

The Pilgrim of Castile, or *El Pelegrino in Su Patria*

by Lope de Vega, *translated and abridged by William Dutton*

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The First Book

Upon the shore of Barcelona, between the planks of a ship which had suffered wreck, there appeared as if it had been a parcel of cloth covered with weed: which being perceived by some fishermen, they took it into their bark, and carried it along the shore about the space of two miles, where under the shade of some trees, they cleaned away the weeds and mud, and found that it was a man in a trance, who was almost past sense, and without life. These fishers, moved with compassion, kindled a fire with some branches cut from an old oak, and he who had been so near the losing of his life, now recovering it, let them know what countryman he was, by his complaint: discovered his admiration by his looks; and the feeling he had of the good which they had done him, by the fire with which he had to acknowledge it. Nature, doing the accustomed office of a pitiful mother, sent his blood to restore the more enfeebled parts; and having brought him almost to his former strength, he was about to have revealed himself: but thinking it did not fit in so strange a fortune, he concealed his birth and name, only saying that his ship suffered wreck in the sea, and seizing of these planks which the waves had cast upon the shore, he was two days floating amongst the billows of the sea, who sometimes merciful and then again cruel, did bring him nearer and then farther from the land, until such time that the reflux of the water vanquishing the impetuosity of the tempest, he was cast upon the sands, where the violence of the stroke having as it were ploughed up his tomb, he thought himself buried. His return (he said) was from Italy, and the occasion of his voyage the indulgences of the Jubilee, which was while Clement the Eighth sat as Pope. And sighing much, amongst the broken speeches of his story, he let them understand that he missed a companion of his travels, of whom there was no news to be had, as it seldom happens that those who do free us from bodily misfortunes can also ease those of the mind. So he rested this day within one of their cabins, while the cold night descending, all crowned with stars, did impart unto mortal creatures rest in conformity with the quality of their lives, giving desires unto the poor, cares unto the rich, complaints unto the sad, unto the contented sleep, and jealousy to the amorous. In the midst thereof he heard a lyre played upon, and according with a voice, which in singing complained of a

shepherdess's cruelty. The pilgrim, although weary, loved music more than rest, and went out of his cabin into a meadow, from whence seeing about a dozen houses, and among some osiers the author of those complaints, called him from a distance. The singer replied fearfully, but the pale light of the moon, revealing the secrets of the night, made him see that it was a poor man, and without arms. He then showed him a plank lying amongst reeds over a little brook, giving its murmuring unto the solitariness of the place and silence of the night; which when he had passed, they saluted one the other courteously, especially he which came (for strangers are always courteous out of necessity); and they sat down together upon the grass.

No sooner had the pilgrim informed himself of the name of the village, of the lord thereof, and how far it was distant from Barcelona, when they saw two men approaching, who instead of saluting them presented two arquebuses to their faces, and instilled a thousand fears in their hearts. The stranger told them that they could take nothing from them but his life--which he esteemed little (and six hours ago much less): the other said that he was the son of a seaman--between a fisherman and a pilot--and that all his goods consisted of this his instrument, with which he did charm away his cares. The soldiers did not appear to desire their clothes, because one was of ship's canvas and the other of coarse cloth; and there is no robber who is not liberal of that which is of no worth. But they entreated them to conduct them to the village, which in regard to the uncertainty of the way they could not find but in a great time. The fisherman told them that in recompense for their courtesy he would advise them not to go, forasmuch as the inhabitants were a warlike people, and did not willingly lodge men of their fashion; and that it would be impossible to escape from their hands if they were discovered, because upon the sounding of the first alarm, all the other villages would answer them, from whom would come a multitude of labourers, who with divers arms would stop the passages, and knew the ways so well that there was neither brook, tree nor rock which they had not at their fingers' ends. To this counsel the bandoleers replied that they were not alone; but there were above fifty in their troupe, fighting under the colours of a Catalonian knight, who had been injured by another more mighty than he both in means and parentage, although not in strength, reason or courage. Hardly had they ended these words, when by the light of the stars they saw the arms of the squadron and its captain of whom they had spoken, and now being joined all together, they lodged by force in various houses of the village. The pilgrim, curious to learn (as are all those who travel in foreign countries), mingled himself amongst the soldiers, who in no way disliked his company but instead invited him to supper; after which (the floor serving them for beds) they entertained one the other with discourse, until the slow dawn then at the end of February became daybreak. Now that they knew

the pilgrim's history, and he being desirous to learn from them their own turbulent narrative, his features and comprehension being pleasing to them, one among them named Ramond told it in this manner:

The History of Doricles

"In this famous city, which with a wonderful greatness opposeth Italy, and astonisheth Africa, there was born a lady of noble parentage, who having been a firebrand unto her country, had no small conformity with Greek Helen. Her name was Florinda, her beauty heavenly and her spirit divine, and she having attained unto years fit for marriage, two knights equal in youth, greatness of means and nobleness of blood did seek her love, with like hope but unlike favour. Love, natural inclination, a sympathy of manners or an influence of the stars did constrain Florinda to love Doricles and hate Filander, who to shorten his way between hope and possession, and to prevent his rival, demanded her in marriage of her parents, who would willingly have given the respect which they might unto the intercessor and his merits, had they not found that Florinda felt differently on gaining knowledge of the husband which they propounded to her. They loved her tenderly and would not constrain her with rigour, but speaking frankly to Filander, told him that she would not agree to it, although they had persuaded her as masters, and commanded as parents. Filander augmenting his love by her dislike, found out that the love which Florinda bore for Doricles was the cause of the disdain she bore him. The idea of revenge came to him, and he formed a resolution to remove from the world the obstacle of his design, notwithstanding the scandals and evils that so brutal an enterprise might bring. He armed himself with such company as he thought good (as he was not unprovided with friends nor wanted servants) at such times as he thought he might find Doricles at his mistress's door, or in the street by her house. But his rival, dubious of his plans, always went well accompanied and better armed, as one who did not think that he could have a better friend than his sword. Having caused a ladder to be brought upon the eve of a feast unto her garden wall, by that means to speak with her, it happened that Filander coming into that street, and performing his usual office of spy, heard Florinda speak to Doricles, and saw her give him a nosegay of jasmine which she had in her hand, with embracings more insupportable to him than favourable to Doricles. He charged those which kept the gate, and began with them a cruel combat: Doricles comes down, and searching Filander in the midst of his enemies, wounds him and puts him to flight: for a favoured lover is as a gambler who wins, and in all hazards is always master of the fortunes of his adversary. Doricles goes away victorious out of the street, while Filander's love (which had turned to disdain) became by this encounter a mortal hatred. Then either side increased their bands; the fire of their anger kindled all their parents; and although they every day spoke together as if

they had no quarrel, they failed not to fight every night when they met. In this scandal Doricles lost the enjoying of his mistress, Filander her favour, she her renown and their parents their honour. Time increased the love of the one, while the other's hatred increased his desire of revenge, and of the small pleasure which the two lovers had, Filander had the least, it seeming better to him in this business to rely upon his industry for the effecting of that which his strength would be wanting. Having then learned that Florinda was to take her pleasure at sea in a bark, he hid two or three days before a brigantine in a creek not far from the shore, in which he appareled himself like a Turk, with some other of his friends (for accomplices in amorous enterprises are seldom wanting) and with necessary rowers attended his mistress: the Meuxin, which is the tower where the watch of Barcelona is kept, having discovered that no enemies sailed in all the sea. In the meantime the contented Florinda with her companions was not gone from the shore a league when the counterfeit frigate hoisted sail, and beating the water with her oars, overtook her bark, the mariners whereof looking for nothing less than such a surprise, could not resolve either to fly or to defend themselves; but contrariwise (as the fearful bird seeing the proud merlin come fiercely stooping upon her, is accustomed to attend her with couched wings) acknowledging by the Turkish sails, the power of their enemies which were upon them, and quitted their oars; and fear (which with a cold shivering ran through all their veins) gave them no time to discern their deceit. Finally they boarded them, and two or three of the disguised Turks leaping into the bark ravished away the new Helen, who was carried into the brigantine and found herself in the arms of Filander. The counterfeit words of these pirates, who called him Murat Rais, made those who remained free in the bark believe that he was the author of this robbery, and seeing that they took nothing but Florinda, they returned again to Barcelona, recounting the disgrace in every street and place where they came, with more cries and tears than words, which coming to the ears of her parents, caused more grief in them then can be told, principally in her sorrowful mother, who bewailed her loss with a passion more befitting her sex than a generous courage. Mounted scouts in vain spurred up and down the coast, but Filander (who had brought Florinda into a private garden house, having taken away his turban and his Turkish disguise) declared unto her, that the incomparable force of his love had constrained him to have recourse to this deviousness, and did enjoy her beauty with assurance, although she took heaven, the trees and the fountains to witness the violence which was used on her.

Of no less consideration was Doricles' pain, who full of mortal sorrow, was a thousand times by the sea's side ready to imitate the despair of those nymphs which saw Europa ravished; nevertheless, and as well to oblige unto him his mistress's parents, and to satisfy himself, he bought a ship of an Aragonese,

which had brought in wheat, and loading it with silks, velvets and other merchandise gave his sails to the wind, turning his prow toward Argiere, Sali, Morat, Fuchel, Mami, Xafer, and other pirate haunts; Doricles enquired amongst them of his mistress, and of as many others as he knew did rob upon the coast of Spain. But when he met with none who could tell him news of her, whom his rival enjoyed with such pleasure, he went to Constantinople, and from thence unto Cairo, and having run along the coast of the kingdoms of Fez, Morocco, Tarnadan, and Tafiilet, despairing of ever finding her, whom he had so long time, and so vainly sought, changed his merchandise into Christian slaves and returning into Spain, disembarked at Ceuta. While the deceived Doricles did thus run along the coast of Africa, a servant of Filander, were it either out of some displeasure which he had taken, or out of envy of his happiness, revealed all the proceeding unto the Justice of Barcelona, who in the night following besieged the garden house, with main force, and took Filander then when he least expected it. The news and admiration, which his subtilty and surprise caused in the city, moved the citizens confusedly to see him pass through the streets; through the midst of whom he was borne to prison, and the sorrowful maid (already made a woman against her will) was rendered unto her parents; the sentence was mortal, the opinion common, the approbation general, and the process short. The scaffold was ready, Filander disposed himself to die, and made it appear that he had the courage of a knight, and the soul of a Christian; nevertheless the Viceroy and the Bishop, interposing their authority, assembled the parents, and having mollified the nearest, dissuaded Filander's death, in respect of the honour which they might gain by his life. So of two evils choosing the least, they had more care to the reparation of their honour, than to the contentment of revenge; thus they changed the mourning which was already provided for Filander into nuptial habits, and the scaffold into a bed, where Florinda was given him in lawful marriage: but the same day that they joined hands with the contentment and rejoicing of all the world, Doricles entered into the city, and unlooked for appeared at the head of two hundred men, whom he had drawn out of captivity, upon whose casques did shine in silver broidery the arms of Barcelona and their restorer; his word was I love the King. The sight and entry of this heroic citizen was exceedingly agreeable and dear unto the Barcelonians; but the insupportable news of his rival's marriage with his mistress was no sooner come unto Doricles' ears, but all the city in arms were divided into factions, and contrary parties. This suspended the marriage for some days, during which time it was remonstrated unto Doricles, that he could not marry Florinda without infamy. He answered that what he could not have, ought not to be given to Filander, it being in no way reasonable that this deceiver should gain by fraud what he had lost by so much travail; and there was no other means to accord him, but that Florinda should retire into a monastery. This distressed her parents who were already contented with the satisfaction of

their honour, and the alliance of their son in law, whose parents offered unto Doricles a beautiful sister of Filander in marriage; but he unwilling thereunto, demanded justice against Filander for his crime, offering that after he should be beheaded he would marry Florinda as widow unto a knight. This last offer was in principle agreed unto by Filander's and Florinda's parents, but when Doricles thought that Filander had been led to prison, and from thence to death, he was given to understand how he was pardoned, and the marriage consummated. If his sorrow were great it may be known by the effects, seeing it is now twenty years since, from these Pyrennean mountains which divide France from Spain, he hath lived as an outlaw, robbed, pillaged and ruined all that he finds, neither kingdoms being able to take any revenge. He was one and twenty years old when he came from Africa: he is now forty one: a strong man, vigorous of his person, which is much fortified by his austere and wild life. And that may be believed of him, which was said of Hercules, that without doubt he had three lives, for if he had had but one, it had been a miracle that he had not lost it by so many wounds.

This day about sunrise he came down to see what noise this was, which the night before had sounded from the sea unto the woods, and he with about ten of us which followed him having found some boards which the sea had cast up, upon one of which was seated a young man in habit of a pilgrim like thyself, pale, in a trance, all drenched in water, his hair full of dirt and sand, and to conclude, evil accommodated with this tempest. He commanded us to carry him to that place where the rest of his men were, and as well to dry him as to get him breath, which he had almost lost, we endeavoured to unclothe him, but he refusing to be seen or to be touched by us, it made our captain suspect that he was not a man, for although he enforced himself to appear so, yet his actions showed the clean contrary; when as preventing the desire which the captain had to be cleared of his sex, this pilgrim of whom I tell thee (taking him aside) confessed that she was a woman, who came in this habit from Italy, with her husband; in which voyage, they had suffered shipwreck upon this shore: and in saying this, shame and desire to defend herself brought colour into her face, and valour into her heart; with one, she appeared perfectly fair, and with the other extremely hardy: Nevertheless her beauty being more powerful to hurt others, than her strength to defend herself, hath vanquished Doricles' mind, who with sweet and courteous words persuaded her to rest this day in his company, during which time her face hath never been without tears. In the meantime he commanded, after sunset, that his supper and his bed should be provided in one of those villages, but we instantly heard that some charge of money which was to be carried to Genoa, should come this way, and having waited for them until midnight, we were without both supper and lodging: for this cause we sent two of our companions before, who are they which found you together with him who conducted us hither; Doricles is now

with this pilgrim; I cannot tell thee whether he hath gained her or no, nor whether the bed had made a peace between two minds so absolutely differing: but certain it is that they are now lodged together."

The soldiers easily perceived that the pilgrim hearing this story, bathed his face with his tears, and with sad and violent sighings endeavoured to pierce heaven: they desiring the cause, he remaining a long time silent, and they still pressing him; in the end he began to cry out: Oh miserable wretch that I am, I have lost my honour, my glory is destroyed, my hope is dead, by the hands and weakness of a woman. Oh that ever the sea pardoned my life, since that with so much pity, it reserved thine, to the end that my eyes might be witnesses (after so many labours and dangers) of such an offence. Well did the soldiers know that this was the man whom the pilgrim respected, and the true north star unto which she turned the needle of her affection: but they endeavouring to comfort him, so much increased his fury, that drawing forth his sword out of his pilgrim's staff, the outside whereof served as a scabbard, he ran enraged out of the house unto the house where the captain lay, and there gave such blows upon the door, and such loud cries, that the captain thinking he had been assailed by the Justice or by the inhabitants of that place, leaped out of his bed in his shirt, his pistol in his hand, and opening the door asked Who was there? A wretched man, answered the pilgrim with an incredible fierceness, and one from whom thou hast taken his honour, with this vile woman which thou dost possess. Doricles discharged his pistol and the pilgrim turning his body, the bullet lit in his arm. All the company ran thither at the noise, and the valiant Catalonian disposed himself to strike quicker than the lightning come out of thunder sent by Jove against the giants, when the miserable pilgrim woman, embracing him with prayers, begged the pilgrim's life, saying unto Doricles, that this man was he whom she did only acknowledge for her master, and on the other side assuring her desperate husband that she had not transgressed against her honour, neither in deed, word nor thought; because his prayers had not vanquished her, and his threats could never. I do not know if it ought to be believed of a woman: the history commendeth her chastity, and I do religiously believe the virtue of this sex so much esteemed by me, and so greatly held in account all my life. Doricles would willingly that the pilgrim should have been contented with his life, which he would leave him, and that he should have gone away without the woman, but the incensed Castilian defying him to a single combat, began to defame him, and provoke him in such manner, that he commanded his soldiers to hang him up at the next tree of the mountain: hardly was the word out of the captain's mouth, when the pilgrim found himself carried out of the village by those barbarous fellows, and upon his way towards the wood where he should be branched up. Finding himself then at the place of execution and in the presence of an inevitable death, he entreated

them with tears that they would let him recommend his soul to him that was the author thereof; which being permitted unto him, he drew out of his bosom an image of the blessed Virgin; which holding up, with his eyes and his hands to heaven, he began his prayers devoutly, having the match of one of their pieces about his neck near unto him who tied it to a bough of a great oak, only waiting for the end of his devotions: nevertheless even as he fastened the last knot, the fair morning rejoicing the world with new light, clearly discovered the amiable colour of his face.

Who will believe that in the space of one night so many fortunes should happen to one man, if it were not known that things are written to be marked, and that evils do seldom come alone, seeing that the evils which happen in one night to one unfortunate man, do surpass all the prosperity which can happen to a fortunate man in all his life? The soldiers seeing the honest and grave countenance of this pilgrim, his youth and his innocence, and being otherwise mollified with his prayers; or having their hearts secretly touched by the hands of God, for he who hardened Pharaoh's heart can mollify others, they resolved to let him live, not willing to be more cruel than the sea, which the day before had cast him upon land from drowning; and thinking it was an infamous cruelty, that he who had been spared by things without sense, should be destroyed by them who ought to have reason. The pilgrim gave them thanks for their liberality, and referring their reward unto heaven, entreated them that if by chance, this woman which he had left, did persevere in the firmness of her speech, they should tell her that she should find him at Barcelona: this said, he took his way towards the city, and the soldiers towards the village. But the feigned news of his death which they were constrained to deliver unto Doricles, so much deprived the sorrowful pilgrim woman of sense (whom he had already thrust out of his chamber, being vexed with her cries) that she remained a long time as dead, and when as she was come again unto herself, she did and said so many pitiful things, that these fierce men most accustomed to shed blood, did now shed tears. So that the captain despairing of ever being able to pacify her, and thinking that the beginnings of extreme grief do easily pass to a frenzy, commanded that she should be carried upon the great highway; where the miserable woman was left, drowning herself in tears, and murdering her face with her hands, she made herself look with great deformity: from thence following the way by the seaside she went to Valencia.

The pilgrim in the meantime was at Barcelona, having stayed two days, to view the goodly strong walls of the city; the third day as he was beholding the Viceroy's palace, this fisherman, whose voice had so unhappily drawn him from the cabins of the other fishermen, and as a deceitful hyena had called him to bring his life into such danger, knew him, and demanded of him if he were not the thief, which entertained him the other night with words, until his companions

came and entering by force into the houses of the village, had robbed them and pillaged them? It is true answered the pilgrim, that I am he who by the sound of thy voice came out of the cabins of men of thy profession, but not he who came with the robbers which you speak of: upon this they contested one against the other, insomuch that the people ran to the noise; and as to be pursued with hue and cry, there needs no more cause but to be a stranger, so all the world believing in the natural Catalonian's words, the poor pilgrim was impetuously carried away by the people, and as a robber put into prison.

The infamous rabble who for crimes great or small are accustomed to possess these places, which are like so many true representations of Hell, put him into a dark corner worse than the worst sink of Constantinople, where it is impossible to recite the blows they gave him, and the injuries they said unto him: because having no metal about him but the bullet, which Doricles shot into him the night of his misfortune, he had not wherewith to pay his garnish or entrance, nor ability to find better means to appease them.

Night victorious over human cares, imposing rest unto their labours and their thoughts, and reducing their actions to a deep silence came amongst these barbarous people, yet the miserable stranger only not so much as closing his eyes: he felt not the grief of his wound, not the infamy of his imprisonment, all that which troubled him, and all that which he feared, was the pilgrim woman's losing of her honour, which wrought so with him, that whilst others slept in this confusion, without that the want of beds, the importunity of many noisome creatures, which run up and down in the prison, the fear of judgement to come, nor the present misfortune could wake them; our pilgrim only is awake, complaining against heaven, the sea, and his cruel fortune which had preserved his life, then, when he had no feeling of death, to make him suffer it now in a state so sensible.

At the length the sun with a countenance full of shame and as if he had been constrained, shone through the thick bars of the prison windows, showing in the pale colour of his beams, that he feared he should be kept there, when the pleasant blows of the jailer, and the sweet noise which his keys made in the strong locks, awaked from their forgetfulness those unto whom the fear of punishment for their faults could work no remembrance: but the pilgrim was not waked, because he was not asleep; he came out amongst the rest nevertheless to give thanks to the day, for having passed over so miserable a night. There began this miserable body to move his parts, going many leagues in a little space: prayers importuned some, care wearied others; necessity called out here, hunger sighed there, and Liberty was wished for everywhere: the laws called upon execution, ministers upon punishment, and favour importuned for delay; those

who had wherewith went out by the air, others not having wherewith could not find the door; the confusion of voices, the unquietness of the judge, the coming in of some, the going out of others, and the noise of fetters, made in this discordant instrument a fearful striving.

In this time, a knight, who for the nobleness of his blood, and the antiquity of his imprisonment, was generally respected as the master, cast his eyes upon the pilgrim, and considering his deep melancholy, his habit and his person, incited by his good countenance and aspect, (for there is no letter of favour which worketh greater effects in all necessities) called him to a little alley which answered to the door of his chamber, and asked his name, his country, and the cause of his imprisonment. The pilgrim recited unto him the success which you have heard, beginning his life, from the time that the sea gave it him, by casting him upon the shore not far from the walls of Barcelona. The knight wondered at it, and collecting from his reasons, and the manner of his speech, his understanding and his gentleness, took such affection unto him, that he placed him in his chamber: where having restored his weak forces, with conserves which he had, he made him reveal his arm, and he himself healed the wound with medicines and words, which he had learned being a soldier; for if herbs and stones have this virtue, wherefore should it be wanting to holy words?

The contented pilgrim afterwards turning his eyes round about the chamber, saw written upon the walls with a coal according to the ancient manner of prisoners, certain hieroglyphic verses, at the sight whereof, he knew that he who had written them was not ignorant. Over the picture of a young man, which had the chief place, was written this verse from Virgil:

in somnis ecce ante oculos maestissimus Hector

After that was painted a heart with wings, which flew after death with the letter of Aeneas, sending the body of his friend to the great Evander.

mortuus Pallante

Near unto that was figured Prometheus, or Titius, who being tied with strong chains to the rocks of Mount Caucasus, nourished an Eagle with his entrails, the words were from Ovid, and said thus:

Vitae dolor, vita molestiae et magnis gratos fore morte, sed mori non potest

By a river, between two infernal shores, Forgetfulness was painted, being a young man who carried a vessel full of remembrances, which he did endeavour to fling into the water, with these words of Lucretius:

Cadit iterum cum pervenit usque ad summum

The head and harp of Orpheus were portrayed upon a gate amongst the waves of the river Hebrus, into which he had been cast by the Bacchantes, they came unto Lesbos, the words were these:

Hic flevit gerit, feras et genimina viperarum

There was also painted a lady lying dead with a sword through her body, with these words of Scaliger upon the death of Polyxena:

Non satis vincere homines?

