

MAMILLIA

The Second Part of the Triumph of Pallas

Wherein with perpetual fame the constancy of gentlewomen is canonized, and the unjust blasphemies of women's supposed fickleness (breathed out by divers injurious persons) by manifest examples clearly infringed.

By Robert Greene, Master of Arts in Cambridge.

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To the right worshipful and his especial friends, Robert Lee and Roger Portington, esquires, Robert Greene wisheth health, wealth and prosperity.

The philosopher Hermes (right worshipful), being demanded why continually he carried the stone celonites about with him, answered, lest happily he might become unthankful, meaning thereby that ingratitude is such a loathsome vice in a liberal mind and such a monstrous offence so repugnant to nature that the forfeit of such a fault can be no less than the extremity of death can afford, for the nature of the stone is presently to deprive him of life which is infected with ingratitude. Which saying of Hermes thoroughly considered, and calling to mind the innumerable benefits and infinite good turns which I have received at your worships' hands, finding my ability far unfit to requite such courtesy, I was driven into a doubtful dilemma whether excusing myself by disability I should incur the suspicion of ingratitude, or in offering such simple stuff as my insufficiency could afford I should be counted impudent. Staying thus in suspense, I shook off the shackles with calling to remembrance the saying of a poor painter in Siena, who offering a simple picture to Charles the Second, being a present far unfit for such a potentate, demanded how he durst offer such a base gift to so princely a personage, *I feared not*, quoth he, *in that I knew he was our Emperor, knowing that it was kingly to accept of a gift though never so simple, and the sign of a worthy mind to think as well of the poor man's mite as of the rich man's treasure.* Artaxerxes received thankfully the handful of water offered to him by a poor peasant, Cyrus was presented with a pomegranate, and Jupiter himself vouchsafed of the grain of wheat which the poor pismire offered to him for a New Year's gift. Pricked forward (right worshipful) with these examples, I was the more bold to present this unworthy work as a witness of my unfeigned goodwill and affection, assuming so upon your worships' wonted courtesies as I assure myself you will accept of this my toy be it never such a trifle, and vouchsafe of my goodwill though the gift be never so simple, promising that if hereafter either my wit or skill shall be able to yield any better fruit, I will offer it at your worships' shrine, that all the world may know you are the two saints to whom in heart I owe most dutiful devotion. Hoping in the meantime that you will accept more of my will than of the work, and of my meaning more than of the matter, I commit your worships to the Almighty. From my study in Clare Hall the 7 of July.

Your worships' bounden to command,  
Robert Greene.

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To the gentlemen readers, health.

Alexander the Great (gentlemen), commanding a certain embroiderer to work him a most curious carpet, who indeed was so unskillful in his science as his work amongst mean men could carry small credit, stayed almost two years ere the work was performed, and at last presenting that unperfect piece to his Majesty, Alexander smiled at the folly of the man which would enterprise such a curious work having so small cunning, and being demanded of his lords how he liked of the carpet, answered that how bad soever the work were, he must needs think it passing curious because it was so long in working.

I fear, gentlemen, to incur the like forfeit with the embroiderer because I have committed the like offence, for both I shall be appeached of folly for presuming so far without skill, and condemned of sloth in that I have been breeding a mouse while others would have brought forth an elephant. And also I shall fear, if gentlemen speak well of my work, that they jest with Alexander, and though they know my want of wit and lack of skill to merit dispraise, yet they will *ironice* say all is well because it hath been so long in penning.

Well, gentlemen, let Momus mock and Zoilus envy, let parasites flatter and sycophants smile. Yea, let the savage satyr himself, whose cynical censure is more severe than need, frown at his pleasure. I hope honest gentlemen will make account of Mamillia for her modest constancy, although she hath not the pumice-stone of learning to polish her words with superficial eloquence.

And so, gentlemen, shrouding her under your courteous protection, hoping you will think well of my toy, I bid you farewell.

Robert Greene.

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Richard Stapleton, gentleman, to the courteous and courtly ladies of England.

Ye peerless dames of Pallas' crew,  
and Britain ladies all  
Addicted to Diana's train,  
Your [sic?] sacred nymphs I call,  
And vestal virgins whose renown  
shrines up your lasting name,  
Yea, all the crew of womankind,  
come hear your passing fame  
Displayed abroad with golden trump  
which sounded out so shrill  
As that your praise in learned prose  
shall all Europa fill.  
See here with sugared happy style  
as in a perfect glass  
He figureth forth how Venus' troop  
in loyal faith surpass  
The martial brood of Mars his train  
deciphering to their face  
That Pallas' ladies for their faith  
do daunt them with disgrace.  
With pen he paints your constancy,  
with pen he here displays  
Your faith, your troth, your loyalty,  
and what imports your praise.  
And champion-like he challenge makes  
with Lady Pallas' shield  
To stand in arms against your foes  
in open camped field.  
He first calls out Euripides,  
which your reproach assigned,  
And challenge makes to Mantuan,  
which so blasphemed your kind.  
He jars likewise with Juvenal,  
and mazeth Martial quite;  
He doth profess himself a foe  
to all that owe you spite,  
And plainly proves by reason's rule  
that every author's clause  
Which rashly rails of womankind  
comes more of spite than cause.  
Sith then you peerless Britain dames,  
your champion here in place  
Sounds forth your praise, defends your right,  
defies your foes in face,

Repay such guerdon for his pain  
as he deserves to have,  
I mean, to shroud Mamillia safe,  
'tis that the author crave;  
Your wits and wills, your tongue and talk  
against all those to use  
Which shall, like biting Momus' brood,  
his book or him abuse.

Richard Stapleton, gentleman.

## MAMILLIA

## THE TRIUMPH OF PALLAS

After that Pharicles, under the profession of a pilgrim, was parted from the coasts of Italy, his secret and sudden departure caused all the citizen of Padua to conjecture diversly of the cause of his journey, but especially it drave such a doubt into the sorrowful heart of Mamillia, and struck such a dump into the musing mind of her father Gonzaga, as it was hard to guess whether Mamillia conceived greater grief for the unkind departure of her new betrothed friend, or her father sorrow in that he gave his consent of so chary chaffer to so churlish a chapman. But whether it were, no doubt their care was greater than their well meaning minds in any respect had deserved, and by so much the more their sorrow increased by how much the report of Pharicles' supposed pilgrimage was to his great reproach daily bruited abroad the city, Gonzaga supposing Pharicles' discredit, considering the late contract, to breed his daughter's utter infamy. For the citizens gave their verdict of the gentleman's journey as their fond affection had persuaded them to think either well or ill of his person. His friends, supposing the best, said that he meant to spend his time in travel until the next spring, wherein he meant to consummate the marriage; his foes, contrariwise conjecturing the worst, said that his pompous prodigality and rich attire were the two blazing stars and careful comets which did always prognosticate some such event in tract of time should happen, and that his sumptuous expenses had so racked his revenues, wasted his patrimony, and brought his wealth to such a low ebb, as being fallen into an English consumption, there remained no hope of his health unless he meant for debt to take his inns in St. Patrick's purgatory. But these dry blows could draw no blood, this wavering wind could shake no corn, neither could those spiteful reports of his professed foes any jot move Mamillia to think evil of her professed friend, & by so much the less in that she knew his revenues were able to maintain a greater port than ever he carried in Padua.

But as thus her panting heart wavered between fear and hope, it was for certainty told her and her father by a secret friend that Pharicles was either married or betrothed to her cousin Publia, and the sting of conscience so cumbered his guilty mind for committing this trothless treachery that the shame of so hapless a fact caused him to take this unhappy journey. This tale not fully finished, Mamillia stood upon thorns, cast beyond the moon, and conjectured that which neither the tale did import nor Pharicles himself imagine, but the less she was to be blamed because the more perfect love, as the sooner it is drenched with the mizzling showers of distrust, so this direful distrust is such a hellish foe to the heavy mind that it suffers the passionate person to take no rest till manifest trial hath raced out this foolish frenzy. Which Mamillia tried true, for cumbered thus with the clog of care, she conveyed herself covertly into her closet, where surcharged with the sorrow of this noisome news, she burst into bitter tears and baleful terms to this effect:

*With what greater plague, quoth she, can either the unjust gods or cruel destinies wreck their wrath and ex[t]reme rigour upon any man than whiles he safely floats in the seas of prosperity to overwhelm him with the raging waves of adversity; than amidst the happy gale of good luck to daunt him with the storms of disaster fortune; than to repay his bliss*

*with bale, his joy with annoy, and his happy felicity with most hapless & distressed misery? And yet there is no sore so ill but it seems more sour, being remediless, than if it might be cured with cunning, nor no wound so deep but it is thought more dangerous, being incurable, than if either nature or art provided a salve to heal it, nor no misfortune so great but it seems more grievous if there be left no hope that the present misery may in time be requited with prosperity. For where the conserve of hopes is wanting to comfort the distressed heart, there the corrosive of despair doth so fret asunder the molested mind as it maketh the perplexed person to pine in perpetual calamity.*

*All which, alas, I see performed by proof in me, most miserable creature, which alate, safely harboured in the haven of happiness and so fostered up by fortune as she seemed to will that I did wish, am now so daunted with the despite of sinister mishap, and so crossed with the rigorous repulse of frowning fortune by the disloyal dealing of flattering Pharicles as my weal to woe, my happiness to heaviness, yea, all my joy and delight is turned to extreme sorrow and despite, and by so much the more this my grief is intolerable, by how much the more there remaineth the hope of redress. For alas, too late it is to recall the stone already cast; to beat the bush, the bird being flown; to break the bargain, the bands being sealed; and to reclaim affection where both law and love hath fettered fancy with constraint, and as hard it is for thee, poor Mamillia, to hope to win Pharicles again to thy lure, he being already seized on his desired prey, yea, so fast tied to his tackling with thy cousin Publia as no means but death can break the bargain. No, the knot is so knit that if Pharicles himself did will what thou didst wish, and would prove as lewd unto her as light unto thee, yet he strives against the stream and seeks to bear sail both against wind and weather, for as he was assured unto thee by promise, so he is betrothed unto her by performance; as he was linked unto thee (as thou supposedst) in the perfect league of amity, so he is (for certain) coupled unto her in the perfect law of matrimony.*

*O ingrateful and perjured Pharicles, hath the constant state of thy Mamillia procured thy inconstancy? Hath her troth made thee treacherous? Hath her love made thee disloyal? Wilt thou disgress so far from nature and resist the law of nurture as to repay faith with flattery, sincere affection with feigned fancy, and goodwill with hate? Hast thou no more care of thy credit but to crack it with inconstancy, nor no more regard to thy solemn oath than to foil it with perjury? Why was nature so fond under so fine a shell to hide so rotten a kernel, under such golden feathers such rank flesh, under the shape of a lamb the substance of a tiger, under so sweet a face so sour a mind, to match so curr[i]sh conditions under so courteous a countenance, so perfect a person with such imperfect qualities, so fine a feature with such filthy flattery?*

*Why, but Mamillia, can these sorrowful exclamations cure thy malady, or can the rubbing of thy wound procure thine ease? Nay, rather remember the old proverb, not so common as true: Past cure, past care; without remedy, without remembrance. Wilt thou prove so fond to set that at thy heart which Pharicles sets at his heel, to weep for him which wails not for thee, to sorrow for his amity which laughs at thy misery? No, no, cast away care. Let the remembrance of his treachery mitigate the fire of thy fancy; like not where thou art not loved, nor love not where thou finds such inconstancy. As he hath made a change, so make thou a new choice, for since he hath falsified his faith without cause, thou art free*

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*from thy promise without care. Yea, as he hath laid his love upon Publia, so lay thou thy liking upon some other gentleman which both for his person and parentage may deserve as well to be loved as he to be liked, and in so doing shalt thou content thy parents, procure thine own ease, and pay Pharicles his debt in the same coin.*

*Why, Mamillia, art thou mad, or is fancy turned into frenzy? Shall the cowardice of the kestrel make the falcon fearful? Shall the dread of the lamb make the lion a dastard? Shall the lewdness of Pharicles procure thy lightness, or his inconstancy make thee wavering, his new desire in choice make thee delight in change? Shall I say his fault make thee offend, his want of virtue force thee yield to vanity? If he by committing perjury be a discredit unto men, wilt thou by falsifying thy promise be an utter infamy to women? No, the gods forbid. For since Pharicles first won me, either he himself or none shall wear me, and although he hath cracked his credit, violated his oath, falsified his faith, and broke his protested promise, yet his inconstancy shall never make me to waver, nor his fleeting fancy shall not diminish mine affection, but in despite both of him and fortune I will be his in dust and ashes. Yea, even that unfaithful Pharicles shall be the saint at whose shrine I mean to do my devotion until my hapless heart, through extreme sorrow, receive the stroke of untimely death, which if it come not speedily, these hands enforced by despair by some sinister means shall end my misery.*

And with that such scalding tears distilled from her crystal eyes as they were sufficient witness of her insupportable sorrow.

Where, by the way, gentlemen, if fond affection be not prejudicial unto your judgment, we are by conscience constrained to condemn those unseemly satires and vain invectives wherein with taunting terms and cutting quips divers injurious persons most unjustly accuse gentlewomen of inconstancy, they themselves being such coloured chameleons as their fondness is so manifest that although like Aesop's ass they clad themselves in a lion's skin, yet their ears will bewray what they be. Yea, they accuse women of wavering whenas they themselves are such weathercocks as every wind can turn their tippets and every new face make them have a new fancy, dispraising others as guilty of that crime wherewith they themselves are most infected, most unjustly straining at a gnat and letting pass an elephant, espying one dram of dross and not seeing a whole tun of ore, so injuriously descanting upon some one dame which for her wavering mind perhaps deserveth dispraise, and not attributing due honour to so many thousand ladies which merit to be canonized as saints for their incomparable constancy. But now their cavilling is so common, and their causeless condemning comes to such a custom, as gentlewomen think to be dispraised of a vain jangler rather bringeth commendation than inferreth discredit, esteeming their words as wind and their talk as tales. Yea, their spiteful speeches carry so little credit as every man thinks they rather come of course than of cause, & that their cynical censures proceed rather of self-will than either of right or reason.

