

don me, and be married out of hand at the first place, where there is a Priest; and, if there be none, here is our Licentiate, who will do it cleverly. And, pray take notice, I am of age to give advice, and what I now give is as fit as if it were cast in a mould for you: for a sparrow in the hand is worth more than a bustard on the wing; and he that may have good if he will, it is his own fault, if he chooses ill.”—“Look you, Sancho,” replied Don Quixote, “if you advise me to marry, that, by killing the giant, I may immediately become a king, and have it in my power to reward you by giving you what I promised you, I would have you to know, that, without marrying, I can easily gratify your desire: for I will covenant, before I enter into the battle, that, upon my coming off victorious, without marrying the Princess, I shall be entitled to a part of the kingdom, to bestow it on whom I please; and, when I have it, to whom do you think I should give it, but to yourself?”—“That is clear,” answered Sancho: “but pray, Sir, take care to choose it toward the sea, that, if I should not like living there, I may ship off my black subjects, and dispose of them as I said before.” And trouble not yourself now to go and see my Lady Dulcinea, but go and kill the giant, and let us make an end of this business; for, before God, I verily believe it will bring us much honour and profit.”—“You are in the right, Sancho,” said Don Quixote;

“and I take your advice as to going first with the Princess, before I go to see Dulcinea. And be sure you say nothing to any body, no, not to those, who are in our company, of what we have been discoursing and conferring upon: for since Dulcinea is so reserved, that she would not have her thoughts known, it is not fit that I, or any one else for me, should discover them.”—“If it be so,” quoth Sancho, “why does your Worship send all those, you conquer by the might of your arm, to present themselves before my Lady Dulcinea, this being to give it under your hand, that you are in love with her? If these persons must fall upon their knees before her, and declare they come from you to pay their obeisance to her, how can your mutual inclinations be a secret?”—“How dull and foolish you are!” said Don Quixote. “You perceive not, Sancho, that all this redounds the more to her exaltation. For you must know, that, in this our style of chivalry, it is a great honour for a lady to have many Knights-errant, who serve her merely for her own sake, without expectation of any other reward of their manifold and good desires, than the honour of being admitted into the number of her Knights.”—“I have heard it preached,” quoth Sancho, “that God is to be loved with this kind of love, for himself alone, without our being moved to it by the hope of reward, or the fear of punishment: though, for my part, I am

inclined to love and serve him for what he is able to do for me.”—“ The devil take you, for a bumpkin,” said Don Quixote; “you are ever and anon saying such smart things, that one would almost think you have studied.”—“ And yet, by my faith,” quoth Sancho, “ I cannot so much as read.”

While they were thus talking, master Nicholas called aloud to them to halt a little; for they had a mind to stop and drink at a small spring hard by. Don Quixote stopped, much to the satisfaction of Sancho, who began to be tired of telling so many lies, and was afraid his Master should at last catch him tripping; for, though he knew Dulcinea was a farmer's daughter of Toboso, he had never seen her in all his life. In the meanwhile Cardenio had put on the clothes, which Dorothea wore, when they found her; and, though they were none of the best, they were far beyond those he had put off. They all alighted near the fountain, and, with what the Priest had furnished himself with at the inn, they somewhat appeased the violence of their hunger.

While they were thus employed, a young lad happened to pass by, travelling along the road; who, looking very earnestly at those, who were at the fountain, presently ran to Don Quixote, and, embracing his legs, fell a-weeping in good earnest, and said: “ Ah! dear Sir, does not your Worship know me? Consider me well: I am

Andres, the lad, whom you delivered from the oak, to which I was tied." Don Quixote knew him again, and, taking him by the hand, he turned to the company, and said: "To convince you of what importance it is, that there should be Knights-errant in the world, to redress the wrongs and injuries committed in it by insolent and wicked men; you must know, good people, that, a few days ago, as I was passing by a wood, I heard certain outcries, and a very lamentable voice, as of some person in affliction and distress. I hastened immediately, prompted by my duty, toward the place, from which the voice seemed to come; and I found, tied to an oak, this lad, whom you see here. I am glad, in my soul, he is present; for he will attest the truth of what I say. I say, he was tied to the oak, naked from the waist upward: and a country fellow, whom I afterward found to be his master, was cruelly lashing him with the reins of a bridle: and, as soon as I saw it, I asked him the reason of so severe a whipping. The clown answered, that he was his servant, and that he whipped him for some instances of neglect, which proceeded rather from knavery than simplicity. On which this boy said: 'Sir, he whips me, only because I ask him for my wages.' The master replied with: I know not what speeches and excuses, which I heard indeed, but did not admit. In short, I made him untie the boy, and swear to take him