In the distance which might be between the window and the flower, was painted the giant Argus with his hundred eyes, and Mercury charming him asleep, with this Vespasian epigram:

Subtilis amor maxime inutilis dolis

With such and other curiosities, which the Knight writ as aptly fitting his adventures, did he adorn his chamber and pass away his tedious imprisonment.

Whilst that the Pilgrim was busy in beholding these conceits, he was called before the judges to answer the accusation against him, and he relating simply the truth, by the little art which he brought with him in his speech, he plainly showed that there was no guilt in him; his cause being recommended unto the judges by the knight, who writ his innocence unto them, he was acquitted and brought back again into the knight's chamber, where they ate together. Their discourse which at the end of dinner served for their last dish (amongst other things) fell upon their misfortunes, because that there is nothing which more aptly, and readily doth ease the mind than relation of our own misadventures. The master of the lodging (who could willingly have spared that name) being entreated by the pilgrim to relate the cause of his imprisonment, began to speak in this manner:

The History of Mireno

"In a little town not far from this great city, there was a gentleman named Telemachus married with a fair lady, not so chaste as the Roman Lucretia although she carried her name; the report was, that this marriage was made

against her wishes, and it is likely to be true, as by the effects it was afterwards witnessed: her melancholy increased, her beauty and clothes neglected, did show a languishment, as roses, when the radical moisture of their boughs decreases. Telemachus did force himself to divert her from this sad kind of neglect, least it might seem unto some which should see her, that this sadness proceeded from his default, for oftentimes innocent husbands are accused for their wives' evil conditions. He apparelled her richly, allowed her to solace and recreate herself at sea, and carried her to see the choicest gardens. And this being not sufficient he opened his house to all good company. Amongst the young knights which did ordinarily frequent and converse with them, there was one called Mireno, so much my friend, that if death had not set a difference between us, I could not have been persuaded (he being alive) to discern which of us two had been myself. This man cast his eyes (until this time busied in the consideration of another's beauty) upon Telemachus' fair wife; who looking upon him more earnestly than upon any other, had (it may be) incited him: for although it be said that love can pierce as a spirit, into the most close and secret places: yet I do think it impossible, that any man should love, if he be not at the first obliged thereunto by some little hope. He concealed from me the beginning of his thought: for love is always borne discreetly, and dumb as a child. But the same sweetness of its conversation doth so quickly teach it to speak, that like a prisoner at the bar he oftentimes cast himself away by his own tongue. So after he saw himself admitted in Lucretia's eyes (an evident index that he was already in her soul) not being able to suffer the glory of that whereof he easily endured the pain; he made unto me a great discourse of his fortune, or to say truer, of his folly; which could not have been hurtful unto him, if he had followed my advice as well as he asked it. But it is ordinary, especially with those who are in love, to ask counsel, then when as for nothing in the world they would forbear to do that which they have in their mind. There was no history, either divine or human, which was within my knowledge and to the purpose, that I did not lay before him, exaggerating the evils which did proceed from like enterprises. But Mireno who had already firmly determined to follow his purpose, and thinking that I was not apt for his design, by little and little, forbore to visit me. Quickly did he forbear to accompany me in walking: we went no more by day to public conversations, nor by night to private; A notable error in the condition of men, whose loves and friendships are kept by flattery, and lost by truth. I did bear Mireno's absence with great impatience, and he had no feeling of his living without me; because Lucretia being now his whole soul, could not suffer that he should have another Mireno: having thus shaken me off, communicated his business with a third, who was so common a friend unto us both, that when I wanted Mireno, or Mireno wanted me, we did seek one the other at his house. This man was not so considerate as I was, contrariwise there was no kind of

danger, into which he would not precipitate himself to please his friend; such friends are like powder on festival days, which to rejoice others spendeth itself. This made me disguise myself to follow them in the night; and one time above the rest, when I had more patience, and they less consideration than the ordinary, I saw how they set a ladder to a window of a tower, which revealed a spacious prospect towards the sea, over a garden of Telemachus: I stayed to the end, not to discover what they did, but to see if I could serve in any stead in the importance of this danger, and my heart did not deceive me, although Mireno who was within it did deceive me. For after the first sleep, then when as with less force he vanquisheth the cares of a master of a family, I heard a noise, and presently I saw Mireno coming down the ladder, and Aurelio (for so was he called with whom he was accompanied) receiving him in his arms, and persuading him to fly: hardly were they out of the street, when a servant loosing the ladder let it fall. I ran to the fall thereof, and as well as I could gathering it up, stepped behind a corner, from whence I espied Telemachus in his shirt, having his sword naked in one hand, and a candle in the other: and looking out from the window of the tower if he could discern anything upon the ground, of that which he had heard: I crept softly to the gate; and hearkening what was said in this family where there was this alarm, I understood that the disgrace of our two lovers, was taken to be the industry of robbers. In this they were not deceived, for those are no small thieves, who steal good name and rob away honour: I returned a little more contented to my house, but slept but badly, in this care. The morning being come I sent for Mireno, with whom having discoursed of divers matters, I asked what news of Lucretia? He told me he did not speak with her: for all wicked secrets do for the most part conceal themselves from true friends. I said then unto him, that I wondered he would dissemble a thing so known; Telemachus her husband being come unto my house, to tell me that he had heard him within his; that looking out of a window of a tower, he had seen him go down by a ladder: Mireno astonished and wondering at my revelation, confessed unto me what had passed, and how Lucretia having yielded to his letters, messages, and services had made him master of her liberty, yielding unto him the treasure which was so fiercely guarded by Telemachus' hundred eyes. Which was the reason why I placed this hieroglyphic of Argus and Mercury, with the epigram:

Subtle love deceiveth jealousy.

He proceeded to tell me that when Telemachus was asleep, they talked together in a garden, into which he entered by a ladder made of cords, which Aurelio kept, unto whom only he had imparted this secret, having found me so averse from succouring him. I asked what he had done with the ladder? He told me that from the leaving of that proceeded Telemachus' advertisement. I told him that Telemachus knew nothing, neither had the ladder served as an occasion to

discover anything unto him: and letting him see the service which I had done him, I did begin to conjure him, that he would abandon the perilous success which he ought to expect from the pursuit of this design, seeing that Telemachus at the least had notice that his wife was not by his side when there was noise in the lodging. So that he promised me, he would not go any more thither, and the more to divert him from going thither, he resolved to absent himself from Barcelona. I confirmed him in this resolution; because that truly there is nothing which so much eclipseth the desire of lovers, as an interposed distance of place between them; yet it was not needful, because by the time Mireno disposed himself to depart, Telemachus had already changed his dwelling from this city unto the little place where he was married; and this was a memorable observation, Mireno losing the repeated view of his Lucretia, lost her also out of his thought, and confirmed his love better than ever to Erisila, (she was that other lady whom I in the beginning of my discourse I said he had loved) who again loved him better and with more pleasure than before, because that love which succeedeth after jealousy is more violent. Besides, the amiable parts which were in Mireno, who was of a goodly stature, of great spirit, and an illustrious blood, of a free condition, amiable both on horseback, and on foot, and renowned beyond all of his age, for all military exercise; as for his face, behold this picture, wherein I assure you, the painter was no flatterer; I keep it here for my comfort, although it be always present in my soul, as you may judge by the words written:

Before my eyes in a dream, sad Hector did appear.

Because truly his image did never abandon my sight, but either sleeping or waking he was represented to my eyes: in effect we fell into our old inwardness; but in the midst of this peace, the wife of Telemachus had so much power over him, that vanquished with her prayers, he brought her again to Barcelona, where she was no sooner seen by Mireno, but the ancient flames of his love, blowing away the ashes into the wind, revealed themselves more lively: and I fearing what might happen by this coming back of Lucretia, persuaded Mireno to marry. He himself finding that it was the honorablest, the easiest and the safest way to distance himself from these loves, entreated me to find out some worthy subject, who might set a bound unto his affections: I propounded many who I thought were of his quality, although not of his merit; but it was with him as with those who buy without pleasure, and do not content themselves with any price; for some are too high, others too low: these black, those pale; one lean, the other too fat; this was too fine, another too sluttish: in short, seeing that he liked none of those, and would not marry, I left him, for I saw that Lucretia had more power with him than all the others together. They then began to see one another again, for in these good works, mediators are seldom wanting: Erisila who was passionately in love with Mireno, began to discern in him a coldness and a

carelessness in seeing her, and that he did divert himself by other pleasures. She (in this suspicion, which may be called a true jealousy) began to observe and follow him; so that without spoiling much, she knew, if not all that passed, at the least what was the subject which ravished away her Mireno.

Who will believe so extraordinary a conceit as I shall tell you? Truly he only, who doth know how much the spirit of a woman is disposed (especially if she is in love) to any kind of industry and subtilty: Erisila never left seeking occasion that Telemachus should see her, until in the end Telemachus did behold her, and in viewing Erisila, he saw in her a brave disposition of a woman, who looked upon him with fair and sweet eyes; for when they will deceive, they make their eyes snares, and their sweetnesses baits: Telemachus yielded himself (although he loved Lucretia) forced by the eyes and beauty of Erisila, which did so much the more provoke him, by how much she desired to deceive him: he began to come to her house, and she to feign a great deal of passion, Mireno giving them leisure enough, as he did not frequent her house as he was accustomed. Finally their affection came to the point that Erisila desired. Then she said unto him one day (as if she had not known him to be married, which he dissembled also) that she had seen him enter into one Lucretia's house, whereat she had conceived great jealousy. Telemachus smiling, began to appease her saying, that it was without any design that he had entered into this house (whereof indeed he was master) and as she began to witness a more feeling sorrow, accompanied with false tears; he began to remonstrate that Lucretia was virtuous and well born; with a great many other commendations of her chastity, and of Telemachus her husband's care (commending himself). And some are of the opinion that self-commending is not unbeseeming, when it importeth the good opinion of another man. Erisila then finding a good occasion for her wicked design, told him that Lucretia's husband might be a gallant man, yet nevertheless she knew that Lucretia did not forbear to make love unto a knight of the city; and she was afraid that she might as well love him as the other: because whatsoever woman she be, she doth easily suffer herself to be won, after the first lightness: Telemachus who began to wax so pale that it was easily seen in his face, what interest he had in this discourse; entreated her to discover who was this knight: but she feigning to be jealous of him, whom she did endeavour to make so jealous, enforceth her complaints, persuading him that she was troubled with that jealousy which indeed she had raised in him. In short, Erisila was unwilling to name who it was; Telemachus suddenly stepped to her, and drawing his dagger, setting it to her throat made her utter the name of Mireno, a person whom he knew better then she: with this Telemachus went away, confessing it was true that he had loved Lucretia, not knowing she had another lover; but now from this time forward he

would hate her, and would settle all his affection upon her, in confirmation of which, he gave her a chain of gold, and a diamond.

By this means, Erisila thought that the husband would keep his house, and that Mireno (by this means barred from seeing Lucretia) would come to visit her as he was accustomed. But the knight, whom it concerned to wipe away this spot from his honour by the blood of he who had offended him, seeing it was now no longer time to keep that which was lost, feigning a few days after to go to Montserrat, gave a beginning to his revenge, and an end unto my life. The two lovers were not so besotted, nor I such a fool, that we did not think (although we were ignorant of Erisila's malice) that this absence might be feigned; having had so many examples in the world; wherefore we sent our faithful friend Aurelio secretly after him. But the advised Telemachus, who knew well that he was not to deceive fools, feigning that he went to Valencia, returned when he was halfway, and hid himself in Barcelona.

Now Mireno could not spend the night so assured with Lucretia but that I kept the door, although he did entreat me not to do it; God knoweth how many nights I passed without pleasure; for my heart did always tell me that their two lives did run a dangerous fortune. But Telemachus the third night after entering by a secret door into the garden (as I spoke of unto you) without being heard or seen by any person, with only one servant with him, who carried a halberd, came unto the chamber where his steps were heard, and out of which Mireno came to meet him, very evil provided of arms to defend himself, not that I doubt he would not have well defended himself, half asleep and naked as he was, with his sword alone which he had in his hand: If his adversary, who was accommodated with more advantageous arms, had not overthrown him dead to the ground with an arquebus shot: the report of the piece, made me judge that such a salutation at that time of the night, was rather a condemnation, than anything else: wherefore endeavouring to break open the doors, I waked the neighbours, some of whom running thither with their arms, and having helped me to overthrow the doors, we entered in. Already had Telemachus broken into his cabin, where Lucretia was hid, and dragging her from thence, not far from the place where Mireno lay, he thrust his sword into her, so that as we arrived, her breath went away with a last Jesu. And as he had already killed Mireno, methought Scaliger's verse, which is under this picture was not unapt:

Was it not enough to kill and vanquish men?

I had not as yet seen Mireno, and searching him with mine eyes all about the room, I saw him lying dead: thou may see in the tears which now flow from my eyes, what was then my grief, I do not know what I did, yet seeking for

Telemachus, I did excuse him for the care of defending himself; and from justifying so bloody an execution: for having met face to face, I thrust at him, with which thrust, he accompanied their two lives, which he had extinguished. By this time the house was beset by those whom the Justice had raised, who apprehended as many as they found, and me especially, for having killed Telemachus without cause, although according to the laws of the world there was but too much cause, and here they put me where thou now see me, and where I have lived this five years, desiring death, as thou may see by this winged heart of mine flying after this image of dead Mireno; with these words out of Virgil:

My Pallas dead, I bide alive by force.

My travels are figured in those of Sisyphus, and Titius, and represented by these words out of Ovid:

O wretched state, constrain'd to live In plaints eternally: When Death which only help can give, Affords no power to die.

The sorrow which this great city felt by the loss of Mireno is expressed in this figure of the head and heart of Orpheus, with these words:

There wept the Woods, the Beasts, and the Serpents.

For I do not think that there was either tree or stone which were not moved with this so pitiful an accident. And here will I end his story, with these tears which I will offer incessantly to his memory, and these words which I have made for Lucretia's tomb:

Here lieth Lucretia, less chaste than the Roman, but more fair: Tarquin did not force her, but love; and although she died for her infidelity, love, who was the cause, has the power to excuse her.

So the faire Lucretia remained in mortal rest, and her name, in my imagination, is not worthy of blame: for having been overcome by the excellent parts of her lover, and by that unchangeable force which love ever useth against great and free courages."

The pilgrim's imprisonment had not passed at so easy a rate of his patience, had not Everard (so was the knight called that made this discourse) favoured his affairs: for his innocence could not gain him his liberty, nor good opinion, which he did deserve; so powerful was his only habit, to work in the judges an evil conceit of his person; yet Doricles (captain of those robbers) being pardoned, and

received again into the city's favour; the pilgrim was also absolved, as were his confederates.

His curiosity to hear the fisherman's singing having brought him to receive a hurt in his arm with a piece, into an extreme danger of hanging, unto three months imprisonment, which without the help of Everard had been insupportable. They took their leaves one of another, with a thousand loving embraces, and Everard having further obliged him with some money, he resolved to go to Montserrat, and I to finish this First Book.

The end of the First Book.

Book Two

By a straight way, between thick trees and shady did the pilgrim go towards Montserrat, who turning his head at a noise which he heard behind at his back, he saw two young men with palmer's staves, whose fair faces and blond hair showed them to be either Germans or Flemings. He saluted them, and joyful of so good company, he imposed silence unto a thousand sad thoughts, which solitariness had brought into his memory. Travelling together, they began to discourse of diverse matters, with which they easily and with pleasure passed away the craggy, and uneven way of the mountain, until they came unto a fountain, which bubbling into a valley, made a gentle harmony. So that as it were invited by the sweet noise and the fresh shade, they sat down upon the rushes which grew by the brook's side, and admired the sweet complaints of the nightingale. One of the Germans, which shewed a good nature embellished with learning, began to discourse of Filomela's love, saying that now she would recompense with her infinite notes, for all the time that she had been dumb after Terreus had cut out her tongue. The Spaniard replied that Martial had uttered the same conceit, and the German rejoicing to find in him more capacity than in common persons (for it is an insupportable labour to travel with an ignorant man) rose from the place where he sat, and embracing him with a great deal of contentment, after many other discourses, Let us go, said he, to adore the blessed Virgin. In this image so much renowned, through all the world, we cannot make a more holy voyage, nor I in better company than thine: let us go said the Spaniard by this path, which seemeth to me to be much the shorter, although a little steeper, for the most part of the way.

This being said, they took their way towards the abbey, which they discovered shortly after, built upon the side of a sharp mountain, and under a great rock, which did seem to threaten it with ruin.

When they were entered, with devotion and humility, casting their eyes upon tapestries of France, Germany, and almost all the world: they were astonished, to see the walls decked with so many excellent paintings, histories, and accompanied with a thousand several kinds of offerings, which with an admirable correspondence did stir up and astonish the senses altogether. There did they pour forth their prayers and their tears, and after they had seen and been informed of all that was considerable in the monastery, the day having lost her beauty by the sun's absence; they retired altogether until the morning shining through the eastern gates gave them knowledge of the new day's approach. Then they resolved to visit the divers habitations of the hermits which lived in these mountains, and being come unto the seventh hermitage, they found a young man of an agreeable countenance and a goodly presence, whose long and well combed hair gave a reverent majesty unto his aspect. This man stayed them dinner, and after their repast, being entreated by the pilgrims to tell them what devotion had confined him into these solitary mountains, he related the history of his life, in this manner:

The History of Aurelia

"Amongst all the things which in the course of my life I have seen and marked, I might peradventure tell you some one, which might better content you. But thinking that one cannot better persuade than by the example of himself, I will therefore tell you a story which is drawn from my youth, and from the twentieth year of my age, written by my misfortune and imprinted in my memory, seeing that the renewing can do me no damage, and may bring you profit. This short tyranny, the bane of youth, the illusion of the sight, the prison of the soul, and the darkener of the sense, which is called Beauty, and which heaven seemeth to give women for our mischief: blinded so my eyes at the first knowledge, which they had in the world, that my spirit did not live so much in myself, as in her whom I loved, nor found more rest out of her sight, than things do out of their centre; because that as the fire always sendeth the flames thereof to its proper sphere, so my heart addressed its desires to her beauty.

Now as this love was not platonic, I will not dispute whether it were honest, profitable, or delightful; let it satisfy that it which is the cause of so much evil, seemed unto me, the greatest and sovereignest good in the world. This subject of my misfortunes was called Aurelia, free in her customs of that kind of life which Plautus and Terence describe in their fables; and of whom Aulus saith excellently well; that a courtesan is a vessel full of holes, which can contain nothing. She was fair in all perfection, of a quick and hardy spirit and of a reasonable good nature, a woman (to be short) unto whom experience in the world had brought a great deal of knowledge. It cost me little to possess her, because that these kind

of women (clean contrary unto other women, who forced by the love of a man, do honestly yield unto his merits) trusting to their charms and unto the gentleness of usage, are passionate with men more when they are enjoyed than when they are pretended. I was not vexed at the first with the conversation of the young men, who at any hour howsoever extraordinary were never wanting in her house, because the favours which she did me, and the little which they cost me made me live much contented, especially seeing myself preferred before others of better means and merits than myself; when I went to see her, they gave me place, and departed courteously, leaving me alone with her.

These my visitations were not agreeable unto her servants, because they thought that thereby this rabble of youth was scattered, which brought them profit. And that if Aurelia should fall in love with me, my quality being not capable to sustain her expense, she must spend out of her own means, from whence would inevitably follow a necessity of living more regularly, which they would by no means hear of; and of this were they not much deceived, for in a small time Aurelia, who had ravished so many others, was taken herself in my love, and made captive to my will, which made true one part of this fear, by shortening the revenues of her house, to lengthen the reins of her pleasure. Not that all the charge of the house fell upon her; for I miserable man, tormenting my parents, and importuning my friends, did run to the preservation of this love, which almost always depended on money.

The life which we led (we loving one another tenderly, and having in our power the liberty of enjoying) may easily be judged by my youth, and by Aurelia's, who was then about twenty years old. The house seemed too strait for our love, and searching solitary fields, we made the sight of open heaven witness of our follies. Our life was a blind imitation of the nature of beasts, we communicated our secrets to trees, which did not see, as if the leaves had not been so many clear eyes, and a thousand amorous delights to the dumb fountains, which might well have troubled the purity of their waters, I cannot think how in so little a way as there was between my house and hers. It remained 5 years space before I knew that I was arrived there, being certain, that in 3 years space of that time, the famous English Drake passed the Strait of Magellan and compassed the world about. If in all this time, the loyalty which she swore unto me were broken or no, I am not able to say, nor yet forbear to believe, because it seems almost a thing impossible for such women from their custom, to keep themselves to an orderly life.

At the end of these five years, I saw myself at the end of my means, and although I was more amorous than in the beginning, yet Aurelia did suffer herself to be vanquished by the obligations of another, who had more power than my services:

I say obligations, because I cannot believe that only love can bind one unto so strange a change. One night Aurelia having seen me retire myself unto my bed, she had received Feliciano into hers (so was the knight called.) I stirred with a profound jealousy, rose up out of my bed, and went to her house, where the door was shut against me: and the servants answered me from above out at a high window, feigning that they were gone to bed, to make me rather to retire unto my own house. But my extreme love which would not at that time, have relied upon my eyes, and feared to be betrayed by my thoughts, made me cry aloud, that somebody should open the door, so that my voice came unto Aurelia's ears. And Feliciano making show of a valiant-lover, began to clothe himself, promising to chastise my boldness with his sword, and by his only presence to cure my folly; but the cunning Circe, who knew well whatsoever good or bad success came unto me, it would rebound unto her shame, hindered him with her arms and diverted him with her tears, although there was no great need: for the bravest do unwillingly arm themselves when they are once naked; and to come out of a house into the street had been a manifest and mad rashness.

