant that when after this order they fraught the ship with their wealth, they unballast their heads of wit, exchanging their warm gowns for cold jacks, their soft pillows for hard couches, their sweet chambers for stinking cabins, their brave walks for the bleak hatches, their sweet wine for stale water, and their fine dainties for gross diets. If sickness falleth (which seldom faileth), physicians love not the seas, and therefore physic not to be found in ships; as for surgeons, their skill is in wounds, but not in urines, so that the poor patient hath (perhaps) leave to live as long as he may, and no man letteth him to die as soon as he will;<sup>5</sup> and then as the sea is his sepulcher, so perchance a rascal's purse is his treasury. Neither doth so happy an end as this happen to all, for sometimes the ship runneth aground, and then both ship and man perish; sometimes it lighteth on a rock, and then speed they no better; sometimes they are boarded by pirates, and then it happeneth them worsen; sometimes through long tempest, victuals consume and they famish; sometimes a storm driveth them perforce upon the coasts of their enemies, who either make them bondslaves or (which is rather to be wished) dispatch them with torments. Sometimes are they cast ashore, either in deserts where wild beasts devour them, or else among such people as make food of their carcasses; some-

times the meeting billows do clean overwhelm them; sometimes the following waves do quite overturn them; and evermore a thin board only is betwixt them and perishing, so that what with these, and many such lamentable accidents, they are continually endangered, the fear much more tormenting than the death itself would be grievous. And yet (forsooth) all these notwithstanding, some in a bravery must sail unto *Memphis*, there to view the *pyramids*; some unto *Babylon*, to see the wall of *Semiramis*; some unto *Caria*, to gaze on *Mansolus* his tomb; some unto *Ephesus*, to behold the temple of *Diana*; some unto the isle *Pharos*, to<sup>6</sup> the tower *Pharos*; some unto *Olympia*, to<sup>7</sup> the ivory image of *Jupiter*; some unto *Rhodes*, to<sup>8</sup> the monstrous statue of *Phoebus*; some into one country and some into another, and all in the end returning (if ever they return) more bitten with their expenses than bettered by their experience; over-mastered by strange manners, that could not be masters of their own affections. For as they wilfully leave their friends and country, so (which often happeneth) unwittingly they forsake their gods and religion. If in *Assyria* they adored *Adad* and *Adargatin*, in *Babylon* *Belus*, and in *Chaldea* *Orimasda*, the same must worship in *Egypt* *Osiris* and *Isis*, in *Persia* *Mithra*, in *Ausonia* *Faunus*, in *Mesopotamia* or *Hebron* a god called *Jehovah*; and as in these, so amongst each sundry people must a peculiar god be adored, so that let them account of the rest to be but toys and trifles, yet this cannot be but a<sup>9</sup> scruple to their consciences. And as after this manner their religion is altered, so in like sort their manners prove alienated, being inforced or rather easily enticed to apply their behaviour according to the several places of their present abode: in *Persia* to revel



in bravery, else no man for their company; in *Scythia* to live over beggarly, else too proud for their society; in *Arabia* to follow *venery*, else excluded their familiarity—to be short, in *Parthia* they must vomit with drinking; in *Thracia* live by filching; in *Lydia* practice gaming; in *Sybaria* sleep and idleness; in *Caspia* cruelty and dissembling, etc. Neither is it an easy matter to pacify their native gods,<sup>10</sup> whose worshipping they have thus estranged, or to leave those vices which with such facility they have learned; but rather it is to be doubted that by the first they shall be unwillingly cast behind, whilst by the latter they are willingly overtaken. For vanity which is sought for so eagerly is not shaken off so easily, virtue seeming painful and therefore rejected even in the bloom, but vice pleasant and therefore affected even in the fruit. Neither are these all the evils that grow by such travels, for this unadvised venturer, at home return, of a chapman becometh a merchant, using in his own country outlandish utterance, there to make return of his far-fetched vices.<sup>11</sup> And as one rotten sheep infecteth be it never so great a flock, so one new-fangled traveller im-poisoneth be it never so many folk. And therefore it followeth that such travelling is harmful to the traveler himself, hurtful to others, and . . .”

## CHAPTER XV

*How the master approveth seafaring and travel to be commodious and commendable, the pilot qualifying the controversy, etc.*

“Nay<sup>12</sup> (quoth the master, intercepting his words), we have enough and too much of your ands and ifs, unless marhalled after a better order. Why, how now, *Belopares* (so was his name), hast thou thyself confessed that the

galley saved thee from the gallows, and yet wilt thou deliver so badly of seafarers? Art thou a sailor and yet of sailors a scorner? And do the seas bring thee thy living and the same also breed thy misliking? Trust me, hadst thou hidden thy base pedigree, yet should we have conceived in our minds what we had not received in our ears.<sup>13</sup> Thou oughtest (*Belopares*) to observe that, as men are born under diverse planets, so are they of diverse dispositions, not all (ywis) tender-hearted *Venerians*, nor slow-backed *Saturnists*, but some are valiant-minded *Jovialists*, and others wise emprizing *Mercurialists*, etc., who with their valor can make each climate their country, or with their wisdom shift warily in every company, or else (if the worst<sup>14</sup> fall) conquer cross fortune with magnanimity. Thou sayest they leave great felicity at home, and commit themselves to much misery abroad, reckoning that for a folly which indeed is a rare virtue; for what greater virtue than to despise enchanting pleasures —I mean pomp and riches, the nurses of sensuality —which be either got by wrong, spent by riot, kept with care, consumed by envy, or lost by casualties, so that (if comparison should be made) I might prove that the seas are not more displeasing for perils than the land perilous for pleasures, to attain and maintain which pleasures what mischiefs may be numbered that are not there attempted? Men there for the most part are either idle, and so utterly unprofitable, or else neither idle nor<sup>15</sup> well occupied. Some fall to banquets with the appurtenances, and some to bickering with the inconveniences. One blazeth the borrowed beauty of some *Circeis*; another deformeth himself with fashions. The usurer he fleeceth, if not flayeth, the gentleman; the gentleman he racketh, if not over-reacheth, the

farmer; the farmer he hoardeth and<sup>16</sup> hoisteth the markets. Every man shifteth for one, and that one sitteth on the skirts of some other, and himself in his own light. In few, the court wanteth not flatterers nor the city extortioners; the priest avarice, nor the laity ambition; the bars plaints, nor the benches delays; temples non-residents, nor theatres super-attendants; schools sects, nor laws quilllets;\* *hermaphrodites* maintenance, nor soldiers immunity; good men maligners, nor ill men bolsterers; cormorants cruelty, nor beggars impatience; the rich malice, nor the poor misery; brothels ribalds, nor prisons offenders; the devil work, nor the gallows use. And yet for brevity I omit a million of mischiefs whereof in the end, to their own prejudice, the actors only feel the accidents. Because, therefore, that beauty bewitcheth none but her busy inspectors, covetousness catcheth none but such as are hobbled with golden fetters, gluttony entertaineth none but current guests to his banquets, nor pride pranketh up any but intruding courtiers—seeing (I say) that by following the tract we fall into the trap, and by scenting the bait we swallow the bane: Have not those (think you) reason; are not they happy; nay, are not they to be honored, that eschewing these<sup>17</sup> mollifying instigations to vanity, and ensuing mortifying contemplations to eternity, loathe such security in brave cities and beautiful palaces, and like better a life solitary amidst the rough seas and wrestling surges, where their fair fingers are not (as occasion serveth) privileged the foul cables, so that their hands being exercised with labors their thoughts be not inveigled with idle fantasies, and the rather for that opportunity being taken away no hope remaineth here to practice what vainly they might

\* Quibbles.

purpose, but on the seas in a calm they use mirth with modesty, in a storm they pray patiently, and at all times live as if they should die hourly; and if any peril happen, then such peril (say I) prepareth saints to heaven, whereas pleasures (feel some) present<sup>18</sup> souls to hell? And yet (*Belopares*) let us not aggravate the danger otherwise than the case requireth, for as I cannot deny but that perils happen here sometime, so (if I shall speak no more than troth) I must say they chance but seldom. For which of us three, that have been sailors almost all our days, cannot already assure ourselves to die loaden with as many white hairs as commonly the oldest citizen that dieth not so much as having viewed the seas? Thou also givest out that they must worship new gods, and forsake their old religion; but I say that wise travellers pass by safe-conduct, and amongst their league friends are from those matters exempted, either keeping aloof from where they doubt in these things to be sifted, or else, being there rashly or violently arrived, matters may be avoided with such discretion that without prejudice to their gods or offense to their own consciences they may reverently pray in a strange temple to their known god whose altars are absent, and yet do no reverence at all to the unknown god whose image is present. For though there be necessity that they kneel by the shrine, yet is it not necessary that they kiss the saint. In zeal, not in show, consisteth devotion, and a speedy return is in such case the surest resistance; or if sifted beyond God's forbode, then a godly martyrdom is a glorious enlargement. Of whom, I pray you, should we censure well, if not of travellers?<sup>19</sup> I say not of land-leapers (whereof indeed there are not a few which leave their country not for the number of vices

which there abound, but for the misliking of a few virtues which they are neither willing nor able to obey, such as suck corruption as fast from the vicious as the toad poison from the earth), but I mean of men betaking themselves to painful travels<sup>20</sup> either by their prowess and activity (wanting the like occasion at home) to purchase renown, by their skill and venture to discover obscure people and places beneficial to themselves and commodious to their countries, or else upon any other good or the same intentions before remembered—yea, were it no more than to get experience, learn languages, or to avoid idleness—for such as are these men do not weigh their prosperity by the quantity of the external pleasures they forego, but by the quality of the eternal virtues they pursue. As for the sundry vices frequented in those countries by thee severally named, my answer is that out of bitter shells we have sweet kernels, that in one and the same place are had precedents both of vice and virtue, and one and the same man may be holpen or hindered by either example: the well-disposed traveller doth learn to imitate in the good their commendable qualities, and to abhor in the bad their condemnable manners, applying both precedents, good and bad, to one virtuous purpose. More might I say (*Belopares*), and more would I say, were it not that I know the laudable thing to be of sufficiency enough not only to contend, but also to defend itself, against all<sup>21</sup> detractions whatsoever; and therefore I conclude such a traveller is well advised at his going out, well amended at his returning home, profitable to himself, not prejudicial to others, but well meriting of all.”

“Stay,”<sup>22</sup> quoth the pilot (undertaking to be a stickler in the strife),<sup>23</sup> “here is a business (indeed) as if all the

seas were nothing but swallowing whirlpools, and all the shore nothing but consuming whirlwinds. But might I moderate your contention, you should divide this sentence betwixt you—that is,<sup>24</sup> that neither sea nor shore are less perilous the one than the other, and yet neither of both damnifying farther than is permitted by inevitable Destiny, or more truly God<sup>25</sup> the Giver and Guider of destinies, who having made both land, seas, and all therein, and with them us, hath (no doubt) reserved to himself the prerogative of a creator over his creatures, to dispose of all things after his own pleasure. Neither do I think there is any necessity that the traveller or any other violently become vicious, except the same voluntarily desist to be virtuous. Nevertheless, I dare not be curious in these matters<sup>26</sup> that cannot yield any absolute reason of the members, motions, and senses which I daily carry about me in mine own body, neither yet of a thousand things inferior to myself;<sup>27</sup> only let it suffice that we receive, and receiving let us be thankful to the gods that are the givers, and wholly to their significant and secret wills refer all our actions, lest, by being over-curious, from the moon we fall into the mire, and not only lose our labor but for presumption be punished with *Prometheus*. It shall be less necessary that we be well learned than that we have well lived, and he knoweth enough that knoweth himself not to know anything; and therefore (balking such labyrinths) suffer me, I pray you, to cut off your arguments with a familiar example or two not much impertinent to this your present controversy, whereof I myself have been no small part, and wherein (perhaps) mine experience may urge more<sup>28</sup> than all your arguments.

## CHAPTER XVI

*The pilot, to show how dangers are no less incident to men on the shore than at the seas, speaketh his own experience.*

“Whilst I was yet a lad, and kept in *India* with my father, I chanced to wander into a great desert not far from home, where childishly colting up and down, on a sudden a terrible lioness had caught me betwixt her paws. Well might I cry out for help, but not any creature was in way to hear. The lioness, having whelps<sup>29</sup> not far from the place where she had thus found me, and minding (belike) to have made a merry banquet amongst her young divels, haled me apace with [her]<sup>30</sup> churlish claws (wherewithal she pinched me shrewdly) towards her den. But see the chance: another fierce lioness happened to range that way, who, meeting betwixt that and home with my boisterous hostess and me her bloody guest, presuming at the least wise to be a partner if not a sole possessor of so delicate a booty, began to catch at my tail, thinking so by main force to have recovered me out of the other’s claws; but my first customer, loath to forego her carriage, one while standing upon me and another while traversing round about me, rescued me of<sup>31</sup> a long time by that means. In the end, either of them being so much the more eager by how much they both suffered for food, began so fiercely to assail each the<sup>32</sup> other that, through earnestness of fighting, they had withdrawn themselves from me a great distance of ground. I, seeing that, and (as young as I was not letting slip that advantage, fear making me forget how pitifully I was wounded) did start up in a trice and was gone in a turn, never daring to look behind me until I had gotten my father’s house over my<sup>33</sup> head, leav-

ing the two lions miserably tugging and one tearing another,<sup>34</sup> either of them purposing to have devoured me whilst [I]<sup>35</sup> (thankfully be it spoken) had thus happily deceived them both; of which hard escape, these scars (he shewed them scars) will be during my life mindful tokens. Thus have you heard how strangely my life was preserved on the land, and now shall you hear how miraculously I escaped death on the seas.

## CHAPTER XVII

*The pilot also reporteth a story of his experienced danger and distress on the seas.*

“The first and the worst voyage that ever I made was into *Cicyona*, to shew the horrors whereof words will rather seem difficle than matter defective. Three days we sailed with a favorable wind, but on the fourth arose as it were a foggy mist from out the seas; anon the blackness of the sky might not be seen for the darkness of the air. Dreadful flashes of lightning seemed to have fired the seas; terrible volleys of thunder threatened the shaking of the heavens and sundering of the earth; showers of rain poured down as if there should have been a second general inundation; the roaring winds scuffle so boisterously from each corner as if *Boreas*, *Auster*, *Zephyrus*, and *Eurus* had been at odds within themselves or at one again us; and ourselves, wretches, were at our wits' end, neither seeing for the dark nor hearing for the din how anything should be amended, and yet too too well knew we that everything was amiss. One while the ship mounteth so high that scarcely we discern the hollow waves from aloft; another while it sinketh so low that hardly we descry the tops of<sup>36</sup> overpeering billows from beneath; and though we did ac-



count it midday by course of the time, yet might we compare it to midnight by occasion of the storm. What shall I say? Not one of us knew what to do, and yet every man was doing something: one plieth the pump until for weariness he fainteth, another ladeth out water until for weakness he falleth; this man (in vain) repaireth the crack- ing tacklings, that man (at an adventure) renteth down the sails; some pour forth their prayers, some impatiently torment their own persons, and some vow sweet incense and oblations. The married man he giveth a pitiful fare- well to his absent wife and children; the bachelor nameth his parents, friends, and whom he best loveth. Here stand- eth [one]<sup>37</sup> fast clinging to a loose board, there another clean stripped to abide his chance, and every man dis- orderly did that thing whereunto the extremity of his passion did presently direct him. Divers days together were we thus continually tossed, having by chance sea- room at will, but at the last our ship, being driven per- force upon a shallow, stack so fast that the only help re- maining was to unballast<sup>38</sup> it, the gold, jewels, precious stuff, and treasure then cast into the seas being of an invaluable estimate.<sup>39</sup> But to tell you to whom the same appertained, and to what use they should have been em- ployed, requireth over long a discourse for this time, the which hereafter at the like leisure you shall also under- stand. Invaluable (as I said) was the treasure then flung overboard, more than sufficient to have ransomed a king from the captivity of his foes, but nothing at all helping to redeem us from the cruelty of the seas. Yet might we have gotten our ship afloat with that cost,<sup>40</sup> but (alas) that not sufficing, we were also constrained to cast over- board our provision of victuals; and so getting at length

into the deep, our ship that now wanted her full ballast was afresh, in far worsor sort than before, tossed among the waves with the blustering tempest, the which was so extreme and lasted so long that (in effect) we rested utterly hopeless ever to attain land, and the rather for that through fasting and feebleness we had small use or none at all of our fainting limbs. Yet life being a sweet thing, and hunger a sharp sauce, we fed upon whatsoever beast we then found aboard, and afterwards the pitch from the cables, the leather from our shoes—yea, more homelier matter than I may reverently speak of we made food for our pining carcasses. But these also decayed, the storm continued, and famine increased. What might we now do? Food we had none, yet loath<sup>41</sup> to famish. Labor we could not, yet resting should perish. Die we might not, yet living did languish. Never were men wrapped in more misery or distressed so unmeasurably. This (alas) is grievous enough that you have heard, but harder was our hap than thus. Whilst we stood ruefully gazing one upon another, more like to ghosts departed than men living, our good General *Menophis* (a noble duke and victorious captain, under whose fortunate conduct we had divers times before prevailed in many a hot encounter, being now sent of an unhappy embassage from *India* into *Cicyona*, looking as ghost-like as any other, and supporting his weak body with a short javelin pight in the middle of the hatches, spake to us as followeth:

#### CHAPTER XVIII

*A speech used by Menophis to his despairing soldiers on ship-board, dehorting them from the fear of death, and exhorting them to the contrary resolution.*

“Were it so (my evermore courageous, but now comfortless companions) that we once again were in the cham-

pion fields of *India*, enclosed with the warlike bands of *Semiramis*, though five times doubled, would I put you in hope either to chase<sup>42</sup> them in a second pursuit, or at the least to make from them the first escape. But (alas) small is the counsel that I am now able to give, yet somewhat the comfort that thereby you may gain; but no conquest at all is here to be got, knowing that to entreat or threaten the churlish surges were more than folly. Only give me leave in this my last (I say my last and unaccustomed exhortation) to prevail, and then assure yourselves that if this aged carcass of mine (sufficiently instructed not to fear death) to be sold into perpetual bondage, or to suffer death itself, might be in aught available to you, I would account such bondage a freedom, and such death a flea-biting; for how I have been and am affectioned towards you may well appear in this—that I, a duke by birth and your general by office,<sup>43</sup> was notwithstanding the first before the meanest here that did want to eat, and not the last of this company that did feel the famine; and yet were you eased of this misery, I should not be impatient of much more sorrow. Listen therefore, I say, how I<sup>44</sup> (not occasioned now, as oftentimes heretofore, to instruct you how and in what manner you ought to fight) am at this time (after a far differing sort) to admonish you how and in what manner you are to die. It either needs not or boots not to be offended with Fortune, that can be no other than mutable by name and nature. Neither is Fortune (whom it pleaseth the irreligious people to entitle a blind goddess) any other indeed than a by-name drawn from the originals and events of our mortal actions. But it is the undoubted gods themselves whom we have by some means unadvisedly offended. It is they that punish, and them must we pacify, as those of whose aid we should

never despair. For though persecution procureth a death to the body, yet a conscience despairing assureth death to the soul. Miserable is distress, more miserable distrust, but most miserable then to fear when we cannot hope. Nevertheless, let us not make our case so desperate but that (whatsoever shall betide us, life or death) we lay hold fast on patience, the only touchstone of virtue, being pleasure unto pain, comfort to correction, wealth unto want, and death unto death, vanquishing altogether with suffering and not with striving, than which is nothing more victorious —no, not death itself. For who are those that death conquereth? Even such fools as dread him, and unto whom the only remembrance of death is an horror —such (I say) as willingly become ghosts whilst they fear their graves, fearing more in sense than they feel in substance, and not thinking their pain will be either not great or not long. What should be the cause that men, having nature their undoubted author, reason their assured instructor, and experience their continual persuader, should nevertheless, or ever death cometh, little better than die through the only fear they conceive of death, unless doting too much on their wealth, which they are loath to leave, or else hoping too little of the merciful gods, who then forgive an ill life when they find a good end, with whom it shall be never too late to shake hands as esteeming whatsoever is done well enough to be done soon enough? Yea, the rather (my loving companions) have we no cause to dread death or wish life, that are to die at the appointment of the gods and not by the judgment of men; for to the person worthily condemned, death is a double death, it being far more miserable to deserve it than to suffer it. And yet though it be in the power of men to judge men,<sup>45</sup>

nature doth assure death unto all, not granting unto anyone his life by [patent]<sup>46</sup> but at pleasure, and that in such sort that not the wisest man living can say there, then, or thus I shall die; and yet sure he is that die he shall. Seeing therefore (my good friends), that death is so certain as nothing more sure, and the order of his coming so unsure as nothing less certain, and that an honest death is the goal of our lives, how happy are we (if we could conceive of our happiness) that shall die with such favorable opportunity of repentance? Well deserving of our country, lamented for of our friends, [not]<sup>47</sup> laughed at of our foes; yea, then when life is irksome unto us—and that not on gibbets, as do malefactors; not in prisons, as do captives; not in corners, as do cowards; not in quarrels, as do cutters; not in chains, in our enemies' triumphs; neither yet suddenly, than which no death is more dreadful, but in a ship, which doth argue us venturous; in the seas, not to be subdued by conquerors; in our prince his affairs, as loyal subjects; with famine, which confoundeth monsters; with fame of former prowess, and in<sup>48</sup> prayer, which shall revive us. What can we wish more of the gods, or what should I say more unto<sup>49</sup> you, whose delivery is not desperate but even unto<sup>50</sup> sense impossible, and unto whom (forlorn souls) death, the end of all wretchedness, ought specially to be welcome? Certes, no more remaineth but to entreat you (whom henceforth I never shall more<sup>51</sup> exhort) to be patient without grudging, penitent without wavering, prepared without despairing, dying to the flesh and living to your souls—yea, lastly remember, I beseech you, that we are no sooner born into the world but that we live to die from the world, and therefore ought rather to love whether we must necessarily than from whence

we must of necessity. Thus not able to comfort you as I would, but willingly to counsel you as I may, no more resteth but that I wish the continuance of so grievous a life to have deliverance by a goodly<sup>52</sup> death.'

"This said, that noble duke turneth his face and we might perceive how the tears trilled down his cheeks, at sight whereof we that did always reverence him for his gravity, obey him for his authority, love him for his lenity, and honor him for his liberality, could not but for company weep.

## CHAPTER XIX

*The pilot's prosecution of the sea-distressing story; how himself, contrary to all hope, escaped. And of Atys and Abynados their return from the Scythian's castle.*

"Immediately as he had delivered such his exhortation, one of our weak fellow soldiers suddenly fainteth, falleth down, and dieth. But lo! (an horrible thing, yet considering that hunger breaketh stone walls, and necessity suffereth no restraint, at that time to be tolerated in us) no sooner was the breath out of the miserable man his body but that, stripping him out of his clothes, like famished dogs every of us rent some one piece of his starved carcass, whereupon we fed as of such delicate fare that no gold might have bought the smallest portion thereof; and so pleasant seemed this unnatural refection that every of us did now<sup>53</sup> (as crows the carrion) watch the like opportunity in our fellows, growing in the end generally to this conclusion, that each day lots should be cast, and he upon whom it so lighted should<sup>54</sup> suffer such gentle death as himself would,<sup>55</sup> if not as we should devise, and his body to be equally divided amongst the survivors to be eaten.<sup>56</sup>

Divers days were past and divers martyred souls had performed this hard composition; in the end the lot fell to me, so that die I should, and (in good sooth) die I would. Neither did any of us all desire to have lived, being persuaded either to perish, and that shortly in the drenching waves, or by this casual cruelty, or else in the end by famine; and (which was not the least of our griefs) who could willingly abide to see the butchered bodies of their dear friends,<sup>57</sup> whilst the flesh yet panted, to be mangled into small gobbets and dealt about the bloody ship for the others to feed upon? So that therefore with greater patience than I now live, I then prepared to die, mine hungry companions in the meanwhile as eagerly whetting their teeth on their stomachs.<sup>58</sup> Being about at point to have given my watchword to him that standing at my back should have smitten off mine head, even at that very instant a mighty billow, mounting up into the ship, had almost overcovered the hatches with water, so that the whole company (the ship being now in great danger) were fain to leave me at my prayers, and I also to leave praying, and all at once to fall to their business. In which meantime, a<sup>59</sup> lad of mine, and as loving a boy as might serve any man, perceiving the storm somewhat to decrease and the thick clouds beginning to break, had of his own accord climbed the mast, from whence or ever breathing time served again to have fallen in hand with me (the finishing of whose life they purposed to have made their next work) the boy suddenly crieth, 'Land, land;<sup>60</sup> rejoice, my hearts, I descry land!' Hearing<sup>61</sup> such news it was needless to bid us rejoice. In my purse I had a round sum which I gave the boy for his tidings, and each of us rewarded him bountifully. By this time were the seas jollily

calm, and the skies perfectly clear; wherefore (as it stood us upon) taking time whilst time served, and as well as we might supplying our broken tacklings, we tare the shirts from off our backs to patch up our ragged sails, and clapping on as many as our ship might bear, a merry wind (contrary to all hope) did shortly bring us ashore—though not in the same place where we should have arrived, yet in such a place whereas we were comfortably relieved. Thus you may see (quoth the pilot) that land, seas, and ourselves are subject to one and the same God, and not to chance.”<sup>62</sup>

The three sorrowful watchmen—sorrowful, I say, because not a little grieved at the absence of the two brethren—having with this and such like talk driven out the night, when the morning star had a pretty while appeared brake up their watch; and anon *Atys* and *Abynados* hallo from the shore, who, being made out unto with the boat, were merrily received aboard, where report of new matters was diversely handled as ensueth.<sup>63</sup>



# PHEONE

## CHAPTER XX

*The pilot reporteth the occasion of the aforesaid disastrous voyage of Menophis; and of the love betwixt Staurobates and Pheone.*

### *Calamus quartus*

Having thus brought *Alys* and *Abynados* from the castle to the ship, being bravely under sail, well furthered with a smooth, dangerless sea, and a gentle whistling wind, when the two brethren had recounted all they had seen and the three watchmen the effect of that they had said, *Belopares* did then challenge the pilot of his last night's promise, which was to declare the then property and purposed employment of those riches in that unlucky voyage (as before remembered) cast overboard.

“Indeed (answered the pilot), I assumed such a matter, and am ready to acquit<sup>1</sup> me of that promise, and now you shall have it as myself did receive it as well from the eye as the ear, and thus it was.

“In the beginning of King *Selchim* his reign, chanced great wars between him and the *Indians*, but in the end *Selchim*, prevailing, received in hostage *Staurobates*, the King of *India* his only son. This lusty young prince during his abode in the court of *Cicyona* became entirely enamored on *Pheone*, a gallant and beautiful lady,<sup>2</sup> sister to King *Selchim*, who also with equal love subjected her liberty to his liking. When this sweet passion long time had mutually increased betwixt them, and that it was certified to *Staurobates* that his father was dead, and that the *Indians* attended his coming and coronation, *Staurobates* did both easily obtain a return into his country and

withal King *Selchim* his glad consent to match with *Pheone*. But the young lovers, not esteeming it sufficient solemnly to have plighted their faiths each to other, did also secretly bind up the bargain with a night's lodging, either of both then severally receiving and delivering two such pawns as neither of both might afterwards possibly redeem. Now when love had caused *Staurobates* long to linger in *Cicyona*, and that his urgent affairs called him fast away, he sorrowfully taking his leave of *Pheone* departed with this promise, that before a certain time soon after following were expired, he would send ships to waft her into *India*, vowing that nothing except death should hinder that his resolution— no, nor death itself, but that by the time prefixed news of such hindrance should be returned; and so taking her a jewel from off his finger, and whispering certain words in her ear, he took ship, the one gazing towards the shore, and the other after the sails, so long as shore or sails might be descried.

“*Staurobates* at his homecoming found his country invaded by that armipotent *Virago Semiramis*, whom (which never happened her elsewhere) he encountered, wounded, and lastly chased her mighty troops from out his territories, wholly delivering himself in a short time of the *Assyrians*.

“Scarcely was the armor cold from off his back and the scepter warm in his hand but that (remembering his promise) he despatched the before-named Duke *Menophis* to *Cicyona*, from thence to safe conduct his betrothed lady, sending by him great store of treasure, part thereof presents for King *Selchim*, part gifts for divers of his nobility, and the residue for the honorable furnishing of *Pheone*.

“But by that time that<sup>4</sup> the wars at home were appeased,

and (as you have heard) our dangerous sailing avoided, and after so long famishment and bad diet ourselves were<sup>5</sup> in health and strength recovered, the time before appointed on was expired, and yet of all this while *Pheone* heard no tidings from *Staurobates*; wherefore, supposing that he had been unmindful of his promise, or at the least purposed to give her the slip, it is said she fell into these exclamations:

## CHAPTER XXI

*How Pheone, causeless suspicious of Staurobates his loyalty, exclaimeth of the credulity of her sex, and the inconstancy of men; and how she lastly resolveth.*

“ ‘And is there no remedy (unfortunate, foolish, and forsaken wench) but that thou must answer so dear an interest for the cheap love of his so momentary love? Must it follow of necessity because thou wert credulent that he therefore must be inconstant? Is such the event of his lamentable looks, smooth words, and often oaths? Ah, *Staurobates*, *Staurobates*, who would have thought so youthful a lecher could have counterfeited so artificial<sup>6</sup> a lover? But I perceive (too late I perceive)<sup>7</sup> that men make not their false hearts privy to that which their fair tongues seem ruefully to plead, and therefore nature hath left our weak sex in a<sup>8</sup> most wretched condition, suffering us overfervently to love, and giving it to men even kindly to change, making us as wires for their wresting, ware for their working, and fools for their flouting. Howbeit before [they]<sup>9</sup> obtain, then we, who but we, and only we, are idols worthy their sacrifices? They ply us with pitiful epistles, they provoke us with premeditated eloquence, they attire them by the book, and speak not but in print.

