

When the Spring began to appeare like the welcome messenger of Summer, one sweet (and in that more sweet) morning, after Aurora had called all carefull eyes to attend the day, forth came the faire Shepherdesse Urania, (faire indeed; yet that farre too meane a title for her, who for beautie deserv'd the highest stile could be given by best knowing Judge-ments). Into the Meade she came, where usually shee drave her flocks to feede, whose leaping and wantonnesse shewed they were proud of such a Guide: But she, whose sad thoughts led her to another manner of spending her time, made her soone leave them, and follow her late begun custome; which was (while they delighted themselves) to sit under some shade, bewailing her misfortune; while they fed, to feed upon her owne sorrow and teares, which at this time she began againe to summon, sitting downe under the shade of a well-spread Beech; the ground (then blest) and the tree with full, and fine leaved branches, growing proud to beare, and shadow such perfections. But she regarding nothing, in comparison of her woe, thus proceeded in her grieve:

"Alas Urania," said she, "(the true servant to misfortune); of any miserie that can befall woman, is not this the most and greatest which thou art false into? Can there be any neare the unhappinesse of being ignorant, and that in the highest kind, not being certaine of mine owne estate or birth? Why was I not stil continued in the beleefe I was, as I appeare, a Shepherdess, and Daughter to a Shepherd? My ambition then went no higher then this estate, now flies it to a knowledge; then was I contented, now perplexed. O ignorance, can thy dulnesse yet procure so sharpe a paine? and that such a thought as makes me now aspire unto knowledge? How did I joy in this poore life being quiet? blest in the love of those I tooke for parents, but now by them I know the contrary, and by that knowledge, not to know my selfe. Miserable Urania, worse art thou now then these thy Lambs; for they know their dams, while thou dost live unknowne of any."

By this were others come into that Meade with their flocks: but shee esteeming her sorrowing thoughts her best, and choycest companie, left that place, taking a little path [sig.B1<sup>r</sup>] which brought her to the further side of the plaine, to the foote of the rocks, speaking as she went these lines, her eies fixt upon the ground, her very soule turn'd into mourning.

Unseene, unknowne, I here alone complaine  
To Rocks, to Hills, to Meadowes, and to Springs,  
Which can no helpe returne to ease my paine,  
But back my sorrowes the sad Eccho brings.

*Unseene  
parent.*

Thus still encreasing are my woes to me,  
 Doubly resounded by that monefull voice,  
 Which seemes to second me in miserie,  
 And answere gives like friend of mine owne choice.  
 5 Thus onely she doth my companion prove,  
 The others silently doe offer ease:  
 But those that grieve, a grieving note doe love;  
 Pleasures to dying eies bring but disease:  
 And such am I, who daily ending live,  
 10 Wayling a state which can no comfort give.

In this passion she went on, till she came to the foote of a great rocke, shee thinking of nothing lesse then ease, sought how she might ascend it; hoping there to passe away her time more peaceably with lonelinesse, though not to find least respite from her sorrow, which so deerely she did  
 15 value, as by no meanes she would impart it to any. The way was hard, though by some windings making the ascent pleasing. Having attained the top, she saw under some hollow trees the entrie into the rocke: she fearing nothing but the continuance of her ignorance, went in; where shee found a pretty roome, as if that stonie place had yet in pitie, given leave for such  
 20 perfections to come into the heart as chiefest, and most beloved place, because most loving. The place was not unlike the ancient (or the descriptions of ancient) Hermitages, instead of hangings, covered and lined with Ivie, disdainig ought els should come there, that being in such perfection. This richnesse in Natures plentie made her stay to behold it, and almost  
 25 grudge the pleasant fulnes of content that place might have, if sensible, while she must know to taste of torments. As she was thus in passion mixt with paine, throwing her eies as wildly as timorous Lovers do for feare of discoverie, she perceived a little Light, and such a one, as a chinke doth oft discover to our sights. She curious to see what this was, with her delicate  
 30 hands put the naturall ornament aside, discerning a little doore, which she putting from her, passed through it into another roome, like the first in all proportion; but in the midst there was a square stone, like to a prettie table, and on it a wax-candle burning; and by that a paper, which had suffered it selfe patiently to receive the discovering of so much of it, as presented this  
 35 Sonnet (as it seemed newly written) to her sight.

Here all alone in silence might I mourne:

But how can silence be where sorrowes flow?

Sighs with complaints have poorer paines out-worne;

But broken hearts can only true grieve show.

[sig.B2]



Drops of my dearest blood shall let Love know  
 Such teares for her I shed, yet still do burne,  
 As no spring can quench least part of my woe,  
 Till this live earth, againe to earth doe turne.

Hatefull all thought of comfort is to me,  
 Despised day, let me still night possesse;  
 Let me all torments feele in their excesse,  
 And but this light allow my state to see.

*Wants to feel  
pain of love.*

Which still doth wast, and wasting as this light,  
 Are my sad dayes unto eternall night.

"Alas Urania!" sigh'd she. "How well doe these words, this place, and all agree with thy fortune? sure poore soule thou wert heere appointed to spend thy daies, and these roomes ordain'd to keepe thy tortures in; none being assuredly so matchlesly unfortunate."

