
MENAPHON

Camilla's Alarum to Slumbering Euphues in his Melancholy Cell at Silixedra

Wherein are deciphered the variable effects of fortune, the wonders of love, the triumphs
of inconstant time.

Displaying in sundry conceited passions (figured in a continue history) the trophies that
virtue carrieth triumphant, maugre the wrath of envy or the resolution of fortune.

A work worthy the youngest ears for pleasure, or the gravest censure for principles.

Robertus Greene, in Artibus Magister.

Omne tulit punctum.

London.

Printed by T.O. for Sampson Clarke, and are to be sold behind the Royal Exchange.
1589.

To the right worshipful and virtuous lady, the Lady Hales, wife to the late deceased Sir James Hales, Robert Greene wisheth increase of worship and virtue.

When Alexander (right worshipful) was troubled with hottest fevers, Philip the physician brought him the coldest potions; extremes have their antidotes, & the driest melancholy hath a moistest sanguine. Wise Hortensia, midst her greatest dumps, either played with her children or read some pleasant verses; such as sorrow hath pinched, mirth must cure.

This considered, hearing (Madam) of the passions your Ladyship hath uttered alate for the loss of your husband, a knight in life worshipful, virtuous, and full of honourable thoughts, discovering by such passionate sorrows the pattern of a loving and virtuous wife whose joys lived in her husband's weal and ended with his life, I thought it my duty to write this pastoral history containing the manifold injuries of fortune, that both your Ladyship might see her inconstant follies, and bear her frowns with more patience, and when your dumps were most deep, then to look on this little treatise for recreation, wherein there be as well humours to delight as discourses to advise. Which if your Ladyship shall vouch to accept, covering my presumption and faults with your wonted courtesy, I have the wished end of my labours. In which hope resting, I commit your Ladyship to the Almighty.

Yours in all humble service,
Robert Greene.

To the gentlemen readers, health.

It fareth with me, gentlemen, as with Bathyllus, the over-bold poet of Rome, that at every wink of Caesar would deliver up an hundred verses, though never a one plausible, thinking the Emperor's smile a privilege for his ignorance, so I, having your favour in letting pass my pamphlets, fear not to trouble your patience with many works, and such as if Bathyllus had lived, he might well have subscribed his name to. But resting upon your favours, I have thus far adventured to let you see *Camilla's Alarum To Euphues*, who thought it necessary not to let *Euphues' Censure To Philautus* pass without requital. If, gentlemen, you find my style either *magis humile* [=more lowly] in some place, or more sublime in another, if you find dark enigmas or strange conceits as if Sphinx on the one side and Roscius on the other were playing the wags, think the metaphors are well meant, and that I did it for your pleasures, whereunto I ever aimed my thoughts, and desire you to take a little pains to pry into my imagination. Wherein if you shall rest mine, I shall ever as I have done, rest yours, and so I bid you farewell.

To the gentlemen students of both universities.

Courteous and wise, whose judgments (not entangled with envy) enlarge the deserts of the learned by your liberal censures, vouchsafe to welcome your scholarlike shepherd with such university entertainment as either the nature of your bounty or the custom of your common civility may afford. To you he appeals that knew him *ab extrema pueritia* [=from earliest youth], whose placet he accounts the plaudite of his pains, thinking his day-labour was not altogether lavished *sine linea* if there be anything at all in it that doth *olere Atticum* in your estimate. I am not ignorant how eloquent our gowned age is grown of late, so that every mechanical mate abhorreth the English he was born to, and plucks, with a solemn periphrasis, his *ut vales* from the ink-horn, which I impute not so much to the perfection of arts as to the servile imitation of vainglorious tragedians, who contend not so seriously to excel in action as to embowel the clouds in a speech of comparison, thinking themselves more than initiated in poets' immortality if they but once get Boreas by the beard and the heavenly bull by the dewlap. But herein I cannot so fully bequeath them to folly as their idiot art-masters, that intrude themselves to our ears as the alchemists of eloquence, who (mounted on the stage of arrogance) think to outbrave better pens with the swelling bombast of bragging blank verse. Indeed, it may be the engrafted overflow of some kill-cow conceit that overcloyeth their imagination with a more than drunken resolution (being not extemporal in the invention of any other means to vent their manhood) commits the digestion of their choleric encumbrances to the spacious volubility of a drumming decasyllabon. 'Mongst this kind of men that repose eternity in the mouth of a player, I can but engross some deep-read schoolmen or grammarians, who having no more learning in their skull than will serve to take up a commodity, nor art in their brain than was nourished in a serving-man's idleness, will take upon them to be the ironical censors of all, when God and poetry doth know they are the simplest of all.

To leave all these to the mercy of their mother tongue, that feed on naught but the crumbs that fall from the translator's trencher, I come (sweet friend) to thy Arcadian *Menaphon*, whose attire (though not so stately, yet comely) doth entitle thee above all other to that *temperatum dicendi genus* which Tully in his *Orator* termeth true eloquence. Let other men (as they please) praise the mountain that in seven years bringeth forth a mouse, or the Italianate pen that, of a packet of pilferies, affords the press a pamphlet or two in an age, and then, in disguised array, vaunts Ovid's and Plutarch's plumes as their own, but give me the man whose extemporal vein in any humour will excel our greatest art-masters' deliberate thoughts, whose inventions, quicker than his eye, will challenge the proudest rhetorician to the contention of like perfection with like expedition.

What is he among students so simple that cannot bring forth (*tandem aliquando* [=at last]) some or other thing singular, sleeping betwixt every sentence? Was it not Maro's twelve years' toil that so famed his twelve *Aeneidos*? Or Peter Ramus' sixteen years' pains that so praised his petty logic? How is it then our drooping wits should so wonder at an exquisite line that was his master's day-labour? Indeed, I must needs say the descending years from the philosophers' Athens have not been supplied with such present orators as were able in any English vein to be eloquent of their own, but either they must

borrow invention of Ariosto & his countrymen, take up choice of words by exchange in Tully's *Tusculans* & the Latin historiographers' storehouses (similitudes, nay, whole sheets & tractates verbatim from the plenty of Plutarch and Pliny), and, to conclude, their whole method of writing from the liberty of comical fictions that have succeeded to our rhetoricians by a second imitation, so that well may the adage *Nil dictum quod non dictum prius* [=There can be nothing said that has not been said before] be the most judicial estimate of our latter writers. But the hunger of our unsatiate humorists being such as it is, ready to swallow all draff without difference that insinuates itself to their senses under the name of delights, employs oft-times many threadbare wits to empty their invention of their apish devices, and talk most superficially of policy, as those that never wore gown in the university, wherein they revive the old-said adage, *sus Mineruam*, and cause the wiser to quip them with *asinus ad lyram* [=an ass at the lyre]. Would gentlemen and riper judgments admit my motion of moderation in a matter of folly, I would persuade them to physic their faculties of seeing and hearing as the Sabaeans do their dulled senses with smelling, who (as Strabo reporteth), overcloyed with such odoriferous savours as the natural increase of their country (balsamum, amomum, with myrrh and frankincense) sends forth, refresh their nostrils with the unsavoury scent of the pitchy slime that Euphrates casts up, & the contagious fumes of goats' beards burned; so would I have them, being surfeited unawares with the sweet satiety of eloquence which the lavish of our copious language may procure, to use the remedy of contraries, and recreate their rebated wits, not, as they did, with the scenting of slime or goats' beards burned, but with the overseeing of that *sublime dicendi genus* which walks abroad for waste paper in each serving-man's pocket, and the otherwhile perusing of our Gothamists' barbarism; so should the opposite comparison of purity expel the infection of absurdity, and their over-racked rhetoric be the ironical recreation of the reader.

But so far discrepant is the idle usage of our unexperienced and illiterate puisnes from this prescription that a tale of Joan of Brainford's will and the unlucky frumenty will be as soon entertained into their libraries as the best poem that ever Tasso eternished, which, being the effect of an undiscerning judgment, makes dross as valuable as gold and loss as welcome as gain, the glow-worm mentioned in Aesop's *Fables*, namely the ape's folly, to be mistaken for fire, whenas, God wot, poor souls, they have naught but their toil for their heat, their pains for their sweat, and (to bring it to our English proverb) their labour for their travail. Wherein I can but resemble them to the panther, who is so greedy of men's excrements that if they be hanged up in a vessel higher than his reach, he sooner kills himself with the overstretching of his windless body than he will cease from his intended enterprise. Oft have I observed what I now set down: a secular wit that hath lived all days of his life by *What do you lack?* to be more judicial in matters of conceit than our quadrant crepundios, that spit *ergo* in the mouth of everyone they meet; yet those and these are so affectionate to dogged detracting as the most poisonous pasquil any dirty-mouthed Martin or Momus ever composed is gathered up with greediness before it fall to the ground, and bought at the dearest, though they smell of the fripler's lavender half a year after, for, I know not how, the mind of the meanest is fed with this folly, that they impute singularity to him that slanders privily, and count it a great piece of art in an ink-horn man, in any tapsterly terms whatsoever, to expose his superiors to envy. I will not deny but in scholarlike matters of controversy a quicker style may pass as commendable,

and that a quip to an ass is as good as a goad to an ox, but when the irregular idiot that was up to the ears in divinity before ever he met with *probabile* in the university shall leave *pro & contra* before he can scarcely pronounce it, and come to correct commonweals that never heard of the name of magistrate before he came to Cambridge, it is no marvel if every ale-house vaunt the table of the world turned upside down, since the child beateth his father and the ass whippeth his master.

But lest I might seem, with these night-crows, *Nimis curiosus in aliena republica*, I will turn back to my first text of studies of delight, and talk a little in friendship with a few of our trivial translators. It is a common practice now-a-days amongst a sort of shifting companions, that run through every art and thrive by none, to leave the trade of noverint whereto they were born and busy themselves with the endeavours of art, that could scarcely Latinize their neck-verse if they should have need; yet English Seneca read by candlelight yields many good sentences, as *Blood is a beggar*, and so forth, and if you entreat him fair in a frosty morning, he will afford you whole *Hamlets*, I should say handfuls, of tragical speeches. But O grief! *Tempus edax rerum* [=Time, the devourer of things], what's that will last always? The sea exhaled by drops will in continuance be dry, and Seneca, let blood line by line and page by page, at length must needs die to our stage, which makes his famished followers to imitate the kid in *Aesop*, who, enamoured with the fox's newfangles, forsook all hopes of life to leap into a new occupation, and these men, renouncing all possibilities of credit or estimation, to intermeddle with Italian translations, wherein how poorly they have plodded (as those that are neither Provencal men, nor are able to distinguish of articles), let all indifferent gentlemen that have travailed in that tongue discern by their twopenny pamphlets. And no marvel though their home-born mediocrity be such in this matter, for what can be hoped of those that thrust Elysium into hell, and have not learned the just measure of the horizon with an hexameter? Sufficeth them to bodge up a blank verse with *ifs* and *ands*, and otherwhile, for recreation after their candle-stuff, having starched their beards most curiously, to make a peripatetical path into the inner parts of the City, and spend two or three hours in turning over French dowdy, where they attract more infection in one minute than they can do eloquence all days of their life by conversing with any authors of like argument.

But lest in this declamatory vein I should condemn all and commend none, I will propound to your learned imitation those men of import that have laboured with credit in this laudable kind of translation, in the forefront of whom I cannot but place that aged father Erasmus, that invested most of our Greek writers in the robes of the ancient Romans, in whose traces Philip Melancthon, Sadolet, Plantine, and many other reverent Germans insisting, have re-edified the ruins of our decayed libraries, and marvellously enriched the Latin tongue with the expense of their toil. Not long after, their emulation being transported into England, every private scholar, William Turner and who not, began to vent their smattering of Latin in English impressions. But amongst others in that age, Sir Thomas Elyot's elegance did sever itself from all equals, although Sir Thomas More with his comical wit at that instant was not altogether idle; yet was not knowledge fully confirmed in her monarchy amongst us till that most famous and fortunate nurse of all learning, Saint John's in Cambridge, that at that time was as an university within itself, shining so far above all other houses, halls and hospitals

whatsoever, that no college in the town was able to compare with the title of her students, having (as I have heard grave men of credit report) more candles light in it every winter morning before four of the clock than the four of the clock bell gave strokes; till she (I say) as a pitying mother put to her helping hand and sent from her fruitful womb sufficient scholars both to support her own weal, as also to supply all other inferior foundations' defects, and namely that royal erection of Trinity College, which the university orator, in an epistle to the Duke of Somerset, aptly termed *Colonia deducta* from the suburbs of Saint John's. In which extraordinary conception, *uno partu in rempublicam prodire*, the exchequer of eloquence, Sir John Cheke, a man of men, supernaturally traded in all tongues, Sir John Mason, Doctor Watson, Redman, Ascham, Grindal, Lever, Pilkington, all which have, either by their private readings or public works, repurged the errors of art expelled from their purity, and set before our eyes a more perfect method of study.

But how ill their precepts have prospered with our idle age, that leave the fountains of sciences to follow the rivers of knowledge, their overfraught studies with trifling compendiaries may testify, for I know not how it cometh to pass by the doting practice of our divinity dunces, that strive to make their pupils pulpit-men before they are reconciled to Priscian, but those years which should be employed in Aristotle are expired in epitomies, and well too they may have so much catechism vacation to rake up a little refuse philosophy. And here I could enter into a large field of invective against our abject abbreviations of arts, were it not grown to a new fashion among our nation to vaunt the pride of contraction in every manuary action, insomuch that the *paternoster*, which was wont to fill a sheet of paper, is written in the compass of a penny, whereupon one merrily affirmed that proverb to be derived, *No penny, no paternoster*. Which their nice curtailing putteth me in mind of the custom of the Scythians, who, if they had been at any time distressed with famine, took in their girdles shorter and swaddled themselves straighter to the intent, no vacuum being left in their entrails, hunger should not so much tyrannize over their stomachs; even so these men, oppressed with a greater penury of art, do pound their capacity in barren compendiums, and bound their base humours in the beggarly straits of a hungry *Analysis*, lest, longing after that *infinitum* which the poverty of their conceit cannot compass, they sooner yield up their youth to destiny than their heart to understanding.

How is it then such bungling practitioners in principles should ever profit the commonwealth by their negligent pains, who have no more cunning in logic or dialogue Latin than appertains to the literal construction of either? Nevertheless, it is daily apparent to our domestical eyes that there is none so forward to publish their imperfections, either in the trade of gloze or translations, as those that are more unlearned than ignorance, and less conceiving than infants. Yet dare I not impute absurdity to all of that society, although some of them have set their names to their simplicity. Whoever my private opinion condemneth as faulty, Master Gascoigne is not to be abridged of his deserved estimation, who first beat the path to that departure, whereto he did ascend by comparing the Italian with the English, as Tully did *Graeca cum Latinis*. Neither was Master Turberville the worst of his time, though in translating he attributed too much to the necessity of rime. And in this page of praise I cannot omit aged Arthur Golding for

his industrious toil in Englishing Ovid's *Metamorphosis*, besides many other exquisite editions of divinity turned by him out of the French tongue into our own. M. Phaer likewise is not to be forgot in regard of his famous Virgil, whose heavenly verse, had it not been blemished by his haughty thoughts, England might have long insulted in his wit, and *corrigat qui potest* have been subscribed to his works. But Fortune, the mistress of change, with a pitying compassion respecting Master Stanyhurst's praise, would that Phaer should fall that he might rise, whose heroical poetry, enfired, I should say inspired, with an hexameter fury, recalled to life whatever hissed barbarism hath been buried this C. year, and revived by his ragged quill such carterly variety as no Hodge plowman in a country but would have held as the extremity of clownery, a pattern whereof I will propound to your judgments, as near as I can, being part of one of his descriptions of a tempest, which is thus:

*Then did he make heaven's vault to rebound with rounce robble hobble
Of ruff-raff roaring with thwick-thwack thurlery bouncing.*

Which strange language of the firmament, never subject before to our common phrase, makes us that are not used to terminate heaven's moving in the accents of any voice, esteem of their triobolar interpreter as of some thrasonical huff-snuff, for so terrible was his style to all mild ears as would have affrighted our peaceable poets from intermeddling hereafter with that quarrelling kind of verse, had not sweet Master Fraunce, by his excellent translation of Master Thomas Watson's sugared *Amintas*, animated their dulled spirits to such high-witted endeavours. But, I know not how, their over-timorous cowardice hath stood in awe of envy, that no man since him durst imitate any of the worst of these Roman wonders in English, which makes me think that either the lovers of mediocrity are very many, or that the number of good poets are very small, and, in truth (Master Watson except, whom I mentioned before), I know not almost any of late days that hath showed himself singular in any special Latin poem, whose *Amyntas*, and translated *Antigone*, may march in equipage of honour with any of our ancient poets. I will not say but we had a Haddon, whose pen would have challenged the laurel from Homer, together with Carr, that came as near him as Virgil to Theocritus. But Thomas Newton with his *Leland*, and Gabriel Harvey, with two or three other, is almost all the store that is left us at this hour. Epitaphers and position poets we have more than a good many, that swarm like crows to a dead carcass, but fly, like swallows in the winter, from any continue subject of wit.

The efficient whereof I imagine to issue from the upstart discipline of our reformatory churchmen, who account wit vanity, and poetry impiety, whose error, although the necessity of philosophy might confute, which lies couched most closely under dark fables' profundity, yet I had rather refer it as a disputative plea to divines than set it down as a determinate position in my unexperienced opinion. But however their dissentious judgments should decree in their afternoon sessions of *an sit*, the private truth of my discovered creed in this controversy is this, that as that beast was thought scarce worthy to be sacrificed to the Egyptian Epaphus who had not some or other black spot on his skin, so I deem him far unworthy the name of a scholar, and so, consequently, to sacrifice his endeavours to art, that is not a poet either in whole or in part.

