

# DOWNLOAD PDF THE DELIGHTFUL HISTORY OF DORASTUS AND FAWNIA

## Chapter 1 : Livros portugueses, livros estrangeiros, livros escolares e ebooks - Wook

*The 18th century was a wealth of knowledge, exploration and rapidly growing technology and expanding record-keeping made possible by advances in the printing press.*

The History of Dorastus and Fawnia. The Harmony that subsisted between this royal Couple gave the greatest Satisfaction to all their Subjects, whose Happiness was greatly increased by the Felicity of their Sovereigns. And the King, as well to express his own Satisfaction at this happy Incident, as to comply with the Desires of the People, appointed Justs and Tournaments in Honour of the young Prince; to which not only many foreign Noblemen resorted, but also several neighbouring Kings and Princes came to exercise their Valour and Judgment at these martial Entertainments. The Sports lasted twenty Days, during which Time the King made a general Feast for all his Subjects; and the Kings and Princes, who had been royally entertained, returned home to their respective Countries, full of Admiration of the great Magnificence of Pandosto. The Smiles of Fortune are seldom sincere or lasting; the fickle Goddess, weary of bestowing Favours upon Pandosto, while he was wholly taken up in the Enjoyment of them, prepared a sad reverse of Fate for him and the lovely Bellaria. Pandosto, from his earliest Youth, had contracted and maintained a strict Friendship and Correspondence with Egistus, the young King of Sicily. This Prince being desirous of shewing that neither Time nor Distance of Place could weaken the Force of his Affection for Pandosto, resolved to visit him in his own Dominions, to congratulate him upon his Marriage and the Birth of a Son. Pandosto and his Queen, with a numerous Retinue, went to meet Egistus at his landing, and carried him to the Palace in the midst of most expensive Shows and magnificent Arches, which had been prepared and erected for his Reception. Pandosto, whose Heart overflowed with grateful Transport for this Demonstration of Friendship in Egistus, intreated his Queen to shew all imaginable Respect and Esteem to a Prince whom he loved so much, and to whom he was so highly obliged. The sweet Bellaria, who had no other Will but that of her Husband, was easily prevailed upon to comply with a Request to which her own Inclinations naturally incited her, for the noble Qualities she observed in Egistus had already produced suitable Effects in a Mind, that being virtuous and sensible to the highest Degree itself, could not choose but love those Perfections in another. But that unhappy Prince, either because he was conscious of the superior Merit of Egistus, or through the natural Bent of his Disposition, began to look with suspicious Eyes on a Friendship and Familiarity which he had been so solicitous to form: Doubtful and uneasy Thoughts arose in his Mind, he reflected on the irresistible Charms of Bellaria, and the manly Beauty and noble Qualities of Egistus, and thought it impossible that two Persons so formed to please should be insensible to each others Merit. These Doubts having entered his Mind, he fed his growing Jealousy with continual Observations on the Looks and Words of his Friend and Wife; and prejudiced as he now was, their innocent Familiarity appeared to him to be a convincing Proof of their guilty Passion; Suspicion was now changed to absolute Certainty; he no longer looked upon Egistus as his Friend and Guest, but as the Destroyer of his Honour, and the Violator of his Queen. He resolved therefore to poison Egistus, and while his Mind was labouring how to execute his cruel Purpose with Security, his Words and Behaviour still wore an Appearance of Friendship and Respect. Pandosto had a Cup-bearer, named Franion, whom, because he had always shewn an inviolable Attachment to his Person, he believed it would be easy to persuade to execute his purposed Vengeance on the King of Sicily. To this Man therefore the jealous Monarch communicated his ungenerous Design, and promised him a large Reward, if when the next Time that Egistus called for Drink at his Table, he would put Poison in his Cup. Franion shuddered with Horror at this inhuman Proposition; and with all the Freedom of a good Man and a faithful Subject he endeavoured to dissuade his King from his barbarous Purpose. He represented to him that Murder was an unpardonable Offence to the Gods, and abhorred by all Mankind, that such unnatural Crimes not only drew down the Wrath of Heaven upon the Perpetrators of them, but the Revenge of Men. These Arguments had no Force with the determined Pandosto, who, persisting still in his cruel Resolution, gave Franion his Choice either to poison Egistus, and be rewarded with Riches and