Turning from the table, she discerned in the roome a bed of boughes, and on it a man lying, deprived of outward sense, as she thought, and of life, as she at first did feare, which strake her into a great amazement: yet having a brave spirit, though shadowed under a meane habit, she stept unto him, whom she found not dead, but laid upon his back, his head a little to her wards, his armes folded on his brest, haire long, and beard disordered, manifesting all care; but care it selfe had left him: curiosnesse thus farre affoorded him, as to bee perfectly discerned the most exact peece of miserie; Apparrell hee had sutable to the habitation, which was a long gray robe. This grievewfull spectacle did much amaze the sweet and tender-hearted Shepherdesse; especially, when she perceived (as she might by the helpe of the candle) the teares which distilled from his eyes; who seeming the image of death, yet had this signe of worldly sorrow, the drops falling in that abundance, as if there were a kind strife among them, to rid their Master first of that burdenous carriage; or else meaning to make a floud, and so drowne their wofull Patient in his owne sorrow, who yet lay still, but then fetching a deepe groane from the profoundest part of his soule, he said:

*make  
weak*

"Miserable Perissus, canst thou thus live, knowing she that gave thee life is gone? Gone, O me! and with her all my joy departed. Wilt thou (unblessed creature) lie here complaining for her death, and know she died for thee? Let truth and shame make thee doe something worthy of such a Love, ending thy daies like thy selfe, and one fit to be her Servant. But that I must not doe: then thus remaine and foster stormes, still to torment thy wretched soule withall, since all are little, and too too little for such a

losse. O deere Limena, loving Limena, worthy Limena, and more rare,  
constant Limena: perfections delicately faign'd to be in women were veri-  
fied in thee, was such worthinesse framed onely to be wondred at by the  
best, but given as a prey to base and unworthy jealousy? When were all wor-  
thy parts joyn'd in one, but in thee (my best Limena)? yet all these growne  
subject to a creature ignorant of all but ill; like unto a Foole, who in a darke  
Cave, that hath but one way to get out, having a candle, but not the [sig.B2]  
understanding what good it doth him, puts it out: this ignorant wretch not  
being able to comprehend thy vertues, did so by thee in thy murder, putting  
out the worlds light, and mens admiration: Limena, Limena, O my Limena."

With that he fell from complaining into such a passion, as weeping and  
crying were never in so wofull a perfection, as now in him; which brought  
as deserved a compassion from the excellent Shepherdesse, who already  
had her heart so tempered with griefe, as that it was apt to take any  
impression that it would come to seale withall. Yet taking a brave courage  
to her, shee stept unto him, kneeling downe by his side, and gently pulling  
him by the arme, she thus spake.

"Sir," said she, "having heard some part of your sorrowes, they have  
not only made me truly pitie you, but wonder at you; since if you have  
lost so great a treasure, you should not lie thus leaving her and your love  
unrevenged, suffering her murderers to live, while you lie here complain-  
ing; and if such perfections be dead in her, why make you not the Phoenix  
of your deeds live againe, as to new life rais'd out of the revenge you  
should take on them? then were her end satisfied, and you deservedly  
accounted worthie of her favour, if shee were so worthie as you say."

"If shee were, O God," cri'd out Perissus, "what divelish spirit art  
thou, that thus dost come to torture me? But now I see you are a woman;  
and therefore not much to be marked, and lesse resisted: but if you know  
charitie, I pray now practise it, and leave me who am afflicted sufficiently  
without your companie; or if you will stay, discourse not to me."

"Neither of these will I doe," said she.

"If you be then," said he, "some furie of purpose sent to vex me, use  
your force to the uttermost in martyring me; for never was there a fitter  
subject, then the heart of poore Perissus is."

"I am no furie," repli'd the divine Urania, "nor hither come to  
trouble you, but by accident lighted on this place; my cruell hap being  
such, as onely the like can give me content, while the solitarinesse of this  
like Cave might give me quiet, though not ease; seeking for such a one, I  
happened hither; and this is the true cause of my being here, though now  
I would use it to a better end if I might: Wherefore favour me with the  
knowledge of your griefe; which heard, it may be I shall give you some  
counsell, and comfort in your sorrow."



"Cursed may I bee," cri'd he, "if ever I take comfort, having such cause of mourning: but because you are, or seeme to be afflicted, I will not refuse to satisfie your demaund, but tell you the saddest storie that ever was rehearsed by dying man to living woman, and such a one, as I feare will fasten too much sadnesse in you; yet should I denie it, I were too blame, being so well knowne to these senselesse places; as were they sensible of sorrow, they would condole, or else amased at such crueltie, stand dumbe as they doe, to find that man should be so inhumane.

"Then faire Shepherdesse, heare my selfe say my name is Perissus, Nephew I am to the King of Sicilie, a place fruitfull and plentifull of all things; onely niggardly of good nature to a great man in that Country, whom I am sure you have heard me blame in my complaints. Heire I am as yet to this King mine Uncle; and truly may I say so, for a more unfortunate Prince never lived, so as I inherit his crosses, howsoever I [sig.B3] shall his estate. There was in this Country (as the only blessing it enjoyed) a Lady, or rather a Goddess for incomparable beautie, and matchles vertues, called Limena, daughter to a Duke; but, Princesse of all hearts: this starre comming to the Court to honour it with such light, it was in that my blessed destinie to see her, and be made her servant, or better to say, a slave to her perfections; thus long was I happie, but now begins the tragedie: for warres falling out betweene the people and the Gentlemen, the King was by the people (imagining he tooke the other part) brought into some danger, and so great an one, as rudenes joynd with ill nature could bring him into, being at last besieged in a strong hold of his, all of us his servants, and gentle subjects, striving for his good and safetie; in this time nothing appearing but danger, and but wise force to preserve mens lives and estates unto them, every one taking the best meanes to attaine unto their good desires.