And here, peradventure, some desperate quipper will canvass my proposed comparison *plus ultra*, reconciling the allusion of the black spot to the black-pot which maketh our poets' undermeal muses so mutinous, as every stanza they pen after dinner is full-pointed with a stab. Which their dagger drunkenness, although it might be excused with *Tam Marti, quam Mercurio*, yet will I cover it as well as I may with that proverbial *foecundi calices*, that might well have been door-keeper to the can of Silenus, when, nodding on his ass trapped with ivy, he made his moist nose-cloth the pausing *intermedium* twixt every nap. Let frugal scholars and fine-fingered novices take their drink by the ounce and their wine by the halfpennyworths, but it is for a poet to examine the pottle-pots, and gauge the bottom of whole gallons, *Qui bene vult poiein, debet anti pinein*. A pot of blue-burning ale with a fiery-flaming toast is as good as Pallas with the nine muses on Parnassus' top, without the which, in vain they may cry, *O thou, my muse, inspire me with some pen*, when they want certain liquid sacrifice to rouse her forth her den.

Pardon me (gentlemen) though somewhat merrily I glance at their immoderate folly who affirm that no man writes with conceit except he take counsel of the cup, nor would I have you think that *Theonino dente*, I arm my style against all, since I do know the moderation of many gentlemen of that study to be so far from infamy as their verse from equality, whose sufficiency, were it as well seen into by those of higher place as it wanders abroad unrewarded in the mouths of ungrateful monsters, no doubt but the remembrance of Maecenas' liberality extended to Maro and men of like quality would have left no memory to that proverb of poverty, *Si nihil attuleris, ibis Homere foras* [=If, Homer, you do not bring anything, you will go outside]. Tush, say our English Italians, the finest wits our climate sends forth are but dry-brained dolts in comparison of other countries, whom, if you interrupt with *redde rationem*, they will tell you of Petrarch, Tasso, Celiano, with an infinite number of others, to whom, if I should oppose Chaucer, Lydgate, Gower, with suchlike that lived under the tyranny of ignorance, I do think their best lovers would be much discontented with the collation of contraries, if I should write over all their heads, *Hail fellow well met*. One thing I am sure of, that these three have vaunted their metres with as much admiration in English as ever the proudest Ariosto did his verse in Italian.

What should I come to our court, where the otherwhile vacations of our graver nobility are prodigal of more pompous wit and choice of words than ever tragic Tasso could attain to? But as for pastoral poems, I will not make the comparison, lest our countrymen's credit should be discountenanced by the contention, who, although they cannot fare with such inferior facility, yet I know would carry the bucklers full easily from all foreign bravers if their *subiectum circa quod* should savour of anything haughty. And should the challenge of deep conceit be intruded by any foreigner to bring our English wits to the touchstone of art, I would prefer divine Master Spenser, the miracle of wit, to bandy line by line for my life in the honour of England against Spain, France, Italy and all the world. Neither is he the only swallow of our summer (although Apollo, if his tripos were up again, would pronounce him his Socrates), but he being forborne, there are extant about London many most able men to revive poetry, though it were executed ten thousand times, as in Plato's, so in Puritans', commonwealth, as, namely, for example, Matthew

Roydon, Thomas Achlow, and George Peele, the first of whom, as he hath showed himself singular in the immortal epitaph of his beloved Astrophel, besides many other most absolute comic inventions (made more public by every man's praise than they can be by my speech), so the second hath more than once or twice manifested his deep-witted scholarship in places of credit, and for the last, though not the least of them all, I dare commend him unto all that know him as the chief supporter of pleasance now living, the Atlas of poetry, and *primus verborum artifex*, whose first increase, *The Arraignement of Paris*, might plead to your opinions his pregnant dexterity of wit and manifold variety of invention, wherein (*me iudice*) he goeth a step beyond all that writ. Sundry other sweet gentlemen I do know that have vaunted their pens in private devices, and tricked up a company of taffety fools with their feathers whose beauty, if our poets had not pieced with the supply of their periwigs, they might have anticked it until this time up and down the country with the King of Fairies, and dined every day at the pease-porridge ordinary with Delphrigus.

But Tolosa hath forgotten that it was sometime sacked, and beggars that ever they carried their fardels on footback, and in truth no marvel, whenas the deserved reputation of one Roscius is of force to enrich a rabble of counterfeits. Yet let subjects for all their insolence dedicate a *De profundis* every morning to the preservation of their Caesar, lest their increasing indignities return them ere long to their juggling and mediocrity, and they bewail in weeping blanks the wane of their monarchy.

As poetry hath been honoured in those her forenamed professors, so it hath not been any whit disparaged by William Warner's absolute *Albions*. And here authority hath made a full point, in which reverence insisting, I cease to expose to your sport the picture of those pamphleters and poets that make a patrimony of *In speech*, and more than a younger brother's inheritance of their Absey. Read favourably to encourage me in the firstlings of my folly, and persuade yourselves I will persecute those idiots and their heirs unto the third generation, that have made art bankrupt of her ornaments, and sent poetry a-begging up and down the country. It may be, my *Anatomy of Absurdities* may acquaint you ere long with my skill in surgery, wherein the diseases of art more merrily discovered may make our maimed poets put together their blanks unto the building of an hospital.

If you chance to meet it in Paul's, shaped in a new suit of similitudes, as if, like the eloquent apprentice of Plutarch, it were propped at seven years' end in double apparel, think his master hath fulfilled covenants, and only cancelled the indentures of duty. If I please, I will think my ignorance indebted unto you that applaud it; if not, what rests, but that I be excluded from your courtesy, like apocrypha from your Bibles?

However, yours ever, Thomas Nashe.

In laudem authoris
Distichon amoris

Delicious words, the life of wanton wit,
That do inspire our souls with sweet content,
Why have your father Hermes thought it fit
My eyes should surfeit by my heart's content?

Full twenty summers have I fading seen,
And twenty Floras in their golden guise,
Yet never viewed I such a pleasant Greene
As this, whose garnished gleades compare denies.

Of all the flowers, a Lyly one I lov'd,
Whose labouring beauty branched itself abroad,
But now old age his glory hath remov'd
And Greener objects are my eyes' abode.

No country to the downs of Arcady,
Where Aganippe's ever-springing wells
Do moist the meads with bubbling melody,
And makes me muse what more in Delos dwells.

There feeds our Menaphon's celestial muse,
There makes his pipe his pastoral report,
Which strained now a note above his use
Foretells he'll ne'er more chant of Choas' sport.

Read all that list, and read till you mislike;
Condemn who can, so envy be no judge,
Nor reed can swell more higher less it shriek.
Robin, thou hast done well; care not who grudge.

Henry Upcheare, gentleman.

Thomas Brabine, gentleman

In praise of the author.

Come forth, you wits that vaunt the pomp of speech,
And strive to thunder from a stageman's throat;
View Menaphon, a note above your reach,
Whose sight will make your drumming descant dote;
Players, avaunt, you know not to delight;
Welcome, sweet shepherd, worth a scholar's sight.

Smyrna is dry, and Helicon exhal'd,
Caballian founts have left their springing source,
Parnassus with his laurel stands appall'd,
And yet his muse keeps on her wonted course;
Wonted, said I? I wrong his praise too much,
Since that his pen before brought forth none such.

One writes of love, and wanders in the air,
Another stands on term of trees and stones,
When heaven's compare yields but the praise of fair,
And crystal can describe but flesh and bones,
Yet country swains, whose thoughts are faith and troth
Will shape sweet words of wool and russet cloth.

'Mongst whom, if I my Tityrus should choose
Whose warbling tunes might wanton out my woes,
To none more oft'ner would my solace use
That to his pastorals, their mortal foes;
Sweet verse, sweet prose, how have you pleased my vein!
Be thou still Greene whiles others' glory wane.

Finis.

Arcadia.

The Reports of the Shepherds.

After that the wrath of mighty Jove had wrapped Arcadia with noisome pestilence, insomuch that the air, lending prejudicial savours, seemed to be peremptory in some fatal resolution, Democles, sovereign and king of that famous continent, pitying the sinister accidents of his people, being a man as just in his censures as royal in his possessions, as careful for the weal of his country as the continuance of his diadem, thinking that unpeopled cities were corrosives to princes' conscience, that the strength of his subjects was the sinews of his dominions, and that every crown must contain a care, not only to win honour by foreign conquests, but in maintaining dignity with civil and domestical insights, Democles grounding his arguments upon these premises, coveting to be counted *pater patriae*, calling a parliament together, whither all his nobility, incited by summons, made their repair, elected two of his chief lords to pass unto Delphos, at Apollo's oracle to hear the fatal sentence either of their future misery or present remedy.

They, having their charge, posting from Arcadia to the tripos where Pythia sat, the sacred nymph that delivered out Apollo's dylonimas, offering, as their manner is, their orisons & presents, as well to entreat by devotion as to persuade by bounty, they had returned from Apollo this doom:

*When Neptune, riding on the southern seas,
Shall from the bosom of his leman yield
Th' Arcadian wonder, men and gods to please,
Plenty in pride shall march amidst the field,
Dead men shall war, and unborn babes shall frown,
And with their falchions hew their foemen down.*

*When lambs have lions for their surest guide,
And planets rest upon th' Arcadian hills,
When swelling seas have neither ebb nor tide,
When equal banks the ocean margin fills,
Then look, Arcadians, for a happy time,
And sweet content within your troubled clime.*

No sooner had Pythia delivered this scroll to the lords of Arcady but they departed and brought it to Democles, who causing the oracle to be read amongst his distressed commons, found the Delphian censure more full of doubts to amaze than fraught with hope to comfort, thinking rather that the angry god sent a peremptory presage of ruin than a probable ambiguity to applaud any hope of remedy, yet loath to have his careful subjects fall into the baleful labyrinth of despair, Democles began to discourse unto them that the interpreters of Apollo's secrets were not the conceits of human reason but the success of long-expected events; that comets did portend at the first blaze, but took effect in the dated bosom of the destinies; that oracles were foretold at the Delphian cave, but were shaped out and finished in the council-house.

With such persuasive arguments Democles appeased the distressed thoughts of his doubtful countrymen, and commanded by proclamation that no man should pry into the quiddities of Apollo's answer, lest sundry censures of his divine secrecy should trouble Arcadia with some sudden mutiny. The king thus smoothing the heat of his cares, rested a melancholy man in his courts, hiding under his head the double-faced figure of Janus, as well to clear the skies of other men's conceits with smiles as to furnish out his own dumps with thoughts. But as other beasts level their looks at the countenance of the lion, and birds make wing as the eagle flies, so *Regis ad arbitrium totus componitur orbis*, the people were measured by the mind of the sovereign, and what storms soever they smoothed in private conceit, yet they made hay and cried holiday in outward appearance, insomuch that every man repaired to his own home and fell either unto pleasure or labours as their living or content allowed them.

Whiles thus Arcadia rested in a silent quiet, Menaphon, the king's shepherd, a man of high account among the swains of Arcady, loved of the nymphs as the paragon of all their country youngsters, walking solitary down to the shore to see if any of his ewes and lambs were straggled down to the strond to browse on sea-ivy wherefore they take special delight to feed, he found his flocks grazing upon the promontory mountains hardly, whereon resting himself on a hill that overpeered the great Mediterranean, noting how Phoebus fetched his lavalto on the purple plains of Neptunus as if he had meant to have courted Thetis in the royalty of his robes; the dolphins (the sweet conceiters of music) fetched their careers on the calmed waves as if Arion had touched the strings of his silver-sounding instrument; the mermaids, thrusting their heads from the bosom of Amphitrite, sat on the mounting banks of Neptune drying their watery tresses in the sunbeams; Aeolus forbare to throw abroad his gusts on the slumbering brows of the sea-god, as giving Triton leave to pleasure his queen with desired melody, and Proteus liberty to follow his flocks without disquiet, Menaphon, looking over the champion of Arcady to see if the continent were as full of smiles as the seas were of favours, saw the shrubs as in a dream with delightful harmony and the birds that chanted on their branches not disturbed with the least breath of a favourable Zephyrus.

Seeing thus the accord of the land and the sea, casting a fresh gaze on the water-nymphs, he began to consider how Venus was feigned by the poets to spring of the froth of the seas, which drave him straight into a deep conjecture of the inconstancy of love, that as if Luna were his lodestar had every minute ebbs and tides, sometime overflowing the banks of fortune with a gracious look lightened from the eyes of a favourable lover, otherwhiles ebbing to the dangerous shelf of despair with the piercing frown of a froward mistress. Menaphon in this brown study calling to mind certain aphorisms that Anacreon had penned down as principles of love's follies, being as deep an enemy to fancy as Narcissus was to affection, began thus to scoff at Venus' deity:

Menaphon, thy mind's favours are greater than thy wealth's fortunes, thy thoughts higher than thy birth, & thy private conceit better than thy public esteem. Thou art a shepherd, Menaphon, who in feeding of thy flocks findest out nature's secrecy, and in preventing thy lambs' prejudice conceitest the astronomical motions of the heavens, holding thy

sheep-walks to yield as great philosophy as the ancients' discourse in their learned Academies. Thou countest labour as the Indians do their chrysocolle wherewith they try every metal and thou examine every action. Content sitteth in thy mind as Neptune in his sea-throne, who with his trident mace appeaseth every storm. When thou seest the heavens frown, thou thinkest on thy faults, and a clear sky putteth thee in mind of grace. The summer's glory tells thee of youth's vanity; the winter's parched leaves, of age's declining weakness. Thus in a mirror thou measurest thy deeds with equal and considerate motions, and by being a shepherd findest that which kings want in their royalties. Envy overlooketh thee, renting with the winds the pine-trees of Ida when the Afric shrubs wave not a leaf with the tempests. Thine eyes are veiled with content that thou canst not gaze so high as ambition, & for love . . . and with that, in naming of love, the shepherd fell into a great laughter.

Love, Menaphon, why of all follies that ever poets feigned or men ever faulted with, this foolish imagination of love is the greatest. Venus, forsooth, for her wanton escapes must be a goddess, & her bastard a deity. Cupid must be young and ever a boy to prove that love is fond and witless, wings to make him inconstant and arrows whereby to show him fearful, blind (or all were not worth a pin) to prove that Cupid's level is both without aim and reason; this is the god, and such are his votaries. As soon as our shepherds of Arcady settle themselves to fancy, and wear the characters of Venus stamped in their foreheads, straight their attire must be quaint, their looks full of amours as their god's quiver is full of arrows, their eyes holding smiles and tears to leap out at their mistress' favours or her frowns. Sighs must fly as figures of their thoughts, and every wrinkle must be tempered with a passion. Thus suited in outward proportion and made excellent in inward constitution, they straight repair to take view of their mistress' beauty. She, as one observant unto Venus' principles, first tieth love in her tresses and wraps affection in the trammels of her hair, snaring our swains in her locks as Mars in the net, holding in her forehead fortune's calendar either to assign dismal influence or some favourable aspect. If a wrinkle appear in her brow, then our shepherd must put on his working-day face, & frame naught but doleful madrigals of sorrow; if a dimple grace her cheek, the heavens cannot prove fatal to our kind-hearted lovers. If she seem coy, then poems of death mounted upon deep-drawn sighs fly from their master to sue for some favour, alleging how death at the least may date his misery. To be brief, as upon the shores of Lapanthe [=Lepanto?] the winds continue never one day in one quarter, so the thoughts of a lover never continue scarce a minute in one passion, but as fortune's globe, so is fancy's seat variable and inconstant. If lovers' sorrows then be like Sisyphus' turmoils, & their favours like honey bought with gall, let poor Menaphon then live at labour and make esteem of Venus as of Mars his concubine, and as the Cimbrians hold their idols in account but in every tempest, so make Cupid a god but when thou art over-pained with passions, and that [sic for 'then'?] Menaphon will never love, for as long as thou temperest thy hands with labours thou canst not fetter thy thoughts with loves.

And in this satirical humour, smiling at his own conceits, he took his pipe in his hand, and between every report of his instrument sung a stanza to this effect:

Menaphon's song.

*Some say love,
 Foolish love,
 Doth rule and govern all the gods;
 I say love,
 Inconstant love,
 Sets men's senses far at odds.
 Some swear love,
 Smooth'd face love,
 Is sweetest sweet that men can have;
 I say love,
 Sour love,
 Makes virtue yield as beauty's slave.
 A bitter sweet, a folly worst of all
 That forceth wisdom to be folly's thrall.*

*Love is sweet.
 Wherein sweet?
 In fading pleasures that do pain;
 Beauty sweet.
 Is that sweet
 That yieldeth sorrow for a gain?
 If love's sweet,
 Herein sweet,
 That minutes' joys are monthly woes.
 'Tis not sweet
 That is sweet
 Nowhere but where repentance grows.*

*Then love who list. If beauty be so sour,
 Labour for me. Love rest in princes' bower.*

Menaphon having ended his roundelay, rising up, thinking to pass from the mountain down to the valley, casting his eye to the sea-side, espied certain fragments of a broken ship floating upon the waves, and sundry persons driven upon the shore with a calm, walking all wet and weary upon the sands. Wondering at this strange sight, he stood amazed, yet desirous to see the event of this accident, he shrouded himself to rest unespied till he might perceive what would happen. At last he might descry it was a woman holding a child in her arms, and an old man directing her, as it were her guide. These three (as distressed wracks) preserved by some further forepointing fate, coveted to climb the mountain, the better to use the favour of the sun to dry their drenched apparel, at last crawled up where poor Menaphon lay close, and resting them under a bush, the old man did nothing but send out sighs, and the woman ceased not from streaming forth rivulets of tears that hung on her cheeks like the drops of pearled dew upon the riches of Flora. The poor babe was the touchstone of his mother's passions, for when he smiled and lay laughing in her lap, were her heart never so deeply overcharged with her present

sorrows, yet kissing the pretty infant, she lightened out smiles from those cheeks that were furrowed with continual sources of tears, but if he cried, then sighs as smokes and sobs as thunder-cracks fore-ran those showers that with redoubled distress distilled from her eyes, thus with pretty inconstant passions trimming up her baby, and at last, to lull him asleep, she warbled out of her woeful breast this ditty:

Sephestia's song to her child.