home, and pay him every real down upon the nail, and perfumed into the bargain. Is not all this true, son Andres? And did you not observe, with what authority I commanded, and how submissively he promised to do whatever I enjoined, notified, and required of him? Answer; be under no concern, but tell these gentlefolks what passed, that they may see and consider, how useful it is, as I said, that there should be Knights-errant upon the road.”—“All, that your Worship has said, is very true,” answered the lad: “but the business ended quite otherwise than you imagine.”—“How otherwise?” replied Don Quixote: “did not the rustic instantly pay you?”—“He not only did not pay me,” answered the boy, “but, as soon as your Worship was got out of the wood, and we were left alone, he tied me again to the same tree, and gave me so many fresh strokes, that I was flayed like any Saint Bartholomew; and, at every lash he gave me, he said something by way of scoff or jest upon your Worship; at which, if I had not felt so much pain, I could not have forborne laughing. In short, he laid on me in such manner, that I have been ever since in an hospital, under cure of the bruises the barbarous countryman then gave me. And your Worship is in the fault of all this; for had you gone on your way, and not come where you was not called, nor meddled with other folk’s business, my master

would have been satisfied with giving me a dozen or two of lashes, and then would have loosed me, and paid me what he owed me. But, by your Worship's abusing him so unmercifully, and calling him so many hard names, his wrath was kindled; and, not having it in his power to be revenged on you, no sooner had you left him, but he discharged the tempest upon me, in such sort, that I shall never be a man again, while I live."

"The mischief," said Don Quixote, "was in my going away; I should not have stirred, until I had seen you paid; for I might have known, by long experience, that no rustic will keep his word, if he finds it inconvenient for him so to do. But you may remember, Andres, that I swore, if he did not pay you, I would seek him out, and find him, though he hid himself in the whale's belly."—"That is true," quoth Andres; "but it signified nothing."—"You shall see now, whether it signifies," said Don Quixote: and so saying, he arose up very hastily, and ordered Sancho to bridle Rozinante, who was grazing, while they were eating. Dorothea asked him what it was he meant to do? He answered, that he would go and find out the rustic, and chastise him for so base a proceeding, and make him pay Andres to the last farthing, in spite and defiance of all the rustics in the world. She desired he would consider what he did, since, ac-

according to the promised boon, he could not engage in any other adventure, until he had accomplished hers; and since he could not but know this better than any body else, she entreated him to moderate his resentment, until his return from her kingdom¹². “You are in the right,” answered Don Quixote, “and Andres must have patience until my return, as you say, Madam; and I again swear and promise not to rest, until he is revenged and paid.”—“I do not depend upon these oaths,” said Andres: “I would rather have wherewithal to carry me to Seville, than all the revenges in the world. If you have any thing to give me to eat, and to carry with me, let me have it; and God be with your Worship, and with all Knights-errant, and may they prove as luckily errant to themselves, as they have been to me.” Sancho pulled a piece of bread, and another of cheese, out of his knapsack, and giving it to the lad, said to him: “Here, brother Andres, we all have a share in your misfortune.”—“Why, what share have you in it?” said Andres. “This piece of bread and cheese, which I give you,” answered Sancho: “God knows, whether I may not want it myself; for I would have you to know, friend, that we squires to Knights-errant are subject to much hunger, and to ill luck, and to other things too, which are more easily conceived than told.” Andres laid hold on the bread and cheese, and seeing, that nobody

else gave him any thing, he made his bow, and marched off. It is true, he said, at parting, to Don Quixote: "For the love of God, Signor Knight-errant, if ever you meet me again, though you see they are beating me to pieces, do not succour nor assist me, but leave me to my misfortune, which cannot be so great, but a greater will follow from your Worship's aid, whom may the curse of God light upon, and upon all the Knights-errant, that ever were born in the world." Don Quixote was getting up to chastise him: but he fell a-running so fast, that nobody offered to pursue him. Don Quixote was mightily abashed at Andres's story: and the rest were forced to refrain, though with some difficulty, from laughing, that they might not put him quite out of countenance.

CHAP. XXXII.

WHICH TREATS OF WHAT BEFELL DON QUIXOTE'S
WHOLE COMPANY IN THE INN.