Aurelia so prevailing in that manner, wherein others of her kind are wont to prevail; and making Feliciano believe that I should be her husband, and that if I did perceive him she should lose me, persuaded him half unclothed and in the midst of January, that he would go onto the highest roof of the house. Onto which he being gone, I was let into the house, where I found Aurelia in bed making so many complaints of my liberty, and of the scandal which I gave the neighbours, that instead of being angry, it behove me to appease her, where (after some time spent) she in complaining of me, and I in asking pardon for my jealousy, and for the desire which I had to surprise her in that infidelity which I did distrust: I possessed the absent man's place, which was still warm, serving for a proof of my ignorance and blockishness. Morning brought again the sun, and the sun the day, yet neither of them was sufficient to make me see my folly (so evil doth a lover discern of his own acts) I rose contented, and although I entered last, yet I went sooner away then Feliciano.

In the meantime Menander who had for the space of some years been Feliciano's mistress, grew extremely jealous, and hearing of this trick which Aurelia had put upon him, could not forbear speaking of it, mocking him with the cold night which he had endured, and that he had suffered me, who never had any intent to marry her, to possess that place by her side which he had lost: Feliciano assured her that Aurelia (preferring his love, before the obligations, wherein for so many years she was bound unto me) did rather abuse me than him; and that whensoever she or any other would afford him the like courtesy, he would willingly suffer one evil night to have so many good: and for proof of what he said, he gave her a key, whereof I was wont to be master, which I was made believe was lost.

Menander dissembled her thoughts, but so soon as she met me again, she told me all the circumstances, and with all gave me the key; having which I needed no other witnesses of the truth, nor other instrument to open the door. I then resolved to revenge myself of Aurelia in leaving her, and of Feliciano, in serving Menander, from whose love I presumed he had not freed himself, and if he had been free yet I knew he must needs be grieved that I should enjoy her whom he loved in everybody's opinion. I found Menander willingly disposed, for our thoughts were alike, and our injury alike, and we might well serve to revenge one the other. She then feigned to love me, and I paid her in the like counterfeiting. Aurelia was advertised, and grew desperate, and Feliciano no less enraged, sought me to kill me. Behold how jealousies and neglects do reveal the truths which are in the centre of our hearts.

Aurelia found me sooner than Feliciano did, as she who therein hazarded least: and staying me began in fury and in threatenings, yet ended in prayers and in tears. But upon so fresh an injury, I was rather confirmed in my neglect (seeing her yield unto my love) than any way moved with her passion. Finally, having changed my first affection into hatred, (always insupportable to a woman who hath been well beloved) Aurelia began to pursue me, and although that the city of my birth and abode doth not yield for greatness to above two or three in all Spain, yet could not I find any lodging wherein she did not clamour me, any friend whom she did not revolt from me, any secret which she did not publish, nor any danger whereinto she did not endeavour to throw me. So that oppressed with these pursuits, and seeing myself reduced to the contenting of her, after a thousand contrary deliberations, I resolved to take upon me a religious habit, and to prevail by his protection, in whose hands and feet God hath imprinted the marks of our reparation.

But oh! the supreme force of a despised love, as from the holy choir of the monastery, from the midst of the altars and images of the saints, the tears of Aurelia drew me again; and then I followed her, with more liberty and less shame than before, leaving the habit whereof I was not worthy, and neglecting the spiritual treasure which I did then enjoy, to follow the infamous life which I had formerly led, so much power hath the capital enemy of our souls. Our love began fresher than ever, with the general scandal of those who knew us, the hatred of our parents and the detestation of all our friends, which within a small time brought me to such terms that I thought sorrow would have killed me. The infamy wherein we lived and the fear of justice did oblige us to depart the city, and selling that small remainder of goods which we had left, laden with a number of evils, we passed into Italy; from whence I went (for some time) to serve the catholic king in Flanders, and the Duke of Savoy in Piedmont, returning always to Naples where I had left her. The last time I put to sea with her in my company

(intending after the Flanders wars to return into Spain) where in a violent tempest (which heaven for the quiet of our souls) sent us in the gulf of Narbonne; in the last point of life, and when we were past hope of escaping, we vowed ourselves to a religious life with such earnestness of tears, that afterwards the storm ceasing and we landing, she entered into the Monastery of the Conception; and I underwent this habit wherein you now see me, where after some years of probation this cell was given me."

Here Tirsis the Hermit of this happy abode stayed his discourse, and our pilgrims judging that it was too late to pass further, and it being necessary to descend into the lodging which within this holy house is given freely to strangers, they went unto the monastery, discoursing upon the hermit's relation, determining the next day to go to the uttermost hermitage, which under the title of St Jerome, crowneth the head of the mountain.

But the misfortunes of our pilgrim, which had slept for some time, began to wake with more violence; for in the house where these strangers had lodged there were missing some jewels, with a maidservant of the house, and the Germans amongst others were pursued by the Justice, although innocent, because it was affirmed by some that this servant enamoured of their beauties had run away with them.

All nations have their epithets, which being once received by the world can never be lost. The Scythians are called cruel, the Italians religious, the French noble, the Dutch industrious, the Persians faithless, the Turks lascivious, the Parthians curious, the Burgundians fierce, the Britains hardy, the Egyptians valiant, the Lorraines gentle, the Spaniards arrogant and the Germans beautiful. And this was the cause for which it was thought that the maid being seduced by them had run away with them.

Now the Germans were easily taken, but the pilgrim desperate through his late long imprisonment which he had suffered in Barcelona, and out of the little justice which he as a stranger could expect, seeing them come unto him, stood upon his defence, and flourishing his palmer's staff, (with which he was very skilful) left two of them lying upon the ground wounded, and virtuously freed himself from the hands of the others, who remained astonished at his valour. Between Tortosa and Castell~~on~~ there stretcheth forth a great hill, wherewith the sea of that coast is bounded, along the coast of the vale of Sego and of the Kingdom of Valencia: where the Moors of Algiers and Sal~~do~~ do land out of their galleys, when they are not perceived by the watch, and hiding themselves amongst the hollow places of these hills, do rob not only the fishermen but all such as pass that way. And sometimes when they are many of them together, they do rob away whole villages together; in this vale, they being guided by

renegades, and those betrayed again by the Moors: there one dark night did the pilgrim lie (weary with his journey which he had taken out of the way) obliged thereunto by the fear which he had of pursuit. And being asleep after many long and grievous imaginations of his lost happiness, which he did believe to be still in the hands of Doricles, the roaring of the sea (the waves whereof breaking against the rocks make a horrible noise) awaked him. He heard near unto him the voices of some Moors, who having joyfully supped upon the land, were talking of their robberies. He who sleeping upon the ground in the field, at his waking, findeth himself near unto a venomous snake, doth not so soon lose his colour, as doth our fearful Pilgrim, hearing the Moors so near him, whose hands he did think it impossible to escape. Yet relying upon his judgement in a matter wherein he thought his strength would not prevail, stole from them by gentle sliding upon the ground, making his hands perform the office of his feet until he had attained the top of the hill, where finding that the Moors had heard him, he began to cry with a loud voice: Here valiant knights here, this is our day: behold the Moors before you, and as prey in your hands, whom you have with such pains and diligence endeavoured to overtake. Hardly had he courageously uttered these words, when as the Moors (like frogs who at the noise of passengers leap from the bank sides into the quiet waters of the lake) ran with all the speed they could to the sea to get aboard their boat, with which they easily got to their galley.

Full of admiration was the pilgrim, to see how happily his resolution had succeeded, when from a tree which was near unto him he heard a voice, which said: Ah knight, help me for the mother of God's sake. His valiant courage which was never astonished with any kind of danger or misfortune, guided by the voice unto the tree, where he had heard him, saw a man tied thereunto, of whom having asked his name, he was answered, that he was a Catalonian knight, whom the Moors (after they had killed two of his servants) had taken upon the coast road of Valencia. The pilgrim having unbound him, and both of them departing from the sea, took their way to Almenara, and through the valley beautified with orange trees, travelled towards Faura. Already had the morning strewed pearls upon flowers, who putting their heads forth of the boughs, did seem to salute the day, when both the discourse, and face of the knight, did show unto the pilgrim that this was Everard, he who (when he was prisoner at Barcelona) had obliged the pilgrim for his liberty; both their joys, their embraces and their tears were as admirable as the success which you have heard, from whence is recollected, how agreeable unto heaven is the good which is done unto strangers; signified by the ancient philosophers in Deucalion and Pyrrha, who for having lodged Jupiter, were made restorers of the world; and contrarily, Diomedes devouring his guests with his horses, he was in the end himself devoured by them.

The pilgrim demanded of Everard how he had gotten his liberty, and he told him that with the help of some friends he had broken prison, and escaped away by the post of Barcelona; from whence he might well have gone for Italy, but being unwilling to be a runaway from his own country, he was resolved to go to the Court to have his cause judged, whither he was going with that intention, when he fell into this ambush of the Moors. He then demanded of him, if he knew Doricles and being answered that he was his kinsman, the pilgrim sighed many times, without telling the cause, although he were much importuned by Everard, unto whom he only said, he had a young brother in his company who had quitted him to follow Doricles; Everard who understood something of the secrets (suspecting that this was some woman, who had been stolen away by the robbers upon the shore of Barcelona) assured him that he knew all the servants which Doricles had in his house, and that there was not one Castellan amongst them.

In such and like words, which drew infinite sighs and tears from the pilgrim, they arrived at the ancient Sagunto, (where at this day are remaining, the most famous works of the Roman period of any that are in Spain) and from thence they went to the city of Valencia, entering by the royal bridge over the Turia, which river the Moors call Guadalaviar: and passing by the famous Towers of Serranos, they lodged at a knight's house, who was friend unto Everard, and of the family of the Mercaderos. There they remained this night, finishing the relation of their fortunes, until the sun rising called them from their rest, especially Everard, who carried with a strong desire of finishing his intended journey, departed with grief from the company of the pilgrim, whom he left no less sorrowful, in this flourishing city.

There he spent a few days in beholding the proud buildings wherewith it was embellished: and in the end he visited the hospital where mad folks are with more care and convenience looked unto and kept, than in any city in all Spain: there beholding the several humours of these miserable people, he (I say) who lately was likely to have lost his own wits, saw amongst those who were least mad, sit down at the table (at which they did altogether eat) a young fool and very beautiful, whose flaxen hair was longer than men do ordinarily wear in Spain. All the blood in this pilgrim's body came into his face, and went suddenly back again, out of the remembrance which this mad creature brought unto him of his mistress, whom he could not well know, as well because he could not comprehend in his mind by what means she had been reduced to this distraction; and less, how to this place, as also through her evil usage in that place, and her sickness, she did differ from the idea which he had of her countenance in his mind. Nevertheless, as she beheld him with her eyes full of admiration, he was confirmed in his first thought, and letting fall some tears, he said unto her in a low voice (least the keeper who had brought them to the table should hear them)

do ye know me? To whom this woman (never known to be so in that place) who had seen him carried unto the oaks of the mountain, where Captain Doricles had commanded his soldiers to hang him, for whose death she had shed so many tears, and sighed out so many complaints, that the violence of her grief had troubled her understanding; and yet also doubting of his life, though she did see him; tremblingly answered, that she was wont to know him. Already was this pilgrim, by the voice, by the fearfulness, and by the tears assured that this mad body was the master of all her wits; and fearing lest he might make some demonstration of his inward grief, whereunto by the sight of this so great misfortune he was obliged; he demanded softly of her, how and by what means she was come unto this miserable estate? The grief I took (answered she) thinking upon your death, as soon as the Captain had commanded that you should be hanged. Not without having offended me, replied the pilgrim, a thing which I never expected from your constancy, although far greater occasion had been offered. The losing of my honour (said she) must be out of these two respects, either of force or for pleasure: if out of pleasure, I had now no cause to bewail myself; nor if it were by force means to bring remedy, and less means had I in losing of my wits. And that it is true, that the very thought I had of your death was the cause of my madness, let this satisfy you, to see that I recover them, in having you alive. Fair Nisa, answered the pilgrim, am not I a miserable man, in having been the cause of so much evil by my misfortunes? There is nothing, dear Pamphilus (replied Nisa in weeping) deserves this name that hath been suffered for your occasion, and for so cruel a feeling as the report of your death brought to me. And if I were permitted to embrace you here according unto my desire, the recompense would be as great as the travels, which I do bewail only in regard they were no more, since that, according to their multitude, they would augment the glory of my suffering. It was not in vain, answered Pamphilus, (for the History names him from henceforward) that my hope made me desire to live, only that I might see you, for I was assured that in the glory of beholding you, all jealousy would be wiped away, that might any way allay my joy. And if the eyes of those who look upon us, did not better see, then their understandings do know, you should before this have found that your desire of embracing was most agreeable to me. To this said Nisa (whose name hitherto we have hid, as also Pamphilus'), because that travailing in this habit amongst so many dangers (I durst not tell their country nor their name) I will make my passion serve as a remedy. What passion? answered Pamphilus. Every time, said she when my grief deprives me of my reason, they tell me that I cry aloud, those words which I will now say to thee, in embracing thee. And then she said these words: O my spouse, is it possible that my eyes do behold thee? Is it not thou, who died in the mountains of Barcelona, by the evil hands of Doricles' barbarous soldiers? Blessed be the hour wherein I see the news is false. In speaking this, Nisa fell

about Pamphilus' neck, amorously embracing him, whose overwhelming delight was only interrupted by the presence of the assistants.

When the man (who had the charge of appeasing the mad folks' fury) saw this deportment in Nisa, he began to give her rude words and sharp blows. Let him alone said Pamphilus, for I am his countryman and his wife's kinsman, and do not wonder that this sight of me, doth cause in him this sorrow. Whatsoever you are, answered this barbarous fellow, it skills not, here are neither complements nor visitations. And the token of this man's mad fit in coming upon him, is to call his husband, with such or the like words. But if I pacify this, his mad fit said Pamphilus, to what end doth your chastisement serve? And how will you appease it, said the other, is not this an evident token of his madness, that he calls you his spouse, and takes you for a woman? You are ignorant of his humour, and of the trouble he gives us, although he does not appear to be above nineteen year of age. I know all this well, answered Pamphilus. Nevertheless let me speak to him, for I do assure you that myself alone can appease him; and as it is a good work, from anybody who hath a sickness to take away the pain, for some time, though it return again; so in madness, it is a good work to bring to pass, that he who hath lost his wits should recover them again though it were but for one hour.

Yet neither this reason, nor many other, served him to any purpose, for the officers had already put manacles upon Nisa's hands; and the master did rigorously pull her to the cage, although she had no need of this remedy, nor any other, but the sight of Pamphilus. But as those who are accustomed to lie, are seldom believed, although they say the truth: so in him who is mad, it is accounted a token of greater madness, to seem wise. Thus Nisa was had away to strait imprisonment, and Pamphilus standing ashamed, fearing that everyone knew what was privy only to himself, beheld her with abundance of tears; a thousand times he was about to let go the reins of his passion, which his understanding held in, and to be mad in reason, believing that if he were mad, the chastisement of his madness should be to remain with Nisa, which was the greatest good he could hope for. And to begin his design, he offered (against the laws of this house) to break the gates of the prison, and see her by force: but hardly had he made any demonstration thereof, when the porters with the mad servitors, (such as having recovered their wits, do serve the others) fell upon him, and beating him cruelly, flung him into the street, where (as the fish whereof Aristotle speaks which being drawn out of the water, frames a humane voice and dies) he fetched a great sigh and fell upon the ground exhausted.

The sun was declined low toward the west, colouring with gold and purple that part of the horizon, when Pamphilus returning out of his misery found himself in the arms of a young man, who having compassion of his grief, encouraged him to

recover life. Pamphilus looking steadfastly upon him, with heavy sadness, demanded where he was? The young man told him, that he was at the door of the hospital, where the mad folks were kept. And how is it, replied Pamphilus, that I am not within? Because (said the other) thou appearest to be more diseased in body then in the passions of thy mind. Thou judgest by the countenance (said Pamphilus) but if thou hadst seen my heart, thou wouldst rather judge that my evil proceeded from my spirit: true it is, that the body feeleth also the pains of the mind. What kind of evil is thine, answered the young man, being so near the place, where evils of wounded minds are cured? For if thou art not within the Hospital, thou desirest (as it seemeth) to be in, seeing thou dost not deny thy evil; and thou confessest, that it proceedeth from thy mind, the passions whereof are not far from falling into that infirmity which is cured in this place. The evil which I have (said Pamphilus) hath a remedy in this house, and my misfortune is such, that despairing to cure me, they have flung me out. Thou canst have no such evil, answered the young man, but there is an antidote to be found for it. Incurable love (said Pamphilus groaning out a sigh) unto which all the medicines and herbs of physic are unprofitable. What is not love but to be cured, answered the other? And are Avicenna's seven remedies of no force, and not true? Of those said Pamphilus, and at the tales which Pliny writeth, my passion worketh; I only allow of his counsel, who adviseth chiefly to marry; but the disposition of my fortune, and the rigorous influence of my stars, not only do not suffer me, but make it to me almost impossible. And although hope sometime promiseth it to me, yet I find that it is truly as Plato calleth it: the waking man's dream. Love, then (said the young man) is the cause of this habit which thou wearest, and of thy pilgrimage. It is so (said Pamphilus) and by that thou may know the quality of my evil, and the difficulty of my cure. Oh, said the young man pitifully sighing, what a grievous story, dost thou renew in me. A history like unto mine? said Pamphilus. If not, said the other, yet at the least of love. By thy faith (then said Pamphilus) dost thou love? I not only love, said the other, but am also more unhappy than thou thinkest, for a stranger and a pilgrim, and no less outraged by fortune. Tell me then, said Pamphilus, (in looking earnestly upon him) thy name and of what country thou art; for in all the years of my banishment, I could never find any man so miserably persecuted as myself: and in this, I have more occasion than all men to bewail my destinies. A Christian, said the stranger, ought never to bewail the destinies, nor think that good or evil fortune depend on them: although many ancient philosophers have believed that there is a kind of devil, and certain imaginary women which they call Parquae, which give the spirit into the creature at the birth, an opinion worthy rather of laughter, than belief; It being most certain, that this name Destiny, is only to be attributed to the decree of God, who truly seeth and knoweth all things before they be, and the ordering of them cannot depend on anything but of him. I know well, said

Pamphilus, that the Poets have called these Parquae Destiny, and the Philosophers, especially the Stoics, have believed that it is an order or disposition of second causes, as from the planets under the influence of which we are born, which rule and determine all the inferior good and evil effects which do happen to man: so said Ptolemy, Democritus, Chrysippus and Epicurus, who also ascribe to Destiny, all the inclinations, the vices and the virtues, the desires and passions even unto the actions and thoughts, which some have endeavoured to prove by the authority of Boetius, who says that the order of destiny moves the heavens, and the stars temper the elements, and tie human actions to their causes by a most indissoluble knot.

But leaving apart a matter of so long a discourse, from whence is sprung the error of the Priscillianists, who believe that the soul and the body are necessarily subject to the stars, and many other errors which succeed this first; I desire thou shouldst know, that I speak according to custom, which willeth that this name Destiny, and other Christian idioms, be taken for misfortune, believing that nevertheless, God in his divine providence speaks by Destiny as men express the conceptions of their minds by words. Thy face (said the young man) promiseth no less, than what I have heard come from thy mouth; for thy presence and aspect is an index of thy nobleness, as thy tongue is of knowledge: which worketh in me a great pleasure, and desire to tell thee my name, my country, quality and my misfortunes, which if thou please to hearken unto with patience, I will as briefly as I can relate:

The History of Pamphilus and Celio.

"The city of Toledo, in the heart of Spain; strong by situation, noble by antiquity, famous for the preservation of the Christian faith ever since the time of the Goths, generous both in learning and arms, having a temperate heaven and a fertile Earth. Environed with the famous river Tagus, which is itself also begirt with a high but pleasant hill: it is the place where my now living parents were born, as also myself (although my ancestors in former times came from those parts of the Asturias which are called Santillana, the ancient title of the house of Mendoza) there was I brought up in my more tender years. But when my parents thought I was capable of learning, they sent me to the University of Salamanca, with such company as was fit for a man of my place, to the end that besides the Latin tongue which I knew already, I might study the knowledge of the law. Here I am constrained to make a long digression, because that of the history of another, depends the foundation of mine. My father had other children; Lisard his eldest son, who was in Flanders with the Archduke Albert, where he got no small reputation, principally in the siege of Ostend, and Nisa a daughter, and if I be not partial, one of most excellent beauty, who lived in that honour and good name

unto which she was bound by the nobleness of her birth and the care of such parents.

Unto these terms was the young man proceeded in his discourse, whereat Pamphilus exceedingly troubled covered his face with his hands, whereof the other demanding a reason, Pamphilus said to him, that his grief which had brought him unto that estate wherein he found him was returned again, yet he thought it was with less violence than it had formerly done. All this Pamphilus feigned, because the story which the Toledan told him, was his own proper story, and this Nisa whom he called his sister, was the pilgrim whose wits were lost out of the apprehension of Pamphilus' death; so do acts dissembled many times meet, and sometimes do then reappear most when they are most endeavoured to be hidden. I will not proceed in my story, said he if thou find not thyself so well, that thou may hearken unto me; for there is no time worse employed than that which one loseth in speaking to them, which give no ear to the speaker. Thou may proceed, said Pamphilus, (being desirous to understand the estate of his own affairs) for I find my grief begins to leave me, eased by thy presence and thy words. I must tell thee then, said the young man, that there was in Madrid a brave Knight, and a great friend of my father's, with whom he had great inwardness of acquaintance, ever since the wars of Granada, and I think they were together in that famous Battle of Lepanto: from this friendship it followed, that at the end of some years, they treated of the marrying of my sister Nisa, with one of this knight's sons, of whom I now speak, and the young man's name was Pamphilus. But while these things were a-doing, the father of Pamphilus died, and the proposition of marriage ceased. Pamphilus who by the renown that went of my sister, as also by her picture, was taken in her love, and grew wonderful sad and melancholy, and falling from one imagination to another, in the end he resolved upon this which I shall tell thee, that thereby thou may see how innocent those were, who without the light of faith, did anciently believe in fortune and destinies. Which was, that making his mother believe that he would go into Flanders, and journeying some days in the habit and equipage of a man at arms, and after having sent his servants to Alcalá de Henares, and there disguising himself in other clothes, he went to Toledo: where not being known to any person, he found means to be employed as a servant in my father's house, which was no hard matter to do, because that his excellent feature and countenance accompanied with his intelligence were pledges sufficient of his fidelity, and gave my father not only a desire to be served by him, but also to respect him. My father received him ignorant of his quality and of his intent (a strange imagination of a man, being a knight, and so well known almost of all, in the country wherein he was born; that he could so hide himself, at the door (as it were) of his own house, that nobody could know, either where he was or what he

did) yet so it was, that his humility, his diligent service, and other commendable parts which he had, gained such credit with my parents, that I do believe he might as easily have compassed his designs with his feigned poverty, as with his true riches.