*Weep not my wanton, smile upon my knee;
When thou art old, there's grief enough for thee.
Mother's wag, pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy.
When thy father first did see
Such a boy by him and me,
He was glad, I was woe;
Fortune changed made him so;
When he left his pretty boy,
Last his sorrow, first his joy.*

*Weep not my wanton, smile upon my knee,
When thou art old, there's grief enough for thee.
Streaming tears that never stint,
Like pearl drops from a flint
Fell by course from his eyes
That one another's place supplies;
Thus he grieved in every part,
Tears of blood fell from his heart
When he left his pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy.*

*Weep not my wanton, smile upon my knee,
When thou art old, there's grief enough for thee.
The wanton smiled, father wept,
Mother cried, baby leapt,
More he crowed, more we cried,
Nature could not sorrow hide.
He must go, he must kiss
Child and mother, baby bliss,
For he left his pretty boy
Father's sorrow, father's joy.*

*Weep not my wanton, smile upon my knee,
When thou art old, there's grief enough for thee.*

With this lullaby the baby fell asleep, and Sephestia, laying it upon the green grass, covered it with a mantle, & then leaning her head on her hand and her elbow on her lap,

she fell afresh to pour forth abundance of complaints, which Lamedon, the old man, espying, although in his face appeared the map of discontent, and in every wrinkle was a catalogue of woes, yet to cheer up Sephestia, shrouding his inward sorrow with an outward smile, he began to comfort her in [t]his manner:

Sephestia, thou seest no physic prevails against the gaze of the basilisk, no charm against the sting of the tarantula, no prevention to divert the decree of the fates, nor no means to recall back the baleful hurt of fortune. Incurable sores are without Avicen's aphorisms, and therefore no salve for them but patience. Then, my Sephestia, sith thy fall is high and fortune low, thy sorrows great and thy hope little, seeing me partaker of thy miseries, set all thy rest upon this: Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris [=It is a comfort to the unfortunate to have had companions in woe]. Chance is like Janus, double-faced, as well full of smiles to comfort as of frowns to dismay. The ocean at his deadeast ebb returns to a full tide; when the eagle means to soar highest, he raiseth his flight in the lowest dales. So fareth it with fortune, who in her highest extremes is most unconstant. When the tempest of her wrath is most fearful, then look for a calm; when she beats thee with a nettle, then think she will strew thee with roses. When she is most familiar with furies, her intent is to be most prodigal, Sephestia. Thus are the arrows of fortune feathered with the plumes of the bird halcyon, that changeth colours with the moon, which howsoever she shoots them, pierce not so deep but that they may be cured. But Sephestia, thou [sic for 'thou'] art daughter to a king, exiled by him from the hope of a crown, banished from the pleasures of the court to the painful fortunes of the country, parted for love from him thou canst not but love, from Maximus, Sephestia, who for thee hath suffered so many disfavours as either discontent or death can afford.

What of all this? Is not hope the daughter of time? Have not stars their favourable aspects, as they have froward opposition? Is there not a Jupiter, as there is a Saturn? Cannot the influence of smiling Venus stretch as far as the frowning constitution of Mars? I tell thee, Sephestia, Juno foldeth in her brows the volumes of the destinies; whom melancholy Saturn deposeth from a crown, she mildly advanceth to a diadem. Then fear not, for if the mother live in misery, yet hath she a sceptre for the son. Let the unkindness of thy father be buried in the cinders of obedience, and the want of Maximus be supplied with the presence of his pretty babe, who being too young for fortune, lies smiling on thy knee and laughs at fortune. Learn by him, Sephestia, to use patience, which is like the balm in the vale of Jehoshaphat, that findeth no wound so deep but it cureth. Thou seest already fortune begins to change her hue, for after the great storm that rent our ship, we found a calm that brought us safe to shore. The mercy of Neptune was more than the envy of Aeolus, and the discourtesy of thy father is proportioned with the favour of the gods. Thus, Sephestia, being copartner of thy misery, yet do I seek to allay thy martyrdom; being sick to myself, yet do I play the physician to thee, wishing thou mayest bear thy sorrows with as much content as I brook my misfortunes with patience.

As he was ready to go forward with his persuasive argument, Sephestia, fetching a deep sigh, filling her tender eyes with tears, made this reply:

Sweet Lamedon, once partner of my royalties, now partaker of my wants, as constant in his extreme distress as faithful in higher fortunes, the turtle perketh not on barren trees, doves delight not in foul cottages, the lion frequents not putrefied haunts, friends follow not after poverty, nor hath sinister chance any drugs from the physicians, Nullus ad amissas ibit amicus opes, and yet, Lamedon, the misfortune of Sephestia abridgeth not our old-contracted amity. Thou temperest her exile with thy banishment, and she sailing to Styx, thou ferriest over to Phlegethon. Then, Lamedon, saying as Andromache said to Hector, Tu Dominus, tu vir, tu mihi frater eris [=Thou lord, thou man, thou wilt be my brother], thy aged years shall be the calendar of my fortunes, and thy grey hairs the parallels of mine actions. If Lamedon persuade Sephestia to content, Portia shall not exceed Sephestia in patience; if he will her to keep a low sail, she will vail all her sheet; if to forget her loves, she will quench them with labours; if to accuse Venus as a foe, I will hate Cupid as an enemy, and seeing the destinies have driven thee [sic for 'me'?] from a crown, I will rest satisfied with the country, placing all my delights in honouring thee, & nursing up my pretty wanton. I will imagine a small cottage to [+be] a spacious palace, & think as great quiet in a russet coat as in royal habiliments. Sephestia, Lamedon, will not scorn with Juno to turn herself into the shape of Semele's nurse, but unknown, rest careless of my fortunes. The hope of time's return shall be the end of my thoughts; the smiles of my son shall be the nourishment of my heart, and the course of his youth shall be the comfort of my years. Every laughter that leaps from his looks shall be the holiday of my conceits, and every tear shall furnish out my griefs and his father's funerals. I have heard them say, Lamedon, that the lowest shrubs feel the least tempests, that in the valleys of Africa is heard no thunder, that in country rooms is greatest rest, and in little wealth the least disquiet. Dignity treadeth upon glass, and honour is like to the herb synara, that when it bloometh most gorgeous then it blasteth: Aulica vita splendida miseria [=Courtly life is splendid wretchedness]. Courts have golden dreams, but cottages sweet slumbers. Then, Lamedon, will I disguise myself; with my clothes I will change my thoughts, for being poorly attired I will be meanly minded, and measure my actions by my present estate, not by former fortunes. In saying this, the babe awaked and cried, she fell to tears mixed with a lullaby.

All this while Menaphon sat amongst the shrubs fixing his eyes on the glorious object of her face. He noted her tresses, which he compared to the coloured hyacinth of Arcadia, her brows to the mountain snows that lie on the hills, her eyes to the grey glister of Titan's gorgeous mantle, her alabaster neck to the whiteness of his flocks, her teats [sic for 'teeth'?] to pearl, her face to borders of lilies interseamed with roses. To be brief, our shepherd Menaphon, that heretofore was an atheist to love, and as the Thessalian of Bacchus, so he a contemner of Venus, was now by the wily shaft of Cupid so entangled in the perfection & beauteous excellence of Sephestia as now he swore no benign planet but Venus, no god but Cupid, nor [sic for 'no'?] exquisite deity but love.

Being thus fettered with the pliant persuasions of fancy, impatient in his new affections, as the horse that never before felt the spur he could not bridle his new-concealed amours, but watching when they should depart, perceiving by the gestures of the old man and the tears of the gentlewoman that they were distressed, thought to offer any help that lay within the compass of his ability. As thus he mused in his new passions, Lamedon and

Sephestia rose up, and resolved to take their course which way the wind blew, passing so down the mountain to go seek out some town. As last, they pacing softly on, Lamedon espied Menaphon. Desirous therefore to know the course of the country, he saluted him thus:

Shepherd (for so far thy attire warrants me; courteous, for so much thy countenance imports), if distressed persons, whom fortune hath wronged and the seas have favoured (if we may count it favour to live and want) may without offence crave so far aid as to know some place where to rest our weary and weather-beaten bones, your charges shall be paid, and you have for recompense such thanks as fortune's outlaws may yield to their favourers.

Menaphon, hearing him speak so gravely, but not fitting his ear to his eyes, stood staring still on Sephestia's face, which she perceiving, flashed out such a blush from her alabaster cheeks that they looked like the ruddy gates of the morning. This sweet bashfulness amazing Menaphon, at last he began thus to answer:

Strangers, your degree I know not; therefore pardon if I give less title than your estates merit. Fortune's frowns are princes' fortunes, and kings are subject to chance & destiny. Mishap is to be salved with pity, not scorn, and we that are fortune's darlings are bound to relieve them that are distressed. Therefore follow me, and you shall have such succour as a shepherd may afford.

Lamedon and Sephestia were passing glad, and Menaphon led the way, not content only to feed his sight with the beauty of his new mistress, but thought also to infer some occasion of parley, to hear whether her voice were as melodious as her face beautiful. He therefore prosecuted his prattle thus:

Gentlewoman, when first I saw you sitting upon the Arcadian promontory with your baby on your lap and this old father by, I thought I had seen Venus with Cupid on her knee courted by Anchises of Troy; the excellence of your looks could discover no less than Mars his paramour, and the beauty of the child as much as the dignity of her wanton. At last, perceiving by your tears and your child's shrieks that ye were passengers distressed, I lent you sighs to partake your sorrows, and lukewarm drops to signify how I pity overcharged persons, in lieu whereof, let me crave your name, country and parentage.

Sephestia, seeing by the shepherd's passionate looks that the swain was half in love, replied thus:

Courteous shepherd, if my blubbered cheeks did look like Venus at a blush, it was when the woeful goddess wept for her fair Adonis. My boy is no Cupid, but the son of care, fortune's fondling in his youth, to be, I hope, her darling in his age. In that your looks saw our grief, & your thoughts pitied our woes, our tongues shall give thanks (the bounty of sorrow's tenants), and our hearts pray that the gods may be as friendly to your flocks as you favourable to us. My name is Samela, my country Cyprus, my parentage mean, the wife of a poor gentleman now deceased. How we arrived here by shipwreck, gentle

shepherd, inquire not, lest it be tedious for thee to hear it, and a double grief for me to rehearse it.

The shepherd, not daring to displease his mistress, as having love's threats hanging on her lips, he conveyed them home to his house. As soon as they were arrived there, he began at the door to entertain them thus:

Fair mistress, the flower of all our nymphs that live here in Arcadia, this is my cottage wherein I live content, and your lodging where (please it you) ye may rest quiet. I have not rich cloths of Egypt to cover the walls, nor store of plate to discover any wealth, for shepherds use neither to be proud nor covetous. You shall find here cheese and milk for dainties, and wool for clothing, in every corner of the house content sitting smiling, and tempering every homely thing with a welcome. This, if ye can brook & accept of (as gods allow the meanest hospitality), ye shall have such welcome and fare as Philemon and Baucis gave to Jupiter.

Sephestia thanked him heartily, and going into his house found what he promised. After that they had sat a little by the fire and were well warmed, they went to supper, where Sephestia fed well, as one whom the sea had made hungry, and Lamedon so plied his teeth that all supper he spake not one word. After they had taken their repast, Menaphon, seeing they were weary, and that sleep chimed on to rest, he let them see their lodging, and so gave them the good night.

Lamedon on his flock-bed, and Sephestia on her country couch were so weary that they slept well, but Menaphon, poor Menaphon neither asked his swains for his sheep nor took his mole-spade on his neck to see his pastures, but as a man pained with a thousand passions, drenched in distress and overwhelmed with a multitude of uncouth cares, he sat like the pictures that Perseus turned with his Gorgon's head into stones. His sister Carmela kept his house (for so was the country wench called), and she, seeing her brother sit so malcontented, stepped to her cupboard and fetched a little beaten spice in an old bladder. She spared no evening milk, but went amongst the cream bowls, and made him a posset. But alas, love had so locked up the shepherd's stomach that none would down with Menaphon.

Carmela, seeing her brother refuse his spiced drink, thought all was not well, and therefore sat down and wept. To be short, she blubbered and he sighed [=sighed], and his men that came in and saw their master with a kercher on his head mourned, so that amongst these swains there was such melody that Menaphon took his bow and arrows and went to bed, where casting himself, he thought to have beguiled his passions with some sweet slumbers, but love, that smiled at his new-entertained champion, sitting on his bed's-head pricked him forward with new desires, charging Morpheus, Phobetor and Icolon [=Icelus], the gods of sleep, to present unto his closed eyes the singular beauty and rare perfections of Samela (for so will we now call her), in that the idea of her excellence forced him to breathe out scalding sighs smothered within the furnace of his thoughts, which grew into this or the like passion:

I had thought, Menaphon, that he which weareth the bay-leaf had been free from lightning, and the eagle's pen a preservative against thunder; that labour had been enemy to love, and the eschewing of idleness an antidote against fancy, but I see by proof there is no adamant so hard but the blood of a goat will make soft, no fort so well defenced but strong battery will enter, nor any heart so pliant to restless labours but enchantments of love will overcome. Unfortunate Menaphon, that alate thoughtest Venus a strumpet and her son a bastard; now thou must offer incense at her shrine, and swear Cupid no less than a god.

Thou hast reason, Menaphon, for he that lives without love lives without life, presuming as Narcissus to hate all, and being like him, at length despised of all. Can there be a sweeter bliss than beauty, a greater heaven than her heavenly perfections that is mistress of thy thoughts? If the sparkle of her eyes appear in the night, the stars blush at her brightness; if her hair glister in the day, Phoebus puts off his wreath of diamonds, as overcome with the shine of her tresses; if she walk in the fields, Flora, seeing her face, bids all her glorious flowers close themselves, as being by her beauty disgraced; if her alabaster neck appear, then Hiems covereth his snow, as surpassed in whiteness. To be short, Menaphon, if Samela had appeared in Ida, Juno for majesty, Pallas for wisdom and Venus for beauty had let my Samela have the supremacy. Why shouldst thou not then love, and think there is no life to love, seeing the end of love is the possession of such a heavenly paragon?

But what of this, Menaphon? Hast thou any hope to enjoy her person? She is a widow, true, but too high for thy fortunes. She is in distress; ah, Menaphon, if thou hast any spark of comfort, this must set thy hope on fire. Want is the loadstone of affection; distress forceth deeper than fortune's frowns, and such as are poor will rather love than want relief. Fortune's frowns are whetstones to fancy, and as the horse starteth at the spur, so love is pricked forward with distress. Samela is shipwrecked; Menaphon relieves her. She wants; he supplies with wealth. He sues for love; either must she grant, or buy denial with perpetual repentance.

In this hope rested the poor shepherd, and with that Menaphon laid his head down on the pillow and took a sound nap, sleeping out fancy with a good slumber.

As soon as the sun appeared, the shepherd got him up, and fed fat with this hope, went merely [= merrily] to the folds, and there letting forth his sheep, after that he had appointed where they should graze, returned home, and looking when his guests should rise, having supped ill the last night, went roundly to his breakfast. By that time he had ended his disjune, Lamedon was gotten up, and so was Samela. Against their rising, Carmela had shown her cookery, & Menaphon, tired in his russet jacket, his red sleeves of camlet, his blue bonnet, and his round slop of country cloth, bestirred him as every joint had been set to a sundry office. Samela no sooner came out of her chamber but Menaphon, as one that claimed pity for his passions, bade her good morrow with a firm lover's look. Samela, knowing the fowl by the feather, was able to cast his disease without his water, perceived that Cupid had caught the poor shepherd in his net, and unless he sought quickly to break out of the snare, would make him a tame fool. Fair

looks she gave him, & with a smiling sorrow discovered how she grieved at his misfortune, and yet favoured him.

Well, to breakfast they went. Lamedon and Samela fed hard, but Menaphon, like the Argive in the date gardens of Arabia, lived with the contemplation of his mistress' beauty. The salamander liveth not without the fire, the herring from the water, the mole from the earth, nor the chameleon from the air, nor could Menaphon live from the sight of his Samela, whose breath was perfumed air, whose eyes were fire wherein he delighted to dally, whose heart the earthly paradise where he desired to engraft the essence of his love and affection. Thus did the poor shepherd bathe in a kind of bliss whiles his eye, feeding on his mistress' face, did surfeit with the excellency of her perfection. So long he gazed that at length breakfast was ended, and he, desirous to do her any service, first put her child to nurse, and then led her forth to see his folds, thinking with the sight of his flocks to inveigle her whose mind had rather have chosen any misfortune than have deigned her eyes on the face and feature of so low a peasant.

Well, abroad they went, Menaphon with his sheep-hook fringed with crewel to signify he was chief of the swains, Lamedon and Samela after. Plodding thus over the green fields, at last they came to the mountains where Menaphon's flocks grazed, and there he discoursed to Samela thus:

I tell thee, fair nymph, these plains that thou seest stretching southward are pastures belonging to Menaphon. There grows the cinquefoil and the hyacinth, the cowslip, the primrose and the violet which my flocks shall spare for flowers to make thee garlands; the milk of my ewes shall be meat for thy pretty wanton; the wool of the fat wethers that seems as fine as the fleece that Jason fet from Colchos shall serve to make Samela webs withal; the mountain tops shall be thy morning's walk, and the shady valleys thy evening's arbour. As much as Menaphon owes shall be at Samela's command, if she like to live with Menaphon.

This was spoken with such deep effects that Samela could scarce keep her from smiling, yet she covered her conceit with a sorrowful countenance, which Menaphon espying, to make her merry, and rather for his own advantage, seeing Lamedon was asleep, took her by the hand and sat down, and pulling forth his pipe, began, after some melody, to carol out this roundelay:

Menaphon's roundelay.

*When tender ewes brought home with evening sun
Wend to their folds,
And to their holds
The shepherds trudge when light of day is done,
Upon a tree
The eagle, Jove's fair bird, did perch;
There resteth he;
A little fly his harbour then did search,*

*And did presume (though others laughed thereat)
To perch whereas the princely eagle sat.*

*The eagle frowned, and shook her royal wings,
And charged the fly
From thence to hie;
Afraid, in haste the little creature flings,
Yet seeks again,
Fearful, to perk him by the eagle's side;
With moody vein
The speedy post of Ganymede replied:
Vassal, avaunt, or with my wings you die;
Is 't fit an eagle seat him with a fly?*

*The fly craved pity; still the eagle frowned.
The silly fly,
Ready to die,
Disgraced, displaced, fell groveling to the ground.
The eagle saw,
And with a royal mind, said to the fly:
Be not in awe;
I scorn by me the meanest creature die;
Then seat thee here. The joyful fly up flings,
And sat safe shadowed with the eagle's wings.*

As soon as Menaphon had ended this roundelay, turning to Samela, after a country blush, he began to court her in this homely fashion:

What think you, Samela, of the eagle for his royal deed? That he falsified the old proverb: Aquila non capit muscas [=The eagle catcheth not flies]? But I mean, Samela, are you not in opinion that the eagle gives instances of a princely resolution in preferring the safety of a fly before the credit of her royal majesty?