Well, gentlemen, if I might without offence infer comparison, we should plainly perceive that for inconstancy men are far more worthy to be condemned than women to be accused, for if we read the Roman records or Grecian histories, either feigned fables or



true tales, yet we shall never find any man so faithful which hath surpassed women in constancy. Their only paragon whereof they have to boast is poor Pyramus which killed himself for Thisbe, but to give them a sop of a more sharper sauce, let them tell me if ever any of their bravest champions offered to die for his wife as Admeta [sic?] did for her husband Alcest? What man ever swallowed burning coals as Portia did for Cato? Who so affectioned to his wife as Cornelia was to Gracchus? Whoever so sorrowed for ye misfortune of his lady as Julia did for ye mishap of her best-beloved Pompey? Did ever any adventure such desperate dangers to enjoy his love as Hipsicratea did for her husband Mithridates? What should I speak of Tercia, Aemilia, Turia, Luntula, Penelope, or this our constant Mamillia, with innumerable other whose chastity with a constancy toward their lovers could not even by the dint of death be changed?

But lest for saying my fancy some accuse me of flattery, again to Mamillia, who thus plunged in perplexity and driven into the dangerous gulf of distrust, overcharged afresh with the remembrance of Pharicles' discourtesy, had burst forth anew into her wonted tears had not her father prevented her by coming into the closet, where finding her so bedewed with tears, yea in such distress as a woman half in despair, blamed her folly in this effect:

*Daughter, quoth he, as it is a sign of a careless mind not to be moved with mishap, so it is a token of folly to be careful without cause, and to be grieved for that which, if it were justly weighed, offereth at all no occasion of sorrow, in which you commit ye fault & deserve the blame, for your care is too great, & the cause none at all. The sudden departure of your friend Pharicles (as I guess) brought you into this dump, which in my fancy could breed no doubt, for although sundry and uncertain rumours be spread of his journey, and divers men descant diversly of his departure as fond affection leadeth them, his friends, supposing the best, excuse his fault, his foes, mistrusting the worst, accuse him of folly, and yet they both aim at the mark as the blind man shoots at the crow, Pharicles perhaps having so just occasion of his journey (as his speedy and happy return shall make manifest) that his friends by hoping well shall merit praise, and his foes by judging ill, discredit.*

*But perhaps the late report how either he was married or betrothed to your cousin Publia is the fretting canker which so cumbers your disquiet conscience, which tale, in my opinion, as it was last set aboard, so it deserveth least trust, and especially on your behalf, since neither you have heard him counted for inconstant, nor you yourself have tried him wavering. Will you then be so light as to call his credit in suspense which never gave you occasion of suspicion, and reward him with distrust which never gave you occasion to doubt? No, Mamillia, beware of such fondness, lest Pharicles, hearing of your folly, perform that indeed whereof you suspect him without desert.*

*But suppose the worst, he hath falsified his faith, hath cracked his credit, and like a trothless Theseus proved himself a traitor. What then? Shall this his dissembling drive thee into despair, or his peevish inconstancy be thy perpetual care? No, but rather, Mamillia, as he hath stained his faith, so strain thou thy affection; as he hath fainted in performance, so fail thou in promise. Yea, learn to loathe him for his vice as thou lovedst*

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*him for his virtue; moderate thine affection, withdraw thy goodwill, and if thou hap to find him halting, race him quite out of thy remembrance, and in so doing it shall both please me and ease thee. In the meantime, suppose the best.*

Mamillia, perceiving her father's friendly affection by this his careful counsel, and seeing his talk tended to her weal, was driven into a doubtful dilemma what answer to frame, for if she should seem so light of love as to have her heart at liberty both to like and loathe as fickle fancy led her, all ye world might condemn her of inconstancy. Again, if she did not wholly agree to her father's judgment, he might think she did contemn his counsel and her own commodity. To avoid, therefore, the blame of disobedience and the blemish of discourtesy, she framed him an answer in this wise:

*Sir, quoth she, it is far more easy for the physician to give counsel than for the patient to put it in practice, and a thing of less charge to find a fault than to amend it. Yea, it were an easy matter to be pricked with sorrow if the distressed man might as soon be cured as counselled, but to remove care or cease from grief is lightly persuaded but very hardly performed, which by experience I find in myself. For I both know your counsel to be good, and also I most heartily desire to follow it, yet the grief of Pharicles' ingratitude hath taken such deep root in my hapless heart that neither counsel nor constraint can race it out of my remembrance.*

*And whereas, sir, you persuade me to moderate mine affection, to withdraw my goodwill from Pharicles, and to quench the fire of fancy with the despiteful drops of hatred, I conjecture they be rather words of course to try my constancy than spoken in good earnest to exhort me to such treachery. For you know I chose Pharicles for my mate, and you were content with the match. I fixed mine affection, not to continue with him a year in dalliance, but to remain with him all my life in marriage, wherein no fond and uncertain liking, but sincere and perpetual love is to be required, for to marry without the force of fancy is to become a servile slave to sorrow. There must be a knitting of hearts before a striking of hands, and a constraint of the mind before a consent with the mouth, or else whatsoever the flower is, the fruit shall be repentance. Which things considered, I am not to be blamed though I cannot leave to love at mine own pleasure, nor to be condemned though I am so overcharged with sorrow, sith another shall enjoy him upon whom my heart is wholly fixed.*

*Tush, Mamillia, quoth Gonzaga, interrupting her talk, I say as I said before, that it is good to be careful if there were any cause, but since no occasion of sorrow is offered, why should you be overgrown with grief? Pharicles hath taken a sudden and uncertain journey, what then? Wilt thou condemn him of folly before thou hear the urgent cause of his speedy departure? No, but will you say the case is too manifest, and so infer the rumour of his late supposed marriage, which I deny as a most infamous slander raised upon so honest a gentleman? And for better proof thereof, come with me, for I will go to my brother Gostino, that there your cousin Publia may dissolve your doubt and confirm my hope. And so without any delay they hasted to hear the case decided.*

Where I cannot pass over without some speech, gentlewomen, the incomparable constancy of Mamillia, which was so surely defenced with the rampire of virtue as all the fierce assaults of fortune could no whit prevail as prejudicial to such professed amity. No, the feigned treachery of so trothless a traitor as Pharicles did rather strengthen than astonish her infallible friendship. The counsel of her father, the fear of his displeasure, the hope of profit, or the dread of future danger were of so little force to diminish her affection as it rather remained by those contrary blasts of fortune far more inflamed than any whit extinguished. And yet infer Mamillia and a thousand other ladies (who for their loyalty deserve as good report and as great renown) as perfect precedents against those unjust prattlers which seek like sycophants to discredit women's constancy, and forsooth they must stand for no payment. But alas, if they spy one silly dame to halt or tread her shoe awry, her fault is as much as though all did offend, for they will exclaim against all in general, as though none were to be found guiltless. But it is no marvel if the silly lamb be unjustly accused where the wolf comes in as plaintiff.

Well, Gonzaga being come to the house of his brother-in-law Gostino, he found the old gentleman so far spent with his long and lingering sickness that he was very loath with such frivolous questions to trouble his patience, yet after salutations and many words passed between them wherein the one deciphered his pains and the other lamented his case, the sick man uttering his grief with sighs and the other his sorrow with tears, Gonzaga like a wily fox found occasion to bring the matter in question so subtilly as Gostino either not at all or else very hardly spied the fetch, framing his talk to this or suchlike effect:

*Although Plato in ye books of his Commonwealth doth counsel the Athenians not to visit any of their friends in time of adversity except they could by some means redress their misery, because that comfort (saith he) is cold and unsavoury which cometh not bewrapped with some kind of remedy, yet as one condemning Plato's judgment in this case, I am come to comfort you as a friend, but not to cure you as a physician, lest I might be thought to haunt my friend in his health and hate him in his sickness, which either belongeth to a fool or a flatterer. But if I were as cunning a physician as a constant friend, and had as great skill to cure as to counsel, yet if I take not my marks amiss I should more profit you with good advice than with any potions, were they never so sovereign, for your dangerous disease which most importeth death is age, and your sorest sickness is many years. I speak, Gostino, the more boldly sith I hear you are more willing to die than desirous to live, and that you seek more the wealth of your soul than the health of your body. Indeed Apollonius Tyanaeus reporteth that the gymnosophists made a law that no man having passed threescore years should buy any land before he made himself a grave, nor build any house before he had provided for himself a sepulchre, because in age we ought to make more readiness to die than provisions to live, for the steel being spent, the knife cannot cut; the oil consumed, the lamp goeth out; the sun being set, the day cannot tarry; the flower being fallen, there is no hope of fruit, and old age being once come, life cannot be lasting. You knowing, therefore, that nothing is so certain in old age as every day to look to die, having showed yourself both to be wise and wary, in that having but one only daughter, you both see her brought up in your life, and that which is more, most worshipfully married before your death, yea, and to such a mate as she cannot but love for*

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*his person and you like for his parentage and patrimony, I mean our friend & neighbour Pharicles, whose wit, wealth and exquisite perfection both of mind and body hath made all Padua astonished.*

*Stay there, quoth Gostino, & think not much though I interrupt your talk so rashly, for as I receive both comfort and consolation by your good advice and counsel, so your strange news hath driven me into a quandary whether I should take your words in earnest or jest, for I am sure my daughter Publia is as far from a husband as I am from a wife, or else I am greatly beguiled. And with that he called Publia, which stood at the window talking with her cousin Mamillia, and began to sift her on this wise:*

*If the news, daughter, be true that your uncle Gonzaga hath told me, I may justly be accused of folly & you be condemned of disobedience. For in that I always left you the reins of liberty, being young, to use your will as a law and to lead your life after your own lust, I may be counted a fool, and in that you have abused this law of liberty, wedding yourself to your own will & despising my fatherly care & counsel as of none effect, you may be thought a disobedient child. Why, was my nature ever so strange, or your nurture so strait? Was I so unwilling that you should match, or so wilful to keep you from marriage, as you should choose without my advice, yea and that which is more, marry without my consent?*

*Well, I know I have always had such a care to pleasure you as a father, and you such a fear to displease me as daughter, that I both think the news untrue, and thee unworthy of such a report. But if the case be so, thou art not the first nor shalt be the last which have slipped awry in this point. Yet since thou hast here such a care of thy choice as to look before thou leap and to love such a one as is to be liked for his living, both for his person and virtue, thou deservest the less to be blamed, and I have the less cause to be offended. To put me therefore out of doubt, and to satisfy thine uncle Gonzaga, I charge thee by the law of duty to tell me what hath passed between thee and Pharicles.*

*Sir, quoth she, as I have always found you to have had a fatherly care to provide for my welfare, so I have always counted it religion to requite that fatherly affection with the duty and obedience of a child, lest happily I might seem to be more void of nature than ye brute beasts which want nurture. The young lamb by mere instinct of nature obeyeth the bleating of the old sheep; the sucking fawn followeth the steps of the doe. The cygnets dare not resist the call of the old swan; the young tiger (though never so wild) runneth at the beck of the old tigress, and should I then, sire, be so void of grace as to be more lewd than the young lamb, more void of nature than the silly fawn, more senseless than the young cygnets, and more fierce than the cruel tigers? No, no, sir, but when I so far forget myself as to pass these unreasonable creatures in careless disobedience, then the gods requite so loathsome a fact with most hellish misery. Although ye voice of the common people be a great verdict to confirm a thing in question, yet that which is spoken of many is not always true, much less the rumour which is raised by some one tattling person doth follow by consequence as a thing necessarily to be believed. And therefore mine uncle Gonzaga did very ill in giving credit to such a flying tale, and did more overshoot himself in blowing it into your ears until by further trial he had searched out the truth of the matter.*

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*Indeed, sir, I confess that Pharicles hath showed me some courtesy, and I have not altogether requited him with curiosity; he hath made some show of love, and I have not wholly seemed to dislike, lest in loving lightly I might seem lascivious, and in contemning churlishly I might be judged very curious, but for to contract I never meant without your consent, nor never intended to set to the seals before you had struck up the bargain. And for the confirmation of these my words, and the better satisfying of mine uncle Gonzaga, see here the letters which have passed betwixt me and Pharicles.*

Gostino, perceiving by the tenor of these letters that this tale which was told of his daughter was wholly without troth, would very gladly have known of Gonzaga who was the author of such a report, thinking himself ill dealt withal to have so causeless a slander raised upon his daughter, but Gonzaga, not willing to bring the matter any further in question, made him this answer:

*Brother Gostino, quoth he, I know it is ill putting the hand between the bark and the tree, & great folly to meddle in other men's matters, neither was it in my mind when I told you this tale to sow any dissension between your daughter Publia and you, but I came to warn her as a friend and counsel her as a kinsman, that she might take heed of the train lest she were taken in the trap, that she might not strike at the stale lest she were canvassed in the nets, that she might not venture no farther into the ford than she might easily retire without danger, I mean that she should not lay her love no surer upon Pharicles but that she might pluck it off at her own pleasure, for Pharicles is betrothed and contracted long since to my daughter Mamillia, so that there remaineth nothing but that at his return home they consummate the marriage. To cause therefore your daughter to take heed of such cogging copesmates was the cause of my coming, lest unadvisedly she might buy repentance too dear.*

Gostino, seeing the danger whereinto his daughter had fallen if Gonzaga had not prevented it, gave him hearty thanks for his friendly counsel, and counted both himself and his daughter greatly bound unto him for preventing so secret a mischief, being [sic for beginning?] to exclaim against the peevish perjury and trothless treachery of Pharicles had not Gonzaga broken off the talk with taking his leave of his brother, and Mamillia, giving the *A dio* to her cousin Publia, departed leaving Gostino and his daughter wholly counselled but not half comforted because they could not suddenly digest the great abuse of Pharicles.

But poor Mamillia, who before was drowned in dread, doth now swim in hope; before (as she thought) crossed with calamity but now crowned with prosperity; alate drenched in the dregs of distrust, and now safely settled in assurance. Before she feared the worst, and now she hoped the best; at her coming nothing but woe, woe; at her return all was joy, her woe to weal, her bale to bliss, her despite was turned to pleasure and delight. For now she hoped that although Pharicles had sown wild oats he should reap good grain, that he had not run so far but he might easily return, that bought wit was best, and that being thoroughly beaten with his own rod he would in time learn to be wise, and that whereas

before he was trothless now he would be trusty, as he was false so he would be faithful. She thus persuading herself of the best was as merry as before she was sorry.