THE notable repast being ended, they saddled immediately, and, without any thing happening to them worthy to be related, they arrived the next day at the inn, that dread and terror of Sancho Panza, who, though he would fain have declined going in, could not avoid it. The hostess, the host, their daughter, and Maritornes,

seeing Don Quixote and Sancho coming, went out to meet them, with signs of much joy; and he received them with a grave deportment, and a nod of approbation, bidding them prepare him a better bed than they had done the time before: to which the hostess answered, that provided he would pay better than the time before, she would get him a bed for a prince. Don Quixote said he would: and so they made him a tolerable one in the same large room, where he had lain before: and he immediately threw himself down upon it; for he arrived very much shattered, both in body and brains. He was no sooner shut into his chamber, but the hostess fell upon the Barber, and taking him by the beard, said: "By my faith, you shall use my tail no longer for a beard: give me my tail again; for my husband's thing is tossed up and down, that it is a shame; I mean the comb I used to stick in my good tail." The Barber would not part with it, for all her tugging, until the Licentiate bid him give it her; for there was no farther need of that artifice, but he might now discover himself, and appear in his own shape, and tell Don Quixote, that, being robbed by those thieves the galley-slaves, he had fled to this inn; and, if he should ask for the Princess's squire, they should tell him, she had dispatched him before with advice to her subjects, that she was coming and bringing with her their common deliverer. With this, the Barber willingly

surrendered to the hostess the tail, together with all the other appurtenances, she had lent them, in order to Don Quixote's enlargement. All the folks of the inn were surprised both at the beauty of Dorothea, and the comely personage of the shepherd Cardenio. The Priest ordered them to get ready what the house afforded, and the host, in hopes of being better paid, soon served up a tolerable supper. All this time Don Quixote was asleep, and they agreed not to awaken him; for he had more occasion for sleep than food.

The discourse at supper, at which were present the innkeeper, his wife, his daughter, and Mari-tornes and all the passengers, turned upon the strange madness of Don Quixote, and the condition in which they had found him. The hostess related to them, what befell him with the carrier; and looking about to see, whether Sancho was by, and not seeing him, she gave them a full account of his being tossed in a blanket, at which they were not a little diverted. And the Priest happening to say, that the books of chivalry, which Don Quixote had read, had turned his brain, the innkeeper said: "I cannot conceive how that can be; for really as far as I can understand, there is no choicer reading in the world; and I have by me three or four of them, with some manuscripts, which, in good truth, have kept me alive, and not me only, but many others beside. For, in harvest-time, many of the reapers come hither every

day for shelter, during the noon-day heat; and there is always one or other among them, that can read, who takes one of these books in hand, and above thirty of us place ourselves round him, and listen to him with so much pleasure, that it prevents a thousand hoary hairs: at least, I can say for myself, that, when I hear of those furious and terrible blows, which the Knights-errant lay on, I have a month's mind to be doing as much, and could sit and hear them day and night."—"I wish you did," quoth the hostess: "for I never have a quiet moment in my house, but when you are listening to the reading; for then you are so besotted, that you forget to scold for that time."—"It is true," said Maritornes, "and, in good faith, I too am very much delighted at hearing those things; for they are very fine, especially when they tell us how such a lady, and her Knight, lie embracing each other under an orange-tree, and how a Duenna stands upon the watch, dying with envy, and her heart going pit-a-pat. I say all this is pure honey."—"And pray, miss, what is your opinion of these matters?" said the Priest, addressing himself to the innkeeper's daughter. "I do not know, indeed, Sir," answered the girl: "I listen too; and truly, though I do not understand it, I take some pleasure in hearing it: but I have no relish for those blows and slashes, which please my father so much: what I chiefly like, is, the complaints the Knights

make, when they are absent from their mistresses; and really, sometimes, they make me weep, out of the pity I have for them.”—“ You would soon afford them relief, young gentlewoman,” said Dorothea, “ if they wept for you.”—“ I do not know what I should do,” answered the girl; “ only I know, that several of those ladies are so cruel, that their Knights call them tigers and lions and a thousand other ugly names. And, Jesu! I cannot imagine what kind of folks they be, who are so hard-hearted and unconscionable, that rather than bestow a kind look on an honest gentleman, they will let him die, or run mad. And, for my part, I cannot see why all this coyness: if it is out of honesty, let them marry them; for that is what the gentlemen would be at.”—“ Hold your tongue, hussey,” said the hostess: “ methinks, you know a great deal of these matters; and it does not become young maidens to know, or talk, so much.”—“ When this gentleman asked me a civil question,” replied the girl, “ I could do no less sure, than answer him.”

