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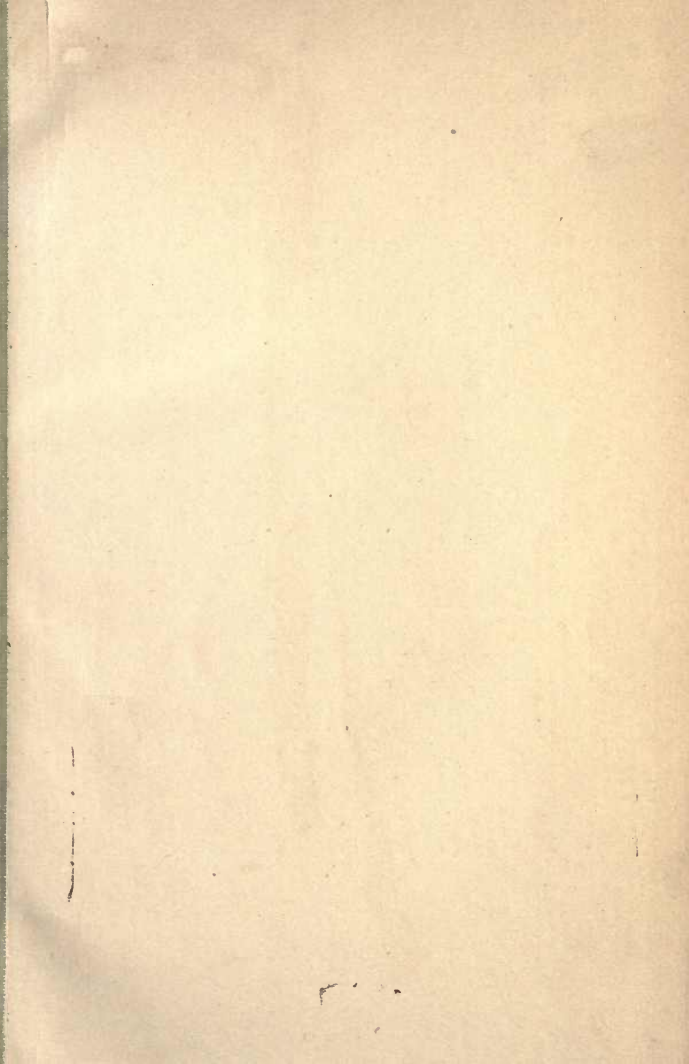
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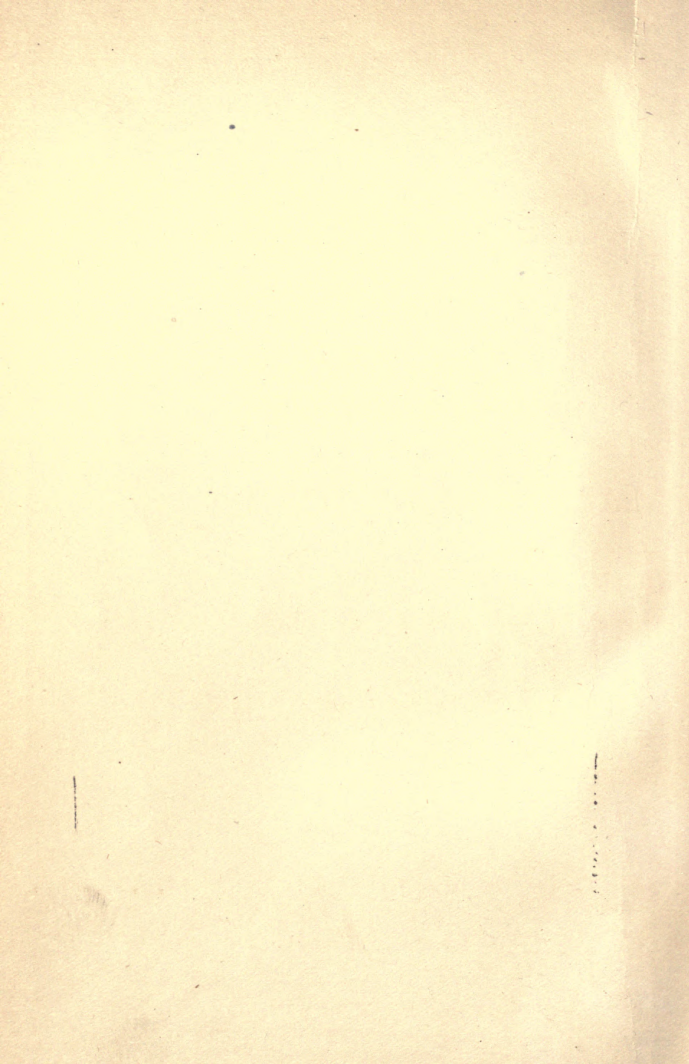
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THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES
OF
LAZARILLO DE TORMES

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES
OF
GUZMAN D'ALFARACHE



MENDOZA—MATEO ALEMAN

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES
OF
LAZARILLO DE TORMES

*TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH OF
DON DIEGO HURTADO DE MENDOZA*

By THOMAS ROSCOE

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES
OF
GUZMAN D'ALFARACHE
OR

THE SPANISH ROGUE

By MATEO ALEMAN

FROM THE FRENCH EDITION OF LE SAGE

By JOHN HENRY BRADY

With Eight Original Etchings by B. de los Ríos

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THE LIFE OF MENDOZA.

DON DIEGO HURTADO DE MENDOZA was born at the commencement of the sixteenth century, in the city of Granada, and not, as erroneously asserted by some writers, at Toledo. His father, Don Lopez de Mendoza, was Count of Montillas, and subsequently Marquis de Mondessar, the same who so highly distinguished himself in the service of Ferdinand and Isabella at the surrender of Granada, of which place he was made governor, being the first on whom that dignity had been conferred since the downfall of the Moorish empire in Spain. His son, Don Diego, received his education at the university of Salamanca, where, besides civil and canon law, he studied the sciences and the learned languages.

Having finished his education, he passed into Italy, and joined the army of the Emperor Charles the Fifth. There, as it is observed by Nicolas Antonio, he, like Scipio, devoted himself at once to literature and to war; "*inter arma atque studia versatus, aut corpus periculis, aut animum disciplinis exercebat.*" During the cessation of hostilities, he retired in the

ensuing winter to Rome or Padua, where he resumed the cultivation of letters, and at once elevated his imagination and improved his taste, by examining the wonderful productions of Italian art.

The superiority of Mendoza's genius, combined with the solidity of his judgment, and his promptitude of action, soon attracted towards him the attention of his royal master, who confided to him an important embassy to the city of Venice. In the same capacity he subsequently went, on several occasions, to Rome, where he acquitted himself in some delicate and arduous affairs with so much skill and firmness as to merit the additional confidence of his own court.

At the famous Council of Trent, which was not, as some writers have supposed, composed merely of bishops and ecclesiastics, met to discuss the doctrine and discipline of the Church, but with the views of a political congress engaged in carrying the respective interests and objects of different states in competition with rival diplomatists, requiring the utmost capacity and penetration in their several representatives, Don Diego equally distinguished himself among the best of his age—an age when monarchs like Charles V., Henry VIII., and Francis I. swayed the sceptres of European power. On one occasion, it has been, erroneously we believe, asserted of Don Diego, that, being earnestly engaged in disputing some point with the Cardinal de Santa Cruz, he threatened, on the provocation of the moment, to throw that prelate into the Adige, if he longer persisted in requiring the

dissolution of the congress. In the year 1547, after the dissolution of the Council, he returned to Rome from his governorship of Senar, which had been conferred upon him by Charles the Fifth, as upon one whose judgment and firmness best enabled him to restrain the turbulent disposition of its inhabitants.

At Rome, Mendoza appeared in the conclave of cardinals, where he made a vigorous appeal in support of the Emperor's views in presence of the whole consistorial court and the foreign ambassadors. In reply, the Pope informed him that he should have an answer in the same session of the court; and this was in fact given by Cardinal Pole, who rebuked him for the vehemence of his protest, imputing it wholly to the violent temper of the Emperor's plenipotentiary. The last, however, as vehemently denied that he had exceeded his powers, and required instant recognition of his deputed authority, and the claims he had already advanced. The Pope, incensed at the Spaniard's temerity, and confiding in his league with the French court, threatened Don Diego with his high displeasure, observing, "See to it, sir, that while you remain in my house, you do not too far presume." To this the ambassador replied with noble spirit, "I am a cavalier, my father was one before me, and as such it is my duty to fulfil the commands of my royal master, without any fear of your Holiness, so long as I observe due reverence to the vicerent of Christ. I am minister to the King of Spain, and my residence is wheresoever it may please him to order my route; and here as there, I am, as

his representative, safe even from your Holiness's displeasure." After the death of Paul III., Don Diego continued to act in the same capacity for his master under his successor, Julius III., who, in a bull dated 1550, re-established the Council of Trent.

The year following, Don Diego was recalled from his embassy at Rome, and in 1553 was commissioned by Charles to prevent the departure of Cardinal Pole from Rome into England, which he succeeded in doing.

Under Philip II., Don Diego's services were not so highly estimated, and he lived in comparative retirement, till finally, in the year 1565, he was banished from the court on account of having drawn his sword in the king's palace in order to defend himself against the attack of another knight who sought his life. He then withdrew to Granada, where he employed himself in his celebrated history of the "War against the Moors," which was continued from the year 1568 down to 1570—a period when his brother, Don Inigo de Mendoza, was captain-general of that province. Finally, in 1574, he obtained permission to return to Madrid, where he died soon after his arrival. Literature owes no few obligations to this distinguished writer; he spared no pains to transport learned works and manuscripts from the East, availing himself of his influence with the Sultan Solyman, and of his knowledge acquired from two excellent Greek scholars, named Arnaldo Artemio and Nicholas Sofiano. In the literature of his own country, he stands conspicuous among the few extraordinary men who reflected lustre upon the age in which they lived.

A patron of science, indefatigable in his pursuit of liberal studies—distinguished alike in the cabinet and in the field—profoundly versed in the philosophy, as in the languages of the ancients—in geography, history, and the belles lettres, he signalised himself equally as a poet, an historian, and a moralist; he was at once the first statesman and most liberal patron of his age. His historical compositions are remarkable for their impartiality and correctness, for the solidity of their views, and vigorous style and spirit; while his poetry is throughout imbued with a fine lyric tone and flow of expression.

His “Oration at the Council of Trent,” his “Political Commentaries,” his “Paraphrase of Aristotle,” and translation of his “Treatise on Mechanics,” with “An Account of the Great Naval Conquest of Funez,” and battle, and the merit of having first introduced the muses of Italy to the admiration of his own countrymen—are among his other claims to our favourable regard. As a novelist, he ranks among the best of his class, having produced his celebrated “Lazarillo de Tormes” at a very early age, while his “History of the Moorish Wars” stamps his name with equal reputation as an historian.

These two works exhibit admirable pictures of the times in which they were composed. That of “Tormes” is full of truth and vivacity of colouring, with a certain freedom and grace of composition, through all which there runs a vein of delicate satire, and sometimes broader humour, combined with a picturesque power and effect, which display the hand

of a master. Of his "History" posterity has already pronounced its opinion; rapid, concise, vigorous, and severe: Tacitus and Sallust were doubtless his models, and emulated in a manner to acquire for him the appellation of the Spanish Sallust. Far from being, like most works of the same age, a bare recital of facts, it exhibits a lively representation of the minds and characters of those he commemorates, and the views by which they were actuated. We behold the motives of the different actors as they step upon the stage, and the conflicting interests with which they come in contact, so as to excite our powerful sympathy in the tragic events which ensue. He describes the enemies of his country in their true colours, not with the prejudice and injustice indulged in by other writers. If he exposes the errors and defects of the Moors, he does not attempt to gloss over the excesses of the Christians: he bestows commendation where he feels it to be due; and in the same spirit of impartiality and integrity he denounces the arbitrary measures pursued under the governorship of his brother.

By his clever and ingenious work of "Lazarillo de Tormes," Mendoza raised a lasting monument to the genius of the Castilian language; and long before the appearance of the great Cervantes he had the merit of producing the first model of the *novela picaresca*, peculiar to the literature of Spain. In this he laid the groundwork of others in the same class—those of Guzman d'Alfarache, "El Diablo Cojuelo," and the still more famous "Gil Blas." In the French *rifacimento* of Le Sage, that writer can merely lay claim

to the praise of having skilfully availed himself of the best traits and incidents in the "Lazarillo," and having further developed and arranged them in such a manner as to prove most agreeable to the genius of his own age and country.

Numerous editions of this popular work have appeared both in and beyond Spain; and among the latter are a few printed from the original text, before it had been expurgated by the pen of the Inquisition. For the present purpose, in the account of the Bull, a copy never yet revised has been purposely obtained; for such a chapter would in vain be sought for in the castigated editions, for reasons which, on its perusal, may be safely left to the English reader's penetration. The frequent and serious engagements which occupied so much of Mendoza's time and exertions, both as a statesman and a soldier, were most probably the cause of his never having produced any other work resembling the early one of "Lazarillo de Tormes," and which displayed the same admirable burlesque, acute wit, and satire which distinguish this lively and entertaining novel; while the same may be observed of his poems, which are chiefly devoted to the gentler sentiment of love or friendship. Doubtless, however, satiric humour was his peculiar forte; for when treating even on the grave subject of his embassy, he adopts a tone of delicate satire in one of his epistles addressed to Don Luis Zunissa, as the following shows:—

“ Oh ! Embaxadores, puros majaderos
Que si los Reyes quieren engañar
Empieazan por nosotros los primeros.”

The splendid reputation acquired by this great character, as a soldier, a diplomatist, and a man of letters, call for a far wider sphere of observation than we can here attempt to embrace; but what has been done may be sufficient to furnish the English reader with a pretty accurate idea of the high and versatile qualities of this ingenious master and inventor of the *novela picaresca* of Spain.

THE
LIFE OF LAZARILLO DE TORMES,
HIS FORTUNES AND HIS MISHAPS.

CHAPTER I.

YOU must know then, in the first place, that my name is Lazaro de Tormes, and that I am the son of Thomas Gonzalez and Antonia Perez, natives of Tejares, a village of Salamanca. My surname was acquired by the singular circumstance of my birth, which happened in the river Tormes, and in the following manner. My father (to whom God be merciful) was employed to superintend the operations of a water-mill, which was worked by the course of the above river (a situation that he held above fifteen years), and my mother at that time being *enciente* with me, while staying one night at the mill was suddenly seized with the pains of labour, which terminating happily, it may with truth be said, that my surname, borrowed from the river, was not inaptly bestowed.

I had only reached my ninth year, when my unfortunate father was charged with administering certain copious but injudicious bleedings to the sacks of cus-

tomers to the mill—a lowering system which was voted by them to be neither salutary nor profitable. He was forthwith taken into custody; when, not being able to deny the indiscreet application of his professional ability, he experienced the usual penalty of the law. It is, however, to be hoped that he is now reaping the reward which has been faithfully promised by the Evangelist to all those who have suffered persecution for justice' sake; for they are declared to be in the highest degree fortunate in such their tribulations. By this disaster, my poor father being thrown out of employment, joined an armament then preparing against the Moors, in the quality of mule-driver to a gentleman; and in that expedition, like a loyal servant, he, along with his master, finished his life and services together.

My widowed mother, thus bereft of husband and of home, determined, in order to acquire a reputation, to associate herself with people of character; she therefore hired a small place in the city, and opened an eating-house for the accommodation of the students, adding likewise to her gains by washing linen for the servants of his Excellency the Comendador of the order of Magdalena. It was in the exercise of the duties of this latter branch of industry that she became acquainted with a groom of the stables, a man of colour rather than of character or fortune. Under the pretence of buying eggs he would continually come to our house, and at last obtained an intimate footing therein. At first, in consequence of his colour and the roughness of his

manners, I was frightened at him ; but when I found that our scanty fare was changed by his visits into abundance, for he always brought bread and meat, and in winter wood for our fire, I not only conquered my repugnance, but even hailed his approach with pleasure. One unpleasantness attended this intimacy, which was that my mother presented me with a little brother, very pretty, though of a darkish complexion, and whom I was obliged to assist in nursing and bringing up.

Matters were not carried on so secretly, however, but that some intelligence of Zayde's gallantry reached the ears of the Comendador's majordomo, who, on inquiry, found a terrible deficiency in the barley, to say nothing of currycombs, brushes, and such like movables, which had been unaccountably lost ; and it was found also, that when nothing better offered itself, even the horses were unshod for the sake of the iron, and all was unluckily traced to my mother for the support of my little brother.

One can hardly wonder at a priest or a friar, the one robbing the poor, the other his convent, for the sake of their fair and devout believers, when love can stimulate a poor slave to do the like. All this was fully proved ; for when they came to me, like a child as I was, and fearful of the threats of punishment, I discovered to them all I knew of the matter, even to the very horse-shoes which my mother had directed me to sell to the farrier. My poor father-in-law was soundly flogged, and his flesh tickled with drops of scalding fat ; while my mother was forbidden the

house of the Comendador, and was commanded, under the severest penalties, never to receive Zayde into her presence again. Not to make matters worse, my mother fulfilled the obligation of the sentence, and to avoid danger, as well as to escape further scandal, she engaged herself to serve the guests at the inn of the Solana, where, notwithstanding she suffered a thousand inconveniences, she managed to rear my little brother. As to myself, I went on errands, and endeavoured to make myself as useful as possible.

About this time a blind man came to lodge at the house, and thinking that I should do very well to lead him about, asked my mother to part with me for that purpose. My mother recommended me strongly, stating that I was the son of an excellent man who died in battle against the enemies of our faith, and "I trust in God," added she, "that he will never make a worse man than was his father." She confided me to his care as an orphan boy, and entreated him to use me with kindness. The old man promised to receive me, not as a servant, but as a son; and thus I commenced service with my new though blind and aged master. We remained in Salamanca some few days, but my master finding his gains in that city to be very inconsiderable, determined to seek greater profits elsewhere. When we were ready to depart, I went to take leave of my mother, who, with an abundance of tears, from which I, too, could not refrain, gave me her blessing, and said, "My son, this may probably be the last time I shall ever see you; endeavour then for my sake to

be good, and may the Almighty assist you. I have reared you from childhood, and now provide you with a kind master; look to yourself for the future, and farewell." I then went to rejoin my master, who was waiting for me at a short distance.

We left Salamanca, and having arrived at the bridge, my master directed my attention to an animal carved in stone in the form of a bull, and desired me to take him near it. When I had placed him close to it, he said, "Lazaro, if you put your ear close to this bull, you will hear an extraordinary noise within." In the simplicity of my heart, believing it to be as he said, I put my ear to the stone, when the old man gave my head such a violent thump against it, that I was almost bereft of sense, and for three days after I did not lose the pain I suffered from the blow. My old master laughed heartily at the joke: "You rogue," said he, "you ought to know that a blind man's boy should have more cunning than the very devil himself."

It seemed to me as though that moment had awakened me from the simplicity of childhood, and I said to myself, "The old man says truly. I am now alone, and if I do not keep a sharp look-out for myself, I shall find none to assist me." We commenced our journey, and in a very few days I began to reap the benefit of my master's instruction. As he found me an apt scholar, he was much pleased, and would say, "I have no silver or gold to give you; but, what is far better, I can impart to you the result of my experience, which will always enable you to live;

for though God has created me blind, yet He has endowed me with faculties which have served me well in the course of my life." And I verily believe that, since God created the world, He never formed a human being with intellects more acute than those of my blind old master. He was as keen as an eagle in his own calling. He knew upwards of a hundred prayers by heart. His tone of voice was pleasing, and, though low, was distinct enough to be heard all over the church where he usually recited them. His countenance was humble and devout; and his deportment, when he recited his prayers, was free from affectation and distortion of visage, which so many are apt to practise.

Besides this, he had a thousand other ways of making money. He could repeat prayers which were available for all occasions; for women who had no children; for those who had expectancy; for those likewise who were unhappily married, and sought to increase the affection of their husbands. He could also prognosticate truly to ladies whether the result of their *travail* would be a boy or a girl; and with respect to the medicinal art, he would tell you that Galen himself was an ignoramus compared with himself. Indeed, he acted as though he really thought so; for no one ever came to consult him, that he did not say without the slightest hesitation, "Take this, do that;" and in such a manner, that he had all the world after him, especially the women, who had the utmost confidence in everything he told them. By these means his profits were very considerable. He

gained more in one month than a hundred other blind men would in a year.

With all this, however, I am sorry to say that I never met with so avaricious and so wicked an old curmudgeon; he allowed me almost to die daily of hunger, without troubling himself about my necessities; and, to say the truth, if I had not helped myself by means of a ready wit and nimble fingers, I should have closed my account from sheer starvation.

Notwithstanding all my master's astuteness and cunning, I contrived so to outwit him that generally the best half came to my share. But to accomplish this, I was obliged to tax my powers of invention to the uttermost. Of this I will recount a few specimens, although perhaps they may not tell much to my credit. The old man was accustomed to carry his bread, meat, and other things in a sort of linen knapsack, which was closed at the mouth with an iron ring, and secured also by a padlock; but in adding to his store, or taking from it, he used such vigilance that it was almost an impossibility to cheat him of a single morsel. However, when he had given me my pittance, which I found no difficulty in despatching at about two mouthfuls, and closed his budget, thinking himself perfectly secure from depredation, I began my tactics, and by means of a small rent, which I slyly effected in one of the seams of the bag, I used to help myself to the choicest pieces of meat, bacon, and sausage, taking care to close the seam according as opportunity occurred. But in addition to this, all that I could collect together, either by fraud or other-

wise, I carried about me in half-farthings; so that when the old man was sent for to pray, and they gave him farthings (all which passed through my hands, he being blind), I contrived to slip them into my mouth, by which process so quick an alteration was effected, that when they reached his hand they were invariably reduced to half the original value.

The cunning old fellow, however, suspected me, for he used to say, "How the deuce is this? ever since you have been with me they give me nothing but half-farthings; whereas before, it was not an unusual thing to be paid with halfpence, but never less than farthings. I must be sharp with *you*, I find." Whenever we ate, the old man took care to keep a small jar of wine near him, which was reserved for his own special service; but I very soon adopted the practice of bestowing on this favourite jar sundry loving though stolen embraces. Such pleasures were but short-lived, for the fervency of my attachment was soon discovered in the deficiency of the wine; and the old man afterwards, to secure his draught, never let the jar go without tying it to him by the handle. But I was a match for him even there; for I procured a large straw, and dipping it into the mouth of the jar, renewed my intimacy with such effect, that but a small share was his who came after me. The old traitor was not long in finding me out; I think he must have heard me drink, for he quickly changed his plan, and placed the jar between his knees, keeping the mouth closed with his hand, and in this manner considered himself secure from my depredations.

Being thus deprived of my customary allowance from the jar, I was ready to die with longing; and finding my plan of the straw no longer available, I took an opportunity of boring a very small hole in the bottom of the jar, which I closed very delicately with wax. At dinner-time, when the poor old man sat over the fire, with the jar between his knees, the heat, slight as it was, melted the little piece of wax with which I closed the hole, and I, feigning to be cold, drew close to the fire, and placed my mouth under the little fountain in such a manner that the whole contents of the jar came to my share. When the old boy had finished his meal, and thought to regale himself with his draught of wine, the deuce a drop did he find, which so enraged and surprised him, that he thought the devil himself had been at work; nor could he conceive how it could be. "Now, uncle," said I, "don't say that I drank your wine, seeing that you have had your hand on it the whole time." But he was not satisfied with my declaration of innocence, so turning and twisting the jar about in every direction, he at last discovered the hole, which at once let him into the secret of my ingenious contrivance. He concealed his discovery so well, that I had not the slightest suspicion that my *ruse* was detected; so the next day, having prepared my jar as before, little foreseeing the consequences, nor dreaming of the wicked thoughts which were passing in the old man's mind, I placed myself under the jar, which presently began to distil its delicious contents, my face turned towards heaven, and my eyes partly

closed, the better to enjoy the delightful draught. The evil-minded old man, judging this to be the time to take his vengeance, raised with both hands the sweet, though alas, to me, bitter jar, and let it fall directly on my mouth, adding to its weight by giving all the impetus in his power. The poor unhappy Lazaro, who little reckoned on such a disaster, but had quietly resigned himself to the delicious enjoyment of the moment, verily believed in the crash which succeeded, that the heavens, with all they contained, had fallen upon him. The blow was so tremendous that my senses fairly left me, and the jar breaking, cut my face in many places, several pieces remaining in the wounds, besides breaking nearly all my teeth, the loss of which I feel to this very day.

From that hour I bore an inveterate grudge against my old rogue of a master, for though he attended to me, and cured me of my wounds, I could plainly see that he enjoyed my cruel chastisement. He washed the wounds with wine which the broken jar had made in my face; and would say smiling, "Lazaro, my boy, what is that which makes you ill, cures you, and gives you strength?" with other little witticisms, which he would repeat, not by any means to my taste.

When I was nearly cured of my wounds and bruises, considering that by a few more such pleasantries the old man would effectually get rid of me, I began to think how I might in the best manner get rid of him; however, I resolved to wait until an opportunity should

offer of effecting my purpose with safety to myself, and more to my satisfaction with regard to the past proceedings of my master.

Although I might in time have pardoned the jar adventure, yet the continual ill-treatment to which I was henceforward subjected, kept alive the vindictive feeling which it originally occasioned; for now, upon the slightest occasion, and even without cause, he would beat and flog me without any mercy. If any humane person interfered, he immediately recounted the history of the jar, prefacing it with some such expression as, "Don't believe the young rogue is quite so innocent as he looks; just listen, and then say whether the devil himself would ever have had the cunning to do the like." Those who listened would reply, "Who could have thought that so much wickedness could be packed in such a small compass?" and they would laugh heartily at my exploit, and say, "Thrash him well, good man; thrash him well; he deserves it richly!" With such encouraging advice he persevered to the very letter, and I can say to my cost, that in his leisure hours he did little else; in return, I took him over the worst roads I could find, and led him wherever there was the slightest chance of his hurting himself. If stones were near, over the very sharpest; if mud, through the deepest; and although this mode of travelling was not the pleasantest, yet if I inconvenienced myself, I annoyed the old man still more, which was all I desired to do. It is true that my head and shoulders were subjected in consequence to the angry visitations of his staff;

and though I continually assured him that his uneasy travelling was not the result of my ill-will, but for want of better roads, yet the old traitor had too much cunning to believe a word I said.

That I may not be tiresome, I shall omit many curious anecdotes of this my first service, and will only relate the following, and then say how I at last took my leave of my blind master. We were in Eşcalona, a place belonging to the Duke of that name, when one day he gave me a piece of a large sausage to cook. While the sausage was in the roaster before the fire, he regaled himself with the dripping; and then taking out his purse, gave me a halfpenny to fetch him some wine. I don't know how it was, unless the devil placed the means before my eyes, but I was tempted to play the thief; for on looking round I saw a turnip, not unlike the shape of the sausage, which had been thrown away as unfit for use. There was nobody near us, and I, with a raging appetite, still further stimulated by the savoury smell of the sausage, which I knew full well was all the old man intended for my share, without a thought for the consequences, snatched the sausage from the roaster while the old man was fumbling for his money, and in a twinkling supplied its place with the turnip.

As I started for the wine, my master began to blow up the fire, thinking the more speedily to cook what his miserable parsimony and my urgent appetite had caused to vanish. On my road for the wine, I was not long in despatching the sausage; and when I

returned, I found the miserable old sinner with the turnip stuck between two slices of bread, preparing, as he thought, to make a most delicious repast. As he bit through the bread, however, thinking to take part of the sausage, his teeth encountered the cold hard turnip, when the truth flashing on his mind, he exclaimed in an altered tone, "Lazarillo, how is this?" "Mercy on me," said I, "do you suspect me? Have I not this instant returned with your wine? Somebody has been here and played this trick upon you." "No, no," said he, "my hand has been on the roaster all the time, that is impossible." I turned to swear and forswear myself as being innocent of this fraud, but little did the old man credit me. He arose, and seizing me by the head, as he possessed as keen a scent as a spaniel, determined to satisfy himself of the truth; so opening my mouth by main force, he thrust therein his ugly nose, which was long and pointed, and at that time had increased considerably in length from spite and anger. With this, and the excessive fear which came over me, added to the shortness of time allowed for my stomach to settle, and more than all, the tickling of that immense proboscis, so unpleasant a feeling began to manifest itself, that hardly had the old man withdrawn his trunk, than the whole contents of my stomach followed, and with such force as entirely to cover his face. Had he not been blind before, his eyesight could hardly have escaped such an explosion. O heavens! what were my feelings at that unhappy moment! never shall I forget it! Such was the rage of that diabolical old man, that

had not my screams attracted some people, I verily believe I should never have escaped with life.

I escaped from his hands in the best way I could, leaving the few hairs that remained to me in his grasp, my face, neck, and throat bearing the marks of his vindictive talons. Lest the bystanders should compassionate me, the old man recounted my exploits to them, which set them into such a roar of laughter, that the place soon became thronged like a fair. And with such humour did the old rogue varnish my misdeeds, that, weeping and wounded as I was, I could easily forgive their mirth.

While this was going on, the remembrance of a singular want of wit and keenness occurred to me, which not only betrayed my incapacity, but a cowardly and grovelling fear, for which I could not easily forgive myself. It was that, when I had the opportunity, I did not bite off the old fellow's nose, seeing that at one time it was so completely in my power, and by that means save myself all the unpleasantness I now endured by not being able to turn the laugh against my tormentor.

The innkeeper's wife, and some others who were there, now washed my face and neck with the wine I had brought, and this afforded the old man another opportunity for a joke, saying, "Of a truth, this boy costs me more wine for one washing of his wounds than I drink in two days." And then he told how many times he had scarified me and cured me with wine; "If ever man in the world," he said, "is fortunate by wine, it will be you." Those who were

bathing my face could not help laughing at the old fellow's humour, though I was wincing with the smart, not only of his jibes but of his blows. This prophecy of the old man did not turn out false; and oftentimes have I since thought of him, and what he made me suffer, though in the end I paid him well for it, little dreaming that what he then rapped out in jest would so turn out.

Considering the injuries I had sustained, in addition to the ridicule to which I was continually exposed, I determined at all hazards to leave the old tyrant to his fate, and chose the following opportunity of doing so. The next day we went about the town to ask alms; but as the weather turned out very wet, we did not stir from beneath the arcades, with which this place is provided. As the night approached, and the rain had not ceased, the old man said, "Lazaro, this wet weather is very unwholesome, and as night comes on it will be still more so, let us therefore get home in good time."

On our return we had to pass a small stream of water, which with the day's rain had considerably increased. I therefore said, "Uncle, the brook is very much swollen; but I see a place a little higher, where, by giving a little jump, we may pass almost dry shod." "Thou art a good lad," said the old man; "I like you for your carefulness. Take me to the narrowest part, for at this time of the year to get one's feet wet would be dangerous." Delighted that my plot seemed to succeed so well, I led him from beneath the arcades, and took him directly opposite

to a pillar, or rather a large stone post, which I observed in the square. "Now, uncle," said I, "this is the place where the brook is the narrowest." The rain was pouring down, and the old man was getting very wet; and whether it was by haste he made to avoid it, or, what was more probable, Providence had at that moment beguiled him of his usual cunning, that he might the more readily fall into the snare, and give me my revenge; so it was, that for once he believed me, and said, "Now place me directly opposite the spot, and then jump yourself." I placed him exactly opposite the pillar, so that he could not miss it, and leaping myself, I took my position immediately behind it, crying out, "Now, master, jump with all your force, and you will clear the water." I had hardly said the words, when the poor old rogue jumped up as nimbly as a goat, giving all his strength to the leap, and taking a step or two backwards by way of impetus, which lent him such force, that instead of alighting on soft ground as he supposed, he gave his poor bald pate such a smash against the pillar, that he fell on the pavement without sense or motion.

"Take that, you unhappy old thief," said I, "and remember the sausage;" then leaving him to the care of the people who began to gather around, I took to my heels as swiftly as possible through the town gates, and before night reached Torrijos. What became of the old man afterwards I don't know, and neither did I ever give myself any pains to inquire,

CHAPTER II.

*HOW LAZARO ENTERED INTO THE SERVICE OF A
PRIEST, AND WHAT ENSUED.*

THE next day, not considering myself quite safe where I was, I went to a place called Maqueda, where, as it were in punishment of my evil deeds, I fell in with a certain priest. I accosted him for alms, when he inquired whether I knew how to assist at mass. I answered that I did, which was true, for the old man, notwithstanding his ill treatment, taught me many useful things,—and this was one of them. The priest, therefore, engaged me on the spot.

There is an old proverb which speaks of getting out of the frying-pan into the fire, which was indeed my unhappy case in this change of masters. The old blind man, selfish as he was, seemed an Alexander the Great, in point of munificence, on comparison with this priest, who was, without exception, the most niggardly of all miserable devils I have ever met with. It seemed as though the meanness of the whole world was gathered together in his wretched person. It would be hard to say whether he inherited this disposition, or whether he had adopted it with his cassock and gown. He had a

large old chest, well secured by a lock, the key of which he always carried about him, tied to a part of his clothing. When the charity bread came from the church, he would with his own hands deposit it in the chest, and then carefully turn the key.

Throughout the whole house there was nothing to eat. Even the sight of such things as we see in other houses, such as smoked bacon, cheese, or bread, would have done my heart good, although I might have been forbidden to taste them. The only eatable we had was a string of onions, and these were locked up in a garret. Every fourth day I was allowed *one*; and when I asked for the key to take it, if any one chanced to be present, he would make a serious matter of it, saying, as he gave me the key, "Take it, and return quickly; for when you go to that tempting room, you never know when to come out of it;"—speaking as though all the sweets of Valencia were there, when I declare to you, as I said before, the devil a bit of anything was there but this string of onions hung on a nail, and of these he kept such an account, that if my unlucky stars had tempted me to take more than my allowance, it would have cost me very dear.

In the end I should in fact have died of hunger, with so little feeling did this reverend gentleman treat me, although with himself he was rather more liberal. Five farthings' worth of meat was his allowance for dinner and supper. It is true that he divided the broth with me; but my share of the meat I might have put in my eye instead of my mouth, and have

been none the worse for it: but sometimes, by good luck, I got a little morsel of bread. In this part of the country it is the custom on Sundays to eat sheep's heads, and he sent me for one that was not to come to more than three farthings. When it was cooked, he ate all the tit bits, and never left it while a morsel of the meat remained; but the dry bones he turned over to me, saying, "There, you rogue, eat that; you are in rare luck; the Pope himself has not such fare as you. "God give him as good!" said I to myself.

At the end of the three weeks that I remained with him, I arrived at such an extreme degree of exhaustion, from sheer hunger, that it was with difficulty I stood on my legs. I saw clearly that I was in the direct road to the grave, unless God and my own wit should help me out of it. For the dextrous application of my fingers there was no opportunity afforded me, seeing there was nothing to practise on; and if there were, I should never have been able to have cheated the priest as I did the old man, whom God absolve, if by my means it went ill with him after his leap. The old man, though cunning, yet wanting sight, gave me now and then a chance; but as to the priest, never had any so keen a sight as he.

When we were at mass, no money came to the plate at the offering that he did not observe: he had one eye on the people and the other on my fingers. His eyes danced about the money-box as though they were quicksilver. When offerings were given, he kept an account, and when it was finished, that instant he would take the plate from my hands, and

put it on the altar. I was not able to rob him of a single maravedi in all the time I lived with him, or rather all the time I starved with him. I never fetched him any wine from the tavern, but the little that was left at church he locked up in his chest, and he would make that serve all the week. In order to excuse all this covetousness, he said to me, "You see, my boy, that priests ought to be very abstemious in their food. For my part, I think it a great scandal to indulge in viands and wine as many do." But the curmudgeon lied most grossly, for at convents or at funerals, when we went to pray, he would eat like a wolf, and drink like a mountebank; and now I speak of funerals—God forgive me, I was never an enemy to the human race but at that unhappy period of my life, and the reason was solely that on those occasions I obtained a meal of victuals.

Every day did I hope, and even pray, that God would be pleased to take His own. Whenever we were sent for to administer the sacrament to the sick, the priest would of course desire all present to join in prayer. You may be certain I was not the last in these devout exercises, and I prayed with all my heart that the Lord would compassionate the afflicted, not by restoring him to the vanities of life, but by relieving him from the sins of this world; and when any of these unfortunates recovered—the Lord forgive me—in the anguish of my heart I wished him a thousand times in perdition; but if he died, no one was more sincere in his blessings than myself.

During all the time I was in this service, which

was nearly six months, only twenty persons paid the debt of nature, and these I verily believe that I killed, or rather that they died, by the incessant importunity of my particular prayers. Such was my extreme suffering, as to make me think that the Lord, compassionating my unhappy and languishing condition, visited some with death to give me life. But for my present necessity there was no remedy; if on the days of funerals I lived well, the return to my old allowance of an onion every fourth day seemed doubly hard; so that I may truly say, I took delight in nothing but death, and oftentimes I have invoked it for myself as well as for others. To me, however, it did not arrive, although continually hovering about me in the ugly shape of famine and short commons. I thought many times of leaving my brute of a master, but two reflections disconcerted me; the first was, the doubt whether I could make my way by reason of the extreme weakness to which hunger had reduced me; and the second suggested, that my first master, having done his best to starve me, and my next having succeeded so far in the same humane object as to bring me to the brink of the grave, whether the third might not, by pursuing the same course, actually thrust me into it.

These considerations made me now pause, lest, by venturing a step farther, it would be my certain fate to be a point lower in fortune, and then the world might truly say, "Farewell Lazaro."

It was during this trying and afflicting time, when, seeing things going from bad to worse, with-

out any one to advise with, I was praying with all Christian humility that I might be released from such misery, that one day, when my wretched, miserable, covetous thief of a master had gone out, an angel, in the likeness of a tinker, knocked at the door—for I verily believe he was directed by Providence to assume that habit and employment—and inquired whether I had anything to mend? Suddenly a light flashed upon me, as though imparted by an invisible and unknown power: “Uncle,” said I, “I have unfortunately lost the key of this great chest, and I’m sadly afraid my master will beat me; for God’s sake try if you can fit it, and I will reward you.” The angelic tinker drew forth a large bunch of keys, and began to try them, while I assisted his endeavours with my feeble prayers; when lo! and behold! when least I thought it, the lid of the chest arose, and I almost fancied I beheld the divine essence therein in the shape of loaves of bread. “I have no money,” said I to my preserver, “but give me the key and help yourself.” He took some of the whitest and best bread he could find, and went away well pleased, though not half so well as myself. I refrained from taking any for the present, lest the deficiency might be noticed; and contented myself with the hope that, on seeing so much in my power, hunger would hardly dare to approach me.

My wretched master returned, and it pleased God that the offering my angel had been pleased to accept, remained undiscovered by him. The next day, when

he went out, I went to my farinaceous paradise, and taking a loaf between my hands and teeth, in a twinkling it became invisible; then, not forgetting to lock the treasure, I capered about the house for joy to think that my miserable life was about to change, and for some days following I was as happy as a king. But it was not predestined for me that such good luck should continue long; on the third day symptoms of my old complaint began to show themselves, for I beheld my murderer in the act of examining our chest, turning and counting the loaves over and over again. Of course I dissimulated my terror, but it was not for want of my prayers and invocations that he was not struck stone-blind like my old master—but he retained his eyesight.

After he had been some time considering and counting, he said, “If I were not well assured of the security of this chest, I should say that somebody had stolen my bread; but, however, to remove all suspicion, from this day I shall count the loaves; there remain now exactly nine and a piece.”

“May nine curses light upon you, you miserable beggar,” said I to myself—for his words went like an arrow to my heart, and hunger already began to attack me, seeing a return to my former scanty fare now inevitable.

No sooner did the priest go out, than I opened the chest to console myself even with the sight of food, and as I gazed on the nice white loaves, a sort of adoration rose within me, which the sight of such tempting morsels could alone inspire. I counted

them carefully to see, if perchance, the curmudgeon had mistaken the number; but, alas! I found he was a much better reckoner than I could have desired. The utmost I dared do, was to bestow on these objects of my affection a thousand kisses, and, in the most delicate manner possible, to nibble here and there a morsel of the crust. With this I passed the day, and not quite so jovially as the former, you may suppose.

But as hunger increased, and more so in proportion as I had fared better the few days previously, I was reduced to the last extremity. Yet all I could do was to open and shut the chest, and contemplate the divine image within. Providence, however, who does not neglect mortals in such an extreme crisis, suggested to me a slight palliation of my present distress. After some consideration, I said within myself, "This chest is very large and old, and in some parts, though very slightly, is broken. It is not impossible to suppose that rats may have made an entrance, and gnawed the bread. To take a whole loaf would not be wise, seeing that it would be missed by my most liberal master; but the other plan he shall certainly have the benefit of." Then I began to pick the loaves on some table-cloths which were there, not of the most costly sort, taking one loaf and leaving another, so that in the end, I made up a tolerable supply of crumbs, which I ate like so many sugar-plums; and with that I in some measure consoled myself and contrived to live.

The priest, when he came home to dinner and

opened the chest, beheld with dismay the havoc made in his store; but he immediately supposed it to have been occasioned by rats, so well had I imitated the style of those depredators. He examined the chest narrowly, and discovered the little holes through which the rats might have entered; and calling me, he said, "Lazaro, look what havoc has been made in our bread during the night." I seemed very much astonished, and asked what it could possibly be? "What has done it?" quoth he, "why, rats; confound 'em, there is no keeping anything from them." I fared well at dinner, and had no reason to repent of the trick I played, for he pared off all the places which he supposed the rats had nibbled at, and, giving them to me, he said, "There, eat that, rats are very clean animals." In this manner, adding what I thus gained to that acquired by the labour of my hands, or rather my nails, I managed tolerably well, though I little expected it. I was destined to receive another shock, when I beheld my miserable tormentor carefully stopping up all the holes in the chest with small pieces of wood, which he nailed over them, and which bade defiance to further depredations. "O Lord!" I cried involuntarily, "to what distress and misfortunes are we unhappy mortals reduced; and how short-lived are the pleasures of this our transitory existence! No sooner did I draw some little relief from the measure which kind fortune suggested, than it is snatched away; and this last act is like closing the door of consolation against me, and opening that of my misfortunes."

It was thus I gave vent to my distress, while the careful workman, with abundance of wood and nails, was finishing his cruel job, saying with great glee, "Now, you rascals of rats, we will change sides, if you please, for your future reception in this house will be right little welcome."

The moment he left the house, I went to examine his work, and found he had not left a single hole unstopped by which even a mosquito could enter. I opened the chest, though without deriving the smallest benefit from its contents; my key was now utterly useless; but as I gazed with longing eyes on the two or three loaves which my master believed to be bitten by the rats, I could not resist the temptation of nibbling a morsel more, though touching them in the lightest possible manner, like an experienced swordsman in a friendly assault.

Necessity is a great master, and being in this strait, I passed night and day in devising means to get out of it. All the rascally plans that could enter the mind of man, did hunger suggest to me; for it is a saying, and a true one, as I can testify, that hunger makes rogues, and abundance fools. One night, when my master slept, of which disposition he always gave sonorous testimony, as I was revolving in my mind the best mode of renewing my intimacy with the contents of the chest, a thought struck me, which I forthwith put in execution. I arose very quietly, and taking an old knife, which, having some little glimmering of the same idea the day previous, I had left for an occasion of

this nature, I repaired to the chest, and at the part which I considered least guarded, I began to bore a hole. The antiquity of the chest seconded my endeavours, for the wood had become rotten from age, and easily yielded to the knife, so that in a short time I managed to display a hole of very respectable dimensions. I then opened the chest very gently, and taking out the bread, I treated it much in the same manner as heretofore, and then returned safe to my mattress.

The next day my worthy master soon spied my handiwork, as well as the deficiency in his bread, and began by wishing the rats at the devil. "What can it mean?" said he; "during all the time I have been here, there have never been rats in the house before." And he might say so with truth; if ever a house in the kingdom deserved to be free from rats, it was his, as they are seldom known to visit where there is nothing to eat. He began again with nails and wood; but when night came, and he slept, I resumed my operations, and rendered nugatory all his ingenuity.

In this manner we went on; the moment he shut one door, I opened another: like the web of Penelope, what he spun by day, I unravelled by night; and in the course of a few nights the old chest was so maltreated, that little remained of the original that was not covered with pieces and nailing. When the unhappy priest found his mechanical ability of no avail, he said, "Really this chest is in such a state, and the wood is so old and rotten, that the rats make

nothing of it. The best plan I can think of, since what we have done is of no use, is to arm ourselves within, against these cursed rats." He then borrowed a rat-trap, and baiting it with bits of cheese which he begged from the neighbours, set it under the chest. This was a piece of singular good fortune for me, for although my hunger needed no sauce, yet I did not nibble the bread at night with less relish because I added thereto the bait from the rat-trap. When in the morning he found not only the bread gone as usual, but the bait likewise vanished, and the trap without a tenant, he grew almost beside himself. He ran to the neighbours, and asked of them what animal it could possibly be that could positively eat the very cheese out of the trap, and yet escape untouched. The neighbours agreed that it could be no rat that could thus eat the bait, and not remain within the trap, and one more cunning than the rest observed, "I remember once seeing a snake about your premises, and depend on it that is the animal which has done you this mischief, for it could easily pick the bait from the trap without entering entirely, and thus too it might easily escape." The rest all agreed that such must be the fact, which alarmed my master a good deal.

He now slept not near so soundly as before, and at every little noise, thinking it was the snake biting the chest, he would get up, and taking a cudgel which he kept at his bed's head for the purpose, began to belabour the poor chest with all his might, so that the noise might frighten the reptile from his

unthrifty proceedings. He even awoke the neighbours with such prodigious clamour, and I could not get a single minute's rest. He turned me out of bed, and looked amongst the straw, and about the blanket, to see if the creature was concealed anywhere; for, as he observed, at night they seek warm places, and not unfrequently injure people by biting them in bed. When he came, I always pretended to be very heavy with sleep, and he would say to me in the morning, "Did you hear nothing last night, boy? The snake was about, and I think I heard him at your bed, for they are very cold creatures, and love warmth." "I hope to God he will not bite me," returned I, "for I am very much afraid." He was so watchful at night that, by my faith, the snake could not continue his operations as usual, but in the morning when the priest was at church, he resumed them pretty steadily as usual.

Looking with dismay at the damage done to his store, and the little redress he was likely to have for it, the poor priest became quite uneasy from fretting, and wandered about all night like a hobgoblin. I began very much to fear that, during one of these fits of watchfulness, he might discover my key, which I placéd for security under the straw of my bed. I therefore, with a caution peculiar to my nature, determined in future to keep this treasure by night safe in my mouth; and this was an ancient custom of mine, for during the time I lived with the blind man, my mouth was my purse, in which I could retain ten or twelve maravedis in farthings, with-

out the slightest inconvenience in any way. Indeed, had I not possessed this faculty, I should never have had a single farthing of my own, for I had neither pocket nor bag that the old man did not continually search. Every night I slept with the key in my mouth without fear of discovery; but, alas! when misfortune is our lot, ingenuity can be of little avail.

It was decreed, by my evil destiny, or rather, I ought to say, as a punishment for my evil doings, that one night when I was fast asleep, my mouth being somewhat open, the key became placed in such a position therein, that my breath came in contact with the hollow of the key, and caused—the worse luck for me—a loud whistling noise. On this my watchful master pricked up his ears, and thought it must be the hissing of the snake which had done him all the damage, and certainly he was not altogether wrong in his conjectures. He arose very quietly, with his club in his hand, and stealing towards the place whence the hissing sound proceeded, thinking at once to put an end to his enemy, he lifted his club, and with all his force discharged such a blow on my unfortunate head, that it needed not another to deprive me of all sense and motion. The moment the blow was delivered, he felt it was no snake that had received it; and guessing what he had done, called out to me in a loud voice, endeavouring to recall me to my senses. Then touching me with his hands, he felt the blood, which was by this time in great profusion about my face, and ran quickly to procure a light. On his return he found me moaning, yet still

holding the key in my mouth, and partly visible, being in the same situation which caused the whistling noise he had mistaken for the snake. Without thinking much of me, the attention of the slayer of snakes was attracted by the appearance of the key, and drawing it from my mouth, he soon discovered what it was, for, of course, the wards were precisely similar to his own. He ran to prove it, and with that at once found out the extent of my ingenuity.

“Thank God,” exclaimed this cruel snake-hunter, “that the rats and the snakes which have so long made war upon me, and devoured my substance, are both at last discovered.”

Of what passed for three days afterwards, I can give no account; but that which I have related, I heard my master recount to those who came there to see me. At the end, however, of the third day, I began to have some consciousness of what was passing around me, and found myself extended on my straw, my head bound up, and covered with ointment and plaisters.

“What is the meaning of all this?” I cried, in extreme alarm. The heartless priest replied, “I have only been hunting the rats and the snakes, which have almost ruined me.” Seeing the condition in which I was, I then guessed what had happened to me. At this time an old nurse entered, with some of the neighbours, who dressed the wounds on my head, which had assumed a favourable appearance; and as they found my senses were restored to me, they anticipated but little danger, and began to

amuse themselves with my exploits, while I, unhappy sinner, could only deplore their effects.

With all this, however, they gave me something to eat, for I was almost dying with hunger; and at the end of fourteen or fifteen days I was able to rise from my bed without danger, though not even then without hunger, and only half cured. The day after I got up, my worthy and truly respectable master took my hand, and opening the door, put me into the street, saying, "Lazaro, from this day look out for yourself, seek another master, and fare you well. No one will ever doubt that you have served a blind man; but for me, I do not require so diligent nor so clever a servant." Then shaking me off, as though I was in league with the evil one, he went back into his house and shut the door.

CHAPTER III.

*HOW LAZARO BECAME THE SERVANT OF AN ESQUIRE,
AND WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM IN THAT SERVICE.*

NOTWITHSTANDING the weak state to which I was reduced, I was obliged to take heart, and with the assistance of some kind people, I gradually made my way to the famous city of Toledo, where, by the mercy of God, I was shortly cured of my wounds.

While I laboured under sickness there were always some well-disposed persons who were willing to give me alms; but no sooner was I recovered, than they said, "Why do you stay idling here? why don't you seek a master?" On which the reply would rise to my lips, "It is very easy to talk, but it is hard to find one."