What have we they praise not? Nay, what lack we praiseworthy they feign not? Why, our gloves—yea, our slippers—nay, the very earth whereupon we then tread hath (say they) virtue. Or else (know we) they flatter! A simple kiss on our hands is then restorative to their hearts, but (good gods) for a lover's fee at our lips, they dance in the air, they cast down their gauntlets, they couch their spears, they spur their steeds, they enter the lists; yea, we rather want wherein to employ their labors than they in what to please their ladies. But (dissemblers that they are) be it so that they prevail,<sup>10</sup> then whether they love still, as do a few; a little, as do many; or not at all, as do most, what other reckoning can we castaways make but that the first<sup>11</sup> of their recovery is the last date of our liberty—that the jealous eyes of the hot lover shall be over-attendant, and<sup>12</sup> the imperious mind of the lukewarm ask too much attendance, and the third sort (having deceived) shall leave us to our cares, as ravens having disclosed do their young to the air, saving that ravens after a while return as revoked by love, where these would never retain us at all, if not resisted by law? Thus play they foxes and we prove flattered; [they]<sup>13</sup> scorpions and we stinged; they devils and we tempted. But who worser than thou, *Staubates*? And yet wert thou present (changing churl) I know thou couldst allege no cause of such strangeness, nor I for any crime of mine (except<sup>14</sup> for trusting thee too much) be justly challenged. As for my beauty, had it been sometimes baser my fortune had been at this time far better. Ah, *Pheone*, desolate *Pheone*; how mayst thou wind thy self out of these evils, or find redress for such injuries? Complain to thy brother? Why, admit by war he enforce *Staubates* to wed thee; yet no war can enforce *Staubates*

*bates* to love thee, and then much better martyred than so<sup>15</sup> married. And shouldst thou resolve (which thine over-much folly will not suffer) to accept his disloyalty as an acquittance of all love, yet so deep is he in thine heart, that for his loss thou couldst not but languish. And more than so (and too much by so much), who then should father the fruit of thy growing womb (the map of all thy miseries)<sup>16</sup> but only *Staurobates*, whom thou (rash wanton, over-credulent of vows) didst entertain simply as an husband, but not, as the heavens can witness, willingly as an adulterer? Howbeit, through such foolishness myself am ashamed,<sup>17</sup> mine honor stained, and my death in law deserved. What doth it (alas) advantage me now that my [birth,]<sup>18</sup> beauty, education, and entertainment have heretofore allured mighty kings and worthy personages suitors,<sup>19</sup> that must now live obscurely (the gods wot where and how poorly), the most wretched relict of so notorious a dissembler, or else die a shameful death for my violated chastity? O, well had I been if happily interred, or at leastwise by so infamous an epitaph not survived. But what beat I the air with successless words? Why do I not rather convey myself into *India*, where (perhaps), when I shall manifest unto *Staurobates* the distress wherein I am here left, when I shall humbly prostrate myself at his feet whom I never wittingly offended, when he shall behold the tears continually gushing from out those eyes which once he loved, when my tongue shall discourse a lamentable tale, and my sorrowful gestures affirm the same to be credible, when I shall charge him with his promises and vows, and lastly, when I shall disclose (my folly, but his fault) my great belly, then (which I shall account amends for all wrongs) love, pity, fear, or shame shall

again win for whom I now wish. But (fool),<sup>20</sup> wilt thou herein also bewray thine error; doth he not now disdain of thee that art his equal? And shall he not then as a runigate\* forbid thee his presence, as frantic command thee to silence, as offensive enjoin thee punishment, or as cumbersome adjudge thee death? O succorless estate of mine, O unkind *Saturobates*, ah unhallowed *Pheone*.<sup>20\*</sup>

“With such like passions as these, being tormented with jealousy, though indeed not threatened any such jeopardy, did *Pheone* a while drive forth the time, until in the end, not able to hide that swelling sickness which she knew to be other than a tympany\*\*, one morning betimes she secretly conveyeth<sup>21</sup> herself from out the court in disguised apparel, not to be recovered by any search, nor heard of by any inquiry.

“After which her departure, within less than a seven-night, Duke *Menophis* and we arrive at *Cicyona*; but intelligence being there had of this evil news, making short tarriance there, we resail (with sorrow enough) to *India*, and certify to *Staurobates* our evil adventures on the seas, with the heavy tidings of *Pheone* her missing.

“*Staurobates*, who had pitifully heard the report of our mishaps, and took most patiently the loss of his so great treasure, hearing now such news of her whom he loved as his own life, fetching pitiful sighs, and eftsoons falling into perilous swoonds, could hardly be revived, wanting little but that he had presently died, and long after remained at point utterly to have forsworn wiving, by reason that Fortune had even then<sup>22</sup> annihilated his commencing when, having already his grace, he accounted himself a graduate.

\* Renegade.

\*\* Swelling, tumor.

## CHAPTER XXII

*King Staurobates, hearing no tidings of Pheone, became enamored on Marpissa her niece. Marpissa, not affecting his love, is enamored of one Crisippus.*

“But what is it that time doth not determine, or at leastwise diminish? Divers years after (he yet continuing a broken bachelor) when his pensiveness was grown from a wound to a scar, he arrived at *Cicyona*, there familiarly to visit his old friend, and brother-in-law that might have been, King *Selchim*, who gladly gave him entertainment answerable to his magnificence.

“During the time of *Staurobates* his now abode in *Cicyona*, *Marpissa*, King *Selchim* his only daughter and heir,<sup>23</sup> perfected by nature and polished by nurture, and one whom envy itself could not in any wise impeach, occupied so great a portion of now more hers than his own heart that *Pheone* was then disseized\* but *Marpissa* thereof<sup>24</sup> seized, the aunt dismissed but the niece admitted, the one lacked but the other loved. *Staurobates*, therefore, first moving *Selchim* of this match, and there prevailing, did secondly make love to *Marpissa*, but there failed; howbeit, like a wily wench, she finely smoothed him off with such dilatory answers that cunningly she leaveth herself at liberty, and giveth to him nevertheless cause to play on the bridle, for he assured himself of nothing more than that he had gotten a wife, when she persuaded herself of nothing less than to take him for husband.

“There was at that time in the court, attendant upon a young duke (which duke had been, in vain, a long suitor

\* This rendering fails to show the pun (dis-seized, diseased) in the original, where the word is spelled *disseased*.

to the princess), one *Crisippus*, known to be no other than a rich merchant's son of the same city where the court then lay, but yet a youthful gallant and a brave<sup>25</sup> courtier. He at the commandment and in the behalf of the duke his master used often repair to *Marpissa*, and had much conference with her as touching the same his lord's love.<sup>26</sup> But she, rejecting<sup>27</sup> the courteous proffers of the master, did contemplatively respect the comely personage of the servant,<sup>28</sup> who, being scarcely twenty winters old,<sup>29</sup> both for activity, manners, and well making was (at the leastwise in her eye) not second to any. This *Crisippus*, I say, this affianced factor and favored soliciter, was the only sleeping *Endymion* secretly kissed of *Phoebe*, and (so far forth as her love wanting a second consent might extend itself) to *Galatea* an *Acis*, to *Venus* an *Adonis*, and to *Marpissa* the first of her love or the [last]<sup>30</sup> of her life. Wherefore, after that she had with earnest and long endeavor sought to resist unresistable love, at the length taking courage boldly to persist, she entereth with herself into these arguments: 'What reason hast thou (*Marpissa*) to contend with love that is both restless and unreasonable, adding so to fire fuel? Or what standest thou upon these overcurious points—thy father's displeasure, *Crisippus* his pedigree, or thine own modesty—when the first may be pacified, or else by means avoided? For from whom we are derived by birth, to them what can we more return than reverent minds? But to whom we are driven by love, from them what may we less withhold than our own persons? Yea, *Marpissa*, thou mayest also reverence as a daughter and love as a wife, and yet the latter not prejudicial to the former.<sup>31</sup> As concerning *Crisippus* his pedigree or poverty,<sup>32</sup> what is that to be respected, seeing



thou dost delight in his personage, not descant of his parentage, whose virtue doth countervail the want of nobility? For better the man lacking wealth, than wealth lacking the man. Thirdly, what shouldst thou be more nice than wise, that art therefore to be pardoned because in love? And who is ignorant that love respecteth no persons? For howsoever in all other things happeneth a superiority, yet nature that hath given<sup>33</sup> us all one birth, one breath, and one death, in this one only thing remaineth uncorrupt, and is to all alike indifferent, making *Phoebus* a shepherd and *Hercules* a cotquean.\* But admit the discord, yet marriage maketh a concord.

“‘Marriage (quoth I); yea, but all the craft in catching and cunning in keeping! Ay, marry, *Marpissa*, this was sweetly spoken if fair words might win him, but *Crisippus* is no pigeon to be taken with a bean, nor a child to be enticed with a ball. He may be perhaps a lover, but not love for loss, and will more esteem a dowry that is bountiful than a king’s daughter though beautiful. Alas, *Marpissa*, what dowry canst thou bring him? Ah, death, if he be taken; banishment, if he escape; and poverty, howsoever he speedeth. Wherefore if thou wilt love him, then leave to love him, but that (alas) will never be, except thou also leave to live. Nay, rather move the question, and afterwards dispose of thyself according to his answer. They are more than miserable that seek a sword to perish on the point before a salve to apply to their pain. The vexed person that in most anguish crieth out to be delivered of grief, the same would not with the least violence be then dispatched of life. Speak, *Marpissa*, now, or else never speed; sue to him for love that perhaps would

\* A contemptuous term for a man who acts the housewife, an “old woman.”

but fears to attempt thee in the life. Thou shalt no doubt obtain; he is neither discourteous nor timorous, and so constant a partner shall the rather make him venturous of the peril.'

### CHAPTER XXIII

*Marpissa taketh occasion to disclose to Crisippus her affection towards him.*

"*Lupus in fabula*, laboring yet in these passions, she perceived *Crisippus* dancing attendance about the pursuit of the duke his love, whom (more for that she had now a new plea of her own to ply than upon any will to hear the old pleaded cause of his master, the which she had already both in thought and by word dismissed) she calleth into a withdrawing chamber, where, giving him entertainment more than usual but yet no more than stood with modesty, they enter into this dialogue:

"*Marpissa*: 'What news, *Crisippus*? Your lord and master<sup>34</sup> is (I hope) satisfied,<sup>35</sup> not offended, with the return of my late answer. If then [your]<sup>36</sup> hither repair be not his reply but your own preferment, give me leave to intrude myself a dealer in your demand, and doubt not of my diligence to whomsoever and for whatsoever in your behalf.'

"*Crisippus*: 'Neither is it possible, madam, my lord should be satisfied, being so unfortunate in your love, or your ladyship offensive to him that only to you hath vowed all duty. As for my hither repair, it is humbly (as before) to prosecute his succor whom you [may]<sup>37</sup> presently esteem the very substance of sorrow; and lastly, for the receipt of such your so gracious offers, unworthy *Crisippus* sayeth himself disabled to measure part of that

thankfulness to your ladyship's ears<sup>38</sup> which without all measure is contained in his heart.'

"*Marpissa*: 'Few thanks may serve where benefits are so small. But, *Crisippus*, as it would not hurt me to be more amiable, so would it help the duke to be less amorous.'

"*Crisippus*: 'As touching your ladyship, I answer that, to a perfection, a supply were needless; but as to my lord, I say that persuasion or dissuasion were bootless, for so far off is he from being clear of that which to all lovers is common that then he forceth most for you when he heareth himself least favored of you. And yet to couple up<sup>39</sup> the loss would, saith he, argue an idle huntsman.'

"*Marpissa*: 'But to be still at loss is tedious hunting.'

"*Crisippus*: 'Yet hope of finding rebateth from such tediousness.'

"*Marpissa*: 'You speak in clouds, *Crisippus*. How mean you that finding?'

"*Crisippus*: 'As doth my father find my mother, sometimes at board, sometimes in bed.'

"*Marpissa*: 'A brief construction, but all the better for *Staubates* thinking to find me so.'

"*Crisippus*: 'And this a bad comfort, and all the worsser for my lord threatened to lose you so.'

"*Marpissa*: 'Well, suresby,\* well, I perceive were the case yours, you that are for another so earnest would be for yourself importunate.'

"*Crisippus*: 'What I could be (madam), that resteth; but what I should be, that is evident. Wiser (methinks) than to run on so sleeveless an errand, or prosecute so bootless an action.'

\* An appellation for a person who is sure or dependable (*N.E.D.*).

"*Marpissa*: 'Yet even now you talked of an idle hunter.'<sup>40</sup>

"*Crisippus*: 'So did you, lady, of tedious hunting. And then did I argue for my lord as a lover; but now do I answer your ladyship as *Crisippus*.'

"*Marpissa*: 'But in the ebb not to watch the tide is to lose the tide through negligence.'

"*Crisippus*: 'But in the ebb, say I, such a watchman may swelt\* with heat, starve with cold, or tire with tarriance; only he watcheth well that findeth the tide fit for his passage.'

"*Marpissa*: 'If to try the constancy of men we linger a while, is it not (think you) good policy?'

"*Crisippus*: 'Yes, if in that while to kill men with languor you account it no bad victory.'

"*Marpissa*: 'But should women consent lightly, their lovers would conceive over lewdly.'

"*Crisippus*: 'But because they are lovers, therefore ignorant that coy wenches are, for the most part, cunning wantons.'

"*Marpissa*: 'As who would say, when men be willful in love, women must then be witless in choice.'

"*Crisippus*: 'Willful fools indeed are fair gamesters, pitiful soldiers, and faithful lovers; and (under your ladyship's correction be it spoken) so wise in their choice oftentimes are women that, whilst they desire to be wooed and disdain to be won, it fareth with them as with hobbies,\*\* that turning tail to the lark make wing to the dorre.'†

"*Marpissa*: 'And what of it, *Crisippus*, seeing to effect what we effect sufficeth?<sup>41</sup> As sweet a morsel ywis to *Juno*

\* Be overcome.

\*\* Small falcons.

† Bee, hornet.

(had their love been allowable)<sup>42</sup> was *Ixion* as *Jupiter*, and to *Jove Io* as *Juno*; and the reason is, love feeleth no lack. Howbeit such doings make not to us for documents. You speak of disdain; but where, I pray you, were constancy to any should we be alike courteous to all? And yet, forsooth, if we remove any for comeliness we anon are rebuked for coyness. When (credit me, *Crisippus*) in love, diverse things may diversely hinder, amongst which not always obstinacy, but sometimes and chiefly want of opportunity.<sup>43</sup> Myself, for example, may and perhaps do bear an especial liking to some one man, but look not (think you) my parents and friends to like or dislike of the match? Yes, *Crisippus*, put case yourself might win me without their consent, yet I guess it would grieve you so dangerously to conclude.'

"*Crisippus*: 'Be this coyness, or be it comeliness, sure I am that love is it not; for love straineth courtesy with friends and parents, shaketh hands with wealth and pleasures; yea, it biddeth life and all farewell: love (if love it be indeed) is of such efficacy.'

"*Marpissa*: 'Tush, *Crisippus*, you now talk of *Apollo* his laughter.

"*Crissipus*: 'And why not, madam, of *Apollo* his love? He with infinite others have done the like;<sup>44</sup> myself, were I a lover, would do no less. But [what]<sup>45</sup> better precedent than that of my lord, who presently is at a<sup>46</sup> point to perform fully as much? Or might anything be more than loss of breath, ready also for your love to fulfill that more. If, therefore (not offending good manners), I might guess in jest at what I wish in earnest, I would level at my lord to hit your lover, that one especial man I mean standing (as is partly confessed) so highly in your ladyship's favor;

because than he no man hath better deserved the good hap of so gracious a lot as is the prize of your love.'

"When *Marpissa* had thus privily felt *Crisippus* his pulses, although not beating so amorously as she did wish, yet bringing opportunity to utter what she would, not omitting therefore so good an occasion she saith:

" 'I cannot tell (*Crisippus*) whether I may think you cavilous in threatening kindness where none is, credulent in believing what at no time was, or constant in pursuing what shall never be. But methinks your labors already lost in the duke his behalf might long since have dissuaded both him and you from groping after a shadow, as much more now, *Staurobates* being a competitor, from gaping after a substance. Nevertheless, not tired with a dead effect, you harp still to a deaf hope. That I may therefore remove such errors, besides that my father no longer ago than yesterday last promised me in marriage to *Staurobates* (which banns also I mean to forbid), and I assure you<sup>47</sup> I have been, am, and mean to be so far off from matching with the duke that henceforth I protest never more to talk with him or with any other soliciting his love. Wherefore (good *Crisippus*) cease to counsel him or to intreat me any further herein, and let him also suffer himself to digest this a final answer. But because (ah, silence, I know, would be more seemly!) I am urged by love violently, by your demand willingly, and by posting occasion of necessity to direct you as it were by the hand to my heart, I will not in danger be dainty, but reveal to you the man said to have subdued my liberty. What should I say more? Nay, what might I with modesty less say, or at the least suffer you to aim before I name, than that (here tears

drowning her words gave a short pause to this that followeth) thyself, my dear *Crisippus*, art the<sup>48</sup> one whom I long time have loved, do love, and will love? And if this thing seemeth ambiguous for likelihood,<sup>49</sup> strange for love, then for further trial command me; yea, presently command me (for that the shortness of the time promising an overspeedy marriage betwixt *Staurobates* and me can suffer no long delay) to disrobe myself of this rich attire and so, disguised, to follow thee wheresoever my conductor. Doubt not<sup>50</sup> but that making an easy escape from hence we may live as contentedly elsewhere, and being lawful wedded (for that is the bounds of my love) mutually have fruition of love's delight—and that not in want, I being provided of jewels, a light carriage, worth abundance of wealth; neither may they want that faithfully love. Much is it that I leave, but much would I lose only to win thee to myself. For, *Crisippus*, from the first day that I viewed (God grant I may say luckily viewed) thy person,<sup>51</sup> I wholly have settled myself only thine own; wherefore, neither scorn nor fear to enjoy what only is thine, or at the leastwise let her presently understand thy pleasure, whose good or bad days wholly consist on thy good or bad answer.

“The tears thus stopping her words, she wringeth his hands amorously betwixt hers,<sup>52</sup> and having dried her eyes thus proceedeth: ‘If, happily, *Crisippus*, you find aught of immodesty<sup>53</sup> escaping my tongue, impute the same to the integrity of love, that necessity of speedy dispatch, the answer of your own question, and to your own late speech against coyness.’ So<sup>54</sup> maidenly bashfulness hardly restraining a conjunction of lips, she endeth to speak, and beginneth again to weep.

## CHAPTER XXIV

*Of Crisippus his timorous answer to Marpissa's kind offer.*

“*Crisippus*, albeit he did palpably behold, feel, and hear this angelical temptatress and her sweet incantations, yet stood he still like an headless fly, marvellously amazed, and hardly persuading himself but that he had seen some vision, or in a dream had<sup>55</sup> heard that melodious harmony; until, feeling perfectly that he did wake and not sleep,<sup>56</sup> that he looked on her with open eyes that had thus lovingly laid open to him her heart, because he had never yet marched after love's onset,<sup>57</sup> a beautiful blushing made him seem more lovely, but his ignorance in love to answer thus absurdly:

“ ‘When serpents (quoth he) but hiss, then no man so foolish as to trust them; but until women sting, few men so wise as to mistrust them. Your grace (I know) expecteth an answer, and I fear more to offend rudely than that your ladyship will pardon readily. Is it possible that you so beautiful a lady, the only daughter and heir of a king, forsaking those personages whom for their worthiness in every respect you might well fantasy, should forsake them and your liberty and betake you to me that am (as you know) no more, if so much, than a poor gentleman, the son of a merchant, whose wealth in his storehouses is more than his gentry with the heralds, and my countenance (such as it is) in the court more than the coin he can leave me<sup>58</sup> in his coffers, with whom you cannot live but in exile and danger—is it possible, I say, you should so much embase yourself as to embrace so homely an husband as is *Crisippus*? No, madam, no; *Crisippus* feareth he should climb too high, if *Marpissa* should fall so low, or perhaps hath learned by other's loss that a pleasant foe doth easily



supplant. Yet pardon me, madam; I will not judge but that your ladyship may intend the same love you<sup>59</sup> pretend, which admitted, what else followeth but that you, prizing so cheap your love, should be overgreat a loser, and I buying so dangerous a bargain be<sup>60</sup> a sorrowful gainer, for kings have eyes that pierce into every cranny, ears that hear in every company, and hands that stretch into every country, in whose affairs but only to aim is little better than to hold the wolf by the ears, or to walk upon right narrow bridges over most deep fords. Seeing, therefore,<sup>61</sup> that such love would be so much loss to you, such danger to me, and so prejudicial to us both, let it suffice that I humble even the knees of mine heart to acknowledge your so rare bounty, and vouchsafe the same to impetrate pardon for denial of so unprofitable proceedings.'

"When *Marpissa* heard him make this unkind conclusion (a bitter acceptance, thought she, of so bountiful an offer), only replying with cutting sighs and shaking her mistempered head, as who should say, 'Ah, desolate wench, I, and hard-hearted wretch, thou,' she sorrowfully departed to her lodging, whether by the tears trickling from down her eyes she might have been tracted, leaving *Crisippus* all alone in the same place where they had thus talked of this evil-hanselled\* love, who, seeing her thus suddenly gone, returned then to the duke his lodging, certifying to him the evil success of his suit with *Marpissa*.

" 'Well,' quoth the duke (setting a good face on a bad matter), 'what remedy but perforced patience? They that may not love where they would, must leave when they may; and for aught I see, the loss would be light were the

\* Ill-bargained.

fondness of mine affection less, for it is commonly seen that preying haggards and peevish women as they are caught when they would not so they check when they should not.' Thus did he smooth brag and smite beauty, when his thought might well have controlled his tongue, bidding *Crisippus* farewell, whom love did thus welcome to his lodging.

### CHAPTER XXV

*Crisippus becometh passionately amorous; he writeth to Marpissa. How they conclude, and of their calamity that succeeded.*

"His pedanty\* (the weather being moist) brought dry slippers to put on his feet, the master (his wits being on wool gathering) having more need of warm kerchiefs to bind on his head, the which was now become a hive of buzzing bees, not standing, as he thought, on his shoulders, but hanging by geometry. He knoweth not, sweet youngling, what love meaneth, and yet he loveth; he would not love, and yet could not but love—yea, and that so fervently that, having acquainted himself but a small time with the copesmate of love, solitariness, he might have been used in a consistory of lovers in place of an anatomy, being so much the more wretched by how much himself was the author of his own wretchedness, in forslowing\*\* golden opportunity, the smiling handmaid of Fortune.

"But as love did triumph over *Crisippus*, so the same fury did tyrannize over *Marpissa*, who (a tolerable fault in that sex) lived with as small felicity as she loved unfortunately; but not yet<sup>62</sup> utterly hopeless of better success, she thought it labor not altogether lost to finish that reply in written tables at their last departure begun only by

\* Footman, servant (the word is very rare).

\*\* Hindering, impeding.

pitiful gestures, the which purporting many loving arguments interlaced also with some desperate conclusions were by her messenger delivered to his perusing.

“When *Crisippus* had (with joy enough) viewed and reviewed those plausible lines, he by the same messenger thus reanswered in writing her letters:

“ ‘So often do I accuse myself of cowardice (most worthy lady) as the hardiness of the silly snail meeteth my remembrance, whose courage is such that the [bold]<sup>63</sup> worm is seen venturously to climb to<sup>64</sup> the tops of the most loftiest towers when (to say troth) I through temerity have balked the proffered bounty of you, a lady than whom liveth not any more lovely, in excuse whereof I infer the cause not to be any mislike of the matter but a mistrust of the manner, no defect of willingness but my too too unworthiness, no light acceptance of your so rare beauty but the unlikelihood of so strange bounty. Wherefore, seeing that fear only hath been my fault, I hope your courteous nature (sweet lady) [will]<sup>65</sup> make a favorable construction of my childish error, for the which I have already performed such extreme penance that had I not conceived hope of life by your writing today, death no doubt had taken away both hope and life before tomorrow. For my passed simplicity, I ask pardon, and of my following fidelity, I crave trial; forgive the one and affy in the other. To whatsoever affairs you shall employ my service, to that only office shall I apply all duty; and what you henceforth account but an error, that same shall I conclude an heresy. Only live (*Marpissa*) to continue your love, or *Crisippus* dieth to end his languor.

‘Your grace’s more willing than  
worthy,

*Crisippus.*’

“From this day forwards they enjoyed the benefit of many amorous meetings, and in conclusion of their unsuspected familiarity proceeded a secret marriage.

“Anon after the time drew fast on wherein a marriage should have been consummated betwixt *Maripissa* and King *Staurobates*; but she and *Crisippus*, rather careless of their lives than inconstant in their loves, fled together from the court, more privily than providently as happened, for long were they not absent but by and by missed, the ports, havens, and whole country being narrowly laid for their apprehension. So that, not able to flee far that were pursued so fast, they might not be more covertly hid than they were curiously sought and in the end found out.<sup>66</sup>

“When the two lovers were brought into the presence of the two kings, *Staurobates* (sweating in a new chafe, as cast in his second account) sendeth as fierce looks at *Crisippus*, that had so forestalled his marriage, as did *Selchim* a stern countenance at *Marpissa*, that had thus disobeyed his meaning, who, adding these following speeches, proceeded also to a terrible sentence:

#### CHAPTER XXVI

*King Selchim his speech and cruel sentence pronounced against his daughter and Crisippus.*

“ ‘Why suffer I the presence of thee so dishonest a child by whose practice I am become so dishonored a father? Why have I been so careful of thy welfare that art so careless of thine own preferment? Were it not (thou impudent strumpet) that I rather shun to be noted of impatience in giving the bridle to my just anger than doubt to be charged of injustice in punishing so unjust a trespasser, this heart

of mine could readily consent to behold that thy carcass by mine only deed beweltered in blood, dead, and trampled upon with my feet; but live, I say—live yet awhile,<sup>67</sup> that hast already lived overlong to me and no less unluckily to thine own self. That I am offended and thou the offender, thou shalt anon feel, if (contrary to kind) the devouring wild beasts in the deserts shall not shew unto thee<sup>68</sup> more courtesy than I, justly occasioned, pretend pity. Believe me, thy light looks have made me before now suspicious of thy loose life, as always more fearful to prevent the danger that might proceed of thy wanton gestures than careful to recover thee of any thy sicknesses, esteeming it less difficile to encounter mine open enemies in battle than easy to countermand the secret assailants of thy beauty. This fear is incident to careful fathers that are sped of such amorous daughters, for whom (and that or ever they are judged marriageable) besides dowries more than easily disbursed, thankfully accepted, or profitably employed, must also be provided husbands, lest they impatient of tarrance procure unto themselves paramours; yea, rather than such haste<sup>69</sup> should be hindered by non-sufficiency, the loving pigeons will first or grow in their shoes or walk on their toes or add to their years or subtract from childishness or, if yet disabled, suffer perhaps a large trial before a long suspicion, better knowing to entertain a lover at thirteen than to obey a father at thirty. Let us proffer a convenient match,<sup>70</sup> the simpering saints will then (on God's name) live still maidens or have change of excuses not to marry, when anon, after themselves fantasying or flattered of some Jack, or unthrift<sup>71</sup> (bag they first, or beg they after), they<sup>72</sup> must (in the

devil's name) marry or not live patiently maidens. Thus their first and chief study is husbands, and their last and least care obedience and housewifery.<sup>73</sup> But (amorous peat) seeing thou didst refuse to be a queen to *Staurobates*, and hast rather chosen to be a quean to *Crisippus*, whilst the one doth abhor thy lightness the other shall aby his liking; wherefore my sentence is that of thy death the savage monsters do execution. Yet to thee, before thou pass to this punishment, the heart of this lecher thy lover (a gift no doubt more precious than the price) shall be delivered, that, as living on lust (I cannot term it love), of two framed one mass of wickedness, so, perhaps, dead the bowels of one beast to either heart may afford one and the same burial.<sup>74</sup>

“Then commandeth he that *Crisippus* should be forthwith bound, and his heart<sup>75</sup> to be carved from out his body, when the afflicted lady, hardly obtaining audience to utter these few words, said, ‘Alas, my dear *Crisippus*, how dainty a dowry hast thou found my love? How merciless a father-in-law hath thy wife given thee? I would the price of my life might purchase thy liberty; but alas, I wish too well to obtain so well. Let it, therefore, suffice for a poor comfort that thy *Marpissa* is gladly thy death’s companion.’

“*Crisippus*, hearing these sweet speeches to proceed from her that had the present possession and promised reversion of his heart, not being suffered to acquit words with words did only manifest the integrity of his unremoveable love by often kissing the deadly instrument that should<sup>76</sup> bereave him his heart promised to *Marpissa* as a present.

## CHAPTER XXVII

*Pheone discloseth herself unto the two kings, reverseth their rigorous sentence, telleth Crisippus' descent, and her own former courses concerning herself and him, etc.*

“The bruit of this severe sentence, thus passed upon *Crisippus* and *Marpissa*, brought thither many pitiful beholders to have seen the threatened tragedy. Amongst the rest (whilst this beautiful couple prepare to offer up their lives as pledges of their constant love) a very fair and most comely woman, who heretofore had been nurse to *Crisippus* and ever after until that day had been entertained in the service of the merchant man his supposed<sup>77</sup> father, the tears abundantly streaming from out her amiable eyes, in great anguish casteth herself at the feet of the two kings, and saith,

“ ‘If so be (merciful, or merciless kings) you grant unto me, a silly woman, like liberty of speech as you have given me cause of sorrow, then shall I commend your clemency towards me that cannot but condemn your cruelty towards these two, whose answering ages, combined affections, agreeable complexions, and what so else, and more than you know of, gaining of<sup>78</sup> equality love, are in either so concurrent as (in my judgment) you might rather wish what is already happened than withstand that which is now helpless. But lest I also swallow up that in silence which uttered may perhaps rebate from their sorrows, I shall now (as enforced thereunto) disclose long hidden secrets. You will mutter when I shall affirm, but marvel when yourselves cannot but confirm, that *Crisippus* may claim no less nobility from his progenitors than *Marpissa* honor by her parentage, that he is an husband not un-

worthy such a wife, that the issue (*Selchim*) of thy father's child is not of more royal blood, nor the son (*Staurobates*) sprung from thy loins more noblier born. You will muse (I say) when yourselves shall avouch this that I aver. Wherefore, let it not aught aggravate to his punishment that *Crisippus* (ignorant of his right parents) acknowledgeth himself the son of a merchant, or that from these homely paps of mine (less pleasing than in times passed) he hath sucked nourishment; but know, *Selchim*, that he is the natural son of *Pheone* thy neglected sister, she the contracted wife of unconstant *Staurobates*, he the unnatural father of condemned *Crisippus*, and myself (*Selchim* and *Staurobates*) the same *Pheone* whom (happily) either of you hath longer lost than lacked, and the one of you (no doubt) longer lacked than loved, albeit, *Staurobates*, at thy departure and at the delivery of this ring (she shewed him a ring)<sup>79</sup> thy flattering tongue could then whisper that 'mine absence should be bitter, and the delay of my presence death.' Now, therefore, if the one of you will deal graciously with his desolate sister, and the other gently with his well-deserving lover, and either of you naturally with your distressed children, then at the least be to them mere strangers rather than so merciless parents. Yea, remember (*Staurobates*) thou mayst not retain Marpissa but by lust, *Pheone* being already<sup>80</sup> thine own by law, whose life ought to stand betwixt thee and a *bigamus*.'

