

THE
LIFE AND ADVENTURES
OF
GUZMAN D'ALFARACHE,
OR
THE SPANISH ROGUE.

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D'Alfarache, or the Spanish Rogue, by Alain-René Le Sage

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Translator's Preface.
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THE
LIFE AND ADVENTURES
OF
GUZMAN D'ALFARACHE,
OR
THE SPANISH ROGUE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH EDITION OF
MONS. LE SAGE.

BY JOHN HENRY BRADY.

SECOND EDITION,
CORRECTED AND CONSIDERABLY IMPROVED.

IN THREE VOLUMES.
VOL. I.

LONDON:
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1823.

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ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

SECOND EDITION.

THE first large impression of this work, which was published in 1821, being exhausted, and another edition called for, I have taken great pains to render it still more acceptable to the reader. For the many flattering notices bestowed on it by the Reviewers, I have to express my sincere acknowledgments; and they will not fail to observe that their remarks have had their due weight with me in the alterations I have made. The translation has been carefully revised, and the parts complained of as too significant have been softened down; and I trust, from the superior type and paper in which *Guzman* is now presented to the public, that the *Spanish Rogue* will be considered as dressed in a style becoming one whose exploits have already obtained for him a patronage for which he ought, rogue though he is, to feel grateful.

THE TRANSLATOR.

London, 1823.

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

“THERE is hardly any Language in Europe that knows not Guzman; and the Spanish Rogue is as much talked of, as if there was no other in the world,” is the commencement of the Preface to a “*Translation of Guzman d’Alfarache*,” into English, by “several hands,” published in 1708: and assuredly such was the popularity of Guzman formerly: although *now* even his name is unknown, except to the literati; and there is no English translation of him extant, the above one excepted, with another, still more ancient: both of which are only to be found in the select libraries of a few of the learned and curious: particularly the latter work; which is the production of Don Diego Puede-Sur; and was published in 1634, by “*Robert Allot, at the Signe of the Blacke Bear, in Paul’s Church Yard*,” to which, among others, is prefixed the subjoined compliment by Ben Jonson.

“ON THE AUTHOR, WORKE, AND TRANSLATOR.”

“Who tracks this Author’s or Translator’s pen,
Shall finde, that either hath read Bookes and Men:
To say but one were single. Then it chimes,
When the old words doe strike in the new times,
As in this *Spanish Proteus*; who, though writ
But in one tongue, was form’d with the world’s wit;
And hath the noblest marks of a good Booke;
That an ill man dares not securely looke
Upon it, but will loath it, or let passe,
As a deformed face doth a true Glasse.
Such Bookes deserve Translators, of like Coate,
As was the *Genius* wherewith they were wrote;
And this hath met that one, that may be stil’d
More than the foster father of that Child:
For tho’ Spaine gave him his first aire and vogue,
He would be call’d henceforth the *English Rogue*.
But that he’s too well suited in a Cloth
Finer than was his Spanish, if my Oath
Will be received in Court; if not, would I
Had cloath’d him so. Here’s all I can supply
To your desert, who’ve done it, Friend. And this
Faire emulation and no envie is;
When you behold me wish myself the man
That would have done that which you only can.”

BEN JONSON.

Some years since, indeed, a Mr. O’Conner published another Translation, avowedly “for the entertainment of a few friends who did not understand

French,” and for the incorrectness and mediocrity of which, he made many apologies. This was re-published about four years since; but it is little known: out of print I apprehend: confined to the few, and inaccessible to the many.

These circumstances considered, and a reflection of pity that such an eminent production of genius should be lost to the British Public, in an age so devoted to the Arts in general, and Literature in particular, induced me to engage in the Translation which I now present to my readers; faithfully rendered from the French of Le Sage, whose pre-eminent talents are too well known to render my expatiating on them necessary. How far I have succeeded in catching the spirit of my prototype (who certainly identifies himself most felicitously with his original) others must determine; I can alone plead the most minute attention, and persevering diligence. If, therefore, to arrive as nearly at perfection as possible, I have consulted the most authentic sources of information, and used the utmost assiduity in collating the accessaries to the subject I engaged in, though approbation may be qualified, it will not, I trust, be withheld: and though praise for perfection be denied, acceptance will be accorded by liberality for exertion, and by candour for fidelity.

To those friends, who, to stimulate endeavour, and give consistency to hope, have honoured me with their names as Subscribers to the work, gratitude demands my open avowal of unequivocal thanks: and while the respect due to their own feelings must circumscribe the extent of this declaration; I trust their justice and amity will lead them to appreciate the acknowledgment in the full force of its warmth and sincerity.

Before I conclude it may be necessary to make some observations on the nature of the work, with which I shall include some remarks on the Spanish Author.

The History of Guzman d’Alfarache was written originally in Spanish by Mateo Aleman, Contador de Resultas to Philip II. (a situation of high rank in the Royal Accountant’s Office), and was rapidly translated into several Languages. Upon its reception by all polite nations, I have already remarked: and it is significant, that the Author, in testimony of his great genius, was called *the divine Spaniard*.