It is mighty well,” said the Priest; “ pray, landlord, bring me those books, for I have a mind to see them.”—“ With all my heart,” answered the host: and going into his chamber, he brought out a little old cloak-bag, with a padlock and chain to it, and opening it, he took out three large volumes, and some manuscript papers written in a very fair character. The first book he opened

he found to be Don Cirongilio of Thrace, the next Felixmarte of Hyrcania, and the third the History of the Grand Captain Gonzalo Hernandez of Cordova, with the Life of Diego Garcia de Paredes. When the Priest had read the titles of the two first he turned about to the Barber, and said: "We want here our friend's Housekeeper and Niece."—"Not at all," answered the Barber; "for I myself can carry them to the yard, or to the chimney, where there is a very good fire."—"What, Sir! would you burn my books?" said the innkeeper. "Only these two," said the Priest; "that of Don Cirongilio and that of Felixmarte."—"What, then, are my books heretical, or flegmatical, that you have a mind to burn them?"—"Schismatical, you would say, friend," said the Barber, "and not flegmatical."—"It is true," replied the innkeeper; "but if you intend to burn any, let it be this of the Grand Captain, and this of Diego de Garcia; for I will sooner let you burn one of my children, than either of the others."—"Dear brother," said the Priest, "these two books are great liars, and full of extravagant and foolish conceits; and this of the Grand Captain is a true history, and contains the exploits of Gonzalo Hernandez of Cordova, who, for his many and brave actions, deserved to be called by all the world the Grand Captain; a name renowned and illustrious, and merited by him alone. As for Diego Garcia de Paredes, he was a gentleman of

note, born in the town of Truxillo in Estremadura, a very brave soldier, and of such great natural strength, that he could stop a windmill, in its greatest rapidity, with a single finger; and being once posted with a two-handed sword at the entrance upon a bridge, he repelled a prodigious army, and prevented their passage over it. And he performed other such things, that if, instead of being related by himself, with the modesty of a cavalier, who is his own historian, they had been written by some other dispassionate and unprejudiced author, they would have eclipsed the actions of the Hectors, the Achilleuses, and Orlando.^s—“Persuade my grandmother to that,” quoth the innkeeper; “do but see what it is he wonders at, the stopping of a mill-wheel! before God, your Worship should have read, what I have read, concerning Felixmarte of Hyrcania, who, with one back-stroke, cut asunder five giants in the middle, as if they had been so many bean-cods, of which the children make little puppet-friars¹³. At another time he encountered a very great and powerful army, consisting of above a million and six hundred thousand soldiers, all armed from head to foot, and defeated them all, as if they had been a flock of sheep. But what will you say of the good Don Cirongilio of Thrace, who was so stout and valiant, as you may see in the book, wherein is related, that, as he was sailing on a river, a fiery serpent appeared

above water ; and as soon as he saw it, he threw himself upon it, and getting astride upon its scaly shoulders, squeezed its throat with both his hands, with so much force, that the serpent, finding itself in danger of being choked, had no other remedy, but to let itself sink to the bottom of the river, carrying along with him the Knight, who would not quit his hold : and when they were got to the bottom, he found himself in a fine palace, and in so pretty a garden, that it was wonderful ; and presently the serpent turned into a venerable old man, who said so many things to him, that the like was never heard. Therefore, pray say no more, Sir ; for, if you were but to hear all this, you would run mad with pleasure. A fig for the Grand Captain, and for that Diego Garcia you speak of."

Dorothea, hearing this, said softly to Cardenio : " Our landlord wants but little to make the second part of Don Quixote."—" I think so too," answered Cardenio : " for, according to the indications he gives, he takes all, that is related in these books, for gospel, and neither more or less than matters of fact ; and the bare-footed friars themselves could not make him believe otherwise."—" Look you, brother," said the Priest ; " there never was in the world such a man as Felixmarte of Hyrcania, nor Don Cirongilio of Thrace, nor any other Knights, such as the books of chivalry mention : for all is but the contrivance and invention of idle wits, who composed them