"By this time, and whilst she was yet speaking, *Staurobates*, having perfectly fixed in the eyes of his memory the well-known face and countenance of the amiable oratress, giving a sign to the tormentors for stay of execution, earnestly embraced the heroic nurse, saying, 'Well mayst thou divine of the prosperous success of thy demand when



no creature living can be so welcome to this place as art thou, the demandant. Think not that the homeliness of thine habit, unworthy thine honor, or any alteration whatsoever hath so beguiled my senses or estranged my love but that I gladly acknowledge myself the husband of *Pheone*, and thyself the only she whom *Staurobates* accepteth for wife. Ah, *Pheone*, had not thy misdeem been more than my misdeeds, then had not<sup>81</sup> thy jealous love happened so much to both our prejudice. But now well is me, and thrice happy be this hour wherein I review whom I never did but love or ever will but honor, even<sup>82</sup> thee, my dear and only beloved *Pheone*.'

“And then, as he alleged in his excuse those reasonable causes before touched, King *Selchim* (no less joyful to hear tidings of his sister than was *Staurobates* glad to have found his wife) embraced her with as much love for a brother as did the other for an husband, she as kindly<sup>83</sup> resaluting and reconciling herself to either. *Crisippus* and *Marpissa* were now delivered from bands, and, after many joyful tears, their passed marriage was also gladly confirmed by either parent; especially *Staurobates* demeaned exceeding great joy for the recovering of his unknown son, of whom, and of her own absence, *Pheone* in effect thus reported: That at *Staurobates* his departure into India, she, finding herself overtaken with his dalliances that had left her neither maid, widow, nor wife, and not hearing from him according to appointment, did therefore, as well to avoid the law, which was death, as the shame of her fault, which was her great belly, leave secretly the court, and in the deserts was delivered of *Crisippus*, whom (being at point otherwise to have perished) she swatheled up, decking him with much gold and many rich jewels, and laid him in

a path by which a homely country matron usually passed to milk her cattle in those deserts, herself in the meanwhile privily watching the event of this her device. And how this good woman, finding so fair a boy and so fat a booty, presented the poor fisherman her husband with such her findings, when thereupon herself simply arrayed, repairing to their cottage and asking<sup>84</sup> entertainment, became nurse unto her own son. Then lastly, how the fisherman, by this windfall greatly enriched, and long sithence become a merchantman in that city, not having any child of his own, had adopted *Crisippus* (being utterly ignorant of any other parentage) his son. This she told and a general *plaudiat* dissolved the joyful assembly.”

“Here is (quoth Abynados) love upon love and lovers by huddles—a discourse, trust me, frivolous in telling, fruitless in hearing, but most foolish in action, such love being (in my conceit) so far off from love that I rather think it a doting frenzy and enemy to reason.<sup>85</sup> For were it that such loving fools could temper their extreme with a mean, then would they love with more discretion or leave with less damage.”<sup>86</sup> With such like discourses did the *Assyrians* cut the calm seas, and descrying a strange ship at anchor not far off, they also did the like, riding as near to the unknown ship as conveniently they could, where, not omitting to enquire after those in quest of whom they thus sailed, occasion of the report now ensuing was taken.<sup>87</sup>

# DEIPYRUS

## CHAPTER XXVIII

*An entry, by occasion, into the new-reported story; and first of the insecurity of worldly bliss.*

### *Calamus quintus*

It happened that after many gentle salutations passed and repassed on either part, it grew in the end to such familiarity as neither company doubted at their own pleasures friendly to board and reboard each other's; and whilst the rest feast merrily and are tied to the can by the teeth, *Atys* made a long and lamentable report to *Tymetes* the *Lycian* captain (for the strange ship was of *Lycia*) of the miss or rather loss of *Sorares* and his company, saying, "Thus hath Fortune assailed the father and now assaulteth the children, triumphing on his<sup>1</sup> bale and threatening our bliss."

"And no marvel," answered *Tymetes*, "considering that Fortune is only constant in [inconstancy];<sup>2</sup> and as touching bliss, it may be that your opinion is heretical, for that true bliss indeed performeth a perpetuity, whereas the flattering pleasures of this world cannot promise one hour's certainty, and therefore it may not be aptly termed bliss whereof a change is to be doubted. And yet to attain, or rather to attempt, the sweetness of a clear conscience, to exercise virtue, to combat with our affections, to eschew evil and do good, to love all and hate none, and to live in the world as not of the world, are (no doubt) great arguments of blessedness, but no full assurances of bliss, for that none may be said blessed until his last gasp hath dissolved him from his natural infirmities, and

then, and not before, followeth blessedness the stipend of virtue.

“As for worldly prosperity, I esteem the same nothing less than prosperous, as a thing whose sour never faileth and whose sweet ever fleeteth, as a spur to wickedness and a bridle to well-doing; yea, what glorious titles or wealth can this step-dame of virtue bequeath us that perish not with or before the possessors, so that, were not the followers of Fortune more blind than their guide, of the two, prosperity and adversity, they would account the latter as the more necessary because it openeth the eyes of the heart that prosperity stoppeth, and oftentimes redeemeth virtue as it were out of a filthy dungeon. But to wish adversity is less needful than necessary, for so infinite and incident are the calamities that follow us even from our cradles that well may we wish either not to have been born or quickly to die, and so many are the wrongs that men inflict upon men that to revenge all were impiety, and to suffer all impossible. Wherefore, injuries (think I) not honestly to be dissembled may discreetly be revenged, or at the worst to seek or work revenge is so much the less infamous by how much the offered occasion thereof is injurious. That I should thus mention injuries you may perhaps muse, but whether there be cause or no I make you my judges, thus standing the case.

#### CHAPTER XXIX

*Tymetes telleth how Deipyros, distressed and afterward in a forest, rescued out of peril a queen and her two infants.*

“After the continuance of long and wasteful wars between the *Lydians* and the *Lycians*, a truce for certain

years was concluded, for assurance whereof either side did deliver their pledges. The king my father (for a king is my father) sent into *Lycia* a nobleman his nephew called *Deipyrus*, whom he had not long before preferred to a dukedom and otherwise highly advanced; and the other king sent into *Lydia* a noble young gentleman called *Xenarchus*, whose father is king of *Cilicia*, and also at this present usurpeth in *Lydia*, whereof my father only retaineth the name of king but he the kingdom, and that by means of a rebellion moved by the same *Deipyrus* after his return from hostage, whereof thus followeth the circumstance.

“*Deipyrus*, partly of his own aspiring courage, partly suborned with rewards by my father’s<sup>3</sup> enemy, the then *Lycian* king, but chiefly for love of *Eurymone*, the same king his daughter (with whom and him awe-less love had already united hearts) did secretly gather a rebellious army and suddenly besieged my father in his own city. He,<sup>4</sup> seeing his citizens not able to hold wage with the besiegers, after long resistance, leaving behind him in the city the queen my mother and with her two infants their children, conveyed himself into *Cilicia*, there desiring assistance against the rebels, the which in an evil hour he<sup>5</sup> obtained. But or ever any rescue might be conveyed into *Lydia*, my mother, fearing to stay the sack of the city and entry of the foe, hourly expected,<sup>6</sup> fled privily with her two infants into a great forest not far from the besieged city, where roots, haws,<sup>7</sup> and such wild berries as the place afforded making an exchange of their wonted fare hardly lingered the souls<sup>8</sup> in their bodies.

“In the meanwhile, the king of *Cilicia* landed his men, rescued the city, and pursued with great slaughter the

flying rebels; but mine uncle *Deipyros*, the chief captain and conductor of these traitorous rebels, by chance recovered the before-named forest, and by that means escaped the sword of the pursuers. Long had he not wandered here but that he heard the pitiful shrieks of a woman, wherefore, making to the place from whence the sound came, he perceived a lady likely to have been abused by two straggling soldiers of *Cilicia*, in whose defense at once he assailed them both, and in the end valiantly chasing them away delivered her of their purposed treachery; which done, not knowing whom he had so rescued, he demanded what she was and how it fortun'd her and her two infants to wander so dangerously in the same forest. My miserable mother (for it was my queen mother), not knowing in that case the man unto whose questions she was then to answer, drying her dropping eyes and falling at his feet, when she had stilled her younglings who, hugging about her neck,<sup>9</sup> cried out (which herself wanted) for food, not daring to bewray what one she was, said . . .

### CHAPTER XXX

*What speeches and passions passed betwixt the wretched queen and repentant Deipyros, whilst either knew not the other.*

“ ‘Like as (good sir) no deserts of mine<sup>10</sup> other than your own valor persuaded you erewhile to use courage in my defense, even so the defect of mine ability (respecting my wretched estate) may dissuade you from all hope of any small recompense. Only accept of her poor thanks that shall ply the gods with often prayers for a reward of your merits, who otherwise continually must rest your disabled debtor.<sup>11</sup> But in that you ask what one I am,

alas, sir, see you not that I am a most desolate woman, not born to beg, though now less happy than a beggar—who late did want nothing, and now have nothing; not long since as [wealthy]<sup>12</sup> as I now am wretched, able to have harbored the best, but now more harborless than the worst; and therefore feel I affliction so much the more burdenous by how much the more<sup>13</sup> I once possessed abundance, for no want more miserable than to have been wealthy. Who is it that feeleth not, or at the leastwise heareth not, unto what spoil and penury the rebels have now left all *Lydia*, to avoid whose outrageous proceedings I have chosen with these my poor infants to linger out our dying lives in this forest, though death (no doubt) would have been to us<sup>14</sup> far more sweeter? Woe—yea, endless woe befall that ungrateful traitor *Deipyrus*, the unnatural ruin of his natural country. Oh, that once or ever these eyes of mine shall leave this light I might see the caitiff in like distress (if like might be) as presently am I, or that the villain were as near my reach as even now are you! Then would I awhile adjourn these womanish tears and with these hands (unaccustomed to such deeds) claw out his treacherous eyes. But (alas) to wish vengeance is nothing less than to be revenged, for had I the hap to possess my wish, I have the heart should perform my will; or might my curse procure him hell, my bless should never prefer him to heaven. But<sup>15</sup> leaving the reprobate to a million of mishaps, which I doubt not will insidently\* ensue his misdeeds, may I (good sir) request your name and withal the present estate of our besieged city?

“*Deipyrus*, with no small remorse noting the petitionous

\* Necessarily, inherently.

distress of the unknown queen my mother, and hearing himself to himself so evil spoken of and banned, wist not what to say, as one but even then overtaken with the guiltiness of his own conscience, which is evermore a severe accuser and to the impenitent person a most terrible judge; but in the end, after some astonishment, he made her this answer:

“‘Lady,’ quoth he (as perceiving in her many arguments of gentry), ‘by good reason suffer we losers to chafe; neither is it a new thing that a wronged woman in like bitter terms doth utter her passionate stomach. *Deipyryus* (I must confess) being the common enemy to his country, hath incurred a common curse of the *Lydians*, whose chastisement,<sup>16</sup> being generally desired of all, shall privately be revealed only to you. The same man, lady, whose infamous attempts hath returned the attemptor a just guerdon of his deserts, and he whose punishment would be unto you such pleasure, presenteth himself before your eyes as hardly distressed as yourself have desired; and whosoever you are that *Deipyryus* hath so much offended, the same as humbly prayeth you of pardon, offering also into your hands mine own weapon, upon mine own head to wreak your vengeance (if it shall so please you by death to shorten my penance), or else as your bondslave in your business to employ my whole endeavor, if by life you think good to lengthen my punishment. For as I would not die a desperate murderer, tormentor, and traitor to mine own person, so wish I not to live a despised runigate, reprobate, and recreant to mine own country; wherefore, you being the judge, the grievous spectacle of these your pining infants, mine accusers, and myself (which of itself is sufficient) pleading



to the accusation guilty, if you pronounce sentence of death against me<sup>17</sup> you do but justice without partiality, the executing of which sentence shall be the accomplishment of your <sup>18</sup> desire and the reward of my deserts.'

### CHAPTER XXXI

*More of it that passed betwixt the queen and Deipyrus in the forest; and what in the meantime befell the king her husband, through treachery of a false friend reconciled.*

"When *Deipyrus* had after this sort finished such his speeches, recounted to her after what manner the siege was raised by the king of *Cilicia*, delivered into her hands his naked sword, and solemnly vowed not to resist her doom as touching his life or death, she then<sup>19</sup> grasping the yielded weapon in her hand was fully resolved to have sheathed the same in the bowels of *Deipyrus*, when, by and by altering her purpose by reason of his so strange submission, and weighing his luck with her own loss, she thinketh him already over-severely punished and her wrongs sufficiently revenged; yet anon, casting her pitiful eyes upon her pining babes (ruefully hanging about her<sup>20</sup> for food, not there to be had), her mildness was now converted to madness, and, as one utterly resolute on his death, in conceit she imagined him already dead, so fully was she bent to bereave him of life. But even at the very push, from out her unhardy hand she lets fall the harmless weapon, and accuseth herself of ingratitude:

"'Shall I (thinks she) return so graceless a recompense in lieu of his late so gracious an enterprise? Is it not much more gain to me that I am delivered of ravishment, which had been incurable, than loss in that I am disgraced of riches, which are recuperable? Yes, yes; the

virtue of the first is more than the error of the latter. Why, then, should I not admit the one and remit the other?’

“Thus reasoning with herself, as one offended with his passed conspiracies, pacified by his present contrition, and grateful for his late profitable combat, she dissembleth the first, accepteth of the second, and thanketh him for the third, only desiring the assistance to purvey for their succor, until hearing of more quietness abroad they might with less danger leave the comfortless forest.

“Whereunto he readily condescended, building them bowers, killing them victuals, and in what he possibly might in their relief employing his whole industry, not knowing of all this while who they were unto whom he became so careful an attendant, albeit by circumstances he might have been induced to the knowledge of his charge, for my mother, somewhat to be disburdened of the burning sorrows of her bursting heart (for working vessels and woeful hearts the one by vent the other by words are delivered from breaking) taking occasion, in the hearing of *Deipyrus*, to speak of the king my father would sometimes use these and such like speeches, saying,<sup>21</sup> ‘I would, *Deipyrus*, you could give us<sup>22</sup> good warrant of the king his welfare, as I<sup>23</sup> promise with a performance betwixt him and you of an atonement; but (alas) notwithstanding your discomfiture, I am not so comforted that I rest fearless of *Cilician* practices. Well may<sup>24</sup> the good king speed, what evil soever I suffer, who not prospering, I, mine, and many perish; and therefore dare I say that with greater disease for his woe or gladder desire of his weal his queen and wife cannot labor than presently do I, that neither in the one nor the other do give place to his best welwiller.’

“Thus did she often make her moan afar off, not daring in plain terms to disclose herself, remembering how dangerous it is to repose confidence in a reconciled enemy,<sup>25</sup> in that point showing herself better advised than was my father, who, giving credit to the feigned shews of a friendly foe, did learn by the price of a dear salary the proof of a dry dissembler, and how to climb up by the briar is to be clawed with the bramble; for my father, making account to be reestablished in his kingdom, received from the *Cilician* king this cross answer: ‘Sir,’ quoth he, ‘your plentiful thanks are superfluous, and your proffered liberality needless, for that you perhaps will think me unworthy so much, whilst I think myself worthy of more, and therefore may you proportion your thanks as it likes you, seeing my portion shall now<sup>26</sup> be as it lists me. Is it an easy matter (think you?) to transport an army out of *Cilicia*, to hazard our lives in *Lydia*, and having encountered and conquered the enemy to convert the glory of the battle and gain of the booty to the profit of others? No, no; I may profit you, but not prejudice myself. Let it suffice that I have corrected your foes, and that yourself escape unrevenged of our ancient enmity, over and besides which undeserved friendship I give you a ship in all things well furnished, with sufficient treasure to supply your expenses; and thus knowing my mind, the sooner you be packing the safer may it be for your person. As for *Cilicia*, I have *Xenarchus* my son there to govern, and here in *Lydia* want I<sup>27</sup> not soldiers to engarrison.’

“Unto whom in few words my father<sup>28</sup> replied that, justly condemning his pretense and despising his proffers, it lastly rested that Fortune his foe might one day cry quittance with falsehood his friend; and so only accompanied of three or four of his faithful servants (as doubting

the worst) fled secretly into the before-mentioned forest, not knowing the same to be the receptacle of *Deipyrus*, much less of his missed wife and children, but least of all that the same his traitorous nephew did in such sort minister to their necessities.

### CHAPTER XXXII

*Of Deipyrus his great contrition and repentance, he being fallen into a deep pit; and how and by whom he was holpen thereout.*

“Within this forest, in a pleasant glade, the shepherds, to take wolves and other ravening beasts haunting their flocks, had digged a very deep and dangerous pit, laying boughs slightly overthwarts and so<sup>29</sup> artificially covering the same over with green turves<sup>30</sup> that the subtilty thereof might hardly be espied; into which pit *Deipyrus*, ranging abroad to seek after sustenance for himself and his charge, at unawares slipped; who,<sup>31</sup> seeing no possibility of deliverance from thence, complaineth after this manner: ‘Sour is that sweet which decayeth in the blossom, but sweet is that sour that dieth in the bud. Ah, happy man, *Deipyrus*, that being forworn with correction hast at the length wearied Fortune with correcting, and shalt anon present death with the glad delivery of thy joyless life; and that not suddenly amongst the impenitent pikes, but slower than thou wouldst, even in<sup>32</sup> this pit, wherein appeareth the great mercy of the good gods in respect of the small merits of sinful men. O, that the secret bowels of the earth, that thus<sup>33</sup> denieth not to bury me, as no doubt the upper face thereof disdaineth to bear me, could as well conceal my too haughty errors<sup>34</sup> as it doth cover mine humble carcass!<sup>35</sup> Then should my treasons, which now seem odious to the heavens, infamous to the world,

hurtful to many,<sup>36</sup> detestable to all, and burdensome to mine own conscience—then (I say) might such mine offenses surcease to survive deceased *Deipyrus*, which mine infamies<sup>37</sup> (alas) will then be hardly ripe when I shall be haply rotten. Nevertheless, I am not now to dread the worst of merciless men, that slowly forget, but to hope the best of the merciful gods, that swiftly forgive; now am I to sit upon myself as judge and against myself to pronounce judgment, that the gods seeing me impartial in mine own case may (as no doubt they will) spare me for the same cause; for it more standeth us upon to confess than to defend our follies. It is, alas, a common imperfection to offend, but an unwonted perfection to repent. For<sup>38</sup> why? The first springeth from nature, but the other from virtue. Yea, nature (whereunto we easily incline) is in effect security to sin, and fear of wordly shame biddeth us to<sup>39</sup> justify ourselves, when (indeed) to live in security is not to die in safety; for meet it is that the honey which seemed pleasant in the mouth be converted to bitter wormwood in the stomach, and utterly abhorred of the soul. Doth not the hoped-for joy in the harbor moderate the suffered perils on the seas?<sup>40</sup> And the will to be released of the malady assuage the sharpness of the medicine? And shall not I that groan with repentance in mine heart hope thereby to gain refreshment to my soul? Yes, verily,<sup>41</sup> so to hope winneth an effectual hire. That we be contrite it is necessary, that our contrition be equi-parent to our transgressions more necessary, but [if]<sup>42</sup> the quality of our repentance exceedeth the quantity of our offenses, then is the same most acceptable. But (wretches that we are) flesh and blood persuade the contrary, saying we scarce trip when (indeed) we stumble downright, that

the crime is very light when the same is most weighty, that we shall live long and may at leisure repent, when in a moment we are taken away or ever we think to amend, and so in the end perish desperately that persist devilishly; for as<sup>43</sup> the gods are greatly delighted with repentance, so are they grievously displeased with procrastination. It only remaineth then that I embrace thee, O sweet repentance, a burthen so much the less ponderous by how much thou encreaseth in greatness; to the pricked conscience thou art the perfect consolation, and the only counterchange to deserved confusion. With thy feet only we run to mercy, and without thy wings fly we not from vengeance. Thou (I say) dost reprehend mine errors, and therefore will I apprehend thy virtues, never giving thee over until<sup>44</sup> I comprehend thy sweetness.'

“Whilst *Deipyrus*, most desirous to have died, spake yet more in the dark pit, one while remembering the distress of his guideless charge left at random in the dangerous forest, and often minding (whom he made account never more to see) his dear *Eurymone*, the king of *Lycia* his daughter, whose love was the greatest part of his enterprised lewdness, but never forgetting with a penitent heart and bitter tears to send forth his humble prayers as his soul's harbingers, it chanced my father and his company to wander along the same glade, and to hear those penitent and piercing lamentations of unseen and unthought-of *Deipyrus*. Wherefore, searching the place, they discover the subtle pit; and then, letting down withes and other devices, which they framed for that purpose, they drew *Deipyrus* up into the open air, that of a day and night before had scarcely discerned any light of the sun or stars.<sup>45</sup>

## CHAPTER XXXIII

*How the king after this their unexpected interview dealt with Deipyrus.*

“When<sup>46</sup> the king my father beheld the plight of *Deipyrus*, and the same perceived the presence of my father, it was a world to note the alteration of either in<sup>47</sup> their countenances. Especially *Deipyrus*, consumed with the pensiveness of his heart, enfeebled through weakness of body, and confounded in the guiltiness of his own conscience, had better cause often to change his color than (as it happened) to have feared<sup>48</sup> my father’s cholera. Wherefore (now hopeless of life),<sup>49</sup> only accusing Fortune for such extraordinary malice and exclaiming of death for that peremptory delay, he fell flat to the earth, as one utterly bereft of sense, the tender of whose dolorous passions might have been pleaded in full acquittance of all past trespasses, had envy itself followed the action and rigor occupied the place of judgment.

“My father (contrary to all expectation), overcoming ire and being himself overcome by pity, not without watery eyes lifting up to<sup>50</sup> *Deipyrus*, that shamed to look him in the face, said,

“ ‘If (*Deipyrus*) thou wert unsuspecting of my nature, mindful of what I once was and not ignorant what I now am, thou wouldst not suppose the accident of the last to cause an alteration in the first—that is, not think me a merciless beggar whom thou didst know to be a pitiful king. Neither wouldst thou doubt the authority of the second, seeing I that late might have commanded thee to judgment do not now dare in any place to demand justice, and without law to determine a wrong is in law to decline from right. Nevertheless, but even now did I think it very

a<sup>51</sup> hard thing to hold my tongue in anguish, harder to hold my hands in anger, but hardest of all to forgive thee,<sup>52</sup> mine enemy. But sufferance, the heart's physician (I wot not how prevailing), telleth me now that anger should be as short as the same is sudden, that hasty wroth is an harmful councillor, betwixt too much and too little not observing a mean, that the end of wrath is shame or repentance, or both, and that the same evil may easily be avoided if but a small time it be deferred. For time, I perceive, doth moderate ire, and better man is he that wisely subdueth his fury than he that with armor sacketh a city. Neither is any revenge more valiant than to pardon a foe that is vanquished. It is, I say, *Deipyrus*, but even now that no such argument could have persuaded what moderation myself do now prosecute; and no marvel if my patience was then moved when thine ingratitude was so manifested; for easilier do we suffer a wound fastened by a foe than sustain a wrong offered by a friend, as esteeming the first trespass, but the latter treason. With more grief than gain, I see, by thine example (unadvised nephew) I see it, that envy drinketh up the greatest part of her own poison, and that whilst the mind flieth higher than it should<sup>53</sup> the man falleth lower than he would. Neither do the same effects ever follow the same affections, for brave intents have oftentimes base events. Well (*Deipyrus*), seeing by thy death I may not recover my loss, it shall suffice if by sparing thy life I may so reobtain thy love; for be assured my kindness is yet as much as our kindred, and to thee I gladly participate this comfort (whereof myself am not yet destitute)—that is, no degree of misery may exceed a superlative, and when mischiefs are at the highest pitch, then either succeedeth an amend-



ment or of necessity an end; for at the worst, the hardest winter of joy hath death a bound. But not to hope beyond hope, say I (*Deipyrus*), is contrary to courage. *If still the same, I lose my name* is said to be Fortune's only and pregnant poesy.'<sup>54</sup>

## CHAPTER XXXIV

*How it fared and fell out afterwards with the king, Deipyrus, the queen, and her infants.*

"Now after many kind tears and entertainments, with mutual report of their passed wrongs and present woes, wherein the miss of his queen and two children was not unremembered of my father, as a chief corrasive amongst his other sorrows, *Deipyrus* did tell of the lady and her two infants over whom (as before) he had taken charge in that forest, and was very desirous before their departure from thence to have succored their distress.<sup>55</sup>

"Whereunto<sup>56</sup> my father's answer was that in their own case delay might be dangerous. '*Lydia* (saith he) at this day affordeth more than enough such distressed wanderers, whom not to be able to help it grieveth, and for whom to hurt ourselves were not requisite; he that once flieth may again fight; whilst the prince liveth to hope, the people's case is not desperate.<sup>57</sup> Let us not so admit pity that we omit matters of greater importance.' This he said, as thinking nothing less than to have there seen those who there he never would have sought.<sup>58</sup>

"*Deipyrus*, who seemed thus answered, but in his pitiful mind not satisfied, undertaking (as he that made himself best acquainted with that forest) to conduct his company the nearest way to the sea, did of purpose lead them directly to that place where he had before left his helpless

charge, and there he found them all three pitifully weeping and utterly destitute of comfort.

“No sooner did my father behold this sight but, as it were at once overtaken with extreme joy and extreme grief, he forthwith swooneth.\* My mother (for by this time she knew him) endeavoring to give him succor did also labor in the selfsame ecstasy.<sup>59</sup> But either of them being anon recovered, and nothing omitted in passion, word, or action incident to so unlooked-for, loving, and lamentable a meeting, they consult of their safety, and how to proceed for the recovery of *Lydia* from the usurping *Cilician*.<sup>60</sup>

“In the end, induced by such profitable and discreet reasons as *Deipyrus* then alleged, they all bend their journey towards *Lycia*, where they were no sooner arrived but they heard report of the *Lycian* king his death, and perceived great provision to enthrone in the sovereignty *Eurymone*, *Deipyrus* his lady and lover.

“*Deipyrus*, not a little joyful of these tidings, and affying in his lady her constancy, with the rest of his company (unknown to all that met them) repaired to the court, and when he had there<sup>61</sup> disclosed himself and his distressed friends to *Eurymone*, she comforted them with such honorable and hearty entertainment as did both give a perfection to their hope and a defection from all heaviness, taking (according to their former covenant of love) *Deipyrus* to husband, who jointly at this day rule king and queen in *Lycia*. And there have my deprived parents ever since lived in such prosperity that their exile might be said an advancement, in whose quarrel also *Deipyrus*, for the recovery of *Lydia*, hath long time maintained<sup>62</sup> sharp wars against the king of *Cilicia*, towards whom to entreat of

\* Swooneth.

divers weighty affairs given me in charge I am now sailing.”

#### CHAPTER XXXV

*How by a sight in the Lycian ship and Tymetes his speeches, Atys and Abynados had hope concerning their father; with him they sail into Lydia.*

Before the courteous knight *Tymetes* had finished this his speech, *Atys* and *Abynados* had espied in the Lycian ship a very fair target, whereupon was curiously engraven and in lively colors portrayed the terrible image of enraged *Semiramis*, in such manner as she behaved herself when, being informed of the besieging of *Babylon*, she rushed from out her tiring chamber, her eyes seeming to sparkle fire, in her hand brandishing her weapon, and her flasking\* hair loosely waving upon her bare shoulders, as having vowed not to bind up the same<sup>63</sup> until she had utterly expelled the besiegers. The which (notwithstanding the great strength and number of her enemies) with fortunate expedition she performed as valiantly in deed as she [had]<sup>64</sup> vowed the same courageously in word. The two brethren (as I said) earnestly viewing this target, could not persuade themselves but that the same once appertained to *Sorares* their father, in whose hand when he disanchored from *Nineveh* they had seen it; and therefore, after they had opened their thoughts and moved some questions concerning the same, such was *Tymetes* his answer.

“In *Sarmatia* (quoth he), a warlike nation in *Scythia*, from whence I now come and whither I am shortly to return, ruleth an uncle of mine, of whose gift I received

\* Fluttering, tossing, waving.

this target, the which together with an infinite mass of treasure, apparel, armor, and other ornaments after the *Median* and *Assyrian* fashion came to his possession through the arrival of a distressed ship being driven into his country, wherein remained two<sup>65</sup> *Medes*, and the same very aged and impotent persons, of whose adventures I am not able to make any further report, saving that they seemed to take great unkindness of the avarice and cruelty of certain *Assyrians* whom they had left shipless in a barren island. But being, nevertheless, most desirous of their delivery, mine uncle hath promised to satisfy them therein as soon as the season of the year serveth to cross those blustering and dangerous seas; and trust me, gentlemen, it is not unlikely (whereof I thought not before) but that these *Assyrians* may be your parents and friends after whom you make this inquiry. If, therefore (for I imagine it shall be worth your labor), it may please you first to sail with me into *Lydia*, and after to resail into *Sarmatia*, I promise you my company thither for your conduction and my credit in either country<sup>66</sup> for your countenance.”

The *Assyrians*, gathering much hope of such *Tymetes* his comfortable tidings, and thankfully accepting what he courteously offered, disanchor with him and sail into *Lydia*; neither could they sail much awry that to find out *Sorares* they knew not when, and<sup>67</sup> were to seek they wist not where. To shorten, therefore, their sailing, in *Lydia* I now land them, whereas the king of *Cilicia* usurpingly was then resident, where, through his tyranny, was occasioned this following tragedy.<sup>68</sup>

# APHRODITE

## CHAPTER XXXVI

*Xenarchus his friendly advertisement to Tymetes to beware of falsehood in fellowship; Lydia and the lovely lasses there described.*

### *Calamus sextus*

Not long after they had taken land, *Xenarchus*, a most dear friend to *Tymetes*, and *Tymetes* such and the same to *Xenarchus*, betwixt whom (notwithstanding the deadly enmity and impacable discord so long time continued and daily increasing betwixt the two kings their fathers (for *Xenarchus*, as is before said, was son to the king of *Cilicia*), nature, in respect of the *sympathia*<sup>1</sup> of their minds, in two bodies seemed to have placed but one and the same heart—immediately, I say, as *Tymetes* had set foot on shore, he met *Xenarchus* ready to have taken ship, who, after many friendly greetings, said,

“It fareth with me (friend *Tymetes*) as with one that, having delightfully dreamed, is therefore displeased with such delight because the same was but a dream. I that scarcely have time to bid thee welcome must urge leisure to give thee a farewell;<sup>2</sup> otherwise in shewing myself a dutiful friend I should be thought a disobedient son, and to us either twain the damage might prove all one. I have (*Tymetes*) more news than time to tell it; only think it standeth us upon to be circumspect of our tripartite familiarity begun with *Mazeres*, lest thereby our by-parted friendship be called into question by my father. For I perceive now the hawk<sup>3</sup> beginneth to check that erewhile came so freely to fist. Thou mayest try him, but do not trust him, so far forth esteeming *Mazeres* thy friend as

thou still make account *Mazeres* may be thy foe, for the countenance may double with the conscience, and therefore flatterers praise us because they would prize us. By this much thou mayest anatomize a meaning. I hope to find thee here at my return from *Cilicia*; meanwhile, let friendship and often recourse of letters make us present in minds that are absent in persons." And thus sorrowful<sup>4</sup> taking their leaves, they departed either of them his several way.