In this manner I went on seeking my living from door to door, and a mighty poor living it was, for Charity has left us mortals here to take a flight to heaven long since. But one day I accidentally encountered a certain esquire in the street; he was of a good appearance, well dressed, and walked with an air of ease and consequence. As I cast my eyes upon him, he fortunately took notice of me, and said, "Are you seeking a master, my boy?" I replied that I was. "Then follow me," said he; "you have reason

to thank your stars for this meeting :—doubtless you have said your prayers with a better grace than usual this morning.” I followed him, returning thanks to Providence for this singular good turn of fortune, for, if one might judge from appearances, here was exactly the situation which I had so long desired. It was early in the morning when I was engaged by this kind master, and I continued to follow him, as he desired, till we made the tour of a great part of the city. As we passed the market, I hoped that he would give me a load to carry home, as it was then about the hour that people usually made their purchases of that nature; but he passed by without taking the slightest notice. “Peradventure,” quoth I to myself, “these commodities are not exactly to his taste; we shall be more fortunate in some other quarter.”

It was now eleven o'clock, and my master went into the cathedral to hear prayers, where I likewise followed him. Here we stayed until the whole service was finished and the congregation were departed; and then my master left, and proceeded towards one of the back streets of the city. Never was anybody more delighted than I, to find my master had not condescended to trouble himself about supplying his table, concluding, of course, that he was a gentleman whose means enabled him to consign to others such inferior domestic cares, and that on our arrival at home we should find everything in order—an anticipation of great delight to me, and, in fact, by this time almost a matter of

necessity. The clock had struck one, when we arrived at a house before which my master stopped, and throwing his cloak open, he drew from his sleeve a key with which he opened the door.

I followed my master into the house, the entrance of which was extremely dark and dismal, so much so as to create a sensation of fear in the mind of a stranger; and when within found it contained a small court-yard and tolerably sized chambers. The moment he entered, he took off his cloak, and inquiring whether I had clean hands, assisted me to fold it, and then, carefully wiping the dust from a seat, laid it thereon. He next very composedly seated himself, and began to ask me a variety of questions, as to who I was, where I came from, and how I came to that city; to all which I gave a more particular account than exactly suited me at that time, for I thought it would have been much more to the purpose had he desired me to place the table and serve up the soup, than ask me the questions he then did.

With all this, however, I contrived to give him a very satisfactory account of myself, dwelling on my good qualities, and concealing those which were not suitable to my present auditory. But I began now to grow very uneasy, for two o'clock arrived, and still no signs of dinner appeared, and I began to recollect that ever since we had been in the house I had not heard the foot of a human being, either above or below. All I had seen were bare walls, without even a chair or a table—not so much as an

old chest like that I had such good occasion to remember. In fact, it seemed to me like a house labouring under the influence of enchantment.

“Boy, hast thou eaten anything to-day?” asked my master at last. “No, sir,” I replied, “seeing that it was scarcely eight o’clock when I had the good fortune to meet your honour.”

“Early as it was,” returned my master, “I had already breakfasted, and it is never my custom to eat again till the evening; manage as you can till then; you will have the better appetite for supper.”

It may be easily supposed that, on hearing this, my newly raised hopes vanished as rapidly as they had risen; it was not hunger alone that caused me to despond, but the certainty that fortune had not yet exhausted her full store of malice against me. Already I saw in perspective my troubles renewed, and I turned to weep over my unhappy anticipation. The consideration which prevented my taking an abrupt departure from the priest arose to my remembrance—that of falling from bad to worse—and I beheld it, as I feared, realised. I could not but weep over the incidents of my past unfortunate career, and anticipate its rapidly approaching close; yet withal, concealing my emotion as well as possible, I said, “Thank God! sir, I am not a boy that troubles himself much about eating and drinking; and for this quality I have been praised even to this very day by all the masters whom I have ever served.” “Abstinence is a great virtue,” returned my master, “and for this I shall esteem thee still

more; gormandising is only for swine, men of understanding require little to allay their appetite." "I can understand that sentiment right well," quoth I to myself; "my masters have all advised the same course; though the devil a bit do *they* find the virtues of starvation so very pleasant, by all that I have seen."

Seating myself near the door, I now began to eat some crusts of bread which I had about me; they were part of some scraps I had collected in my career of charity. "Come here, boy," said my master; "what are you eating?" I went to him and showed him the bread. He selected from the three pieces which I had, the best and largest, and said, "Upon my life, but this seems exceedingly nice bread." "Yes, sir," I replied, "it is very good." "It really is," he continued; "where did you get it? was it made with clean hands, I wonder?" "That I can't answer for," I replied, "but the flavour of it does not come amiss to me."

"Nor to me either, please God!" said my poor devil of a master; and, having finished his scrutiny, he raised the bread to his mouth, and commenced as fierce an attack on it as I quickly did on the other.

"By heavens! but this bread is beautiful!" exclaimed he; and I, beginning to see how matters stood with him, redoubled my haste with the remainder, being well assured that if he finished first, he would have little hesitation in assisting me: but luckily we finished together. He then carefully picked up the crumbs which had fallen, and entering

a small chamber adjoining, brought out an old jar with a broken mouth. Having drank therefrom he handed it to me, but to support my character of abstemiousness, I excused myself, saying, "No, sir, I thank you; I never drink wine."

"The contents of the jar will not hurt you," he said; "it is only water!" I took the jar, but a very small draught satisfied me, for thirst was one of the few things from which I suffered no inconvenience.

Thus we remained till night, I anticipating my supper, and my master asking me many questions, to all of which I answered in the best manner I was able. Then he took me into the chamber whence he had brought the jar of water, and said, "Stay here, my boy, and see how to make this bed, as from henceforth you will have this duty." We then placed ourselves on each side of this bed, if such it can be called, to make it; though little enough there was to make. On some benches was extended a sort of platform of reeds, on which were placed the clothes, which, from want of washing, were not the whitest in the world. The deuce of anything was there in the shape of feather-bed or mattress, but the canes showed like the ribs of a lean hog through an old covering which served to lie upon, and the colour of which one could not exactly praise.

It was night when the bed was made, and my master said, "Lazaro, it is rather late now, and the market is distant; likewise the city abounds with rogues; we had better therefore pass the night as we

can, and to-morrow morning we will fare better. Being a single man, you see, I don't care much for these things, but we will arrange better in future."

"Sir, as to myself," I replied, "I beg you will on no account distress yourself. I can pass a night without food with no inconvenience, or even more indeed, if it were necessary." "Your health will be all the better for it," he said, "for take my word for it, as I said to-day, nothing in the world will ensure length of life so much as eating little."

"If life is to be purchased on such terms," said I to myself, "I shall never die, for hitherto I have been obliged to keep this rule, whether I will or no; and, God help me, I fear I shall keep it all my long life."

My master then went to bed, putting his clothes under his head instead of a pillow, and ordered me to seek my rest at his feet; which I accordingly did, though the situation precluded all hope of sleep. The canes of which the bedstead was composed, and my bones, which were equally prominent, were, throughout the night, engaged in a continual and most unpleasant intimacy; for considering my illness and the privations which I had endured, to say nothing of my present starving condition, I do not believe I had a single pound of flesh on my whole body. Throughout that day I had eaten nothing but a crust of bread, and was actually mad with hunger, which is in itself a bitter enemy to repose. A thousand times did I curse myself and my unhappy fortunes—the Lord forgive my im-

piety; and what was a sore addition to my misery, I dared not to move, nor vent my grief in audible expressions, for fear of waking my master. Many times during this night did I pray to God to finish my existence!

As the morning appeared, we arose, and I set about cleaning my master's clothes, and putting them in order; and helped him to dress, very much to his satisfaction. As he placed his sword in his belt, he said, "Do you know the value of this weapon, my boy? The gold was never coined that should buy this treasure of me. Of all the blades Antonio ever forged, he never yet made its fellow." And then drawing it from the scabbard and trying the edge with his fingers, he added, "With this blade I would engage to sever a bale of wool." "And I would do more than that with my teeth," said I to myself; "for though they are not made of steel, I would engage to sever a four-pound loaf, and devour it afterwards."

He then sheathed his sword and girded it round him, and with an easy, gentlemanlike carriage, bearing himself erect, and throwing the corner of his cloak over his shoulder, or over his arm, placing his right hand on his side, he sallied forth, saying, "Lazaro, see to the house while I go to hear mass, and make the bed during my absence; the vessel for water wants filling, which you can do at the river which runs close by; though take care to lock the door when you go, lest we should be robbed, and put the key on this hinge, in case I return before you, that I may let myself in."

He then walked up the street with such an air of gentility, that a stranger would have taken him for a near relation of the Count of Arcos, or at least for his valet de chambre.

“Blessed be the Lord!” said I, “who, if He inflicts misfortunes, gives us the means of bearing them. Now who, on meeting my master, would dream but that he had supped well and slept well; and, although early in the morning, but that he had also breakfasted well? There are many secrets, my good master, that you know, and that all the world is ignorant of. Who would not be deceived by that smiling face and that fine cloak? and who would believe that such a fine gentleman had passed the whole of yesterday without any other food than a morsel of bread, that his boy had carried in his breast for a day and a night? To-day washing his hands and face, and, for want of a towel, obliged to dry them with the lining of his garments—no one would ever suspect such things from the appearance before them. Alas! how many are there in this world who voluntarily suffer more for their false idea of honour, than they would undergo for their hopes of an hereafter!”

Thus I moralised at the door of our house, while my master paced slowly up the street; and then, returning within, I lost no time in making the tour of the house, which I did, though without making any fresh discovery whatever, or finding anything of a more consolatory nature than my own gloomy thoughts.

I quickly made our bed, such as it was, and taking the water-jar, went with it to the river. There I saw my gay master in one of the gardens by the river side, in close conversation with two ladies, closely veiled, for there were many who were in the habit of resorting thus early in the morning to enjoy the fresh air, and to take breakfast with some of the gentlemen of the city, who likewise frequented the spot. There he stood between them, saying softer things than Ovid ever did; while they, seeing him apparently so enamoured, made no scruple of hinting their wish to breakfast. Unfortunately his purse was as empty as his heart was full, therefore this attack on his weaker position threw him somewhat suddenly into disorder, which became evident from his confusion of language and the lame excuses of which he was obliged to avail himself. The ladies were too well experienced not to perceive, and that quickly, how matters stood; it was not long, therefore, before they exchanged him for a more entertaining gallant.

I was all this time silyly munching some cabbage-stalks, for want of a better breakfast, which I despatched with considerable alacrity, and then returned home, without being seen by my master, to await his orders respecting breakfast on his return.

I began to think seriously what I should do, still hoping, however, that as the day advanced my master might return with the means to provide at least for our dinner, but in vain. Two o'clock came, but no master; and, as my hunger now became insupportable, without further consideration I locked the door,

and, placing the key where I was told, sallied out in search of food. With a humble subdued voice, my hands crossed upon my breast, and the name of the Lord upon my tongue, I went from house to house begging bread. The practice of this art, I may say, I imbibed with my mother's milk; or rather that, having studied it under the greatest master in all Spain, it is no wonder that I was so great an adept in all its various branches.

Suffice it to say, that although in this city there is no more charity than would save a saint from starvation, yet such was my superiority in talent, that before four o'clock I had stowed away nearly four pounds of bread in my empty stomach, and two pounds more in my sleeves and in the inside of my jacket. Passing then by the tripe market, I begged of one of the women that keep the stalls, who gave me a good-sized piece of cow-heel, with some other pieces of boiled tripe. When I got home, I found my good gentleman already arrived, and having folded and brushed his cloak, he was walking about the courtyard. As I entered he came up to me, as I thought, to chide me for my absence, but, thank God, it was far otherwise. He inquired where I had been, to which I replied, "Sir, I remained at home till two o'clock; but when I found that your honour did not return, I went out, and recommended myself so well to the notice of the good people of this city, that they have given me what you see." I then showed him the bread and the tripe which I had collected. At the sight of these delicacies his countenance brightened

up. "Ah!" said he, "I waited dinner for you some time; but as it grew late I finished. You have nevertheless acted very properly in this matter; for it is much better to ask, for the love of God, than to steal. I only charge you on no account to say you live with me, as such proceedings would not exactly redound to my honour, although I hardly think there is any danger, seeing that I am known so little in this city." "Do not alarm yourself, sir, on that head," said I, "for people thought as little of asking who was my master as I of telling them." "Eat away, then, you young rogue," said he, "and with the blessing of God we shall not long have need of such assistance, though I must say since I have been in this house good fortune has never visited me. There are houses, from some reason or other, so unlucky that every one who occupies them becomes infected with their ill-fortune, and this is without doubt one of them; but I promise you that directly the month is up I will leave, even if they should offer it to me for nothing." I seated myself on the end of the bench, and commenced my supper with the tripe and bread. My poor unhappy master all the time eyed me askance, and never once took his eyes from my skirts, which at that time served me instead of a dinner-service. Providence had that day so favoured me, that I resolved my master should partake of my abundance, for I could well understand his feelings, having experienced them of old, and to that very day, indeed, I was no stranger to them. I began to think whether it would exactly become me to invite him to

my repast, but as he had unfortunately said he had dined, I feared lest he might take it amiss. However, I very much wished that the poor sinner might have the benefit of my labour, and break his fast as he had done the day before, particularly as the food was better and my hunger less. My good wishes towards him were speedily gratified, as they happened to jump with his own humour, for directly I commenced my meal he began walking up and down the room, and approaching me rather closely—

“Lazaro,” said he, “I really cannot help remarking the extreme grace with which you make your meal. I don’t think I ever saw any one eat with more natural elegance; certain it is, that an observer might benefit by your example.”

“Doubtless, my good sir,” thought I, “it can only be to your extreme amiability that I am indebted for this compliment.” Then, in order to give him the opportunity which I knew he longed for, I said, “Good materials, sir, require good workmen. This bread is most delicious, and this cow-heel is so well cooked and seasoned that the smell alone is sufficient to tempt any one.”

“Cow-heel, is it?” said he.

“It is, sir,” I replied.

“Ah!” said he, “cow’s heel is one of the most delicate morsels in the world, there is nothing I am so fond of.”

“Then taste it, sir,” said I, “and try whether this is as good as you have eaten.” He seated himself

on the bench beside me, and laying hands on the cow-heel, with three or four pieces of the whitest bread, commenced in such good earnest that one might easily see his rations were not disagreeable to him—grinding every bone as ravenously as a greyhound. “With a nice sauce of garlic,” said he, “this would be capital eating.”

“You eat it with a better sauce than that, my good sir,” thought I.

“By heavens,” said he, “anybody would think, to see me eat, that I had not touched a morsel to-day.”

“I wish I was as sure of good luck as I’m sure of that,” said I to myself. He asked me for the water-jug, and I gave it to him, which, by the way, was a sure proof he had eaten nothing, for it was as full as when I brought it from the river. After drinking we went to bed in the same manner as on the night before, though it must be confessed in a much more contented mood.

Not to dwell too much on this part of my story, I shall only say that in this manner we passed eight or ten days, my worthy master taking the air every day, in the most frequented parts, with the most perfect ease of a man of fashion, and returning home to feast on the contributions of the charitable, levied by poor Lazaro.

Many times did the reflection suggest itself, that, when with former masters I prayed so heartily to be released from such miserable service, my desire was certainly gratified, though with this difference, that

not only did my present one decline feeding me, but expected that I should maintain him.

With all this, however, I liked him very much, seeing he had not the ability to do more—in fact, I was much more sorry for his unfortunate condition than angry at the situation in which his deficiencies placed me; and many times I have been reduced to short commons myself, that I might bring home a certain share for my unlucky master. But he was poor, and nobody can give what he has not got—an excuse which I cannot make for the old scoundrels I served before—though, as God is my witness, to this very day I never see a gentleman, like my master, strutting along as though the street was hardly wide enough for him, without marking the singular way in which Fortune apportions her favours. I pitied him from my heart, to think, that with all his apparent greatness he might at that moment suffer privations equally hard to endure. But with all his poverty I found greater satisfaction in serving him than either of the others, for the reasons I have stated. All that I blamed him for was the extravagance of his pride, which, I thought, might have been somewhat abated towards one who, like myself, knew his circumstances so intimately. It seems to me, however, that the poorest gentlefolk are always the most proud; but there is consolation in the thought that death knows no distinction, but at length most generally places the commoner in higher ground than it does the peer. I lived for some time in the manner I have related, when it pleased my

miserable fortune, which seemed never tired with persecuting me, to envy me even my present precarious and unhappy condition.

It appeared that the season in that country had been unfavourable to corn, therefore it was ordained by the magistracy that all strangers who subsisted by alms should quit the city, or risk the punishment of the whip. This law was enforced so rigidly that, only four days after its promulgation, I beheld a procession of miserable wretches who were suffering the penalty through the streets of the city; a sight which so alarmed me that I did not dare for the future to avail myself of my accustomed means of subsistence. It can hardly be possible to imagine the extreme necessity to which our house was reduced, or the mournful silence of those who were expiring within; for two or three days we neither spoke a word nor had we a mouthful to eat. With regard to myself, there were some young women, who earned their living by cotton-spinning and making caps, and with whom, being near neighbours of ours, I had made some slight acquaintanceship—out of their pittance these poor girls gave me a morsel, which just served to keep life within me.

I did not, however, feel my own situation so keenly as I did that of my poor master, who, during the space of eight days, to the best of my knowledge, never touched a mouthful; at least, I can say, the deuce a morsel ever entered our door. Whether he ever got anything to eat when he went out I cannot determine; but I know well that he sallied out

every day with a waist as fine as a greyhound of the best breed; and the better, as he thought, to evade suspicion, he would take a straw from the mattress, which could even ill spare the loss, and go swaggering out of the house, sticking it in his mouth for a toothpick! He continued to attribute all his ill-fortune to the unlucky house in which we were lodged. "The evils we have to bear," he would say, "are all owing to this unfortunate dwelling—as you see, it is indeed sad, dark, and dismal: nevertheless, here we are, and, I fear, must continue awhile to suffer; I only wish the month was past, that we might well be quit of it."

It happened one day, suffering, as I have described, this afflicting persecution of hunger, that, by some extraordinary chance, I know not what, nor did I think it dutiful to inquire, there fell into my poor master's poverty-stricken possession the large sum of one rial, with which he came home as consequentially as though he had brought the treasure of Venice, saying to me, with an air of extreme satisfaction and contentment, "Here, Lazaro, my boy, take this—Providence is at last beginning to smile on us—go to the market and purchase bread, meat, and wine; we will no longer take things as we have done. I have other good news likewise. I have taken another lodging, so that there will be no occasion to remain in this wretched place longer than the end of the month. Curse the place and he who laid the first brick; by the Lord, since I've been here not a drop of wine have I drunk, nor have I tasted a morsel

of meat, neither have I enjoyed the smallest comfort whatsoever; but everything has been, as you see, miserable and dismal to the last degree. However, go, and quickly, for to-day we will feast like lords."

I took my rial and jar, and without another word set out on my errand with the utmost speed, making towards the market-place in the most joyous and light-hearted mood imaginable. But alas! what enjoyment could I expect, when my adverse fortune so preponderated that the slightest gleam of sunshine in my career was sure to be overtaken by a storm? I was making my way, as I said, in extremely good spirits, revolving in my mind in what manner I should lay out my money to the best advantage, and returning heartfelt thanks to Providence for favouring my master with this unexpected stroke of fortune, when I saw a great crowd at the other end of the street, among whom were many priests; and I soon found to my horror that they were accompanying a corpse. I stood up against the wall to give them room, and as the body passed I beheld one, who, as I supposed, from the mourning she wore, was the widow of the deceased, surrounded by friends. She was weeping bitterly, and uttering in a loud voice the most piteous exclamations. "Alas!" she cried, "my dear husband and lord! whither are they taking you? To that miserable and unhappy dwelling; to that dark and dismal habitation; to the house where there is neither eating nor drinking!" Good heavens! never shall I forget the moment when I heard those words; it seemed in my

fright as though heaven and earth were coming together. "Miserable and unhappy wretch that I am," I exclaimed in an agony of mind, "it is to our house then that they are bearing this body!"

I rushed from the place where I stood, through the crowd, forgetting in my fright the object of my errand, and made with all speed towards home. The instant I arrived, I closed the door, barred and bolted it, and cried out to my master with the utmost earnestness of manner to help me to defend the entrance. He, greatly alarmed, and with the impression that it was something else, called to me, "What is the matter, boy? why do you slam the door with such fury?"

"O master," said I, "come here and assist me, for they are bringing a dead body here! I met them in the street above, and I heard the widow of the dead man crying out, 'Alas! husband and master, whither do they take you? To the dark and dismal house; to the house of misery and misfortune; to the house where they neither eat nor drink.' To what other house, then, can they be bringing him than this?" Directly my master heard these words, albeit in no merry humour, he burst out into such a fit of laughing that it was some time before he could utter a word.

During this time I was holding fast the door, placing my shoulder against it for better security. The crowd passed with the body, though still I could not persuade myself but that they intended to bring it in. When my master was more satiated

with mirth than with food, he said to me, in a good-tempered manner, "It is very just, Lazaro; according to what the widow said, you were right in thinking as you did; but as they have thought better of it and passed on, open the door and go on your errand." "Stop a little longer, sir," said I, "let them pass the end of the street, that we may be sure;" but he would not wait, and coming to the street door, he opened it and forced me away, for I hardly knew what I did with fright, and so he despatched me again to the market.

We dined well that day, though my appetite was but indifferent; and it was some time before I recovered from the effect of that misadventure, though it was an excellent source of mirth to my master whenever it was brought to his recollection.

In this manner I lived some little time with my third and poorest master the esquire, having great curiosity to know what could possibly have induced him to come to that part of the world, for I knew he was a stranger on the first day I lived with him, from the fact of his not knowing a single soul in the city. At last my wish was gratified; for one day, when we had feasted pretty well, and were consequently in good humour, he told me a little of his history. He was a native of Old Castile, and had quitted his country because he had refused to salute a neighbouring gentleman of consequence by taking off his hat first, which, according to punctilio, was construed into an insulting mark of disrespect. My honourable master wished to convince me that,



being a gentleman, the other, though superior, had an equal right to doff his bonnet to him; "for," said he, "though I am, as you see, but an esquire, I vow to God, if the count himself were to meet me in the street, and did not take off his hat to me, ay, and entirely off, the next time we met I would turn into some shop, pretending business, rather than pay him the least mark of respect. And though you see me here but poorly off, yet in my own country I have an estate in houses in good condition and well rented, only sixteen leagues from the place where I was born, worth at least two hundred thousand maravedis; so you see that they must be of good size and in good repair. I have likewise a dovecot, which if it were taken care of, which it is not, would furnish upwards of two hundred young birds annually; and many other things I possess, which I have relinquished solely because I would not have the slightest imputation cast upon my honour, by yielding precedence to one who was in fact no better than myself; and I came to this city hoping to obtain some honourable employment, though I have not succeeded so well as I could have wished."

In this manner my master was going on with his narrative, giving me an account of the honourable proceedings by which he had suffered, when he was interrupted by the appearance of an old man and woman; the former came to demand the rent of the house, and the latter that of the bed. They brought the account, and claimed for two months more than he could raise in a year; I think it was about twelve

or thirteen rials. He answered them very courteously, that he was then going out to change a piece of gold and should return in the evening. But he made his exit this time for good; and when the good people came for their money, I was obliged to tell them that he had not yet returned. The night came, but without my master, and, being fearful of remaining in the house by myself, I went to our neighbours, to whom I related the circumstance, and they allowed me to remain with them.

Early in the morning the creditors returned and inquired of the neighbours. The woman replied that his boy was there, and the key of the door ready for them. They then asked me about my master, and I told them that I knew not where he was, and that I had not seen him since he went out to change the piece of gold; but that I thought it was most likely he was gone off with the change.

On hearing this news they sent for a lawyer and a constable, and called on me and others to witness their taking possession of my master's effects in payment of their demands. They went all over the house, and found just as much furniture as I have recounted before, when they demanded of me, "What has become of your master's property? where are his trunks? and where is his household furniture?" "I am sure I don't know," I replied. "Doubtless," said they, "the property has been removed during the night. Señor Alguazil, take that boy into custody; he knows whither it has been taken." On this up came the Alguazil, and, seizing

me by the collar, said, "Boy, thou art my prisoner, if thou reveal not where thy master hath hid his effects." I, as if quite new to this sort of thing, expressed the utmost surprise and terror, and promised to state everything I knew, which seemed a little to disarm his anger. "That is right," exclaimed all, "tell all you know, and fear nothing." The man of law seated himself at a desk, and desired me to begin. "Gentlemen," I continued, "my master is in possession of a good stock of houses and an old dovecot." "So far well," was the reply; "however little worth, it will meet the debt he owes us. In what part of the city do they lie?" "On his own estate, to be sure," was my answer. "That is all the better," they exclaimed; "and where is his estate?" "In Old Castile," I replied, "as he told me." Both Alguazil and notary laughed out at hearing this, exclaiming, "Quite enough—quite enough to cover your claim, though it were even greater." The neighbours who had gathered round us now said, "Gentlemen, this here is a very honest boy; he has not been long in the 'squire's service, and knows no more of him than does your worship; the poor little sinner came knocking at our doors, and for charity's sake we gave him something to eat, after which he has gone to sleep at his master's."

Seeing that I was innocent they let me go free; but the notary and the Alguazil now came on the owners for the taxes, which gave rise to no very friendly discussion and a most hideous din; the man and woman maintained very stoutly that they had

neither the will nor the means to pay them. The others declared they had other business in view of more importance; but I left them without stopping to see the issue of the affair, though I believe the unfortunate owner had to pay all; and he well deserved to do it, for when he ought to have taken his ease and pleasure, after a life of labour, he still went on hiring out houses to increase his gains.

It was in this way that my third and poorest master took leave of me, by which it seems I put the seal to my bad fortune, which, while exercising its utmost rigour against me, had this singularity in it that, though most domestics are known to run away from their masters, it was not thus in my case, inasmuch as my master had fairly run away from me.

CHAPTER IV.

*HOW LAZARO SERVED A FRIAR OF LA MERCED, AND
WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM.*

I HAD now to seek a fourth master; and this turned out to be a holy friar, to whom I was conducted by the ladies before alluded to, and who were related to him. He was a great enemy to psalm-singing, and of the usual convent fare; fond of roaming out, and eager indeed in the pursuit of every kind of secular business and amusement. In fact, he wore out more shoes than all the rest of the convent put together. It was he who gave me the first pair of shoes I ever had given me in my life; and they did not last me much above a week, so constantly did he keep me on the trot. In short, I could not endure it; and for this and other reasons, not worth stating, I took my leave of him without asking leave.

CHAPTER V.

*HOW LAZARO SERVED A BULERO, AND WHAT
TOOK PLACE.*

THE fifth master that fortune threw in my way was a Bulero, or a dealer in papal indulgences—one of the most impudent and barefaced, yet cleverest rogues, that I have ever seen or ever shall see. He practised all manner of deceit, and resorted to the most subtle inventions to gain his end. On his arrival at any place to present his credentials and open his traffic, the first thing he did was to send small presents of no great value to the clergy, by which means he would gain a civil reception, and perhaps assistance in his negotiations. He made himself acquainted with the character of these persons; when to some he would say that he never spoke in Latin, but always preferred a chaste and elegant diction in his native tongue. To others again he would talk Latin for two hours; at least so it would seem to those who heard him, although perhaps it was not half that time. When he found that no great success attended his usual endeavours, he would have recourse to artifice; but as a regular account of them would fill a volume, I will only recount one little manœuvre, which will give you some idea of his genius and invention.

He had preached two or three days at a place near Toledo, and had not neglected his usual offerings; but he found his indulgences go off but slowly, with very little appearance of improvement, for which he very heartily wished the good people at the devil. Being at his wit's end what to do, he invited all the people to the church the next morning, to take his farewell. After supper that evening he and the Alguazil sat down to enjoy themselves, and in the course of their entertainment some dispute arose, which increased to very high words. He called the Alguazil thief, which the other retorted by calling him impostor. On this, the Balero caught up a weapon lying near, and the Alguazil drew his sword to defend himself. The noise was so great that the neighbours ran in to inquire into the cause, and with some difficulty separated the enraged combatants. They continued, however, to revile each other with words, although, by reason of the house being filled with people, they could not vent their rage with blows; the Alguazil continually calling out that my master was an impostor, and that his indulgences were forged. The neighbours seeing that peace could not be restored, took away the Alguazil to another inn, to prevent mischief; and after some time, the uproar subsiding, we went to bed.

In the morning my master went to the church to preach his farewell sermon. The people were all there, murmuring about the authenticity of the bull, saying that the Alguazil had discovered it to them; and if they were indisposed towards the indulgences

before, they were now little likely to purchase them. The reverend commissary ascended the pulpit and commenced his sermon. He expatiated on the merits of the Pope's holy commission, and of the infallible virtues of the indulgences which the bull guaranteed. The sermon was proceeding in this manner when the Alguazil entered the church, and taking advantage of an opportunity, rose, and with a loud voice, but discreet manner, he addressed the congregation:—
“My good people, hear me but one word, and listen to whomsoever you please afterwards. I came here with yonder cheat who is now preaching to you, and, seduced by him, I promised to favour his deception and divide the gains. But as my conscience is uneasy at thus assisting to rob you of your money, I take this opportunity of declaring before you all that the bull is forged, and that the indulgences are false. And after this confession I beg you to bear witness, if at any future time this rogue meet with punishment as an impostor, that I am not implicated therein, but have done all in my power to expose him and warn you.”

Many respectable people, to prevent the scandal of the thing proceeding further, wished to turn the Alguazil out of the church, but the reverend preacher would by no means permit such violence; and thus the Alguazil had the liberty of saying all he wished. When he was silent, my master rose and asked him if he wished to say more, on which he replied, “I could say plenty more concerning your rogueries, but for the present what I have said is sufficient.”

The devout commissary of his holiness then threw himself on his knees in the pulpit, and, casting his arms and eyes towards heaven, he exclaimed, "O Lord! to whom nothing is hidden, Thou knowest the truth, and how cruelly I am calumniated. I forgive all that personally concerns me, but to that which relates to my holy calling I cannot be indifferent, inasmuch as many here may be induced to give credit to what has been falsely spoken, to the injury of their own souls and of my holy mission. I therefore pray Thee, O Lord, to vouchsafe by a miracle to show the whole truth as to this matter. If I deal in falsehood and iniquity, may the pulpit on which I now kneel sink with me seven fathoms below the earth, so that I may never be heard of again; and if what is said be false, and prompted by the devil to deprive these good people here of the comforts of which I am the bearer, let the author of the calumny be punished, so that all present may be convinced of his malice."

Hardly had my pious master finished his prayer, when the Alguazil fell from the place where he was standing, and with such a noise that the whole church resounded with the fall. His countenance became distorted, and he began to foam at the mouth, uttering frightful curses, and rolling about in the utmost apparent agony. At this wonderful interposition of Providence, the clamour became so great that no one could hear himself speak. Some were frightened, and cried, "Lord, Lord, have mercy on the sinner;" while others said, "It served him right for his false testimony; let him kick and go to the devil!"

Finally, however, some individuals went to his assistance, though not without evident fear, and tried to hold his arms and legs; but he gave them such fierce salutes, dealing his favours so vigorously and dexterously, that many were much hurt, and it required at least seventeen men to hold him down.

While this was proceeding my sainted master was on his knees in the pulpit, his hands and eyes turned towards heaven, apparently filled with the Divine essence, and utterly unconscious of the noises and disturbance around him, so completely was he wrapt in his heavenly meditations. Some approached him and begged him, "for the love of God, to succour the poor wretch who was dying; and that, doubtless, at his intercession the Lord would not prolong his sufferings."

The devout commissary, as though disturbed from a sweet vision, looked around him, first at the suppliants and then at the delinquent. "My good friends," said he slowly, "you ought not to ask a favour for him whom God has so signally chastised. But as He has commanded that we should return good for evil, we may with more confidence implore His pardon for the poor wretch who had dared to place an obstacle in the way of His holy commission." Then, descending from the pulpit, he desired them all to pray for the sinner, and that the devil with which he was possessed might be cast out. The congregation with one accord threw themselves on their knees, and commenced in a low voice to repeat the litany; while my master, before he approached

the possessed sinner with the cross and holy water, turning his eyes to heaven till the whites could only be seen, delivered a pious oration, which drew tears from the eyes of the hearers. This being finished, he commanded the holy bull to be brought and placed on the head of the possessed, and immediately the sinner of an Alguazil began by degrees to recover himself. Directly he was restored to consciousness, he threw himself at the feet of the holy commissary and implored his pardon. He confessed that what he did was by the commandment of the devil, who was excessively annoyed at the appearance of the holy man, and was fearful that he should lose his dominion over the people if they were to purchase his indulgences. My master, in the most benevolent manner, pardoned him, and interchanged kindnesses with him, giving him advice very much to his comfort and advantage. Great now was the demand for indulgences amongst the bystanders, and not an individual would go from church without one, neither man, woman, nor child.

The news soon spread, and people came flocking from all parts, so that no sermons were necessary in the church to convince them of the benefits likely to result to the purchasers. The inn where we resided was crowded with applicants, and wherever we went in that district thousands of indulgences were sold without a single sermon being preached. I must confess that I, amongst many others, was deceived at the time, and thought my master a miracle of sanctity; but hearing the merriment which it afforded

to the holy commissary and the Alguazil, I began to suspect that it originated in the peculiarly fertile invention of my master, and although young, from that moment I ceased to be a child of grace; for I argued within myself, "If I, being an eyewitness to such an imposition, could almost believe it, how many more, amongst this poor innocent people, must be imposed on by these robbers?"

I quitted my fifth master at the end of four months, during which I experienced some very fatiguing and unpleasant adventures.

CHAPTER VI.

HOW LAZARO AGREED TO SERVE A CHAPLAIN, AND HOW HE FARED.

I NEXT entered into arrangements with a certain chaplain whom I met in the great church, and who seeing in me a well-grown and conditioned youth, took me forthwith into his service, and put under my care a fine ass, and four narrow-necked pitchers, along with a whip, with all which I commenced to cry one of the four elements, namely, pure water, through the city.

This was the first step which I had yet made towards attaining an easy life, for I had here a mouthful at will. Every day I delivered to my master thirty maravedis, and on the Sabbaths I gained what I could for myself, amounting, with what I made in the week, to at least thirty more. Such was my success in this new office that at the end of four years, by the use of some caution and address, I began to cut a very gentlemanlike appearance out of my master's wardrobe, by the sale of which I was enabled to buy a doublet of old fustian, a large coat with trimmed sleeves, and a cloak lined with silk, besides one of the old famous swords of Cuellar. I had no sooner beheld myself thus arrayed like a man of some note, than I requested of my master to take care of the ass himself, for that I had done with that particular office.

CHAPTER VII.

*HOW LAZARO ARGUED TO SERVE AN ALGUAZIL, AND OF
WHAT ENSUED.*

HAVING bidden the chaplain farewell, I joined the train of justice, and entered the service of an Alguazil. I did not, however, remain in it long, inasmuch as I found it a dangerous employment, and particularly on one night, when a party we were conducting set on and stoned us, treating my master, whom they killed, exceedingly ill, but fortunately stopping short of that with myself.

With this I threw up the trade, and considering in what mode I should next live with a little more safety and ease, as well as profit, to supply my old age, it pleased Heaven to enlighten and put me into a much better way, insomuch that I forgot all my past anxieties and pains in the favour of those friends and gentlemen who procured me an office under the royal government; for I saw that no one so well thrived as he who held such a situation. This also I yet keep, and flourish in it, with the permission of God and of every good customer. In fact, my charge is that of making public proclamation of the wine which is sold in these places, and at auctions, &c.; of bearing those company who suffer persecu-

tion for justice' sake, and publishing to the world, with a loud voice, their faults.

I have succeeded in the office so well, and with so much ease, that almost all matters relating to it are known to go through my hands, insomuch that the man who has got wine or other thing to sell, begins to think it a losing concern if Lazaro de Tormes has not something to do with it.

About this time, perceiving my ability and my style of life, the arch-priest of Salvador, to whom I was introduced, and who was under obligation to me for crying his wine, showed his sense of it by uniting me with one of his own domestics.

I conceived that nothing but a favourable influence and patronage would accrue from this step, and from that hour I have never repented it; for besides being a good creature, diligent and useful, my wife has preserved the countenance of my lord arch-priest, and on holidays and festivals he is sure to make her some solid present, either from his larder or his wardrobe, which really serves to keep us in good plight; and as to house rent, he engaged for us, and we live within a short distance of him. Many a good day in fact we celebrate at his own table; but evil tongues will be busy and give out all kinds of reports, as to all this being done more out of compliment to my wife than to myself. God give the world more grace to tell the truth; not that my wife disturbs herself for the wagging of a few tongues, and a little barking where they cannot bite. Our good priest, moreover, came one day and thus addressed me, "Lazaro, my

friend, whoever pays attention to the envious remarks of others will never thrive. I say it, lest you should heed what they say respecting your wife's visits to see her old master: it is all kindly meant; and your honour is safe, that I can promise you. Dream not of honour then, but stick to profit, and conduct thyself like a wise man."

"My lord," I replied, "it is true that some of my friends have touched upon this subject, and even dared to assert that, before my marriage with your maid, she had already been brought to bed three times, speaking with all reverence, by means of your lordship; such is the power of calumny in ill-disposed minds."

Upon hearing this my wife, who was present, began to cross herself and appeal to all the saints, so that I feared the house would open under our feet; after this she burst into a loud weeping, and rapped out a thousand maledictions upon the head of him who had first joined her in wedlock with Lazaro de Tormes—my humble self. "Would," she said, "I had died ere that fatal word had issued from these lips." But I on one side, and my lord on the other, soon succeeded in drying her tears, vowing, as I did, never to allude in the slightest manner to that delicate subject more, assuring her that such was my confidence that I would be glad to see her going at all hours, either by night or day, into my good patron's house. In this way we all three soon became reconciled to ourselves and to each other. Never to this day has a hint escaped me relative to

the matter; and if I hear any one so much as approach the most distant confines of it, I seize him by the button, and exclaim, "If you be a friend of mine, do not utter what you know will give me pain; for I do not hold him a true one who wishes to excite mischief, and more especially between me and my wife—the object to whom I am most attached in life, and who, by the grace of God, confers on me greater benefits than I can ever deserve. I would swear to you by the Holy Host she is as good a wife as lives within the walls of Toledo; and let my worst enemy say no, and I will fight him on that theme to the death."

All this happened the same year that our victorious Emperor Charles made his entry into this celebrated city of Toledo, and there held his court, bringing with him a season of feast and jubilee, of which all must have heard.

CHAPTER VIII.

*LAZARÓ'S ACCOUNT OF THE FRIENDSHIP HE FORMED
IN TOLEDO WITH SOME GERMANS, AND OF WHAT
PASSED BETWEEN THEM.*

AT this time I had reached my most prosperous "and palmy state." I was at the top of the ladder, and enjoyed all kind of good fortune. Wherever I went I was accompanied by a good assortment of fruits and other rarities, such as are produced and cried in this our favoured land, samples of all which I displayed to view; and thus obtained such a connection, both among natives and foreigners, that I found open house wheresoever I chose to direct my steps. I was, in short, such a favourite that, I believe, had I wished to kill a man out of mere whim, or chanced to fall into any horrible scrape, I should have found everybody upon my side, and got clear off by means of noble friends and connections in high life. I never left them empty-handed; they always took from me some of the most choice articles in the city—a city in which we spent so glorious a life. When in their company they never permitted us to put our hands into our pockets or expend the least item, declaring that, both on my wife's account and my own, they should take it as an affront. I

could not find words to express the pleasure I felt in their society; and not only this, but they crowded our table with every delicacy of the season, so that every day we had a store by us enough to last a whole family for a week. In this land of plenty I often recalled to mind my days of fast and penance, and gave thanks to the Lord that things, both in general and in particular, went so well.

But as the old proverb has it—

“ Quien bien te harà,
O se te irá ó se morirà.”

So indeed it happened to me, for the grand court changed its residence; and though my great friends wished me to go along with them, and promised me fine things, I bethought me again of the old saying, that a “bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,” and so we took leave of them with many expressions of sorrow and regret.

Of a truth, had I not been married I could have gone along with them, so much was their society agreeable to my taste, and their life, moreover, being one every way worthy of imitation; abounding in all that is good and pleasing, and suffering none within its happy sphere to feel any wish unsatisfied.

But the love of my wife and of my country prevailed; and I remained in this city, although well known to its inhabitants, apart from the pleasures of a court and the society of such friends. My satisfaction was shortly afterwards increased by the birth of a daughter; a little beauty, which my wife de-

clared by all the saints she believed to be my own. This happy state I now conceived would continue; but fortune soon began to show another aspect, and a fresh series of miseries and difficulties of every kind followed her altered looks, which ended in death, and which it would be too cruel and severe a task for me to pretend to recount.

GUZMAN D'ALFARACHE.

VOL. I.

F

MATEO ALEMAN,

BY THOMAS ROSCOE.

MATEO ALEMAN was a writer of considerable eminence in the reign of Philip II., although the particulars of his life are few. We learn from Nicholas Antonio, that he was a native of Seville, and was employed under the Government; but having a distaste for such occupation, he threw up his situation, and crossed the sea to Mexico, in which city he was some time a resident, and published there, in the year 1609, his "Ortografia Castellana;" likewise a life of San Antonio de Padua, with a eulogium on the life of that saint, written in very good Latin. He was also the author of a Latin dialogue called "Prometheus," in imitation of Lucian.

But the work which has gained for him the title of novelist, and classed him amongst that school, so humorously and happily conceived and brought into popular regard by Mendoza, is his "Vita del Picaro Guzman d'Alfarache;" of which that honoured plagiarist, Le Sage, knew so well how to avail himself in after times, accommodating his literary larceny to the habits and taste of his own countrymen.

The work has been translated into every European language; and a book well deserves the honour which has, since the year 1599, six years before Cervantes gained immortal renown by his "Don Quixote," preserved its national popularity unimpaired, and which portrays with the most vivid exactitude, the most pure morality, chastened and correct language, and an easy and natural style, the manners of the Spanish *serviles*, the wretched and destitute, an important class in a nation so subjected to the privileged orders. He has, moreover, mixed and contrasted the picture with that of the more exclusive orders which influenced European society at that period.

That corruption of literary taste which originated in excessive refinement had not then shown itself; but the work is not free from other defects, which may be attributed to the nature of the composition and the age in which it was written.

Desirous of portraying the actual state of things, the author sometimes represents them worse than they were; and aiming at the familiar and colloquial, he sometimes quits a graceful irony for low satire and buffoonery.

But, with all these defects, it ranks higher than any works of the class which had been previously written; and infinitely superior to that which appeared from the pen of his imitator, Lopez de Ubeda, called "La Picara Justina," a book richly deserving the contempt with which it is treated by the critical curate who passes judgment on Don Quixote's library.

THE
LIFE OF GUZMAN D'ALFARACHE.



CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

I WAS so desirous, curious reader, to relate to you my own adventures, that I had almost commenced speaking of myself without making any mention of my family, with which some sophist or other would not have failed to accuse me: "Be not so hasty, friend Guzman," would he have said; "let us begin, if you please, from the definition, before we proceed to speak of the thing defined. Inform us, in the first place, who were your parents; you can then relate to us at your pleasure those exploits which you have so immoderate a desire to entertain us with."

To proceed, therefore, in due course, I will introduce my parents to your notice. Were I to relate their history, I doubt not that you would find it more entertaining than my own; but think not that I am going so far to enlarge at their expense as to reveal all that I know of them: let any other that pleases rake up the ashes of the dead, and regale

himself on their bodies, like the hyena; for my part, I shall so far respect the memory of my parents, as to pass over in silence such things as it would not become me to speak of; and it is even my wish so to set off such as I shall recount to you, that it may be said of me, "Blessed be the man who thus glosses over the crimes of his ancestors."

Their conduct, however, has certainly not always been blameless, and some of their actions have made so much noise in the world, that it were in vain for me to attempt to make them appear spotless. I shall only give the lie to the numerous comments that have been made upon the truth; for, God be praised! it is the fashion nowadays to disguise truth by such comments. Every man who relates a story, whether from malice or ostentation, is sure to interlard with it some portion of slander, more or less; such is the good disposition of our nature, that something of our own invention must be added to that which is expected of us. I will relate to you an example of this.

I knew a gentleman at Madrid, a stranger, who was a great lover of Spanish horses. He possessed two of a remarkably fine shape, a sorrel and a dapple-grey, which he would willingly have transported to his own country; but it not being lawful, and, besides, scarcely possible, on account of the very great distance, he resolved to have them painted, that he might at least have the pleasure of showing their pictures to his friends. With this view he employed two celebrated painters, to each of whom he gave a

horse to paint; promising, over and above the price agreed on, to recompense handsomely the one whose performance should excel the other's.

The first painted the sorrel almost to the life, and filled up the rest of his canvas with light strokes and shades. The other painter was not so perfect in the dapple-grey; but, to make amends, he adorned the upper part of his picture with trees, clouds, a beautiful perspective and venerable ruins, and he represented, at the lower part, an open country abounding with shrubs, meadows, and waterfalls. In the corner of his piece he had suspended all manner of horse-furniture on the trunk of a tree, with a hunting-saddle, which for workmanship could not be excelled.

When the gentleman saw the two paintings, he with reason very much preferred the sorrel to the other, paid without hesitation what the artist demanded, and presented him besides with a fine ring. The other painter seeing the stranger so liberal, and conceiving that he deserved a much greater recompence than his rival, set his performance at an excessive rate; at which the gentleman, been surprised, asked him, "How he could for a moment imagine that he would purchase his painting at a higher rate than the other, to which it was undoubtedly much inferior?" "Inferior!" answered the painter, "I grant that my brother may have excelled me in the *horse*, but my shrubs and ruins alone are worth much more than the whole of his painting." "I had no occasion," answered the

gentleman, "for your shrubs and ruins, we have enough of those in our own country. In one word, all that I desired of you was a true painting of my horse."

The painter replied, that "A horse alone would have had but a very poor effect in so large a piece, whereas the ornaments he had introduced had given great relief to its appearance. Besides," added he, "I could not think of leaving a horse without saddle and bridle, and those that I have made I would not change for others, though made of gold." "Once more," said the stranger, "all I asked of you was a horse, for which I am ready to pay you a reasonable price. In regard to the saddle and bridle, you have only to dispose of them as you please." Thus, for having done more than was desired of him, the artist was not paid for his trouble.

How many people are there in the world like this painter! A plain horse only is required of them, and they will, peremptorily, give you him saddled and bridled. Once more, slanderous commentaries are the fashion, and nobody escapes them. Judge then, reader, if my parents have been spared.

CHAPTER II.

*OF THE PARENTS OF GUZMAN, BUT MORE PARTICULARLY
OF HIS FATHER.*

MY ancestors, as well as my father, were originally from the Levant; but having settled in Genoa, and been ingrafted with the noblesse there, I shall call them Genoese.

They employed themselves in the traffic of exchanges, which was much practised among the gentry of that city. It is true that they acted in such a manner in their commerce, that their credit was soon publicly cried down, and they were accused of usury; it was moreover said of them that they lent money at an exorbitant interest, upon plate and other good security, for a limited time, at the expiration of which the pledges, if not redeemed, remained at their disposal; sometimes they even denied themselves, and evaded persons who came for the purpose of reclaiming their property at the stipulated time, and very frequently restitution could only be obtained by an appeal to justice.

My parents well knew that they were reproached with these and the like villanies, but as they were prudent, peaceful people, they always went on their own way, and cared not what detractors said of

them. In fact, when one behaves with decorum, why pay any regard to such slander? My father was a constant attendant at church, and always carried about with him a rosary of fifteen complete sections, each bead of which was larger than a hazelnut. He never failed at mass; humbly kneeling before the altar, with his hands folded together and his eyes turned up towards heaven, he uttered such ejaculations, and sighed with so much fervency, that he inspired all around him with devotion. Can it be believed, then, without injustice, that with so truly religious an outward appearance, he was capable of the infamous transactions of which he was accused? God only is able to form a correct judgment of the heart of man. I confess, that if I saw a religious man enter a house in the night-time, armed with a sword, I might suspect his intentions; but that such a man as my father, who was constantly seen to act in this Christian-like manner, should be taxed with hypocrisy, is a piece of malignity which I cannot pass over.

Thus, though he had determined to treat all these unpleasant reports respecting him with contempt, he found that he had not always resolution sufficient to bear them with *patience*. That he might hear no more of them, therefore, he determined upon leaving the city. Another reason for his taking this resolution was, that he had received information that his correspondent at Seville, with whom he was engaged for a considerable sum, had become a bankrupt. At this distressing intelligence he embarked immediately

for Spain, in the hope of meeting with that person. But the vessel in which he sailed being taken by the corsairs, he was made a slave and carried to Algiers.

My father was now not only afflicted at the loss of his liberty, but was obliged to give up all hope of regaining his money. In his despair he took the turban; and having, by his insinuating manner, been happy enough to be well received by a rich widow at Algiers, he shortly afterwards married her.

In the meantime it was known at Genoa that he had been taken prisoner by the pirates, and this news soon came to the ears of his correspondent at Seville, who was the more rejoiced at it, as he fancied he had got rid of his principal creditor, whom he considered a slave for life. Finding, therefore, that one way or other he had sufficient remaining to satisfy the others, he arranged his affairs with them immediately. So that, having discharged all his debts, according to the mode prescribed for bankrupts, he found himself able to commence business again in a better condition than ever.

On the other hand, my father's thoughts were still completely occupied with the remembrance of his correspondent's bankruptcy, and he never failed to make inquiries respecting him in all his letters to Spain. He learned by this means that his debtor had adjusted his affairs, and was in a better condition than ever. This afforded some consolation to our captive, who began to hope from that moment that he should recover some part of his debt. As to his having taken upon him the Turkish habit, and mar-

ried in Algiers, nothing appeared easier to him than to clear himself from any difficulty on that score. The first thing he did was to persuade his wife to turn all her property into ready money, telling her that he was desirous to trade again. In respect to what jewels she had, he made not the slightest scruple to possess himself of them before she had the least suspicion of his intention.

When he had thus got everything in readiness, his next business was to find out some Christian captain who, out of *compassion* for him *and for a reasonable remuneration*, would undertake to transport him to the Spanish coast, and he was fortunate enough to meet with one who was an Englishman, with a feeling heart and a proper sense of religion, which the majority of his nation generally possess. Everything was so well ordered that they had got a considerable way out to sea with my father and his treasure before his wife had any knowledge of his departure. To add to his good luck, the vessel was bound for Malaga, whence it is but three short days' journey to Seville. No sooner had my father landed, than the idea of soon securing his rascally debtor seemed to complete his joy. The first thing he did was to get reconciled to the Church; more, perhaps, from the fear of penance in this world, than from dread of punishment in the world to come.