for the purpose of whiling away time, as you see your readers do in reading them; for I vow and swear to you, there never were any such Knights in the world, nor did such feats, or extravagant things, ever happen in it.”—“To another dog with this bone,” answered the host; “as if I did not know how many make five, or where my own shoe pinches: do not think, Sir, to feed me with pap; for, before God, I am no suckling. A good jest, indeed, that your Worship should endeavour to make me believe, that all the contents of these good books are lies and extravagancies, being printed with the licence of the King’s privy council; as if they were people, that would allow the impressions of such a pack of lies, battles, and enchantments, as are enough to make one distracted.”—“I have already told you, friend,” replied the Priest, “that it is done for the amusement of our idle thoughts: and as, in all well-instituted commonwealths, the games of chess, tennis, and billiards, are permitted for the entertainment of those, who have nothing to do, and who ought not, or cannot, work; for the same reason they permit such books to be written and printed, presuming, as they well may, that nobody can be so ignorant as to take them for true histories. And, if it were proper at this time, and my hearers required it, I could lay down such rules for the composing books of chivalry, as should, perhaps, make them agreeable, and even useful to

many persons: but I hope the time will come, that I may communicate this design to those, who can remedy it; and, in the mean while, Signor Innkeeper, believe what I have told you, and here take your books, and settle the point, whether they contain truths or lies, as you please; and much good may do you with them; and God grant you do not halt on the same foot your guest Don Quixote does."—"Not so," answered the innkeeper; "I shall not be so mad as to turn Knight-errant; for I know very well, that times are altered, since those famous Knights-errant wandered about the world."

Sancho came in about the middle of this conversation, and was much confounded, and very pensive, at what he heard said, that Knights-errant were not now in fashion, and that all books of chivalry were mere lies and fooleries; and he resolved with himself to wait the event of this expedition of his Master's; and if it did not succeed as happily as he expected, he determined to leave him, and return home to his wife and children, and to his accustomed labour.

The innkeeper was carrying away the cloak-bag and the books; but the Priest said to him: "Pray stay, for I would see what papers those are, that are written in so fair a character." The host took them out, and having given them to him to read, he found about eight sheets in manuscript, and at the beginning a large title, which was, *The Novel of the Curious Impertinent.*

The Priest read three or four lines to himself, and said: "In truth I do not dislike the title of this novel, and I have a mind to read it all." To which the innkeeper answered: "Your Reverence may well venture to read it; for I assure you, that some of my guests, who have read it, liked it mightily, and begged it of me with great earnestness; but I would not give it them, designing to restore it to the person, who forgot and left behind him this cloak-bag, with these books and papers; for perhaps their owner may come this way again some time or other; and though I know I shall have a great want of the books, in faith I will restore them; for, though I am an innkeeper, thank God, I am a Christian,"—"You are much in the right, friend," said the Priest; "nevertheless, if the novel pleases me, you must give me leave to take a copy of it."—"With all my heart," answered the innkeeper. While these two were thus talking, Cardenio had taken up the novel, and began to read it; and, being likewise pleased with it, he desired the Priest to read it, so as that they might all hear it. "I will," said the Priest, "if it be not better to spend our time in sleeping than in reading."—"It will be as well for me," said Dorothea, "to pass the time in listening to some story; for my spirits are not yet so composed as to give me leave to sleep, though it were needful."—"Well then," said the Priest, "I will read

it, if it were but for curiosity; perhaps it may contain something that is entertaining." Master Nicholas and Sancho joined in the same request: on which the Priest, perceiving that he should give them all pleasure, and receive some himself, said: "Be all attentive then, for the novel begins in the following manner."

CHAP. XXXIII.

IN WHICH IS RECITED THE NOVEL OF THE CURIOUS
IMPERTINENT ¹⁴.

IN Florence, a rich and famous city of Italy, in the province called Tuscany, lived Anselmo and Lothario, two gentlemen of fortune and quality, and such great friends, that all, who knew them, styled them, by way of eminence and distinction, the Two Friends. They were both bachelors, young, of the same age, and of the same manners: all which was a sufficient foundation for their reciprocal friendship. It is true, indeed, that Anselmo was somewhat more inclined to amorous dalliance than Lothario, who was fonder of country sports; but, upon occasion, Anselmo neglected his own pleasures, to pursue those of Lothario; and Lothario quitted his, to follow those of Anselmo: and thus their inclinations went hand in hand, with such harmony, that no clock kept such exact time. An-