I think, Menaphon, that high minds are the shelters of poverty, and kings' seats are coverts for distressed persons, that the eagle in shrouding the fly did well, but a little forgot her honour.

But how think you, Samela? Is not this proportion to be observed in love?

I guess no, for the fly did it not for love, but for succour.

Hath love then respect of circumstance?

Else it is not love, but lust, for where the parties have no sympathy of estates, there can no firm love be fixed. Discord is reputed the mother of division, and in nature this is an unrefuted principle, that it faulteth which faileth in uniformity. He that grafteth

gillyflowers upon the nettle marreth the smell; who coveteth to tie the lamb and the lion in one tether maketh the [sic?] brawl. Equal fortunes are love's favourites, and therefore should fancy be always limited by geometrical proportion, lest if young matching with old, fire and frost fall at a combat, and if rich with poor, there hap many dangerous and braving objections.

Menaphon, half nipped in the pate with this reply, yet like a tall soldier stood to his tackling, and made this answer:

Suppose, gentle Samela, that a man of mean estate, whom disdainful fortune had abased, intending to make her power prodigal in his misfortunes, being feathered with Cupid's bolt, were snared in the beauty of a queen, should he rather die than discover his amours?

If queens, quoth she, were of my mind, I had rather die than perish in baser fortunes.

Venus loved Vulcan, replied Menaphon.

Truth, quoth Samela, but though he was polt-footed, yet he was a god.

Phaon enjoyed Sappho, he a ferryman that lived by his hands' thrift, she a princess that fate invested with a diadem.

The more fortunate, quoth Samela, was he in his honours, and she the less famous in her honesty.

To leave these instances, replied Menaphon (for love had made him hardy), I, sweet Samela, infer these presupposed premises to discover the baseness of my mean birth and yet the deepness of my affection, who ever since I saw the brightness of your perfection shining upon the mountains of Arcady like the glister of the sun upon the topless promontory of Sicilia, was so snared with your beauty and so inveigled with the excellence of that perfection that exceedeth all excellency, that love entering my desire hath maintained himself by force, that unless sweet Samela grant me favour of her love, and play the princely eagle, I shall with the poor fly perish in my fortunes.

He concluded this period with a deep sigh, and Samela, grieving at this folly of the shepherd, gave him mildly this answer:

Menaphon, my distressed haps are the resolutions of the destinies, and the wrongs of my youth are the forerunners of my woes in age; my native home is my worst nursery, and my friends deny that which strangers prejudicially grant. I arrived in Arcady shipwrecked, and Menaphon, favouring my sorrows, hath afforded me succours, for which Samela rests bound and will prove thankful. As for love, know that Venus standeth on the tortoise, as showing that love creepeth on by degrees, that affection is like the snail, which stealeth to the top of the lance by minutes. The grass hath his shadows, but the motion is not seen. Love, like those, should enter into the eye, and by long gradations

pass into the heart. Cupid hath wings to fly, not that love should be swift, but that he may soar high to avoid base thoughts. The topaz, being thrown into the fire, burneth straight, but no sooner out of the flame but it freezeth; straw is soon kindled, but it is but a blaze, and love that is caught in a moment is lost in a minute. Give me leave, then, Menaphon, first to sorrow for my fortunes, then to call to mind my husband's late funerals. Then if the fates have assigned I shall fancy, I will account of thee before any shepherd in Arcady.

This conclusion of Samela drave Menaphon into such an ecstasy for joy that he stood as a man metamorphosed; at last, calling his senses together, he told her he rested satisfied with her answer, and thereupon lent her a kiss such as blushing Thetis receives from her choicest leman. At this Lamedon awaked, otherwise Menaphon no doubt had replied, but breaking off their talk they went to view their pastures, and so passing down to the place where the sheep grazed, they searched the shepherds' bags and so emptied their bottles as Samela marveled at such an uncouth banquet. At last they returned home, Menaphon, glorying in the hope of his success, entertaining Samela still with such courtesy that she, finding such content in the cottage, began to despise the honours of the court.

Resting thus in house with the shepherd, to avoid tedious conceits she framed herself so to country labors that she oft-times would lead the flocks to the fields herself, and being dressed in homely attire, she seemed like Oenone that was amorous of Paris. As she thus often traced amongst the plains, she was noted amongst the shepherds of one Doron, next neighbour to Menaphon, who entered into the consideration of her beauty and made report of it to all his fellow swains, so that they chatted naught in the fields but of the new shepherdess. One day amongst the rest, it chanced that Doron, sitting in parley with another country companion of his, amidst other tattle they prattled of the beauty of Samela. *Hast thou seen her?* quoth Melicertus (for so was his friend called). *Aye,* quoth Doron, *and sighed [=sighed] to see her, not that I was in love, but that I grieved she should be in love with such a one as Menaphon. What manner of woman is she?* quoth Melicertus. *As well as I can,* answered Doron, *I will make description of her.*

Doron's description of Samela.

*Like to Diana in her summer weed,
Girt with a crimson robe of brightest dye,
Goes fair Samela.
Whiter than be the flocks that straggling feed
When, washed by Arethus, faint they lie,
Is fair Samela.
As fair Aurora in her morning grey,
Decked with the ruddy glister of her love,
Is fair Samela.
Like lovely Thetis on a calmed day,
Whenas her brightness Neptune's fancy move,
Shines fair Samela.
Her tresses gold, her eyes like glassy streams,*

*Her teeth are pearl; the breast[s] are ivory
 Of fair Samela.
 Her cheeks like rose and lily yield forth gleams,
 Her brows bright arches framed of ebony;
 Thus fair Samela
 Passeth fair Venus in her bravest hue,
 And Juno in the show of majesty,
 For she is Samela.
 Pallas in wit; all three if you will view,
 For beauty, wit and matchless dignity
 Yield to Samela.*

Thou hast, quoth Melicertus, made such a description as if Priamus' young boy should paint out the perfection of his Greekish paramour. Methinks the idea of her person represents itself an object to my fantasy, and that I see in the discovery of her excellence the rare beauties of . . . And with that, he broke off abruptly with such a deep sigh as it seemed his heart should have broken, sitting as the Lapiths when they gazed on Medusa.

Doron, marveling at this sudden event, was half afraid, as if some apoplexy had astonished his senses, so that cheering up his friend, he demanded what the cause was of this sudden conceit. Melicertus, no niggard in discovery of his fortunes, began thus:

I tell thee, Doron, before I kept sheep in Arcady I was a shepherd elsewhere, so famous for my flocks as Menaphon for his folds, beloved of the nymphs as he liked of the country damsels, coveting in my loves to use Cupid's wings to soar high in my desires, though myself were born to base fortunes. The hobby catcheth no prey unless she mount beyond her mark, the palm-tree beareth most boughs where it groweth highest, and love is most fortunate where his courage is resolute, and thought beyond his compass. Grounding therefore on these principles, I fixed mine eyes on a nymph whose parentage was great, but her beauty far more excellent. Her birth was by many degrees greater than mine, and my worth by many descents less than hers, yet knowing Venus loved Adonis, and Luna Endymion, that Cupid had bolts feathered with the plumes of a crow as well as with the pens of an eagle, I attempted and courted her. I found her looks lightening disdain, and her forehead to contain favours for others and frowns for me. When I alleged faith, she crossed me with Aeneas; when loyalty, she told me of Jason; when I swore constancy, she questioned me of Demophoon; when I craved a final resolution to my fatal passions, she filled her brows full of wrinkles and her eyes full of fury, turned her back, and shook me off with a non placet [=It does not please]. Thus in loves I lost loves, and for her love had lost all, had not, when I near despaired, the clemency of some courteous star, or rather the very excellence of my mistress' favours, salved my half despairing malady, for she, seeing that I held a superstitious opinion of love in honouring him for a deity, not in counting him a vain conceit of poetry, that I thought it sacrilege to wrong my desires, and the basest fortune to enhance my fortune by falsing my loves to a woman, she left from being so ramage, and gently came to the fist, and granted me those favours she might afford or my thoughts desire.

With this, he ceased, and fell again to his sighs, which Doron noting, answered thus:

If (my good Melicertus), thou didst enjoy thy loves, what is the occasion thou beginnest with sighs and endest with passions?

Ah, Doron, there ends my joys, for no sooner had I triumphed in my favours but the trophies of my fortunes fell like the herbs in Syria that flourish in the morn and fade before night, or like unto the fly tyryma, that taketh life and leaveth it all in one day. So, my Doron, did it fare with me, for I had no sooner enjoyed my love but the heavens, envious a shepherd should have the fruition of such a heavenly paragon, sent unrevocable fates to deprive me of her life, & she is dead. Dead, Doron, to her, to myself, to all, but not to my memory, for so deep were the characters stamped in my inward senses that oblivion can never race out the form of her excellence.

And with that he start up, seeking to fall out of those dumps with music, for he played on his pipe certain sonnets he had contrived in praise of the country wenches, but plain Doron, as plain as a packstaff, desired him to sound a roundelay and he would sing a song, which he caroled to this effect:

Doron's jig.

*Through the shrubs as I can crack
 For my lambs, little ones
 'Mongst many pretty ones,
 Nymphs I mean, whose hair was black
 As the crow,
 Like the snow
 Her face and brows shined, I ween,
 I saw a little one,
 A bonny pretty one,
 As bright, buxom and as sheen
 As was she
 On her knee,
 That lulled the god whose arrows warms
 Such merry little ones,
 Such fair-faced pretty ones,
 As dally in love's chiefest harms.
 Such was mine,
 Whose grey eyne
 Made me love. I gan to woo
 This sweet little one,
 This bonny pretty one,
 I wooed hard a day or two,
 Till she bade:
 Be not sad,
 Woo no more; I am thine own,*

*Thy dearest little one,
Thy truest pretty one.
Thus was faith and firm love shown,
As behoves
Shepherds' loves.*

How like you this ditty of mine own devising? quoth Doron.

As well as my music, replied Melicertus, *for if Pan and I strive, Midas being judge, and should hap to give me the garland, I doubt not but his ass's ears should be doubled. But Doron, so long we dispute of love and forget our labours that both our flocks shall be unfolded, and tomorrow our merry meeting hindered.*

That's true, quoth Doron, *for there will be all the shepherds' daughters and country damsels, and amongst them, fear not but Menaphon will bring his fair shepherdess; there, Melicertus, shalt thou see her that will amate all our moods and amaze thee, and therefore, good Melicertus, let us be going.*

With this prattle, away they went to their folds, where we leave them, and return to Menaphon, who triumphing in the hope of his new loves, caused Samela to trick her up in her country attire and make herself brave against the meeting. She, that thought to be coy were to discover her thoughts, dressed herself up in Carmela's russet cassock, and that so quaintly as if Venus in a country petticoat had thought to wanton it with her lovely Adonis.

The morrow came, and away they went, but Lamedon was left behind to keep the house. At the hour appointed, Menaphon, Carmela and Samela came, when all the rest were ready making merry. As soon as word was brought that Menaphon came with his new mistress, all the company began to murmur, and every man to prepare his eye for so miraculous an object, but Pesana, a herdsman's daughter of the same parish that long had loved Menaphon, and he had filled her brows with frowns, her eyes with fury, and her heart with grief, yet coveting in so open an assembly as well as she could to hide a pad in the straw, she expected as others did the arrival of her new corival, who at that instant came with Menaphon into the house. No sooner was she entered the parlour but her eyes gave such a shine, and her face such a brightness, that they stood gazing on this goddess, and she unacquainted, seeing herself among so many unknown swains, dyed her cheeks with such a vermilion blush that the country maids themselves fell in love with his fair nymph, and could not blame Menaphon for being over the shoes with such a beautiful creature. Doron jogged Melicertus on the elbow, and so awaked him out of a dream, for he was deeply drowned in the contemplation of her excellency, sending out volleys of sighs in remembrance of his old love as thus he sat meditating of her favour, how much she resembled her that death had deprived him of.

Well, her welcome was great of all the company, & for that she was a stranger, they graced her to make her the mistress of the feast. Pesana, noting this, began to lour, and Carmela, winking upon her fellows, answered her frowns with a smile, which doubled

her grief, for women's pains are more pinching if they be girded with a frump than if they be galled with a mischief. Whiles thus there was banding [=bandying] of such looks, as every one imported as much as an impresa, Samela, willing to see the fashion of these country young frows, cast her eyes abroad, and in viewing every face, at last her eyes glanced on the looks of Melicertus, whose countenance resembled so unto her dead lord, that as a woman astonied she stood staring on his face, but ashamed to gaze upon a stranger, she made restraint of her looks, and so taking her eye from one particular object, she sent it abroad to make general survey of their country demeanours. But amidst all this gazing, he that had seen poor Menaphon, how infected with a jealous fury he stared each man in the face, fearing their eyes should feed or surfeit on his mistress' beauty. If they glanced, he thought straight they would be rivals in his loves; if they stately looked, then they were deeply snared in affection. If they once smiled on her, they had received some glance from Samela that made them so malapert; if she laughed, she liked, and at that he began to frown. Thus sat poor Menaphon all dinner while, pained with a thousand jealous passions, keeping his teeth guarders of his stomach and his eyes watchmen of his loves.

But Melicertus, half impatient of his new conceived thoughts, determined to try how the damsel was brought up, and whether she was as wise as beautiful. He therefore began to break silence thus:

The orgies which the Bacchanals kept in Thessaly, the feasts which the melancholy Saturnists founded in Danuby, were never so quatted with silence but on their festival-days they did frolic amongst themselves with many pleasant parles. Were it not a shame then that we of Arcady, famous for the beauty of our nymphs & the amorous roundelays of our shepherds, should disgrace Pan's holiday with such melancholy dumps? Courteous country swains, shake off this sobriety, and seeing we have in our company damsels both beautiful and wise, let us entertain them with prattle to try our wits and tire our time.

To this they all agreed with a plaudite. Then, quoth Melicertus, *by your leave, since I was first in motion, I will be first in question, & therefore, new-come shepherdess, first to you.* At this Samela blushed, and he began thus:

Fair damsel, when Nereus chatted with Juno, he had pardon, in that his prattle came more to pleasure the goddess than to ratify his own presumption. If I, mistress, be overbold, forgive me. I question not to offend, but to set time free from tediousness. Then, gentle shepherdess, tell me, if you should be transformed through the anger of the gods into some shape, what creature would you reason to be in form?

Samela, blushing that she was the first that was boarded, yet gathered up her crumbs, and desirous to show her pregnant wit (as the wisest women be ever tickled with self-love), made him this answer:

Gentle shepherd, it fits not strangers to be nice, nor maidens too coy, lest the one feel the weight of a scoff, the other the fall of a frump. Pithy questions are minds' whetstones,

and by discoursing in jest, many doubts are deciphered in earnest. Therefore you have forestalled me in craving pardon when you have no need to feel any grant of pardon. Therefore thus to your question. Daphne, I remember was turned to a bay-tree, Niobe to a flint, Lampetia & her sisters to flowers, and sundry virgins to sundry shapes according to their merits, but if my wish might serve for a metamorphosis, I would be turned into a sheep.

A sheep, and why so, mistress?

I reason thus, quoth Samela. My supposition should be simple, my life quiet, my food the pleasant plains of Arcady and the wealthy riches of Flora, my drink the cool streams that flow from the concave promontory of this continent; my air should be clear, my walks spacious, my thoughts at ease, and can there none, shepherd, be my [sic for 'any']? better premises to conclude my reply than these?

But have you no other allegations to confirm your resolution?

Yes, sir, quoth she, and far greater.

Then the law of our first motion, quoth he, commands you to repeat them.

Far be it, answered Samela, that I should not do of free will anything that this pleasant company commands. Therefore thus. Were I a sheep, I should be guarded from the folds with jolly swains such as was Luna's love on the hills of Latmos, their pipes sounding like the melody of Mercury when he lulled asleep Argus. But more, when the damsels, tracing along the plains, should with their eyes like sun-bright beams draw on looks to gaze on such sparkling planets, then weary with food should I lie and look on their beauties as on the spotted wealth of the richest firmament. I should listen to their sweet lays, more sweet than the sea-born sirens'. Thus feeding on the delicacy of their features I should, like the Tyrian heifer, fall in love with Agenor's darling.

Aye, but, quoth Melicertus, those fair-faced damsels oft draw forth the kindest sheep to the shambles.

And what of that, sir, answered Samela, would not a sheep so long fed with beauty die for love?

If he die, quoth Pesana, it is more kindness in beasts than constancy in men, for they die for love when larks die with leeks.

If they be so wise, quoth Menaphon, they show but their mother wits, for what sparks they have of inconstancy they draw from their female fosterers, as the sea doth ebbs and tides from the moon.

So be it, sir, answered Pesana. Then no doubt your mother was made of a weathercock, that brought forth such a wavering companion, for you, Master Menaphon, measure your

looks by minutes, and your loves are like lightning, which no sooner flash on the eye but they vanish.

It is, then, quoth Menaphon, because mine eye is a foolish judge, and chooseth too basely, which when my heart censures of, it cast[s] away as refuse.

'Twere best, then, said Pesana, to discharge such unjust judges of their seats, and to set your ears hearers of your love pleas.

If they fault, quoth Melicertus, every market town hath a remedy, or else there is never a baker near by seven miles.

Stay, courteous shepherds, quoth Samela, these jests are too broad before; they are cynical like Diogenes' quips, that had large feathers and sharp heads. It little fits in this company to bandy taunts of love, seeing you are unwedded, and these all maidens addicted to chastity.

You speak well as a patroness of our credit, quoth Pesana, for indeed we be virgins, & addicted to virginity.