Having got rid of an affair of so great importance, he thought of nothing but Seville, whither he hastened immediately. The news of my father's having embraced Mahometanism had got to Seville

long before him, and his correspondent felt so well assured of it, that he was enjoying his money without entertaining the slightest apprehension of ever being compelled to make any account of it; judge, therefore, of his surprise upon seeing the Genoese strut into his house one fine morning, with an imperious air, and dressed in a manner bearing but little resemblance to a slave. He could not but believe him for some moments to be some *spirit* in the form of his principal creditor; but recollecting, in spite of himself, that it was my father, in his own flesh and blood, he was obliged at length to come to some explanation. With the utmost effrontery, therefore, he agreed that *it was but right to settle accounts*; but that they had so many and long dealings together, that their business required a long discussion. It may be boldly asserted, that during their commerce there had been a thousand rogueries on both sides, known to themselves only; and as these slights of hand, or mutual juggles, are never entered on tradesmen's books, this roguish correspondent had the audacity to deny three-fourths of them, unmindful of the good faith and honour which thieves are said so religiously to observe towards each other.

What more have I to tell you? After the perusal and reperusal of many papers *pro* and *con*; after an infinity of demands and replies, accompanied by reproaches and reciprocal hard words, an accommodation was made, by which my father was content to lose the greater part of his demand. Of water spilt we must recover what we can, and certainly my

father acted wisely in ridding himself at Malaga of *the itch of Algiers*.¹ If he had not taken this precaution, he would have obtained no redress, nor would he have touched a farthing of his debt. A man of his correspondent's character might easily have taken advantage of the circumstance at Seville, perhaps by giving the half of his debt to the Brothers of the Holy Inquisition to undertake the cause for him. You may judge of the feeling he entertained towards him by the reports that he spread to his disadvantage throughout Seville. What absurdities did he not relate to all the merchants upon 'Change, of two former petty bankruptcies of the Genoese, which, in fact, were not without fraud; but do other merchants act differently? Is it not hard, then, thus to cry down one unfortunate speculator who, to repair and patch up his deranged affairs, has recourse to a little bankruptcy? This is nothing among merchants; they easily make amends to each other by a compliment of the like nature. If it were so very great a crime, would not justice take care to remedy it? Undoubtedly; for so severe is she, that we see many a poor devil well whipped and sent to the galleys for less than five or six reals.

This rascal of a correspondent was not content with having destroyed my father's reputation by divulging his two bankruptcies; his malignity went so far that he endeavoured to make him appear ridiculous in the world, by giving out that he took more

¹ Alluding to his having taken the turban.

pains with his person than an antiquated coquette, and that his face was always covered with red and white paint. I grant you that my father curled his hair and perfumed himself, and took a vast deal of pains with his teeth and hands. But what of this? he loved himself, and not hating women, he neglected nothing that he thought would make his person agreeable to them. This afforded fine sport for our correspondent, who at first did some harm; but as soon as my father became somewhat better known at Seville, he contrived to efface all the bad impressions that slander had made, for he conducted himself in so plausible a manner, and made a show of so much uprightness and sincerity in all his actions, that he gained the esteem and friendship of the first merchants in that city.

With the sum of money that he had brought with him from Algiers, added to what he had recovered from his correspondent, my father now found himself worth about 40,000 livres, which was not an inconsiderable sum for him, who knew well how to conduct his business as a wholesale trader. Nobody made greater noise than he on the Exchange: so well did he get on, that after some years he purchased a house in town and another in the country; he furnished them both in a magnificent manner, especially his house of pleasure at St. Juan d'Alfarache, whence I derive my title. But as he loved pleasure, this house was the cause of his ruin, by the very frequent expenses he was led into; so that he insensibly neglected his affairs and trusted to his clerks; and to

keep up appearances he was obliged to have recourse to play with rich merchants whom he invited and entertained for that purpose, and of whom he generally won.

CHAPTER III.

GUZMAN RELATES HOW HIS FATHER MAKES AN ACQUAINTANCE WITH A LADY, WITH THE CONSEQUENCES THEREOF.

SUCH was the life my father led, when being one day on 'Change among other merchants, he discovered afar off a christening which seemed to belong to persons of distinction; everybody hastened to see it pass, especially as it was whispered that it was the child of some person of quality, whose baptism was wished to be as private as possible.

My father followed with the rest to the church, and stationed himself at the font; not so much out of a desire to see the ceremony, as the face of a lady whom an old knight led, and who, as it appeared, was to stand for the infant, with this superannuated cavalier. Both the face and figure of this lady were so admirable, that my father was much struck with her appearance. Although in an undress, he could not but admire her graceful deportment, and, as she chanced to raise her veil for an instant, he beheld a face which completely charmed him: there certainly was not a more lovely woman in Seville. He kept his eye immovably fixed upon this charmer, who was

far from being displeased at observing it; for beautiful women are never vexed at a man's looking at them with admiration, although he be of the very dregs of the people. She, in her turn, took a very minute survey of the merchant, and not considering him unworthy of a tender look, she bestowed one on him, which had the desired effect so completely that he scarcely recollected where he was. He was not, however, so entirely lost as to forget to follow his mistress, after the ceremony, to ascertain where she resided and who she was. He found that she lived with this old knight, and was kept by him in a very expensive style, out of an income that he derived from two or three rich benefices in his possession.

My father was not displeased at this discovery, for he felt sure that such a woman could not live very contentedly with her old companion. With this thought, he contrived all the ways he could to see her again and to speak to her, but in vain; he never met her without her old gallant, who never lost sight of her. But these difficulties only added fuel to his flame, and served but to make him sharper and more eager. At length he was fortunate enough, by dint of presents and promises, to gain over to him a duenna, without whose aid he could never have succeeded; this was apparently a good, religious old woman, who (dissembler as she was) had free admittance into the knight's house, and was not in the least mistrusted. This hypocrite, a true agent of Satan, excited the lady's passions by continually speaking of the love and constancy of the Genoese, whose good qualities

she did not fail to exaggerate. The lady, who did not possess the disposition of a tigress, listened so far to the old woman's persuasions that she commissioned her to desire my father not to despair. It is certain, and not to be wondered at, that she was more favourably disposed towards him than towards her old knight, who was very disgusting, much incommoded with the gravel and oftentimes with the gout; while, on the contrary, the merchant promised to realise her hopes of an active and vigorous young gallant. A woman of experience could not hesitate an instant in her choice. But as she was a prudent woman, who had more regard to her interest than to anything else, she was rather perplexed how to act; for though she was night and day completely beset by her keeper's jealous fears, so that it was scarcely possible for her to carry on a secret correspondence with the Genoese, yet she was feathering her nest too snugly all this while, through her old man's kindnesses to her, to think of giving him up so suddenly for a stranger.

Nevertheless, the lovers came to a proper understanding through the old woman's mediation; the only difficulty after which was to get an opportunity and place of interview. But nothing is impossible to love. When the parties are agreed, mountains even shall be divided to give them way. The lady, who was a woman of some experience in these matters, arranged the following plan. She proposed to the old gentleman to accompany her to pass the day at a house of his at Gelvas. It was the most pleasant time of the year, and he consented, therefore, to the

proposal, which was perfectly agreeable to him. It was not the first time that they had made this same trip together, the old gentleman being much attached to that part of the country. Of all parts of Spain, Andalusia is, undoubtedly, the most pleasant, and no part of Andalusia is so attractive as Gelvas and St. Juan d'Alfarache, two adjoining villages, which the famous river Guadalquivir fertilises with its waters, winding about them in such various meanders that it appears to quit them with regret. The spot abounds with beautiful gardens, the most delicious fruits and flowers, fountains, grottoes, and cascades. In a word, everything that can flatter the sight, taste, and smell is here to be met with to admiration.

When the day for setting out on this trip arrived, servants were sent off early in the morning to get everything ready at Gelvas. Some hours after, the knight and his darling started, with the duenna (who was always of their company, and never at all in the way), all three on quiet mules, and followed by two footmen. When they had got just within sight of my father's house, by which they must of necessity pass, the young lady was suddenly taken with so violent a fit of the cholic, that she beseeched the old gentleman, if he did not wish to see her die on the spot, to stop immediately; then slipping gently from the saddle to the ground, as if she was half dead, she requested some rest and refreshment, in a weak voice, saying that she could go no farther. The old man, who from his heart sincerely pitied her, knew not what to say or do; but the duenna, whose cue it was

now to speak, represented in a very prudent manner to the lady, that it was by no means proper that she should remain in such a situation on the highway; that if she could not manage to walk, she had better allow herself to be carried to the house which was not far off, and which appeared to belong to some person of distinction, who could not refuse to afford every accommodation to a lady who so much required it. The old gentleman highly approved of the duenna's advice; and the pretended sick lady said, thereupon, that they should do what they pleased with her, but that as to walking so far, the cruel pains she was suffering rendered it impossible. The two footmen, therefore, carried her, whilst the afflicted old knight walked on before to speak to the people of the house, to entreat them to afford accommodation to his mistress for a few hours.

I have already told you that this house was my father's. It was left in the care of an old house-keeper, who had ample instructions how to behave to serve him in this instance. As soon as she heard a knocking at the door, she ran to open it, and pretending to be astonished at seeing a stranger, she inquired his business in a trembling voice. "I only desire," answered the cavalier, "that you will be so kind as to allow a lady, whom I am conducting to Gelvas, and who has been suddenly taken ill at a short distance from hence, to rest herself for a short time in your house, and that you will be kind enough to assist us in the application of something which may relieve her." "If that be all," replied the house-

keeper, "you shall have every reason to be satisfied, for you could not have pitched upon a more charitable house." In the meantime, the sick lady came up to them, carried by her two footmen. "Behold where she approaches," cried the knight, "suffering grievously with the cholic." "Walk in, Sir Knight, with your lady," said the housekeeper, "you are both most welcome. I only regret that my master is not at home to receive you. He would spare nothing to entertain you, as you appear to deserve; but in his absence I will take upon me to perform his part in the best manner I am able."

She then conducted the lady into a fine chamber, with a noble bed in it, the furniture of which was but half finished, that the old man might have no cause of suspicion. Everything being in readiness, such as perfumed sheets, soft pillows, and a satin-pinked quilt, the lady was soon put to bed, still complaining of the obstinacy of her disorder. The housekeeper and the duenna, equally disposed to good works, heated some flannels, which, as fast as they were brought to the invalid, she slid down with her foot to the bottom of the bed. Had she not done this, she would undoubtedly have been so incommoded that the heat would have given her the vapours. She was obliged also to take a good draught of mulled wine, which she could well have dispensed with; so that to prevent the possibility of any other remedy still more disagreeable, she declared that she felt relieved, and that if she were left alone for a quarter of an hour, she doubted not that she

should be by that time perfectly well again. The good old man was very glad to find that she felt an inclination to take some rest, which he considered as a certain indication that she was getting better. He left the room therefore immediately, not forgetting to lock the door after him, and to desire the servants to make no noise, leaving the duenna only with the sick lady. He went himself to take a turn in the garden, waiting impatiently for the happy moment when he should be summoned to attend his dear mistress again, quite recovered of her cholic.

I fancy I need not inform you that my father was all this time in the house; and, indeed, if my information has been correct, it was to the interview which on this occasion took place between the lovers that I am indebted for my being.

The sun by this time became rather too powerful in the garden, in spite of the shade of the groves and the coolness of the fountain. The old knight being now tired, and besides quite uneasy to know how his nymph did, resolved to leave the garden, and returned with a slow pace towards the house. The lady, whom I shall in future call my mother, pretended to be still fast asleep when the old man entered her chamber, and as if the noise that he made in coming in awoke her, she complained that he had not the complaisance even to allow her to rest herself for a quarter of an hour. "A quarter of an hour," cried he. "I swear by your lovely eyes, my darling, that you have been asleep here for at least two hours." "No, no," replied she, "I am convinced it cannot be half an

hour, for it seemed to me that I was just dozing off. However it may be," added she, "I feel that I never had more need of rest than at this moment." She put on a cheerful countenance, however, and assured the old knight that she felt herself much better, which he was exceedingly glad to hear; and finding that the heat had become so excessive that they could not venture out on their journey again, he proposed to his faithful mistress to pass the remainder of the day where she was, and where they had met with so much more attention than they could have anticipated. She consented, provided that the people of the house would but allow of it; and so the old cavalier asked the housekeeper's permission, who told him that he was perfectly at liberty to make himself quite at home in that house, and that so far from being displeased, her master would be proud of such a favour. Having then resolved to stay, they despatched one of their servants to the house at Gelvas, to desire the other servants, who were already there, to repair to them with a stock of provisions.

Whilst the knight was issuing these orders, my father stole out of the house, got on horseback, and returned to Seville, merely to show himself upon 'Change, and to come back to sleep as usual at St. Juan d'Alfarache. The time appeared to pass but slowly to him; but as he had no reason to complain of his day's work, he made more than usual haste to set out on his return home again, where he arrived about six o'clock. His old rival hastened out to meet him, apologising and requesting to be excused

for the liberty he had taken. Compliments passed on both sides, but more particularly on that of my father, whose fine speeches and polished manners, though they cost him nothing, entirely won the old man's heart, insomuch that he himself conducted him to his lady, who had just entered the garden to enjoy the air, the excessive heat having considerably gone off. The merchant saluted her as if she was entirely unknown to him, and she received him with as much dissimulation as if she had never in her life seen him before.

It not being yet the proper time to walk, the party entered a small arbour, which was the more refreshing as it was situated on the bank of the river. They began to play at primero and the lady won, my father being too gallant a man not to allow himself to lose in such a case. After the game they took a turn round the walks, which was followed by a good supper, which lasted so long that they no sooner rose from table than they were obliged to return to Seville by water, in a small barge which my father had caused to be set off with green boughs and flowers for that purpose. To complete their entertainment, they heard concerts of music performed by some persons that sung and played on several instruments in a small boat, which immediately followed theirs down the river Guadalquiver. At last, the lady and her old gallant, after having been most agreeably entertained, returned hearty thanks to my father for his handsome reception of them, which had such an effect on the old knight that he thought he never

could make sufficient acknowledgments for it; and so great was the friendship he conceived for my father, that I do not think he could have made up his mind to leave him so soon without the promise of seeing him again the next day.

This friendship was so well managed by the lady and my father that it lasted during the life of the old knight, who in truth did not live much longer. He was a worn-out rake, an old sinner, who had given himself up entirely to pleasure, without the least fear of the other world, or regard to what might be said of him in this. I was already four years old when he died, but was not his only heir. The good man had several other children by other mistresses, and we lived in his house like tithe-loaves, every one of a different oven. Perhaps, if the truth was known, he was no more their father than he was mine; but however that might be, as I was the youngest, and from the tenderness of my age not so well able to help myself as my brothers, I should have come but badly off among them had I not in my mother a person well able take my part. In short, she was a woman of Andalusia. She did not wait till the old man was dead to feather her nest; for no sooner was he given over by his physicians than, having all the keys, and being mistress of the house, she took possession of everything worth carrying away, leaving nothing but rags for his next of kin. Even the very day that he died his house was laid waste in a deplorable manner; while he was gasping for life he lost even the sheets from his bed; and everything of value

was spirited away before the breath was out of his body. Nothing but the four walls were left standing when his kindred came about him, big with expectation. In vain they examined everything; it was very evident that some one had been there before them, and they found themselves obliged to be at the expense of his funeral for the honour of the family. They behaved, however, as well as they could without shedding many tears on the occasion; but who ever mourns much for a person that leaves nothing? It is for heirs only who are well paid for it to appear to be afflicted.

The kindred of the deceased had made sure of succeeding to a considerable property. They could not possibly conceive how a man who enjoyed fifteen thousand livres a-year in church revenues could die so miserably poor. They knew that his house had been nobly furnished, and could not doubt that he had been robbed of his effects. In vain did they make every possible inquiry; in vain did they cause monitory letters to be affixed to different church doors. Thieves never refund what they have made off with, though under the dread of being excommunicated. After all, my mother had good reasons for quietly taking possession of the old gentleman's property; for, a short time prior to his death, when he had occasion to go to his strong box, or to inspect his jewels, or had by chance bought some curious piece of furniture, he would say to my mother, "Have but patience, my dearest, this is all for thee." Besides, if she had any scruple on her

conscience after this, which she considered as no less than a gift in form, you must needs acknowledge that she well deserved her inheritance, for having contented herself for several years with so disagreeable an old bedfellow; added to which, the divines whom she consulted on the occasion completely acquitted her, with an assurance that she had taken nothing but what was undoubtedly her due.

CHAPTER IV.

GUZMAN'S FATHER GETS MARRIED, AND DIES: WHAT FOLLOWED HIS DEATH.

AFTER the old knight's death, to whom God be merciful, his chaste widow quickly found another gallant, and I another father, in the person of the Genoese. My mother was cunning enough to persuade them both that I was their son, telling the one that I was his living picture, and at another time assuring the other that two eggs could not be more alike. Happily for me, whether I owe my existence to the old knight or to the young Genoese, I certainly was born a gentleman. On my mother's side my nobility cannot be disputed. I have a hundred times heard her say that my grandmother, who prided herself as much as my mother upon her chastity, reckoned, in the number of her relations, so many illustrious persons that you might make a

tree of their genealogies as large as that of the house of Toledo.

It is, nevertheless, possible that my discreet mother might have had a third gallant in some commoner, for she that deceives one man is very capable of deceiving two; but whether it was instinct, or that I confided in my mother's assurance, I always looked upon the noble Genoese as my father, and I can assure you that, whether he actually was my father or not, he loved both my mother and me most tenderly; which he made sufficiently appear afterwards, as regarded her, by the bold step he ventured to take in marrying her. He knew very well what reputation she had, and that he should be pointed at in the city, where my mother was well known by the name of the knight's lady. But what did he care for that? he knew very well what he did; for at the commencement of their acquaintance his affairs were on the decline, and the continuation of it did not, by any means, tend to ameliorate them; while the lady, who had at least as much knavery about her as good management, had dispensed her favours to so good an account, that she was now mistress of at least ten thousand ducats, which sum was the means of saving my father from another stoppage he was on the point of making, and enabled him to make as good a figure as ever among the merchants. He was, unfortunately, passionately fond of company, splendour, and show; but as he could not long satisfy this ruling passion without plunging himself into the same difficulties again, from which

my mother's money had but just extricated him, he found himself, a few years after his marriage, obliged to become bankrupt again for the last time; I say the last time, because, finding himself without resource, and utterly unable to keep up his former equipage and appearance, he chose rather to die with chagrin than to survive the date of his prosperity.

Life had more charms for my mother, who bore my father's loss with considerable fortitude, though she was much afflicted at his death. Our houses were obliged to be given up to his creditors. We had now only a few jewels left, besides the furniture, which my mother turned into money, and retired to a small house where she determined to live in a private manner as well as she could. She did not take this step on account of her inability to maintain us by fresh intrigues; for, although she was already in her fortieth year, she had always taken such good care of herself, that even at this time of life she was not a conquest to be despised; but as she could not make up her mind to make the first advances to men who had formerly sought her favours with ardour, this noble feeling of pride so ill accorded with the situation of our domestic affairs, that they daily grew worse and worse.

I doubt not that my mother has a thousand times wished she had had a girl instead of me, which would, undoubtedly, have been much more to her advantage, and who might have been a support to her, as she herself was to my grandmother, of whom I feel it incumbent on me to afford you a more detailed

account. She was one of the finest women of her time in the kingdom, was extremely witty and well-bred. None but young noblemen were admitted into her house, such as wished to improve themselves in politeness and gallantry, and they certainly might be said to be fine gentlemen after having gone through her course of lessons for a few years. But what is most to be wondered at, is the perfect harmony that reigned among her scholars. While she had given her mind up to perfect these young folks, she lay in with my mother somehow or other; and, as she herself scarcely knew how this happened, she gave every one of these gentlemen the honour of it separately, satisfying each of them that her daughter resembled him in some particular. "Do but look at her mouth," would she say to one; "observe but her eyes," would she say to another; "you cannot pretend to disown this child;" and the more to induce them to believe her, she took great pains always to call her by the name of the cavalier who was present; and if there happened to be more than one, which was not uncommonly the case, she was called Donna Marcella, which was her Christian name; as for the Donna, it would be unjust, indeed, to dispute her right to that title, since she, without doubt, was the daughter of a person of quality. But to let you a little more into the secret of her birth, you must know that among my grandmother's gallants there was one whom she loved best of any; and as this gentleman was a Guzman, she considered that she might conscientiously make her daughter descend

from so illustrious a house. At least this is what she afterwards told my mother in confidence, though she confessed at the same time that, for ought she knew, she might have been begot by a certain lord, who was a near relation to the dukes of Medina Sidonia.

From what I have now told you respecting my grandmother, you will perceive that she was scarcely to be matched in love intrigues; nevertheless, as she was a very extravagant woman and never so much as thought of laying by the profit of her favours, she must inevitably have been reduced to indigence in her old age, had not her daughter's beauty began to shine forth in proportion as her own faded and declined. The good old lady was very impatient until the little Marcella was sufficiently grown and well-shaped to think of settling her; and finding that at twelve years old she was very forward for her age, she no longer delayed endeavouring to provide for her. A merchant newly arrived from Peru, and richer than a Jew, enjoyed her first favours, through the assistance of four thousand ducats, which he presented to my grandmother; and finding a successor as generous as the merchant, for every day in the week, she lived in plenty, by that means, for the remaining part of her life.

A daughter in my stead would certainly then have been better for my mother, or even had she had us both my sister would have been a harbour for us in our present wreck, and we should soon have made a good fortune at Seville, where purchasers are always sure to be found for every sort of commodity. It is

the common retreat of persons who have only their wits to live on; it serves as the mother to orphans and a cloak to sinners. At all events, if that city were not sufficient, we could have proceeded to Madrid, where such a jewel is always saleable. If, at first, we were not able to dispose of it for a permanency, there we could, at least, put it in pledge to so good an account as always to live in plenty. If I am not more awkward than another man, I think that having a pretty sister I could have managed to obtain some good preferment; but Heaven ordained it otherwise, and made me an only son for my sins.

I had just entered my fourteenth year, and as I could not look without pain on the misery with which we were threatened, I resolved to leave my mother and my country and to seek my fortune elsewhere. My wish to travel was for the purpose of seeing and knowing a little of the world, and I always had a particular desire to visit my father's relations at Genoa. So that, not being able any longer to defer the execution of my design, I left Seville on a beautiful day, with my purse almost as destitute of money as my head was crammed with idle fancies and chimeras.

CHAPTER V.

*GUZMAN SETS OUT FROM SEVILLE. HIS FIRST
ADVENTURE AT AN INN.*

As I remembered to have heard said that it was usual with such as have to seek their fortunes to give themselves names of consequence, without which they would pass for nobody in strange countries, I took my mother's name, which was Guzman, and added to it d'Alfarache. This appeared to me so well imagined, that I felt fully persuaded in my own imagination that I was already nothing less than the illustrious Don Guzman d'Alfarache.

This newly-created signor, not having set out until late in the afternoon, went but a short distance the first day, though he made what haste he could for fear of being pursued. In fact I went no farther than the chapel of St. Lazarus, which is but a short way from the city. Being already fatigued I sat down on the steps rather sorrowfully, beginning to feel some anxiety as to what would become of me. After having sat there thinking for some time, a religious idea came across my mind, which I immediately gratified by entering the chapel, where I addressed myself to God, beseeching Him to inspire me with His counsels. My prayer was fervent, but

short, the time not allowing me to make it longer, for it was just the hour for closing the chapel, which I was therefore obliged to quit, and I was left on the steps again, where I remained not without fear of what might happen to me.

Represent to yourself at the door of this chapel a child who had been accustomed to every indulgence and maintained in plenty. Consider that I knew not where to go, nor what to decide on. There was no inn near to the place, though my appetite informed me that it was quite supper-time. There was certainly plenty of clear water running within a few paces of me, but this was a cheerless prospect. I began now to find the difference between a hungry man and one who has his belly full; between a man who is accustomed to a table covered with good victuals, and one who has not a morsel of bread to eat. Not knowing what to do with myself, nor at what door to venture to rap, I made up my mind to pass the night where I was. I laid myself down therefore at full length, covering my face with my cloak as well as I was able, not without fear of being devoured by wolves, which I sometimes fancied I heard not far from me. Sleep, however, at last suspended my uneasiness, and took so fast possession of my senses that the sun had been up two hours before I awoke, and which perhaps I had not done then but for the noise of tambours, made by a number of country wenches who passed me singing and dancing along the road on their way to some festival. I rose quickly, and perceiving several ways equally unknown

to me, I chose the pleasantest, saying, "May this road, which I take by chance, conduct me in a straight line to the temple of fortune." I was like that ignorant quack of la Mancha, who generally carried about with him a bag full of prescriptions, and when he visited any sick person put his hand in at random, giving the first that came uppermost, saying, "God grant it may do thee good!" My feet performed the office of my head, and I followed them without knowing whither they led me.

I walked two leagues that morning, which was not a short distance for a lad to do who had never travelled so far in his life before. I believed myself already arrived at the Antipodes, and that I had discovered another world, like the famous Christopher Columbus. This new world, however, was nothing but a miserable tavern, which I entered all in a perspiration, covered with dust, and dying with fatigue and hunger. I asked for dinner, and was informed that there was nothing but fresh eggs in the house. "Fresh eggs!" cried I; "well, I must be content; make haste, then, and prepare me an omelet of about half a dozen." The hostess, who was a frightful old woman, began to examine me with attention, and seeing that I was a raw, herring-gutted looking lad, and very hungry, she thought she might safely venture to pass upon me for fresh some eggs which were about half hatched. With this opinion she came up to me, and laughing in my face with as pleasant an air as she could affect, she asked me whence I came. I told her from Seville,

and entreated her afresh to let me have the eggs; but before she did what I desired she thrust her nasty hand under my chin, saying, "And where is my little wag of Seville going?" At the same time she wished to kiss me; but I turned quickly round to avoid this felicity. I was not, however, so quick as entirely to escape her stinking breath, the fumes of which made me fear it would have communicated her age and distempers to me; fortunately, I had nothing but wind on my stomach, or I should certainly have vomited over her, as the only return I could make her for such a compliment.

I told her I was going to Court, and entreated her again to let me have something to eat. She then made me sit down on a broken stool, before a stone table, on which she laid a napkin, which looked as if it had but newly cleaned the oven. On this she placed for a salt-cellar the bottom of a broken earthen pot, and some water in a vessel of the same ware, out of which her fowls generally drank, together with a coarse piece of cake, as black as the before-mentioned table-cloth. After making me wait about a quarter of an hour longer, she served up, on a filthy platter, an omelet, or what might more properly have been termed an egg poultice. The omelet, plate, bread, drinking-pot, salt-cellar, salt, napkin, and hostess appeared to be precisely of the same colour. My stomach ought to have revolted against such disgusting appearances; but, independent of my being a young traveller, I had fasted so long that my bowels reproached me most violently with



their unkind usage; so that, notwithstanding the uncleanly arrangements on the table and the bad seasoning of the eggs, I attacked the omelet as hogs do acorns. I felt indeed something grate between my teeth, which ought to have made me suspect that all was not right, but I took no notice of it; but when I had got to the few last mouthfuls, I could not help thinking that this omelet had not exactly the same taste as those I had eaten at my mother's house; but this I good-naturedly attributed to the difference of the country, imagining that eggs were not in all places equally good, as if I had been five hundred leagues from home. After I had demolished this excellent dish, I felt myself so much better than I was before, that I was more than usually happy in having got so good a meal, so true is it that "hunger is the best sauce."

I did not so soon get through the bread, it being so bad that I was obliged to eat slowly, or I should certainly have choked myself with it. I began with the crust and ended with the crumb, which indeed was so little baked that it was little better than dough; notwithstanding which, however, I played my part very creditably, but not without the assistance of the wine, which was delicious. I rose from table as soon as I had finished my dinner, paid my hostess, and set forward on my journey again in good spirits. My feet, which before were scarce able to bear me, seemed now to have completely regained their former activity.

I had already got about a league from the inn,

when what I had eaten beginning to digest, seemed to create such a combustion in my belly, accompanied by such a rising in my stomach, that I began to suspect something. I had not forgotten the resistance that my teeth had met with in getting through the eggs, and after reflecting what it could be for some time, I doubted no longer that my omelet had been amphibious, and must have had something in it that should not have been there. So that, not being able to carry such a burden about with me any longer, I was obliged to stop to relieve myself.

CHAPTER VI.

*GUZMAN MEETS WITH A MULETEER AND TWO FRIARS;
OF THEIR CONVERSATION; AND IN WHAT MANNER
THE MULETEER AND HE WERE REGALED AT AN
INN AT CANTILLANA.*

I REMAINED for some time leaning against the wall of a vineyard, very pale and much weakened by the retchings that I was making. A muleteer passed by with some unladen mules; he stopped to look at me, and seeing me in such a condition, asked what ailed me. I told him what had happened to me, but no sooner had I said that I imputed my illness to the omelet that I had eaten at the inn, than he began to laugh so violently that, if he had not held himself fast on his mule with both hands, he must infallibly have fallen to the ground.

When one is afflicted it is by no means agreeable to be laughed at. My face, which just before was as pale as death, became as red as fire in an instant, and I looked with so ill an eye upon this rascal as sufficiently gave him to understand that I was far from being pleased at his behaviour; but this only made him laugh the more, so that, perceiving that the more I vexed myself the more he laughed, I allowed him to go on until he was completely exhausted; besides, I had neither sword nor stick, and at fisticuffs I should have fared but badly; I was, therefore, prudent enough to speak him fair. A wise man, however much he may be offended, never sets up for a bravo when the party is too strong against him; besides, I did not think fit to disoblige my man for the sake of his mules. I could not, however, entirely refrain from mentioning it to him. "Well, my friend," said I, "and why all this violent mirth? does my nose stand awry?" But the only answer I could obtain to these questions was a renewal of his immoderate laughter.

It pleased God, however, that he at length gave over; and recovering himself by degrees, he said to me, gasping for breath all the while, "It is not at your adventure, my little gentleman, that I laugh, for it is certainly very unfortunate for you; but your relating it reminded me of another which has just happened to that same old hag that treated you so ill. Two soldiers whom she regaled in the same manner have sufficiently revenged you all three. As we are going the same way," added he,

“jump up on one of my mules, and I will tell you the story as we ride along.” Without waiting to be twice asked I mounted one of his beasts, and was ready to hear what he had to tell me respecting these two soldiers, whom I recollected to have met entering the inn just as I left it.

“These two wags,” said he, “asked the hostess what she had to give them. She told them in the same manner as she did you that she had nothing but eggs; they bade her make ready an omelet, which the old woman soon brought them, but in cutting it their knives found resistance from something which they proceeded to examine with attention, and discovered three small lumps, much resembling the heads of unformed chickens, whose beaks were already so hard as plainly to show what they were. The soldiers, after having made so rare a discovery, without taking any notice of it, covered the omelet with a plate and asked the hostess if she had nothing else she could give them; she proposed to broil them two or three slices of shadfish, which they accepted and soon despatched with the assistance of white sauce; after which one of these rogues going up to the old woman, as if for the purpose of paying the reckoning, with the omelet concealed in his hand, clapped it full in her face, and so completely rubbed it all over her eyes and nose that she bawled out for help most lustily, whereupon the other soldier, seeming to blame his comrade and pity the poor old woman, ran up to her under the pretence of consoling her, and stroked her over the face with his hands all bedaubed with

soot. This done they both left the house, still continuing to abuse your old acquaintance, who got no other payment for her entertainment. I assure you," said the multeer, "it was a high treat to see mine hostess in this delicate condition, with the agreeable distortions of countenance that she made, crying and laughing at the same moment."

The recital of this ridiculous story somewhat consoled me for my own adventure, and inclined me to forgive the laughter of the muleteer, who did not fail to set to again as soon as he had ended his narration. All this while we were trotting onwards; we overtook two friars who, having seen us from afar off, had waited till we came up, that they might have the benefit of the mules. They quickly agreed with the muleteer to carry them to Cazalla, whither he also was going, and having mounted their mules we continued our journey.

The muleteer was still too much taken up with the recollection of his pleasure at the inn to give up speaking of it so soon. He could not resist telling us that there was sufficient in that adventure to serve him for laughter for the remainder of his days; "and I," cried I, interrupting him abruptly, "shall have cause to repent all my life that I did not serve that poisonous old hag even worse than the soldiers did; but she is not yet dead," added I, "and I may have my revenge still." The friars, remarking with what eagerness I uttered these words, were curious to know what had been the occasion of it. The muleteer, who desired no better sport, that he might have another excuse

for a good hearty laugh, related the story anew to these gentlemen, and in the course of it introduced my misfortune also, which was no small mortification to me.

The friars condemned exceedingly the conduct of the old hostess, and blamed my resentment no less. "My son," said the elder of the two to me, "you are but young; hot blood carries you away and deprives you of the use of your reason; know that you have sinned as much in having regretted that you have lost the opportunity of committing a crime as if you had really committed one." The holy man did not finish his remonstrance here, but held a long discourse upon anger and the desire of revenge. It appeared to me so like a sermon that I was persuaded he had preached it more than once, and that he was glad to have the opportunity of refreshing his memory by repeating it. Certain it is that the most part of what he addressed to me was far above my comprehension, as well as that of our muleteer, who, thinking of nothing but the old woman, was laughing in his sleeve all the time that the preacher was throwing away his time upon us. At length we arrived at Cantillana, where the two friars took leave of us until the next morning, and went to take up their night's lodging at a friend's house.

For my part I did not leave the muleteer, who told me that he would undertake to carry me to one of the best inns in the town, where the host was an excellent cook, and where I need not be afraid of having hatched eggs passed upon me. This assur-

ance pleased me exceedingly, for I required a good meal to set me to rights; and we proceeded to the door of a house of tolerable good appearance, the master of which received us with great civility. This was perhaps the completest knave in that part of the country, and I only got out of the frying-pan into the fire, as the saying is. The muleteer led his beasts to the stable, where he remained for some time to provide for their wants, and as I was much fatigued, the soles of my feet being much swollen, and my thighs feeling as if they were broken from riding three or four hours without stirrups, I laid myself down and rested until the muleteer returned, who asked me whether I was not ready for my supper, for that he had resolved to set out next morning at break of day that he might reach Cazalla before night, and should therefore be glad to get to bed early. I answered that there was nothing would give me greater satisfaction than to sit down to table, provided he would assist me to rise, and even to walk, as I could scarcely support my own weight. He did me this service so readily that I felt much obliged to him.

We then called the landlord and told him that we wished for a good supper. "Gentlemen," answered he, "I have such excellent provisions in the house that you will have yourselves only to blame if you do not fare well, for you have only to say what you would like." This answer pleased me exceedingly, but I was afraid that he exaggerated, for I fancied that he had the looks of a rogue; no matter, said I to myself, let him be as much a rogue as he pleases

so he use us but well; he was a pleasant sort of fellow, and a man of some humour. "Will you allow me," said he, "to dress you a part of the pluck of a calf that I killed yesterday? I will make you a ragout of it fit for the gods; it was the prettiest little calf," added he, taking me kindly by the hand, "that you perhaps ever saw. I was extremely mortified that I was obliged to kill it, but the drought of the season would not allow me to keep it." We begged that if our supper was ready he would let us have it quickly. "It is not only ready dressed," said he, "but well seasoned also;" upon which he skipped into the kitchen, and returned in a few minutes with two plates, in one of which was a salad, and in the other a part of the pluck of this much-lamented calf.

My companion seemed to fancy the salad, for which I cared but little, but fell on the pluck, which looked tolerably good. All that I complained of was, that there was but very little of it for two such hungry fellows; for no sooner had I touched a bit than I bolted it down, and I was so hungry that I had no time to judge of what I was eating. The muleteer, observing from the manner in which I set to that I should soon empty the plate, quitted his salad that he might at all events dispute the last mouthfuls with me, which were demolished in a moment. We called for another plate, but our provoking host brought us less than before to sharpen our appetites, so that we might still wish for more; this second plate therefore amused us but a very short time, and was followed by a third.

Being by this time, however, about half satisfied, I found myself obliged to slacken my pace; neither did I think it so good as before. I desired our host therefore to let me have anything else that he might have in the house; he answered that if we pleased he would make an exquisite ragout of the calf's brains in an instant; in the meantime he sent us up an andouille made of the tripe and caul of the same beast, which he told us we should find most delicious eating; but I could not entertain so favourable an opinion of it when I had tasted it, for it savoured so strongly of rotten straw that I was fain to leave it to my companion, who still went on at the same rate, and demolished the whole of the andouille in the twinkling of an eye.

At length the ragout of brains was served up, which I hoped would have revived my appetite; it was dressed with eggs, so that it was a kind of omelet, which the impudent muleteer had no sooner noticed than he set up another of his hearty laughs; this offended me, for I thought that he wished to disgust me with this omelet by putting me in mind of the one I had dined off. I gave him to understand as much, at which he only laughed the more, which produced a pleasant scene enough; for our host, who neither knew why he laughed nor why I was so angry, listened to us attentively, thinking himself concerned in the affair. Not feeling his conscience quite at rest respecting either the brains, the andouille, or the other dish with which he had regaled us, he was under as much apprehension as a criminal who is afraid of

everything he hears; and his fears redoubled when he heard me threaten the muleteer if he continued laughing at me to throw the brains against the wall. Our host turned pale at these words, thinking that we meant to accuse him; but wishing to appear firm and resolute, he came up to us, cocking his bonnet with a most furious look, and said, "Before God, gentlemen, I will not submit to so much laughing; I do maintain, and ever will maintain, it to be good calf's brains. If you will not believe me I can produce evidence to prove the fact of more than a hundred persons who saw me kill the calf."

My companion and I were not a little surprised at the passion of a man whom we had not so much as thought of. The muleteer redoubled his laughter; and I could not refrain from following his example on the occasion though from another cause I felt no great inclination for it at that time. This put our host completely out of countenance, who doubting no longer that we had detected his villany became more furious, and snatching the plate rudely from the table, "You may go laugh and eat elsewhere," said he, "for I will no longer entertain people who make a jest of me to my face; you have only to pay me therefore and leave my house; after which you have my permission to laugh as long as you please."

My comrade, who was still hungry, and did not see the plate handed off without regret, finding it no joke, said to the host in a voice not the most agreeable, "What ails you, friend? has any one been asking your age? has any one been calling you chucklehead?"

“Chucklehead or not,” replied our host, “I affirm it is a most excellent calf’s head.” He pronounced these words as if he intended to thrash us both; but the muleteer, who knew him better than I, and who was a good match for him, rose from the table, and taking upon himself the braggadocio in his turn, “S’death!” cried he, “is there any law that prescribes how much a man may laugh in this inn? or is there any tax laid upon laughing?” “I never said that there was,” replied the host, apparently somewhat more mild. “I only say that I will not be turned into ridicule in my own house, nor be made to pass for one who treats his guests ill.” “Who says anything of ill-treatment?” replied the muleteer; “who thinks of turning you into ridicule? Be quick and replace the ragout of brains on the table, and you shall soon see that it was not that we laughed at. I cannot see, however, what objection you can have to allow persons to laugh or cry as much as they please in your house as well as elsewhere.”

The muleteer’s speech had its effect; the delicious ragout which had been thus torn from us was returned, and we were all very friendly again. My companion resumed his seat, and continuing to address himself to the host, “Be assured,” said he, “that had I been laughing at you, my character is such that I should not have concealed the cause from you: we were not laughing at you; but the sort of omelet you have dressed us reminded me of an adventure my little comrade here had to-day in an inn where he dined.” If the muleteer had been content

to stop there, I should have got well off; but I was obliged to listen patiently for the third time to his relation of the history of the two soldiers, together with my adventure, which he recited to our host with such glee that he seemed never to be in his element but when telling that story.

Our host had time enough to recover his temper before this long story was finished; and judging that he had been alarmed without cause, he thought proper to commence playing another character, and interrupted the muleteer every moment while his story was telling, by—"Holy Virgin! Great God of Heaven!" and other such exclamations, which made the house to ring again, and which were accompanied by the most hypocritical grimaces. "May God punish," said he, when the muleteer had done speaking, "all who do not perform their duty!" As his duty was to thieve, and he could not be accused of neglecting it, he did not appear to consider himself at all concerned in this imprecation. After this he continued silent for some time, walking up and down the room; but suddenly breaking forth with a thundering voice, "How is it possible," cried he, "that the earth hath not yet opened itself to swallow up that house and the wretched woman that keeps it? I have never met with any traveller yet but complained both of her and her provisions: not a passenger goes out of her doors but curses her, and makes oath never to stop at her inn again. If the officers of justice, whose duty it is to put a stop to her practices, suffer her to go on without notice,

they know very well what they are about. Good God! in what times do we live!"

Here this honest man sighed deeply and kept silent, to give us to understand that he thought more than he chose to say, and I was in hopes that he would not have annoyed us any longer in this manner; but I was much mistaken. He went on again more violently than before upon the old woman's knavery, in a harangue which occupied a long half hour; after which he finished by saying, "I return a thousand thanks to Heaven, that I bear no resemblance to that cursed old hag, and that I am a man of probity and honour, that I may hold up my head in any part of the world without fearing the least reproach from any man. Poor as I am, nothing of that sort goes on in my house; everything, thank God, is here sold for what it really is, and not a cat for a hare, nor a sheep for a lamb. Let no one give up his mind to cheating others, for he only cheats himself in the end. He who deals ill must expect ill treatment in return."

Happily for the muleteer and myself our host was obliged to stop here from want of breath. I took advantage of this opportunity to ask if he had any fruit? He answered that he had got some very fine olives. During the time that he was gone to fetch them my comrade made an end of the dish of calf's brains, which I could not much relish, thinking it too much like the andouille; but this did not prevent its being entirely demolished. No hungry wolf ever fed more greedily than the muleteer, whose appetite

seemed never to be appeased: we had been at least an hour at table, and his appetite seemed to continue as sharp as when we first sat down. For my part I relished the olives extremely, which, as well as the wine, were excellent; as to the bread, though bad enough, it was much better than what I had met with at dinner.

Such was our supper, and as we intended to set out early the next morning we desired our host to get our breakfast ready in time; we then laid ourselves down on some straw, after having spread thereon some of our mule furniture to serve to cover us and keep us warm. The fatigue of our journey and the quantity of wine I had drank made me sleep so soundly that, though I was bit by the fleas that fed on me all night, they were not able to rouse me, and I verily believe I should have slept till the next evening if the muleteer had not awaked me at break of day, giving me notice that it was time to think of our departure. I was soon ready, having only to shake off the bits of straw that were sticking about my hair; but the fleas had left me in such a condition that I looked like a young monster, having so disfigured my face that I might well have been taken for one who had just recovered from the small-pox. If I had been transported to the market-place of Seville, I doubt whether any of my friends would have recognised me.

It being Sunday we began the day by going to mass, after which we returned to the inn, where my hungry companion had not forgotten to order break-

fast; it was the first thing he thought of after he was up. "Gentlemen," said our landlord, "I have stewed you a piece of the same veal that you supped off last night, and I have taken great pains to cook it to your satisfaction." The muleteer, whose mouth watered at this speech, placed himself at table in a trice and commenced an attack upon the ragout, which appeared to him as delicate as peacock's flesh. For my part, either because I had no appetite so early in the morning, or that I had eaten too much supper the preceding night, I did nothing for some time but look at him, without feeling the least inclination to follow his example; but finding that he enjoyed it as if it were the finest dish in the world, and fearing that I might possibly have reason to repent at dinner of not having partaken of so good a breakfast, I made an effort to swallow a few mouthfuls; but instead of finding them so savoury as my companion seemed to fancy them, there was something in them extremely disagreeable to my palate; as for the seasoning, as our host had good reasons for being prodigal of his pepper and salt, it seized hold of the throat, so that I was obliged to give over as soon as I had tasted it; in addition to which the flesh was so hard that I could not help remarking that I thought the meat as tough as leather, adding that I did not consider that it had altogether the taste of veal. "Don't you see," said our host, who heard what I said, and who, in spite of his impudence, could not refrain from blushing a little—"don't you see," said he, "that it has not been kept long enough to be tender?" The muleteer, who

believed what the landlord advanced, or at least thought that I was too delicate, answered in a jeering tone of voice, "That is not the reason; but our young gentleman of Seville has always been accustomed to be fed with new-laid eggs and cracknels, so that he finds fault with everything else."

I contented myself by shrugging up my shoulders at this bantering of my comrade's, and said not a word, not knowing whether I was not actually too dainty, or, what is more probable, beginning to feel so queer that I almost fancied myself in the other world. I could not make up my mind to touch this meat again, but was occupied with numerous thoughts far above my age. I recollected the passionate behaviour of our host at our laughter at supper the evening before, the unnecessary oaths that he made on the occasion; and as a man undoubtedly renders himself suspected who is anxious to justify himself before he is accused, I considered that there must be some knavery in the business. When my imagination was once thus prepossessed against him, the very sight and smell of his veal ragout quite turned my stomach, so that, not being able to remain much longer, I rose from table and waited patiently until the muleteer did the same, which was very shortly afterwards. Although the piece of veal was such as required a most determined assailant to get through it, my companion appeared to have made but a slight repast of it, after which I requested him to get the reckoning of our host to ascertain what each had to pay, but he answered me in an obliging manner that

it was such a trifle that I was not to think of it, for that he would take care to see it settled.

This generous behaviour from a man of his rank in life surprised me extremely, or rather charmed me. Had I been in different circumstances I could not in honour have allowed this man to pay for me, but my purse was so low that it did not either become or suit me to refuse his generosity. I allowed him therefore, without ceremony, to discharge the reckoning, and by way of return I assisted him in every way in my power in getting his mules ready for our journey. I would have done almost anything for him, so much was I affected by his noble behaviour towards me.

CHAPTER VII.

THE LANDLORD STEALS GUZMAN'S CLOAK. A GREAT UPROAR AT THE INN.

To enable myself the better to assist my friend the muleteer in getting his mules ready for our journey, I threw my cloak off, which I folded up, and placed on a bench; but, about a quarter of an hour afterwards, happening to look that way, I perceived that my cloak was no longer there. This alarmed me at first; but I did not vex myself extremely about it, thinking that either our host or the muleteer had concealed it from me for the purpose of amusing themselves by observing the anxiety it would occasion me.

I could not suspect any one else of having played me this trick, for no other person had entered the stable whence my cloak had been taken. I inquired first of the muleteer, who told me that he never amused himself in that way. I then addressed myself to our host, who instantly had recourse to oaths to persuade me that he had no hand in the theft I complained of. Upon that I determined to search the house for it, and went over it from top to bottom, without forgetting the least corner in which it might be secreted, feeling firmly convinced in my own mind that our host was the one guilty of the theft, whose physiognomy alone sufficiently justified my presumption.

I came at last by chance to a back yard, the door of which I found some difficulty in opening, and the objects that I perceived there were sufficient to turn my mind for some minutes from thinking of my cloak. I observed upon the pavement a large pool of blood that had been but newly spilt, at the side of which lay the skin of a young mule, spread out, with the four feet still hanging to it, as well as the ears and head, which had been opened to take out the brains and the tongue. I beheld this sight not without horror, and said to myself, "There, there lie the remains of our excellent veal; it is but proper that my companion should witness this sight with his own eyes, being at least as much interested in it as myself." I ran to the stables where he was, and whispered to him that if he would accompany me I would show him something that would be well worth

his trouble. He followed me to the back court, where I pointed out to him the remains of the two fine repasts that we had made. "Well, my friend," said I, "and what do you say to all this? Do you still think that I feed upon nothing but fresh eggs and cracknels? Contemplate with voluptuousness this delicate calf, of which our host made for us those ragouts which you found so savoury. You now see how that skilful cook of yours has regaled us."

The good muleteer was so ashamed that he had not a word to answer. "This is, then," continued I, "the man of probity, who never sells cats for hares, sheep for lambs; but who at the same time makes no scruple of giving us a mule instead of a calf." My companion, sad and pensive, returned to the stable, and I went to look for our host, to speak to him more stoutly, thinking that, to oblige him to restore my cloak, I had only to apprise him that I had discovered all his villany, and to threaten to give notice to the magistrates; for it was prohibited by an express law, and under heavy penalties, for any person to have a mule in his possession, the breeding of that animal being unlawful in Andalusia. Our host had cared but little about observing this law; for having about eight days before had a young mule out of an ass and a little Gallatian mare, whom he had trusted in the same stable together, he thought he might safely venture to pass it off upon travellers, who are generally very hungry, for veal.

I met him at the well in the yard, washing another piece of this supposed veal, which he endeavoured to

hide as soon as he perceived me. I came up to him with a resolute air, and desired him in a determined tone to return me my cloak, or that I should immediately make my complaint elsewhere; but at these words, which did not frighten him in the least, he looked at me disdainfully, called me a little jackanapes, and threatened to whip me.

The loss of my cloak had not provoked me so much as this behaviour of his; so that, giving myself up to my resentment, without considering the inequality of our strength, I answered that he was nothing but a thief and a knave, and that I dared him to touch me. He appeared stung by my answer, and made up to me as if to put his threat in execution; but without waiting for this giant (for he was one in comparison with myself), I took up a large stone and threw it at his head, but fortunately for him it only just grazed one of his ears. Instead, however, of closing with me and crushing me with the weight of his body, he ran to his chamber, whence he returned in an instant with a long naked sword in his hand. Far from flying before this bravo I began to reproach him in the most abusive terms, upbraiding him as a coward and poltroon, for not being ashamed to make use of a sword against a young boy who had no other weapon than a stone to defend himself with.

All the servants ran out to see what was the matter, and were not a little frightened to see their master with a drawn sword in his hand. My comrade, who bore a spite against the scoundrel for the abominable

ragout that he had been made to eat, came up to my assistance with a pitchfork, so that (the muleteer and I of the one part, the host, his wife, children, and servants of the other), we made such an uproar between us that any one passing must have thought there was some desperate work going forward in the inn. All the neighbours were alarmed and came to the house, where they knocked at the door, but not waiting for its being opened from within they broke it open, that they might the sooner ascertain the cause of the horrid tumult they heard, then entered a troop of the police with numerous armed attendants and the alcaids, for on account of the wickedness of the inhabitants there were two alcaids in this town of Cantillana.