But contrariwise, Publia, being before secure was now crossed with care; before in happiness, now wholly in heaviness; alate in joy, now in sorrow and annoy, so that getting herself secretly into her chamber she fell into these pitiful plaints:

*Alas, quoth she, poor soul, it is too late to defend the walls when the city is overrun, to sound the retreat when the battle is fought, to apply the salve when ye sore is incurable, and to seek to comfort where counsel cometh too late, and to reclaim affection, fancy being already fixed. Thou speakest, poor Publia, by experience, for the counsel thine uncle Gonzaga gave thee was not a confect to heal thy sorrow, but a corrosive to renew thy grief. And why? Because to seek to cure an incurable disease is to double the patient's pains. Mine uncle Gonzaga did wisely warn me to beware of the train, and alas, I was before taken in the trap; he wished me to beware of liking, and I was long before in love; he bade me take heed for wading too far, and I was before over my shoes.*

*Why, but fond fool, thou hast not gone so far but thou mayest retire; thou art not so fast in the nets but thou mayest return. Thy love is not so surely lodged but thou mayest pull off thy liking; thou hast made no contract but thou mayest reclaim, nor given no consent but thou mayest recall, yea, & without clog to thy conscience or crack to thy credit. For why, he hath sworn to perform that which he could not justly promise; he hath offered thee his faith, whereas before another had his freedom. The greatest substance of his love was but a mere shadow of lust. Then, Publia, cast him off which so did scoff thee, and detest him which so deeply dissembled. Yea, for what fondness were it for thee to like him which is another woman's love, to make a choice of him whom another already hath chosen, to fix thy fancy upon Pharicles since Mamillia shall enjoy him.*

*Alas, I know all this, but what then? The person of Pharicles, his beauty, bounty and rare qualities are so surely shrined in my breast as they can never be raced out with oblivion. Let Mamillia enjoy him as her husband (yea, and I pray the gods send them long and happy days together), yet I will both love him and like him in a chaste mind forever. What though he were false, shall I be faithless? Though he had no troth, shall I be treacherous? Shall his fleeting make me fickle, or his inconstancy make me without conscience? No, no, I have once given my heart, and I mean not to pull back my hand; I have once loved him, and I mean never to like any other, but here before the gods I vow myself a vestal virgin till death shall end my sorrow.*

And indeed she promised nothing but she did perform, for not long after Gostino died, leaving her sole heir to all his possessions. And although she was daily sued unto by divers brave and gallant gentlemen, yet she refused them all, and the better to avoid the resort of suitors which daily frequented her house, she let all her lands to lease and entered herself into a religious monastery, where she led her life as a chaste and famous virgin, and at her death dying without issue (for all his treachery) she bequeathed her possessions to her best-beloved Pharicles.

Where, gentlemen (think of me what you please), I am constrained by conscience (considering the constancy of Publia) to blame those blasphemous blabs which are never in their vein except they be breathing out some injurious speeches against the constancy of women, not yielding any reason of their verdict or reproach, but the reckless rancour of their own perverse will pricks them forward to this despiteful folly. But I hope whatsoever the envious crew shall crow against me for defending the loyalty of women, virtuous & well-disposed gentlemen will neither appeach me of flattery nor condemn me of folly.

But leaving these suppositions, at last to Pharicles, who after that under the profession of a pilgrim he had cut the straits with a speedy gale, and ye mariners by compass of their course were come within ken of land and had descried the cliffs of Sicilia, seeing the place of this [sic for his?] pretenced exile to be so near, had his heart encountered with such a divers combat, and was so plunged in perplexity and drenched in the dregs of doubt, as being almost fretized for fear, the mariners by his oft changing of colours thought that either the poor pilgrim was in his orisons or else paying his debt by death unto nature. But as their imagination proceeded but by conjecture of his feeble complexion, so their aim was quite beyond the mark, for Pharicles was wishing for rain when the shower was past, drying the malt when the kiln was on fire, sounding the retreat when the battle was fought, yea buying repentance too late. Now he confessed the fault when judgment was past, and found himself guilty when there was no hope of pardon; now he felt within his crazed conscience a cruel conflict between wit and wilfulness, love and lightness, fancy and faith. On the one side, the fixed mind of Mamillia proved his fading fancy to be founded on the tottering stage of flattery; on the other, the constancy of Publia so galded his guilty conscience as he frankly accused himself to be as fickle in his faith and as light in his love as the leaves of the herb barran, which continually shake without ceasing.

But the pirate, although he knows his practice to be plain theft, yet he turneth forth a new leaf till either he be drowned in the sea, or else, tossed by some infortunate tempest, land his ship at Tyburn. The counterfeit coiner, although he knows his craft to be a flat trick of treason, yet he will not take the check for his fault until he hath the final mate for his offence. So Pharicles, although he knew himself to be a deep dissembler and that flattery was cousin-german to treachery, yet he feared not to mock so long with Mamillia & dissemble with Publia until he gained nothing for his reward but a ship of sorrow to digest the reckless root of repentance, for as he had received the stroke by fickleness, so he meant to salve the sore by flight; as he had bred his bane by their presence, so he would cure his disease by absence, thinking that Aristotle his sentence in logic was also an axiom in love, that one contrary drives out another, judging as private familiarity was the father of fancy, so discontinuance should be of sufficient force to quench out ye frying flames of love. But he sat beside the saddle, for he spake by guess and not by experience, by wit but not by wisdom. The sting of a serpent by continuance evenometh the whole body; he which is charmed of the torpedo by procrastination runneth mad, and the prick of love by delay is uncurable, yet Pharicles, blinded with the veil of vanity and soused in the seas of self-love, was so wrapped in ye waves of wilfulness as at the first he thought his journey into Sicilia a perfect pumice-stone to race out the memory of his dainty dames in Italy. But he skipped beyond his skill, and was very grossly blinded with folly, for he

was not only frustrate of his imagination, but did even fry amidst the floods, that as he sailed on the seas the beauty of his goddesses gave his conscience such a cruel canvazado by the means of fancy as the poor gentleman, driven almost into the dungeon of despair, burst forth into these terms:

*O infortunate Pharicles, hath the dolorous destinies decreed thy destruction, or the perverse planets in thy nativity conspired thy bitter bane? Hath froward fortune sworn to make thee a miserable mirror of her mutability? Shall thy friends sorrow at thy hap, and thy foes rejoice at thy chance, yea all the world wonder at thy stayless state of life? Shall Mamillia muse at thy madness in change, and Publia laugh at thy lightness in choice? Yea, shall they count thee more curious than careful, more witty than wise, more light in thy love than lewd in thy life, and yet so lewd as sufficient to win the best game? Ah, Pharicles, shall thy dainty dames in Italy try by experience that although thy person is so bravely beautified with the dowries of nature as she seemed to show her cunning in carving a piece of so curious perfection, yet thy mind to be so blotted with the blemish of inconstancy and so soiled with the filthy spot of fickleness as nature may seem to make a supply in the body sith there was such a want in the mind? Shall (I say) they compare thee to the diamond, who for all her glistering hue distilleth deadly poison, to the sea-star, whose shell staineth the ivory and whose meat is blacker than jet, unto the trees in the mount Vermise, whose bark burneth like fire and whose sap is colder than ice?*

*Well, Pharicles, cast thy cards, make thine accounts and thou shalt find the greatest gain to be loss, and thy profit to be such as he that maketh of a mountain of gold a miry mole-hill, of an elephant a gnat, and cometh from a wealthy merchant to a bare bankrupt. Consider with thyself, thou hast stained thy stock, and what more to be regarded? Thou hast cracked thy credit, and what of greater price? Thou has lost thy friends, and what of more value? Thou hast purchased two most trusty lovers to be thy mortal foes, and exiled thyself as a poor pilgrim into a strange country.*

*Why Pharicles, can these thy dolorous discourses cure thy care, or can unfolding of thy infortunate life be a means to mitigate thy misery? Rub not thy galded conscience for fear of a deeper sore, but if thou hast been careless in change, be more careful and constant in choice; if thou hast committed a fault, seek in secret wise to make some part of amends; if thou hast offended by breaking promise, make a recompense in paying performance.*

*Yea, but the salve (be it never so pure) is not worth a rush if unapt for the sore; the medicine, being unfit for the patient's disease, though never so sovereign, bringeth small profit. So this thy clerkly counsel, unapt for the cause, will procure thee but little ease, for thou hast deceived Mamillia and halted with Publia; thou hast made a fault to both, and canst make amends but to one. Thy promise is to lay thy love on two where the performance can light but upon some particular person, so that in any wise thou canst not make a full satisfaction to thy fault unless thou take upon thee such a charge as thou shalt never be able to rule nor they suffer. O unhappy man, art thou the only mark at which fortune means to unloose her infortunate quiver?*



And with that he cast forth such a sigh as it was a sufficient sign to witness a ready remorse in his troubled mind, that the master of the ship, taking compassion on this perplexed pilgrim, thought to comfort his care with this merry motion:

*Sir, quoth he, your bitter tears and deep sighs which you pour forth so plentifully as tokens of some inward grief hath driven both the mariners & me into a divers dump, as we all stand in doubt whether those pitiful complaints proceed from a careful conscience cumbered with sin, or else that that [sic] you are of that order of pilgrims whose pretended pilgrimage is to seek St. James, but their heart & devotion is vowed to another saint which with a crabbed countenance hath given them such a cutting corrosive as they seek by absence either to mitigate her mood or procure their own ease, and if you be of the same ease [sic for case?] and in the like mind, I will think you as mad as he that counteth fasting a sovereign preservative against famine.*

Pharicles, hearing the pilot's parle to touch him somewhat, & perceiving his talk to tend to some end, thought as closely to stand him the ward as he had clerkly given him the blow, and therefore tricked up his talk with this cunning sense:

*Pilot, quoth Pharicles, although thy skill in navigation be great, yet if thou hadst no greater cunning in steering of the stern than in conjecturing the cause of my sorrow, I would very loathly have committed myself under thy charge to have sailed into Sicilia, for whether thou presumest upon physiognomy or folly, it is but a bare division to say that either love or sin must be the cause of grief. But put case thou hast hit the mark, and that my outward sighs be signs of inward love, will not absence, thinkest thou, diminish affection?*

*Yes, quoth the pilot, when you find solitariness a sovereign salve against sorrow, then will the dew of discontinuance quench out the fire of fancy. But leaving these amorous questions, you are welcome to the coasts of Sicilia.*

Pharicles, seeing the cock-boat ready to carry him to the shore, rewarded both the master and the mariners very frankly, desiring the pilot (sith he himself was a stranger) to guide him to some honest inn where he might make his abode while he stayed in the country, who being very desirous to gratify the gentleman, carried Pharicles to a very friend's house of his, who for the pilot's cause gave Pharicles such courteous entertainment as he thought himself to have happed on a very good host.

Where by the way, gentlemen, we see the tickle state of such young youths whose wits are wills, and their wills are laws, coveting so much sensual liberty as they bring themselves into perpetual bondage. For ye polyp hath not more colours nor the chameleon more sundry shapes than they have change in thoughts, now liking, now loathing, for a while professed enemies to Venus' court, & then sworn true subjects to the crown of Cupid, so variable as a man can neither judge of their nature nor nurture unless by nativity they be lunatics, not taking this word as the Englishmen do, for stark mad, but as born under the influence of Luna, and therefore as firm in their faith as the melting wax that receiveth every impression, thinking as Pharicles did that it is a courtier's profession to court to every dame but to be constant to none, that it is the grace to speak finely

though without faith, and to be wedded in words to as many as the lusting eye can like. So that at length when their talk is found tales, their love lust and their protested promises small performance, then their credit being cracked they must be travellers to seek that in a strange country which they could never find in their own. They must into Sicilia for shifts, into Italy for pride, to France for fraud and to England for fashions and folly, so that they return home laden, not with learning but with lewdness, not with virtue but with vice, yea, their whole fraught is a mass of mischiefs. I speak not of all travellers, gentlemen, but of such as Pharicles, which take their journey either that their credit at home is crazy, or else, being wedded to vanity, seek to augment their folly.

But again to Pharicles, who now safely settled in Saragossa, the chief city in Sicilia, a place of no less suspicion than resort (and yet the most famous mart in all the country), dealt so clerklly in his calling and behaved himself so demurely as his pretended kind of life gave occasion to no man to suspect his feigned profession, for his palmer's weed was worn with such a gravity in his countenance and such a modesty in his manners as all men thought the man to be half mortified. For Pharicles knew very well that he could not live in Saragossa under the state of a gentleman but either he must spend with the best or sit with the worst, yea, beside that, without companions he could not be, and he thought it very hard to choose a dram of gold among a pound of dross, to find one gem amidst a whole heap of flint, one eel among many scorpions, and one friend among a thousand flatterers. It might as soon be his hap to chance on a dissembling Davus as on a trusty Damon, to commit his counsel to a subtle Sinon as to a faithful Pylades, to take him for a professed friend which might be a protested foe, in the fairest grass to find the foulest snake, in Oryllus' box a deadly poison, in Carolus' scarf a withered root, in the shape of a friend the substance of a foe. He thought likewise that such a city as Saragossa was oftentimes as well stored with parasites as guarded with soldiers, and as full of counterfeits as counsellors, and that he might find many cousins claiming more acquaintance to his purse than kindred to his person, more allied to his living than to his lineage; to conclude, more to feed his fancy for gain than either goodwill or friendship.

Pharicles, partly feared and partly persuaded with the consideration of the former premises, was fully resolved in his mind to abandon all company, & to give a final farewell to his forepassed folly, to make a change of his chaffer with better ware, of his dross with gold, and of his fleeting will with stayed wisdom. Having thus determined to lead a pilgrim's life, to punish his body with this palmer's penance in satisfaction of his disloyal dealings with his trusty lovers, he had not lived in this hermit's state by the space of a month but he proved the pilot's talk to be no tales nor his words to be wind, but a settled sentence, for want of company so increased his care and brought such melancholic motions to his musing mind as now he perceived solitariness to be the nurse of sorrow, and discontinuance the father of fancy. The modesty of Mamillia, the constancy of Publia, his credit cracked in Italy, his youth spent in vanity, his great promises and small performance, his feigned faith & forged flattery so battered the bulwark of his breast & gave such fierce assaults to his careful conscience as he thought himself to be in a second hell until he might find a means to mitigate his misery, and therefore as solitariness was the sore, so he meant society should be the salve, determining to drive away those dumps by frequenting of company which otherwise

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would have bred his utter bane, respecting neither cost, expenses nor hazarding of himself, so his mind might remain in quiet.