The chieftest thing whereunto he applied himself as his whole study, was to appear agreeable to Nisa, which was easy to be done, for who can guard himself from a domestic enemy? The simplicity wherewith this knight did begin his treason, and the good words which he used, gained him entrance into those places whereinto hardly and with great difficulty, could the ancient servants come. Behold with how little care, a noble gentleman kept in his house another Greek horse, like unto miserable Troy: for such of necessity must this young man's heart needs be full of thoughts and armed with malice, which (the hour of execution approaching) broke forth into such flames, as have fired our renown. When Pamphilus thought that Nisa was disposed to hearken to his intention, were it that his sickness were true, or feigned; as most likely it was, he made himself sick. My parents, who accounted of this servant as of their governor, and loved him equal with their dearest children, there being no key about the house, no account in all their expense, nor any secret in their affaires, wherein he was not trusted, caused him to be tended with all the care which was possible for love and respect to bring. The physicians said that this infirmity proceeded from a deep melancholy, and the best remedy that was to be given, was to rejoice him, and principally by music; In which they were not deceived, for if love does participate of the evil spirit, and that David drove away the evil spirit from Saul by the sweetness of his harp, by the same means love might be driven away. Thou sayest true, said Pamphilus, (who gave great attention unto the relation of his own story, to see to what end the discourse of this young man would come, who was his mistress' brother) for without doubt it holdeth many conditions of the evil spirit, and leaving apart the principal which is to torment with fire, behold the sympathy which they have one with the other. The devils do delight themselves in things which are naturally melancholy, inhabiting in horrible places, obscure and solitary, and loving darkness and sadness: all which qualities are common with them which love, and cannot attain to that which they pretend, they desire solitary places, and the dens of deserts, there to entertain in silence their sad thoughts, without anything to trouble them, no not the light of heaven. But let me entreat thee to proceed in thy story of this knight, for I desire with passion to know the end.

My sister Nisa, said Celio, then (for so was the young man called) could play admirable well of the lute, and sang so sweetly that in the like danger, the dolphin would more willingly have brought her to the shore, then he did Arion sometimes to Corinth. Wherefore by the consent of my parents, and not against

her will, she went into Pamphilus' little chamber, (consider with thyself the happy glory of a man in his case) and sang a poem which he himself had composed, for he had that way a dextrous facility, and very natural; neither did it want the excellence of art. But whilst Nisa sang, Pamphilus wept, and never turned his eyes from hers; so that one resembled the crocodile, and the other a Siren, excepting that one sang to give him health, and the other wept to deceive her of her honour. Nisa seeing his extremity of sadness, said unto him that her intent was not that her music should have the same effect in him as it had in others, which is, to make them sadder, but contrarily her desire was to rejoice him. There is (answered he) no other voice nor other harmony, unless it may be the harmony of heaven, can rejoice me but yours: nevertheless my evil being past hope of cure, bindeth me to bewail myself, and not to think upon anything but upon the beauty which causeth it. What evil is that (said Nisa) past cure, which proceedeth from a cause commended by thee? It is an evil (answered Pamphilus) whereof I do hinder the cure, and whereof the only comfort is to know that I suffer it for the fairest creature in the world. The liberty wherein we live (said Nisa) doth give me leave Pamphilus, to speak unto thee here of a suspicious matter: by the tokens which thou hast delivered unto me of thy evil, thou hast given me knowledge of the occasion that makes thee sick, although I am ignorant of the cause, who makes the sick: thou lovest without a doubt, and I take it in good part that thou wouldst confess unto me, that which thou wouldest not speak unto the physicians, assuring thee that thou may better trust my love then their art. But I conjure thee, by that goodwill which thou knowest I have born thee ever since thou hast served my parents that thou wilt tell me whether I know her whom thou lovest, and whether I can be helpful unto thee in thy curing, for thy tears doe make me pity thee. You may well serve to help me pitiful Nisa (said then the cunning lover, who might well have instructed Ovid) seeing I do not hope for it from any other hands than yours, and that you know the cause of my pain, as well as you know yourself."

Here Pamphilus demanded of Celio (wondering that he should tell so particularly that which passed so secretly between him and Nisa) how he knew the same words which they had spoken, he being at that time far off, following his study in Salamanca? To which Celio answered, that the same Pamphilus had left the story in writing with a friend of his, from whom having had the means since that time to get it, he learned all unto the least particular, and then proceeding on his discourse, he continued in this manner:

"The colour which came into Nisa's face when she heard Pamphilus' words, cannot be compared, but unto the red rose with milky leaves, although it be a poetical term, and borrowed of the same author, yet feigning not to understand what he said, she answered that if it were any of her friends she would endeavour

(at the least) to bring it about that she should know his evil, that thereupon he might lay the foundation of his remedy. I am in that state said Pamphilus that I dare not so much as sigh or breath out her name, yet I can show you her portrait, which is the original cause of my misfortune, and for whose sake I am come from my own country into yours, where I remain an humble servant of your house, and do think myself most happy to be so, although I am a knight, and equal unto her whom you call your friend, and with whom I should have been now married, if my father had lived until this day, for only his death barred me of this happiness. And in saying these words, Pamphilus gave her her picture, which had been drawn by the most excellent painter of our time, called Philip of Lianho; whose pencil oftentimes durst compare with Nature herself, who out of mere envy unto him for that (as it seemed) shortened his days. Yet Nisa (through whose veins ran a cold shivering) affirmed that she did not know the face; I do not wonder said Pamphilus, that the ancient philosopher hath delivered his opinion; that it is a very hard matter to know oneself, putting this sentence: Know Thyself, on the facades of the most famous temples. Yet see another more natural, the knowledge whereof you cannot deny. Saying this, he reached her a very fair looking-glass: Nisa seeing her face within the crystal could no longer suffer his discourse, nor the knight's presence: but rising up in a fury, said unto him in great anger as she went away, thy boldness shall cost thee thy life. Can it be better employed, answered Pamphilus, than for your beauty to be ended?"

She answered well, said the Pilgrim, if she had accomplished what she said. She accomplished it so ill, replied Celio, that within a few days she loved him better than she loved herself, proving the verse of the famous poet Dante to be infallibly true: that love excuseth no one who is beloved from loving. But how came it (said the pilgrim) that a maid should love; who had hearkened with so much disdain in the beginning? Because, answered Celio, that all maids for their first answer consult with shame, and for their second consult with weakness: although for my own part, I think that Pamphilus despairing of his remedy helped himself with charms. I cannot believe so, answered Pamphilus, a man hath liberty to love, and not to love as it seemeth good unto himself, and it seems to be a terrible and cruel thing that a chaste woman should be violently constrained to love, whether she would or no: charms and witchcraft may peradventure move, persuade and tempt without suffering to be in rest, and with these exterior persuasions make one yield unto the prayers and tears of a lover: yet for all this it cannot be said, that she is constrained but that of her goodwill, she giveth consent to her desire, suffering herself rather to be vanquished by her own proper nature, than by the force of any magic art. Wherefore it is an evident folly in those which love, to complain that they are violently constrained will he nil he, to follow their loves, because God never suffereth that the power of free will should be taken from

Man; and if anyone say he hath been forced by diabolical persuasions, it may be answered, he was not forced in his reason, but in his concupiscence: neither is it to be believed that a knight, a Christian wise young and brave gentleman, would help himself with such wicked means to attain his ends. It is not likely, answered Celio, and it may be, that he witnessing his fidelity by other services, obliged her to condescend unto his will, for Nisa is not the only woman in this world subject to this weakness.

"Nevertheless, behold the strange accident which happened unto them both, as a beginning of their misfortunes; for it being rumoured at Madrid that Pamphilus was come from Flanders, the news thereof came unto my father's ears, who (desirous to make him his son in law, in favour of the ancient acquaintance and love he had with his father, and because that it had been formerly agreed between them) one day told her, that he was resolved to marry her, not naming unto whom; and thereupon writing to Madrid, to Pamphilus' mother, entreating her to send him to Toledo, congratulating also with her, her son's happy return and the prosperous success of his affairs, and remembered unto her the amity which he had contracted with her husband, his father. The sad Nisa, who already desperately loved Pamphilus, told him that her father would marry her, and the knight who was designed for her husband was shortly to come from Madrid unto their house, but she knew nothing in particular more of him, but that he was a brave soldier who lately came out of Flanders. Pamphilus (ignorant that he was the person who was meant) fell into great extremity at the news, and after many tears and other follies, he said he was resolved to be gone, for his heart would never suffer him to see a new servant unto his mistress in this house. A strange and never heard of story, that a man should be jealous of himself, and fly from his own presence. Nisa who now thought it as impossible for her to be without Pamphilus, as the Earth without water, fire without matter to burn, or as the celestial harmony without their first mover, said unto him in weeping, that she would have him take her away with him, and that she would follow him over the world; yet upon this condition, that he should swear solemnly, never to lose the respect which was due unto her honour: which oath being taken by Pamphilus without any consideration of the danger which might happen: he made choice of a dark night, and by a garden which answered upon the river, took her from the house, and by the same river went from the town, carrying her in his bark, until he came unto those mountains which are called Sisla: this was it which he writ afterwards from Valencia to a friend of his of Saragossa.

Now follows the beginning of my peregrination, which (having been too long in this history) I will briefly relate. At the dolorous letter which was written to me of this success (which was discovered as soon as Pamphilus was gone from Toledo) I came from Salamanca to my father's house, which I found all in

mourning for the loss of my sister. My father in few words obliged me to revenge it, which I swore that I would, with many words as free as his were grave: and to execute my intent I went to Madrid. I sought Pamphilus in all the houses of his friends, and visited his mother, asking news of him, making show how things had passed. His innocent mother said, it was two years since he went into Flanders, and that from the time of his departure, she never had heard from him, from whence she collected he was dead. I thought that she, knowing what he had done, had disguised the truth: and while I was in this meditation, I casting my eyes upon a young gentlewoman, who sat sewing by this reverend matron. I found her in my mind so fair, that her only look had power to temper my sorrow, and hardly had I fully viewed her perfections, when as I propounded in myself to serve her, and to steal her away, thinking by this means to give satisfaction to our honour, and beginning to my revenge. To recount unto you at this time all the passages and the care which I used to speak with her, and to bring her to my will, would be to trouble you with a long discourse; let it satisfy that I drew her from her house with the same thread wherewith Pamphilus had pulled Nisa from ours, and in a strange and foolish mind led her into France, where her beauty ministered subject unto a knight to serve her and for me to kill him: from whence it followed that for safety of my life I was driven to leave her. Nevertheless, I am resolved whatsoever happen unto me to seek her, because that besides, I do love her more than myself, I owe so much unto her merit and virtue with which she hath faithfully accompanied me, through many and variable successes."

Night had spread his black veil over the face of the Earth, and the houses were as full of candles, as the heaven of stars; men and creatures retired themselves, from their common labour, when as the miserable Pamphilus gave over hearing the tragedy of his love, with the last act of his honour: and to know that he did then but begin to suffer his evils when he thought he was at an end of them. He admired the justice of Heaven, which had suffered that his sister should so lightly have quitted her mother's house to run away with a man; yet finding in himself the example of his own misleading of Nisa, and that the injury which he had done unto Celio was no less than that which he had received, he did not hold it just in himself once to think of revenge, but rather to persuade him that he should not, nor ought to leave her, which he performed with the best words, and the liveliest reasons he could devise. Remonstrating unto him that amongst gentlemen the only condition of nobleness should bind him to seek for her, which Celio allowing for most reasonable, gave him his word to employ his endeavours to that purpose. And being lodged this night together, they supped and slept in one house. The next morning Pamphilus gave him a letter to a French gentleman with whom he had great acquaintance, that he might favour him in finding out Finia, for so was his sister called. But Celio departed not for certain days, during which

time there was a perfect friendship knit between those two secret enemies; so that Pamphilus knowing the offence which Celio had done unto him, pardoned him in his heart, and Celio ignorant that this was Pamphilus, was disposed to the pardoning of him. The resolution was with great oaths to enquire out one the other, and to help each other in all accidents as brothers; assigning the rendezvous within six months, in the city of Pamplona.

So went Celio upon his enterprise; and some few days after his departure, Pamphilus' sorrow increasing out of the opinion that it was impossible for him to recover Nisa; it happened that going one night from his lodging in a vain desire he had to see the windows of the prison (where his happiness and joy was enclosed) he heard a knight cry out for help against some who would at advantage have killed him. He suddenly stepped unto him, and drawing out his sword out of his palmer's staff with an incredible dexterity, accompanied with a valiant & brave courage, made them loose him whom they would have killed, and save their own lives by a shameful though a safe flight.

The knight would needs know who he was, who had delivered him from so great danger: and although Pamphilus excused himself from telling his name, yet the knight's desire and courtesy prevailed more than the humbleness wherewith the pilgrim did endeavour to persuade him that he had done him no service: to conclude, he led him to his house, where his good and gentle behaviour being observed, the knight and his parents bore such affection unto him that they did oblige him to become their guest.

There remained Pamphilus some days, at the end of which Jacinth (so was this knight called) told him the history of his love unto fair Lucinda, and the occasion for which these assassins would have murdered him, who for this only cause, were come from Seville unto Valencia where the subject of the passion and the sorrow wherein he lived did remain. I do believe that lovers have some sympathy one with another, and that they join and communicate in such manner as you have seen in this discourse, seeing that our pilgrim never came into any house where there was not someone or other tainted with this evil, even though it were in craggy mountains.

By this overture of Jacinth's secret, Pamphilus was bound to reveal his: and after he had made him swear that he would grant him his request, he said that in recompense of his life which he had saved, as he himself confessed, he conjured him to help him to a place, in that prison where the mad folks were shut up. Jacinth, astonished at so strange a request, would needs know the cause. But Pamphilus promising to tell him as soon as he had done him that favour, and casting himself at his feet with most earnest and unheard of words, affirming the

good he should doe him to put him in this place, made Jacinth suspect that some secret danger did enforce him into that place. And willing very generously to satisfy the obligation wherein he was tied, after some inconveniences and reasons urged to divert him, having agreed with him of the means which he should use. That very night Jacinth took five or six men of the hospital who entering suddenly into Pamphilus' chamber, put him in a chair, and carried him away in their arms. Miserable condition of this man, who after so many strange successes, being wise (if those who love can be so) to make himself to be taken and shut up willingly, as a madman, where all the mad folks would willingly be accounted wise.

All Jacinth's house admired at this novelty, and all his family complained that this stranger, unto whom Jacinth owed his life, was so unworthily requited by Jacinth himself: but she who most complained of his cruelty and had the truest feeling of it was Tiberia his sister, who was both fair and discreet above all the ladies in Valencia, who affecting the gentleness and fair spirit of our unfortunate pilgrim, did not see but by his eyes, and did not breathe but from him. Jacinth told them that Pamphilus was mad, and that it was necessary he should be cured before the disease increased too far. The father of this knight, who was very learned, blamed exceedingly this precipitate course, saying that in all infirmities there was nothing more dangerous than physic out of season, and swore that he should be had out of the hospital to be cured in his house. Tiberia confirmed this piety, saying that reward due unto him, they being not so poor, but that they had means sufficient to have him cured in their house, with greater care of his health, and less scandal to his honour Jacinth replied that he was a stranger, and that nobody knew him. But all the household were so much against him, blaming him for ingratitude, especially his father and his sister, that he was constrained to tell them what he knew. Whereat in imagining the cause, all of them were astonished, and wondered. They thought that Pamphilus was a spy, who went disguised under the habit of a pilgrim, and that fearing to be known by someone, he used this subtilty to save his life: for although he spoke Spanish, nevertheless, by his fair face and exceeding beauty, he seemed a stranger, and by his actions a gentleman. With this confession, Jacinth remained in their good opinion, though the house was much troubled, and Tiberia was full of pitiful grief and care for Pamphilus' life: who being in prison among the mad folks (in the judgement of many, the very centre of greatest misery) imagined himself to be in most glorious happiness.

To this new madman the more ancient gave place, and Pamphilus, with divers feignings and counterfeittings of his face, endeavoured to express his madness; which fashion of his, seeming them as tokens of rashness, they put him into the prison with irons on his hands, where to confirm them the more in their opinion

of his madness, he said so many words so far from the matter, that his affliction was believed. There he stayed some few days before he could see his beloved Nisa, suffering most insupportable discommodities, difficult to be spoken of, and almost impossible to be believed; in the meantime Celio went by Saragossa into France, to find his beautiful and beloved Finia whom he had lost, where being come, he heard the news of the peace which was proclaimed between the two nations, which made him rest that night (with more contentment out of the facility which it brought to his design) staying for the light of the morning to clear his passage over the mountains into France.

The End of the Second Book.

Book Three

Whilst the sad and afflicted Celio entered into France by the mountains of Jaca to see if he could find his dear Finia, our pilgrim Pamphilus having gotten out of the prison, as a madman whose fury was over, was admitted to the table where others did eat, where also sat his fair Nisa; near unto whom he did always endeavour to sit, and there and in all other convenient places he told her his fortunes. She blamed him for putting himself into this place, although she did acknowledge how she was tied unto him, for this his great folly.

Pamphilus as a true lover, who only aimed at the end of his love, which was to marry her, and who had sworn by a thousand oaths to resist the violence of his desires until a lawful marriage would suffer him to accomplish them, said unto her in comforting her, that if she had suffered this misery for him, and that they ought to be all one, there was no reason but he should have his part of this misery, to the end that equal in all things, their marriage might be without advantage of one side or another, and that his love unto her did prevail so far as not to let pass one day without seeing her, notwithstanding any danger, and although his honour were thereby in hazard. The servants of the house did not hinder their speaking together, because that Nisa being apparelled like a man, and having a care that her hair should not reveal her sex, everybody did believe that she was as she seemed to be. For although that her beauty were extreme, yet the world hath not any so great, but it appeareth little, being much neglected; especially seeing that if art do not polish the beautifullest and finest diamonds, and that they be not set in gold with enamelling and other necessary ornaments, they show not the lustre, grace nor beauty which they have being artificially cut and set in a foil by cunning workmen.

The misery of this kind of life seemed unto our two lovers as nothing in regard of the former travails which they had suffered, as I have heard it often said by

many: and I myself know by experience that if two lovers may see and speak together, they have no feeling of the miseries which do serve them as means to attain thereunto. Oh what will not those which love resolve of! What is it, which doth not seem possible unto them? What travails can weary them? And what dangers can make them fear? O love strong as death: seeing that a lover living in that which he loves, and being dead in himself, hath no more feeling of torment then a body deprived of a soul. With what tears were these two separated at night, by the cruel officers of this prison? (If it be cruelty to deal rigorously with mad folks) with what care and languishment did they attend the day that they might see one the other? What discreet follies did they utter in public, full of equivocations to deceive those who heard them, and to divert the evils which they suffered? And with what amorous discourses did they in particular warm their desires to marry? How much doth he commend Nisa's virtue, and the chaste but loving defence which she made of her honour, for Pamphilus being a man had yielded often unto his passion, if she had not moderated his violence? With what grace they gave madly, favours one unto another, of the wildest things they could find upon the ground, which Pamphilus stuck in his hat, instead of jewels or feathers which he was wont to wear. But fortune envying their contentedness, even in this misery, would not let them live in this place at rest, but arming himself anew against them, even at that time when as they thought (by Jacinth's help) to get out of that prison, there came unto this city an Italian earl, of the house of Aguilora, called Emilio, who desiring to have a Fool with him, promised a great alms unto their house if they would give him a madman, who having lost his fury might entertain him with sport. Those of the hospital failed not to promise him one, and withal to bring him to his lodging some of their most peaceable madmen, amongst whom were the pilgrim Pamphilus and the fair Nisa. The Earl joyful to see them, inquired of their keepers their conditions, one of whom answered thus:

This man strong and able who you see there, was sometimes a brave soldier, who having served upon many occasions like a Hector, desired the reward of his valour which he had merited above all other. But he finding himself denied, and that it was given unto the cowardliest fellow in the army, fell from this imagination into so profound a melancholy, that he lost his wits. He hath lost his fury in the prison although oftentimes it returns. His discourse is always of marshalling an army, of besieging a fort, of lodging a camp, or causing it to march. All is sluices, dykes, trenches, platforms, ravelins, casemates, flankers, palisadoes, counterscarps, squadrons, cannons, muskets, pistols, corselets, pikes. This weak and pale man is of another humour, who having given himself too much to the study of philosophy, lost his understanding. Of this man the Earl

demanded, which was the Primum Mobile, either Coelum Imperium, or Coelum Crystallinum? unto whom the madman answered thus:

"After moving the spheres by a local motion, the divines do teach us that there is another heaven perpetually in rest from all motion, created from the beginning, and full of an innumerable thousands of intelligences and of happy spirits, which were created together in it and with it. In such sort as the mingled bodies are accustomed to engender some things in inferior places, as fishes in the water, birds in the air and the vegetative creatures, plants and minerals in the earth. This heaven for its greatness and for its inestimable light, is called Imperial, as who should say Fiery (not for the natural property of fire, but for the glorious clearness wherewith it shineth) is the throne destined before the constitution of the world, and as a royal palace ordained from the beginning, for all those who are to reign before the face of God, the light whereof is so lustrous and clear, that the corporal eyes cannot behold or look upon it, no more than the birds of the night can the sun."

All the assistants remaining astonished at this discourse, another one of the madmen began to cry, calling his dogs, and luring his hawks like the great falconer and huntsman as he had been; of whom, as the Earl began to laugh, Pamphilus said thus unto him; you ought not mock at this exercise, but at those who exercise it unorderly and untimely, without respecting either season or place: for according to Xenophon and Athenaeus, hunting was famous amongst the Persians. Homer said it was practised amongst the Greeks that thereby their young men might become hardier; for as Horace writes, the Hunter often lies abroad in the cold night without remembering his wife. Philon the Hebrew tells notable things of hunting, in his Preface unto his Warfare. Cicero says no less, in his book of The Nature of the Gods. And Peter Gregory says that the original thereof, was in the beginning of the world to the end that men should be able to free themselves from the persecutions of beasts. If hunting, replied the Earl, (who was a man of great knowledge) had not passed from the honest exercise (the imitation of war) unto that of pleasure, who would doubt of the excellence thereof? But in regard of the hurt it doth in the fields, and the expense which it brings unto him who follows it? Louis the Twelfth King of France justly forbade it: for what else is the meaning of the fable of Actaeon, devoured by his dogs, but that overmuch hunting wastes both goods and life? And passing by many other things, which might be gathered from this verse of Virgil, where he says, Aeneas and sad Dido went a-hunting together in a wood: joined also the dangers of life which cannot be told, neither is it to be wondered at, that this man became mad, seeing that as Dion assureth the same exercise made the Emperor Adrian a fool. Then answered the mad hunter, that with more reason should he be laid in this

place for a madman, because he would persuade madmen, and reason with them who had no reason.