These two alcaids had no sooner got into the house with their followers than each of them pretended that the cognisance of this affair belonged to him alone, which formed two parties. The armed attendants were also divided according to their different interests, and their division excited a furious dispute amongst them. As the quarrel grew worse the noise grew louder, till at last no one could hear himself speak; the two parties grew so warm that they no longer scrupled to betray each other's feelings, but allowed the most unpleasing truths to escape them. From these revilings they would probably have proceeded to blows if some honest inhabitants of the town, who had entered the inn at the same time with them, had not interfered and reconciled them; which being accomplished, God knows how, nothing remained

but to ascertain the cause of our quarrel, and as a cord always breaks first where it is weakest they began by seizing hold of me. I was a stranger, without favour and without acquaintance—Justice therefore could not fail to begin with me.

Let me, however, give these alcaids their due, for they certainly did not send me to prison without a hearing. I related to them in a simple manner the subject of my dispute with our host respecting my cloak; then, taking them apart, I added the story of the mule, informing them that they would still find that animal's skin in the back court, and some pieces stewing in the kitchen. Upon this last article of my deposition, my judges forgot all about my cloak, and repaired to the back court, after having, by way of precaution, seized our host, who did nothing but laugh, thinking that it was all about the cloak, which no one had seen him take; but when the mule's hide and other appurtenances were brought forward in judgment against him, he became in an instant as pale as a condemned criminal, and during his examination confessed even more than he was accused of; unluckily for me, however, my cloak was the only subject on which he remained firm: the rascal, from a spirit of revenge, would not confess he had stolen it.

The alcaids sent this rogue to prison, which gave me some pleasure in the midst of my troubles; I say in the midst, for I had not yet got over them. The alcaids' clerks, a sort of people quite as humane as they are disinterested, thinking that I was of a good family and might have a rich father, recommended

the alcaids in the most Christian manner to detain me also at all chances. This advice, which was much approved of by my judges, would certainly have been followed, had not the citizens who were present opposed so great an injustice by saying aloud that, if that were done, I should be punished merely for having done my duty. The murmurs of these honest men prevailed for this once over the good will of the officers of justice, who pardoned me through policy.

The muleteer, who had been witness to all that had passed, and was not a little apprehensive that they would seize his mules and him, whispered me to leave as quickly as I was able this blessed part of the country, where a man need not think himself badly off if he escaped with the loss of his cloak only. I approved of his advice; we mounted our beasts in haste and rode out of the inn-yard.

CHAPTER VIII.

GUZMAN AND THE MULETEER MEET WITH ANOTHER MISFORTUNE.

WE were so anxious to get clear of the city that at our setting out we spurred on our mules, which was almost unnecessary, for they seemed as impatient as ourselves, and to have taken an equal aversion to the inn, fearing perhaps lest they should leave their skins there behind them; but when we had got a little way

into the country we slackened our pace again, both keeping a profound silence, and each occupied by his own thoughts. It was a fine treat to observe the countenance of my friend the muleteer; all desire for laughing had entirely forsaken him since I had pointed out to him the remains of the mule, and he dared not venture to jeer me on our admirable repast, fearing the repartees that I might have made, as he had eaten at least six times the quantity that I had, both of the andouille and the brains, and the whole of the morning's ragout was still on his stomach, so that had he thought proper to rally me again, which by the by was very far from his thoughts, I could have easily silenced him.

If my companion had cause for disagreeable reflections, I was not more satisfied with the images that presented themselves to my imagination. "O Heavens!" said I, "what unlucky star prevailed on me to quit my mother's house; no sooner had I left it than everything became contrary with me; one misfortune has only been the presage of another: the first night I was forced to lie down to sleep at a chapel door, and that without supper; the next day I had nothing but a chick omelet for dinner, and in the evening was regaled with several ragouts made of a mule travestied into veal; at night I was devoured by fleas, which happily I was not aware of; and to-day I had like to have fared equally well, and, what is worse, have lost my cloak; nothing was wanting to complete my misfortune but that I should have been sent to prison in company with the man who

stole it, and it was not the fault of my judges that was not the case."

Whenever I thought of this theft I sighed bitterly, for this loss afflicted me more than all the other unfortunate occurrences; in fact, I had more reason to regret it; the stomach may recover itself from the effects of a bad meal, and an uneasy night may be made amends for by the following one; but how was the loss of a cloak to be repaired with so little money as I had in my pocket? Nevertheless, the evil being without remedy, I resolved to bear it patiently. I had heard it said that the life of man is a compound of happiness and misery, of pleasure and pain; "if so," said I, "be comforted, friend Guzman, for you are assuredly on the brink of some good fortune, since you have as yet met with nothing but mischances since your departure from Seville."

Buoyed up by this flattering hope, I was just beginning to recover myself when I perceived two men upon mules, who had very much the appearance of what they really were, riding up at a quick trot behind us, who having come up to us examined us attentively, as if they were looking for some one who very much resembled me. Their very looks were enough to make me uneasy; the holy Brotherhood of which they had the honour to be members probably had not any among them of a more terrific appearance. They looked earnestly at me, and as I appeared rather surprised and even a little alarmed, they leapt from their mules without wanting any further proof, and falling upon me both together

they threw me from my mule to the ground, then seizing me by the arm one of them said, "Ah! Mr. Rogue, have we caught you at last? come, little wretch, give up the money; give up the jewels that you have stolen, or we will immediately hang you up on the tree that you see a few paces off." At these words they set to and pulled and cuffed me about so unmercifully that it was in vain for me to attempt to defend myself.

The good-natured muleteer, touched with compassion to see me so cruelly treated, represented to them that they were certainly mistaken in me; but he was but ill-paid for his remonstrance, for they turned upon him, and when they were tired of thumping him, accused him of being the receiver of the goods I had stolen, and seized both him and his mules, asking him how he had disposed of the money and jewels; and as he could answer them in no other manner than that he was entirely ignorant of what money and jewels they alluded to, a fresh shower of blows fell upon him without mercy. I must confess here my bad disposition; I could not help feeling a malignant satisfaction in seeing this poor devil, upon whom I had brought this ill-luck, so unmercifully banged; for it was to him that I attributed the loss of my cloak and our infernal repast at supper. After having well pummelled us both they rummaged out our pockets and searched us carefully; and not finding what they were in search of, they bound our hands with cords, designing to conduct us in this state to Seville. We were already

leashed together like greyhounds, when one of the constables who had bound my hands said with surprise to his companion, "God forgive me, comrade, but I think that we have been too precipitate and are deceived; the fellow that we are in pursuit of has no thumb on his left hand, and this chap has all his fingers perfect." The constable hearing this, drew forth his instructions and read them aloud. The thief was there described in a manner very different from my appearance; for besides that he wanted a thumb, it was there stated that he was nineteen or twenty years of age, and had long black hair falling over his back like a horse's tail; instead of which no one could take me to be more than fourteen, and my hair was very short, of a reddish colour, and much curled. Finding therefore, that they had made a mistake, they unbound us, and taking possession of a few reals by way of fee, which the muleteer had in his pocket, they apologised to us by laughing in our faces, and remounted their mules, leaving us all covered with bruises, particularly my friend the muleteer, whose thick built robust shoulders had been less spared than mine. To make amends my mouth was full of blood, and almost all my teeth loosened by the several fisticuffs I had received.

This did not prevent us, however, from getting upon our mules again and continuing our route; but in as sorrowful a plight as any one would have done on such an occasion. When we had got within a quarter of a league from the village del Pédoro, we

perceived and soon joined the two friars, who were walking on slowly, waiting till we came up.

I related to them the cause of our delay; for the muleteer was in such a condition that he had not courage to speak a word. These good men much pitied us: the last adventure appeared to them the most distressing, and one of these gentlemen took occasion to say, "God keep every honest man from three Holies that are at this time in Spain, viz., the holy Inquisition, the holy Brotherhood; and the holy Crusado. Especially, if he be innocent, God keep him from the holy Brotherhood; there may be some hope of justice with the two others, but all that can be said in favour of this latter is, happy are they who do not fall into its hands."

The friar who had treated me with a sermon the day before, and who was quite upon the itch to be preaching again, managed to turn the conversation upon the vanities of the world, that he might take the opportunity of informing us we could look for none but false pleasures in this world, and that true pleasure is in heaven, where only it is to be found; that even such diversions as promise the greatest possible pleasure are sure to be either accompanied or followed by some mortification or other. "Have you any objection," added he, addressing himself to his comrade, "that I should relate to you a fable on this subject, which I think well worthy to be listened to? you will not be sorry to hear it." At the same time, without waiting for his companion's answer, he began in these words:

“Jupiter, not content with having created all things on earth for man, through an excess of love for them, sent the god of pleasure in early times to reside here below, solely to make them joyful. But man, and more especially woman, attaching themselves to this new deity, whose attractions completely charmed them, resolved to look up to him only as their divinity; they believed that he was able to gratify all their wishes. Thus thinking that they could dispense with all the other gods in heaven, they began to forget them; no prayers, sacrifices, or victims were offered up to any but the god of pleasure. Jupiter, being the one most offended, felt this ingratitude of his creatures so sensibly that he considered he ought to avenge himself on them, and called a council of the immortals to consult with him, fearing that he might be accused of having listened to nothing but his anger.

“All the gods condemned this behaviour of man more or less, according to the sentiments that each entertained for them; the most good-natured amongst them represented to Jupiter that men were but men, that is to say, weak and faulty creatures, from whom he could expect nothing but imprudence and indiscretion; that in their opinion the Father of Heaven, instead of viewing their weakness with severity, ought rather to have pity on them than think of punishing them. Were we men, as they are, added they, we might conduct ourselves in the same manner, perhaps even worse; besides, consider what god it is that you have given them? see in what manner he uses them;

he never leaves them, he flatters their desires, and enchants them with his seducing manners. You, on the contrary, are seen by them but seldom, and almost always with thunder in your hand, which frightens them; you ought not therefore to be surprised if they fear you more than they love you. They may hereafter perhaps reflect seriously upon their fault and make atonement, as soon as they are informed how much their blind attachment to this divinity has caused them to wrong the immortals, and particularly yourself.

“When the gods, thus peaceably inclined, had thus remonstrated with Jupiter, Momus, who hated man, wished to give advice directly opposite; but he began in such free terms that he was silenced and told that he should be heard in his turn. The other gods who were not better inclined towards the human race than Momus did all they could to persuade the son of Saturn to extirpate mankind, alleging that they were useless beings, for whom the gods had no manner of occasion. Others not so violent, thinking they gave admirable advice, recommended Jupiter to reduce such as had been culpable into dust again and create others more perfect in their place, which would be an easy matter for him to do, upon which Apollo requested permission to speak, and with that air of sweetness which has ever been attributed to him addressed himself to the Father of the gods in these words:

“ ‘Supreme Jupiter, full of love and goodness, thou art so justly irritated against man that whatever cruel

revenge you may be disposed to take on him no inhabitant of Olympus will pretend to oppose thy will, it being not less the interest of all the gods in general than thine in particular, that mortals should not prove ungrateful for the favours and benefits they daily receive at our hands. Suffer me, however, to make it appear to you that if thou destroyest man thou destroyest thine own work. This world, which thou hast created and embellished with a thousand wonderful things which thou hast bestowed upon it, will be no longer of any use, for we shall not any of us leave heaven to reside there. If thou destroyest man to make a new race, that will do thee no honour, for it will rather be said that thou couldst not make thy work perfect in less than two trials; suffer, therefore, the human race to remain as it is, for it greatly concerns thy glory to maintain what thou hast created. Perhaps I may go so far as to say that I do not think it would be to the honour of the gods if men were without imperfection; if they were not weak and full of wants, what occasion would they have for our assistance?

“‘Nevertheless,’ continued he, ‘these ingrates ought to be punished. Thou hast given them the god Pleasure, to whom they are too much attached; thou hast only therefore to oblige them to give up the idol and send them down his brother in his room, thus thou wilt chastise them by the same means as they have offended thee. They will, I am convinced, soon acknowledge their fault, and have recourse to thy mercy to pardon their blindness; thou wilt then be fully

avenged, and thou canst either forgive them or abandon them to the tyranny of their new divinity. This, great Jupiter! is what seems to me most becoming thy glory on this occasion; but the lord of heaven and earth knows best what is fit to be done.'

"Apollo ceased to speak, and Momus, who was prepared with a discourse which his hatred for man had suggested, began to aggravate their offence; but he was but the dupe of his ill-will; all the other immortals, who well knew his prejudice, rejected his advice and agreed in opinion with Apollo. Agreeably to the decision of the celestial assembly, Mercury cut through the air in a moment and descended upon earth, where he found man completely busied and charmed with the god Pleasure. No sooner did he begin to put in execution his orders to deprive them of him than a general insurrection took place among the women as well as the men. Such fury was never known before; they ranged themselves round about their cherished deity, protesting they would rather die than be deprived of him.

"Mercury returned quickly up to heaven, to inform Jupiter of this disorder, whose wrath towards man was increased by this intelligence; but Apollo, who always favoured them, interceded once more in their behalf so effectually that he prevented the thunder from being hurled upon them. 'Lord of Olympus,' said he, 'have pity on these poor weak creatures, and, instead of suffering your thunder to fall upon them, allow me to propose a milder method of bringing them to their senses. Let us deceive them

by a skilful trick, by withdrawing from them the god of pleasure without their perceiving it, and placing under the same shape the god Dissatisfaction in his stead.'

"This stratagem was approved of, and Apollo himself undertook the execution of it. He descended upon earth with the god Dissatisfaction disguised, and found men and women all up in arms to protect their idol, whom they had placed in the midst of them; he dazzled their eyes and easily made the intended exchange; after which he returned to the immortals again, to enjoy with them the trick that he had just played upon mankind, who from that time, believing themselves still to have Pleasure among them, have sacrificed to his brother, without knowing it, in his place."

This fable was much applauded by the bachelor, who agreed with his friend who had related it that assuredly the pleasures of life seduce us by fine appearances without there being any reality to be found in them. "Alas!" thought I to myself while the gentlemen were thus reasoning, "that is but too true. When I first took it into my head to travel, I formed a most delightful idea of my journey, and flattered my imagination with a thousand agreeable fancies, the fallacy of which I am already but too well acquainted with." After the friars had moralised for a considerable time upon this subject, the bachelor said to his companion, "To enliven the conversation a little, and to amuse us on the road, I purpose, with your permission, to relate you a story which is to

be found in the history of our wars with the Moors." The other friar appeared curious to hear it, and, as well as I can remember, the bachelor recited it nearly in the following words.

CHAPTER IX.

THE AMOUR OF OZMIN AND THE BEAUTIFUL DARAXA.

WHILST their Catholic majesties Ferdinand and Isabella were at the siege of Baza, the Moors kept the Christians in full employment, and prodigies of valour were performed on both sides. The place was well situated and in good condition, and was defended by a garrison composed of the choicest troops of the king of Granada. Mahomet, surnamed El Chiquito—the diminutive—the governor, was a man skilful and experienced in war. Isabella was at Jaen, where she took care to supply the Christian troops, which Ferdinand commanded in person, with provisions. The army was divided into two bodies, one of which besieged the town, while the other covered the siege.

As the Moors had spared nothing to prevent the possibility of communication between the two camps, scarcely a day passed without some furious skirmish. On one of these occasions the besieged fought so desperately that they would have decisively defeated their besiegers if any valour could have made it pos-

sible; but the latter, animated by the presence and example of their king, and reinforced by frequent succours, obliged the Infidels at length to take flight, and pursued them so closely that they entered with them pell-mell into the suburbs of Baza.

The governor would not have failed to take advantage of this indiscreet ardour of the Christians had his troops been sufficient to support him in a vigorous sally; but finding his garrison too much weakened to undertake such an enterprise, he prudently contented himself with firing on the enemy from the walls, that they might not effect a lodgment in the suburbs; he then caused the gates of the town to be closed, fearing lest it should be carried by assault. In vain was he informed that his only daughter had unfortunately left the town to take the air in a garden in the suburbs, and that it was much feared she had fallen into the hands of the Christians; he answered like the Roman consul, that he had rather lose his daughter than a fortress which the king had confided to his defence.

Among the noblemen in the Christian army who entered the suburbs with the Moors, Don Alonso de Zuniga was one who had particularly signalised himself. This cavalier, who was about eighteen years of age, was now making his first campaign; his aim was glory, and his only object in coming to the siege of Baza was to deserve the esteem of Ferdinand by the performance of some remarkable feat. Fortune favoured his wishes, for while in pursuit of the enemy, putting all who offered resistance

to the sword, he approached a magnificent looking house, which appeared to belong to some person of quality. Resolved to ascertain whether there was any one within, he caused the door to be forced open with his soldiers' axes. About a dozen men, armed with sabres only, presented themselves to dispute their entrance; but four or five of these being overthrown damped the courage of the rest, who saved themselves by flight over the walls of the garden.

Don Alonso's soldiers, delighted to find a house elegantly furnished, thought of nothing but plundering it; for himself, who wished for nothing but an opportunity of signalling himself, he examined the house from top to bottom, sword in hand, with five or six of his followers, breaking open every door, to see if there were any other Moors prepared to oppose him. Passing thus from room to room he at length came to the last, at the door of which he heard a loud shriek from within, and at the same time perceived five women, four of whom, all in tears and almost senseless with fear, threw themselves at his feet, imploring him to save their honour and their lives; but the fifth, who by her air and majestic appearance was evidently the mistress of the rest, instead of kneeling with the others, held a poniard in her hand with a determined countenance. "Stop!" said she, in the Castilian language, upon Don Alonso's approaching her, "this dagger shall protect me from any one who presumes to touch me."

No sooner did Don Alonso behold the face of the lady who addressed him in these courageous terms,

than he was quite captivated by her beauty, and felt the emotions that love creates in a heart for the first time subjected to its dominion. Already enraptured by his rising passion, he raised the visor of his helmet, sheathed his sword, and told the lady, in the most mild and respectful manner, that she need not be apprehensive of any violence from one who felt extremely concerned at the alarm he had caused her, but at the same time he felt most truly happy that fate had conducted him into her presence to save her from the misfortunes that threatened her; he entreated her therefore to confide herself to his protection, and to accompany him at once, for fear of the fury of the soldiers, who, not being accustomed on such occasions as these to acknowledge any control, might put it out of his power to preserve her from their outrages.

At these words, the truth of which she but too well felt, she accepted his proffered assistance; upon which he desired his followers to take care of the other women, and let them carry away with them whatever they wished; after which he offered his hand to his captive, who, in spite of her uneasiness, was somewhat divested of her fears by the attention and appearance of the young cavalier; armed as he was, to behold his beautiful face, and his long hair which flowed in curls over his cuirass, he had more the appearance of a beautiful girl than of a soldier.

This charming Moor, who, without exception, was the most engaging beauty in the kingdom of Granada, was named Daraxa. She was the daughter

of the governor; and having learned that the Moors had been driven back into the suburbs, she had endeavoured to regain the town, but finding the gates closed had been obliged to return to this garden.

Though she was very fortunate in having fallen into the hands of Don Alonso, yet the thoughts of becoming a captive to the Christians sadly afflicted her. In spite of her courage she could not refrain from tears; she was not able to make any other reply to the obliging offers of her generous enemy than by giving him her hand, to show the confidence she reposed in him. The young warrior, moved by the tears of his fair prisoner, tried all he could to console her; and as he spoke from the abundance of his heart, what he said was so tenderly expressive that in any other situation it might have had more effect on the beautiful Moor; but, although she felt most sensibly his endeavours to soothe her under her misfortune, the acknowledgments that she made were but very inadequate as a return for the lively interest he took on her behalf.

As soon as he was informed that a retreat was sounded by order of the king, and that the Christians were already filing off to regain the camp, he yielded his own horse to the lady, who vaulted into the saddle entirely unassisted, and knew well how to manage her steed. He then assembled his soldiers in haste, in the midst of whom he placed the beautiful Moor and her women; and putting himself at the head of this little corps, which looked more like

a cavalcade than an escort, he followed the other troops in the retreat.

The king was already acquainted with his adventure before he arrived at the camp, and was the more rejoiced at it as he entertained a particular regard for this cavalier, whom he considered to be a young man of great promise. Impatient to see so illustrious a prisoner, he did her the honour to advance to receive her as soon as he perceived Don Alonso approaching his tent to conduct her into his presence. She advanced towards his Majesty with so majestic a mien and so gracefully as to charm all who beheld her; and would have fallen on her knees before him, but he prevented her so politely and received her in such a manner that she uttered, in a sort of ecstasy, "Ah! my lord, what charms would the honour of saluting the great Ferdinand have had, had it not been annexed by fate to one of the most cruel misfortunes that could have happened to me!" "Madam," answered the king in a most gracious manner, "you have no reason to consider it a misfortune to have become the prisoner of Don Alonso de Zuniga, who is an amiable young man, and who will pay you every attention, and spare nothing which may alleviate your misfortune; and, for my own part, I will take care you shall be so well entertained that you shall soon cease to have occasion to repine at fortune."

His Majesty added that she might write to her father the governor, assuring him she should meet with the treatment due to her birth. He then de-

sired Don Alonso, with a smile, to continue to take good care of Daraxa. "Conduct her," said he, "to my own tent, where she can rest this night with her women, and to-morrow you shall yourself escort her to Jaen, where she will be better received and entertained by the queen than she can be in a camp."

Those officers in the army who had seen the beautiful Moor spoke of her to the others in such high terms that they were all curious to see her, and applied to Zuniga, to whom she was confided, to gratify their curiosity; but Don Alonso, jealous of his happiness, would not grant their requests, but managed to keep them from the royal tent by all sorts of excuses; for they persecuted him in such a manner, to afford them this satisfaction, that he was much troubled to resist their importunities. The next morning, according to the king's orders, he set out for Jaen, where he arrived in the evening with his charming captive, whom he presented to the queen. Her Majesty, to whom the king had despatched a courier the preceding evening, was already informed of everything. She received Daraxa most graciously, and was extremely pleased to see her. She was particularly struck with the elegance of her appearance; and when she had conversed with her for some time, was convinced that her good sense and wit were at least equal to her beauty.

In the meantime Don Alonso, having performed his commission and being obliged to return to the army, found now for the first time that if love has its sweets it is not unaccompanied by chagrin, and that

that deity makes us pay dearly for the least favour. He could not reflect without extreme pain that he was on the point of leaving his beautiful Moor; but what most afflicted him was that he had not yet disclosed his sentiments to her, though he had had more than one favourable opportunity; either from a timidity which the bravest lovers sometimes feel, or from want of experience, he had resolved to take no other mode of declaring his passion than by his actions; nevertheless, as he knew that men ought to speak first on such occasions, he made up his mind at length to declare himself. He had only now to think of the manner in which he should make this avowal; and having reflected for a long time on the subject, but not being content with anything he could think of, he resolved to leave it entirely to his passion to inspire him with words.

With this intention he repaired to the queen to receive her commands, and asked permission to take leave of Daraxa. The queen, who well knew that this young lord could not have passed two days with so lovely a person as the beautiful Moor with impunity, wished to have the pleasure of witnessing their separation. "What you desire is reasonable," said she to Don Alonso, "since Daraxa is your prisoner; but as she is under my protection I must watch over all her actions, you can only converse with her therefore in my presence." This embarrassed him, and he now almost despaired of being able to acquaint his captive that in leaving her he quitted what was dearest in the world to him.

What he viewed as so great an obstacle to the accomplishment of his desires served, however, to promote them. The queen, having sent for the beautiful Moor, said to her, "My daughter" (for so she already called her from friendship), "behold a young warrior, who I fear is more to be pitied and more a prisoner than you are. He has considered it a duty to take leave of his captive previous to his departure for the army; I am his friend, and I permit him to disclose in my presence the tender sentiments that he cannot but have conceived for you." Daraxa blushed; she had been till now so much taken up with her own misfortunes that she had not once thought of endeavouring to distinguish the motives of Don Alonso's actions, or if she had observed any attention more than ordinary in his behaviour she had attributed it solely to pity, which is never without a degree of tenderness; besides which, her heart was already prepossessed in favour of another, so that she could but look upon Zuniga with an indifferent eye.

She replied to the queen that she should never forget her obligations to that cavalier, and that not having it in her power to acknowledge them, otherwise than by her wishes, she hoped that it would not be his fate to be taken prisoner; or should he be so unfortunate, she trusted that he would meet with as kind treatment as she had experienced. The queen, curious to hear what answer Don Alonso would make to this compliment, made no reply, to afford him an opportunity of speaking. But this young nobleman, whose quick repartees on other occasions had been

much admired at Court, now stood confused, either because he felt too violently the emotions of love, or under restraint in the presence of the queen. He replied only to Daraxa, that whatever misfortunes might befall him he should consider himself but too happy under them if he might presume to call himself her champion, and that the object of his visit was to solicit this honour. "This is a favour never refused in this country," said the queen, desirous of keeping up the conversation to gratify Zuniga, "and Daraxa will surely find more reasons than one for granting this request." "Madam," answered the beautiful Moor, "I should be well content to have for my champion a man of Don Alonso's high birth and accomplishments; but if the laws of chivalry are the same among the Christians as with us Moors, how can I thus strongly interest myself in favour of a warrior who bears arms against my country?"

Although the queen felt the force of this reply she did not therefore conclude here, but represented to her fair prisoner that this was a particular case; that she need have no scruple in feeling an interest and participating in the glory and fortune of a cavalier to whom she was under such obligations as would be more than a sufficient excuse for her; and that she would thereby engage Don Alonso to treat the Moors that might fall into his power more kindly. Zuniga was overjoyed to find the queen espouse his cause with so much earnestness; and Daraxa, fearing that she might betray herself if she persisted in refusing the queen's request, thought it more advisable to

make no further answer, since silence must imply that she did not object to what was desired of her.

“This will not suffice,” continued the queen, who was determined to finish the matter, “for when any lady amongst us makes choice of a particular champion it is usual to bestow on him some token of her preference, such as a scarf, her portrait, a handkerchief, a ribbon, or the like.” This was likewise a custom among the Moors, but Daraxa did not wish to engage herself so far; as, however, the desires of the queen were laws to her, she presented Don Alonso with a knot of ribbon which she wore on her head interwoven in the Moorish fashion. Zuniga received this gift with bended knees, and kissing the hand that bestowed it, as lovers were wont to do in those days, he swore never to do anything to render himself unworthy his mistress’ favour. After this ceremony the queen, who was exceedingly pleased at the sight, told Don Alonso that she doubted not he would soon signalise himself by such feats of arms as would evince that he was well deserving of the honour that had just been conferred on him. He answered that he must be dependent on fortune to furnish him with opportunities, and that it should not be the fault of his heart if he neglected them or if they terminated unfortunately for him.

After having thus spoken he returned her Majesty thanks for all her kindness; then, addressing himself to the beautiful Moor, he implored her to deign sometimes to bestow a thought on a cavalier whose only glory was to serve his Catholic Majesty and to render

himself worthy of her esteem. After this he departed for the army.

Upon his arrival at the camp, he learned that King Ferdinand and King Mahomet had had an interview, that Baza had capitulated, and that it was stipulated in the articles that all prisoners made during the siege should be restored on both sides. This news afflicted the amorous Don Alonso, who from that moment believed himself debarred from the sight of the object of his affection; but the queen, who appeared to have undertaken to complete the happiness of this cavalier, could not make up her mind to think of ever parting with Daraxa, for whom she had conceived so sincere a friendship that she could scarcely have lived without her company. The Moorish governor, her father, applied for her return in the most urgent manner, but the queen wrote to him in such kind and pressing terms, requesting him to allow his daughter to remain with her, that, notwithstanding the excess of his love for her, he could not refuse to grant such a request, well persuaded that he should not have reason to repent of his complaisance.

The campaign being thus ended, the king resolved to pass the winter at Seville. He wrote to the queen to this effect, who accordingly repaired there two or three days before he arrived. Never had the court of that monarch been more magnificent, the lords endeavoured to eclipse each other in splendour, and no expense was spared to make a brilliant figure. Don Alonso, who was one of the richest amongst them, and whose absence had only served to increase

his love, spared nothing to make his equipage and train worthy of the Champion of the beautiful Moor, which title he had given himself, and upon which he much prided himself at Court, and the knot of ribbon he had received from that lady was elegantly attached to his breast.

All this, however, signified little with Daraxa, who treated him with the same indifference as the other lords who had professed themselves her lovers, among whom were Don Roderigo de Padilla, Don Juan d'Alsenna, and Don Diego de Castro. The only advantage that Don Alonso had over his rivals was that he was permitted to visit and converse with his mistress more frequently than the others; for which he was indebted to the queen's kindness, who, ardently wishing to make the fair Moor a Christian, that she might marry and retain her at Court, had fixed upon him as the most advantageous match for her.

The queen tried every means to prevail upon her to change her religion. One day she said to her, "My dear Daraxa, I have a great curiosity and wish to see you dressed in a Spanish habit; as I think that dress will become your beauty better than your own, and as I will make you a present of one I have myself worn I am sure you will try it on to oblige me." The queen hoped by this means to influence her mind by degrees. Daraxa, who was well pleased with the dress of the Spanish women, and rejoiced at being able to please her Majesty, willingly consented to afford her that satisfaction.

When she first made her appearance in her new dress, the king and the whole Court were delighted, and she completely eclipsed the numerous beauties that had hitherto charmed them. What jealousies and infidelities did she not cause! for, in proportion as she pleased the men, she became the envy of the women, who of course discovered more imperfections than charms in her.

Although she was not unconscious of the envy that she occasioned, she was rather vexed at it than conceited, and even became careless in her dress. The queen sometimes quarrelled with her on this subject, and sent her daily new ornaments to prevail upon her to take more pains with her person; but she dressed herself once or twice with these and thought of them no more. Every one was surprised to observe that she was plunged in a profound melancholy, which nothing could dispel. She sought to be alone, and was often surprised in tears, the report of which much affected the queen, who, however, considered that she was only unhappy at being so far from her relations, and that her sadness would soon be at an end.

The king, wishing to contribute towards diverting his illustrious prisoner, as well as the numerous officers who had served under him so ably in the late campaign, proposed a solemn bull-fight, and the sports of canes, in some places called carousals. The day fixed on for these amusements was proclaimed, that such cavaliers as chose might prepare for them.

It is now time that I should inform you of the cause of the melancholy of the beautiful Moor. She was enamoured of a young nobleman of Granada, who was descended, as she herself was, from Moorish kings, and whose valour had been proved on several occasions. He was possessed of the most amiable personal qualities; in short, he was one of the most accomplished cavaliers at the Court of Granada. His name was Ozmin. They had been attached to each other from their infancy, and their fathers, who were most intimate friends, had resolved to preserve their amity indissoluble by marriage. On the eve of these nuptials, when Ozmin, who was at Granada, was expected at Baza to celebrate them, Ferdinand suddenly besieged this place with so much secrecy and precaution, that there was not the slightest suspicion of it at the Court of King Mahomet.

Upon hearing this news, so important to the Moors, Ozmin, incited by love and glory, undertook to enter Baza, where he was expected, at the head of two hundred men, who for the most part consisted of such of his friends and dependants as were willing to follow his fortune and serve their king. They met with two parties in less than three hours and defeated them; but a third party, consisting of six hundred men, fell upon them within half a league of the town, calling to them to surrender if they expected quarter. Ozmin, not alarmed at the inequality of numbers, formed his men into a squadron, placing his wounded in the centre; then rushing on the enemy in as vigorous a manner as if he had not met with the

two former detachments, he kept the victory doubtful during two hours. Already more than half on the side of the Christians were disabled, and the rest so disordered as to be almost ready for flight, when a reinforcement of two hundred men came in very apropos to their relief. This completely turned the scale, and Ozmin, wounded in three several parts, thought now of nothing but to save the rest of his men by retreating, which he did in so good order and with such fortunate stands that the Christians soon thought fit to give over their pursuit of them. He got back to Granada with a hundred and ten men, of whom twelve only were not wounded.

This skirmish was accounted one of the most valiant exploits that had been ever known, and the name of Ozmin became famous among the Christian troops. Having got home he was obliged to confine himself to his bed. King Mahomet, his kinsman, delighted by the glory that he had acquired by so brilliant an action, was not content with bestowing his praise upon him, but did him the honour of a visit, as a proof of the high sense he entertained of his valour; but what completed his joy was a letter he received from his dear Daraxa, wherein she desired him to pay more regard to his wounds than to the honour they obtained him, that she valued the lover in him more than the hero, and concluded by exhorting him to take more care of himself for the future. With this letter she sent him a large handkerchief, embroidered after the Moorish manner, of her own work, which was the more gratifying to

her lover, as it was the first present she had hitherto made him.

The brave Ozmin was extremely impatient to be cured of his wounds, in order to make a second attempt to get into Baza, for he could no longer exist without the company of his future wife. The governor of the place having notice of his design, found means to caution him against making a second attempt by force of arms, the passes being too well guarded to afford any hopes of success. He advised him to dress himself in a Spanish habit, and set out on a particular night, which they would agree on between them, so as to arrive the next morning at break of day near to Baza, which he might thence enter under shelter of a sally that should be made expressly for that purpose. The governor sent him these letters and received his answers to them by a faithful servant of Ozmin's, whose name was Orviedo, who, having been fourteen years a prisoner among the Christians, knew their manners and spoke their language so well that he might well have passed for a Spaniard; in addition to this, he was a sharp and cunning fellow, and was well acquainted with the roads.

As soon as Ozmin was sufficiently recovered to put this project in execution he set out for Granada on the night appointed, followed by Orviedo only, both disguised in Spanish dresses. Though they were well mounted, they were obliged to take so many out-of-the-way roads to avoid the Christian parties and guarded passes, that day had already appeared before

they arrived within a league of Baza. As they advanced they observed clouds of dust, and soon perceived the Christian troops so much in motion on all sides that they felt well assured there would be a very decisive action that day; it was, in fact, the very day on which Don Alonso carried off the beautiful Moor. Our two travellers entered into a wood, where they came to a stand, fearing lest they should precipitate themselves into some inextricable difficulty; and Orviedo, as a warrior used to find expedients suitable to such conjunctures, said to his master, "My lord, if you will take my advice you will remain here in concealment while I go forward alone and on foot to reconnoitre the motions of the Christians, and use every art to get into the town and acquaint the governor where you are staying. If I do not rejoin you in two hours, you may take it for granted I have got into the town, and that everything shall be prepared to receive you."

Ozmin approved of this advice, and Orviedo, having tied his horse to a tree, walked on towards Baza. His master, in spite of the violent feelings which agitated him, waited patiently for above two hours; after which, considering that it was time to advance towards the town, and that according to what Orviedo had said he should meet with people ready to second his intentions, he pushed on by the shortest road until he arrived within a quarter of a league of the town, when on a sudden he discovered a troop of Moors riding up to him at full speed. He thought that this was the sally made in his favour, but he was

quickly and not very agreeably undeceived. As they took him for a Christian from his Andalusian habit, they fired upon him, and would undoubtedly have killed him if by good luck the officer at their head, to whom he called, had not recognised his voice. If this troop was surprised at the sight of him, he was not less astonished when he understood that the whole Christian army, commanded by Ferdinand in person, had fallen upon two or three thousand men who had sallied from the town; that after a violent action, in which most of the Moors had perished, the enemy, pursuing the rest to the suburbs, had entered it pell-mell with them, and had taken possession of it; in short, that he must not flatter himself with the idea of entering the town, to attempt it being certain death or captivity. Ozmin, afflicted beyond measure at this intelligence, and still more so at the necessity of thinking of saving himself with the rest, formed a body of these fugitives of about three hundred men, and returned with them to Granada, more mortified than the first time at the ill success of his enterprise.

This sad news much alarmed King Mahomet, who thinking justly that the garrison of Baza must be much weakened after such an action, despaired of being able to relieve the place, which appeared to him on the point of being taken; and what made him more uneasy was that, after losing this town, there would be no other able to endure a siege but Granada, the capital of his kingdom and his last refuge. All the Moorish Court, after its king's example, was filled with grief.

As for Ozmin, his grief is not to be described ; but soon after his return to Granada, having learned that the Christians who had entered the suburbs of Baza with the Moors had been obliged to abandon the town, he felt somewhat reanimated and resolved to try his fate a third time. But just as he was ready to set out, Orviedo, his faithful squire, arrived from that city charged with a packet from the governor for the king and a letter for Ozmin, in which he was made acquainted with the misfortune which had befallen his Daraxa.

The perusal of this sad intelligence acted like a thunderbolt on the amorous Ozmin ; at first he stood for some time motionless, and when he had at length recovered his senses it was only to abandon himself to the most violent agonies of mind, accompanied by sobbings and convulsions. When this paroxysm had subsided, he was in such a condition that he had not even power left for lamentation ; a fever seized him, his strength failed him, and his death was hourly expected ; but Love, that great and learned doctor, especially in disorders occasioned by himself, suddenly called him to life by inspiring a project calculated to console him and easy to be put in execution. From that moment he began visibly to recover ; he regained his strength and was soon restored to perfect health.

Baza had been surrendered. It was well known that the Catholic king held his Court at Seville, and that it was his intention to pass the winter there with the queen. Ozmin, not doubting that Daraxa was highly in favour with that princess, resolved to repair to that city with Orviedo, both disguised as Anda-

lusian gentlemen; for, besides that they both spoke the Castilian language so well that it would be difficult to discover that they were Moors, he felt persuaded that they should not attract the least notice in a town which must needs be in the greatest confusion. He communicated his new project to Orviedo, whose natural disposition was enterprising, and who never threw difficulties in the way; and the master and squire accordingly set out one night from Granada in the most private manner, mounted upon horses not inferior in their paces and speed to the most famous coursers of the Paladins, with a considerable quantity of jewels and several purses of gold, which they did not forget to provide themselves with.

They expected to meet with some awkward rencontre in passing through the places where the Christian troops were posted, and they were not deceived in their expectation. The next day, within a league of Loxa, they unluckily fell in with the grand provost of the army with his horsemen, who were in pursuit of deserters. He examined our two travellers, who though they had not indeed much appearance of such as he was in search of, yet, as they seemed too well mounted for persons who were plainly dressed, he stopped them and inquired whence they came and whither they were going. Orviedo replied that they were of the Marquis of Astorgas' division, and that important business called them to Seville. Upon this the provost required to see their furlough, and as they were not able to produce this, he determined to conduct them back to the post from whence

they said they came. By way of substitute for this furlough, however, Ozmin drew from one of his fingers a very fine diamond ring, which he presented to the provost, who was so charmed with the present that he not only made a thousand apologies for having stopped them on their journey, but insisted upon accompanying them to Loxa, to show that he understood good manners and had a grateful heart.

They arrived at Seville without meeting with any other adventure, and took up their lodgings in the suburbs beyond the river Guadalquiver, which, although the most remote and obscure part of the town, was at that time so thronged with persons of all qualities and their equipages that they were fortunate in obtaining any accommodation at all, which was not to be wondered at, it being only a few days before the combat of bulls, when every one was busied in the magnificent preparations that were making for these diversions. Our Moors had only to listen to the conversation of the servants of the numerous noblemen, with whom their inn was filled, as well as all the rest in the town, to be perfectly well informed of whatever was going on at the Court.

By these means Ozmin learned more than he wished to know. They informed him, among other things, that Don Alonso styled himself the knight of the beautiful Moor; that Daraxa had several other lovers, but that Don Alonso had the advantage over all his rivals; and that if that lady embraced Christianity, as was expected, it was confidently reported that he would marry her. To complete his torments,

the lively description they gave of this cavalier was sufficient to agonise so nice and passionate a lover as the wretched Ozmin; and had it not been for Orviedo he must certainly have relapsed into those ravings which had before brought him so near the grave. This faithful squire recovered him by degrees by representing to him that he wronged Daraxa by such alarms, who loved him too well to be faithless towards him; that as for the rest, it was not surprising that so lovely a person should have inspired many with love in a Court celebrated for gallantry. Orviedo completely succeeded in calming the agitation of his master's mind by reminding him that the approaching diversions would furnish a good opportunity for himself to judge of the merit of his rivals, as well as how Daraxa conducted herself towards them, and that he could take his future measures accordingly. Ozmin yielded to his reasonings, and determined to observe Daraxa attentively; at the same time, to show her the difference between his rivals and himself, and to signalise himself by his strength and dexterity in the presence of the whole of the Catholic Court, he resolved to enter the lists at the combat of bulls. He enjoined Orviedo to prepare everything that would be necessary for that exercise, invented by the Moors, and at which Ozmin was unīversally acknowledged to be the most expert in their nation.

The day of the solemnity at last arrived. Never had so much magnificence been seen; everything was in order early in the morning; rich ornaments and fine tapestries lined the streets through which

Ferdinand and Isabella were to pass with their Court on their way to the great square appropriated to the diversions. Here was assembled a complete crowd of people of every description seated on benches fixed round about as in an amphitheatre; and on all sides were to be seen an infinite number of ladies and gentlemen most superbly dressed, crowding the windows and balconies, so that even the spectators formed a gratifying sight.

About three o'clock in the afternoon the king and queen took their places in their balcony; in another, at the side of this, sat the beautiful Moor, accompanied by many ladies and several old lords, who, being no longer vigorous in these sports, found themselves obliged to resign the honour of the combats to the younger noblemen. The sports began, as usual, by the combat of bulls. They turned loose one at first, who, not being one of the most savage, was quickly brought to the ground.

Our two Moors were already at the place; they kept on the outside of the square, among many other persons on horseback, to see how the Christians managed these diversions. It need not be asked whether Ozmin looked about impatiently for his mistress, whom he soon distinguished; but how great his surprise, and what fatal presages did he form, when he perceived that she was dressed in a Spanish habit. Nevertheless, though he could but see her from afar off, he could not avoid remarking a certain sadness in her countenance; in fact, she felt so little interest in these diversions, that an express

desire of the queen had been necessary to oblige her to dress herself suitably to the occasion, and notwithstanding which she had taken but little pains to adorn herself. With her elbow leaning on the balcony, and her head reclining on her hand, her eye wandered on all sides with indifference, or rather her mind was so abstracted from the sights before her, that she saw nothing at all.

Although this melancholy appearance admitted of different interpretations, Ozmin, through some remains of hope, explained it in his own favour, and felt a secret pleasure on that account, of which refined lovers only are susceptible. While he was thus occupied in observing Daraxa with attention, the shouts of the spectators at seeing the second bull turned out, much stronger and more vicious than the first, obliged him, at length, to withdraw his attention, which had been so long fixed on her balcony. He looked round the square and observed that the bull gave full employment to the cavaliers that opposed him; but as he did not wish to show what he could perform until after the death of this second bull, it much surprised the spectators that were round about them that, though Orviedo and he were superbly equipped, they appeared to have no intention of venturing within the square. "For what possible reason," said they aloud one to another, "are these two champions standing here without the lists? Are they only come here to see the sports? Dare they not enter? Are they afraid of the bull's horns? Do they carry a lance only to lend it to

some cavalier more worthy to do honour to himself with it?"

These railleries, so usual among the common people, who spare nobody on such occasions, were heard by Ozmin and Orviedo with contempt; all they attended to was the issue of the combat of the bull which was then in the square. This high-spirited animal had already disabled two of the combatants, and having become more enraged by two slight wounds from Don Alonso, he avenged himself on his horse, which he laid dead on the spot; but just at that moment, Don Rodrigo de Padilla, one of the strongest of all the combatants, struck the bull with such force that another blow was not necessary to despatch him.

A third bull was on the point of being loosed, when Ozmin, who perceived it, made sign to Orviedo to walk up to the bars of the lists and desire admission; and their appearance was of too much consequence for this to be refused them. No sooner had they got within the lists than every eye was turned upon them; a silent admiration prevailed throughout the place for a considerable time; every one seemed to take great pleasure in considering the splendour of their arms, the tastefulness of their equipage, and, above all, their noble appearance on horseback. Ozmin, especially, attracted the observation of the assembly by his graceful and fashionable deportment. Both their faces were covered with blue crape, to show that they did not wish to be known. The squire carried his master's lance in a

different manner from the Spaniards; and Ozmin wore round his left arm the embroidered handkerchief that Daraxa had given him, which was a gallantry quite different from the custom in Spain; from which it was concluded that if they were not foreigners they at least wished to be thought so, but that they were Moors was not even suspected. Ferdinand was one of the first who had his eyes upon them, and he pointed them out to the queen, who was not less pleased with their appearance. All the cavaliers within the barrier made way for them to pass, and conceived, of the master in particular, the most advantageous opinion.

Daraxa was the only one present who had taken no notice of these new champions, and, most probably, would not have seen them at all if the old Don Lewis, Marquis de Padilla, father of Don Rodrigo, after having rallied her upon her pensive and melancholy humour, had not obliged her at last to turn her head that way. At first sight of these two cavaliers she felt a slight emotion, which she could not account for; their foreign air excited her curiosity so as to induce her to ask Don Lewis who they were. "I know not, madam," replied he, "nor is the king himself able to learn." In the meantime Ozmin approached the balcony where she was; she fixed her eyes upon the handkerchief that he wore upon his arm, and the palpitation of her heart at the moment inspired her with a thousand thoughts. She could not, however, yet believe that it could be the same handkerchief she had sent her

lover when he was wounded, nor that it was that dear lover himself who now stood before her eyes; but as he stopped opposite to her balcony, and she had full leisure to observe him with attention, her heart at length assured her that it could be no other.

She was on the point of abandoning herself to the most excessive joy, when the third bull, who since he had been loose had completely disordered the whole square, came up and interrupted these delightful moments by advancing towards Ozinin. This formidable animal was one of the Tarita breed, and a more enormous beast had never been seen. His frightful bellowings spread terror throughout the place. Though he had no need to be irritated, they did not therefore omit to throw stakes at him, according to custom, which so excited his rage that Don Rodrigo, Don Alonso, and the other combatants dared not face him with the intrepidity that they had shown towards the two others.

This terrible beast then rushed towards Ozmin, who at that moment was thinking of nothing less than preparing to defend himself; but being warned of his danger by Orviedo, who quickly handed him his lance, and animated by the sight of his mistress, he boldly presented himself before the bull, and thrust his lance between the neck and shoulder with so much vigour that he left him nailed to the earth as if he had been struck down by a thunderbolt, with more than half of the lance through his body, after which our champion threw the broken remainder, which was

still in his hand, into the middle of the square and withdrew.

So bold and surprising an action excited the admiration of the whole Court and of all the people, the place re-echoed with shouts of applause and acclamations; nothing was to be heard for a full quarter of an hour but "Long live the Knight of the Blue Scarf, the strongest and bravest man of the age." While the valour of Ozmin was being thus proclaimed and celebrated, the timid Daraxa, whom the first sight of the bull had filled with the most dreadful apprehensions for her lover, was still so confounded that she thought she saw the animal all in fury before her, but the acclamations of the spectators at length by degrees brought her to her senses. She looked instantly all over the square for her dear Moor, and not perceiving him she inquired with anxiety what was become of him, and he was pointed out to her at a considerable distance from the lists, and followed by a crowd of people, who appeared as if they would never be tired of gazing upon a man who had so eminently distinguished himself.

It was now night, and the square in an instant shone with an infinite number of flambeaux, which created a very fine illumination. The diversion of the sporting spears was soon to begin. Twelve squadrons were seen advancing with their trumpets, fifes, and kettledrums, followed by their livery servants, and twelve valets laden with bundles of reeds made into sporting spears. The led horses of the knights had velvet caparisons, of the colour of the

squadron to which they belonged, embroidered with gold and silver and the arms of each chief; not only gold and silver glistened in their equipages, but even jewels were not spared. They entered the square in the following order:—

The equerries of every chief of a squadron marched first, conducting the equipages; twelve horses, carrying at their foremost saddlebows the arms of each knight, and at their hinder their devices, came next, followed by others whose caparisons were hung with silver bells, which made a loud jingling. The footmen in livery followed the horses; they marched completely round the square, and went out by a different gate from that at which they entered, to avoid confusion. The *quadrillos*, each conducted by their chief, then entered in two files with so much grace and skill that they charmed all the spectators; which is not surprising, since the most accomplished cavaliers for these sports are undoubtedly those of Seville, Cordara, and Xeres de la Frontera, where even children of eight or ten years of age are seen to manage horses and manœuvre them in most excellent style.

When the *quadrillos* had exhibited themselves four times round the square they retreated by the same gate as their equipages, but soon returned again with their shields on their arms and their sporting spears in their hands. They began their combats twelve against twelve, that is to say, one *quadrillo* against another. Having thus fought for about a quarter of an hour, two other squadrons came upon different

sides, who, under pretence of parting them, began a new combat.

In the meantime Ozmin and Orviedo, having at length escaped from the crowd of people that had followed them, regained their inn, and having disarmed themselves they returned to the place of sports, where the amorous Ozmin, pressing through the throng, placed himself under the balcony of the beautiful Moor. As he was now but plainly dressed nobody took him for a man of any consequence, notwithstanding his noble mien. Daraxa, who felt assured that he would not fail to appear again before her, was looking all around for him; but though he was so close to her, and was gazing at her with admiration, she did not perceive him. She was playing with a very fine nosegay, adorned with ribbons, which Don Alonso had sent her in the morning; and this nosegay chanced to slip out of her hand and fell just at Ozmin's feet, who hastened to take it up. This accident caused the lady to look down, and she recognised her dear Moor, from whom she did not afterwards turn her eyes; but, perceiving that some of the people that stood around him were preparing to oblige him to restore the nosegay, she called aloud to them to let him keep it, adding that it was in good hands. This having put an end to the dispute, the happy Ozmin, having become peaceable possessor of a favour for which he considered he was indebted rather to chance than love, fastened it by way of gallantry to his hat.

After this our two lovers began to make signs to each

other, a silent but very common language among the Moors, which the Spaniards have since learned of them, as well as very many other fashions, which have contributed to establish that nation as the most gallant in Europe. Ozmin and his mistress discoursed in this manner unnoticed by any one, all the spectators being too attentive to the sports to observe them. Besides, who could imagine that the beautiful Moor, who was so regardless of the addresses of the most accomplished cavaliers at the Court, could have found among the populace an object worthy of her attention?

These happy moments lasted only to the end of the sports of the quadrillos, which were no sooner ended than the last bull, which was not less ferocious than that which had been killed by Ozmin, was let loose, as is customary, to conclude the diversions. The animal's motions when he was first loosed sufficiently evinced that he was determined to sell his life dearly. Don Rodrigo de Padilla, Don Juan de Castro, Don Alonso, and many other cavaliers alighted from their horses, anxious to excel each other in engaging this beast on foot, who soon made two or three among them well acquainted with the hardness of his horns. One of them was carried off half dead, which rather moderated the ardour of the rest.