Pharicles, having thus cast off his pilgrim's weed and pilgrim's profession, gave the citizens of Saragossa in short time to understand that he was as well a gentleman by nature as by nurture, and as worthily brought up as worshipfully born. For first he made a restraint of his will by wit, then used his wit so warily and wisely, showing such a courteous countenance and frank liberality to all estates as he drave them into a doubt whether the comeliness of his person or the worthiness of his mind deserved greater commendation, insomuch as those young gentlemen thought themselves happy which might be counted companions to this new guest, & above all the rest of this courtly crew which kept him company, a young gentleman named Ferragus, only son to the governor of Saragossa, was joined with him in most private familiarity, thinking that day evil spent wherein he had not visited his new friend Pharicles. And the more to do him honour, being a stranger, he oftentimes carried him to his father's house, where in short time Pharicles won such credit by his courtesy that Signore Farnese (for so was ye old gentleman called) thought his house the more lucky he had such a guest, & his son the more happy he had chosen such a companion. But for all this Pharicles, fearing to find a pad in the straw and a burning spark amongst cold ashes, was a foe to none nor a friend to any, neither durst trust Ferragus without sufficient trial, but bare himself so indifferent to all, yet showing himself so fit for all companies, as well in ripeness of wit as revenues of wealth, that there was no talk for a time but of the perfection of Pharicles.

While thus flattering fame had spread abroad his famous qualities, there was a young gentlewoman in Saragossa called Clarinda, of more wealth than beauty, and yet so sufficiently furnished with the perfections & dowries of nature that if she could have been continent and not common in her love, she might have been for person a fit mate for the most famous prince in the world. But she, being both young, rich and beautiful, having neither father nor mother which might make a restraint of her nature by due nurture, and enjoying a liberty without controlment, which be the greatest bawds in the world to make a gentlewoman slide in such slippery paths, having neither care of her person nor regard of her parentage, but setting both honour and honesty to sale, became a professed courtesan, in which stayless state of life she waded so far that her chiefest care was to be careless in that which above all things she ought most to have regarded, for whereas both her birth and beauty had been of sufficient force to persuade her to beautify the goods of fortune and gifts of nature with a maidenly modesty and silent chastity, she contrariwise linking herself to sensual liberty, and wedding her mind to vanity, sought to reap renown & purchase fame by that which she tried in time to breed her greatest infamy. For why, she found both such pleasure and profit by setting her honesty to sale in the shameless shop of voluptuous desires that neither the shame of her life nor the fear of her death, the state of her birth or the stain of her beauty, might in any wise move her from her loathed kind of living. No, her heart was so hardened, and her ears so enchanted with the alluring charm of Venus' sophistry that neither the persuasions of her friends lamenting her case nor ye rejoicing of her foes laughing at her lewdness could drive her to desist from her detestable kind of dealing. Nay, ye more she was counselled, the less she was conformable; the more she was entreated, the less she was tractable. Yea, she settled

herself so surely, as she thought, in the seat of self-will and security that she employed all her time and study to entertain her licentious lovers, showing herself such a subtle Circes [=Circe] and crafty Calypso in giving them pestiferous potions and drowning them in the dregs of devilish delights that unless it were some wary Ulysses that had provided a preservative against her poison, they returned transformed into apes or asses, or into worse, if worse may be.

And yet for all this feigned affection her fleeting fancy was never fixed upon any, but laying the net, was free herself, casting the bait, avoided the hook, seeking to entrap others, she herself was never entangled, and as the most infectious serpent hath always the sweetest breath, so for all her vicious mind she had such a virtuous tongue, and tricked up her talk with such painted colours, as they of Saragossa did marvel how she could so clerkly cover ye substance of vice under the shape of virtue. Yea, they learned by her lewdness to warn their children from such state of life. They did see very well how that which was bred by the bone would not out of the flesh, that the young adder would prove an old serpent, that the cragged twig would prove a crooked tree, that she which spent her youth without restraint would lead her age without controlment, that the maid which was vowed to vanity would wed herself in time to folly.

But again to Clarinda, who wallowing in the waves of wantonness, and offering her incense at the altar of Venus, heard as well as others ye rare report of Pharicles' perfections, which tickling somewhat her toyish mind, made her desirous to try what was in the gentleman by experience, and to reap both pleasure by his person and profit by his purse, which was the chiefest mark whereat she always aimed. Covering therefore the heart of a tiger with the fleece of a lamb, the claws of a gripe with the pens of a dove, the vanity of Lais with the veil of Lucretia, the miserable conditions of a courtesan with the modest countenance of a matron, decking herself with gems & jewels of infinite valour, set herself in her window as an adamant object to draw the wavering eyes of Pharicles, thinking that as none could hear the sirens sing but they should be charmed with their melody, so it were as impossible to see her and not be allured with her beauty.

But as ye lion seeking to entrap the hart as a prey is himself unwares taken in the toils, so Clarinda, making the snare, fell in the pit; holding the view, was taken at ye gaze; seeking to catch another captive, was brought herself into perpetual bondage. For indeed (according to her desire and imagination) Pharicles, constrained by certain his necessary affairs, came by her house, yet armed with such a privy coat as he warily withstood the greatest danger of her envenomed shot, giving her to understand that he could fly about the candle and not be singed, see the scorpion and not be stricken, that he could laugh and look without liking, yea, warm himself very nigh the fire and not be burned, that he could *accedere ad hunc ignem*, and yet not *calescere plusquam satis*. For why, passing by her window and seeing this gorgeous Gorgon so shrined in the shape of a goddess, did not only repine at nature for placing so hellish a mind in so heavenly a creature, but also smiled to see such bravery linked with so little honesty, and such perfect beauty blemished with the want of chastity. Yet willing to show himself a friend to all, he gave her the *Salve* with a cringing courtesy, and went to his lodging without any more loss than in lending his look to such alluring vanities.

But she, contrariwise, being at discover, noting the comeliness of Pharicles' countenance, & imprinting in her heart the perfection of his person, had her fancy so fettered, as well with ye report of others as with her own judgment, that she marveled to find such a strange metamorphosis in her immodest mind, for thinking to shake off ye shackles with a bare farewell as she had done before, she felt herself so fast tied to the stake that it craved her greatest cunning to unloose the knot. Now she felt the poison to work on herself that she had provided for others, and perceived that, intending to lay the snare, she herself was wholly entrapped, yea, the force of fancy gave such fierce alarms to her new besieged mind as no rampire that she could make might withstand the battery. The more she strove against the stream, the less it did prevail; the closer she covered the spark, the more it kindled; yea, in seeking to unloose the luns, the more she was entangled. In fine, after she had passed two or three days in kicking against the prick, she felt such a hapless horror in her troubled mind that she was forced to enter into consideration with herself what conditions she should offer to her new professed enemy, and therefore entering into her closet uttered these speeches:

*O unjust gods, quoth she, which have endued brute beasts with greater perfection in their kind than reasonable creatures. The garlic killeth the serpent, & she by instinct of nature escheweth the same. The juice of hemlock poisoneth the bear, and what more abhorred? The grease of the snail infecteth the ape, and what more loathed? Yea, every creature shunneth the occasion of danger, man only excepted, which seeketh with pursuit to obtain that which breedeth his confusion. What bruiseeth the brain, what mazeth the mind, what weakeneth the wit, what breedeth fear, what bringeth frenzy, what soweth sorrow, what reapeth care more than love, and yet the only thing wherein man delighteth. The bird, loving the woods, loatheth the nets; the hart, liking the lawns, hateth the snares, but man, placing his felicity in freedom, taketh greatest care to cast himself into perpetual bondage.*

*O Clarinda, would to god thou mightest accuse others and be free thyself from this folly, but alas, thou dost condemn others of that crime wherein thou thyself deservest greatest blame. Wilt thou now, fond fool, become a professed friend to affection which hast always been a protested foe to fancy? Wilt thou now suffer thy mind to be nuzzled up in captivity which hath always been nursed up in liberty? Thou hast counselled others to beware of the train, and wilt thou now thyself be taken in the trap? Thou hast boasted that thou couldst both like and loathe at thine own pleasure, and shall thy brags now be daunted with disgrace? Wilt thou now prove such a coward to yield to the file, to stoop at the stamp, to give over the field before there be a stroke stricken, yea and to such a cruel tyrant as love is? It is a saying not so common as true that she which soweth all her love in an hour shall not reap all her care in a year, that she which liketh without remembrance shall not live without repentance. So then, Clarinda, be wise since thou art warned, look before thou leapest. There is no better defence against danger than to consider the end of thine enterprise. Thou art entangled with the love of a stranger who perhaps hath his heart fixed on some other place; thou hast fondly set thine affection upon one whose wealth, wit and conditions thou only knowest by the flattering report of fame. He is in outward show a saint, and perhaps in inward mind a serpent; for his person a paragon of*

*beauty, for his conditions since he sojourned in Saragossa most highly to be commended, yea, so perfect in substance and quality as he may in no respect be appeached of want.*

*Why, but Clarinda, fame is not always true, and the bravest bloom hath not always the best fruit; those birds which sing sweetest have oftentimes the sourest flesh. The river Silia is most pleasant to the eye, and yet most hurtful to the stomach; the stone nememphis is not so delicate without as deadly within; all that glisters is not gold. Pharicles (Clarinda), for all his pompous fame of perfect conditions may be a parasitical flatterer of most imperfect conversation. Who was more courteous than Conon the Athenian, and yet a very counterfeit; who more gentle than Galba in show, yet none more treacherous in proof. Ulysses had a fair tongue but a false heart, Metellus was modest but yet mutable. The cloth is not known till it come to the wetting, nor a lover's qualities perceived till he come to the wearing.*

*Well, Clarinda, although it is good to doubt the worst, yet suppose the best: he is constant, trusty, not vainglorious nor wedded unto vanity, but a protested foe to vice and a professed friend to virtue.*

*Alas, fond fool! If thou weigh thy case in the equal balance, the greater is thy care & the more is thy misery, for by how much the more he himself is virtuous, so much the less he will esteem thee which art vicious. Dost thou think he which is trusty will regard thee which are trothless, that his faithful courtesy will brook thy feigned inconstancy? Is thy senses so besotted with self-love to suppose that a gentleman of great wealth and no less wit, famous both for his person and parentage, will be so witless in change or careless in choice, so light in his love or lewd in his life, as to fix his affection upon a professed courtesan whose honesty and credit is so wracked in the waves of wantonness and so weather-beaten with the billows of immodesty that it is set to sale in the shameless shop of Venus as a thing of no value to be cheaped of every straggling chapman? No, no, Clarinda, there is such a great difference between thy hapless chance and his happy choice, between thy own careless living and his careful life, as there remains to thee not so much as one dram of hope to cure thy intolerable malady.*

*And why, fond fool, was not Lamia in profession a courtesan, in life a lascivious vassal to Venus' vanity, yea, to figure her forth in plain terms, a stayless strumpet racking her honesty to the uttermost thereby to raise revenues to maintain her immodest life, and yet for all the blemish of immoderate lust wherein she was lulled asleep by security, she so charmed and enchanted with her siren subtleties the senses of King Demetrius that he was so blinded with the beams of her beauty and dimmed with the wanton veil of her alluring vanities, forgetting that she was by calling a courtesan & by custom common to all that could wage her honesty with the appointed price, he so entirely loved this graceless dame that neither the remembrance of her forepassed folly nor the suspicion of her present immodesty could drive that worthy king to mislike her until the extreme date of death parted their inseparable amity? Were not many noble princes allured to the love of Lais? Was not that worthy Roman Cassius so fettered with the form of Flora, the renowned courtesan of Rome, that he offered the prime of his years at the shrine of that gorgeous*

*goddess, and yet the worst of these two worthy wights far surpassing Pharicles, as well in ripeness of wit as revenues of wealth.*

*Yea, but Clarinda, infer no comparison, for these two stately dames were so decked and adorned with the gifts of nature and so polished with princely perfection that they were the most rare gems and peerless paragons of beauty that ever were shrouded under the shape of mortality, so that if Jupiter had but once frequented their company, no doubt Juno would have been infected with jealousy, whereas thy comeliness deserveth no such surpassing commendation but that thou mayest yield the palm of a victory to a thousand whose beauty is such as their greatest imperfection may daunt thee with disgrace.*

*Why, but Clarinda, art thou so mad to lay a cutting corrosive to a green wound, to procure heat with cold, to repress hunger with famine, to salve sorrow with solitariness, and to mitigate thy misery with extreme despair? No, no, since thou art once lodged up in the loathsome labyrinth of love, thou must like Theseus be haled out with the thread of hope, for better hadst thou met with Minotaurus in plain combat than be but once arrested with the miserable maze of distrust. And therefore Clarinda, cast away care; retire not before thou hast the repulse, but keep the course by thy compass, and since thou hast the sore, seek the salve; apply thy wit and will, thy hand and heart to achieve that thing in attaining whereof consists either thy continual calamity or perpetual joy.*

And with that she stepped to her standish which stood in the window and wrote a letter to Pharicles in this effect:

*Signora Clarinda of Saragossa to Don Pharicles, prosperity.*

*Although thou hast both cause to muse and marvel (O noble Pharicles and unacquainted gentleman) in that thou receivest a letter from her whom neither familiarity nor friendship can give just occasion so much as once to salute thee with a Salve, much less to trouble thy patience with such stuff as may breed thy misliking & my misery if the gods be not aiding to my enterprise, yet if thou shalt vouchsafe to construe my meaning to the best, or at the least take the pains to turn over these imperfect lines proceeding from a perplexed person, which I hope thy noble mind and courtesy will command thee, thou shalt find it no smaller cause than the fatal fear of death that forced me to yield to this extremity, nor the occasion less than the dread of pinching despair which drove me to pass the golden measure of surpassing modesty.*