"The Duke (father to the best, and truest beauty) would yet bestow that upon a great Lord in the Country, truly for powerfull command and meanes, a fit match for any, but the wonder of women, since none could without much flatterie to himselfe, thinke he might aspire to the blessing of being accounted worthie to be her servant, much lesse her husband. Shee seeing it was her fathers will, esteeming obedience beyond all passions, how worthily soever, suffered; most dutifully, though unwillingly, said, she would obey; her tongue faintly delivering, what her heart so much detested; loathing almost it selfe, for consenting in shew to that which was most contrarie to it selfe; yet thus it was concluded, and with as much speed as any man would make to an eternall happines.

"While of this, and so my misfortune, I remained ignorant, till one day the warres being a little ceased, though not ended, the siege still continuing, I stole from mine uncle to see my heart, which she kept safe with

her: but when I came thither, I found, or fear'd I found no roome for it. She who had it, being in the power of mine enemie, for so I accounted him, when he enjoyed my losse, my hopes being frustrate, my joyes lost and spoild, I grew from my selfe, my sences failed me, a trembling possessing my whole bodie, so as this distemper was marked, and pittied of all: but what did comfort me, was, that she did seeme to pittie me. Then did I blesse my torments, that had procured me such a favour. There were none, but carefully sought my health, especially her husband, whose diligence was as tedious, as his wives was my onely joy. Griev'd I was to stay and see my miserie, yet sad I was to goe from seeing her, who gave me (though a barr'd) delight in beholding her: but knowing passion the greater Lord over my strength, I tooke my leave, pretending busines, having onely taken the opportunitie that way afforded me to visite them, passing so neare by them; they all seemed sorry for my going, and Limena indeed was so; then by unus'd pathes I got backe to the King, often, as I rode, looking to that place where I left my soule prisoner.

"When I had been a while at home, remembring, or rather never letting the beautie of Limena be absent from me, I say remembring her, and my everlasting wretched state in missing her; calling my mischiefe by his gaine to account, I found so much cause to lament, as in short time I was but mournfull sorrow; my friends [sig.B3<sup>v</sup>] griev'd, and generally all did shew displeasure for me, only my selfe found nothing but cause to proceed in this dispaire, love having truly changed me to that most low, and still unluckie fate. Businesse of State I neglected, going about as in a dreame, led by the cruellest of hellish spirits, *Despaire*, till I was awaked by a command to goe and leade some troops which were gathered by the Kings friends together comming to raise the siege, yet desiring me to be their head. I went, and thus farre willingly, having so much hope left me, as to thinke I might by this meanes conclude my afflictions with my end; yet first I resolved to write unto her, that she might know, she had so unblest a creature to her Servant.

"When I had written my letter with shaking hands, and yet a more shaking heart, I gave it to a Page of mine, who was newly come unto mee, and never had been scene in her Fathers house, giving him besides directions how to carrie himselfe, which he discreetly did observe, and found as fit an opportunitie as could be wisht: for her husband being gone to see an ancient house of his, she walked alone into a little Grove below the place of her abiding; he perceiving her, knew straight it was she; wherefore he followed her, having before hid himselfe in the uppermost part of the thicket, expecting occasion whereby to performe his Masters commaund. He then seeing it offered, would not neglect it, though somewhat timorously, esteeming her for her excellencies rather some Goddess of those



Woods, then an earthly Creature: but remembering the infinite (yet not sufficient) praises I had given her, concluded, it could be none other then Limena; so as comming to her, he on his knees delivered the letter, saying these words; The wofull Perissus his Lord and Master presented that, with his service to her.

"This (though but little) was more then I could have said, if in his place: For Lord, how was I afflicted with millions of doubts how it might be delivered; then, whether she would accept of it; and most, what she would conceive of my boldnesse, quaking when I gave it him, knowing how wretched a creature I must bee, if it offended her, yet wishing I might have had the papers place once more to have been toucht by her, though, if it brought dislike, for that to have suffered martyrdom. But she for my happinesse tooke it, and with a pretty blush read it, which since I perceiv'd did spring from love, yet blusht to see it selfe so lively in her cheekes. When she had read it,

"'Good youth,' said she, 'commend me to your Lord: but for his letter, say, It needs no answer till he come himselfe, and fetch one.'

"With this he return'd, and so with much comfort to me, hope being glad to build on any small ground, how much more then on so likely a possibility. I then, *Hopes* servant, as before onely slave to Despaire, made all haste I could to see her, having good and welcome meanes affoorded me, being able with convenience to take her Fathers house in my way to the new-raisd Army. Thither I came, which though in a wild Forest, yet it was pretend-ed, I left the great roads for my better safetie. Thus was a colour set upon my love, which but for her service, and so the safelier to serve her, would suffer any glosse but truth in affection.