In fact, none but a true knight-errant could possibly have been delighted in engaging with a bull whose very appearance was terrific; he foamed with rage, tore up the earth with his feet, and looked at each champion as if undecided on whom to vent his

fury. Don Alonso, nevertheless, excited by his love, was desirous of signalling himself under the eyes of the beautiful Moor at the risk of his life. With this view he advanced towards her balcony, to be the more observed by her, and while he stood thus in expectation of the animal's approach he perceived Ozmin, who now remained alone on that spot, fear having dispersed the crowd which had before surrounded him. Daraxa had in vain endeavoured by signs to prevail on him to follow them, or at least to get upon a scaffolding hard by; her tears had not been able to overcome his resolution, the conqueror of the bull of Tarita would have considered it dishonourable to have shown himself afraid of any other.

Zuniga took particular notice of this cavalier, or rather of the nosegay which he perceived in his hat, and which he easily recognised by the light of the flambeaux with which the whole square was illuminated. He was not a little surprised at what he saw; but to be more certain that he was not mistaken he addressed himself to Ozmin, who appeared to him no more than a man of the vulgar order. "Friend," said he to him, "who gave you that nosegay?"

Although the Moor rightly guessed what interest the cavalier who spoke to him might feel in it, he answered, without the least concern, that "it came to him very fairly, but that he owed it to Fortune only."

"I know but too well whence you got it," replied

Don Alonso, raising his voice, "deliver it up to me immediately; it was not made for you."

"I grant nothing by compulsion," rejoined Ozmin, as coolly as before.

"Once more," said Zuniga, "give me that nosegay, or I shall let you know, my fine fellow, whom you have to deal with."

"I regret much," said Ozmin, somewhat agitated, "that we are in the king's presence; were we anywhere else, I should not content myself with refusing you my nosegay, but should force from you that knot of ribbon which I perceive at your bosom."

This was the very same knot which the beautiful Moor had bestowed on Don Alonso when she accepted him as her champion, and which Ozmin, who had formerly given it to Daraxa, knew but too well; perceiving therefore that the cavalier who spoke to him was the most formidable of his rivals, he could scarcely restrain his rage at this discovery.

Don Alonso, still more violent than he, lost all patience at seeing himself threatened by a man whom he considered so much beneath him; calling him therefore an insolent fellow, and thrusting among the ribbons of his nosegay a sharp-pointed stick, such as the champions make use of to irritate the bulls, he intended to have carried off the nosegay and hat together, but the active and vigorous Ozmin forced the stick from his hand as from a child's.

Who can express the rage of the proud Zuniga at having received such an affront under the eyes of his mistress and in the king's presence! He was

no longer master of himself; without any regard to the presence of their Majesties, he drew his sword; but at the very instant that he was on the point of rushing like a lion on his enemy, who on his side was prepared to receive him without fear, the bull came suddenly upon them and obliged them to separate. This animal attacked Don Alonso and threw him by one toss four or five paces off, terribly wounded in the thigh, which excited the greatest alarm on all sides. To complete the misfortune the beast, more enraged than ever, would not quit his victim, but was preparing to return to the charge; but Ozmin, from a generous feeling worthy of the warriors of those times, did not hesitate to fly to the assistance of his rival, notwithstanding what had just passed between them. With the very stick that he had wrenched from Don Alonso he goaded the bull so severely that he turned all his fury against him, and bent his head with the intention of goring him with his horns. The Moor took advantage of the moment, and hitting him a back stroke on the neck with his sword, the temper of which he could rely on, such was the amazing force of the blow that the animal fell down dead upon the spot, to the great astonishment of all the spectators.

What had been performed by the Knight of the Blue Scarf passed for a trifling exploit compared with this, which the disadvantage of fighting on foot rendered the more glorious, and the acclamations lasted longer than before. Ozmin evaded by a quick retreat the curiosity of such as wished to know who

he was. The king in vain desired to see him; he was told that he had just disappeared, and that nobody knew anything respecting him.

Let us now return to Daraxa. She had observed the quarrel of the two rivals, and had been on the point of preventing any fatal consequences by explaining the whole affair to their Majesties, though at the risk of the loss of her lover's liberty, but the terror with which she was seized on seeing the furious bull come upon them so suddenly had completely deprived her of her senses. The acclamations, however, which were renewed around her restored her by degrees. Thus this tender lover passed successively from joy to grief, and from grief to joy; and thus it is that love ever inflicts some troubles even amid the transports that it bestows.

As the adventure respecting the nosegay had commenced just under the place where the queen was seated, it had not escaped her notice, and, curious to know all the circumstances of it, she took an opportunity the very same evening to request a detail of them from the beautiful Moor and Donna Elvira de Padilla, who had been together during the solemnity. Daraxa, thinking it more prudent to allow Elvira to speak, however much better she herself might have afforded the explanation, said that she had paid but little attention to what had passed. Donna Elvira then was obliged to relate what she had heard and seen, but her recital rather heightened than satisfied the queen's curiosity; no sooner, therefore, was Don Alonso sufficiently recovered of his wound to

receive visitors, than she requested the old Marquis d'Astorgas to call upon him, in the hope of obtaining from him the information she desired. The marquis, who was a pleasant humorous man, was ushered into Don Alonso's chamber, and thus acquitted himself of his commission.

"Well, Signor Knight without fear," said he to Zuniga, "what think you now of these vile horned animals, who have so little respect for such fine sparks as you? You will allow that it is better to have nothing to do with them."

"You could have informed me this from experience long since," replied Don Alonso, smiling.

"But," continued the marquis with a serious air, "will you not inform me who was the valiant man that advanced so apropos to your rescue? It is most surprising that amongst all the heroes of our Court there was not one sufficiently your friend to venture to dispute that honour with him, and yet it is asserted that you were on the point of fighting with this noble cavalier."

"I know better than anybody my obligations to him," answered Zuniga, "and the little cause I had given him to deliver me from so great a danger. All that I regret," added he, "is that I do not know him; I am so charmed with his bravery, and his noble behaviour towards me, that I shall never be satisfied until I have found some means of ascertaining who he is, and of convincing him of my gratitude."

"If this be all that you have to tell me," said the

marquis, "the queen will not gain much information by having sent me hither. She is not ignorant of the quarrel that you had with the stranger, the beautiful Moor and Donna Elvira having explained it to her; she thought that you would be able to satisfy her more fully on the subject; and the whole Court, as well as the queen, are astonished that two cavaliers, after having performed two such glorious actions, should take as much pains to conceal themselves as others generally take to make themselves known. Ferdinand himself is anxious that they should come forward and receive the prizes that are destined for them, and especially for the last, who, according to all appearance, was not a man of any distinguished rank."

"Judging from his dress," cried Don Alonso, "I was at first of the same opinion, but I feel convinced of my mistake. Whoever he be, I will venture to say that he is a great man, and I can say no more on the subject."

The Marquis d'Astorgas, finding that he could gain no further information from Zuniga, returned to the queen.

It was believed at Court that all this was not without mystery, and that Don Alonso, in return for the generosity that he had experienced, would not betray a cavalier who wished to be incognito. As for Daraxa, nobody suspected that she was at all privy to the matter; and the concern that she had evinced during the sports was attributed solely to the misfortune of Don Alonso. It was very reasonably thought that she was kind enough to feel interested

for a young nobleman, who was her champion as well as her adorer. She enjoyed in private the undivided pleasure of knowing what had happened, but this happiness was accompanied by the intrusion of many anxious thoughts. She had distinctly heard what Ozmin had said to his rival about the knot of ribbon, and she so well knew the delicate feelings of the Moors on such occasions that she reproached herself with imprudence for having given to Zuniga anything that had been presented to her by so dear a hand. She could find no excuse for having committed this fault, although her heart had no participation in it. She could not write to Ozmin, for she knew not where he was to be found; she could only hope that her lover would find some means or other of communicating with her. Several days passed in this sweet yet painful expectation; sometimes she reflected with pleasure that her future husband was in the same city as herself, and at other times was distractedly impatient to see him. Time, however, brings everything about.

You have in all probability walked in the gardens of the palace of Seville, and know which is called the upper and which the lower garden; they are literally two gardens, one above the other. The upper one, which is supported upon arches, is upon a level with the first floor of the palace, and is a complete flower garden; the lower garden, which is the larger of the two, was only open to the men belonging to the Court, who were permitted to walk there at certain hours. The upper garden was entirely reserved for

the ladies, who frequently walked there to show themselves to the gentlemen, with whom they occasionally conversed over the balustrade which runs about elbow high quite round the garden; but these conversations were only permitted when the king and queen were absent, in their presence they were obliged to content themselves with signs. Any gentleman was permitted, however, to sing, even in the presence of their Majesties, provided he possessed a fine voice. There were also occasionally instrumental concerts, the execution of which was enchanting.

One evening the beautiful Moor was walking in this garden with her friend Donna Elvira. They had scarcely taken two turns before they heard a man singing in so agreeable a strain that they determined to listen. They concealed themselves behind some orange-trees that grew along the balustrade, directly opposite to the singer, whom they could observe without being seen by him. Elvira was much struck by his handsome appearance, and Daraxa recognised her Ozmin. Seated on a bank of turf, with his head reclining negligently against a tree, he sang the following verses in the Castilian language:—

“Wilt thou, stern Jealousy! at once destroy
My life and love with unrelenting doom?
Why, cruel Fate, this last sad blow employ
To sink me sorrowing to an early tomb?
Absence from her I love hath been the source
Of daily anxious thought, severe to bear;
But now Inconstancy, the Lover's curse,
Clouds all my hope and drives me to despair.”

Among other excellences our illustrious Moor was

a most accomplished singer; instead of priding himself, however, upon this quality, he rather strove to conceal it. Many of the cavaliers at the Court of Granada speak good Spanish, and even sing in that language; there were even many Moors who composed verses in Castilian, which were much admired by the Spanish poets. Those which Ozmin had just been singing were composed by a Moorish author, and set to music by one of the same nation. Daraxa doubted not that it alluded to herself, and, being unwilling to lose the opportunity of making a reply, she tore a leaf out of her pocket-book, upon which she wrote the following words:—

“No more uneasiness about the knot of ribbon, the gift was made without the participation of the heart. Be assured when Daraxa loves, she loves but once in her lifetime; if you wish to know more, you will find Laida at the palace gate at nine to-morrow morning.”

Having folded this leaf up carefully she threw it into the lower garden, through the boughs of the orange-trees, which did not conceal her so perfectly as to prevent Ozmin from perceiving her. He observed that she had let something fall, which she had done so cautiously that her friend had not in the least remarked it, who was, in fact, so much taken up with admiring and listening to the singer that she thought of nothing else. No sooner had he finished his song than she called to him to begin again for ladies' sakes. This request he would willingly have complied with, but the king had just returned from hunting, which obliged Daraxa and her friend to return to the palace,

to the great regret of the latter, who did not feel the least desire to quit the spot.

No sooner had the ladies retired than Ozmin, curious to know what his dear Daraxa had thrown towards him, soon found the folded leaf under the spot where she had stood to listen to his singing, which he took up and quitted the garden hastily, congratulating himself on his good fortune and considering how often he should be there in future.

Daraxa's billet completely restored him to life, and he did not fail to despatch Orviedo the next morning to the palace gate, where he met Laida, who was covered with a thick black veil to prevent her being known. As soon as she perceived Orviedo, she addressed him, gave him a letter from her mistress, and received one from Ozmin in return. Before they separated they had together a conversation long enough to enable them to give a most satisfactory account to both the lovers. Ozmin's letter was full of complaints, and Daraxa's of protestations of fidelity and love. They were, however, soon appeased. There is certainly a voluptuous pleasure in the quarrels of lovers; but they ought not to last long, neither should they too frequently occur, lest they produce ill effects.

What consolation for our lovers to have found means to establish an intercourse by letter, and even to see each other occasionally! Daraxa would gladly have walked alone in the palace gardens, that she might have conversed more freely with Ozmin, but it was too great a risk. They must both have been inevitably lost if any person had discovered them.

Besides which, the sight of Ozmin had made so much impression on Elvira that she never left her friend, and talked of nothing but the cavalier who had sung so finely. She herself proposed to her friend the very next day to walk in the garden, in the hope of meeting him there, and the complaisant Daraxa, who equally desired it, willingly consented to accompany her.

They left the palace together, and upon looking into the lower garden they perceived that the cavalier had just arrived there, and was seated in the same place as the day preceding. Donna Elvira, who was one of the most lovely women at Court, was not content with showing herself, but obliged her friend to do the same. Ozmin pretended to be surprised to see them and was about to retire, but Elvira commenced a conversation with him to detain him; he answered, and they all three at length insensibly engaged in a sprightly discourse, but still only such as a stranger could hold with two unknown ladies.

Ozmin summoned up all his wit on the occasion, and Elvira's shone no less. Animated by the emotions of a rising passion she said a thousand smart things which she could not otherwise have thought of, although naturally full of wit. Daraxa was content to listen and say nothing. In short, each of them was well pleased, and time glided away with the rapidity usual on such agreeable occasions. If Ozmin did not find it tedious, the ladies on their side made it sufficiently evident that they were not tired of his company, for the king had already returned to the palace, and they had not once thought of retiring.

The gardener put Ozmin in mind that it was time to leave the garden; but Elvira, before they separated, fixed, for another interview, the first day that the king went hunting again.

After this conversation Elvira was so charmed with Ozmin that, when they had parted, she could not refrain from telling Daraxa that she had never seen so accomplished a cavalier. Any other but the beautiful Moor would have been alarmed by so frank a confession, but she relied so firmly on her lover's fidelity that she only smiled at it, while her friend thought her the most insensible of her sex, and made no mystery of the passion she entertained for the unknown gentleman, of whom she was constantly speaking in the most lively terms. "Yes," she would say to Daraxa, "I am touched by the merits of this cavalier; but I should be glad to know who he is, and why such a man should never show himself at Court. I conjure you, my dear Daraxa, to ask him this when we next see him." Ozmin was soon informed of all this by his mistress, who warned him of the delicate situation in which he stood; that he ought not to abuse the credulous passion of Elvira, nor could he, she trusted, be capable of betraying his faithful Daraxa; that in love the slightest appearances cause anxiety, and that when one person is in possession of the heart she ought to be the sole object of all its desires.

Ozmin really thought that his mistress wrote thus to amuse herself, and therefore answered her in a jesting manner. He even went further, for at the next interview he paid particular court to Elvira, who

received his attentions in the most sensible manner, and returned them with usury. Daraxa, agreeably to her friend's request, then interrogated him about his country and birth and the present condition of his fortune. He replied without hesitation that he was a gentleman of Arragon, and that his name was Don Jaymé Vivez; that, having been taken by the Moors and set at liberty by the capitulation of Baza, he was waiting in expectation of remittances from his family to enable him to put himself into a condition to appear at Court. The story was simple and plausible, and sufficiently satisfactory to Donna Elvira, who, having inquired if there was a family in Arragon of the name of Vivez, learned with extreme satisfaction that it was one of the most illustrious in the kingdom.

This intrigue became by degrees very distressing to our two lovers. Elvira was really in love, and became more troublesome to them in proportion as her love increased. Ozmin no sooner perceived that she was in earnest than he completely altered his behaviour towards her, and only addressed her in a civil and polite manner; but Elvira's passion increased without his assistance. Daraxa, well satisfied with Ozmin's conduct, pitied her friend sincerely and would gladly have undeceived her; but she feared that such behaviour on her part would have excited Elvira's jealousy, the effects of which were too much to be feared in the present condition of her fortune.

In the meantime spring came on and gave quite another face to the affairs at Court. Ferdinand resolved to open the campaign by the siege of Granada;

and the Moors, who had foreseen that this would be the case, were preparing to do their best in defence of so important a place. They had in the city a garrison of fifteen thousand men, of the best troops of King Mahomet. The Catholic king was well aware of this, and therefore had taken the precaution to solicit, by his ministers, as well as through the interposition of the Pope, the assistance of the other Christian princes to execute his design of chasing all the Infidels out of Spain. Many of these princes had promised succours, and as soon as he was well assured that their troops were advancing to join him, he set forward himself at the head of his army, with the intention of surprising the Moors and to give them no further time to fortify themselves.

As the queen foresaw that so precarious a siege would last for a considerable time, she resolved to accompany the king and pass the campaign with him. This report being spread, our two lovers were much rejoiced at it, hoping that in the confusion of the army they might find an opportunity, with the assistance of Orviedo, to get into Granada. But their ill luck ordained it otherwise, for the queen, the evening prior to her departure, told Daraxa that she was not to accompany her in this journey. "To have less trouble," added that princess, "I shall only take with me those women whose services I shall absolutely require. It is my intention to leave my maids of honour at Seville, with their relations, or under the care of persons of distinction, to whom I shall recommend them. As for you, my dear Daraxa, you will be entrusted to Don Lewis de Padilla. I

have made choice of this nobleman because he is the father of your friend Elvira; besides which, I think you will find yourself more agreeably situated in his family than elsewhere."

The despair of Ozmin knew no bounds when his mistress sent him word of this order of the queen. He saw that all his plans were frustrated, and his mind, fluctuating amidst a variety of thoughts and undetermined suggestions, inspired alternately by love and glory, was in an inconceivable perplexity. But he received so many tender and moving letters from Daraxa that she at length succeeded in fixing his irresolute thoughts upon herself alone. The following is one of these letters, which I have selected from among them:—

"Orviedo has informed me how excessively you lament your absence from Granada. Depart, Ozmin, depart; your heart is more devoted to glory than to love. Let me not detain you here any longer. I well know that your departure will cost me my life; but the severest pangs that I shall suffer will be in dying for an ungrateful man, who abandons me at the very time that I stand most in need of his assistance. I thought myself dearer to you than all the world. How greatly was I mistaken! Of whom am I to complain? Of myself, for having believed you, or of you for having thus beguiled me? If my love for you does not make me blind, your life is mine. You have told me so a hundred times, nay, you have sworn it. Why then, without my consent, do you dispose of what is mine? How can you

think of applying it to any other use than that of serving me? Ah! Ozmin, you know but little how to love! How far are you behind me in love's race! Glory may be everywhere acquired, and many might be found, if sought for, who would willingly resign all pretensions to glory, and share the distresses of an unfortunate woman, in preference to serving all the monarchs upon earth."

Anxious as Ozmin was to render himself serviceable to his country, he was unable to resist Daraxa's persuasive remonstrances, and the lover on this occasion gained the victory over the hero in him. The Court set forward for the army, and the beautiful Moor was received by the Marquis de Padilla with as much honour as if she had been the queen herself. Elvira, who loved her tenderly, and whom an interest still stronger than friendship assisted to rejoice that they should henceforth be inseparable companions, was delighted with this change. Daraxa would also have been tolerably satisfied with her situation if she had had a little more liberty in the family, but, on the contrary, she was more confined than she had been at Court. She was completely a prisoner. In the first place, neither she nor Elvira dared venture to leave the house under any pretence whatever. The only indulgence that was extended to them was to walk of an evening in the garden at a regulated hour; and, as if this walk was not a recreation sufficiently restricted for them, the old marquis generally took the trouble of accompanying them; or, if he sometimes had not sufficient time to

allow of his harassing them with his vexatious company, Don Rodrigo, his son, took charge of them, and they gained nothing by the change. In addition to all this the ladies' apartments had no look-out but towards the garden, without any window towards the street. They saw nobody from without doors, neither men nor women; and of the people in the house very few were permitted to speak to them.

All these unpleasantries united to embitter the extreme civilities paid her by Don Lewis. This old courtier professed that he only treated her in this manner from the very great consideration and respect he entertained for her. Daraxa was not, however, the dupe of these fine protestations; but, losing all hope of receiving any communication from her lover, she would have completely given herself up to chagrin, had not Donna Elvira also been concerned in it, who, being scarcely able to live any longer without her dear Don Jaymé, told Daraxa that she much wished to write to that cavalier.

"Ah!" answered Daraxa, "and how do you think of conveying the letter to him?"

"One of my women," replied Elvira, "has prevailed on a man, who does not belong to the family, and who is well acquainted with Vivez, to undertake to deliver the letter into his own hands."

Daraxa approved of her resolution, and they sat down to compose a letter together. The daughter of Don Lewis wrote it, and Daraxa added these words in her own language: "The chief happiness of lovers consists in seeing each other, their chief

misery in being separated. I languish in expectation of hearing from you. I die if I do not receive some news from you shortly."

Elvira asked the meaning of these words, and Daraxa answered, "I have sent word to Don Jaymé that his mistress can no longer endure his absence, and must fall a prey to ennui if she do not find relief where she expects it." The most attached friends generally behave in this manner towards each other when they are rivals in love.

The letter was faithfully delivered to Ozmin, who was the more rejoiced at its receipt, as he had up to that moment employed in vain all Orviedo's ingenuity to discover what was going on at Don Lewis's; and as one happy event never occurs, according to the proverb, without another treading on its heels, it happened two days after this that Orviedo appeared before him dressed like a labourer. Ozmin did not recognise him at first, but shortly afterwards asked him the reason for this disguise.

"I will tell you," replied Orviedo. "I equipped myself in this manner for the purpose of perambulating the Marquis de Padilla's house in the hope of meeting one of Daraxa's Moorish women, or of scraping acquaintance with some one of Don Lewis's servants. I chanced to stop before a particular part of the garden, where several workmen were engaged in repairing the wall. The master-mason, seeing me very attentive to their work, took me for one of his own trade. 'My good friend,' said he to me, 'I am in want of labourers to

finish this job, are you inclined to lend a hand?' I replied that I was employed elsewhere, but that I had a comrade who was out of work, and would be glad to make himself useful to him. 'Send him to me,' said the master-mason, 'if he only knows how to wheel a barrow he will be of service, and I will pay him well.' Upon this I left him,' added Orviedo, smiling, 'to propose this fine job to you, which love presents to make you pass your time more agreeably.'

Ridiculous as such an undertaking appeared to Ozmin, he was too much enamoured of Daraxa to reject this opportunity of seeing her. He accepted the employment, dressed himself like a workman, and followed Orviedo, who said to the master-mason, "Señor Maestro de obra, this is my comrade Ambrosio, an unfortunate soldier, who, after having been four years a prisoner among the Moors, is reduced to labour for his subsistence." The bargain was soon struck, and Ambrosio hired to begin his work the next morning. Our new workman, to show that he had his work at heart, was up betimes to attend his new master, who led him into the garden, and putting the wheelbarrow into his hands, told him what he was to do. Ambrosio took to his work as readily as if he had been all his lifetime in the trade, at which his master was so much satisfied that he praised him exceedingly, assuring him that he would in time make an excellent workman.

Nobody yet appeared stirring in the house, but about ten o'clock our workman observed some of the Moorish women at the windows of Daraxa's apart-

ment, and shortly after Daraxa herself with Donna Elvira. He now began to felicitate himself upon his contrivance, and felt delighted with the anticipation of the surprise the ladies would be in when they should be walking in the garden and recognise him in this laughable disguise. He even flattered himself that in this habit he might occasionally speak to them without danger. He knew not what sort of man Don Lewis was.

Independent of Daraxa's having been recommended to his care by the queen in so particular a manner, that he would have considered himself unworthy of such confidence did he not watch night and day over her actions, he well knew that she had many lovers, and did not believe Daraxa to be more insensible than others, the Moorish women of those days not being considered enemies to love, but was more afraid of enterprises from without than of inward insensibility, of amorous cavaliers than of the object beloved. He feared Don Alonso more than any, whom he regarded as a favoured lover. And his fear had by no means subsided, although well informed that this young lord was not yet sufficiently recovered to leave his house, and, consequently, unable to contrive any means of intercourse with the beautiful Moor. A commerce by billet-doux seemed to him to be no less dangerous than the nearest conversation. To relieve his mind entirely from such apprehensions he pressed the master-mason incessantly to make an end of his work, fearing that some one of the workmen might be bold enough to undertake some amorous commis-

sion. This idea kept him constantly uneasy and obliged him to observe all the labourers.

Seeing them at work at the close of this day he took particular notice of Ambrosio, whom he had not before observed, and who appeared to him a very steady-looking young fellow. This examination did not much please the young Moor, who turned pale from fear of being discovered. He had, however, nothing to apprehend, for, suspicious and mistrustful as the old man was, he could distinguish nothing but the labourer in Ambrosio; and this false mason left his work at the regular time with the others, having had no other gratification during the whole of the day than that of seeing his mistress pass him with Don Rodrigo, who was his rival. How much patience is necessary in love, although the most violent of all passions! Ozmin knew this already but too well. He was not therefore dispirited, but thought himself amply rewarded for his trouble in having seen his beloved. If this can satisfy a Spaniard, why should it not suffice to make a Moor feel happy?

Fortune was much more favourable towards him the following day. He returned to his labour with fresh courage. The wheelbarrow was in perpetual motion, and as in carrying the stones along he was obliged to pass frequently under the windows of Daraxa's apartment, he began to sing a pastoral song in the Moorish language. The masons, considering him a lively fellow, who had been a long time a prisoner among the Infidels, were not surprised at hearing him sing one of their songs. But Laida

heard him from her chamber, and, curious to know what man it could be who was singing one of the songs of her country so well, went down into the garden and recognised Ozmin.

She pretended to be gathering flowers for her mistress, which she did almost every day, and the Moor, perceiving that she leered upon him, as he passed by her next time with his wheelbarrow, let fall a letter just before her eyes, which he had brought with him concealed in his bosom, without stopping or even looking at Laida, who instantly snatched it up and carried it to her mistress.

You will easily conceive the joy and surprise of Daraxa. She was still in bed. She rose immediately and dressed herself quickly to enjoy from her window the pleasure of again beholding a lover so dear to her. She was much affected to see that he felt no shame in subjecting himself to so wretched a condition to show his extreme love for her, and yet there was something in this fantastical equipage which delighted her extremely. She wrote an answer to his letter, which she entrusted to Laida, who took the first opportunity to deliver it, unperceived by any one. From so propitious a commencement to his adventure, Signor Ambrosio began to relish his trade of a mason. Daraxa was almost all day at the window to see him pass and repass, so that they had full opportunity to converse by signs, which had a thousand charms for two lovers of so refined a character.

Thus they went on for several days. Don Lewis never failed to be among the workmen every evening,

that his presence might excite them to despatch their work, and he always remarked that Ambrosio was the most indefatigable among them. He took a particular fancy for him on this account, and, thinking that he would make a good servant, he inquired of the master-mason where he had procured so good a labourer. "One of the artisans of the city brought him to me," answered he, "and I have every reason to be well satisfied with him." With so good a recommendation the marquis took Ambrosio aside, to whom he had never yet spoken, and asked him of what country he was. Our labourer made answer, in the most clownish manner he could possibly affect, that he was born at Arragon, and went on fully confirming what Orviedo had before related to the master-mason. Don Lewis found his story very plausible, and it even seemed to him that he had the accent of that country. "Who was your master at Granada," continued he, "and in what were you particularly employed?"

"My lord," said Ambrosio, "I was servant to a great merchant who had a very fine garden, and I had the care of his flowers."

"You know, then, how to cultivate a flower garden!" cried the marquis. "I am delighted, for I am just in want of a man to pay attention to mine, which I take great pride in. I have been wishing for one for these three months past, as my present gardener will not undertake the entire care of it; if therefore you are willing to serve me I will pay you good wages, and shall not be disregardful of your future fortune, provided you continue faithful and perform your duty punctually."

At these words our pretended labourer expressed more by his outward behaviour than by words that he was most grateful for Don Lewis's kindness, which he would endeavour to deserve by his future exertions. The agreement was soon made; Don Lewis desired him to lay by his apron, take leave of his present master, and to wait upon him the next day, when he should be provided with everything necessary for the cultivation of his flower garden.

Ozmin was now no longer therefore a mason, but a gardener to the Marquis de Padilla, who, on his arrival next day, began by prescribing to him the line of conduct which he was to observe if he hoped to be retained for any length of time in his family. He desired him to entertain the greatest respect for the ladies, and to avoid any sort of intercourse with the female servants. He dwelt particularly on this point because, in spite of his affected clownish looks, he thought him of a handsome person.

After this lecture his patron, who had sufficiently discovered to Ambrosio that he was a true Spaniard in his opinion of the fair sex, set his new gardener to work in his own presence, to judge of his ability, for he knew enough of the art to judge of his performance. Fortunately for Ozmin he had a taste for flowers, and was as skilful in their culture as many a florist by profession. Don Lewis was soon convinced that he had gained an acquisition, upon which he prided himself, and he was so full of it that he could not refrain from mentioning it at dinner. He said that he had been lucky enough to meet with a gar

dener to cultivate his flowers, and he hoped that for the future his flower garden would be well attended to. "Among my workmen," added he, "I remarked a young fellow who was employed at the wheelbarrow, whom I asked a few questions, and have discovered that he is a complete adept in the culture of flowers."

This discourse did not escape Daraxa, who doubted not that the new gardener was Ozmin, and hoped that she should by this means have more frequent opportunities of speaking and writing to him. After dinner she led Elvira into her apartment, where they both stood at the window that looked towards the garden. Ambrosio was at this time in the middle of the parterre opposite to them. The beautiful Moor, having recognised him, and wishing to amuse herself, pointed him out to her friend. "Look at the gardener of whose skill your father has been boasting to us just now, observe him attentively; does not your heart whisper something in his favour? do you not feel some unusual emotions?"

Elvira laughed aloud at these words, which she thought were meant only in joke; but after having looked for sometime she began to suspect the truth. But the fear of being mistaken, and then laughed at, prevented her from saying what she thought, till Daraxa, pressing her to answer and calling her insensible, confirmed her suspicions. She then broke forth into an excess of joy and passionate expressions which but too well betrayed her excessive love for Don Jaymé. The prudent Moor rejoiced exceed-

ingly that she had no longer concealed the metamorphosis of that cavalier. "My dear Elvira," said she, it is well that I have been the first to make this discovery. Alas! if Don Jaymé had presented himself before you in the presence of Don Lewis or Don Rodrigo, your surprise would have ruined us; but as you are now prepared to see him, I trust you will so restrain your feelings as not to create any suspicions." Elvira promised that she would do her best, after which the two ladies amused themselves by discoursing of the pretended Ambrosio.

Don Lewis's daughter could not conceive how he had managed to deceive her father, the most mistrustful of men, and felt well pleased that Don Jaymé had subjected himself to so mean an employment for her sake. Had she known as much as her friend upon that score her grateful sentiments would doubtless have abated.

From this time there was nothing but pleasures and intrigues from morning till night between the two ladies and the happy gardener. Claricia and Laida, their confidants, were expert girls, who served them with as much address as zeal. Ambrosio, on his side, acquitted himself so skilfully towards both his mistresses that they were both well satisfied. Never was any affair better conducted. Elvira disclosed all the feelings of her heart to her friend, and Daraxa was prudent enough not to communicate what she felt in return. These rivals had each their particular hiding-place in the garden; love letters flew to and fro; there was a perfect post of gallantry established;

and if their communication had gone no further, ought they not to have been well satisfied with so agreeable a life? But if love be sufficiently gratified when it is only in fair way of succeeding, it immediately ceases to be love. That passion soon grows tired of the same pleasures too often repeated; it looks for variety. The impatient Elvira longed for an interview, and in her next letter desired Don Jaymé to meet them that night at the window of the lower gallery, of which Claricia would get the key. Although Daraxa did not altogether approve of this nocturnal meeting, she had not sufficient resolution to object to it.

Ambrosio lodged in the gardener's house at the bottom of the garden, the door of which was always closed at midnight by order of Don Lewis, and remained shut until the hour for returning to work the next morning. This, however, was but a trifling impediment to our lover, who soon made a ladder of small cords, by means of which he could descend from his chamber into the garden and reascend at his pleasure. In his answer therefore he assured the ladies that he would not fail to be at the appointed spot the next night. With what impatience did they await that moment, and when it arrived how delighted were they to be able to converse with their dear Ambrosio! Elvira gave way to the impetuosity of her feelings without restraint; and Daraxa's, though more restrained, were not in reality less violent. The windows of the gallery were very low, and the iron bars were at a sufficient

distance apart to admit an arm between them. The amorous Elvira, emboldened by the darkness of the night, put her hands through the bars for Ozmin to kiss, to the heart's regret of Daraxa. Ozmin, who well knew the delicate feelings of his countrywoman on this point, took every opportunity of mitigating the pain that he knew she must feel on the occasion, by every endearment he could bestow on her unperceived by her friend. This interview therefore was the cause of more anxiety than gratification to Daraxa, who, though she possessed her lover's heart, thought herself much to be pitied; when, on the contrary, her friend, though not loved by Ozmin as she imagined, felt herself truly happy. The one, ignorant of her happiness, was unhappy; while the other, who knew not how unfortunate she really was, felt elated with joy.

After two hours' conversation they at last parted. Ambrosio regained his chamber, and the ladies withdrew, very differently affected by this interview. If Don Lewis's daughter felt desirous for a second meeting, Daraxa's wishes were much the reverse. Elvira had shown so little modesty in this first interview that Daraxa had good reason to fear she would become still less reserved and more violent in her love, and could not therefore any longer refrain from writing a letter to Ozmin on the subject, wherein she told him that she never wished to converse with him again in this clandestine manner by night, the pleasure of which cost her too dear. The faithful Moor, who would rather have died than have given any real cause for his mistress's suspicions,

carefully avoided, under various pretences, every proposition that was made to him by Elvira for another interview, whose personal attractions were in reality too alluring to be long trifled with-with impunity.

In the meantime the masons had made an end of their work, and there being now no longer anything to apprehend from that quarter, Don Lewis allowed the ladies the full liberty of walking in the garden when they pleased. One day as they were sitting with Don Rodrigo in an arbour, his sister, who did not much mind him and wished to accustom him to her talking with Ambrosio, called that gardener as he was passing by and desired him to gather them some flowers. Donna Elvira, wishing to detain him, began to question him about his sufferings while a prisoner at Granada; upon which Don Rodrigo requested Daraxa to converse for a short time with him in the Moorish language, to see if he was well acquainted with it. The beautiful Moor willingly consented to oblige Don Rodrigo in this respect, and told him that for a Spaniard he spoke it tolerably well.

Don Rodrigo, who frequently amused himself by conversing with Ambrosio, was so much pleased with his good sense and wit, which Ozmin could not entirely conceal, that he thought he might make use of him to assist his pretensions to Daraxa, and for this purpose admitted him more into his confidence. He was now therefore the first to call him, without even asking the ladies' permission, allowed him to take a part in the conversation, and was pleased to

hear him talk in the Moorish language with Daraxa. The happy Ambrosio, having become thus familiar with his young master, never saw him enter the garden with the ladies but he ran and joined them without ceremony; or if by chance he failed of doing it, Donna Elvira went herself to look for him and never returned without him. Don Rodrigo, who was fully occupied with his own affairs, never took any notice of these little inconsistencies, not in the least imagining that his sister could fall in love with a servant. If, however, Elvira only beheld Don Jaymé in Ambrosio, Daraxa beheld Ozmin in Don Jaymé; every fresh proof therefore of her friend's violent passion for him increased the uneasiness of this jealous Moor.

While all these things were going on at Don Lewis's, the young Don Alonso de Zuniga, more enamoured than ever, and being recovered of his wound, began to get abroad again. He had heard that his mistress had been entrusted by the queen to Don Lewis's care with the greatest regret, as well from his natural aversion for Don Rodrigo as from a jealousy of long standing between their families. Notwithstanding all this, he felt that it was necessary for his peace of mind to obtain some tidings and even see her if it were any way possible. For this purpose he employed some very able assistants, who won over one of Donna Elvira's women by means of a certain sum of money paid in advance. This obliging damsel was no other than Claricia, whom I have before mentioned to you, who was

born for the sole purpose of conducting love intrigues, and was as likely as any one to succeed in cases that she undertook. Don Alonso asked but one piece of service of her for his money, which was to procure him the pleasure of speaking to Daraxa. Claricia promised wonders; and in the course of conversation she related to him the full particulars of Elvira's amour with Don Jaymé, who from a nobleman of the city of Arragon had transformed himself into a gardener to show his excessive love for her.

This story, to which Don Alonso listened with the greatest attention, much surprised him, and he was curious to know the most minute circumstances of it. Of these Claricia was well able to inform him, and she told him everything that she herself knew on the subject; but she was not able to tell him of the share that the beautiful Daraxa had in this adventure. Alonso could not possibly conceive who this Don Jaymé Vivez could be, of whom he had never heard either at Court or in the army. He would willingly have made acquaintance and acted in conjunction with him, to make a party of four, the mistresses of both, as he conceived, being in the same house. This thought gave rise to many others. He reproached himself that he had not been as courageous as Don Jaymé, and also gained admission at Don Lewis's under some disguise or other, which would have procured him the opportunity of speaking with Daraxa. His imagination grew upon this point, and he amused his mind by forming a thousand desigus on the subject.

Let us return to the ladies. Elvira, persuaded that it was not usual to love merely for the sake of sighing, and that there must be an end to everything, resolved to be united to her dear Don Jaymé, who appeared so worthy to possess her. But she felt considerable hesitation and trouble in being the first to make such a proposal. It was a step that revolted against propriety too much for her to think of. She reflected that it would be much preferable to avail herself of the assistance and mediation of her friend, by whom she considered herself sufficiently beloved to expect her service on such an occasion. She addressed herself therefore to Daraxa, and besought her in the strongest terms to undertake her cause for her.

Daraxa was now truly grieved, for she found that Elvira would willingly consent to elope, and actually meditated a clandestine marriage. Having, however, somewhat recovered herself, she said to her friend, "I am disposed to do what you desire; but before I speak to Don Jaymé, my real friendship will not permit me to dispense with this question: Whether you have well reflected on what you are daring to venture upon? No, no," added she, "you cannot have considered into how many troubles you must infallibly plunge yourself. Suffer me to point out to you what you owe to your family as well as to yourself. You are willing to put yourself in the power of a man of whom you know neither the birth nor fortune. Can you, with any sort of prudence, rely on him so entirely as to make such

advances to him as are by no means suitable under any circumstances to one of your noble birth? and if, unfortunately, as is not impossible, these advances be not received agreeably to your wishes, what shame and regret must follow so indiscreet a line of conduct!"

Judicious as these remonstrances were, Elvira only heard them with impatience; and not being able to answer them with any good reasons, she replied as one resolved, that her excessive love would permit her to follow no other counsels than those of her own heart. When Daraxa saw that there was no hope of diverting her from her design, she no longer opposed her, but promised that she would make proposals to Don Jaymé that very night. But she was somewhat discomposed when Elvira, either from mistrust or wishing to have so good an opportunity of forming her own opinion of the sentiments of the beloved object, said that she wished to be present herself, unknown to that cavalier, during the conversation, and that she would conceal herself behind the curtains. Nothing was now wanting but to desire Ambrosio to repair to the window of the lower gallery at midnight, which the ladies requested by a letter which they wrote to him in common, in which they sent him word that they had something of the utmost importance to communicate.

He failed not to be there at the hour appointed, and was much surprised to find Daraxa there alone. "Signor Don Jaymé," said Daraxa, "I have, in the first place, some ill news to tell you, which is that I

am here alone. Your mistress wished me to have a private conversation with you, on which depend her happiness and your own." After this preface, the cunning Moor glided her hand through the iron bars and pressed that of Ozmin, who understood immediately that this interview was not without mystery. Such was his quickness of penetration that he made a very shrewd guess of what was the subject, and no sooner had Daraxa entered upon the delicate proposals she had to make to him than he knew well what would follow; but, so far from being discomposed by it, he turned everything into raillery that was said or proposed to him. In vain did Daraxa protest that she was speaking seriously, requesting him to answer in the same serious manner. He still continued his tone of raillery throughout.

Thus terminated this interview, to the satisfaction of Daraxa, who rejoiced sincerely that it had ended in this manner, and who, thinking that she had done her part, expected some acknowledgments from her friend. But Elvira was more inclined to reproach than to compliment her. In her ill-humour she imputed to Daraxa all Don Jaymé's ridicule, whence she inferred that it was most imprudent to act by proxy in love when able to conduct one's own cause, and made a vow that in future she would trust her affairs to nobody, but use every means in her power to induce Don Jaymé to elope with her.

She behaved to Daraxa the next morning in the same manner as usual. They met without even mentioning what had passed the preceding evening,

and took their usual walk together in the evening, concealing from each other their true sentiments, each occupied by her own meditations.

I have already told you that Don Rodrigo had discovered in Ambrosio a man whom he thought likely to promote his interest with Daraxa, who had hitherto only treated his professions of love with indifference. The coldness of his constitution, however, was such that this did not by any means discourage him. Not susceptible of violent love, the little progress that he made in Daraxa's favour caused him no trouble. The advantage he possessed over his rivals in seeing and conversing with the beautiful Moor was a pleasure that consoled him, though he knew he was not the favoured lover. As he had not as yet acknowledged his sentiments to Daraxa, otherwise than by any little attentions he had paid her, and perceiving that she took pleasure in speaking the Moorish language with Ambrosio, he determined to prevail upon this gardener to declare his passion for her in that language; and Ambrosio accepted the commission, promising his young master to perform it with all imaginable zeal the first opportunity that should present itself, which occurred the very same day.

The ladies, after having taken several turns about the garden, entered the arbour in which they usually rested themselves. Ambrosio came up to them with a basket of flowers, and Don Rodrigo desired him to make up some nosegays, and at the same time made sign to Elvira to follow him, as though he had some-

thing particular to communicate to her. The brother and sister having left the arbour, Ozmin, finding himself alone with his mistress, was beginning to speak to her in a tone of pleasantry in favour of Don Rodrigo's passion, but he perceived her melancholy appearance and desisted. "Whence this sorrow, madam?" said he, with a countenance that betrayed his concern. "How happens it that when I am about to divert you by the performance of a part but little dissimilar to that which you enacted towards me last night, I find you thus evidently affected with grief?" A sigh from Daraxa was the only answer. This redoubled Ozmin's surprise and anxiety. "Speak," cried he, "speak to me, Daraxa, if you wish not to drive me to despair. What can your silence and that sigh portend? They seem to announce more misfortunes than I have as yet had any reason to fear." The beautiful Moor at length replied that the peculiarity of their fortunes, and the daily crosses they both met with, occasioned a sadness which she could not shake off.

Ozmin endeavoured to soothe her by representing that her courage ought not to forsake her now, after having hitherto borne their misfortunes with firmness; and assured her that he was much mortified in having been obliged to show some sort of complacency for Elvira's blind passion for him. He had no sooner uttered these words than Daraxa burst into tears, and said in a voice frequently interrupted by violent sobbings, "That alone, alas! overcomes my firmness, which is proof against all other persecutions. What

corment for a tender and delicate heart to be incessantly exposed to what is most likely to rend it in twain! Perhaps I may, ere long, reproach myself for having had too great a confidence in your fidelity."

"Can I understand you rightly?" replied Ozmin, much affected. "You think me capable of loving another. Ah! Daraxa, can you, who know my heart, do me such an injustice; you who so well know my virtuous sentiments as well as my abhorrence of infidelity?"

"I would willingly believe," answered Daraxa, wiping away her tears, "that I am to blame for being thus mistrustful; but I love you, Ozmin, and I cannot reflect without pain on your attentions to Elvira; you would not have gone so far had they been equally painful to you. When I consider their effects, I am still more alarmed. Elvira is more positive than ever that she shall overcome your resistance by her perseverance. How, then, can I feel convinced that you will not at last be wrought upon by her excessive passion?"

"I!" cried Ozmin, with transport; "be assured that"——

Here he was interrupted by Elvira, who at that instant ran hastily into the arbour, and her brother joined them the next moment.

Ozmin did not expect them so soon, considering that Don Rodrigo would have amused his sister much longer, under pretence of his wishing to speak to her on some important business. Don Rodrigo had fully intended this, but was unable to detain

Elvira, who suddenly started from him for the purpose of interrupting Daraxa's conversation with Don Jaymé. The dumb scene that passed between these four persons gave rise to many thoughts. Don Rodrigo and his sister observed that Daraxa appeared much dejected, they even thought that she must have been crying, upon which they each formed different opinions. As for Ozmin, as he had nothing more to do in the harbour, and as he only personated Ambrosio, it was easy for him to escape from this awkward situation by retiring.

Don Rodrigo quickly followed him, and full of impatience to learn what had passed between him and Daraxa, whom he began to suspect strongly of some extraordinary understanding together, he asked him whether he had acquitted himself of his commission, and whether he had any good things to communicate.

"My lord," answered Ambrosio, "you allowed me so short a time to converse with the beautiful Moor that it has not been possible for me to render you any important service."

"I grant," replied Don Rodrigo, "that you cannot have had a very long discourse with her, but you must needs have made good use of that time, since Daraxa appears to be so much moved by what you have imparted to her that I am well convinced she must even have been shedding tears."

"Those tears," replied the false gardener, "may possibly have been the bitter fruits of the liberty I took in speaking to her of your passion, with which she was perhaps not well pleased."

“Have you no better reasons than these to tell me?” cried Don Rodrigo.

“No, my lord,” said Ambrosio. “I shall merely add that this lady’s heart may probably be already engaged. A young lady who has been educated in so gallant a Court as that of Granada, may very likely have become sensible to the sighs of some nobleman of that country.”

“I agree with you,” replied the jealous Don Rodrigo sharply; “and, moreover, I think your object in being here is less to serve me than that happy rival.”

“You do me an injustice,” replied the gardener; “you wrong me much by suspecting that I would betray you for an Infidel.”

“Infidel or Christian,” cried Don Rodrigo imperatively, “I begin to suspect you—you are rather too wise for a gardener; and when I call to mind all your interesting little Moorish discourses together, I am the more confirmed in my suspicions. But look to it,” added he in a menacing tone; “you are in a family where knaveries are not long concealed.” Having thus said he returned to the arbour to the ladies, who still preserved the most profound silence. No sooner had he arrived than they rose and retired to their own apartments.

Don Rodrigo, who at that time felt no desire to enter into conversation with them, allowed them to depart without any observation and walked round the garden alone. Soon after this he met his father, who was diverting himself with looking over his flowers, and he stopped to bear him company. Don

Lewis was speaking to Ambrosio, professing himself well satisfied with his attention and skill in the culture of his flowers.

“He is possibly more skilful than is to be wished,” said Don Rodrigo, with an affected grin; “and, if I am not deceived, understands more than one employment.”

The old marquis, whose attention was entirely engrossed in looking over his parterre, did not at first comprehend the meaning of his son's remark, and answered without reflection, “It is true that Ambrosio is not deficient in sense, and I am convinced that I shall find him a very useful servant.”

“I very much doubt that he is here with that intention,” replied Don Rodrigo; “at least I am persuaded that others will have better reason than you to be satisfied with his services. Shall I tell you my sentiments? I am of opinion that he is more devoted to Daraxa's interests than to yours, or at least that he is the agent of some one of that lady's lovers.”

“Ah. my son,” interrupted Don Lewis, laughing heartily, “I am now convinced that you are really in love.”

“If I am,” said Don Rodrigo, “I can assure you that my love assists me to see instead of blinding me. I can believe my own eyesight.”

“What have you seen, then?” cried the old man; “tell me distinctly, for you shall find that I am Don Lewis de Padilla, son of Don Gaspar, who was reckoned the most difficult to be deceived among men in the age in which he lived; and I also have

had the honour to be told a hundred times that I am even more prudent and circumspect than my father. If the choice that the queen made of me to take charge of the beautiful Moor is not sufficient to make you easy upon this subject, inquire of the wisest persons at Court whether I am a man to be imposed on. In a word, son, I am turned of fifty; and if, when I was only half that age, they had brought me not merely an Arragonian, but even the most cunning fellow among the Greeks, it would only have been necessary for me to look at him attentively for one moment to have penetrated the inmost recesses of his soul."

"My lord," replied Don Rodrigo, "no one on earth is more persuaded than I am of the truth of what you say; but yet I cannot but think that this Ambrosio only serves you to have the means of making himself useful to another. He makes himself too familiar with Daraxa; as soon as he sees her he addresses her in the Moorish language, which she always answers in so complaisant a manner that I am convinced they have been long acquainted. In short, I would not swear but that Ambrosio is anything rather than a gardener."

Don Lewis, instead of allowing that he could possibly have been deceived on this occasion, became enraged with spite at seeing himself suspected of having been made a dupe of.

"You are a strange man!" said he to his son. "Why did you allow these liberties of which you complain? Do you not know that it is a capital

crime among us for a servant to lift his eyes towards his mistress? Do you but treat this servant like the rest, and I will be answerable for his fidelity. In regard to Daraxa, trust me to take proper care of her. Rest in peace; I am on the watch night and day, and am well informed of everything that passes in the family."

Respect kept Don Rodrigo silent, who quitted his father shortly after this to wait on some one who desired to speak to him.

After he had left him the old marquis, in spite of what he had been just saying, fell into a deep musing, and a thousand vexatious reflections occurred to him, which filled his mind with suspicions. To complete his present troubles his chief gardener came up to him and said, "My lord, I have something of importance to communicate to you. I heard such a noise in the garden last night that I am convinced there were several people round your house. Had I dared to have quitted my own, contrary to your orders, I should be better able to tell you more on the subject."

"People in my garden at night!" cried Don Lewis astonished; "they must have come from your lodge then."

"No, my lord," answered the master gardener; "Ambrosio and my servant have not the power of leaving the house, the door of which I am most particular in shutting every night, and never trust the key out of my own hands."

The old marquis knew not what to think. "Who

can have entered my garden?" said he to himself; "and what motives can they have had? I am in no fear of thieves; the height of the wall is sufficient to deter them. I cannot imagine it to be one of Daraxa's lovers, who surely could not be so foolhardy as to expose himself to so great danger for the sake of merely seeing her from a window. My gardener must certainly have fancied all this, or the noise must have proceeded from some of my own servants. If I have reason to suspect any one, it is that knave Ambrosio, in respect of whom my son may be more in the right than I choose to allow."

Don Lewis, who was very uneasy under these thoughts, ordered his gardener not to mention a syllable of the matter either to Ambrosio or his other servant, but to keep a strict watch that very night, and if he chanced to hear any more noise to discharge a musket, and sally out at the same time well armed. "For my own part," added the marquis, "I shall myself, with the rest of my servants, be also prepared, and the wretches who wish either to rob or dishonour me will be cunning indeed if they escape us all." After having thus issued his orders he withdrew to prepare for the mighty feat that he contemplated.

If the two ladies, Don Lewis, and Don Rodrigo were thus uneasy, Ozmin was not without his share. He was not one who was easily alarmed, but his rival's last words to him seemed to deserve some attention in order to prevent, if possible, any ill that might accrue to him. He had no weapon but a

poniard, with which it was not possible to defend himself against the thirty servants that were employed in the family should they attempt to attack him. From what he observed he felt convinced that some misfortune was at hand. He had seen the two Padillas speaking together with earnestness, and had afterwards remarked the serious conversation between Don Lewis and the chief gardener. From all these circumstances he did not doubt that he was the subject of their discourse, so that, foreseeing that some cowardly and wicked attempt upon his life was to be dreaded, he resolved to leave the place as soon as he had communicated his intention to Daraxa, and concerted measures with her to see each other again at the queen's return.