*Indeed the noble and virtuous dames (Pharicles) of famous memory, whose happy life hath canonized them in chronicles for perfect paragons both of virtue and beauty, have with general consent averred that shamefast modesty and silence be the two rarest gems & most precious jewels wherewith a gentlewoman may be adorned. Notwithstanding, they have all been of this mind, that where either love or necessity extend their extreme rigour to ye uttermost, there both human & divine laws surcease, as not of sufficient force to abide the brunt of two such terrible & untamed tyrants, for there is no silence such but the file of love will fret in sunder, nor no modesty so shamefast but the sting of necessity will force to pass both shame and measure. Sappho (Pharicles) was both learned, wise and*

*virtuous, and yet the fire of fancy so scorched and scalded her modest mind as she was forced to let slip the reins of silence to crave a salve of Phaon to cure her intolerable malady. If Phaedra (Pharicles) had not both surpassed in beauty and modesty, poor Theseus would never have forsaken his Ariadne in the deserts to have linked himself with her in the inviolable league of matrimony, yet her beauty and modesty were brought to such a low ebb by the battery of love that she was fain to sue for help to her unhappy son, Hippolytus. I dare not (O Pharicles) of these exemplified premises infer either comparison or conclusion for because to compare myself to them were a point of arrogancy, and to derogate so much from their degree as to match them with my rudeness were a trick of extreme folly. Yet this I am forced to confess, that the selfsame fire hath so inflamed my fancy & the like battery hath so beaten my breast as, silence and modesty set aside, I am forced by love to plead for pardon at the bar of thy bounty, whose captive I remain till either the sentence of life or death be pronounced upon me, poor careful caitiff.*

*Love, yea, love it is (O Pharicles), and more if more may be, that hath so fettered my freedom and tied my liberty with so short a tether as either thou must be the man which must unloose me from the lunes or else I shall remain in a loathsome labyrinth till the extreme date of death deliver me. The deer, Pharicles, is more impatient at the first stroke than the hind which before hath been galded and yet escaped; the soldier grieveth more at the first cut than he which hath been acquainted with many wounds. So I, alas, having never felt before the fire of fancy nor tried the terrible torment of love think the burthen more great & the yoke more heavy by how much the less I have been acquainted with such insupportable burdens.*

*Well, Pharicles, I know thou wilt conclude of these my premises that since I have been an inhabiter so long Nell' la strada cortizana, & professed myself a friend to Caesar, that either I have been a deep dissembler in feeding many fools fat with flattery, or else that I ever loved any but thee is a trothless tale & a flat trick of treachery. Confess I must of force (O worthy gentleman) that I have flattered many, but never fancied any; that I have allured some, but loved none; that I have taken divers in the trap, and yet always escaped ye snare, until too long flying about the candle I am so scorched in the flame & so surely fastened with the fetters of fancy by the only sight of thy surpassing beauty as of force I must remain thy careful captive till either thy courtesy or cruelty cut asunder the thread of hope which makes me pine in misery. It is not (O Pharicles) thy purse but thy person which hath pierced my heart, not thy coin but thy comeliness which hath made the conquest, not the help of gain but the hope of thy goodwill that hath entangled my freedom, not the glittering shape of vanity but the golden substance of virtue, not thy living, lands or parentage but thy rare qualities and exquisite perfections are the champions which have chained me in the baleful bands of lasting bondage.*

*Lasting I may well term them, sith there is such a difference between thy state and my stay as there remains to me no hope of liberty. For perhaps, Pharicles, thou wilt say that the crooked twig will prove a crabbed tree, that the sour bud will never be sweet blossom, how that which is bred by the bone will not easily out of ye flesh, that she which is common in her youth will be more inconstant in her age; to conclude, that the woman which in prime of years is lascivious will in ripe age be most lecherous. Yet Pharicles, I answer*



*that the blossoms of the myrobalans in Spain is most infectious, and yet the fruit very precious; that the wine may be sour in the press, and yet by time most sweet in the cask; that oft-times where vice reigneth in youth, there virtue remaineth in age. Who more perverse, being young, than Paulina, & who more perfect being old? Losyna, the Queen of the Vandals, at the first a vicious maiden, but at the last a most virtuous matron. But to aim more near the mark, was not Rhodope in the prime of her youth counted the most famous or rather the most infamous strumpet of all Egypt, so common a courtesan as she was a second Messalina for her immoderate lust, yet in the flower of her age, being married to Psamnetichus, King of Memphis, she proved so honest a wife and so chaste a princess as she was not before so reproached for the small regard of her honesty as after she was renowned for her inviolable chastity? Phryne, that graceless Gorgon of Athens, whose monstrous life was so immodest that her careless chastity was a prey to every stragglng stranger, after she was married to Siconius, she became such a foe to vice and such a friend to virtue, yea, she trod her steps so steadily in the trade of honesty as the metamorphosis of her life, to her perpetual fame, was engraven on the brazen gates of Athens. So (Pharicles) if the gods shall give me such prosperous fortune as to receive some favour of thee in lieu of my most loyal love, and I shall reap some reward for my deserts and have my fixed fancy requited with fervent affection, assure thyself I will so make a change of my chaffer for better ware, of my fleeting will with stayed wisdom, of my inconstancy with continency, from a most vicious liking to such a virtuous living, from a lascivious Lamia to a most loyal Lucretia, as both thou and all the world shall have as great cause to marvel at my modesty as they had cause to murmur at my former dishonesty, & thus languishing in hope, I wish thee as good hap as thou canst desire or imagine.*

*Thine though the gods say no, Clarinda.*

Clarinda, having thus finished her letter, called one of her maids which she thought most meet for such a purpose, and willed her to carry it with as much speed as might be to Pharicles, who having taken the charge in hand, dealt so clerkly in the cause as she sought such fit opportunity for the performance of her message that she found Pharicles sitting solitary in his chamber, to whom she offered the letter in her mistress' behalf on this wise:

*Sir, quoth she, if my bold attempt to trouble your study may import small manners or little modesty, the urgent cause being once known I hope both I shall be excused and you pacified, for it is that my mistress Clarinda by the space of two or three days hath been pinched with such unacquainted pains and griped with such unspeakable griefs as the extremity of her sickness is such as we look only when the shoake [sic for stroke?] of death shall free her from this incredible calamity. Yet amidst the sorest pangs of her pinching distress, she commanded me to present this letter to your worship's hands wherein both the cause and the sickness itself is deciphered. For she hath heard by report that you have such perfect skill in curing that kind of malady which by fortune is inflicted upon her that either of her death or the restoring of her health consisteth in your cunning, which if it be such, as no doubt it is, if either you have the nature of a gentleman or your courtesy be such as all Saragossa speaketh of, I hope her disease being once known you*

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*will send such a sovereign solve for her sickness as we, her poor handmaids, shall have cause to give you thanks for our mistress' health, as she herself be bound to remain a dutiful debtor of yours forever.*

Pharicles, hearing the subtle song of this enchanting siren, doubted to touch the scrap for fear of the snare, and was loath to taste of any dainty delicacies lest he might unhappily be crossed with some empoisoned dish of charming Circe's, for Pharicles knew himself an unfit physician for such a paltering patient, neither could he on the sudden divine of her dangerous disease nor conjecture the cause of her insupportable sorrow unless she were fallen in love with his friend Ferragus, and thought to make him a means to persuade his friend to the like affection. But to avoid the trap, whatsoever the train were, he thought best to look before he did leap, and to cast the water before he gave counsel, lest in kneeling to Saint Francis' shrine he should be thought a friar of the same fraternity. To avoid therefore such inconvenience as might happen by replying too rashly, he gave her this uncertain answer:

*Maid, quoth he, as you have for your part sufficiently satisfied me with this excuse not to think evil of your boldness, so you have driven me into a doubt what I should conjecture of ye strangeness of the message, sith that since I sojourned in Saragossa I have neither openly professed myself a physician nor secretly ministered to any of my friends whereby any such supposition might be gathered. But perhaps it pleaseth your mistress to descant thus merrily with me for my pilgrim's apparel which at my first coming to Saragossa I did use to wear, which if it be so, tell her I travelled not as a pilgrim that had cunning to cure the disease of a courtesan because I would not buy repentance too dear, but that my pilgrim's weed did warn me to beware of cheaping such chaffer as was set to sale in the shameless shop of Venus. Marry, if your mistress be in earnest, & that her disease be so dangerous that all the learned physicians in Saragossa dare not deal withal, and yet my small skill may cure it, I mean first to seek out the nature of the sickness, and then the virtue of the simples to make the receipt, which being done, my page shall bring her an answer of her letter speedily.*

The maid, hearing this doubtful answer, departed, but Pharicles, desirous to see what clerkly conclusions he should find in the courtesan's scroll, could scarcely stay while the maid had turned her back from unripping the seals, wherein he found Clarinda cumbered with such a perilous sickness as must of necessity breed her death if she were not cured, or his extreme misery if she were amended. Seeing himself therefore chosen a physician for such a passionate patient as would reward him with large revenues & rich possessions for his pains (yea, and that which was more, yielded her person into his power in part of payment, whose comely proportion surpassed the bravest dames in Europe if the stain of her honesty had not been a blemish to her incomparable beauty), he was with these large offers driven into a doubtful dilemma what he should reply to Clarinda's demand. His dissembling with Mamillia, his treachery to Publia, his credit cracked in Italy, the loss of his friends, the hate of his foes, and now again the riches of Clarinda, her surpassing beauty, and her promise to take a new course of life so assaulted the fort of the perplexed Pharicles as he had almost yielded a listening ear to the melody of this immodest mermaid.

But as there is no herb so perilous which hath not some one virtue which is precious, nor no serpent so infectious which is not endued with some one quality which is commodious, so Pharicles, although he was wholly wedded unto vanity and had professed himself a mortal foe to virtue, being in the state of his life such a mutable Machiavellian as he neither regarded friend nor faith, oath nor promise if his wavering wit persuaded him to the contrary, yet he entered into such deep considerations of the courtesan's conditions and of the care of his own credit, yea the fear of God and dread of man so daunted his conscience, that now he so loathed this lascivious Lamia, as full of choler he fell into these melancholic passions:

*Is it not sufficient (O fickle and unsteadfast fortune) that thou hast drenched me in the waves of distress and tossed me with the tempest of adversity in losing two such true and trusty lovers as by thy frowning frowardness I have lost, but now to aggravate my grief and to repay my care with greater calamity thou seekest in a strange country to trap me in the snares of captivity where I have neither kinsmen to comfort me nor friends to give me good advice to redress my misery, yea and that which is most despite, to entangle me with such trash, the burden whereof is the greatest plague that any mortal man can sustain? O hapless man and unhappy fortune!*

*Why, but Pharicles, why dost thou so fondly accuse fortune of injustice, whereas if thou weighest all things in the equal balance, she seeketh more thy preferment than thou thyself canst desire. Consider but thine own case. Mamillia hath rejected thee for a flatterer and Publia accounts thee for a parasite, Gonzaga is thy foe, Gostino thine enemy, yea thy very friends are become thine adversaries, and all Padua despiseth thee as a pattern of lewdness. What hope canst thou have then, Pharicles, to recover thy credit where every man of reputation will refuse thy company? Dost thou hope to win fame where thou art infamous, or to be counted virtuous where thou art tried to be most lascivious? No, no and therefore count fortune thy friend, who in a strange country hath offered thee such a match as for her parentage and patrimony, lands and living, birth and beauty, may deserve to be a mate for the most famous prince in the world.*

*Yea, but Pharicles, she is a courtesan, common and inconstant. What then? Hath she not promised to change her vicious liking into a most virtuous living, the state of a courtesan into the stay of a matron, & to make a metamorphosis of her forepassed dishonesty into most perfect modesty? The palm that is most crooked being a twig is most straight being a tree. What more hurtful to the heart than the buds of a date, & yet no greater cordial than the fruit. Nothing savoureth worse than a panther being a whelp, yet no beast hath so sweet a smell being old. That which oft-times in prime of years is most perilous, in ripe age proveth most precious. So, Pharicles, although Clarinda hath been a most graceless monster in her youth, yet she may prove a most gracious matron in her age, yea, and by how much the more she hath known the filthiness of vice being a maid, by so much the more she will embrace virtue being a wife.*

*Oh, Pharicles, are thy senses so besotted and thy wit so inveigled, art thou so blinded with the veil of vice & dimmed with the mask of vanity that thou art become more sottish than the senseless stones, or more brute than unreasonable creatures? The chrysolite, being*

worn on the finger of an adultriss, so detesteth the crime as it cracketh in pieces by mere instinct of nature. The unicorn is such a foe to adultery and such a friend to chastity as he always preserveth the one and killeth the other. The juice of the basco leaf so abhorreth unlawful lust as it will not by any means be digested in the stomach of strumpet. Wilt thou then, Pharicles, love her whom the senseless stones do loathe, or deal with that person whom very brute beasts do detest? No, no, Mamillia will rather both forgive and forget thy flattery, & Publia pardon thy perjury, than they would but once have thee consent to company with such a graceless courtesan.