Honours, or to suffer Death for his Disobedience. Franion, staggered by these dreadful Threatnings on one Hand, and allured by those great Promises on the other, told Pandosto that he would obey him, and as soon as a fair Opportunity offered he would poison Egistus. The King was very well pleased with this Promise, and resolved as soon as his designed Vengeance on Egistus was executed, to sacrifice Bellaria in the same Manner, to his abused Love and injured Honour. When the King was departed, Franion having no longer that dreadful Object before his Eyes, threatening Death and Torments if he did not murder the innocent Prince, began to reflect seriously upon the horrid Deed he had engaged to perform: He reflected that, though he was a Subject, his King had no Right to his Obedience when his Commands were contrary to the express Will and Pleasure of the Gods, to whom he owed a higher Duty. He considered, that the peaceful Calm of a contented Mind in an humble Condition was preferable to the restless Turbulence of Dignity and Riches, when purchased with Crimes and stained with Blood, and that honest Poverty was infinitely better than shameful Grandeur. Seeing therefore that he must either die with a clear Mind, or live with a foul and spotted Conscience; his Soul was so perplexed between these two Extremes that he could take no Rest; at last he determined to discover the Affair to Egistus, and for that Purpose he went to his Apartments, and desiring a private Audience of the King of Sicily he was admitted to his Presence, and in a few Words laid open the whole Conspiracy against him. The Brave and Generous are not easily induced to believe those they love are capable of Baseness and Ingratitude. Since therefore I have given him no Cause to seek my Death, I can not believe him guilty of so unjust and treacherous a Design; but rather suspect the Information you have given me to be the Effect of a Combination among the Bohemians, to create a Variance between me and their King. Egistus, weighing the Matter thoroughly in his Mind, gave many Thanks to Franion, and promising if he arrived safe in Sicily to reward him royally; he desired him to contrive the Method of their Escape. In the mean Time Franion amused Pandosto with Hopes of soon having his so much desired Revenge accomplished, telling him that he was employed in preparing and compounding so subtle a Poison, that the Moment it was swallowed would procure immediate Death. Pandosto received this News with a malignant Joy, every Hour seeming an Age to his impatient Fury till His Revenge was satiated with the Death of those who had offended him. Egistus being informed that a favourable Gale had sprung up, conveyed himself and his Sicilians, by the Assistance of Franion, out of a Postern Gate of the City, with such Secresy and Expedition, that they got on board their Ships without the least Suspicion, and spreading all their Sails to the Wind soon lost Sight of Bohemia. As soon as Pandosto was informed that Egistus had fled away in the Night, and that Franion was gone with him, he let loose all his Rage upon his Queen, whom he accused of conspiring with Egistus and the Traitor Franion, and commanded she should be led to Prison. The Queen was at first astonished and turned pale, but recollecting herself, and assuming all the noble Pride of conscious Innocence and affronted Virtue, she gave her Hand to the Captain of the Guard, and without murmuring, suffered him to lead her to her Prison, where she spent the Time in patient Sorrow and absolute Resignation. Pandosto, mad with the Disappointment of his Revenge upon Egistus, resolved it should fall doubly heavy on the Head of the injured Bellaria, he therefore caused it to be proclaimed throughout all his Dominions, that the Queen had committed Adultery with Egistus, and with his Cup-bearer, Franion, had conspired his Death. The unhappy Queen being informed of the vile Accusation against her so openly proclaimed, conscious of her own spotless Innocence, and the Integrity of Egistus, earnestly intreated that she might be brought to a public Trial, confronted with her Accuser, and allowed to answer for herself. But the King was so inflamed with Rage and Jealousy that he would not receive her Petition; and while the poor Queen was thus languishing under the Weight of her Calamities, and hopeless of Redress, she perceived herself to be quick with Child. The Queen, notwithstanding so many cruel Afflictions, was happily delivered of a Daughter; and Pandosto immediately declared his Resolution to have both the Mother and Child burnt. The Noblemen of his Court used all the Arguments their Reason and Humanity could furnish them with, to prevail upon him to change his barbarous Purpose, but all they could do was to prevent the Murder of the Child. He sent a Person to the Prison with Orders to take the Infant from its wretched Mother, and putting it into a Boat and launching it into the Sea,