"Being there arriv'd, I was extreamely welcomed of all: her Father, a grave and wise man, discoursed with mee of businesse of State: after him, and so all supper time, her husband discoursed of hunting, an exercise fit for such a creature. Neither of these brought my Mistris from a grave, and almost [sig.B4] sad countenance, which made me somewhat feare, knowing her understanding, and experience, able and sufficient to judge, or advise in any matter we could discourse of: but modestie in her caus'd it, onely loving knowledge, to be able to discerne mens understandings by their arguments, but no way to shew it by her owne speech. This (and withall feare of discovering some passions, which she, though excelling in wit and judgement; yet could not governe, at least, guiltines forc'd her to thinke so) was the reason she held her gravitie; yet after she grew more merry. And I finding a fit time by her husbands going out of the chamber, with some companie that was there, humbly desired an answere of my letter. She blushing, and as if ashamed so much innocent vertue should be discovered with my Lover-like importunitie in her, though strong in constancie;

yet womans affection gain'd so much by lookes, and sweet though-fearing words, as I was resolved, and assured of her love, which made me proud of such a treasure, begin to dispose part of it to my benefit, for looking about, and seeing every ones eyes carried their owne waies, I kist her; she, not offended, yet said:

“Let not my freedome make you dispose otherwise then virtuously of me.”

“I vowed more then that libertie I would not aske, which I know, if I had offered, her vertue would have refused, nor truly would my deere and worthy affection permit mee to demaund, and this held our loves more firme, when tied by vertue. But not to hold you long with this (which yet to me is some ease for the present, although the bitterer the conclusion is that followes). We had as many such meetings as true, or fained meanes could compasse us, till our miserie was such, as this wild man her husband (whether out of true consideration of his great unworthines, or proceeding from his froward disposition, I know not) grew jealous (an humour following base minds as readily, as thunder doth the lightning), then had he rashnes to accompany the other, which fram'd a determination, which was soone altered from that name by performance, that she should stay no longer with her father, but go with him to his own house; this I had notice of, but all that we could doe, could not hinder the accomplishing his will, and save her honour, which to me, more deere then mine owne life was esteemed.

“But the night before her going I came thither, where I found the accustomed entertainment, he using me with al shew of respect, which in that kind I embraced; our hearts being as farre from meaning truth in giving or accepting, as truth is from bare complement; but greatnesse in me made him use it; and care in me (of my better selfe) receive it; my heart swelling with hate and scorne, even almost to breaking, when I did see him. That night I saw her, and but spake to her, so curiously her husband watched us, yet could he not keepe our eies, but by them we did deliver our soules, he onely able to keepe her daintie body in his wicked prison.

“The next day they went, and so went all worth with this odd man to have her delicacy kept like a Diamond in a rotten box: yet she considering it to be to no purpose to contend, where she was miserably bound to obey, observed him, as well as she could bring her spirit to consent to; yet did he begin for her welcome to grow curst to her; with her Servants he first began, finding, or better to say, framing occasions to be rid of them all, placing of his owne about her, which she suffered, onely contenting her selfe with the memorie of our Loves: yet wanting the true content which was in our conversation, shee [sig.B4<sup>v</sup>] grew sad, and keeping much



within, grew pale, her rosie cheekes and lippes changing to wannesse: but this was all the change, her noble heart free from such a sinne. This was but part of her affliction, still vexing her sweete disposition, with speaking slightly of me, and then telling her of her love to me; which brought her to that passe, as at last I was not named, but she would blush; then would he revile her, and vilely use her: but she patiently, and silently bare all, not suffering me to have notice of it, lest it might, as it should have done, move mee to revenge her wrong for my sake endured. Thus it rested, she restlesly bearing all the ills that froward Nature (mixt with peevish and spitefull jealousy) could afflict upon the purest mind; using no other meanes, but gentle and mild perswasions, which wrought no more in him, but that still his madnesse increased.

"Now was his house not farre from the way which I must passe betweene the Campe, and the great Citie of Siracusa, being one of the chiefe of that kingdome; and which at that time had yeelded it selfe againe unto the King. I hearing Philargus (for so was this unworthie man called) was at his house, with his truly vertuous wife, whom my soule longed to see, I resolved to lodge there that night, not (alas) mistrusting the misfortune, but coveting to see her, whom more then my heart I loved, or lov'd my heart the better for being hers. So I went thither, where I was by him exceedingly well welcom'd in outward shew, though his meaning was contrary, which I should have found, had his divelish plots bin readie, Jealousie having now blinded him to all good nature or judgement. She poore Lady (poore onely in this fortune) sad and griev'd, all her smiles turn'd into sighes, and thinkings, which made me feare, and wonder, wondring at the change of her beauty, which yet in palenes shew'd excellency; and feare I did, lest my absence had offended her: but I was deceiv'd, while I lest thought of the true cause, or could imagine such villanie plotted against so rare perfections. Desirous to know the cause, I remain'd almost impatient, not venturing to speake to her before her husband, for hurting her: but he going out of the roome, after wee had supped, either to cover the flames which were ready to breake out in huge fires of his mistrust, or to have the company fitter for him, affecting stil to be chiefe; his absence, howsoever, gave me opportunitie to demaund the reason of her strangenesse: She sigh'd to heare mee call it so, and with teares told me the reason, concluding,

"'And thus doe you see my Lord,' said she, 'the torments I suffer for your love; yet do you more torture me with doubting me, who have no happines left me, but the knowledge of my faith to you, all afflictions being welcome to me, which for your sake I suffer.'

"Betweene rage and paine I remain'd amazed, till shee, taking mee by the hand, brought mee more wofully to my selfe with these words, 'And

yet am I brought to a greater mischiefe?' With that fixing her weeping eyes upon mine, which affectionately answered hers with lookes and teares,

"I must my Lord,' said she, 'intreate you to refraine this place, since none can tell what danger may proceed from mad, and unbridled jealousie.'