And with that, such a sorrowful sadness oppressed his melancholic mind as he had fallen into forepassed passions had not his friend Ferragus driven him out of that dump, who coming into the chamber & finding him as one having his heart on his halfpenny, wakened him out of his dream with this pleasant salutation:

*I am sorry, Pharicles, to find you in this dump, so I am the more grieved because I cannot conjecture the cause, and although it be the duty of a friend to be copartner of his friend's sorrow, yet I dare not wish myself a partaker of your sadness because I suppose you are offering incense at the altar of such a saint at whose shrine you will not so much as once vouchsafe that I should but sing placebo. If this be the care that cumpers your mind, good Pharicles, find some other time for your amorous passions, but if it be any sinister mishap which hath driven you into this dump, either want of wealth, loss of friends, or other frown of fortune, only reveal, Pharicles, wherein I may pleasure thee, and I will supply thy want with my weal, & cure thy care with such comfortable counsel as my simple wit can afford. The fairest sands [sic?], Pharicles, are oft-times most fickle. When the leaf of the sea-hulner [sic for sea-hulver?] looketh most green, then is the root most withered; where the sea breaketh with greatest billows, there is the water shallowest. So oft-times in the fairest speech lies hid ye falsest heart, in flourishing words dissembling deeds, and in the greatest show of goodwill the smallest effect of friendship. I cannot, Pharicles, paint out my affection towards thee with coloured speeches, nor decipher my amity with the pencil of flattery, but if thou wilt account me for thy friend, and so use me when thou hast occasion, thou shalt (to be short) find me far more prodigal in performance than prattling in promises, and so I end.*

Pharicles, for all these painted speeches of his friend Ferragus, durst not wade too far where the ford was unknown, nor reveal the cause of his care to his companion lest happily he might find a pad in the straw, and try that oft-times of the smoothest talk ensueth the smallest truth. To satisfy, therefore, his friend, and to cloak the cause of his care, he coined this pretty scuse:

*O, Ferragus, quoth he, it is not, as you imagine, the pangs of love which have driven me into these passions, neither the want of wealth which have thus wrapped me in woe, for to be entangled with love I have always thought it a madness, and to wail for wealth a point of mere folly, but it is, Ferragus, such a misery as the sturdy Stoics themselves, which were never moved with adversity, did only dread to be stricken with this despiteful dart of calamity. Yet amidst this my greatest misfortune, thy friendly affection is such a comfortable cullis to my crazed mind, & I find such comfort in thy friendship as I think my*

*lands, life nor liberty half sufficient to requite thy courtesy, but promising unto thee the like unfeigned affection, & reposing the stay of my life in thy trustiness, I will unfold unto thee the cause of my distress.*

*The smoke, Ferragus, of Padua is more dear unto me than the fire of Saragossa, and the waters of Italy do far more delight my taste than the most delicate wines in Sicilia, and rather had I live in a poor cottage in my native soil than be pampered up in princely palaces in a strange country. Yea, it is, Ferragus naturally given to all to choose rather to live in adversity amongst their friends at home than in prosperity among strangers abroad, insomuch that no greater misery can be inflicted upon any man than to lead an exiled life in a foreign nation. This, this, Ferragus is the cross wherewith I am afflicted. For I must confess unto thee by the law of friendship that through the displeasure of the emperor I am condemned to lead my life in perpetual exile, so that neither I cannot nor may not so much as once approach the confines of Italy, which restraint from my native country is such a hell to my mind and such a horror to my conscience as death should be thrice welcome to release me from banishment. It is not the loss of my lands or living, Ferragus, which so molests my mind, but the want of my faithful and familiar friends, for wealth may be gotten by wisdom, but a trusty friend is hardly recovered, so that Zeno himself was of this opinion, that the loss of friends is only to be lamented. Solon the Athenian, being demanded why he made no law for adulterers, answered because there were none in his commonwealth. Why, quoth the other, but how if there happen to be any, shall he die? No, quoth Solon, he shall be banished, meaning that no torture, torment nor calamity is to be compared to the misery of exile. Woe is me, then, most miserable creature.*

*Why, Pharicles, quoth Ferragus, wilt thou salve sadness with sorrow, or cure care with calamity? Wilt thou wipe away woe with wailing, or drive away these dumps with despair? No, no, Pharicles, but to add a salve to this sore, thus I reply to thy complaint:*

*The most wise & ancient philosophers, Pharicles, have been of this opinion, that the world generally is but as one city, so that wheresoever a wise man remaineth, he dwelleth in his own house, for nature hath appointed the selfsame laws to every place, neither is she contrary to herself in the furthest parts of ye world. There is no place where the fire is cold and the water hot, the air heavy and the earth light, neither hath wit or learning less force in India than in Italy, and virtue is had in reputation as well in the north as in the south, so that Anacharsis was wont to say, *Vnaquaeque patria; Sapienti patria.**

*But perhaps, Pharicles, thou wilt object thy great possessions which thou hast lost, and how thou wert of more account for thy birth and parentage among thine own than ever thou shalt be among strangers. But I say, Pharicles, that Coriolanus was more beloved of the Volscians, among whom he lived in exile, than of the Romans with whom he was a citizen. Alcibiades, being banished by the Athenians, became chief captain of the army of the Lacedaemonians. And Hannibal was better entertained by King Antiochus than with his own subjects in Carthage. And I dare say, Pharicles, thou wert never more famous in Padua than thou art here in Saragossa, yea, and the more to mitigate thy misery, consider with thyself that there is no greater comfort than to have companions in sorrow. Thou art*

*not the first, nor shalt not be the last which have been exiled into foreign countries, yea, and such to whom thou art far inferior both in calling and countenance. Cadmus, the king of Thebes, was driven out of the selfsame city which he had builded, and died old in exile among the Illyrians. Sarca, the king of the Molossians, vanquished by Philip, king of Macedonia, ended his miserable days in exile. Dionysius the Syracusan, driven out of his country, was constrained to teach a school at Corinth. Syphax, the great king of Numidia, seeing his city taken and his wife Sophonisba in the arms of his mortal foe Massinissa, and that his misery should be a trumpet to sound out Scipio's triumph, ended his life both exiled and imprisoned. Perseus, the king of Macedonia, first discomfited and then deprived of his kingdom, and lastly yielded into the hands of Paulus Aemilius, remained long time a poor banished prisoner. These, Pharicles, without reciting any more, are sufficient, considering their crowns, kingdoms and majesties, to prove that fortune hath not only offered the like mishap to others, but also hath not done so great despite unto thee as was in her power to have done.*

*But perhaps, Pharicles, thou wilt reply that these mighty monarchs are not in the same predicament, for they were banished their kingdoms by open enemies, and thou thy country by supposed friends; they were exiled by sinister enmity of foreign foes, and thou by the secret envy of flattering companions, so that the selfsame citizens who were bound unto thy father for his prudent government, being their magistrate, and to thee for thy liberality maintaining their liberties, have repaid thy courtesy with most ingrateful cruelty. To which I answer that Theseus, whose famous acts are so blazed abroad through all the world, was driven out of Athens by the selfsame citizens which he himself had placed, and died an old banished man in Tyrus. Solon, who governed his citizens with most golden laws, was notwithstanding exiled by them into Cyprus. The Lacedaem[on]ians, being bound nor beholding to no man so much as unto Lyncurgus, for all his prudent policy in governing the city constrained him to lead his life in exile. The Romans suffered Scipio Africanus, the first which defended them from so many perils, most miserably to die in Lyntermum [=Laternum]. And the second Scipio for all that he subdued Carthage and Numantia, which refused to become tributaries to the Romans, found in Rome a murderer but not a revenger.*

*Ingratitude, Pharicles, is the most ancient mischief which reigneth among the people, being so deeply rooted that it doth not, as all other things, wax old, but waxeth daily more fresh, so that the flower falling, there followeth great store of fruit. And further, Pharicles, for the loss of thy friends, I confess it is the greatest cause of care, and yet oft-times the fairest face hath the foulest heart, and the sweetest words the sourest deeds. Thou hast therefore the means by this mishap to judge between the faithful and feigned friend, for as the touchstone trieth the gold, so adversity proveth friends. Had not Orestes fallen into his extreme frenzy, he had never tried the sacred faith of Pylades, and if the wars of the Lapithans had not lighted upon Perithous, he might have thought himself to have had many friends, whereas he found none but one, the famous Theseus. Eurialus had never proved the constancy of Nysus had he not fallen into the hands of the soldiers of Turnus.*

*Sith then (Pharicles) fortune hath but given thee occasion to try thy friends, count it not for such a misery. For if all thy companions and kinsmen in Padua prove but claw-backs,*

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*assure thyself thou hast such a faithful friend here in Saragossa as counts thy mishap his misfortune, and thy care his own calamity. Yea, if either my counsel may comfort thy crazed mind or my wealth relieve thy want, try and then trust, and if thou findest me trothless, the gods reward my treachery with most vile and extreme misery.*

Pharicles, hearing the great protestations of his faithful friend Ferragus, and perceiving that his friendship was constant and not counterfeit, not only told him that this report of his exile was but a tale to try his affection, but also revealed unto him the very troth of his departure from Italy, what hap had passed between him and Mamillia, and also the letter of Clarinda, which when Ferragus saw, he both gave him counsel to avoid such a common courtesan, and further, to drive him out of those dumps, carried him to his father's house to pass away the time in parle.

Where as soon as they came, they found Signor Farnese in the garden devising pleasantly with divers gentlewomen, amongst whom was Madam Gambara, the Marquess of Saldena, and the young Lady Modesta, who seeing Pharicles, were very glad of his so happy arrival, that now they might try what was in the gentleman, sith he was the man that bare the bell for courtly bringing up throughout all Sicilia. But Pharicles, seeing them in earnest talk, thought they had been canvassing of some serious and secret matter, and not being very well acquainted with the Marquess, knew it past manners to come to council before he were called, began to withdraw himself out of the garden had not Signor Farnese recalled him on this wise:

*What, Master Pharicles, quoth he, is it the fashion in Padua to be so strange with your friends, knowing that you are not so soon come as welcome, nor so hastily arrived as heartily desired of all the company? I speak also for my Lady Gambara and Madam Modesta especially at this time, since there is such a passing doubtful matter in question as all our cunning cannot decide. We, knowing therefore that you travellers cannot be without experience, and especially in such loving cases, will refer our whole controversy, if the Marquess and my Lady Modesta be content, to your skilful determination, and in my opinion we shall have happed on a very fit judge.*

*Sir, quoth he, I both know and find myself far more welcome to your house than my small deserts can merit, yet not willing to strain so much upon your courtesy to be so bold to intrude myself into company where both my betters are in presence and the talk utterly unknown, lest they might judge I had either small nurture or less manners. But since it hath pleased my Lady the Marquess and Madam Modesta (to whom I think myself greatly bound that their Ladyships will vouchsafe of such a simple gentleman) to admit me for a hearer of such a doubtful discourse, yet, sir, I accept not the conditions, for if the case be so intricate as neither your old years nor great experience can decide, it were far unfit for me to set down a sentence, whose age and skill is yet in the budding, and especially in such an honourable company where either their countenance or calling may force me speak either for fear or favour.*

*No, Master Pharicles, quoth the Marquess, although I have such opinion both of your wit and skill as I durst in a more weighty matter than this admit you for judge, yet since you*

*are a party touched within the compass of the commission, I will not tie myself so straitly to your verdict as either your yea or nay shall stand for payment unless you bring the soundest reason.*

*Our question is, Master Pharicles, whether the man or the woman be more constant or loyal in love. The cause of our controversy arose about certain vain verses compiled by an injurious gentleman here in Saragossa, who with despiteful taunts hath abused the gentlewomen of Sicilia, most peevishly describing their apparel and presumptuously deciphering their nature. But leaving him to his folly, you know both the case and the cause, and therefore let us hear your opinion.*

The copy of the verses.

Since lady mild (too base in array) hath lived as an exile,  
 None of account but stout; if plain? stale slut, not a courtesse.  
 Dames nowadays? fie, none, if not new guised in all points,  
 Fancies fine, sauced with conceits, quick wits very wily.  
 Words of a saint, but deeds guess how; feigned faith to deceive men.  
 Curtseys coy, no vale but a vaunt, tucked up like a Tuscan.  
 Paced in print, brave lofty looks, not used with the vestals.  
 In hearts too glorious, not a glance but fit for an empress,  
 As minds most valorous, so strange in array: marry, stately.  
 Up from the waist like a man, new guise to be cased in a doublet.  
 Down to the foot (perhaps like a maid) but hosed to the kneestead.  
 Some close breeched to the crotch for cold; tush, peace; 'tis a shame, sir.  
 Hairs by birth as black as jet, what? art can amend them.  
 A periwig frowned fast to the front, or curled with a bodkin.  
 Hats from France thick pearled for pride, and plumed like a peacock.  
 Ruffs of a size, stiff starched to the neck, of lawn, marry, lawless.  
 Gowns of silk, why those be too bad? side, wide with a witness.  
 Small and gent i' the waist, but backs as broad as a burgess.  
 Needless noughts, as crisps, and scarves worn a la Morisco.  
 Fumed with sweets, as sweet as chaste, no want but abundance.

Pharicles, having read these verses, smiling at the vein of the gentleman, found his mind clogged with a double care. For to praise men for their loyalty, he found his own conscience a just accuser of their inconstancy; to condemn women for their fickleness, he saw Mamillia and Publia two precedents of perfect affection. Yet for fashion' sake he made this or suchlike answer:

*If credit, Madam, may be given to those ancient authors whose wit, wisdom and learning hath shrined them up in the famous temple of immortality, your demand is answered, and the question easily decided. For Socrates, Plato, yea and Aristotle himself, who spent all their time in searching out the secret nature of all things, assigned this as a particular quality appertaining to womenkind, namely to be fickle and inconstant, alleging this astronomical reason, that Luna, a feminine and mutable planet, hath such predominant*



*power in the constitution of their complexion because they be phlegmatic that of necessity they must be fickle, mutable and inconstant, whereas choleric, wherewith men do abound, is contrary, and therefore by consequence stable, firm and without change, so that by so much the more the body is phlegmatic, by so much the more the mind is fickle, and where the body is most choleric, there the mind is most constant.*

*To leave the rules of astronomy and to come to human reason, Pindarus, Homer, Hesiodus, Ennius, Virgil, Martial, Propertius and many authors more whose pithy and golden sentences have in all ages been holden as divine oracles, have in all their writings with one consent averred that the natural disposition of women is framed of contraries, now liking, now loathing; delighting [+in?] this; and now again despising the same; loving and hating; yea, laughing & weeping, and all with one wind, so that it is their natural constitution in this one property to be like the polyp, that if it happen some one woman not to be variable, it is not so because it is her nature, but because she hath amended her fault by nurture. For the confirmation of the former premises, madam, it is not necessary to infer examples, sith there is none here but could report infinite histories of such dissembling dames as have falsified their faith to their lovers, whereas the constancy of men is such that neither hath any authors found it faulty, neither can I conjecture, if you speak as you think, your conscience [+can] condemn them as guilty, so that to confirm the loyalty of men were as much as to prove that which is not denied.*

*How say you to this? quoth Signor Farnese. Hath not Pharicles answered you fully to your question? Is not now my former reasons confirmed, and yours utterly infringed?*