leave it to the Mercy of the Wind and Waves. They put the Child into a Boat, covering it with Boughs to preserve it from the Inclemency of the Weather, and set it into the Ocean, when immediately so great a Storm arose, that it was with much Difficulty they got to shore again. This horrid Deed accomplished, the King assembled his Nobles and Counsellors, and Bellaria was brought into Court, where she heard the Charge against her read. The Queen, who saw nothing but her Death would satisfy the incensed King, confiding in her own Innocence, assumed all the Courage her unhappy Condition required, and with a noble Haughtiness demanded to have Law and Justice; "for Mercy, said she, I do not expect; let my Accusers therefore appear in Court, and give their Evidences before my Face. The King answered, "that in this Case he could and would dispense with the Law, and that the Nobles should take his Word for sufficient Evidence, otherwise he would make the proudest of them repent it. Then falling on her Knees, she conjured the King by the Love he bore to the young Prince Garrinter his Son, that he would grant her one Request, which was to send six of his Nobles, in whom he placed the greatest Confidence, to the Island of Delphos, and there consult the Oracle of Apollo concerning the Crimes she was accused of. The Ambassadors performed their Voyage in three Weeks, and as soon as they landed at Delphos, they went to the Temple of Apollo, and with great Devotion offered Sacrifices to the God, and Gifts to his Priests, according to Custom, and then humbly besought an Answer to their Demands. They had not kneeled long at the Altar, when Apollo with a loud Voice said, "Bohemians, what you find behind the Altar take and depart;" they obeyed the Oracle, and found a Scroll of Parchment, which the Priest commanded them not to open but in the Presence of the King. The Ambassadors assured him of their exact Obedience to his Injunctions, and their Devotions being finished they left the Temple, and sailed with a fair Wind for Bohemia, where they soon arrived, and hastened to Court. Here Bellaria being silent, the King commanded one of his Nobles to open the Scroll, which he did, and read aloud the following Words, which were written in Letters of Gold. While he was thus laying open his own Treachery, a Messenger came hastily into the Court, and informed the King that the Prince Garrinter was dead. Bellaria, whose Soul had been overwhelmed with Joy by the divine Oracle, which had declared her Innocence, was seized with such an Excess of Sorrow at these dreadful Tidings, that her tender Heart, not able to support the Force of these contrary Extremes, burst with the mighty Weight, and sinking down she expired in a Moment. The King became senseless at this dreadful Sight, and being carried to the Palace, notwithstanding all the Endeavours of the Physicians he lay speechless three Days. The Bohemians were in the utmost Despair, nothing but Mourning and Complaints were to be seen and heard; the Death of the Queen and Prince, and the extreme Danger the King was in, filled the whole City with Grief and Consternation; at length he recovered his Senses and his Speech, and this News in some Measure revived the drooping Bohemians. Their dutiful Cares at last succeeded, the King grew more patient and resigned, and gave Orders for the Interment of his Queen and Son, which was performed in the most solemn and splendid Manner. Here we must leave this distressed Prince for a while, to relate what befell the Royal Infant whom we left floating on the Ocean. The Boat in which it was laid being tost for two Days with the Wind and Sea, and every Moment ready to perish in the Waves; it pleased the Gods to direct it at last to the Coast of Sicily, where it was drove on Shore. The Shepherd, astonished at this Adventure, beholding the Beauty of the Infant, and the Riches that were about it, began to think it was some little Divinity, and was going to adore it; when the weak Cries of the Child, who seemed to be just perishing with Cold and Hunger, persuaded him it was a meer Mortal. Compassion took the Place of Reverence; he approached the Child, took it into his Arms, and supposing by the extraordinary Magnificence of its Dress that it was of noble Birth, he resolved to carry it to the King. As he was wrapping the Mantle close about it to preserve it better from the Cold, a Bag of Money fell from it at his Feet; which he taking up, was so captivated with the Sight, that changing his Design he determined to breed up the Infant himself, and apply the Money to his own Use; then returned a bye Way to his Cottage lest any one should perceive what he carried in his Arms. As soon as he entered the Door the Child began to cry; which alarming his Wife, who supposed he was bringing home a Bastard to nurse, she rated him very severely for his Infidelity. The Gold and Jewels they concealed, and the Shepherd returned to the Care of his Flocks, while his Wife employed