When *Tymetes*, *Atys*, *Abynados*, and their company had bestowed themselves in *Sardis*, in which city the court then lay, and after *Tymetes* had conferred with the king, and whilst he attended his deferred answer, they with the less tediousness to pass forth the time of their abode in *Lydia* one while frequent the delectable springs, sweet groves, and brave prospective hill dedicated to the *Meonian* Muses, and another while do as much wonder at the glittering rivers *Pactolus* and *Hermus*, casting on shore their golden sands, as delight in the musical choir of swans that sweetly sing on the banks of *Enister*.

But never could they glut their hungry eyes in beholding the kidlike fair troops of *Lydian* lasses, amongst whom<sup>5</sup> nature might rather seem for her own learning to have borrowed beautiful precedents than able upon them to have bestowed braver perfections. In furtherance whereof the gentle planets, temperate climate, fertile soil,<sup>6</sup> and what not were in all things occurrent, so that not without good reason were the nymphs of *Meonia* called terrene goddesses, as well in respect of themselves as their allotted paradise; and not only to the jocund *Venerian*, but even unto<sup>7</sup> the melancholy<sup>8</sup> *Saturnist* it might have moved delectation to have viewed these lovely wenches, with their

fair dependant tresses<sup>9</sup> shadowing their ivory shoulders, and to have seen<sup>10</sup> how their short frocks of silk girt to their small middles (being sometimes amidst their wanton dances whisked up by the wind) discovered their demi-buskins, smoothly planted with buckles of gold to their dainty ankles, and eftsoons bared their white knees.

*Atys* (as it seemed) delighted with these stars (chief principles,<sup>11</sup> no doubt, of his astrology), remembering the *Scythian* lord his late unanswered invective against this sweet sex, and now feeling himself amorously animated to speak somewhat in their defence,<sup>12</sup> said to *Abynados*, in the hearing of divers ladies and gentlemen, as followeth.

#### CHAPTER XXXVII

*Atys frameth an apology for women, condemning the too curious prying of men into their infirmities.*

“Like as (saith he) the dead sea *Aspaltus*<sup>13</sup> in Syria is indifferently commended, in respect that no living<sup>14</sup> creature may therein miscarry, as condemned in that no living substance therein doth ingender, even so our *Scythian* host (in mine opinion) shewed himself no more courteous by his bounteous entertaining of wanderers than currish by his biting inveighing against women, blaspheming all because beguiled of one.<sup>15</sup> Bees with honey have their<sup>16</sup> stings, and we all have our faults. Admit the good wife play foul; should therefore the goodman play the fool? I say no, lest<sup>17</sup> he, beginning the quarrel at home, to civil unquietness<sup>18</sup> add impudent perseverance, and then household jars shall bid his good days goodnight; but in any case if *Venus* be found in conjunction with *Mars*, let *Vulcan* shew his cunning only in concealing, and rather sleep to beagles than awake bandogs. Otherwise for justicers he shall but

find jibbers, and those that would<sup>19</sup> rather be alike detected than alike suspected; for when things are published for common, they are then practiced for current; and then, what with first play-fears\* and last smell-feasts,\*\* in vain that *Juno's* herdsman watch *Jupiter's* heifer.

“The fox most of all mistrusteth the fox; neither is the deceiver fearless of deceit; and were it not (think women) that jealous men did themselves falsely enter, they would not suspect women to bear men to many. Wherefore (silly souls), play they fair or play they foul, seeing themselves alike suspected, they hold it but good reason to requite such open sorrow by the advantage of some privy solace, and will venture if but for a revenge. And as<sup>20</sup> jealous men do thus<sup>21</sup> the rather help forwards the secret escapes of women, so also<sup>22</sup> may be added that, with importunate suits, charming words, enticing gifts, opportunity of time and place, and by a thousand other devices of sufficiency to move mountains, their good but not [deified]<sup>23</sup> natures (the which to circumvent men never cease to fish for opportunities) be labored. It resteth then, seeing the eye, the ear, and the conceit are the only surfeits of such sickness, that ‘I see and I see not’ is a sovereign implaster to one so wounded—not to see, nor to desire to see, an especial preservative against such maladies; but he that will neither see it, hear it, nor believe it, shall have more than can physic warrant, never to die with swallowing of fly blows, and except his stomach be more squeamish than<sup>24</sup> the fish overflown of the bird *Aspra*, not at all feel the same contagious. Let it suffice that women, as they be subtle in counsel, so are they secret in conveyance; for he

\* Possibly “play-feres” (i.e., playmates), with a pun intended.

\*\* Those who smell a feast and share in it uninvited.



that would first blow<sup>25</sup> to uncouple shall be the last that commeth into the fall; but to him that curiously searcheth a knife wherewithal to cut his own throat, I say *Argus* his head to be well worthy *Mercury* his handling. Hitherto<sup>26</sup> have I briefly, not as I could, alleged the best for those against whom might be objected the worst.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII

*More in discommendation of their detractors, and in commendation of women.*

“But what shall I say to these<sup>27</sup> stoical precisions that do<sup>28</sup> bark out all<sup>29</sup> their railings against all women in general?<sup>30</sup> Shall I term them fleshly lumps without life, fires without heat, ghosts without substance, or shadows without sense? Not so; but as the beast *chimer*\* hath a lion’s face but a dragon’s tail, so those beasts have continent words but unchaste works, and seem devout when (in deed) their devotion is nothing less than their seeming. For they fare with women as do riders with their horses, who spur them not to run from them, but to run with them—or as lapidaries with their precious stones, that hew them not for anger but for advantage; some of which sort live not single as pretending to live chaste, but deny marriage as preventing a charge; or (like the fox that will eat no grapes) have not wives because they hate them, but hate women because they cannot have them. Some<sup>31</sup> other, whose affections no doubt could afford them to live did not their infirmities enforce them to leave, play therefore the envious dog in the manger. But much more safer were it, say I, for such hypocrites to be justly reprov’d for incontinent sinners<sup>32</sup> than falsely reputed for chaste livers;

\* I.e., the Chimaera.

for then the disclosing of the one might procure them humble spirits, whereas the dissembling of the other puffeth up their haughty stomachs, whom if we should admit to be such as they seem, yet far more commendable is poor matrimony than proud chastity.

“It is, trust me, most ridiculous to hear how that these monsters would monstrify the manners and the beautiful ornaments of women, which they do receive naturally, or else apply to beautify, as if (forsooth) like of sheep, seeing water they must needs thirst—or green meadows, fall to grazing;<sup>33</sup> when in troth not the wardrobe nor the woman, but their own wanton inclinations setteth flax easily on burning. And yet (ladies), these are they who give forth that your natural beauties are no other than artificial shadows. If you keep in, then they say<sup>34</sup> you are serving your customers—if you walk out, then seeking for clients; if bravely appalled, then players—if meanly attired, then paltocks;\* if you be merry, then immodest—if modest, then sullen; if you keep not company, then proud—if you keep company, then light; if easily caught, then over-kindhearted and as ready to check—if wisely deferring your choice, then overcruelly minded and too tedious the suit; if you will not be courted at all, then disdainful—if any be admitted to conference, then suspected; if you be rich, they woo your dowries—if poor, they weigh not your virtues; if beautiful, they covet the fleece—if not, they cast off the crown; if soft-sprighted, they doubt new competitors—if sharp witted, they dread old copesmates; if

\* The paltock was a short coat or sleeved doublet, evidently worn by countrymen (e.g., Langland's “Piers paltock the ploughman.”). The term is here used contemptuously, applied to the individuals wearing the garment rather than to the garment itself.

you tell them of profit, they term you prattlers—but should you be silent, when they are careless then will not they be tongue-tied to call you bad housewives. In a word (I wot not with what fury moved) in all things they oppose themselves to your virtues. But I may say, and say truly, that, next to the gods, we are most beholding to women, for if to be born into the world be a benefit, even from<sup>25</sup> their strained wombs we are proceeded. If to be fostered up, and that with their blood, be kindness, even from their stretched paps was it sucked. If chary attendance (being of ourselves noisome and helpless) be charity, even with their often filled hands were we cherished. What shall I say? More worketh in us to our behooves the nature of our mothers than the influence of the planets, for admit we the operation of *Luna* in our feeble infancy, of *Mercury* in our unstable childhood, of *Venus* in our effeminate adolescence, of *Sol* in our flourishing youth, of *Mars* in our staid manhood, of *Jupiter* in our temperate seniority, and of *Saturn* in our decrepit old age, or the dominion or constellation of the twelve signs or any the stars at all times, yet who knoweth not that every of these successively continue but their seasons? Neither is there any inevitable necessity, other than our own sensitive appetites, that doth violently draw us to the several dispositions of the planets, for the wise man is said to govern the stars; but the inseparable operation and natural inclination of the mother towards her son is a disposition unremoveable and without end—for can she forget a part of her own flesh? No, but even from the spring of our infancy to the summer of our youth, the harvest of our manhood, the winter of our old age, yea after our funerals, and in our children, her tender care of us doth rather

increase than in any part diminish. So that (if we remember ourselves) unrequitable are the duties wherein we are most deeply indebted to our mothers; and yet many times such is our unthankfulness that what they prodigally delivered without mean, we niggardly repay with scant measure, and such is often the corrupt nature of man that where he oweth most there he loveth least.<sup>36</sup>

### CHAPTER XXXIX

*He further prosecuteth the praise of women and of matrimony.*

“It is moreover to be noted that nature (whom we must grant to be perfect in all her actions), forseeing that without the help of women the depopulation of the world would follow, to the intent, therefore, that men should be the more capable of their embracements, hath infused throughout the whole lineaments of their delicate bodies and sweet faces such abundance of beauty that we, seeing the excellency of the same to shine in our eyes like precious carbuncles, hoisting up the sails of our hope and drawing near unto them in the ships of our hearts, become, after many pleasant perils, first merchants and then masters of such invaluable jewels; though not at all times with such speed as we would, yet with a more profitable suit than we wish. Without crossing is no crowning. By the laborious acquiring of women we are, say I, not a little profited in valor and wisdom. For when they have thus set our teeth amorously on edge, it standeth us upon artificially to whet our wits, that our tongues hunt for eloquence in presence to delight, and our heads for inventions in absence to deserve. In our dealings we then must be circumspect, in diet temperate, and in apparel decent, with all which love doth furnish us and by all which love is

furthered. Add also<sup>37</sup> that their love teacheth us to be valiant in chivalry and venturous in arms, to think fear a fault and nothing impossible, to exercise all things, to enterprise most things, and in somewhat to be exquisite. Be<sup>38</sup> it so (which may be denied) that by wooing we are losers; yet doth it follow (which all must confess) that by winning we are gainers, who, attaining at the length to be possessors of our coveted prizes, command in triumph-wise our subdued troubles to follow like chained captives our victorious chariots. Yea, and by how much more<sup>39</sup> grievous we accounted the foughten conflict, by so much the more glorious we esteem the fulfilled conquest. But now if I (that am indeed a freshman and bad sophister) should, in hearing of those who have proceeded masters in that art, reason of the briding, the bedding, and many other merriments incident to marriage, I should prove myself a dotrell in comparison of a doctor; for practitioners, not pupils, must occupy pulpits, and to frame a commentary that cannot make a construction were to propound a problem and to expound the same with an oracle. Wherefore, omitting to paraphrase upon such mysteries, I will (ladies), after an *epitome* of the great blessings of wedlock, make a sparing conclusion of<sup>40</sup> your unspeakable commendations. That the gods themselves were the first institutors of marriage it is probable; that thereby our fleshly appetites be not only qualified with a more civil coiture than might seem brutish and offensive to nature, but also that<sup>41</sup> the world multiplied with a legitimate, no bastardly propagation, must be granted; but (which is more) marriage, no doubt, being a thing miraculously confirmed through a mutual participation of whatsoever they possess, and free community of their own persons, being

(as I may term it) by transplantation, two in one flesh, worketh one and the same will, wish, love, liking, or disliking, affection, defection, and affliction betwixt the man and woman coupled in matrimony. Especially the wife, by a more inscrutable, pliant, zealous, and profound forwardness in consent, is at all assays and in all things flexible to the nature, conditions, dispositions, will, and estate of her husband: in prosperity a partner of his wealth, in adversity a partaker of his woe, and in both a comfortable companion. In health she filleth him with delightful solace; in sickness she followeth him with dutiful succor; and in all things is a constant counsellor and concealer of his purposes. Be he poor or be he rich, with her virtue, dowry, or diligence she increaseth and maintaineth his substance; to the noble and ignoble she beareth heirs to inherit their descending possessions, sons to eternize their deceased progenitors, and children to<sup>42</sup> comfort their distressed parents. In a word, it is commonly seen that, being unmarried, we are inconstant in thoughts and incontinent in works, or if neither of both, yet suspected in either of both; but being married, of contented minds and convenient manners, or if not such as we should, yet unsuspected for such as we are, because marriage not only is pleasant and affable to the good, but also doth credit and countenance even the bad. Sweet ladies,<sup>43</sup> no time<sup>44</sup> longer would I live than do<sup>45</sup> I honor you; but then may I die when I prove a recreant to your praises.<sup>46</sup> And that I do speak this either for fashion or for flattery,<sup>47</sup> or that I ground mine opinion altogether<sup>48</sup> upon an unperfect foundation, let not any imagine; for nature itself by an unrepealable law doth enjoin us to your love; and amongst men, by a laudable custom, your honoring, hallowing, reverencing, and pro-

tecting is especially provided for. To conclude therefore, such as are priers after the natural faults, escapes, and infirmities of women I wish never to be partakers of the profit, pleasure, and bounty of women; and no doubt I have already my wish, for not to excuse the former<sup>49</sup> is not to use the latter.”

## CHAPTER XL

*The censure of Atys his auditory touching the foresaid apology; how Mazerus procured the apprehensions and imprisonment of Tymetes, Atys, and Abynados.*

“Brother (quoth Abynados), I commend your policy,<sup>50</sup> in that you have chosen the stronger side, framing your answer in a place dangerless of a reply; and the rather for that by long continuing your matter you have, I conjecture, discontinued our memories. As for your method, it is sufficient, because your meaning may be supposed; neither do I think you flatter women in jest, because I know you favor them in earnest.”

“Indeed (quoth *Atys*), in that we be brethren, the rather you may presume that we participate such or the same properties;<sup>51</sup> but had I coveted praise (as the same was<sup>52</sup> contrary to my pretense), yet brotherhood is a bad color to bracery, for had I solicited any to support my sayings, of all others I would not have suborned your soothings, not only because of our near alliance, but (which yourself have confessed) because of your short<sup>53</sup> memory; and well had you done in not arrogating to your own shittle\* wit, had you not derogated from the sensible capacity of others.”

“Amongst brethren, friends, advocates, and orators

\* Flighty, fickle, unstable.

(quoth *Tymetes*), it is common to have like brawling without buffeting, and bickering without blows; and in such quiet quarrels bred through emulation, and not begun upon envy, the ears perhaps may itch and the tongue scratch, but with the sound endeth all stomach; for mine own part, *Atys*, howsoever *Abynados* doth<sup>54</sup> like or dislike of the matter, what I cannot amend by words I admit by signs, and therefore, without more, in token that I gladly gratify your commendation of women, I pass my full consent therein under this seal of confirmation," and therewithal he fastened a kiss<sup>55</sup> upon *Aphrodite* her soft cherry lips.

This same lady was daughter to the king of *Cilicia*, now usurper of *Lydia*, whose fortune, had it been proportionable to her feature, should have left her lag to none in bliss as she outwent all others in beauty. Her love towards *Tymetes*, though it appeared later than her brother *Xenarchus* his friendship, yet had not this<sup>56</sup> ran the faster this might have given the turn; but for that her love might not outstrip his friendship, I leave the course indifferent, and *Tymetes* thus far an happy man in friend and lover.

Then *Aphrodite*, with blushing cheeks and a<sup>57</sup> softly voice, said to *Tymetes*, "Sir, would I cavil, I might say your confirmation to be voidable, no print appearing of the impression, and for you to allege the seal over soft or the wax too hard will not be pleadable; neither to have sealed before witnesses shall, I fear me, fall out for *Atys* his security, or your and my safety. For though myself am not squeamish of your orderly kisses, yet it may be there is one gone out that will be querulous for such open kindness. You are not (I trow) to learn that love and principality brook no copartners, and therefore *Mazeres*



as touching me no competitor, howbeit in your love no likely<sup>58</sup> corival; but to win *Atlas* his apples behooveth charms for dragons, to woo we<sup>59</sup> ladies in *Molosse*\* sops for *Cerberus*, and to convey *Aphrodite* into *Lycia* wariness in *Lydia*." Then,<sup>60</sup> turning to *Atys*, with a more audible voice she saith, "I have heard that whilst the vainglorious crow opened her beak to sing, the flattering fox obtained a booty by flight, but if you (*Atys*) have let slip for the like suppose, you must leap short of the like success, for the plenty of your rhetoric hath bred a scarcity of regards.<sup>61</sup> What, man; we can digest pork, yet may you cloy us with pewits. Say might you without shame, and swear may I without sin, that women are not so precisely good as you pretend to make them, neither so perfectly bad as I intend you mean them. I will ask you a ques . . . ."

But here,<sup>62</sup> or ever she might add "tion," the surplusage of the word "question," she was (good lady) enforced to conclude a *periodus*, not being come to the *comma*, [for]<sup>63</sup> invited to this bitter banquet by *Mazeres*, whose madding jealousy had hammered this mischief, as not digesting such familiarity which contrary to his liking had even now passed betwixt *Tymetes* and *Aphrodite*) the cruel king her father and a many his servants, with unsheathed swords and threatening looks, suddenly rush into the place where this guiltless company were thus securely chatting, who, after many opprobrious speeches, hailing *Tymetes*, *Atys*, and *Abynados* from thence, cast them all three into a most vile dungeon, where had not *Aphrodite* by<sup>64</sup> ex-

\* *Molosse* or *Molossus*: (1) a metrical foot of three long syllables and (2) a Molossian dog. The second meaning gives point to the phrase "sops for *Cerberus*."

traordinary means<sup>65</sup> amended their ordinary meals, they had all piningly perished.<sup>66</sup>

## CHAPTER XLI

*How the woeful father of Tymetes, both by war and fair words, endeavoreth the delivery of his son, and of his passionate speeches.*

News of *Tymetes* his immartial imprisonment was anon conveyed into *Lycia*, whereupon the deprived king his father, accompanied also with his nephew, King *Deipyrus*, suddenly landed an huge army of *Lician* soldiers in *Lydia*, girting *Sardis* with a strong siege, howbeit the impregnable situation of the strong walled city without, and the abundance of men, victuals, and artillery within, might have discouraged the besiegers to assail, as the same encouraged the besieged to resist; and therefore, after two months, the barbarous usurping king (as it were in despiteful ostentation to shew how little he forced or feared his enemies), causing *Tymetes*, loaden with irons, to appear on the walls, and waving to the *Lycians* as though he purposed a parley, when the father of *Tymetes* was come within his hearing, he said, "*Tymetes*<sup>67</sup> is the man (ye *Lycians*) for whose enlargement your armies now occupy *Lydia*. If, therefore, this<sup>68</sup> delivery may suffice, be not then hopeless, for him<sup>69</sup> shall you anon have, although headless. And if you shall determine to recompense me for the deed, think not but that the stoutest in your camp shall die in my debt."

Herewithal three or four ruffians whom he had appointed instruments for that butchery settle themselves about their business, *Mazeres* also prosecuting the murder to effect.

This hearing and seeing, the king his father, who (as it

were breathing out the sorrows of his soul) thus saith, "May<sup>70</sup> not mine already sustained wrongs suffice to glut thy savage woodness,\* but wilt thou also add the butchery of my son (my dear and only son), that the death of the child may salute the decrease of the parent? Alas, do not so; suffer thy cruelty to have an end, that my miseries may have some mean. Thyself, having a son, shouldest be acquainted<sup>71</sup> the tender affections of a father; but if not therefore, yet know that myself was once in thy present dignity, and thyself art ignorant of thy following destiny. Wretch that I am, what is past my now adversity maketh me now greatly<sup>72</sup> to remember, as no doubt what is to come thy now prosperity causeth thee to forget. Think, think, that<sup>73</sup> the heavens may one day be to thee and to thy *Xenarchus* such and the same as presently they are to me and my *Tymetes*, and therewithal consider what wrack of felicity would follow thee a childless parent. O, that thou wouldest, as in troth thou shouldest, apply this not impossible possibility to thyself and thine; then might I boldly appeal from myself to thine own sentence, with assured hope of my son his safety. If, therefore, the example of my fall, the uncertainty of thine own Fortune, the supplication of a king, the peace of thy country, the submission of a foe, the intercession of a father, the tears of an old man, the regard of justice, or the innocency of *Tymetes* may now prevail, with my tongue I protest it, with my heart I vow it, and mine act shall perform it, that his ransom shall be the resignation of mine whole interest to this my detained kingdom. But if none of these, any of which might be of sufficiency, neither the

\* Madness.

gods that shall punish the tyranny,<sup>74</sup> the world that shall speak of thine infamy,<sup>75</sup> nor thine own guilty conscience that shall lastly<sup>76</sup> accuse thee—if none of these, I say, can work thy flinty heart to a fleshly substance, yet know that the *Lycians*, not without the assistance of other nations, will, I am sure, vow the last drop of their dearest blood to revenge such inhumane cruelty. Yea, pity thine own people that shall buy his death over dearly.”

## CHAPTER XLII

*Tymetes his magnanimity, his opinion and contempt of death, and of his end.*

When thus much was spoken in vain (for tyrants are so much<sup>77</sup> the less tractable by how much the more<sup>78</sup> they are entreated) *Tymetes*, rather dying in the grief of his father than dreading the death wherewithal himself was threatened, spake<sup>79</sup> as followeth:

“I am (dear father) enjoined an over-grievous penance, that being patiently resolved of<sup>80</sup> a simple death do now also, by your impatience, live a dying life, whereby my death is rather doubled than deferred.<sup>81</sup> You are not, I know, advised how you envy my good hap, because not advertised how you hinder my sweet hope, which hope is death, and death the salve for all sorrows, and the deliverer of the immortal soul from the prison of this mortal body. Neither is it the ill death but the well dying we are to account of, for not the stifling halter of hemp or sinking pillow of down do in anything help or hinder our passage to heaven. Be not grieved in that your son is punished, but be glad in that he hath not deserved such punishment. Were I guilty, perhaps, my death should

disquiet you the less, when in that I am innocent you ought to be quieted the more; as nature doth move you to lament the death of your son, so let reason learn you the quality of your seed, which is mortal. If because I am young you wish my life might be prolonged, I answer, in not dying old my sorrows are abridged; if you cannot (as perhaps you do not) digest the bloody triumph of your dishonorable enemy, then do not (as no doubt you do) double his ambition with the bootless expense of your over-humble petitions. For think not that this tyrant, who cannot lengthen his own days one moment, can of himself shorten my date one minute, but that the gods (for so I hope), ready to accept of my soul, have made him an instrument to separate it from the body. Wherefore (good father), seeing that death is both necessary and also overtaketh us all of necessity, and<sup>82</sup> seeing I aver the one by trial neither may you avoid the other by traverse, with the reverent duty of a son I require it, and without the partial affection of a father I beseech you to grant it, that your impatience may not drive those tears to my heart which (not with a desperate mind do<sup>83</sup> I speak it) this butcherly penance shall never draw from mine eyes.”

More might he not be suffered to speak, but his head, being stroken off from his shoulders, was, together with his bleeding body, at commandment of the tyrant, cast over the walls amongst the sorrowful *Lycians*, to the view of his sowning father, which dead body of *Tymetes* was anon solemnly interred in the accustomed sepulchers of his ancestors, sometimes kings of *Lycia*, near adjoining to *Sardis*.

## CHAPTER XLIII

*Aphrodite with tears frequenteth the tomb of Tymetes; Atyz and his brother are conveyed out of prison; Xenarchus to revenge his friend's death combateth Mazeret, and what ensued.*

Winter was now at hand, and the *Lycians*, perceiving themselves rather wasted than their enemies wearied, prepared therefore to break up their siege, intending at the next spring to have returned with all the forces that<sup>84</sup> they might possibly levy. But in this meanwhile at *Sardis* arrived *Xenarchus*, son to the tyrant, and friend, as before, to *Tymetes*, who, after intelligence had of *Tymetes* his death and *Mazeret* his treachery, desirous to be dead with the one and revenged on<sup>85</sup> the other,<sup>86</sup> attended from thenceforth opportunity for both, and that so as the *Lycians* themselves before their departure might be eye-witnesses that even death had not yet dissolved their friendship. And lo! how occasion offered itself to this enterprise.

*Aphrodite* his sister, that she might there spend her tears where she dared to have shed her blood,<sup>87</sup> had (not regarding the danger of the encamped enemy) escaped out of *Sardis*, and amongst the *Lydian* sepulchers was espied pitifully to passionate herself over the tomb of *Tymetes*. Now, to rescue her out of that place and peril, *Mazeret* (that for her love would have labored even *Dis* himself) desired *Xenarchus* his assistance; the match was made, and only they two, alike weaponed and unknown to any, issue out of the city to fetch home (as was pretended) *Aphrodite*. The self-same day also had *Xenarchus* secretly practised the delivery of *Atyz* and *Abyndos* out of prison, and through a privy vault issuing out of the king's palace, conveyed them into the suburbs,

who, not minding rashly to fall into the hands of the encamped *Lycians*, had now hid themselves amongst the aforesaid sepulchers. When *Xenarchus* and *Mazeres* drew near to this place, *Xenarchus* suddenly betook himself<sup>88</sup> to his weapon, and *Mazeres* demanding the cause of his so doing, he maketh this answer:

“What, *Mazeres*, dost thou make a question as ignorant of a quarrel? Or thinkest thou a verbal salve may heal an actual sore?<sup>89</sup> Could thy love towards my sister make thee disloyal to my friend, and shall not the faith I owed<sup>90</sup> my friend make thee mine enemy? Yes, *Mazeres*, yea:<sup>91</sup> though until now I have dissembled my grief for his death, yet, this opportunity happening, I cannot<sup>92</sup> longer suspend revenge for his wrong; howbeit, so would I be revenged that neither wish I to be conqueror, nor would I be conquered—only that we both die of mutual wounds I desire it and thou dost deserve it. I know thy courage is haughty, and my quarrel honest. Be therefore venturous in this as thou art valiant in all things else, and condescend to join in so knight-like a combat with so indifferent a combatant, who overcoming, or being myself overcome, do assure thee of this comfort, that thyself art the last man shall see me living. The reason hereof (if thou seekest a reason) is, the soul of *Xenarchus* at once laboreth to salute the ghost of *Tymetes* and withal to keep an obit\* to him with thy life by whose only means his death was prosecuted, and against whom his blood crieth vengeance.”

“To excuse myself (replied *Mazeres*) by love were to accuse love of homicide, to argue against such your friendship were the rather to aggravate your enmity, and to

\* A ceremony in commemoration of the dead; a memorial service.

deny the challenge were to distrust mine own manhood, so that in excusing I should accuse, as I will not; in persuading I should not dissuade, as I would; and in agreeing to you I should disagree with you, as I must. But alas,<sup>93</sup> advise yourself better, and deal not so outrageously with him that friendly, not fearfully, beseecheth you of patience; for if the loss of my life might revive *Tymetes*, he should live; but seeing it may not so be, then know, *Xenarchus*, that *Mazerus* is a knight, no coward, and being enforced to fight, naturally will he rather kill than be killed;<sup>94</sup> when if it should so prove (as in fight the victory is uncertain) that by evil hap you perish on my weapon, then<sup>95</sup> howsoever it pleaseth you to flout me or fear me with the promised comfort of your death, wherein I should conceive nothing less than comfort, and whereof again and again I entreat you not to enforce the occasion, you may assure yourself of this comfort from me, that your dead bones shall more persecute me than your living body can punish me: the one I may not fly, the other I do not fear. The reason is (if you demand a reason) if my death be not the price of your blood, yet must I of necessity forsake *Lydia*, the which to leave were intolerable, and so forego *Aphrodite*, whom not to love is impossible."

Now when *Xenarchus* would admit no excuses, other than by combat to decide the discord, the two knights so valiantly charge each<sup>96</sup> the other that whilst both strike, both seem rather to shrink with the blows than to shun the weapons; either of them shewed enough of courage; neither of them were to seek of cunning, and fret more with scorn to be wounded than feel the smart of their wounds. In few, after many breathings, *Xenarchus*, disadvantaging



himself by his over-fierce and desperate fight, received a wound, whereof he fainting falleth to the earth; and then persuading himself of no other hope than present death, he charitably forgave woeful and wounded *Mazeres* the deed, and, constantly embracing him (endeavoring all in vain to give succor), desired to be conveyed unto *Tymetes* his tomb, there to offer up his last gasp a sacrifice to his friend's ghost, in performance of which his request *Mazeres* shewed himself no less dutiful than doleful.

## CHAPTER XLIV

*Of Aphrodite her moan; of Mazeres', hers, and the tyrant's deaths; and of the restoration of Tymetes his father to his kingdom.*

Whilst perplexed *Aphrodite* (dishevelled as she was) washed her lover's tomb with her lamentable tears, bewailing his untimely destiny and esteeming the date of her own life over-dilatory, lifting up her flowing eyes, she espied *Mazeres*, supporting thitherwards the imbrued body of her dying brother; at sight whereof, when weepings gave passage to words, she thus lamenteth:<sup>97</sup>

“Now woe, and out, alas; woe is me, forsoken *Aphrodite*. How happeneth it, my dear brother, that I view thee a second burial? What<sup>98</sup> see I more? Dost thou, *Mazeres* (mischievous *Mazeres*), by a new murder add to my living martyrdom? If thou—I say, if thou, the tormentor of me and traitor to mine, either in respect of the lover thou pretendest to owe me, or in revenge of the hate I protest ever to bear thee, wilt shew me pity by being pitiless, for so much as the gods seem deaf and not to hear me and the destinies dull and not to help me, use once more thy murtherous weapon to dispatch me of life, that otherwise may never be eased of grief. Oh, how

aptly in one tomb mayest thou bestow three murders! Leave not (alas), leave not hapless *Aphrodite* so utterly helpless, that also present death be exempted her succor.”