As in his History of Guzman, a professed rogue, he had to describe, necessarily, predicaments and adventures of a nefarious character, that they might produce the proper effect, a dissuasive from evil, he accompanied each with moral reflections too enlightened to be slighted, and too impressive to be easily forgotten: mingling circumstance and reasoning so adroitly together, that entertainment and instruction, the *utile et dulce*, are blended in the most effectual

manner; and while the one excites admiration, the other, as forcibly, not only counteracts evil example, but impresses the mind fully with the vanity of folly, and the turpitude of crime.

Mons. Bremont was the first who translated the work into French; and to the moral reflections of Aleman he added many of his own, which from their unreasonable frequency gave the work a sombre character, and operated much to its disadvantage. To remedy this defect, Le Sage was induced to render it into French, omitting what he considered the *superfluous* reflections of both. From Le Sage's edition I have translated it almost to the letter, leaving my readers to make additional comments themselves; as their especial province if they read profitably; but not at all the business of a Translator, who is bound in justice to abide by the dictum of his Author, if he would exhibit him in his true spirit, and accord to him the exact meed of merit to which he has an indubitable claim.

Having thus premised, I submit the work, with the greatest diffidence, to the reader's indulgence: trusting that while, on the one hand, the credit of assiduity will not be denied me, my youth, on the other, may protect me from severity of criticism.

THE
LIFE
OF
G U Z M A N D ' A L F A R A C H E.

CHAP. 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 expence 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 now-a-days 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 shewing 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, being 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.

CHAP. 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 hazel-nut. 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 intention; 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 mean time 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 learnt 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 married 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 every thing 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. Every thing 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 honor 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*^[A]. 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 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 expences 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.

CHAP. 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; every body 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 immoveably 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 assured 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 realize 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 Guadalquiver fertilizes 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 utterly 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 housekeeper, 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 housekeeper, "you shall have every reason to be satisfied, for you could not have pitched upon a more charitable house." In the mean time, 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. Every thing 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 dispatched 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 shew 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, apologizing 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.

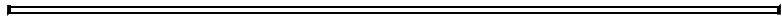
It not being yet the proper time to walk, the party entered a small harbour, which was the more refreshing as it was situated on the bank of the river. They began to play at primero, and the lady won, my father being too gallant a man not to allow himself to lose in such a case. After the game they took 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 their's down the river Guadalquivir. 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 to 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 every thing; it was very evident that some one had been there before them, and they found themselves obliged to be at the expence of his funeral for the honor 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.



CHAP. 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.

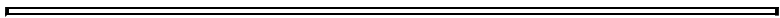
I doubt not that my mother has a thousand times wished she had had a girl instead of me, which would, undoubtedly, have been much more to her advantage, and who might have been a support to her, as she herself was to my grandmother, of whom I feel it incumbent on me to afford you a more detailed account.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



CHAP. 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 to add 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 an hungry man and one who has his bellyful; 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 saltcellar, 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, saltcellar, 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.

CHAP. 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 shew 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 shad-fish, which they accepted, and soon dispatched, 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 muleteer, "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 assurance 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 fryingpan 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 sallad, and in the other a part of the pluck of this much-lamented calf.

My companion seemed to fancy the sallad, 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 sallad 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 any thing 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 mean time 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 favorable 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 every thing 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 any thing 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 thief, 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 an 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; every thing, 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

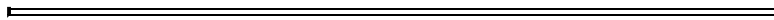
break of day, giving me notice that it was time to think of our departure. I was soon ready, having only to shake off the bits of straw that were sticking about my hair; but the fleas had left me in such a condition that I looked like a young monster, having so disfigured my face that I might well have 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 recognized 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 breakfast; 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 every thing 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 any thing for him, so much was I affected by his noble behaviour towards me.



CHAP. 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 enquired 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 shew 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 your's 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.

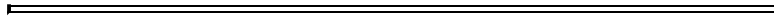
These two alcaids had no sooner got into the house, with their followers, than each of them pretended that the cognizance of this affair belonged to him alone, which formed two parties. The armed attendants were also divided according to their different interests, and their division excited a furious 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 displeasing 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.



CHAP. 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 bye, 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 every thing 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 apologized 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 fisty-cuffs 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 them, 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.’

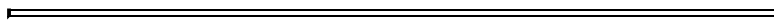
“Apollo ceased to speak, and Momus, who was prepared with a discourse which his hatred for man had suggested, began to aggravate their offence; but he was but the dupe of his ill-will; all the other Immortals, who well knew his prejudice, rejected his advice, and agreed in opinion with Apollo. Agreeably 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 moralized 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.