5 "Refraine your sight? Commaund me then to die,' said I. 'Have I deserv'd to be thus punish'd? Shall his brutishnes undoe my blessings? yet this place I will, since you will have it so, hoping you will find some meanes to let me know Philargus house is not in all places.'

"That I will do, or die,' said she.

10 "Miserable wretch,' cry'd I, 'art thou borne to such fortune, as to [sig.C1] have this Lady love thee, and her unmatched goodnes to suffer for one so worthlesse as thy selfe?'

"No, no, my Lord,' said she, 'in this you wrong me, and that judgement which heretofore you said was in me, since if you were unworthy then, my choice was imperfect: but you are worthie, and I worthily chose you; I lov'd you, and constantly lov'd you, and in this doe I best allow of my owne judgement.'

20 "I hope that love is not cleane gone,' cri'd I, (my speech by love directed to say thus), 'nor will you forget me, though from our most desired meetings, we must be barred.'

25 "My love, my Lord,' said she, 'had, and hath too sure a ground to know remove, I too truly lov'd, and doe love you, ever to forget it, or to let it have least shadow of lessening, though vailed in absence, but rather (if increase can be where all is already possest) it shall increase; Love living best where desert, and sufferance joyne together; and for witnes of it, take this,' said she, bestowing her picture upon me, which is all the Limenas I shall now enjoy, or ever did, more then her lov'd, and best beloved sight. The case was blew, commanding me withall to love that color, both because it was hers, and because it self betokened truth. By this time her husband was come, who told us, 'twas time to goe rest. We obey'd: and this was the last time that ever I saw my deere, and most worthily accounted deere Limena: for the next morning I was by day to be at the Citie, and so from thence to returne to the Campe.

35 "Thus tooke I my leave, and my last leave of vertuous Limena, whose sad face, but sadder soule foretold our following harme, and succeeding ruine. For within few dayes after my returne to the Camp, there came a Messenger early in the morning, and (O too early for my fortune) whom I strait knew to be Limenas faithfull Servant. At first, it brought joy to me, seeing a letter in his hand; but soone was that turn'd to as much mourning, cursing my hands that tooke it, and eyes that read so lamentable a letter; the contents (nay that it selfe) being this, and the verie same my Mistris sent, and wo is me, the last she ere can send."



Urania read it, while he with teares and groanes gave the true period to it. The Letter said thus.

My onely Lord, thinke not this, or the manner strange I now send, knowing already some part of the undeserved course taken with me, only pitie her, who for your sake suffers patiently; accept these my last lines, and with them the sincerest love that ever woman gave to man. I have not time to speake what I would, therefore let this satisfie you, that the many threatnings I have heard, are come in some kind to end: for I must presently die, and for you; which death is most welcome, since for you I must have it, and more pleasing then life without you. Grant me then these last requests, which even by your love I conjure you not to denie me, that you love my poore memory; and as you will love that, or ever loved me, revenge not my death on my murtherer, who, how unworthy soever hee was, or is, yet hee is my Husband. This is all, and this grant, as I will faithfully die  
Yours.

"Alas, faire Shepherdesse," said he, "is this a letter without much sorrow to be read? and is not this a creature of all others to be belov'd? Never let him breath, that will not heartily, and most heartily lament such a misfortune."

"Tis [sig.C1v] true," said Urania, "reason and worth being companions: but yet I heare not the certaintie or manner of her death, then will I not faile to lament with you."

"Alas," said hee, "heare it of mee, onely fit to tell that storie. After my departure from his house to the Citie, and so to the Campe, the jealous wretch finding my Ladie retired into a Cabinet she had, where she used to passe away some part of her unpleasant life: comming in, he shut the dore, drawing his sword, and looking with as much furie, as jealous spite could with rage demonstrate; his breath short, his sword he held in his hand, his eyes sparkling as thicke and fast, as an unperfectly kindled fire with much blowing gives to the Blower, his tongue stammeringly with rage bringing forth these words:

"Thou hast wrong'd mee, vild creature; I say thou hast wronged mee."

"Shee who was compounded of vertue, and her spirit, seeing his wild and distracted countenance guest the worst, wherefore mildely shee gave this answere.

"Philargus," saide shee, 'I knowe in mine owne heart I have not wrong'd you, and God knowes I have not wrong'd my selfe.'

"These speeches," said he, 'are but the followers of your continued ill,

and false living; but thinke no longer to deceive me, nor cousen your selfe with the hope of being able, for in both you shall finde as much want, as I doe of your faith to me; but if you will speake confesse the truth: O me, the truth, that you have shamed your selfe in my dishonour, say you have  
 5 wrong'd me, giving your honour, and mine to the loose, and wanton pleasure of Perissus; was I not great enough, amiable, delicate enough, but for lasciviousnesse you must seeke, and woo him? Yet Limena I did thus deserve you, that once better then my selfe I lov'd you, which affection lives in the extremitie still, but hath chang'd the nature, being now as full  
 10 of hate, as then abounding in love, which shall instantly be manifested, if you consent not to my will, which is, that without dissembling speeches, or flattering finenes you confesse your shamefull love to the robber of my blisse: you may denie it, for how easie is it to be faultie in words, when in the truth of truth you are so faultie? but take heede, unfainedly answere,  
 15 or here I vow to sacrifice your blood to your wanton love.'