herself in nursing the Foundling, to whom they gave the Name of Fawnia. In a few Years after the Shepherd purchas ed a good Farm, and from tending the Flocks of other People became Master of a consi derable one himself. When Fawnia arrived at the Age of ten Years, Porrus and Mopsa, for so her supposed Father and Mother were called, committed the Care of their Flocks; to her, and the young Shepherdess, whose Beauty at those early Years was the Astonishment and Admiration of all that beheld her, applied herself with the ut most Diligence to her pastoral Employment, so that every Thing prospered under her Hands. She who believed herself to be the Daugh ter of Porrus, was not elated with the Praises that were bestowed on her, but with a sweet Humility conformed to the Lowliness of her Condition, and tended her Flocks with the utmost Diligence and Care. Though she was not vain of the Graces of her Person, yet her rural Habit was always exactly neat, her lovely Hair was bound up with a graceful Negligence, and she took Care to choose the freshest and most becoming Flowers to compose the Garland which shaded her charming Face from the Sun. The King of Denmark agreeing to the Proposal, Egistus acquainted his Son with the Treaty he had entered into; he enlarged on the Beauty and Virtues of the Princess Euphania, on the Advantages of an Alliance with the King of Denmark, and concluded with praising the Gods for the happy Success of his Negociation. The Prince answered coldly, "That his Heart was yet a Stranger to Love, that all Women were indifferent to him, and that Marriage was an Engagement he had no In clination to enter into. A short Time after this Discourse had pas sed between the King and the Prince, there happened to be a Meeting of all the Shep herds Daughters in Sicily. Fawnia aswered him with so much sprightly Wit and so graceful an Air, that the Prince already half vanquished by the Charms of her Person, was wholly subdued by those of her Mind. Love, offended at the former Obsti nacy of this young Rebel, resolved now to make him feel the utmost Effects of his Power, and with the keenest Arrow in his Quiver, pierced that once insensible Heart. The Prince sighed with Pain and Pleasure; he could not remove his Eyes from the lovely Face of Fawnia, which was all overspread with a rosy Blush; he saw her Confusion, and ashamed of his own Weakness he resolved to force himself away, and clapping Spurs to his Horse he hastily bid the Shepherdesses farewell, and rode home to the Palace. She took Leave of her Companion at the Door of her Cottage, and retired to Bed full of a pleasing Anxiety for which her inexperi enced Innocence could not yet find a Name. Fain would he have banished the sweet Image of Fawnia from his Remem brance, but Love had engraved it too deeply in his Heart, and finding his Endeavours to for get her fruitless, he sought to excuse and justify his Passion, by reflecting on the inevitable Charms of her that caused it. Fawnia, was that enchanting Form made only to grace the Fields? The amorous Prince paused at these Words, then suddenly giving Way to new Reflexions, "How would it please my Father, cried he, to know that my Heart is capable of Love? Dorastus, added he, breathing a deep and dreadful Sigh, who is it that is the Object of thy Passion? Does this Match suit with the Dignity of thy Birth? Beauty, said the sighing Prince, how absolute is thy Empire over the Heart! That homely Couch, which before had only supplied calm and unruffled Slumbers, and chearful Dreams of pleasant Labour and in nocent Amusements past, now gave Birth to anxious Wishes, delusive Hopes, and uneasy Repinings. Love is a powerful Lord and will be obeyed. I love Dorastus, ah! Will Eagles catch at Flies? Dorastus is a Prince, and knows what his Sta tion requires of him, I am the poor Daugh ter of a Shepherd, and forget my humble Con dition. Mean Time Dorastus, consumed away with impatient Desire, his former Pleasures now grew tasteless to his Sense, Company was tedious, Music only soothed his sweet Disorder, and added Fewel to his Fires. Weary at length of the intolerable Restraint his Pride had forced him to lay upon his Wishes, he resolved to satisfy his longing Eyes with another Sight of the sweet, but dangerous Fawnia. For this Purpose he stole secretly out of the Palace, and without any Attendants took his Way to the Fields where he had first seen the beauteous Shepherdess Fawnia. There he walked some Time without meet ing with the Object his passionate Eyes were every where in Search of. Enraged at his Dis appointment, a thousand Times he curst both Love and Fortune, and just as he was resign ing himself to the most bitter Despair for his ill Success in this first Attempt, a casual Glance discovered Fawnia to him, sitting on the Side of a Hill, selecting the most beau tiful Flowers out of a large Heap, which in sweet Confusion were scattered about her to make a fresh Garland for her Head. I was