Having formed this resolution, he walked towards the place where the letters from the ladies were usually brought, and found one lying there from Elvira, who sent him word that she should expect to see him that night, as she had something very particular to impart to him. He little thought that Elvira appointed this interview with him unknown to the beautiful Moor, to have the opportunity of conversing with him in private. He conceived that Daraxa would also be there as usual, and that he might communicate to her in their own language, even in the presence of her friend, what he wished her to know previous to their separation. But let us leave Ozmin until the time appointed for this interview, and return to notice the alarming preparations that were making by Don Lewis to interrupt it.

He caused all the arms, offensive and defensive, that could be found in the house to be carried by two faithful domestics into his own apartment, such as muskets, musketoons, pistols, halberts, pikes, partizans, helmets, and targets, the whole of them covered with rust; but the danger was too near at hand to think of having them cleaned. One would have thought, from the active and terrible preparations that were going forward, that it was at least apprehended that the enemy was advancing to take the house by assault; for though Don Lewis had never been himself in the wars, yet, being son and grandson to general officers, he would not have it said that he knew nothing of the matter. He despatched one of his most trusty servants to purchase powder and ball sufficient to load about seventeen or eighteen fire-arms, which he designed to entrust to some of the bravest of his domestics. All these preparations were made without any noise, being aware that great undertakings required secrecy. Everything was so well conducted, that he even managed to conceal his designs from his son and daughter, on account of their affection for Daraxa, who had not the least suspicion of what was going forward.

When he had thus arranged everything agreeably to his desire, and the clock had struck eleven, his two confidential servants brought up all the other domestics, whom he posted in different places, distributing the arms among them according as he judged each able to make use of them. He disposed of the greater part of them in the highest rooms in the

house, whence they commanded a view of the garden, and were themselves out of sight; and he forbade them from firing without first apprising him of whatever they might see. He placed himself in a closet directly opposite Daraxa's chamber, choosing this post for himself as one that particularly required his immediate vigilance and attention. He was accompanied by his equerry, an old servant, whose bravery was equal to his master's, and who, from the bottom of his heart, wished all the disturbers of his sleep at the devil. But the die was cast; and, since posted on bivouac duty, they could not now in honour retreat until they had fully ascertained that there was nothing to be feared from the enemy.

The old marquis, in his nightgown, nightcap, and slippers, with a dark lantern in his hand, was most attentively on the watch at the window. It was one of those clear, starlight nights so common in hot countries, from which circumstance they soon discovered the shadow of a man at the distance of about two hundred paces. No sooner did Don Lewis hear the clock strike twelve, than recollecting that it was about that hour his gardener had heard the noise the preceding night, his heart began to beat most violently, and he was seized with a cold shivering in all his limbs. This agitation, which sufficiently betrayed the feelings of his soul in time of danger, was by no means diminished when he thought that he could perceive somebody walking along the wall on the side next the gallery. To be more convinced that he was not mistaken, he pointed to the place that his

equerry might also look, and asked him if he saw anything; but he, either that his sight was really not so good as his master's, or through fear, persisted in asserting that he saw nothing.

They were both, however, soon released from doubt by two of their sentinels coming up to apprise them that there was a man conversing at the gallery window with some person within the house. Don Lewis was the more astonished at this information, having all the keys of the house in his own possession. These were brought to him every night at nine o'clock, so that he could not possibly conceive who it could be that was supporting the conversation, either from within or without, but could think of no other but Daraxa, whom one of her lovers must have come to visit at midnight through the assistance of one of the servants that he had bribed to introduce him into the garden, and that she must have procured another key for the gallery door by means of the same agent. This conjecture appeared the most probable. He desired all his followers to be in readiness, and formed the bold design of beginning the expedition himself by surprising the beautiful Moor, so that she could not deny her crime. It is true that not daring to venture alone upon so over-bold a project he took with him two of the most resolute of his musketeers, and his intrepid equerry before mentioned.

To make as little noise as possible our commander threw off his slippers, and the others their shoes, in which state they arrived at the gallery, the door of which they found open. Don Lewis advanced until

he heard the voices; he then made a stand to listen to what was said, and overheard the following words: "I have too much esteem for you to resolve to make you unhappy. It behoves me to consider your high birth, and you should reflect on the present condition of my fortune. I am a cavalier who must seek to make my fortune at Court, where I have need of support. Who then would befriend me after having drawn upon myself the hatred of so powerful a lord as your father? let us not, therefore, do anything of which we may repent as long as we live."

The marquis immediately knew the voice of the pretended Ambrosio; and notwithstanding the spite which he felt towards him for having thus duped him, he could not but admire his virtue and prudence on this occasion. Thinking that this discourse was addressed to Daraxa, he was not a little curious to hear her answer. But how was he shocked when he heard his own daughter, whose voice he could not mistake, reply to the cavalier in these words, "Can love reason thus? have you scrupled to deceive my father by a stratagem which subjects you to many dangers? have you then come hither at the risk of your life, merely to lose such precious time in teaching me my duty? Instead of abandoning yourself to the joy with which my favourable sentiments ought to have inspired you, you are the one to throw difficulties in their way; I did not expect so cold an acknowledgment of your gratitude. Can the consideration of fortune withhold you when I declare that the summit of all my desires is to be yours? Why need you fear

my father: the Court of Ferdinand is not the only Court in which a man of your merit may expect advancement. But may you ever seek in vain to establish yourself advantageously in any Court! Elvira would ever prefer living with you in the most obscure retreat to the greatest pomp and splendour that can be conferred on her by her union with another."

She was going on thus when a musket was discharged, followed in a moment by ten or twelve others, with the reports of which the gallery resounded. This dreadful noise so frightened the daughter of Don Lewis, that, thinking of nothing but her fears, she immediately betook herself to flight. But her father, who had waylaid her in the passage, seizing her suddenly by the arm, "Is it thus," said he, "wretched girl, that you dishonour the illustrious blood of Padilla?" At the voice and action of the marquis, Donna Elvira, whose spirits were but too much troubled by the first shock, uttered a piercing shriek, and fell into her father's arms, who, finding that she remained quite senseless, opened his dark lantern to look at her, and she seemed to him in so deplorable a condition that in spite of his anger he was much affected. He really loved her; but not being able to bear the sight any longer without relenting he left her in the care of his equerry.

But the more he was touched with compassion at the sight of his daughter in such a state, the more eager did he feel to take revenge on the insolent author of all this disorder. He now longed only for

Ambrosio's death, whose prudence he had but a moment before been applauding. He assembled all his men of arms, tucked up his nightgown, over which he put on his armour, a helmet over his nightcap, with a target on his left arm, and a long pike in his right hand; and this brave captain in his slippers and gauntlets caused the garden gate to be thrown open, through which his troop defiled three abreast; the musketeers marched first, and the halberdiers brought up the rear, followed by the marquis himself. This little army, composed of soldiers worthy of their captain, went in search of the enemy; during their march they were reinforced by the gardener, who joined them with a small sword at his side, an arquebuse on his shoulder, and two pistols in his belt. He assured them that he had seen the enemy, and that there were two of them, and that if he had dared to have disobeyed his master's orders he should have fired upon them. Don Lewis was astonished at this information, and having learnt which way they went ordered his troop to take that direction.

What had become of Ozmin all this while? As soon as he perceived that Elvira had taken flight at the report of the firearms which had interrupted their conversation, and which he found had not been levelled at him, he retreated precipitately from the gallery with the intention of taking shelter in an arbour, where he determined to sell his life dearly if attacked. But a man who followed close behind him obliged him to stop, saying: "Signor Don Jaymé, you have need of assistance; accept therefore

of mine: it is you for whom they are searching; accept my services without delay, if you do not wish to be assassinated by a troop of rascally servants, who will shortly rush upon you."

Ozmin, as much surprised at hearing himself styled Don Jaymé, as at meeting with so obliging a stranger, answered: "I know not who you are, nor why you interest yourself in my behalf; but whoever you be, you cannot but be a cavalier of great worth: I will request the loan of some of your arms, having but a poniard to defend myself with; but can accept of no other assistance from you, without abusing your extreme kindness. I can by no means suffer so brave a man to expose his life for my sake."

"No, no," replied the unknown, "do not imagine that I will leave you to perish, when I may render you assistance. I have two good pistols, one of which is at your service, and I will fight at your side; or, if you wish me to retire, you must accompany me."

"I believe," said Ozmin, "that it will be the wiser way. We shall get no great honour in employing our valour against such rascals. But how can we quit the garden?"

"That you shall see," replied the stranger, "you have only to follow me."

These two cavaliers then ran together to that part of the garden where the wall had been repaired, against which was erected a long ladder. They had here some slight difference as to who should first ascend, each yielding the precedence to the other.

After many compliments which two such courageous men could not fail to make on such an occasion, Ozmin was prevailed on to ascend first, to complete the noble behaviour of his companion. The gendarmerie of Don Lewis had taken quite an opposite direction, so that they had abundance of time to get over the wall by means of this ladder, which they drew up after them to prevent the marquis from ascertaining in what manner the pretended Ambrosio had escaped his fury. On the other side of the wall was another ladder by which they descended into the street, and which was guarded by five or six stout footmen well armed, who had been kept in readiness to throw themselves into the garden on the first signal.

Ozmin, judging from this that his generous friend was not a man of common rank, requested to be informed to whom he was so much obliged.

But the unknown gentleman answered that he would explain this to him at his house. "As you are a stranger," added he, "you cannot be aware what sort of a man Don Lewis is, of whom, I assure you, you cannot be too cautious. I make you an offer, therefore, of my house, where you will be secure from his resentment by remaining with me, until we see in what manner the Padillas resolve to prosecute this affair."

Ozmin was charmed with the generous and noble manner in which this offer was made, and not being able to resist the earnest entreaties of the cavalier to accept of his house, accompanied him thither. When

they beheld each other by the light of the flambeaux, they each looked at the other with an attention mingled with surprise, as if they thought they had met somewhere before. The master of the house was the first to distinguish Ozmin by an imperfect recollection that he had of his features; and being convinced that he was not mistaken, he cried with transport, embracing him: "What happiness do I experience in thus meeting a man to whom I owe my life! I cannot be mistaken: you must be he who preserved me from the fury of the bull on the last day of the sports."

"My lord," answered the Moor, smiling with a modest air, "you have now well repaid me for that service in retrieving me from a danger, in which without your assistance I must inevitably have perished."

"No, no," replied Don Alonso de Zuniga, "I am still in arrears with you. At the very time that you rescued me from certain death, I had given you but little cause to expose your own life for the preservation of mine."

They passed the remainder of the night in conversing together. Don Alonso, who had no doubt that Ozmin was really Don Jaymé Vivez, and that he was enamoured of Donna Elvira, related to him in what manner he had heard of his intrigue. "This made me desire," added he, "to form an acquaintance with you, to commence which was the object of my entering Don Lewis's garden to-night. Besides which, as I love Daraxa, the intimate friend of

your mistress, I considered that our friendship might become useful to both our loves."

Although Ozmin felt great repugnance in concealing his real sentiments, he did not wish to undeceive Don Alonso, thinking it more prudent to pass for Don Jaymé. After a long conversation, Zuniga conducted his guest to the apartment that was prepared for him, and leaving him to his rest, retired also to his own. But Ozmin not being able to sleep, sent for Orviedo as soon as it was day, to impart to this faithful servant his last night's adventure, as well as to desire him to bring him some apparel more suitable than Ambrosio's to support the character of Don Jaymé.

It is a misfortune to which all great houses that keep a number of servants are liable, that whatever happens cannot long remain a secret. The story of the pretended Ambrosio was known all over the town the very next day, where it was related in various ways, but all at the expense of Donna Elvira, at which Ozmin was extremely mortified.

Don Alonso and Ozmin became in a few days the best friends in the world; sympathy seemed to attach them to each other, or rather, they each made daily discoveries of the other's amiable qualities. They were both most anxious to know how things went on at the Marquis de Padilla's. This they could only learn from Claricia, from whom they received no tidings, for this servant, who was known to be most in Elvira's confidence, was more strictly watched than the others. She managed, however, at length to elude

their vigilance, and brought Don Jaymé a letter at Don Alonso's, containing the detail they so ardently longed for. Claricia informed Vivez that his old patron, enraged that the pretended Ambrosio had escaped his fury, had employed ten or a dozen men to go through Seville in search of him, who till then had sought him in vain; that Elvira was very ill, and that Daraxa had also been much indisposed from the share she took in her friend's affliction; that, lastly, Don Lewis was so much ashamed and vexed at the whole affair that he would see nobody, but had made up his mind to retire into the country until all these unpleasant rumours had blown over.

Claricia's letter was a fresh topic of conversation for the two cavaliers, and amused Don Alonso exceedingly, who, having no regard for the house of Padilla, was delighted at the recital of this adventure. Ozmin having so good an opportunity of giving some account of himself to Daraxa, wrote her a very long letter in the Moorish language, which he sent by Claricia. Daraxa, who was most anxious on his account, fearing that he had been wounded by the many musket shots which, as she thought, had been fired at him, was overjoyed to hear of his good luck, and that she might now have the means of returning him an answer by the same messenger.

A few days after this, the old marquis set out with his family and all his servants for a country house of his own, at about a league beyond Seville. This would have proved very vexatious to Ozmin, who feared that by this absence he should be deprived of

Claricia, whose mediation was so great an advantage to him, had not Don Alonso consoled him by saying, "We ought to rejoice at Don Lewis's being in the country. Within about two miles from his house, I have a pretty little seat which I visit occasionally. We have nothing to do but to get there as privately as possible. We shall find it more easy to obtain accounts of our mistresses there than in this city, and may even find occasional opportunities of seeing and conversing with them."

Vivez was much pleased with this design, and the two friends left Seville the next morning before daylight, accompanied by Orviedo and two footmen only. As soon as they arrived at Don Alonso's country house, the young lord employed a sharp peasant lad to deliver a letter into Claricia's own hands, by which she was apprised that the following day she would meet in the wood, which is about two hundred paces from the marquis's house, two young shepherds who were dying with desire to have a little chat with her.

Claricia, who was not now so strictly watched as she had been in the city, soon found an opportunity of stealing out of the house, and ran to the place appointed, where she found Don Alonso and Don Jaymé dressed as peasants. She informed them that the ladies were both well, but so completely prisoners that they were scarcely permitted to walk in the garden. "However," continued she, "if Don Lewis go to-morrow to a farm of his about three leagues off, on an affair of consequence which requires his presence, I think I may be able to obtain you an inter

view with them. Don Rodrigo," added she, "has just set out for Seville, and is not expected back for two days."

If the cavaliers were charmed at the flattering prospect that Claricia held out to them, she was equally well pleased with the presents that she received as a recompense for her attention. After having taken leave of them, she returned to the house and communicated to the ladies the particulars of the conversation she had just had with the young noblemen.

The next morning everything seemed propitious to the lovers' wishes; the marquis set out for his farm, and the ladies prepared to profit by so favourable an opportunity. They dressed themselves as peasant girls, in conformity with the disguises of their lovers, and left the house attended by Claricia and Laida. They soon reached the wood, where their shepherds were already waiting for them, and met with joyful congratulations at seeing each other again, after which they laughed and amused themselves exceedingly by looking at each other in their several fantastical disguises. Parties of this sort generally create a vast deal of pleasure, but do not always end so pleasantly as they begin.

They were conversing on general subjects, which was rendered more agreeable to each by being with those whom they loved, and were proceeding to penetrate into the more private walks of the grove, when they perceived through the trees two real peasants coming towards them. They conceived them to be inhabitants of a neighbouring town which

formed part of the marquis's manor, and they were right in their conjecture. As these countrymen passed by, the ladies turned their backs upon them, that they might not see their faces, and Vivez and Zuniga followed their example for the same reason; but the fellows instead of passing on, made a full stand, and one of them gave Don Alonso so furious a blow with a cudgel upon his back and head, as almost stunned him. Ozmin having heard the blow, turned about instantly upon the other fellow, who was preparing to serve him in the same manner; but the Moor from his excessive quickness, warded off the blow that was intended for his head, so that it slid down his back; after which he struck his adversary so tremendous a blow with a large stick that he carried directly on his face that he broke half his jaw and laid him senseless on the ground; then flew to the assistance of his friend, who stood much in need of it, for he was hard put to it by his antagonist. But this rascal knew better than to await the coming up of a man who had just made his comrade bite the dust; he ran off towards the town, where he put them all in alarm by giving out that his companion was killed, who, in fact, was only wounded.

During this skirmish the ladies very prudently took flight, and returned to Don Lewis's house in the greatest alarm, and most anxious to know how this affair would end. Their uneasiness was not ill-founded; for the cavaliers, who would have acted wisely in decamping as quickly as possible, remained so long on the scene of action consulting upon what

was best to be done, that they afforded sufficient time for three ruffians from the town to rush upon them with drawn swords. One of these fellows, who was superior to the others both in point of appearance and courage, came up before the rest, and advancing towards Ozmin in a most determined manner, endeavoured to run him through the body, but the Moor received the thrust in the most skilful manner with his stick, and returned him so terrible a blow on the head that it laid him lifeless at his feet; then seizing the sword which his enemy had made so bad a use of, he was prepared to receive the two others, who presently attacked him. This combat lasted longer than either that had preceded it. Ozmin being assailed by two men at once, was fully engaged in parrying their several thrusts, one of which wounded him slightly in the hand. Don Alonso did not stand idle all this time, but laid about him so furiously with his stick, that he at length decided the victory, by a chance blow which fell with such force on the right arm of one of their antagonists that he dropped his sword, and immediately fled with his companion towards the town as precipitately as their wounds would admit of.

Our conquerors, not content with the punishment they had already inflicted, were so imprudent as to pursue them to the very entrance of the town, where they met with a storm which was just ready to burst upon them. All the inhabitants having heard that a peasant had been killed in the wood, were up in arms, some with cudgels and clubs

pointed with iron, and others with old swords, fully determined to avenge his death. Their rage increased when the two fugitives came up and informed them that the bailiff's son had just shared the same fate as the countryman. They advanced in a body, and surrounded the supposed murderers, falling upon them without mercy. Ozmin, whose courage was rather increased than damped by the appearance of so many enemies, opposed their rage most resolutely, dealing his blows on all sides, and overthrowing all that resisted him. This somewhat moderated the fury of the rest. Don Alonso, although wounded, followed his example with equal valour. It was, however, impossible to resist so unequal a force, and he was taken prisoner; soon after which, his friend, whom the mob endeavoured to throw down by hurling their staves between his legs, was unfortunate enough to stumble, and was also secured.

I leave you to judge whether the enraged multitude would have spared these two unfortunate cavaliers who were now completely at their mercy. But as chance would have it, two gentlemen came up just at that moment on horseback, accompanied by three or four servants, who, wishing to know the cause of this tumult, broke through the crowd sword in hand, until they reached the two prisoners, in one of whom they recognised Don Alonso, notwithstanding his disguise, and though his face was covered with blood, and rescued him with great difficulty from the hands of the mob, who in consequence became more careful

to secure their other prisoner, against whom they bore the greater malice.

Zuniga, observing this, refused to accompany his deliverers, declaring that he had rather share his friend's fate than abandon him in this manner. But the two gentlemen represented to him that it were a fruitless attempt to endeavour to release that cavalier, who was now actually shut up in the bailiff's house, who kept all the inhabitants still up in arms, exciting them to avenge his son's death; that it were wiser, in their opinion, to assemble all the friends that they could get together, and return in the night to release him from prison. Don Alonso yielded to this advice, and was soon assured of the assistance of above forty persons, masters as well as servants, and this bold design would undoubtedly have been executed, had not the bailiff suspected something of the kind; but this magistrate, who was an experienced, cunning old rascal, expected some such violence, and therefore applied to the chief justice of Seville, who sent him so numerous a company of guards, that he no longer feared any attempt to release his prisoner.

The ladies were not at so great a distance from this scene of confusion as to be long ignorant of the particulars of the battle, and the sad result of it. They obtained their information from some of the marquis's servants, many of whom had been to the town out of curiosity, where they learnt all that had passed. Donna Elvira despatched one of them to the bailiff, desiring him to take care how he treated the cavalier whom he had in custody, lest he should repent of it.

This recommendation was not entirely thrown away, for Don Jaymé was treated better than he would otherwise have been, and furnished with everything that was necessary to cure two or three slight wounds which he had received.

If the bailiff was mortified at seeing his intentions to avenge his son's death likely to be frustrated by Elvira, how was he rejoiced when the very same evening he had the consolation to learn that the marquis participated in his resentment. Don Lewis, in his way home from his farm, passed through the town towards the evening, and observing that a majority of the inhabitants were in arms, he inquired for what purpose they were thus assembled. The late adventure was consequently related to him, and as he wished to know the full particulars, the most considerable person among the mob addressed himself to him: "All this misfortune," said he, "has arisen merely from a mistake of our bailiff's son, who was in love with a young girl belonging to your family, and had a rival who was the son of a rich farmer in the environs. The bailiff's son was naturally of a debauched character, and of a very violent disposition, and finding that his rival, who was of a more sober character, and richer than himself, was always more welcome, he sent him word that he would have him well cudgelled if he were ever again found in the neighbourhood of your house with the view of speaking with his mistress. He caused him to be observed, and having been informed this morning that two men who had not the appearance of common peasants,

though dressed as such, had slipped into the wood as if by stealth, he doubted not that it was the farmer's son, with a young fellow of his acquaintance who generally accompanied him in these visits, and that they were thus disguised to avoid the drubbing they had been threatened with; with this impression, he employed two of the strongest fellows in the town to conceal themselves in the wood to put his threat in execution; and he himself followed with two of his friends, in order to assist them if necessary."

The marquis saw plainly by this recital that the bailiff's son only was to blame, and that those whom they called his murderers had killed him in their own defence; but when he was informed that these two cavaliers were no other than Don Alonso de Zuniga and the pretended Ambrosio, and that the bailiff held the latter in his custody, he began to consider that this adventure was ordained by heaven to afford him an opportunity of being avenged on his daughter's seducer. He called the bailiff before him, and excited him to pursue this affair with warmth, assuring him of the protection of his influence and purse, and advising him to repair to Seville the next morning, accompanied by all the relatives of the deceased, as well as those of the wounded, and there throw themselves at the feet of the magistrates, crying aloud for justice. The bailiff resolved to follow this advice, and accordingly conducted his prisoner to that city the following day, escorted by the guards and some of the most resolute peasants belonging to the town. When the people of Seville saw him thus brought up, and

knew the cause, they were so enraged that it was with great difficulty that the unfortunate Moor was preserved from their fury. In addition to this, Don Lewis arrived the same day in the city, thinking his presence necessary to engage the judges to condemn a man whose destruction he had sworn.

On the other hand, Don Alonso was unfortunately so ill of his wounds that he could scarcely sit on horseback, nor, indeed, had he yet been able to assemble a sufficient number of his friends to undertake to deliver Ozmin by force. Thus, reduced to solicit on his behalf, he implored each of the judges separately to consider that they could not in justice condemn a man to death, whose only crime was that of having defended himself against assassins. In answer to this, he was told that he ought to be well contented that he himself was not secured and prosecuted; that the blood which had been spilt demanded justice, and that if he were in the prisoner's place, they could not possibly be able to save him. The death of Ozmin appeared inevitable, and near at hand; but in spite of all the endeavours of Don Lewis to hasten it, it was deferred by an incident which that nobleman little expected. He received a courier express from the queen, who informed him of the capture of the city of Granada, and ordered him to repair to her instantly with Daraxa, whose father was most anxious to see her, who, having himself determined to become a Christian, hoped that his daughter would not refuse to follow so good an example.

There was also a packet of letters for Daraxa, but

the marquis judged it most proper to withhold them from her; and did not even communicate the news contained in his own, lest in her impatience of returning to her parents she should oblige him to set off with her the very next day for Granada. He wished to see the prosecution of Don Jaymé closed by a sentence of death, and even to be present at his execution before his departure. For this purpose he redoubled his efforts and solicitations, in which he succeeded so effectually with the judges that they condemned Ozmin to be beheaded two days afterwards, under the name of Don Jaymé, gentleman of Arragon.

Zuniga was among the first that were informed of this severe sentence, of which he apprised the ladies by letter, assuring them at the same time that he had assembled above three hundred men, and that he and his friends would all perish rather than suffer such an injustice. What words can express the affliction of the beautiful Moor? The idea of the ignominious treatment that was preparing for her dear Ozmin almost drove her mad. In the midst of her despair she met Don Lewis, at his return from the palace, where he had spent the whole of the morning. She cast upon him a furious and piercing look, and said, with such transport as sufficiently evinced the disorder of her mind: "Barbarian! are you now satisfied? Unjust and cowardly judges have consented without shame to gratify your resentment at the expense of innocence. But think not that the blood of this cavalier, who is thus injured and oppressed by your

influence and suggestions, shall be shed with impunity. He is my lover and my husband, a relation of the King of Granada, and not the gallant of your daughter, for whom such a man was never destined. Your head shall answer to me for his; for there are those among his relations, or my own, who will have vengeance; or if you escape their resentment I myself will strike the poniard to your heart."

Don Lewis was thunderstruck at these impassioned exclamations, which showed but too clearly Daraxa's interest in the life of the prisoner. He knew not what to reply, so overwhelmed was he with trouble and confusion. He at length, however, told her that she was much to blame for not having sooner informed him of the quality of the pretended Ambrosio, against whom he did not deny that he had solicited, conceiving that he had disgraced his house. Daraxa was proceeding to assure him that it was not the fault of Ozmin if Elvira had conceived a foolish love for him, but at that moment a servant entered the room and whispered to the marquis that there were several equipages at the gate and a great number of Moors, who asked to speak with Daraxa. Don Lewis was somewhat troubled at this news, and apologised for being obliged to leave her for an instant. As Daraxa had not heard what the servant had whispered, and wished to know everything that happened in her present anxious state, she followed the marquis and entered a parlour, where, from the window, she perceived some Moors whom she knew at the gate, for the most part servants of her father.

This sight beguiled her of her troubles for awhile, and joy took possession of her heart, when Don Lewis entered the room conducting one of her father's officers into her presence, who, having paid his respects to her, announced the capture of the city of Granada, and that the war was at an end. He informed her at the same time that her father having obtained permission of their Catholic Majesties to recall her home, had sent her an equipage and followers suitable to a person of her high birth; that she must doubtless be already informed of all these particulars by the courier the queen had despatched to the Marquis de Padilla, and by the letters she must have received. This was a fresh cause of confusion to the marquis, who was obliged to frame all sorts of excuses to Daraxa for not having before put her in possession of them.

The joy of the beautiful Moor lasted no longer than the time that was occupied in communicating to her the wishes of her father. The thoughts respecting Ozmin and the extreme danger he was in, soon renewed her grief. This afflicted lover despatched the officer, and Orviedo, by whom he was accompanied, to demand a public audience for her of the judges, who were at that moment deliberating upon advices they had just received that Don Alonso's house was filled with cavaliers who were arrived from the country to second him in his design to rescue his friend. To prevent this enterprise, the judges had just resolved to have the culprit put to death that night in prison,

They were much surprised at Daraxa's request, never having known an instance of a woman coming in ceremony before them to address the judges, and they knew not what answer to return. The oldest among them were of opinion that she ought not to be allowed an audience, but the younger ones were of a different way of thinking. The curiosity to know what she could have to say to them—the respect they were bound to entertain for a lady who was so great a favourite with the queen, and, above all, the pleasure of seeing her, at last prevailed; and they decided that an audience should be granted to her at six in the evening. Daraxa, who was apprehensive that this would have been refused her, was well pleased at this message. She sent Orviedo to Don Alonso, apprising him of her intentions, and requesting him to accompany her to the palace, if his health would allow him to do her this favour. Zuniga was extremely charmed with the honour conferred upon him by the beautiful Moor in selecting him as her squire upon this occasion, and prepared for the cavalcade. He had no need to seek very far for the cavaliers he wished to join him in it; since they were for the most part already in his own house, ready to follow him wherever he chose to lead them. He conducted them at five o'clock to Don Lewis's house, who, seeing more than two hundred cavaliers who came for Daraxa, whose intentions he was not unacquainted with, went in search of her, and offered himself to bear her company; but she returned him thanks, telling him that she was very

glad she was able to spare him the mortification of seeing her solicit for the life of a man whose enemy he had so openly professed himself, and, in fact, against whose life he was the principal prosecutor.

The marquis, stung to the quick by this refusal, would willingly have frustrated the lady's design, or at least have rendered it useless, if it had been in his power; but it was now too late to frame any obstacle. He was, therefore, obliged to conceal his mortification, which was, however, visibly depicted on his face, in spite of all his efforts to smother it. Daraxa at length left the house without taking any notice of his displeasure. She found Don Alonso waiting for her on foot at the gate, with all the principal persons of the troop, who had also alighted to compliment her. She made an effort to express some joy, notwithstanding the profound sorrow that she felt on the occasion, and assured Don Alonso she should ever entertain the most lively sense of her obligation to him. Zuniga forgot nothing that a man in love and full of noble thoughts could say on such an occasion, and answered that "he could not express how sensible he was of her kindness, in having selected himself and his friends to conduct her to the palace, where she could not fail to immortalise herself by so heroic an action." Don Alonso, as well as the other gentlemen, could not sufficiently applaud so generous an undertaking, most firmly believing that the beautiful Moor interested herself for the prisoner merely out of friendship for her friend, Donna Elvira.

After these compliments, Daraxa mounted her horse with her usual grace. Don Alonso and the rest followed her example, and the cavalcade began to defile by the Moors, who were about forty in number, all well equipped, and admirably mounted, having Orviedo and the newly-arrived officer at their head. After these came Daraxa herself, between Don Alonso and Don Diego de Castro; the remainder of the company followed in very good order, six in each rank. Though the preparations for this cavalcade had occupied but little time, yet the rumour of its approach had already spread through the city, and the people, who were as curious to behold the beautiful Moor as to know what could be her business at the palace, were collected in crowds in the streets through which she must of necessity pass. She was dressed in a most magnificent Moorish habit, and had neglected nothing that could add to her beauty on so important an occasion. All the spectators were struck with her becoming appearance; but what astonished them more than anything was the graceful ease and dexterity with which she managed her horse; an art in which Spanish women rarely excel.

The cavalcade having arrived at the square before the palace, Don Alonso formed his cavaliers into a squadron round about her, and the judges sent out two ushers of the Court, who conducted her to the door of the first hall, where she was received by two of the judges, who did her all the honour that could have been conferred on a princess, and led her to the

audience. Don Alonso and other young nobles, who had alighted from their horses at the same time as Daraxa, followed her, and entered also into the hall where the judges were assembled, who appeared much surprised and uneasy on this account. Putting, however, a good face on the matter, they attended only to the Moorish lady, who charmed them all by the elegant and majestic air with which she presented herself before the tribunal of justice. She took her seat in an arm-chair with a cushion and foot-carpet, which had been prepared for her, and after having beheld all the judges for some moments with fixed attention, she raised her voice, and thus addressed them:—

“There is but one reason, my lords, sufficiently imperative to justify the step that I have taken, in thus presenting myself before you. I know the rules that modesty prescribes for persons of my sex; but there are occasions when these rules may be dispensed with. On such an occasion am I come hither to implore justice against yourselves. A sentence is to be put in execution to-morrow that you have pronounced upon a man whose only crime is that of having defended his life against assassins. This is an incontrovertible fact, of which I was myself an eye-witness, as well as Donna Elvira, and two waiting-women who were also with us in the wood. Shall two peasants be allowed to come up behind two cavaliers and beat them with clubs most unmercifully, and shall not these cavaliers be justified in defending themselves against so unwarranted an

assault? If the bailiff's son came with two of his friends, all three armed with swords, and rushed upon two men who had nothing but sticks to protect themselves with, what crime have these latter committed in acting on the defensive against such dastardly villains? Who among you, gentlemen, finding himself in the same situation, but would do his utmost to kill his opponent, if no other means remained of saving his own life? But why should I enlarge upon that point? you need not be told that it is the law of nature. It is now said that it was a mistake of the bailiff's son; but what of that? his mistake cannot justify his actions, neither can it criminate the persons whom he wished to assassinate.

“I shall not trouble you, my lords, with any further remarks, except to inform you what has induced me to interest myself so strongly for your prisoner. He is not a gentleman of Arragon, nor is he Don Jaymé Vivez, *but the brave Oxmin*, whose name is well known among your troops as having distinguished himself in many glorious actions. He it was, who, the last day of the sports, killed the two bulls, and saved the life of Don Alonso de Zuniga. But what has impelled me more than all his noble qualities to make this appeal to your justice is, that he is my husband, if I may be permitted to give that name to a man who, with the mutual consent of our parents, has plighted his faith to me, and received mine in return. Reflect on what I have laid before you, my lords, before you cause a sentence to be carried into execution against a kinsman of King

Mahomet, whom you ought not to have condemned on such slight grounds."

The beautiful Moor had no sooner finished her speech than a noise arose throughout the hall that very much startled and frightened the judges; everybody crying out that the prisoner was innocent and ought to be released. The chief justice commanded silence, which being obtained, he replied to the lady in the name of himself and brothers, "That they might possibly have been misinformed in this affair: that they would review the whole matter, and give her their answer that very same day." But the whole assembly cried out again that the prisoner ought instantly to be set at liberty, threatening to force the prison doors if this were refused. The same judge answered, "That after a judgment was once pronounced it was no longer in their power to liberate the prisoner; that all they could do on their parts was to suspend the execution of the sentence until they received orders from their majesties, who alone were now able to annul it." Daraxa then requested permission to visit Ozmin, and it was granted her without hesitation, on condition that no more than four persons should enter the prison with her, and that she would engage that no violence should ensue.

The cavalcade proceeded to the prison in the same order as it had arrived at the palace, and the beautiful Moor chose Don Alonso, Don Diego de Castro, Orviedo, and the Moorish officer, to go in with her. Conceive, if possible, the agreeable surprise of Ozmin when he saw Daraxa enter his chamber with Don

Alonso, and learned what she had just achieved for him. His joy could only be equalled by that of his mistress, whose heart overflowed with rapturous emotion which she could not otherwise express than by the tears that flowed in torrents from her eyes. Zuniga partook of the pleasure of the lovers, and embraced his friend as sincerely as though he had not been his rival. His friendship mingled with his love. He could not, however, refrain from reproaching him for his want of confidence, threatening, with a smile, that he would be avenged for his dissimulation by continuing in love with the beautiful Moor for the remainder of his life. This reproach drew compliments upon him from both of them. Daraxa declared that next to Ozmin he would ever possess her esteem; and Ozmin assured him that, with the exception of Daraxa, there was no one whose love he should so highly prize. Zuniga did not fail to make obliging returns to these kind professions of friendship; after which he introduced his friend Don Diego to Ozmin, as a cavalier of distinguished birth and merit. This gave rise to further compliments, till at length they began to think of the more important consideration that brought them hither, and resolved to send off a messenger instantly to their majesties to obtain the prisoner's pardon. Orviedo was fixed on, and immediately set off for Granada, with letters both to Ozmin's and Daraxa's relations.

Orviedo made such despatch, that after three days he returned to Seville with his master's pardon, and an order to the magistrates to treat him with all the

honours due to his noble birth, and becoming the future husband of the beautiful Moor. As soon as Daraxa was informed that Ozmin was at liberty to leave the prison, she repaired thither with a more numerous and more magnificent equipage than before. Every cavalier of any distinction in the city was among the cavalcade. Don Rodrigo de Padilla made himself particularly remarkable for his magnificence. He insisted on making one amongst them, and expressed to Daraxa his sincere joy at the good success of her undertaking, in spite of all the old marquis's rage and vexation, whose conduct he by no means approved of; and when he saw Ozmin, he behaved towards him in a most handsome manner.

Thus our hero left prison with as much honour and joy as he was thrust into it with shame and sorrow. The same people who had but a few days before desired his death, now followed the cavalcade with acclamations of delight, so extremely anxious were they to see the famous conqueror of the bulls. Don Lewis, whose resentment and haughtiness were by no means abated, was the only person who did not visit Ozmin, whom he could not regard in any other light than a man who had brought dishonour upon his family, by the great talk and noise that his daughter's love for Don Jaymé had made in the city. He fully expected that he should be rallied at Court on this account. For this reason he pretended illness, as an excuse for not being able to accompany Daraxa to Granada, and appeared no more in Seville until after her departure.

As for Elvira, besides that she had all the ill-humour of her father to contend with, she could not console herself under the reflection that she had been deceived by the two persons whom she most loved, though in truth, she had more cause to blame her own conduct than theirs. She did not long survive her mortification and disappointment. The ill-humours and vexations of Don Lewis and his daughter did not prevent the making extraordinary rejoicings at Don Alonso's, where Ozmin and Daraxa lodged until the next day, when they set out for Granada, accompanied by Don Alonso and Don Diego de Castro, who insisted on being present at their nuptials, which were celebrated with the greatest magnificence, and honoured by the presence of their Catholic majesties. There were tournaments and bull feasts, where Moors competed with the Christians in courage and address. In addition to all this, the two lovers, to render themselves more worthy that Heaven should shower its blessings on their nuptials, embraced the Christian religion, and became the noble origin of one of the most illustrious houses in Spain."

The friar who had entertained us with this story finished here. After which his friend and himself commenced a conversation respecting the wars of Granada. During all this time, the muleteer, perceiving that we were almost at the gates of Cazalla, seemed particularly anxious to say a few words to me in private. Since our last adventure he had not uttered a word, but as we were now about to part,

perhaps never to meet again, he at length broke silence by demanding of me three crowns for the charges of my journey, as well as for my share of what we had expended at the inn where we had supped so well the preceding evening, and breakfasted so delicately that very morning. This was anything but a joke to me, who little expected such a demand, and might have defied him or any other person to have made me pay it, not having half that sum in my purse; and we soon grew so warm in our arguments against each other on this subject, that I had armed myself with two flints, which I should certainly have levelled at his head, had not the friars taken compassion on me, and prevented me from getting myself well thrashed. These gentlemen set themselves up for umpires in the case, and after having heard both parties, condemned me to pay the muleteer a fourth part of what he demanded. I was obliged to obey this decree, which, favourable as it was towards me, reduced my finances so low that I had scarcely sufficient remaining in my purse to defray the expenses of a supper and night's lodging at another inn, whither I repaired after having taken leave of the two friars, and the unlucky muleteer, who had no great reason in my opinion to thank his stars that he ever met with me.

CHAPTER X.

GUZMAN BECOMES AN INNKEEPER'S BOY.

BEHOLD me now, friendly reader, in the best inn at Cazalla, twelve leagues from Seville, where the money I had left was sufficient to pay for a good supper and a good bed to lie down on. Instead, however, of enjoying a profound sleep, which such excellent fare was calculated to procure me, the state of my affairs presented itself to my imagination in a thousand distressing forms, and prevented me from sleeping a wink the whole of the night. "Hitherto," said I to myself, "I have always had plenty to eat and drink. But this will now soon be over. When a man has bread to eat he may support himself under any affliction. 'Tis well to have a father; 'tis well to have a mother; but nothing is to be compared to a good bellyful."

Necessity with her heretic visage now stared me full in the face, and occasioned the most terrible apprehensions in my mind; and I would gladly have returned to Seville, had I not considered that money was quite as necessary to repair my folly as to pursue my fortune. I could compare myself to nothing but some half-starved cur, who, having lost his way, finds himself surrounded by a number of larger dogs

barking and growling at him on all sides. In addition to this, how could I without shame return to my mother's house after having left it with so much resolution. The loss of my cloak also recurred to my remembrance, which I imagined would be a fine subject for ridicule on my return. This last consideration was sufficient to determine me not to return to Seville; in addition to which I was not less concerned that I must stop when I was in so fair a way. A point of honour then seized me, and I resolved to continue my journey, abandoning myself to Providence. I took the direct road to Madrid, the ordinary residence of our kings, hoping to see something of the Court, which I had been told was most brilliant from the great number of noblemen that composed it, and above all from the presence of a young king newly married. All this excited my curiosity, and I encouraged the most flattering ideas, building castles in the air without number. I fancied that a lad of my air and figure would soon be noticed in such a country, where I should soon make friends, and could not fail of making my fortune. Full of these deceitful visions I had little inclination to sleep, and lay expecting the day with impatience. But no sooner had it arrived, and I had set out for Madrid, than all these chimeras vanished, leaving nothing before my eyes but a long and tedious journey.

“Courage, Signor Guzman,” said I to myself; “consider that you cannot now retreat. Keep up your spirits, therefore, my friend, and do your best

whatever may happen. Instead of having a cloak upon your shoulders, which would only incommode you at this time of the year, be content that you have a good stick which will assist you in walking." I passed the whole day without eating, and at night laid myself down on the grass at the foot of a large tree, where I fell asleep from fatigue, and did not wake until the sun had risen the next morning, when I began to feel that I could have made a very hearty breakfast if I had had any provisions; but not having even a morsel of the coarsest bread, I found myself obliged to set forward again upon an empty stomach, and with an appetite increasing every moment. Towards night, my hunger became such, that I could scarcely walk from weakness. In vain did my stomach plead its emptiness; my legs seemed unwilling to support my weight any farther.

Just at this moment two gentlemen, who by their looks seemed to be rich merchants, trotted briskly past me upon mules. "Thank God!" thought I, "here are two gentlemen who will in all probability defray my charges to-day." The hope of obtaining a good meal at their expense inspired me with fresh strength, and I resolved not to lose sight of them. A meal was now of the most serious consideration for me. With this impression I followed them so closely that we arrived together at the inn where they stopped. I looked more dead than alive when I came up with them; yet, tired as I was, I showed myself disposed to make myself useful by holding the bridles of their mules while they alighted, and

offering my services to carry their portmanteau with a bag containing their provisions into their apartments. But, whether my officiousness rendered me suspected by them, or that they were naturally rough and distrustful, no sooner had I laid my hands on the bag than one of them called out to me in a voice which made me tremble from head to foot, "Out of the way, boy! stand off!" I obeyed without making any answer to this disagreeable reception, and formed but a bad presage in favour of the gratification of my appetite; but determined not to be so easily got rid of. I therefore walked behind them to their room in a very humble manner, with my hat in my hand. They had brought good provisions with them, as is customary in Spain. I saw a roast shoulder of mutton drawn from their bags, with part of a ham, some bread and wine. This only increased my extreme desire to serve them. To obtain their favour, therefore, I advanced towards the table and took up a glass, intending to rinse it for their use, but the other merchant, who had not yet spoken, snatched it from me, saying in a rougher manner than his friend, "No, no, leave that glass alone. We have no occasion for your services."

"O traitors!" thought I, "enemies to God and man! hearts of flint! I find that I have exhausted my breath and strength, to little purpose in following you hither." I resolved, however, not to leave them, in the hope that they might feel more charitably disposed when their bellies were full, and throw me a bone to pick, or even a bit of bread, out of compas-

sion. I was again mistaken; they continued eating without deigning to cast a look towards me. I devoured their provisions with my eyes all this time; but this would not satisfy my craving appetite. To complete my mortification, I saw these monsters put up the remains of their dinner in their wallet, even to the smallest bit of bread, with which they left the inn. What barbarity! what a sight for a lad starving with hunger! I was ready to run distracted with grief and inanition when a friar of the order of St. Francis entered the room in which I stood.

I conceived but little hope of relief from this quarter. What assistance could I expect from a poor monk who travelled on foot, from a begging friar, who seemed himself to stand in need of assistance? He perspired freely, and appeared much fatigued. He brought a wallet with him, which he placed on the table, and upon which I fixed the most attentive and eager looks. I could have stolen it even from the altar; it made my mouth water before I knew its contents. When his reverence took out his provisions, which consisted of a large loaf of white bread, and a piece of salt beef, which I should have longed for even at my mother's table, I fixed my eyes upon them, and stood in an ecstasy with my mouth wide open. How did I wish that I had been his little brother! I fancied that I felt in my own throat every morsel that he swallowed.

He happened to look at me by chance in the course of his meal, and perceiving what I wanted, for my looks spoke, "Good God!" cried he, animated by a

holy zeal, "approach, my child; I will not allow thee to languish from want; though I had but this bit of bread, it should be thine. Here, my son," added he, giving me half his bread and meat, "take a little nourishment. I were unworthy to exist did I not share with thee."

O Providence! who makest many of Thy creatures to subsist even in stone, Thy Divine goodness never forsakes us! I implored blessings on the head of the reverend father for this act of charity towards me, and began to show him that he was not deceived in my half-starved appearance; and being now pretty well replenished, I returned thanks to Heaven for this fortunate rencounter. How pleased should I have been had I been doomed to travel any distance with this friar! My fate would have been enviable; but, as chance would have it, he was going to Seville, so that we parted immediately after dinner. Before we separated, he put his hand into his wallet and gave me half of another small loaf, saying, that I should have my full share of all he had. I put up this last half-loaf in my pocket, and after having eaten the first with the beef, and drank some good, fresh water, for the good friar had nothing better to offer me, I set out again in good spirits towards Madrid.

I travelled about three leagues farther during the day, and in the evening reached Campanis, a large village in New Castile, where I entered an inn, and supped upon the half-loaf I brought with me, having nothing better to eat. This inn was where the muleteers of Tuxillo lodged, for whom all the beds were

engaged, and who came in towards night. The landlord allotted me a lodging in the hay-loft, whither I mounted very contentedly, not being in a situation to make any difficulties. I stretched myself on the straw, and slept soundly until daybreak, when I rose with a light stomach, which, as you will recollect, was by no means overloaded the preceding night, and had already got out of the inn, when the rascally landlord was uncivil enough to stop me, demanding payment for my night's lodging, for which he charged four maravedis. As I had not even one in the world, I struggled to escape from his grasp, but he held me fast, and perceiving that my coat was made of good cloth, he was on the point of taking it off, by way of settling the dispute, had not a muleteer who was standing by taken pity on me.

“Leave the lad alone,” said he to the host, “I will pay for him. I see how the matter stands; this young man has run away either from his father's or his master's house.”

At these words the landlord looked at me, and asked me if I was disposed to serve him, having occasion for the assistance of a boy like me in his inn.

At any other time such a proposal would have appeared ridiculous to me; and I should even have been offended at it; but misery relieves one from such scruples, and reconciles the greatest hardships. After having considered for a few moments, the prospect of starvation made me accept his offer. “Enter my house, then,” said he; “there are but two things I shall require of you: to give out the

oats and straw to the passengers, and to be sure to render me a good and faithful account." I promised to acquit myself in this noble post to the utmost of my abilities, after which I was engaged beyond the power of retracting.

However hard service was to me, who had hitherto been accustomed to be waited upon myself, I was at first tolerably well contented with my situation. Very few gentlemen passed that way in the course of the day, so that, generally, I had nothing to do but to eat and drink until night, when the muleteers arrived. I soon learnt all the manœuvres of inns; how to swell the corn to three times its quantity with boiling water, and how to measure it out afterwards to the best advantage. There was no occasion to point out to me more than once the peculiar construction of the mangers, for after one attempt I well knew how to watch my opportunity to deprive the passengers of at least a third part of the corn they paid for, and even the muleteers did not always escape; but when by chance any young cavaliers, distinguished by their insignia and the nice cut of their whiskers, happened to stop at our house without servants, we were particularly assiduous in our attentions. No sooner did we perceive them than we ran out to assist them to alight. These young gentlemen, for the most part, affecting to be persons of great importance, would not condescend to enter the stable, but were content to recommend their horses or mules to our care, which recommendation had so powerful an effect that we never failed to lead

the poor beasts where there was neither hay nor a single grain of corn. We tied them to the rack and left them to their meditations. Occasionally, however, out of pity, we gave them a handful of corn, just by way of a *bon-bouche*, before their departure, though of this scanty pittance the poultry in the yard caught up half, and sometimes even the jackass got his share of it.

In this manner were all those cavaliers served who relied upon our honesty; and if we made them pay well for what their beasts had never eaten, judge in what manner we charged them for their own expenses. I was overjoyed when it fell to my lot to reckon with them. "Your bill amounts to so many reals," said I, "and so many maravedis," adding in a graceful manner: "*Y haga les buen provecho*"—"Much good may it do you"—a compliment which always procured me something for myself. You will very easily believe that we always charged this sort of customers twice as much as they owed, in spite of all the regulations of the police, to which my master paid little attention, though they were fixed up all over his house. He was satisfied with having them in his possession, and so long as he was able to pay the officers their dues, he cared but little about observing their ordinances.

The more experienced travellers always paid without hesitation whatever was demanded, knowing that it was useless to contend; but others who thought themselves more cunning would frequently have the landlord called that they might reckon with him. On

these occasions, our master, for fear of doing himself wrong, always increased the price of every article; and when he had once taxed the bill at a certain amount his sentence was without appeal, and they were obliged to draw their purse-strings. Woe to that traveller who presumes to complain of his treatment, and to threaten an innkeeper in Spain for having cheated him. As they are almost all of them members of the holy brotherhood, he will be sure to cause him to be arrested at the first village through which he passes, accusing him either of a design to burn his house to the ground, of having assaulted him, or of having violated his wife or his daughter, so that the poor traveller may esteem himself more than ordinarily happy if he got off by paying double what was before demanded of him, after having begged pardon of his landlord into the bargain.

There were several pretty servant-maids in our inn, but it was dangerous to have anything to say to them. It was well for those who had their wits about them when they left the house; for whatever happened by chance to be forgotten and left behind was sure never to be heard of again. What roguery! what infamous tricks! what wickedness is constantly going on at these inns! God is not feared, and justice is compounded with. One would think that when a man becomes an innkeeper he is at liberty to do what he pleases, and has an absolute power over the property as well as the persons of such as are obliged to stop at his house.

CHAPTER XI.

*GUZMAN BECOMES DISGUSTED WITH HIS SITUATION,
LEAVES THE INN, AND REPAIRS TO MADRID,
WHERE HE ASSOCIATES WITH SOME BEGGARS.*

BESIDES that I was of too flighty a disposition to be long contented in the same way of life, I could not consider the one that I now led by any means suitable to a spirited lad who had left his mother's house for the sole purpose of seeing the world. In addition to this, the servant of an innkeeper ranked lower in my opinion than that of a blind beggar. I saw every day boys of about my own age and size pass our door, who, after having asked alms, went gaily along the road again. This sight roused my feelings. "What," said I to myself, "does the dread of hunger hold me here, while these young fellows, who have no more resolution than I ought to be master of, expose themselves courageously to hunger and thirst! I am in all probability as well deserving as they, and ought not, therefore, to be less courageous." These reflections inspired me with resolution, and, defying fortune, I again set out for Madrid, after having demanded my dismissal of my master, who gave me three reals for my services during the time I had been with him.