"My Lord," said she, 'threatnings are but meanes to strengthen free and pure hearts against the threatners, and this hath your words wrought in me, in whom it were a foolish basenesse for feare of your sword, or breath to confesse what you demaund, if it were true, farre more did I  
 20 deserve eternall punishment, if I would belye him, and my selfe for dread of a bare threatning; since sure, that sword, were it not for danger to it selfe, would, if any noblenesse were in it, or his master, choose rather to dye it selfe in the blood of a man, then be seene in the wranglings betweene us: yet doe I not denie my love to Perissus in all noble, and worthy  
 25 affection, being I thinke nurst with me, for so long have I borne this respective love to him, as I knowe no part of my memory can tell me the beginning. Thus partly you have your will in assurance, that that unseperable love I beare him, was before I knewe you, or perfectly my self, and shall be while I am, yet alwayes thus in a vertuous, and religious fashion.'

30 "O God," cry'd out Philargus, 'what doe I heare? or what can you stile vertuous and religious, since it is to one besides your husband? hath shame possest you? and excellent modesty abandoned you? you have in part satisfied me indeed, but thus to see, that I have [sig.C2] just occasion to seeke satisfaction for this injury: wherefore, resolve instantly to die, or  
 35 obey me, write a letter straight before mine eyes unto him, conjure him with those sweete charmes which have undone mine honour, and content to come unto you: Let me truely knowe his answere, and be secret, or I vow thou shalt not many minutes outlive the refusall.'

40 "Shee, sweetest soule, brought into this danger, (like one being betweene a flaming fire, and a swallowing gulfe, must venture into one, or standing still, perish by one) stood a while not amazed, for her spirit scorned so low a passion; but judiciously considering with her selfe what



might be good in so much ill; she with modest constancy, and constant determination, made this answer.

“This wretched, and unfortunate body, is I confesse in your hands, to dispose of to death if you will; but yet it is not unblest with such a mind as will suffer it to end with any such staine, as so wicked a plott, and miserable consent might purchase: nor will I blott my fathers house with Treason, Treason? Nay, the worst of Treasons, to be a Traytor to my friend. Wherefore my Lord pardon me, for I will with more willingnesse die, then execute your minde; and more happily shall I end, saving him innocent from ill, delivering my soule pure, and I unspotted of the crime you tax me of, or a thought of such dishonour to my selfe; I might have saide to you, but that this cruell course makes me thus part my honour from you.”

“Yet can you not part infamy, and reproach from you, nor me,” said he. “Prepare then quickly, this shall be your last.”

“My Lord,” said shee, “behold before your eyes the most distress’d of women, who if you will thus murder, is here ready.” Then untying a daintie embrodered wastcoate, “See here,” said she, “the breast,” (and a most heavenly breast it was) “which you so dearely loved, or made me thinke so, calling it purest warme snow; yet never was the colour purer then my love to you, but now ’tis ready to receive that stroake, shall bring my heart blood, cherish’d by you once, to dye it, in revenge of this my wrong revenge; nay, such revenge will my death have, as though by you I die, I pittie your ensuing overthrow.”

“Whether these words, or that sight (which [was] not to be seene without adoring) wrought most I knowe not, but both together so well prevailed as hee stood in a strange kind of fashion, which she (who now was to act her part for life, or death) tooke advantage of.

“And this your cruelty will more appeare when it is known you gave no time for consideration, or repentance,” said she.

“You deserve no such favor from me,” said he, “but rather that I should without giving eare to that bewitching tongue have reveng’d my harme, but since I have committed this first, like faultie men, I must fall into another: Charity, but in no desert of yours, procures this favour for you; two dayes I give you, at the end of which be sure to content me with your answere, or content your selfe with present death.”

“The joy she at this conceived, was as if assured life had beene given her, wherefore humbly thanking him, she promised to satisfie him so fully at that time, as he should (she hop’d) be pleased with it. Away hee went leaving her to her busie thoughts, yet somewhat comforted, since so shee might acquaint mee with her afflictions, for which cause grieving that I should be ignorant of the true meanes to her end, she so prettily gain’d

that little time for the rarest lampe of excellent life to endure. Then called she a faithfull servant of hers, and the same who brought me [sig.C2<sup>v</sup>] the dolefull letter: First, she conjured him by the faith hee bare her, to obey what shee commaunded, and to bee secret; then related shee this soule  
 5 rendring storie to him, which shee injoyn'd him truly to discover to mee, by his helpe getting pen and paper, and having written that dolorous, yet sweete, because loving letter, sent him to mee that day shee was to give her answere, which shee assured him should bee a direct refusall, esteeming death more pleasing and noble, then to betray me, who (for my now grieffe  
 10 mixt with that blessing) shee inricht with her incomparable affection, giving him charge to deliver it to mine owne hands, and besides, to stay with mee, assuring him I would most kindly intreat him for her sake, which shee might truly warrant him, being Commandresse of my soule. Hee found mee in my Tent, ready to goe forth; with a wan and sad  
 15 countenance hee gave that and my death together; then telling the lamentable storie I now delivered you. With flouds of teares, and stormes of sighes hee concluded:

“‘And by this, is the rarest peece of woman-kinde destroyed.’

“‘Had I growne into an ordinary passion like his of weeping, sobbing,  
 20 or crying, it had not been fit for the excessive losse I was falne into; wherefore like a true Cast-away of fortune, I was at that instant metamorphosed into miserie it selfe, no other thing being able to equall mee, no more then any, except the owne fellow to a cockle shell, can fit the other. This change yet in mee, which to my selfe was so sudden as I felt it  
 25 not, was so marked by my friends, and by all admired, as those who feared the least, doubted my end; which would it then had happened, since, if so the earth no longer had borne such a wretch, this sad place been molested with a guest perpetually filling it; and these places neere, with my unceasing complaints. Despaire having left mee no more ground for hope but  
 30 this, that ere long I shall ease them all, death proving mercifull unto mee, in delivering this grieffe-full body to the rest of a desired grave.’”