As *Xenarchus* (for yet he lived) with fainting tongue endeavored to pacify his sister and acquit his enforced foe *Mazeres* of his self-procured death, *Atys* and *Abynados*, hiding themselves (as before) amongst the sepulchers, and hearing those well-known names, lamentable terms, and the voice of [out-]crying<sup>99</sup> *Aphrodite*, partly to assist her unto whom they supposed *Mazeres* to offer force, partly to revenge the death of the courteous knight *Tymetes*, and withal to be meet with *Mazeres* for their own private quarrels, as not a little affrighted at the noise ran forth to see what had happened. But when they perceived their late deliverer *Xenarchus* to lie there alive more than half dead, and by him standing their late betrayer *Mazeres* smoking in blood, without any further words they fiercely ran upon twice-wounded *Mazeres*, plying him with wounds to whom it well pleased to die; who also being thus sped of his death's wound, and aiming with his dying eyes to gasping *Xenarchus*, did with him yield up the ghost, either in other's bosom.<sup>100</sup> This new occurrant gave to *Aphrodite* fresh occasion thus to continue her former lamentation:<sup>101</sup>

“What! dost thou yet live, *Aphrodite* (quoth she),<sup>102</sup> long since the beginner and not yet the ender or at the least wise the fourth actor in this unfinished tragedy? Dear<sup>103</sup> brother, *Xenarchus*, and (which art<sup>104</sup> dearer to me than a brother) my sweet *Tymetes*, content yourselves, yea, a very little while be contented with these wasted tears, the whole remain that continual weepings have left me, and with these cold and comfortless kisses, the last that ever *Aphrodite* shall give you. Neither think thou,

*Mazeres*, that I deem thee utterly unworthy of my weeping that ([which]<sup>105</sup> hath undone us all) didst esteem me altogether worthy thy wooing. I cannot but lament thee, dead, that living could never love thee." Which said, bestowing two kisses on the two corses, and two hundred on the watered marble that enclosed *Tymetes*, she forthwith entered the *Lydian* camp, where,<sup>106</sup> careless of her own safety, rushing into the pavilions of the two kings her father's enemies, she disclosed herself and (as much as in her lay) stirreth them up to revenge upon her *Tymetes* his death.<sup>107</sup> "*Aphrodite* (saith she) is as dear to her father as was *Tymetes* to his, and therefore the revenge, though it be small, yet it is somewhat." In the meantime whilst she yet spake, in came *Atys* and *Abynados*, reporting the pitiful spectacle then to be seen at the tomb of *Tymetes*, to the view whereof the kings and captains hied, and after them *Aphrodite* followed. But she, perceiving the gracious father of *Tymetes* to be so far off from seeking such revenge for the death of his son that he did not only bewail bitterly the dead bodies of *Xenarchus* and *Mazeres*, but also spake to her so comfortably as if she had been his own daughter, being now the rather overcome with the surcharge of this kind sorrow, standing a while speechless and anon sinking down upon the dead bodies, did (good lady) without any violent act finish her life, not unlamented for even of her father's enemies. The next day three costly hearses were provided for the three dead bodies, and whilst the burial rights were, with much business, in doing at the tragical tomb of *Tymetes* (for all they<sup>108</sup> four were bestowed in one tomb), the besieged tyrant, not yet knowing what had<sup>109</sup> chanced, as he stood on the walls of the city, mused at the great solemnity

then in hand by the besiegers. But when (after inquiry made) he understood the same to be the funerals of *Xenarchus* and *Aphrodite* his two children, and of *Mazerus* his favorite,<sup>110</sup> he presently fell into a desperate frenzy, busily seeking in that his madness for weapons whereon to perish. Whereof being prevented, and shut up safe (as they thought) in his chamber, the tyrant, impatient of life, when all other means failed, swallowed down his throat red burning coals, and after he had languished certain days in horrible [anguish]<sup>111</sup> died to the contentment of<sup>112</sup> all, that lived to the comfort of none.<sup>113</sup>

*Sardis* and therewith whole *Lydia*, after the death of the tyrant, what through the remissness<sup>114</sup> of the *Cilician* garrisons, who, being left without a governor, would easily admit no government; what through the ready diligence of the citizens, who gladly labored to restore their country from foreign servitude to wonted freedom; and what through the<sup>115</sup> conduct of *Alys* and *Abynados*, who in the dead night brought the *Lycian* armies into the city through the same vault whereby themselves had (as before) escaped out of the city, was now possessed by the good and rightful king *Tymetes* his father. He, now<sup>116</sup> being re-established in his royal dignity, did anon with indifferent ears and upright sentence daily determine the controversies of his people, to which godly exercise the former wars and troubles did furnish him with more than sufficient of ungodly matter, leaving in manner all things in a confused estate, for new conquests do<sup>117</sup> abrogate old customs and where the soldier endeth there the lawyer beginneth.<sup>118</sup> Amongst many other controversies and complaints that came then in question, this one,<sup>119</sup> to be handled in the discourse following, I esteem not unworthy reporting.<sup>120</sup>

# OPHELTES

## CHAPTER XLV

*An occasion of a new story. Of good and bad magistrates, and of the tedious suits of poor clients.*

### *Calamus septimus*

The king in walking up and down his palace perceived an homely countryman making often proffers to have spoken somewhat unto him, but evermore fearful<sup>1</sup> staying at the tongue's end his purposed words; which, when the good king had a long time together observed, himself coming to the silly man and minding to cut off the bashful silence of the timorous suitor,<sup>2</sup> spake to him as followeth:

“Father (quoth he), mine own experience teacheth me that the country is overcumbersome for us that be courtiers, and thy presence in this place sheweth that the court is overcurious to you that be countrymen. Howbeit, let not our courtly stateliness, which we account convenient for the place, outdash thy country bluntness, which we esteem kindly to the person; but if thou hast anything to say, let me then understand who hath wronged thy right, that can [and]<sup>3</sup> will undertake to right thy wrong.”

When the king with this encouragement had set the poor man's tongue at liberty, *Philargus* (for so was he called) framed his complaint in this order:

“Let not my gracious lord (saith *Philargus*) take offense at the bold intrusion of so base a person,<sup>4</sup> who not finding any one friend to prefer my suit to your highness am myself enforced to be the preferrer and pleader of a most true accusation against a most false offender, whose lofty countenance, being much, doth carry out his lewd con-

science, being more. For know (gracious lord) that I, finding mine ability insufficient to fee an advocate to attempt an action, much less to hold wage with so wealthy a defendant as is mine adversary, endeavored by personal petition to move, if it had been possible, my own pitiful cause before the pitiless magistrates; but (alas), as if distressed poverty had been over-small punishment to me otherwise oppressed with wrongs, at their very doors I found a certain scornfulness to infect even their porters, of whom, after long business and sometimes a bribe, getting license to enter the gates, at their screens renewed my second suit,<sup>5</sup> both coy for entertainment and costlier for justice, for wanting greater gifts to offer I found the smaller grace to obtain. What—my suit? Yea, both suit and speech, and hope to speed. And (which is more) the serving men, chamberlains, and door-keepers of these great men or magistrates, looking for more caps and knees than mine<sup>6</sup> education could readily afford, received mine obeisance without regard of my business; yea, they that took it for a countenance to pluck off the boots of their master thought it a discredit to have conference with me so poor a client.<sup>7</sup> But<sup>8</sup> in thus speaking of the bastard pride of these base brave fellows, being indeed but wasps in comparison of bees, who though they buzz fearfully render sometimes honey, I may seem in frivolous by-matters prolixious to Your Majesty. After many lofty looks and churlish checks of these bribing grooms, leaving the comfortless houses, I attended my times in the cold streets; but now also, whether it were that I met the magistrates in merry talk with my betters, my lamentation came then out of season to interrupt their laughs, or that no such thing happened, yet<sup>9</sup> the very mule keepers would shoulder

me to silence; or if himself chanced to look over the shoulder (perhaps offended with my moanful complaints) it was either to dismiss me as if *Bacchus* should answer *Codrus*, or else to direct me from *Ixion* his wheel to *Belides* their tubs,<sup>10</sup> from himself that did terrify mine eyes with looks to others that should tear out my heart with law; and yet in the end nothing at all done but I undone, my purse in all things making to their law, but their law in nothing to my purpose, so that if hell might have an hell's hell, myself, wretch, even on earth have suffered that hell. In the end, with importunate plying, some of them shook me off with the visor of pity, appointing a day wherein to hear me,<sup>11</sup> the day past and the hearing yet and, I fear me, ever to come—and why? Not because I want matter whereof to complain, but money wherewith to corrupt.<sup>12</sup> And (O good gods that men should with such peevish evasions nourish their palpable errors!) because mine adversary is rich and worshipful, some make it a consequent that therefore mine accusation is rash and wrongful, so that these men, in respect of their mutual clawing one of another, are not unlike bears,<sup>13</sup> with whom, amongst themselves, biting is barred; but in respect of the justice they should do us, not unlike to the beast *hyena*, within whose eye is contained a precious stone, which neither they for fierceness will depart with, nor we for fear dare attempt to recover. Thus mighty men speak the word and all hear them, when we<sup>14</sup> miserable wretches shed<sup>15</sup> tears but not any help us.<sup>16</sup> Our complaints must be Should and Would, because men that are under rule; but their pleas are Shall and Will, because men that can over-rule. Our grievous afflictions fatigate dull senses and tire capacities, but their golden dumb-shows are effectual even to dim sights

and deaf ears. One and the same course is in us dilatory, in them orderly; to us a dismissal,<sup>17</sup> to them a decree; for judgments against them have they errors with them, for sentences reprieves, and for reprieves pardons. But what, alas, do we (if we do aught at all) than sear *Hydra's* heads<sup>18</sup> and sweat in *Hercules* his perils, plucking upon us twenty troubles by proceeding to one trial? And though they eat us as bread and sell us for shoes, yet upon whom should we complain that careth, or unto whom that correcteth?<sup>19</sup> The adversary, so he weigh down right, weigheth not at all the wrong; the lawyer, so he hath a fee, digesteth the foil\* and fathereth the crime on the cause; the magistrate he saith, *Noli me tangere, & angere*, lest the incarnate God prove an untimely devil; and, for the most part, none more intolerable than mean men elated to magistracy.<sup>20</sup> Thus when all were tried, and I tired,<sup>21</sup> and that they lacked pity and I likely to perish, I was by good hap advertised by some that spake as they sped to appeal from those officious persons or adjourning magistrates, that hear not without hire, to the court and nobility there, who hear poor<sup>22</sup> suitors with more expedition and help them with less expenses. This advice made me hardy, but the accident thereof maketh me happy, in that Your Highness vouchsafeth the hearing of it in your own person, which I (unworthy wretch)<sup>23</sup> durst not so much as<sup>24</sup> to have hoped. *Opheltes*<sup>25</sup> (most gracious sovereign), *Opheltes*, more fortunate to dignities than faithful in his dealings, is the only man giving occasion that thus I complain.<sup>26</sup> Him being now<sup>27</sup> present in your court, may it please Your Highness<sup>28</sup> personally to call to this contro-

\* Stain, disgrace.



versy, that, hearing how and wherein I shall charge him by accusation, he may (I would he might) clear himself by answer; for rightful causes fear not indifferent trials." *Opheltes* was then called, who appearing, *Philargus* thus proceeded.

## CHAPTER XLVII

*Philargus his complaint against Opheltes, an ungrateful unthrift, his son-in-law.*

"The *Cilician* tyrant lately usurping in this your kingdom (most gracious lord) pursuing, for what offence I know not, the death of this ungrateful gentleman, enforced him, for safeguard of his life, secretly as a fugitive to skulk in every corner. In his wandering he happened (unhappily may I say) on<sup>29</sup> my poor cottage, unto whom (utterly unknown to me and the clothes on his back scarcely covering his bare) I gave for very pity such entertainment as my ability would then afford.<sup>30</sup> Now, whether it were that despair to regain the estate he lately had foregone made him resolute, or fear to go farther and speed worsen diligent, or that necessity made him virtuous, being naturally vicious, I know not; but this I found, that shortly he settled himself with such towardness to our country affairs and homely fare that the best husbandman was not more cunning at his work, nor the worst hind less choice of his meat, so that finding him more diligent than a servant and no less dutiful than a son, by the one I received commodity, in the other I conceived comfort. Such was poor *Opheltes*, who then did not shame to be my servant; but such is not prosperous *Opheltes*, that now doth scorn to be my son-in-law. And yet, though his present honor hath altered his former honesty, this is the

man and the selfsame *Opheltes* unto whom, not having a coat to his back, coin in his purse, food for his belly, or covering for his head, I gave both apparel, money, meat, and harbor. More<sup>31</sup> than so, I have (ah, rather, I fear me, I had!) but one only child, a daughter, whom *Opheltes* long wooed, at length won, and with my consent did wed. Howbeit, wretched wench, many a lusty youth and rich franklin's son<sup>32</sup> together with her inexorable love lost their unregarded labor, only *Opheltes* had the hap to make her an unhappy wife. Yea, my dotage extended yet a degree farther, so well did I think of the man, that utterly dispossessing myself, I wholly possessed him of mine entire substance. Neither did I soon recant what now too late I repent, but for the time was rather tickled with a false<sup>33</sup> joy, seeing him honestly to encrease his wealth, heartily to entreat me, and husband-like to use my daughter his wife. But no extremity hath eternity; as the world turned to better, so this wretch changed to worsen. For no sooner was the tyrant his foe dead and Your Majesty his friend reseized of your royal diadem but that he suddenly made sale of almost all that was ours, that<sup>34</sup> by Your Highness' means and my money recovered his own, since which time much have we heard of *Opheltes*, now the exquisite courtier, but nothing at all of *Opheltes* the late expert carter. Pardon me (I beseech Your Majesty) that notwithstanding all other injuries would not thus speak to his disgrace, did he not still prosecute me with disdain, which even wretches digest not. There is in the<sup>35</sup> city a stately and secret courtesan called *Phaemonoe*, a fair dame in countenance but a foul devil in conversation, abounding in riches but abandoned of honesty, whose

lascivious dalliances (as since my repair hither I have been told, and myself in part can testify) hath so far estranged *Opheltes* from the duty of an husband that<sup>36</sup> it may be intended he hath not so much as once remembered his wife unto whom since his departure he hath not vouchsafed succor, sight, or sending to. Mine own pinching need, my daughter her pitiful lamentations, and his unkind absence from us both roused up mine aged limbs (unwieldy, God wot, for such journeys) to seek after him whom unwitting to us we had lost, and unwilling to himself in the end I found, if to lose an egg and find a cockatrice [may]<sup>37</sup> be termed a finding; for in very troth, *Opheltes* was so far off from being found the same<sup>38</sup> he lately was that, when he with many [surly]<sup>39</sup> looks, stern words, and scoffing answers had dismissed me [his]<sup>40</sup> presence, as a disparagement to his acquaintance, I, for the time not trusting mine own eyes, began also to make a doubtful pause in acknowledging an undoubted person, until at length I perceived it to fare with me as with the poor sparrow that hatcheth her own destruction. Wherefore, minding with patience to bear this wrong and brook my loss, I returned home to my comfortless house. But here (alas) a greater woe had almost bereft me of<sup>41</sup> my wits. *Alcippe*—woe am I, my daughter *Alcippe* was lacking, and yet still is missing. She (what else should I imagine), impatient of such causeless unkindness, hath (God grant my fear be false) either secretly wrought her own destruction, or else at the best (which is bad enough) forever abandoned me and mine house as the memorative springs that afresh should flow to her sorrows. By thus much Your Majesty may conceive more. If, therefore, this man his

treacherous ingratitude deserveth to be punished, or my<sup>42</sup> calamities be worthy of pity, let then justice recompense his malice and<sup>43</sup> relieve my misery."

*Philargus* thus concluded, *Opheltes* could not avoid the accusation, and the king in this wise proceeded to sentence.

### CHAPTER XLVIII

*Ingratitude and disdain condemned, their contraries commended; and of man, as he is flesh, deciphered, with a just sentence against Opheltes.*

"I have (*Philargus*) given ear, and will anon give ease; otherwise justice should be less, which ought to be so much, than an *intermedium* to my scepter. For whilst we rule with justice we are kings; if otherwise, tyrants.<sup>44</sup> In what, therefore, may we better discharge such our charge than in bridling the jaws of the mighty oppressor, and in wiping tears from the eyes of the poor man oppressed? For mine own part, I have always carried this opinion, that not to do justice to others is to bring myself in danger of judgment, knowing that a prince ought to be the peace of his people, to the orphan a parent, to the succorless a refuge, to good men a protector, to ill men a terror, and to all men indifferent who in respect of the cause should reject the person, giving to every man that which is his; and for this cause are we appellative<sup>45</sup> gods. Even this preamble, *Opheltes*, ought to be fearful to thee that art faulty to thy self. Fie, graceless man, fie! Doth not almost every post in my palace flourish with these sayings: 'Do as thou wouldst be done unto.' 'Shew pity to thy parents, and love to thy kindred.' 'Have peace with men, and war with vices.' 'Be faithful to thy friends, and to all men just.' Yet by so much the more<sup>46</sup> hath thy lewdness di-

gressed from these lessons by how much unlike works differ from like words. But out of a legion will I<sup>47</sup> single a leash, as<sup>48</sup> thine ingratitude, disdain, and adulteries. If, *Opheltes*, I may say him ungrateful that is ready to receive and careless to repay, and him graceless whom the gentle loan of a friend of a debtor maketh an enemy, what may I then say ill enough to thee, who didst frankly receive without loan but dost falsely requite without love, forgetting that courtesies received by a<sup>49</sup> tale should be returned in gross, that to be grateful for a little is a preparative to more, that still to be thankful and confess a benefit is still to strike from off the score with our benefactors, and in troth, than to render thanks and give fair speeches, nothing is delivered with lesser charge, or received with greater acceptance?

“But certain it is a second field hath brooded this<sup>50</sup> fury—proud disdain, I mean, whom false honour hath begotten in dishonorable bastardy. For why, that same honour hath an imperfect or rather a prodigious body, wherein humility is not ingrafted a member, which wanting, promotion in an evil man is contrary to preferment, because rising to honour he falleth from virtue, and dishonorable is dignity used undiscreetly. But to be glorious and not vainglorious, to have power and to want pride, not with too much austerity to provoke hate, nor with too much alacrity to procure contempt, but in all things to affect a mean, is honorable in respect of the man and honest in respect of his manners; contrariwise, to have the best degree and a base<sup>51</sup> mind, the majesty of a prince and the manners of a peasant, a conquering tongue and a cowardly hand, much prattle and no proof, outward gravity and inward lightness, a white head and a green heart,

high authority and indiscreet government, make honor monstrous and contrary to itself. To thee, therefore, *Opheltes*, not unaptly may I allude the fable of an<sup>52</sup> ass, who, carrying on his back the image of *Isis*, and seeing the people to fall down and worship, forgetting his holy burden supposed himself to be so honored, and therefore in a bravery began to yerk out at his driver, because as the rest he did not reverence; but by that time his master had well cudgeled his hide, the foolish ass could then remember that to *Isis*, not to an ass, such honors appertained. Even so, (*Opheltes*) thou that dost carry the image but not the saint, the visor of honor but not the virtues of honor, to rebate from thy vainglorious conceit in carrying of honorable titles, art by grievous correction with the ass to be taught that worthy titles without virtuous conditions are but as pictures in respect of the persons. Think not much that I<sup>53</sup> compare an ass to a gentleman, but know that such disdainful gentry is worthy so worthless a comparison. Could *Philargus*, whom thou hast made poor with thy wrongs, poison thee with his words? Or was his sight to thee a serpent, by whom thyself wert adopted a son? If so (as thou shouldest think nothing less than so), then neither admitting benefits, and forgetting such alliance, tell me, *Opheltes*, is it sufferable thou shouldest be more cruel than a monster, or less civil than a man? The fiercest monster is familiar with monsters of the same kind, and what art thou for a man that thou shouldest be fastidious of the acquaintance of men? If thy bravery could not have brooked his beggary, at the worst a secret relief might have dispatched a bashful beggar; or if covetousness hardeneth thine heart, yet didst thou degenerate from a niggard in not shewing a courteous look where thou wouldst not

bestow a charitable alms, seeing it is usual to every pinch-penny rather to vail three bonnets than with one halfpenny to advantage a beggar. But (wicked man) disdain it is that hath transformed thee from a man to a devil; otherwise thou wouldest have remembered that never any man lost by being humble, or that any ever won by being haughty. Neither hadst thou forgotten that, as poor men have want to exercise their patience, so rich men have wealth to practise their charity, which lacking, horrible is that *audiat*\* wherein such a rich man is accomptant.\*\* Thou shouldest have thought (and the rather by thine own experience) that although we flourish today we may fall tomorrow, and, as stage players, change our parts from the king's scepter to the beggar's scrip, that the despised may rise and the despiser may fall. Nay, admit that Fortune (the common flatterer) should still favor—yet what else gaineth the disdainful person but this, that his superiors point at him in the streets, his inferiors jeer at him in corners, his equals figuratively do ride him, and whosoever doth fear him not one doth friend him? The best way, therefore, to be rich is to despise riches, and the mean to be glorious is to contemn glory. For he that is neither proud in wealth nor impatient in want is poorly rich and richly poor. As for the pomp of the world and the people's favor, it is nothing else than a smoke and vanishing air; and as snow beginneth and endeth in water, so man, how bigly soever he brave it, began in earth and shall end where he began. Seven foot of ground is allowed to the king, and the like quantity allotted to the beggar, and both the one and the other putrify in the grave. Though

\* Audit.

\*\* Accountant.

we lack nothing in sight, yet have we nothing in certainty, seeing all things be transitory and our selves mortal. Where are the grave senators, the wealthy citizens, the wise philosophers, the famous orators, the valiant captains, the deified princes, and amiable ladies? Are they not all converted to unsavory dunghills, or utterly consumed to dust? Do they not feed worms in their coffins that breed<sup>54</sup> worms in their carcasses? Look into their sepulchers whether it be possible to discern the master from the slave, the rich man from the beggar, the king from the subject, the champion from the coward, the lady from the beldam, the foul from the fair, or one from another. If such be our end, as such it is, if our felicities here be generally subject to casualties, and our flesh in the grave suffereth indifferently corruption, with what reason then do we despise those through pride betwixt whom and us is no difference in the pit, saving that the poor leave not behind them<sup>55</sup> like contentions for their heirs, or carry with them like pampered carcasses for the worms, nor commonly like dangers for their souls? Because unto whom most is committed, by him most is omitted, howbeit with him it is most reckoned—when, if the account fall not out orderly, what doth it advantage to have lived in delices\* and dignities when that which is mortal shall be tumbled into a hole, and that which is immortal be tormented in hell, where the issue shall be not of riches but of righteousness, not of costly decking but of charitable dealing? Thus seest thou, *Opheltes*, that in prosperity to be secure is dangerous, but at any time to be disdainful odious—that honor standeth [not]<sup>56</sup> without humility, that humility

\* Joys, delights (esp. sensual or worldly pleasures).



teacheth a man without oversight to have of himself an insight, and that in a poor man it is graceful, in a rich man glorious. It resteth now of thine<sup>57</sup> incontinent life, wherein I will use brevity,<sup>58</sup> because the same wickedness is generally had in such detestation that should not I reprove it the beastliness of the fact itself might impugn it; for who is he that wanteth a peremptory condemnation against a violater of marriage? Wherefore,<sup>59</sup> to conclude, seeing (*Opheltes*) that the now calm spreading thy sails in the broadest seas may not incite thee to gratitude, neither the passed storm that enforced thee to creep under *Philargus* his lee dehort thee from disdain, nor yet the dishonor pursuing the offense deter thee from adultery, that I may therefore amend by justice what is helpless by entreaty, this is my sentence: That *Philargus* (in lieu of his loss) be presently possessed of the one-half of all that is thine, and the rest to be confiscate at my pleasure, unless within one year next thou safely bring forth *Alcippe* thy wife, his daughter, wherein failing, to thee I adjudge perpetual banishment."

Poor *Philargus* forthwith enjoyed the benefit of this sentence, and the king, finding by further conference and trial that he neither wanted gentry to match with his gravity nor yet discretion to deal in matters of estate, after a short time advanced him to high offices in public government, in whom (then profiting with double praise, that is, by wisdom, which evermore commendeth itself, and authority, which unto whomsoever it happeneth, wise or witless, never wanteth favorers or at the leastwise flatterers) was verified this saying: "Wisdom without riches and authority is as a diamond raked up in a dung-hill." It followeth now that somewhat be said what in

this meanwhile became of *Alcippe*, and also what afterwards befell to her, *Opheltes*, and *Phaemonoe*.

### CHAPTER XLIX

*Of the rare constance and patience of Alcippe; Opheltes his dotage on a harlot, for whom he would have fordone himself. The loyalty of a wife and levity of a courtesan.*

Immediately after that *Philargus* was (as before) departed from home to seek after *Opheltes*, *Alcippe* for the same cause left also her father's house, and came unto *Sardis*, where, understanding of her husband's common haunt to *Phaemonoe*, she got herself by means into her service, that so, at the least, she might behold him by stealth whom only she ought to have held by right. Often<sup>60</sup> (good soul) she did inwardly devour her tears with patience (a rare patience, and in her sex a black swan) whilst standing upon her own unworthiness, and to herself<sup>61</sup> seeming over simple a wife for so surly a<sup>62</sup> husband, she neither durst hazard to disclose herself, nor yet was so happy as<sup>63</sup> to be acknowledged of him, for a fly was not then an eagle's flight—*Opheltes* not stooped but to *Phaemonoe*. As for *Alcippe*, being in his eye but as a cipher in augurism, she might come to him unregarded, and pass from him unremembered; yet wanted she not patience to suffer his unkind pranks, nor diligence to further with her mistress his unwarranted pastime—yea, so far as etc. extended, so that contenting herself with part and not contending for the principal, she sticked not upon the substance but was satisfied with the shadow. *Phaemonoe* had the game, *Alcippe* naught else but the gaze; all which (in respect of necessity) she did gladly view in silence, as dreading otherwise to lose the advantage of that sorrow.

But when (as is before said)<sup>64</sup> *Philargus* had brought *Opheltes* in displeasure with the king and discredit with the people, and that his surfeited prodigality was thoroughly purged with a coinless vomit, it came<sup>65</sup> to pass that *Phaemonoe* her love did suddenly labor of a consumption. His new want disabled him to pay<sup>66</sup> his shot, and her old wont disallowed him to run on the score; yea, and that with such contemptuous coyness and unkind disdain did she handle him that had not will utterly over-ruled his wit, even such her entertainment might easily have allayed the heat of his inordinate passions, and stayed the frenzy of his madding dotage. The which notwithstanding, the miserable man (and the more miserable in respect of this his disallowable affection, than in that beggary had brought him on his knees, and the king his sentence of banishment stood presently upon execution) would by no repulse surcease to hover where by no request he might be suffered to seize.<sup>67</sup>

Now with the increase of his lawless desire ensued the decrease of the limited year, wherein he was either to bring forth *Alcippe* or, failing thereof, to forsake his country. What remedy remained, then,<sup>68</sup> but of two evils to make choice of the lesser? But could *Opheltes* so do? No; his unruly humor had brought him so far out of square that he rather doth hazard to be haled to death (for death was incident to his tarriance) out of the slanderous house of a shameless harlot than with assurance of life to use the benefit of the more favorable sentence, which was banishment. And yet (enchanted man<sup>69</sup>) what else did he with the price of his deadly adventure than buy the emptying of his eyes of restless tears, and the sundering of his heart with continual sighs, at her hands

and in her presence whose wilful coyness was such that neither would she hear him patiently nor answer him but proudly? The year was now finished, longer than which *Opheltes* was not to make abode in *Lydia*, when *Phaemonoe* (not brooking the cumbersome haunt of so beggarly a guest) with outrageous terms flatly forbade him her house, threatening otherwise to procure against him the execution of the king his sentence; wherefore, withdrawing himself into a solitary place, with bitter tears<sup>70</sup> among, he complaineth in this manner:

“The time was—yea (ungracious castaway), the time was that, bearing an heart undismayed of banishment, thou didst also find hap, unlooked for, to recover thy liberty; but I, that without craving in aid of any could then recover myself from the treachery of Fortune, am not now by the assistance of any Fortune to be rescued from the tyranny of my<sup>71</sup> folly. Such a god is love, or rather such a devil is lust, that only is strong to my discomfiture and wanteth not force to draw me even willingly to destruction; but (for of things beforehand done I am privy, and of an action resolved of<sup>72</sup> well may I prognosticate) as moisture is incident to water, so is mishap an appendant to my destiny. Yea, it is evident (I say evident, because as heretofore my life, so at this instant my death shall affirm my latter astrology infallible) that the favorable aspect of no planet hath been qualifying to the luckless star of my nativity, and therefore have I found all fortunes prevailing to the drift of this *catastrophe*—an end (indeed) base and beastly when the matter thereof is lust, the mean a strumpet, and the manner a violent stopping of mine own breath. But what shouldst thou longer live (*Opheltes*), having so good an<sup>73</sup> opportunity to per-

form the prodigious execution of thy destiny, and by one death to end infinite sorrows?"