selmo fell desperately in love with a beautiful young lady of condition in the same city, called Camilla, daughter of such good parents, and herself so good, that he resolved, with the approbation of his friend Lothario, without whom he did nothing, to demand her of her father in marriage; which he accordingly did. It was Lothario, who carried the message; and it was he, who concluded the match, so much to the liking of his friend, that, in a little time, he found himself in the possession of what he desired, and Camilla so satisfied with having obtained Anselmo for her husband, that she ceased not to give thanks to Heaven, and to Lothario, by whose means such good fortune had befallen her. For some days after the wedding, which are usually dedicated to mirth, Lothario frequented his friend Anselmo's house as he was wont to do, striving to honour, please, and entertain him to the utmost of his power: but the nuptial season being over, and compliments of congratulation at an end, Lothario began to remit the frequency of his visits to Anselmo, thinking, as all discreet men should, that one ought not to visit and frequent the houses of one's friends, when married, in the same manner as when they were bachelors. For, though true and real friendship neither can nor ought to be suspicious in any thing, yet so nice is the honour of a married man, that it is thought it might suffer even by a brother, and much more

by a friend. Anselmo took notice of Lothario's remissness, and complained greatly of it, telling him, that, had he suspected his being married would have been the occasion of their not conversing together as formerly, he would never have done it; and since, by the entire harmony between them, while both bachelors, they had acquired so sweet a name as that of the Two Friends, he desired he would not suffer so honourable and so pleasing a title to be lost, by overacting the cautious part; and therefore he besought him, if such a term might be used between them, to return, and be master of his house, and come and go as before; assuring him, that his wife Camilla had no other pleasure, or will, than what he desired she should have; and that, knowing how sincerely and ardently they loved each other, she was much surprised to find him so shy.

To all these, and many other reasons, which Anselmo urged to Lothario, to persuade him to use his house as before, Lothario replied with so much prudence, discretion, and judgment, that Anselmo rested satisfied with the good intention of his friend; and they agreed, that, two days in a week, besides holydays, Lothario should come and dine with him: and, though this was concerted between these two, Lothario resolved to do what he should think most for the honour of his friend, whose reputation was dearer to him

than his own. He said, and he said right, that a married man, on whom Heaven has bestowed a beautiful wife, should be as careful what men he brings home to his house, as what female friends she converses with abroad; for that, which cannot be done, nor concerted, in the markets, at churches, at public shows, or assemblies (things, which husbands must not always deny their wives), may be concerted and brought about at the house of a she-friend or relation, of whom we are most secure. Lothario said also, that a married man stood in need of some friend to inform him of any mistakes in his conduct; for it often happens, that the fondness a man has at first for his wife, makes him either not take notice, or not tell her, for fear of offending her, that she ought to do, or avoid doing, some things, the doing, or not doing whereof, may reflect honour or disgrace; all which might be easily remedied by the timely admonition of a friend. But where shall we find a friend, so discreet, so faithful, and sincere, as Lothario here seems to require? Indeed, I cannot tell, unless in Lothario himself, who, with the utmost diligence and attention, watched over the honour of his friend, and contrived to retrench, cut short, and abridge the number of visiting days agreed upon, lest the idle vulgar, and prying malicious eyes, should censure the free access of a young and rich cavalier, so well born, and of such accomplishments, as he could not but be

conscious to himself he was master of, to the house of a lady so beautiful as Camilla; and though his integrity and worth might bridle the tongues of the censorious, yet he had no mind, that his own honour, or that of his friend, should be in the least suspected; and therefore, on most of the days agreed upon, he busied and employed himself about such things as he pretended were indispensable. And thus the time passed on in complaints on the one hand, and excuses on the other.

Now it happened one day, as they were walking in a meadow without the city, Anselmo addressed Lothario in words to this effect: "I know very well, friend Lothario, I can never be thankful enough to God for the blessings he has bestowed upon me; first, in making me the son of such parents as mine were, and giving me with so liberal a hand what men call the goods of nature and fortune; and especially in having given me such a friend as yourself, and such a wife as Camilla; two jewels, which, if I value not so high as I ought, I value, at least, so high as I am able. Yet, notwithstanding all these advantages, which usually are sufficient to make men live contented, I live the most uneasy and dissatisfied man in the whole world; having been for some time past harassed and oppressed with a desire, so strange; and so much out of the common track of other men, that I wonder at myself, and blame