Now, quoth Menaphon, that you have got a virgin in your mouth, you will never leave chanting that word till you prove yourself either a vestal or a Sibyl.

Suppose she were a vestal, quoth Melicertus, I had almost said a virgin (but God forbid I had made such a doubtful supposition), she might carry water with Amulia in a sieve, for amongst all the rest of the virgins we read of none but her that wrought such a miracle.

Pesana, hearing how pleasantly Melicertus played with her nose, thought to give him as great a bone to gnaw upon, which she cast in his teeth thus briefly:

I remember, sir, that Epicurus measured every man's diet by his own principles. Abradas, the great Macedonian pirate, thought everyone had a letter of mart that bare sails in the ocean; none came to knock at Diogenes' tub but was supposed a cynic, and fancy alate hath so tied you to his vanities that you will think Vesta a flat figured conceit of poetry.

Samela, perceiving these blows would grow to deep wounds, broke off their talk with this pretty digression:

Gentlemen, to end this strife, I pray you let us hear the opinion of Doron, for all this while neither he nor Carmela have uttered one word, but sat as censors of our pleas. 'Twere necessary he told us how his heart came thus on his halfpenny.

Doron, hearing Samela thus pleasant, made presently this blunt reply:

I was, fair mistress, in a solemn doubt with myself whether in being a sheep you would be a ram or an ewe.

An ewe, no doubt, quoth Samela, for horns are the heaviest burden that the head can bear.

As Doron was ready to reply, came in suddenly to the parley four or five old shepherds, who broke off their prattle, that from chat they fell to drinking, and so after some parley of their flocks, everyone departed to their own home, where they talked of the exquisite perfection of Samela, especially Melicertus, who gotten to his own cottage, and lien down in his couch by himself, began to ruminate on Samela's shape:

Ah, Melicertus, what an object fortune this day brought to thy eyes, presenting a strange idea to thy sight as appeared to Achilles of his dead friend Patroclus. Tresses of gold like the trammels of Sephestia's locks, a face fairer than Venus. Such was Sephestia. Her eye paints her out Sephestia, her voice sounds her out Sephestia, she seemeth none but Sephestia. But seeing she is dead, & there liveth not such another Sephestia, sue to her and love her, for that it is either a selfsame or another Sephestia.

In this hope Melicertus fell to his slumber, but Samela was not so content, for she began thus to muse with herself:

May this Melicertus be a shepherd, or can a country cottage afford such perfection? Doth this coast bring forth such excellence? Then happy are the virgins shall have such suitors, and the wives such pleasing husbands. But his face is not enchased with any rustic proportion; his brows contain the characters of nobility, and his looks in shepherds' weeds are lordly, his voice pleasing, his wit full of gentry. Weigh all these equally and consider, Samela, is it not thy Maximus?

Fond fool, away with these suppositions! Could the dreaming of Andromache call Hector from his grave, or can the vision of my husband raise him from the seas? Tush, stoop not to such vanities. He is dead, and therefore grieve not thy memory with the imagination of his new revive, for there hath been but one Hippolytus found to be Virbius, twice a man. To salve Samela, then, this suppose: if they court thee with hyacinth, entertain them with roses. If he send thee a lamb, present him an ewe; if he woo, be wooed, and for no other reason but he is like Maximus.

Thus she rested, and thus she slept, all parties being equally content and satisfied with hope except Pesana, who, fettered with the feature of her best-beloved Menaphon, sat cursing Cupid as a partial deity that would make more daylight in the firmament than one sun, more rainbows in the heaven than one Iris, & more loves in one heart than one settled passion. Many prayers she made to Venus for revenge, many vows to Cupid, many orisons to Hymenaeus if she might possess the type of her desires. Well, poor soul, howsoever she was paid, she smothered all with patience, and thought to brave love with seeming not to love, and thus she daily drove out the time with labour & looking to her

herd, hearing every day by Doron, who was her kinsman, what success Menaphon had in his loves.

Thus fates and fortune dallying a doleful catastrophe to make a more pleasing epitasis, it fell out amongst them thus. Melicertus going to the fields as he was wont to do with his flocks, drove to graze as near the swains of Menaphon as he might, to have a view of his new-entertained mistress, who according to his expectation came thither every day. Melicertus, esteeming her to be some farmer's daughter at the most, could not tell how to court her, yet at length calling to remembrance her rare wit discovered in her last discourses, finding opportunity to give her both ball and racket, seeing the coast was clear and that none but Samela and he were in the field, he left his flock in the valley and stepped unto her, and saluted her thus:

Mistress of all eyes that glance but at the excellence of your perfection, sovereign of all such as Venus hath allowed for lovers, Oenone's overmatch, Arcady's comet, beauty's second comfort, all hail. Seeing you sit like Juno when she first watched her white heifer on the Lincen downs, as bright as silver Phoebe mounted on the high top of the ruddy element, [+I] was by a strange attractive force drawn, as the adamant draweth the iron, or the jet the straw, to visit your sweet self in the shade, and afford you such company as a poor swain may yield without offence, which if you shall vouch to deign of, I shall be as glad of such accepted service as Paris first was of his best-beloved paramour.

Samela, looking on the shepherd's face, and seeing his utterance full of broken sighs, thought to be pleasant with her shepherd thus:

Arcady's Apollo, whose brightness draws every eye to turn as the heliotropian doth her lode [sic for 'head'?], fairest of the shepherds, the nymphs' sweetest object, women's wrong, in wronging many with one's due, welcome, and so welcome as we vouchsafe of your service, admit of your company as of him that is the grace of all companies, and if we durst, upon any light pardon, would venture to request you show us a cast of your cunning.

Samela made this reply because she heard him so superfine as if Ephaebus had learned him to refine his mother tongue, wherefore thought he had done it of an ink-horn desire to be eloquent, and Melicertus, thinking that Samela had learned with Lucilla in Athens to anatomize wit and speak none but similes, imagined she smoothed her talk to be thought like Sappho, Phao's paramour.

Thus deceived either in other's suppositions, Samela followed her suit thus:

I know that Priamus' wanton could not be without flocks of nymphs to follow him in the vale of Ida; beauty hath legions to attend her excellence if the shepherd be true. If like Narcissus you wrap not your face in the clouds of disdain, you cannot but have some rare paragon to your mistress whom I would have you, in some sonnet, describe.

Jove's last love, if Jove could get from Juno, my pipe shall presume, and I adventure with my voice to set out my mistress' favour for your excellence to censure of, and therefore thus. Yet Melicertus, for that he had a farther reach, would not make any clownish description, chanted it thus cunningly:

Melicertus' description of his mistress.

*Tune on my pipe the praises of my love,
And midst the oaten harmony recount
How fair she is that makes thy music mount,
And every string of thy heart's harp to move.*

*Shall I compare her form unto the sphere
Whence sun-bright Venus vaunts her silver shine?
Ah, more than that by just compare is thine,
Whose crystal looks the cloudy heavens do clear.*

*How oft have I descending Titan seen
His burning locks couch in the sea-queen's lap,
And beauteous Thetis his red body wrap
In watery robes, as he her lord had been.*

*Whenas my nymph, impatient of the night,
Bade bright Atræus [sic?] with his train give place,
Whiles she led forth the day with her fair face,
And lent each star a more than Delian light.*

*Not Jove or nature, should they both agree
To make a woman of the firmament,
Of his mixed purity could not invent
A sky-born form so beautiful as she.*

When Melicertus had ended this roundelay in praise of his mistress, Samela perceived by his description that either some better poet than himself had made it, or else that his former phrase was dissembled, wherefore to try him thoroughly and to see what snake lay hidden under the grass, she followed the chase in this manner:

Melicertus, might not a stranger crave your mistress' name?

At this, the shepherd blushed, and made no reply.

How now, quoth Samela, what, is she mean, that you shame, or so high as you fear to bewray the sovereign of your thoughts? Stand not in doubt, man, for be she base, I read that mighty Tamburlaine, after his wife Zenocrate (the world's fair eye) passed out of the theatre of this mortal life, he chose stigmatical trulls to please his humorous fancy. Be

she a princess, honour hangs in high desires, and it is the token of a high mind to venture for a queen. Then, gentle shepherd, tell me thy mistress' name.

Melicertus, hearing his goddess speak so favourably, breathed out this sudden reply:

Too high, Samela, and therefore I fear with the Syrian wolves to bark against the moon, or with them of Scyrum to shoot against the stars; in the height of my thoughts soaring too high, to fall with woeful repenting Icarus. No sooner did mine eye glance upon her beauty, but as if love and fate had sat to forge my fatal disquiet, they trapped me within her looks, and haling her idea through the passage of my sight, placed it so deeply in the centre of my heart as, maugre all my studious endeavour, it still and ever will keep restless possession. Noting her virtues, her beauties, her perfections, her excellence, and fear of her too high-born parentage, although painfully fettered, yet have I still feared to dare so haught an attempt to so brave a personage lest, she offensive at my presumption, I perish in the height of my thoughts.

This conclusion, broken with an abrupt passion, could not so satisfy Samela but she would be further inquisitive. At last, after many questions, he answered thus:

Seeing, Samela, I consume myself and displease you, to hazard for the salve that may cure my malady & satisfy your question, know it is the beauteous Samela.

Be there more of that name in Arcady beside myself? quoth she.

I know not, quoth Melicertus, but were there a million, only you are Melicertus' Samela.

But of a million, quoth she, I cannot be Melicertus' Samela, for love hath but one arrow of desire in his quiver, but one string to his bow, & in choice but one aim of affection.

Have ye already, quoth Melicertus, set your rest upon some higher personage?

No, quoth Samela, I mean by yourself, for I have heard that your fancy is linked already to a beautiful shepherdess in Arcady.

At this the poor swain tainted his cheeks with a vermilion dye, yet thinking to carry out the matter with a jest, he stood to his tackling thus:

Whosoever, Samela, descanted of that love told you a Canterbury tale. Some prophetic full mouth, that as he were a cobbler's eldest son, would by the last tell where another's shoe wrings, but his souterly aim was just level, in thinking every look was love or every fair word a pawn of loyalty.

Then, quoth Samela, taking him at a rebound, neither may I think your glances to be fancies, nor your greatest protestation any assurance of deep affection; therefore ceasing off to court any further at this time, think you have proved yourself a tall soldier to continue so long at battery, and that I am a favourable foe that have continued so long a

parley, but I charge you by the love you owe your dearest mistress not to say any more as touching love for this time.

If, Samela, quoth he, thou hadst enjoined me, as Juno did to Hercules, most dangerous labours, I would have discovered my love by obedience and my affection by death, yet let me crave this, that as I begun with a sonnet, so I may end with a madrigal.

Content, Melicertus, quoth she, for none more than I love music.

Upon this reply, the shepherd proud followed [sic for 'poured forth?'] this ditty:

Melicertus' madrigal.

*What are my sheep without their wonted food?
What is my life except I gain my love?
My sheep consume and faint for want of blood,
My life is lost unless I grace approve;
No flower that sapless thrives,
No turtle without fere.*

*The day without the sun doth lour for woe,
Then woe mine eyes, unless they beauty see;
My sun, Samela's eyes, by whom I know
Wherein delight consists, where pleasures be;
Naught more the heart revives,
Than to embrace his dear.*

*The stars from earthly humours gain their light,
Our humours by their light possess their power,
Samela's eyes, fed by my weeping sight,
Ensues my pain or joys by smile or lour;
So wends the source of love,
It feeds, it fails, it ends.*

*Kind looks clear to your joy behold her eyes,
Admire her heart, desire to taste her kisses;
In them the heaven of joy and solace lies,
Without them every hope his succour misses;
Oh, how I love to prove
Whereto this solace tends.*

Scarce had the shepherd ended this madrigal but Samela began to frown, saying he had broken promise. Melicertus alleged if he had uttered any passion, 'twas sung, not said. Thus these lovers in a humorous descant of their prattle espied afar off old Lamedon and Menaphon coming towards them, whereupon kissing in conceit, and parting with interchanged glances, Melicertus stole to his sheep and Samela sat her down making of

nets to catch birds. At last Lamedon and her love came, and after many gracious looks and much good parley, helped her home with her sheep, and put them in the folds.

But leaving these amorous shepherds busy in their loves, let us return at length to the pretty baby, Samela's child, whom Menaphon had put to nurse in the country. This infant being by nature beautiful, and by birth noble, even in his cradle expressed to the eyes of the gazers such glorious presages of his approaching fortunes as if another Alcides (the arm-strong darling of the doubled night) by wrestling with snakes in his swaddling-clouts should prophecy to the world the approaching wonders of his prowess, so did his fiery looks reflect terror to the weak beholders of his engrafted nobility, as if some god twice born like unto the Thracian Bacchus, forsaking his heaven-born deity, should delude our eyes with the alternate form of his infancy.

Five years had full run their monthly revolution whenas this beauteous boy began to show himself among the shepherds' children, with whom he had no sooner contracted familiar acquaintance but straight he was chosen lord of the May-game, king of their sports, and ringleader of their revels, insomuch that his tender mother, beholding him by chance mounted in his kingly majesty, and imitating honourable justice in his gamesome exercise of discipline, with tears of joy took up these prophetic terms:

Well do I see where God and fate hath vowed felicity, no adverse fortune may expel prosperity. Pleusidippus, thou art young, thy looks high, and thy thoughts haughty, sovereignty is seated in thy eyes, and honour in thy heart. I fear this fire will have his flame, and then am I undone in thee, my son. My country life (sweet country life), in thy proud soaring hopes despoiled and disrobed of the disguised array of his rest, must return russet weeds to the folds where I left my fears, and haste to the court, my hell, there to invest me in my wonted cares. How now, Samela, wilt thou be a Sibyl of mishap to thyself? The angry heavens that have eternished thy exile have established thy content in Arcady. My content in Arcady? That may not be no longer than my Pleusidippus stays in Arcady, which I have cause to fear, for the whelps of the lion are no longer harmless than when they are whelps, and babes no longer to be awed than while they are babes. Aye, but nature . . . & therewith she paused, being interrupted by a tumult of boys that by young Pleusidippus' command fell upon one of their fellows and beat him most cruelly for playing false play at nine-holes, which she espying through her lattice-window, could not choose but smile above measure. But when she saw him in his childish terms condemn one to death for despising the authority bequeathed him by the rest of the boys, then she bethought her of the Persian Cyrus that deposed his grandfather Astyages, whose use it was at like age to imitate majesty in like manner.

In this distraction of thoughts she had not long time stayed but Lamedon and Menaphon called her away to accompany them to the folds, whiles Pleusidippus, hasting to the execution of justice, dismissed his boyish session till their next meeting, where how imperiously he behaved himself in punishing misorders amongst his equals, in using more than jesting justice towards his untamed copesmates, I refer it to the annals of the Arcadians that dilate not a little of this ingenious argument.

In this sort did Pleusidippus draw forth his infancy, till on a time walking to the shore where he with his mother were wrecked to gather cockles and pebble-stones, as children are wont, there arrived on the strond a Thessalian pirate named Eurilochus, who after he had foraged in the Arcadian confines, driving before him a large booty of beasts to his ships, espied this pretty infant, when gazing on his face, as wanton Jove gazed on Phrygian Ganymede in the fields of Ida, he exhaled into his eyes such deep impression of his perfection as that his thought never thirsted so much after any prey as this pretty Pleusidippus' possession, but determining first to assay him by courtesy before he assailed him with rigour, he began to try his wit after this manner:

My little child, whence art thou, where wert thou born, what's thy name, and wherefore wanderest thou thus all alone on the shore?

I pray ye, what are you, sir, quoth Pleusidippus, that deal thus with me by interrogatories, as if I were some runaway?

Wilt thou not tell me, then, who was thy father?

Said he: *Good sir, if ye will needs know, go ask that of my mother.*

Hath said well, my lord, quoth Romania, who was one of his especial associates, for wise are the children in these days that know their own fathers, especially if they be begotten in dog-days when their mothers are frantic with love, & young men furious for lust. Besides, who know not that these Arcadians are given to take the benefit of every Hodge when they will sacrifice their virginity to Venus, though they have but a bush of nettles for their bed, and sure this boy is but some shepherd's bastard at the most, howsoever his wanton face importeth more than appearance.

Pleusidippus' eyes at this speech resolved into fire and his face into purple, with a more than common courage in children of his years and stature, gave him the lie roundly in this reply:

Peasant, the bastard in thy face, for I am a gentleman; wert thou a man in courage, as thou art a cow in proportion, thou wouldst never have so much impaired thy honesty as to derogate from my honour. Look not in my face, but level at my heart by this that thou seest, and therewith let drive at him with such pebble-stones as he had in his hat, insomuch that Romanio was driven to his heels to shun this sudden hail-shot, and Eurilochus resolved into a laughter, and in terms of admiration most highly extolled so exceeding magnanimity in so little a body, which how available it proved to the confirmation of his fancy that was before inflamed with his features, let them imagine that have noted the imbecility of that age, and the unresisted fury of men-at-arms.

Sufficeth at this instant to unfold (all other circumstance of praise laid apart) that Eurilochus, being far in love with his extraordinary lineaments, awaited no farther parley, but willed his men perforce to hoise him a-shipboard, intending as soon as ever he arrived in Thessaly, by sending him to the court as a present, to make his peace with his lord and

master Agenor, who not long before had proclaimed him as a notorious pirate throughout all his dominions, neither swerved he one whit from his purpose, for no sooner had he cast anchor in the port of Hadrionopolis [=sic for 'Hadrianopolis'?] but he arrayed him in choice silks and Tyrian purple, & so sent him as a prize to the king of that country, who walking as then in his summer garden with his queen, the beauteous Eriphila, fell to discourse (as one well seen in philosophy) of herbs and flowers as the savour or colour did occasion, and having spent some time in disputing their medicinable properties, his lady reaching him a marigold, he began to moralize of it thus merely [=merrily]:

I marvel the poets that were so prodigal in painting the amorous affection of the sun to his Hyacinth did never observe the relation of love twixt him and the marigold. It should either seem they were loath to incur the displeasure of women by propounding it in the way of comparison any servile imitation for headstrong wives, that love no precepts less than those pertaining unto duty, or that that flower not so usual in their gardens as ours in her unacquainted name did obscure the honour of her amours to Apollo, to whose motions reducing the method of her springing, she waketh and sleepeth, openeth and shutteth her golden leaves as he riseth and setteth.