“My Lord Perissus,” said Urania, “how idle, and unprofitable indeed are these courses, since if shee bee dead, what good can they bring to her? and not being certaine of her death, how unfit are they for so brave a  
 35 Prince, who will as it were, by will without reason wilfully lose himselfe? will not any till the contrarie bee knowne, as properly hope as vainely despaire? and can it bee imagined her husband (who, passion of love did in his furie so much temper) should have so cruell a hand, guided by so savage a heart, or seene by so pitillesse eyes, as to be able to murder so  
 40 sweet a beauty? No my Lord, I cannot beleieve but she is living, and that you shal find it so, if unreasonable stubborne resolution bar you not, and so hinder you from the eternall happinesse you might enjoy.”



"Only rare Shepherdesse," said the love-kill'd Perissus, "how comfortable might these speeches bee to one, who were able to receive them, or had a heart could let in one signe of joy? but to me they are rather bitter, since they but cherish mee the longer to live in despairefull miserie. No, shee is dead, and with her is all vertue, and beauteous constancy gone. She is dead: for how can goodnesse or pitie bee expected from him, who knew nothing more, then desire of ill and crueltie? Thou art dead, and with thee all my joyes departed, all faith, love and worth are dead: to enjoy some part of which, in short time I will bee with thee, that though in life wee were kept asunder, in death [sig.C3] we may bee joyn'd together, till which happie hower I will thus still lament thy losse."

"If you bee resolv'd," said the daintie Urania, "folly it were to offer to perswade you from so resolute a determination; yet being so brave a Prince, stored with all vertuous parts, discretion and judgement, mee thinks, should not suffer you to burie them in the poore grave of Loves passion, the poorest of all other: these invite mee, as from your selfe, to speake to your selfe; Leave these teares, and woman-like complaints, no way befitting the valiant Perissus, but like a brave Prince, if you know shee bee dead, revenge her death on her murderers; and after, if you will celebrate her funeralls with your owne life giving, that will bee a famous act: so may you gaine perpetuall glorie, and repay the honor to her dead, which could not bee but touched by her untimely end."

"Her honour toucht, and toucht for me? O immortall God," cride he, "thou wilt not (I hope) let a slave live should touch on such a thought, nor me to live after it were borne, if not to sacrifice my bloud to wash away the staine. But I pray you since you undertake thus to advise mee, how can I doe this, and yet obey my Limena's commaund, in not revenging her death?"

"Why that," replide the discreet Urania, "proceeded whollie from the love shee bare you, which rather is another motive to stirre you, if you consider it, since the danger shee apprehended you would runne into, to right so delicate, yet unhappilie, injured a Ladie, and for you injured, forced her to use her authoritie for your safetie. But let not that prevaile, nor hinder a deadlie revenge for so detestable a fact. Thus shall you approve your selfe, a brave and worthie Lover, deserving her, who best deserv'd: but let it never be said, Perissus ended unrevenge'd of Philargus, and concluded his dayes like a Fly in a corner."

These wordes wrought so farre in the noble heart of Perissus, as rising from his leavie Cabine, then thus said hee, "Is Perissus the second time conquer'd? I must obey that reason which abounds in you; and to you, shall the glory of this attempt belong: now will I againe put on those habites which of late I abandoned, you having gaind the victorie over my

Urania  
says  
Fight!

vowe. But I beseech you, tell mee who my Counsellor is, for too much judgement I finde in you, to be directly, as you seeme, a meere Shepherdesse, nor is that beauty sutable to that apparell."

5 "My name," said shee, "is Urania, my bringing up hath been under an old Man, and his wife, who, till lately, I tooke for my Father and Mother but they telling me the contrary, and the manner of their finding me, makes mee find I am lost, and so in truth, is much of my content, not being able to know any more of my selfe: I delighted before to tend a little Flocke, the old paire put into my handes, now am I troubled how to rule  
10 mine owne thoughts."

"This doe I well credit," said Perissus, "for more like a Princesse, then a Shepherdesse doe you appeare, and so much doe I reverence your wisdom, as next unto Limena, I will still most honor you: and therefore, faire Urania, (for so I hope you will give mee leave to call you), I vow  
15 before heaven and you, that I will never leave off my Armes, untill I have found Philargus, and on him reveng'd my Ladies death, and then to her love and memory, offer up my afflicted life: but first shall you have notice of the successe, which if [sig.C3<sup>v</sup>] good, shall bee attributed to you; if ill, but to the continuance of my ill destinie. But if your fortune call you  
20 hence before you shall be found by them, I will imploy (since the world hath not a place can keepe the beautie of Urania hidden, if seene, then will it not bee adored), they shall not leave, til they have found you; nor will you scorne that name from mee, who shall now leave you the incomparable Urania."

25 With these words they went out of the Cave, hee straight going to a large Holly tree (the place rich with trees of that kind), on which at his comming to that melancholy abiding, hee had hung his Armor, meaning that should there remaine in memorie of him, and as a monument after his death, to the end, that whosoever did finde his bodie, might by that see,  
30 hee was no meane man, though subject to fortune. Them hee tooke downe and arm'd himselfe, but while hee was arming, Urania entreated him to doe one thing more for her, which was to tell her how he came to that place.