The discourse of this madman, said the Earl savouring nothing of madness, obliges me to answer: for a man must fight with those who give occasion, play with such as have money, and answer unto everyone in the same manner he speaks. But if all the madmen in Spain were as you, and that my children should remain there, I should rather desire to have them ignorant than learned; know said the fool that if it were possible a man should desire to be born in France, to live in Italy and to die in Spain, to be born for the nobleness of the French, who always have had their king of their own nation, and never mingled with any other; to live, for the liberty and felicity of Italy: and to die for the Catholic faith which is so certain in all Spain. And as concerning your children, whatsoever happens of it, suffer them not to live in ignorance; for there is less danger in being mad, than in being ignorant. Whilst this man spoke, another singing near to him let the Earl know that music had brought him to that estate, for it is said; that it is a kinswoman to poetry: the ancients said the madmen have comprised music amongst the liberal sciences. Aristotle in his Politics, Budeus in his Commentary upon the Greek tongue and Caelius the Rhodian do say that music is a mixture compounded of sounds sweet, flat and sharp. Plutarch in the life of Homer puts one voice flat and the other sharp, the flat voice proceeds from within and the sharp from the area of the mouth, and from their divers tempering make the harmony; the object of the hearing is the sound, and the reflection of the air, as Galen teaches; and the sound is made from the act of some one thing into another, by the means of the stroke which causes it: two bodies are required to make a sound, because that one cannot do it. The echo is an air struck into hollow places, which resisting the stroke of the voice, return the same words which are spoken. So say Themiserus, Pliny, Ovid and Macrobius in his Saturnales. The voice and the word are not one thing, the word holds the ground from the tongue helped by the nostrils, the lips and the teeth: and the instruments of the voice are the throat, the muscles which move, and the nerves which come down from the brain. Who was the first inventor of music? asked the Earl. The madman answered, Josephus said that it was Tubal, Adam's nephew, although that others give the invention to Mercury, as Gregory Gerand: and Philostratus said that Mercury learned it from Orpheus and Amphion. But Eusebius attributes it to Dionysus. Then asked the Earl, into how many parts music was divided? The madman answered, according to Boetius, into the theoretical and the practical, be it either natural, artificial, celestial or human; the natural and celestial is that which is considered in the harmony of all the parts of the world: the human is that which treats of the proportions of the body and of the soul, and their parts: for Plato, Pythagoras and Architas have thought that the motions and conversions

of the stars cannot be without music. And Vitruvius is of the opinion that buildings are not framed without music. Leaving celestial and human, there follows artificial, divided into musical organs and Instruments.

Thereupon the other madmen began to put in practice that whereof he only showed the theory, and began to make such a noise with confused and discording voices, that it was impossible to understand them. But being appeased, he who kept the madmen made great account unto the Earle of a mad astrologer, who by the contemplation of such high things was fallen into this abasement. Hardly had the Earl looked upon him, when he began to tell him that the composition and figure of the world in its form was called a sphere which was solid, and that passing through the middle, the poles were placed in the extremes or vertical points immovable: one made the North on this side of the Bear, and from the stars of that part of heaven called Aquila, Boreal or Arctic; The other which was opposite by diameter was called Antarctic and meridional; there was he interrupted by others, who would not let him proceed, and after it was not possible to appease them, although there were a great many more painters, poets and mathematicians, but above all there was an alchemist, a famous disciple of Raymundus Lullius.

At this time Emilio had fixed his eyes upon Nisa, and beholding the sadness with which she was silent, he demanded of the Master the humour of this mad creature? Who answered him, that love had brought him to his folly. Her delicate face, and the occasion of her evil, gave him at the same time desire and compassion with such affection, that agreeing with the Master at the price of a hundred crowns, he made choice of her from amongst all the other to lead her into Italy. But hardly had Pamphilus seen the effects of this election, when as his fury increasing truly, which was before but feigned, he struck, he bit and took on, as if he had been enraged against those who took his dear Nisa away. But they being a great many against him alone, the Earl took her from the house, and shortly after from Valencia. And Pamphilus tied up as a madman, was had back again with many grievous blows, bewailing bitterly the loss of his dear Nisa. And by how much he endeavoured to make the officers believe that he was not mad, by so much the more he persuaded them that he was not well in his wits: because being oppressed with grief he told them plainly that he had caused himself to be brought thither only to see this young mad creature, whom they had accounted to be a man, but indeed was a woman and his wife, whom he had concealed under this habit for fear of her father, from whom he had stolen her away.

But they were so confirmed in their opinion of his madness, that by those reasons whereby he did think they were tied to give him his liberty, he made them more obstinate to refuse him, until they might have more evident tokens of the

tranquillity of his mind. Whilst he did complain to see that it served him to no purpose to tell the truth, which of all things in the world doth most enrage a man, and that in regard of Jacinth's absence, he could not tell unto whom to have recourse. The unfortunate Nisa was meanwhile come to Barcelona, with so much sorrow and tears that Emilio already repented that he had bought her: inasmuch as there is nothing more unprofitable than a sad fool. The Earl embarked, not knowing that she whom he led with him had the fortune of Scianus' horse, which cost his masters their lives: He endeavoured to rejoice Nisa, causing her to sit at his table, to make her eat meat, because it was told him that she would famish herself to death, where earnestly beholding her face, and considering her actions, he did suspect, that she was neither mad, nor a man: He let this day pass over, and the next day he was assured of both; Inasmuch as so great a sadness could not be feigned; and that Nisa's reserved speech and the modesty of her looks declared openly that which upon other occasions she had hidden with so much care; Emilio being then persuaded that this mad creature was a woman, or at the least having evident tokens thereof, inquired with great care of her sadness, using her as a gentlewoman, and with respect due unto her sex. Nisa who had now neither care to disguise herself nor to live, confessed she was a woman, and would not be comforted by Emilio's words: but Emilio, who the more he conversed with her the more was engaged in her love, in the end suffered himself to be vanquished in her beauty: for Nisa now ceasing to appear as a man captivated all those who beheld her with her marvellous grace. Love then began to make himself master over Emilio through pity, which is the cloak under which it enters into our minds; as the pill under gold, that the bitterness may not offend: and his passion increased so far as to desire to know her evil and to procure her remedy. But neither for any effect of love, nor hope of remedy that he could give her would Nisa witness any feeling of pleasure, or obligation to him: all which served to sharpen Emilio's desires, which he did make appear with greater demonstrations: whereat Nisa being grieved, endeavoured to divert him from her love, conjuring him with tears that he would not lead her in this indecent habit. The Earl being courteous offered her other clothes, but she assured him that she had made a vow never to wear any but pilgrim's habit, until she had seen the Patron of Spain in Galicia. Emilio nevertheless did make her one of serge, and the pilgrim being new clothed appeared more beautiful, there being no new apparel which doth not embellish, nor so poor a habit new which doth not enrich a well-proportioned body.

But by this time, a great fog with a tempestuous wind arising in the gulf, the mariners knew by the signs which are wont to forerun such storms that they were likely to undergo a great hazard of drowning. Their presage was not vain, for the wind rose with such extremity and violence and the sea wrought with such huge

billows that the Masters could no more command, nor the rowers obey. The Captain was astonished, the pilot pale, some cried, others silent and without stirring remained as men in a trance with fear. And in this confusion which continued six hours, the miserable galley split against the rocks; Emilio who now no more remembered his love, and who knew not that the unfortunateness of Nisa brought forth this effect (clean contrary unto Caesar's fortune, which appeased storms) endeavoured to save his life with much travail: and the heaven reserving Nisa's life to run greater fortunes, cast her as formerly she had been upon the shore of Barcelona.

Those which remained alive were cast away in the same place: Nisa having stayed some time to recover herself after this fortune went in pilgrimage to Marseille: where one day visiting the famous Church of the Penitent, whom the angels buried in the mountain where God gave his laws to Moses, she saw a woman, a pilgrim as herself though in other habit, who with great devotion was upon her knees at the stairs of the great altar. She appeared to Nisa to be a Spaniard, wherefore desiring better to inform herself, obliged thereunto, by her love unto the country, she stayed at the gate whereat (when having done her devotions) she came forth, and Nisa saluting her, they both found that they were Castilians: their joy was so great that it had been confirmed by embraces, if the man's apparel which Nisa wore, had not hindered it: and little by little they went apart, that they might speak more freely, and with less fear of the French, who already begun to behold their beauties: and being placed under a rock which was adjoining the sea, Nisa said thus unto her, of what province are you, fair Spaniard? Of the Kingdom of Toledo (answered the pilgrim) and of the greatest city, having merited to lodge the kings for many years: you are then of Madrid replied Nisa, and so we are here met by chance two pilgrims of one country, for I am also of Toledo. Then, said the pilgrim, fetching a great sigh: there was born the cause of my peregrination, and of my misfortune. It is easy to be seen in thy youth and in thy beauty, that love hath brought you into these parts; and if it be of a gentleman of whom thou dost complain, I believe I know him. It may be so, said the pilgrim of Madrid, and believe me so soon as I saw you I was abashed, because you have the very countenance of my enemy; you wish me evil by all circumstance, then said Nisa: rather all good replied the pilgrim; for all that resembles his body is agreeable to me, only I complain of the cruelty of his mind. Will you not tell me his name or his parents? said Nisa. I hazard a small matter in telling thee that, answered she; for contrariwise I gain thus much, that it seems to me I am quiet and at peace, having seen thee, which since I lost him never came to me before now. His name is Celio, and the name of a sister which he hath is Nisa, which are the best tokens I can give thee, to make him known to thee; because besides that she is famous for her beauty, she is also more famous for her

disgrace. Nisa remained astonished to hear her own name and her brother Celio's (for this pilgrim was Finia, Pamphilus' sister, who had been left in France as you have already heard) wherefore she desired earnestly to know the particular of this story, which Finia related in the same manner as Celio had done to Pamphilus. In the city of Valencia, accusing his jealousy, which had made him cruelly kill a French gentleman from whose death ensued his absence, and all the miseries and travails which she had since endured; Nisa dissembling that part which she had in the story, blamed the cruelty of her brother Celio, and with the contentment, which she received in seeing Pamphilus' portrait, in Finia her beauty, she tempered her grief for his absence, and her sorrow which she had, that both their parents should lose their children for one cause: then did she tell her that she knew Pamphilus, and that it was not long since she saw him, assuring her (as one verily believing) that he was in Spain: Finia demanded of Nisa how she knew him, and where it was that she had seen him? And Nisa because she would not reveal herself, told her that she had known him at Constantinople, where they had been both slaves together: Finia bursting into tears, embraced Nisa and implored her to tell her name and the story of her brother if she knew it: Nisa answered that Pamphilus himself had heretofore in his captivity told it to her, and that she would willingly recount it to her: but first she deceived Finia in telling her that her name was Felix, and that going from Toledo with a captain who embarked in Cartagena, they had been made captives in passing to Oran and afterwards had to Algiers, where a Turk of Constantinople had bought her. And so following the story of Pamphilus which was also hers, from the beginning as you have heard related by Celio until their departure from Toledo, she began to say as follows:

The Story of Pamphilus and Nisa.

"After that Pamphilus went away from Toledo with Nisa, thinking that her father would marry her with another, and being jealous of himself, he told me that suffering some of those discommodities, which do offer themselves unto such men as travail without their lawful wives, they came to Seville, a beautiful city, if the sun shine upon any, for riches, greatness, magnificence, policy, haven and staple of the Indies: where it may be said that twice every year, there enters the substance of all Spain. There would Pamphilus enjoy the beauties of Nisa; but on a sudden he lost the respect which he was accustomed to bear to her chastity against the oath which he had solemnly sworn, and hid himself for some days out of her sight, during which time he was ready to grow mad; yet finding her again, and craving pardon with new oaths to keep the first inviolably, they were friends again.

But Pamphilus being one day at the market place, he was recognised by a merchant of Toledo, a great friend to Nisa her father, who going about to lay

hands on him and apprehend him, Pamphilus was enforced to lay hand upon his sword, to defend himself from the Justice. It happened well for Pamphilus, whose courage and address in arms is incredible, and accompanied with an admirable force; He was nevertheless constrained to depart speedily from Seville. And he thinking it discommodious for him to lead Nisa with him in her woman's apparel, he clothed her in a suit of his, and cutting off her hair (of which he after made great relics), he girt a sword to her side, and so they went to Lisbon together; but they were hardly accommodated in their lodging, when as a captain, and a great friend to Lisard, Nisa's elder brother, who was now in Flanders, had advertisement of their coming. Although Nisa were sufficiently disguised, yet her countenance (to those who had formerly seen her) being sufficiently known, would easily reveal that which they did so carefully endeavour to hide.

But their good fortune (which delivered them from these dangers, it may be to reserve them for greater) would at that time, wherein the captain and his friends came to search for Pamphilus, that Nisa was alone in the lodging, of whom having enquired her name and her masters, she said she was a boy who served Pamphilus de Luxan, a knight of Madrid, not thinking that it did import to tell his name in a strange country. The captain never informed himself farther for what he sought; but his ensign inquired news of Nisa; whereat she being troubled, and repenting that she had said anything of Pamphilus, answered that she was gone by sea with Pamphilus to refresh themselves as far as Belen, a famous monastery and the ancient sepulchre of the Kings of Portugal. This sudden lie of Nisa saved Pamphilus' life, or at the least the honour of both those lovers: for the soldiers went presently to the haven attending there for their return; and the captain accounting them already taken, and liking Nisa her fashion, behaviour and countenance exceeding well, entreated her to become his page, assuring her that he would use her better than any that ever had worn his casque: Nisa seemed to yield with great willingness, if he pleased to accept of his service, and dissembling the care and fear which she had of Pamphilus' life, said to the captain that having spoken with her master and given him an account of such jewels and other things as were in his custody, he would not fail to come to him; with this answer the captain and the soldiers were hardly gone out of the doors, when Pamphilus came out of the town to his lodging, little thinking his enemies were so near to him: what help do strange countries bring to those unto whom misfortunes are ever domestic? Nisa told him the danger which threatened him, and Pamphilus having recourse to the remedy, took a speedy resolution to leave Spain. Nisa promised to follow him through seas and lands, (howsoever unknown) and a Portuguese knight who had a company in Ceuta offered to conduct him. Ceuta is a frontier tower of the Moors in Africa, not far from Tetouan, and as it were placed to confront Gibraltar, as the uttermost bound of

Europe: by which place it is said the Moors entered, who under the leading of Julian conquered Spain. There remained our two lovers for some time in great peace; although Pamphilus discontent to see his desires denied by Nisa her chaste resolution, had no great quietness in his own mind. He would have married her, but it was not possible to persuade Nisa unto it; she thinking it would be a great disparagement unto her honour for her to be married in this manner: and then when he seemed with reason to persuade her, she contradicted him with tears, remonstrating that she was his, and that true love had a respect unto an honest end, whereas he who propounded unto himself only delight, differed little from a beast. Pamphilus cursed these reasons of Nisa, and sometimes out of grief, would go a whole day and not speak to her, until in the end overcome with her sweet patience, he was constrained to send a thousand sighs as ambassadors for a peace to her, who had the empire over him.

Now the noble courage of this young knight, seeing himself amongst so many brave soldiers, who went every day to the wars against the Moors, did believe that it was a dishonour to his birth to carry a sword idle by his side, whilst others bathed theirs in their enemies' blood; wherefore one morning from the watchtowers, the bells and trumpets giving the alarm, incited by his own generosity and with the disdains wherewith Nisa in his opinion had disgraced him three or four days before, he went forth armed at all points, having a red scarf upon his left arm, a white feather upon his helm, and a mountain of snow upon his shield; from the top of which, as from Mount Etna in Sicily came a mouth of fire. So went Pamphilus out upon his bay horse, which had a black mane and a black tail, and a white star on the forehead, filling the Portuguese with admiration to see with what address he managed him; and how gracefully he bore his lance; but Nisa her evil fortune or his own desperate resolution who prayed at his departure that she might not see him return alive, suffered the battle to be ordered in such manner that day that the Christians had the worst; and Pamphilus searching death, broke into a squadron of Moors where being wounded and overthrown, he was taken and led prisoner unto Fez.

The news of this accident came speedily to Nisa's ears, for the report of evil successes come sooner to the ears of lovers than that of happy events: what her grief was it is not necessary to express, otherwise than in representing Nisa far from her parents, out of her own country, and from any friends, and which was most, from the dear presence of him for whose sake she had quitted all these, and for whose loss she was almost out of her wits. But as the greatest encounters of fortune do sometime bring forth the greatest strength and courage of the mind; so Nisa's grief raised in her mind such valiant virtue, that she boldly thrust herself into the acquaintance and friendship of a Moor, who with a safe conduct trafficked in Ceuta: him she so far gained with her affability and presence, that he

lead her with him to Fez under the habit of an Arab, he teaching her in a few days the greatest part of the language (of which she was not altogether ignorant before) Nisa thus lived in Fez in the habit of a Moor, and under the name of nephew to this barbarian, who charmed with her understanding, gentleness of spirit and graceful behaviour, endeavoured to persuade her to leave our religion, promising to give him his daughter with the best part of his estate, which was exceeding much. Nisa did not refuse him, nevertheless she entreated him that he would first suffer her to be instructed in the law, that she might receive it with more assurance, and more quietness of mind. With these words and with her beauty, Nisa grew absolute master of this Moor, of his women (wherein they abound) of Leila Acha his daughter, of his goods, his slaves and his horses: upon which as she rode up and down the town for her pleasure, she was almost adored by these barbarians. She called herself Hassan Rubin amongst them, a name which Ali Japha had given her in memory of his son, in whose place he accounted of her, saying that she was his portraiture. Amongst Ali Japha's slaves there was one Spaniard, with whom Nisa having many times speech, she entreated him that he would inquire secretly with whom a slave of the Kingdom of Toledo lived; and whose name was Pamphilus? This man found out the same day, and following her when she was alone, he told her that Sali Murat had taken him in a battle which was fought in Ceuta, and had him still in his power, with other slaves who served the masons about the house which he was building: Nisa glad of this news, in the evening got on horseback, clothed in a scarlet casque, laid about with gold lace, having a hat upon her head embroidered with pearl and a great feather, and a rich sword of Tunis hanging in a scarf by her side: in this manner she went into the street where Sali Murat dwelt, and saw (in a new house which was there being built) her miserable (but beloved) Pamphilus, not yet fully healed of his wounds, having a poor doublet of course canvas and breeches of the same, without shoes upon his feet, and carrying with another Christian the materials wherewith that house was to be built; she stayed not (as she had thought) because that seeing him in this state, the tears which she shed would have revealed her; but feigning to turn her horse in the street, and the beams of her face properly resembling them of the sun having scattered the clouds of this water, she stayed looking upon these slaves, and said unto Pamphilus in the language of Fez, why doth Murat build this fair house, having another in this street so fair? Pamphilus answered (according to his knowledge) that they were for the keeping of slaves, because that since his good success in the former war he was grown proud, and did presage that he should have many. Thou art then his slave, said she, in the Castilian tongue. Pamphilus answered that by his misfortune he was brought to that estate, and earnestly beholding her face, let fall to the ground that which he held in his hand, wondering to see a Moor which should so perfectly resemble his beloved Nisa: for that this should be she, he

could not persuade himself, by reason of her language, her habit and the small time since that he left her in Ceuta: so he remained without speaking, endeavouring to cover his astonishment and confusion by his silence, when as she speaking to him in the Arabian tongue asked of him if he were a knight? Pamphilus more assured that it was Nisa, by the resemblance of her face, and distrusting it was not she by her language, hearing her speak the language of Fez so naturally, answered her. I told Sali Murat that I was a poor man, but because you resemble so much a master which heretofore I had (unto whom I never lied in my life) I will not deceive you. I am a Castilian Knight, and of the Kingdom of Toledo, and of a place whereof it is not possible but you should have heard, because that the names of prince's courts are notorious to all nations, as Paris in France, Rome in Italy, Constantinople in Greece and Madrid in Spain; there was I born, subject unto this misfortune wherein you see me. But gentle Moor, I pray tell me, who you are and why you ask of me my country and my quality? I am, said Nisa, nephew to the governor Ali Japha, and son to Muley Nuzan his brother, by a Christian slave who was born in Toledo: my name is Hassan Rubin, although that heretofore I called myself by my mother's name, Mendoza: my uncle's son being dead, he sent for me to Morocco, the place of my birth, from whence he brought me hither, and to comfort himself called me by the name of his son; promising me to marry me unto Leila Acha his daughter, who is the fairest in all Africa, and this is the reason which inciteth me to love Christians (who are well born) because my mother was one; especially Spaniards and of her own country: and it grieves me extremely that thou art belonging to this governor, who is reputed to use his slaves hardly, as it may be seen by experience in thyself, who being such that thy nobility doth manifestly appear, notwithstanding the misery and poverty of thy clothes, yet doth put thee to such vile labour. Wherefore as well because thou pleasest me well as for the reasons which I have told thee, I will bring it to pass, if thou think good of it, that Ali Japha shall buy thee, and in his house there shall be nothing wanting unto thee but thy liberty; as for all other things I will use thee as myself. Pamphilus at these words cast himself at her feet, and by force did many times kiss them, thanking her for the favour which she did him.