and rebuke myself for it, when I am alone, endeavouring to stifle and conceal it even from my own thoughts, and yet I have succeeded no better in my endeavours to stifle and conceal it, than if I had made it my business to publish it to all the world. And since, in short, it must one day break out, I would fain have it lodged in the archives of your breast; not doubting but that, through your secrecy, and friendly application to relieve me, I shall soon be freed from the vexation it gives me, and that, by your diligence, my joy will rise to as high a pitch as my discontent has done by my own folly." Lothario was in great suspense at Anselmo's discourse, and unable to guess at what he aimed by so tedious a preparation and preamble; and though he revolved in his imagination what desire it could be that gave his friend so much disturbance, he still shot wide of the mark; and, to be quickly rid of the perplexity into which this suspense threw him, he said to him, that it was doing a notorious injury to their great friendship, to seek for roundabout ways to acquaint him with his most hidden thoughts, since he might depend upon him, either for advice or assistance in what concerned them. "It is very true," answered Anselmo; "and in this confidence I give you to understand, friend Lothario, that the thing, which disquiets me, is, a desire to know, whether my wife Camilla be as good and as perfect as I

imagine her to be; and I cannot be thoroughly informed of this truth, but by trying her in such a manner, that the proof may manifest the perfection of her goodness, as fire does that of gold. For it is my opinion, my friend, that a woman is honest only so far as she is, or is not, courted and solicited: and that she alone is really chaste, who has not yielded to the force of promises, presents, and tears, or the continual solicitations of importunate lovers. For, what thanks are due to a woman for being virtuous, when nobody persuades her to be otherwise? What mighty matter, if she be reserved and cautious, who has no opportunity given her of going astray, and knows she has a husband, who, the first time he catches her transgressing, will be sure to take away her life? The woman, therefore, who is honest out of fear, or for want of opportunity, I shall not hold in the same degree of esteem with her, who, after solicitation and importunity, comes off with the crown of victory. So that, for these reasons, and for many more I could assign in support of my opinion, my desire is, that my wife Camilla may pass through these trials, and be purified and refined in the fire of courtship and solicitation, and that by some person worthy of placing his desires on her: and if she comes off from this conflict, as I believe she will, with the palm of victory, I shall applaud my matchless fortune: I shall then have it to say, that I have

attained the utmost of my wishes, and may safely boast, that the virtuous woman is fallen to my lot, of whom the wise man says, *Who can find her?* And if the reverse of all this should happen, the satisfaction of being confirmed in my opinion will enable me to bear, without regret, the trouble so costly an experiment may reasonably give me. And, as nothing you can urge against my design can be of any avail towards hindering me from putting it in execution, I would have you, my friend Lothario, dispose yourself to be the instrument of performing this work of my fancy; and I will give you opportunity to do it, and you shall want for no means, that I can think necessary towards gaining upon a modest, virtuous, reserved, and disinterested woman. And, among other reasons, which induce me to trust this nice affair to your management, one is, my being certain, that, if Camilla should be overcome, you will not push the victory to the last extremity, but only account that for done, which, for good reasons, ought not to be done; and thus I shall be wronged only in the intention, and the injury will remain hidden in the virtue of your silence, which, in what concerns me, will, I am assured, be eternal as that of death. Therefore, if you would have me enjoy a life, that deserves to be called such, you must immediately enter upon this amorous combat, not languidly and lazily, but with all the

fervour and diligence my design requires, and with the confidence our friendship assures me of."

This was what Anselmo said to Lothario; to all which he was so attentive, that, excepting what he is already mentioned to have said, he opened not his lips, until his friend had done: but now, perceiving that he was silent, after he had gazed at him earnestly for some time, as if he had been looking at something he had never seen before, and which occasioned in him wonder and amazement, he said to him: "I cannot persuade myself, friend Anselmo, but that what you have been saying to me is all in jest; for, had I thought you in earnest, I would not have suffered you to proceed so far; and, by not listening to you, I should have prevented your long harangue. I cannot but think, either that you do not know me, or that I do not know you. But, no: I well know, that you are Anselmo, and you know, that I am Lothario: the mischief is, that I think you are not the Anselmo, you used to be, and you must imagine I am not that Lothario, I ought to be: for neither is what you have said to me becoming that friend of mine, Anselmo; nor is what you require of me to be asked of that Lothario, whom you know. For true friends ought to prove and use their friends, as the poet expresses it, *usque ad aras*; as much as to say, they ought not to employ their friendship in matters against the law of God. If an