In saying this, and whilst he resolutely hastened to have strangled himself, by good hap in came *Alcippe*. She,<sup>74</sup> descrying the melancholy pretense of her miserable husband, and seeing the despair whereinto he was then falling, with vaped eyes offereth this kind duty to the only seedsman of all her sorrows, saying:

#### CHAPTER L

*Alcippe her kindness and good advice to Opheltes; and more concerning his dotage.*

"It is (quoth she) contrary to manhood even in extremities of evils not to be patiently<sup>75</sup> constant, but wilfully peevish and perverse is he that forgoeth comfort whilst he forsaketh counsel. Although the man be termed foolhardy that dareth to follow the advice of a woman, yet believe me (*Opheltes*), as it is not incredible but that a mouse may gnaw a lion out of gin, so is it not impossible but that I may at the least give intermission to thy grief. Long did I practice thy cure, but therein perform no other than mine own care, in preferring thy bootless love to merciless *Phaemonoe*; but I now find, and I would thou couldst also feel, that longer to bleed of that vein is to leave thy body bloodless, thy head witless, and thy friends hopeless of thy recovery. What meanest thou, *Opheltes*, to strain out a gnat and to swallow up a camel, terming her unreasonable in hating thee so deadly that loveth her so dearly, and not espying thine own greater madness, in loving her so dearly that hateth thee so deadly? It might have sufficed for a rebuke once to have intermeddled with a courtesan, and for a reproach great enough that so bad a woman

should blush at thy company, without thus dying a reprobate, by still doting in thy passed and purposed wickedness. Leave off, therefore—if not<sup>76</sup> for shame, yet to avoid sin; and know that then are the gods severe in correcting when men are secure in offending. Yea, (if for nothing else) yet therefore should *Opheltes* be weaned from lewdness because *Phaemonoe* is wedded to lightness. Thou wert not her first choice; neither shalt thou be her last change; for the love of an harlot is not so tied to any one but that the same lieth open to every one, beggars and banished men<sup>77</sup> excepted; and thou, being in the same predicament, are therefore under the same exception concluded, wherefore it is mere folly in thee to look for other of custom, or to hope for better of courtesy. But whilst our words be not plausible, our counsels seem not profitable, and with strong reasons to resist love were, perhaps, to labor myself mad with reason, for such love (if I may so misterm lust), as it is easilier received, so is it hardlier digested than the taint *Borestes*\*, that swallowed a mite swelleth a monster. If, therefore, *Opheltes*, thou wilt not disclaim in<sup>78</sup> *Phaemonoe*, it resteth then that *Phaemonoe* be reclaimed to thee, which to contrive asketh more than necessary<sup>79</sup> cost, for kindly it is for such hawks to soar from an empty fist. But *Opheltes* lacketh, will you say, and is therefore helpless? But *Alcippe* liveth, do I say; be not therefore<sup>80</sup> hopeless. She liveth, indeed, to profit thee with a triple benefit—that is,<sup>81</sup> to restore to thee thy liberty and to recover for thee the moiety of thy living, to which only rise is *Phaemonoe* in *sequens*. Admit, there-

\* Otherwise called the taint Buprestis. A taint was a small red spider which, when swallowed by cows and horses, caused the animals to die and, after their death, to swell up. The taint is described in Sir Thomas Browne's *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*, III. xxvii.

fore, *Alcippe* to stand thee in this stead, whose patience, I know, is so liable to thy passions that to work thee a second delight she will endure be it a second divorce.”

At the naming of *Alcippe* did *Opheltes* sigh, and turning his face letteth fall plenty of tears, making at the length unto her (whom not yet he knew to be *Alcippe*) such answer:

“The tidings (saith he) are most joyful to *Opheltes* that *Alcippe* is yet living; but seeing it is current in each man’s mouth and also confirmed in mine own mind that my falsehood towards her doth rather merit a most shameful death than the acceptance of such undeserved assistance, I am much more prone to ratify the former<sup>82</sup> doom by mine own hands than apt to receive the latter grace by her help. Wherefore, I beseech thee to declare to *Alcippe* that dying I wish unto her all good fortune, whom only I have made altogether unfortunate; but know that thy counsel as touching *Phaemonoe* is like to an after-shower that falleth when flowers and roots are already withered. I am determined to die, and my determination shall not be changed. For why? To live unexiled and wealthily should be much less pleasing to me<sup>83</sup> than to die from inward vexation and outward infamy. Only be assured (gracious damsel) that I account this the last and not the least of my miseries, not to be able to recompense thee for thy passed and present kindness, for the which the heavens grant thee what I, besides thanks, have not to give thee.”

## CHAPTER LI

*How Opheltes was reclaimed from his folly; of the harlot’s end, and of the comical event ensuing.*

*Alcippe*, not a little discouraged at this wilful answer of his, as her last refuge made herself known to her husband,

whom with hearty tears she entreateth to use her if not as a wife (of which name she said herself unworthy) yet at leastwise as an instrument to discharge him of the king's sentence, and as the mean whereby to recover his extended lands and suspended liberty.

To be short, *Opheltes*, now acknowledging her, seemed confounded with shame, and in conclusion being wholly conquered with the consideration of her so rare patience, policy, constancy, and (which was not inferior to the rest) her beauty, confessed his falsehood, repented him of his folly, craved pardon for both, and vowed following loyalty, and hereupon from wondering and weeping fell they to kissing and embracing.

In which meanwhile, *Phaemonoe* (by evil adventure) entered the place, who, perceiving their mutual tears, and admiring their unusual familiarity (whether it were offended therewithal or fearing lest *Opheltes*, after the time prescribed for his banishment, being taken in her house might so turn her to damage, or that jealousy, frenzy, or malice incensed her so to do)<sup>84</sup> railed so out of square upon *Opheltes* and fared so roughly against *Alcippe* that<sup>85</sup> (after much sufferance) he, not able longer to endure the one or<sup>86</sup> other (his melancholy being now converted to choler), whilst she<sup>87</sup> thus persisted to outrage did in his fury stab her to the heart, of which wound she presently died.<sup>88</sup>

Immediately after the deed done, *Opheltes* was apprehended, who as principal, and *Alcippe* as accessory, were brought before *Philargus*, then being in great honor and a justicer in *Sardis*, who, understanding of the fact and (with grief enough) knowing<sup>89</sup> the offenders, because he would not be thought over-forward in doing justice against *Opheltes*, neither too slack a justicer in revenging



the death of *Phaemonoe* (both, as before, his enemies), but chiefly because nature would not suffer him to sit in judgment against *Alcippe* his own and only child, with an<sup>90</sup> heart therefore melting with sorrow he dismissed both prisoners his presence, procuring<sup>91</sup> their cause to be determined by the king in his own person, *Philargus* (good old man) in the meanwhile, by so much the more<sup>92</sup> suspending his joy in that he had found his daughter, by how much the more<sup>93</sup> he feared to lose her again, being now to be arraigned of murder. But the matter being thus brought before the king, upon the ripping up of all circumstances, the death of *Phaemonoe* was thought worthy her dishonest life, *Opheltes* and *Alcippe* were acquitted by the king, and he received again into favor; *Philargus* is made a joyful father of *Alcippe*, *Opheltes* is reconciled to him, and enriched, and everything was thenceforth<sup>94</sup> amended.

But that I may now reduce your memories and retire your ears to the history whereof I principally intreat—that is, of the cause and event of *Atys* and *Abynados* their quest and travels—you are to remember that *Arbaces* the old *Mede* and his companion, leaving behind them in their place *Sorares* and his *Assyrians*, are (as before is said) escaped out of the barren island, from whence they safely arrived at *Sarmatia*, and from thence again, as pitying the distress wherein they had left *Sorares* [and]<sup>95</sup> his company, and for their delivery, they are already re-sailed to the barren island, unto whom, and to *Sorares*, *Atys*, and *Abynados* (whom we are now to ship from *Lydia*) happened as followeth.<sup>96</sup>



# ARBACES

## *Pars calami primi*

### CHAPTER LII

*How Atys, Abynados, and their followers, being in quest of Sorares, are taken prisoners in an island, and of the cruelty purposed against them by Dircilla, the governess of the same island, etc.*

After that *Atys* and *Abynados* had made long abode in *Lydia*, having received great entertainment and gifts of the king, they ship themselves and their company, chiefly directing their course towards *Sarmatia*; but as they had no absolute knowledge there to find those persons for whom they sought, so in this their sailing they did not precisely observe any direct course, but entered now and then into such adjacent seas, creeks, and channels into which likelihoods, profit, pleasure, or necessity did carry them, so that in riding upon the flood *Tanais*, which doth divide the *Scythians* from the *Sarmatians*, they coast by a very pleasant and delectable island. Here did they land their men, in purpose to have then<sup>1</sup> taken in fresh water and other provision. But far had they not foraged from their ship, disorderly roaming (as unsuspecting of that which happened), when the islanders, who from the next mountains had espied their arrival, lying a great number in ambushment, had suddenly enclosed them in on every side, their barbarous darts and weapons for the most part bearing (to the great terror of the *Assyrians*) the bloody tokens of some very late slaughter.

What could the *Assyrians* now do, or rather what did they not that valiant and courageous men should have done? Many they slew, and some of them were slain; but

in the end, the multitude of the islanders prevailed against the manhood of the *Assyrians*, who being thus captivated were anon committed to bands and then brought before the governess, or rather goddess, of those islanders. For such was the superstitious error of the people in those idolatrous days that whosoever had extirped tyrants, civilized nations, confounded monsters, or else by prowess, wisdom, invention, or by any extraordinary good profited any commonwealth and country, the same, living, was magnified for more than a man, and dead canonized a god.<sup>2</sup> By this means, therefore, it came to pass that those islanders had already in devotion deified their governess *Dircilla*, for such as was *Pallas* to the *Grecians*, and *Isis* to the *Egyptians*, so and such was she to this people; and albeit years (for now was she<sup>3</sup> aged) had wrought a natural, decay in her beauty, being yet more than ordinary, yet<sup>4</sup> neither place, time, nor troubles had so impaired the majesty of her looks, or impugned the magnanimity of her heart, but that, armed much to the *Amazonian* fashion, she seemed more warlike than *Penthesilea*, or rather more terrible than *Bellona* herself. In such wise issuing out of her portative tent, after she had twice or thrice shaken her ireful lance in sign of her unappeasable fury against the *Assyrians*, she left unto the wretched captives the same comfort as if they had presently beheld the head of *Medusa*; and as the fierceness of those her looks had enough of fear, so the delivery of these her words had nothing of hope.

“Are (quoth she to the islanders) the bands and captivity of these ungracious people sufficient (think you) to warrant your safety? Or have I pleasure (suppose you) to see their bodies yet breathing upon whose ghosts also,

were it possible, we should do execution? Was I yesterday deceived in those *Assyrians* whom I commanded you to execute, as the espials<sup>5</sup> of some other their accomplices? Or think you by intercepting of them and these you have disappointed their confederacy? No, no—be ye assured that the expedition of their treasons doth not only consist upon these two companies. Esteem, therefore, all haste over—little until you have mingled their blood with that of those<sup>6</sup> others their explorers; otherwise it will come to pass, and that before you look for it, but no sooner than I (experienced of their treacheries) fear it, that these rovers and robbers of the whole world, being by their tyrannous countrymen (already perchance at point of their arrival) rescued out of our hands, shall stand them in no small stead to the cutting of your throats and the conquest of this our island. Have you forgot how yesterday even the sentence of death could not pluck down the courage of their companions? And why? Forsooth, reason had they to hope that expected this help. And mark you not also how the careless countenances of these our thralls argue not so much<sup>7</sup> a contempt of death as the like hope that their armed confederates are already marching to their rescue? Once again, therefore, I say, let your haste in putting them to death cut off their hope in purposing upon life. Of life, said I? Yea, and having made a massacre of yours<sup>8</sup> and prey of your country, to survive you in the one and succeed you in the other.”

To *Atys*, *Abynados*, and to the rest, this her sentence seemed no more severe than to be charged of confederacy with before-executed *Assyrians* strange; but therein to have been guilty or not guilty was all one, it sufficing to *Dircilla* her wrath and their deaths only that they were

*Assyrians*, unto which people (the occasion why hereafter following) she had vowed herself a deadly enemy.

### CHAPTER LIII

*Of the commiseration of the islanders had towards the captive and condemned Assyrians, and of Sorares being found of his sons.*

Whilst she was yet speaking, divers of the islanders (as purposing a general slaughter) in great fury ran to a cave not far off, and anon return rigorously driving before them certain *Assyrians* whom the day before they had taken foraging in the island, and of whose deaths *Dircilla* their governess had before given them in commandment. But the islanders, being naturally pitiful, altogether unacquainted with shedding of blood, and dwelling, as it were, in a world by themselves, had never till then seen ship or stranger; and therefore had not the fierce words and wrath of *Dircilla* more prevailed than the inhumanity or malice of those harmless people, the *Assyrians* had not only not been assailed and captivated but also, such admiration did their beauty and bravery strike into the hearts of the idolatrous islanders, that either they had easily believed them to be gods, or at the leastwise durst not have made proof of their manhoods. But *Dircilla* commanding, whose words to them were as oracles, they feared not to enterprise were it never so rare or great an adventure; only herein (as moved with compassion) they had borrowed of their usual obedience in that they had not, according to her commandment, the day before done execution upon those first-arrived *Assyrians*.

Wherefore *Dircilla*, contrary to her thought, seeing them yet living whose death she had commanded, one while firing her froward eyes upon the miserable captives and

anon casting her frowning looks upon the islanders, after she had with sharp reprehensions rebuked them of disobedience and reprov'd them of foolish pity, and that her words had now made them altogether as pitiless as her own purpose was cruel, she caused both the first and last company of the Assyrians to ascend the top of a steep rock, from whence to be flung down headlong was the death whereunto they were all judg'd<sup>9</sup> by this angry *virago*.

Great was the general lamentation that the *Assyrians* then made, and no less the admiration that either company had of this their heavy and unexpected meeting, and that amongst so barbarous a people, howbeit of all this time on neither part was<sup>10</sup> acquaintance taken, for they all seem'd strangers one to another. Anon,<sup>11</sup> as the friend embraceth his friend, and each man encourageth his fellow with patience and constancy to leave his life, and as *Atys* and *Abynados* ply them now to one place and then to another, still with godly exhortations strengthening the fainting courages of some their fearful countrymen, amongst the first-arrived *Assyrians* they espied *Sorares* their father. But, alas, the manner of this their dismal meeting was so much the more lamentable by how much the<sup>12</sup> more the same might have been joyful had they not been crossed by this misfortune. There might one have seen<sup>13</sup> the sons to want all tokens of gladness in saluting their father, and the father furnished with all signs of heaviness in entertaining his sons; and the skilful painter in making a several counterfeit to every sorrowful countenance either should have been grounded in variety, or else have painted more than one *Agamemnon* under a veil bemoaning the death of *Iphigenia*. Yea, so pitiful were the confused cries and this doleful spectacle even to the islanders themselves

that, moved with compassion, they made no haste at all to do execution, as was the severe commandment of their governess.

Now<sup>14</sup> *Dircilla*, only constant in her cruelty, and the rather when she perceived the ministers of her wrath thus suddenly inclined to mercy, being set in a double chafe, did single out from either company of the *Assyrians* two of the most aged persons; and then (hardly withholding her fist from their faces and her lance from the bosoms of her own people) used these following speeches.

#### CHAPTER LIV

*How Dircilla, offended with the islanders, prosecuteth her revengeful hatred against the Assyrians, etc.*

“How far off (foolish and ungrateful people) I am even from any tyrannous thought, whereof it seemeth you have me in jealousy, the self witness of these two ancient murderers may haply fit me with a sufficient purgation; for as I persuade myself that all *Assyrians* generally are fleshed with blood, so I easily conjecture that these two, in respect of their years, should be parties or at the leastwise privy to those murthers whereof I shall now speak. Yea, although a godless life hath commonly a graceless end, yet it may be that these old homicides (whom if you shall spare, a natural death will shortly dispatch) will at the last penitently confess what at the least I particularly express. But if it fall out against my guess, yet either shall I make the very name of an *Assyrian* odious in your ears or, by reporting my just quarrel, prove myself guiltless of tyranny. Omitting therefore to be curious as touching the treacherous arrival of the *Assyrian*



armies into *Media*, my native country, under conduct of their butcherous Emperor *Ninus*, it shall suffice that my weeping eyes somewhat easing my heart shall anon license my tongue<sup>15</sup> to touch with what bestial cruelty they ordered their bloody conquest. These mine eyes beheld the royal pavilion of King *Farnus*, my father, consumed with fire. Which way soever I looked the country abroad was all aflame. Here might I see an heap of *Medes* newly slaughtered, there the *Assyrians* to persevere in slaying; this villain murdereth a matron over the dead body of her son or husband, that ruffian haleth by her fair hair some noble virgin to ravishment, death, or captivity; one sundereth the impotent old man in sport, another slayeth the strong-membered young man in despite. Yea, in every corner was such murdering, sacking, captivating, racking, rifling, and horror what not, that death seemed least damage that the poor *Medes* then sustained. If the rehearsal of this common calamity will not suffice, I have also a particular complaint against the *Assyrians*, who (than in which they might not have perpetrated greater cruelty), having purposely made the king and queen my parents eye-witnesses of the most miserable condition of their subjects and signory, did also, even in their sight, murder seven young princes their children; and (lest in any one thing they might seem not to have outraged in tyranny) with the lukewarm blood of the children they mingled also the blood of the parents, leaving me of their fruitful issue the only remain. But more than this, and (who was fully as dear or dearer to me than parents, brethren, or country) in this bloody business I lost by death or captivity, I wot not which, Duke *Arbaces*,<sup>16</sup> my husband, who not long before had made me a mother of

an unfortunate son.<sup>17</sup> Also when the *Assyrians* should depart, mine harmful beauty procured my shipping towards *Assyria*. For why? The emperor had in his purpose appointed me one of his concubines, with which purpose of his I, desolate I, became so perplexed that from thenceforth breaking truce with my patience, I was rather to seek of a desperate practice than a consenting will to have perished, insomuch that the motherly care of my babe, then hanging on my breast, had not bailed me from death if a worsor occurrent had not withstood so an good occasion; for by the commandment of *Ascolanta* the empress (being now envious of my beauty and waxing jealous of her husband's liking), I was all alone set ashore in this island, by which means I also forwent my sweet infant, and until now my deserts more (as appeareth) than your devotions have given me here entertainment. It is not vainglory (I speak not now to these *Assyrians*, whom I worthily malign, but to you the inhabitants of this island, whom unworthily I have profited) that moveth me thus to vaunt deserts, but your own unthankfulness that will not value my merits; for meet though it be that you vouch the heavens for the matter of your wealth, whereof you long were ignorant, yet amiss were it not to vouchsafe me a prerogative in the manner and use, as first delivered unto you by mine invention. I found you without gods, without religion, without laws, or government—naked, wild, brutish, and beast-like feeding on roots, harboring in bushes, fearful of your own shadows, and to describe you in a word, monsters wrapped in man-like habits; but in these through mine industry you have now reformation, and were it not that provender doth prick you, and fulness make you foolish, only you might be said an happy people, and that,

ywis, not so much in respect of<sup>18</sup> the natural pleasure and plenty of this your populous island (though<sup>19</sup> a terrestrial paradise) as in that mine experience and platform hath warned you, and might have armed you, from the incur-sions of these tyrants, the common scourge to all people, against whom (not without cause as you have heard) my tongue long since hath proclaimed deadly feud;<sup>20</sup> neither in seeking revenge shall mine heart break covenant with the deceased ghosts of my murdered friends. But (on God's name) be it so that neither *Media* for example, myself for merits, the *Assyrians* for their mischiefs, our law for justice, you for duty, nor I for authority—be it so, I say, that none of these have that weight of argument to win you revenging instruments to wreak my teen upon these tyrants: yet at the leastwise be provident for your own safety, and prevent your own evils, by punishing these your apparent enemies, of whom the question is not whether they all have jumped upon one devilish attempt, that is, the conquest of you and your country (all circumstances directly approving such consequent), but because according to the mind of the offender we are to measure offences; and for that there may be mercy in punishing and cruelty in sparing, let us see whether of the two, pity or punishment, is in this case more requisite. If this offence of the *Assyrians* had been committed through ignorance, infirmity, provocation on our part, through rashness (for sometimes rashness and such like infirmities are in some men as sicknesses), if privately against one, or a few, or by your known foes, then I deny not but that mercy might have borrowed of justice; but I will clear them (as men that will not offend but in the highest degree) of these petite faults, and charge them with capital crimes. They

(lest herein they should degenerate from *Assyrians*) of pretended malice without matter have hoisted their sails to foreign winds, and used their unpeaceable weapons against unknown people—not for enmity, but for ambition; not ignorantly by chance, but advisedly by counsel; not rashly, but resolutely; not against some, but against all; not because you deserve war, but because themselves be impacable.<sup>21</sup> Yea, had not I forewarned you, as having had trial of their treacheries, you should have felt their wounds before you could have feared the words, and after they had glutted themselves with slaughters, ravishments, sacrileges, burnings, spoilings, and all kind of mischiefs, the ruins of your island should not have privileged the survivors of you from their intolerable slavery. If this much, which might suffice for me to charge them and for you to correct them, be yet insufficient, then have I also reason and honesty co-persuaders hereof. Reason, I say, because better a few be punished than that a multitude should perish; and honesty because, in that you may and will not, you take upon yourselves the offence of the offenders, and betray the good whilst you bolster the bad. For impunity is the spring of carelessness, the mother of insolency, the root of impudency, and the nurse of all transgressions. For shame, therefore, sirs, enchant your harmful pity, and remember that not to correct is to consent to the crime. Better it is that I remember you of the peril than you repent you of your pity, for if you stay until experience (the philosophy of fools) hath taught you what I have told you, then, to your costs, you shall find that the *Assyrians* be men enemies to mankind, not to be made your friends by compulsion or composition, whose enmity cometh of custom, and not by occasion; even this disgrace, if they escape, that their lives and

liberties were in your power to dispose<sup>22</sup> is unnatural for their stomach's digesture, so impossible a thing is it to reconcile an heart hardened with pride and malice to honesty.<sup>23</sup> But what? Is it decent that I plead before mine own vassal?<sup>24</sup> That I entreat as a subject whom I should command as a sovereign? My sufferance, I see, is cause of your stubbornness, and my courtesy of your contempt. At my first coming, when I might have had adoration as a goddess, I was not then so haughty as to take it, and now that I should have obedience as your<sup>25</sup> governess, you are not so humble as to give it. Thus deal you with me as did the frogs with *Jupiter's* rafter\*—you make me a stock, but beware these storks. And truly, seeing you have not deserved why I should be longer careful of you and your welfare, and for that by disobedience you will needs inflict upon yourselves so grievous a punishment, I also give my consent (a revenge too great, I confess) that these our captives be anon delivered to their ships, that being insufficient of themselves they may invite from *Assyria* the destruction and ruin of you, your wives, your children, your goods, and your whole country, for enough have the *Assyrians* seen in this our island to allure hither multitude of invaders."

## CHAPTER LV

*Of the speeches of one of the singled-out Medes on the behalf of the condemned Assyrians.*

These her words had now so much incensed the minds of the islanders against the *Assyrians* that every of them was clearly resolute in the death of his prisoner, but for that

\* An allusion to Aesop's fable of the frogs who asked Jupiter for a god of their own. He sent them a log, and when they complained that it was not a god, sent them a stork, which ate them.

one of the two old captives whom *Dircilla* had (as before) singled out, and whom her words had now especially touched to the quick, was suddenly bereft his senses and fallen in a swoon. And for that the islanders stood upon expectation of some further confession to be delivered by the second old man, who was already, in way of answer to *Dircilla*, entered into some and these following speeches, therefore, until he should end, the determined slaughter received a second adjournment.

“I protest (quoth this aged man), by whatsoever God hath care of us and this country, by the sun and the holy fire of *Chaldea*, and as every of these shall in this life comfort my withered carcass, more fit for the worms than the world, and do good to my soul when it shall leave the wearisome prison of this my body, I shall (lady) as touching that wherewithal we are now charged,<sup>26</sup> utter all that I know, and know all to be troth I shall utter. For myself, therefore, I say that most true and too true it is that the *Assyrians*, then conducted by *Ninus*, committed such and the same before-remembered outrages, slaughters and spoils in *Media*; neither were you deceived in guessing some of us to be privy or parties to that business, wherein (to say troth) myself was no small part. But how? Not (alas) as a spoiler with the *Assyrians*, but as a sufferer with the *Medes*, for *Media* is the place of my birth, *Assyria* only of mine abode. And for these *Assyrians*—mine own company, I mean—I say that, not charging them with the faults of their ancestors or any further than wherein themselves be guilty, you, but especially yours, have greater cause of kindness than of any cruelty. For proof and better credit whereof, besides my former protestation, somewhat it is (whom since my hither coming I have not heard named)

that I know you to be *Dircilla*, wife and lady to the Duke *Arbaces*, but more that I, the speaker of these words, am *Orchamus*, brother unto the same your husband and, more than so, the man unto whose care, when suddenly at the commandment of the empress you were snatched from out your<sup>27</sup> cabin, you commended your young son, saying, 'Ah, good *Orchamus*, if thy fortune prove better than the destinies of all thy friends, be a parent to thy poor nephew, whom with more grief I leave an orphan than to have seen him buried.' I well remember the words, and methinks I yet see those very weepings which pierced mine heart at this our lamentable separation. Since which time (*Dircilla*) I have not only been careful to answer the same your trust, but also, beyond expectation, I found Fortune and opportunity therein assisting; for no sooner was the *Assyrian* fleet arrived at home but that *Ninus* (not a little displeas'd at your loss, the which by the empress and her ministers was smoothly cloaked with a colorable excuse)—but that *Ninus*, I say, caused your son to be nursed and nurtured with princelike attendance and, in time, when of greater credit and courage or a more notable captain than was *Sorares* amongst the *Assyrians*?<sup>28</sup> But in the return of the imperial navy from the *Bactrian* wars, by occasion of a sudden tempest then happening, *Sorares*, your son, and all the company aboard his ship were lost from the rest in the sea *Caspium*. Now when this heavy news was bruited at *Nineveh*, I, *Atys*, and *Abynados*, his two sons (for he hath made you a grandmother of these two gentlemen), and these other, his and our friends, vowing ourselves in his continual quest, have three years already travelled many countries and seas to find out *Sorares*, through occasion whereof, as also to take in fresh

water and other necessaries, and not upon any such purpose as you pretend, we are arrived in this island. And lo! yonder same (he pointed to *Sorares*) is the man far sought, but unluckily here found, if finding him we lose ourselves and with the end of our labors make also an end of our lives.”

### CHAPTER LVI

*Of the other singled-out Mede his speeches, and an unexpected joyful meeting then discovered, etc.*

In few, what with this talk and other more effectual tokens *Dircilla* being brought to her creed and left in *de profundis*, rather musing at their meeting, being so strange, than mistrusting the matter, being credited, or ever she might embrace *Sorares* or reply to *Orchamus*, was interrupted by the second old man, the other of the two singled-out captives, who in<sup>29</sup> joyful ecstasy suddenly clapped her (frowardly disdaining his embracings, as not yet cooled of her former chafe) betwixt his bran-fallen\* arms; but when he saw her looks, not unlike to those<sup>30</sup> of *Proserpina* newly rapt by *Pluto*, it entered then his thought that rashly to jest with<sup>31</sup> edge-tools might prove dangerous; wherefore, charming such his kindness,<sup>32</sup> he anon<sup>33</sup> found opportunity thus to change her coyness.

“I give place (said he) to the time,<sup>34</sup> not to *Dircilla*, whom these arms (pithless though they now be) once could—nay, often did—not violently but willingly embrace (may I so blab?) even in the bed of *Arbaces*. Blush not, *Dircilla*, blush not; the sport was lawful, howsoever the

\* Brawn-fallen (i.e., because of his age).



report may seem over-liberal, and if (for poverty parteth friends) you disdain to acknowledge such acquaintance, yet at the least for *Arbaces* his sake deal mercifully with these your prisoners. As for myself, could I plead no other protection than that I am old enough [not]<sup>36</sup> to fear death, it might suffice, but neither did I hope so well as I have here found, neither do I fear so ill as I am here threatened. *Orchamus* (for so your countenance promiseth a consent) hath already found grace because he is brother to your husband *Arbaces*.<sup>36</sup> Neither do I make it a doubt but that *Sorares*, son to *Arbaces* and<sup>37</sup> you, is alike dear to either parent; and of the safety of *Atys* and *Abynados* his sons, natural love, I presume, tendereth a warranty. But now generally and briefly as touching all these other<sup>38</sup> *Assyrians*: myself (*Dircilla*) will be their borrow if *Arbaces* his bail may deliver them of their bands.”

To make short tale, *Dircilla*, now hearing and seeing sufficient to the acknowledgement of her husband, unable then to moderate her sudden joy, and in respect of her years and whom even now she seemed unlike to herself, she lightly clasped *Arbaces* (as ready to embrace as to be embraced) betwixt her arms, who mutually mixing their joyful tears with loving kisses were either of them long time bereft the use of their tongues; of which pleasant passions *Orchamus*, *Sorares*, *Atys*, and *Abynados* were also glad copartners. Neither were [the]<sup>39</sup> bystanders, as well *Assyrians* as islanders, exempted for idle inspectors or evil paid actors in this joyful accident.

After, therefore, more than a little joy on all sides overpassed, by reason of this happy meeting,<sup>40</sup> wherein (after many years, and every person severally scattered

in a sundry countries)<sup>41</sup> the husband had recovered his wife, she her husband, both their son, he his parents, him his sons, he them, the brother his brother, the kinsman his kindred, and the friend his friend, and (which more is) after extreme miseries attaining to such unspeakable joys—yea, and at that instant when nothing was less hoped-for than life—after (I say) this joyful meeting, the prisoners were all set at liberty, and bountifully feasted by *Dircilla* and her islanders. And then every of the *Medes* severally reported what had befallen them since their chasing out of their country (as before) by *Ninus*.

First, *Arbaces* told of the<sup>42</sup> tragical arrival into the barren island, and how he and his fellow, surviving the rest, after they had been long shut up there in great misery, did deliver themselves from thence (as in the beginning of this book is remembered) in the ship of *Sorares*, whom then or before this very time he knew not for his son; then showeth he of their safe arrival and good entertainment in *Sarmatia*, from whence, having obtained a ship and men, as pitying the distress wherein they had left *Sorares* and his *Assyrians*, and for their delivery, they<sup>43</sup> resailed to their barren island; then lastly, how they had no sooner taken *Sorares* and his miserable soldiers aboard and put their ship again to the seas but that a sudden storm drove them perforce upon that same pleasant island wherein this their jeopardous joy thus happened.

*Sorares*, *Alys*, and *Abynados* did (in effect) no other than iterate the former report of *Orchamus*; and now was it come to *Dircilla* her turn to speak, whose words, containing a more pitiful, profitable, and pleasant discourse than a curious delivery, thus follow.