Well did you forestall my exception, quoth Eriphila, in terming it a servile imitation, for were the condition of a wife so slavish as your similitude would infer, I had as leave be your page as your spouse, your dog as your darling.

Not so, sweet wife, answered Agenor, but the comparison holdeth in this, that as the marigold resembleth the sun both in colour and form, so each man's wife ought every way to be the image of her husband, framing her countenance to smile when she sees him disposed to mirth, and contrariwise her eyes to tears, he being surcharged with melancholy, and as the marigold displayeth the orient ornaments of her beauty to the resplendent view of none but her lover Hyperion, so ought not a woman of modesty lay open the allurements of her face to any but her espoused fere, in whose absence, like the marigold in the absence of the sun, she ought to shut up her doors and solemnize continual night till her husband, her sun, making a happy return, unsealeth her silence with the joy of his sight.

Believe me, but if all flowers, quoth Eriphila, afford such influence of eloquence to our adverse orators, I'll exempt them all from my smell, for fear they be all planted to poison.

Oft have I heard, replied Agenor, our cunning physicians conclude that one poison is harmless to another, which if it be so, there is no cause why a thistle should fear to be stung of a nettle.

I can tell you, sir, you best beware, lest in wading too far in comparisons of thistles and nettles, you exchange not your rose for a nettle.

If I do, quoth Agenor, it is no more but my gardeners shall pluck it up by the roots and throw it over the wall as a weed.

To end this jest, that else would issue to a jar, what purple flower is this in form like a hyacinth, quoth Eriphila, so cunningly dropped with blood as if nature had intermeddled with the herald's art to emblazon a bleeding heart?

It is the flower into the which poets do feign Venus' dying Adonis to be turned, a fair boy, but passing unfortunate.

Was it possible, quoth Eriphila, that ever nature should be so bounteous to a boy to give him a face in despite of women so fair? Fain would I see such an object, and then would I defy beauty for imparting our excellency to any inferior object.

In saying these words (as if fortune meant to present her fancy with his desired felicity), Romano, conducted by one of the lords, came with young Pleusidippus in his hand into the privy garden, where discoursing unto the king the intent of Eurilochus in presenting him with such an inestimable jewel, the manner of his taking in the strond of Arcady, with other circumstance of vowed allegiance, all which being gratefully accepted of Agenor, he sealed their several pardons, and so gave them leave to depart. But when he had throughly observed every perfection of young Pleusidippus, he burst into these terms of passion:

Had sea-born Pontia then an appliable ear in our idleness, that to testify her eternal deity she should send us a second Adonis to delude our senses? Whatever may deserve the name of fair have I seen before, beauty have I beheld in his brightest orb, but never set eye on immortality before this hour.

Eriphila likewise in no less ecstasy, seeing her eyes to dazzle with the reflex of his beauty, and her cheeks tainted with a blush of disgrace by too much gazing on his face, said that either the sun had left his bower to beguile their eyes with a borrowed shape (which could not keep in his brightness), or Cupid, dismounted from his mother's lap, left his bow and quiver at randon to outbrave the Thessalian dames in their beauty.

In this contrariety of thoughts, being all plunged well-nigh in a speechless astonishment, the fair child Pleusidippus, not used to such hyperbolical spectators, broke off the silence by calling for his victuals, as one whose empty stomach since his coming from sea was not overcloyed with delicates, whereat Agenor, revived from his trance wherein the present wonder had enwrapped him, demanded such questions of his name and parentage as the pirates' ignorance could not unfold, but he being able to tell no more than this, that his mother was a shepherdess, & his own name Pleusidippus, put off all their further interrogatories by calling, after his childish manner, again for his dinner. Whereupon Agenor, commanding him to be had in and used in every respect as the child of a prince, began in his solitary walk by his countenance to calculate his nativity and measure his birth by his beauty, contracting him in thought heir to his kingdom of Thessaly, and husband to his daughter, before he knew whence the child descended, or who was his father.

But leaving young Pleusidippus thus spending his youth in the Thessalian court, protected with tender affection of such a courteous foster-father as Agenor, return we where we left back unto Arcady, and meet his mother, the fair Samela, returning from the folds, who having discoursed by the way as she came home to Lamedon and Menaphon what she late saw and observed in her son, they both conjoined their judgments to this conclusion, that he was doubtless born to some greater fortunes than the sheepecotes could contain, and therefore it behoved her to further his destinies with some good and liberal education, and not to detain him any longer in that trade of life which his fortune withstood, but by the way to rebuke him for tyrannizing so lordly over his boys, lest the neighbour shepherds might happily intrude the name of injury on them, being strangers, for his insulting over their children. With this determination came she home, & calling for Pleusidippus according to their former counsel, he would in no wise be found. Thereupon inquiry was made amongst all the shepherds, diligent search in every village, but still the most carefullest post returned with *Non est inuentus* [=He is not found], which Samela hearing, thinking she had utterly lost him whom fortune had saved, began in this manner to act her unrest:

Dissembling heavens, where is your happiness? Unconstant times, what are your triumphs? Have you therefore hitherto fed me with honey, that you might at last poison me with gall? Have you fattened me so long with sardenian smiles that, like the wreck of the sirens, I might perish in your wiles? Curst that I was to affy in your courtesy, curst that I am to talk of your cruelty. O, Pleusidippus, livest thou, or art thou dead? No, thou art dead, dead to the world, dead to thy kinsfolks, dead to Cyprus, dead to Arcady, dead to thy mother Samela, and with thee dies the world's wonder, thy kinsfolk's comfort, Cyprus' soul, Arcady's hopes, thy mother's honours. Was this the prophecy of thy sovereignty, to yield up thy life to death so untimely? Wretched was I of all women to bring thee forth to this infancy. O cruel Themis, that didst revolve such unavoidable fate; hard-hearted death, to prosecute me with such hate. Have we therefore escaped the fury of the seas, to perish on the land? Was it not enough that we were exiled from higher prosperity, but we must all of us thus suddenly be overwhelmed with the overflow of a second adversity? My husband and thy father to be swallowed in the fury of the surge, and now thou to be . . . and therewith her eyes distilled such abundance of tears as stopped the passage of her complaints, & made her seem a more than second Niobe, bewailing her seven-fold sorrow under the form of a weeping flint.

Menaphon, who had overheard her all this while, as one that sought opportunity to plead his unrest, perceiving her in that extremity of agony for her son's supposed loss, stepped to her presently and cheered her up in these terms:

Fair shepherdess, might the tears of contrition raise the dead from destruction, then were it wisdom to bewail what weeping might recall, but since such anguish is fruitless, and these plainings bootless, comfort yourself with the hope of the living, and omit the tears for the dead.

Why, quoth Samela, how is it possible a woman should lose him without grief whom she hath conceived with sorrow; he was, sweet Menaphon, the divided half of my essence,

soul to my joys, and life to my delights, as beauteous in his birth as in our bright bow-bearing god that played the shepherd awhile for love amidst our pleasant Arcadian downs.

Whate'er he was in beauty, quoth Menaphon, proceeded from your bounty, who may by marriage make his like when you please; therefore there is no cause you should so much grieve to see your first work defaced, that of a new mould can form a far better than ever he was.

Ah, Menaphon, ne'er more may his like proceed from my loins; I tell thee he made the chamber bright with his beauty when he was born, and chased the night with the golden rays that gleamed from his looks; ne'er more may I be the mother of such a son.

Yes, Samela, quoth the frolic shepherd, think not but if thou wilt list to my loves, I will enrich thee with as fair increase as ever he was.

Alas, poor swain, said she, thou hopest in vain, since another must reap what thou hast sown, and gather into his barns what thou hast scattered in the furrow.

Another reap what I have sown? Therewith he scratched his head where it itched not, and setting his cap he could not tell which way, in a hot fustian fume he uttered these words of fury:

Strumpet of Greece, repayest thou my love with this lavish ingratitude? Have I therefore with my plenty supplied thy want, that thou with thy pride shouldst procure my woe? Did I relieve thee in distress, to wound me in thy welfare with disdain? Deceitful woman (and therewith he swore a holiday oath by Pan, the god of the shepherds), either return love for love, or I will turn thee forth of doors to scrape up thy crumbs where thou canst, and make thee pitied for thy poverty that erstwhile wert honoured in every man's eye through the supportance of thy beauty.

Belike, then, quoth Samela, when you entertained me into your house, you did it not in regard of the laws of hospitality, but only with this policy, to quench the flames of your fancy. Then, sir, have I mistook your honesty, and am less indebted to your courtesy.

Nay, I thought no less, said Menaphon, when your straggling eye at our last meeting would be gadding throughout every corner of our company, that you would prove such a kind kestrel, but if you will needs be starting, I'll serve ye thereafter, I warrant you; then see which of our beardless youngsters will take you in when I have cast you forth.

Those, quoth she, that countenance Menaphon and his pelf, and are better able than yourself, but howsoever I find their favour, I henceforth defy you and your fellowship.

And therewith in great rage she flung away into the next chamber where her uncle Lamedon lay asleep, to whom complaining of Menaphon's discourtesies, he straight invented this remedy. There was a shepherd called Moron (brother to Doron) that not

long before died of a surfeit, whose house and flock being set to sale after his decease, he bought them both forthwith for Samela with certain remainder of money he had, and therein enfeoffed her, maugre the fury of Menaphon, who when he saw she was able to support her state without his purse, became sick for anger, and spent whole eclogues in anguish. Sometime lying comfortless on his bed, he would complain him to the winds of his woes in these or suchlike words:

Forlorn and forsook, since physic doth loathe thee, despair be thy death. Love is a god, and despiseth thee, a man; fortune blind, and cannot behold thy deserts. Die, die, fond Menaphon, that ungratefully hast abandoned thy mistress.

And therewith stretching himself upon his bed, as thinking to have slept, he was restrained by cares that exiled all rest from his eyes, whereupon taking his pipe in his hand, twixt playing and signing he plained him thus:

Menaphon's song in his bed.

*You restless cares, companions of the night,
That wrap my joys in folds of endless woes,
Tire on my heart, and wound it with your spite,
Since love and fortune proves my equal foes;
Farewell my hopes, farewell my happy days,
Welcome sweet grief, the subject of my lays.*

*Mourn heavens, mourn earth, your shepherd is forlorn,
Mourn times and hours, since bale invades my bower,
Curse every tongue the place where I was born,
Curse every thought, the life that makes me lour;
Farewell my hopes, farewell my happy days,
Welcome sweet grief, the subject of my lays.*

*Was I not free? Was I not fancy's aim?
Farmed not desire my face to front disdain?
I was; she did, but now one silly maim
Makes me to droop as he whom love hath slain;
Farewell my hopes, farewell my happy days,
Welcome sweet grief, the subject of my lays.*

*Yet drooping, and yet living to this death,
I sigh, I sue for pity at her shrine
Whose fiery eyes exhale my vital breath,
And make my flocks with parching heat to pine;
Farewell my hopes, farewell my happy days,
Welcome sweet grief, the subject of my lays.*

Fade they, die I, long may she live to bliss,

*That feeds a wanton fire with fuel of her form,
And makes perpetual summer where she is,
Whiles I do cry, o'ertook with envy's storm;
Farewell my hopes, farewell my happy days,
Welcome sweet grief, the subject of my lays.*

No sooner had Menaphon ended this ditty but Pesana, hearing that he was lately fallen sick, and that Samela and he were at mortal jars, thinking to make hay while the sun shined, and take opportunity by his forelocks, coming into his chamber under pretence to visit him, fell into these terms:

Why, how now, Menaphon, hath your new change driven you to a night-cap? Believe me, this is the strangest effect of love that ever I saw, to freeze so quickly the heart it set on fire so lately.

Why, may it not be a burning fever as well? quoth Menaphon, blushing.

Nay, that cannot be, said Pesana, *since you shake for cold, not sweat for heat.*

Why, if it be so, it is long of cold entertainment.

Why, quoth Pesana, *hath your hot entertainment cooled your courage?*

No, but her undeserved hate quite hindered my conquest.

You know, said Pesana, *where you might have been let in, long ere this, without either assault or any such battery.*

With this the shepherd was mute, and Pesana ashamed, but at length regathering his spirits, to bewray his martyrdom and make his old mistress some new music, he strained forth this ditty:

*Fair fields, proud Flora's vaunt, why is't you smile
whenas I languish?
You golden meads, why strive you to beguile
my weeping anguish?
I live to sorrow, you to pleasure spring,
why do you spring thus?
What, will not Boreas, tempests' wrathful king,
take some pity on us,
And send forth winter in her rusty weed
to wait my bemoanings,
Whiles I distressed do tune my country reed
unto my groanings?
But heaven and earth, time, place and every power
have with her conspired*

*To turn my blissful sweets to baleful sour,
 since fond I desired
 The heaven whereto my thoughts may not aspire.
 Ay me, unhappy,
 It was my fault t' embrace my bane, the fire,
 that forceth me to die;
 Mine be the pain, but hers the cruel cause
 of this strange torment,
 Wherefore no time by banning prayers shall pause
 till proud she repent.*

*Well, I perceive, quoth Pesana, for all she hath let you fly like a hawk that hath lost her
 tire, yet you mean to follow suit and service, though you get but a handful of smoke to the
 bargain.*

Not so, said Menaphon, but perhaps I seek to return an ill bargain as dear as I bought it.

If you do so, you are wiser than this kercher doth show you, quoth Pesana.

Much idle prattle to this purpose had Menaphon with Pesana in his sickness, and long it was not but that with good diet and warm broths (and especially by her careful attendance) he began to gather up his crumbs and listen by little and little to the love he late scorned.

Leave we them to their equal desires, as surfeiting either of other's society, and let us look back to Thessaly, where Samela's stripling (now grown up to the age of sixteen years) flourished in honour & feats of arms above all the knights of the court, insomuch that the echo of his fame was the only news talked on throughout every town in Greece, but Olympia, the mistress of his prowess (for so was the king's daughter named) was she that most of all exalted in the far renowned reports of his marital perfections, to whose praise he did consecrate all his endeavours, to whose exquisite form he did dedicate all his adventures. But hell-born fame, the eldest daughter of Erinnys, envying the felicity of these two famous lovers, dismounted eftsoons from her brass-sounding buildings and unburdened herself of her secrets in the presence of young Pleusidippus, among whose catalogue she had not forgot to discover the incomparable beauty of the Arcadian shepherdess, whereof the young prince no sooner had received an inkling, but he stood upon thorns till he had satisfied his desire with her sight. Therefore on a time sitting with his mistress at supper, when for table-talk it was debated amongst them what country bred the most accomplished dames for all things, after strangers and others had delivered up their opinions without partiality, one amongst them all who had been in Arcady gave up his verdict thus freely:

Gentlewomen, quoth he, be it no disgrace for the moon to stoop to the sun, for the stars to give place when Titan appears. Then I hope neither the Thessalians will be moved, nor the Grecians aggrieved, if I make Apollo's Arcady beauty's meridian. Neither will I proceed herein as our philosophical poets are wont, that muster every mover in the

zodiac, every fixed star in the firmament, every elemental word of art in an almanac, to prove that country for beauty most canonical where their mistress abideth, whenas, God wot, had they but learned of Apelles, Ne sutor vltra crepidam [=I will go no further than the latchet], they would not have aspired above their birth, or talked beyond their souterly bringing up.

Our Arcadian nymphs are fair & beautiful, though not begotten of the sun's bright rays whose eyes vaunt love's armory to the view, whose angelical faces are to the obscure earth instead of a firmament. View but this counterfeit (and therewithal he showed the picture of Samela) and see if it be not of force to draw the sun from his sphere or the moon from her circle to gaze as the one did on the beauty of Daphne, or all night contemplate as the other on the form of Endymion.

Pleusidippus, who all this while heard his tale with attentive patience, no sooner beheld the radiant glory of this resplendent face, but as a man already installed in eternity, he exclaimed thus abruptly: *O Arcady, Arcady, storehouse of nymphs and nursery of beauty.* At which words Olympias, starting up suddenly, as if she, a second Juno, had taken her Jove in bed with Alcmena, and overcasting the chamber with a frown that was able to mantle the world with an eternal night, she made passage to her choler in these terms of contempt:

Beardless upstart of I know not whence, have the favours of my bounty (not thy desert) entered thee so deeply in overweening presumption that thou shouldst be the foremost in derogation of our dignity and blaspheming of my beauty? I tell thee, recreant, I scorn thy clownish Arcady with his inferior comparisons, as one that prizeth her perfection above any created constitution.

Pleusidippus upon this speech stood plunged in a great perplexity whether he should excuse himself mildly or take her up roundly, but the latter being more level to his humour than the former he began thus to rouse up his fury:

Disdainful dame, that upbraideth me with my birth as it were base & my youth as it were boyish, know that although my parents and progeny are envied by obscurity, yet the sparks of renown that make my eagle-minded thoughts to mount, the heavenly fire imprisoned in the pannicles of my crest inciting me to more deeds of honour than stout Perseus effected with his falchion in the fields of Hesperia, ascertaineth my soul I was the son of no coward, but a gentleman, but since my inequality of parentage is such an eyesore to thy envy, hold, take thy favours (and therewith he threw her her glove) and immortalize who thou wilt with thy toys, for I will to Arcady in despite of thee and thy affinity, there either to seek out mischance or a new mistress.

With this, in a great rage he rose from the board, and would have mounted himself to depart in that mood had not the lords & gentlemen there present dissuaded him from such an unadvised enterprise. Neither was this unkindness kept so secret but it came to the king's ear as he was new risen from dinner, who for the love he bare to Pleusidippus, whom he had honoured with knighthood not long before, and for the toward hopes he

saw in him, took pains to go to the chamber where they were, and finding his daughter in strange manner perplexed with the thoughts of Pleusidippus' departure, her eyes red and her cheeks all-to-be-blubbered with her jealous tears, he took he up in this manner:

Daughter, I thought I had chose such a one to be the object of your eye as you might have every way loved and honoured as the lord of your life, and not have controlled as the slave of your lust. Did I therefore grace him with my countenance, that you should distain him with your taunts? Peevish girl, I advise thee on my displeasure, either reconcile thyself betimes, and reform thy unreverent terms, or I will disclaim the love of a father and deal by thee no more as a daughter.