*Tush, sir, quoth the Marquess, one tale is always good until another is heard, but all this wind shakes no corn, neither is the defendant overthrown at the first plea of the plaintiff. The more glistering the skin of the serpent is, the more infectious; where the billows be greatest, there the water is shallowest. The rotten wall hath the most need of painting, and the falsest tale hath need of the fairest tongue. Where the greatest show of eloquence is, there is the smallest effect of troth.*

*But to your surmised sophistry this I answer, Master Pharicles, that whereas you build your reasons upon the credit of ancient authors, I will lay my foundation upon the same rock, and so thrust you on the bosom with your own lance. For as for Socrates, Plato and Aristotle, whom you allege as ratifiers of your former reasons, I say that both they and others who far surpass them in the sacred skill of astronomy, affirm (as you say) that the natural constitution of women is phlegm, and of men choleric, which if you consider with indifferent judgment proveth us trusty and you trothless, us constant and you variable, us loyal under Luna, and you mutable under Mars. For the phlegmatic complexion is cold and moist, utterly repugnant to the flaming heat of voluptuous desires, participating of the nature of water, which so cooleth and quengeth the fire of fancy as, having once fixed the mind, it resisteth with the cold moisture the frying heat of fond and fickle affection, whereas the choleric constitution is hot & dry, soon set on fire and soon out, easily inflamed and as easily quenched, ready to be scorched with the least heat of beauty, being of the nature of fire, which is the most light and moving element of all, firing at the first sight, and yet so dry as it hath no continuance, being very violent and little permanent. And though Luna is*

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*predominant in our complexion, yet Mercury is lord of your constitution, being in his constellation fleeting, inconstant, variable, treacherous, trothless, and delighting in change, so that it is not so common as true, the nature of men is desirous of novelty.*

*And as touching Hesiodus, Homer, Virgil and others, I answer that evil will never spoke well, and that Marital & the rest of his cogging companions, because they found some one halting, they will condemn all for cripples, thinking by discrediting others unjustly to make themselves famous, and condemning others of that whereof they themselves are chiefly to be accused. Who fixeth her fancy, and then changeth affection? Who promiseth love, and performeth hate? Who now liketh, and within a moment loatheth? Who wooeth one, and sueth to another? Who loyal in his lips and a liar in his heart but only men, and yet they must be constant. As for the infinite examples you could infer, Master Pharicles, to prove the disloyalty of women, you do well to conceal them because you cannot reveal them, for it is hard to reap corn where no seed was sown, to gather grapes of a barren vine, to pull hair from a bald man's head, or to bring examples of women's disloyalty which never committed such trothless treachery.*

*But as for your changing champions which challenge to defend your crazed constancy, how trusty was Theseus to poor Ariadne? Demophon dissembled with Phyllis, and yet she died constant; Aeneas a very straggler, yet Dido never found halting; Jason without faith, and yet Medea never fleeting; Paris a counterfeit chameleon, & yet Oenone a trusty turtle; Ulysses variable, and Penelope most constant. Yea, Pharicles, infinite examples might be brought which would breed our credit and your infamy if time as well as matter would permit me, so that the inconstancy of such mutable Mercurialists and courtly copesmates as you be is grown to such a custom that flattery is no fault, and variety is rather embraced as a virtue than rejected as a vice. In fine, the blossom of disloyalty hath brought forth such faithless fruit in your mutable minds as he that is constant is counted a calf, and he that cannot dissemble cannot live.*

*How now, Signor Farnese, quoth the Lady Modesta, hath not the Marquess given Pharicles a cake of the same dough? Yea, hath she not better defended the fort than he could assault it? Now you see Pharicles' counterfeit coin will go for no payment, and his rampire too weak to withstand her force, and his reasons not so strong but they are clearly infringed.*

*In troth, quoth Farnese, my Lady Marquess hath played the valiant champion, and hath put in so perfect a plea to defend her client's cause that if I have ever any case in the court she shall be my counsellor.*

*Jest how you please, quoth the Marquess. I am sure mine adversary will confess that howsoever I faltered in my tale, I failed not in the truth.*

*Indeed, Madam, quoth Pharicles, it is a foul bird defiles its own nest, and yet I will say my conscience, that for constancy men are far more to be appeached of want than women to be condemned for defect, and therefore whosoever made the forepassed verses was both unjust and injurious. Yea, the railing Mantuan in his eglogues, the exclaiming of Euripides*

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*in his tragedies, the taunts of Martial and prime quips of Propertius are more of course than cause, and rather enforced by rage than inferred by reason.*

*What, Pharicles, quoth Signor Farnese, I see thou canst hold a candle before the devil, and that thou can so cunningly run a point of descant that, be the plainsong never so simple, thou canst quaver to please both parts. You were even now a condemner of women's variety, and are you now an accuser of men's inconstancy? If you be so variable in your verdict, we will think that either you speak foolishly without skill, or as a flatterer to please women. But indeed it is dangerous for him to speak ill of an Irish kern that is offering a cow to Saint Patrick, and as perilous for a man to blaspheme women that is kneeling at the shrine of Venus. Sith then you are in the same case, we will take your devotion for a sufficient excuse. In the meantime, if it please my Lady the Marquess, we will go to dinner, and there end our discourse more at leisure.*

*Content, quoth the Marques, and with that they went to dinner, where Pharicles behaved himself so wittily as they stood in doubt whether his wit, beauty or behaviour deserved greater commendations.*

Well, dinner being ended, Pharicles, having the spurs in his side, alleging urgent cause of his so hasty departure, took his leave of the Marquess and the rest of the company, and giving great thanks to Signor Farnese for his good cheer, hied him home in haste to his chamber, where seeing the letter of Clarinda, a ghastly object to his gazing eyes, willing to return an answer that she might not accuse him of discourtesy, took pen and ink and wrote a letter to this effect:

*Pharicles to Clarinda, health.*

*It is hard, Clarinda, for him which cometh within reach of a crocodile to escape without danger, & it is impossible to see the cockatrice & not be infected. Whoso toucheth the torpedo must needs be harmed, and he that handleth a scorpion cannot but be stricken. 'Tis not possible to meddle with pitch & have clean hands, nor to be acquainted with a strumpet & have a good name.*

*This considered, Clarinda, I being a stranger of Italy whose life & living is more noted than if I were a citizen in Saragossa, counting my honest behaviour ye chieftest stay of my unknown state, feared lest thy maid's arrival to my lodging should be hurtful to my countenance or prejudicial to my credit. If then I grieved to have my parlour cumbered with the maid, you may well think I were loath to have my person troubled with the mistress. For silence & modesty, Clarinda, which you say the force of my love constrained you to pass, I am sure you shook hands with modesty and strained courtesy with silence long before you knew me for Pharicles, or I you for a courtesan. Indeed, you have brought forth fit examples to confirm your consequent, & I allow them. For silent Sappho was a riming monster of lechery, & you a rooted mistress in bawdry; modest Phaedra was a most incestuous harlot, and you a most infectious strumpet, so that your comparisons hold very well sith the equality of your manners makes them not odious.*

*Does thou think, Clarinda, that I am so careless in choice as to choose such filthy chaffer, or so soon allured as to be in love with such trash? No, no, I have such a care to my credit and such regard to my calling, such respect to my birth and such fear to defame my parentage as I mean not to match with a princess if she be not honest, much less than link myself to a lascivious Lais whose honesty shall be a prey to every stragglng stranger. Shall I beat the bush and others get the birds? Shall I hold the net and others catch the fish? Yea, shall every man get his fee of the deer, and I get nothing but the horns? No, I will first fast before I taste of such a dish as will turn me to so great displeasure.*

*But you reply that the myrobalans in Spain are perilous in the bud & precious in the fruit, that the wine is sour in the press and yet sweet in the cask, that she which is vicious in her youth may be virtuous in her age. I grant indeed it may be, but it is hard to bring the posse into esse. For the barking whelp proves always a biting dog; the young fry will prove old frogs. Where the blossom is venomous, there the fruit must needs be infectious; where vice is embraced in youth, there commonly virtue is rejected in age. Yea, 'tis a thing most commonly seen that a young whore proves always an old bawd.*

*As for Rhodope, the courtesan of Egypt, and Phryne, the strumpet of Athens, whom you bring in as examples of this strange metamorphosis, I answer that their particular conversion inferreth no general conclusion. For though Rhodope of a vicious maiden became a virtuous matron, and though Phryne of a lascivious Lamia became a loyal Lucretia, yet it follows not that you should of a stragglng harlot become a stayed housewife, for we see it hardly cometh to pass that a young devil proves an old saint.*

*But put case you would perform as much as you promise, and make a change of your chaffer with better ware, of your fleeing affection with fixed fancy, that your forepassed dishonesty would turn to perfect constancy, that of a careless Corinna you would become a careful Cornelia, yet I cannot recall the stone already cast, withhold the stroke already stroken, nor reclaim affection, fancy being already fixed. I am, Clarinda, to put thee out of doubt, betrothed to a young gentlewoman in Padua, who in beauty, wealth and honesty is inferior to none in all Italy, and wouldst thou then have me leave the fine partridge to prey on a carrion kite, to refuse the hare and hunt at the hedgehog, to falsify my faith to a most honest & beautiful dame, and plight my troth to a lascivious and dishonest strumpet? No, Clarinda, thou hearest I cannot, though I would, and if I could, I will not. And so farewell.*

*Not thine if he could, Pharicles.*

Pharicles, having thus finished his letter, sent it by his page to Clarinda, who receiving it heartily, and rewarding the page bountifully, went hastily into her closet, where unripping ye seals she found not a preservative, but a poison; not news to increase her joy, but to breed her annoy; not loving lines as from a friend, but a quipping letter as from a foe; not a comfortive to lengthen her life, but a corrosive to shorten her days; yea, she found the letter so contrary to her former expectation that now falling into a desperate mind she turned her fervent love into extreme hate, her deep delight into deadly despite, as now her chieftest care and industry was to revenge her broiling rage upon guiltless Pharicles, which she speedily performed on this wise.

It happened that upon the same day wherein she received the letter, Signor Farnese and the rest of the magistrates of Saragossa were assembled together in the common hall to consult of matters as concerning the state of their city, whither Clarinda came, and there openly accused Pharicles to be a spy, and that his remaining in Saragossa was to see where the city was weakest, and that he had conferred with her how and when he might most conveniently betray it, and that she, regarding more the commodity of her country than the love of a stranger, thought good to reveal the matter speedily, that they might the better prevent such a mischief.

The magistrates, giving credit to Clarinda, and knowing that Pharicles had a pestilent wit for such a purpose, sent the officers to apprehend him, who finding him in his lodging, made him greatly astonished when he knew the cause of their coming, yet he made them good cheer and went the more willingly because he felt his conscience clear from any such crime as might be objected against him. Pharicles being come into the common hall, Signor Farnese saluted him on this manner:

*I see, Master Pharicles, quoth he, 'tis hard to judge the tree by the leaves, to choose the stone by his outward hue, cloth by his colour, and a man by his fair words, for none so fair as the panther, and yet none so ravenous; the peacock hath most glistering feathers, and yet most ugly feet; the barran leaf is most delightful to be seen, & most deadly to be tasted; the chrysolite pleaseth the eye and infecteth the stomach. Yea, that which oft-times seemeth most precious proveth most perilous, for treachery hath a more glozing show than troth, and flattery displays a braver flag than faith. Subtile Sinon could tell a finer tale than simple Brennus, and deceitful Ulysses had a fairer tongue than faithful Ajax. So, Pharicles, I perceive the more wit thou hast, the more to be suspected, and the fairest speech infers the foulest mind; thy courtesy here in Saragossa hath been but a cloak for thy treachery.*

*Well, Pharicles, have I brought up a bird to pick out mine own eyes? Have I hatched up the egg that will prove a cockatrice? Yea, have I cherished thee as a friend which wouldst murder me as a foe? Have I sought to breed thy credit, and thou devised my destruction? Have (I say) I sought thy bliss, and thou my bale, I thy weal and thou my woe? Have our citizens here in Saragossa honoured thee as thy friends, and thou abhorred them as thine enemies? Well, the greater their love was, counting thee courteous, the greater plague will they inflict upon thee, finding thee treacherous. The Troyans never showed more favour to any than to Sinon, who afterwards betrayed the city. Who so welcome into Carthage as Aeneas, and yet he repaid them with ingratitude. The Babylonians never trusted any better than Zopyrus, and he most traitorously betrayed them to Darius, and shall not their mishaps learn us to beware? Yes, Pharicles, we will prevent our danger with heaping coals upon thy head.*

*The cause of these my speeches I need not rehearse because thine own conscience condemns thee as guilty. Thou art accused here, Pharicles, by Clarinda to be a spy; yea, thou hast sought secretly to betray the city into the hands of the Italians, thy countrymen, & upon this she hath here solemnly taken her oath. And besides this, I give thee to*

*understand that thou canst not by the statutes of Saragossa plead for thyself, being a stranger, if thou be appeached of treason, neither will it serve thee to have a testimonial from thy country sith we know that the Italians are confederate to thy treachery, so that by the law this day thou shouldst die since thy accuser hath confirmed the complaint with her corporal oath, yet I will stand so much thy friend as reprieve thee for forty days to see what will fall between the cup and the lip. And with that, he sat down.*

Pharicles, amazed with this treacherous accusation of this graceless courtesan, was so drenched in distress and soused in sorrow to see that he might not acquit himself with unfolding this devised knavery that if very courage had not been a conserve to comfort his care, he had there with present death ended this dissension. But cheering himself up as well as he could, he went to the jailer's house without uttering any one word, until there being solitary by himself he fell into these extremities:

*It is more grief, quoth he, to the silly lamb to lie lingering in the gripe of the tiger than presently to be devoured, and he which is cast into the lions' den wisheth rather to be torn in pieces than to live in fear of future torment. Yea, I try by experience that to die cannot be full of care because death cutteth off all occasions of sorrow, but to live, & every day to look to die, of all woes is the most hellish misery, for the stinging fears to die and the greedy desire to live make such a cruel combat in the mind of the condemned person as no kind of torture (however so terrible) is to be compared to that whenas one lingereth in life without any hope at all to live.*

*And what then, Pharicles, is there any mishap so miserable which thou hast not deserved? No, were thy torment thrice more terrible it were not half sufficient to repay thy treachery. Thy dissembling with Mamillia and thy falsehood with Publia, unless the gods be too unjust, cannot escape without vengeance.*