35 "And that was ill forgot most faire Urania," said hee. "Then know that as soone as I had received that letter so full of sorrow, and heard all that miserable relation, I was forced, notwithstanding the vow I had to my selfe made (of this solitary course you have relieved mee from) to goe against the Enemie, who with new forces, and under a new Leader, were come within sight of our Army: I thinking all mischiefes did then conspire  
40 together against mee, with an iraged furie went towards them, hoping (and that onely hope was left mee) in that encounter to ende my life, and care together in the battaile, yet not slightly to part with it, in my soule



wishing everie one I had to deale withall had been Philargus. This wish after made mee doe things beyond my selfe, forcing not only our company and party to admire me, but also the contrary to bee discouraged, so as wee got the day, and not onely that, but an end of the warres: for the chiefe Traytors being either kild or taken, the rest that outliv'd the bloody slaughter, yeelded themselves to mercie, whom in my Uncles name I pardoned, on condition that instantly they disbanded, and everie one retire to his owne home.

"This done, and my Uncle quietly settled in his seate, in the midst of those triumphs which were for this happy Victorie, I stole away, leaving a letter with my new Servant, directed to the King, wherein I humbly asked pardon for my private departure, and with all the intreates that I could frame, perswaded him to entertaine that servant of mine, and to accept of him as recommended by mee, and accordingly to esteeme of him. Then tooke I my way first to her Fathers, to know the manner and certaintie, where I found unspeakable mourning and sadnesse, her Mother readie to die with her, as if shee had brought her forth to bee still as her life, that though two, yet like those eyes, that one being struck in a certaine part of it, the other unhurt doth lose likewise the sight: so she having lost her, lost likewise all comfort with her; the servants mourn'd, and made pitifull lamentations: I was sorry for them, yet gratefully tooke their mourning: for mee thought it was for mee, none being able to grieve sufficiently, but my selfe for her losse. When her Mother saw me, who ever she well lov'd, she cry'd out these words:

"O my Lord, see here the miserable Woman depriv'd of all joy, having lost my Limena, [sig.C4] your respected friend. Full well do I now remember your words, when with gentle and mild perswasions, you would have had us stay her going from this place unto his house. Would we had then fear'd, or beleev'd: then had she bin safe, whereas now she is murdered."

"Murdred,' cri'd I, 'O speak againe, but withall how?'

"Her husband,' said she, 'led her forth, where in a Wood, thicke enough to shade all light of pitie from him, hee killed her, and then burnt her, her clothes found in the Wood besmeard with blood, and hard by them the remnant of a great fire; they with such store of teares, as had been able to wash them cleane, and quench the fier, were brought to the house by those, who went to seeke her, seeing her long stay; not mistrusting harme, but that they had forgotten themselves. The rest seeing this dolefull spectacle, rent their haire, and gave all testimony of true sorrow: then came these newes to us; how welcom, judge you, who I see feeble sorrow with us: her father and brothers arm'd themselves, and are gone in search of him, who was seene with all speed to passe towards the Sea. Thus

heare you the Daughters misfortune, which must be followed by the mothers death: and God send, that as soone as I wish, my Lord and Sonnes may meet with that ungrateful wretch to revenge my miserable childes losse.'

5 "This being done, she swounded in my armes, my selfe being still in my transformed estate, helpt her as much as I could, then delivering her to her servants, I tooke my leave, buying this armour to goe unknowne, till I could find a place sad enough to passe away my mournfull howres in. Many countries I went thorow, and left (for all were too pleasant for my  
10 sorrow), till at last I lighted on this happie one, since in it I have received as much comfort by your kind and wise counsell, as is possible for my perplexed heart to entertaine."

By this time hee was fully armed, which made the sweet Urania admire him; and if more pitie had lodg'd in her then before, she had affoorded him; his goodly personage and dolefull lookes so ill agreeing, had  
15 purchased; for she did pitie him so much, as this had almost brought the end of some kind of pitie, or pitie in some kind love: but she was ordain'd for another, so as this prov'd onely a fine beginning to make her heart tender against the others comming. Now was he ready to depart, wherefore they came downe from the rock, when being at the bottome they met  
20 a young shepherd, whose heart Urania had (although against her will) conquered. This Lad shee entreated to conduct Perissus to the next town, which he most willingly consented to, thinking himselfe that day most happy when she vouchsafed to command him; withall she injoynd him,  
25 not to leave him, till he saw him shipt, which hee perform'd, comming againe to her to receive thanks more welcome to him, then if a fine new flock had bin bestowed on him.

Perissus gone, Urania for that night drave her flock homeward, giving a kind looke unto the rocke as she returnd, promising often to visit it for  
30 brave Perissus sake, and to make it her retiring place, there to passe some of her melancholy howres in. The next morning as soone as light did appeare, or she could see light (which sooner she might doe then any, her eyes making day, before day else was scene) with her flocke she betooke her selfe to the meadow, where she thought to have met some of her  
35 companions, but being early, her thoughts having kept more carefull watch over her eies, thought it selfe growne peremptorie with such authority. She found none come, wherefore leaving the flocke to the charge of a young Lad of [sig.C4<sup>v</sup>] hers, tooke her way towards the rocke, her mind faster going then her feete, busied still, like one holding the Compasse, when he makes a circle, turnes it round in his owne center: so did shee,  
40 her thoughts incircled in the ignorance of her being. From this she was a little mov'd by the comming of a pretie Lambe towards her, who with