CHAP. 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 possible; 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 enterprize, 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 signalized 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 signalizing 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 controul, 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 learnt 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 shew 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 sooth her under her misfortune, the acknowledgments that she made were but very inadequate as a return for the lively interest he took in 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 extasy, "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 desired 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 tomorrow 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 dispatched a courier the preceding evening, was already informed of every thing. 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 mean time, 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 favor. 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 any thing 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 favor 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 honor. "This is a favor 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 favor of a warrior who hears 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 might 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 any thing to render himself unworthy his mistress' favor. After this ceremony, the Queen, who was exceedingly pleased at the sight, told Don Alonso that she doubted not he would soon signalize himself by such feats of arms as would evince that he was well deserving of the honor that had just been conferred on him. He answered that he must be dependant 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 expence 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 a-propos 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 every thing 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 favor, 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 recognized 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 capitol 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 re-animated, 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 favor with that Princess, resolved to repair to that city with Orviedo, both disguised as Andalusian 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 shew 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 agonize 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 shew her the difference between his rivals and himself, and to signalize 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 every thing that would be necessary for that exercise, invented by the Moors, and at which Ozmin was universally acknowledged to be the most expert in their nation.

The day of the solemnity at last arrived; never had so much magnificence been seen; every thing 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, in 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 favor; 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 shew 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 dispatch 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 shew 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 mean time 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 Ozmin. 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 shewn 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 vigor, 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 enquired 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 kettle-drums, 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 saddle-bows 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 mean time, 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 recognized 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 favor 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 Spaniards have since learnt 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 ardor 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 signaling 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 dishonorable to have shewn 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 recognized 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 any where 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 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 any thing 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 honor with him: and yet it is asserted that you were on the point of fighting with this noble cavalier." "I know better than any body 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 any thing 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 every thing 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 shew 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 recognized 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 excellencies 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 life-time; 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 dispatch 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 shewing 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 shew 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 mean time 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 every where 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 unpleasanties 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 recognize 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, “*Senor 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

shew 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 life-time 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 apartment, 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 recognize 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 commission: 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 considered him a lively fellow, who had been a long time prisoner among the Infidels, and 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 recognized 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 disregarding 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 every thing 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 gardener 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 recognized 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 exceedingly 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 'tis 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 re-ascend 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 country-woman 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 shewn so little modesty in this first interview, that she had good reason to fear she would become still less reserved, and more violent in her love; she 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' 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 mean time the masons had made an end of their work, and there being now no longer any thing 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 arbor, 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 shew 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 every thing that she herself knew on the subject. Thus 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 designs 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 every thing, 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 agreeable 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 curtain. 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 every thing 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 something 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 shew 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 torment 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 arbour, 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 tidings 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 your’s; 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 any thing 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 every thing 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 fool-hardy 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 chose 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 they 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 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 dispatched 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. Every thing 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 night-gown, night-cap, and slippers, with a dark lantern in his hand, was most attentively on the watch at the window. It was one of those clear star-light 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 at 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 any thing; 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 any thing 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 acknowledgement of your gratitude. Can the consideration of fortune withhold you, when I declare that the summit of all my desires is to be your’s? 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 splendor 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 way-laid 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 night-gown, over which he put on his armour, a helmet over his night-cap, 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 halberdeers 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 fire-arms 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 expence 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 rumors 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 day light, 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 apprized 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 interview 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 recompence 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 nobleman.

The next morning, every thing seemed propitious to the lovers’ wishes: the Marquis set out for his farm, and the ladies prepared to profit by so favorable 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 valor. 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 recognized 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 dispatched 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 every thing 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 expence 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 apologized 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 dispatched 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 dispatched 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 filling 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 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 favor. Zuniga was extremely charmed with the honor 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 immortalize 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 any thing, 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 honor 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 OZMIN, 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: every body 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 learnt 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.

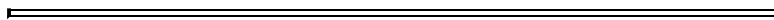
Orviedo made such dispatch, that after three days he returned to Seville, with his master's pardon, and an order to the Magistrates to treat him with all the honors due to his noble birth, and becoming the future husband of the beautiful Moor. As soon as Daraxa was informed that Ozmin was at liberty 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 honor 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 dishonor 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 any thing 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, favorable as it was towards me, reduced my finances so low, that I had scarcely sufficient remaining in my purse to defray the expences 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.



CHAP. 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 lay 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 shewed 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 compassion. 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 shew 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 drunk 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 further 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 lodge 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 day-break, 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 marvedis. 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 expences. 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 any thing 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 trick! 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.

CHAP. 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.

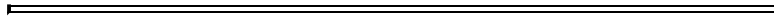
Before I reached Madrid I had taken good care to leave all my modesty on the road, as a load too heavy for a foot passenger to carry about with him. If I had not ere this got rid of this cruel enemy to hunger, I should soon have lost every spark of it in the company of these good folks, who were severally and collectively the most complete birds of prey. I followed them every where, 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 turine 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 preferable 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 shoe-maker, 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.



CHAP. 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 every body. 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 civilized 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 sun-rise the next morning. If my master had been informed of my conduct, he would undoubtedly have horse-whipped me handsomely; but no one apprized 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 every thing 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 slight 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 humor, 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 enquired 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 gulph 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 villainous 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 spright. 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 every thing 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 any thing, 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 any thing twice or thrice over. We called 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 mean time, 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 expence, 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 lay 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 sweetbreads 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 merchandize, 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 every where 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.

END OF VOL. I.

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25, Parliament-street.

FOOTNOTE:

[A] Alluding to his having taken the Turban.

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