*Why, but do the gods fret more at my flattery than they fumed at others' folly? Aeneas dissembled with Dido, and yet was prosperous; Theseus deceived Ariadne, and yet happy. Paris contemned Oenone and yet the gods favoured his enterprise in gaining Helena; Jason was unjust to Medea, and yet returned safe to Greece.*

*Yea, but Pharicles, they were not so wilful as thou wert, to set thyself opposite both to the gods and fortune; they took time while time was, and held ope the poke when the pig was offered. For Aeneas, though he forsook Dido, he obeyed the gods in taking Lavinia, and Theseus, though he rejected Ariadne, yet he took the dame which fortune assigned him, and that was Phaedra. But Pharicles, thou hast committed double offence, not only in forsaking thy forepassed lovers, but also in rejecting her whom fortune proffered thee, and that was Clarinda.*

*Oh, Pharicles, be content with thy state, and let patience be the remedy to assuage this thy intolerable malady, for better hadst thou far turn the stone with Sisyphus and be torn upon the wheel with Ixion than be coupled with such a common courtesan; yea, ere it be long thou wouldst think thyself happy to suffer ten thousand deaths to be separated from her company, for as there is no pain to be compared to the stinging of an aspic, so there is no*

*such plague as to be troubled with a strumpet. And with that such sorrow surcharged his molested mind as he was not able to utter any more complaints.*

While thus Pharicles lay languishing in despair, there was a merchant of Padua named Signor Rhamberto, who being newly arrived in Saragossa, and hearing of the late mishap of Pharicles, durst not bewray what countryman he was for fear of further danger, but conveyed himself out of Sicilia with as much speed as might be, and being come to Padua, thought good to show Signor Gonzaga in what distress Pharicles lay in Saragossa, but being come to the house, he found the gentleman at the point of death, and all the senators of Padua lamenting the extremity of his sickness, and therefore sat down among the rest and held his peace, whenas Gonzaga, scarce able to utter one word for weakness, taking his daughter Mamillia by the hand, gave her this fatherly advertisement:

*As, daughter, quoth he, the man which [+hath] the stone agathes about him is surely defenced against adversity, so he which is forewarned by counsel, if he be wise, is sufficiently armed against future mishap and misery. I, therefore, Mamillia, having such fatherly affection and care for thy future state as duty binds me by instinct of nature, seeing I lie looking every minute when my silly soul shall leave my careful carcass, thought good to give thee this fatherly farewell as the only treasure which I charge thee, by the law of duty, most carefully to keep.*

*Virginitie, Mamillia, is such a precious jewel to a virtuous gentlewoman as Euphronia, being demanded of one of her suitors what dowry she had to the advancement of her marriage, answered, such wealth as could not be valued, for (quoth she) I am a virgin, meaning that no wealth doth so enrich a maiden, nor no dowry, of what price soever, so adorn a damsel as to be renowned for inviolable virginitie. Sith, then, Mamillia, it ought to be more dear than life, and more esteemed than wealth, as thou hast been careful in my days to keep it without spot, and thereby hast reaped renown, so I charge thee after my death to be as chary of such precious chaffer lest thy forepassed fame turn to thy greater discredit. Yea, Mamillia, and when the time cometh that thou meanest to match thyself in marriage, bestow not that carelessly in one moment which thou hast kept carefully all thy life, but look before thou leap, try before thou trust. Haste makes waste; hot love, soon cold, and too late cometh repentance. Contemn not the counsel of thy friends, nor reject not the advice of thy kinsmen; prefer not thine own wit before the wisdom of thine ancestors, nor lean to wilfulness, lest had-I-wist come too late.*

*Be not secure, lest want of care procure thy calamity, nor be not too careful, lest pensive thought oppress thee with misery. Build not thy love upon the outward shape of beauty, lest thou try thy foundation was laid on the fickle sands of vanity. Vow not thyself to his wealth whom thou meanest to love, nor wed not thyself to his wit, but let thy fancy grow so far as thou hearest the report of his virtue. Choose not by the eye, Mamillia, but by the ear, and yet be not delighted with his fair words, lest if thou takest pleasure in hearing the sirens sing, thou dash thy ship against most dangerous rocks.*

*I need not, I hope, Mamillia, stand so much upon these points, for the burnt child will dread the fire, and thou hast been too sore canvassed in the nets to be allured to the scrap;*

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*thou hast been too sore soused in the waves to venture in an unknown ford, and the treachery of Pharicles is sufficient to cause thee take heed of others' flattery.*

*Well, Mamillia, after thou hast chosen, howsoever thy choice be, seek to cherish thy husband with love and obey him with reverence. Be not too sad, lest he think thou art solemn, nor too light lest he condemn thee of lewdness, and above all have a regard to thy good name and a care to the safe-keeping of thy honour. Let not too much familiarity breed any suspicion, nor show no such countenance as may give occasion of mistrust, but so behave thyself as thou mayest be a credit to thy husband and a comfort to thy friends.*

*Upon these considerations, Mamillia, I have left thee by my last will and testament only heir and sole executor of all my lands and moveables, yet with this proviso, that if thou marry with faithless Pharicles, that then thou shalt be disinherited of all my goods and lands, and that the city of Padua shall as mine heir enter into all my possessions, and for the performance of my will, I leave the whole senate as supervisors.*

Gonzaga had scarcely spoken these last words but his breath was so short that he could speak no longer, and within three hours after he departed, leaving Mamillia a sorrowful child for the loss of so good a father.

Well, after that Mamillia had by the space of a week worn her mourning weed, and the daily resort of her friends had something redressed her sorrow, Signor Rhamberto (though very loath) revealed unto her the whole estate of Pharicles' distress, how he was put in prison for a spy, and that he was accused as one that sought to betray Saragossa, where he sojourned, into the hands of the Italians, and that in lieu of this his treachery he should upon the fortieth day, for this so heinous a fact, be executed.

Mamillia, hearing into what misery Pharicles was fallen, although his unjust dealings had deserved revenge, yet she remitted all forepassed injuries and began to take compassion of his mishap, yielding forth such sobbing sighs and scalding tears as they were witnesses of her distressed mind, and earnestly entreating Signor Rhamberto for Pharicles' credit to conceal ye matter as secretly as might be, who having promised to keep the matter as secret as she could request, took his leave & departed, but Mamillia, seeing herself solitary, fell into these contrary passions:

*Well, now I see it true by experience that where the hedge is lowest, there every man goeth over, that the weakest is thrust to the wall, and he that worst may holds the candle, that the slenderest twig is oft-times laden with most fruit, the smallest stalk of corn hath the greatest ear, and he that hath most need of comfort is oft-time most crossed with calamity. Alas, injurious fortune, is it not sufficient for thee to deprive me of my father, which was more dear unto me than mine own life, but also to heap care upon care, and sorrow upon sorrow, I mean to murder that man whom in all the world I chiefly esteem, Pharicles, I mean, who is the fountain of my joy, the haven of my happiness and the stay of all my felicity, who hath won my heart by love and shall wear it by law?*



*What sayest thou, Mamillia, shall Pharicles enjoy thee? Art thou so careless of thy father's commandment so soon to forget his counsel? Shall his words be as wind, and his talk of so little effect as thou meanest recklessly to regard it? Wilt not thou in thy life observe that which he enjoined thee at his death? Was not Pharicles the only man he forbade thee to marry, and wilt thou choose him for thy mate? In loving him, thou must forfeit thy lands and show thyself a disobedient daughter; in hating the man, thou enjoyest thy possessions, and declares thyself a dutiful child.*

*Tush, Mamillia, is not Pharicles the man to whom thou art confirmed by love and contracted by law? Did not thy father consent to the match and agree to the covenant? And shall he now upon so light an occasion cause thee to violate thine oath, break thy promise, and turn thy love to hate? No, I will obey my father as far as the law of nature commands me, but to crack my credit and clog my conscience I will not consent; neither his fatherly counsel nor the loss of my goods and lands shall constrain me to forsake Pharicles. No mizzling mists of misery, no drenching showers of disaster fortune nor terrible tempests of adversity shall abate my love, or wrack my fancy against the slippery rocks of inconstancy. Yea, if my lands will buy his ransom or my life purchase his freedom, he shall no longer lead his life in calamity.*

And with that she flung out of her chamber, being so diligent and careful to bring her purpose to pass that within short space she furnished a ship wherein in disguised apparel she sailed to Sicilia, coming to Saragossa the day before Pharicles should be executed, where she dealt so warily and wisely that not only she learned the cause of his imprisonment, but also got the copy of those letters which had passed between Clarinda and Pharicles, thinking every hour a year till the next morning.

Well, the dismal day being come wherein Pharicles by the dint of death should dispatch all his forepassed miseries, Ferragus, being clad in mourning attire, with a pensive heart and sorrowful countenance, cometh to accompany Pharicles, so distressed with grief & oppressed with sorrow, so blubbered with tears and blown up with sighs, that Pharicles was fain to comfort him on this wise:

*Why, friend Ferragus, quoth he, shall the patient appoint the salve, or the sick man set down the medicine? Shall he that is crossed with care be a comforter, or ye distressed man be driven to give counsel? Shall I which now on every side am pinched with the pains of death become a physician to cure thy calamity? Or rather shouldst not thou in this extremity seek to assuage my dolour with comfortable encouragement? Why, Ferragus, am I more hardy which am at the hazard of death than thou which art devoid of danger? Yea, for by how much the more I feel my conscience guiltless of this crime, by so much the more I feel my mind free from sorrow. Socrates would not have his friend lament when he drunk his fatal draught because, quoth he, causeless death ought to be without dolour. So, good Ferragus, cheer thyself since thy friend Pharicles is so far from treason to Saragossa as thou from treachery to Padua.*

Pharicles scarcely had uttered these words when the officers entreated him to make haste, for Signor Farnese and the rest of the magistrates had stayed a great space for his coming

at the common hall. Pharicles, knowing that procrastination in care was but to increase sorrow, found no fish on his fingers nor made no delays from his death, but went with them willingly. He being arrived there before the magistrates, Signor Farnese standing up to pronounce the fatal sentence was interrupted by Mamillia, who coming in richly attired and strangely disguised, kneeling on her knees, craved leave to speak, which being granted, she uttered these words:

*You have great cause to muse and marvel (O noble and worthy Sicilians) in that a silly virgin, a stranger, yea, and of the same city of Padua which is now so detested of the citizens of Saragossa, dare presume, not fearing any danger, to present herself amidst so many enemies. But whom the devil drives, he must needs run, and where law and necessity are two spurs in the side, there the party so perplexed neither maketh delay nor feareth danger, so that, gentlemen, by how much the more my arrival is to be thought strange, by so much the more my distressed grief is to be supposed greater. It is not the hope of preferment which forced me to this extremity, because I am of sufficient parentage and patrimony in mine own country, neither the desire to see foreign fashions, because it is not fit for a virgin to be counted a wanderer.*

*No, it is partly for thy cause, Signor Farnese, that I came, both to keep thee from pronouncing unjust judgment, to discover the monstrous treachery of a trothless courtesan, and to save this guiltless gentleman from present danger, who by birth is a Paduan & of noble parentage, issued from such a stock as yet was never stained either for cowards or traitors. For his state, he is not free, but contracted unto me by consent of both our parents. As concerning his sojourning in Saragossa, it was not to betray your city, but to learn your fashions; not to be counted a counterfeit, but to be called courteous. But to be brief, lest my tale might seem tedious, to his unjust accusation inferred by such an injurious courtesan, thus I answer, that if the calling of a strumpet carried as little credit here as it doth with us in Padua, Pharicles would have been more favourably examined, and her accusation more thoroughly canvassed. It was not (O noble Farnese) that she accused Pharicles because of his treachery, but in that he would not consent to her vanity; not because she had such love to her native country, but in that Pharicles would not agree to match himself with so graceless a monster, and for the confirmation of this my allegiance, see here the letter of Clarinda and the reply of Pharicles. And with that she held her peace.*

Farnese and the rest of the magistrates, having read the contents of the letters, marvelling at ye mischievous mind of so hellish a harlot, sent speedily for Clarinda, who being come and more strictly examined, confessed the fault, and received the punishment due for such an offence. But when the citizens of Saragossa, and especially Ferragus, heard how Pharicles was acquitted and the treachery discovered, they both rejoiced for his happy delivery and also wondered that such marvelous wit, wisdom and incomparable constancy could remain within the young and tender years of Mamillia. But Pharicles, seeing before his eyes the goddess which had given him unhoped for life, driven as it were into an ecstasy for joy, with blushing cheeks & trembling joints, as one feeling in his conscience the sting of his former inconstancy, welcomed her on this wise:

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*Oh, Mamillia, quoth he, how welcome thou art to thy poor perplexed Pharicles I can scarcely conceive, much less able to express, but if time and place were convenient either to confess my fault or acknowledge my offence, thou shouldst perceive I did now as heartily repent as before wilfully offend. Alas, how am I bound, if it were but for this one only desert, to remain thy bonds slave forever at command. Well, omitting such secrets till a more convenient leisure, hoping thou hast forgiven and forgotten all forepassed follies, I bid thee once again most heartily welcome to Saragossa.*

*Pharicles, quoth she, thy Mamillia takes this thy hearty welcome as a sufficient recompense for all her trouble and travail, assuring thee she hath both forgiven and forgotten all forepassed injuries, otherwise I would never have taken such pains to free thee from danger.*

*Let your amorous discourses alone till another time, quoth Farnese, for you shall with the rest of the magistrates of Saragossa be my guests today at dinner.*

Pharicles and Mamillia, thanking Farnese for his courtesy, & accepting his gentle proffer, were not only his guests for that day but were so sumptuously banqueted there for the space of a week that they easily perceived by their good cheer how welcome they were to the gentleman. At last taking their leave of Farnese, they returned home to Padua, where the senators, hearing of the strange adventures which Pharicles had passed, and perceiving the incomparable constancy of Mamillia, they were not only content that they two should marry together, but also, contrary to her father's last will & testament, let her peaceably enjoy all his lands and possessions. Marry, whether Pharicles proved as inconstant a husband as a faithless wooer, I know not, but if it be my hap to hear, look for news as speedily as may be.

Robert Greene.