With this money, and the little I had saved from the liberality of our customers, I was able to advance

as far as the celebrated bridge of Arcolis upon Zagus, whence I pursued my route as the others had done, by holding out my hand in every village through which I passed, and to every gentleman I met; but the harvest had been so extremely bad that year that people in general were but little disposed to be charitable. I was therefore soon obliged to sell my clothes, so that I cut a most elegant figure when I reached that celebrated capital of Spain. I was reduced to a tattered pair of breeches, with a shirt black and torn, a pair of stockings with a thousand holes in them, and shoes which had no other soles than those of my feet. I looked more like a fellow just escaped from the galleys, than a gentleman's son of good family, and could not possibly hope to be employed in any gentleman's service, which was now the height of my ambition. My miserable appearance was not calculated to prepossess any one in my favour, and he must have been a bold man indeed who could have made up his mind to admit me into his house. No one could look at me attentively without saying in his own mind, There is a young chap who only wants the opportunity to perform some desperate trick. At length, finding that my appearance was such that no one would receive me either as page, footman, or even as a turnspit, I turned my eyes towards a company of beggars whom I perceived at a church door. I considered them with attention, and they seemed so healthy and void of care that I thought I could not do better than enrol myself in their company. I joined them accordingly, and was received by them

as a member whose mien and equipage were not unworthy of their fraternity.

Before I reached Madrid I had taken good care to leave all my modesty on the road, as a load too heavy for a foot-passenger to carry about with him. If I had not ere this got rid of this cruel enemy to hunger, I should soon have lost every spark of it in the company of these good folks, who were severally and collectively the most complete birds of prey. I followed them everywhere, acting as a sort of assistant to them, until I should become sufficiently experienced to contribute my share towards making the pot boil, in which there never failed to be plenty. Twice a day we had a fine dish of soup, of which I was sure to partake, provided I attended punctually to the hours of dinner and supper, otherwise, being only an underling, I should have found nothing but the empty tureen for my share.

After supper we generally sat down to play; I soon learned the games of quince, one and thirty, quinola and primera, with a thousand tricks on the cards. I had so happy a knack, and my disposition was so well suited to this science, that I made visible progress under these excellent masters. Little as I was, I felt desirous to imitate some of my companions, who, lest they should be punished as vagrants, posted themselves with baskets in the different markets, offering the citizens to carry home for them the provisions they might purchase. This employment appeared rather laborious to me at first, but I soon got so well accustomed to it that I thought no man's lot prefer-

able to my own. "How charming," thought I, "to live thus in plenty, without being obliged to use either needle or thread, the hammer or the thimble; nothing but a basket and a little industry being necessary for subsistence! The life of a beggar is a delicacy without bone, an uninterrupted stream of pleasure, an employment exempt from trouble and vexation. How void of sense must my ancestors have been to have taken so much pains to live in wretchedness! In how many perplexities have they been involved for the sake of supporting their commerce and reputation! O absurd honour of this world, thou art but a millstone to sink such fools as consent to be burdened with thee!"

One day as I was carrying home a quarter of mutton in my basket for an honest shoemaker who walked before me, I picked up a paper which I perceived lying in the street, containing some verses of an old ballad, which I began to read and sing to myself. The shoemaker, surprised to hear me, said with a smile: "What, you ill-looking little dog, can you read?"

"And write too," answered I.

"Is it possible?" cried he, much astonished. "If you will teach me merely to sign my name, I will pay you well for your trouble."

I asked of what possible use the knowing how to sign his name only could be to him, and he told me that having obtained a good situation through the influence of a certain person, whom he named, whose family he had supplied with shoes gratis, he should

be glad to be able to sign his name when necessary, that he might not be obliged to confess that he could not write.

As soon as we entered his house he caused pen, ink, and paper to be brought, and I commenced my occupation of writing-master, showing my scholar how to hold his pen, and guiding his hand. I then made him form the letters that composed his name so many times over, that he fancied he had already acquired the elements of the art of writing. After having scribbled over and blotted five or six sheets of paper, he was so well satisfied, that he made me try on a pair of new shoes, which fitted as if they had been made for me, and which he presented me with. I then took leave of him, assuring him that whenever I wanted a new pair of shoes, I would call and give some further lessons to make him quite perfect in his writing.

CHAPTER XII.

GUZMAN IS ENGAGED BY A COOK.

I WAS well content in this new way of life, in which I enjoyed that *liberty* so eagerly desired by all the world, so boasted of by philosophers, and so often sung of by poets; I possessed that precious treasure which is preferable to gold or silver; but unfortunately I did not long retain it, for a cursed cook soon deprived me of it. This cook was one of my most

constant employers: "My friend," said he one day, "I am well pleased with you, and am willing to put you in the way of making your fortune; quit your idle companions, and come and fill the place of scullion at my master's, which is now vacant; I will myself teach you the duties of the kitchen out of friendship, and qualify you to become cook to the king himself. Happen what may, the very least advantage you can derive from a knowledge of this fine art is to enable you to return to your own country a rich man." In short, he so completely cajoled me, that I willingly accepted his proposal.

He then conducted me to the hotel of the nobleman whom he served, where I took my post and my scullion's cap, that is, a nightcap, with a white apron. The first thing that was given me was some parsley to shred, which is always considered like the alphabet to those who aspire to the higher degrees in the kitchen. The cook, my master, was a married man; he had a house in the neighbourhood where his wife lived, and where we both went home to sleep every night; but I passed the principal part of the day at the hotel, where I was always ready to oblige everybody. My activity and good-nature soon gained me the esteem of my fellow-servants of both sexes. I performed their commissions with punctuality, secrecy, and fidelity, and was rewarded by many small gratifications in return. In the kitchen I performed my duty to admiration, and my master was so well satisfied with me, that he often said I was born to tread in his footsteps.

I grant that all this cost me no small trouble, but then I was amply recompensed by the many advantages that my exertions procured me. Next to the profession of begging, which is undoubtedly the most charming condition of civilised society, I could not possibly fare better than I did in this kitchen; having been bred to good cheer, I felt myself completely in my element. No plate came in or went out of the kitchen but I had a lick at it, no sauce but what I tasted, and I can assure you my master made most exquisite ragouts. The cooks of St. Giles's, of St. Dominick, of the Gate of the Sun, the great Market Place and Toledo Street, must excuse me if I rank him far above them in this art, notwithstanding the high reputation they have established.

I might have been perfectly happy had I resisted the opportunity of gaming; but I could not long withstand the temptation of joining the lackeys and pages, who were at cards almost the whole of the day. At first I spent only now and then a quarter of an hour with them, or half an hour at the utmost; but when I found that my natural inclination for this cursed habit was not sufficiently satisfied by day, I was induced to steal from my master's house in the night-time, as soon as I believed him to be asleep, for the purpose of joining my companions at the hotel, with whom I generally remained until sunrise the next morning. If my master had been informed of my conduct he would undoubtedly have horse-whipped me handsomely; but no one apprised him of it, for fear of getting me into trouble. Meantime

I lost all the money that I had earned in the execution of commissions, without losing my taste for gaming—on the contrary, my desire for play increased daily, and I was induced to steal to supply me with means; this I had never yet been guilty of, although I well knew that, from my master downwards, all the servants in the hotel were in the habit of appropriating to their own use everything they could lay their hands on. Every one took good care of himself, and what is more surprising, though they were all well aware of each other's practices, no one ever impeached the rest, but kept the secret which equally affected them all.

Though I had not been a gamester from inclination; and though I had not been from nature eagerly disposed to possess myself of the property of another, these examples alone would have been more than sufficient to corrupt me. I soon began, therefore, to follow the fashion. I cast my eyes with eagerness all over the house, and whatever I could pilfer without being observed was soon converted into money; but, unfortunately for me, I had no sooner acquired it than I lost it again at play.

In addition to the opportunities which presented themselves to me to exercise my sleight-of-hand at the hotel, which might be compared to a sea open to all sorts of fishermen, I had my master's private house, which, though indeed but a small river, in which it was not likely to take fish of any considerable size, yet afforded me one day tolerable good sport. My master regaled some of his friends, all good bottle-

companions and fond of good cheer like himself, with a collation one afternoon, treating them with andouilles and hams, which caused them to drink three times as much as usual. During this entertainment I was at the hotel, and when I had finished my work, returned home to see if I was wanted. The visitors were already gone, and I found the parlour intolerably hot and full of dust, the cloth still on the table, and the floor strewn with empty bottles, most of them broken. My master, whom I did not see, but whom I heard plain enough, was snoring on his bed so loud as to make the whole house ring with the noise; and my mistress, who was about as sober as her husband, lay by him sleeping as sound as a top.

I contemplated for some moments the remains of this debauch, when I happened to cast my eyes on a silver goblet which stood on the table, and resolved to steal it. I was certain that nobody had seen me come in, and I could leave the house again equally unobserved. This reflection was sufficient to determine me: "With your leave, Mr. Goblet," whispered I, putting it into my pocket, "you shall pay me for these broken bottles;" then closing the door softly after me, I placed my booty in a safe place, and returned to the hotel as though nothing had happened. Towards evening my master came into the kitchen, somewhat recovered of his debauch, but in so peevish a humour that he complained of the merest trifles, and immediately began to quarrel with me for having a faggot too much on the fire. I made no answer,

but accompanied him home after supper, where he immediately went to bed. As to his wife, she had so comfortable a nap that she was now as composed as usual, except that she appeared dull and vexed about something. I inquired the cause with as much effrontery as if I had been entirely ignorant of it. She informed me that she could not find the goblet, telling me at the same time that it was not the value of the thing that she regretted, but the passion that her husband would be in when he missed it, from whom she should never hear the last of it.

I endeavoured to console her—not to the utmost of my power, for nobody was so well able as myself had I been disposed—but by representing to her that this goblet was not of so singular a manufacture but that a fellow to it might be found in Madrid; that she had nothing therefore to do but to purchase another of the same make and fashion, telling her husband that it was the same which she had had fresh-washed, or that it was a new one she had bought by giving the other and a few reals in exchange. She approved of my advice, and requested me to endeavour to procure one for her; and so next day I carried the stolen goblet itself to a goldsmith's a good way off from our house, desiring him to have it washed, which he promised to get done in such a manner for me that it should appear as good as new.

I communicated this good news to my mistress. "Madam," said I, "I have been fortunate enough to find a goblet at a jeweller's shop exactly resembling the one you have lost, but the quality and fashion of,

it are so excellent that the very lowest price at which it can be procured is fifty-six reals." Anxious to avert the storm that threatened her, she counted me out that sum without hesitation, and gave me half a real for my trouble. I accordingly carried the aforesaid goblet to her in the evening, which she thought so exactly like the other that she said she was convinced her husband would never know to the contrary.

The fruits of this worthy exploit enabled me to game afresh. It was, indeed, a considerable sum for a scullion to apply to such a purpose; but, alas! all these reals soon fell into the gulf which had already swallowed up the produce of my former knaveries. Those with whom I played were more experienced in the art than I was, although I had learnt among the beggars how to shift the cards, to make false cuts, and many other villanous tricks of the like nature.

About this time my master was desired to prepare an elegant dinner for a foreign prince who had newly arrived at Madrid. Early in the morning of the day preceding that on which this entertainment was to be given, the cook took me with him into the kitchen, where the purveyor had just sent provisions of every description necessary for the fete. We immediately began, before the others joined us, to set apart whatever we considered our dues of office, and soon filled a large sack with loins of veal, hams, tongues, and all kinds of fowls, which we concealed until night, when I was desired to convey it home as privately as possible. This I could not do without great fatigue, so heavily was I laden. I afterwards returned to the

kitchen, where I found employment until midnight in preparing fowls for dressing on the next day, and after I had finished my work, my master charged me with the care of a second sack, containing hares, pheasants, and partridges, saying: "Here, Guzman, carry this home safely, and go to rest, my little friend; you will tell my wife that I know not how long it may be before I come home." The liar! he knew well enough he should be obliged to remain all night at the hotel, where his presence was absolutely necessary to superintend the other cooks, who were actively engaged under his directions. But he was rather inclined to be jealous, although his wife was no beauty; and he only sent her this message to deceive her, that she might regulate her conduct accordingly, evidently fearing that she might think fit to call in a neighbour to fill his place during his absence; this being a kind office which people are as ready to perform towards cooks as towards other absent husbands.

Having reached home, the first thing I did was to hang the contents of my sack in rows along the wall, which formed a very pleasant-looking tapestry, after which I began to think of going to bed, for I stood much in need of rest after so hard a day's work. My mistress, who slept in the lower parlour, was already in bed. I ascended to my apartment, which was a garret into which the sun darted its rays from morning till night, making it as hot by night as by day. I threw off my shirt to be more cool, and stretched myself as naked as I was born on the sorry bed in which I usually lay; but my slumbers, sound as they

were, were disturbed about an hour afterwards by a most frightful noise, occasioned by cats, who were fighting desperately, and the gallery appeared to me to be the field of battle. This made me uneasy. "There will be the devil to pay," said I to myself, "if these malicious animals should fall upon our provender! it were best for me to go and see what is the matter that creates so terrible a din." Hereupon I jumped out of bed; and not staying to put on my shirt that I might not lose so much time, I hastened to descend into the gallery; but scarcely had I set foot on my ladder, for I had no other staircase, than I perceived a light before me, which stopped me short. I looked round to discover whence it proceeded, and observed a figure all naked like myself, and so black that I took it to be no other than the devil himself. This phantom, which made me tremble like an aspen leaf, was my mistress, who, having been also waked by the cats, had come to the assistance of our pheasants and partridges with a lamp in her hand, and clothed like myself *in puris naturalibus*, having neglected to put her shift on again on so pressing an occasion. As we thought each other sound asleep, this precaution had been considered superfluous by us both. We perceived each other at the same moment, and if I took her for a devil she took me for a sprite. I shrieked out most horribly, and she echoed me with equal strength of lungs, and ran into her chamber almost frightened to death, whilst I endeavoured to regain my garret; but as my ill luck would have it, I slipped from the ladder,

and fell with such violence into the gallery that I was bruised from head to foot.

I got up again with considerable difficulty, and groped my way along in the dark until I came to a place where I knew there was a tinder-box, as well as some matches and ends of candles. I obtained a light, with which I returned to the gallery, to see whether the combatants were still there, but our cries had frightened them away. Finding that the enemy was fled, I examined the articles with which I had lined the walls, one after another, and found that the bloody battle, the noise of which had disturbed my mistress and myself, had been occasioned by the contention for a larded hare, for a share of which the cats had disputed with so much rage that there was nothing remaining of it but the bones.

I put all our provisions as much out of their reach as I could, and went to bed again; but to sleep was impossible, for in addition to the pain caused by my bruises, I could not get my mistress's figure out of my mind, whose swarthy skin I fancied still before my eyes. The sight of a woman like this naked, is frightful indeed!

Day having at length come to dispel the visions of so disagreeable a night, I rose and dressed myself to attend my master, who had given me strict orders to be with him very early in the morning. As soon as I saw him, he inquired after his wife and family, and I told him that my mistress was well, and that I had left everything in the house in good order; not thinking it prudent to inform him of the adventure

of the cats, for fear he should think fit to impute to me the sad fate that the hare had met with, and punish me for my negligence accordingly.

The bustle and confusion in which our kitchen now was, in preparing to entertain the prince who was expected, would have formed a fine subject for a painter. Every one was in action, not only those employed in the kitchen, but also those who were constantly passing to and fro. We needed only to ask to have anything, which every one took care to do pretty freely. The provisions seemed to vanish as quickly as they appeared; one said, "Bring me sugar for the tarts," and another cried, "Bring me more tarts to be sugared." Thus it was with all the rest; nothing was necessary but to vary the manner of asking a little, to obtain anything twice or thrice over. We call these grand entertainments, jubilees, as though we thought to obtain indulgences by robbing the master whose bread we were eating. It is certain that the river overflowed on these occasions on all sides, and the fish swam in deep water. For my own part, being but a small sparrow-hawk, I waited patiently until the kites and other larger birds of prey had their talons full; in the meantime, however, my hands itched so immoderately, that I could not refrain from dipping into a basket of eggs, and slipped half a dozen of them into my pocket.

Ill luck still pursued me; my master saw me, and wishing to establish the reputation of an honest man and zealous servant at my expense, in the presence of so many of the house servants, he came up to me

with a savage countenance, and gave me such a kick that he laid me sprawling on the ground, and as I happened to fall on that side where I had the pocketful of eggs, they all broke, and made an omelet which ran down my thighs, to the great amusement of the company present, with the exception of my master, who still looked very serious, and adding menaces and reproaches to insult, told me, that "he would teach me to steal in so great a lord's house." I was so enraged at the behaviour of this rascally cook towards me, that it was with great difficulty I refrained from answering, that nobody, indeed, could teach me better than himself; and that those eggs for which he had chastised me were laid by the fowls he had ordered me to carry home to his house the night before; but I held my tongue, and thereby escaped any further kicking, with which so laconic an answer would certainly have been rewarded. Take lesson from my behaviour on this occasion, reader, if you happen to be so fortunate as to recollect it, when you feel desirous to show your wit by some satirical speech which may be of ill consequence to you in your future welfare.

Notwithstanding this unlucky accident, I managed afterwards to pocket unobserved two partridges, four quails, and half of a roast pheasant, with some sweet-breads of veal, which I secured less from interest than to try my dexterity; not being willing to have it said of me, that I had been at Court without seeing the king, or at a wedding without kissing the bride. The banquet being over, as my master and I were

returning home together in the evening, he said to me; "Guzman, my friend, think no more of what passed between us in the kitchen this morning; forget the kick I was obliged to give you; it behoved me more than you can imagine to treat you in this manner; it was a piece of policy for which I was sorry in the main. But think of it no longer, my lad, and to make you amends for this little accident I will make you a present of a new pair of shoes to-morrow." This was an article I was so much in need of, that I was delighted with the promise, and my resentment against him instantly subsided. He did not, however, keep his word, being prevented by what happened the next day.

My mistress gave me a very sour look when we got home; whence I conceived that she had taken an aversion to me on account of the last night's adventure, and I was not deceived in my opinion, for she seemed evidently ashamed to look me in the face. But I am convinced that she was less mortified at my having seen her naked, than afraid of the fine report I might make of the adventure. I went to bed, however, without feeling much anxiety as to what she thought, and resolved to sell the game and veal sweetbreads I had stolen the next day. I rose so early in the morning, that I left my master in bed, and ran to the market, quite sure that I should have abundance of time to dispose of my merchandise, and still to get to the hotel before him. I soon found a purchaser in an old cook, whom I never fail to curse whenever I happen to think of him, who

professed himself ready to buy whatever I had. I was so pressed for time that the bargain was soon struck; and I agreed to let him have my provisions for six reals, and was only waiting for my money to start off as swift as a roebuck; but this old dotard was as punctilious and slow as I was hasty and impatient. He must first put a register which he held in his hand under his arm, then take off his ragged gloves, and hang them to his girdle; after which he pulled out his spectacles and spent about half an hour in cleaning them to examine the money he was going to pay me.

In vain did I entreat him to make more haste, telling him I had an affair of consequence which called me elsewhere; he was deaf to my prayer. How long a time did he consume in untying his purse, and how many pieces of money did he amuse himself with looking at, one after another, before he began counting the money into my hands, by quarters and half quarters of reals, and even maravedis: all this almost drove me mad. "What, old fumbler," muttered I between my teeth; "can such a trifling old cur wish to enrage me, or to amuse me here, until my master, who is already suspicious of me, and who, perhaps, is at this moment looking everywhere for me, come up and surprise me?" This, it appears, I had more reason to apprehend than I imagined; the cook had heard me leave the house, and was much surprised at such extraordinary diligence; and suspecting that I had some new scheme in my head, he got up and dressed himself hastily that he might be at

my heels; so that he stood immediately behind me at the very moment the old man had at last got over the ceremony of paying me. "Ho! ho! my boy," cried my master, seizing me by the hand and taking the money, "what fine bargain is this you are making?" At these words I stood more confounded than a smuggler who is caught in the fact. I made no reply, and was even patient enough to submit to another good kick, accompanied by a thousand reproaches. He did not leave me until he had forbidden me ever to enter his house again, and threatened to thrash me soundly if I was ever insolent enough to pass the door of the hotel. My friend the merchant, unluckily for him, remained on the spot until the close of this scene, which was in consequence little better for him than for me; for, attributing my present misfortune to this old sorcerer, I fell on him in my passion, and snatched my partridges and pheasants, telling him I was determined to have my own goods, and that he might get his money if he could from the knave who had run off with it. Thus saying I disappeared like a flash of lightning, to sell my game in some other market, leaving this phlegmatic old gentleman to his own thoughts upon the adventure, which he most probably considered a plan concerted between the cook and me to cheat him out of his money.

CHAPTER XIII.

*FROM THE SERVICE OF THE COOK, GUZMAN RETURNS TO
THE BEGGING TRADE, AND ROBS AN APOTHECARY.*

WISDOM is better than riches, since Fortune is but a fickle goddess, who bereaves us one day of what she has bestowed on us the preceding. During the course of our lives she makes us resemble comedians, who have every day new parts to study, and must appear in different characters. Who could have thought that after having served the cook so faithfully he would have turned me out of doors for so trifling an offence? It is true that thus the world wags, and that persons of much greater consequence than myself are constantly treated in the same manner by the great upon the most trivial occasion, after having rendered them a thousand services.

Stop, Guzman, cry you, or you will lose yourself in moral reflections. Whither will this learned discourse lead you? To my basket again, reply I; yes, my friend, to my basket, which, having now become to me as useful as eloquence was to Demosthenes, or stratagems to Ulysses, consoled me under my present misfortune. Long may the basket trade flourish, which a man having once tried will never fail to resume. I must candidly confess that when I returned to it I was much in the same condition as

when I was fool enough to leave it; for all the produce of my former knaveries during the time I had been scullion had gone as lightly as it came, and, with the exception of a finer suit of clothes, I was no better off than before.

That my returning to my old employment, however, might not be attributed to my indolent and discontented disposition, I determined, before I purchased a new basket, to offer my services to some cooks of my master's acquaintance who knew me. If they had received me, it was my intention to have rendered myself thoroughly knowing in kitchen affairs, in which I had already made so good a beginning, and for which I might boast a most happy disposition; but they had heard of my inclination for gaming, and that nothing was safe within my reach when I wanted money, and thus, finding there was no chance of obtaining another situation of this description, I was compelled to resume my former occupation. I therefore took up my basket again; and though I did not fare so well among my comrades as at the hotel from which I had been dismissed, yet I was once more independent and completely master of my own actions. Being naturally sober, this sort of life was more adapted to my inclinations than the other, so that I had but little reason to regret leaving a house in which I was led into a thousand intemperances.

We basket-bearers had a small row of houses, or rather hovels, near the market, which we had bought at our own expense. Here it was that we usually regaled ourselves and held our merry meetings. I

always got up with the sun, and was ready at everybody's call, by which means I never failed to secure a profitable day's work from such of the citizens as kept no servants, who employed me to carry home the provisions they purchased; and the faithful manner in which I performed their commissions soon established my credit in the several markets.

About this time commissions were issued to the different regiments to raise new levies. When anything of this nature happens the report soon gets abroad, the people assemble in every direction to discuss the subject, and a council of state is held in almost every house. In ours, as you may imagine, we canvassed the designs of the Court as freely as the best of them, and had some politicians among us whose conjectures were not very far from the truth. Good sense is to be found in every condition. When we were all assembled at night each reported what he had heard or seen during the day in the principal families in the city, and we formed our opinions accordingly; and I can assure you that, though some among us reasoned absurdly, yet there were others, the solidity and good sense of whose arguments were fully justified by the occurrence of events which they predicted. I well remember that, among others, our fraternity could boast of a certain beggar with wooden legs, who never left his post on a bridge, where he begged the whole of the day, whose acquaintance with state affairs would have astonished a prime minister.

We concluded then that these new levies that were

making, the destination of which was concealed, must be intended for Italy; and this, you will see, proved to be true. The first time I heard these troops mentioned they brought into my mind my intended journey to Genoa, and made such an impression on my spirits that I did not sleep a wink the whole night. I felt more anxious than ever to see my relations, from whom I did not doubt I should obtain a brilliant fortune, everybody telling me that they were exceedingly rich, and many of them without children, which latter I considered would be charmed to have an heir of so great merit as myself. To these flattering expectations, however, unpleasant ideas soon succeeded. "How," thought I, "can I have the insolence to appear before these noble Genoese in this miserable dress? and though I tell them I am their kinsman, are they likely to credit my assertions? I hope they may be simple enough to believe me; but I fear they cannot fail to treat me like a rogue and an impostor, if only to support the honour of the family. Perhaps I may not escape even so well as this, for my father, who was thoroughly acquainted with the dispositions of his countrymen, has often said that a Genoese is not to be trusted in any case where his interest or reputation is concerned. Still," thought I, "they may be honest like my father; and I am persuaded that they will entertain too great a respect for the memory of their deceased relative to refuse to assist me in my present distressing situation. They are too prudent to venture to treat me as an impostor before they have interrogated me as to our

family affairs; and in this respect I shall be well able to answer, for I can tell them such particulars as none but my father's son could possibly be acquainted with, and which, being not proper to be made public, they will undoubtedly be obliged to do something for me that I may not divulge them."

Thus I wavered betwixt hope and fear. Sometimes I thought that I flattered myself too much, and at other times that I desponded without reason. I paused at the latter reflection, which was the more consolatory of the two, and, hoping to fulfil the proverb which says, "He that wishes to be Pope, need only fancy himself one," I resolved to avail myself of the favourable opportunity which now presented itself of getting into Italy, by joining the levies that were raising. One day as I was sitting at my usual post reflecting on the pleasures I should enjoy at Genoa, my agreeable reverie was disturbed by some one who called me two or three times. I turned round to see who it could be that was so well acquainted with my name, and perceived that it was an old apothecary who had often employed me before. He beckoned me to come to him, and I ran immediately; but two of my companions, who were nearer to him, got before me and proffered their services before I came up. He, however, repulsed them sharply, saying, "No, no; get you gone, birds of prey; this is not a morsel for you, but for my faithful Guzman." He little thought he spoke so truly. Then addressing himself to me, who had just come up, "Open thy basket," added he, and he threw into it three bags of money, which

he had with him wrapped in the corner of his cloak.

“To what brazier must I carry all this copper?” quoth I with a smile.

“This copper!” answered the apothecary, laughing outright; “here’s a pretty rogue of a beggar that takes silver for copper. Come, march on,” continued he, “for I am in haste; I have engaged to pay a foreign merchant this money to-day, who has sold me some drugs.”

This might have been his intention, but I had formed another to defeat it the instant I heard those charming words, “open thy basket.” The news of the birth of an only son causes less joy to a tender parent than I felt at those sweet words, which engraved themselves on my heart, if I may so express it, in letters of gold. I looked on these three bags as a present sent me from Heaven, to enable me to support the part I had to perform at Genoa, and concluded them already my own. As my man had not the slightest suspicion of me, being already well convinced, as he conceived, of my honesty, he walked before, and I followed him, pretending now and then that I was obliged to rest myself a little, as if my burden were too great, although, in truth, I could have wished it much heavier. I never was so anxious to meet a crowd of people as on this occasion, or even a sly turning by which I could suddenly disappear from my unsuspecting friend, the apothecary. We chanced, however, shortly to pass a house with which I was well acquainted, the front and back doors of

which stood most invitingly open. I could not allow this opportunity to escape me, but entered instantly, and passed through the house without meeting with any interruption, and in less than two minutes had got through two or three streets as though I had wings to my feet. I then resumed my usual pace to avoid suspicion, being far enough from my apothecary, and walked on as demurely as though nothing had happened.

In this manner I soon arrived at the gate De la Vega, that is to say, the open country, whence with the same grave countenance I gained the bank of the Mançanares; then, crossing over to Casa del Campo, I travelled a good league through woods and thickets, and, as night approached, stopped among some poplars very near to the river, where I began to consider how I should proceed. "It is not enough," said I, "to have begun so well, I must continue in the same manner. Of what use will this prize be to me if I cannot take care of it now that I have got it? If I should happen to be nabbed, I shall not only be obliged to refund, but may lose both my ears to wit; let me therefore look out for some place where I may deposit my money in safety."

After having looked about for some time I made a hole about two feet deep at the bottom of the river, and let down my basket and bags of money into it. Then covering them with large stones to prevent them from floating, I set up a stake in the sand near the spot, that I might be sure of recollecting where my darling treasure lay concealed. After this grand

operation I went to sleep at the foot of a tree hard by, where I passed the night, not altogether free from anxiety, though perfectly well satisfied with the reflection that I was now so well off. When daylight appeared I hid myself in a thicket until it was dark again, when hunger, which drives the wolf from the wood, obliged me to leave my haunts to go and purchase some provisions, not at either of the villages in the environs, where in all probability the apothecary would have sent the alguazils after me, but at Madrid itself, where I could best be concealed. Having a little money in my pocket, independent of my hoard, I ventured into the town, whence I returned in about three hours with a hamper containing provisions sufficient for eight days, and spent the greater part of the night in cramming myself with this good cheer.

When I awoke the next morning, I felt most curious to examine the contents of the three bags. In vain did I reflect that it must be the devil that tempted me, and that I could not satisfy my curiosity without running the risk of being observed. I could not help yielding to this gratification, which was certainly the sincerest I had ever felt in my life. I advanced to the side of the river, and after having looked on all sides to see if anybody was near, I drew my basket out of the water and carried it, dripping with wet as it was, into my place of retreat. Here I opened my bags, and found about two thousand five hundred reals in them, all in silver, with the exception of thirty pistoles in gold, which I discovered

carefully wrapped up in one of the bags. I spent the whole of this day with the sincerest pleasure in counting my pieces over and over again; and when night came on, I put the whole into the basket again, and secured them in their former hiding-place.

As it is not my intention, however, to pretend to entertain my reader with a journal, I need only add that, after having concealed myself in this manner in the wood for a full fortnight, I considered that I had no longer anything to fear, and that all the hounds of justice had by this time so completely lost scent of me as to have given over their pursuit. I fished up my treasure again, which I deposited at the bottom of my hamper, under some fresh provisions which I had been again to Madrid to procure. As to my basket, I left that in the water with the stones upon it. I then cut me two good sticks, one to carry my burthen on my back, and the other I made into a sort of pilgrim's staff; after which, like a new pilgrim, I took my route towards Toledo across the fields, thinking it more prudent to avoid the highroads.

CHAPTER XIV.

*GUZMAN ON HIS WAY TO TOLEDO MEETS WITH A
YOUNG MAN: WHAT PASSED BETWEEN THEM.*

I TRIPPED along so briskly that after two nights' trudge I found myself in the midst of the Sagra, near a wood called Açuqueyca, within about two

leagues of Toledo. I entered this wood, intending to rest there the whole of the day, that I might not enter the city till night. I sat down under a shady tree, and began to think in what manner I should spend my money. I soon determined on so many fine purchases that four times what I possessed would have been insufficient to have procured them. It were impossible to enumerate the variety of visions and fancies that possessed my mind. I was no longer afraid of appearing before my relations like a beggar, but now looked forward with pleasure to my arrival at Genoa, and all the purchases that I made in my mind were with a view to cut a most brilliant figure among them.

A stream of clear spring water ran at my feet, with which I found myself much refreshed, and, beginning to feel hungry, I spread my provisions on the grass for breakfast. Scarcely had I eaten a mouthful when I heard a noise, and, turning round hastily, I was much alarmed at perceiving a man close behind me, seated also on the grass, with his head reclining against a tree. But when I considered him with attention I soon found that I had nothing to fear. He appeared to be about my own age, but seemed as raw and inexperienced as if he had not been long weaned from his mother's breast. Although he was well dressed and had a large bundle lying at his side, through which I could discern some clothes and linen, he looked so unhappy that I judged his purse could not be very full, and set him down for some knight-errant like myself, who had been fool

enough to forsake his family to wander about the world. We stared at each other for some moments without saying a word; but when I observed that he looked with a longing eye on my provisions, I could not help pitying him. His eager looks reminded me of my own feelings when I stood before the kind-hearted monk at the inn, and I determined not to be less generous than his reverence. I therefore immediately invited this young man in the most polite manner to breakfast with me. Shame prevented him at first from accepting my offer; but when I repeated it he laid aside his modesty, and confessed to me that he had not tasted anything for the last four and twenty hours. This I found no difficulty in believing when I saw in what style he demolished the meat and the bread and cheese I gave him.

During the repast we inquired of each other concerning our travels. He told me that he had come from Toledo and was going to Madrid; and I acquainted him that I had just come from Burgos and was on my way to Cordova. He then related a most romantic story about the occasion of his pilgrimage, and I was not more sincere with him; considering that he was but a novice, he lied with a very good grace, and by no means disgraced his countrymen, who have the reputation for wit and smart answers on every occasion. I asked him how he came to set out on his journey without providing himself with victuals. He replied that he had not had time to procure any, having been forced to leave

the place with precipitation, and that he was more laden with clothes than money

“So much the worse,” said I, “so much the worse; money is the most necessary commodity for a traveller nowadays; for even though you were going on a pilgrimage to St. Jago in Galicia, I would not advise you to reckon much upon charity, which has grown very cold of late; you will find something more than your staff necessary to support you by the way.”

“I perfectly agree with you,” replied the Toledan, “and am well aware of my imprudence in setting out without provisions; but as it cannot now be remedied, it is useless to regret it.”

“It is in your own power,” answered I, “to repair your neglect by disposing of a part of the clothes contained in that large bundle, which you must find extremely burdensome. Money is more portable.”

“Granted,” said he, “and I need not inform you that it is my intention to sell at least half of them as soon as I can find a purchaser.”

“Perhaps,” replied I, “without going any farther, you have a man before you who is willing to relieve you of the greater part of your load, and give you as much for them as they are worth. Show me the contents of your bundle, and I will select such as I am inclined to purchase.”

My little gentleman turned pale at these words; he considered me a knave who intended to repay myself for the breakfast by robbing him of a part of his property, or at least that I was willing to amuse

myself at his expense; for when he surveyed my elegant attire, which was not worth four maravedis, he could not for a moment think that I was in earnest. Every one is apt to judge in this manner, forming opinions of strangers from the difference of dress and outward appearances. "Such as I see you, such I take you to be."

I observed his confusion, or, rather, saw plainly that he suspected my intentions; and as he made no answer, I drew out one of my bags, very deliberately untied it, and exhibited a handful of reals to his astonished eyes. "I believe, my little hero," said I, "that here is enough to pay for what I wish to buy of you." The colour was soon restored to his cheeks at this sight; he immediately left off eating, and ran to fetch his bundle, saying that all he had was at my service. At the same time he was proceeding to show me his best suits, but this I would not permit until we had finished our meal. His hopes seemed to serve as a fresh sauce to his appetite, and he fell to again as though he could not do sufficient honour to my breakfast; he could scarcely contain the joy that he felt.

That he might not form an ill opinion of me on account of my appearance, and to prevent his suspecting that the money which he had just seen was ill got, I addressed him to this effect: "Whatever you may take me for," said I, "be assured that I am in reality as well born as yourself. This I have thought fit to inform you, that you may learn not always to judge of people by their looks. When I left Burgos



I had as good clothes as you, but I sold them in the first village I passed through, to relieve myself of so inconvenient a burden, and contented myself with these tattered garments, which would excite the pity, or at the worst the compassion, of thieves, whom a better dress would probably have tempted. If I had not taken this precaution I should have been robbed a hundred times ere this, and be at this moment without a single maravedi in my pocket. As, however, it is my intention to stop at Toledo for some time on my way to Cordova, I have now immediate occasion for a good suit of clothes; and if you have any that will fit me, I am ready to be a purchaser."

The Toledan, burning with impatience to commence business, with his mouth still full, began to spread out on the grass a complete suit, the cloak of which was of most excellent cloth of a light grey colour, together with two fine shirts, and a pair of silk stockings. I tried them all on, and they fitted me exactly. This the young man did not fail to tell me, to make me have the better opinion of them. He seemed apprehensive that my money would slip through his fingers, or that I should change my mind. He need have been under no such fear, for I was as anxious to buy as he was to sell, so that our bargain was soon struck. He asked me a hundred reals, and I agreed to give him this price upon condition that he would truck his clothes-bag with me for my hamper. This he consented to, and I put my money into it, with the two shirts and silk stockings. My new clothes I still wore; and I hung up the old

suit and the rest of my rags on a tree, as a trophy of my success in beggary. The Toledan, on his side, filled the hamper with his goods and the victuals that were left. During all this time the sun was insensibly going down, and the hour of parting having arrived, we embraced each other with a thousand professions of friendship; after which we each pursued our particular route, both well satisfied with our bargain.

CHAPTER XV.

GUZMAN ARRIVES AT TOLEDO, AND ACTS THE MAN OF FORTUNE THERE. SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS GALANTRIES.

IT was past nine o'clock when I entered the famous city of Toledo. I combed my hair and put myself in order, taking particular pains to rub the dust off my shoes that I might with the greater assurance be able to assert that I came in a coach. I requested to be directed to the best inn, whither I repaired, requiring my supper and lodging like a young man of fortune, who troubled himself but little about expense. As these are the sort of customers who are sure to be well treated at inns, I was immediately shown into an excellent chamber with a good bed in it, and waited upon like any prince. I supped perfectly to my satisfaction, and slept better than I supped.

The next morning, after having taken my choco-

late, which I called for in order to impress them with an opinion of my quality, I desired them to send for a hatter, a shoemaker, and a swordmaker, for it was indispensable for me to have a new hat, sword, and shoes, to correspond with the rest of my equipage. But the most essential thing of all was to procure a tailor to disguise the suit I had bought as much as possible, lest when I went abroad I might happen to meet some of the relations of the young man of whom I had purchased it, which might have raised suspicions dangerous to me in my present situation. I might very reasonably have supposed that they would know it again, and perhaps accuse me of having stolen it and assassinated the young man. Justice would then have interfered, and this I had more reasons than one to dread. I sent therefore for a tailor, who in a few hours so completely disguised the suit, by covering the sleeves with taffeta, changing the buttons, and putting a velvet collar on the cloak, that the devil himself could scarcely have known it again.

I paid my tailor handsomely; and well pleased that I could now venture out without the dread of getting into difficulty on account of my dress, I took a walk towards the evening in the Zocodover, where the fashionables usually promenade. Metamorphosed as I was, I was not altogether free from apprehension of meeting some one who might recognise me. This fear, however, did not prevent my feeling gratified in observing that I was particularly noticed by the prettiest women of slender virtue, who, looking upon me

as a handsome well-shaped young fellow who had never yet been to Cythera, appeared most anxious to have the honour of setting me in the right road; but I had resolution enough to resist all their seducing glances.

What most surprised me was the extreme neatness of all the gentlemen. My dress, notwithstanding all the tailor's endeavours to adjust and beautify it, appeared so shabby in comparison with those around me that I resolved on having another. Just at this moment a gentleman mounted on a beautiful mule crossed the Zocodover in so handsome and stylish a dress that I determined to get one exactly similar made for myself. I could scarcely refrain from sending for my tailor that very night. I managed however to wait till morning, though I never closed my eyes the whole of the night, so completely was I amused and delighted in considering how handsome I should look in these new trappings. But when I reflected on the probable expense of them, I began to hesitate, notwithstanding the eager desire I felt to appear in them.

“Well, Signor Guzman,” said I to myself, “you presume then to dress magnificently, and to supplant all the gallants at Toledo! well done, courage, my friend. Spend your reals without reflecting on the deep game you have played to possess yourself of them. That is not worthy of your consideration; all you seem to wish is to get rid of your money, and you will find it go quick enough. Let a suit be made agreeable to your fancy, and begin courting the

ladies, and you will soon come to your basket again. Rely upon this; but do not think that you can every day meet with apothecaries who will allow themselves to be purged like your friend at Madrid."

All these wise reflections presented themselves, but without effect; for no sooner was it daylight than I sent for my tailor, to whom I gave the order, after having given him an exact description of the dress I had seen. He promised to make me one exactly similar, undertaking to go himself and purchase the materials, and assuring me that I should have it as soon as possible; for I required him to be as expeditious and punctual as though I were going to be married and only waited for my wedding clothes. He accordingly sent it home two days after, and I had never seen anything more stylish and elegant, the gold glittered all over it. When I put it on I was in raptures at my handsome appearance and the beauty of my figure, which was already perfectly well formed, though scarcely fifteen years of age. I thought that I was the very image of my father when he was young, having a delicate white and red complexion like him, with light-brown hair. I should never have been tired of looking in the glass, though I felt most anxious to go abroad again to be admired in the city. No one who was not so eminently pleased with his own figure as I was could have been fool enough to have satisfied my tailor without disputing his bill, which I might most conscientiously have reduced two-thirds; but I did not then think that I could possibly pay too much

for so tasteful an equipage. Mine hostess, seeing me superbly dressed, told me I ought at least to have a lackey. I immediately engaged one therefore that looked like a page, for whom I was obliged to find new clothes, to be worthy of a master of my importance.

The first Sunday I failed not to attend the great church, followed by my lackey, to whom I had given proper instructions that he might do me honour. The congregation was of the first quality in the city; I thrust myself in the midst of them with a vast deal of assurance, and visited all the chapels one after another, which caused many to think that I had some design in my head; it was, however, only to show myself off.

I placed myself between the two choirs, having observed that the principal ladies were always in this part of the church. It was here that I displayed all the fine airs I had seen practised by other young fools at Madrid, and which I had performed at least twenty times over in the morning at my glass. The first thing I did was to choose a spot where I could be seen from head to foot. Then I thrust out my breast, and stood firm upon one leg, while I extended the other in so stiff a position that it scarcely touched the ground, showing by this means my fine stockings, and that I wore garters of the German fashion which were then in vogue. As this posture cramped me extremely I was obliged to vary it every minute, making divers grimaces at the ladies who looked at me. I smiled upon one, looked coldly upon another,

with languishing eyes upon a third, and with sparkling eyes upon a fourth. In short, I so far overacted my part that all the ladies and gentlemen who observed my manœuvres began to titter at my expense. This I took no kind of notice of, for I had too good an opinion of myself to imagine they could find anything ridiculous in my behaviour.

All the ladies, however, were not disposed to laugh at my extravagant airs, there were even some among them completely charmed by my manners; for, without any offence to women in general, it may undoubtedly be asserted that there are always many of that sex for whom the most impertinent coxcomb is as exactly a match as if he had been made on purpose. Amongst others, I had the happiness to please two beautiful women, who could not refrain from letting me know it. The passion of the one was created by my looks and grimaces; but as to the favourable sentiments of the other I could attribute them only to my stars. The first of my two conquests was a lively-looking woman, who had something roguish in her eye, and a pleasing face. I ogled her like a novice, and she seemed by no means displeased, for women always prefer apprentices in this art to their masters. She returned my tender glances, which encouraged me to follow her after Mass, that I might know where she lived. She walked very slowly, to show me that it would not be her fault if I let her escape, and I soon came up with her, and now and then, as I walked behind her, whispered some soft things to her as well as I was able at my age. She

made no reply, yet now and then turned her head round, looking at me in such a manner as persuaded me that she dared not speak for fear of the duenna by whom she was accompanied.

We at length came to a narrow street, near St. Cyprian's Church, where she lived. In entering her house she bowed her head to me to let me see that she was not displeased at my having followed her, and did not forget to dart an amorous look at me which filled me with love and hope. I took particular notice of her house, intending to return without fail that very day to show myself before her windows. I then took the way towards my inn again with hasty steps.

I no sooner got into another street than a sort of waiting-woman with a long thick veil thrown over her, accosted me as I passed along. "Signor Cavalier," said she, "I beseech you to follow me; I wish to communicate something of consequence to you." I did not hesitate a moment, but followed her until we both stopped under a large open gateway, when, seeing that nobody could hear us, she addressed me thus: "Charming stranger, your appearance is so handsome and prepossessing that you will not be surprised when I tell you that a lady of quality, who has seen you at church, is quite enchanted and captivated by your elegant person, and wishes to have a private conversation with you. This lady is newly married, and so beautiful that . . . but," added she, breaking off suddenly, "I will say no more; I must let you form your own opinion when you see her."

I swallowed this bait most greedily, and could scarcely restrain the pleasure that I felt. Affecting, however, to appear modest, I answered that I knew not in what terms to acknowledge the honour that her mistress had conferred on me; that I did not doubt she was a person of the first quality, and that, therefore, I was most anxious to wait upon her and throw myself at her feet to thank her for her good opinion of me.

“Signor,” said the confidante, “it will be dangerous to think of seeing her at her own house, for she has a jealous husband; but tell me where you lodge, and I will engage that to-morrow morning at farthest you shall have an interview with her in your own apartments.”

I gave her my address, and she immediately departed to rejoin her mistress, who, she said, was waiting impatiently to know whether she had reason to thank Dame Fortune or to reproach her.

I now found myself engaged in two love intrigues; but I felt most inclined towards the first, not that I was displeased with the second, for it was most flattering to my vanity. “What an advantage it is,” thought I, “to be handsome! No sooner have I made my appearance at Toledo than two ladies, apparently of the first quality, are already in love with me. What must be the consequence, then, if I stay here long? I shall undoubtedly captivate all the women in the city.” I returned to my inn full of these pleasing thoughts, which, however, did not prevent my eating a very hearty dinner, after which I sallied

out again, as soon as I was able without being incommoded by the heat of the sun, and flew towards St. Cyprian, where I paced up and down before the windows of the house into which my first mistress had entered. Not so much as the shadow of a woman, however, was to be seen; notwithstanding which I loitered about until it was quite evening, and my perseverance was at length rewarded. I saw one of the lower windows half opened, which I approached, and in a nymph, who presented herself to my eyes in an undress, I recognised my princess, who told me, with considerable agitation, that her neighbours, who were a tattling set, would suspect something, and besought me to remain no longer in the street, but to retire for some time, and return in about two hours; that there would be nobody in the house but herself and servants, and that if I pleased we might then sup together. I was overjoyed at this invitation, which I accepted by kissing one of her hands with an air of tenderness, and at the same requested that I might be permitted to contribute my dish towards the supper. "That is by no means necessary," answered the lady; "but as what I have in the house may possibly not be to your liking, you can do as you please in that respect."

As soon as we had settled these preliminaries I departed, for fear of attracting the attention of the neighbours, and thereby destroying the happiness in store for me, and rejoined my page, whom I had ordered to wait for me at the top of the street, and gave him some money, desiring him to procure me

a fine pullet nicely dressed, two partridges, a rabbit pie, four bottles of excellent wine, and some of the choicest fruits. All this was ready and sent at nine o'clock precisely, and I soon followed, was received by my nymph in the kindest manner, and conducted by her into a neat chamber, where she usually slept, with a handsome bed in it, and I could not help observing, under a sort of pavilion made with rose-coloured taffeta, a large tub in which I supposed the signora occasionally bathed herself. The table was spread here, and the sideboard decorated with my bottles and fruits. I was well pleased at the sight of these preparations, which seemed to promise me an agreeable evening, and could only have wished that my lovely hostess had been in better spirits, for, in spite of her endeavours to affect gaiety, I plainly perceived that she was uneasy from some cause unknown to me.

"My charmer," said I, "allow me to ask the cause of that sadness which is so evidently depicted on your countenance, and which it is in vain for you to endeavour to conceal."

"Fair stranger," answered she, sighing, "since I have not been able to conceal my mortification from you, I confess that I am much vexed at some unseasonable news I have just received. My brother, on whom I am entirely dependent, who has been to Court to solicit preferment, has just returned to Toledo; I would have given you notice of this before had I known where to send to you; nevertheless," added she, "as he is now gone to sup with a lady of

whom he is enamoured, I do not expect him home before midnight. We may, at least, have the satisfaction of supping and conversing together; and I have the consolation to add that he will return to Madrid in a day or two, to stay there three months. I should otherwise be inconsolable at his arrival, for he is a man of the most violent temper, and most punctilious in affairs of honour. You cannot conceive what a prisoner I am when he is at home, but, thank God, we shall soon be free from him for some time to come."

This discourse of hers somewhat moderated my joy; the unforeseen return of a brother, and one of his disposition, appeared no laughing matter to me. I felt very far from comfortable, and, to speak truth, was sorry that I had not had notice of it before; for although I was not one of the greatest cowards, yet I had much rather have been obliged to fight in a street than in a house, where I must of necessity defend myself or lose my ears. As, however, the evil was now without remedy, I considered myself called upon to show my courage and resolution. I entreated the lady, therefore, to have the supper served up at all events, adding, with an air of intrepidity, that if her brother came in and interrupted us he might choose what proceeding he pleased, but whichever he adopted towards me he should find that he had to do with one who would be at least his match. The supper was then brought in and we sat down together, but at that instant we heard a loud knock at the door.

"O Heavens!" cried she, rising from her seat as

though she was ruined; "that must be my brother—what will become of me?"

You will perhaps imagine that, to support the bravery of which I had just boasted, I prepared courageously to receive the disturber of our pleasures as I had resolved; but, on the contrary, I was so surprised and terrified at his return that I thought of nothing but preserving myself from his fury, and was going to creep under the bed; but the sister, considering that I should be safer in the tub, thrust me into it and covered me with a carpet. Unfortunately for my laced coat this tub was wet and dirty, independently of which I was much cramped and very far from being at my ease in it.

In the meantime the door was opened to this cursed brother, who had no sooner entered the chamber than, astonished or pretending to be so at finding the table and sideboard so well set out, he remained for some moments without speaking a word, but at length, breaking silence:

"What means all this preparation, sister?" said he in an imperative tone; "have either of us been married to-day, or for whom is this entertainment meant?"

"For you only, whom I have been anxiously expecting," replied the trembling nymph.

"It is something new," continued he, "to treat me with this ceremony. You cannot pretend that it was to celebrate my return from Madrid, for I sent you word that I should sup in the city."

"True," replied the lady, "but you well know that

you have often come and surprised me after having told me the same thing; and, if you recollect, you have sometimes been angry that I have not prepared a supper for you."

"I am by no means satisfied," replied the brother, "and I fear much that our neighbours' slanders are but too well founded. For a lady of quality you are not sufficiently circumspect in your behaviour. You are well aware of my delicacy on that point, therefore be cautious of taking any steps which may wound my feelings; but," added he, "let us sit down to supper. I am willing for this evening to put the best interpretation on your intentions."