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born to toil for the Court, and not live in it, and am entirely satisfied with my present Condition. She seated herself again at the Foot of the Hill, revolving in her Mind all the Prince had said to her, and this second View of him, together with the Affability of his Behaviour, and some flattering Hopes she began to entertain, entirely compleated the Conquest of her Heart. Fawnia, whispered she, why dost thou gaze at the Sun and grasp at Wind? Stars are to be beheld at a Distance, not aimed to be touched with the Hand; Hopes are to be measured by Fortune, not impelled by Desire, and Falls come by climbing high, not by sitting low. But take Heed, Fawnia, said she sighing, for if the Prince is repulsed by thy Shyness, thou wilt severely repent; for unless he loves thou must die. While Love made this Havock in the innocent Breast of Fawnia, he raged with such Violence in the Heart of the passionate Prince, in which the Pride of royal Birth maintained an unequal Conflict, that sinking under the Force of those contrary Passions, he became a Prey to Melancholy and Despair; he loathed his Food, Sleep fled from his Eyes, he grew pale and wan, and fell into a languishing Disease. The King, amazed at the Alteration in his Son, and trembling for his Life, ordered the Attendance of the ablest Physicians in his Kingdom; but their Art was all in vain. The Prince himself grew apprehensive of the Danger he was in, he found he could not live without Fawnia, and thought it great Folly to die for what it was in his Power to obtain; Honour long opposed the Gratification of his Desires, but Love, resistless Love, at Length prevailed. As he went along some uneasy Reflexions arose in his Mind when he surveyed his homely Dress. Dorastus, said he to himself, what a strange Alteration is here, a Prince transformed to a Peasant! Gods, for what Crime am I assigned this Penance? Love, what a fond Ideot hast thou made of me?

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## Chapter 2 : Greene's 'Pandosto', Or 'Dorastus and the Fawnia'

*The history of Josephus, the Indian prince. Series Early English Books, Description [3], 78 p. Notes. Contains the History of Josephus, the Indian prince. Date of publication from Wing. Reproduction of original in British Library. Reproduction Notes Microfilm. Ann Arbor, Mich.: University Microfilms, 1 microfilm reel ; 35 mm.*