Olympia, who already had sufficiently bitten on the bridle, took these words more unkindly than all her former bitterness, which she digested but sourly; nevertheless, making necessity the present time's best policy, she humbled herself as she might with modesty, and desired the best interpretation of what was past. Pleusidippus, whose courteous inclination could not withstand this submission, in sign of reconciliation gave her a *stoccado des labies*, yet was he not so reconciled but he kept on his purpose of going to Arcady, whereat Olympia (although she grudged inwardly, yet being loath to offend) held her peace, and determined to bestow upon him a remembrance whereby he might be brought to think upon her in his absence, which was the devise of a bleeding heart floating in the sea waves, curiously stamped in gold, with this motto about it: *Portum aut mortem*, alluding as it seemed to the devise in his shield, wherein (because he was taken up by Eurilochus on the shore) was cunningly drawn in a field argent the sea waves with Venus sitting on the top, in token that his affection was already fettered.

Here, hold this, my sweet Pleusidippus, and hang it about thy neck, that when thou art in Arcady it may be ever in thine eye; so shall these drops of ruth that paint out a painful truth withdraw thy fancy from attracting strange beauty. Which said, the tears gushed from her eyes, and Agenor's likewise, who gave him nothing so much in charge as to make haste of his return.

Pleusidippus, although he could have been content to have done the like for company, yet he had such a mind on his journey that he broke off such ceremonies and hasted a-shipboard, and in a bark bound for Arcady, having the wind favourable, made a short cut, so that in a day and night's sailing he arrived on the shore adjoining to the promontory where he, his mother and his uncle Lamedon were first wrecked.

Leave we him wandering with some few of his train that came with him amongst the sea-side to seek out some town or village where to refresh themselves, and let us awhile to the court of Democles, where our history began, who having committed his daughter with her tender babe, her husband Maximus, and Lamedon, his uncle, without oar or mariner to the fury of the merciless waves, determined to leave the succession of his kingdom to uncertain chance, for his queen, with Sephestia's loss (whom she deemed to be dead) took such thought that within short time after she died. Democles, as careless of all weathers, spent his time, epicure-like, in all kind of pleasures that either art or expense might afford, so that for his dissolute life he seemed another Heliogabalus, deriving his

security from that grounded tranquility which made it proverbial to the world: *No heaven but Arcady.*

Having spent many years in this variety of vanity, fame determining to apply herself to his fancy, sounded in his ears the singular beauty of his daughter Samela. He, although he was an old colt, yet had not cast all his wanton teeth, which made him, under the bruit of being sick of a grievous apoplexy, steal from his court secretly in the disguise of a shepherd to come and seek out Samela, who not a little proud of her new flock, lived more contented than if she had been queen of Arcady, and Melicertus, joying not a little that she was parted from Menaphon, used very day to visit her without dread, and court her in such shepherd's terms as he had, which how they pleased her I leave to you to imagine, whenas not long after she vowed marriage to him solemnly in presence of all the shepherds, but not to be solemnized till the prophecy was fulfilled mentioned in the beginning of this history. Although this penance exceeded the limits of his patience, yet hoping that the oracle was not uttered in vain, and might as well (albeit he knew not which way) be accomplished in him as in any other, he was contented to make a virtue of necessity and await the utmost of his destiny.

But Pleusidippus, who by this time had perfected his policies, changing his garments with one of the herd-grooms of Menaphon, tracing over the plains in the habit of a shepherd, chanced to meet with Democles as he was new come into those quarters, whom mistaking for an old shepherd, he began many impertinent questions belonging to the sheepcotes. At last he asked him if he knew Samela's sheepfold, who answering doubtfully unto all alike, made him half angry, and had not Samela passed by at that instant to fill her bottle at a spring at the foot of the promontory, he should like enough had had first handsel of our new shepherd's sheep-hook. But the wonder of her beauty so wrought with his wounded fancy that he thought report a partial spreader of her praises, and fame too base to talk of such forms. Samela, espying this fair shepherd so far overgone in his gazing, stepped to him and asked him if he knew her that he so overlooked her.

Pardon me, fair shepherdess, quoth Pleusidippus, if it be a fault, for I cannot choose, being eagle-sighted, but gaze on the sun the first time I see it.

And truly, I cannot choose but compare you to one of Aesop's apes, that finding a glow-worm in the night, took it for fire, and you seeing a face full of deformities, mistake it for the sun.

Indeed, it may be mine eyes made opposite to such an object may fail in their office, having their lights rebated by such brightness.

Nay, not unlike, quoth Samela, for else out of doubt you would see your way better.

Why, quoth Pleusidippus, I cannot go out of the way when I meet such glistering goddesses in my way.

How now, Sir Paris, are you out of your arithmetic? I think you have lost your wits with your eyes that mistake Arcady for Ida, and a shepherdess for a goddess.

However it please you, quoth Pleusidippus, to derogate from my prowess by the title of Paris, know that I am not so far out of my arithmetic but that by multiplication I can make two of one in an hour's warning, or be as good as a cipher to fill up a place at the worst hand, for my wit sufficeth, be it never so simple, to prove both re and voce that there can be no vacuum in rerum natura, and mine eyes (or else they deceive me) will enter so far in art as niger est contrarius albo, and teach me how to discern twixt black and white.

Much other circumstance of prattle passed between them which the Arcadian records do not show, nor I remember. Sufficeth he pleaded love, and was repulsed, which drove him into such a choler that, meeting his supposed shepherd (who lying under a bush had all this while overheard them), he entered into such terms of indignation as Jove shaking his earthquaking hair when he sat in consultation of Lycaon.

Wherefore Democles, perceiving Pleusidippus repulsed who was every way graced with the ornaments of nature, began to cast over his bad pennyworths, in whose face age had furrowed her wrinkles, except he should lay his crown at her feet and tell her he was king of Arcadia, which in commonwealth's respects seeming not commodious, he thought to turn a new leaf, and make this young shepherd the means to perfect his purpose. He had not far from that place a strong castle which was inhabited as then by none but tillsmen and herd-grooms. Thither did he persuade Pleusidippus to carry her perforce, & effect that by constraint that he could not achieve by entreaty, who listening not a little to this counsel that was never plotted for his advantage, presently put in practice what he of late gave in precepts, and waiting till the evening that Samela should fold her sheep, having given his men the watchword, maugre all the shepherds adjoining, he mounted her behind him, and being by Democles directed to the castle, he made such havoc among the stubborn herdsmen that will they, nill they, he was lord of the castle.

Yet might not this prevail with Samela, who constant to her old shepherd, would not entertain any new love, which made Pleusidippus think all this harvest lost in the reaping, and blemished all his delights with a mournful drooping. But Democles, that looked for a mountain of gold in a molehill, finding her all alone, began to discourse his love in more ample manner than ever Pleusidippus, telling her how he was a king, what his revenues were, what power he had to advance her, with many other proud vaunts of his wealth and prodigal terms of his treasure. Samela, hearing the name of a king, and perceiving him to be her father, stood amazed like Medusa's metamorphosis, and blushing oft, with intermingled sighs, began to think how injurious fortune was to her shown in such an incestuous father. But he, hot-spurred in his purpose, gave her no time to deliberate, but required either a quick consent or a present denial. She told him that the shepherd Melicertus was already entitled in the interest of her beauty, wherefore it was in vain what he or any other could plead in the way of persuasion. He thereupon entering into a large field of the baseness of shepherds and royalties of kings, with many other assembled arguments of delight that would have fetched Venus from her sphere to

disport, but Samela, whose mouth could digest no other meat save only her sweet Melicertus, ashamed so long to hold parley with her father about such a matter, flung away to her withdrawing-chamber in a dissembled rage, and there, after her wonted manner, bewailed her misfortunes.

Democles, plunged thus in a labyrinth of restless passions, seeing Melicertus' figure was so deeply printed in the centre of her thoughts as neither the resolution of his fancy, his metamorphosis from a king to a traveller, crowns, kingdoms, preferments (batteries that soon overthrow the fortress of women's fantasies), when Democles, I say, saw that none of these could remove Samela, hearing that the Arcadian shepherds were in an uproar for the loss of their beautiful shepherdess, his hot love changing to a bird of coy disdain, he intended by some revenge either to obtain his love or satisfy his hate, whereupon thoroughly resolved, he stole away secretly in his shepherd's apparel and got him down to the plains, where he found all the swains in a mutiny about the recovery of their beautiful paragon. Democles stepping amongst the rout, demanded the cause of their controversy.

Marry, sir, quoth Doron bluntly, the flower of all our garland is gone.

How mean you, sir? quoth he.

We had, answered Doron, an ewe amongst our rams whose fleece was as white as the hairs that grow on father Boreas' chin, or as the dangling dewlap of the silver bull, her front curled like to the Erymanthian boar and spangled like to the worsted stocking of Saturn, her face like Mars treading upon the milk-white clouds; believe me, shepherd, her eyes were like the fiery torches tilting against the moon. This paragon, this nonesuch, this ewe, this mistress of our flocks, was by a wily fox stolen from our folds, for which these shepherds assemble themselves to recover so wealthy a prize.

What is he, quoth Menaphon, that Doron is in such debate with? Fellow, canst thou tell us any news of the fair shepherdess that the knight of Thessaly hath carried away from her fellow nymphs?

Democles, thinking to take opportunity by the forehead, and seeing time had feathered his bolt, willing to assay as he might to hit the mark, began thus:

Shepherds, you see my profession is your trade, and although my wandering fortunes be not like your home-born favours, yet were I in the groves of Thessalian Tempe as I am in the plains of Arcady, the swains would give me as many due honours as they present you here with submiss reverence. Beauty that drew Apollo from heaven to play the shepherd, that fetched Jove from heaven to bear the shape of a bull for Agenor's daughter, the excellence of such a metaphysical virtue, I mean, shepherd[s], the fame of your fair Samela, hovering in the ears of every man as a miracle of nature, brought me from Thessaly to feed mine eyes with Arcady's wonder. Stepping amongst the shore to come to some sheepecote where my weary limbs might have rest, love, that for my labours thought to lead me to fancy's pavilion, was my conduct to a castle where a Thessalian knight lies in hold. The portcullis was let down, the bridge drawn, the court of guard kept. Thither I

went, and for by my tongue I was known to be a Thessalian, I was entertained and lodged. The knight, whose years are young and valure matchless, holding in his arms a lady more beautiful than love's queen, all blubbered with tears, asked me many questions, which as I might I replied unto, but while he talked mine eye, surfeiting with such excellence, was detained upon the glorious show of such a wonderful object. I demanded what she was of the standers-by, & they said she was the fair shepherdess whom the knight had taken from the swains of Arcady, and would carry with the first wind that served into Thessaly. This, shepherds, I know, and grieve that thus your loves should be overmatched with fortune, and your affections pulled back by contrariety of destiny.

Melicertus hearing this, the fire sparkling out of his eyes, began thus:

I tell thee, shepherd, if fates with their forepointing pencils did pen down, or fortune with her deepest variety resolve, or love with his greatest power determine to deprive Arcady of the beautiful Samela, we would with our blood sign down such spells [sic for 'spoils?'] on the plains that either our gods should summon her to Elysium or she rest with us quiet & fortunate. Thou seest the shepherds are up in arms to revenge, only it rests who shall have the honour and principality of the field.

What needs that question, quoth Menaphon, am not I the king's shepherd, and chief of all the bordering swains of Arcady?

I grant, quoth Melicertus, but am not I a gentleman, though tired in a shepherd's skin-coat, superior to thee in birth, though equal now in profession?

Well, from words they had fallen to blows had not the shepherds parted them, and for the avoiding of further troubles, it was agreed that they should in two eglogues make description of their love, and Democles, for he was a stranger, to sit censor, and who best could decipher his mistress' perfection should be made general of the rest. Menaphon and Melicertus condescended to this motion, & Democles sitting as judge, the rest of the shepherds standing as witnesses of this combat, Menaphon began thus:

Menaphon's eglogue.

*Too weak the wit, too slender is the brain
That means to mark the power and worth of love;
Not one that lives (except he hap to prove)
Can tell the sweet, or tell the secret pain.*

*Yet I that have been prentice to the grief,
Like to the cunning seaman from afar
By guess will talk the beauty of that star
Whose influence must yield me chief relief.*

You censors of the glory of my dear,

*With reverence and lowly bent of knee
Attend and mark what her perfections be,
For in my words my fancies shall appear.*

*Her locks are plaited like the fleece of wool
That Jason with his Grecian mates achieved,
As pure as gold, yet not from gold derived,
As full of sweets as sweet of sweets is full.*

*Her brows are pretty tables of conceit
Where love his records of delight doth quote;
On them her dallying locks do daily float,
As love full oft doth feed upon the bait.*

*Her eyes, fair eyes, like to the purest lights
That animate the sun, or cheer the day,
In whom the shining sunbeams brightly play
Whiles fancy doth on them divine delights.*

*Her cheeks like ripened lilies steeped in wine,
Or fair pomegranate kernels washed in milk,
Or snow-white threads in nets of crimson silk,
Or gorgeous clouds upon the sun's decline.*

*Her lips like roses overwashed with dew,
Or like the purple of Narcissus' flower;
No frost their fair, no wind doth waste their power,
But by her breath her beauties do renew.*

*Her crystal chin like to the purest mould
Enchased with dainty daisies soft and white,
Where fancy's fair pavilion once is pight,
Whereas embrac'd his beauties he doth hold.*

*Her neck like to an ivory-shining tower
Wherethrough with azure veins sweet nectar runs,
Or like the down of swans where Senesse [sic?] wones,
Or like delight that doth itself devour.*

*Her paps are like fair apples in the prime,
As round as orient pearls, as soft as down;
They never veil their fair through winter's frown,
But from their sweets love sucked his summer-time.*

*Her body beauty's best-esteemed bower,
Delicious, comely, dainty, without stain,*

*The thought whereof (not touch) hath wrought my pain,
Whose fair all fair and beauties doth devour.*

*Her maiden mount, the dwelling-house of pleasure,
Not like, for why no like, surpasseth wonder,
O, blest is he may bring such beauties under,
Or search by suit the secrets of that treasure.*

*Devoured in thought, how wanders my device,
What rests behind I must divine upon?
Who talks the best can say but fairer none;
Few words well couched do most content the wise.*

*All you that hear, let not my silly style
Condemn my zeal, for what my tongue should say
Serves to enforce my thoughts to seek the way
Whereby my woes and cares I do beguile.*

*Seld speaketh love, but sighs his secret pains,
Tears are his truchmen, words do make him tremble;
How sweet is love to them that can dissemble
In thoughts and looks till they have reaped the gain.*

*Alonely I am plain, and what I say
I think, yet what I think, tongue cannot tell;
Sweet censors, take my silly worst for well;
My faith is firm, though homely be my lay.*

After the hapless Menaphon had in this homely discourse shadowed his heavenly delight, the shepherd Melicertus, after some pause, began in this sort:

Melicertus' eclogue.

*What need compare where sweet exceeds compare?
Who draws his thoughts of love from senseless things
Their pomp and greatest glories doth impair,
And mounts love's heaven with over-leaden wings.*

*Stones, herbs and flowers, the foolish spoils of earth,
Floods, metals, colours, dalliance of the eye,
These show conceit is stained with too much dearth,
Such abstract fond compares make cunning die.*

*But he that hath the feeling taste of love
Derives his essence from no earthly toy;
A weak conceit his power cannot approve,*

For earthly thoughts are subject to annoy.

*Be whist, be still, be silent censors now;
My fellow swain has told a pretty tale
Which modern poets may perhaps allow,
Yet I condemn the terms, for they are stale.*

*Apollo, when my mistress first was born,
Cut off his locks and left them on her head,
And said: I plant these wires in nature's scorn,
Whose beauties shall appear when time is dead.*

*From forth the crystal heaven when she was made,
The purity thereof did taint her brow
On which the glistering sun that sought the shade
Gan set, and there his glories doth avow.*

*Those eyes, fair eyes, too fair to be described,
Were those that erst the chaos did reform,
To whom the heaven their beauties have ascribed
That fashion life in man, in beast, in worm.*

*When first her fair delicious cheeks were wrought
Aurora brought her blush, the moon her white,
Both so combined as passed nature's thought,
Compiled those pretty orbs of sweet delight.*

*When love and nature once were proud with play,
From both their lips her lips the coral drew,
On them doth fancy sleep, and every day
Doth swallow joy such sweet delights to view.*

*Whilom while Venus' son did seek a bower
To sport with Psyche, his desired dear,
He chose her chin, and from that happy stour
He never stints in glory to appear.*

*Desires and joys that long had served love
Besought a hold where pretty eyes might woo them;
Love make [sic for 'made'?] her neck, and for their best behoof
Hath shut them there, whence no man can undo them.*

*Once Venus dreamt upon two pretty things,
Her thoughts they were affection's chiefest nests,
She sucked and sighed [=sighed], and bathed her in the springs,
And when she waked, they were my mistress' breasts.*

*Once Cupid sought a hold to couch his kisses,
And found the body of my best-beloved
Wherein he closed the beauty of his blisses,
And from that bower can never be remov'd.*

*The Graces erst, when Alcidelian springs
Were waxen dry, perhaps did find her fountain
Within the vale of bliss where Cupid's wings
Do shield the nectar fleeting from the mountain.*

*No more, fond man; things infinite, I see,
Brook no dimension; hell [sic] a foolish speech,
For endless things may never talked be;
Then let me live to honour and beseech.*

*Sweet nature's pomp, if my deficient phrase
Hath stained thy glories by too little skill,
Yield pardon though mine eye that long did gaze
Hath left no better pattern to my quill.*

*I will no more, no more will I detain
Your list'ning ears with dalliance of my tongue;
I speak my joys, but yet conceal my pain,
My pain too old, although my years be young.*

As soon as Melicertus had ended this eclogue, they expected the doom of Democles, who hearing the sweet description wherein Melicertus described his mistress, wondered that such rare conceits could be harboured under a shepherd's grey clothing. At last he made this answer:

*Arcadian swains, whose wealth is content, whose labours are tempered with sweet loves,
whose minds aspire not, whose thoughts brook no envy, only as rivals in affection you are
friendly emulators in honest fancy, sith fortune (as enemy to your quiet) hath reft you of
your fair shepherdess (the world's wonder, and Arcady's miracle), and one of you as
champion must lead the rest to revenge, both desirous to show your valour as your
forwardness in affections, and yet (as I said) one to be sole chieftain of the train, I award
to Melicertus that honour (as to him that hath most curiously portrayed out his mistress'
excellence) to bear sole rule and supremacy.*

At this Menaphon grudged, and Melicertus was in an ecstasy for joy, so that gathering all his forces together of stout headstrong clowns, amounting to the number of some two hundred, he apparelled himself in armour, colour sables, as mourning for his mistress; in the shield he had figured the waves of the sea, Venus sitting on them in the height of all her pride. Thus marched Melicertus forward with old Democles, the supposed shepherd, till they came to the castle where Pleusidippus and his fair Samela were resident. As

soon as they came there Melicertus begirt the castle with such a siege as so many sheepish cavaliers could furnish, which when he had done, summoning them in the castle to parley, the young knight stepped upon the walls, and seeing such a crew of base companions with jackets and rusty bills on their backs, fell into a great laughter, and began to taunt them thus:

Why, what strange metamorphosis is this? Are the plains of Arcady, whilom filled with labourers, now overlaid with lances? Are sheep transformed into men, swains into soldiers, and a wandering company of poor shepherds into a worthy troop of resolute champions? No doubt either Pan means to play god of war, or else these be but such men as rose of the teeth of Cadmus. Now I see the beginning of your wars and the pretended end of your stratagems: the shepherds having a madding humour like the Greeks to seek for the recovery of Helena, so you for the regaining of your fair Samela. Here she is, shepherds, and I a Priam to defend her with resistance of a ten years' siege, yet for I were loath to have my castle sacked like Troy, I pray you tell me, which is Agamemnon?