So being departed, Nisa told Ali Japha the desire which she had unto a Spanish slave who was evil entreated of Sali Murat; the Moor, who desired to oblige him absolutely and to satisfy his pleasure in all things, went the next morning to Sali Murat; to treat with him about the sale of this slave; which being not refused unto him, they talked of the price: Sali demanded a thousand ducats, because (sayeth he) he had been taken in good equipage, both for arms and horse, and a red scarf upon his left arm, a thing which (he said) in the time of his being in Spain he had seen in kings' portraitures: Nisa who was most interested at the bargain said to

him that in Spain clothes were common, and the pride of soldiers equal to the majesty of their princes: In the end they agreed upon five hundred ducats, and Nisa going to the chamber where Pamphilus lay, took him along with her; he filled with tears, and imaginations, attributing this kindness to the resemblance which was between the Moor and Nisa, and oftentimes he resolved to believe that it was she; for although the habit and tongue disguised her, yet the voice and countenance revealed her. She lodged him in a place differing and better than that of the slaves: she caused him incontinently to be clothed, and going to see him the first night, she brought him one of her smocks, entreating him to wear it under his: Pamphilus cast himself at her feet, and Nisa turning herself away, he humbly kissed the ground which she had trodden upon. But they had not long talked together when Pamphilus grew so certain that if she was not Nisa he was mad; that thereby he could not sleep, he could not eat nor do any other thing but show her his thoughts in the violence of sighs: Nisa fearing that in this perplexity he might lose his wits, to assure him and thereby to know the secret of his heart, uttered these words one day to him; Pamphilus the love which I bear thee constrained me to procure thy good, and to solicit thy rest: I told Ali Japha that I stood much affected unto thee, and he answered me, that if I wished he would send thee into thy country, that thou shouldst go upon thy word, and that from thence thou shouldst upon thy honour, send him that which thou owest him. But I who lose my life in losing thee have entreated him to give thee my sister Fatima to wife, and that thereby I doubted not but I should persuade thee to alter thy religion and become a Moor; If thou canst bee contented to do this for me I shall know thy gentleness, and thou shalt enjoy the most beautiful gentlewoman in all Morocco, and shalt be one of the richest men of all Africa, because that besides what my father left her, my uncle will give her a great part of his estate also, and I will give thee mine, and my wife and I will sojourn under thy government.

Pamphilus, whose intent was to make her reveal herself unto him, or else to nettle Nisa so far as that she should declare herself, coldly answered, that to obey her, and to requite the duty which he owed her, he would willingly become a Moor; as well for that reason, as also that he had seen Fatima sometimes in the baths; of whom he was grown so amorous that the little pleasure and less health which he had, proceeded from thence. Hardly had Nisa heard Pamphilus' resolution when in an extreme fury she said unto him, Ah perfidious traitor and barbarous enemy: without God, without faith, without love, without loyalty; is this that which thou owest unto heaven, to thy parents, to thy country and to the unfortunate and miserable Nisa? Who to deliver thee hath put herself into such great dangers? I knew well my most beloved Nisa, answered Pamphilus (embracing her) that this subtlety was necessary, for to make thee reveal thine; for thou governest thyself in such manner that before thou wouldst have otherwise plainly declared thyself

to me, I should have lost my wits, if not my life. Let go my arm, ungrateful wretch, said Nisa; use no more these subtleties, having discovered so much perfidious weakness; but wretch that I am, why do I complain? Seeing that he who forsaketh God doth not injure me in forsaking me: but in the end after many sorrowful complaints, his satisfactions had such virtue that her anger being overcome by her love, they remained friends, with more pleasure and firmness than ever, as it always happens between true lovers.

This day passed away, followed with many others, during which time they entered into deliberations of the means whereby they might recover their liberty; which seemed to them impossible in respect of the love which Ali Japha bore unto Nisa, as also in respect of the love which Fatima bore unto Pamphilus; for she having heard that he would be a Moor and that his uncle would marry her to him, favoured him, to Nisa's great grief who upon this jealousy was for the space of three months without any loving correspondence with him: Behold an unheard of story! Wherein is to be seen what a woman (who loveth) can effect; seeing she deceived the distrust of an old Moor, and brought all his house to that point that all things were governed by the only will of Pamphilus: who taking better counsel, whilst Ali Japha was gone to Taroudant where the king lay at that time, wrought so handsomely with Acha and Fatima that they would go into Spain with him, upon the remonstrance which he made to them that his love was certain and assured, and theirs deceitful, false and not to be believed: they were not hard to be persuaded, because they were women, Moors, and lovers; three things of a lesser resistance. So one fair night, having packed up all the best jewels they could find, they got all four to horseback, and Pamphilus being clad in the like apparel unto Nisa that thereby they might pass more surely, they came unto Ceuta, where being joyfully received by the General, he accommodated them with shipping for Lisbon. There he let Acha and Fatima understand that it was necessary for them to go to Rome, that the chief and holy Pope might receive them into the Church, and pardon them himself: all which they did the sooner to get out of Spain; they being contented to follow them wheresoever they would go, embarked themselves all together in a ship of Aragon, which had brought in wheat, and having a fair wind they arrived in Sicily, from whence because it was the year of Jubilee, they went all four in the habit of pilgrims to Rome. There Acha and Fatima were baptized: Acha was called Clementina (of his Holiness' name), and Fatima was called Hippolyta, from her godmother. The marriage was resting still, to be performed according to promise. But Pamphilus and Nisa entertained them always with hope, remonstrating unto them that it was not fit nor just that they should be married before they came unto their father's house. So after they had seen the great part of Italy and France, from thence they passed into Spain, where they thought that Nisa's parents' anger was by this time over,

for when thefts in love are not chastised upon the act in warm blood, they are always remitted with time. But having run a dangerous fortune in a miserable tartana into which they had embarked themselves at Villa Franca, and having been long beaten with a sore tempest, they finished their shipwreck within the sight of the walls of Barcelona, neither is known, whether Nisa and the Moors are alive or dead: but Pamphilus swimming attained unto a plank of the ship, and within a day after, being taken up by some Moors of Bizerta, they carried him to Constantinople where I saw him a captive, and where he told me what I have related."

Thus Nisa added to the truth to hide herself from Finia, knowing already by that which was related in the first Book, how she and Pamphilus were both taken up half drowned, one by the fishers and the other by captain Doricles, with their several successes in their peregrinations in Spain, until they met together amongst the madmen in the hospital of Valencia. Finia thanked her much for the news which she had told her of her brother, showing some grief for the death of Nisa; afterwards having concluded their return into Spain, they retired themselves together to Marseille, where they rested for some days, Finia believing always that Nisa was this Felix, whose name she had borrowed.

In the meantime, miserable Pamphilus suffered in prison with more rigorous pain than he did before, because that his fury increasing with his grief he was kept so much the more straitly, by how much he was thought to be the more mad. In the end Jacinth came to Valencia and being advertised by Pamphilus of his misfortune, he drew him out of the cage, and had him to his house, saying that his parents had sent him five hundred crowns of Castile to defray the charge of his cure at home. All those who remained in the hospital were sorry, because until that time, there was never seen a madman so wise, nor a wise man which did imagine so many follies. There did Pamphilus take again his ancient habit, and being departed from Jacinth and his sister, (in whom the wonderfulness of his story raised no less love than pity) took again the second time his way to Barcelona, where he was no sooner come but he was met and known, by one of those whom he had wounded in Montserrat: he was then the second time laid in prison in the same place where the two Germans his companions had remained until that time. A thing worthy of admiration in any understanding, that a man should not be able to find the clue whereby he might get out of so many labyrinths; from Barcelona to Valencia, and from Valencia to Barcelona, in journeying in a small part of his country, with more variable successes than Aeneas did in his voyage of Italy, or Ulysses in that of Greece. Pamphilus saw there his friends with great grief, and was received by them with great joy. And Finia and Nisa coming from Marseille little by little over the craggy mountains

which divide France from Spain, came unto Perpignan, where I leave them to their rest, attending the Fourth Book.

The End of the Third Book.

Book Four

Great is love amongst the gods, and amongst men marvellous says Phaedrus in Plato: Hesiod says that the two first things which were seen after the Chaos, were Love and the Earth. Parmenides says that it was engendered before the Gods; preferring it in knowledge to the father of the Muses: and in war, before the god of battles; making this argument, that, that which detains is greater than that which is detained; and that he is truly strong, who vanquishes the strong: he calls it the light of the understanding, and assures that, he lives only in darkness who is not lightened with its fire. And among other attributes, he calls it the God of Peace, the Father of Desire, and the Appetite of Good; in the presence of which the soul desires to be eternally: from whence it follows that love is a desire of immortality, which reconciles affections, gives goodwill, takes away hatred: of the nature of this love was that of our pilgrims, at the least Nisa's, who being with Finia departed from Perpignan, came with her into Barcelona, about that time when the sun having passed the middle of the day descends towards the West Indies. But fortune not yet weary with troubling and crossing them, showed her that the first travails were only to be feared in regard of those which were necessarily to follow: for as she entered with Finia into the city, a confused throng of people constrained them to stand in the middle of the street. Nisa was desirous to know upon what occasion such a world of people was assembled, and seeing an old man who related it unto others, with pity, she entreated him (out of courtesy) to tell her. It is (pilgrims my friends), said the old man, because there is a knight, a Castilian, going to have his head cut off for killing an officer of justice, who would have apprehended him upon suspicion of theft, which he had not done, near unto Montserrat, whether he was going in pilgrimage (as you peradventure may do). But besides the greatness of his crime, which is no less then rebellion, he was found to have in the hollow of his staff a sword longer then is permitted to be worn by the ordinances of this kingdom.

I am much grieved at it, answered Nisa, for many reasons; and principally, because he is a Castilian; for as you may perceive by my tongue this pilgrim and I are both Castilians: it would more grieve you (said the old man) if you saw his face and his proportion, accompanied with such youth that he doth not seem to be two and twenty years complete. Can you tell this knight's name, said Finia? One of my sons, said the old man, has been his Proctor, and he told me that he was

called Pamphilus de Luxan, born at Madrid, which is a city sufficiently known throughout all the world. With a pale and deadly countenance did the two pilgrims behold one another, and bursting into tears as from two fountains, they embraced and fell down together. The good old man wondering to see them thus suddenly oppressed, knew that this knight's name had pierced to their soul; and encouraging them as much as possibly he could, he retired them to the door of the next house, the better to avoid the throng of people which stayed at the rareness of the accident; Nisa and Finia, having some time bewailed the miserable Pamphilus, told the old man that he was their kinsman. Then came a man entering into the street, breaking through the press of the people with his horse: which moved Nisa to entreat the old man, to enquire what he was, and upon what occasion he made such haste through the company? Who being informed, and coming again, demanded a reward for the good news which he brought. Hath Pamphilus his pardon, said Finia? He whom you saw pass by, answered the old man, is a knight of Valencia, called Jacinth Centellas, who coming the other day into this town upon some occasion, knew Pamphilus, and withal understanding he was condemned to die, told the Viceroy that this criminal person was a madman, and but newly gotten out of the hospital of Valencia, as he offered to verify: whereupon the Viceroy and the Judge, willing to save this young man, suspended the execution of his judgement, and gave commission to this knight to bring proof of his affection; so much the rather believing his words by how much Pamphilus confessed his crime and desired to die, with an extreme grief: but the time expiring (which was given to Jacinth) for the verifying of Pamphilus' madness, he was going towards the place of his execution, and by the way, is met by Jacinth (as you have seen) who hath brought with him sufficient proof and an express command from the Viceroy that he shall be taken back again to Valencia.

This news revived Nisa and Finia, who having rested themselves there all that day went the next day to see him in the prison; at the entrance whereof they found, that for a madman he was taken out and set upon a mule, to be carried to Valencia. And even upon the instant that Pamphilus lifting up his eyes beheld his dear Nisa, and that she advanced herself to speak to him, came one of the servants and apprehended Nisa, and his companions seizing upon Finia put them both in prison: although Pamphilus cried out that she was his brother, for being accounted for a madman he was not hearkened to, but contrariwise because he passionately cast himself from his mule upon the ground, he was with much cruelty tied upon his mule's back, and with shrewd blows set forward in his way; their opinion of his madness being the more confirmed.

I cannot forbear wondering every time I think of this man's misfortunes! He came first to Barcelona to suffer at Valencia all those miseries which you have

formerly heard. And now it seems he returns that way again anew to begin the same pains. The cause of Finia's and Nisa's apprehension was that Nisa in regard of his apparel and of his short hair was thought to be a man, and being always in Finia's company, the Justice took hold of them out of a strong suspicion that they did live lewdly and incontinently together, a thing which is often covered under the cloak of pilgrimage, which makes it more odious and frequent in that country. Whatsoever might happen of it, Nisa would not reveal herself notwithstanding any fear of chastisement: but defending her cause as a man, denied that ever she had so much as spoken otherwise than with great honesty and modesty to Finia. Who accounting Nisa for a man, and believing certainly that she was the same Felix whom she feigned to be, with whose conversation and beauty she was charmed, confessed simply her desire (for the effect was impossible) and although the honesty of their conversation did appear by both their confessions, yet their beauty was a cruel witness against their innocence.

About this time came the afflicted Celio (by the mountains of France, the principal cities whereof he had sought for his beloved Finia) back to Barcelona, still continuing his quest, and only to inform himself if there were any pilgrims of Castile; and having understood that there were two prisoners but a few days before he went to see them, hoping to hear some news, if not of Finia, at least of the country. His fortune would that he should first meet with her before he saw his Sister Nisa, and being advertised that she had been taken with a young man, and laid up for the suspicion that was had of their dishonest love, he spoke to her through an iron grate, which separates the men's Prisons from the women's.

Is this O Finia, the confidence which I had of thy virtue so conformable to the nobleness of thy blood? Is it here (after having searched thee almost all France over, having measured step by step all the tedious plains and craggy mountains which did lead unto any place where there was either hope or likelihood to find thee, undergoing many notable dangers) that I should think to find thee in a public prison with a young man? Now are all my suspicions confirmed, and my reasons that I had to kill the Frenchman, for which I have suffered so many travails: Is this the recompense of so many evils, which for thy sake I have endured? Dost thou thus requite thy obligations to me? At the least this comfort I have, I may return into my country with full assurance that I shall not incur any infamy, neither in thy friend's opinion nor in mine own: for having left thee in this danger, and in those which will inevitably follow thee, seeing thou hast found another who accompanies thee, honours thee and defends thee. Think not, O ungrateful person, answered Finia in weeping, that I have ever offended thee, for thou canst not make me suffer so much that I would hazard that which thou hast cost me, for all the treasure of the world: thy jealousy made thee kill a man and leave me alone in such a place; the difficulty of getting away from whence,

considering my weakness, may seem a miracle. In my voyage I have met with this man, who no less innocent then chaste Joseph, suffers this unjust imprisonment for having been the most honest helper that I could have desired in thy absence, as thou may plainly see by the modesty of his countenance and his speech, if thou please to speak with him. To excuse thyself, answered Celio, in so notorious a crime, is to move me to greater anger, because thou may have failed as a woman, but to deny it to me and to say that thou hast not done it, is a most evident token that thou wilt deceive me either here or in thy own country (if ever thou return thither) therefore I do forbid thee for ever to dare to name me or to say thou ever knew me. So said Celio, and turning his back to Finia left her in the greatest grief that a woman could suffer; which is in these accidents to lose his presence under whose protection she lives: especially when it seems to her that she cannot hope for any other remedy or succour. Celio hiding the tears which he shed in going away, and consulting with the fury of his jealousy, and his rage for the injury which he did think he had received, concerning the revenge which he should take, waited for Nisa's enlargement, that he might kill him. The judges although that the prisoner's innocence did sufficiently appear, yet would not give them liberty to return together (for those do seem to permit the evil, which do not forbid the occasion) but retired Finia into a house and commanded Nisa whom they called Felix, that that day he should leave the city of Barcelona. Nisa went then late in the evening out of the town, and far from thinking that her brother waited to kill her, believing her to be the man with whom Finia had so irreconcilably offended him: and the darkness of the evening with the disguise of man's apparel which Nisa wore deprived Celio's eyes, (already blinded with anger) from discerning her to be his sister Nisa, into whose body he twice thrust his sword, and had absolutely killed her if some passengers upon the way at that time had not, not only hindered him, but also apprehended him and put him in prison.

The miserable Nisa, who then began to have a greater feeling of her suffered miseries, was carried to an honourable citizen's house of great compassion and charity, who having given order for her dressing and found that her wounds were not mortal, pursued Celio so eagerly in justice, informing the judges of the crime which he himself had seen him commit, that the third day after he was condemned to death. Celio alleged in his defence that Finia was his lawful wife, and that having found her imprisoned with this young man for suspicion of incontinency, he did not think that he had done evil if he had killed them both. Whereupon they ordered that Finia should be imprisoned again; but she having some notice thereof, prevented it by flight.

On the other side, Pamphilus coming to Valencia recovered his liberty by Jacinth's means; with an extreme contentment to Tiberia, unto whom Pamphilus

giving thanks for the care which she had of him, raised in her a thousand hopes which his absence and misery had killed. He took leave of her with many fair and amorous words, and returning to Barcelona, went to seek for his dear Nisa in the prison wherein he had seen her shut when he went away as a madman. But when he found Celio there in her place, in such extreme danger of his life, from whom (informing him of the cause of his misfortune) he was told all the injury which Finia had done him with a pilgrim, whom he had wounded, whereby he came to know that this man whom Celio out of jealousy would have killed was his own sister Nisa. And with the grief of so unhappy a news, Pamphilus cried out; O cruel Celio, thou hast taken away the life of thy own sister, and my dear wife, whom under this habit accompanied my fortunes: and it may be also my sister Finia, for whose sake thou hast unjustly killed Nisa. I am Pamphilus thy enemy, unto whom (not knowing of me) thou didst recite the story of thy fortunes, who have already pardoned the injury which thou hast done to my honour in ravishing away Finia, having consideration of the injury which I did thee in leading away Nisa.

With less grief would Celio have heard the sentence of his death, than the relation which Pamphilus made; for he remained so astonished and silent as if he had been taken out of prison to go to execution. He would have justified his innocence, but being not able to utter one word, he remained dumb, and his hands and his feet without any motion made him appear as one insensible. Pamphilus as almost mad, left him in the prison, and going up and down to enquire for Nisa, he was accounted for a madman by all those who saw him, for they did remember that for a madman he was saved, being condemned to die. Pamphilus having been three or four times at Jacinth's house; love, to work the greater confusion, had augmented his sister Tiberia's desires; who (as you have heard) cast her eyes upon Pamphilus' beauty: he overcome with the good turns, and pitiful care which she had of his misfortunes, had not rigorously entreated her thoughts: she, when this last time she saw him return to Barcelona, and that neither her prayers nor entreaties could stay him; wrote to her brother (who did accompany him in his journey) how that Pamphilus, out of the lustful courage of an ungrateful guest, had so far forgotten himself as to make love to her, and that she, yielding to his persuasions had embarked herself with more sure gauges, than, without the bonds of marriage, did fit either with her honour or the reputation of either of them.

Jacinth, angry at this evil correspondence and ungrateful acknowledgement of his friendship, good turns and hospitality, sought Pamphilus as earnestly as he sought Nisa, and having found him, led him out of the town upon the shore side, where he showed him his sister's letter: afterwards (setting his hand on his sword) he said he would wish him to draw his sword: now to offend him, that sword

which formerly he had at Valencia, drawn in his defence, although a treacherous fellow as he was did not deserve to have his sword measured with his. The innocent pilgrim excused himself, entreating him to let him search out Nisa, whom (he said) he had heard was sore wounded, and that he would not upon the lies and indiscretion of a despised woman hinder him in this business which did so nearly concern him as did the search for his dear wife, who was in danger of losing her life; and that he himself was the most assured witness to how much pain, labour and danger Nisa had cost him; and only thoughts of whom had kept him from taking pleasure in any other thing. These excuses did not satisfy Jacinth, because the opinion which he had concealed of his sister Tiberia's virtues did darken in his understanding the light of all Pamphilus' reason: who out of the many obligations against his honour and condition, suffered Jacinth's injurious words. But in the end, seeing him threaten him with his sword in his hand, calling him base coward, runagate, and many other insupportable insolences, he drew his sword to slay his enemies and with a point nimbly running upon him, overthrew him to the ground, if not dead, yet at least so near dead that he seemed so. Pamphilus most grievously detesting his most outrageous fortune, took him in his arms and carried him into the town, the one shedding his blood and the other his tears; and finding strong life in him, he persuaded him of the truth of his innocence, leaving him at a church door (whither the people flocked apace to see him, knowing that he was wounded). And without inquiring any further of Nisa, he went once again out of Barcelona, although much more sad; for he left his best friend whom he had sorely wounded with his own hand, and his dearest friend near the hands of death.

Iber so called of Iberia, an ancient river of that kingdom (sometimes very rich) not far from that place where Scipio vanquished the Carthaginians, and as Titus Livius affirms, joined Spain to the Roman Empire, running from two fountains, bathes the fields of the Cantabrians and the Celtiberians, taking its name from the Celts which came out of France, and from the province of Iberia, no less rich and fruitful than those which of the same name are called Iberian, near the mountain Caucasus, having abundance of gold within their veins. This famous flood, according to Pliny, rises near to the ancient Iuliobriga, and after many windings and turnings comes to wash the walls of Sallibinum, which Caesar called Caesar Augustus, and the injury of times Saragossa.

At the course of these crystalline waters Pamphilus stayed his flight, sitting down upon the bank of the river, which began to swell with his tears, so pitiful to behold, that the very winds did seem to condole with him in his complaints by their doleful noise, amongst the leaves of the trees, and the birds warbling out their woes. There was not anything of life which had not some show of sorrow with him, unless it were the fishes, which being dumb did not put forth their

heads out of their clear waters at the importunity of other voices, yet their silence did seem to join with him in sorrow. Is it possible said he, that the fear of losing this unprofitable life should have more power over me than the duties which I owe to my birth and to my mistress? How comes it to pass that not to lose a thing, so vile in my eyes, so heavy to my soul and so grievous to my suffering, I have lost the most esteemed of my understanding, the most honoured of my memory and the most adored of my will? It is thou fair Nisa, who over the sharp mountains of Toledo didst courageously follow my steps, from their highest tops even to the sands of the Spanish Sea: thou art she, who in the battle of Ceuta didst bitterly bewail my captivity: art not thou o my dear Nisa she who under the habit of a Moor and under the name of Hassan Rubin, drew me from the Kingdom of Fez, and from the captivity of Sali Morata? Wert not thou cast away with me at sea, in our return from Italy within the view of Barcelona's walls, and whom the sea cast up on the shore, as unworthy to possess so rich a pearl? Didst not thou live afterwards a long time amongst the madmen as deprived of thy reason, with the very grief of my Death? Didst not thou suffer new shipwreck at Marseille? And finally wounded by thy jealous brother lie now in a strange country, either sick or dead? Seeing all this is so, how can I apprehend the least notion of leaving thee? Where is my courage, or am I not Pamphilus of Luxan? Is this the virtuous blood of those valiant governors, who so nobly defended the walls of Madrid from the Moors of Toledo? It is not possible! I am not myself, my misfortunes have changed me into something else. To be in love and to be a coward is a manifest contrariety: yet to deny that I love is to say the sun is darkness and the night light, especially since I cannot say but that I have seen Nisa. But seeing I do confess that I have seen her, how can I say but that I love her? And if I love her, how can I leave her? And if I have left her, wherefore do I live?