## CHAPTER LVII

*Dircilla reporteth her first landing and terrors in that island, with other matters not unworthy observation.*

“When, *Arbaces*, the mariners had landed and left me post alone in this island, the day was far spent, and my wits almost at an ebb. Then was thy name rife in my mouth, and (though also in vain) the extinct names of my dead parents and brethren; yea, and mine eyes with fear and my heart with love did both twain follow those envious sails whereby *Sorares* my son, then an infant, was carried captive into a strange country from me his helpless mother; and when mine eyes might no longer accompany him through distance of seas, yet did my heart arrive with him even in *Assyria*. And<sup>44</sup> with fresh supplies did sorrows confusedly succeed sorrows, being in number so great, and in nature so grievous, that one of my then passions might have set twenty tongues awork, one of those tongues have constrained a million of<sup>45</sup> eyes to tears, and the least cause of those tears have killed the weeper’s heart. Neither did it alone suffice that I thus sorrowed for things past, but I also feared a world of woes not unlikely to have followed. Here perceived I a pleasant island, but unmanured<sup>46</sup> (as might seem) of people. Retire back I could not, go forwards I durst not; behind me raged in<sup>47</sup> the wide seas, before me mustered the wild deserts; and on either side heard I the unacquainted noise of dreadful monsters. And yet (troth to say) I less doubted the fierceness of any monster, that could but devour my body, than the falsehood of men (if any were) that might have abused my beauty. For besides that mine attire (not unbeseeing the daughter of *Farnus*) was then very gorgeous, and mine

age (I being then in the flower of my youth) answerable to my attire, my beauty also (though I say it) was then suitable to both—in commendation whereof, thyself (my *Arbaces*) didst in those our altian\* days affect overmuch the figure *hyperbole*, and with the islanders here was the same not a little effectual to win me favor; but this brave brag to such as now hear me and did not then see me may no doubt seem as false as in deed foolish:<sup>48</sup> yet do I speak it in this place where err I cannot without controlment—these fears, I say, and a thousand like fantasies thus occupying my thoughts, suddenly I heard a boisterous rushing amongst the next boughs, four of these islanders anon disclosing themselves unto my view; every of them held in his right hand a cragged dart, and in the left a great quantity of raw flesh, at sight whereof when,<sup>49</sup> not meanly affrighted, I beheld how gluttonously they crammed down their maws the same flesh, yet reeking in their teeth, and how their chaps, beards, breasts, arms, hands, and whatsoever grisly part of them leaves had left bare were all besmeared with blood, though death was then the least of all my fears, yet (believe me) the cruelty prefigured by this savage spectacle did strike to my heart such incomprehensible terror that if, at the least, sorrows had not bereft me of sense, in comparison hereof the sufferance of a simple death had been no death, or in no part so dreadful. Now, whilst I apply this horrible precedent to feed my new fear, and rather dreaded than doubted that anon their imbrued hands should seize and their ravenous teeth tire upon me,<sup>50</sup> and I so to receive an unnatural burial within their bowels, the barbarous people

\* Halcyon.

had espied out me, who then, as deer newly brought to the stand, with countenances indifferently inclining to admiration and fear, stood a great while aloof off at gaze. Anon seeing me to approach them nearer and nearer, after many satyrlike freaks, with nimble feet and swift flight they scud away into the nearest woods, wildly bolting through the thickets, and with incredible [facility]<sup>51</sup> mounting and dismounting the sharp and steep rocks. Then (a strange and preposterous course might it seem, if not in so desperate a case, that the hare should follow the hound) as I, fearing, pursued them, flying, with purpose at least by falling into their hands to have died from such miseries, in casting my eye aside I perceived the case and carcass of a bear, the which these men had newly slaughtered, and upon whose dismembered limbs (as might seem) I had even now seen them feeding. This fact of theirs, as it seemed to participate a fierce and bestial courage, so such their food did argue in them a defect of humane conditions, and both it and whatsoever else I here beheld presented over-scatheful [sights]<sup>52</sup> to me, even now so wealthy and wanton a lady. Thus hitherto did I salute penury at the threshold, seeming to me an intolerable hansel. But whilst I thus lingered a dying life, night, the discomfortable register and remembrancer of all miseries, had taken place of the opposite, and overshadowed all this country. Then fled many thoughts in my mind—not only<sup>53</sup> present jeopardies but also of passed joys; and by how much more nice and delicate education, or to be exact, from so royal parentage made once to happiness, by so much more penury and distress added now to perplexity and impatience. For what thing can happen more unkindly than that pleasant and good causes should vary in perverse and

bad effects, or what leave we with more grief than what we possessed with most joy? I that lately had all or more than I could ask could not ask now any one needful thing I might possibly have; but as in better times I had superfluity of supplies, so in this change of fortune I suffered necessity with decrease. Beggars know in what and by whom to be relieved, but (alas) even beggary did by so much more<sup>64</sup> better mine unfortune, by how much more<sup>65</sup> I neither knew to beg nor found of whom to receive; and (whereof beggars are not restrained) it lay not in my choice to make change of the place, whatsoever in charity I found in the people. But by that time the torture of two or three of these daily terrors and nightly torments had racked virtue from necessity, I tried this cross both possible to happen and found the same in event profitable. For as the horse late pampered up at the full manger and anon turned out to grazing doth not willingly forsake his bare pasture again to return to his sweet provender, so I (although my sufferance came at first by constraint, yet constraint growing to a custom, and custom to a confirmation of patience) used the liberty of these woods as a supersidias\* against the world. Yea, when my flesh was mortified and my spirits quickened, I could then consider that virtue and riches seldom couple in one body; and when I was so far secluded from the vain delights of the world that neither mine eyes might see them, mine ears hear them, nor my heart hope for them, I then easily diverted from the compounds of education and reverted to the simples of nature; and in so needy a life I re-

\* Stop, stay, check (Compares *Albions England*, VII, xxxvi, 157 [1592]: "A Supersidias for her loue was euery newcome friend.").

membered my naked birth and conceived the like of my grave. Thus profit we in divine virtue, when we decay in human presumption, and herein only differ we from brute beasts, that they naturally know not themselves, but such ignorance in us worketh unkindly to brutishness. Now, credit me, *Arbaces*, all seemed then vain which before time I had in most value. For I remember (and I think the world is as it was) that in our heads, hair, habits, and behaviors, variety so squared out fashions according to our own fantasies that, whilst nature seemed a dotard and art an infant, too-bad became a bravery; that our faces so borrowed of *Phao* his box that, the interest exceeding the loan, beauty with some became<sup>56</sup> bankrupt; that our feet (proud fools) so trod on<sup>57</sup> the earth as if earth disdained to touch earth. But smile I must to remember how some, with a mask, a scarf, or a plume, could as formally keep their old or black and bad faces from sight as did others their beauty from sunburn. Neither could aught be tolerated in young, fair, and noble dames for their prerogative that was not anon taken up by old, foul, and mean drossels\* for pride, so that we becoming may-ladies, they would anon counterfeit maid-Marians; and yet these apes in purple, in our fashions, gate, and niceness, followed us in nothing so effectually as did some men effeminately, whose locks were so like trimmed, beauty so tended, and all their ornaments so womanlike tempered that only to have taken their rapiers<sup>58</sup> from their sides and then to have given them fans in their hands had been altogether to resemble (with whom they did altogether dissemble) women. This did I then remember, and the vanities thereof

\* Slovens, sluts.

seemed most ridiculous. Alas, would I think to myself (that sometimes was as nice as the nicest), with what foolishness frequent we our bodies to costly balms and curious ornaments, which after a few days death presenteth to the grave, and the grave to the worms? And why are we remiss and careless in beautifying our souls, fit presents for the gods themselves, with incorruptible virtues? If (more thankfully be it<sup>59</sup> spoken than the same was then accepted) adversity would offer unto other<sup>60</sup> the opportunity to contemplate and consider of the world as was and is allotted to me, beauty would seem vanity, the loss [of]<sup>61</sup> riches the recovery of quietness, a ransom from Fortune, and a discovery of ourselves<sup>62</sup> should appear to ourselves no other than examples of weakness, spoils of time, the game of Fortune, patterns of inconstancy, receptacles of misery, marks for envy—in conception loathsome, in birth helpless, in youth witless, in age wretched, of life uncertain, of death sure.<sup>63</sup> Therefore should we behave ourselves here not as though we live only for our bodies, but as though we could not live without bodies; neither should we so<sup>64</sup> follow the world that we also fall with the world, which being ours we are not our own. But hitherto have you not heard how I fell in with these islanders, the order whereof I shall now tell you.

#### CHAPTER LVIII

*She declareth how, and in what condition, she found those islanders at her first coming; and by what means she reformed them, and became their sovereign.*

“These considerations (my Arbaces),<sup>65</sup> at the first urged of necessity and then used as necessary, besides the place itself, which seemed a second *Elysium*, or of pleasure and



plenty nature her storehouse, wherein each hill might seem a *Parnassus*, each valley an *Eden*, each grove a *Tempe*, and each water a *Tagus*: and moreover (which did not a little delight) with these the people also, the<sup>66</sup> nimble lads of this island, who<sup>67</sup> (if we grant their then attire and wildness, and from these other except their goat-like members and manners) seemed<sup>68</sup> right *fauni* or *satyrs*—or rather, in respect of their personages (might not the comparison seem sacrilegious to his deity), instead of darts, arming them with bow and quiver, such as was said lusty *Nomius* in the fields of *Thessaly*. And what shall I speak of mine own sex, whose lovely faces were such as you now see, and whose beautiful bodies (because I descried them little better than bare) had the discovery been yours might perhaps otherwise<sup>69</sup> delighted your wanton eyes? Believe me, [so]<sup>70</sup> nymphlike were their faces and fashions, that whether it were in beholding the calm seas that they tripped on the shore, they seemed such as are reported the *Nereides*; or that they flung themselves into some pleasant fountain, they resembled the *Naiades*; or that they kept the airsome mountains, they represented the *Oreades*; or that amongst<sup>71</sup> woods, casting themselves into a ring, they danced their roundelays; or gathering sweet gays, they decked themselves with flowers; or that they couched their white sides on the soft herbs—in these also they might have been taken for the *Dryades*. By assistance, I say, of these—that is, patience, time, place, people, and this sweet and [unthreatened]<sup>72</sup> liberty (the only remembrance of thee, *Arbaces*, and of *Sorares*, my son, excepted) I made not only<sup>73</sup> resistance for the time, but at length a final conquest of Fortune. And having secretly and sufficiently observed the harmless manners

and dispositions of these people, and in all things reformed myself to their fashions, when opportunity served, I fell in with the rest, and behaved myself so formally that (no one suspecting to the contrary) I was taken for an here-bred islandress. But by this means chanced my credit and authority. Having thus by little and little crept into<sup>74</sup> acquaintance, after a while (as moved so to do by reason of my cold attire and colder lodging, more natural to them than usual to me, albeit both to them and me tolerable enough, because than this [no]<sup>75</sup> climate may be more temperate) I happened one evening, a great number of the islanders being then present, with a flint-stone to strike fire, and therewithal to kindle an heap of sticks and other dry matter; but lo: (a thing unthought of) they who never before had seen fire, but supposed the same to be some miraculous accident, presently derived from the sun (which they worshipped for their god), as people therefore ravished of their senses, and holding both it and me in reverent admiration, they offer divine worship, which I, refusing, by many familiar instances informed them in this and other matters; so far forth, nevertheless, advantaging myself by such their superstitious inclinations as in their religion,<sup>76</sup> uncivil manners, diet, apparel, dwellings, provision,<sup>77</sup> and such like might tend to the<sup>78</sup> easier reformation, in which thing I, dealing with them by degrees and according to their capacities, did in time profit them to<sup>79</sup> more civil perfection. And then, whereas they believed me a goddess, I removed also that profitable error, but might not renounce the government of them and their country, which charge, with a general consent, would I or would I not, they have cast upon me.”

## CHAPTER LIX

*Of their general resolution, after this their happy meeting.*

As *Dircilla* thus parled, and whilst the rivals sat yet banqueting [in]<sup>80</sup> her bowers, they descried a great flame ascending from out the sea, whereof *Arbaces*, desirous to know the reason, was thus answered—that certain of the islanders, ignorant of that that was happened, finding his ship in the harbor<sup>81</sup> had fired both it and all<sup>82</sup> therein, being a great mass of treasure, with which news *Arbaces*, seeming much disquieted, was in conclusion by *Dircilla* thus appeased.

“Over-passed damages,” quoth she, “have made me provident of<sup>83</sup> following dangers, and therefore (albeit at this time ignorant of this action, wherein thy presence, *Arbaces*, might have been a countermand to our custom)<sup>84</sup> generally beforetime, as concerning the *Assyrians*, have I commanded such burnings and ambushments as a thing profitable to our peace and in performance easy, and to that end continually have maintained watches in every our coasts, by which means no reporter hath allured hither invaders, and our own people, keeping within their own bounds, remain uncorrupt of strange manners and practices. But alas,<sup>85</sup> what meaneth *Arbaces* this thy troubled countenance for thy burnt ship, as thou wouldst resail without me, that in this place have vowed my burial? To those white hairs of thine, and to one so unfortunately crossed of the world, delightful rest should, methinks, seem more agreeable than doubtful travels. If thou, being then a prince, and young, couldst not in *Media* avoid the *Assyrian* tyranny; if the treasure<sup>86</sup> from thence trans-

ported into the barren island, causing such effusion of blood, and in the end only possessed of two, had no virtue because no use; if after thine own delivery, in wafting also from that imprisonment *Sorares* thine unknown son and his companions, the seas ruled thy stern and the storms were thy pilots—if, I say, in youth, in age, in wealth, in want, on land, and on sea thou hast experienced such uncertainty and perils; and lastly, if, after all these: yea, and that when no other than a foul death was expected, thou hast recovered thy wife, thy son, thy son's children, thy brother, and with them a kingdom: yea, a kingdom for pleasure matching *Boeotia*, and for profit comparable to the best part in *Nabathia*, why then dost thou not<sup>87</sup> renounce these old perils and rest contented with these new pleasures, of which though three parts be wanting,<sup>88</sup> yet, believe me, *Arbaces*, a contented mind is better than a kingdom, and the world is<sup>89</sup> at the best but<sup>90</sup> a parasite?"

This she said, and *Arbaces*, having already assented in himself, did easily consent to her, as one not so much turned by words as tired with the world—who, as also *Orchamus*, *Sorares*, *Atys*, *Abynados*, and all the *Assyrians*, esteem themselves rapt up into the third heaven, so unspeak\* was the joy of such their meeting, and the pleasure and plenty of this their island. Here, therefore,<sup>91</sup> to conclude, those whom I found in *Charon's* boat I now leave in *Jupiter's* bosom.

### FINIS <sup>92</sup>

\* The text actually reads "inspeak"—i.e., unspeakable.

## APPENDIX A

["The Epistle Dedicatory" from the first edition (1584)]

To the right *worshipful*,

SIR GEORGE CAREY,

*Knight*,

Knight Marshal of Her Majesty's most honorable *Household*, *Captain of the Isle of Wight*, son and heir apparent to the Right Honorable the Lord of Hunsdon, my very good lord and master.

It had (right worshipful) no sooner entered my thought to handle some argument, at the first, chiefly for mine own exercise, but that I found myself thereunto (unworthy though a writer's credit) less sufficient for form than prevented of matter; for hardly discourse we that argument whereof something before, to the like effect, is not extant. As for the common text, love, I esteemed the same, especially by a man, so exquisitely anatomized that to others travailing in the like, being bereft the flesh, muscles, veins, sinews, blood, and bowels, only remain the bones for their exercise; and to work on so hard a subject were (think I) to be as vain as the alchemist, who in seeking to perfect wonders for covetousness doth little else than work himself a beggar with cunning.

In suspense therefore of such my purpose, I happened into place where at one time to visit a sick gentleman were assembled a divine, a courtier, a physician, a lawyer, a civilian, and a countryman, every of which busying themselves about the sick had left in an outward chamber something or other of their ordinary attire. Anon entered the seventh man, a merry conceited youth, who, finding in one place such variety of apparel, and severally one after another attiring him therewithal, behaved himself so formally, from the pulpit to the plough, from *Paul* his Epistles, to *Ovid* his *De arte amandi*, *Galen* his *De sanitate tuenda*, *Littleton* his Tenures, *Justinian* his *Pandectes*, and *Virgil* his *Bugloges*,\* that with no small delight to those

\* *Bugloges* seems to be a humorous coinage derived from the two words "bucolics" and "eclogues." Translations of both the *Bucolics* and the *Eclogues*

present he not only seemed the same in substance whom he did counterfeit in action but, by those his merriments, did also minister to the weak gentleman such occasion of extraordinary motion and violent laughter that, by the breaking of an impostume, he shortly recovered.

I then observing how these diverse actions, thus delivered by one actor, wrought, because of variety, to the inspectors a cause of mirth and to the diseased a cure of his malady, yet both coming by chance, emboldened myself in the like manner, though differing in the like matter, to huddle up (rudely, I fear) my following medley.

The patronage whereof most humbly I offer unto your good worship, with the same hope which sometimes happened at *Rome* beyond hope to the poor cobbler whose crow, not for *Ave Caesar*, which to pronounce she was purposely taught, but for *opera & impensa perit*, which came aptly and unlooked for, was therefore accepted of *Caesar*.

But if nothing herein shall happen either profitable by chance as it did to the sick, or pleasant by chance as it did to *Caesar*, it will then less boot me to say my labor is lost with the crow than repent me of rashness, as it once did an ape, who so much presumed of his furred jacket that needs he would imitate the bear to despoil the bees of their honey, when, silly ape (an adject improper to an ape, if not environed of bees), no sooner had he touched the hive to have tasted the honey but that the bees were as nimble where they found bare as was Jack at his banquet, putting him, too late, in remembrance that behind he lay open to sights and naked to stings.

Yet (which best is) by so much the less fear I a rough air, by how much the more I sail under a calm lee, and he that intermeddeth not in *Tiresias* his doom neither awaketh *Juno* to him, neither needeth he sleep to *Jupiter*.

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had appeared before *Syrinx*. In the list of books mentioned by Warner, Paul's *Epistles* represents the reading of the divine, Ovid's *Art of Love* the reading of the courtier, Galen the reading of the physician, Littleton the reading of the lawyer, and Virgil the reading of the countryman. Justinian's *Pandectes*, or *Corpus Juris Civilis*, is assigned to the civilian.

Only, if your worship impute not this a presumption, that I hope after a good sentence where I should fear a grave censure, such toleration may add fresh reeds to his pipe, and he pipe otherwise to your praise, that with no less affection than duty wisheth unto your worship all happiness not prejudicial to true happiness.

*William Warner*





## APPENDIX B

[The address "To the Reader" from the first edition (1584)]

Should I be curious in applying the form, or rather deformity, of *Pan*, the pastoral god, to the learned my skill might seem no less absurd than to the ignorant the sense obscure. Let it therefore suffice for the purpose that the nymph *Syrinx*, in *Arcadia*, in flying *Pan* his loving pursuit, was by intercessions (as poetically it is fabled) transformed into an heap of reeds, which being stirred with a gentle blast, and *Pan* hearing them to yield a soft, melodious sound, with seven of the same reeds framed to himself the pipe after her name called *Syrinx*, proportionably to which number I, a pupil of such a tutor, have also sorted out this my music. Music I call it, though *Midas* not for his ears doth the second time dare to term it melodious; neither, I think, any, except perhaps *Satyrs*, will vouchsafe to hear it, for only *Mercury* his pipe must bring *Argus* asleep, and *Ganymedes* wring the grapes if *Jupiter* taste the nectar. Yea, so forcible is a first conquest to deter from a second encounter that now *Pan* and his pupils hold themselves very well content, so they can their plain-song, that *Apollo* can descant.

And yet, let his coy prophetess presage hard events in her cell, let the Athenian *μισανθρωπος* or man-hater bite on the stage, or the *Sinopian* cynic bark with the stationer; yet, in *Pan* his *Syrinx*, will I pipe at the least to myself.

Unto whose rude harmony if, for variety, any *Tmolus* shall listen, then let such an one imagine that piping of love some *Polyphemus* is a wooer; if handling argument, some *Coridon* an interlocutor; or howsoever it be, some *Fanus* or the author an actor, as not daring to be so venturous here as was one vainglorious elsewhere that, in trying his text, as it were, by the touch, to be thought a learned clerk to an unlearned auditory, having rapped out a round deal of Welsh, such, quoth he, are the very words in Hebrew.

But so far off am I so to resemble, so to dissemble, that might I utter my scarce indifferent for exquisite, yet would I not offer the same for excellent: only to keep aloof from labyrinths, in which *Minotaur* is readier with a club than *Ariadne*

with a clue, sufficeth to me, might also (courteous reader) such my considerate fear satisfy you. But what? to father my book on *Pan*, whose bad nature affordeth not so good nurture as to fear an offense, when all, indeed, is nothing more than a fault, and thus submissively to crave pardon for mine own taken pains, and that, perhaps, of such who will soonest mislike what they cannot make like, were as if an ass should bring forth a jennet, *Pan* a child altogether unlike the father, and for myself in *decorum* to degenerate; for *Pan*, being clownish, not courtish, should not sing cunningly if he sing kindly. And why? Only to be fine were in him a fault. But in vain is it, I know, that I fear such offense.

But whither wander I? Sufficeth it not that willingly I have straitened myself to time, but that I also willfully so tie myself to one rude master that I digress not so much as in good manners? Not so, but if (courteous reader) not calling into account my worthiness, which claimeth less than you should grant, you accept of my willingness, which is more than you can guess, he that expecteth only such courtesy and resteth most desirous to deserve it, is also therefore and still shall be, yours as he may,

*W. Warner*

## NOTES

[In the notes, the letter A refers to the edition of 1584; B, to the second edition, 1597.]

### ARBACES

1. A reads, "Nevertheless, after long despair of their lives, great loss of their treasure, and extreme danger of both, the disparkled" etc.
2. A: "Where."
3. A: "but yet such monsters as were rather to be pitied for their penury than to be feared for their cruelty."
4. A: "savage."
5. A: "swords."
6. A omits "but."
7. A inserts, after "pardon," the following: "and considering that *Fortune* is painted with two faces, frowning with the one and smiling with the other, that winter doth bite but summer burnish, we have made necessity," etc.
8. A: "first."
9. The word is supplied from A.
10. A reads "for in the one your courage is not more magnificent," etc.
11. A: "is it."
12. A inserts, after "accident," the following: "continue more malicious than unreasonable or senseless creatures? Doth not the plantain profit the toad in disburdening her of the superfluity of poison? and the same, nevertheless, stand us in stead to many good purposes? Or doth it derogate," etc.
13. A reads: "the passioned gestures of the one did testify, and the pitiful regards of the other witness."
14. A omits "Arbaces."
15. A has a longer parenthesis: "good *Sorares*, and you the rest of our benefactors."
16. A omits "or of necessity."
17. From A.
18. A omits "being indeed."

19. A: "The seas we passed were numberless, the sorrows we suffered were grievous, the dangers we escaped were perilous," etc.
20. A: "from out."
21. A: "was thus turned."
22. A: "a hot choleric complexion."
23. A omits "quoth *Chebron*."
24. A: "had happened."
25. From A.
26. A: "O people for your inconsiderate peevishness to be pitied, are your eyes clear and yet will you seem senseless? and seeing," etc.
27. A: "you."
28. A: "meditations."
29. The sentence ends thus in A: "to his inferiors burdensome, to all men cumbersome, and not remembering his old friends that forgeteth his new self."
30. Not in A.
31. This sentence and the conclusion of the preceding sentence read as follows in A: "and that a noble man exiled, if not of noble birth, yet of authority and honorable estimation standeth disgraded. [New paragraph] But let it be that banishment is no disparagement to birth, yet should we for our own assurance respect the sequel and have an eye to their inclinations whom we admit to rule."
32. Not in A.
33. A: "are evermore capable" for "evermore would seem capable."
34. Preceding this clause, and following the word "worsen," A inserts the following: "the wild olive is savory, but the ripe fig is sweeter; the tiger mangleth with her teeth, but the basilisk murdereth with her eye." The passage continues, "there is no beauty," etc.
35. A concludes the sentence thus: "continually pining, still getting but never gaining, and still hoarding but never having."
36. A: "an island" for "a plot wherein to plant it."

37. A replaces "that these feast while you fast" with the following: "if you can digest that these feast with full dishes, whilst you shall fast with empty bellies, that they sing whilst you sorrow, that they be adorned with chains of gold in token of their superfluity whilst you shall be fettered with irons, as pledges of your necessity."
38. A reads, "vigorous force of magnanimity."
39. A: "flinchers."
40. A omits "and" and begins a new sentence.
41. A: "harebrain."
42. A: "sore."
43. A and B both read "require."
44. In A, the sentence concludes as follows: "and *Sorares* dismissed the whole company every man to his lodging."
45. A: "this."
46. A: "detriment."
47. A: "bountifully."
48. Between "gestures" and "they," A reads: "as wringing their hands, howling out, and beating their breasts."
49. A: "in."
50. In A, the sentence concludes as follows: "more remaineth hereafter to be read, in that which is herein prosecuted."

## THETIS

1. A: "particular."
2. A: "by their unknown destinies" for "in such travel." The following sentence then begins, "In this purpose, therefore, accompanied with divers other gentlemen, whose friends were also missing," etc.
3. The pavisade mentioned in this sentence might be composed either of a screen of pavises, or shields, or of a screen of canvas run about the sides of the ship.
4. The words are supplied from A; B reads, "they rest."
5. Between this and the succeeding sentence, A inserts the following: "If erewhile the air abroad was grievous for cold, or now the fire here comfortable for heat, this horrible sight made them forgetful of both."

6. Thus in both A and B. The sentence ought perhaps to end, "for that night were entertained as his guests."
7. A: "When the *Scythians* had (according to their cookery) dighted the venison they had killed, part whereof they boiled in beasts' hides, and other part they broiled on the coals, and when the *Scythian* lord had sat," etc.
8. A: "... in face so amiable, in body so proportionable, and in every part so formal, that nature might not," etc.
9. A: "puling" inserted after this word.
10. A: "gallant."
11. A: "Gentlemen, you (perhaps) from whence you are come, accustomed to," etc.
12. A: "grossly."
13. In A, the sentence concludes, "and that can all *Asia* well witness, whom we, even we, the *Scythians*, have three times in open fields conquered, and our bows made them three times unto us tributary."
14. Following "sadness," A reads: "I could not but judge you either very solitary, or somewhat sullen (but trust me) my self a stranger," etc.
15. Following the comma, A reads: "could not but imagine and fear as much, or more, than you have feared."
16. In A, the sentence concludes, "I gladly would have overpassed that in silence which will be more grievous to me in recital than what you here behold hath been to you dreadful."
17. A: "almost from his cradle," for "evermore."
18. A: "martyred."
19. A: "combats."
20. In A, the last two sentences read as follows: "Yea, and by how much deeper love hath taken foundation, by so much the more sweeter is it in operation, savoring altogether honey and not scenting gall. What shall I say—so pleasant and steadfast was our mutual love, until on her part violated, that it might have been made a question whether of us was the lover or which the beloved, our two hearts being (as it were) to either body common. But as good ladies are sometimes over lightly affianced, so light wantons

are often over firmly fantasied; nay (alas), it is commonly seen that trust hath the fairest tract leading to treason, and that in security we find greatest sorrow."

21. Following "*Theitis*," A reads, "and then were there no other philosophy but implication, yet women might," etc.
22. Not in A.
23. The text actually reads "noysances."
24. A: "catch."
25. In A, this sentence reads: "Outwardly with art is she polished, howsoever inwardly polluted: her face painted, her beauty borrowed, her hair another's, and that frizzled; her gestures enforced, her looks premeditated, her back bolstered, her breast bumbasted, her shoulders bared, and her middle straight-laced, and then is she in fashion when most out of fashion."
26. A: "applying thus to."
27. In A the antithesis reads, "bright in the hedge and black in the hands."
28. A: "yet can she."
29. A: "with."
30. Following the semicolon, A reads: "the first will be too bravely minded, the latter too basely mannered; the one opinionate, the other obstinate, but both cumbersome."
31. A: "hath my tongue run."
32. A: "had been" for "were here."
33. In A, the concluding sentence reads: "If, therefore, any modest matron, wife, or maiden had been here present, either I would then have spoken in the book, or could be contented to bear a faggot for any probable heresy; and no doubt they would pardon my glib tongue in respect of my galled heart, for blameless may losers chafe.  
"Well, best is no women are here to traverse my choleric allegations, for hardly find we any pleading so formal wherein the judge (especially if favoring the cause) cannot, or at the least doth not, assign errors."
34. A, following the phrase "feminine sex," reads as follows: "being the matter wrought, so would I briefly touch the impiety of lust, the mean working, by both which I have been wronged and by both which you may be warned."

35. Following the phrase "mean peasant," A reads: "the valiant victor, nor the cowardly carl have been or be exempted."
36. In A, this sentence begins: "And the reason why it so easily overcometh and so extremely outrageth is for that it promiseth to them trust whom it killeth with blindness, leading men even with willing cords," etc.
37. A: "pointed bodkins" for "sharp thorns."
38. In A, this sentence reads: "And then (alas) the heart by degrees readily delighteth, consenteth, fulfilleth, continueth, despaireth, confirmeth, commandeth, and not (but too too late) repenteth the act."
39. A: "This lascivious passion (I say), besides that," etc.
40. A: "lust."
41. A concludes this sentence thus: "... whose smoke is infamy, whose ashes is filthiness, and whose end is  
*Vermis & umbra, flagillum, frigus, & ignis,*  
*Demonis aspectus, celerum confusio, luctus."*
42. A omits the sentence.
43. In A, the chapter begins: "From whence then may we fetch tried medicine to apply to this untoward malady, when *Agnus Castus* is so geason [i.e., rare, scarce, hard to find] to cure, and *Mandragora* so common to procure; believe me my guests," etc.
44. A: "venery," a reading which may well be the correct reading for the passage, though B does not follow it.
45. A: "ill."
46. In A, the sentence reads as follows: "For with the gods, to intend is to trespass, to will is to work, and in either the offense all one."
47. A omits the sentence.
48. A: "guest."
49. In A, the phrase preceding the comma reads: "as an infirmity naturally (if I may so say) proceeding from our corrupt flesh," etc.
50. In A, the sentence concludes: "... where not simply contenting themselves with shameless coiture, they had also sorted the platform how to have murdered me."
51. A: "amorously toying, as is the trade of lovers," etc.