Melicertus hearing the youth to speak thus proudly, having the sparks of honour fresh under the cinders of poverty, incited with love and valour (two things to animate the most dastard Thersites to enter combat against Hercules), answered thus:

Unknown youngster of Thessaly, if the fear of thy hardy deeds were like the diapason of thy threats, we would think the castle of longer siege than either our ages would permit, or our valour adventure, but where the shelf is most shallow, there the water breaks most high; empty vessels have the highest sounds, hollow rocks the loudest echoes, and prattling gloriosers the smallest performance of courage, for proof whereof, seeing thou hast made a rape of fair Samela, one of her vowed shepherds is come for the safety of her sweet self to challenge thee to single combat. If thou overcome me, thou shalt freely pass with the shepherdess to Thessaly; if I vanquish thee, thou shalt feel the burden of thy rashness, and Samela the sweetness of her liberty.

Pleusidippus marveled at the resolution of the shepherd, but when Democles heard how if he won she should be transported into Thessaly, a world of sorrows tumbled in his discontented brain, that he hammered in his head many means to stay the fair Samela, for when Pleusidippus in a great choler was ready to throw down his gauntlet and to accept of the combat, Democles stepped up and spoke thus:

Worthy mirrors of resolved magnanimity, whose thoughts are above your fortunes & whose valour more than your revenues, know that bitches that puppy in haste bring forth blind whelps, that there is no herb sooner sprung up than the spattarmia, nor sooner fadeth; the [sic for 'that'?] fruits too soon ripe are quickly rotten; that deeds done in haste are repented at leisure. Then, brave men, in so weighty a cause, and for the conquest of so excellent a paragon, let not one minute begin and end the quarrel, but like Fabius of Rome use delay in such dangerous exploits when honour sits on wreaths of laurel to give the victor his garland. Defer it some three days, and then in solemn manner end the combat.

To this good motion not only Pleusidippus and Melicertus agreed, but all the company were consenting, and upon pledges of truce being given, they rested. But Democles, seeing in covert he could not conquer, and that in despairing [sic?] love's secrecy was no salve, he dispatched letters to the nobility of his court with strait charge that they should be in that place within three days with ten thousand strong. This news no sooner came to the general of his forces, but levying so many approved soldiers he marched secretly by night to the place Democles in his letters had prescribed, and there joyfully entertained by the king, they were placed in ambush, ready when the signal should be given to issue out of the place and perform their sovereign's command.

Well, the third day being come, no sooner did Titan arise from the watery couch of his leman but these two champions were ready in the lists, accompanied with the rout of all the Arcadian shepherds and old Democles, whom they had appointed for one of the judges. Pleusidippus, seeing Melicertus advance on his shield the waves of the sea with Venus sitting upon them, marvelled what the shepherd should be that gave his arms, & Melicertus was as much amazed to see a strange Thessalian knight vaunt his arms without difference, yet being so fraught with direful revenge as they scorned to salute each other so much as with threats, they fell toughly to blows. Samela standing on top of the turret and viewing the combat, the poor lady grieving that for her cause such a stratagem should arise in Arcady, her countenance full of sorrow, and floods of tears falling from her eyes, she began to breathe out this passion:

Unfortunate Samela, born to mishaps and fore-pointed to sinister fortunes, whose blooms were ripened by mischance, and whose fruit is like to wither with despair. In thy youth sat discontent pruning herself in thy forehead; now in thine age sorrow hides herself amongst the wrinkles of thy face. Thus art thou unfortunate in thy prime and crossed with contrary accidents in thy autumn, as hapless as Helena, to have the burden of wars laid on the wings of thy beauty. And who must be the champion? Whose sword must pierce the helm of thine enemy? Whose blood must purchase the freedom of Samela but Melicertus? If he conquer, then Samela triumphs, as if she had been chief victor in the Olympiads; if he lose, every drop falling from his wounds into the centre of my thoughts, as his death to him, so shall it be to me the end of my loves, my life and my liberty.

As still she was about to go forward in her passion, the trumpet sounded, and they fell to fight in such furious sort as the Arcadians and Democles himself wondered to see the courage of the shepherd that tied the knight to such a sore task. Pleusidippus likewise feeling an extraordinary kind of force, and seeing with what courage the knight of the shepherds fought, began to conjecture diversly of the waves, and to fear the event of the combat. On the contrary part, Melicertus, half wearied with the heavy blows of Pleusidippus, stood in a maze how so young a wag should be so expert in his weapon. Thus debating diversly in their several thoughts, at length, being both weary, they stepped back, and leaning on their swords took breath, gazing each upon other. At last Pleusidippus burst into these speeches:

Shepherd in life, though now a gentleman in armour, if thy degree be better I glory I am not disgraced with the combat. Tell me how darest thou so far wrong me as to wear mine arms upon thy shield?

Princox, quoth Melicertus, thou liest. They be mine own, and thou, contrary to the law of arms, bearest my crest without difference, in which quarrel, seeing it concerns my honour, I will revenge it as far as my loves. And with that he gave such a charging blow at Pleusidippus' helm that he had almost overturned him. Pleusidippus left not the blow unrequited, but doubled his force, insomuch that the hazard of the battle was doubtful, and both of them were fain to take breath again. Democles seeing his time, that both of them were sore weakened, gave the watchword, the ambush leapt out, slaughtered many of the shepherds, put the rest to flight, took the two champions prisoners, and sacking the castle, carried them and the fair Samela to his court, letting the shepherdess have her liberty, but putting Melicertus and Pleusidippus into a deep and dark dungeon.

Where leaving these passionate lovers in this catastrophe, again to Doron, the homely blunt shepherd, who having been long enamoured of Carmela, much good wooing passed betwixt them, and yet little speeding. At last, both of them met hard by the promontory of Arcady, she leading forth her sheep and he going to see his new yeaned lambs. As soon as they met, breaking a few quarter-blows with such country glances as they could, they geered [sic] one at another lovingly. At last Doron manfully began thus:

Carmela, by my troth, good morrow. 'Tis dainty to see you abroad as to eat a mess of sweet milk in July. You are proved such a house-dove of late, or rather so good a housewife, that no man may see you under a couple of capons. The churchyard may stand long enough ere you will come to look on it, and the piper may beg for every penny he gets out of your purse, but it is no matter, you are in love with some stout ruffler, and yet poor fools such as I am must be content with porridge. And with that, turning his back, he smiled in his sleeve to see how kindly he had given her the bob, which Carmela seeing, she thought to be even with him thus:

Indeed, Doron, you say well. It is long since we met, and our house is a grange house with you, but we have tied up the great dog, and when you come you shall have green rushes, you are such a stranger. But 'tis no matter, soon hot soon cold; he that mingles himself with draff, the hogs will eat him, and she that lays her love on an unkind man shall find sorrow enough to eat her sops withal. And with that Carmela was so full stomached that she wept.

Doron, to show himself a natural young man, gave her a few kind kisses to comfort her, and sware that she was the woman he loved best in the whole world. *And for proof,* quoth he, *thou shalt hear what I will praise.* And you, quoth she, *what I will perform.* And so taking hand in hand, they kindly sat them down and began to discourse their loves in these eclogues:

Doron's eclogue joined with Carmela's.

*Sit down, Carmela, here are cobs for kings,
Sloes black as jet, or like my Christmas shoes,
Sweet cider which my leathern bottle brings;
Sir down, Carmela, let me kiss thy toes.*

Carmela.

*Ah, Doron, ah, my heart, thou art as white
As is my mother's calf or brinded cow,
Thine eyes are like the slow-worms in the night,
Thine hairs resemble thickest of the snow.*

*The lines within thy face are deep and clear,
Like to the furrows of my father's wain;
Thy sweat upon thy face doth oft appear,
Like to my mother's fat and kitchen-gain.*

*Ah, leave my toe[s], and kiss my lips, my love,
My lips are thine, for I have given them thee;
Within thy cap 'tis thou shalt wear my glove,
At football-sport, thou shalt my champion be.*

Doron.

*Carmela dear, even as the golden ball
That Venus got, such are thy goodly eyes;
When cherries' juice is jumbled therewithal,
Thy breath is like the steam of apple-pies.*

*Thy lips resemble two cucumbers fair,
Thy teeth like to the tusks of fattest swine,
Thy speech is like the thunder in the air;
Would God thy toes, thy lips, and all were mine.*

Carmela.

Doron, what thing doth move this wishing grief?

Doron.

*'Tis love, Carmela, ah, 'tis cruel love,
That like a slave and caitiff villain thief
Hath cut my throat for joy of my behoof.*

Carmela.

Where was he born?

Doron.

*In faith, I know not where,
But I have heard much talking of his dart;
Ay me, poor man, with many a trampling tear
I feel him wound the forehearse [sic for fore-horse?] of my heart.*

*What, do I love? O no, I do but talk.
What, shall I die for love? O no, not so.
What, am I dead? O no, my tongue doth walk
Come kiss, Carmela, and confound my woe.*

Carmela.

*Even with this kiss, as once my father did,
I seal the sweet indentures of delight;
Before I break my vow the gods forbid,
No, not by day, nor yet by darksome night.*

Doron.

*Even with this garland made of hollyhocks
I cross thy brows from every shepherd's kiss;
Heigh-ho, how glad am I to touch thy locks,
My frolic heart even now a free man is.*

Carmela.

*I thank you, Doron, and will think on you,
I love you, Doron, and will wink on you;
I seal your charter-patent with my thumbs;
Come kiss and part, for fear my mother comes.*

Thus ended this merry eclogue betwixt Doron and Carmela, which, gentlemen, if it be stuffed with pretty similes and far-fetched metaphors, think the poor country lovers knew no further comparisons than came within compass of their country logic. Well 'twas a good world when such simplicity was used says the old women of our time, when a ring of a rush would tie as much love together as a gemew of gold. But gentlemen, since we have talked of love so long, you shall give me leave to show my opinion of that foolish fancy thus.

Sonetto

What thing is love? It is a power divine

*That reigns in us, or else a wreakful law
That dooms our minds to beauty to incline;
It is a star whose influence doth draw
Our heart to love, dissembling of his might
Till he be master of our hearts and sight.*

*Love is a discord and a strange divorce
Betwixt our sense and reason, by whose power,
As, mad with reason, we admit that force
Which wit or labour never may devour;
It is a will that brooketh no consent;
It would refuse, yet never may repent.*

*Love's a desire which, for to wait a time,
Doth lose an age of years, and so doth pass
As doth the shadow severed from his prime,
Seeming as though it were, yet never was,
Leaving behind naught but repentant thoughts
Of days ill spent for that which profits noughts.*

*It's now a peace, and then a sudden war,
A hope consumed before it is conceived;
At hand it fears, and menaceth afar,
And he that gains is most of all deceived;
It is a secret hidden and not known,
Which one may better feel than write upon.*

Thus, gentlemen, have you heard my verdict in this sonetto.

Now will I return to Doron and Carmela, who not seeing her mother come, fell again to a few homely kisses, and thus it was, after they had thus amorously ended their eclogues, they plighted faith and troth, and Carmela, very briskly wiping her mouth with a white apron, sealed it with a kiss, which Doron taking marvellous kindly, after a little playing loath to depart, they both went about their business.

Leaving them therefore to their business, again to Democles, who seeing no entreaties would serve to persuade Samela to love, neither the hope of the Arcadian crown nor the title of a queen, lastly assayed with frowns and threats, but all in vain, for Samela, first restrained by nature in that he was her father, and secondly by love, in that Melicertus lay imprisoned only for her sake, stood still so stiff to her tackling that Democles changing love into hate, resolved to revenge that with death which no means else might satisfy, so that to colour his frauds withal, he gave Samela free licence to visit Melicertus, which she had not long done but that by the instigation of the old king, the jailer, confederate to his treachery, accuseth her of adultery, whereupon without further witness they both were condemned to die.

These two lovers, knowing themselves guiltless in this surmised faction, were joyful to end their loves with their lives, and so to conclude all in a fatal and final content of minds and passions. But Democles set free Pleusidippus, as afraid the king of Thessaly would revenge the wrong of his knight, entertaining him with such sumptuous banquets as befitted so brave and worthy a gentleman.

The day prefixed came wherein these parties should die. Samela was so desirous to end her life with her friend that she would not reveal either unto Democles or Melicertus what she was, and Melicertus rather chose to die with his Samela than once to name himself Maximus [sic for 'Maximus']. Both thus resolved were brought to the place of execution. Pleusidippus sitting on a scaffold with Democles, seeing Samela come forth like the blush of the morning, felt an uncouth passion in his mind, and nature began to enter combat with his thoughts. Not love, but reverence; not fancy, but fear began to assail him, that he turned to the king and said: *Is it not pity, Democles, such divine beauty should be wrapped in cinders? No*, quoth Democles, *where the anger of a king must be satisfied*. At this answer Pleusidippus wrapped his face in his cloak and wept, and all the assistants grieved to see so fair a creature subject to the violent rage of fortune.

Well, Democles commanded the deathsman to do his devoir, who kneeling down and craving pardon, ready to give Melicertus the fatal stroke, there stepped out an old woman attired like a prophetess, who cried out: *Villain, hold thy hand; thou wrongest the daughter of a king!*

Democles, hearing the outcry, and seeing that at that word the people began to mutiny and murmur, demanded of the old woman what she meant.

Now, quoth she, *Democles, is the Delphian oracle performed. Neptune hath yielded up the world's wonder, and that is young Pleusidippus, nephew to thee, and son to fair Sephestia, who here standeth under the name of Samela, cast upon the promontory of Arcady with her young son, where she, as a shepherdess, hath lived in labours tempered with loves. Her son, playing on the shore, was conveyed by certain pirates into Thessaly, where (whenas he was supposed every way to be dead) doing deeds of chivalry, he fulfilled the prophecy. Your Highness, giving the lion, were good unto the lambs in dissembling yourself a shepherd. Planets resting upon the hills was the picture of Venus upon their crests, & the seas that had neither ebb nor tide was the combat twixt the father and the son, that gave the waves of the seas in their shields, not able to vanquish one another, but parting with equal victory. For know, Democles, this Melicertus is Maximus, twice betrothed to Sephestia, and father to young Pleusidippus. Now therefore, the oracle fulfilled, is the happy time wherein Arcady shall rest in peace.*

At this the people gave a great shout, and the old woman vanished. Democles, as a man ravished with an ecstasy of sudden joy, sat still and stared on the face of Sephestia. Pleusidippus in all duty leapt from his seat and went and covered his mother with his robe, craving pardon for the fondness of his incestuous affection, & kneeling at his father's feet submiss, in that he had drawn his sword & sought his life that first in this world gave him life. Maximus first looked on his wife, and seeing by the lineaments of

her face that it was Sephestia, fell about her neck, and both of them weeping in the bosom of their son shed tears of joy to see him so brave a gentleman.

Democles all this while sitting in a trance, at last calling his senses together, seeing his daughter revived, whom so cruelly for the love of Maximius he had banished out of his confines, Maximius in safety, and the child a matchless paragon of approved chivalry, he leapt from his seat and embraced them all with tears, craving pardon of Maximius and Sephestia. And to show that the outward object of his watery eyes had a sympathy with the inward passion of his heart, he impaled the head of his young nephew Pleusidippus with the crown and diadem of Arcady, and for that his brother Lamedon had in all distress not left his daughter Sephestia, he took the matter so kindly that he reconciled himself unto him, and made him duke in Arcady.

The success of this fore-rehearsed catastrophe growing so comical, they all concluded, after the festival solemnizing of the coronation (which was made famous with the excellent deeds of many worthy cavaliers) to pass into Thessaly to contract the marriage twixt Pleusidippus & the daughter of the Thessalian king. Which news spread through Arcady as a wonder, that at last it came to Menaphon's ears, who hearing the high parentage of his supposed Samela, seeing his passions were too aspiring, and that with the Syrian wolves he barked against the moon, he left such lettuce as were too fine for his lips, and courted his old love Pesana, to whom shortly after he was married. And lest there should be left anything unperfect in this pastoral accident, Doron smudged himself up and jumped a marriage with his old friend Carmela.