So did Pamphilus accuse himself for having left Nisa for any danger; no more nor no less than as one who travailing upon the way remembers something of importance which he had forgotten at home, breaking off from his discourse and from his company, turns back again to his lodging where he thinks he shall never come time enough; with the same haste Pamphilus makes his way back again to Barcelona, from which both in haste and fear he had departed. A strong chain of lovers, which tied to their desired beauty, shortens itself by the force which lengthens it, until it returns to its centre. Beauty without doubt, which lifting up the vapours of the lovers' eyes, seems to draw unto itself the very weighty and earthy part, despite all resistance made by the natural weight, and as the sun oftentimes converts into burning beams the humour which is concealed in the clouds, so beauty converts into fire all the tears and sadness of lovers.

Few leagues had Pamphilus journeyed from the famous colony of the Romans when as going down a hill, it being so late that the sun had left no light in the west, but as it were a golden girdle; which environing the horizon did seem as a crown unto the neighbouring night: he heard a voice grievously complaining in a meadow, which shadowed with high rocks, was very dark.

The courageous pilgrim went into it, and saw a man lying upon the grass amongst the trees which were watered with a fresh brook, of whom demanding the cause of his complaint, he entreated him to come to him, if he desired to know, before he yielded up his soul, caused by three mortal wounds which were made in his body. Pamphilus approached him although with some distrust, and lifting him up leaned his head against a tree. I am a knight, said the wounded man; treacherously murdered by his hands who hath received most good turns from me; there is a monastery in these fields which is not far from hence, if thou canst carry me on thy shoulders thither, thou shalt bee the Aeneas of my soul, and I the Anchises, saved peradventure from the eternal fire which I have merited. Pamphilus laid down his palmer's staff (oh how hurtful it is to leave one's weapons upon any occasion whatsoever) taking him in his arms; and remembering that he had so carried Jacinth, he thought to himself, that seeing he was come to carry others to the grave, he was not far from thence himself: and comforted himself with this, that if he were not Death himself, he was yet his bier. So journeying towards the monastery with the wounded man, who with broken speeches interrupted by his approaching death, recited the cause thereof. The pilgrim being come to the gate, and seeing by the clear light of the moon, in the front thereof, the image of our Blessed Lady the Virgin, said to the wounded man that he should recommend his soul whilst he knocked at the gate. At whose knocking the porter being come, and informed by the pilgrim of the accident, answered that with like dissimulation, certain bandoleers of Jara had one night robbed the monastery, and for that cause he could not open the gate without the superior's license. Pamphilus entreated him to dispatch: but there being a long garden between the monastery and cell, before he could return the knight died in his arms.

Pamphilus looked pale, dismayed with the accident, and almost as dead as he, and encouraging him to this fearful and sharp passage, laid a cross of two myrtle boughs on his stomach. Instantly he heard a troop of horse, whose masters being divided into divers paths, did seek for the dead man. By their words and their diligence, the pilgrim knew their design, and calling them, showed them him whom they sought for, telling them how he had found him. Amongst them was his brother, who seeing Pamphilus bloody, and in a pilgrim's habit (which is enough to make an honest man suspected) cried out, Oh thou Castilian traitor, thou hast murdered him to rob him. And at the very instant, the same friend who

had killed this poor knight, and who the better to cover his treason, accompanying the brother, took hold of the pilgrim's arm: thou robber and infamous assassin, what hath made thee murder the noblest knight in this country? Sirs, replied Pamphilus, I found him in a meadow hard by, bewailing his death, which he said was wrought by the hand of one whom he did account his best friend: and out of compassion and at his entreaty, I brought him to this monastery, where he departed this life in my arms. But Tansiles (who was the traitor which had killed him) fearing lest the pilgrim might discover something which he might have heard from the dying man concerning his treason, pulling out a pistol from the pommel of his saddle, gave fire and aimed it directly at his head. Yet heaven not permitting that it should go off (for saints and angels do always assist the innocent) the pilgrim lived. O let him live said Tirsus, (so was the dead man's brother called) for it is much better, that keeping him in prison he may confess his own crime: and whether he killed him for to rob him, or whether some enemy of my brother Godfrey's did not hire him to murder him. The traitor answered to Tirsus and to the others who did accompany him, that blood (yet warm) of his friend would not suffer him to delay his revenge so long. Yet all their opinions prevailing against his: the innocent Pamphilus was bound hand and foot on a horse, and dead Godfrey laid on another. It is a just judgment, said Pamphilus (by the way) for my leaving of Nisa wounded, and Jacinth almost dead. Do you not hear, said Tirsus? Without doubt this Nisa is the woman for whose sake he hath committed this murder, and Jacinth some friend who led my brother to the place. All of them believed what Tirsus said, and the traitor Tansiles interpreted Pamphilus' despair in such sort, that everyone believed that Pamphilus did speak of Godfrey's death.

They led him into no town as he thought they would, but to a grange house, about half a league from the monastery, the gate whereof was between two towers. Tirsus knocked, and a servant answered: tell my mother and sisters (said he) that I have brought my brother Godfrey dead, and his murderer with him. Instantly he heard a great cry in the hall of the house, by which Pamphilus did know that fortune prepared a great deal of evil for him: Nevertheless desiring to die, he resolved not to defend his life with his tongue, which he could not do with his arms. Someone opened the door of the house, and with candles lighted the miserable mother with her daughters and servants received her dead son. Some howling and crying carried him into the hall, others ran upon poor Pamphilus, tearing his beard and pulling him by the hair of the head, and almost stunned him with blows. With this good entertainment he was lodged this night in one of the towers, having his body laden with irons, yet he was heard to utter no words but only that he deserved this and more for forsaking Nisa. All this night nothing was heard but cries and complaints for Godfrey, and the time which was not

employed in this funereal exercise they spent in talking of Nisa and what she should be, whom their prisoner had so often in his mouth.

The light of the morning, which very slowly enters into prisons, brought day to Pamphilus, not in waking him who had not slept, but in advertising his soul of his approaching death, the certain news whereof he would willingly have welcomed with gifts: when as the prison door being open, he saw Godfrey's mother and sisters enter, demanding of him in great passion and choler, wherefore he had killed her son? But he answering, only for Nisa's sake am I reduced to this misery, they began to beat him with such rage that they left him almost dead; and shutting the prison, they resolved to famish him to death. But whilst about noon, the dead body was carried to burial, with lights, mourning and funeral company of his parents and friends: Flerida his youngest sister, mollified with Pamphilus' complaints, were it that his countenance did enforce her to believe his innocence, or that some other secret sympathy inclined her to have pity of his life, went to the prison, and by the keyhole said thus to him: unfortunate pilgrim, do not afflict thyself, for I will free thee despite my mother and my brothers; who art thou, said Pamphilus who promises life when there is nothing but heaven which can give it me? I am Flerida (answered she) one of Godfrey's sisters who do promise it to thee, afflicted with thy grief out of the assurance I have in my own imagination of thy innocence.

I swear unto thee by God said Pamphilus, that going in the night through a meadow I found thy brother wounded unto death, as he told me by one whom he did reckon to be his best friend; I took him on my shoulders, and carried him to the monastery, where he died in my arms before the gate was opened: I do not desire to live, but the care which I have of another's life more than mine own makes me seek my liberty contrary to my desire; if thou canst procure me it, I am a knight, and of a family from which ungrateful man nor traitor ever sprang: thou shalt do a heroic deed worthy of an illustrious lady, and though I should never merit it, yet heaven will not fail to acknowledge it. Flerida had not need of so many reasons, who was virtuous and so well disposed to free him, that she would hazard a thousand lives to give it to him. And (as aptly it served) those which were gone to accompany her brother's body to the grave, not being able to return speedily (as well in regard of the distance of the place, as in respect of the pomp of the funeral, which lasted nine days) gave her opportune means to open the planks on the top of the prison, thereby letting him down some vittles: all her other sisters, her mother and the servants only entered to torment him, they seeing him live, not knowing wherewith he did sustain himself, anger, indignation and cruelty increased so far in them that they resolved to kill him, before Tirsus' return from the obsequies of his brother. But Flerida the same night gave him such strong files, that the fetters, staples and locks being cut asunder,

and he being fastened to a cord, she drew him up by that hole which she had made by removing the planks; & all the household being in their dead sleep, she opened the gates: afterwards, with honest embraces, shedding some tears and with many jewels which she did constrain him to take, she was departing from him, when he casting himself at her feet, with the humblest words he could speak, promising to repay her this good turn with an immortal remembrance; and if that ever she had occasion to come into Castile, she should enquire for a knight of Madrid called Pamphilus of Luxan, that she might be assured she should not return without due thanks and acknowledgements for so perfect an obligation.

Pamphilus knowing that to proceed further in the quest of Nisa was to resist the will of heaven, which had opposed him in it with so many rigorous successes, went to Saragossa; resolving from thence to travel into Castile. If thou didst not possess O Nisa (said he to himself as he went along) all my thought, and if thou didst not hold as much place in my body as my soul does, which is all in every part; who would doubt, but Flerida should be now mistress of my will? O how powerful are good turns in apt occasions, seeing that the firmness of love which could not be moved with such painful travails, such fearful shipwrecks and with such cruel captivities and imprisonments, with one good turn alone in an opportune time, is shaken, if not mastered; at least the roof, if not the walls; and although the foundation be firm yet the windows and other ornaments do shake: let not those which shall hear this be displeased with him; for this was not so much a change from the love of Nisa, as a feeling of Flerida's goodwill: and as there is nobody so solid which the sun sometime doth not pierce, so there is no love so firm but that the first motions thereof may shake.

Pamphilus so by long travail came to Saragossa, and would not enter into it before it was dark night, for fear he might be followed or met by someone whom he knew: and very early in the morning departed from thence and by unused paths, from pasture to pasture, and from mountain to mountain, he endeavoured to shun the great highway, fearing that Flerida's brother might make pursuit after him. In the end, wearied with the sharpness of the mountains and the austerity of the life which he was constrained to lead, he resolved one night to lie in some place where he might be better accommodated than in these deserts, and entering into a city which divides the two kingdoms, he enquired for a lodging. But nobody being willing to entertain him, seeing him so evilly apparelled, his feet bloody, his face tanned, his hair knotted and shagged, he went to the hospital, the last refuge of misery. Pamphilus found the gates open at that time, but without light, and asking the cause, he was told that in regard of a strange noise which every night was there heard, which had happened ever since the death of a stranger who came thither to lodge, nobody had dwelt there; yet he might (as they said) enter in if he would, for he should find there a man of holy life in a

little chapel, who endured for the honour of God all those illusions, and who would show him a place where he might lie without danger. Pamphilus then entered into a dark obscure place, and after some few steps saw a great way off a dim light of a lamp, to which place he addressed himself, and called the holy man. What wouldst thou have, thou wicked spirit? answered the holy man. Thou dost mistake me said Pamphilus, I am a pilgrim, who endeavours to seek a lodging for this night. Then he opened the door, where Pamphilus saw a man of a middle stature and age, with a long beard and hair, a gown of coarse cloth down to his ankles. The chapel was little with an old altar, the base whereof did serve him for his bed: he had a stone for his pillow, his staff for his companion, and a death's head for his looking-glass.

How durst thou come into this place, said he to the pilgrim, did no man advertise thee of the disquiet lodging which is here? I have been told it, answered the pilgrim, but I have suffered so much labour in my travels, so much cruelty in imprisonments, so many heavy misfortunes and cold entertainments, that no disquiet can be new to me. The poor man then lighted a candle at the lamp which burned before the altar, and without saying anything commanded the pilgrim to follow him; he went through a garden, which lay wild as a forest or wilderness, where having showed him a part of the house, amongst some cypress trees he unlocked the door of a chamber, and said to him, seeing thou art young and accustomed to travails, enter here: make the sign of the cross and be not dismayed nor astonished, but sleep; Pamphilus took the candle, and setting it on a stone which lay there, bade his host good night and shut the door.

There was a bed in the chamber good enough to rest on, especially for a man who hath lain so many nights on the ground: this invited him to unclothe himself, and taking one of the shirts which Florida at his departure had given him, he put it on and got into the bed. Hardly had he revolved in his imagination the confusion of his life, a thing which often (the body being at rest) is represented to the mind, when as sleep which is truly called the image and brother of Death, possessed his senses with that force which it is accustomed to use on weary pilgrims. All that part, which the sun abandons when it goes down to the Indies was in a deep silence, when the noise of some horses awaked Pamphilus. He thought he was stirring (as many times happens to travellers) and that his bed did move as if a ship or a horse was to carry him. Nevertheless remembering that he was in the hospital, and the causes for which it was uninhabitable, he opened his eyes. He saw horsemen enter by two and two into the chamber, who lighting torches which they had in their hands at the candle which he had left burning by him, they cast them against the ceiling of the chamber, where they stuck fast with their bottoms upward and their tops downwards, which dropped down burning flames on his bed and on his clothes. He covered himself as well as possibly he could,

leaving a little hole to look out that he might see whether his bed did burn or no; when as instantly he saw the flames go out, and that on a table which was in the corner of the chamber, four of them were playing at primero. They passed, discarded, and set up money as if they had truly played: so long till at length they debating upon a difference, they fell into quarrel in the chamber, which made such a noise with clashing of swords that the miserable Pamphilus called on (for help) our Lady of Guadalupe, which was only left (of all the shrines in Spain) unvisited, although it were in his own country of Toledo. Because holy places near to one are many times left unvisited out of a hope which is had, that they might be visited at any time. Nevertheless the clattering of the swords and all other noise for the space of half an hour ceased, and he was all of a sweat out of the very fear he had; yet no sooner was he well satisfied to see himself in their absence at some rest, not thinking that they would come again, when instantly he felt that the bed and the clothes were pulled away from him by the outermost corners: and he saw at the same time, a man come in with a torch in his hand lighted, followed by two others, the one with a great brazen basin, and the other sharpening a little knife. Then began he to tremble, and all his hair stood on end, he would have spoken but he was not able. When they were near him, he who held the torch put it out, and Pamphilus thinking that they would kill him, and that the basin was to receive his blood, put his hands forth against the knife, and felt that they laid hold of him; he gave a great cry, and the torch instantly kindled again: and he saw himself between two great mastiff dogs, who held him fast in their teeth. Jesus! cried out Pamphilus, at which name all these fantastic illusions vanished away, leaving him so weary and so affrighted with their company that he would not stay there any longer: but going out into the garden by which he was entered, he went to the chamber of the good hermit, who seeing him so pale, weak and naked opened him the door, and said to him; have your hosts here given you an evil night's lodging? So ill, said Pamphilus, that I have not rested all night, and yet I have left them my clothes to pay for it. The good man received him as well as he could; telling him how many others with like success had been so used, and many other discourses, wherewith he passed away the night until morning.

Those who do not know the nature, quality and condition of spirits, will account this history a fable: wherefore I do not think it unfit to advertise them that there are some, fallen from the lowest choir of angels, who despite the essential pain, which is the eternal privation from the sight of God, suffer less pain than the other, as not having so much sinned. And those are of such nature that they cannot much hurt men, but do take pleasure to displease them; with frightings, noises, rumours, subtleties and such like other things which they do in the night in houses, which thereby they make altogether uninhabitable, not being able

otherwise to hurt but by these foolish and ridiculous effects, limited and bound by the almighty power of God. These the Italians call fairies, the Spaniards elves and the French hobgoblins; of whose mockery and sports William Tota speaks in his book War of the Devils, calling them devils of the least noble hierarchy. Cassian writes that in Norway they possess highways, play with passenger, and do hire themselves out for wages as servants. Jerome Manchy reports of a spirit which was in love with a young man, served him, solicited him in divers forms and stealing money bought him many things wherein he delighted. Michel Psello makes six kinds of these spirits: fiery, airy, earthy, watery, subterranean and fire flying spirits: in all which authors one may see, their properties, their illusions, and their remedies.

The light of day, which is the amiable and illustrious daughter of heaven, and the only guide of mortals, did sufficiently assure Pamphilus that now he need not any more to fear the evil infestation of the spirits: then waking this good man, they both rose, and went together to the chamber where Pamphilus lay: but entering in to see the stir that was made the last night, they found the bed, Pamphilus' clothes and all other things in the same place where they had laid, without any appearance that they had been stirred. Whereat Pamphilus being ashamed, with haste made himself ready without speaking a word, and thinking that this good hermit would account him for a great liar and a man of weak courage, departed from him, and thence took his way towards Guadalupe without once daring to turn his head towards the city, vowing to himself never to come into it again upon any occasion whatsoever should happen, if he were not assured to find his Nisa there.

There are two hills in the confines of the mountain of Morena, which as two strong walls environ the town and monastery of Guadalupe, with so many fountains which run from the rocks into the bottom of the valley, so much fruit and so much grain of all sorts that it seems Nature knowing that which should happen, had destined this place from the beginning of the world to build this palace to the princess of heaven. The pilgrim being come thither and having adored the Virgin, visited the temple and paid his vow: as he went back again down the stairs, at that time of the year when the sun is equally distant between the two Poles; he met a passenger going towards the temple, who earnestly beholding him asked him if he had not known either there or in any other place, a pilgrim of Madrid called Pamphilus, who lately was in Aragon. Pamphilus, troubled with this demand and fearing that he was sought after with some warrant from the justice for Godfrey's death, turned back and fled towards the temple; but the Aragonese by some tokens which were given him, and by his sudden flight, presuming that it was he, followed him and courteously calling him said, stay knight; I am not come to apprehend you, neither doth the privilege of this place

permit any man to be arrested prisoner here. It is only a letter from a young lady called Flerida, which I bring you: see thereby what I am, and for what occasion I seek you. Pamphilus then staying took the letter, and having opened it, found the contents as follows:

To the Pilgrim of Madrid:
Thou thyself O Pamphilus may judge in what care thou left me, if thou hast had never so little thought of me since thou left me. And now as well to satisfy myself as to know how thy misfortunes are determined, have I sent this messenger to you. My brothers being returned and missing thee in the prison where they had left thee, witnessed more sorrow for thy departure then for my brother Godfrey's death. But a few days after, a woman of the country falling out with another, amongst other words (which choler provoked, a thing ordinary amongst women) said she was the cause of Godfrey's death. Being thereupon taken, and having confessed that Tansiles killed him out of jealousy, he was apprehended, and the crime being verified, the third day after he had his head cut off. My mother and my brother being now assured of thy innocence doe bewail their hard usage towards thee, and have made great search to find thee. If thou wilt return, they will redeem the injury of thy unjust Imprisonment with embraces and kind usage, and thou shalt thereby pay me for the desire which I continually have of thy welfare, and for the tears which thou hast cost me.

The pilgrim wondered at Tansiles' strange fate, and was something moved in his mind with Flerida's loving desires: but fearing to offend Nisa, he satisfied the messenger as well as he could, giving him the jewels which Flerida had given him, entreating that he would secretly deliver them, together with a most kind letter to her, which he presently wrote, and so the same day dispatched away the messenger, who went his way very joyful that he had in so short a time so happily dispatched his business: for Flerida not thinking he could easily find him, had commanded him to search him in every house where pilgrims were used to lodge throughout all Spain. I do here remember that I heard Pamphilus say, after he had retired himself to covert from the storm of his fortunes, that he never in all his life found anything so difficult as to resist Flerida's desire, for besides the obligations wherein he stood tied, which were very great and no less than for his life, she was most perfectly fayre; yet he continued his loving friendship by letters, not only with her but with her brothers also, until that she being married with a knight of Andalucia was carried into the Indies.

Ten times had the sun circled heaven in the time of the year when as Astrea doth equal the balances of the Equinoctial, when Pamphilus journeying night and day through deserts and unknown ways found himself one morning when the day began to smile on him at the side of craggy mountains, oppressed both with

weariness and hunger, and much more with the remembrance of Nisa, where sitting at the foot of an oak beholding the solitariness of the fields and the murmuring of the little brooks which fell precipitately from the mountain, he heard a flute played upon, to the sound whereof turning his eyes, he saw a man sitting between two rocks amidst a flock of sheep, which seemed to leave their feeding to hearken to his music.

But Pamphilus having other discourses in his head went to him, and wishing health to him, (which he could not obtain for himself) and courteously again saluted by the shepherd, who having nothing that savoured of rustiness but his apparel, made him know in a few reasons his understanding; and the other quickly discerned in the pilgrim that he had more need of meat than discourse. Wherefore getting fire out of two laurel sticks which for that purpose he carried with him, they poorly fed of that which Fabio (for so was this shepherd called) had willingly dressed, the ground serving them for a table, the grass for napkins, and bubbling brooks for their drink and music. They passed away the best part of the day in telling their adventures: and when it grew night, they retired themselves into a little village, whether Fabio led Pamphilus to keep his master's oxen, who was a farmer of a grange which Nisa's father had in the mountains. Pamphilus was glad of this condition, hoping that by this means he might with time have news of his mistress. By the way Pamphilus entreated Fabio to relate the cause of his retiring into this place, who although that this request brought to his mind a great deal of grief and passion, yet after some sighs he shortly told him that he was borne in Biscay, and descended of most noble parents who were careful to fit him in his youth with qualities answerable to his birth, wherein he profited so well, that he neither raised discontentment in his parents nor shame to his tutors; but after growing more ripe in years, and incited with the courageous heat of youth. In those times, when the English with their warlike ships ravaged along our coasts, as well of Spain as the islands, and oftentimes with their desperate resolutions made themselves masters of our Indian gold, I put myself to sea in one of the King's armadas, as well with an intent to gain honour by my valour, as experience in those services, thereby to be the abler to serve my country wherein I was so fortunate (because I will not say too much) that I got command myself, and by taking and executing two or three of those pirates was in a fair way both of grace with the King, and renown in the world, when my eyes were the instruments whereby the most excellent and admirable beauty of Albiana captivated my heart so powerfully that all other courses set apart, I was enforced to give myself wholly to her service, wherein after some small time, I had so happy a progression, that she did confess she was obliged by my perseverance, and by the opinion which the world held of me, to esteem of me and of my service: thus happily in her favour I spent some time, until it fortune

some English slaves which I had, endeavouring to make an escape but by my soldiers and mariners prevented, I inflicted a cruel punishment on them, bound thereunto by that common policy which exacts from masters, a severe hand over their mutinous slaves; especially I used it towards one, who more eminent then the rest, as well in regard of his person as that he was a chief author of their attempt, which Albiana with most earnest prayers to me sought to divert, were it out of a pitiful compassion, ordinary in most women, or that she took any special liking to him. But I having more care at that time to execute my rage, then mindful of her importunity, (which I did not think would have turned to that consequence) for example sake, which as it is powerful, so is it most necessary, especially amongst men of our profession, who serve ourselves with multitudes of them, persevered in having him soundly punished. Whereat she discontented, though with little show thereof, underhand wrought such means by her friends at court, before I imagined any such thing, that the slave was by messenger from the Duke of Lerma, and by warrant under the King's hand fetched from me, and the next day she did let me know that any denial to a woman effects her hatred; for she sent me a letter wherein she said I was a cruel monster, and that she was so far from loving and esteeming me, that she would ever hate my barbarous nature, and she wondered that any valour could be lodged where cruelty had such a habitation; to conclude she told me that I should never come in her sight, nor be where she might hear of my name. How grievous this was to me gentle sir may easily be guessed if you knew the extremity of my love, which was so much that I presently without the knowledge of any of my friends took such order as I could with my command, and retired myself into these desert places, where I am resolved under this disguised habit to end my days; seeing that Albiana will have it so, who whether her complaints were just or no, or whether they but serve to colour her inconstancy, shall be always loved and truly obeyed by me, to whom only this comfort is left: that though life hath left me, death will take me. Before Fabio had finished this short discourse, they had discovered the village where Alfesibus did keep Nisa's father's cattle, in the best house of the village, which for a country house was a fair one. Alfesibus received Pamphilus, and informed by Fabio of his intent he agreed with him for wages; and after an evil supper and a worse lodging he passed the night miserably. And when morning appeared, Pamphilus went after his oxen to the solitary fields, where he lived some time free from the confused noises of the cities, with a good leisure to meditate on his adventures.