heathen had this notion of friendship, how much more ought a Christian to have it, who knows, that the divine friendship ought not to be forfeited for any human friendship whatever. And, when a friend goes so far, as to set aside his duty to Heaven, in compliance with the interests of his friend, it must not be for light and trivial matters, but only when the honour and life of his friend are at stake. Tell me then, Anselmo, which of these two are in danger, that I should venture to compliment you with doing a thing in itself so detestable, as that you require of me? Neither, assuredly: on the contrary, if I understand you right, you would have me take pains to deprive you of honour and life, and, at the same time, myself too of both. For, if I must do that, which will deprive you of your honour, it is plain I take away your life, since a man, without honour, is worse than if he were dead: and I being the instrument, as you would have me to be, of doing you so much harm, shall I not bring dishonour upon myself, and, by consequence, rob myself of life? Hear me, friend Anselmo, and have patience, and forbear answering, until I have done urging, what I have to say; for there will be time enough for you to reply, and for me to hear you."—"With all my heart," said Anselmo; "say what you please."

Then Lothario went on, saying: "Methinks, oh Anselmo! you are at this time in the same

disposition, that the Moors are always in, whom you cannot convince of the error of their sect, by citations from holy scripture, nor by arguments drawn from reason, or founded upon articles of faith; but you must produce examples, that are plain, easy, intelligible, demonstrative, and undeniable, with such mathematical demonstrations as cannot be denied; as when it is said: *If from equal parts we take equal parts, those that remain are also equal.* And, when they do not comprehend this in words, as in reality they do not, you must show it to them with your hands, and set it before their very eyes; and, after all, nothing can convince them of the truths of our holy religion. In this very way and method must I deal with you; for this desire, which possesses you, is so extravagant and wide of all that has the least shadow of reason, that I look upon it as mispending time to endeavour to convince you of your folly; for at present I can give it no better name; and I am even tempted to leave you to your indiscretion, as a punishment of your preposterous desire: but the friendship I have for you will not let me deal so rigorously with you, nor will it consent, that I should desert you in such manifest danger of undoing yourself. And, that you may clearly see that it is so, say, Anselmo, have you not told me, that I must solicit her, who is reserved, persuade her, who is virtuous, bribe her, who is disinterested, and

court her, who is prudent? Yes, you have told me so. If, then, you know, that you have a reserved, virtuous, disinterested, and prudent wife, what is it you would have? And, if you are of opinion she will come off victorious from all my attacks, as doubtless she will, what better titles do you think to bestow on her afterwards, than those she has already? Or what will she be more then, than she is now? Either you do not take her for what you pretend, or you do not know what it is you ask. If you do not take her for what you say you do, to what purpose would you try her, and not rather suppose her guilty, and treat her as such? But, if she be as good as you believe she is, it is absurd to try experiments upon truth itself; since, when that is done, it will remain but in the same degree of esteem it had before. And therefore we must conclude, that to attempt things, from whence mischief is more likely to ensue, than any advantage to us, is the part of rash and inconsiderate men; and especially when they are such as we are no way forced, nor obliged to attempt, and when it may be easily seen at a distance, that the enterprise itself is downright madness. Difficult things are undertaken for the sake of God, of the world, or of both together: those, which are done for God's sake, are such as are enterprised by the saints, while they endeavour to live a life of angels in human bodies: those, which are

taken in hand for love of the world, are done by those, who pass various oceans, various climates, and many foreign nations, to acquire what are usually called the goods of fortune: and those, which are undertaken for the sake of God and the world together, are the actions of brave soldiers, who no sooner espy in the enemy's wall so much breach as may be made by a single cannon-hall, but laying aside all fear, without deliberating, or regarding the manifest danger, that threatens them, and borne upon the wings of desire to act in defence of their faith, their country, and their king, they throw themselves intrepidly into the midst of a thousand opposing deaths, that await them. These are the difficulties, which are commonly attempted; and it is honour, glory, and advantage, to attempt them, though so full of dangers and inconveniences. But that, which you say you would have attempted and put in execution, will neither procure you glory from God, the goods of fortune, nor reputation among men. For, supposing the event to answer your desires, you will be neither happier, richer, nor more honoured, than you are at present: and if you should miscarry, you will find yourself in the most miserable condition, that can be imagined; for then it will avail you nothing to think, that nobody else knows the misfortune, which has befallen you: it will sufficiently afflict and undo you, to know it yourself. And, as a