52. A: "deemed."
53. A: "my."
54. A inserts the word "Ah" at the opening of the sentence.
55. Not in A.
56. A inserts "with" after "questioned."
57. A: "which" for "for it."
58. A: "piety."
59. A: "desert."
60. The parenthesis is not in A.
61. In A, the section within the commas reads: "... seeing herself (as it seemed) to be now scanted of that pleasure which before time she possessed, and therefore not meanly offended at such his treachery, when by," etc.
62. A: "chosen trull."
63. A: "her."
64. In A, the sentence preceding the colon reads: "Scarcely had I gone three furlongs but that I met her posting toward this place, and although before time I knew her very well, yet anger had now estranged her countenance, but she with these homely salutations thus renewed our old acquaintance."
65. In A, the passage runs: "... thy gay titles, or thine used or rather abused authority amongst us in these parts," etc.
66. A: "tell."
67. In A the sentence opens: "How cometh it to pass that thou which oughtst to be a punisher of offenders art now become a fautor [*sic*] of offenses? That thou which art so zealous," etc.
68. A inserts between "castle" and "but" the following: "thy countenance bolstering their incontinency."
69. A: "*coparcinerie*."
70. In A, the parenthesis reads: "(as warrantable for thy head as thy game for their horns)."
71. A omits the remainder of the sentence.
72. Not in A.
73. From A.
74. A: "Who."
75. A: "even hard at."
76. Following the semicolon, A reads: "and were it so (what

shall it advantage me to dissemble) that I could without offense absolve myself of the vow I have taken, I would most willingly dissolve her from the woes she tasteth; but forasmuch," etc.

77. A: "dry."

78. A continues the sentence thus: "for they were well, and all was well, and so it commonly fareth with churls that forget in their chairs the succorless in the cold."

79. A: "Thus" for "And to conclude."

80. A: "present" for "full," indicating that Warner's earlier notion of writing a sequel to *Thetis* no longer seems as likely to be carried out.

81. In A, the sentence reads: "It may be, and perhaps not, that *Pan* hereafter in a second part will pipe more of *Thetis*, until when, take what I tender for present payment, and what I promise as a desperate debt."

#### BELOPARES

1. Both A and B give the old form, "parfit."
2. A: "the silence of" for "to."
3. A: "fantastical."
4. Following the comma, A reads: "I would sooner receive a poor cottage within the compass of one small city than a safe conduct, or (if it might be) a charter, to compass the great and rich ocean."
5. Following "will" A reads: "where sometimes he findeth this friendship, that to rid him of languor in stead of *aqua vita* they minister *aquam marinam*, toppling him over shipboard, some life yet remaining; and then as the sea," etc.
6. A: "to surveye."
7. A: "to look on."
8. A: "to pry on."
9. A inserts "choke-bone and" after "a."
10. After "gods," A inserts the following parenthesis: "(to such an extraordinary care when it chanceth)."
11. A reads: "Neither are these all the evils that grow by such travels, for whereas this unadvised venturer did traffic abroad by way of exchange, he retaileth at home for ready

coin; nay, of a chapman he becometh a merchant, and in his own country useth outlandish utterance, there to make return of his far-fetched vices."

12. A: "And."
13. In A, following "ears" the sentence continues: "thy gross error is much, but thine unseemly terms more than thine error."
14. A: "worse."
15. A inserts "yet" after "nor."
16. A inserts "so" after "and."
17. Not in A.
18. A: "procure."
19. A reads: "And not in this only hast thou shot wide, but in the rest also missed the white, that is, in judging so of travellers."
20. Following the parenthesis, A reads: "but I mean thou art to be controlled in judging so absurdly of men betaking themselves to painful travels," etc.
21. After "all," A inserts "vituperating."
22. A: "Nay."
23. Following the parenthesis, A reads: "no more of this matter; enough is as good as a feast, and too much of one thing is good for nothing: here is a business," etc.
24. A omits "that is."
25. Not in A.
26. A: "contingents."
27. Following the comma, A reads: "neither yet of things inferior to myself, as why the adamant draweth iron and letteth lie a feather, with a thousand such like; only let it suffice," etc.
28. A: "may more prevail" for "may urge more."
29. A inserts "in a den" after "whelps."
30. From A; B reads "their."
31. Not in A.
32. Not in A.
33. A: "mine."
34. A: "tearing one another."
35. From A.

36. A omits "tops of."
37. B actually reads "on" rather than "one."
38. A: "unbalance."
39. A following "seas" reads: "as it was much, so was it not to be valued."
40. In A, the sentence begins: "Yet might we have gotten our ship afloat with that cost, we should have thought ourselves to have won by our loss, but (alas)," etc.
41. A: "likely."
42. A: "march after."
43. A: "assignment."
44. A inserts "your careful captain," in apposition with "I."
45. A inserts after "men" this parenthesis: "(which I also think to happen but at sufferance of the gods)."
46. Both A and B read "patient."
47. The text of B reads "and" for "not," a reading obviously incorrect.
48. A: "by."
49. A: "to."
50. A: "to."
51. A: "shall never more."
52. A: "godly."
53. Following the semicolon, A reads; "and so pleasant seemed this unnatural refection that we (erewhile at point every man to have tired upon his own flesh) did now," etc.
54. Not in A.
55. A: "would choose."
56. Following "survivors," A reads: "neither would *Duke Menophis*, our good general, be exempted out of this deathful lottery."
57. Following the comma, A reads: "before their eyes, and whilst the flesh," etc.
58. A reverses the action: "whetting their stomachs on their teeth."
59. A inserts "dapper" after "a."
60. A gives "land" a third time.
61. A begins the sentence "but hearing," etc.

62. In A: "Thus as you may see, land, seas, and ourselves are subject to one and the same God, and not to chance."
63. In A the sentence concludes: "diversely handled, and occasion of more strange adventures (as orderly doth follow) was offered."

## PHONE

1. A: "requite."
2. A inserts "and" between "lady" and "sister."
3. A: "whereof."
4. Not in A.
5. Not in A.
6. A: "artificially."
7. In A, the parenthesis reads: "(alas, too late I perceive)."
8. Not in A.
9. From A; B reads "thy."
10. In A, the sentence begins: "But (dissemblers) though they level at our persons, they shoot at our portions; and be it so that they prevail," etc.
11. A: "first day."
12. Not in A.
13. From A; B reads "the."
14. In A, the parenthesis reads: "(except perhaps for trusting these too much)."
15. A: "so then."
16. A omits the parenthesis.
17. A: the sentence begins: "Howbeit, through this thy beastly foolishness, were the crime apparent, as it may not be here concealed, myself am ashamed," etc.
18. The text actually reads "death," which is surely incorrect.
19. In A, the sentence reads: "What doth it (alas) advantage me now to have been daughter to the famous King *Aegialeus*? the sister of *Selchim*, or that my beauty, education, and entertainment have heretofore allured mighty kings wooers, worthy personages suitors, and the world wonderers? that must now," etc.

20. In A, the sentence begins: "But (fool) what words are these? Wilt thou," etc.
- 20a. In A, the sentence reads: "O succorless estate of mine, O world not loved but for my womb, and it the map of all my sorrows, for which nevertheless and not else I yet live, as expecting a comfortable child in place of so unconstant a father. And yet, *Staurobates*, thou canst not work to *Pheone* such ill but that *Pheone* wisheth unto thee so well as not for her greatest wrongs to crave the meanest revenge; yea (to pleasure thee yet more), as my love is already remote from thine heart, so of my person I henceforth deliver thine eyes. O unkind *Staurobates*; ah, unhallowed *Pheone*."
21. A: "windeth."
22. Between "then" and "annihilated," A inserts "so awkly."
23. Between "heir" and "perfected," A reads: "a perfect blossom of beauty, a matchless paragon for personage."
24. Not in A.
25. A: "braving."
26. A: "duke his love" for "his lord's love."
27. A: "carelessly neglecting."
28. A: "man."
29. A gives the age as eighteen.
30. From A; B reads "least."
31. A: "first."
32. In A, the sentence begins: "Secondly, and as concerning *Crisippus* his pedigree," etc.
33. A: "given to."
34. A: "Your lord my master."
35. A inserts "and" following "satisfied."
36. From A; B reads "you."
37. From A; B reads "my."
38. The word is singular in A.
39. A reads "couple up at."
40. This and the following two speeches are given as follows in A:  
 "*Marpissa*: 'Yet even now you maintained that a man persevering in love may prevail at the length.'  
 "*Crisippus*: 'Then did I argue for my lord as a lover;

now do I answer your ladyship as *Crisippus*, who in love's *May* seeth included no end.'

"*Marpissa*: 'But in the same *May* is expected an end, and in the ebb not to watch the tide is to lose the tide through negligence."

41. In A, this sentence reads: "Say (*Crisippus*) we be hobbies, so you serve us as falconers, granting us to seize where we happen to souse?"
42. A: "current."
43. In A, the sentence continues as follows: "for they that bandon the ball mark not ever the chase."
44. Following the semicolon, A inserts "why."
45. From A; B reads "whar."
46. Not in A.
47. A: "I swear by yonder sun" for "and I assure you."
48. A: "that."
49. Following the comma, A inserts "or."
50. In A the sentence begins: "Doubt not, my sweet friend (I would I might as well call thee husband), but that making," etc.
51. A: "face and personage."
52. A reads: "she wringeth his moist fists amorously betwixt her delicate hands."
53. A reads "modesty."
54. A: "And so."
55. Not in A.
56. Following the semicolon, A reads: "or rather accounted by him (an unpracticed songster) jarring discord, as by his answer appeared; for feeling perfectly," etc.
57. In A, the clause reads: "because he had never yet received pressed-money, or thought to have marched after love's onset."
58. Not in A.
59. A inserts "outwardly" between "you" and "pretend."
60. Not in A.
61. A inserts "(madam)" between "therefore" and "that."
62. A: "yet not."
63. From A; B reads "bouldt."

64. Not in A.
65. The word is simply omitted in B; it has been supplied from A.
66. A: "as crookedly found" for "found out."
67. Following "trespasser" A reads: "this heart of mine could readily consent, these hands willingly contrive, and these eyes gladly behold that thy carcass (mine only deed) dead beweltered in blood before my face, and trampled upon with my feet; but live, harlot, I say live yet a while," etc.
68. A omits "unto thee."
69. A inserts "with a vengeance" after "haste."
70. In A, the sentence begins: "Let us proffer a wealthy match, and a man personable, the simpering saints," etc.
71. A reads "clinchpoop" for "unthrift."
72. Not in A.
73. A omits "obedience and."
74. A: "tomb."
75. A inserts, in apposition with "heart," the following: "(a present for Marpissa)."
76. After "should," A inserts "anon."
77. Not in A.
78. A: "by."
79. A omits the parenthesis.
80. A inserts "entertained" between "already" and "thine."
81. A erroneously repeats the negative.
82. A omits "even."
83. A: "naturally."
84. A: "asking a entertainment."
85. A continues the sentence: "rowing headlong upon impossibilities."
86. A contains the following passage following "damage": "For not improperly may love be compared to the sore called an oncom or fellon, which beginning at the finger's end, and by sufferance falling into the joint, doth hazard a mayhem, or at the leastwise a cure. So love beginning at the eye and by sufferance descending to the heart doth threaten life, or at the leastwise reason. As the one therefore at the first is to be scalded, so the other is presently to be sup-



pressed. For without a timely violence either malady is incurable."

87. In A, the concluding sentence reads as follows: "With such like discourses did the *Assyrians* cut the calm seas, and descrying a strange ship at anchor not far off, upon occasion did also the like, riding as near to the unknown ship as they could, where, not omitting to enquire after those in quest of whom they thus sailed, occasion of that which now ensueth was taken."

## DEIPYRUS

1. A: "his on."
2. From A; B reads "constancy," which is clearly incorrect.
3. A: "father his."
4. A: "Who."
5. A inserts "easily" after "he."
6. A: "hourly expected for."
7. Not in A.
8. In A, the word is singular.
9. In A, the phrase reads: "with their pretty golls [hands] hugging about her neck."
10. A omits "of mine."
11. In A, the sentence reads: "Only accept of her poor thanks that shall ply the gods with often prayers, that they hearing my wish, may furnish my want with a reward for your merits; otherwise I continually rest your disabled debtor."
12. B omits the final letter of the word.
13. A omits "the more."
14. A inserts "miseries" after "us."
15. A: "Well."
16. The text in both A and B actually reads "chastment," an old equivalent of "chastisement."
17. A omits "against me."
18. A incorrectly has "you" for "your."
19. A: "mine enraged queen-mother" for "she then."
20. A inserts here the appositive "their helpless mother."
21. Not in A.
22. A: "as."

23. A inserts "a" after "I."
24. A: "might."
25. A inserts "and" after the comma.
26. Not in A.
27. Not in A.
28. A inserts "thus" after "father."
29. Not in A.
30. A inserts "so" after "turves."
31. A: "and."
32. A: "amidst" for "even in."
33. Not in A.
34. A: "vile faults" for "too haughty errors."
35. A: "my vicious flesh" for "mine humble carcass."
36. A inserts the additional phrase "dangerous to the most."
37. A omits "mine infamies."
38. A: "And."
39. Not in A.
40. In A, the sentence begins: "Doth not the pleasantness of the fruit make amends for the bitterness of the root? The hoped-for joy," etc.
41. A inserts a second "yes" after the adverb.
42. From A; missing in B.
43. A inserts "therefore" after "as."
44. Following the comma, A reads: "never giving thee over until (by death at least) I comprehend thy sweetness.' "
45. The ending of the chapter is altered markedly. In A, the next to the last sentence in the B text is broken after the word "harbingers," and a new paragraph begins, the text reading as follows:
 

"It chanced my father and his company to wander along the same glade, and (not doubting at all the subtilty of the place) one of them fell headlong into the same covered pit, lighting so boisterously upon *Deipyryus* that he bore him down to the earth in a sown. The other, only astonished with the fall, and not receiving farther harm, after a while feeling but not seeing the panting body of a man lying prostrate, wrought such means that he recovered *Deipyryus* out of his trance.

“By which time my father and the others above had let down withes and other devices which they had framed for the purpose, so drawing up the man that was newly fallen into the pit; who (not a little joyful of so speedy delivery) advertised them how there was yet remaining behind another person, to him unknown.

“Whereupon letting down the second time, they drew *Deipyrus* up into the open air, that well-near of a day and night before had scarcely discerned any light of the sun or stars.”

46. A: “But when.”

47. Not in A.

48. A: “dread” for “have feared.”

49. A omits the parenthesis.

50. Not in A.

51. A: “a very.”

52. Not in A.

53. A inserts “in time” after “should.”

54. A gives the following in place of the last sentence:

“Fortune is said thus to have spoken of herself:

*Dicit Fortuna, si starem rota sub una,*

*Et non mutarer, non tunc Fortuna vocarer.*

And why then should I think it impossible that did sometimes on the very top of the wheel vaunt *Glorior elatus*, though anon *Decendo mortificatus*, and now *Infirmus axe aeror*, in time to add *Rursus ad astra feror*?”

55. A: “the distress of those three” for “their distress.”

56. A: “But hereunto.”

57. In A, the sentence continues thus: “*Jupiter* would not then rescue Danaes, when he was to resist *Saturn*: neither let us so admit,” etc.

58. The entire sentence is missing in A.

59. A: “falleth also into the like trance,” for “did also labor in the selfsame ecstasy.”

60. Following the comma, A reads: “and how to proceed in their enterprises.”

61. Not in A.

62. Following “maintained,” A inserts “open and.”

63. A: "the same her disordered tresses."
64. From A; B reads "hath."
65. In this sentence, A omits "*Median* and" and inserts the word "only" before "two."
66. A: "there" for "in either country."
67. Not in A.
68. In A, the concluding sentence reads: "To shorten, therefore, their sailing, in *Lydia* I now land them, where to leave them (silly souls) in the deck were for me of rarer matters than yet mentioned to live in your debt, of which the tragedy now ensuing shall partly discharge me."

## APHRODITE

1. Both A and B read "*symphtie*."
2. In A, the first half of the sentence reads: "I that scarcely have time to put forth my hand for a welcome must find leisure to pour forth my tears for a farewell . . . ."
3. A: "the hawk now."
4. A: "sorrowfully."
5. A inserts "in generally" after "whom."
6. In A, the sentence begins: "In furtherance whereof the gentle planets, temperate climates, wholesome situation, fertile soil . . . ."
7. A: "to."
8. A: "melancholic."
9. A: "yellow tresses dependant" for "fair dependant tresses."
10. A omits the infinitive.
11. In A, the sentence begins: "*Atys* (as it seemed) delighted with these day stars and night shades (the chief principles . . . ."
12. This passage runs as follows in A: "and now (though out of season) feeling himself thus amorously animated to speak somewhat in their defence . . . ."
13. A: "*Asphaltus*."
14. A: "movable."
15. Following the phrase "against women," A continues thus: "not unlike as if a moile [i.e., mule] being tickled with a hornet in the tail should lash out at random with the

heels, or as if *Helen* beguiling, *Lucrecia* should be banned: when (in deed) we are not to esteem worsers of women than do hunters of unicorns, who though they gore with the horns, yet are they got for their horns."

16. Not in A.
17. A: "because."
18. A inserts "may so" after "unquietness."
19. A: "will."
20. A: "Thus see we that" for "And as."
21. Not in A.
22. A: "besides which" for "so also."
23. From A; B reads "defied."
24. A: "more than squeamish."
25. A: "first bloweth" for "would first blow."
26. A: "Well, thus."
27. A: "those."
28. Not in A.
29. Not in A.
30. In A, the sentence reads: "But what shall I say to those stoical precisions, or rather supernatural hoddipeaks, that bark out their railings against the excellency of all women in general?"
31. A: "And some."
32. In A, the word is singular.
33. In A, the sentence begins thus: "It is, trust me, ridiculous to hear how these monsters would monstrify the manners and ornaments of women, which they receive naturally, or apply to beautify, as if (forsooth) like sheep, seeing water they must needs thirst," etc.
34. A: "say they."
35. A superfluously adds "the" after "from."
36. In A, the sentence continues thus: "besides which of their commendation remaineth as followeth."
37. A: "Add also hereunto."
38. A: "Nay, be."
39. Not in A.
40. A has repeated the preposition.
41. Not in A.

42. A repeats the preposition.
43. A: "Ah, sweet ladies."
44. Not in A.
45. Not in A.
46. Following the semicolon, A reads: "but sooner would I die than I shall hate you; otherwise old age should draw my head to join with my feet, and a loathed life make me glad with my nails to scrape mine own grave, and nevertheless still to live in sorrow rather than to die a recreant in your service."
47. In A, the sentence begins: "And that I speak this for fashion, or flattery, or that I ground mine opinion," etc.
48. Not in A.
49. A: "first."
50. A: "skill."
51. In A, the sentence begins: "Indeed (quoth *Atys*), in that we be brethren, by your own shrift you may the easilier search me; but had I coveted," etc.
52. A: "is."
53. A: "*non . san*" for "short." Following the semicolon, the text reads: "for how should a blind man judge of colors, or any, think you, to deliver a good sentence, having so gross a censure? Yet well did you in not arrogating," etc.
54. Not in A.
55. A: "a sweet kiss."
56. A: "that."
57. Not in A.
58. Not in A.
59. Not in A.
60. A: "So."
61. In A, the sentence ends thus: "but if you (*Atys*) have let slip for the like suppose, you must leap short of the like success. In every clownish auditory our praise or dispraise is made so common a text that if *Venus* be at the tongue's end, *Cupid* is at the tail's end; yea, sometimes from her bosoms they leap so deep into his belly that their hasty ingress hath hardly a regress. Thus I say, *Atys*, the plenty of your rhetoric hath bred a scarcity of regarders."

62. A inserts "alas" after "here."
63. From A; missing in B.
64. A inserts "stealth, with" after "by."
65. A: "meat."
66. Following the comma, A reads: "they might have abated their fatness with fasting, not fennel."
67. A: "Because *Tymetes*."
68. A: "his."
69. A: "*Tymetes*."
70. A: "And may."
71. A: "acquainted with."
72. A omits "now greatly."
73. Not in A.
74. A inserts "nor" after the comma.
75. Following the comma, A reads: "nor the blood that shall cry for vengeance against thee, nor thine own guilty conscience," etc.
76. A: "at last."
77. A omits "so much."
78. A omits "the more."
79. A: "spake with much ado."
80. A: "upon."
81. In A, the sentence continues thus: "but (which is more, and which is worse) must I, alas, in this extremity, must I hunt for comfortable sayings to appease your discouraging sorrows?"
82. A omits the conjunction.
83. Not in A.
84. Not in A.
85. A: "quit with" for "revenged on."
86. A inserts "he" after "other."
87. In B, the word "blood" is repeated.
88. A: "him."
89. In A, the sentence reads: "Or thinkest thou to excuse in words a treason already executed in works?"
90. A: "owed to."
91. A: "yes" for "yea."
92. A: "will not" for "cannot."

93. A inserts "my lord" after "alas."
94. Following the word "patience," A reads: "for if the loss of my life might revive *Tymetes*, or pleasure you, *Tymetes* should live, and you be pleased. Mine own hands should hasten it, your weapon not hazard it. But seeing it may not so be, or if my submissive words may not prevent your untreatable fury, then know, *Xenarchus*, that *Mazeres* is a knight, no coward; but were I a coward, yet cowards in like extremities be desperately valiant, and being enforced to fight, naturally will rather kill than be killed;" etc.
95. A inserts "alas" after "then."
96. A: "give the charge each on" for "charge each."
97. A: "crieth out."
98. A: "And what."
99. The word is corrected from A; B reads "our crying."
100. A: "the bosom of the other" for "other's bosom."
101. A adds "in these words."
102. A omits the parenthesis.
103. A: "Oh, my dear."
104. A inserts "more" after "art."
105. From A; missing in B.
106. A: "and."
107. A ends the sentence thus: "rushing into the pavilions of the two kings her father's enemies, when they rather gazed on her beauty then guessed of her business, she disclosed herself and (as much as in her lay) stirreth them up to revenge upon her *Tymetes* his death, for whose only love he had forgone life."
108. Not in A.
109. In B, "had" is repeated.
110. A: "favored friend" for "favorite."
111. From A; B reads "languish," which is probably incorrect.
112. A: "of the most or" for "of."
113. A: "a few or none."
114. A: "remiss negligence."
115. A inserts "politic" after "the."
116. A: "Who," for "He, now."



- 117. A inserts "commonly" after "do."
- 118. Following "old customs," A reads: "and when the soldier putteth up his sword, the advocate then purseth up the coin."
- 119. A inserts "presently" before the infinitive.
- 120. A: "recital."

## OPHELTES

- 1. A: "at the very push fearfully" for "fearful."
- 2. In A, the phrase reads "the simple silence of the same his timorous suitor."
- 3. From A; missing in B.
- 4. In A, the following phrase is in apposition with the noun: "Your Majesty's subject."
- 5. In A, the phrase reads: "again at the screens began my second suit."
- 6. A inserts "unnurtured" after "mine."
- 7. A: "miser."
- 8. A: "But in trifling the time in thus speaking," etc.
- 9. After "yet," A inserts "at the least."
- 10. Following the comma, A inserts "or (as I might term it)."
- 11. A: "my cause, but the appointment is unperformed" for "me."
- 12. In A, the clause reads: "Not because I want sorrow whereof to complain, but silver wherewith to corrupt..."
- 13. In A, the passage reads: "are not unlike may I say to mules, or rather to cruel bears, with whom," etc.
- 14. Not in A.
- 15. After "shed," A inserts "their."
- 16. A: "them."
- 17. The text actually reads "dimission."
- 18. A: "*Hydra* her."
- 19. In A, the sentence reads: "And though they eat us as bread and sell us for shoes, yet upon whom should we complain that either careth or not correcteth?"
- 20. A omits the passage subsequent to the final semicolon.
- 21. A inserts "was" after "I."
- 22. A: "such."

23. A places the pronoun "I" *after* the parenthesis.
24. A inserts "in thought" after "as."
25. In A, the sentence begins "For *Opheltes*," etc.
26. A: "to this my complaint" for "that thus I complain."
27. A: "Whom being" for "Him being now."
28. A: "Majesty."
29. A: "upon."
30. In A, the sentence ends: "such entertainment as my small ability would then suffer, plucking off his old rags and putting on him new russets."
31. In A, the sentence begins "And more."
32. Between "son" and "togethers," A inserts "in seeking her beauty (such as it was)."
33. A: "vain."
34. A: "and."
35. A: "this."
36. After "that," A inserts "by circumstances."
37. From A; B reads "many."
38. A: "the same *Opheltes*."
39. From A; B reads "sure."
40. From A; B reads "this."
41. Not in A.
42. A: "mine unsupportable."
43. A inserts "mercy" after "and."
44. In A, the sentence reads: "For whilst we rule with justice we retain the titles of kings; if not, we recover the names of tyrants."
45. A: "called."
46. A omits "the more."
47. A: "I will only" for "will I."
48. A: "and those are."
49. Not in A.
50. A inserts "first" after "this."
51. A: "the basest" for "a base."
52. A: "the."
53. A inserts "so grossly" after the pronoun.
54. A: "bred."
55. A: "him."

56. From A; it is missing in B.
57. After "thine," A inserts "incestuous and."
58. A: "be short" for "use brevity."
59. A: "Wherefore thus."
60. A: "How often."
61. A inserts "then" after "herself."
62. A: "an."
63. Not in A.
64. In A, the parenthesis reads: "(as before is said)."
65. A: "came now."
66. A: "pay for."
67. In A, the sentence ends: "where by no request (made he never so fair a pitch) he could seize."
68. A: "then remaineth" for "remained, then."
69. A: "miser."
70. A: "terms."
71. A: "mine own."
72. A: "already in framing" for "resolved of."
73. Not in A.
74. A: "Who."
75. Not in A.
76. A repeats the negative.
77. A inserts "by proviso" after "men."
78. A: "be declaimed from" for "disclaim in."
79. A omits "more than necessary."
80. A: "and therefore not" for "be not therefore."
81. A omits "that is."
82. A: "first."
83. A: "men."
84. A inserts "she" following the parenthesis.
85. The passage between the parenthesis reads, in A, as follows: "railed so out of square upon *Opheltes* with words, and fared so roughly against *Alcippe* with blows, that," etc.
86. A inserts "digest the " after "or."
87. A: "*Phaemonoe*."
88. Following the comma, A reads: "in such sort that of the same wound she presently died."
89. A: "acknowledging."

90. A: "a."
91. A: "referring."
92. A omits "the more."
93. A omits "the more."
94. A: "now."
95. From A; it is missing in B.
96. A: "immediately doth now follow."

*ARBACES (Pars calami primi)*

1. Not in A.
2. In A, the sentence continues: "so that easier was it then for men to make gods than for such their gods to make men."
3. A inserts "very" after the pronoun.
4. Not in A.
5. A inserts "and agents" after "espials."
6. A: "the bowels of the" for "that of those."
7. A: "do not so much argue" for "argue not so much."
8. A: "your lives."
9. A: "adjudged."
10. A inserts "any" after "was."
11. A: "But anon."
12. Not in A.
13. A: "see" for "have seen."
14. A: "But."
15. A inserts "in few" after "tongue."
16. After *Arbaces*, A inserts "ah, *Arbaces*."
17. In A, there is an added phrase: "was then bereft me." B repairs the defective sentence by omitting the phrase.
18. Not in A.
19. In both texts, the word is given as "through."
20. In the texts, the word is given as "foade," an old form.
21. A: "they despise peace" for "themselves be impacable."
22. A: "give or take."
23. Following "dispose," A reads: "is unnatural for their natures to digest, for which (were there no other cause) their cankered stomach shall requite your sufferance with the abuse of your patience. It is a thing impossible to reconcile," etc.

24. In A, the word is plural.
25. A: "you."
26. Following "(lady)," A reads: "neither dissemble for fear, accuse for envy, or excuse for affection, but as touching that," etc.
27. The text actually reads "you," which is obviously incorrect.
28. After "princelike attendance," A reads: "and when his age served, who then of greater credit and courage," etc.
29. A inserts "a" after the preposition.
30. A inserts "in the picture" after "those."
31. After the preposition, A inserts "saints or."
32. After the semicolon, A reads: "wherefore, as doubting the like reward that had *Aesop's* kind ass, unkind-like imitating the wanton spaniel, for the time, therefore, charming such his kindness," etc.
33. A: "anon he" for "he anon."
34. A inserts "but" after the comma.
35. Missing in B; supplied from A.
36. In A, the sentence continues: "and therefore not likely is it that *Arbaces* himself speaking for himself, or rather for me, shall speed worsen than doth *Orchamus*."
37. The text actually reads "an."
38. Not in A.
39. From A; it is omitted in B.
40. After "meeting," A inserts "thus disclosed."
41. In A, the word is singular.
42. A: "their."
43. A inserts "again" after the pronoun.
44. A: "Anon."
45. Not in A.
46. The text of B reads "my unmanured."
47. Not in A.
48. Following the semicolon, A reads: "but this brave brag to such as now hear me and did not then see me will, no doubt, seem more audacious in report than authentic for credit; yet do I speak it," etc.
49. After "whereof," A has the following parenthesis: "(and a greater horror than so)."

50. After "me," A inserts "and my flesh."  
 51. From A; B reads "felicity."  
 52. From A; B reads "sighs."  
 53. After "only," A inserts "of."  
 54. Not in A.  
 55. Not in A.  
 56. A inserts "a" after the verb.  
 57. A: "upon."  
 58. A: "swords."  
 59. A inserts "now" after "it."  
 60. A: "other ladies, or to whomsoever, the same opportunity,"  
 for "other the opportunity."  
 61. From A; B reads "if."  
 62. After "ourselves," A inserts "and we ourselves."  
 63. In B, the sentence continues: "and consequently, well  
 shall they that thus say:  
*Post hominem vermis, post vermen factor & horror*  
*Sic in non hominem vertitur omnis homo.*  


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*Cum faex, cum limus, cum res vilissimasimus,*  
*Unde superbimus? ad terram terrae redimus."*
64. A: "so to" for "should we so."  
 65. A reads "(my dear *Arbaces*)."  
 66. A: "the men and."  
 67. A: "who" for "unto whom."  
 68. A: "they should seem."  
 69. A inserts "have" after "otherwise."  
 70. From A; B reads "in."  
 71. A inserts "the" after "amongst."  
 72. Supplied from A; B reads "unthreaned."  
 73. A inserts "a" after "only."  
 74. A: "in."  
 75. From A; missing in B.  
 76. A omits "religion" at this point.  
 77. A adds "religion" after "provision."  
 78. A adds "more" after "the."  
 79. A inserts "a" following the preposition.  
 80. From A; B reads "is."  
 81. A: "dock."

82. A inserts "the ballast" after "all."
83. A: "in."
84. After the parenthesis, A inserts "yet."
85. Following the comma, A inserts the following parenthesis:  
"(and then tears were joined to words)."
86. Following the word "treasure," A inserts the following parenthesis: "(I cite thine own report)."
87. After the negative, A inserts "I say."
88. A: "were wanting" for "be wanting."
89. Not in A.
90. A: "worsen than."
91. A: "And thus" for "Here, therefore."
92. At the end of the text, A supplies the following:  
"*Sat velle, si non posse.*"

[Device]

Imprinted at London by Thomas  
Purfoote, and are to be sold at his shop over-against  
S. Sepulchres-Church."





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