In the meantime Nisa healed of her wounds and knew that she had received them from her own brother out of jealousy which he had conceived against her for Finia. And entreating her good host that he would have pity on her blood, by both their means his pardon and liberty was obtained, the one soliciting, and the other

forbearing the prosecution. One of the wounds which Nisa had received was in her left side, and as in the dressing it could not be avoided but that she was known to be a woman, although she had conjured her host to keep it secret from his family, yet it was impossible: because that his son Thesander unhappily one day was at her dressing and transported so into his mind the wounds which she had in her body, that within a few days, he fell sick by force of this continual thought, not being able to receive into his imagination any thought, but the desire of this beauty. For all the heaven of love moves between these two poles, imagination and desire. And then his body is as full of imaginary and fantastic figures as the astrologer's globe. Thesander did all that he could to divert himself from this thought, and as evils are healed by their contraries, he proposed to his eyes other objects, and other cares to his imaginations: But as art is made out of many experiences which were wanting to Thesander, he rather found the evil than the remedy. For it is impossible that young men should know much, because that to be wise requires experience, and that is gotten with time.

Nisa was much grieved at Thesander's passion, although he had never spoken to her about it. But as he which is amorous so often speaks as he looks on that which he loves, she easily read in his looks the depth of his thoughts; and willing to disabuse him so, that not being understood by others, she might let him understand the vanity of his love, one night after she was healed, being entreated by all the company, she sang these verses following:

I wot not what is love, nor yet his flame,
 Nay more, to know it I have not the mind:
 In others, twill suffice a man may find,
 The woes this tyrant in their souls doth frame.
 That I for him do sigh he cannot say,
 He masters not my will, that bideth free:
 His bad and my good nature disagree,
 And free, me from his empire's laws for aye.
 To cast his darts elsewhere, I him require,
 My heart (as rocks of brass) doth scorn his might:
 Let him not grieve, I from him take my flight,
 Because I am all ye, and he all fire.

But they rather increased the fire which was too much kindled in Thesander's soul, who taking the lute from Nisa answered her with these verses, which he had conceived in his mind the night before.

The great God's supreme power to deny,
 Unto my soul as rashness I do hold:

This to deny with truth I may be bold:
Mine evil, nor yet myself I can destroy.
My knowledge, love hath ravished whom you blame,
I think he hath no might nor yet discretion:
If I be thus tormented for confession.
You that deny his power feel not the same.
He makes the widest breach in strongest brass,
From coldest ice, he greatest fire can draw:
Not one can fight him; for none ever saw,
Ought else his shafts in swiftness to surpass.

Very aptly might Nisa at that time have revenged the motions which Pamphilus had to agree to Florida's will: if love had been a spirit (as some have believed) which might have told them to her.

But it was not just that so rare a faith should be spotted with any infamy. Thesander's love in the meantime, springing from this first spark and increased by Nisa's resistance, like a fire which a little water makes more violent; or like palm trees growing most, when a weight is laid on them.

Nisa waxed strong and walked abroad, when desperate Thesander revealed himself to a physician, who encouraged him either to manifest his evil or else as the best remedy, against his love to work from his imagination this deep melancholy, and to divert it by some honest exercise, and that the courage of the practiser is the first matter on which the heavens imprint the form of their succours, for as much as their favour is not obtained by womanish prayers and vows but by the vigorous actions of men, agreeing to which the Greek adage says that the Gods do sell their blessings unto men, in exchange of their labours. Thesander was animated by these counsels, but finding that divisions were weak remedies against the splendour of Nisa's beauty, fell into a relapse, and grew so weak that he was constrained to reveal the cause of his sickness. The pitiful father who was already informed of Nisa's quality conjured her with tears to be mistress of his wealth, and marry his son, of whose sickness there was no other remedy: Nisa admiring at the several ways whereby fortune sought to separate her from Pamphilus, revealed then to the good old man the whole history of her life, and laid before him all the impossibilities which did excuse her from satisfying so many courtesies; the chiefest whereof was, in his willingness to admit her to the highest degree of honour and affection that was possible for him to do, she being a stranger, and in such an indecent habit, for a woman fit to be his son's wife. By this means she satisfied the father: but poor Thesander was so desperate that falling into greater extremity, he was at the last point of his life; like unto trees whose boughs do not lose their greenness until that their humour

which doth quicken them do absolutely fail, because that hope is the radical moisture which doth keep us alive, and is to us as oil to our fire. Nisa seeing that Thesander was for her sake upon the point of losing his life, and she herself had not now lived, but out of his father's pity, was exceedingly perplexed that she could not satisfy so just an obligation: and not being able to rest in these confused thoughts, the representations of Pamphilus' labours did always appear in her mind, who she thought to be prisoner still at Valencia. Thesander's evil increased, Nisa deferred the remedy, and the father accused this poor amorous man, in my opinion innocent, because, that in things natural, we do neither merit nor demerit: In brief, all the whole family entreated Nisa that she would have pity of Thesander's young years, and that at the least she would assuage his passion with one amorous word.

Amongst all the variable fortunes as well by land as sea which our pilgrim had suffered, there was none so difficult for her as this. Nevertheless she resolved to entertain Thesander until he had recovered some strength, that thereby he might the better be able to bear the subtlety which she intended. And in this she did not deceive herself, for our spirits have some resemblance with the nature of young horses, which are easier managed with gentle bits than with hard; the sweet words, the feigned hopes and embraces of Nisa within few days restored Thesander's weakened spirit, during which time Celio was delivered out of prison with an exceeding desire to see her, as well because he had heard news of her health, as because he imagined that if Finia were not in her company, yet at the least he might hear some news of her. Nevertheless the sorrowful Nisa believing that Celio desired to kill her, not knowing what Pamphilus had told him of her disguising herself in the habit of a pilgrim; so soon as she heard of his freedom, fled secretly from Barcelona. In the meantime Lisard the eldest brother to Celio and Nisa, who as you heard was a soldier in Flanders, disembarking in the same town of Barcelona, far from thinking that persons so near him were there: having met with Finia on the way, on the first day of her travel, although almost in the last of the tragical comedy of her fortunes, sorry to see so fair a pilgrim go a-foot, understanding which way she was bound, offered to accompany her into Castile: Finia willing to be gone from Celio, whom she thought never to be able to appease, and not knowing that this was his brother, accepted his offer and went with him to Toledo. Where being received of his parents with all kinds of joy, his desire was that Finia might also be well entertained and kindly used, telling them in what manner he had found her. His parents received her with a great deal of honour and embraces, yet not without some suspicions that she was some spoil of the Flanders war. Lisard then asked for his brother Celio and for his sister Nisa, they telling him the cause of their absence. Finia thereby knew that the house wherein she was come was her husband's father's, and that he who had brought

her thither was his brother, whereat not sufficiently wondering, she then thought that fortune began to look on her misfortunes with a more clear countenance.

The day following, Lisard resolving to seek for his sister Nisa and to kill Pamphilus, told his parents that he had some pretensions at the court, on which he built the necessity of a new voyage, showing them some attestations in writing of that which he had done in Flanders, for which he hoped of good recompense. His Father perspicuously knowing his mind through his reasons, wherewith he endeavoured to colour his journey, and fearing to lose him with the other, propounded a thousand objections, telling him that he should now rest after his voyage, and from the travails of war, contenting himself with the honour which he had gotten, because that in this age the reward did fly from the merit. Lisard thus persuaded by his father remained in the house, although it grieved him that after he had bought so much renown with the loss of his blood so far from his own country, he should now lie still and rust with infamy; finally being discontent that he was beheld as he thought with this mark, he went into the country to shun the first encounter of the people's sight, into the same village where amongst the other servants of his father's farmer, Pamphilus lived, who was never before known of Lisard; and as one day he beheld him more curiously than he did all the others, for hardly could the baseness and indignity of his habit disguise his person and beauty; he called him to him, and inquired of the cause, why he lived in this base office. The excuses which he made did not seem current (indeed being feigned by Pamphilus, who already knew that Lisard was Nisa's eldest brother). Wherefore Lisard said to him that he should do better if leaving this rustic life, he would abide in his service and take the charge of two horses which he had, for which he would give him wages, and convenient clothes; Pamphilus refused this offer, not that he was not willing to return into the happy house in which he had first known Nisa: but fearing that being known in her absence, he should run a dangerous fortune of his life. Nevertheless, being weary of the austere life which he led amongst these mountains, for there is nothing more true (as the philosophers say) than that those which are solitary are either gods or devils, he resolved in the end to accept this condition, wishing rather that he might die by Nisa's parents' hands, than live any longer in these solitary deserts.

Now you see how forward we are in bringing back our pilgrim from his long travels, seeing that from being a courtier, he became a soldier; from a soldier, a captive; from a captive, a pilgrim; from a pilgrim, a prisoner; from a prisoner, a madman; from a madman, a herdsman; from a herdsman, a miserable lackey, in the same house where all his misfortunes began: to the end that you seeing this circle of fortune from one pole to another, without one moment of rest, or any of good in the beginning, middle or end of his adventures: you may learn to know,

how travelling abroad brings honour, profit and many times the contrary. All consists in the disposition of heaven, whose influence guides the passages of our life, as it pleases them; because that although the empire of free-will be above, yet few persons be found who resist their motions; it is therefore a weakness unworthy of a gentle heart not to dare hazardously to enterprise anything, seeing it is evident that if those who have effected great things had not begun them, they had never achieved them. As also hazardous enterprises belong only to brave courage; although heaven disposes of the success. Above all things the election imports much, as Propertius says, all things are not equal unto all. Seneca tells of an old man who being asked how he could live to those years in following the court, answered that it was in doing good turns and not excepting against injuries; but this patience doth not seem honourable to me, nor that it is any virtue to serve to live. And if posterity doth render unto everybody his honour, as Tacitus says, what renown can he leave behind him, who dies as it were in the cradle, and from his swaddling clouts to his hearse hath hardly shifted a shirt; like the plant which hath the form of a living lamb, the stock whereof growing out of the ground to the stomach, and not being able to eat more grass than that which grows round about it, dies for want of nourishment. Glorious was Darius, when being come to the river Tearus, which takes his beginning from two fountains, whereof the one is hot and the other cold, he caused the famous inscription whereof Herodotus speaks to be made: To this place, against the Scythians, came the most famous of all men, Darius the son of Hystaspes. Who hath ever obtained anything without running for it? Who hath ever run for it, if he have not seen it? And what rest can he know, who hath never proved any storm or adversity by sea or land? For there are no days so sweet and comfortable as those which we spend in the arms of our friends, after long travel and great dangers; nor any nights so sweet, as those which are spent about the fire with an attentive family, unto the discourses of one's former dangers and adventures; as Ulysses within Zacynth to his dear Penelope and his son Telemachus. So after many divers adventures, Pamphilus comes to the happy day of his rest, and though he were not at the siege of Troy, nor at the conquest of the New World with Cortes, yet it was no small valour in him to defend himself from so many different and perilous assaults of fortune, and in the end to have merited by so many labours, the rest which shortly he shall enjoy in his own country.

Whilst these things thus passed in the mountains of Toledo, Thesander was being recovered by Nisa's loving embrace, and she disposed to leave him, as well because his life was assured as because that she desired to assure hers, and deliver herself from the care wherewith she was searched after by her brother Celio.

One night when sleep mastered her lover's senses, and held a silence over the whole family, she went out of the city, and took the way towards Lerida. But night had hardly all hid her black head, crowned both with sleep and fear, when the deceived Thesander waked out of the most sorrowful dream that could possess his fantasy, representing to his imagination the absence of fugitive Nisa, together with her deceitful words, her sweet disdains, and her fair face; a thing which sometime happens principally to him which loves or fears. Inasmuch as those things which threaten us do represent to us in sleeping, the same cares which we have in the day awake. Thesander rising in this imagination, began to search Nisa guided by the light of his soul, and not finding her, it little wanted that he did not die with grief for her departure; neither his father nor the rest of his parents had power enough to keep him from running after. And so he came to Toledo a long time before Nisa, for a lover who follows that which he loves doth go faster than he who flies from that which he doth not love; because he which doth not love grows sorrowful in going, and he which loves by going puts off his grief.

In the meantime, Lisard much pleased with Pamphilus' understanding and person, had taken him to wait in his chamber, not suffering him to live in the baseness of his first office which he had given him, and in this quality he lived at Toledo with his master, always taking great care that his master's parents might not see him, because that if they had viewed him with any consideration, they must needs have known him. But Lisard who with frequent conversation with Finia (whom his parents did use as lovingly as they could have done Nisa) was fallen in love with her, revealed this to Pamphilus, and making him the minister of his passion, gave him charge to speak to her, and to dispose her (with all his power) to be favourable to his desires; Pamphilus obeying his master and taking occasion one festival day, when everybody was abroad, went to find Finia from Lisard: but when in coming to her he knew her to be his sister, and she knew him to be her brother, they both remained astonished, dumb and as immovable as stones. But shortly after this first confusion, Pamphilus began to speak in this manner: Sister, tell me by what means thou camest hither, since Celio abandoning thee left thee in Barcelona, for I know already the whole progress of thy misfortune, as conformable unto mine as we are equal in birth.

By his means whom the destinies pleased, said Finia, to whose disposing my will cannot resist: Lisard brother of my husband Celio, having found me on the way from Saragossa brought me hither, where I think I may abide his return with more honour. The same man said Pamphilus, sent me to thee to speak to thee about his love, and he having found me in a grange which he hath in the mountains of Toledo, where I had sheltered myself from the strokes of fortune, under the basest condition of the world, hath brought me now into this place

where thou now see me in the quality of a groom; and because that heretofore in the beginning of my fortunes I have been in this house, I kept myself from being seen until this time, as thou may well know, having not been seen until this day by thee. Suffer and abide the end of thy fortune as I have done, and do not say thou know me, for I will entertain Lisard with some lie from thee, until such time that we may see whereunto the revolution of this conjunction of our misfortunes will tend, and when will end the effects of this our honour's eclipse. Thus did Pamphilus and Finia meet, and instead of reprehending one the other they remained there both good friends, for it is ordinary with those who are culpable to dissemble the faults of others, lest they be reprehended for their own. In the meantime, Thesander went from place to place in Toledo inquiring for Nisa, and when this news came to Lisard's ears, that there was a young man which enquired for his sister, he verily thought that it was Pamphilus, who by some sinister accident having lost her, was come thither to find her. And telling Pamphilus the story of Nisa's ravishing, which he knew much better, told him, that he was now in Toledo in her quest; and that having no man, in whose hands he could better commit the satisfaction of his revenge than his, nor of whose courage and fidelity he could be better assured of, he entreated him, and conjured him to kill him. A notable winding in a success so strange and so embroiled, which is so much the more admirable to me, who know it better then they who read it, how true it is.

Pamphilus, astonished to see that he was engaged to kill Pamphilus, or at the least a man who either in searching for Nisa, or else one who for the only disaster of his name deserved to die, endeavoured to find him, rather to know what he would with Nisa than with any mind to execute Lisard's intent on the others innocence. His master did not accompany him in this action; for as Tacitus says of Nero, although he commanded murders, yet he always turned his sight away from them.

Pamphilus having found Thesander privately inquired of the cause why he searched for Nisa: Thesander recounted the story from Nisa's being wounded by Celio, and healed by his father, and that she had left them one night without bidding them adieu, paying with ingratitude all the good offices which were done her in that house. Neither did he forget to relate how she (for the dressing of her wound) being constrained to expose her breast, she was discovered to be a woman; from whence proceeded his desire and the cause why he sought her in this place, which she said was the place of her birth. Joyful was Pamphilus to hear of the healing of Nisa's wounds, and instead of killing Thesander he led him into his chamber, where having used him with all the courtesy that was possible, he told him that in this house where he remained were Nisa's parents and brother.

Lisard having a great opinion of Pamphilus' courage (Pamphilus whom he called Maurice) did verily believe that he would infallibly kill Nisa's ravisher, which he believed to be Thesander, wherefore he demanded leave of his father to go, fearing that if Maurice should perhaps be taken prisoner, he might confess the author of Pamphilus' death. The father afflicted at his departure, fearing that in this his age, death might take him in the absence of all his children, would know the cause of his journey: and Lisard telling him that he had sent to kill him, who had run away with his sister, who was come to Toledo, and that he did believe that his servant unto whom he had given this commission had already executed it, put the old man into a greater care than he was in before, much fearing the damage which might come from so violent a revenge: Pamphilus had persuaded Thesander to call himself Pamphilus to all those who should ask his name in Toledo, assuring him that he should the sooner hear news of Nisa: In this time Lisard and his Father coming into Pamphilus' chamber, to know how he had succeeded in the execution of his command, found Pamphilus and Thesander together. They demanded of Thesander what he was, who answered: that he was Pamphilus. Lisard drew out his sword instantly to kill him, but he was withheld by his father, who having already known Pamphilus told his son that the other was Pamphilus. Lisard believed that his father told him so to appease him, wherefore he fiercely strove to break away from his father, that he might kill Thesander, saying that the other was his man Maurice. The whole family drawn thither by the noise and seeing this rage to prevent greater mischief, ran to the magistrates, who hearing the stir raising the neighbours laid Pamphilus and Thesander in two several prisons, until it was verified which was Pamphilus, for although that Thesander apprehending the danger began now to say that it was not he, was not believed: for all believed that fear made him deny his name. In the meantime Jacinth being whole of his wounds which Pamphilus had given him, sought him all over Barcelona, and not finding him, believed that he was returned into his own country, as well to follow him as hearing that his Lucinda was at Madrid, resolved to go thither, and passing by Saragossa he found the pilgrim Nisa at the entrance of the famous pillar which was built by the angels in the time of the apostle who planted religion in Spain, and having (by many tokens which Pamphilus had told him, and marked her out to him) known her, he also made himself known as Jacinth. Nisa assuring herself of him out of the love which she knew was between him and Pamphilus, betook her to a habit proper to her sex, and left this pilgrim's apparel at the walls of this holy house, together with her staff, which in so many dangers and such long ways had been so faithful a companion. And so travelling together towards Madrid, Nisa desired to seek Pamphilus first in his own house, whither being come with Jacinth, and finding his sorrowful mother afflicted for the loss of her children, she comforted her much by the assurance which she gave to her, that they were both alive, and the

hope they put her in to find them at Toledo. The good old lady encouraged by these words and persuaded by Nisa and the great desire she had to see her children, took her youngest daughter Eliza with her (being her staff and her comfort in her afflictions, who in her brother's absence had increased no less in beauty than Finia, nor in understanding than Pamphilus) and went all together to Toledo.

The miserable Tiberia, Jacinth's sister, thinking that her treason being discovered, she should be hardly used by her brother as by the disgrace and danger whereunto she had unjustly exposed him she merited; left Valencia and with such of the family as would follow her, she addressed herself to that city, whether fortune already did seem to call these lovers.

Celio in the meantime despairing to find Finia or satisfy Nisa, he for his part being more than satisfied of both their innocences, returned to Toledo and some days before his coming thither he met Tiberia, in whose company as he journeyed he heard news of the combat between Jacinth and Pamphilus, for which cause he offered her his house to retire to, until such time as that writing to her brother, she made her peace with him, which might be done by the help of his parents, whose assistance he promised.

In this manner in one day, and in one time, entered into the noble Leonicio's house: Aureliana, Pamphilus; mother, Nisa, Eliza, Jacinth, Tiberia and he who was most despaired of, Celio, of whom there was no news expected, being accounted as dead, or captive as some had reported. The sudden joy to see Nisa so beautiful, and Celio so well, stronger in this habit than in that which he had brought home from his studies, before his peregrination, bound Leonicio to shed abundance of tears, and Aureliana could not forbear when she saw her dear Finia so long time lost, and Celio with tender embraces, demanded pardon for his causeless suspicions, and of Nisa for the wounds which he had given her, being ignorant what she was. There was none discontented but Jacinth, who seeing his sister Tiberia in this company without knowing how she came thither, would needs take a public satisfaction before all the world. But the authority of so many signal persons not only stayed him, but obtained pardon from him for his sister's offence. Thesander and Pamphilus were taken out of prison, and then it was quickly known who was the true Pamphilus: whose happy finding there did so rejoice the whole company and the whole town that all the nobility and gentry ran to see him, and rejoice with their parents for their happy arrival. Amongst all which came to this happy and joyful welcoming home were fair Lucinda, who was married to Jacinth, to satisfy the many obligations wherein she was due. Lisard having opened his eyes upon Tiberia's beauty, and by the impression which the report of Celio's love and Finia's made in his mind, clean wiped away

his affection of that kind to Finia, he entreated Jacinth to give her to him in marriage, which was easily granted, and with everyone's consent. And to comfort Thesander for the love which he bore to Nisa, he was married to faire Eliza, Pamphilus' sister, then about fourteen years old. Celio, with joy to all, married Finia. And Nisa after so many divers fortunes, with the joy of both their parents, (which was so full that it melted them into tears, and almost all the company) was given into the beloved arms of her most dear Pamphilus.

Happy pilgrims of love, your vows being accomplished, now rest happily and joyfully (after so many bitter fortunes, wherewith your loves have been seasoned) in the sweet repose of your native place, in which peace I will leave you, that you may enjoy the delights which you have merited: and seeing that I have left your statues in the temple, I will leave in the temple of renown the pen with which I wrote your unfortunate loves.

FINIS.