He was by birth a gentleman, received his education at Cambridge, and early made a continental tour. He appears to have taken his degree as M. He "was presented to the vicarage of Tollesbury, in Essex, the 19th of June, , which he resigned the following year. The character of his wife, as pourtrayed by his own pen, is amiable and interesting; highly possessing those softer virtues, which adorn and dignify the female character. The offspring of this union was an only son; but, it is alleged, even this tie of nature combined with all the endowments of the mother could not prevent desertion. This unfortunate circumstance is supposed to have occurred in Whatever fortune he inherited or received on his marriage, was idly and rapaciously squandered in riotous scenes of dissipation passed in the metropolis. In July he was incorporated at Oxford, when, according to Wood, he was well known by his poetical as well as satirical vein; and, says the same editor, he "wrote to maintain his wife, and that high and loose course of living which poets generally follow. Many of his writings glaringly describe the wanton habits of his associates; and charity, lamenting the ungovernable pursuits of genius, must ever draw a veil over his numerous errors. Conscious of the improprieties he had thoughtlessly plunged into, he made strenuous exertions to warn the unthinking, and expose the tricks, frauds, and devices, of his miscreant companions. His works contain the seeds of virtue, while his acts display the tares of folly. The records of his penitence are many; and his intention to forsake his imprudent and dissolute course seems to have been founded in truth, good principles, and innate virtue, with an apparent consistency, and determination to carry it into effect. The imbecility of folly renders it wearisome and disgusts; but the habit of indolence that accompanies it is not easily shaken off. In the delusive hope of gratification from the enjoyment of one day more, and the repugnance ever felt to commence the staid course of prudence, the best resolutions waver, are temporized with, lost, and forgotten. Disregarded by his holiday acquaintance, and with a mind embittered with the keen anguish of remembrance, he ended the closing scene in character with the vagrant part of his life, dying, according to Wood, about , of a surfeit taken by eating pickled herrings and drinking rhenish wine. Gabriel Harvey, whom the same writer compares to Achilles torturing the body of Hector, as he most inhumanly trampled upon Greene when he lay full low in his grave, states him to have been buried in the new church-yard near Bedlam. His pieces were many, and the editions of several extremely numerous, and probably neither as yet wholly ascertained. Those I have perused, display a rich and glowing fancy, much originality and universal command of language, combined with an extensive knowledge of the world. His crowded similes are in unison with those of the period when he wrote, and prove him a disciple of the then fashionable Euphuean sect; they are in general well selected, appositely applied, and quaintly amuse while his moral instructs. He possessed considerable, if not first rate abilities, and it is inconsistent to measure either poetry or prose by any standard of criticism erected two centuries after the decease of the author. The fame of Greene is not indebted to his biographers for any assistance; nor his character under any obligation to their lenity. To censure and condemn his weakness has not been sufficient; he has been stigmatised with the grossest vices, and it would be useless now to inquire for every authority. Much of the abuse is dictated from the pages of his inveterate antagonist Gabriel Harvey. The sever notes by Oldys are principally derived from the same polluted source, and the adoption of them by Steevens has tended to confirm their severity. The names of Oldys and Steevens are entitled to universal respect and confidence; they may be considered to have sacrificed the greater portion of their lives in substituting facts for theory, and purifying English works from errors and inconsistency. Neither is it the province of one who occasionally recreates a mind, worn and corroded by the pursuits of others, in the gratification of reading, to attempt the controverting of their pages; yet, it may be diffidently suggested, that the sombre shadows might have been relieved without deviating from