At these words he seated himself at the table, and they both fell to upon my unfortunate supper. As for him he kept grumbling all the while he was stuffing at my expense, and his sister could not utter a single word but what put him into a passion. He cursed and swore, and whenever she ventured to contradict him in anything, he seemed almost mad with rage, called her every vile name he could think of, and seemed ready to knock her down. Two or three times in the course of their repast I ventured to lift up a corner of the carpet with which I was covered, to take a peep at this terrible fellow, but I was so afraid that he would see me that I dared not take a full view of him.

Time appeared less tedious to him at table than to me in the tub, and I could not possibly conceive how so passionate a fellow could remain so long patient even in eating. He amused himself in this manner,

however, for about an hour, and that hour appeared an age to me. He drank at least as heartily as he ate, and emptied three of my bottles in the course of his meal; and when the table was cleared he called for pipes and tobacco, to make an end, as he said, of the fourth. Upon this the lady, wishing to make me believe that she desired to get rid of this intruder, entreated him to go and smoke in his own chamber, and to leave her at liberty to undress herself and go to bed, but he answered rudely that she might retire whither she pleased, but that for his own part he felt very comfortable where he was, and intended to pass the night there.

Hearing this last resolution I now completely gave myself up for lost; for I had flattered myself that the least this abominable intruder could do, after having stuffed himself in this style, was to leave the chamber as he was requested; and that I should remain alone with his sister, to pick the bones he was kind enough to leave. I even hoped that the latter part of the night might prove more agreeable to me than the commencement, but I did not long remain under this flattering delusion. The lady, as though she partook of my uneasiness, endeavoured to prevail on her brother to change his mind, but not being able to succeed either by tears or entreaties, she left the room with all the appearance of being much distressed on my account. No sooner had she gone than her brother began to behave himself as if he were drunk or mad; sometimes he would sit very quietly for a few minutes, then jump up and walk

and dance about the room with his pipe in his mouth; sometimes he would snatch up his sword and fence against the hangings, whistling, singing, and talking to himself all the while, and swearing like a Jew, threatening to exterminate any man who should dare even so much as look at him.

After having passed above half the night in these extravagances, he at last threw himself at full length on the bed without undressing, placing his sword and pistols within his reach by way of precaution.

“God be praised,” said I to myself, “it will not be necessary, now that he is on the bed, to rock him to sleep; he will soon begin snoring to his heart’s content.” I was, however, once more out in my reckoning, the wine had not the same effect upon him that it has upon others; for, instead of falling asleep, he did nothing but dose at intervals for the space of about two hours, starting up every moment and crying out, “Who’s there?” as if he heard some noise in the chamber. The only noise that I made, however, in my tub was in lifting up a corner of the tapestry to hear whether he slept or not, which, in my impatience to quit this cursed house, I certainly did pretty frequently. Heaven at last took pity on me. This boisterous hero at about daybreak fell a-snoring most lustily, and I then slipped from under my tub as quietly as possible, determined to run all risks rather than remain any longer, and reached the chamber door on tiptoe, with my shoes in my hand. I raised the latch very gently, and made haste towards the street-door, and being so fortunate as to

find the key hanging up by it, I opened the door, and ran all the way home to our inn.

Here I found that nobody was yet stirring, not even my page, who, thinking that I should of course pass the night in the arms of love, had gone to bed very coolly, without giving himself any concern about me. As I was not willing to disturb anybody, I walked into a pastry-cook's shop in the neighbourhood, that was just opening, and, telling the master that I was dying with hunger, requested he would provide me with something to eat. He answered that he had now in his oven some little pastries fit to be presented to the Archbishop of Toledo, which would soon be sufficiently baked. I determined not to lose this treat, and while I waited until the pastries were drawn from the oven I had an opportunity of reflecting on my late cruel adventure, and the more I considered it the more lucky did I esteem myself in having got off so cheaply.

The pastry-cook had not, in my opinion, boasted of his pastries without reason, for I either found them excellent, or else my appetite gave them an exquisite taste, which they probably had not. When I left this shop it was quite day; I entered our inn and hastened to my chamber, where I lay down on my bed, and at last fell into a sound sleep, after having tumbled about for two hours without being able to get my late adventure with the brother and sister, and the characters which they had so well supported, out of my head.

CHAPTER XVI.

GUZMAN'S AMOURS CONTINUED, AND IN WHAT MANNER THEY ENDED.

I COULD well have slept until very late in the morning, but as two ladies had inquired for me below, one of whom was so richly dressed that my lackey was quite dazzled by her magnificent appearance, he came up to my chamber and awoke me to announce this visit. I presently guessed this must be the waiting-woman whom I had conversed with the day before, who had kept her promise by prevailing on her mistress to accompany her to call upon me. I had no sooner desired my lackey to show them in, than a lady of handsome mien and figure entered the room, who by her elegant deportment and easy manners could not, in my judgment, be less than a marchioness or countess. She seated herself in a chair at my bedside. I sat up in my bed and bowed to her as respectfully as my situation would admit of, begging her to excuse me for receiving her in this manner, and adding that I had much rather offend in that respect than allow a lady of her quality and merit to wait a moment at the door.

“No more apologies,” said she, “but let us come to the point and content my curiosity. How long have you been in Toledo? What has brought you

hither? Shall you make a long stay in this place?"

These questions, unexpected as they were, were by no means embarrassing to me, for I had a most fruitful invention on such occasions. I therefore made up so fine a story of my birth and prospects in life, that I completely succeeded in convincing her of my high quality. One truth, however, escaped me in the course of conversation which spoiled all the effect of my lies; instead of saying that I intended to stay at least three or four months at Toledo, I told her that I merely visited it for a few days' diversion. I instantly perceived that this was not exactly agreeable to her hopes. She had evidently formed some design upon me which these words disconcerted, and, looking upon me in consequence as a mere bird of passage, whom she should soon lose sight of for ever, she resolved to pluck me as well as she was able before we parted.

To accomplish her object, therefore, the first thing she did was to throw off her veil in an easy and graceful manner, discovering a face of perfect beauty, and taking great pains to display her delicate white hands and a part of her neck. She then, with a negligent air, drew from her pocket a fine coral rosary, to which were attached several relics, gold crosses, and precious stones, and, without appearing to have any design in it, kept playing with this rosary all the while she was talking, as though she were not aware of what she was doing, but all of a sudden she left off speaking in the middle of a sentence, looked at me with surprise, and

began feeling her pockets with anxiety, which seemed to increase every moment. I inquired the cause of her uneasiness, but instead of answering me she began to look on the floor and everywhere that she could think of; then calling her servant who was in waiting at the chamber door: "Marcia," said she, "I have lost the great cross belonging to the chaplet which my husband gave me; how unfortunate I am; he will certainly think I have made a present of it to some one."

"Madam," replied the waiting-woman, "you are perhaps premature in your sorrow. You may possibly have left it at home, and I even fancy that I recollect to have seen it in one of your drawers."

"I can never rest until I be convinced of this," replied the lady; "let us therefore return home immediately, for I cannot bear to remain in doubt on such a subject."

All my efforts to detain her were unavailing. I represented to her that there might be found many similar rosaries at a goldsmith's, and that if she would allow me I would presume to send her one as soon as possible; but she would not accept of my offer, requesting me in an engaging manner to allow her to depart, assuring me that, whether she found her cross at home or not, she would not fail to pay me a visit the next day at the same hour. Upon this she quitted my chamber, leaving me well pleased with her figure and much grieved at her precipitate departure.

It was no longer possible to think of sleeping after

such an interview, so that I lay and reflected on my good fortune, and the pleasures that I anticipated, until it was time for dinner. I then rose and dressed myself, after which I sat down to a small table and partook of a variety of dishes sufficient for six persons. In the middle of my repast Marcia returned, and informed me with a mournful countenance that the golden cross could not be found; "and what is still more vexatious," added she, "my mistress accuses me of being the cause of this misfortune, and I must allow that I was rather too pressing this morning to make her dress herself quickly to come and see you. I have been to a goldsmith's out of curiosity to see if I could not find a cross of the same description, and have been fortunate enough to meet with one that resembles it as nearly as possible." I soon understood her meaning, and, wishing to be thought generous, I answered that if she would wait until I had dined I would accompany her to the goldsmith's and purchase the cross which she had seen. As this was in fact the sole object of her coming, she replied that she would do just as I pleased, then, beginning to praise her mistress, she told me all that was charming of her.

After dinner we repaired to the goldsmith's together and purchased the aforesaid cross, which I gave to Marcia, requesting her to tell her mistress that, as I considered myself in some degree the cause of her loss, it was my duty to repair it. This faithful servant, overjoyed at her good success, immediately departed, after having assured me that she would

make her lady acquainted with my generous way of proceeding, and that she was sure her mistress would not fail to see me next day, personally, to return thanks for my kindness.

As soon as Marcia had left me I determined to avail myself of this opportunity to see my lady in St. Cyprian Street again, for although I had such good reason to believe that she was a cheat and her brother a bully, yet I should have been glad to have found myself mistaken; forgetting, therefore, the scurvy trick they had played me I hastened towards their house, and perceived my charmer at a window, whence I was soon remarked. She made signs to me that she had company, but that I was not to go away; I stopped, and about a quarter of an hour after saw her go out alone. I followed her at a distance, and observed her to enter the great church to shorten her way to Patten Street, whence she went into Mercer's Street and entered a shop, making signs to me to follow her, which I obeyed. How admirably did she then play her part! She burst into tears, which, I suppose, she had always ready at command, and, complaining to Heaven that she had so troublesome a brother, she assured me of the extreme pain she had suffered on my account, swearing over and over again that it had not been her fault that so untoward an adventure had occurred to me; she then told me that she hoped to recompense me for my late unpleasant night by assuring me of a pleasant one; that her brother was to set out immediately for the country, where he would remain for

at least two days, and she trusted therefore that I would not refuse her invitation to spend that evening with her. She then spoke to me with so much tenderness that I was completely convinced of her sincerity, and was weak enough to promise to see her at her own house again as soon as it was dusk.

As she had entered this shop she could not make up her mind to leave it without asking the prices and cheapening some trifles, as is customary with women, and she agreed to purchase some of them for a hundred and fifty reals; but, instead of paying for them, she said to the shopkeeper, "You will be kind enough to allow me to take these articles with me now, and give me credit until to-morrow, when I will send my waiting-woman to pay you." The shopkeeper, who either did not know her at all, or possibly was but too well acquainted with her, refused to trust her, upon which Signor Guzman, always ready to please the ladies, stepped forward and said to him, "My good friend, do you not perceive that the lady is only in jest; she has not this sum at hand, but I carry her purse, and have the honour to be her steward," thus saying I drew it from my pocket in the most graceful manner and paid the shopkeeper his demand. After this we parted. "Adieu, my chicken," said she, in a languishing and tender manner; "remember that I shall expect to see you at nine in the evening, but I absolutely forbid you to provide any supper, for I must insist on being allowed to treat you this time."

The hour of rendezvous, which I expected with the greatest impatience, having at length arrived, I

set out towards my charmer's house, at the risk of passing another night there in the tub. I now approached her door again with as much eagerness as I had ran from it in the morning. I made the signal we had agreed upon, but no answer. I repeated it, but neither saw nor heard any one. I then began to fancy that the brother had been informed of his sister's design, and had not set off for the country. Thinking it possible, however, that I had not given the signal loud enough, which was to knock with a stone at the bottom of the lower window, I redoubled my strokes, but I might as well have attempted to make the bridge of Alcantara hear me. I then knocked several times at the door, and put my ear to the keyhole to listen, but finding that there was not the least noise to be heard in the house, I remained in the street until midnight, quite at a loss to account for so extraordinary a silence.

My patience, however, began at length to fail me, and I was just on the point of returning when I observed a company of armed men coming towards me, and took the precaution to retire to the end of the street that I might notice them unobserved. They stopped at the door of my nymph's house and rapped loudly, and as the people in the house persisted in not answering them they began to thunder at the door with their staves, and would soon have shivered it to atoms if a servant had not appeared at one of the windows and asked what was their business. "Open," cried an alguazil; "open at the summons of justice." At these terrible words I felt so alarmed

that I was tempted to scamper off as fast as my legs would carry me, not knowing but it was for me they looked: a culprit cannot behold these sort of people without emotion. My courage returned, however, when I reflected that I could only be considered the dupe of my princess and her pretended brother, whose laudable conduct had, according to all appearance, attracted the attention of justice.

I even ventured to approach the house as soon as the alguazil and his myrmidons had entered it, and joining the crowd of neighbours who had collected in the street to see what was going on, I heard one among them say to the rest, "They call themselves brother and sister, but they must trace their pedigree from Adam, for they are no otherwise related. The man is an adventurer of Cordova, who for some months past has lived here at Toledo with this woman, who was formerly an actress at Seville, at the expense of such young fools as fell into their hands; but, unfortunately for these two honest folks, they have been practising their knaveries upon a scrivener, who has played them this trick to be avenged on them."

At this relation all the neighbours laughed heartily at the expense of the scrivener, whom they knew to be but newly married; but although they were so glad to find that this limb of the law had been duped, they did not the less applaud his vengeance on that account, so true is it that nobody ever pities persons who are detected in dishonesty. It seemed even a most agreeable comedy for the witnesses of this

adventure when they saw the alguazil and his officers leading to prison the lady all in disorder, accompanied by her gallant well bound with cords. For my own part, though I could not well forget her scurvy treatment of me in the tub, yet I could not feel any pleasure in seeing this miserable woman in her present deplorable situation; I was the only one of all the spectators who felt any pity for her, though I had most reason to feel none. Rejoiced, however, that I could no longer be her dupe I returned to my inn, fool enough still to flatter myself that the other lady would not deceive me, but I waited in vain the whole of the next day at home for her; I did not even see her servant again, so that, being no longer able to doubt that I was also gulled in that quarter, I resolved that in future I would be more upon my guard against the fair sex.

CHAPTER XVII.

GUZMAN TAKES A FALSE ALARM AND LEAVES TOLEDO PRECIPITATELY. ANOTHER GALLANTRY. ORIGIN OF THE PROVERB, "AT MALAGON, A THIEF IN EVERY HOUSE, BUT IN THAT OF THE ALCAID TWO, THE FATHER AND THE SON."

THUS ended my gallantries at Toledo, and, to complete my misfortunes, when I arrived at my inn I met an alguazil there, who, I was informed, had just arrived from Madrid and had been making very particular inquiries of the landlord for a certain quidam of whom

he was in search. I did not hear this without uneasiness; nevertheless, alarmed as I was, I managed to put a bold face on the matter, but I was so agitated the whole of the night that I could not get a wink of sleep. I rose early the next morning, still thinking of this cursed alguazil, and went out to walk in the Zocodover. I had not gone once round the square before I heard a man crying, "Two mules returning to Almagro."

I determined to avail myself of this opportunity, and resolved in a moment to hire these two mules, as though I had foreseen that I should find a company of soldiers at Almagro on the point of departure for Italy. I spoke to the crier and we soon agreed, after which I sent my lackey to pay my landlord and to fetch my baggage, which consisted of a portmanteau in which was my fashionable dress, some fine linen, and what remained of my money. As soon as he rejoined me I gave him one of the mules, mounted myself on the other, and, rejoiced at having found so favourable an opportunity of leaving Toledo, where I could no longer remain in peace, I took the route towards Orgas, where I slept that night.

At the inn where we stopped there chanced to be a very pretty servant-maid, who, from her wit and obliging manners, seemed so superior to her condition that I commenced a conversation with her, in the course of which I could not refrain from plainly expressing the amorous desires I felt towards her. So far from being startled at this declaration, she

anticipated my wishes, and went so far as to promise that she would steal into my chamber in the night. "But, my darling," said I, "can I be sure that you will not deceive me? Can I rely upon this promise?"

"Certainly," answered she; "you are too handsome a young gentleman for me to wish to impose on; rely on it I will keep my word."

I slept that night in a chamber in which there were some oats kept, the door of which I took care to leave open, that my damsel might come in at what hour she pleased. I fell asleep while I lay waiting for her, though it is not very usual to think of sleeping on such occasions; but the uneasiness caused by the alguazil the preceding night not having permitted me to take any repose, I felt more inclined to rest than to make love. I was soon awake, however, by hearing a slight noise in the room, which I did not doubt was my fair one, and, anxious to receive her with the attention that her punctual observance of her promise seemed to deserve, "Approach, my charmer," said I, in a low voice, "I have been waiting impatiently for you." No one answered. I thought the jade behaved thus to provoke my desires the more, and with this conviction I leant half my body out of bed, and stretched out my arms to seize her, and my hands lighted on something exceedingly soft, but of such a softness as revolted against my ideas. In fact it was the ear of an ass, who had left his stable and entered my chamber, attracted by the smell of the

oats that were kept there. This animal, whose head was almost as low as the floor when I touched him, raised it on a sudden, as a punishment for my sins, and gave me so violent a blow on the chin that it loosened all my teeth and filled my mouth with blood. I rose from my bed swearing, and with the intention of running my sword through this accursed beast, who, fortunately however for him, was frightened at the noise I made and took to his heels. I was content therefore to lie down again, with curses against love, and renewing the oath I had already made to be more cautious of its snares.

A few moments before daylight I was just beginning to dose again, when the muleteer entered my chamber to give me notice that breakfast was ready, and that if I wished to reach Malagon at any reasonable hour that day I had no time to lose. I was soon up and dressed, and after having eaten a good breakfast of what the host chose to provide for me, I was just going to mount my mule when she directed a violent kick at me, which would certainly have crippled me for the remainder of my days had I been at a greater distance, but I was luckily so close to the plaguy beast that she could not do me much harm. "The devil take all females!" cried I; "I was born to be ill-treated by them." To divert the companions of my journey, and to amuse myself, I related to them on the road the particulars of my late adventure with the ass. This recital seemed particularly diverting and interesting to the muleteer, who told us, after having laughed his bellyful,

that Luzia, which was the servant's name, had been more faithful to him, that she had passed the greater part of the night with him ; and he gave me this piece of information for my guidance in future, that the servants in inns were always considered the right of the muleteers, as a recompense for the service they do the landlord in bringing travellers to his house.

We arrived at Malagon at night, whence I set out again the next day, without any other scurvy trick of fortune except having lost one bottle of wine, which I missed when we had got about three or four leagues from the town. "As I live," quoth I, "this theft brings to my recollection and verifies the old proverb which declares, that in Malagon there is a thief in every house, but in that of the alcaid two, the father and the son. Upon this the muleteer asked me if I knew the origin of this proverb. I answered that I did not, and that I should be glad to hear it. "If I may believe an old man from whom I had it," replied he, "this is the story :—

"In the year 1236, when Don Fernando, surnamed the Holy, King of Castile and Leon, was one day at Beneventum, news was brought him that the Christian troops had entered Cordova, having already possessed themselves of the suburbs called Axarquia ; but that the Moors, to whom the place belonged, and who were very superior in numbers, were preparing to repulse them. This monarch, animated by his zeal for his religion, resolved to fly to the relief of the Christians, and sent notice of his design to Don Alvaro Perez de Castro and Don Ordonis

Alvaroz, who were both at Marts. These two lords, who were at that time the most illustrious cavaliers in Castile, instantly repaired to the king, who immediately set out as he had determined. As he was only accompanied by about a hundred men he issued orders to all his warriors and vassals, who might be dispersed in the different towns and villages under his dominion, to follow him to Cordova. These orders would have been executed willingly and without delay had it been practicable, but it was then just in the middle of the month of January, and the heavy snow and rains had fallen in such abundance as to cause all the rivers and springs to overflow, so that the troops were not able to advance, but were obliged to halt at every place they came to.

“So great a number of them were under the necessity of stopping at Malagon, that one soldier was obliged to be quartered in every house, and two in those of the more opulent citizens. The commander of these troops, and his son, who was also an officer, chanced to fall to the lot of the alcaid. Though this was a very considerable town, yet there were now so many people in it, and the times were so hard, that provisions became extremely scarce and dear, and as the soldiers were not able to procure them at such excessive rates, they began to steal, to prevent their dying with hunger. While these things were going on, a merry conceited peasant, who had just passed through the town on his way to Toledo, met a troop of cavaliers on the road near

Orgas, who asked him whence he came. 'From Malagon,' replied he; 'And what news from thence?' inquired one of the cavaliers. The peasant made this answer, which has since become a proverb, 'At Malagon there is a thief in every house, and in that of the alcaid two, the father and the son.'

"It is most unfair," continued the muleteer, "that this proverb should be applied to the inhabitants of Malagon, since they were the persons robbed, and not those that robbed others. On the contrary, I will maintain to their credit that from Madrid to Seville there is no inn where travellers are better treated and less imposed on than at Malagon. I do not pretend to say that there are not knaves in that place as well as elsewhere, but I assure you there are many worse in this country."

Just as the muleteer ended his discourse another muleteer of his acquaintance came up to us, of whom I asked what was going on at Almagro, whence he had just come, and he informed me that there was a company of soldiers there newly raised, and destined, he believed, for Italy. I was enraptured at this news, and felt disposed to forgive Fortune, now that she presented me with so favourable an opportunity of gratifying my violent desire to go to Genoa, for all the hardships that she had hitherto made me endure.

CHAPTER XVIII.

GUZMAN OFFERS HIMSELF TO SERVE IN THE COMPANY NEWLY RAISED. HIS RECEPTION BY THE CAPTAIN, AND HOW THEY AFTERWARDS LIVED TOGETHER.

ALL my fear was that the muleteer had been misinformed, but on entering Almagro I was soon convinced that he had told the truth. I perceived a flag suspended from a window of one of the houses, where I supposed the captain had taken up his residence.

I proceeded therefore to an inn in the neighbourhood, where I took up my lodging for that night, and in the morning I dressed myself in my best suit of clothes and finest linen and went to church, where I heard mass, and from thence to wait upon the captain, whom I saluted with an air calculated to make him believe me a young man of quality, telling him that I had come express to Almagro to have the honour of serving the king by joining his company. My behaviour and appearance had the desired effect of casting a mist before the eyes of this officer, who was an extremely well-bred man. He received me therefore in the most polite manner, testifying his joy at finding me disposed to enter so early in the career of glory. He then thanked me

for the preference I gave his company, which would be proud to receive among them a cavalier of noble race, which he could easily perceive I was. "All I regret," added he, "is that all the posts are filled up; but though I cannot therefore offer you a commission, you shall at least share mine with me, and we will live together as though you were captain as well as myself."

To convince me that these excessive civilities were not mere compliments, he insisted on my staying to dinner, and regaled me in good style. He did not however forget to charge one of his servants in private to inquire of mine who I was. My page, who had frequently heard me style myself Don Juan de Guzman of the house of Toral, answered this question by saying that this was the name I bore, and that was all he knew of me. This was reported to the captain, who most firmly believed that I was certainly one of the younger branches of that illustrious house. The next day I invited him in my turn to dine with me at my inn, and spared no expense to render the entertainment as complete as if I had been in reality the cavalier my valet had represented me to be. I did not stop here, but gave so many other dinners to the captain and the principal officers of the company, that it is no wonder they all esteemed me and considered me an honour to their corps. The captain in particular was so extremely attentive to me that I was frequently quite confused at his kind professions of regard. It is true that, to secure a continuance of his friendship,

I sent him almost every day some little present by my page, which he was so kind as to accept of as a mark of my affection.

In the meantime my purse, having no flux and reflux like the sea, began to empty itself visibly, without any prospect of being filled again. What with my clothes, my gallantries, and my travelling expenses, in addition to these entertainments and presents, I had already squandered away more than half of my reals, without reckoning what I had lost at play with the officers, the majority of whom knew better than myself how to take advantage in gaming of every turn of fortune in their favour. I had still, however, a sufficient sum remaining to support my assumed character for some time longer, when orders were given for marching, and I followed the company, in quality of a volunteer, to the coast, where we had orders to wait until the galleys which were to transport us into Italy with other troops arrived at Barcelona, where we were to embark. But it was God's pleasure that this embarkment should not take place till three months afterwards. This completed my ruin; for being willing to continue to live with the captain and other officers as I had begun, I was soon compelled to make use of my *corps de reserve*, I mean my thirty pistoles, which were yet untouched, and which I soon ran through with as little frugality as my reals. When I found my resources thus at an end I was obliged to sell my fine clothes and linen, and to get rid of my valet, who went to seek his fortune elsewhere, and, having no money to game with,

I ceased to associate with the officers, who guessed but too rightly the reasons that obliged me thus to alter my conduct towards them.

Reflections now came thick upon the prodigal child; and though I had not given way to them while my money lasted, now that it was gone at least a million presented themselves to my imagination. I recalled to mind all my past follies, and reproached myself as severely as a professed pedagogue could have done, resolving to manage better for the future, as though I had still several bags of reals in my portmanteau. I chiefly repented of having given such fine entertainments to the captain, who no longer invited me to dinner as usual, now that my money was gone. The other officers, thinking that I had nothing more to lose, turned their backs upon me. The sergeants, who had before been in the habit of visiting me as a second captain, and who had considered themselves honoured by my condescending to converse with them, no longer came near me. There was not a single soldier but avoided me, and I question if even the blackguards that followed them would have deigned to associate with me had I been inclined to have been their comrade. But it was but just, after such useless extravagance, that I was punished as I deserved. If there was anything that could console me in my unfortunate situation, it was that during the whole course of my prosperity I had not committed the least knavery. This gave my captain a good opinion of me, who, believing as firmly as ever that I was a young man

of high birth, still retained some esteem for me in my misery. He had himself too well profited by my foolish conduct not to forgive me from the bottom of his soul; and when I called upon him one evening he received me much as usual, without taking any notice of the situation of my affairs, though he was in reality much affected, and he could not avoid saying to me one day that I was more melancholy than usual. "My dear Guzman, I should indeed be hard-hearted and ungrateful were I insensible to your troubles, after the many proofs you have given me of your friendship. But you have yet to learn that my fortune is but little better than your own, and I am sincerely afflicted that I am utterly incapable of convincing you of my good wishes by my actions. All I can pretend to offer you in your present distress is a lodging in my house and the table of my servants; for myself, I am obliged to dine out, from my utter incapacity to receive my friends at home."

This proposal, which he did not make without a blush, was tendered in so obliging a manner that I accepted it. Pride becomes nobody, but still less a man who has no money and knows not where to lay his head; it is a chameleon, which lives only on the wind. From his companion I was now become his servant. But I owe him this piece of justice: instead of treating me like a common servant, he behaved in the most considerate manner towards me. When he wished me to do anything for him he requested instead of commanding it, and, on my side, I was always more anxious than the other domestics to

make myself useful to him, that I might preserve his friendship, and not eat the bread of idleness; and I so completely succeeded in my desire to please him, by anticipating his every wish, that, believing me to be faithful, and even prudent, though I had sufficiently proved myself the reverse by my former dissipations, he resolved to make me acquainted with the present state of his affairs, to convince me that he placed entire confidence in me.

He confessed to me then that he was so much reduced that a few jewels which he possessed were his only resource. "Can you guess," added he, "what has reduced me to this extremity?—the time that was consumed in soliciting my employment and the great presents I was obliged to make to obtain it. Yes, were I to begin life afresh, I would renounce such a profession, notwithstanding the desire that every Spanish gentleman naturally has to acquire glory in the army. I cannot reflect on what I have submitted to without blushing, for besides the money that I have expended, how many whole days have I passed with my hat in my hand, soliciting, flattering, bowing to the ground, kicking my heels at levees, sometimes to speak to one person, sometimes to meet with another, cringing, acting a servant's part, and a thousand other meannesses of which I am ashamed! But the most provoking treatment that I met with, and which I felt most sensibly, was on the day preceding that on which I had been promised my commission. After having consumed more than eight months in solicitations in the manner I have just

described to you, I accompanied my patron as he came out of the palace, and conducted him, with the most profound respect, to the steps of his carriage, which was in waiting for him, but unfortunately put my hat on a moment before the carriage drove off. The minister noticed this, darted a haughty look at me, and soon convinced me that this accident had offended him, for my commission was not delivered to me for above four months after. I even ran the risk of losing both my trouble and my money by not obtaining it at all. God deliver every honest man," continued he, raising his eyes towards heaven, "from persons who possess power and bad dispositions united! How blind are these idols of the Court, who expect to be adored like deities! They must surely have forgotten that they are but miserable comedians, appointed to play principal characters, and that at the end of the piece, that is to say, of their lives, they must leave the stage like ourselves, and be thought of no more."

I was so affected by this relation that I felt more interested in my captain's misfortunes than my own, and assured him, in the most impressive terms, my heart could dictate that there was nothing I would not undertake for him, and that I would willingly expose my life to be of service to him. He thanked me for my good wishes.

"But what assistance," added he, smiling, "can I expect from you in your present condition?"

"That we shall see," answered I; "for though I am young, necessity inspires wit, and may supply my

deficiency of experience. Leave it to me to find you the means of living at ease until we embark."

The captain smiled again at these words, and, without making any reply, shook his head, to show me that he placed but little reliance on professions dictated by my inconsiderate zeal to serve him. Had he known my talents he would have formed a different opinion, but I soon obliged him to do me justice.

As the galleys were a long while ere they arrived, we were obliged to be billeted, upon short allowance, in the different villages, and frequently moved our quarters. At every house I left a dozen billets, which brought us in at least twelve reals each, and from some of the more opulent inhabitants fifty. For my own part, I gained admittance into every house at free cost, without quartering myself on any one in particular; and I never failed to leave proofs at each that I had the perfect use of my hands. I really think that I would even have carried off water from their wells rather than have gone away empty-handed. By these means I so completely re-established my captain's finances, that he was enabled to keep open table again as before, and the dexterity of my hands supplied him abundantly with good cheer at a cheap rate: fowls, capons, geese, pullets, and pigeons fell as thick as hail into the kitchen, and hams were not wanting to complete the larder.

If by chance the master of a house happened to catch me in the fact, in case it were but a small theft I made a jest of it, and though a greater, the worst

that could happen to me was to be carried before my captain, who reprimanded me in a severe manner, and sometimes caused me to be imprisoned in a chamber, where I received by his orders a hundred lashes which I never felt at all; but I always made the room ring with cries as if I were being torn in pieces, though I was never so much as touched all the while. This satisfied the injured parties and saved the honour of the officer. Sometimes the complainants themselves would intercede with the captain on my behalf, conjuring him out of pity to forgive me.

Jests like these, however, generally grow serious. After these petty thefts, I was not content until I ventured upon greater. For this purpose I selected five or six of the most resolute fellows in our company; we all disguised ourselves and went on the highway, where we stopped several travellers, who, by immediately surrendering their money, prevented the crimes which their resistance might have caused us to commit.

Our captain was no sooner informed of these dangerous proceedings, than, dreading the consequences both to himself and me, he positively forbade my carrying on this game any longer, desiring me to confine myself to more innocent amusement for the future, such as finding false musters, in which science I was a perfect adept. By a false beard, or a patch on the eye, I could easily make the same soldier receive pay three times over, without detection. In short, I became so useful to the captain that he con-

fessed to me that my industry alone was worth much more to him than the whole income that he derived from his company.

CHAPTER XIX.

GUZMAN PROCEEDS WITH THE COMPANY TO BARCELONA, WHERE HE PLAYS A TRICK UPON A JEWELLER, AND EMBARKS FOR ITALY.

THE galleys at length arrived at Barcelona. As soon as we received this intelligence, we marched thither to embark, but as the wind was not favourable we were obliged to remain a considerable time in that city, where something more than my usual address was necessary to enable us to live in plenty at so cheap a rate as before. I soon remarked that my captain was relapsing into his former despondency, and I easily guessed the cause. Well might I know the nature of his complaint, since I was the physician who had already cured him of it.

For this once, however, I felt at a loss how to prescribe, being entirely unacquainted with the map of Barcelona and the disposition of its inhabitants. I did not, however, forget to tender my exertions as a specific to my patient, who replied, in a serious manner, that we had no longer peasants to deal with, and that I must be very cautious what I did. Difficulties tended only to quicken my apprehension, and an idea occurred to me which I resolved to follow.

I have already told you that the captain had some jewels which he reserved for a rainy day. Amongst these jewels was a gold reliquary, set round with diamonds, which he intended to dispose of for subsistence until we embarked. I requested him to show it me, and asked if he could place so much confidence in me as to entrust it to me for a day or two, adding that I would return it to him with usury.

“Oh! oh! my little Guzman,” answered he with a smile, “what piece of roguery have you now in contemplation?”

“You have only,” replied I, “to let me have the reliquary, and keep up your spirits. If, notwithstanding all the precautions that I can take to perform safely the trick that I have in my head, I should be so unfortunate as to meet with any check from justice, I can at least pledge myself to save your honour, and to bear all the ill consequences of it myself.”

My captain could hold out no longer, but gave me the reliquary, saying that he wished me success in my enterprise whatever it might be. Nobody, indeed, had more interest in it than himself, to whom all the profit would accrue. I put the jewel into a purse which I hid in my bosom, the string of which I tied to the buttons of my doublet; after which I went to the first jeweller's I could meet, who, fortunately for me, was well known in the city as a noted usurer. I asked him if he was inclined to purchase a fine reliquary. I showed it him, and could easily

perceive that he liked it very well, although he pretended not to think much of it. I did not wait until he asked me the usual questions, but told him that I was a soldier in a company newly raised, and that was destined for Italy; that I had spent all my money, and having no other resource, found myself reduced to dispose of this jewel, that I might not be entirely destitute. "You are at liberty," added I, "to go and ascertain from my captain, from the other officers, and even soldiers, who I am; they will inform you that I am styled Don Juan de Guzman; upon their report of me you can make up your mind whether you will buy the reliquary or not. While you are making these inquiries I will go and wait for you on the quay, where I have a little business to settle."

The jeweller, who was not willing to allow this jewel to escape him, took his cloak immediately, and hastened to the place where I told him we lodged, and did not fail to question several of the officers and soldiers as to the character of a certain Don Juan de Guzman, who described himself as belonging to their company. Every man of them (for I was generally beloved) assured him I was a young man of quality, who intended to pass over to Italy with them, and that they had known me make a most brilliant figure. In short, they spoke so well of me that he soon returned to look for me on the quay, where he had no great difficulty in finding me, for I had no other business there but to wait for and entrap him. He requested me, as soon as he came up, to allow him

to see the reliquary again, which he was come to treat for.

“Willingly,” replied I; “but let us retire a little, as I have no wish to have a crowd assembled about us.”

I then drew the jewel out of my purse and handed it to him; he looked at it on all sides, and, after having examined it minutely, asked me what I would have for it. I told him two hundred crowns; and though that was not half its value, the old usurer pretended to be quite astonished at such a price, and began to tell me that the gold was by no means of the finest quality, besides which he found great fault with the workmanship, as well as with the diamonds; nevertheless, he offered me one half, and I was surprised in my turn.

“That will not do,” cried I; “you take advantage of my situation; but, distressed as I am for money, I declare that you shall not have it for less than a hundred and fifty crowns.”

He still continued to make so many objections that I was at last contented to conclude the bargain at a hundred and twenty, and he requested me to accompany him to his shop to receive the money. This I refused, telling him that I expected a person to meet me on the quay, and, therefore, could not leave it; that if he would return home and procure the sum agreed on, he would find me again in the same place. The jeweller, finding that I could not be prevailed on to accompany him, and being apprehensive that the person whom I expected might be

another jeweller, whom I had appointed to meet on the same subject, ran home with great haste, lest he should be deprived of his bargain before his return.

The old rogue soon returned to me again, quite out of breath, bringing with him in a small bag the hundred and twenty crowns, which he counted into my hand. I requested the bag of him in which I put the money, and offered him in exchange the purse that the reliquary was kept in; but affecting to find great difficulty in untying the strings, which I had purposely well fastened, I snatched, as though from impatience, a knife which I observed in a sheath at his girdle and cut them asunder. Although this action seemed to surprise him a little, he was so far from guessing the cause that he departed and walked towards home, well satisfied with his purchase, and very far from suspecting the snare that I had laid for him.

After having allowed him to proceed a few steps, I beckoned to one of my comrades, as great a rogue as myself, whom I had stationed near at hand so as to be ready when called for, and desired him to carry the crowns to our captain. Then I ran as fast as I could after my jeweller, for I had not lost sight of him, and overtook him at a part where the roads met, where there happened to be some soldiers assembled, to whom I pointed him out, crying aloud, "Stop thief, fellow soldiers, stop thief! for God's sake, stop that old rascal there, who has just robbed me; let him not escape!" The soldiers, some of whom belonged to our own

company, stopped the poor jeweller immediately, asking him how he had given me cause to complain thus of him. He was at first so bewildered with fear and astonishment, that he had not the power of uttering a word. Had he spoken, however, it would not have availed him, for his voice would have been drowned by that of his accuser; nobody was to be heard but myself, who kept up a continued roar; and, to make more impression on the soldiers, I fell down on my knees before them and, forcing some tears into my eyes, implored their assistance.

“Gentlemen,” said I, “you see before you in that old rogue one of the greatest hypocrites in Spain. I chanced just now to be standing by him on the quay, where he remarked that I had a purse in my bosom, and asked me what was in it? ‘A reliquary,’ answered I, ‘which my master the captain accidentally left at the bed’s-head this morning, and that I have taken care of to give it to him again;’ upon this the old rascal whom you have secured requested me in a civil manner to show it him, telling me that he was a goldsmith and was curious in jewels. I satisfied his curiosity, and he asked me if I would dispose of this reliquary. ‘That cannot be,’ said I, ‘for it is my master’s;’ at the same time I replaced it in my purse which was tied to my button; whereupon my thief, while he amused me with words, drew forth a knife which he had in a sheath at his girdle, and suddenly cut the strings, the ends of which are still to be seen. Take the trouble, gentlemen, of searching him, I beg of you,” added I, “and you will find the purse contain-

ing the jewel somewhere about his person, for I have followed him so closely that he has not had an opportunity of otherwise disposing of it."

The soldiers instantly began to search him, they drew forth the purse containing the reliquary from his bosom where he had placed it, and, perceiving that the strings had really been cut, they no longer doubted the goldsmith's guilt; in vain did he protest and swear that I had sold it him, they would not believe him, it being so extremely improbable that an old and experienced jeweller could consent to purchase so rich a reliquary of a young soldier, without suspecting that it must have been stolen. "Once more," cried the accused, "I assure you that I paid this young man for the reliquary a hundred and twenty crowns in gold, which I reckoned into his hand, and which he must now have about him; you have only to search him also to find these gold coins, which I paid him only a few minutes since." The soldiers, to satisfy him, rummaged my pockets out; and, finding no money about me, they began to revile him most unmercifully and even to beat him. Nevertheless, as he insisted on being conducted to a judge, they carried us both before one.

Here I related my case in the same manner as I had reported it to the soldiers, who, upon being interrogated by the judge, said more than was sufficient to convince him that the jeweller had really seized this reliquary from me by force, in addition to which, this citizen being so well known as a covetous man, who would not scruple at a trifle, they were the more

disposed to think him guilty. The magistrate, however, out of consideration for his family, which consisted of some of the first persons in the city, was content to reprimand him severely, and delivered the jewel into my hands again, desiring me to carry it to my master, which I did immediately.

When I related this adventure to the captain he returned thanks to Heaven that it had ended so well; he had feared, and with some reason, that I should have come but scurvily off in so slippery an affair, and my boldness made him tremble. Although he was the only person that profited by my rogueries, yet he resolved to get rid of the rogue, fearing that I should at last ruin him as well as myself by some unlucky adventure. He was impatient for the day when we should embark, which at length arrived. The galleys left the harbour of Barcelona, and transported us in safety to Genoa, where we were no sooner landed than my captain said to me in private, "My dear Guzman, we are now in the country whither you have been so extremely anxious to come" (for I had communicated to him my intentions of visiting my kindred); "we must now, with your leave, begin to think of parting, for I am not more afraid of all the devils together than of the consequences of these legerdemain tricks of yours; farewell, my friend," added he, putting a pistole into my hand, "I much regret that I am not in a situation to make you a better acknowledgment for your services." Thus saying, he departed, leaving me so thunderstruck with his compliment that I could not utter a word.

But what could I have said to him? was it necessary to represent to him all the dangers I had faced on his account? he was well aware of them, for what else was it that caused my dismissal. I could not be surprised at his behaviour. I had only the common fate of rogues, who, like vipers and scorpions, are made use of while anything useful can be extracted from them, and afterwards thrown to the dogs.

CHAPTER XX.

GUZMAN, HAVING ARRIVED AT GENOA, RESOLVES TO PRESENT HIMSELF BEFORE HIS KINDRED THERE. HOW HE WAS RECEIVED BY THEM.

As soon as I had quitted the captain, or rather when I found myself abandoned by him, my only thought was how to console myself under this misfortune, and I soon forgot it when I reflected that I was now at Genoa, where I had so long desired to be. I inquired in the city about my relations, and was informed that they were the most rich and powerful persons in that republic. I was overjoyed at this news, for I did not doubt that I should receive the greatest assistance from them when they knew that I was a branch of their noble family.

I looked about for another inn where I could live thriftily, until I should be rather a more decent figure to visit my relations. My pistole could not do much for me, part of which I was obliged to expend in pro-

curing a pair of shoes, which I was sadly in want of; my clothes were also much worn, as well as my stockings and hat, so that my whole dress was in a ruinous condition. "So much the better," said I; "my relations can never suffer me to remain long in such a state to be a disgrace to them. Let me quickly, therefore, make myself known to them, that I may the sooner be relieved from my misery."

I then immediately set forward with this intention, and asked the way to their house, boasting to every one I spoke to that I had the honour to be of their family, which was soon reported to them by some of their enemies, who, thinking that the sight of a lad so wretchedly equipped would afford them no great pleasure, were the more anxious to communicate to them the agreeable news. My generous relations were almost desperate. They looked upon my poverty as an infamous disgrace to them; and I verily believe that could they, without danger to themselves, have caused me to be poniarded they would not have hesitated a moment, for such practices were but too common in that country. But as I was already talked of all over the city, where my father had been so well known, if I had disappeared all of a sudden the cause would have been easily guessed.

Do not be surprised, reader, at my ill opinion of my relations; had you been in their place I do not think that you would have behaved much better towards me. Suppose yourself for a moment as rich as they were, and tell me candidly how you would have received a beggar, who comes up to you as

suddenly as if he had just fallen from the clouds, and salutes you in the middle of the street, saying, "Good morrow, uncle, or brother, I am a son of your brother, or of your mother;" would you not be extremely mortified? and yet I was so imprudent as to address them in this public manner; thus I never saluted one of them that did not treat me with the titles of rascal and impostor, accompanying these epithets with threats: "Take our advice," said they, "and do not remain much longer at Genoa, lest you pass but an unpleasant time here." In vain did I name my father, protesting that he ranked among the noble Genoese; they seemed all to have forgotten that there had ever been such a person in existence.

One evening I met a venerable looking old man, who accosted me in a polite and insinuating manner. "My son," said he, "is it not you who have reason to complain of certain titled personages who have not chosen to acknowledge you for one of their noble blood?" I answered in the affirmative, and told him who was my father. "I recollect him well," replied the old man, "and there are certainly in this city several of the principal nobles who are his relations. I can even introduce you to a banker who must have been a most intimate friend of your father's, and who to-morrow, for it is too late to-day, will, I doubt not, be happy to satisfy you in every particular concerning your family. In the meantime," continued he, "come and take up your lodging at my house; I feel quite indignant at the behaviour of your cousins towards you, who ought rather to

have received you with the greatest affection; but follow me, and be assured that the banker will put it in your power to be fully avenged of them for their hard-heartedness."

I accepted the old man's offer of a lodging in his house by returning thanks to Heaven for so fortunate a rencounter. His appearance was such that I did not in the least mistrust him. He had a good-natured, serious air, his bald head and white beard rendering his appearance truly venerable; he walked with a staff, and wore a long robe; in fact, I looked upon him as another St. Paul. When we arrived at his house, which appeared to me like a magnificent hotel, a servant came to meet him to take off his long robe; but the old gentleman, from an excess of politeness, would not part with it, but sent the servant away, after having communicated something to him in Italian, which was so much Hebrew to me. He then conducted me into a large parlour, where we conversed concerning the affairs of Spain for above an hour, and from them proceeded insensibly to those of our own family, respecting which he seemed extremely curious, questioning me more particularly concerning my mother, and I answered him in the most cautious manner. This discourse was beginning to grow tedious, when the servant returned; they had another short conversation together in Italian, which I understood no better than the former. But immediately afterwards the good old man addressed himself to me in Spanish. "I suppose," said he, "you have of course supped, you

must be weary, and it is time to be a-bed. We shall meet again in the morning." Then, turning to his servant, "Antonio," continued he, "show this gentleman to the finest chamber in the house."

I had much more inclination to eat than to sleep, for I was literally half dying with hunger, having unfortunately dined very sparingly at my inn that day, for my pistole was just at an end. That I might not, however, presume upon the goodness of an host who seemed so disposed to be of service to me, I followed his servant as if I had had a good bellyful, and was carried through an enfilade of seven or eight rooms paved with alabaster, each vying with the others in magnificence. From thence we entered a gallery which led into a fine chamber, in which there was a very rich bed with superb tapestry. "You see your chamber," said Antonio, "and the bed that is destined for you; none are allowed to sleep here but princes and some few of my master's nearest relatives."

After having allowed me to admire the richness of the furniture for a while, this servant offered to undress me, but I declined his assistance for very good reasons; my ragged shirt was by no means in a state to be exhibited, and, in addition to this, the rest of my clothes were now of so very fine a texture that they required a hand more interested in their welfare than his was to take them off delicately. Either through malice, however, or that he thought I declined his good-natured offer merely from politeness, he returned to the charge, and, seeming determined

to assist me in spite of my teeth, he caught hold of me and drew off one of my sleeves so suddenly that, had I not prevented him with my other hand, he would undoubtedly have torn it to pieces. I then entreated him in a peevish tone to leave me to my rest, and he prevented my further anger by desisting as I desired. I retired to the side of the bed, threw off my rags, which were held together only by a few laces, and jumped into bed, the sheets of which were clean and completely perfumed. This done, I told the servant he might take away the candle.

“I am not so inconsiderate,” replied he, “it would be the means of causing you to pass a very uneasy night; for it is very common for large bats, which are very numerous in this country, to conceal themselves in chambers with so lofty a ceiling, and you will be much disturbed by them if you remain without light. Added to this,” continued he, “there are certain evil spirits that frequent the principal houses in this city, by whom you will infallibly be tormented if you neglect to keep lighted candles in the room, the brightness of which, it is said, they are afraid off.”

He told me all this tale with an ingenuous air, and I listened to him with all the credulity of an infant, instead of mistrusting this Antonio, whose knavish countenance ought to have been sufficient to have excited my suspicions.

No sooner had he left the chamber than I got out of bed and bolted the door, less from fear of being robbed than in the hope of thus securing myself from the persecution of the aforesaid spirits. Con-

sidering myself then in perfect safety, I lay down again, and reflected on the benevolence of my venerable landlord. So far from suspecting him of any bad design, which, had I possessed a little more experience, I should not have failed to have done, I represented to myself that he could be no other than one of my nearest relatives, who had not chosen to make himself known to me overnight that he might surprise me the more agreeably in the morning.

“I would lay a good wager,” said I to myself, “that when I wake to-morrow morning, I shall find a tailor in waiting to take measure of me for a fine suit of clothes. I may rest assured that in future I shall never want for anything, and that I have not lost my labour in coming to Italy.” Flattered by these agreeable thoughts, my senses were beguiled by degrees into a most profound sleep.

Although Antonio had told me that the evil spirits were so averse to light, my candles did not secure me from the persecution of four figures in the shape of so many devils who entered my chamber. It was some time before I heard the noise created by these demons; but as it was very far from their intention to respect my repose, they advanced towards the bed, drew the curtains, two of them seized me by the arms, and the other two by the legs, and dragged me out of bed. At length I awoke; and finding myself thus dangling in the air in the clutches of four devils, I was so terribly frightened that I was more dead than alive. They were each habited exactly as the devil is represented; with huge long

tails, frightful vizards, and horns on their heads. I had just sufficient sense remaining in me to invoke the assistance of some saint whose name occurred to me at that moment. But had I offered up prayers they would have been equally unavailing. These apparitions were not to be driven from their purpose; exorcisms even would have been useless, for the devils that I had to deal with had been baptized. They placed me in one of my blankets, and, each taking a corner, began to toss me in the air with such violence that they threw me to the ceiling at every toss, against which I expected every moment that either my head or one of my arms would have been broken. But they contented themselves with only bruising me, though they did not cease to make me vault in this manner until they were completely fatigued, or, rather, until their noses informed them that my fear grew laxative. They then placed me in bed again, covered me over as they found me, extinguished the light, and vanished the same way as they had entered.

In this pitiable condition I remained until day-break; and with the most dreadful sensation of fear still on my mind, I made an effort to get up, with the intention of hastening as quickly as possible out of a house where the duties of hospitality had been so scurvily fulfilled. But I could not rise or dress myself without the greatest difficulty and pain, the cause of which I could not remember without bestowing a thousand curses on the old rascal who had caused me to be thus cruelly treated. He no longer

seemed to me that personage so worthy of veneration, no longer that benevolent character the meeting with whom had so much delighted me, but an old sorcerer, destined to be damned from the creation of the world.

Before I quitted the chamber I was curious to know how these malignant spirits could have entered it. I first examined the door, and, finding it still bolted as I had left it before I fell asleep, I could not reasonably imagine that they had found their way to me by that means. But having lifted up the hangings, I perceived a large window covered by them, which opened into the gallery. This was still open, the apparitions not having taken the trouble to close it after them. I made not the least noise, lest there should be something still in reserve for me, and thought of nothing but how to extricate myself from this cursed place. I had already left the room with this view, when I met Antonio in the gallery, who informed me that his master was waiting for me at the nearest church. All the answer I made was to request him to show me to the street-door, which he did with as much *sang-froid* as if he had not been one of the goblins who had amused themselves so much at my expense. I no sooner got out of doors than I scampered off as if I had not a bruise about me. What wonderful strength is imparted by fear! I ran as fast as my legs would carry me.

As soon as I considered myself in perfect safety, my hunger, which had been suspended for a while by fear, became such that I was obliged to satisfy it by

buying some baked meat and a slice of bread, which I amused myself with eating as I walked along. I did not stop till I had got quite out of the city, and then, seeing a tavern before me, I went in and drank a glass of good wine. This so completely reanimated my courage that, after a slight repast, I was able to set out again, taking the road towards Rome, reflecting on the affectionate reception I had met with from my relations, and especially from my old friend. I made a solemn oath never to forget the detestable night that this grey-bearded old wolf had allured me under his roof, for which I resolved to be fully avenged on him the very first opportunity.

END OF VOL. I.

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