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the fair colouring of truth. Little of the real life of Greene was known at the close of the seventeenth century. The thoughtless imprudence repeatedly described by Greene in giving an outline of his own character, must be considered as overstrained, for one who had "tasted of the sweet fruites of theology," and probably manufactured with new and exaggerated incidents of folly and extravagance, to swell the hunger-wrought pages, and give variation and strength to his novels. Wood, whose authority is relied on in other points, says, he wrote "to maintain his wife;" a memorial in his favour passed unnoticed: The works of Greene obtained an extraordinary portion of popularity. Either point may be refuted; but such authority is too light for a decision, while the vague inference of the critic is more easily destroyed in an immediate and familiar view of the passage in question, by considering it written of the era of yesterday, and adopting the name of Fielding, or Smollet, whose pieces have been equally idolized by chambermaids ; thus the distinction of class no longer despoils his literary reputation. The Myrroure of Modestie, Monardo the Tritameron of Love, , Translation of funeral sermon of P. Euphues censure to Philautus, , Pandosto the triumph of Time, , Perimedes the blacksmith, The pleasant and delightful History of Dorastus and Fawnia, , , , , The Spanish Masquerado, Orpharion licensed to E. White, , The Royall Exchange, contayning sundry aphorisms of Philosophie, Never too late, , , , , A notable discovery of Coosenage, , The ground work of Conny Catching, The second and last part of Conny Catching, , The third and last part of Conny Catching, Disputation between a hee conny-catcher and shee conny-catcher, A Quip for an upstart Courtier, or a dispute between velvet and cloth breeches, , , , News both from Heaven and Hell licensed to John Oxenbridge, , The repentance of Robert Greene, Mamillia, or the triumph of Pallas, Mamillia, or the second part of the triumph of Pallas, Card of Fancy, , The History of Orlando Furioso, a play, not divided into acts, , The comicall Historic of Alphonsus King of Arragon, a play, , A looking glass for London and England, a comedy, jointly with Lodge , , History of Faire Bellora, [q. Seconded with the tragicall end of Agamio, wherein besides other matters pleasing to the reader by way of dispute betweene a Knight and a Lady, is described this never before debated question, to wit, whether man to woman, or woman to man offer the greater temptations unto unbridled lust, and consequently whether man or woman in that unlawfull act, be the greater offender. A historic pleasant, delightful and witti, fit of all to be perused for their better instruction, but especiall of youth to be regarded, to bridle their follies. Printed for Francis Burton, and are to be sold at his shop in Panics Church-yard at the signe of the Flower de-luce and Crowne, The debate between Follie and Love, translated out of French, Thieves falling out true men come by their goods, , Arbasto, the History of Arbasto King of Denmarke, , Fair Emme a comedy, Langbaine, Mears, and others, consider the piece anonymous. Reed in his list, but doubtful. Greene in conceyte newe raised from his grave to wryte the tragique storie of his faire Valeria of London. Licensed to William Jones , , was written by John Dickenson. The greater portion of the titles having been fully given in Mr.

### Chapter 3 : The Winter's Tale: Introduction :: Internet Shakespeare Editions

*The delightful history of Dorastus and Fawnia: Wherein is declared the cruelty of Pandosto to his fair Bellaria ; and how the child Fawnia was put into a boat to be drown'd, but was taken up by the sea-side out of the boat, by a shepherd: and how he brought up the fair Fawnia to keep sheep ; and how Dorastus fell in love with the fair Fawnia, &c.*

### Chapter 4 : Â» Looking Beyond the Text in Frances Wolfretonâ€™s Books Houghton Library Blog

*The pleasant and delightful history of Dorastus and Fawnia.: Pleasant for age to shun drowsie thoughts ; Profitable for Youth, to avoid other wanton Pastimes, and bringing to Both a desired Content.*

### Chapter 5 : Robert Greene: used books, rare books and new books (page 8) @ racedaydvl.com

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*The Pleasant and Delightful History of Dorastus Prince of Sicily, and Fawnia, Only Daughter and Heir to Pandosto King of Bohemia. Pleasant for Age to Shun Drowzy Thoughts; by R. Green, Write a review.*

## Chapter 6 : Pandosto - Wikipedia

*The pleasant and delightful history of Dorastus Prince of Sicily, and Fawnia, only daughter and heir to Pandosto King of Bohemia. Pleasant for age to shun drowzy thoughts;.*

## Chapter 7 : Dorastus and Fawnia - Oxford Reference

*The History of Fiction Being a Critical Account of the Most Celebrated Prose Works of Fiction From the Earliest Greek Romances to the Novels of the Present Age by John Colin Dunlop Dictionary of National Biography Inglis-John by Sidney Lee.*

## Chapter 8 : Behind the Name: User-submitted name Fawnia

*Colophon: Here ends Pandosto, or The historie of Dorastus and Fawnia, by Robert Greene. One hundred and sixty copies have been printed from the edition of Printed and sold by Clarke Conwell at the Elston press, New Rochelle, New York.*

## Chapter 9 : Livros portugueses, livros estrangeiros, livros escolares e ebooks - Wook

*Pandosto: The Triumph of Time is a prose romance written by the English author Robert Greene, first published in A later edition of was re-titled Dorastus and Fawnia. Popular during the time of William Shakespeare, the work's plot was an inspiration for that of Shakespeare's play The Winter's Tale.*